

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I'm part of an all-female staff of researchers, specializing in sometimes researching myths, old village stories, and the like. We discovered better ways to cook, wash, and better ways to treat congenital disabilities in many cases. We found many old ways, in some cases thought to be lost, we were able to find these, bringing them back to the public, helping many in the process.

The story of a wolf-like man, who walked upright, possibly part man part wolf, but one who can change women into submissive slaves. Their lives being ever changed to reproduce the next generation of the walking wolf dogs.

The first time we ran across this story, there was a lot of laughing and kidding going on, thinking how it would be to be submissive to a wolf with a huge cock, one that knocked us up then waiting for the next time we'd be in heat.

We dismissed the idea the first time we discussed it, but it came up again, sent to us by a large zoological society. We were not sure what advantage a dog could walk upright would have to anyplace or to anyone. But the more we heard about this animal. The more societies began to contact us, offering to finance any research we decided to do.

I have our whole staff on a speakerphone, calling to see if you can give us some additional information on this wolf-dog that walks upright. The first thing we had to do, contacted a lady named Ellen Saks, who lived in a village in Romania, where the sightings had been seen most. I was the one who made the call but put it on the speakerphone, "Ellen, my name is Nikki. What can you tell us?"

What surprised all of us was she confirmed the animal does exist, she had seen in herself, when it and three of its companions seduced four of her friends, leading them away, never to be seen again. She called them devil dogs, coming straight from hell.

Jen, on the call, wanted more clarification on what she meant when she said the animals had seduced her friends, taking them away. How did they seduce her friends?

She explained they have a certain smell, a scent if you will, that excites the female body, then they come in, share their saliva with their future mate, then in front of her, she watched them mate with each of her friends.

Several things perked our curiosity. First, their sexual scent needed to be explored to see what it was and their saliva that seemed to have a hypnotic in nature. Both of these could be potentially something the medical field could use.

Hanging up, we talked about problems. Mainly we were all female. Gathering what we needed would be a problem. Making one mistake could put us in servitude for the rest of our lives if what she said was true.

Our research department came up with a solution, a small mask, put on when we saw the first walking wolf, preventing any smell from coming in contact with us and secondly preventing any saliva from touching us, but we'd have samples of both in the mask.

Contacting Ellen again, we finally convinced her to lead us to where she had lost her friends. We'd pay her for her services. The money was the deciding point.

Six of us arrived in the country a few weeks later. Ellen was a stunning redhead that I felt I had a connection to immediately.

We were well equipped and had included a full traveling pack and mask for Ellen. She explained the

trip would take a couple of days walking, the first day went without incident, however on the second day, Ellen was becoming more and more nervous, walking up by her side, "You OK, you seem to be getting more and more nervous. Have you told us everything?"

She broke down in tears, "These things have me so nervous, I can sense they are close, very close. I've had the same feeling before when I've, ahh, before...."

That's when I stopped the group. We could see a clearing and what sounded like running water, which would give us a chance to refill our canteens and discuss this further. "Just how many times have you seen these walking wolf creatures?"

She dropped her head, "I've led two groups of female explorers before you to the spot where I had the first encounter. They now have twelve from all-female groups, plus my four friends. With each group, I lose everyone who shows up for the meeting. My friends are all OK, just serving the walking ones."

Everyone had stopped, turning to Jen, "I think this bitch is leading us into a trap. They have sixteen females they have captured, and with our six, that would put them over twenty breeding females. Assuming they can reproduce three or four times a year, this pack could very easily be in excess of a hundred members. We have no way of meeting anything that powerful. Let's get our canteens refilled and head back."

Ellen kept saying how sorry she was, and it wasn't her fault. The wolves had power over her, but we were all glad we found out before it was too late.

The small little brook seemed so inviting. Each of us filled our canteens then, leaning over, cupped our hands to take a much-needed cool drink. As soon as the water was inside me, my mind began to haze up. Everything seemed to have moved me into a cloud, struggling to stand. Ellen was there, "The water comes from deep inside the earth. Any animal or human that drinks from it are in a temporary state of hypnotic confusion."

Then she turned, "Ladies, please come out and strip our new guests."

The effects of the drugged water enabled us to see and talk, but our muscles were totally relaxed, to where we couldn't move them at all. For me, a rush of terror came over me when all sixteen missing ladies came out of the forest, all nude and all very pregnant. It only took a minute for us also to be nude. A simple collar was attached to each of our necks, along with a leash. Then something I think surprised Ellen, two ladies held her down while some water was forced down her throat.

As soon as the effects had taken place, she was stripped and collared like the rest of us. She knew the lady who put the collar on, "Lizzy, this has to be a mistake, they need me to bring them, new girls, please let me go, this has to be a mistake."

Not a word was spoken. Instead, we were put in a wagon type of thing and pulled into the main gathering place.

I think we were all in shock, so many wolves, with some human characteristics, all moving around walking upright, and the males had cocks, huge cocks from the few we could see. Even though we were kidnapped, those cocks did look good, causing me to become heavily aroused.

We were led to an open field area, where seven big males came up to each of us. The one standing in front of me was a large gray and white wolf, and what had to be a 12-inch cock or longer, limp hanging down between his legs.

He walked around me several times, pinching my bottom, playing with my tits, pulling on each nipple, sucking on them, pushing fingers up inside me. By now, his limp cock was stiff, sticking straight out from his body.

Taking his cock in his hand, he began spraying a fine mist all over me, turning to look at Ellen, "He likes you; he is marking you as his own, something dogs and wolves do to mark territory, these do to mark that he owns you. No other will touch you now."

When his spray soaked into my body, something began to happen. A submissive blanket-like feeling covered me, causing me to drop down on my knees, my pussy soaking wet now.

He'd play with me, then mark me again, each time. His scent was becoming stronger and stronger on me. My skin now smelled like him.

Finally, when he was satisfied, every fiber in my body had his scent on it, standing, holding his cock, it was pushed inside my mouth. Each time he had sprayed me, the liquid made me more and more submissive, at the same time spiking my arousal until my pussy was leaking a steady stream now.

I had forgotten about my companions, I could still hear Ellen moaning and begging them not to do this to her, but I had no idea if someone were marking her. I had been marked by a very tall and handsome wolf. I could smell him all over me. Latching onto his shaft, pumping and out of my mouth, licking the end of his shaft, never in my life feeling better than I was at this point. My only goal in life now was to serve him, hopefully sometime as his bitch.

All of these thoughts were running through my mind when I felt his knot push up against my mouth and his first load of warm seed flooded the area, forcing me to swallow quickly—swallowing again and again until he had stopped the discharge.

My tummy was bloated, like I may have been pregnant. Looking around, my friend Jen was in the same state as I was. Something was happening inside me. I could feel my body changing. It was a funny tingling type of feeling. Some lady I didn't know came walking by. It looked like she was awfully close to delivering another wolf pup, "His cum is changing your body. In a day or so, you will go into heat. He'll fuck you, making sure you are pregnant, then when you give birth, you'll come back in heat in a few weeks. We all stay pregnant all the time."

Jen had heard what she said, moving over to me, hugging me, "I know we should be scared to death, but for some reason, I feel better than I ever have in my life."

Holding her close, kissing her neck, "I think something in the spray they used to mark us made us so submissive that nothing else matters. We're owned and soon will be pregnant. That is our life from now on."

Just then, Ellen came over, tears in her eyes, "None of the males want me. I'll end up being used by every male in the pack at any time, but I'll never get pregnant. I'm sorry I lied to you."

Before either of us could answer her, a large male came up, pushing his snout between her legs, rubbing his nose back and forth. Her legs opened immediately – a few licks, and he was on his knees, pushing that huge cock deep inside her, beginning to pump like crazy. Jen and I were so turned on, the smell of sex was intoxicating, slowly slipping my hand down her bare legs, between her thighs, in a few seconds, her legs were pulled apart, I had two fingers up inside her, pumping like mad. It only took a few minutes, and she went toppling over the edge. Cuddling up to her, "What the hell have we gotten ourselves into?"

She helped me cum. Then we just sat there holding each other, unsure what was ahead for the girls in our staff or us.

The next few days went by slow. For me, I could feel serious changes taking place, my pussy ached, my boobs were becoming heavy and hard, plus I swear bigger. Looking at our office girls who also got captured, they were experiencing the same transformations.

Around the third or fourth day after we were captured, my big grey wolf walked up, sniffed me, pushed me down on all fours and sniffed as well as licked me, then standing, taking hold of my leash, pulled me along to a private place, under some big trees, the ground covered with deep, dense moss.

Pushing me back on all fours, kneeling behind me, rubbing the head of his cock back and forth between my puffy lips, then pushing all the way in, he started the fastest fucking I have ever seen, let alone experienced. There was nothing kind or romantic about what was happening. He was pounding me so hard and fast. My boobs hurt, my pussy was quickly becoming sore. I felt his knot push against my opening. Before I could react, he was in me, the pain so sudden and intense, I screamed, but he was holding my hips so tight, I couldn't move. I felt him begin to empty his seed in me. The pain kept just as bad as it ever had, then at some point, he pulled out of me.

I felt the excess run out of me, something told me to lick him clean, or I'd be punished. Every couple of hours, we'd repeat this process. The only advantage, my poor vagina got used to having the knot push in. By the second day, I experienced a couple of orgasms, sniffing then tasting me. He was satisfied he had knocked me up and left.

In a few days, I noticed some of the pregnant women were playing with the wolves that did not have mates. Looking around, it seemed no one worried if I were already with a new wolf.

One dark, tall, and really good looking wolf was in the area every so often, moving up to him, making sure my big tits rubbed his fur, running my hand down his front, taking hold of his massive cock, stroking it, he leaned in, kissing my neck. Then led me to a private place where he stayed. Laying me down, slowly kissing between my legs, rubbing my wet pussy with his paw, then moving up, rubbing his cock back and forth over my opening, raising to slide in easily inside me - he stopped to kiss my mouth, his tongue, and the saliva making me feel so good. Floating off in an erotic haze, he gently made love to me, his knot triggering a massive climax, then when he flooded my body, more orgasms were set off.

When he pulled out, he was the one who licked me clean, taking time to share our combined juices.

That was the beginning of a love affair that would last for years. The big grey knocked me up four times each year. Then my lover kept me happy every day until I delivered. He made sure to stay away until I came back in heat again. As soon as I was carrying a new one, we'd be fucking like rabbits.

The End