

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part One

It all started late one Friday night as I was making my way back home. I'd been driving through the night, getting a bit weary, but knew I only had another hour or so of driving before it was over. I decided to stop at the next picnic area on the highway to nap for a few minutes and give my eyes a rest.

It was a quiet highway and I hadn't seen any other vehicles for the last hour, except when I passed through a couple of small towns on the way. When I pulled into the picnic area, I wasn't surprised that I was the only one there. It's kind of nice to be alone when all you want to do is rest a bit. I pulled into the back part of the picnic area so as to be less visible from the highway, turned the car off, reclined the seat back a wee bit, and napped.

I'm not really sure how long I napped because I didn't check the time when I stopped, but I know that I was out long enough for my neck to stiffen up while I was sleeping. I stretched, rubbed my eyes, woke myself up, and got out of the car for a bit of a walk to stretch my legs.

The pathway in the picnic area was treed on both side, so had limited visibility. I squinted as I walked, willing my eyes to allow me to use the light from the moon and stars to see the path. It was hard, but I saw shapes, so at least I wasn't crashing into anything. Besides, the mystery of the dark night was so nice. Soothing. Relaxing.

I reached a bend in the path and stopped to have a look at the horizon that opened up a bit through the trees. I was at the edge of a valley that extended off to the north and I could see distant shimmering of moonlight on the lakes below. The sounds of the night sky found their way into my mind as I listened to some distant wolf howls and some not-so-distant smaller critters scurrying around in the bushes nearby.

Needing to relieve myself, I unbuttoned my fly and whipped my dick out to take a piss - a nice long one. Felt good. It's always nice to watch my PA glistening in the moonlight - almost as much fun as watching the faces of guys next to me at urinals when I shake and clink it against the porcelain. Love those unexpected second glances.

Midstream, I heard more rustling in the bushes nearby. This time, the sounds were clearly more than the scurrying of small critters. I turned my head in the direction of the sound and saw a head protruding from some of the low bushes. At first, I thought it had to be a wolf. After all, I'm out in the bush, on some secluded section of the highway, and heard wolves howling in the distance. But, as he stepped from the trees and onto the path, maybe only 3 metres from me, I realized that he was a dog. It was a bit hard to tell in the dark, but he seemed to be a mastiff or a mastiff cross of some kind. It was clear that he was a huge dog, but he looked young - maybe 1-2 yrs old. He also looked a bit emaciated, like he'd been out wandering in the woods for ages.

I knelt down and encouraged him to come closer. He did, a bit nervously at first but, once he'd come within cuddle distance and I was reaching out to let him scent me and give his ears a bit of a skritch, he seemed to warm up quickly. He had no collar or anything to identify him. Examining him as best I could in the dark, he definitely seemed to be malnourished a bit. His ribs were showing more than I've ever seen in a mastiff before. But, his colour was nice, almost a brindle. Brindle makes me melt. He was friendly too, enjoying the skritches and digging his ears in even more with directed head butts to get better and better cuddles all the time. He seemed in good shape otherwise and I thought he was probably not too much the worse for wear when I noticed that the tip of his rocket was

protruding from its protective sheath. As I was checking him over, I made sure to spend a bit of time massaging his huge sheathed dick, feeling the start of his massive knot forming, and gently playing with his huge balls. He didn't shy away and, maybe this is just hope on my part, he seemed to encourage me playing with his dick and balls.

After a few minutes of introduction time, I stood up, looked at my new discovery sitting there in front of me seemingly waiting for some direction. I started heading back toward my car and he followed. I opened the back door to do a bit of long-travelling roadside clean-up, tossing away the remnants of a couple of meals on the road, and he jumped in, settled into place, laid down and just looked at me while he wagged his tail. Seems I have a new friend - one that likes road trips. Who was I to argue? After all, he weighed almost as much as I did.

I hopped in and off we motored down the highway on the last leg of the drive home. It's weird, but when you have someone else in the car, you just seem to start talking to them, even if it's a dog and you're not likely to get much of a conversation. But, his ears were perked up as if he was listening, so I told him a bit about me, where I lived and what I was doing on my trip. It passed the time and he lay in the back seat, head up and listening the entire drive home.

As we got home, the first signs of the day were starting to crest the horizon. It's nice being near enough to a small town so that I have access to services, but far enough away so that I can enjoy the quiet solitude and nothingness from time to time. My new friend hopped out of the car too when I did and he started exploring around, sniffing here and there in the bushes alongside the house and following the fence line a short distance, periodically looking back to make sure I was still where he left me. Of course, when he reached the small bush at the corner of the fenced yard, he hiked his leg and marked his territory. I guess he's decided to stay.

I dug out a couple of bowls, rustled up some food and water for him, and set them down. While my new friend ate what was probably his first meal in ages, I got myself ready to hop in the shower, clean off the dust and grime from the drive so that I'd be ready to hop into bed for a nice sleep. The water felt nice, gliding across my body and helping to peel off the dirt from the long drive. I revelled in it for a while, towelled off and hopped into the bed, covering myself completely in toasty warm comforters. It didn't take long to fall asleep.

I woke several hours later. My new friend - I need to come up with a name for him - was snuggled up in a massive mastiff-sized ball beside me on top of the comforters. It's nice, I thought, that he was comfortable enough to hop into bed with me. I rolled over and skritchd his ears while he lay there looking at me. He really seemed to enjoy that and rolled over, exposing everything for tummy rubs. I obliged. As I did, I couldn't resist circling around and across his inviting sheath, which twitched a bit every time I touched it. He seemed to enjoy that too and, so, I continued to circling and caressing, periodically rubbing his knot, starting to form somewhere deep down. His bright red rocket poked out a bit and seemed to tantalize me as it peeked out, then hid, peeked out, and hid yet again.

I repositioned myself, all the while continuing to rub his belly and his sheath. His dick was becoming more and more prominent so I leaned over and touched it with the tip of my tongue. It felt so soft and sweetly wet with a few drops of puppy precum. I licked a bit more and wrapped my lips gently around his growing cock. I am sure I even felt him fucking my face gently in this position, something that felt just fine to me and that I was certainly open to encouraging even more. I continued to suck his dick, now maybe a good 6" inside my mouth and extending partly down the back of my throat. He kept humping and his movements were increasing in both speed and strength. I worked at keeping him in my mouth and making sure that I worked his shaft gingerly with my lips, tongue and the muscles at the back of my throat. After several minutes, he let loose a gentle stream of cum and I could feel it splash against the back of my throat in an amazingly sweet and warm burst.

Of course, I swallowed every drop and lay there for a while just looking at my new friend, wondering what to do with him. For now, I decided that he should have a name, one that articulated his personality and his gentle assertiveness. I searched my mind for a memory from the past that would help to find a name. Of course! Amarok! That's perfect! Amarok it is!

I looked at my new friend, reached out, pulling his face closer to mine, looked in his eyes and said, "Amarok! How's that sound, buddy? It's a good name. It means 'wolf' in Inuktitut - one of the words I learned when I lived in the Arctic years ago. Wolves are majestic, just like you. They live in packs, and it looks like you've created a new one of those with me in it. Amarok it is!"

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## **Part Two**

I woke up again later with Amarok nudging my arm. I assumed this meant he had an interest in going outside, so I peeled myself out of the warmth of the comforters, got partly dressed (didn't really matter too much because I lived far from anyone else), squeezed my feet inside my shoes, and out we went. It didn't take Amarok too long to relieve himself, but I figured he needed a bit of time to scout out his new home and see what was where.

We both meandered slowly, me taking in the warmth of the morning sun and Amarok checking the scents of everything that stuck up out of the ground. Didn't matter what it was, his nose was buried in it for at least a few seconds. We followed along the fenced yard adjacent to the house and came to a path that led back to a few smaller out buildings I had on the property. One was just for storage and yard equipment. The other was a lot more fun.

He followed the path and I walked beside him, telling him the story of this place, how I'd acquired it, about friends who have visited, about how much I enjoyed the seclusion. Amarok seemed to enjoy it too, and truly seemed to be attentive to the story I was sharing.

He arrived at the first building and I opened the door. He glanced in, somewhat uninterested and kept moving along the path. I didn't really blame him. After all, how exciting are garden hoses and lawn mowers?

After a few steps, the path took him to the second building and he seemed to perk up. It was amazing to watch. His senses seemed to heighten, but not at all in a defensive manner. He truly seemed excited. I propped the door open and when his nose brought him there, he peered inside. This building was clearly not for storage. Amarok seemed to know this was a play area. I don't know how he knew, but the way his sideways glance caught my eye suggested he had a few things in mind.

I played coy and continued walking down the path a bit. He followed and we came to a small pond that was on the property. It was small enough to see across easily and probably takes about 5 minutes or so to walk around. Often, there are many birds there frolicking in the morning sun, but not today for some reason. It was just the two of us.

I had cleared a bit of the area immediately beside part of the pond about one-quarter the way around. It was the perfect spot to just lie down, rest, contemplate the world and be with friends. I took off my shirt and pants and, using them as a bit of a blanket, lie down naked and just stared up at the brilliant blue sky. Amarok didn't take long to join me and he curled up beside me with his hulking head resting across my stomach, his nose almost touching my dick. His nearness was causing my dick to grow and I could feel the small jumps it made every so often until, at one point, it had grown large enough to bump into his cold, moist nose.

Amarok slid his tongue out from between his lips and gently started to caress the head of my cock. This caused instant hardness as my excited dick pulsed forward closer to his huge mouth. He continued to lick and caress with growing eagerness until he was standing up, working on my balls and trying periodically with his nose to roll me over. I took the hint and rolled over for him as his tongue found its mark on the tender hole in the centre of my ass. His tongue poked in and out a few times. I was rock hard having him toying with my ass. Somehow, the way in which he was doing this got me up on my knees, on all fours. He continued working away at my hole with his tongue.

Suddenly, what must have been about 200 pounds of dog jumped onto my back. Amarok wrapped his forepaws around my chest, locking us together for whatever fun he'd gotten into his mind. He aimed and poked a few times with his massive, rock hard cock and, without much effort, found my hole and started plunging deep inside me. It felt wonderful at first. I so love my ass being played with and used. Stretching feels so amazingly enjoyable.

He pumped away, seeming to get his rhythm, plunging a bit deeper and a bit harder with each thrust. It's amazing just how much power there is behind the sexual thrusts of a big dog. Being used that way felt so good and I was starting to get lost in enjoying the moment. Deeper. Harder. Deeper. Harder.

I knew what was coming but was not even remotely ready when his huge knot slammed against the outer edge of my hole. I'd had fists in there and it always felt wonderful, but Amarok had a different idea. He was out to make me his bitch, to become my Master and to seed me with his sweet milky puppy cum so that I always knew who I belonged to.

And, with that in mind, and with strengthening and deepening thrusts, he plunged his knot and I burst out with the biggest gasp of surprise I'd ever let loose. His knot filled every space inside my ass, and stretched out even more to make more room. Amarok kept pulsing away, thrusting deeper and deeper. I felt the tip of his cock exploring deep inside my ass and reveled as it caressed the inner sphincter. Fuck did that ever feel good! Pumping away, he managed to push through the inner sphincter. I could feel his cock entering territory no one had ever been. It was almost like Amarok knew this and figured that if he'd give me an experience no one else had ever offered, I'd be his bitch even more. And it was working. I was like putty in his paws. My own dick was rock hard and pulsing away to the beat of his huge balls walloping against mine as he thud, thud, thudded away deep inside me. I could feel the strange stretching as he broke through the protection of my inner sphincter and his cock poked with force against my colon. Fuck! Such an amazing feeling!

He knew he'd found what he wanted and somehow seemed to know that this was the first time anyone had fucked me so deeply. He seemed to sense this and kept his rhythm pumping away, with his balls banging on mine, his knot stretching the inside of my ass, and his cock reaching deeper inside my undiscovered parts.

I knew he was getting close. His breathing became more laboured but he never lost the force he was using to make sure that I knew who owned me. For my part, I could do little, even if I wanted to, to escape from his hold. His paws were digging in, grasping tightly, his breath was like steam blasting the back of my neck. Every so often, he'd drool and it would trickle down alongside my face or down my neck. It all just reinforced in my mind that I was being turned into his bitch; that he was becoming my Master. After all, I knew deep down that I'd do just about anything to repeat this experience. I think Amarok was sensing that too.

As soon as that thought entered my mind, he pushed harder than anything and I could feel him shoot one of the biggest loads I've ever experienced deep inside me, deeper than anyone had ever been. Deep into my core. Marking me in a way that no one else had. Making me his. His load coursed

inside. I could feel it and I coveted every drop of it, willing my ass to squeeze his cock trying to capture every drop.

There was no way that he'd be releasing me anytime soon, not with his knot swollen to the size it was, far larger than any fist I'd taken in the past. So, he repositioned his grip on me with his paws and kept pumping away inside me until he was good and done. He shot at least 4 more loads deep into my bowels and I was ecstatic to receive every drop.

After what seemed like forever, but was really probably only about 25 minutes, he relaxed a bit, I felt his knot decrease in size a bit and he yanked on it. Of course, that also yanked on my ass, something I'd never felt before and I almost leaped backward in pain. Amarok's huge knot popped out with an audible sound and he swung his head around to slurp my face once before he walked to the edge of the area I'd cleared, lay down, and started to clean himself off.

He knew that he'd made me his bitch, and that I'd do just about anything he wanted hoping to experience this again. Who could complain about having a canine Master? And an unbelievably hot fucking Master he was.

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Part Three

Later that evening, Amarok hinted again that he wanted to go out, so we did. This time, I didn't worry about any clothes. It was getting dark, no one was around, and the wind was balmy and blowing from the south. Amarok led the way and he headed us straight to the second building - the play room. The building he'd just glanced in earlier today but that generated the evil, almost slyly all-knowing glance in my direction.

We walked into the building. It was really more like a rustic cabin with more holes and openings in the wooden rail walls than one might normally have had. In my opinion, it always added to the magic of the place. I showed Amarok around and he grimaced at several of the items there as if he knew how to use them.

At one point, we'd stopped and were looking at the sling that was mounted up in an old horse stall. We must have both been pondering what we might do with the sling, when I started to feel a tingle. It was a very strange sensation. I'd never felt this before whenever I'd been to this building to play in the past. But then, I'd never been there with my new Master. He seemed to sense it too and offered some reassuring guttural rumbles from deep down in his throat. I calmed down a bit, but the tingling intensified.

Just then, I realized that the moonlight had changed colour. I'd never noticed it before, but there was a tiny glass prism plugging one of the openings in the roof. The moonlight was filtering through it and it separated the beam into two - one shining directly on me, and the other on Amarok. I couldn't tell if he was tingling too, but I knew that I was. It was causing my entire body to tingle and twitch a tiny bit. I can't say that it felt bad, but it certainly was puzzling, though hardly puzzling enough to pull away. Besides, Amarok was still busy reassuring me that all was good.

The tingling in my fingers and toes seemed to become a bit more gentle now and, as I watched them, it almost felt like I was seeing the hair on my hands and feet grow. I continued to watch and, sure enough, it was, along with my nails. Something was happening to me. This had never happened before. My heart started racing and I looked at Amarok for some help, only to see him snarling at me as if to say "Don't fucking move a muscle, bitch!"

Whatever transformation was happening, continued. I was becoming hairy all over my body. Claws were clearly formed and my toes and fingers started to resemble the paws of a dog. I reached up to feel my face and almost had a heart attack when I realized that I now had a snout, that my ears were growing and my teeth were getting longer. I was transforming into a dog. I couldn't believe it. This had never happened before. It didn't hurt. It was more of a surprise. But the crazy part was that Amarok kept me in place while this was happening.

It was a short while before I'd looked at my Master again and I suddenly realised that he was also transforming. Not into a dog, but into a human. He was standing upright at this point, almost everything formed and in place. He had the most amazing face and gentle smile you could ever imagine. His hair was the same colour as he had as a dog, so I was amused at a brindle human, but it worked on him in this moonlight. He had a wonderful, trimmed moustache and beard, the same colour. My eyes ventured down his body and I was amazed at his chest and abs. I wouldn't say he looked like a crazy workout freak, but he was well-defined, far more than I could ever hope to be. His chest had a fine covering of hair that seemed to wisp around in the breeze and, as the wind played in his hair, it took my eyes farther down, noticing his navel and a darker brindle trail of fur that exploded to encircle the biggest cock I'd ever seen on a guy in my life. It had to be a good 11 inches at the very least and it was absolutely erect. I could even see it pulsing and, as it was, it was causing his huge ball sac behind to quiver. My eyes kept veering down and I saw huge, powerful legs with muscles as sculpted as they were when he was Amarok.

But, it wasn't long before my eyes returned to his raging cock. He seemed equally interested in my transformation. I was now on all fours and had been completely transformed into a dog. I could tell that I was a big dog, but didn't know quite what I looked like. Wish I had installed that mirror in here.

The new Amarok took a step toward me and reached over pulling my face to his cock. My snout was the perfect shape and, as I started to lick and suck on his massive tool, he took over and started force fucking my face. He'd grabbed the back of my head. There was no way I was escaping his grip - don't even think I'd want to.

He fucked my face for a few minutes, seeming to explore the depths of my throat and then, with just one giant step, was suddenly behind me. I could feel his cock pressing against my ass. I didn't know what to expect. I'd never transformed into a dog before and have never had the ass of a dog. Do human cocks even fit in there? He spit on his cock and massaged it a bit with his huge hands, and repeated it again, rubbing the excess saliva onto my twitching ass.

Then, with the force he had when he was Amarok, he plunged his rock hard 11 inches full length into my unsuspecting hole. After an initial puppy yelp and leap forward, I couldn't help myself. All I seemed to be able to do was to push back against his massive cock trying to force it inside me even deeper. All the while, I knew that I should also work on moving and twitching the muscles around my hole and, as I did and as they started to sync with his thrusts, I could hear him moaning a bit. It was obvious that I was making my Master happy. It felt like he fucked me for a good half hour, all the while exploring the rest of my new body with his huge hands, including fondling my sheath and the knot that was starting to form. All I could do was focus on the thrusts and try to keep in sync with my purposeful ass twitches.

Suddenly, he grabbed my haunches tight with his hands and yanked me toward him. I think his dick shot right through me almost to the back of my throat and I couldn't believe the feeling when he let loose with one of the biggest loads I'd ever experienced. It's like Amarok's transformation helped him hold back on the multiple loads he'd have given as a dog, only to deliver it all in one massive burst... and that's exactly what it was. In fact, there was so much cum in that load that it exploded

out my hole and started dripping down the fur on my hind legs.

Almost as quickly as he'd thrust in, he relaxed and pulled out, presenting me with his still-massive cock. I licked and cleaned it dutifully; inspecting it in the moonlight to make sure I got it all. Then, I slumped down in a puppy ball and started doing the same to myself, cleaning all of his jizz that was tangled into my fur.

At some point, exhausted beyond description, I fell asleep.

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## **Part Four**

I awoke the next morning and checked myself. I was me; back to normal; a person. Amarok was sleeping beside me and he was himself, a beautiful mastiff. What happened last night? Was it a dream? I had some clear memories of the transformation we both went through and my ass certainly felt as though it had been used by something far more massive than in the past. But there's no way this could have really happened. Is there? Naw, no way.

I was a bit shaky when I stood up, almost like I had to learn to walk again on two legs. It resulted in more questions wandering through my brain. Could the prism have done that? Where had it come from? Could Amarok have known about it? How could any of this be even remotely possible?

"Amarok, buddy, do you know what happened last night? I so wish you could speak." He looked at me, lifting his head from his slumber as he did, and I saw a strange sparkle in his eye - the same one I'd seen when he first poked his head in the second building the previous morning. All the hairs on the back of my neck rose and I wondered what was happening. I also knew, deep down, that I'd just experienced some of the very best sex I've ever had in my life and that there was no way I'd do anything to prevent this from happening again. So, I started to banish my questions, increasing my level of trust in my new Master, loving him even more for the new experiencing and new love-making he's shown me. I knew now that I'd do absolutely anything he wanted.

I was his for life.