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BEASTIALITY STORIES



My name is Traci Holiday, and my lover's name is Bruno.

We moved recently into this lovely cottage, and now I primarily work from home. Most days, I'm in my office with Bruno in his corner or at my feet.

It was just Bruno and me now, two individuals completely tuned in to each other's needs and desires. Sexually, there was never any doubt when Bruno wanted me. If I were at my desk, he would part my thighs and nestle his head between my legs; if I were standing, he would push his nose between my thighs and begin sniffing or back me against the wall and start rubbing my soft, sensitive mound with his nose.

Bruno was a large, usually playful, loving dog. Though he occasionally displayed human-like qualities and expressions, he could be demanding and sometimes rough with me as if forgetting that I was a human female. Always the alpha, Bruno knew I was his, and my scent when he was near me on some primordial level always signaled my willingness and readiness to be with him. If I were involved in something else or on a phone call or whatever, it did not deter him from wanting to satisfy his needs. I remember once I was busy and had pushed him away; with a snarl, he pressed me down and was on and inside me before I could do anything. He fucked me like his bitch, knotted me, and afterward left me alone on the office floor, still quivering from a gut-wrenching orgasm and leaking cum onto the floor. As I lay there, I could see him watching me with an almost human expression that warned me my pussy belonged to him whenever he wanted it. I know what you're probably thinking, that I'm projecting human qualities onto an animal. All I can say is, believe what you will, but "a male is a male regardless of species. A strong, forceful alpha male demonstrates the same characteristics and qualities, whether human or canine."

After we moved out of the house I shared with Michael, Bruno had seemed to calm down and no longer followed me around, constantly watching me, making sure I didn't get too far away from him. When Michael began stopping by the cottage, Bruno's sensibilities were heightened; his obvious distrust of Michael was obvious. It was almost as if Michael were another male dog sniffing around Bruno's bitch.

Michael, my ex-boyfriend, and I surprisingly still spoke and had even slept together a few times since I had broken up with him. He didn't come to the cottage often, but I remember the first time he visited, he put Bruno in the back bedroom, and I let him out after Michael had left. Bruno was an intelligent animal, who I have no doubt sensed what Michael and I had done. When Michael left, Bruno came after me making me get on my hands and knees, lower my head, and raise my pussy. When I was in position, Bruno came forcefully inside me, mixing his cum with Michael's.

A few weeks later, Michael came over again, and Bruno began barking and growling from the moment he saw him. Michael managed to get Bruno into the back bedroom despite Bruno resisting and pulling away from him. Later that night, When Michael was preparing to leave, without thinking, I let Bruno out, and he immediately charged at Michael and nipped him on his leg. If I hadn't seen what he was about to do and pushed Michael aside, I'm sure Bruno would have given him a more severe bite.

That night after I had showered and was preparing to get into bed, Bruno came up behind me and pushed me down onto my knees next to the side of the bed. "Bruno! Stop, what are you doing?" I turned to look at him and made to stand up when he began to snarl and show his teeth. Scared, I

knew what he wanted and lowering myself back down onto my knees, bent over the edge of the bed . . . he was going to fuck me. It was during this “revenge” fuck that he did me in the ass for the first time. He had tried to before, but I had always been able to prevent it, but this time nothing that I did could stop him, and in all honesty, I think I was afraid that he might hurt me if I kept resisting him. It was as if he was going to show me whose bitch I was and who this pussy and ass belonged to.

I could feel him behind me, poking and prodding for entry, then screamed in pain and surprise when without warning, he plunged inside me. I felt as if I were being ripped in two. Not even Michael had ever had anal sex with me, and here I was on my knees bent over with a huge German Shepard pounding into my no longer virgin ass. I tried reaching back with my hand, trying to push him off, and he gripped my neck in his huge mouth, clearly indicating he would brook no resistance. I stopped struggling and submissively lowered my head to the bed and cried. I could feel Bruno’s warm fur against my back, his hard-muscled body thrusting against my ass cheeks, his swollen, monstrous cock inch by inch working its way past my sphincter and deeper inside my dark, tight channel. After a while, the pain dulled, and a warm, tingling sensation began to grow and spread. I could feel prickly sensations of pleasure move between my legs, up to my stomach, and down the back of my thighs. I reached my fingers down and began to rub myself and insert my fingers into my pussy, and just when I thought I couldn’t stand anymore, my orgasm broke free and washed through my body in hard waves.

“Bruno . . . Oh my God, Bruno,” I mumbled as my anus involuntarily contracted around Bruno’s cock, sending him into a frenzy, making him ass fuck me faster and harder. My breathing was labored, and I felt lightheaded when he began pushing, pressing, trying to force his knot inside me. The panic and fear gradually rose, and then a sharp nip on my shoulder when I tried to pull away from him. I was now hysterically crying as Bruno adjusted his footing, tightened his hold around my waist, and pushed his knot inside me in a series of hard thrusts.

The pain was excruciating, and I mercifully closed my eyes as warm darkness enveloped me.

When I came to, Bruno was still inside me but not moving. I could feel the warm, wetness gushing out of his cock, filling my rectum with each pulse of his knot, and I orgasmed again as I lay under him. As he continued to ejaculate into me, I was filled to overflowing and could feel the escaping cum leak out and drip down my thighs. I was tied to Bruno for almost fifteen minutes before he was able to pull himself free. I slumped onto the floor next to the bed and curled into a fetal position, too tired and emotionally spent to move.

After cleaning himself, Bruno came over to me, where I still lay on the floor and began licking me. He rolled me over onto my back and licked away cum that had leaked between my legs. When I orgasmed again for the third time that night, I grabbed handfuls of his fur and held him as I bucked and writhed under him. When I was able to, I crawled onto the bed and covered my naked, cum-covered body with a blanket, and as I fell into an exhausted sleep, Bruno climbed onto the bed next to me.

Michael didn’t come by again after that.

Bruno and I had been living in the cottage for almost three months. I was his and only his. Working from home made my life flexible, and at least once a day, we would walk one of the deserted trails in the low hills behind the house, and sometimes we would stop at one of the scenic rest spots. Usually, I tried to walk at a time during the day when there wouldn’t be many people around so I could cuddle with him and stroke his sheath without worrying about people passing by. Despite trying to

be careful, occasionally, he would start to sniff me in front of other people, which was embarrassing and exciting at the same time. In all honesty, at times like these, if I could have, I would have spread my legs for him and let him have his way. As it usually worked out, though, we'd go straight home, and as soon as we were through the front door, I'd get on my knees and present myself to him.

For the most part, I was happy, but I still sometimes had thoughts that something was wrong with what I was doing. I had read articles and even listened to podcasts where some people said what I was doing with Bruno was, of all things, animal abuse, cruelty to animals. Ridiculous . . . these people didn't know or understand what they were talking about, but it still made me question myself. When I felt in this mood, I'd look over at Bruno, and he would sit up, and I could literally see him getting hard for me. He would come over to me, licking my face and nuzzling my neck as I coaxed his penis from its sheath. As I caressed and stroked him, I knew that we weren't harming ourselves or anyone else and that what I was doing was simply giving and receiving pleasure.

Over the next few weeks, I noticed that my breasts were becoming swollen and painfully tender to the touch. When I started feeling nauseous in the mornings, I knew what the reason had to be, but I hoped it couldn't be. I sat quietly, searching back in my memory, trying to remember when this could have happened. It had been almost a month and a half since the last time I had had sex with Michael. My mind screamed that it was Michael's baby. Still, my heart in some perverted way wanted it to be Bruno's seed growing inside me. Even though intellectually, I knew a dog could not impregnate a woman, and yet I couldn't seem to shake the irrational, illogical, insane thought.

I was so confused, I couldn't think clearly. I began to think I was going crazy, so crazy, I was afraid to see a doctor for fear I might blurt out that I had been having sex with a dog, so I did nothing.

Just Bruno's nearness was comforting, and with the pregnancy hormones and phenomes, I was in a constant state of arousal, which naturally excited Bruno. My body was changing. My pussy lips were swollen and protruding, separated so that my clit was visibly engorged and prominent. Right away, Bruno sensed something was different and became more attentive, possessive, and sexually demanding. Whenever given the opportunity, Bruno loved having his snout between my legs, sniffing, and licking the copious, clear, sticky fluid that seemed to glisten and cover my slit. He loved the smell and consistency of it and would lick and tongue me giving me orgasm after orgasm until I became sore and pushed him away.

Bruno would tear my panties away in his excitement, so I stopped wearing panties when I was at home. Without much warning other than his whining and aggressively sniffing me, he would put his paws on my back and begin to hump me, and after a few attempts, he would find what he wanted and enter me. Bruno would hump and thrust into me furiously, holding me possessively around the waist, going faster until with several hard, deep thrusts, I would feel the warmth of his cum as it drenched the walls of my pregnant pussy.

The fact that I had begun to show, that my belly was becoming rounder and my teats full and heavy did not deter him from continuing to mate with me once, twice a day. Bruno knew how he liked it, and once he had mounted me, he would adjust his body so that he was comfortably in his preferred position. With me on my knees, my upper body on the bed, my taut belly hanging down, Bruno would ease his cock into my damp, warm tightness. Holding on to me, Bruno would pump his cock in and

out, working deeper until he had it in as far as he could get it.

After finding his “sweet spot,” he’d continue to fuck into me until he began shooting cum inside me, and then he would focus on getting his knot inside me. Sometimes he would become rough and hold me tighter, desperate to get his knot in my pussy. While weakly struggling with him, I would say, “Bruno, Oh Bruno . . . stop . . . stop,” as he pushed his knot against my cunt lips until he was finally able to maneuver it inside me. He gradually stopped moving but held onto me, keeping me still as his knot kept pulsing and sending semen inside me.

It was almost like being with a man.

As I grew bigger, I did eventually go to see Dr. Jamison for a prenatal checkup. After listening to Dr. Jamison harangue me for not coming in as soon as I suspected, I was pregnant; he gave me a complete checkup. I was already into my fourth month, which coincided perfectly with the last time I had been with Michael. Dr. Jamison’s examination showed that everything was fine; no abnormalities in the baby’s body or vital fluids indicating any unusual problems. The baby and I were in good health, and Dr. Jamison assured me it was okay to continue what I was doing. Keep working if that’s what I felt like doing, exercise a little every day, eat a good diet, and continue to be sexually active if it were comfortable.

As I drove home, I thought about Bruno at home waiting for me and realized for the first time how much I cared about him and depended upon him and wondered what I would do if anything ever happened to him. I remembered the first time with him, the first knotting, and at that thought, I could feel my pussy begin to pleasantly ache and quiver and the increasing dampness between my legs. I needed to be with him and could hardly wait to get home.

I know it probably sounds like all we did was have sex, but it wasn’t like that. Don’t get me wrong, the sex was always phenomenal, but I did have a life to lead, a job to do, and bills to pay. Like most people, my day was taken up just going through the ritual of living, but I had Bruno, unlike most people. For as long as I had known him, he had been friendly, strong, intelligent, and protective, sometimes seeming almost human. As the old cliché goes, Bruno gave me unconditional love, and it was to him that I turned not only for sexual satisfaction but for emotional support.

One evening, I felt particularly down after spending over an hour on the phone, arguing with Michael, the father of my baby.

“Yeah, right! I think the more important question is, whose baby is it? Mine or Bruno’s?” Michael had said factiously, knowing already that I had been having sex with Bruno, which was why he and I had broken up in the first place.

“You’re ridiculous, Michael, I said indignantly . . . of course this is your baby. I’m almost five months gone, and it’s been five months since we were together the last time, and there hasn’t been anyone else.”

“Only God knows what you’ve been doing or with who, so if you think I’m going to claim that baby, you better think again or produce some DNA proof.”

“Go to Hell, Michael,” I screamed into the phone before hanging up.

I sank onto the sofa, softly crying when Bruno came and sat next to me. He looked up at me with those beautiful, sensitive brown eyes before lowering his head onto my lap. Working his nose under the loose-fitting nightshirt I was wearing, he began licking at my belly and nipples.

Oh God, it felt so good. I started to moan and closed my eyes. Feeling the increasing moisture between my legs, I spread them wider so that Bruno could have easier access. Moving his head lower, he went straight to my clit; I swear it felt like an electric sizzle going through me. Bruno brought me to orgasm several times before I stretched out on the sofa with him next to me and fell asleep.

During my seventh month, I felt good, happy, healthy, and so horny.

As I sat on the exam table during my scheduled checkup, I mentioned the issue of constant horniness to Dr. Jamison, who had looked at me and smiled, saying it was perfectly normal. Sex and resulting orgasms actually released hormones into my body that gave me a feeling of well-being. Dr. Jamison also added that if my partner and I were comfortable having sex, then, by all means, continue, just keeping in mind not to be too rough.

“Remember, Traci, this is your body. Don’t be pressured into having sex with your partner if it is not what you want to do. You are the best judge of what is right and what feels good to you . . . understand?”

“Yes, Dr. Jamison, thank you,” I replied, smiling inwardly to myself, wondering what the good Doctor would say if he knew my partner was a huge German Shepard who gave me the best sex I had ever had.

During that last month or so of my pregnancy, time seemed to crawl as my delivery date drew closer. One unexpected, bright spot was when out of the blue, Michael called.

“Hey, Traci. Thinking about you and knew it should be getting close to your time. Just wanted to check on you, see how you were doing.”

“Michael, I’m . . . I’m surprised but happy to hear from you. I’m doing fine,” I said.

“Traci, I know I’ve been acting like an ass, but despite everything that’s happened between us, I want you to know I still care about you and just wanted to tell you to let me know if you need anything,” he said.

I began to cry.

“Traci, Traci? You alright?”

“Yes, yes, Mike, I’m fine, just glad to know we can still be friends.”

“Alright . . . I need to go, but stay in touch and call if you need me,” Michael said again before ending the call.

It was good to know that I could depend on Michael if I needed to, but it was more gratifying to know that Bruno was here with me.

One afternoon, feeling a little tired, I lay down on the sofa for a quick nap. I'm not sure how long I lay there but was awakened by the warm, roughness of Bruno's tongue licking across my swollen ultra-sensitive nipples, lapping up the drops of milk that beaded at the tips. Bruno moved down between my legs wanting to mount me, but I stopped him and instead reached under him and began to stroke his treasure. At my touch, his cock slide out of its sheath and immediately began to grow bigger and harder, the burgundy red tip jerking, bobbing up and down, seeping dog cum. I eased his cock into my mouth. I loved Bruno's cock and sucked his balls as he whined, whimpered, and tried to hump my mouth. After a few minutes of my worshiping his cock, Bruno began to spew cum into my mouth and down my throat.

Later that evening, after watching a movie, I got up and went into the kitchen to straighten up before going to bed. Standing at the sink, Bruno came up and grabbed me around my hips, and urged me down onto the floor. Licking my breasts and stomach, Bruno moved behind me, his hot, long tongue working itself inside me. He mounted me, gripping me under my arms, instinctively being careful of my rounded belly. Even though I was larger because of the baby, Bruno was still bigger than me, and once he mounted me, it was difficult for me to move around too much under him. I was already sopping wet, and he easily slipped his fully erect cock inside me and immediately began fucking me. I could feel him inside me, feel his cock rubbing against my womb, and feel the pressure and the pleasure of him claiming me.

As he stroked into me, I realized that as my pregnancy had progressed and my body and behavior had changed, in a way, so had Bruno's. I don't know how to describe it, but it was as if Bruno, this large, muscular, sexually alpha male, could sense my moods, and sometimes when he took me, it was with a slow, gentle copulation and not the frenzied dog fucking that had been usual early on.

He was getting bigger inside me, and suddenly he exploded, making me orgasm along with him, making my pussy squeeze and contract around his cock, milking cum from him.

"Bruno," I screamed when he continued to pump in and out as I orgasmed on his cock.

Instead of Bruno knotting with me then, he pulled out still hard and spurting cum. Still, behind me, he began to probe for my anus, and finding it, eased inside me and began again taking what he wanted as his warm spent cum dripped out of my pussy. This time I could feel his knot, stretching me, entering me . . . and then Bruno was inside me. He was cumming in forceful spurts sending his cum deep inside my rectum with each contraction of his knot. It seemed as if we were tied for a long time, but when his knot had finally decreased in size, with a popping sound, he pulled free, releasing a flood of cum that poured out of me.

A few days later, I woke during the night, not feeling quite right. I gingerly got out of bed, walked cautiously to the bathroom, and then slipped back into bed. The next time I awoke, I felt even worse, and as I started to walk across the room, I suddenly felt a gush of liquid run down my legs and pool on the floor. It took a moment for it to register what was happening, and in that time, Bruno had jumped up and now stood beside me, looking worried.

"Well, Bruno, I think this is it."

Of all people, my first impulse was to call Michael.

The phone rang several times before he answered, and I knew I had awakened him.

"Hello . . . Hello," Michael said, still half asleep.

“Michael, I’m sorry, but I didn’t know who else to call. I didn’t call an ambulance; I didn’t want to go to the hospital alone. I think my water broke, Mike.”

“I’ll be there as quick as I can, he said, now fully awake. Go and unlock the front door so I can get in, and then get off your feet. I’m leaving now.”

Sure enough, Michael was there within the hour. When he came through the door, Michael said he was on guard for Bruno, but Bruno only looked up at him and stepped aside, as if he sensed Michael was there to help me.

Michael helped me get ready, set aside food and water for Bruno, and bundled me into the car for the trip to the hospital.

That night, I gave birth to a little boy. Bruno and I and the new baby moved back home with Michael.

Not long after our move, Michael got a female for Bruno. Bruno was a bit standoffish at first but eventually got with her and produced a litter of five beautiful puppies after a couple of months. I think Michael had hoped the female’s introduction would draw Bruno’s attention from me, but all it did was provide Bruno with two pussies to service and satisfy him, one human and one canine.

As time went on, it seemed the hostility between Michael and Bruno lessened, and the three of us began an exciting and satisfying arrangement. Michael and I explored each other’s fantasies and fetishes and actually made some of them real. I saw and learned about the sexual side of Michael that I never knew existed. I think the most surprising thing was discovering how much Michael enjoyed watching Bruno have sex with me.

I loved both of them and had sex with both of them separately and together. Sometimes with each of them at different times during the same day and sometimes even the same night.

Our lifestyle is not for everyone, but for those who truly know who they are and what they want, the emotional and physical love from a man and a dog is the best of both worlds.

The End