

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Go The Bronco's

"The Superbowl is OURS! GO THE BRONCO's" Gemma shouted in her local bar holding high another Margarita.

The crowd around her cheered and toasted, wearing the orange and blue jerseys with numbers of their favorite players, many had caps on with the Bronco's fierce stallion emblazoned it, and some wore T-shirts with the same emblem. The crowd and Gemma have been celebrating for hours now in the small bar in downtown Denver and were by this point hammered. Gemma suddenly had a hundred new friends as she partied with people she hardly knew, and they brought her drinks hoping they could get into the pretty blondes pants too. So by two am she could hardly walk, and as her binge drinking became too much for her small body to handle, she suddenly felt sick.

Gemma decided she needed some fresh air and left the bar to go outside for a moment, but the extreme nausea wouldn't abate and her head started spinning too. Looking around, she spotted an alley and staggered wildly down it, coming to some stables. A local horse and carriage operator kept his horses stabled here, although she didn't know that at the time. Gemma needed a place to vomit, and fast. The door is open and a light on inside, however, no one is inside except a couple of white horses. She staggers to the horses, clutching her stomach, when suddenly she trips and falls headfirst into a stall, wedging herself between the wooden fence on one side of the stall.

The motion makes her vomit as alcohol poisoning takes its toll on the nineteen-year-old girl. Eventually she passes out, draped through the fence like a blonde rag doll.

Inside the stall is an old white stallion named Duke who stood passively chewing hay as Gemma fell through his stall. Tonight is his night off, and as the smell of vomit filled the air as he grunted, huffed, and shifted uncomfortably. As Gemma lay still, he decides to investigate and sticks his nose toward her upturned ass and takes a sniff. He smells her sex, something he knows since a previous owner used to hire him out for sex with women.

The smell of her young pussy made him feel young again. He remembered the feeling of a tight human cunt wrapped around his big knob. He pushed his nose into her taking a big deep whiff. Her cunt intoxicated him. Using his nose, he nudged her short skirt up to expose her ass. Gemma didn't have panties on. He nudged her legs apart so she's perfectly presented to him and the sight of her exposed cunt makes him nicker excitedly. His huge cock already hanging low by this point, is stiffening.

Gemma's puffy pale labia, cute clit, and tuft of blonde pubic hair above, drive him wild with lust. He jumps, as if a bronco himself, and lands with his front hooves resting on the fence, supporting his weight. Her tight cunt still seems unreachable to his hard cock. He snorts in frustration, and decides to inch his way forward with his back legs. It's hard to see looking back as this girl is so small compared to Duke. When he feels the end of his flared knob touch her. He gently probes, rubbing his flanged knob over her cunt, wetting it with his leaking precum.

His powerful muscles tighten, and veins stick out under his white coat. Duke pushes, feeling her cunt resist at first, yet the force of his intentions wins and slowly he splices her cunt open and slips inside her tight wetness. Gemma groans and moves, but not enough to dislodge his massive knob. He waits a moment, filling her inside with his sticky, slimy precum to lubricate her. Gemma begins to grind on his cock.

She mumbles, "Yeah, baby, your cocks so big."

The horse starts to thrust his hips, sliding his cock as far as it can go, feeling how tight she is around him. Duke loves it. He starts to hump harder and faster. Each ramming stroke of his huge cock making her cunt longer and longer, so more cock is swallowed with every thrust. The sound of squishing and slapping fill the room. Gemma moans loudly, her head is moving around uncontrollably. Dukes cock slides deeper and deeper into her body, he can feel the fence palings pushing against her stomach.

Gemma's so drunk she doesn't feel pain at this maddening stretching of her pussy, she only feels the pleasure of the friction and the fullness. Duke is snorting and nickering above her as his massive organ slides deeply inside her. Her grunts and groans turn him on, makes his cock even harder. He fucks her faster now, as he feels an orgasm building in his body. Something he hasn't felt in years. His balls tingle as the swing in the air below him.

Gemma begins to shake and quiver all over, as a full-body orgasm takes hold. She grunts and moans unintelligible moans as her face flushes red. Duke feeling her cunt spasm all over his cock rams her even harder, driving her orgasm into overdrive. Her body twitches below him helpless and overpowered by his big stallion cock. He feels the pride only a mating stallion can feel when he has his mare at his mercy.

He pounds onward, feeling his age leave his body and remembering the pastures and mares of his youth. Gemma's cunt continues to spasm as one orgasm drives into another, as the waves on the beach, crashing over her and engulfing her in extreme pleasure. Finally, he reaches the culmination of his lust, and with a whinny, he unloads gallons of his hot, thick cum deep inside her body.

Her little body isn't designed to handle this much cum, and soon after he starts cumming, white semen gushes from around his cock engulfed by her pussy. Cum squeezes out under pressure and sprays her legs and the floor behind her. Duke sighs and snorts satiated, and takes a few steps back.

His giant cock softens quickly, and eventually it pops out of Gemma's abused cunt, making more cum dribble out behind. He jumps off the fence and moves to the back of the stall. After a while, he falls asleep.

"Oh, fuck, another drunk," Jamal says to himself as he arrives back at the stables.

He stands with hands on hips, staring at Gemma with a deep frown. Suddenly, she raises her head and sees him.

"Go Bronco's," Gemma said, and her head dropped again.

The End

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## **A Life With Ruff**

The fight had been terrible, screaming, throwing things, and even fists thrown in anger. Her husband was drunk, taking out his anger on her. She begged and cried, yet her weakness only seemed to make him even angrier. Her nose bleeds, lips are swollen, and big black eye is forming around her left eye. He called her a bitch, slut, and whore, anything else he could think of. His anger

unleashed, out of control, wild, and blooming in its fullness. His last act of rage is to throw her out of the house and screaming she should never come back.

Alone in the dimly lit suburban street, she sees shadows in windows peeking at her, reveling in her suffering. Reaching for phones to call friends and tell them about the fight. About what she did, as no doubt they would've heard her husband scream it at her. She feels like an animal in the zoo. Hard eyes glaring and laughing at her strangeness, her otherness. She's not one of us, they thought. She's damaged goods. Her tears flow as she sobs, shivering in the cool night air.

Suddenly, a warm tongue licks her hand, and she sees her dog, a golden Labrador named 'Ruff', her only friend in the world. He whined, mourning her damage. She patted his head and he wagged his tail. She sighed deeply.

"It's only us now," she said softly. "Come on, let's get outta here."

She turns and leaves her home. The night wraps around her in a cool embrace, yet she feels comforted by it. The darkness hides her from the cold eyes of the judgmental, but also from herself. She feels freer, happier to be alone with her dog in the murkiness around her. Her life is murky, and her pain is real. Muscles ache as she limps through the nearby park, Ruff by her side.

Where shall I go, she wonders? Nobody will welcome me, Tom will see to that. Tiredness overtakes her and she decides to rest in a nearby concrete pergola. Shivering now, as her body gets cooler. Her clothes are thin and OK for indoors where it's heated. Not outdoors late at night.

Ruff snuggles close, trying to warm her. She cuddles him and he licks her neck and face. Her hand runs over his furry back as she cuddles the only being in the world who loves her. Rubbing under his stomach, she bumps into his half-erect cock and gently she pulls at it and rubs it. The warm dick gets bigger in her hand. She moans, rubbing her face into his neck and listening to his deep panting. This is why I got in trouble, she thought. My addiction to Ruff's cock. Memories of being caught with Ruff knotted deep in her cunt flashed through her mind. Her husband's anger at her betrayal, boiling into rage.

She rolls onto her hands and knees, and pulls her dress over her head and off. Her nudity making her wet with anticipation. She pats her ass, her signal for Ruff to fuck her. Ruff doesn't hesitate, and mounts her, wrapping his strong legs around her waist while humping at her. Reaching under, she grabs his hot cock and guides it into her cunt, moaning loudly as her thrust deep inside her.

"Fuck me, Ruff. Fuck me hard," she whispered. "I need to feel loved."

His thick cock slides into her making her stomach tighten, and her clit burn with desire. His panting grows heavier and deeper in her ear, interspersed with whines and groans. She rubs her clit between her fingers, feeling her love button stiffen, with her nipples. Breathing rapidly, she grinds her body back into her bestial lover's cock. Fingers start to pull and rub her hard nipples. Her body sways under the force of Ruff, taking her wet cunt as his, just as he has done for the last year.

"Oh, god, yes," she moans. "Oh, Ruff, I'm your bitch. Fuck your bitch."

Her legs feel wobbly, her head moves rapidly as the nuances of Ruff's cock slide against the walls of her pussy, throbbing and pulsating, swishing and sloshing. Taking her mind to another place, a place her love for Ruff, and his love for her is normal. Two beautiful creatures sharing the most intimate of moments. When two become one, and when his flesh and her flesh merge into a single sexual force.

Her groans and his pants reverberate in the empty pergola, a primal sound as old as time. His thick

red cock thrusting into her now sloppy cunt as fast as he could manage, stimulating himself so his knot will grow. As his cock thickens, he stretches her wider each time his growing knot enters her greedy pussy. The feeling made her whimper in delight as it pushed against her g-spot. Her body flushing and sweating as her heat grew.

"I'm gonna cum. Fuck me with your knot," she moans loudly.

The knot getting bigger and bigger slaps in and out of her pussy lips with a wet sound, and each time Ruff drives it inside her she moans loudly. Eventually, his knot gets too big for her, and he can't pull it free anymore as her body wraps around it, clenching on it, as if it's the center of the universe. Her head shoots up and she groans and gurgles as her body starts to rattle and pulsate. The force of her orgasm fills her with unbearable heat, the worst of it inside her pussy. Her clit explodes in a rhythmic fury, send the shock waves to wash through her body. Her cunt squirts all over Ruff's balls and back legs as it spasms on his huge knot.

Ruff has settled now and blinks rapidly as his thick meaty cock shoots his gooey dog cum inside her womb, making her stomach begin to bulge. The perfect union of a dog and woman, joined by love and lust, find peace in that moment. The turmoil of life ebbs away, and she finally relaxes as her orgasm abates. Ruff eventually dismounts and they lay ass to ass in the night, connected by flesh and soul. She falls asleep, feeling she can now make it.

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In the morning she wakes, her bare back against the cool concrete wall and Ruff snuggled into her stomach as if a big doggy blanket keeping her warm. She smiles as she rubs his belly. He whines and thumps his tail on the floor in response. A new life awaits her now. A life for her and Ruff.

*The End*

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A Hot Night

"Fucking climate change," Kelly Maguire whispered harshly as she tossed and turned in bed in the early hours one morning.

A heat wave mercilessly holds her small rural community in its relentless grip pushing the land into drought conditions quickly. So it was on the Maguire farm, a five-hundred hectare business in Western Victoria, Australia. Daytime temperatures were already getting more than thirty-five Celsius (ninety-five Fahrenheit). The nights didn't cool much, either.

A fan noisily blew air over her young naked body, yet even that had become ineffective in the heat. Somehow it seemed hotter when it swept over her body, than when absent. The twenty-year-old daughter of John and Michelle Maguire is home to help at the farm over Christmas. Some might think the small framed brunette wouldn't be tough enough for the hard work on a farm, however, she could keep up with most men and could shear a hundred sheep a day easily.

The heat is driving her to the point of rage, and she thinks about having a cold shower to cool some. Nah, I'll wake everyone with those fucking old pipes squeaking and squealing, she thought with a sigh. She sat up, eyes wide and smile growing on her face. The dam near the house is perfect, though. There's a full moon to light the way, and no one will hear me.

So putting on a toweling-gown and some flip-flops, and grabbing a flashlight, she creeps out of the

house trying to avoid the worst of the squeaky floorboards.

The night is so balmy and warm, and the pale-white glow of the landscape around her breathtaking up against a giant sky full of stars. I don't know why I didn't think of this sooner, she thought. City kids have pools, country kids have dams, creeks, and rivers. She giggled, feeling all bubbly inside, skipping toward the dam that glowed silvery in the moonlight.

When she reached the edge she threw off her robe and flip-flops and poked a toe into the water. Kelly's tight body shining beautifully in the moonlight, glowing from the light sheen of sweat on her soft skin. The ground around the dam is slippery with mud, so she decides the best thing to do is jump in. She goes to the high bank on her left and dives into the cool water, reveling as the coolness engulfs her.

Kelly glides over the bottom feeling the mud beneath touch her skin, so she reaches out a hand and stirs it up. Dad needs to dredge this dam soon, it's full of mud, she thinks. As she breaks the surface and takes a deep breath, she rolls onto her back and floats, looking up at the moon and stars.

"What a terrific night," she says to herself in the cool water.

As she lay basking in the stillness and the beauty of the deep night, something touches her leg briefly. Kelly ignores it, knowing the dam probably has long-finned eels in it. They used to catch them when she was a kid. I can share my swim with a few harmless eels, she thinks. Again, something brushes against her back, and she giggles feeling the eel moving its long body against hers. There's a few splashes around her as the slimy eels play in the moonlight and catch insects to eat.

Kelly ignores it.

Suddenly, the water around her starts bubbling and moving as if something large is moving beneath her. She looks around to see the surface of the dam is turbulent, and decides she had better get out. As she gets close to the bank she drops her feet to stand, only to have them sink into deep mud, far deeper than she imagined it would be. Trying to lift each leg only seemed to suck her down until she couldn't move at all, the water level just below her shoulders.

"Oh great, just what I fucking need," she said with a sneer.

The turbulent water moves toward her now and soon engulfed her again. Around her lower legs, she could feel things moving in a frenzy. Eels, possibly hundreds, maybe thousands of them, wrapping and writhing around her as she had never seen. In moments the manic eels had covered her body, making her wriggle and giggle as their tubular bodies and silky fins touched her all over. Kelly tried to bat them away with her hands with no effect.

Suddenly, she feels an eel batter its way inside her pussy and she gasps at the shock of it, so unexpected. In a panic, she tries to reach into the dark infested water to grab the offending eel. However, there's so many around her, she can't find the right one. The eel in her pussy wriggles deep inside her, soon it's followed by another eel following its friend. Then another, and another, as eels squeeze their slithering, writhing bodies into her ever expanding pussy. The pain grows as eel after eel stretches her pussy beyond anything she thought possible.

Kelly puts her hand on her stomach and feels them squirming inside her, constantly moving, jerking, sliding, and grinding. Suddenly she moans, her body reacting to the mass of eels raping her. An eel pushes its head inside her ass, again followed by what feels like a hundred more. Her pussy and ass stretching under the writhing mass, as the eels outside rub against her clit stimulating her even more.

She throws her head back and moans loudly as pain gives way to intense pleasure. The eels push into her so hard she can feel herself lifting from her muddy trap and starts to use her arms to swim toward the bank, grabbing a handful of grass to pull herself out of the water. The eel's continue to bluster and squirm inside her pussy and ass as she drags herself out of the water. Her eyes hard, and muscles straining with the effort.

As she leaves the water, an overpowering sensation takes over her and she screams. Not a scream of fear or pain, a scream that comes from the most intense orgasm she could ever have. She now lay on her back, staring at the beautiful stars and the pale full moon, as her muscles now quivered and squirmed just as the eels did in her pussy and ass. Her stomach bulging in odd ways as if some alien is trying to breakout.

Kelly trembles and shakes as orgasm after orgasm rattles her brain. As the long night goes on, Kelly's orgasms drive her to a madness she had never known, until she passes out.

As the Maguire family sat around the kitchen table eating breakfast, Kelly their youngest came in and sat, taking some toast.

"You look dreadful," Kelly's mom said, putting her hand on Kelly's forehead.

"I couldn't sleep," Kelly said softly.

John Maguire, Kelly's dad, nodded empathetically. No one could sleep in this hot weather.

He looked at his watch and said, "Well, I'd better go feed the eels."

Kelly's head snapped to attention, she stared at him wide eyed.

"Eels?"

"Didn't we tell you?" Kelly's mom said.

"Um, no," Kelly said, glancing at her with a deep frown.

Kelly's dad said, "Yeah, we've been breeding eels in the dams to sell. So if you feel like a swim, use the river instead."

Now he tells me, she thinks feeling her aching pussy and ass.

The End

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### **Ranger Takes a New One (by Man4Mastiffs)**

"Are you sure you're up for the job?" asked the voice over the phone.

"Of course, Mr. Stevens," said Kylie, phone against her shoulder while doing her nails. "I'm the best dogsitter in the senior class- just ask the president of the PTA!"

"Okay," said Mr. Stevens. "But just so we're clear- Ranger is a Great Pyrenees/Border Collie mix, and he's just as rambunctious as he is large. You do have experience with large dogs?"

"I dogsit the neighbors' Irish wolfhound every other week! I know I don't look like it, Mr. Stevens, but I have no problem asserting myself around dogs that look like they're twice my size."

"Alright, then. Do your parents mind you staying with Ranger over the weekend? My wife and I will be back Monday morning."

"I'm almost always out of the house anyways. I do charge \$50 extra for overnights."

"Not a problem with me! If you could swing by noon, that would be amazing."

"Sure thing, Mr. S! Can't wait to meet your furry bundle of joy!"

Kylie finished doing her nails and ended the call. After sending a group text to her friends, she pulled her dirty blonde hair into a ponytail. After swinging it one way and the other in the mirror, she unveiled a dazzling smile. It was the smile of a high school graduate who had the slim tummy of a Hollywood starlet and the dimpled cheeks of a girl next door. And she loved dogs. You couldn't get much more all-American than Kylie. She couldn't wait to go to veterinary school in the fall and pursue her passion for taking care of animals, especially since her parents never let her have any of her own while she lived under their roof. She had made so much dogsitting money over the last four years that she had been able to buy herself a car on her 18th birthday.

She drove it to 1941 St. Alban's Blvs, home of her latest clients. She stepped out of her Honda Civic feeling like a badass bitch.

BARK!

An ear-piercing bark sounded from the backyard, and two seconds later a black blur streaked from the backyard and landed five feet in front of her. Ranger the border collie mix was a BIG border collie mix. His shaggy black fur shook as he snapped at the new intruder. His shoulders stood well above Kylie's shapely hips. The girl smiled winsomely and opened her palms, inviting the dog to sniff her. Instead of hesitating, the hound trotted up and snuck its nose right up against the crotch of her jeans.

For the first time in a long time dealing with a dog, Kylie blushed bright red. Ranger wasn't just sniffing her. He was nudging against her jean zipper with his nose. Before she could formulate a response, the dog had opened his mouth slightly and taken hold of the denim flap covering the rest of the zipper. He started tugging at it gently.

"Oh my God, Ranger, get away from there!"

Mr. and Mrs. Stevens came stumbling out of the house. They were both slim brunettes with runner's figures and Nike T-shirts. Mr. Stevens pulled Ranger away from the new girl, who tensed every muscle in her body in order to maintain composure.

"We are so sorry about that," said Mrs. Stevens. "We warned you- he's quite an interesting dog."

"It-it'll be no problem," said Kylie. "I'll figure him out. I can figure out an dog after I spend enough



time with him."

Ranger sat calmly by his masters, and watched Kylie discuss prices and few other practicalities before the masters departed in their Range Rover. Then he stuck his nose in Kylie's crotch again.

"Oh, not this again," said Kylie nervously.

What was it about this dog that was messing her up? He wasn't making any noise. He wasn't even panting that much, like dogs normally do when they get excited and start sticking their noses in crotches and butts. Hell, he wasn't even sniffing anywhere else. He kept his muzzle firmly planted in her crotch. Like it belonged there. Almost... almost as if it belonged to him. Where did that thought come from? Kylie felt butterflies in her stomach. For the first time, Ranger seemed like a very, very big dog.

She shook her head, and realized she was standing in the middle of an empty driveway with a dog openly sniffing her vagina. Blushing redder than before, she hurried inside the house.

Ranger tried her patience all day. He did not respond to her calls, he kept trying to smell her, he walked calmly from room to room without paying attention to her, and then would suddenly appear next to the couch while she relaxed. He would look at her for a few minutes. And then walk away. Kylie didn't understand. He didn't try to play with her or interact at all... unless it was for a few minutes of almost uncanny attention. That fucking dog was staring at her. Why? Something about his presence made the hairs on the back of her neck stand up.

When the border collie mix made his move, it happened so suddenly that the poor girl couldn't have stopped it even if she had tried. She had changed into her pajamas and was on the toilet when the dog suddenly scratched against the door, whining. Perplexed, Kylie opened the door, only to be knocked to the bathroom floor by a 100-pound black mutt. His strong paws pinned her shoulders to the ground. Slowly and deliberately, the dog licked the girl's lips.

A French kiss? From a dog? Kylie had tasted her share of dog slobber over the years but this was different. The tongue swirled in her mouth with attention and care to the curve of her lips. Ranger's body heat made her sweat. Was it just that? Or was Kylie beginning to feel the beginnings of those damned butterflies in her belly again?

"Oh God," she breathed when she saw his red lipstick emerge. Her head was beginning to swim. Something about this dog's scent, and the way he licked and nuzzled her was making her go red in the face. When he hand strayed to her pussy, she shivered to feel an obvious wet spot. By the time Ranger got off and butted her hips with his head, it was all over. The horny blonde teen dropped her panties and suddenly shrieked as the heavy dog mounted his bitch and took her virginity.

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"Ahhh-ahhhh!"

"Arf! Arf!"

The noises echoed unmistakably from the baby monitor. Mrs. Stevens shook her head.

"In the bathroom again?" she asked.

"In the bathroom," said Mr. Stevens, shaking his head. "That dog has popped the cherry of every single dogsitter I have tried in the last year. I don't know how he does it!"

"Oh well," said Mrs. Stevens, "at least I know he's getting good practice for when I get home."

*The End*

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Catching Olivia

I first met Olivia a month ago at a neighborhood barbecue in the middle of our cul-de-sac. She's introduced by my burly neighbor Ted, as his oldest daughter. I didn't even know they had kids, however, I'm fairly new to the neighborhood so this is to be expected. At barely eighteen, she's a senior in high school, destined for the Ivy League, according to her father. As she skipped over, her attractiveness struck me immediately. Redhead, five foot seven, a long, thin birdlike frame, and the pale, freckled complexion common on redheads.

It isn't until she reached out her delicate wrist to introduce herself I looked into her eyes and realized that her face is perfect. Gorgeous brown eyes and a large smile on the face of a Hollywood starlet. As a forty-five-year-old, recently divorced man, I acted as if I didn't notice at all. It didn't help she's dressed for a summer evening with a small pink shoestring tank and soft lime-green short-shorts.

A week later, while trudging through my jungle of a backyard along my property line with my neighbors, I caught her behind her parent's utility shed. When we caught eyes, she seems petrified, her face is flushed and sweaty. Then I notice it, the neighbors Labrador is licking her bare cunt. Sweatpants and panties are at her ankles, as the animal frantically tongues her young cunt. Her soft ginger pubes stick to her glistening skin as the dog I knew as 'Mutt' assaulted her. She stared at me, her eyes narrow and her mouth in a pout as her orgasm builds.

She said simply, "Please, don't tell my parents."

The wet, rough tongue looks so good on her and she's humping the dog's face, trying to intensify the feelings. Olivia's fingers rub her clit as a familiar feeling grew in her loins. Her body twitched in lustful pleasure, as she grabbed her nipples and began to twist them.

"Oh god, yes, it's so hot. Don't tell my parents, please. Oh fuck, yeah!"

I stand frozen staring at girl and dog in the most unholy of moments. She's obviously sneaked out here to do this, I think. My cock is getting hard and I pull it out and start jerking-off.

Her moans grew louder as the persistent licking eventually took its toll on her lithe young body and she came hard with a squeal and a gush of juices into the mouth of the eager dog. The sudden burst of flavor drove Mutt wild and he tongue-fucked her even faster and harder. Sticking his long, pink tongue deep in her cunt to get at the source of the juices, and it made Olivia cum again. As her body shook and her head flopped about, I ogled at the sight of that tongue forcing her cunt open and ramming inside.

Mutt didn't seem to want to stop, and soon Olivia came for a third time, forcing her to collapse on her knees in a stupor brought on by her powerful orgasms. Olivia appeared to be in a daze as she fell onto her hands, panting as if a dog herself. Her animal instincts taking over her logic and sense. A furry body is suddenly on her back, wrapping its strong legs around her thin waist.

"Good dog," she says almost as whimper, not sure what's going on.

The dog is moving her with his legs and body and he managed to push her upper body lower than her waist. Olivia giggled at the playful animal.

"Olivia, don't do it," I said grasping the fence with my hands that blanched white.

"You can watch, just don't tell my parents."

Don't tell your parents? Don't tell your parents? Aren't I supposed to be the adult here, I think in a panic.

Mutt thrust his hips and his cock suddenly ravaged her cunt again. The hot cock thrust deep inside her body, banging her cervix with its head and making her grunt loudly and her body sways forward. The dog having found its mark now began to fuck his bitch as fast as he could, his back legs jumping to increase the power of his penetration.

"Oh, yes, fuck me, fuck me hard," Olivia moaned.

It must feel great, I think. I've only ever seen women get off like this in porn films where they're acting .

The dog is blissfully unaware of Olivia's moral turbulence, all he can feel is her sweet bitch cunt wrap around his cock in a velvety heaven. He pants madly in her ear, licking his lips every so often, yet never stops probing, slicing, and pounding her cunt with his big red cock. Olivia grunts and moans, her head hanging low with her long red hair over her face. With a sudden squeal of pain she shoots her head up, making her hair fly everywhere. Something large just pushed its way into her pussy. The knot, I realize. She's being tied like a common street dog.

The large object stretched her cunt beyond what he thought she could cope with, and he could see Mutts cock pushing her guts from her inside as it slammed into her. An orgasm explodes from her clit sending intense shock waves through her body. Her cunt and anus begin to clench violently, making the dog slow its pace as it feels Olivia cum all over his cock.

Mutt begins to slow and eventually stops fucking her. Suddenly, cum erupts from her cunt around the cock and knot buried in her teen pussy. Luke gasps, stroking his cock hard now and with a grunt shoots his cum against the wooden fence. The dog seems content now, as he breeds her with his hot seed. Olivia has gone into a post-orgasmic stupor again, even worse than before. She groans and mumbles incoherently, feeling her world consumed by a dog's cock and his hot cum.

Mutt dismounts, swinging a back leg so he stood ass to ass with her. He tries to pull her with his thick cock, however, she grabbed the fence and instead the big cock slid out of her followed by a gush of dog cum. Luke stares at her gaping cunt, all red and angry, fleshy, inflamed and dripping.

Olivia had her head low, her beautiful red hair in 'just fucked' mess, and her normally pale skin glowing a soft red and glistening with sweat. Mutt walked off to god knows where, leaving Luke to worry about his bitch.

"Olivia? Olivia? Are you OK?"

She looks up at him, her face still flushed with sexual heat.

"Just don't tell my parents!"

"But, Olivia, you were just raped by Mutt. I—"

"I wasn't raped," she blurted.

My head jerked and eyes bulged at that piece of information.

"You mean—"

"Yes. Just don't tell my parents."

She pulled herself to her feet and hauled up her sweat pants as well. Briefly, she stands on tippy-toes and peers over the fence at my soft cock hanging flaccid. The smell of my cum potent in the air.

She smiles.

"Now I know you won't tell my parents," she said, and walked off.

The End

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### **A sticky Situation**

Cindy arrives at the Taylor's house, as she's going to be dog sitting for the night while the Taylor's go out for dinner and show with friends. She rings the doorbell is soon greeted by Joanne Taylor dressed to the nines, and her huge dog standing by her side wagging his tail. A four-year-old Rottweiler called Toby.

She smiles and says, "Hi, Cindy, nice to see you."

"Yeah, you too. How's my good boy today," Cindy said, petting the dog who wagged his stumpy tail.

"He's been waiting for you all day," Joanne said and laughed as Toby licked Cindy's face. "I swear, he has such a dog crush on you."

Cindy vigorously rubs his neck, and gets a lick on the cheek for her troubles.

"I guess we're even," Cindy said, "as I love him too."

After the Taylor's leave, Cindy settles down on the couch with a cup of hot chocolate she makes, however, Toby jumps on her and she spills her sticky drink all over her shorts.

Given her 'sticky' situation, Cindy decides she'd better wash herself as she had a long night ahead until the Taylor's returned. There's a small toilet between the kitchen and the utility room, and Cindy quickly unfastens her black shorts and pulls them off.

To be naked from the waist down in someone else's kitchen feels weird, and she goes into the toilet gathers a wad of toilet tissue. She's unaware Toby is following her until she feels his cold nose on her butt, and his long tongue swipe her pussy. She jumps at the unexpected touch, yet moans at the delicious feeling it produces.

Looking at the dog, she said softly, "You want to clean me up, Toby? You like the taste, boy?"

Turning to face Toby, she opens her legs and sighs in satisfaction as his tongue licks the chocolaty slime from her thighs and around her pussy. She really thought Toby just liked the taste of the

chocolate, and she's surprised when his long tongue pushes between her slit. More interested in the taste of her pussy, than anything else.

"Oh, God, what are you doing to me, Toby?"

The feeling suddenly so intense she has to grab the toilet to steady her wobbly legs.

"Oh, fuck, that feels awesome."

Cindy has never been licked by a dog before, and she loves what Toby is doing to her. She closes her eyes as she inhales a quivery breath, and opens her legs further as she shudders with sexual excitement. Her nipples itch, demanding some attention too.

Cindy hauls her tee-shirt over her head and throws it on the floor as Toby continues to lap the delicious seepage from her pussy. She squeezes and kneads her breasts, pulling at her hard nipples, as dog slobber covers her crotch.

The fuck with Mr. Wilson didn't really excite her much because he was more interested in fucking her, rather than giving her any pleasure. The licking animal now between her legs is something quite different however. The dog's mouth feels wonderful on her slit, and she jerks and moans when his flattened tongue swipes her little clit.

"Ooh," she moans, as her hands leave her tits and go between her legs.

She can feel the hot, wet tongue continue to lick her slit, so she spreads it open with her fingers, making it easier for Toby to slide his tongue deep into her body.

Toby didn't hesitate for a second, and when her hole is open the dog fills it with his tongue.

Sticky juice is drips out of her and what little pubic hair she has is already soaked and plastered to her pink skin. She moans loudly as the dog's tongue worms it way inside her, and the sensation of it lapping her cervix heavenly. Cindy is being overwhelmed with lust and she isn't the only one. Toby's whining softly as he laps furiously at her overflowing pussy.

Her body is trembling with lust, her legs feel weak and she's about to cum. Whirling around so her back is to Toby, she grips the rim of the wash basin tightly and moans when Toby's tongue shoots up her pussy and starts licking her out again. Her legs are wide open and her butt is thrust back at Toby's mouth as the familiar rush intensifies in her pussy, and radiates through her flesh.

Cindy's pussy gets hotter, and her juices get thicker and creamier as the Rottweiler's long tongue whips the insides her pussy, driving her wild with desire. The smell and the flavor of her is a drug to the beast, and Toby twists his head from one side to the other, trying to get deeper into her, and find the source of the delicious nectar.

Despite the fact her ass is writhing and jerking about, Toby expertly kept his mouth jammed onto her drooling slit, and brought Cindy almost to the point of orgasm. She's so very close, and she humps her pussy back at the dog's mouth until she screams as a powerful orgasm blasts through her body.

No one's in hearing range, yet that didn't stop her crying out, "Fuck! I'm cumming!"

Her beautiful face contorts with lust, her eyes closes, and her mouth hangs open. She shudders and shakes violently as her hands tighten on the rim of the basin, and her knuckles turn white. Her toes curl and she has to force her knees to lock or she would've crumpled onto a heap on the floor.

Toby ignores her condition, and licks even harder as her sweet girl cum pours into his waiting

mouth.

She had no idea how long the magic tongue held her in climax, but eventually she has to take a break and allow her body to recover. The only way she can control the horny dog is to raise one of her legs and gently, but firmly, push him away. Once his tongue drags out of Cindy's pussy, he sits behind her and waits patiently.

Her sticky mess now resolved.

*The End*

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Stress Buster

Kim went into her room, it's been a long day, and she's ready to use her favorite vibrator to work off the stress. She hurries to her desk and opens her secret pleasure drawer, pushing past the different dildos and eggs she had collects over the years, she finally found her favorite. It's a clit-tickler variety, and Kim loves to use it after long days, the pleasure helping to let her forget the stress.

Sitting on the edge and laying back, she grabs a pillow and positions it behind her back, giving her some support. Spreading her legs as she twists the base of the vibrator, she moans in anticipation as she runs the gently buzzing tip along her outer lips. Kim tilts her head back, closes her eyes and begins letting out small moans from her movements.

Rex hears the noise, yet ignores it, his mistress always uses the strange, noisy thing after long days, so he laid his head back indifferently. Kim is too horny after the gentle play she had given herself earlier in the bathroom to keep up the gentle teasing. She turns the vibrator up to full and plunges it into her now slightly wet hole.

"Yes!" she moans, "Oh god, yes!"

Rex sniffs the air, a strange smell has reached his nose and he stood wanting to find the source of the tantalizing smell. He turns around and is surprised to find it came from the hole the strange buzzing object is currently being thrust into. Rex is intrigued so he goes to the bed and takes another sniff. Yes, it's coming from the hole, yet the strange object is in the way. He tries to nudge it out of the way with his head, but he heard a pleading moan come from his mistress's lips and the object is pushed back into his way. He snorts, he wants to taste this smell, wants to get to the source of it, so he pushes harder and is pleased as when the object moves. He extends his tongue and begins to explore this sweet tasting hole, lapping up the tasty liquid.

Kim is thrusting the vibrator into her now dripping snatch as fast as she could, the desire inside of her so great she can only moan in torment as something tries to push it out of the way. She pushes back and moans as her vibrator is pushed away again, only to be replaced with a tongue eager to explore her depths. Gasping, she drops the vibrator onto the floor, her hands now grasping the head of whomever is giving her all this pleasure. She moans again and pulls the head even tighter in trying to get the pleasure tool even deeper.

Rex feels his head being pulls closer toward the hole and he took this as a sign he's doing a good job. He licks even more, and is rewards with more of the sweet tasting liquid. He begins licking the small nub that appeared and notices his mistress bucks her hips at every lick. He tries harder wanting to please her even more. He's overjoyed as she grabs the back of his head and he tastes the liquid, lapping her and wanting more.

Kim moans loudly as the tongue begins striking her clit on every lick, it's driving her wild with lust. She bucks her hips every time, to get more, feeling it stroke her insides in a way no one else has ever done. She feels her orgasm building and grabs the head and pulls her invisible lover closer, holding him there as she tenses and groans, cumming in his mouth. However once her orgasm subsides, he keeps licking her, and she moans louder as she's pushed over the edge again. Her juices spill out to fill the wanting mouth between her legs, and eventually she collapses, gently pushing the head away. A low pleading whine comes from whomever is down there.

Kim lay still for several minutes, trying to calm herself, when she feels someone crawl onto the bed. She opens her eyes and sees Rex sitting and wagging his tail, her juices all over his face. She gasps, immediately knowing what had happened, yet to her surprise she didn't feel ashamed, it turns her on.

It doesn't take her long to notice his cock, it's only half-erect, still it's certainly of a size that made her pussy tingle. She gulps, thinking about what she wants to do, something she had fantasized about only in her darkest dreams. Her trembling hand gently strokes his cock, he lets out a small whine and she watches with bulging eyes as it grows, swelling to an impressive size and thickness.

Kim made up her mind, the pleasure of the dog's tongue changed everything, she has to have more. She got off the bed and Rex follows her, his cock now fully erect and dangling between his legs, his tail wagging, and his head tilted wondering what his mistress is doing. Slowly, she gets on all fours and looks over her shoulder, he got the idea and moves toward her

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She feels his fur rub her bare back as he jumps on top of her, his head coming to rest on the base of her neck. His cock hitting her ass and legs as he searches for her cunt, she laughs and reaches back to grasp his throbbing cock to guide it.

She gasps at its size as she eases the head inside her, it's stretching her more than anything she's felt before. Feeling him stiffen, her eyes bulge as he begins to thrust into her, his cock penetrating her depths with hard jabs. She's leaking juices around him as the feeling of getting filled by such a wondrous cock makes her belly tighten and her clit throb.

The pleasure is blinding and she's afraid she may pass out from the force of his thrusts. His knot begins to swell inside her, stretching her even more than she thought possible, and allowing his cock to move faster. Panting from the force of his thrusts, Kim begs him to fuck her.

"Yes, fuck me, Rex. Fill me," she moans.

Rex hears his mistress's words, yet all he can concentrate on is pounding her cunt.

Her shakes constantly as orgasms ripple through her every few seconds as he ravages her. Kim enjoys every moment, she has never felt so much bliss, and body jarring pleasure. She feels stretched to the point of bursting, however, Rex keeps filling her with his wondrous cock. Suddenly, he slows, his cock flexes and throbs inside her as cum blasts from him with such force she nearly faints.

He continues to slowly pump her, the amount of cum filling her past what she thought she can hold. Her belly begins to stretch, and she feels her cunt tighten again as a final orgasm erupts inside her. The strength of her orgasm makes her body blush red, and muscles spasm rapidly. She pants hard and throws her head around, her face twisted, and her eyes clenched. A guttural scream fills the room for a moment, making Rex jump from her in fright, yet he can't go anywhere as his cock is tied inside her cunt.

Kim collapses in exhaustion while Rex sits and waits for his massive cock to deflate so he can be free.

The End

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### **Order of the Mastiff (by Man4Mastiffs)**

On the road, every man had his dog, and every dog had his man. That was the way of the Order of the Mastiff, and there was no husband and wife across the land who could claim the same loving, intimate bond as a Mastiff and his dog. As travelers, they could cut across country with tireless speed, faster than any hard-marching platoon of soldiers. As trackers, they could hunt werewolves and other fearsome creatures with stealth and cunning. As partners, they shared everything they had, and kept each other warm when the night chill feel heavy on them. As lovers, they shared their bodies in perfect expressions of affection and bonding, strengthened with every spurt of seed from their customary ritual. This was why recruitment was always slow for the Order. Any man who joined them to hunt monsters of the world had to give up most of its pleasures, as well, for they swore to show sexual affection with no one except their canine partner until death.

Frowning, Mikhael scanned the horizon, with eyes sharpened by years of special potions and spells. He saw a treeline, but he did not see the clump of tents that he had been sent out to look for. His dog, a huge black mastiff, sniffed the ground with a frustrated rumbling, deep in his thick furry throat.

"Mikhael, old boy, you don't smell them, do you?" asked Mikhael the human. All members of the Order took on a new name, and shared it with their dog companion.

Mikhael the dog snorted, and practically shook his head. Mikhael the human got down on his haunches to watch the treeline for an hour or two. The sun was stumbling towards the horizon when man and dog finally stirred.

"Still nothing," murmured the man. "We'd better hunker down for the night."

They made camp in five minutes. One minute was spent rolling out the simple blanket in Mikhael's pack, and the next four were spent gathering branches from that treeline, and building a fire. Both man and dog wordlessly knew that it was unwise to camp that close to the forest, especially with a missing camp of loggers, and a scent that had suddenly and suspiciously gone cold. An hour of hunting netted them a few rabbits, which they cooked slowly and ate quickly. By then, the stars wheeled over them beautifully. The man stamped out the fire, and lay out on the blanket. The dog nestled it's massive frame under the man's arm. The man felt his penis engorge, and his mouth water, knowing what was to come. Mikhael was a horny dog, and never missed a chance to bond with his beautiful human.

The mastiff's nose twitched. The dog knew his man's scent intimately, and he had known he was aroused even before the man's cock had begun to swell beneath his robes. The dog began to show some lipstick as he got up and buried his muzzle under the man's robe. As the mastiff took a step deeper inside the robe, and bent down, the wet sounds of ball-licking and cock-tasting began to fill the air, along with the good-natured stink of wet male genitals. The man's eyes rolled in the back of his head as the mastiff feasted between his legs, slobbering on his shaft until it was fat and heavy in the dog's mouth.

"Good boy," breathed the man. "Good boy."



His balls slid and bumped against the mastiff's jowls as the long broad tongue splashed on Mikhael's human cockhead, extracting the first precious drop of precum and dwelling it eagerly. The man was not his master, but the dog had no qualms, and in fact great enthusiasm, in serving his needs first. The human's legs tensed and writhed as he came in hard spurts, groaning as the mastiff's busy mouth licked and gulped every last drop of his seed. The man, knees shaking, got up, and crawled around the dog's backside, stroking and kissing every inch of his powerful hairy body. When he came to the dog's rump, he cradled his asscheeks, and then hurriedly threw off his robe. Dog slobber dripped from his crotch as the man bent under to behold the mastiff's beautiful tool.

"Oh, Mikhael," murmured the man as he took a long, deliberate lick of his companion's emerging penis. With several wet licks, the cock was fully emerged, and spurting rounds of precum that the man closed his lips around the blunt cocktip in order to suck down like milk. Mikhael had a smaller tongue, but he kept it active, along with his firm lips and his skilled hands as he sucked and devoured his beautiful canine's cock, and balls. The night air was heavy with Mikhael the dog's potent pheromones. Mikhael the human sweated and trembled, worshiping between the hind legs of his powerful mate. He lost himself so much in the act that he almost missed it when Mikhael the dog began to snort and cum. Mikhael the man's lips planted firmly on the canine cock, and his throat bulged as he swallowed as much semen as he could before it ran in rivulets down his cheek and chin.

Mikhael the dog bumped his human with his head affectionately, and the man embraced him tight, and let him lick his face clean, and lick his bare skin, and smell his armpit, and cuddle tightly until man and beast fell asleep, intimately bonded and afraid of no darkness.

*The End*