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Just like any girl I was prone to crushes. My first crush happened to be a cartoon character, but what can I say, in all his furriness, he was positively lovely to me. Since then I have had my share of human crushes, mostly it was men and women well above my social circle and well beyond my grasp. Though this did little to deter me from developing rich fantasies in which we not only met and became lovers, but happened to be just what the other person needed in their life for physical and emotional fulfillment. But this all changed in my 23rd year when a couple of newlyweds moved in down the block.

They were a sweet couple, Jim and Kathryn, and they were expecting their first baby. He was set to arrive any day. I was a bit perplexed at first as Kathryn was quite slender and toned and gave no outward indication of being pregnant. Stupidly I stated, "You must be adopting." Kathryn chuckled and replied "Yes, we are just waiting for him to get old enough to leave his mom. Would you like to see a picture?" I nodded yes and she disappeared into the house, returning a few moments later with a plain white envelope.

She handed me the envelope and I smiled when I pulled out a half a dozen pictures of a Husky pup. At five weeks the pup was already beautiful and he exhibited what could only be called regal qualities. He was pristine white, except for a breathtaking silver mask that surrounded the bluest eyes I had ever encountered. Down his back was a silver saddle with jet black fur forming a line down his spine. It was his eyes that captivated me the most, even through a photograph it seemed like he was looking into my soul. "Have you chosen a name yet?" I asked as I flipped through the remaining pictures. I had taken a special liking to the ball of fur. He was simply exquisite. "Well" said Kathryn, "We were thinking Apollo, but haven't decided yet." I looked down at the picture in my hand, Apollo just seemed wrong, too contrived, for this special pup. I closed my eyes and the name Rainier came to mind, "What about Rainier?" I asked. Together they both smiled and agreed that he would be called Rainier.

"You wouldn't be interested in helping out with this little guy would you?" Jim asked. Jim and Kathryn both worked full time and were both working on degrees, between school and work I knew that they would need help making sure Rainier was exercised and played with regularly. I tried to pull off a cool nonchalant response, but fell all over myself as I eagerly agreed. "Sounds like someone is a little puppy hungry" Jim chuckled. A few nights later the beautiful ball of fur arrived. He was a spirited little cuss spending much of his time finding the weakness in the fence that surrounded his yard. Every chance he got he would wriggle free and find his way to my house. I would gather him into my arms (when he was still small enough to do so) and carry him home, receiving puppy kisses the whole way.

On the nights that Jim and Kathryn were gone, Rainier would stay at my house, puppy slumber parties I took to calling them. We would curl up on the couch together and watch movies. I always knew he was different than other dogs, but this became very apparent on the nights he stayed with me. While the movie played Rainier would crawl into my lap and lay his paws and head on my shoulder and drift off to sleep. Of course when he did this I would comment on how much of sweet little darling he was and he would kiss me on the cheek. As he got bigger, sitting on my lap resting his head on my shoulder was no longer feasible. Instead he would sit next to me and lay his head on my shoulder. Over the next eighteen months he matured into a beautiful and muscular adult. It was at this time that I developed what can best be described as a school girl crush.

I reveled in the time spent with Rainier and I would find excuses to visit Jim and Kathryn just so I could be close to him. I imagine I looked a fool fawning over him, but he had me captivated. It was also about this time that Rainier first kissed me. Sure there had been hundreds of puppy kisses over

our months together, but this was the first breathtaking, knee-weakening, honest to goodness to kiss between us. Kathryn and Jim were both called out of town for their respective jobs and would be gone for two weeks. Rainier seemed as overjoyed as I was to be spending the time with me. As he said goodbye to his parents I swore he had a beguiling smile on his face, but I couldn't be certain.

The first night at my house, Rainier seemed to be sad and lonesome. I felt kind of bad for him, wondering if he felt he had been deserted. When it came time for bed, I called him into the room and told him that since he seemed so down that he could sleep on the bed with me. It would be a special treat as he was relegated to a rug on the floor at his own house. This seemed to perk him up instantly as he bounded onto the bed in wild abandon. We wrestled together there on the blankets, I would reach for him, burying my fingers in his soft fur, and he would lunge at me, careful not to scratch me with his shiny black claws.

He lunged at me again, and landed a paw on each shoulder and pushed me backward onto the bed. I was flat on my back, staring up into his soul searching eyes, when he, more tenderly than any lover I had ever had, kissed me on the mouth. His tongue lapped at my lips and then slid between them. At first I was a little shocked, but I couldn't deny the feelings and sensations stirring in me. I started to kiss him back and it felt as though I was going to burn up from the inside out. We laid there in a lovers embrace for several minutes. Rainier was driving me wild and I wanted more of him and I wanted him to have more

of me. I slid my hands down his sides, I could feel every muscle twitching and tensing in his body. I reached under his belly to massage his sheath, his cock dropped out to meet my hand a few drops of precum dribbled onto my fingers. I was then certain that he wanted me as bad as I needed him. I pushed him off of me saying "Ok, give me a second to get ready and then you can really have me".

I clambered from the bed, my mind racing at the act I was about to attempt. I knew Rainier had sharp claws and I didn't want to be bloody by the time he and I finished. I was concerned that a t-shirt wouldn't stay in place or worse yet that his claws would just shred the thin material. I decided that I would have to wear my corset, it would stay in place no matter how rambunctious he got. I finished fastening the last hook and gave the pink satin ribbons one last tightening before returning to the bedroom. Rainier looked at me approvingly, I took it that he loved the corset as much as I.

I got on the bed and played some more with him, only I stayed on my hands and knees. Before long he was dancing around me and would occasionally mount me from odd angles. I would praise him and reposition myself to offer him a clear path. We played like this for while and I was beginning to think that I had read too much into our embrace earlier, when he mounted me from behind and his cock found the tight warmth of my twitching pussy. I was not prepared for the fucking that followed. He humped furiously, fast and hard. It felt like he was going to split me in two. I braced myself and pushed back into him, praising him, telling him he was a great lover. He continued to hump until his knot slipped inside me and swelled locking him in place. I could feel him growing and expanding. My pussy had always been tight and I was now afraid that I wouldn't be able to handle him. This worry quickly slipped from my mind as his hot seed spilled forth into me. With this internal heat and his knot positioned right against my g-spot I began to spurt with him as I had a squirting orgasm.

My arms buckled as my body trembled with the first orgasm I had ever had with a partner. What a spectacle it must have been, me lying there my ass in the air, my face buried in the comforter, muffled moans of pleasure and delight escaping my sweet lips, and a full grown Husky locked into my pussy. I could feel every contraction in his balls as he was hell bent on filling me to the brim with his cum. He remained locked inside me for twenty minutes. Nothing prepared me for the sensation of him pulling free though. There was a very loud slurping plop as he pulled his cock free and a slight stinging in my pussy, followed by a gush of warm liquid that covered my thighs. I was

quivering all over, having never experienced the pleasure that had just tackled my body. I reached my hand down to make sure I still had a pussy and I was surprised to find myself gaping wide. I was concerned that I would never hear a lover tell me how tight I was again, but then again Rainier wasn't a big talker anyway.

I got up to clean myself. Every time I moved a gush of liquid would spill forth. I was met at the door with a low growl, Rainier didn't want me to leave the room. He had always been so sweet, but seeing his snarling expression I decided it was probably wisest to obey his command. I didn't know what to do, here I was filled with cum that leaked out every step I took. Rainier came at me, I took several steps back, my legs hit the bed and I fell backward. My mind raced as I thought he most certainly would take me again. I was excited, but I wasn't quite ready for a second round. Much to my delight, Rainier just wanted to clean me up. His long pink tongue lapped at my legs, then my pussy. He drank in every last ounce of his cum and mine too. His tongue expertly probed at my clit, almost as though he were sucking it out of the tiny hood which concealed it. I had shivers of pleasure and tremors coursing through me as I lied their screaming and moaning and bucking my hips into him. His soft fur against my thighs was cool and intense. I was on sensory overload as I closed my eyes and let myself go. I came with such fervor and intensity that I even surprised myself. I had no idea that an orgasm could ever be like that. After our fierce loving, we lied there together on the bed, my arms wrapped around the muscular animal, I caressed him and whispered sweetly to him until we both drifted off.