

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



"Did I put them here?" Joy muttered, glancing through her closet, but with no success. Her hair was done, cream dress put on and laced up, makeup applied: she was all ready for the grad formal... except she couldn't find her shoes. The heels she was looking for were brand-new, and she hadn't even worn them yet other than trying them on. She knew that they must have been in her room somewhere. Duke sat and watched as she searched, tail wagging contentedly and thumping against the carpeted floor. Joy paused for a moment to think, scratching the husky's head as she did so. He nuzzled at her wrist with a small whine.

"You're lucky I know you better." She told him. "Or I'd think you ran off and buried them somewhere." The dog stood, pacing the small room and stopping to sniff at her ankles. Joy waved him away distractedly, though he didn't retreat far. Joy crouched down to look beneath her dresser, spotting the black shoebox at last. As she got down to her knees, the dog worked his snout beneath the hem of Joy's dress.

"Hey!" She yelped, surprised by the sudden touch of his cold nose against her thigh, bare beneath the dress besides a pair of underwear. "Cut that out!" she scolded him, a bit of a chuckle creeping into her voice at his antics. She flicked her foot to shoo him, though he refused to be dissuaded until she sat up. He whined, licking his chops with a loud smacking. "What's going on with you today, huh?" She asked. "I'm kind of trying to get ready here." Duke, unsurprisingly, did not answer. Leaning forward onto her elbows, Joy had to stop when Duke started sniffing at her once again. Taking him by the collar, she stood and led him outside the room.

"Sit." She commanded, pointing to the floor. When he didn't move from the spot, Joy returned to her room. Getting down onto the floor for the last time, she reached for the shoebox, grabbing hold of the lid. Duke came up behind her, sniffing beneath her dress, but she tried to ignore him. The dog's tongue shot out, licking unerringly between her thighs and over top of her panties. "Duke, what...?" Joy stammered, voice shaking slightly as the husky licked again and again. His rough tongue pulled at the fabric, quickly wetting it through until it clung to her pussy. *Oh god*, she thought, still frozen in place. *What do I do?* He didn't stop, and Joy could soon feel every lick through the thin fabric as it quickly became saturated.

"Duke, stop!" she tried to protest, but her voice cracked, words only coming out as a hoarse whisper. She couldn't bring herself to move, slowly letting go of the box and placed her arms flat on the ground. *This is wrong*, she told herself, still making no move to stop the dog other than her meek attempt at a reprimand. *I can't just let him...?* Even the thought came out more like a question. Joy couldn't deny that by now, her panties were soaked from both sides. It was impossible to ignore the pleasure Duke's tongue inflicted upon her. He lapped more eagerly, and she started to reach a trembling hand behind her.

No! What am I doing? She asked herself, though she didn't stop. Her whole body shook as she hooked a finger beneath the seam of her panties, tugging them downwards. Blushing, she didn't want to look at him, but felt Duke lick at her hand. The wet cloth peeled from her skin as she pulled it down her knees, exposing her wet pussy to the air and Duke's advancements. He wasted no time, and Joy gasped out loud at the first touch of his tongue against her bare pussy. It parted her bare lips, tip pressing to her clit before lapping up the entire length.

"Oh, Duke!" she moaned softly, unable to help herself. *Wait, did I just...?* In spite of her conflicting feelings, she pushed herself back on her knees towards the dog, body craving more. He pushed his snout to her harder, tongue flicking over every fold of her vulva as he lapped at her. His nose pressed close, mouth parting as he licked deeper, the tip of his tongue reaching into her pussy. It

slid in smoothly, pulling back out into the dog's mouth like he was drinking from his bowl. His tongue slapped against her, his licks loud and sloppy. Joy slowly lowered her head down to her elbows. Squeezing her eyes shut, she panted like an animal herself, body tensing. *This can't... how can his tongue feel so good?* A whine escaped her lips, high and loud, and Duke matched with one of his own, pushing his nose to her cunt.

"Ah... hah..." she gasped out loud, body trembling. "Fuck... Duke, I'm... I'm gonna cum!" He continued to eat her out relentlessly, faster even as Joy's head rested on her arms, hips thrusting back to him. Her body tensed as the orgasm built. It came on quickly, breaking over her in a wave and receding just as quickly. She slumped slightly as the tension suddenly released, leaving her feeling dizzy. Duke finally relented, sitting back on his haunches and nuzzling Joy's pussy, still raised in the air with her dress bunched up around her waist.

After taking a moment to catch her breath, Joy slowly pushed herself up off the floor, elbows wobbling. As she started to sit up, Duke pounced, the sudden weight pushing her back onto all fours as he mounted her. Joy yelped, turning to look behind her and quickly covering her mouth.

"Duke, that's enough!" She hissed, trying to keep her voice low in case someone heard her. Duke continued to scramble for purchase, hugging his front legs securely around Joy's hips, heedless of her protests. "You can't! Not like..." she stopped when the tip of Duke's cock pressed against her. *I shouldn't... I can't really let him do this, can I?* The dog's hips pressed to hers, missing on the first thrust. His shaft slid between her thighs, the top side grinding over her clit as he pumped a few times before trying again. Joy bit her lip, stifling a moan as the tip entered her pussy, parting around his shaft as he pushed in suddenly. *Fuck, that feels amazing!*

Immediately, Duke began to thrust, building to an intense pace after just a moment. Joy dropped back down to her elbows, bracing against the pounding that jostled her whole body. Her pussy was already soaked from his earlier attention, and Duke's shaft glided in and out with little resistance.

"Ooohhhh god..." she moaned, words muffled between her arms as she lowered her head. Atop her, Duke held her hips tighter. Shifting his body forward slightly let him reach even deeper, eliciting enough gasp from Joy. With the deeper penetration, she felt another orgasm coming on swifter than she had ever experienced. Duke yipped, furry hips slamming against Joy's rear with a muted slap on each thrust.

"Yes!" She whispered, voice hoarse and almost surprised by her own words. His throbbing cock nearly bottomed out every time, and Joy could feel the heat of it radiating through her body. Another orgasm was building alongside it in a crescendo. His slick precum coated her already-soaking pussy until her thighs were wet and running with it. *Oh... that's it! Right there!* She bit hard on her fist, stopping herself from screaming out loud as she came again. Her legs stiffened, hands clenching until the orgasm broke over her, even more powerful than the first. She let herself fall to her stomach, Duke's shaft pulling out with a wet sound. The dog was far from finished however, and he let out an indignant bark. Lowering his head, he seized a mouthful of her hair with a low growl. Joy struggled upwards with a yelp as he gave a sudden tug.

"Ah! Yes, okay!" She called out. Getting her knees beneath her, she lifted her ass into the air obediently. Craning her neck with the pull on her hair, Joy found herself scrambling to obey, though whether it was more to please Duke or her own libido she couldn't say. He was already pumping his hips again, thick cock wedged between her cheeks. Reaching behind, she grasped it, feeling him twitch beneath her fingers as she guided the tip back inside. At once, he thrust in all the way to the base, sending an electric jolt through Joy's body. She pushed her own hips back against him as she got into position. Duke pounded her with renewed vigor, never easing his clenched jaw. The careful

pleats of her hair frayed in his mouth, but Joy was long past the point of caring. Drool soaked through and trickled down her neck, and she submitted to each tug with an elated gasp.

“Oh my god!” she groaned underneath him. “It’s so... is it getting bigger?” Sure enough, Duke’s cock was swelling, the entire shaft growing thicker. Most of all though, a hard bulge was forming right at the base. She could feel the growing knot bump against her lips each time, threatening to force its way inside. *His knot... he wants to breed me!* she realized. The thought sent a shiver down her spine, her mind responding eagerly at the prospect “I want... I want the whole thing inside me!” she called out between panting breaths. Joy moaned desperately as the leading edge of the knot continued to slam against her, wanting nothing more than to be his bitch and let him finish inside her. The dog finally released his grip on her hair, letting Joy’s head fall back down, half-limp. With another bark, he placed his heavy paws squarely on her shoulders. The air left Joy’s lungs in a rush as she was forced to the ground beneath his weight. Recovering, she managed to lift herself up enough to straighten her neck before allowing herself to be pushed back down. Her cheek pressed to the carpet and jaw fell slack in bliss as he dominated her completely. With the new angle, Duke could reach even deeper, pounding her faster than ever from his new perch. Wordless moans spilled from her mouth, too overwhelmed to do anything but whimper as the dog’s cock thrust in and out.

Please! She begged silently, thoughts sluggish. *I need you to make me yours! I’m so close!* As if he understood, Duke let out another bark before driving his hips forward, nails digging into Joy’s back through the thin dress. The swollen knot strained against her, and she could feel it pulse and throb with the beat of his heart. Her lips strained to accommodate it, a small spike of pain breaching through the pleasure until she was sure it wouldn’t fit. Just then, Duke surged forward. Light flashed in Joy’s eyes, her scream of pleasure drowned out by Duke’s triumphant howl. Legs quivering from another powerful orgasm, a bloom of heat spread inside her. With each throbbing pump of his shaft emptied his dog cum deep in her pussy. With his knot firmly locked in place and nowhere for it to go, it flooded her pussy, warm and thick.

Seemingly spent, Duke laid down on top of her. Allowing Joy to roll slightly to one side, he lay behind her on the ground, one paw still draped over her waist and still locked together. He licked her cheek calmly, though she could hear his breath on her ear just as rapid as her own. Closing her eyes, she reached behind her, scratching behind his head absently. He nuzzled at her neck for a few minutes as they lay together before he stood. Joy’s hips lifted an inch off the floor before the knot came free with a pop sensation, a flood of semen oozing from her cunt. Duke circled a few times before sitting down, licking himself clean.

Groaning from exhaustion and sudden aches, Joy sat up, head pounding and woozy. She had barely taken a moment to gather herself when her eyes settled back on the shoes that lay discarded. *Oh god that was... oh shit!* Her gaze darted from the shoes, to Duke, then to the clock on the wall, panic beginning to rise in her chest. The formal was starting in less than fifteen minutes. Scrambling to her feet, she tugged on the heels, trying to smooth her damp and tangled hair with one hand. The line of cum trickling down her thigh was barely cooling by the time she staggered to the door. Duke watched her go with a quiet whine before returning to his grooming.