

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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She was throwing up again. There she sat, on the bathroom floor, for the third time in as many days, wondering what could be wrong. She was so tired - worshipping the porcelain god at three in the morning every night could do that to a person - and now Mary was tired enough for her mind to wander as she debated whether to flush or just wait for another heave.

She was lonely as well as sick. How she wished Rob could come back to her at a time like this! But no, he really was a crumb, and after Mary caught him with another woman, well, that was that. There was no going back now. And after all, it was almost five years ago that she dumped him... or did they dump each other? Who knew now. Now all she had was that stray dog, Joe, and he sure knew how to keep her warm all those lonely nights.

Her mind wandered further, remembering how she had found the poor thing in a rainstorm a few months ago, how strong and friendly he was, how intelligent and eager to please her. Mary reflected on her first time making love to the furry, muscular black lab, how he had almost seemed human in his concern for her pleasure. She was scared at first, afraid of what she was about to do, but once his wonderful, hot penis was inside her, she knew she had never felt anything so wonderful in her life.

She remembered how it felt then when she first felt his knot expand inside her, realizing only then how it was that two dogs became stuck together, and now felt her crotch begin to quiver and moisten at the mere thought of Joe's amazing penis.

But she felt a cramping at that, and had another wave of nausea, one that mercifully did not make her throw up again. For some reason it entered her mind then that this must be what pregnancy was like. As she idly looked down the hallway and spotted Joe lying there, he raised his head almost as if called, thumped his tail on the linoleum a few times, looked at her intently, then seemed to fall asleep again. Suddenly she had a disturbing thought.

"Jesus... " she said aloud, "I missed my period two weeks ago!"

A cold wave went through Mary's body then, and Joe, hearing her voice, got up from his spot in the hall and lay down beside his mistress. She scarcely noticed, so pressing were her thoughts - she tried to reason with herself. She could not be pregnant, simply because she had had no male partners except Joe in at least the last year. It must be stress and food poisoning. It had to be something like that. Maybe she was raped in the night?

Impossible, she laughed, that would tend to wake a person up. Well if it keeps up, Mary mused, I'll have to see a doctor about it. She got up, flushed, and had some ginger-ale before trying to grab a few winks. Gratefully, Mary worked at home and didn't have to worry about nosy co-workers or getting to some office at 9:00 sharp. She'd damn well get up at noon, the way she felt.

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A week passed, and the nausea seemed to lessen somewhat, but she was still getting sick at the drop of a hat, at all times of the day. She tried to do the dishes, and the smell of them made her glad she was so close to a sink.

Unfortunately, at about this time, she became flooded with work (it doesn't rain, it pours), and was unable to make an appointment to see someone about her nausea. She simply dealt with it by eating a lot of saltines and drinking ginger ale and mint tea.

Another week passed, and Mary again missed her period. Her breasts were also becoming quite tender, and as the scheduled date of her flow came and went without any flow, she knew something was really wrong.

“Well, Joe,” she said that evening, “what do you suppose is going on with me, eh?” She flopped down on the sofa and he was next to her in an instant, licking her belly very attentively. She looked down curiously at him, then unconsciously unbuttoned her jeans.

“God, these are getting so tight. Am I gaining weight?”

She looked at Joe, still licking her belly where it was exposed, and realized that yes, indeed, it looked as though she was getting fatter. She got up, went to the bathroom and stepped on the scale and found she had gained 12 pounds since she’d checked last, which was... two weeks ago... when she’d gained three pounds.

Shaking, Mary undressed and looked down at her naked torso. Yes, she was larger in the gut... but it seemed lower than the fat she’d seen on other women. She pushed on the small bulge and was surprised to find that it was firm instead of “pinchable” cellulite.

“Oh... my... God... I think I’m... But that’s not possible...” her voice trailed off.

Joe was with her in the bathroom then, gave Mary’s belly a few more licks where she had just been pushing, and then looked up at her with intelligent eyes filled with love. He sighed once, then sat down on the floor.

It hit her like a ton of bricks. The only male sex partner she’d had in the last year...

“... J... Joe?”

He was up in an instant, eager to please her.

“How I wish you could talk, my lover. I wish I knew the truth instead of these fantasies I keep coming up with to explain the impossible... But for some reason I don’t think it’s impossible any more.”

As if in answer, Joe licked her belly and breasts, tenderly, lovingly.

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Two more weeks passed, and it was becoming obvious that Mary was indeed pregnant. She knew from the books she’d checked out from the library that about five months was supposed to go by before she got visibly bigger, but now after about five weeks (she guessed) she looked like the pictures of someone who was a little over five months pregnant. She could feel little movements inside her, and wondered constantly what could be in there... whether it was human or... what? The idea was actually beginning to excite and please her, and thinking about what sort of life could be inside her womb often made her clit and pussy lips tingle and pulse.

She was just about to get in the shower about a week later, and she stood in front of the mirror admiring her enlarging belly. Joe was next to her as always - he had almost become her Siamese twin these last few weeks - and looked up at her with a satisfied expression. She stroked the shape of herself, felt a few movements from inside, and then noticed them...

Peering into the mirror, it almost looked as if she had a strange rash, or perhaps a bad case of

ringworm. But as she touched the area under her breasts, and felt the four smooth, sensitive spots, she knew it wasn't either of those things.

"Well now, what could this be?"

The spots were perfectly lined up, one pair about three inches under her firm, pink breasts, and the other matched pair about three inches below that, about five inches apart on either side. And they were so sensitive! She gained some pleasure in stroking them, marveling at the look of them and how they tingled when she caressed them. Feeling a familiar moisture between her legs, and spreading them slightly so that Joe could take full advantage of his tongue (and so could she), they both got into the shower.

It only took another week before the spots were changed enough to be something more recognizable. A look in her anatomy book confirmed it. All mammals, even males, have milk lines running the length of their abdomen - she was apparently developing four more breasts. The shock wasn't as great this time, and the nausea was completely gone... Mary was getting almost used to these bizarre changes to her body, and to her psyche. What in the world could happen next?

"You know, my love, I almost don't care if I turn into a werewolf," Mary laughed one day. "I feel so... strange, but it feels so good." Taking Joe's head in her hands, she addressed his deep, brown eyes, "I'm not sure, but I think I'm looking forward to whatever changes come next."

Joe happily looked into her eyes. He gently climbed onto the sofa with her and laid his head on her pregnant belly. It was a hot July day, and she was sitting naked on the couch as usual in that sort of weather, legs spread wide to radiate as much heat as possible. She looked down at herself, admiring her advancing pregnancy, and running her hands up and down her three pairs of nipples. The four new ones were smaller than her original pair, but they were every bit as sensitive and practically begged to be suckled.

As if in compliance, Joe began to slowly, gently lick her belly, concentrating on the soft, pink nipples. Mary let out a small moan as they began to harden, all six of them at once, and she laid back to stretch out on the full length of the sofa. She had heard that other women were able to orgasm with nipple stimulation alone, and before it hadn't seemed possible, but now with six delicious sources of stimulation, it only took about four minutes of licking, pinching, and caressing before her pussy started contracting with the joy of it all.

She wished she could make love to Joe again, but was afraid to hurt the... whatever it was... inside her. Mary had heard somewhere that it could hurt the baby to have sex late in pregnancy, and since she had no idea how advanced she was (let alone what was inside her), she regretfully had to satisfy Joe with only her mouth and hands. But he seemed to understand, like any sensitive lover.

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At 10 weeks, Mary had become quite large. As large, to her figuring, as a woman in her eighth month of pregnancy. She had difficulty getting up from the sofa, relied on delivery services for her groceries and restaurant meals, and could no longer see her feet. Joe helped as he could, allowing her to pull herself up with his tail, even though she sometimes lost her balance and yanked on him hard.

"Well, something's got to give soon! I can't imagine getting any bigger... Whatever is inside me will kill me if it can't get out through my little hole."

She was a little worried about this fact, but as she mused on it the next day, she concentrated on the

little bumps and thumps coming from within her belly. Just what was in there? How big was it? She felt a wiggle from under her left side, a kick from the right, and a slow turn from the middle. Could there be... more than one thing? Suddenly she was thunderstruck.

“Of course! I’m such an idiot! There’s more than one! That’s why I’m so big and why I’ve grown the extra breasts I suppose...”

Saying it out loud gave her a bit of a thrill, and she noticed then that her main, original breasts were bigger than ever and seemed to be leaking a bit of liquid. Could that be milk? She was sprawled on the bed, the sofa too difficult to get up from now, and propped up her head with a pillow.

She gave her uppermost breasts a little squeeze, and a bit more of the clear fluid came out. She checked the next pair, noticed for the first time that they were larger than ever as well, and they seeped a little liquid. The same for the last pair – six heavy, milk-filled breasts in all. Mary stood up to look in the mirror.

Admiring herself again, as she had a few weeks ago, she took great pleasure in rubbing her hands up and down her breast- and creature-filled belly, now cupping this pair of moist breasts, now pinching the nipples of that pair. So many delights to play with! And underneath it all, the moving, swollen, pregnant belly. Mary then spread her arms wide, the better to look at her strange, changed form. She loved what she had become, and she bent over as best she could to stroke Joe’s head, her many swollen nipples brushing against his warm, furry head.

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Two more weeks passed, and she was really beginning to get concerned. More than one or not, whatever was in there had made her positively enormous. Bigger even than the photo in the book of the woman with twins, Mary could scarcely move. Her back and knees were beginning to protest severely, and the six milk-filled breasts had to be pushed and squeezed and suckled to release the pressure (although the task was definitely not an unpleasurable one, and Joe helped as best he could).

It was then she felt the first pang – she lay on the bed, as usual, the window open to the moon and stars and the cool breeze. The cramp rippled across her belly, and her vagina began to tingle.

“Joe? JOE? Where are you? I think it’s time...”

The black dog was with her in an instant, and another cramp caught her by surprise, making her open her eyes wide and reflexively catch her breath. With her hands on her immense belly, she rolled around to an upright position, and just got to her knees on the floor as a stream of liquid came out from between her legs. Another contraction, then another, and she could feel something at the back of her vagina. It didn’t feel too large, as far as she could tell, so Mary managed to relax a little and get to the business at hand. Crouching on her knees, using the side of the bed for support, she gave birth without much pain at all, because it was indeed smaller than a human child.

Picking it up from the towels she had placed next to her bed in preparation, she gazed into the face of the child she had made with Joe – a wriggling, blind, brown puppy. Staring in amazement at this being that had come from her womb, she almost didn’t feel the next contraction. But the second one hit, and she hastily put the tiny form down for Joe to lick clean.

Another puppy, about 10 inches long like the first, issued forth from her, and still she could feel movement inside her. Another was born, and another, until finally in the space of a half hour, she had five snuffling, wriggling dogs on the ground between her legs. A sixth had come, but it was

stillborn. Joe carried it out of the room slowly, respectfully, taking it out into the yard for burial.

Mary was almost disappointed – yes, they were very large for normal puppies, but you would think that they could at least have some human features like their mother. But who could say what was to come, she thought to herself, as she settled back onto some blankets. She lovingly placed the puppies on her much smaller stomach, and waited as they each found a nipple of their own.

Mary immediately had a feeling of intense pleasure, partly from the release of the pressure from her swollen breasts, and partly from the stimulation of all those strange and overwhelming nipples lining her stomach. Satisfied, with a warm, tired feeling, she fell asleep with all her children contentedly nursing on their mother's breasts.

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The next few weeks were heaven to Mary – she often lay on the living room floor, happily covered with squirming, licking, suckling puppies, feeding them the milk of her breasts. They were growing so fast, as fast as they had grown in her womb, and within only three weeks they were weaned from the disappointed woman. She missed their feedings, but knew they had to move on to other foods (especially as their teeth developed).

A couple of weeks after they were weaned, the four new breasts shrank to about two inches in width, and her original breasts began to return to their original size as the milk faded. Another week, and the wondrous changes were almost gone, but she would have four fully sensitive, extra nipples lining her belly to delight her for the rest of her life. And there was only the slightest bump underneath – not enough to be detected under a heavy shirt when in public. But who needed to go out when there was a wonderful family of dogs to be taken care of in the house?

When her sons (and they were all sons) seemed almost fully grown, yet still lanky as a yearling, Joe began taking them outside. He would walk with his mistress through the park, the two of them proud as can be with the five young dogs eagerly following behind. They were only a couple of months old, but they were definitely maturing quickly. It was when she found the firstborn, Paul, humping on top of one of his brothers, that she became concerned for their future.

“Well,” said Mary when the boys were six months old, addressing the small crowd of dogs, “I’m pretty sure you can understand me well enough, and I also know you’re pretty much grown up already. But I can’t keep six dogs here forever – the food bills are mounting up, and the yard is a mess. So what’s it to be, boys?” The last was said with a sad tremor in her voice.

Joe looked at his brood, and gave what seemed to be a wizened nod toward the boys. One by one, the furry brown and black youths shimmered, then shifted, then changed. In place of Mary’s five sons now stood... her five sons. They seemed, to all appearances, to be normal young men about 15 years old. There they stood, naked in the living room, with their sad brown eyes all on their beloved mother. Mary’s mouth gaped open, shut, and then sighed a little as she understood a bit more of her story.

“Yes, we are as you see us,” said Paul, “we are both human and canine. We can shift... and we don’t even need a full moon,” he said, cracking a beautiful smile. His teeth were white and human, except for the slightly larger canines. He was hairy, too, but not unrealistically so for a human man. In short, Paul and his brothers were very intelligent, attractive young men, eager to thoroughly explore the world around them.

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Paul lived with his brothers for several years, renting an apartment near his parents, Mary and Joe. They visited each other often, but as the time passed, the family started growing apart a little. Mark was offered a veterinary job in another state, and Matt, the runt, got a fine position with a busy law office which kept him to 60 hour weeks or more. But it was when he met Evelyn that Paul decided to break from the "pack".

She was so perfect for him... not too tall, cascades of lustrous dark hair, great sense of humor, given to sexual jokes and experimentation... it was time for him to find a mate.

Evelyn was very responsive to Paul's needs, and obviously enjoyed his sex play as much as he did. But for some reason he would only please her with his tongue and fingers, and insisted on making love in the dark. One evening in her apartment, she was particularly insistent, however.

"Please, Paul... what's the matter with me that you don't want to fuck me? I'm so, so hungry for it - you know that!" She was beginning to grasp his ass with her legs in an attempt to force his slick, dripping penis into her. "Please! Give it to me! I'm ready!"

He sensed that it was now or never for them, and slowly, deliciously, slid his hot dick into her throbbing pussy as he moaned with the ecstasy of it.

"Oh! Yes! How HOT you are!" she shouted in his ear. "And how big! Oh, my God!"

He couldn't hold back any longer. Paul began to thrust in and out, and his body grew slightly more hairy, but neither of them seemed to notice this change.

"Oh, God, this is the BEST!"

Evelyn was arching up to meet him now, clawing at his back with her fingernails. She started to go over the top, reaching her climax, and in reflex her strong pussy muscles began squeezing his hard, long penis. He came at that moment as well, shooting huge amounts of hot cum deep within his lover. Then he began to swell.

"Ungh! Oh my god, Paul! It's so much and so hot! I'm burning up!" She clasped him tightly with her legs as she spasmed on the bed. "Are you actually getting bigger or is it my imagination?"

It was not her imagination.

At the base of Paul's penis was the reason he'd been so reluctant to fuck Evelyn before - like every canine, he had a knot. And now it was inside her pussy, getting larger every second. Before she realized what had happened (she was distracted by her ongoing orgasms), they were stuck together.

"Paul," Evelyn was gasping now, "what's happening? It feels so, so incredibly good! You've filled me up, my wonderful lover!"

He smiled now, pausing to nibble her silky, pulsing neck, and whispered the situation into her ear. He shifted and thrust a bit, for emphasis, and when it was clear to her that they were indeed quite stuck together, she smiled and tightened up her vaginal muscles in a welcoming embrace.

"I have one more surprise for you, my adventurous lover," said Paul, then he shifted to his dog form to the delight of Evelyn (and her stuck pussy). She threw her head back on the pillow and laughed from joy.

"Oh, my God, Paul, I've always wanted to get fucked by a dog!"

In happy and relieved response, he stayed canine just to please her until the loosening knot finally released them, then he shifted back to his human form. He wondered how all his brothers' girlfriends would take this bit of news. And how many nephews he would have some day.

"Evelyn," said the handsome young man as he got dressed a few minutes later, "it's time for you to meet my parents."

END