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"So, you gonna take him or not?" Sara's brother asked impatiently.

Sara glanced up, then back down to the large, tan dog lying between them, curled and licking himself. "He does this all the time?" she asked, frowning.

Mason laughed. "Nah, sis, Whiskeys just young. You gotta train him not to do all that shit."

"And you're sure you can't take him?"

"And put him where? In my footlocker? I'm going into the fire academy, sis, not taking a freakin' vacation."

She stared at Whiskey, thinking it would be nice to have a little companionship, plus he was certainly big and muscular, so he would definitely make an intruder think twice. She had heard there had been a couple of break-ins somewhere in her neighborhood.

Releasing a deep sigh, she gave in, "Fine. I'll take him for the rest of the year. But when you get back and get settled with a job, you better come and get this mutt."

"Scout's honor," Mason replied happily and began loading his sister's hatchback with Whiskey's food and dog bed.

An hour later and all loaded up, Sara journeyed down the highway, returning home. Whiskey was lying in the passenger seat, doing what he seemed to do best, licking himself. Sara gave the dog a passing glance, then quickly looked again. Her eyes widened at the sight of the thick, pink, veiny equipment he was so intent on cleaning. "Damn boy," she muttered, focusing on the road. Whiskey stopped, raising his head to see what she wanted. She looked again as he showed off his impressive tool jutting just in front of his hanging, black balls. She hadn't noticed that earlier before she agreed to take him. She licked her lips and tried to focus on driving, shifting in her seat to accommodate the moistness growing between her legs.

They pulled into the garage, where she parked and grabbed his dog bed from the back and took it inside with them. Whiskey followed with his nose to the floor, sniffing and familiarizing himself with his new surroundings.

"Don't you dare mark your territory, mutt. See all this shit? It's all mine. You want to mark something, hold it until you go out, then you can tinkle away," she warned. He looked up at her and cocked his head, his tail in a slow, relaxed wag.

They went upstairs to her bedroom, where she tossed Whiskey's oversized bed next to her nightstand. She figured he might as well earn his keep and make sure the Boogiemans didn't get her when she slept. Whiskey watched her drop the bed, where he took a brief sniff, then jumped up onto Sara's plush bed, circling and lying down.

"Oh, hell no! Get your furry butt off my clean blankets!" she shouted, leaning over to swat at him. He scooted to the other side, just outside her reach, and she put her hands on her hips. "Look, buddy. We are going to set some ground rules," she said and pointed back at his bed on the floor. "That's where you sleep."

Whiskey, hearing the firmness in her voice, gave in for now and reluctantly jumped off her bed. "Good boy," she said, happily satisfied at her freshly found authority.

The rest of the afternoon was spent with Whiskey getting to know his surroundings and adjusting to

Sara's daily routine. After dinner, they both went into the living room and crashed on the sofa. Whiskey scooted close to her and laid his heavy head on her leg while she slowly stroked his back.

Yeah, she could get used to this. Unknowing to all involved parties except her, she'd always liked Whiskey since Mason had brought him home from the shelter a few months ago. She didn't want her brother to know about her fondness for the dog, or else he would pawn Whiskey off on her whenever he had a chick over or went to the clubs.

She found her hand slowly wandering over his muscular shoulders, across his barrel chest and down his tight haunches. She could feel the ripples of his strength and the power of his hard muscles beneath her touch. Her strokes shifted, gliding over his belly and drifting farther back and down his rear legs as he slept. She realized she was testing him to see if he would let her touch his bulge or not. She almost giggled, realizing he was just a dog with a big fucking dick tucked inside that bulge, not some shy virgin boy she met at a college party. Yeah, I'm pretty sure he'll let me touch it.

She was about to go ahead when Whiskey jerked awake, nose sniffing the air. She lifted her hand from his side, waiting to see if he wanted to get up and follow whatever he smelled or go back to sleep. Sara watched his sniffing snout turn and start sniffing the inside of her leg, leaning up until his sniffing nose was planted in her crotch. She shuddered when he pushed hard, and she felt the thin, cool material of her panties press against the warm wetness of her cunt.

"Holy shit, boy. I guess I was getting wet thinking about you," she gasped as he continued to nose fuck her. "And apparently, you know what a bitch in heat smells like?" she asked, spotting the pink tip of his cock poking from his furry sheath. She slipped her hand underneath his belly and massaged the hardness inside his fur, watching in amazement as his shaft continued to emerge and present itself.

He pulled his muzzle from her crotch and stepped off the couch, turning to look at her while wagging his tail. His red, veiny cock jutted prominently underneath his furry belly, swinging side to side.

"Damn, boy. You're ready to fuck aren't you?" she muttered, hurriedly standing to push her jeans and panties down and ripping off her bra and shirt. Now nude, she sat down again, spreading her legs wide and showing her new friend what he wanted.

Whisky wasted no time and dived into her snatch, his wet, long tongue probing and tasting, making Sara squirm and moan. He lapped at her pussy loudly, slurping and licking, pushing his tongue deep in her and tasting her inner sweetness. His hot breath blowing across her pussy sent chills down her spine.

"Fuck. Why can't a guy have a tongue like you?" she moaned, grabbing his furry, blocky head and rubbing behind his ears to encourage him. She knew it was wrong, but she was willing to bet that if anyone tried what she was presently getting, they'd change their mind.

She whimpered as she climaxed, feeling the orgasm roll across her in waves. One after another, each more powerful than the last, and in return, driving Whiskey wild. He forced his tongue farther inside her, tasting the new sweetness of her convulsing cunt. His cock steadily dripped precum onto her carpet as he pleased his new bitch.

After a few minutes, Sara slumped back, and Whiskey hopped up, putting his front paws on either side of her lean waist and locked eyes as he scooted forward between her sweaty legs.

"Oh, you bad boy. Now, you wanna fuck my wet pussy? You want to pump your puppy batter in me,

don't you, my sexy boy?" she moaned, pulling him closer and leaning up. He lapped at her face while she playfully teased his muzzle with her own tongue and lips. His muscular hips started flexing and thrusting as his hot cock slipped along her inner thigh, spraying precum across her bare legs, trying to find a hole for his cock.

She scooted down and shoved a throw pillow under her rear, raising it enough to allow him better access. That was all it took, and she gave a brief yelp when the burning tip of his leaking cock slipped inside her. She tensed, knowing he was about to balls-to-the-wall wild on her pussy, and he didn't disappoint. Once aligned, he buried all thick, eight inches inside her with a hard thrust and started jackhammering her pussy fast and hard.

Sara let her head drop back, giving herself to her stud and feeling his hard knot slam against her velvety lips repeatedly. She knew what he wanted, and she wanted to give it to him. She relaxed, enjoying the panting and grunting of the stud fucking her hard. She looked into his glazed and distant eyes, knowing he had but one purpose, to breed this bitch. His drool and slobber dripped in a constant stream and soon coated her stomach and tight tits as he desperately struggled to impregnate her.

A few minutes later, her pussy was swollen, battered and lubed enough that with a single, hard shove, Whiskey's knot filled her. It expanded rapidly, making her groan as her cunt struggled to accommodate her stud's growing girth. His aggressive thrusting slowed and finally came to a halt as he panted heavily.

"Give it to me, baby. Blast those puppies in me, boy," Sara moaned, clenching her pussy around his knot and waiting for his hot gift. Seconds later, the first of many burning shots thumped against her womb, making her feel warm as his hot, watery jizz spread through her belly. She raised her head to kiss and lick his panting muzzle as he drained his hanging balls. She crossed her legs over his back, pulling her pussy tight against his pumping cock.

A short while later, Sara woke abruptly as she was yanked off the sofa, trapped underneath Whiskey as he tried to back away. She uncrossed her legs from his back, and his deflated knot was sucked from her wet cunt as she fell to the floor. He hopped on the sofa again, curling to lick her wetness from his cock.

Sara lay on the floor, dazed, while Whiskey's cum flowed freely onto the carpet. She squealed, realizing the mess and shoved her hand between her legs to trap his escaping load. She waddled upstairs to her master bath, plopping on the toilet and removing her hand. Unplugged, Whiskey's watery cum drained into the toilet, sounding like a long, steady piss. She glanced between her legs at her inflamed and battered pussy. "You fucked my shit all up," she grunted, wiping tenderly before jumping in the shower.

She got out, feeling refreshed and clean, grabbing a towel to dry off. The throbbing between her legs had lessened, and she took time to brush her teeth and hair, then made her way into the bedroom. She stopped in mid-stride, frowning. Whiskey was already on her bed, lying on his side, sleeping.

"I guess since you fucked me like a whore, it's your bed now?"

Whiskey didn't acknowledge her question, pretending to sleep.

"Just like a fucking guy," she muttered, climbing onto the bed next to the dog and slipping under the covers.

Sara was jarred awake by being poked in the face by something hard and wet. She turned her head,

trying to avoid the poking. Who the fuck was poking her, and why couldn't she move? She came out of her slumber just in time to see Whiskey's red, veiny cock slide across her forehead while his balls smashed against her lips.

"Goddammit! Get off me!" she shouted, trying to figure out why she couldn't get her arms up. She realized she was trapped under the thick blankets, and he was on top, straddling her arms and body, unknowingly holding the blankets and sheets snug around her preventing movement.

He was determined to face fuck her regardless of if she wanted it or not. Fortunately for Whiskey, Sara wanted it and wiggled her head farther up, opening her mouth. Puppy precum sprayed across her cheek as he frantically humped her head. She managed to get her lips around the tip of his thrusting cock and guided it into her mouth. Once Whiskey felt his cock poke a warm, wet hole, he resumed his enthusiastic humping, shoving it down her throat and making her gag. Her throat spasmed around his spurting cock until she managed to sink her head back enough so he wouldn't choke her and enjoyed the thrill. He panted heavily as he tried to force his knot into her mouth, but she pursed her lips tightly, gripping his thrusting cock and holding his swelling knot at bay.

After several minutes of face humping, he grew tired and gave up, withdrawing and stepping off her. She quickly scooted from under the covers and moved her head underneath his belly, closing her lips around his cock, which made him resume his frantic thrusting. Knowing he wanted to cum badly, she reached up and gripped the base of his knot, gently pulling it toward her. Feeling things had changed and he could finally bust a nut, he slowed and let his new bitch do the work. He stood still, letting her head bob beneath him as her lips slid up and down his veiny cock until, finally, he whimpered, releasing his gamey, watery load. She sucked greedily, tasting the hot, wildness of his semen. Moving her free hand, she shoved her hand between her legs, fingering her clit and rubbing until she was soon squirming from her own climax.

Once he was done with her mouth, Whiskey pulled away, jumped off the bed and trotted downstairs. She reluctantly got up and wobbled unsteadily after him, knowing it was probably pooping or pissing time.

Sure enough, Whiskey was sniffing at the patio door and quickly exited when she slid it open. She smiled, watching him sniff, circle, sniff, circle until he finally found the precise area to relieve himself. His cock was still hanging half out and dangled below him as he released his hot flow. Thankfully, she had followed her instincts, letting him out because now it was number two. While watching him circle again, then squat, her cell rang. She glanced at who it was, and a broad, mischievous grin erupted across her lips as she answered.

"Hey, little brother, you get situated at the Academy yet?"

"Hey, sis, yeah. The dorm's a lot smaller than I thought. Even if I had wanted to take Whiskey, I wouldn't have the room."

With a wicked grin, she answered, "Whiskey's fine where he is. He seems happy enough."

"That's good; after those ugly faces you made yesterday watching him try and give himself a blowjob, I wasn't sure it would work out. Did you teach him who's boss yet?"

"Most definitely," she answered, opening the door and letting Whiskey inside. "Nah, he's a good dog. I just had to pay some attention to him, and he's pretty much forgotten about all that self-pleasure shit."

"Really? I played with that mutt constantly, and he always found time to do that," Mason answered.

Whiskey made his way to where she sat on the barstool, sniffing her bare legs. She spread them, and he moved in, giving her a tentative lick that sent shivers down her spine. "What can I say? Maybe he just needed a woman's attention?" She leaned over, spotting Whiskey's cock poking prominently from its furry sheath. "Sorry, little brother, glad you got in safely, but I gotta let you go."

"Uh, ok. Take good care of my boy, OK?"

"I'll make sure I'll cater to his every need. Talk to you later," she answered, putting the phone down. "Now, stud. What hole do you want to shove that big, beautiful cock in?"

She slipped off the bar stool, dropped to her knees and playfully wrestled with him. The soft fur made her skin tingle as he playfully pushed her around. He nipped at her arms and bare butt, pushing her aside with his heavy body. She noticed his cock was starting to drip from their wrestling match. She giggled, "Oh, you like it rough, don't you?" She imitated a cowering bitch by looking away and pulling her body close but exposing her bare ass. She whined a little encouragement, and Whiskey immediately tried to mount her, humping and thrusting across her side and down her smooth ass. He moved behind her, wrapping his paws around her thin waist as she pushed her butt toward his thrusting cock and waited for him to find the hole. At this point, her body ached to be bred in any hole. Whiskey did find a hole, and he shoved his cock deep into her virgin asshole.

She fell forward with a muffled scream and was quickly moved back into position by his strong front legs wrapped around her waist and pulled tight against his thrusting cock. She moaned as he did his best to impregnate her tight, little asshole, and she let her head sink to the floor, feeling the cool tile press against her cheek. He had turned alpha male, and he made sure she knew it. His thrusting was fast and hard, dominating her throbbing butt hole with his spurting cock. His drool dripped steadily on her back as he pulled her back with each thrust forward. His black, hanging balls slapped rhythmically against her wet cunt.

By now, her tight, virgin asshole was getting worn, inflamed and starting to burn, and now, she kinda wished he would have bred her pussy again, but Whiskey didn't give her a choice. Her butthole burned painfully as he tried to wedge his knot inside her, and she started to wonder if he would actually be able to get it in. Her virgin hole was growing numb and losing sensitivity with each pounding thrust.

"Sorry boy, I don't think it's...", she paused, grunting loudly as his knot slipped past her battered hole and lodged inside, quickly swelling. "Never mind," she groaned. She shoved her hand between her legs and under his hanging balls, rubbing and teasing her clit. As soon as the steady and forceful pumping of his cock lodged inside her asshole began, she trembled, bathing in the orgasmic wave washing over her. Whiskey shifted and threw a front leg over her rear, followed by the other until he had turned around and they were butt to butt.

She looked back and asked, "So you feel better now?" Panting heavily, Whiskey turned his head back and looked at her. From his expression, she figured he was feeling just fine.

She raised her arm and reached overhead to the bar, feeling for her phone. She grabbed it and dropped back into her breeding stance, dialing her little brother.

He answered after the third ring, "Hey, sis. You're calling me to come to get Whiskey, ain't you?"

"On the contrary, Whiskey is being a really good boy. What can I say? We just connected, I guess," she said, wincing as he shifted upon hearing his name. She could feel his warm cum start to drip down her puffy cunt lips as he filled her ass to capacity. "No, actually, I wanted to know the shelter's name where you got him."

"Fremont county rescue, I think."

She grunted when Whiskey started tugging, trying and unplug their connection. "Ok, thanks. Gotta go!" she choked and ended the call, preparing for the mess to follow. Sara threw her hand around her butt, ready to cover her asshole when he pulled free. She groaned as he tugged and wiggled his knot free, yanking it out of her worn hole with a pop. She pushed her fingers over her hole only to find two fingers weren't enough and ended up palming her gaping asshole.

"Goddamn Whiskey, you shove a baseball bat back there?" she groaned, rising and waddling to the bathroom, where she eased onto the toilet. She removed her hand, and a gush of watery cum poured from her open hole. She moaned as his hot cum evacuated from her open and burning butthole.

Whiskey appeared in the doorway after he'd finished cleaning his dick. He slowly eased up to her and put his head on her leg, his tail drooping in apology.

"Oh shit, baby boy. I was joking. You don't have to feel bad for doing what you must do. My asshole will tighten up, might take a week, but I'll be fine. I'm not mad at you," she said, stroking his head. His tail perked up and started wagging in response. She leaned over, and he raised his head while they licked and kissed each other, letting their tongues taste and tease.

After she took a shower, she let Whiskey out again and searched her phone for the dog rescue. Finding it, she dialed and waited.

"Fremont county rescue," a voice said.

"Hi, I was wondering if you had any job openings?"

"Sure do. If you've got time tomorrow, we're having an open house."

"Hey, sounds good to me. I'll be there."

"OK, see you tomorrow anytime between twelve and two o'clock."

She ended the call, and unknown to her, that would start her journey into an unexpected foursome.