

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Here she was in the life she had envisioned for herself since her early twenties. Dana was where she wanted to be. She had finished her Master's, simultaneously earning a significant promotion at work. Now instead of being supervised, she was a supervisor. With her healthy salary, she had moved the neighborhood that she knew was right for her. Space. Trees. Her condominium was swanky but refined, reflecting what she wanted to see in herself. It was nestled in a neighborhood that pretended it wasn't in the city. It offered the best of what she wanted and like her, it stubbornly insisted on being an exception. She liked this, but also liked that had a place to park. Her new car was funky but practical. Her possessions and fashion reflected her taste for earth tones while somehow appearing shiny. She cultivated warmth, surrounding herself in what made her feel strong and alive, all while appearing cool and collected.

Dana loved her home. She loved the quaintness of her neighborhood, adjacent to the center of the city, but not in the noisy midst of it. This quarter of the city was self-sufficient and had the air of being a small but sophisticated town. People were healthy, attractive, and either relatively wealthy or on the cusp of being so. She'd see her neighbors on the nearby jogging trail. This still being the city, she could say hello to them without having to know them or interrupt her jog to talk with them. Her new home was the city-dweller's illusion of suburban life. It was her.

The actual living space was quite reinforcing. For as gorgeous as the neighborhood was, for as fun as zipping about in her new car was, Dana found excuses to stay home. Her neighbors were just fine, but she liked to keep them at a comfortable distance. The nearby bars and restaurants were classy and elegant, but she increasingly preferred drinking and dining in. Now that she found herself surrounded but what she thought she wanted in a neighborhood, she felt little draw towards it. Whatever draw would've been there took second place to how much she loved relaxing at home.

This dismayed her somewhat. She wasn't sure if she really liked her space that much or if she was becoming asocial and reclusive. Coldness around others had seemed to develop in recent years. She had her friends, but she didn't spend much time with them. They were like seasonal decorations in her life. Her family was more or less a constant, but they lived far enough away to not feel real to her. She passed some weekends with her occasional boyfriend. He was convenient, which was enough.

Her boyfriend wasn't enough, though. In some ways, he was too much. She kind of hated listening to him talk. He was more needy than she liked. In contrast with what women's magazines told her was likely, he was the one yearning for a commitment. She just wanted him to lick her pussy, flip her over, and pound her from behind. After that, he could go. She appreciated what he gave her. She liked the way his cock felt. She even liked its taste. He didn't fit her the way she wanted, though. Not physically, but existentially. She wanted a loyal servant, but she didn't want to have to give anything emotionally to him at all. How was this hard to find in a guy?

The idea came to her on a jog. Nothing about it was licentious, at first. She saw an attractive woman about her age approaching her. The woman wore the same curve-hugging tights she wore; the kind that everyone knew were more about showing off than about feeling comfortable. The woman jogged with a large, muscular dog. It was some kind of mastiff mix. Dana didn't know much about dog breeds, but she knew this dog didn't seem like the fitting jogging companion.

Fitting or not, the image stayed with her. Watching a sexy young professional stride along with her living status symbol made Dana crave that. What a perfect compliment to her suburban-but-urban fantasy! A large, stately dog. It would be needy, but not in the same way as a man. Its neediness would be endearing, not embarrassing. The dog would be loyal. It would be respectful by the default

of not being able to be disrespectful. She wouldn't have to convince it of its status as the only one.

She took a few days to convince herself that her new home could accommodate a big, furry roommate. After doing some research, she found a rescue that catered to huge dogs that had outgrown their homes. Most of the dogs were adult Great Danes. Perfect. She wouldn't have to deal with raising a puppy. Instead, she could have a full-grown beast to lounge around with her and to join her as she hit the trail. She could accessorize with what she believed she had been missing.

The adoption process wasn't exactly a touching affair. She prepped by purchasing the necessary dog gear at a high-end pet boutique. While browsing there, she blushed when she caught herself thinking about using one of the rubber toys to get off. She forgot about that moment at the rescue, when the sight of a group of muscular Danes caught her. It charged her with a sensation of power rather than any feeling of empathy. She didn't see cute, needy creatures looking to be loved. She saw massive, magnificent animals deserving of her companionship.

Dana picked the one that licked her hand. Some people might have found this heartwarming. She took it as a sign of compatibility. She cared about having a bond. The bond she anticipated developed quickly, with Bruce (as she renamed him) licking her ears on the ride home. That first night, Bruce flopped on the couch with her and fell asleep on her lap. Dana found stroking his hulking body to be soothing.

They ran together on the second night. Running was a bit more taxing for Bruce than Dana had anticipated. She relished the comments and compliments, though. Every few yards, someone mentioned something about her giant dog. The attention was lovely, but there was a deeper phenomenon at play. Something about running with Bruce made her feel sexier. She felt like royalty. Her boyfriend never gave her such a sense.

After a few nights of taking short runs and purposely-long walk around the neighborhood, Dana noticed a pattern. Bruce was more affectionate when she was sweaty. He was even more affectionate when she was naked. Bruce would sniff at her and kiss her skin when she was exposed and salty. This didn't repulse her. She thought of it as some kind of animalistic connection; an extension of the bond. Bruce's attention was flattering. He accepted her when she was at her least presentable. Dana felt hot when she was sweaty. Her boyfriend always seemed off-put by this. Another strike against him.

Parading around with Bruce was a joy. The post-exercise sniffs and licks were endearing. What Dana really liked was lounging in the house naked with her new friend. The contact comfort she got from his body pressing against her was more welcomed than she expected. His body was a perfect combination of strong, soft, and warm. He seemed to like nuzzling against her. They both enjoyed when she stroked his lean, muscular frame. Dana felt the physical connection strengthening. Whenever Bruce sprawled over her and filled her curves, everything seemed right.

A few weeks passed with the two of them becoming closer. Dana hadn't seen her boyfriend that entire time. She kept making excuses. She really was busy with Bruce, but also she didn't feel much urgency to see her guy. He pleaded with her, which didn't impress her. He wanted to see her dog. He really just wanted to fuck her. She conceded and let him visit.

The whole time he was there, she wanted him to leave. Bruce seemed leery of him. She hadn't had guests since getting him. He kept forcing himself between Dana and her boyfriend. Quietly, Dana appreciated this. She was more amused by Bruce's protective nature than by her boyfriend's pathetic efforts to get laid. Something struck her when he brought up sex directly, though. She had barely masturbated since getting Bruce. Maybe she was due. She didn't like herself for this, but she

decided to let her boyfriend have her, at least one more time.

They made out on the couch. The kissing bored her, so she went directly for his cock. She pulled him out and tugged him while looking up at him and panting. As though there wasn't much time, she rolled over and got to her knees. Dana pulled her jeans and panties over her hips. She presented with her ass in the air like an animal in heat. As her boyfriend got positioned, Bruce hopped on the couch and asserted himself between them. The boyfriend tried to force Bruce away, but this only succeeded in getting him more involved. Dana found it amusing. The boyfriend found it annoying.

They finally worked themselves far enough towards the end of the couch that Bruce had no room. The boyfriend had to get his erection back, but the sight of Dana's ass in the air in front of him was all the encouragement he needed. He slipped inside her and began dutifully pounding her. It was mechanical, but effective. Dana let herself get into it, moaning and thrashing as she got fucked. The more she got into it, the more alarmed Bruce became.

She turned her head and watched Bruce. He'd sit for a few minutes, nervously staring. Then he'd get up and pace; tail wagging and tongue hanging. Dana couldn't tell if he was angry or if he wanted to play. He seemed to express both. He'd bow his head and pant at her moans. She found herself staring into his eyes as her boyfriend indelicately slammed her. Their locked eyes calmed Bruce. She felt their bond deepening further still in this moment. Then she felt a stirring inside. She reached back to rub her clit. She could come this way, touching her clit as her boyfriend fucked her. She tried to maintain eye contact with Bruce. She looked at him and shouted "Good boy! Good Boy!" At this, her boyfriend grabbed her by the hair, pulling her head up and arching her back. While she dug this, it interrupted her focus on her clit. It also broke her stare with Bruce. He responded by leaping onto the couch and burying his nose in her boyfriend's ass.

The interruption proved to be the last. The boyfriend got frustrated, pulled out, and stormed off to the bathroom. Bruce barked at him, fueling the tension. Dana was disappointed and annoyed, but also entertained. She invited Bruce towards her to give her kisses. She was sweaty. He liked that. He sniffed at her hips and towards her crotch. She liked something about that, too.

The boyfriend emerged from the bathroom, got dressed, and gave an inconclusive speech about boundaries and goals. Dana responded by simply saying she'd call. She figured she wouldn't. The way he fucked her was pleasant enough, but she didn't feel that she needed that any longer. It didn't intrigue her. Something else had started to do that. The idea was germinating in her head. Dana was almost ashamed, but her curiosity was more intense than her apprehension or guilt. She was distracted by her thoughts as her boyfriend gathered his things and let himself out.

Bruce had been protective of her while she was getting fucked. Maybe he had thought the boyfriend was hurting her. She was prone and screaming. Dana suspected something else was going on with him as well. He had a different kind of look in his eyes when she glanced at him from the couch. While kneeling and taking her boyfriend's cock, she had seen something brewing in Bruce. The sounds. The smells. Had watching her get fucked turned him on?

Dana openly wondered what Bruce would've done had she stayed on all fours and told her boyfriend to get out of the way. There had been this bond of sweat and salt. She had seen him try to get a whiff of her pussy after sex. Perhaps if she would've let him, Bruce would've climbed on her and picked up where her boyfriend left off. Holy shit! Was she actually thinking about this? Worse yet, was she fantasizing about it? She wasn't curious the way an animal behaviorist might be. She was curious the way horny woman needing to come might feel.

Dana hadn't been totally undressed during the ill-fated tryst on the couch. Minutes after the

boyfriend finally left, she dropped her jeans and panties to the floor and took off her top and bra. She felt free now that he was gone. The freedom was physical and metaphorical. She strutted around her new place, letting the air touch every part of her.

For the moment, Dana wanted nothing but sensations. She grabbed a velvet throw and draped it over her, then let it slide off her frame. She sipped from a glass of wine left on the table from dinner with the boyfriend. All of her senses felt heightened. Everything was urgent, but every touch, taste, and smell soothed her. Dana was still wildly horny. No, she didn't get to come before Bruce interrupted the proceedings. Everything was arousing her now.

Adding to this frenzy was the intriguing new possibility of Bruce. The craziness of her line of thinking wasn't like her. Dana was no prude, but she was amazed that she was thinking about a fucking dog in a sexual way. Her horniness was getting to her. She knew that. People don't think clearly when they're horny. She knew that, too. This was way out of bounds, though. She was lucid enough to realize that thinking about testing her dog's sexual interest was not okay. Or was it?

The intrigue was beyond sex. It had to do with affection and attention. She found the notion of Bruce desiring her to be more enticing than having her dumb boyfriend want to fuck her. The thoughts she was having weren't even explicitly about sex. She wanted contact. She wanted to feel good next to a warm, strong body. She wanted someone (something?) to crave contact with her. Dana wanted to share her scent, her sweat, and her touch. She was naked and alive and awake. Needing to stay in this moment and explore it, she slunk into the bedroom. Bruce had been watching with attentive eyes. She called him. He followed.

Dana rewarded him with some pats on the head and scratches behind his ears. She lets him lick her hand, which still smelled of the juices from her pussy. Bruce nudged up against her, sniffing at her hips and at her ass. His nose tickled her in the crack of her ass, making her jump and giggle. She lured him further by pacing slightly ahead of him. Crawling onto her bed, she invited him to join.

Bruce always had some trouble getting onto her bed, but he managed to get his hulking mass up on the mattress. Dana reclined as Bruce climbed over her and licked her face. She felt like she was seducing him by offering herself to him. His licks were almost overwhelming. This dog had a huge tongue. With just a few sloppy laps, he soaked Dana's face. She hugged him, rubbed his neck, and urged him to lie down with her. His body collapsed onto her. She felt his weight. The pressure felt good. She wanted to feel more, though.

Bruce kept sniffing at her hands. Dana decided to give him more to sniff. She reclined further and spread her legs. Reaching down was somewhat strained because of the giant dog lying across her, but Dana managed to reach her pussy. She petted herself, rubbing broadly. The sensation brought her right back to where she was while getting fucked. Bruce's warmth and weight helped recreate the sense of sex. She isolated her clit and began working herself as only she could. Within mere minutes, she was wriggling beneath him and moaning on her way to a much-needed orgasm.

As she coaxed herself towards coming, Bruce became clearly excited. He gave her kisses as she moaned. Dana surprised herself by kissing back. The moment didn't make her recoil. She welcomed his loving licks and his hot breath. The meshing of their mouths heightened her excitement. She felt his syrupy drool on her neck. In her current state, every tactile experience was enticing.

Bruce lurched up her body, standing now with Dana sighing and shaking below him. She looked up and stroked his neck and side with her free hand. Her other hand went back and forth between reaching inside and working her clit. If she had been by herself, she would've come already. Bruce wasn't distracting her, but she was milking the session to take advantage of him being there. She

wanted him to smell her. She wanted him to sense her ecstasy. She wanted him to get as horny as she was.

Dana reached up to Bruce with the hand she had been using on her pussy. She let him have a sniff, followed by a taste. He clearly liked it. She traced her naked torso, spreading her scent down her body. Bruce sniffed every inch. His nose tickled her, but the sensation just added to her lust. Every sensation felt amplified. Every emotion was, too. In her rapture, she was allowing herself to get closer and closer to an experience she never would've considered before meeting Bruce. She didn't care about the morality, or even the hygiene of it. She just wanted touch and release. She needed both.

Wetting her fingers again, Dana worked them through her trimmed pubic hair. She made slick circles on her belly. Bruce watched and sniffed. He kept getting so close to her, like he was teasing her. Then it happened. He licked her belly. She shuddered at this, but in a good way. He sopped up the trail she left for him. When he made his way to her fuzzy patch, she exclaimed like she was with a lover. Dana arched her back for him and presented her slick pussy. Bruce gave a sniff. With little warning, he began to lick. His giant tongue drenched her. She twisted and cried out. It felt incredible.

Dana knew this was crazy. She knew people lose inhibitions when they get horny. Was she going to regret this later? That didn't matter now. All she wanted now was to lead her dog to making her come. With her senses piqued, this wasn't going to take long. The insanity of what she was doing intensified everything. It didn't distract her. The only distraction was the fear of Bruce losing interest.

He licked and licked, as though she was a stuffed toy of some kind. No peanut butter was necessary. Bruce was quite taken by her taste. She felt his hot breath all over her and even inside of her. Dana's body undulated at first, but then she kept it very still. She was close. She needed to focus. She needed to keep Bruce in this. She urged him, "Good boy! That's it! Keep going!" As she moaned, she realized how this was precisely how she would urge a lover—a human lover, that is.

Bruce kept a steady pace. She wanted something faster, but she could make this work. His tongue was broad and light, but it was wet enough to get her there. The soft, pink meat lapped her over and over. Her hips shivered. Her pulse and breathing increased. Gasps of breath escaped as she focused on the moment. Straining to keep Bruce in position was actually making this better. She felt a few waves crash through her. Each one got slightly more powerful. If she could just get one to last long enough...

It hit her suddenly and forcefully. One of those waves didn't stop. Instead, it kept crashing and churning within her, going lower and lower until it erupted from her. Dana cried out and shook from head to toe. Bruce stopped briefly and sniffed at her, but she repositioned herself and he went back at it. His return was too much for her to take. She let him go for just a few seconds before turning from him, rolling onto her side, and laughing in a stupor of pleasure. Bruce stood over her body and continued sniffing and licking at random spots. She eventually lured him to collapse next to her and she played big spoon to the dog that just got her off. The quiet of her condominium retreat had never felt so perfect. This was where she needed to be.

Later that week, Dana heard her phone buzz. She glanced at it on the table and saw the call was from the boyfriend. She didn't bother answering. Tonight, she had other plans. She crawled across the couch on all fours and put her naked ass high into the air. Calling to Bruce wasn't even needed any longer. He leaped onto the couch behind her and positioned himself. Training had gone exceedingly well in a remarkably short time. Dana arched her back and steadied herself on her elbows. She knew

Bruce could be rough, but she was ready. What would the people on the jogging trail think? They didn't matter. Dana was about to get what she needed. As he mounted her, she rewarded him by gasping, "Good boy!"