

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One: Screwby Doo And The Case Of Velma's Untouched Body

"Jinkies, Scooby! The Dastardly Diddler must have taken Shaggy, Daphne and Fred down this hall!" Velma states matter-of-factly, as she always does, Scooby tip toeing behind her, catching glimpses of her red satin panties under that short skirt she wears.

"R'uh-R'oh!" Scoob states in a worried utterance, chattering his teeth together, chewing his fingernails as loud as can be. Velma reaches back and cups her hand over his maw, shutting him up, though his mouth was still jerking under her grip.

"Quiet! Do you want the entire planet to hear you?!" She whispered in a firm shout.

Scooby was mesmerized. Velma's hand had a cool feel to it, it was soft, somewhat pale and yet also somewhat pink at the same time, and best of all, they smelt clean as in not of a particular scent, just clean, hands like only a women could have. She wore no polish, but her nails were well taken care of and seemed to be glossed, once more, typical Velma.

Indeed, the Diddler made his camp at the end of the long, dark, slightly curved hallway, which was made obvious by the glowing light at the end of the corridor and the sound of a faint, deep-throated voice threatening the rest of the gang.

"Ahhh, now that I've caught you, all that is left is to wait for your friends to inevitably come to your rescue! Muahahah!" He declared with his trademark cackle topping it off.

"Jinkies! We have to find a way to get to-AHH!" She wanted to shriek, but she covered her mouth, praying that he didn't hear them. A cold, wet nose on her uncovered butt set her off. She turned and Scooby, indeed, has he nose under her skirt, sniffing wildly, untraced by the warm, cinnamon-esque scent her puffy poon put out. "Scooby! Now's not that time!... Not that there will be a time where I'll do... You know what I mean!" She swat his curious nose away causing him to cover it with his front paws, scolded. "We need to get them out! Maybe if we can create a diversion of some sort..."

With that, Velma ran down the other end of the hall, remembering she saw a vent at the beginning of it, thinking she could use that to get above the room. The Dastardly Diddler has, consequently, a chest which contains dry ice which he, himself, used to create the "smokey entrances" that allow him to abduct his victims, along the way. Velma could take some and then drop one into the room so she and Scooby, of course could save her friends!

"Ro ray! Rime rot rimbing rup rare!" Scooby stated as they reached the chest, using his finger to point to the vent hanging from the ceiling. And with that he crossed his arms, sitting upright, closed his eyes and turning his head to the right stubbornly. This left Velma in a state of shock, would Scooby's cowardice really keep him from saving his friends? Then she remembered that this isn't the first time he's said that, far from it in fact, but she knew how to coax him into doing it.

"Not even for some Scooby Snax?" She asked with a grin, tempting him.

Scooby shook his head.

"What about two?"

Again.

"The whole box?"

"Rope!"

"Two boxes?"

"Ruh-uh!"

"Then what will it take, Scooby-Doo?"

Scooby wasn't the only dastardly male in this old factory.

"Rinread rof Rooby Rax, rhow route Relma racks?" He offered, with a grin of his own, making a two handed cupping gesture with his paws on his chest, signifying breasts.

"You can't be serious!"

"Ro racks, ro relp!"

Velma had been put in in a compromising situation, either she gave into this horny dane's will or she couldn't save the gang! She could go herself, but there's no way she could untie them before the smoke cleared up!

She like out a sighing "fine". She reluctantly grabbed the bottom of her bulk sweater in a cross pattern with her arms and lifted it just enough to let the pervy dog so the undersides of her huge, pink, lacey bra and even that was enough to make Scoob's eyes pop out in a cartoony fashion. They had to be at least DD's... No, E's! No wonder she was always clad in that sweater.

To Scooby's dismay, she dropped the sweater back down into it's normal position.

"Happy?"

"Rot reven rose!" He said, directing her like a conductor with his finger to take it all off. She obliged with little resistance as well as little consent, pulling it all the way up, letting it rest on her big, milky, nerd knockers for a moment so she could adjust her arms, then pulling it all the way off. Her upstretched arms raised her boobs up, she was alittle pudgy, her arms were thicker then the average girls and she had a pouch on her tummy. And when should pulled it off, her hair cascaded down to her typical, silky bob, and her tits bounced to there position.

Incredible. Her tits were amazing! They matched the slight paleness of the rest of her body and the smooth texture of her skin. They visibly had some sag, but gravity is a cruel, dominant mistress, no boobs that size are pert and perky unless they are nasty, fake tits. Her chest was heaving, she had one arm down by her side, the other was bent at the elbow, it's hand reaching over and grabbing the other arm's elbow bashfully. Her cheeks were red, though she had a look of annoyance on her face

Scooby, of course, was panting and drooling all over the place. Her loved what he saw and to him, this was a fair bargain... almost.

"Are you happy now?" She questioned, impatient she had to show her bra-buster's Scooby. In fact, she hadn't had much in the way of sex at all, the most she had ever done was given a handjob to her uncle, Cosmo. She had never even been naked in front of anyone before, not even from the waist up.

Scooby, in a silent response to her question, laid back on his elbows, back legs spread with his head tilted, a boastful sneer on his big muzzle. Velma was horrified. She placed both hands cupped over

her mouth, her eyes bugging out of her head. Scooby was happy alright, all 10 inches of him. He wasn't hard, his cock had indeed slithered out of his sheath, but it was flopping around like it was made of jello with even the tiniest of movements. Under it were big, saggy, furry balls the size of eggs resting on his grundle.

"No Scooby! This is where I draw the line! I won't! I can't!"

"Rome ron, Relma." He said, gripping his doggy dong at its base and wagging it at her, it hardening in the process restricting its flexibility til he could barely wag it. It looked almost nothing like a human cock, it had a shaft and a head, but unlike a human cock it had a knot at the bottom, which was out as well. Not to mention it was bigger, WAY bigger than most. A good 10 inches, 3 fingers wide to be precise! "Rust ra rick!"

She had no choice, she needed to do it. She slowly got on her knees, then on all fours, her fabulous udders swaying back and forth under her bra, hanging well past her elbows. With a scrunched look on her face, she stuck out the very tip of her tongue and poke the head so lightly that Scoob couldn't even feel it. She smacked her lips at the salty taste, shaking her head at what she'd just done, disgusted.

Scooby also shook his head, "Rut ras rat?!" He wasn't impressed at her half assed attempt and refused to accept it, telling her to do it again. She did, using her small tongue to run from the knot to the tip causing Scooby to howl in pleasure, his hind leg kicking.

It tasted odd and its even weirder texture didn't help either. It looked veiny, the whole thing resembled a tube of lipstick, but it had the texture of an uncooked hotdog. It was slick and smooth, salty and warm to taste and not veiny at all.

She felt one of his paws grip her smooth, soft locks, and guide her mouth to the tip. Struggling did her no good, books made her smart but not very strong, something which Scooby knew. Her pants and grunts left her mouth ripe for the taking, a fact proved when he guided his pointed johnson between her luscious, glossed lips. Then deeper, watching in satisfaction as her lips were stretched, wrapped in a vice grip around his fat girth.

"R'oh r'eh... Ruck ry R'ooby R'ack!" He whimpering in satisfaction, holding her head on it, making her breathe through her nose.

"Mffff..." Her speech was muffled and she was helpless. Scooby had at least shown her the courtesy of not pushing it deep into her throat. Her taste buds lit up, a mixture of saliva and sweaty dog cock creating a frothy brew which began leaking a little around her lips as he began slowly humping her face.

"R'oh... R'oh..." He could hear the acute crackling of small air bubbles and the sticking schlupping sound as he worked in and out of Velma's mouth contentiously. And even better, he could smell her inviting pussy, it stank of sex. He sat up, never letting Velma off his penis, grabbing her skirt and tugging on it. She knew what he wanted her to do and turned her body so she had her thick thighs around his face. The smell was stronger than ever now, the red panties had darkened around her cameltoe, soaking wet. He wasted no time and buried his nose between her inviting legs so hard, he almost lifted her off the ground. He sniffed away, almost getting high off her smell. Her panties were sticking to his wet nose, wet with her juices. Hooking a finger under her panty crotch, he pulled it aside, stuffing his huge tongue deep into her lusty canal. He could hear her and feel her scream on his cock as he lapped away at her insides, scooping out juices and swallowing them by the tongue full. The fur on his chin tickled her clitoris, overcoming Velma with wave after wave of orgasm,

supplying Scoob with mouthfuls of Velma Dinkley brand juice.

Her butt jiggled from her shuddering, her legs felt like jello, she even almost lost consciousness. Poor Velma had never felt something in her before, especially not a tongue that was almost as big as the bottom of her shoe! Scooby as was gushing as well, though he had yet to come, something that had to be fixed immediately.

He rolled her off his body, still raring to go, Velma on the other hand was almost lifeless, breathing heavily, sweat rolling off his forehead. A nearby crate was the answer he needed, using it to prop Velma's front in up, her considerable jugulars acting as cushions for her to rest on, albeit limply. Squatting in typical dog fashion, he expertly humped the air, his cock swinging up and scooping some frothy cream from the bulging, sore lips of her pussy, coating the head. In one more hump, he deeply buried himself in her asshole, something which woke her up, envoking her to yelp.

"R'oh Relma! R'or rass ris rooo right!" He moaned in his deep, gravelly voice, fucking her hard and fast, his thighs smacking hard against her plentiful butt on every fuck, rippling them. He lowered himself on her, resting on her back, breathing in her ear. Velma had her arms propping her up now, futilely trying to resist the anal pounding canine. Scoob grabbed handfuls of her bra'd up funbags, jiggling, lifting, massaging, rubbing them in every direction with every amount of force he could muster. They were indeed heavy, she probably needed a crane to put her bra on every morning.

"Scooby doo! Please!... You're... You're stretching my ass, so wide!..."

He paid her no mind, humping her harder, ripping her bra off thus freeing her hangers from their confinement and, unfortunately, breaking her lingerie in the process. Velma's ass was on fire, stretched to the limit, gripping tightly around Scooby's snack.

"Rime ronna RUM!" The perv announced before flooding her bowels with his salty sauce, filling her to the point where cum sprayed from her asshole and all over his crotch and balls. He continued humping for a little longer til his wet, sticky cock was too soft to remain in and was squeezed out by her ass, leaving her an exhausted heap on the floor.

"R'alright! Rime ready!" He said, grabbing the ice with two picks, not even waiting for poor Velma to regain herself.

The plan worked, as usual, and the Diddler was caught and the police arrived. Lamentably, Velma's lack of a bra was apparent to everyone in the room, her nipples stuck out like a sore thumb, even through her sweater, though in all honesty her tits were the sore ones.

"Now it's time to see who the Dastardly Diddler REALLY is!" Fred proclaimed in his usual melodramatic fashion, hand gripping the top of the mask and swiping it off.

"Farmer John?!" They all chimed in, almost sounding rehearsed."

"And I would've gotten away with it too, if it wasn't for you meddli... what's running down you're leg girl?" And with that, they all looked noticing her red socks had a streak of clear fluid trailing down the inside of them.

Rooby, Rooby ROO!

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## **Chapter Two: Screwby Doo And The Case Of Daphne's Stretched Ass**

"Hey gang, there's a gas station up ahead!" Fred said, driving down the road, pointing at the faint silhouette of a shabby gas station a few hundred yards ahead. What was visible was illuminated only by a dim light on the rafters above the walk-in clerk's desk. It was a small one, aside from the small clerk's hut, there was only one pump and it looked as though it hadn't be used for awhile.

"Like zoinks!" bawled Shaggy, who was, in all honesty, scared of his own dick.

"No Shaggy, it's nothing like zoinks. Nothing like it at all." Shot Velma, sarcastically.

"It's a little rundown, but, like, we have no choice, Shag, the Mystery Machine is almost out of gas!" Exclaimed Daphne, pointing to the fuel gauge just as Fred pulled up next to the pump. The headlights on the groovy van lit up the street as it idled, uncovering what appeared to be a small town, one of those that composed of a single street and two rows of shops and houses, one on either side. There were no streetlights, as in, they had them, but none of them were on, and though the town looked deserted, there were a few cars parallel parked down the road. Fred got out of the van, leaving the headlights on so they could see a little better.

"Hello? Hllloooo? Anyone out there?" He shouts, "tubing" his hands around his mouth for more volume. Nothing. Not a sound other than a piece of newspaper being blown in the cool night air. Daphne knocked on the dusty window and peered inside. Nobody. Velma meanwhile examined the concrete flooring of the old station. It was dirty, but there were a separate set of tire tracks. If the town was as deserted as it looked, the wind would've blown it away by now. It had to be recent, she thought to herself.

"Like, zoinks! Like, where is everyone, man?" Shaggy said, scared as usual.

"Look at this!" Velma pointing out the tire tracks, squatting which remained a little painful for her after that episode with Scoob a few days ago. "Tire tracks... someone must've been here recently! Maybe they know what happened to the people in this town!"

"And look over here! Foot prints! More than one pair too, I counted three, and one pair is alot smaller than the other two, it looks like there was a struggle!" Fred added, noting the tracks led to and from the clerks desk.

"R'uh-r'oh!" Scooby yiped, hopping out of the side door of the van, trotting up to the tracks and sniffing them, giving a smug look to Velma, who blushed. He put his sniffer to the ground, butt in her face, showing off his low hanging sac teasingly. He hadn't forgotten, no sir. He wantonly sniffed around and pointed out in the same direction the tracks were going. "Rey rent RAT RAY!" Scooby said, pointing with his nose.

"Yes Scooby, we know, we saw the tracks." Said Daphne, patting his head, smiling. Scooby leered up at her, though she didn't see it herself.

"Well gang, the Mystery Machine isn't going anywhere, so we have to investigate on foot." Fred said, grabbing a flashlight from the glove box. "Shaggy, Velma, come with me. Daphne, you and Scooby-Doo search for more clues around here, keep an eye out in case anyone comes back!" He ordered, promptly leaving with the other two.

This was an odd turn of events, not the fact that the town was almost abandoned, that was odd, but the fact Fred hadn't had her go with him as he always does! Had he lost interest? Was it something she did? Many explanations ran through her head, worrying her deeply. Scooby on the other hand climbed into the back of the van to go back to sleep. Maybe. Daphne was too caught up in the moment to look for clues, shrugging of the task that.. that... JERK had appointed her, she felt like

she wanted to cry, but she sucked it up.

Opening the passenger side door, Daphne entered, flipping one of the overhead lights on, careful not to disturb Scoob, who was kicking his leg in his sleep. She reached down beside her in her stylish, yet casual purse and grabbed her makeup kit, flipping down the visor and opening its mirror. She wanted to make sure she looked good for when Fred returned, that would get his attention! She knew she shouldn't have worn a bra today, but they constantly bouncing and jiggled, impeding her running ability and her overall mobility. She began precisely applying the blush and mascara, not too much though, she didn't want to look like a whore. She added liberal doses around her eyes and her cheeks and near her jawline. She then grabbed the lipstick, and raised it to her lips, tracing them gently, once more, not adding too much.

Suddenly, lights began reflecting in all of the mirrors! Headlights! She turned around, witnessing a large, decrepit Cadillac barreling down the road, towards them. She locked the doors, diving into the cargo area, hiding in the shadows, startling Scoob who she promptly pushed into a corner, sandwiching him between her and the wall. She could hear the car screeching to a stop beside them followed by a large cloud of dust and the sound of two doors opening and slamming as the car rumbled off.

"Ehh, wut we gawt ere?" Said one heavily accented redneck voice, belonging to a large, fat man.

"Eeh luks like a cahr, Clem." Stated a younger, smaller, skinnier one.

"Woooooow, you must beh some kind a sky-en-tist, dumbas! Peopuhl must be round ere somewures! No wun in da cahr!" He pointed out, peering into the car, not seeing anyone thanks to Daphne's quick thinking. All Daphne heard after that was the two men running off into the distance towards town, leaving their car behind so they didn't alert the gang to their presence.

"Oh no! Those guys must be behind the disappearan.." She cut herself off, feeling something on her chest. "Scooby! What are you...?"

Turning her head, she was interrupted by Scooby doing something she didn't expect, kissing her. Well, kissing her as well as a dog could. His massive tongue filled her mouth, combing over every inch of her succulent kisser. Her cheeks bulged as he ran his tongue roughly over the inside of them. Her eyes were bulging out of her head, feeling his tongue slithering down his throat, she was too shocked to budge. Aside from that, his perverted paws were massaging her ample chest, squeezing, tugging, rotating, pushing them together through her dress and bra.

Regaining her composure, she shoved away, stumbling and falling onto her back.

"Ow! W-What are you doing Scooby?! Have you lost your mind?!" She shot at him in a firm voice, hoping to get control of him. But no later than she finished the last syllable, he was upon her, pinning her arms down with his strong front paws, grinning wide and sadistically.

"Rime gonna ruck rour RASS!" He blurted out, spinning quickly, his back end hovering over her face as he squatted. To her absolute shock, his Scooby Snack was out, all the way, fully erect and 10 inches at least. It was throbbing hard, and had to be as wide as her wrist, the knot was at least twice that. Whilst balancing on one paw, he used the other to point it downwards, luckily, being a dog, he could point it all the way behind him. He then proceeded to slowly lower himself towards her mouth, cock homing in like a missile, only to meet her lips.

"Ramnit! R'open your routh!" He shot out.

“Mm-Mm!” She denied, pinned, shaking her head.

He bit her leg to coax her along, but not enough to really harm her. She yelped in pain and he took the opportunity, expertly maneuvering his fat dong through her teasing lips, listening to it wetly slide in. In retaliation, she beat on the back of his legs but he barely felt it. She got an eyeful of his sac, literally, his hefty pool-ball sized balls resting on her eyes as he came to the knot, which he knew she couldn't take.

“R’awwwwww reah!” He moaned out, laying his front half down, his back half still propped up, cock down Daph's throathole. He could hear her choking, which he hadn't anticipated, he had guessed he gag reflex had long been gone. He quickly pulled out to the tip, Daphne hacking and coughing, begging him to stop, but of course, he didn't, pushing back deep into her throat. Getting into a rhythm, he moved his back end up and down, balls bouncing and swaying, beating on Daphne's pretty face as he worked her over real good. He was in a state of euphoria from the warm and wetness of her mouth and throat.

“R’eah Raphne! Ruck ry rock deeeeeep!” He moaned, fucking her face like a jackhammer. The froth building up around her lips began ran all directions down her face, so much so it looked like she had rabies. The beating his balls were taking made it feel even better, it was pleasurable and didn't hurt in a painful way and his cock had become smeared red with his lipstick.

He was in the perfect position and he needed to act now. He pulled from her mouth and quickly rolled her onto her shoulder blades, knees to her ears. She wasn't wearing any panties, something Scooby had smelt and saw since he had met her. Her pussy was somewhat hairy and the juice pouring from it had drenched her ginger pubes. He was getting high off the smell of sex from her juicing pussy. Her lips and cheeks were coated in the frothy brew he created by using his Scooby Snack as a wisk in her mouth.

He saw what he wanted though, her adorable pucker, pink and unbroken. Not for long though, Scooby saw to it. He brought a finger to his mouth, twisted it and sucked on it for a moment, pulling it from his mouth with a loud reverbant 'POP!', soaked with spit. He then placed it at her ass, poking it tauntingly, listening to her plead not to “break the seal”, so to speak.

“Scooby! Please! I'll do anything! I'll suck you off! Let you fuck my pussy!” She begged, gripping his back legs.

Scooby sat himself on the backside of her thighs, pinning her down for the penetration. He pushed on her pucker with his finger, careful not to scratch her with his claw, watching as she opened up and swallowed his thick, but short, finger. She moaned, even this finger was wide to her. He began working her with it, fucking her slow and hard, making sure she was loosened up and lubed. The schulching sound filled the van, her ass queefing every so often.

She was ready. Scooby raised himself up off of her, just enough so he could position his missile at her bunker. Quickly pulling his finger from her, he replaced it with the tip of his lipstick like cock. The howl she let out as he pushed into her could've been heard from the moon, yet, miracously no one came running. Triumphantly, he sat on her ass, cock almost all the way in, looking over his shoulder, her face twisted in a grimace, trying desperately to hold in a scream. She had every right to, his girth was fat, her ass rim strained to take it and turned from a pale pink into a bright red as it did so.

He began bouncing up and down on her, working his shaft to the hilt every time, knowing his knot probably was not going to fit. His tail wagging, obviously he was enjoying himself. He leaned



forward, holding himself using the indoor fender from one of the back tires, and began viciously fucking her sweet hole, panting heavily.

“R’oh r’eh! Roo rike that?!” He groaned, ass working rhythmically like a belly dancer as he humps her. “Rime ronna rum!” He moaned out, his assfucking jackhammering even faster, jiggling and rippling her cute ass wantonly.

“Ret r’up! Ret r’up!” He ordered, dismounting her, leaving her asscut a gaping mess, spinning around and grabbing her shoulder and helping the dazed dame sit up just in time to catch the first blast of watery sperm. It sprayed up her nose, in her right eye and across her forehead into her beautiful red hair. He began pawing his cock, giving it nice, big, full strokes as he milked out his cum. A rope shot out and just splatted against her cheek, another hit her forehead, draped down to her lips and back up in a raindrop shape. Using a paw to cup her chin and pucker her mouth open, he points his cock in and like a sharpshooter, shoots nearly the entire rope of salty dog sperm in.

“R’eh! Rour retting a rice racial!” He moaned. He didn’t want to waste anymore of his precious dog milk, so he stuffed his cock into her mouth just as another shot came out. It hit the back of her throat and made her cough, sending that and the next blast up opposite of her tummy through her air track, snorting them out both nostrils. The rest of his juice dribbled out and down her throat as he let out a sigh of relief. 16 oz of relief.

“Hey! What’s going on here?... Daphne?” Came a voice. In his state of cumming, Scooby hadn’t even heard the side door open though he was facing it.

“Jinkies!... I... can’t even make a witty statement!” Exclaimed Velma.

“Like zoinks!... you zoinked Daphne!”

And beside them was an old lady, short, wearing what appeared to be a gas station uniform shirt, along with a police officer and the two baddies. They couldn’t see his cock, just the back of Daph’s head which was being held at crotch level.

Scooby Dooby DOOOO!

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Chapter Three: Screwby Doo and the Tit Fucking Monster

It had been a few days since the Daphne episode, and while the rest of the gang didn’t show it, they showed signs of remembering it, Daphne especially. No one brought it up in conversation, not even to each other. Scooby on the other hand, was proud of his work, he had boned Daphne so hard, she had to buy a new dress, the old one was stained too badly, it even took her hours of washing to wash all of the Scooby-Goo out of her hair, and the taste of his cock was still present, albeit faintly on her tongue. Yet she didn’t show any sign of being emotionally scarred from it, afterward, though a little annoyed from having to buy a new dress and wash so much, she still treated Scoob just as she did before he broke her asshole.

The Mystery Machine was barreling down a dark, wooded highway towards their next stop, a small town called “Big Wood”, pop. 121. It was something you’d find in the countryside, a main ville in the middle, a webbing of roads in all directions into the hills that circled it, quite frankly, it looked like it was placed in a large bowl. Towering redwoods, pine, oaks dotted the landscape, along with tall grass between them. It was a 7:30 pm almost.

"Like zoinks! I'm, like, hungry man! Let's stop for some groooooovy chow!" Said Shaggy hungrily, already licking his lips, belly growling like a lion, and pointing at a sign poised on top of a building near the middle of town which read "Big Wood Diner" in big, cursive lettering with the phrase "Eat food off our Big Wood!".

"Alright, I s'pose we could all use some food." Fred concurred, slowing to about 15 mph as he drove into town, looking to the right for the sign and pulling into the street it was on. It was indeed an old town, it had a road about as wide as a 4 lane one on this street, what would be the two outside lanes dashed with diagonal parking spaces.

"This place looks awful shady." Stated Daphne, seeing the well lit inside of the restaurant through the large plexiglass windows in the front.

"Oh, that's just it's country charm!" Said Velma, smiling, being from the countryside in Ohio herself.

The van rumbled to a stop, backfiring as it kicked off. The doors opened and the gang stepped out, filing slowly into the shop, the bell over head jingling as the knob on top of the door whacked it. An old lady with a small afro of curly grey hair turned, clad in her work uniform with an apron, smiling at them and nodding. Behind her, a large, elderly black man was working the grill with expert precision, flipping burgers and hash browns for the few people spread out in the small, ten booth dining area. As they took their seats, Scooby on the outside of one of the benches, the old lady walked over, short heels clacking on the floor.

Her ample tits got to the table before her, you know, the kind only a mature woman can have, large, round, pointed somewhat from the old fashioned bra she was obviously wearing, they had to be F's at least, and the cleavage her short sleeved white button up showed jiggling like gelatin. Scooby took notice right away, it was hard not to when they practically made a whooshing sound every time she moved. Martha was her name and she was only about 5'4", blue eyes, kind've chunky somewhat wrinkled face. She had to be in her late fifties, but she was still quite fuckable, lord only knows how attractive she was in her prime.

"How y'all doing?" She asked with a matronly smile. "What can I git for y'all today?" Raising her pen and pad attentively, elbows squishing her melons today, wrinkling her shirt and apron between them.

Fred ordered a cheeseburger with fries and a milkshake, Daphne ordered a salad, Velma a grilled cheese with fries and a coke, Shaggy ordered a stack of pancakes and 8 scrambled eggs and Scooby ordered the same, though speaking monotonously as he stared at her tits as he spoke to her, hypnotized and hungry for something more than just food.

"Righty! I'll have yer food out in a jiffy!" She added, clicking her pen and turning, almost smacking Fred in the face with her funbags, by accident of course.

"R'uh... R'excuse me... R'ive... rot to... r'uhhh.. ruse the rathroom! R'eah!" Scooby hesitated, not even waiting for a reply as he trotted to the bathroom, which was located down a back hall which was behind a door, the corridor being decorated with various cleaning supplies, a small chest freezer, mop bucket, what you'd usually find. He opened the creeky door to the worn bathroom. It wasn't dirty, the paint had just been worn away over the years and the sink knobs were more than tarnished.

"Ri reed rose ritties!" He said to himself in a panic, thoughts of what he'd do to those melons once he got em right where he wanted them running through his mind. He looked around the room and saw a paper towel dispenser, which gave him an idea. He pulled out handfuls of them out and threw

them into the toilet til they filled it. Using the handle of a nearby plunger, he punched them deep into the drain til their were packed in nice and tight, then flushing the toilet and like he had planned, it overflowed, not by much though, as there was a drain in the middle of the room, but it was good enough to call her in. He got into character and dashed from the bathroom in a poorly acted state of panic. He ran to Martha, who was at the register, assisting a customer in paying for their meal, tugging her dress.

"Relp! The roilet roverflowed!" He said, pointing to the poorly lit corridor behind him.

"Oh dear!" She declared, handing the male customer the rest of his change, then thanking him for his patronage before setting off towards the bathroom with Scooby in tow who was staring at her gigantic ass as she walked. It swaying back and forth... back and forth... as she walked. It was WAY too big for her and the fact she was wearing thick grey tweed dress pants really made it more noticable.

Martha opened the door and agreed.

"Oh sugar, looks like it overflowed again!" She sighed, hands on her hips. Scooby wasn't listening, he was drooling from looking at her ass, nose only a few inches away from it. "Well, let's get this cleaned up!" She left the room to get the mop and bucket and promptly returned. Scooby knew he didn't have much time, while she was preoccupied with mopping, he slowly and quietly shut the bathroom door.

Without warning, he pounced! The forced from the huge dog jumping on her from behind stumbled her forward, knocking the mop and bucket aside with a splash to the tile floor. She managed to catch herself on the toilet, but the weight had pinned her down on it, legs bent. Scooby mounted her ass and began dry humping her, front legs clutched around her. The soft, smooth wool stretched tightly around her titantic ass made for an excellent rub. His sheath dug into her ass like a backhoe, balls rubbing along on her bottom as well, his pink dog cock emerging from it's hiding place with the utmost haste.

"Oh my! Well I never...!" She growled, trying her best to move, but her hefty tits along with Scooby made it too dangerous to try to move anymore, lest she slip on the wet toilet seat and hit her face on it.

"Rour rabout too!" He growled back with his trademark laugh.

His dong had extended to it's full length by now and it was already leaking juices all over her pants, mostly up and down the seam that traced her crack. He had her in a bear hug, his forearms under her tits, bouncing them up and down as he moved, they were indeed heavily. He wanted to cum all over her now, but he didn't want to ruin her outfit, a attitude he didn't share with Daphne, and being so anal about where his cum goes, he concocted a plan. He reluctantly pulled off of her and grabbed the thick, wooden cabinet, which was used for holding the extra rolls of toilet paper, paper towels, etc, which was next to the sink and laid it on it's side, gesturing for the mature sexpot to lay on it.

"What?! I don't think so! I... I gotta git to work, sugar!" She certainly seemed more willing then the other girls, obviously her body made have aged, but her need for cock didn't.

"Rust ror a rew minutes!" He begged, patting the cabinet and smiling.

"No! Bad doggy!"

Scooby didn't have the patience for this, nor the time. Time was short and he needed to act now, lest

he leave this Gifl untapped. He grabbed her arm roughly and puller her over to him, causing her to yip, her heels clicking on the hard tile. He forced her on her on her back on the cabinet, head hanging off one end, feet off the other.

“Oh! W-What are you....” She questioned as she was forced onto her back, tits swaying as she was placed into the position. Suddenly, the dog mounted her, not in the fashion dog’s usually do when they fuck though, he was over her face, facing her legs. What was he planning? Scooby’s hety sac was resting on her face as he straddled her and suddenly she felt something sliding between her breasts. Indeed Scooby had slipped his cock down the front of her shirt and was planning to fuck her cleavage. Had he had more time and freedom with her, he’d just tear her shirt open and fuck her mammaries the old fashioned way. She then felt two hands on the outsides of both soft breasts, pushing them together, the meat bulging between his fingers and with that, he went to town on her tits. He didn’t have a good view unfortunately, but he could she the freckle tops of her bulging boobs through her open shirt jiggling and wiggling as he worked her over. Martha turned her head, trying to avoid his balls dragging back and forth along her face, but it was of no use, they just dragged up and down her smooth cheek. The force literally slid her up and down the smooth, polished cabinet.

Scooby was in heaven, her big, soft breasts formed to every nook and cranny on his veiny cock and the lack of lube gave him good traction, though the sweat from between their folds helped alittle. He leaked his juices into her cups, listening to her grunt with every vicious thrust into her cleavage. Unfortunately even her titanic tits clad in her bra didn’t let him get a full stroke, the bra blocked his cocktip and he couldn’t get his knot in. Nonetheless, he was close to cumming.

“Roo want rome rum?” He moaned.

“No! Don’t drop yer load here! Do it in a paper towel!”

He respectfully refused her offer, letting out a grunt, firing a massive jet of cum into her tits. A dark spot formed around one of the buttons on her shirt beneath the slightly clear apron. Some of it had slipped through the barrier and stained her shirt under her apron. Most of it had gathered into either one of her large bra cups, which were so small, they apparently were “water tight”. Some out had jetted out from under his cock and sprinkled her pretty face, though. Another rope shot out, into her right cup, another into her left, and another into her left. By now, her tits felt as though they were floating on water, syrupy water of course. The next blast had no where to go, and ran from her cleavage, slithering down the side of her neck onto her collar. Martha’s tits were on fire as Scooby’s orgasm had caused him to clutch her melons tightly, digging his claws into them,not breaking the skin through her cups. He pulled his thick, wet, sticky cock from her cleavage casually before it ended up glued to them, it slowly retracting to his sheath. Still in a daze, she looked at him.

“Row’s rat for ra tip?” He asked her, grinning. Her cups were going to have to be peeled off her melons tonight.

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## **Chapter Four: Screwby Doo Gets Trench Coat Fucked**

It was a lazy Friday night, and Scooby was doing what he usually does, lounging about on the couch, watching some wholesome American tv.

“Rahaha! Rap that ritch, Snookie!” He laughed, shoveling a paw full of popcorn into his mouth, trying his best not to cough it all over himself while he was laughing. Admittedly, he was alittle scared, Shaggy, his roommate as well, had left an hour before, just before it had started raining and thundering heavily. Nonetheless, the fine reality television had kept his mind, for the most part, off

the lingering loneliness he felt.

The wind was howling outside, tapping some branches against the window, the same branches that, every time a bolt of lightning would pierce the sky, would cast a shadow that would make him jump. He became more and more worried that something might've happened to Shaggy. What if he had wrecked his 71 Pinto on his way back, sliding off the road and gently bumping the back bumper against a tree, causing the car to blow up in a beautiful, yet tragic American supernova!? Who would hook him up with weed if that was the case?! No dealer would ever sell weed to a talking dog! Oh the humanity!

"You know, toilet paper has to.. you know.. get IT clean..." The sound of an obnoxious toilet paper ad snapped him back into reality. He was out of popcorn and Ginger Ale. Damn.

He hopped off the couch and trotted into the kitchen, holding the bowl in his mouth and the cup with the bowl. As he crossed the joint where the tile met the carpet, the lights flickered and there was a loud crash causing him to instinctively jump into the nearest person's arms. Unfortunately, there was no "nearest person" and he crashed onto the floor with a thud.

"Ret yourself together Rooby... You've reen through rorse!" He said, his teeth chattering all the while, carefully walking his way to the fridge. Hopefully that thud didn't bridge something in the bedroom. Scooby hummed to himself as he opened the fridge, setting his bowl and cup on the floor, scouring the stuffed fridge for some Jersey Shore food.

"Don't move!" Shouted a husky voice, not that he had time. He felt a hard knock on his head and everything went black...

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### **Some Time Later...**

Scooby awoke. He was tied up on his side, mouth taped shut. He was something that he didn't recognize, a dimly lit room with a hard, cold concrete floor, the walls made of cinder blocks, insulation on the ceiling above. He looked around until he saw two black figures huddled in the corner, whispering to each other in some language he didn't understand. They blended in the with dark shadows around them and all he could make out was some shininess around their feet.

After a moment, they looked over towards him, then back to each other for a few seconds, then they turned once more and walked over to the helpless dane. The shininess around their feet was the one light bulb lit up in the room gleaming off two pairs of black combat boots. The were both obviously some kind of soldiers. Clad in two long, black Burberry trench coats, double breasted, buttoned one away from the top, tied neatly around their waists, and their collars up-turned, leather gloves and two matching gas masks worn over open face ski masks. Their attire really accented their hulking frames, each was about the same height, probably 6'5" and the tied trench coats showed big, wide upper bodies and powerful lower bodies even though they concealed them down just past the tops of their heavy boots.

They stood over Scooby, just so his eyes could barely look up and see the eyes of their masks, they rest was obscured by their bulging chests and the very slightly loose coats.

"WHERE IS THE DISK?!" One shouted in some kind of european accent, hands on his hips.

Scooby was flustered. He didn't know what disk these men were talking about.

"R'uh... what risk?" He asked as best he could with his mouth taped.

"You know what disk! Draiman is very upset that the deal went wrong and now he wants some answers! You should not have crossed him in Venice!" The other answered, cracking his knuckles.

The other bent over and grabbed Scooby's collar, hoisting his front end up with ease.

"Who are you working for?! FBI?! CIA?! ASIS?! CSE?! MSS?! DGSE?! G2?!" He growled at him.

Scooby looked at him, then looked at the other guy, both of them looked exactly alike.

"Ruhhh... ICUP?"

Both of them gasped and the one holding him immediately dropped him. Returning to the corner from where they came, they began whispering to each other once more.

"It's worse than we thought!"

"He's in over his head!"

"We are messing with some bad people"

That's all Scooby could make out.

They returned to him.

"Tell us where the disk is, we know you are hiding it in Switzerland! Tell us or the consequences will never been the same!"

Scooby remained silent.

"Very well." He said, reaching down.

Scooby was shocked! These men were unbuttoning the bottom of their coats! In unison, they peeled the flaps open a little to reveal themselves. His eyes nearly popped out of his head! Both had giant cocks, sitting atop heavy, dangling balls. Both had to be at LEAST a foot each, and as wide as their wrists. One was uncut, his meaty foreskin cocooning the fat, bulbous head on his shaft, which was the same width all along it's length. Two was cut, his cock was just as long, but was slightly thicker along the middle than at the end and the base, but it was slightly wider at it's widest than One's. Both men were quite virile, hairy thighs, muscular and bush galore. The worst part is that they weren't even hard.

"This is your last chance! Tell us or prepare to face the wrath of Draiman's Trench Coat Lancers!" They pronounced in unison, boastfully.

All was lost for Scooby and his poor butt. He's the farthest thing from a fag, not that there's anything wrong with queers, but it's not his favorite thing to do, you know? Have his ass fucked.

One bent down and grabbed Scooby by the scruff of his neck with one hand and under the chest with his other and used his immense strength to lift him to a sitting position. Two took a dominating position over Scooby's face, resting his package on his snout. His balls were incredibly heavy, one was sagging halfway down the left side of his maw and the other was hanging down in front of his nose, with his heavy salami draped down the right side. No matter what Scooby did, he was helpless, if he closed his eyes, he could smell the musky bull's sweaty sac, he opened his eye, he got a look of

the fat snake in one and the hairy nut in the other. In fact, he couldn't even breathe through his nose that well, as he'd just suction the ball's skin and it'd cut off his air supply, and every time he'd breathe through his mouth, he'd taste the emanating scrotum. He felt Two's hand cup under his jaw and prevent him from moving away.

"I am the big dog in this room, got that mutt?! And I got the cock to prove it!" He bragged with his deep, resonant voice.

Scooby nodded obediently. Maybe this is how Daph and Velma felt when he fucked their brains out and made them soup with his dane stain? He heard the clicking of a pocketknife and the cutting of tape, freeing his back legs and not after that, a hand skillfully examining his rump.

"How's his butt look?" Two asked.

"Fat cheeks, strong legs, tiny, tiny hole..." One exclaimed, looking him over. "It's gonna be a TIGHT fit!"

"Just how I like it!"

Two dismounted him and pulled out a pocketknife of his own and lowered it to Scooby's face, turning the blade so it shimmers in the light. With that, he lowered it and gently cut the restraint from Scoob's maw, quickly tearing the tape off and with it, some fur causing Scooby to yip.

One returned to the front of Scooby and stood next to Two, showing Scooby his equally impressive cock, taunting him by wanking himself alittle, the foreskin shifting back and forth, having the slight smell of smegma on it.

"Hey doggy, you want a bone?" He asked in a patronizing dog talk voice, wagging his massive, stiffening dong at his face. Scooby hung his ears and opened his mouth. The two hulks wasted no time in stuffing his plentiful mouth with both cocks, side by side, causing him to gag.

"Hey! HEY! Watch the teeth, mutt!" One growled, arm around Two's waist, using his free hand to smack Scooby upside the head firmly.

Drooling all over the place because of his inability to close his gaping mouth, his mouth was viciously fucked by both fat cocks, their pre-cum mixing with the saliva an being stirred causing a frothy brew to build up in his mouth and coating his lips. The taste of sweat was prominent, these two well used cocks had been washed but they maintained that powerful odor that cocks tend to have. Their metal belt ends jingled and their trench coats made a distinctive smooth rubbing noise as they moved about. Scooby's nose was bombarded by their well cleaned coats and his chin by their swinging bull sacs. Every so often, his nose would plunge into their thick bushes, his nostrils tickled by the hairs. They both looked down at him, maintaining their composure through the feeling of his fat tongue massaging the undersides and the glans of their dongs.

"Hah! Looks like our doggy here is rabid!" Two laughed, scooping up the froth with a single digit and holding it in front of him and One, who also chuckled. Both pulled their fat cocks from Scooby's sore maw, coated in saliva and pre, One's foreskin clean of the bit of cheese that was on it. They were fully hard.

"Dibs on his ass!" Two announced quickly,

"Dibs on his- Aww..." One snapped his fingers, but admitted he was slow to the punch.

"Doggy, since it's your ass that's about to be busted, what position would you like it in?" Two asked, cock sticking out from between the sides of his coat like two curtains.

"R'uh... the ret me ro position?"

"Hahaha... No." He said with a straight face. "Oh, how about doggy style? Doggy style for the doggy!"

"Great idea!" One agreed, already making the proper arrangements, lifting Scooby's back end up and spinning him around.

Scooby yelped as Two clutched his ears, using them as reins so that Scooby couldn't pull off. He squatted down, One helping him with lining the apple head against the poor dog's virgin butt. While One holds his cock, he commenced a combination of pulling the dog's ears and swiftly humping forward causing our Great Dane to howl at being stretched so wide. One gasped.

"Wow! You should see how wide his ass is stretched!"

"It's a lot, ain't it? That's what prisoners get when they don't cough up information!" He announced. Indeed, Scooby's ass was absolutely struggling to swallow the length, his rim was about as big as a human can open their mouth, turning from pink to a shade of red.

Two was pushing his foot long salami as hard as he could, the suds coating his dong making it a little easier, but the tight ass was indeed a challenge. He maintained a tight grip on Scooby's ears as he finally reached the hilt and boasted triumphantly, his balls resting against Scooby's buttox. Without a moment of hesitation, he pulled out and slammed back in rhythmically, grunting every time he got it all the way in. One had left to the far side of the room to retrieve a chair positioned it in front of Scooby.

"Nnn... you know... ohh.. this doggy acts like... a virgin, but he takes dick like a champ!" Two states, humping Scooby viciously, bouncing him forward, riding him like a horsie. One took a seat on the chair and flung the bottom half of his coat open and pulled Scooby's head into his lap. Two let go of his ears and saw nothing but the back of the Dane's head, but immediately knew what happened when One let out a satisfied sigh.

"Yeah.. make him swallow it.. uhh all!" Two ordered, fucking Scooby as hard and as fast as he could, so hard that the upturned collar of his coat bounced and flapped wildly. One, meanwhile was lounging back in his chair, hands behind his head as Two just saw Scooby's head bobbing up and down. Two's hip were now almost a blur.

"How's... ohhh.. nnn his mouth on just yours?" Two asked.

"He can definitely throat me! His tongue is working great on the underside of my bone, his soft throat on my head and his jowls are so soft." He moaned in ecstasy.

Two began grunting loudly, obviously about to cum. He grabbed the bottom of his jacket and skillfully hiked it back behind him, revealing his thick, hairy, muscular thighs, pulling his cock out till just the head was in and let out a roar. One could see Scooby's eyes widen, feeling his guts fill up with liquid hot sperm, Two clutching his tail tight. Ropes and ropes, jet and jets of cum continued to fill him up for roughly half a minute before he finally stopped. Scooby felt so full, like he had an entire reservoir in him, that is until Two pushed himself back in, forcing all of his juice out the only way it could, causing a loud, sickening squelch, followed by jets of hot cum spraying out, all over his hairy thighs and legs and Scooby's butt.



"Ohhh yessss...." Two groaned, letting his cock sit in Scooby for a few moments, still hard.

"Yeah, like that, mutt?" One asked, patting his head, seemingly unphased by Scooby's mouth by now.

With one swift movement, he pulled out, breaking the wet seal of juice from around his cock, a wave of clear, melted cum gushing out and splashing onto the floor. His cock remained hard, dripping the thick, clear mix of juices.

"Here, let me get in his ass!" One ordered, promptly popping his cock from Scoob's throat and laying himself on the floor, grabbing Scooby's collar and dragging him over on top of him. Two lifted his sore back end up and with not much trouble, lowered the gaping hole onto One's dong, which quickly swallowed it up.

"Fuck! His ass is fucking hot!" One howled, wasting no time in bouncing the helpless dog up and down.

Two walked around to the mutt's head and stuck his sticky cock into his maw, forcing him to deep throat the fat member. One looked up contented, not letting off his brutal reaming, looking up, seeing his partner looking back down at Scooby. The light hanging above the scene prevented him from seeing any detail other than two black silhouettes, but for him, that was good enough. His balls were bouncing heavily and slapping against Scooby's butt as he fucked.

"Ohhh yeah, work it, fag dog!" Two moans, viciously fucking Scooby's face as the dog's rocked back and forth.

"Make sure when you cum, do it on his face!" One ordered, tapping Two's leg to get his attention.

Let out a loud, echoing grunt, One pushed himself all the way in and starting planting his seed in Scooby's ass, cum running down the sides of his cock, just as Two pulled from his post and shot 7 or 8 good ropes of cum that draped Scooby's face. Some got in his right eye, some up his nostrils, all over his ears and collar as well. Scooby blacked out.

Birds were chirping outside as Scooby woke up, yelping once, then regain his composure. Shaggy peeked his head from the corner.

"Like, you alright, Sceeewwb?"

"Reh... Reh, fine!"

The warm sun's rays pelted him from the window as he looked around. Everything was as it should be, no sign of forced entry in the living room. A dream! Just a dream. Letting out a sigh of relief, Scooby popped on the TV, chuckling.

"This just in! Crime solving K-9, Scooby Doo, is the center of a sex scandal resulting from pictures sent to us by an anonymous viewer! We warn you, these pictures are graphic."

Scooby's jaw thudded on the floor, shocked. There were at least a dozen pictures on the screen, pixelating the "dirty parts" but it was obvious what was going on. One pic showed his face, him in a 69 position, with a cock in his mouth, looking at the camera lustfully, cum covered his face and plastering one of his eyes shut. Another showed a back view of him standing on all fours, looking back at the camera, tail up, asshole gaping and leaking copious amounts of white cum, another showed him with a cock horizontally in his mouth, like a bone, a goofy looking half-smile/ half-pant

on his face. Other pictures showed him sitting on one of the Trench Coats' cock while sucking on the other. Among the last ones, one of them was sitting on a chair with Scooby on his lap. You could see the mask he was wearing, but his black outfit blended with the background. All of the photo's weren't the best quality, they looked to be from some low end camera or a cellphone cam but you could see what was going on, there was no mistaking.

Scooby clicked the TV off, hoping no one else saw it, but of course they had. As he looked around the couch, he saw a note taped to one of the pillows.

"Dear doggy, you double crossed Draiman, you may have survived our torture, but consider any news you see of you to be the final touches. We will be watching you!"