

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Melissa was a timid woman. Most who knew her growing up were surprised when she decided to move to the city to attend college. She was hours away from her nearest family member and had to look out for and make arrangements for herself. But the young woman had been determined not to let her fears hold her back as an adult as she had as a child.

Having the rather Amazonian Debbie as her roommate throughout college helped quite a bit. The curly red-haired, and freckled student became just as protective of her petite raven-haired, pale-skinned Melissa as her family had once been. The two were rarely seen apart, and as neither was particularly good at making friends, they spent the majority of their time alone together. This fuelled rumors about the two that promptly turned them red when they reached Melissa's ears. While the stories initially made Debbie's mouth turn up in a sly grin, they soon aroused a much more bitter response. So despite their closeness, once school was over for them, Debbie was unsurprised that Melissa rejected her offer to continue as a roommate, and Melissa was once again left alone.

Melissa secured herself a lovely apartment in a good part of the city, her new job paid well, and she would not want anything of importance. Confident her timid nature had been broken, she settled into her new home for her first night. That night promptly shattered her self-confidence as she shivered under her covers, jumping at every errant sound and not sleeping a wink.

After a second sleepless night, she couldn't go on like this. She needed someone to be there with her. She needed the emotional support, she wanted Debbie, but it was too late. She would never know how things might have been different if she dared to say yes to her dear friend's proposal.

Putting these thoughts aside, she decided the only other solution was to get a dog. Her apartment building allowed them. Soundproofing meant barking was rarely a problem, and she'd always had a dog growing up. With that decided, she made her way to the animal shelter, where she met Missy.

Missy was a gorgeous golden retriever with the deepest brown eyes Melissa had ever seen. She couldn't help but laugh at the irony of the name, she had never liked the nickname some insisted on using with her, but she found it rather fitting for the dog. The shelter volunteer told Melissa that Missy was two years old and brought in by her previous owner, who had been forced to move to an apartment that did not allow pets. Unfortunately, she had put so much time and effort into obedience training, which made Missy a rather fortunate find for a new owner like Melissa.

Missy took to Melissa as readily as the woman took to her. Her tail thumped wildly at the sight of her, and she eagerly jumped up to lick the young woman's face and rushed around her until a light chastising caused her to sit at her feet immediately. It all seemed perfect, and soon, Missy was racing through Melissa's apartment, sniffing everything in sight, and that night, Melissa slept soundly for the first time curled up next to Missy, whom they both seemed to agree would share Melissa's bed.

Then suddenly, a change came over Missy. Her sweet, affectionate muzzles became very needy as she rubbed up against Melissa with such force she would nearly knock the poor woman over and let out needy groans. She was restless, too, never staying still in bed, constantly rolling and fidgeting. Melissa's concern peaked when she noticed the blood seeping from Missy's vagina.

In Melissa's panicked mind, the simple connection between her monthly bleeding and Missy was never made. She had never seen a dog act like this or bleed, and it would not be for some that she would learn that the few female dogs her family had were spayed. Instead, she raced to her computer, Missy nearly tripping her along the way, and did what any good 21st-century girl would

do and googled the problem. It didn't take long for her to discover what was happening. Missy was in heat. It was probable that her previous had wished to breed the golden retriever and so never had her fixed. Having Missy fixed was the solution that goggle suggested to fix the problem, but after learning what it entailed, Melissa knew instantly that she could never subject poor Missy to something like that.

That decision made, the internet could only suggest Melissa be patient and gentle with Missy and wait for the heat to pass, three days down, eighteen to go. With a sigh, Melissa pushed herself back from her desk and stood up. With the summer heat coming down fully on the city, she wore a silky pair of panties and a button shirt. She made her way to the hallway, slumped against the wall, and slid down to the hard cool wooden floor. Missy instantly moved to rub madly against her.

"I guess we'll be having a few more restless nights after all, huh, girl?" Melissa said as she stroked Missy's head, coaxing her to settle it into her lap for a while.

The hardwood floors would be easier to clean than the carpeted living room and bedroom, but Missy seemed to give Melissa a sorrowful whine of apology. "It's not your fault, darling," Melissa answered gently, scratching Missy's ears. "Just relax, and let me take care of you."

They stayed like that for nearly an hour Melissa petting Missy and whispering sweet nothings to her, both trying to ignore the flushed heat of their bodies. Soon enough, Missy began to fidget restlessly once again, and Melissa (trying to calm her) kneaded her fingers through the dogs' fur down her spine until she reached her rump. Once there, the female's tail shot high in response to the rubbing, and Missy groaned. Melissa rubbed the dog's rump as a blush spread across her face.

During the initial crisis, Melissa had only thought of Missy's health while examining the dog's hind quarters. Still, now that Missy was groaning in pleasure at her attention, her mind drifted back to that spot with a drastically different interest. Of course, she couldn't see Missy's vulva, but the images from her computer search helped her paint a pretty realistic picture. As the image of the hot, moist red, distinctly triangular vagina danced through her mind, she realized that she would only have to reach a little further to find out what it felt like, a curiosity quickly becoming a throbbing need in her breast.

Biting her lip to steady herself, Melissa began to reach back a little further. "It couldn't possibly hurt Missy if I touched it," she reassured herself, moving her hand past the tail.

Missy lets out another groan that sounded suspiciously encouraging. Melissa touched the hot skin of the desired object with the tip of her middle finger first, then slowly slid over its mound until the finger dipped back down into a moist cleft. Melissa paused there, not intending to go any further, but a need push back from Missy caused her finger to sink into the first knuckle without warning. Melissa gasped at the feeling of the hot, slick hole, and despite intending to pull out, she pressed in, reaching the second knuckle and the limit of her arm's reach.

Missy moaned at the attention, squeezing Melissa's finger hungrily, but the young woman couldn't give anymore. Still, a thought came to Melissa then. Perhaps if she could satisfy her poor Missy's needs, she would be able to relax for at least the night. With that thought in mind, she began sliding the digit in and out of Missy. However, these slight movements only resulted in the poor, needy retriever becoming increasingly frustrated, and after a minute of this teasing, she jumped to her feet.

Melissa was startled at Missy's sudden movement, her finger being dislodged from her partner's vagina. However, she became even more surprised when Missy whipped around, her tail still held high, and presented her hindquarters to Melissa. The young woman hesitated for a moment, unsure

what she was supposed to do until Missy looked back at her and whined, then she understood.

Melissa reached up to reinsert her finger into the dog, but catching sight of her long nails, she suddenly wasn't sure she wouldn't end up hurting Missy with a more forceful thrust. With that thought giving her pause and another curious desire pushing her on, Melissa took a deep breath, seized Missy's hips in her hand, and dove face first into the dog's backside pressing her tongue against the hot wet vulva.

Melissa's tongue slid into the folds of Missy's vagina, and she was greeted with a taste she had never experienced before, one that she became hopelessly and forever addicted to as she furiously lapped and drank in the intoxicating sweet and salty taste of her beloved Missy. Missy groaned and whined in delight pushing back against Melissa's face trying to get more of the warm wriggling inside of her. That, combined with the occupation of her mouth, Melissa could only take in short gasps of air through her nose, which was buried in Missy's fur. With every breath, she drew in more and more of Missy's beautiful scent.

It might have been minutes, or it might have been an hour that Melissa spent with her tongue firmly sunk into her dog's vagina, thrusting back and forth, licking up and down, but somehow she never tired. Then the walls of Missy's vagina clamped down almost painfully onto Melissa's tongue, and her mouth was flooded with the rich taste of her beloved. It was so much that when she finally managed to pull away, she gulped audibly to swallow it down.

Melissa just sat there panting for several moments until Missy's tongue swept across her cheek and sank into her mouth. Melissa responded in kind, licking at Missy's tongue, and the two wrestled for dominance for a few moments before Missy quickly overpowered her. Melissa let Missy clean the mess off of her face and neck before settling down to clean herself.

Free of her lover's attention, at last, Melissa shakily gets to her feet and feels the cool dampness of her shirt and the warm dampness of her panties. She decided she was better off without them. Stripping them off as she moved shakily to her room and collapsing onto her bed in exhaustion. A moment later, another weight joined her on the bed, and Missy's strong, soft, furry form slumped next to her. Letting a smile come to her face, Melissa wrapped her arms around Missy and let sleep take her.

The End