

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



I'm a good person. The way this whole thing started was not my fault and was absolutely beyond my control. My senses of right and wrong, sexual perversion, personal sexuality, and satisfaction were all questioned; my world turned upside down.

I've shed many tears over the guilt and shame I've experienced due to discovering my true nature. Still, I can honestly say that I've since learned to understand and appreciate what I am and what sexually makes me happy.

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My name is Abigail.

My ex-boyfriend's name is Marcus, and his older brother, Paul. Marcus and I had been together for about five years, and I thought we were a happy, reasonably well-matched couple until we weren't. It all changed when I met someone else and began sleeping with him. I did not mean or want to hurt Marcus; I didn't intend to cheat on him. Our relationship ended one night when Marcus was supposed to be out of town, and instead, he walked in on the new boyfriend and me having sex. I packed some clothes and left that night.

We didn't talk for a few days but eventually did, and I thought we were honest with each other about our true feelings and the intimate details of our relationship. I told Marcus that I still "loved" him and wanted to keep him close and valued. He said he understood, felt the same way, and wanted to remain friends. I can't describe my happiness at hearing this. Yes, even though Marcus could be a jerk sometimes, and my cheating hadn't helped our relationship, I still loved him in my way.

I've never liked Paul, his brother. He was dominating and controlling, and I had always felt there was something unsavory about him. Even before Marcus and I started going together, I had heard rumors that he and Paul indulged in kinky fetishes and perverted sexual proclivities with a small group of friends. I found this hard to believe, especially as it pertained to Marcus. I just prayed that Marcus had not been a participant in these activities.

Though I didn't know why I did know that Paul had never wanted Marcus and me together, Paul had aggressively tried to come on to me on more than one occasion. Of course, I shut him down, and he eventually directed his attention elsewhere. That having been said, even now, if he catches me alone, he will come up behind me, rub himself against me, and whisper, "I'm gonna fuck you, Abbi." I'd push him away, and seeing the expression on my face, he'd always burst out laughing and stroll away as I cursed at him.

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Of all the things I disliked most about Paul was that beast of a canine he called Tallos. Tallos was a large handsome German Shepherd. Brown and tan, coloring and weighing in at about 115 lbs. By comparison, I'm on the petite side. Barely 5' 5" and weighing 100 lbs., Tallos came up to my hips, and if he stood on his hind legs, he was as tall, if not taller than me. Paul has had the dog since it was a puppy and had trained him to be as mean as he was. Tallos' demeanor was intimidating and aggressive, just like Paul's.

Because most people felt uncomfortable and nervous around Tallos, for the most part, he was kept in or around the house, and on those occasions when the brothers had visitors, Paul would put Tallos in his kennel or let him loose in the large outside dog run.

Paul was married, and I could see that Paul's wife got along well with Tallos. I realize this is a personal issue, but watching how she petted and fawned over the dog made me feel uncomfortable. She never seemed upset when Tallos would stick his nose between her legs whenever she was near him. She would absently let him sniff her and then half-heartedly push his head away if I were present. But I did not like the dog and would not go near him. They say that most animals have heightened sensitivities that humans can't appreciate. I didn't trust him, and I do not doubt that he sensed my feelings.

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A few months passed after Marcus and I broke up, and around this time, Marcus and Paul were called out of town on family business. Marcus said they couldn't take Tallos with them and didn't want to board him. They both knew I disliked the dog and was a little afraid of him, so I was surprised when they asked if I would dogsit him for the ten days they would be away. Of course, I told them no. I didn't think it would be a good idea for me to dogsit Tallos. But after being reassured that the dog could be kept outside and that all I needed to do would be to visually check on him two or three times a day and make sure his water and food dispensers were kept full, I reluctantly relented.

The brothers left on Friday, and everything went fine for the first few days. Tallos minded his business, and I minded mine. However, Monday morning, I noticed Tallos whining and pacing in the rear yard and became concerned. After watching him off and on through most of the day, I let him into the house. He went to his corner in the kitchen and curled up on his bed. Realizing that he hadn't been fed for most of the day, I prepared his bowl and placed it on the floor. He immediately jumped up and, showing his teeth began growling at me in a threatening way. I didn't understand why he was acting like this, but honestly, at this point, I was pissed and didn't care anymore.

"Fine, I said out loud to him, you can starve for all I care."

After turning off the light, I went upstairs to my room, took a quick shower, threw on a t-shirt, and crawled into bed.

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I was experiencing an actual dream that I thought my ex-boyfriend Marcus was in bed with me in my hazy half-dream state. He'd never made me feel quite this way, and though he didn't like using his mouth on me, he would half-heartedly lick my pussy if I insisted. But tonight, he was eating pussy like it was his favorite thing. I began to orgasm and hump my hips upward, trying to take his tongue deeper inside me. Marcus' licking slowed, and my eyes sleepily fluttered open, expecting to see the top of his blonde head nestled between my legs.

It wasn't Marcus! The dog Tallos licked my clit and slipped his tongue up my pussy.

Startled and confused, I began crying.

"Stop. Get off," I screamed while trying to push him off. "Get off! Get off," I cried out louder and began kicking. Tallos momentarily stopped and, lifting his head, growled and bared his teeth. I know it sounds crazy, but he locked eyes with me as if warning me not to fight him. His eyes seemed to say, *'Don't fight me bitch. I don't want to hurt you, but I will if you resist if you don't submit.'*

I understood his silent menace and was paralyzed with fear. All I could do was lie on my bed, afraid to move, afraid he would attack me.

My legs were closed, and Tallos began trying to part my thighs. He started pushing his nose against my mound and rubbing it over my covered clit. Eventually, he managed to open my legs wide enough to slide his nose deeper between my thighs. My t-shirt offered no protection, and he sniffed my pussy for several minutes before he resumed darting his tongue in and out of my now dripping slit, running his tongue with broad laps from my clit to my ass and back. I could feel a faint tingling between my legs and a growing achiness that slowly enveloped my crotch area. Tallos continued slowly, moving his head between my thighs. I knew I had become sexually aroused, and the inevitability of my approaching orgasm made me quiver. Within seconds I began to cum, hard and wet.

Licking away my pussy juice that was now smeared across his snout, Tallos stood and watched me closely before jumping off the bed and going downstairs. I lay curled on the bed, trying to figure out what had just happened. Hearing barking coming from the rear yard, I looked out the window and saw Tallos eating from his bowl and running about the yard. Stumbling down the stairs, I hurried to close and lock the kitchen door. Hearing the sound of the slamming door, Tallos began to bark and angrily pace back and forth in front of the door wanting to be let back into the house.

“Fuck you,” I shouted. “Fuck you.”

Later that evening, I tried calling Marcus to tell him I was thinking of leaving and could not stay at the house. No one answered the call, nor did I receive a response to my call.

I slept fitfully that night, even after double-checking all the doors and windows to ensure Tallos couldn't get back in.

By the following day, while sipping my second cup of coffee, I had calmed down, felt a bit more secure, and decided that maybe it wasn't as bad as I had initially thought. Who knows, perhaps I had done something to trigger him, anyway . . . everything would be okay if I kept him out of the house. After all, Tallos was just a dog, acting like a dog.

Things settled into a quiet routine. Tallos was locked in the rear yard, and I didn't have to worry about him being near me. But whenever I saw him from one of the windows, he would stare at me with an almost human stare that said, “It's not over.”

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It was Thursday, the sixth day of my stay, and I was excited that Marcus would be back late Monday afternoon. I was more than ready to get out of there, to get away from that beast and go home.

I was up early that morning with quite a few errands to run, so by the time I returned, I was tired and sweaty. As I finished bringing the groceries into the kitchen, the doorbell rang. Answering the door, I saw it was a courier with a package for Paul. Standing in the doorway, signing the package from around the back of the house, Tallos appeared and bounded into the house. He had jumped the fence or found some way to dig himself out of the yard.

Walking over and opening the kitchen door, I tried to coax him out of the kitchen and into the rear yard, but he didn't have it. After circling me for a minute or so, he got comfortable in the far corner of the kitchen, lowered his head, and closed his eyes.

With Tallos asleep, I decided to put away my groceries. I went into the pantry and suddenly found myself on the floor. Tallos hadn't slept, and I could hear him moving behind me. Scrambling to my feet, I stood facing him. Tallos was perhaps six feet away when he started approaching me, growling.

Terrified, I was too scared to do anything and just stood there. Tallos lunged at me without warning,

making me fall backward onto my ass. He started barking, and I quickly rolled over onto my knees and made to get up, which was a mistake. He stood over me, straddling my back, preventing me from standing. I felt him take the hem of my skirt and lift it to expose my bare pussy slit (I now regretted my decision not to put on a bra or panties after I showered this morning). Leaning closer, he sniffed my pussy a few times before he began licking it. As I was there in front of him on my hands and knees, I knew this animal would rape me. After licking me for a long time, he seemed to sense my pussy was finally ready for him. Tallos tried to mount me, but in his excitement, despite his probing, he kept missing my pussy. When I realized he was having trouble getting it in, I began to squirm and try to pull away from him.

He nipped my ass cheek and began barking and growling again. I didn't know what he wanted. Tallos pecked my ass cheek again, and this time he slipped his snout between my thighs and lifted my pussy higher by raising his head, clearly demonstrating what he wanted me to do. Despite my fear and humiliation, I understood.

Crying uncontrollably, I raised my hips higher off the floor, lowered my head, and presented my pussy to him.

This time he mounted me successfully, and I could immediately feel his cock rubbing against my ass and between my legs, searching for my pussy opening. He poked and prodded several times before finding my opening, and even though my pussy was already quite wet from his dog spit, my body nonetheless tensed when he forced his cock into me.

"Oh god, oh god," I remember screaming in pain. He was huge. Bigger than anything I had ever had inside me before. I could feel my hot tears trailing down my face as he worked his cock into me, inch by inch, stretching me, opening me wider. Undeterred by my tears and feeble efforts to get away from him, Tallos continued thrusting. Slowly the pain began to lessen and was replaced with a feeling of almost pleasurable fullness. Even though he was deep inside me and had already started spurting cum he paused to reposition himself by pushing forward, instinctively wanting to go deeper. By now, I had stopped struggling, and as he fucked my pussy as if he owned it, I remember wondering if I were his first human bitch; as frightening as it seemed, I didn't think I was.

Tallos continued humping his long thick cock into me until he found his "sweet spot" and started fucking me rapidly, hard and deep. My pussy tightened around his cock when he started pushing up inside me. Slippery from the pre-cum that seeped from his cock he kept thrusting into me, stretching my pussy wider, making me take all of him.

"Please stop . . . please stop," I mouthed over and over. Tallos gripped my waist, pulling me closer to him, his claws scratching and digging into my skin. He kept trying to go deeper. I cried in disgust at the thought of being raped by a dog, knowing there was nothing I could do about it other than submit or risk his turning on me.

He had been spurting bursts of cum into me since he had first entered me, and now I could feel his knot rubbing against my clit. Tallos was a large dog, and his knot was large enough that even though my pussy was wet and slippery with his cum he had trouble forcing it inside me.

Excited and frustrated, he fucked me furiously. He was hurting me, but unable to stop, I reached down between my legs and shuddered when my fingers brushed over the hard cock and knot he desperately wanted inside me. It was huge.

I felt a sudden renewed pain as my pussy opened wider for him when he drove his knot inside me. Tallos had succeeded in ramming his knot into my pussy, and was now focused on emptying himself.

Keeping his cock buried inside me, he worked his knot back and forth in my cunt. The sensation of his knot was extraordinary, and without warning, I began to spasm when a powerful orgasm flooded through me. Tallos' humping movement made his knot rub against the inside contours of my pussy, sending me into yet another orgasm, and as I trembled, my pussy involuntarily gripped his cock tighter, and the dog began to shoot his cum more forcefully into my pussy; enormous amounts of cum gushed out, drenching my cunt.

Even after such a powerful cum, Tallos was still hard and continued stroking and cumming until he was drained. Exhausted and spent, Tallos slumped down behind me.

We lay there tied, his knot firmly locked inside me.

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When his knot softened enough, it made a wet "popping" sound that allowed Tallos to free himself and walk away. Exhausted, I lay on the pantry room floor for a long time, my pussy agape and legs spread wide, crying hysterically as dog cum dripped out of me.

Tallos soon returned and began to lick cum from between my thighs. I lay there crying as he "cleaned" me until finally, he let me get up. Still dazed, I slowly got upstairs to the bathroom, where I showered and gently cleaned my sore, aching pussy.

I stayed in the shower long, the hot water spray beating against my skin.

When I came out of the bathroom, I looked around the bedroom and gasped in surprise when I saw Tallos in the corner, quietly watching, waiting for me. He stood up and began to pace back and forth, emitting a low, threatening growl. I looked down at him and could see that his thick crimson cock still hung heavily from its sheath, and more frightening, it was still hard. I could feel an increasing tightness in my chest and a rising sense of panic when I realized he was not finished with me.

"God, help me. This dog wants to fuck me again."

My first impulse was to run, and I guess I made a sudden movement toward the door prompting an abrupt response from Tallos. Alert and watchful, he was immediately on guard, and baring his teeth, he lunged toward me to block my exit.

I stood there naked, my large bath towel now crumpled on the floor around my feet.

Tallos began gradually forcing me back into the center of the room, toward the bed. I was paralyzed with fear, unsure of what to do. He came closer and abruptly pushed his nose between my damp thighs. Afraid to run, I stood obediently as he began to lick and inadvertently push back the sensitive skin covering my clit, exposing it. His tongue brushed over my clit, sending chills through me, and I started to shake and cry when he forced my legs to open wider and stuck his tongue further inside me.

Tallos pulled himself up and stood on his hind legs with his paws resting on my shoulders. He pushed me back onto the bed, and with his weight pinning me to the bed, he began rubbing his emerging doggy cock against my hairless pink mound, the friction causing my clit to swell and pulse with excitement. When his cock was completely free of its sheath, hard and erect, he let out a small grunt of frustration as he prodded for entry. At first, I was determined to resist but soon gave way to the sensations he produced as I lay trapped under his body. To my horror, I began to moan after a few minutes when I felt him push forward, the tip of his penis sliding into my warm wet pussy. I heard myself whimpering when Tallos' cock rhythmically started sliding in and out of me. Tallos

continued to thrust for several minutes, working himself into a near frenzy, when he again stopped moving and got off the bed.

He stood threateningly in front of me, and I stared at him in confusion. "What do you want?" I shouted. He began to bark wildly before firmly taking hold of my ankle and pulling me toward the side of the bed.

"What do you want?" I asked again in between tears and gasping for breath.

Tallos growled menacingly, scratching my calf with the claws of his paw. He raised his forepaws onto the edge of the bed and started barking again. Finally understanding what he wanted me to do, I slid off the bed and bent over the side so that my upper body rested on the bed, and my ass was raised in the air at a height that gave him access to my swollen, pink pussy.

Now that I had assumed the proper fucking position that he wanted, he quieted. I could hear him snorting and felt his large, wet tongue when he began running it over my now very wet slit. I gasped in surprise when he abruptly inserted his engorged dick into my pussy.

As he started pushing his cock inside me, he made a deep thrust that sent a hot, tingling sensation through me, triggering a gut-wrenching orgasm. Please believe me . . . I didn't want it to happen; it was involuntary, my body's primal response to what this fucking dog was doing to me.

Once he had his cock buried deep inside me, he started pumping into me until his fucking left me breathless; Tallos pulled my hips back against his cock, ensuring his deeper penetration. This assault went on for a long time before I felt him start to slow down and his muscles momentarily tense. I felt another dog-induced orgasm coming, felt it growing, and when my legs began to tremble, the orgasmic intensity left my body quivering and shaking. On and on, he went with animal determination. His body was preparing to erupt.

His first discharge was forceful and hot. With the whole, engorged length of his cock buried inside me, he quietly stood over me, not moving, just spewing the contents of his balls into me. It seemed like every few seconds, my pussy would squeeze his cock, and he would gush out more and more of his cum until he finally finished with me.

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As the afternoon turned into evening, I went to bed tired and disheartened. I had been trapped in this house for a week and repeatedly raped by a large, frightening dog.

My mind raced over everything that had happened during the last week. Was this my fault? Had I done something to cause this to happen? For a fleeting moment, I wondered if Paul had anything to do with this. I mean, he could be such a mean, vindictive bastard. Was training his dog to want sex with women one of his kinks? But it didn't make sense . . . why would Paul or Paul and Marcus want to set the dog on me? Laying here, I was only succeeding in freaking myself out and, after a while, forced myself to put those crazy irrational thoughts out of my mind.

I must have fallen asleep at some point during the early hours because I awoke tired and very sore on Saturday morning. After almost a day and a half of constant sexual assault, I was so sore I could not walk comfortably and spent most Saturday morning soaking in a hot tub.

It seemed as if Tallos had thankfully lost interest in me, but I was wrong. If I went too near the door, he would immediately spring to his feet and begin stalking and growling at me. At night he would stretch out in front of my bedroom door, blocking it and preventing my leaving.

Saturday was relatively uneventful. I spent the day taking care of household chores, cooked myself a nice dinner, and watched a movie before bed. Tallos, though he continued to watch my every move, had kept to himself most of the day.

Around eleven, when I got into bed and turned off the light, I felt Tallo climb onto the foot of my bed and could feel my heart begin to beat faster. I held my breath and waited, expecting him to pull back the loose blanket and mount me. But he didn't, and to my relief, Tallos maneuvered around on the bed until he found a comfortable position and began to doze. I closed my eyes and, taking a deep breath, slowly exhaled before drifting off to sleep.

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Sunday started bright and warm. Marcus and Paul would be back tomorrow afternoon, and my nightmare would be over. The day passed slowly, and by the time I finally went to bed, I was still so jazzed up and excited I couldn't fall asleep. I tossed and turned for a while before sitting up and throwing my legs over the side of the bed. Hearing a noise approaching from the hall, I looked up and saw Tallos' outline as he came from the lit hallway into my darkened bedroom.

He saw me sitting on the edge of the bed and came toward me. Holding my gaze, he slipped between my knees, pressed his nose against my panty-covered crouch, and began roughly sniffing and poking me with his snout. I did not resist his attention but opened my legs wider, giving him better access to the moist, fragrant pussy he desired. When he began using his tongue, I moaned with pleasure and lay back on the bed as Tallos brought me to orgasm multiple times. When he didn't attempt to penetrate me, I was surprised and then puzzled. After a few warm, wet laps of his large tongue over the soaking damp crotch of my panties, with a knowing look from his large, intelligent brown eyes, he got down from the bed and went over to his corner.

Under Tallos' watchful gaze, I fell asleep, sexually satisfied and happy at the prospect of Marcus returning tomorrow and my going home.

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I woke on Monday, my head filled with a mental list of everything I wanted to do before Marcus and Paul got home. Marcus had called earlier this morning when I was still in bed to give me their arrival time and to let me know they were taking an Uber home and I didn't need to worry about fighting traffic trying to get to the airport to pick them up.

"Whew," I exclaimed as I finished the last item on my list. It was close to lunchtime, and I was starting to feel hungry, but I desperately needed a shower before I fixed lunch! I went upstairs, jumped into the shower, dried my hair, pulled it back into a ponytail, and slipped into a t-shirt and a pair of baggy drawstring shorts.

Busying myself with preparing lunch, I glanced over and saw Tallos lift his head and watch me for a few seconds before getting up and going out into the rear yard. Tallos had acted relatively well the last day or so, with no intimidating, threatening behavior. Though still cautious when he was around, I hadn't realized how much I had foolishly let my guard down.

Standing at the sink washing the last of the lunch dishes, I glanced through the kitchen window and didn't see Tallos in the yard. A sense of apprehension immediately began to envelop me.

Drying my hands, I was about to go to the living room window and see if he was on that side of the house when I felt Tallos lick the back of my thigh. It was like an electric shock as I did not expect him, and before I could push him away, he moved between my legs and licked my inner thigh.



I started to back away but was prevented when Tallos leaned against me. He was heavy and had most of his weight on me, so I reached out and grabbed a corner of the counter to balance myself and keep from falling.

“Get off me. God damn it! Get off,” I shouted and began trying to hit him to make him get away. My resistance only made him angry and more frustrated, and with a deep gnarl, he rose, grabbed the back of my neck in his mouth, and forced me to the floor. He nipped my shoulder, making sure I understood his dominance over me. I cowered under him submissively when he took hold of me and ripped my shorts and panties off.

I was scared . . . but kept squirming. Not until Tallos again took me by my neck did I stop squirming and give my pussy to him. I immediately felt his cock part my pussy lips and rub the sides of my pussy as he brutally entered me. He began to thrust, and on his third forceful thrust, with a deep guttural, animalistic groan, he buried his full swollen length in me.

I could feel him getting bigger inside me and instinctively spread my legs as he began stroking deeper and faster. Without warning, my body shook, and my pussy contracted hard. Tallos, confident in my submission, erupted inside me, and I came with him, my pussy squeezing and milking his dog cock until he finished cumming and slipped out. I pulled myself up and leaned against the counter on trembling legs. I stood there for almost ten minutes as Tallos watched me from his corner, barking whenever I attempted to leave the kitchen.

I held my breath when Tallos approached me . . . fuck, I thought, he wanted more.

I knew what he wanted, and dropping to the floor, got on my knees, with my upper body leaning forward, and my head down . . . and waited for Tallos to mount me. Coming closer, he began running his tongue between my ass cheeks and then along my pussy slit for several minutes before finally easing his cock inside me. I could feel his soft furry belly rub against the small of my back each time he drove his cock deeper into my already cum filled cunt. I don't think I was surprised when I realized that I hadn't struggled against him when he had tightened his forepaws on my hips and slipped his cock inside me. He began hard fucking me, igniting the hot beginnings of an orgasm that quickly grew and radiated through my core. I felt the warmth of his cum as it started seeping from my pussy when he continued pounding in and out of me . . . he was coming again.

Tallos pulled out but continued to spray his cum for several seconds before he got up and, sitting with his back to me, started licking his cock.

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I must have dozed off while lying on the kitchen floor; I wasn't sure how long I had lain there. Naked from the waist down, my t-shirt torn and tattered, I needed to shower and clean myself up, so I shakily got to my feet and moved toward the stairs intending to go up to my bedroom.

Tallos forcefully nudged me forward, back onto my knees, as I started to go up the stairs. I was on the bottom stairs on my knees when he mounted me for the third time. He entered me and started stroking me until I could feel the heat of his cum each time he spurted into my pussy. Though we had already had sex twice that morning, he hadn't knotted me, but I knew it would happen now.

I felt the pressure of his huge knot being forced into me. Warm cum ran down and between my thighs as he pressed his knot into me. Then, with one last painful thrust we knotted, he was inside me, stretching my pussy to accommodate his monstrous knot. Once he felt his knot fully inflate, he began fucking me as pulse after pulse of dog cum sprayed into me, and once he had filled me, his cum began to seep out of my abused pussy, and trickle-down my thighs onto the floor.

Finally, I felt his movements slow, and I knew he was spent.

Soon Tallos threw a back leg over me, and we were tied together for another twenty minutes; when his knot finally shrank, he pulled free of me, and his cum gushed out onto my legs with even more of it spilling out and pooling on the floor.

It was then that Paul and Marcus came through the front door.

Shocked, I cautiously stood up, naked, hair in disarray, and silvery threads of Tallos' abundant cum trailing down my inner thighs. I must have looked like a girl who had just been thoroughly fucked. Paul and Marcus stared at me with their mouths open and pants bulging. I turned to Marcus and said, "You did this, didn't you? Did you set this whole thing up with Paul knowing that dog would come after me?"

"Why Marcus? Why?" I asked, the hurt, confusion, and disbelief evident in my voice.

"Karma is a bitch, Abbi," Marcus replied, breaking into a broad grin as he walked across the kitchen and removed a small digital camera hidden on a high shelf. "Paul and I are looking forward to watching your video . . . knowing you as well as we do, I'm sure you gave Tallos a real good time."

"You're nothing but a cock hungry whore! After the way you treated me, humiliated me, did you think I would ever want to fuck you again or be your friend?" he growled.

"You fucking bastard!" I shouted.

It took all of the control I could muster to keep from charging at him; instead, I left the room and slowly made my way upstairs as Tallos jumped to his feet and ran eagerly without looking in my direction. Paul, his master.

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That night after several glasses of my favorite Pinot Noir, I went to bed and fell asleep dreaming about Tallos' hard, thick dog cock, swelling up inside of me. Later in the early hours of the morning, I awoke from a dream to discover my pussy wet and throbbing, having orgasms in my sleep.

*The End*