

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



I'm not sure where to start. What is most enticing or exciting about the story and how best to keep you all interested? We could just cut to the chase and dive right in. But that would be brash and clumsy, which sort of suites the story, but doesn't quite get at the whole truth. We could be straightforward and honest, but then it might wind up feeling dry and academic. It might be best to just let it fall on you, the way it fell on me, and to let it be as exciting and startling and so erotically taboo as it had felt in the moment. So, how about we start with the when and where. After all there's always a pretense.

House sitting. He did it for me, for my cat sometimes, so I was obliged to return the favor. I'd done it before; you know, watered his plants and collected his mail. But I'd never taken care of his dog - which usually went everywhere with him. Bandit was a frisky, young German Sheppard, a large dog as far as I could tell. He was clean, I admitted judgmentally. With smooth fur that was mostly a rich, sandy brown and otherwise black or silver. His eyes were sharp, emotionally alert, and they were surprisingly appealing. He only smelled faintly like a dog and that pleased me. I was a cat kind of girl. Dogs were so energetic, so needy, and often so smelly, too. My neighbor Rick was leaving town with his girlfriend - a romantic weekend getaway at some coastal resort. I joked that I was jealous and we both laughed. Bandit was sitting dutifully on the floor at our feet, staring up as we bantered, looking back and forth between us, panting and wagging his tail.

It was Friday afternoon, a warm spring day with the sun slanting brilliantly across the park field adjacent to our house. We shared the place, Rick, Rick's girlfriend, Bandit and me (and my cat, Snotty). I had the basement suite and they had the main floor. The house was the last beige, cookie-cutter on a quiet suburban street that abutted a nondescript green space, boring but nevertheless beautiful today. I really was jealous they were leaving together.

"I mean, you know Bandit," Rick was saying with another laugh, "he loves to play."

"Oh, I know Bandit," I said severely, mocking the tolerant understanding we shared about my distress at the constant thumping and yelping I had to endure through my ceiling.

"So, just like work it out of him in the park. Throw the ball, toss a stick. He loves that shit. Let him piss on things; sniff other dog's asses, run around. Then when you bring him in he'll be calm... er." He handed me his keys and their jingle caught Bandit's attention. Call us if there're any problems or if you're absolutely losing your mind you can call my folks and they'll take him."

"Yeah, yeah," I said sheepishly, ashamed for being called on my past peevish behavior when it came to handling the dog. "So, like, what do I do at night? Does he like sleep with me in my bed or do I go sleep with him in yours?" I was trying to be funny, but Rick shrugged apathetically. Out in the driveway Sandra honked the horn and giggled.

"Let's go!" she yelled gleefully from the window.

"You figure it out, Casey" he offered unhelpfully, with a patronizing but friendly smile. "I don't care where he sleeps." He loved his dog but he loved Sandra more. Or at least he loved the things he got to do with Sandra more. And then he turned and pulled the door closed behind him. The car started up, backed out and pulled away, the low moan of the engine fading into the afternoon light.

Silence.

But not quite. Bandit was still panting at my feet and suddenly the sound was overwhelming. Why had I agreed to this? He yawned expansively, barring rows of threatening canine teeth and made a sound somewhere between a groan and a sigh. Maybe he felt exactly the same way. I reached down

to pet him and he rolled onto his side and stretched. "You and me both, buddy."

"Alright," I shook the keys. "You want to go out? Out!" He leaped to attention immediately. "Ok, boy! Let's go out!" I grabbed his leash from the coat rack and opened the door. Bandit bolted. Within seconds he was across the street and half way into the field. "Bandit!" I screeched. "What the hell, Bandit!" "Come back!" He turned to face me and barked loudly a few times, jumping and turning around in circles. Then he took off again and headed for the tree line, sniffing in the bushes. I groaned and headed out after him.

Bandit just did his thing in the park. There was no one else around so I didn't bother keeping him on the leash and he was so busy with whatever it was that fascinated him at the edge that he never once acknowledged my presence as chaperone. I sat in the grass and picked at it. Checked my phone, rolled back through recent texts, stared up at the cerulean sky. It was sort of nice to have a reason to sit idle in the park. The dog certainly didn't feel needy out here and I had always told myself I was too busy to do this kind of thing. We stayed outside for an hour or so before the sun passed being the trees and I started to feel cold. Bandit was lying in the grass as well about a hundred yards from me. I called him and he perked up, staring back at me quizzically. "Time to go, Bandit!" I called again, "Come on. Buddy." And I slapped my thighs like I'd seen Rick do. Bandit shot up again, an amazingly responsive and agile animal. He came bounding towards me and barely stopped short. I recoiled with my hands up, "Whoa, buddy. Easy." He jumped around me in circles and barked emphatically. A couple times his paws came down on my legs, leaving pink, stinging scratches and the weight and torque of his spinning body knocked me around. I kept my hands up and repeated "Easy, boy. Easy!" until he backed off. But then he just stared at me and yelped expectantly. I was amazed at his capacity to convey emotion and read the gesture as playful. So I growled "You wanna play, boy? You wanna play?" and moved onto all fours and faced him. He bowed low on his front legs and growled back, then deked out to my left, leaping behind me. I spun clumsily around to face him again and swatted at him. He jumped back and barked excitedly. Then I jumped at him and caught him around the waist, tackling him onto the grass and sending us both tumbling. I had him pinned and was grinning down triumphantly, genuinely thrilled to have bested what, until just now, I had considered a moderately threatening and physically dominate brute. Now his fur felt warm and soft against my belly, partially exposed during our wrestling match. His breathing was moderate but deep and his panting seemed more like post-laughter winding than a chronic, disgusting dog habit. But then I noticed that we'd landed in a compromising position and practically jumped back, staring around for witnesses. I had him mounted as though we were fucking, albeit rolls reversed, with our pelvises pressed together and his hind legs splayed out beneath my hips.

No one was around and I tried to calm down. Guilty adrenaline had flooded through me and my heart was beating like a drum. I gasped a laugh, looked down at Bandit and felt foolish. He had remained in the position I'd left him, legs spread, tail flopping back and forth in the grass. His testicles were huge. Taut, black sacs perched generously beneath (or above, given my vantage) his tail. From them ran the hairy sheath within which lay his dormant cock. It was, from where I sat anyway, the quintessential phallus on display. I smirked at how perverse it felt to have just dismounted a dog now laying spread-eagle at my feet but Bandit didn't seem to give a shit. He rolled onto his side and reached down between his legs, licking. I smirked again. "Typical, dude, always playing with your dick. Let's go, Bandit! I'm cold" And we both got up out of the grass and walked back home.

Later, after I'd filled his bowl with food and made a meal for myself, I rummaged through Rick's fridge for the ice cream I suspected he had. I decided to abuse the privilege of having access to his much larger and better furnished home and relaxed on his couch. I unbuckled my jeans and kicked them off and flipped on the TV. Eventually Bandit came over to join me, standing patiently next to

the couch, eyeing me expectantly. I pushed him away, annoyed. "No, Bandit. Stop being a stupid, needy dog. Go." He moved away at first but came right back and so I decided to just ignore him. He sighed and flopped on the ground. But I got up almost immediately to go pee and when I came back he stood and stared at me again. "Yes?" I asked him, annoyed. He barked once in response, a melancholic yelp and I suddenly felt sad to have pushed him away. I scooted back to make room, patting the end of the couch by my feet. "Come up!" I offered encouragingly and he jumped onto my lap. It took a couple of turns, with him dancing around for foot room between, on and next to my legs, flapping his tail in my face a couple times and me struggling to push him down, once pressing the palm of my hand hard up against his balls, which seemed to startle both of us equally. Eventually he settled his torso over my legs, burying my feet under his warm body and resting his head on my upper thigh. He stared up at me euphorically and sighed, spraying flecks of saliva out his nose, tickling me gently. I returned to my ice cream and the TV, satisfied that he was comfy.

I had assumed he'd just gone to sleep, owing to his utter stillness and even breathing, until I felt a drop of cold ice cream fall onto my thigh, barely missing Bandit's nose. I jumped slightly at the sudden sensation, trying to wake him and jumped again when I felt his tongue slip out and lick. It was warm and wet and gently textured, and he lapped repeatedly at the dab of sweet vanilla cream that trickled down between my legs. "Baaaandiit," I breathed anxiously through my teeth, putting my hand on his head to push him away, only not really pushing with much conviction. As I stirred another drop fell and he moved on, licking in the same continuous fashion on my other thigh. I gasped and tried to pull my hips away from his tongue, my skin feathered with goosebumps and tingling warmth. As I squirmed beneath his wet mouth my legs slipped apart and he burrowed deeper. I realized at that moment that my hand was no longer pushing against his head, but was cradling it and pulling it towards me. I sunk forward into the cushions and spread my legs wider as his rough tongue darted wetly back and forth, slathering my inner thighs with sticky saliva. His fur was like silk and I began stroking his head encouragingly, enthralled and overwhelmed with new sensations. What the fuck was I doing? A part of my brain was stranding by a deepening sea of euphoria, staring out at it in disbelief, pulling desperately at its hair in a vain plea for reason to settle back in. But that part was drowned beneath a torrent of erotic encounters between my nervous system and the oral glands of my housemate's canine. At a certain point he grazed my labia, now steaming and moist beneath my panties and I swear to god I almost had an instantaneous orgasm. And perhaps spurred by the scent and the sudden contact himself his nose dug into the fold of skin that puckered out beneath the frilled hem-line of my damp, tight underwear.

And then my cell rang and I jolted so dramatically at the sound that Bandit yelped in fear and fell off me onto the floor. I answered it out of instinct, betrayed in that instance by the compulsive habit and barely managed to choke out a frustrated hello!? before I could catch my breath.

It was my mother, of all people, and she took a suspicious interest my breathlessness, intoning slyly "Caught you at a bad time, honey? I thought you weren't seeing anyone these days?" I gulped and braced for the lie, incapable of putting aside the feeling that she'd just caught me red handed in the act of getting off with a dog. "Mom," I whined pleadingly "I'm taking care of Rick's dog. We were just playing. He's a crazy animal, after all."

"Uh huh," she offered, clearly unconvinced. "Well it sounds like I've caught you and whoever, the dog, whoever, at a bad time. Do you want to call me back?" I was flooded with relief.

"Ok, mom. Yeah, I'll call you back later." It was easier in that moment to tow the line that I was with some random guy than try and rally my frazzled wits around some benign but radically less true excuse.

I hung up and threw the phone across the room. It skittered along the hardwood landing somewhere in the kitchen. Bandit was eyeing me curiously. I sat up and put my head in my hands, groaning and

shaking my hair. When I looked back he had cocked his head, regarding my strange, guilty behavior with an amused curiosity. He came over and rested his head on my thigh again and I felt my body start to tremble uncontrollably. My heart was still pounding from the call and my mouth was now so dry from desire and fear that I didn't think I could even voice a protest.

I lay back and spread my legs again, offering him the sticky, matted fabric that cradled and clung to my vulva. He sniffed at it casually, bumping my desperate clitoris with his nose and gave my thigh an encouraging lick. I felt weak and submissive, goaded by his gesture. Trembling, I leaned forward and dutifully removed my panties. The smell that wafted up at me was a musty mix of my own arousal and his canine saliva and when it hit me I collapsed back into the couch, dizzy and afraid I might pass out from the sudden rush of blood. It all drained from my head at once, flooding capillaries that engorged and lubricated my vagina, throbbing generously now, contracting and pulsing thickly with each quickened beat of my heart.

Bandit seemed to know the cue and the instant that wet organ slipped from his jaws to dance briefly across my exposed and glistening labia I couldn't hold back the scream or the convulsions as waves of orgasm shivered through me, bouncing in concentric, expanding rings of pleasure that echoed and echoed and echoed throughout my entire body.

I took minutes, but as the room slowly stopped spinning and my eyes cleared and realized I could still feel his tongue lapping across my vulva with a furious commitment. A new and deeper sensation began to grow in me as I felt him pass through the folds and curls of skin between my legs. My labia had spread open at this point, fully expecting penetration and I felt my whole body contracting tightly around my vagina as his tongue made passes that dipped slightly over the threshold. I felt lost, consumed inside a thrumming, bestial haze that was more pleasurable and enveloping than anything I'd experienced before. I found myself sliding down off the couch and rolling onto all fours, demurely bending low, keeping my ass high, pelvis thrust back, legs spread wide. He renewed his oral investigation of my body, paying new attention to my anus, no doubt a garden of feral scents and tastes collected from the long hours since I'd last showered. I was groaning and rocking my hips, rhythmically begging him to mount me. I wasn't really sure if dogs could fuck people, or if they would or even wanted to. All I knew was that I wanted him. I wanted him inside me so badly at that moment that I would have done anything to make it happen.

Eventually he did stop probing my ass and began dancing anxiously around behind me. I turned, confused, and grabbed his forearm, pulling him up onto my back. His claws scratched across my flank, stinging and burning as I writhed beneath him. As soon as our pelvises met he began thrusting, the hard, hairy knob that held his penis poking me violently. He jabbed my anus and perineum and I shouted in pain but did not stop rocking my hips against him. I was holding tight to his left leg, pulling hard to keep him up against me while pushing back with my ass. His head rest along my shoulder blade and his panting was ferociously loud and wet in my ear. I could feel saliva dripping from his mouth, collecting behind my ear and curling down around my neck. I craned my head back to try and meet his face with mine; I was suddenly possessed with the desire to have that tongue in my mouth, to feel it against mine and ingest that loathsome and erotic smell.

Then it hit me and filled me. Like a balloon expanding, his cock grew deeper and thicker. I contracted tightly around his swelling penis as he began thrusting it in and out, my labia clamping wetly around it as spurts of semen began welling up inside me, spraying out through the immeasurable space between us. Its warmth was surprising and that, combined with the pressure of our organs tied together tempered my desire. Hot flashed lit through my abdomen and back, my breasts tingled so severely the friction of the air alone was sending my nipples into frenzy. But the focus was now firmly rooted on his member lodged within me as each thrust brought a quickening and tightening sensation. I was grunting uncontrollably with each jab, panting as loud and hard as

he was. Minutes in, with no signs of slowing, I reached back to feel what exactly was happening, my hand slipping along the wet border between our bodies to feel the firm knot that was growing at the base of his penis. I couldn't quite imagine it, sliding my fingers around its girth, the thing was the size of a fucking baseball and he was forcing it into me! I cupped my hand and brought it back with a dollop of fluid, mostly his semen mixed up with my own lubricant. There was so much shit coming out of him, out of me, I could hear it dropping in lumps on the floor and feel it splashing against my knees. I licked my hand clean, savoring the strange flavor of our love desperate to get as much of him in me as possible and relaxed into his fucking, craving now that undesirably large knot that would tie us in animal coitus.

I spread and spread and spread and it slipped in so willfully that I gasped at how little it hurt and felt another wave of orgasm rip through my body as my labia sucked on his cock.

He calmed down now, stopped thrusting but didn't dismount. Waves of pleasure were coursing through me with a residual energy and I was in no way interested in moving. My knees were numb from resting on them for so long but I couldn't have cared less. Every neuron in my brain was tied into the throbbing, pelvic union. His semen was still dripping out of my body more and more quickly as his penis shrank inside me.

When he pulled out, ushering a flood of warm liquid that splashed out of me I had another orgasm, collapsing under the exhausting and overwhelming sensation I'd just subjected my body to. I started sobbing for some reason - that kind of crying people do when joy and desire and love sap them - and I curled up against him as he licked absentmindedly at his cock. "Oh my fucking god, Bandit" I breathed lovingly into his fur.

Later, when I'd pried myself off the sticky, cold puddle that had glued me to the floor and showered the smell away, I called Bandit down to my suite and cuddled up naked with him in my bed. I wrapped my arms around his torso and brought a leg up over his flank so that my vulva could rest in contact with the soft, pungent fur I'd come to crave so strangely in the handful of hours between then and now. And when I woke up the next day he was still there.