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BEASTIALITY STORIES



My name is Junjio. I'm 34 and live alone in a small Tokyo apartment. A lot of the days go by quick, working, and then the evenings slow and dull. I've been lonely for a long time, with no real family nearby, or contact with friends or a boyfriend for a couple of years now. It's like this for a lot of city dwellers in modern Japan. It got so bad for me that I found myself going crazy, thinking all sorts of strange thoughts, getting lost in my own space for ages, and eventually, I bought a house pet. I didn't really like animals growing up, but I thought if there weren't going to be people in my life right now, at least I could get an animal.

At first, I got a big English mastiff, a strong dog to make me feel safe at home. He had thick muscles, little fur, and vacant black eyes, with a serious and set expression always on his face to match. He was to make me feel safe, I repeated to myself when picking him out nervously at the local breeder...but from the beginning, he was so much bigger than me. Trying to pull on his lead as I walked him back to my apartment through the bustling city, he just seemed to have a mind of his own, his head and gaze somewhere else, and he moved only when he wanted.

His thick red collar never even seemed to move when I pulled, that's how weak I felt. I'm quite a petite girl, still pretty and youthful-looking at my age, I feel much younger, always, with my hair long and a fringe just above my eyes. I got quite embarrassed standing there in the city center, as he kept stopping, and I waited for him to want to move again; I knew my cheeks were flushing a burning red, and maybe people stared. I would lightly pat him on the head every now and then in these moments, to ease my own nerves and make it look like I was still in control, that there was a reason for this, even if it was in the middle of a busy walkway, but I think that now and it doesn't even make any sense.

Now I had frightened nights at home; Tut, I named him, would stand in shadows, and I'd curl up behind my covers, having forgotten to shut the bedroom door, praying he wouldn't come closer, and looking after him after he'd left, wondering if I shouldn't follow. I left his food bowl by the door and started eating breakfast in my locked room, bowls of pre-made rice on the bedside cabinet. He was so tall, up to just beneath my breasts when he stood really proud. I'd never felt that feeling of loneliness more profoundly, and the fear so palpable in my apartment as I did then. My apartment is only a few rooms and each quite small too; his presence and shadow took up so much of that space.

I got myself a little Pomeranian friend because I was terrified, just the next day, panicking, and more than ever, I needed that friend. Tento was the most adorable and puffy little thing I've ever owned, and he could just eat me right up - quite big for this breed, though still very small. My second friend, I couldn't just rid of Tut, what an awful person that would make me, I could never let an animal get hurt, or anyone, would curl asleep on my belly and was so light he rose and sank as I breathed.

We ate berries, and I gave him little doggie chocolate treats the size of his tiny mouth that he gobbled up and would then yip up and bounce around the room. He made me giggle and smile and blush and knot back my hair behind my ear. I knew I'd bought two males, and I didn't really know much about dogs, were they alphas, I worried, and would they fight for control of the apartment, but I'd always preferred the company of boys at school and even later at work, just for some reason.

That's what I told myself. I don't really know if that was a conscious decision or not. I loved to make Tento feel good; I would scratch his little head, and he'd yip and get as close as he could to bark, and sink into my belly, with his eyes rolling up into his head and his little tongue hanging out as he panted softly and eventually gave in to being just wonderfully happy.

We were alone in my room one evening, with the door locked from Tut who I couldn't stand being

stared at by but couldn't shake from my thoughts either, after a lot of evenings in the dark, me lazy and scrolling through social media, laughing at the smallest good things I could find, scrolling quickly past the distressing or annoying (unless they really grabbed my annoyed attention), with my pajama buttons undone. I sprinkled some chocolate treats for Tento onto my belly and breasts as a plate for him to pick up off, and my skin tickled electrically, I jerked, Tento... I held him before knocking him off my belly.

He was startled by my sudden movement, but I'd felt so awful and cruel. "I'm so sorry, my big, strong boy! Oh, I'm sorry, Tento, sorry, sorry," and I stroked his head furtively, fearful I'd hurt him.

He seemed annoyed almost, I didn't know what to do, but then he'd forgotten it and was licking chocolates off my chest and breasts again. "EEK," I shuddered, muffling myself with the back of my hand.

I couldn't push him off; he just went away, picking off chocolates with nonchalance, with all his happy attention and interest on that small task. I had to admit something awful; I knew why I was buying those dogs. No, that wasn't it. I panted small and childishly, far too loudly, as Tento, picked up every last one, and after the last I pulled him straight in and close, and held him close to my face, whispering good boy, good boy, secretly my heart racing now it was over, and so thankful it was over. And then he was licking my face in tiny tongue licks. I wanted to suck his cock.

Fuck. Fuck! My hand went to his sheath, then quickly no, away, rubbing my hand against my skin. Why was I so lonely? Why was I like this? These dogs were so happy, they didn't deserve this. I thought of Tut, and his serious, unchanging expression, that heavy, muscular and drooping body, and those beady eyes, that glossy look that looked everywhere and nowhere, and I didn't know if it was looking at me or not. I wanted to have sex with him. With both.

I wasn't going to. I'd had sex before, a few times, at college and then a little after. Not for a long while. I fed Tento a little grain or two of rice from my secret breakfast bowl on the bedside table, ready for tomorrow morning. The morning routine now was the feed, the rush of clothes, the quick unlock then slow and small creek open of the door, and then the quick bolt to the front door before Tut could be stirred from his luxury matted dog bed in the corner. Like a king, or emperor ruling the kitchen and living space.

I was leaving half an hour early now because I knew he woke with the sun through the big glass wall-windows, and I had to sit in a quiet spot on my phone or trying anxiously to read at a bench outside the subway whilst the time went past, and then go to work. I really hated myself, deep down. I felt lonely; I felt like talking to people always went badly. I'd been trying to work on it, but being so scared meant it took me lifetimes to make the smallest steps, and that meant most times, it really felt like little had changed at all.

Tut I had given a little thin blue-collar, which hung gently in and amongst his fur. He really was the sweetest thing. But, even as those beady eyes looked at me in wonder, all I could think about was making him my fuck toy. I wondered what it would take, I'd seen girls on the internet do it with seemingly no incentive, but then I read a lot about having to use food. Maybe I'd let him lick me on purpose.

The door creaked open. No, it was locked! Tut's shadow. I just froze. Tento was still licking my face and giving out occasional yaps! of glee. I couldn't make out Tut's face, but he walked forward, calmly, slowly, with slow purpose. I didn't know what he wanted. I was so scared.

"Come here, boy," I said quietly, so quietly, did I even say it? A little louder, "Come here, boy," and

then he'd leaped onto the bed.

He was so tall. He was so strong and handsome. He was twice the size of me. Oh god... he dove his nose slowly, almost deliberately, under the bedsheet covering my lower half. I didn't understand what was going on. What was he suddenly doing? And now? Had I been... I yelped, a thick red tongue against my crotch. I could feel the stagnant, sour taste of my pussy juices as he licked them up so eagerly.

"Tut!" I screamed. I don't know if in rage, in fear, in ecstasy, in desperation and relief and, "Oh my god, stop."

He was so strong. I think I was starting to cry. Would my dog rape me? I muffled myself with the back of my hand, but the spare grabbed the fur on his head and held him there.

"Please, big boy, stop. Don't don't stop."

Tento was still licking my face, and he licked uncomfortably at my eyelids, at the salty tears before they even had a chance to leave. I reached out now and held onto the bedposts, and suddenly Tut had leaped forward, pushing his face into mine, thrusting at my lower end with his hips. I could feel each rib through his skin, as I think I pulled his body close, then he found himself, and ground into me, with fastness and desperation, pouring his heavy dick into my crotch, and I couldn't breathe. I'd missed something out deliberately in this story; I had forgotten to myself that this wasn't the first time.

All the porn I'd watched had gotten confused with reality. Coming home and spending hours building up the courage to go into the kitchen, and then going to Tut's bed and tickling his head, then his belly - lower, lower. Had that really happened? I wanted to go to his bed as he slept and gently suck him off, the mighty emperor being served by his concubine bitch. I don't care how that sounds.

Tento had to jump off and had nowhere to go. Tut didn't care; he just pounded, caressing into his bitch, his huge body rocking the bed, creaking and shaking, and breaking my tiny little body. I slammed back and forth against the wall, knocking my head against it, and it cracked, brains and blood spilling out, that's how it felt. My pelvis crushed into dust, it was tight agony, he wound his thick dick into me, joining us, and I just about held on in the middle of the rape, and more than anything I couldn't admit still that I'd bought him just for this; I'd bought specifically a former breeding dog, just in case, just because I thought he might be more receptive then.

He didn't care how much he was fucking me. The bed knocked into the bedside table, spilling my rice everywhere, and Tento jumped down to eagerly lick it up. He was still riding, and I realized he didn't love me. He just wanted a masturbation toy. I had some chocolates left from the bag and reached for them, as I groaned and he panted and yelped in domination and satisfaction, growling at his concubine conquest, and I started feeding the chocolates shakily up to him, as he ground away at me, and I was trying to mush them into his face between his growling teeth, trying to get his love like I had Tento's so delicately.

Instead, all I could really do was weakly thrust back at him with my hips. I tried to latch my legs around his body a few times, but they kept falling back down, I was too small, my hips less wide than his body, and I just let him keep going as my eyes rolled back, and so did his, I was vaguely aware of Tento on my face again, and I don't know if I'd jacked him off or what, but I remember his tiny dick face fucking me, as he jammed it in with ecstasy, and all three of us were a bond.

The knot was growing in Tut, and I wanted nothing more than to be pregnant with his puppy-babies.

He was getting increasingly excited, his face screwing up and squinting, and I was in love with it just then. All my worries gone, giving myself up to my master, and then Tonto, my little Pomeranian, came hot and sticky white semen down my throat as he yipped loudly. Finally, Tut howled, and his knot bulged thick and wedged in me, and my body was then hot from the dog semen exploding into my belly all at once. There was panting as they slowed and stopped, and both my boys had conquered me.

Tut's heavy body slumped happily on top of me, still in me, crushing me like a huge yellow blanket, as his eyes wavered and then closed in sleep and satisfaction, and in his little doggy dream my big boy still hammered away at me, now just little small, arching thrusts. I had my arms around him and caressed his back, and hugged him close, still knotted. I smiled and massaged Tonto's head as he curled up on me, the cum pouring from my lips. Then my eyes drifted too, and I blacked out.

I woke up the next day and didn't go into work. I felt ashamed and naked, happy to admit what I'd felt, strange that it had been real. Another day passed, I got the courage to face my dogs; they'd slept on the floor and bed, Tut on the bed, Tonto on the floor. I was allowed with the emperor as his concubine on the bed. That was a ridiculous thing to say. I thought that would be the end of all of it. The next day, I let Tut fuck me from behind.

It was very quick; he woke up, I realized what was going to happen from what he felt and what I really felt, and I bent down, and he leaped up. He was just a desperate and dirty little dog, but I loved him. We had a lot more sex in the next few days and weeks, but it felt more natural and mature at that time. I changed jobs, quitting the one I had. I had no friends there, no life.

Tonto was a lot more reticent and not much into sex, he was too sweet; I wonder if it was just the excitement the other day that had gotten him into it. Still, I told Tut to leave us be a couple of times, and we just hung out, or occasionally I got him to open up, we even went missionary one time, and he hammered away all excited and happy, thinking he'd done such a good job afterward. I praised him and rubbed his little head, which he seemed more excited about than the sex and leaving his small seed in my virgin body, and gave him chocolate treats, and we cuddled as I fell asleep to online videos.

Tut was a more stoic dog; he knew his place, and around him, I knew his. I didn't know how long such a relationship could last, though it gave me the courage to finally get out and try new things. I love my two boys, my two dogs, and they and their sex changed my life and world; but I could never share this story with anyone before now. I know what a lot of people might think, and I know a lot of people might take things the wrong way. I was lonely and unhappy, and their red dicks gave me a chance.

I might even want to take a human again someday if I feel brave enough for it. But not yet. Walking Tut at the park and traveling the city with him has been a dream. It's a strange, and maybe a lonely life, with just my two dogs and me, their bitch, but hey, I am a bitch, and I do take and love their cocks, and you can sue me for it.

The End