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My dog and best friend Bruno had been gone for almost three months, and I still felt the emptiness and the loneliness that only a true animal lover could feel for a deceased canine friend.

“All of this for a dog?” You might ask, and my response would be, “yes.”

It felt as if my best friend had died, the feelings and emotions were strong and honest, and I could feel myself slipping each day deeper into suffocating darkness of desperation, depression, and despair. Unfortunately, out of embarrassment and shame, I couldn't bring myself to confide in anyone, and I sank deeper into this abyss until Titan. Titan, in many ways, was like his sire, an extremely handsome dog, large, muscular, intelligent, confident, and loyal, and perhaps most importantly, there with me when I most needed him.

I suppose it started innocently enough. My two-year-old German Shepard, Titan, would typically come into my office, rest his head on my knee, and patiently wait for me to rub behind his ears or scratch under his throat. As Titan stood quietly between my knees, waiting for his customary attention, I thought, “God, but it was hot today.”

Even with the fan on full blast, I was sticky with sweat despite being dressed in a thin cotton t-shirt and a pair of airy, loose-fitting boxer shorts. I sat there at my desk trying to work but finding my thoughts absently drifting to other things.

“Ughhh . . . Oh God,” I gasped as I inhaled and held my breath when I suddenly felt a warm wet pressure spread from the top of my clit to the moist, pulsing opening between my legs. It was Titan's tongue, long and firm, causing tingling yet comforting sensations I can't begin to describe. Sitting there daydreaming, I hadn't realized when Titan had maneuvered his head between my legs and began to lick. As my scent and increasing wetness excited him, he became focused on my taste and smell.

It felt glorious. It had been a long time, and without being consciously aware, I opened my thighs wider for him and pressed my hips forward. I could feel the burning sting of tears as a sense of shame caused a tightening in my chest, and I struggled with what I was allowing Titan to do to me. I reached down and forcibly pushed his mouth away just as my orgasm blossomed and began to wash over me.

I closed my knees, and I vented my anger at Titan, “Go. Go,” I shouted, pointing toward the door. Looking startled and confused, Titan lowered his head and slowly walked out of the room.

Several nights later, I was in a half-sleep, being pulled to consciousness and yet resisting, wanting to stay warm and safe in my dream. Not wanting to awaken, my eyes grudgingly fluttered open, and I saw and felt Titan between my spread legs eagerly licking me. My body momentarily tensed and began to shudder when his long raspy tongue brushed over my clit, sending wave after wave of hot electricity through me.

“Titan, Titan, stop, I said halfheartedly,” and tried to move him away, but he was a large, muscular dog like his father had been and this time refused to be pushed away.

Having seen Bruno, his father, pleasure me this way more times than I could remember, Titan persisted and, in quick order, brought me to an orgasm that reduced me to a crying, writhing human bitch. I was suddenly overcome with long-denied need and desire, and yet not at all surprised that it

was Titan, Bruno's son, who was giving me what I needed just as Bruno had.

I reached down and held his mouth to my pussy, mesmerized by the feel of his tongue across my clit and the indescribable sensation when he let it slip inside my pussy. With long, slow laps, he covered my seeping valley; his tongue nestled deep between my pussy lips, stroking from my tight, resisting rosebud along the valley created by my swollen pussy lips to my engorged, pink nub. By the time Titan had brought me to orgasm a third time, I was weak with exhaustion but still aware of him straddling my legs and beginning to probe and thrust at my wet, fragrant pussy.

While he paced and whimpered, Titan had watched his father closely, waiting for his sire to finish so that Titan could have his turn on the human bitch. But Bruno never allowed this and would growl and bite, making it clear to Titan that the human belonged to him.

But things were different now, Bruno was no longer here, and Titan sensed the human bitch was sad and in heat. He would finally be able to have her for as long as he wanted her.

"Oh my God! This dog wants to fuck me," registered in my brain. I didn't want that to happen, though.

I managed to get from under Titan and to my feet. Titan took a step or two away from me, creating a distance between us. He stood there watching me warily, his large, intelligent brown eyes scanning the room, calculating what my next move would be.

His eyes followed mine as I glanced at the open bedroom door. If I could get to the door, I could lock him in the bedroom. As if I had telegraphed the thought, Titan lunged with such force that it spun me around, and I fell on my knees. Stunned, and the breath momentarily knocked out of me, I lingered a minute too long on my knees.

Before I realized it, Titan was behind me, his crotch tight against my butt, his chest against my back, and his forepaws wrapped tightly around my middle. The panic was rising, and I began to struggle until I felt the sharp sting of his teeth grasping the soft, vulnerable area between my neck and shoulder. I immediately froze, knowing what might happen if I attempted to resist him further. I could feel the hot tears of inevitability well in my eyes and begin to fall.

Titan huffed and loudly snorted as he licked the side of my face. Sensing I would submit and not challenge him, he again started to prod and probe until he had maneuvered himself into position. Titan was now fully exposed, his dog penis long, thick, and leaking. He found what he sought. After several quick, painful thrusts of his swelling phallus, he found his mark and began to press himself deeper inside me. It had been several months since Bruno and I had been together, and as Titan began to enter and successfully penetrate me, I could feel the large, engorged penis coaxing my pussy to open for him. It was uncomfortable, but I knew if I allowed (?) him to do as his animal instincts demanded, my pussy would accommodate him. My body would not only accept but enjoy what he was doing. It would be so much easier and the experience more pleasurable not to fight him.

This episode repeated itself a few days later. I was awakened during the night by my moans and whimpers only to discover Titan again, gently but proprietarily lapping between my legs. He had somehow spread my legs open without awakening me and was now nestled between them, satisfying himself. I remember lying there under him, mildly repulsed by what he was doing but still aroused and excited. I held his mouth to my pussy and humped his long wet tongue until I came in a screaming orgasm, cursing him and swearing never to let him do this to me again.

When I reached the point of orgasmic exhaustion, it was Titan's turn.

Titan took me as his father sometimes had, with me on my back. Titan had witnessed Bruno fucking me this way, and though not his preferred or instinctive position, he was familiar with it, and Titan grew to be quite proficient at it. After multiple orgasms (the initial one or two unwilling), I would lay there with my eyes closed and feel Titan's enormous cock inside me. As I would do with Bruno, in this position, I would need to place two large pillows under my hips to raise my pussy and make it easier for him. And so that is what I would do, and sensing my readiness, Titan would begin.

It seemed so strange. I could remember Titan as a large, clumsy pup, eager to please and so curious. Now here he was pleasuring himself and me as his father had done. The familiar short, impatient, almost frantic jabs and then the sudden sharp pain at penetration when he finally found his mark and broke through my tight, resisting muscles. Hard as a rock, he'd sometimes pull out and rub it against me and then between my pussy lips. He'd quickly work his cock inside me again and begin to stroke. I felt his balls contract and then the warm sensation of dog cum filling me.

Even as he drained himself inside me, the pressure and thrusting continued as he focused on getting his quickly enlarging knot inside me. His animal instincts had complete control of him now, and the primary goal was to knot with me and, if it was initially painful for me, was of no importance.

Due mainly to Titan, I began to find my way out of my depression, and today can fully appreciate the joy of living a satisfying life with someone (human or canine) who was there for me in all ways.

Although I sometimes felt that I was not the one in control, that it was Titan (just as it had been his father) who controlled and dominated our relationship, in all honesty, that situation was fine with me. It took a while, but eventually, when I felt able and capable, I went back to work full time and arranged to be transferred to a small community in the northern part of the state. Titan and I now live just outside of the town limits of Cottonwood, California, on a beautiful, tree-filled acre of land in a large old remodeled farmhouse. It was ideal for us and our lifestyle. Privacy when we wanted it, along with neighbors and a general feeling of community with the eclectic mix of people who settle here.

After moving here, I met an older man named Mark, who shares my "interest." Of course, he didn't know about Titan at first, not until one day, after several weeks of casual dating, Mark walked in on us. He had dropped by the house in an unannounced visit, and after parking his truck, he heard sounds coming from the small carriage house. To his surprise, Mark came upon Titan and me "playing." I don't know how long he had stood there watching us, but I can imagine the sight we must have made. Me on my back, my skirt bunched around my waist, panties dangling from one ankle, legs splayed open, and Titan between my legs pleasuring me.

To his credit, Mark was not repulsed or appalled by what he witnessed, and from the way he looked standing there, he was quite sexually excited. To this day, he claims he became so hard so fast his "old man" balls actually hurt. I think it was then that my feelings for and about Mark began to change. In the time that I have known him, he has shown me a lot about myself, helped me explore and embrace my sexuality, and understand and acknowledge my emotional and psychological needs.

Most importantly, Mark has taught me to understand the legitimacy of expressing my primal desires without guilt or shame. I like him very much, maybe even love him. Since that afternoon of discovery, we have enjoyed just the two of us (sometimes with Titan) spending time together learning, exploring, and experimenting on more than one occasion.

I suppose it was rather sudden; in fact, it was probably inevitable, but Mark asked me to marry him. Yes, it had been less than a year since I've known him, but there's something there that hints at our having a good life together.

Things have been so hectic lately that I haven't had much time for Titan, and he made his need pretty clear last night. The night before my wedding.

Mark and I had decided to have a small, intimate wedding service with a few friends. No frills, no bells, and whistles, just us exchanging our vows followed by a blowout trip to Las Vegas with a couple of our close friends.

Mark had been to the house, I prepared a nice romantic dinner, and afterward, he made love to me before gathering his things and going back to his home to spend the night and prepare for our wedding day. That night after Mark had left and I had begun getting ready for bed, I saw Titan standing across the room watching me.

"Titan, Titan," I called lovingly. "Here, boy."

Titan came to me, and as I tried to scratch behind his ears (something he loved), he immediately began sniffing and nuzzling me, pressing his snout between my bare thighs.

I knew what he wanted and felt guilty about having ignored and resisted him that way for the last couple of weeks, but tonight he was aggressively persistent in his intent. I bent and gently scratched under his chin while softly murmuring words of affection and encouragement. I ran my hand over his soft furry underbelly and gradually caressed and fondled him. As his growing length emerged from its protective sheath, he began to whimper and steer me toward the bed with his head.

I knelt on the edge of the bed, and keeping my knees on the floor, bent forward and lay the upper part of my body on the bed and spread my knees wider apart.

As much as I enjoyed making love with Mark, his size could never compare to Titan. I could feel the warmth of Titan's body behind me, the quick, practiced jabs as the tip of his swelling penis penetrated my tight, beckoning hole. I moaned from the pleasure of being stretched, impaled, and filled by him. Titan began to go deeper and faster, his seeping pre-cum making and keeping me wet and excited. Feeling a warm sensation spreading through me, I started to tremble and spasm and pushed back onto his cock, wanting him even deeper inside me.

"Oh, my God!" I cried out as he forcefully pushed his huge and swollen knot inside me. Now buried inside my soft, accommodating pussy, it continued to swell and pulse. I could feel my pussy tightening around his swelling knot, preventing him from pulling out. He was already so big and hard that I knew even after he ejaculated, my pussy would hold him inside me, making it impossible for him to withdraw, even if he had wanted to.

My pussy muscles rhythmically squeezed around his knot, and he intuitively began to pump his semen into me. The deep, high pressure of him inside me awakened a craving I hadn't felt since being with Bruno. I could feel his warm essence, and I started cumming as he unloaded, and his knot swelled, his cock seemingly becoming even longer and thicker.

With my face buried in the rumbled, sweaty sheets, I raised my ass higher in submission, as Titan's ardor increased, and I remember in a choked voice shouting to him, encouraging him to: "Go deeper, Titan. Deeper."

It was almost three o'clock in the morning before Titan, and I, satisfied and sated, finally welcomed sleep. The sun had been up for only a couple of hours when I felt Titan's fully erect penis behind me, roughly probing for entry again. I smiled, thinking of Mark and the special day ahead, and I also thought about Titan, who was busy behind me. With a sudden quick thrust, he was inside me, and I happily let him do me again, while thoughts of my wedding being only a few hours away now seemed of less pressing importance.

The End