

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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"Would you fuck a horse?"

"No," I answer immediately.

"I'm sorry, but Lucky Dog Productions only hires for stable positions."

"W-what?"

Let me start from the beginning. I'm a 39-year-old woman, and I have low self-esteem. My friends tell me I'm only overweight, and not obese. Sometimes guys tell me I'm a bit of a husky woman.

I own a beautiful husky dog, but he might be gay. Can dogs be gay? This was the question I asked myself as I sat alone in my apartment and cried.

"I should fuck dogs," I mumbled to myself dejectedly. I sniffled and buried my face in my pillow as I lied on my bed. "I'm a fat fucking..." I wanted to say slut or whore, but that was the fantasy, not the reality.

"Oh, my fucking Gawd." I started shaking. I was close to orgasm. I must have been so distraught that time seemed to slow down, or maybe I just didn't notice my arousal because of how upset I was. I realized that I wanted to be vaginally penetrated by my Husky. I also realized that he never showed any interest in me despite not being neutered. In retrospect, I think that I needed to prove to myself that an animal could enjoy me so I could work up the courage to start dating again.

Within a day, I was married to a 68-year-old man with medically incurable erectile dysfunction. My biggest first world problem now is waiting for the butler and maid to go home for the night so master's five large, male breed, well hung, dogs can empty their loads in my holes.

My husky loves his new home, he's such a good boy even when I'm screaming, although that might be because he's usual pet by the master while I'm being bred by the pack.

(Hours earlier)

"I'm fucking with you." The producer for Lucky Dog productions explained hastily. I calm my breathing.

"Fuck me what?" I asked him through teary eyes.

"Do you cry when you have dog sex?"

"I'm sorry." I started blubbering again.

"No, I mean it's one of the boxes on the list." The producer pushed forward what looked like a survey. He pointed to one of the boxes and handed me a pen. 'Simulated nonconsent by multiple large breed animals.' "It's a niche category." He explained.

"Category?" I asked blankly. I checked the box.

"Yes, category. Our videos are by request. The industry runs off crowdfunding more than most

people know." The producer paused and smiled. "Most people don't watch beast flicks."

"Oh," was all I said. I had to bite my lip to stop myself from telling master I was a dumb bitch. I realized I was wet. I took what I thought was a big risk and leaned back in the office chair in which I was sitting, and spread my knees, offering the producer a bright smile in return.

"I'm not fucking you." He said, only glancing down at my exposed and pantiless shaved twat. "But you can start today." I sucked in a breath and let out an excited gasp.

"Really?"

"If you can do as you're told."

"I LOVE OBEYING." I groaned out before my hands could cover my mouth.

"Ahem, yes well, that's very important, in fact, you just reminded me of a client that I think might be well suited to you." The producer pulled open a drawer at the right side of the desk and removed a manila envelope from it.

The producer broke the red seal on it and pulled out a business card and a single sheet of paper.

"Fuck." The producer brought his palm to his face. "This isn't going to work out."

"What?" I was honestly horrified. I must have looked like my dreams had been destroyed.

"He just wants me to ask you one question, are you a gold-digger?" The producer put his elbows on the table and used his hands to cup the business card as if he'd drawn an ace and didn't want anyone to know.

"Uuuuuuuuuuuugggggggggggggbhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." Was how I answered.

"You got five seconds to answer truthfully."

"Yes!"

He pushed forward a single sheet of paper with a single paragraph on it. He wrote down two names on the paper. "Standard Vegas contract. Retired man. Owns dogs. You fuck the dogs. All the time."

"Duke."

"Yes."

"Is that the dog's name?" I asked.

"What?"

"Duke."

"No."

"Oh." My jaw was hanging open. I signed the paper without reading the Duke's name. The producer's hands were shaking. I sent him a concerned look.

"I work on commission." I sent him a blank look. "Do everything the master tells you, and we're both

set." He took a deep breath. "Don't fuck this up."

"Maybe I should, um, practice?"

The producer looked at me intensely and took slow deep breaths. I could see sweat forming on his brow.

"No. The instructions are very explicit. The wax-sealed folders are verified-clients."

"Verified for what?" I asked innocently.

"The box you checked off."

"The what?" He sent me an annoyed look. "I'm sorry." I started tearing up. "I'm a dumb b-b-b-bitch." My legs were still open.

The producer looked at me and shrugged. "We should get you to make up."

"Do you think that'll help?" I looked up hopefully. The producer looked baffled for a moment before he smiled and got up from his chair. "Just to touch up your mascara. Try not to cry until you're penetrated by dog cock."

"What if I like it too much?" I asked. The producer shrugged again and opened the door to his office. I quickly closed my legs and followed after him.

The ride in the limo was surreal. The mansion was bigger than I expected, or, I wasn't expecting a mansion. The producer opened my door for me and dragged me out by my leash. I was still wearing my short, light blue denim skirt, but my blouse was swapped for a pair of bejeweled red tassels, as well as the added accessory of a pair of gold hoop earrings.

The producer pushed the doorbell, and we waited. Soon, we both heard a deep baritone voice.

"COME IN." The producer tried the door handle, but it was locked. He frowned. I gulped. There was a doggy door. I got down on my hands and knees. My heavy 42DD tits dragged on the welcome mat as I pushed the flaps of the doggie door apart and entered the mansion.

Master was there. He took me by the leash and gently pushed me back down to my hands and knees.

"Down bitch." He said softly in his deep voice. I shuddered and very slowly got back to my hands and knees. "Lower." He said slowly. I pressed my chin and chest into the carpet. I gasped. The carpet was so thick. I came. My vision went white. I shook gently and wiggled my big ass in the air.

I wanted to tell him I was his bitch, but-

"Are any of your dogs named Duke?" I gasped out, dripping down my thighs.

There was a long pause.

"One of them." He said. I gave him a blank look.

"Are we married?" I asked, confused.

"You're such a dumb bitch." He chuckled and pulled on my leash.

"Yes, sir."

"Less talk, more bark."

"Woof." He looked down at me and grinned.

"Roll over." I rolled over onto my back. "Keep going." I rolled back onto my stomach. "Hands and knees." And I was on them. "At least you're not dumber than a dog."

I smiled brightly up at him.

"Good bitch! Speak!" He snapped his fingers.

"Woof woof!" I grinned, but the master didn't seem pleased.

"You're going to have to howl." He looked irritated. "They must be out in the backyard." He looked at me. "Well?" I gulped and sucked in a breath.

"AAAARRRRRUUUUUUUUUUU!!!" I arched my back and stuck my ass up higher in the air in the hopes of pleasing master. Soon enough I heard the sounds of nails scratching on tiles as the dogs bolted in through the kitchen's doggy door.

"Eap." My eyes went wide. In through the high arch leading from the kitchen to the dining room they galloped in. The floorboards DID shake. Before I could make out anything more than the awkward gait of a tall Great Dane, and the black and brown St. Bernard knocking over ornate and fragile looking dining chairs, they closed in and bounding towards me. The Bernard's paws looked monstrous as he looked like he was about to jump over me.

I put my cheek on the rug and covered my face with my arms. Coarse fur dragged against my side. There was a lot of sniffing. Then deep bellowing barking right beside my ear. I quivered and started shaking. I screamed when they clawed at my sides. It hurt bad, but I didn't want to say anything, and I was afraid if I barked and whimpered for my new master that it would anger the dogs further.

I heard I deep snarl, and then a sharp whining noise.

"Up," Master commanded firmly. With my eyes closed, and my arms shaking, I meekly got up to my elbows and knees.

The dog just dropped onto my back like a ton of bricks, knocking the wind out of me.

His wide paws smacked against my sides and his claws dug deeply into my flesh at my hips. He hauled back and danced forward, hunching his hips at me, all his muscles tensed.

I felt the tip touch at the edge of my folds. It slowly dragged down to the center of the opening to my drippy cunt. The dog tightened its hold so much that I mistook the searing pain of it clawing up my sides for the 8 inches of dog cock stuffed up my hole.

I felt the electricity immediately. My mouth and cunt lips formed big O's as my eyes rolled back. I tried to catch my breath back and let out a shaky sob.

His hips pulled back, and I gasped loudly, my cunt walls singing their pleasure to my mind as they felt a large breed rubbing against them for the first time.

At least I thought he was a large breed. His head settled down beside me as he stared forward and drooled onto my shoulder.

His hips were swinging now. I shook and moaned.

“Oooohhh, Oooohhh, ooohhh.”

I clasped my hands in front of me and started drooling and staring dully at the wallpaper with my eager new animal mate. I heard a flicking and a gasp and realized master had lit a cigar. I’d forgotten that there was anyone but me and I look to the right at the face of the grinning St. Bernard.

His wide coarse tongue dragged up from my chin to my forehead in a big slobbery lick. I shuddered and gave up, and began moaning constantly.

“Uuugghnnn uugghhnnn ugghhnnn.” I looked forward again before my face became absolutely covered in drool.

The St. Bernard sawed in and out of me. Then he popped free and hopped off.

“Ugh?” I looked back over my shoulder and saw the Great Dane snarling at me as three other dogs circled me; a Dalmatian, a-

“AAHHH!!!” I screeched as the Dane launched himself at me from the side. Tilting his head, he grabbed the back of my neck in his jaws and snarled. He made a token effort to shake me.

I stopped breathing. I willed myself to spread my knees apart as the dog hopped its hind legs into position. The dog pressed its pointed red-dog pole into me. I was lucky I already had some dog sperm dumped in my cunt.

He hilted 7 inches up me. I made a twisted face at master as I felt the Great Dane’s thickness. Master blew a smoke ring at me and chuckled. I clenched on the thick dog pole when I coughed. The Dane’s eyes went wide, and he clamped down on me with his jaw. I was lucky it wasn’t my throat.

I stayed perfectly still as the Dane drove into me with short, powerful thrusts, each time mashing and pushing with his baseball sized knot. My fingers dug into the thick carpet as I felt the knot grow to the size of a softball as it smacked against my labia and clit.

“Bark,” Master said. A chill ran down my spine. My knees and elbows dragged along the carpet as the frustrated rutting animal on my back tried to pry my cunny open. I didn’t bark.

“BARK.” He said louder in the same tone of voice. The Dane growled. I obeyed the Dane.

“Woof.” I managed meekly. The Dane let go of my neck, and reared back, his cock coming out to the tip. When his paws hooked over my shoulders, I came. As my senses came back, all I could feel was his knot forcing its way up my quivering tunnel. Then he was slowly pulling it back.

“Arf, arf, arf.” I made sharp scared dog noises. I think he understood me. Not that he understood that he was hurting me, but that I was very, very submissive. He started flooding my twat with thick jets of spunk. His hard pointed dick jammed at my cervix.

It was around this point that it stopped mattering if I was wet because my cunt and thighs were plastered white with spunk.

I never tried to resist the dogs, and now I couldn't if I tried. My cunt formed into a dog cock shaped glove and rippled along the dog's length. The widest part of its knot moved back and forth over my G-spot.

"R-ruff." I mouthed tentatively. An orgasm wave washed over me, my cunt tightening and gripping. His paws hooked partly around my throat. I arched my back and groaned as he seated deeper into me.

"Disobedient fuckin' cum dump." Master chided firmly.

I gave my ass a wag.

"Ugghhhh- w-woof. WOOF!" The Dane snarled and snapped at the air. His paws came up and shoved my face at the ground, before twisting and popping out of me with a wet splat.

I thought he managed to grab back onto my hips, but it was just the next animal. My cunt gaped invitingly. His paws came down at either side of the head like two fur-covered pillars. The tip of his long fur barely touched my back even after I went up to my hands and knees. His cock was lined up at my box while the back of my head pressed against his wide barreled chest.

My face was beet red. I was covered in a dripping layer of sweat. My shoulder length brown hair was matted and thatched, like the loose black and brown dog hairs sticking to every inch of me.

Master began filming with a small Sony camcorder since the main event was about to start.

I don't think I'd be believed if I told even my closest friends about the thickness of the phallic monstrosity that was now pushing the walls of my cunt apart. My vision was going hazy with tears, so I closed my eyes again. Was I blocking out the pain? No. But that's all it was. I had truly found my place. Under whatever breed of dog, this was if it was one.

Every nerve in my sloppy fuck hole was telling me this was thick, pulsing, veiny dog penis. I bit down hard on my lower lip and came to my senses I was staring at the rug, with my face mashed into it. As I started to feel things other than the heavy animal above me dumping its seed right against my cervix, I felt my knees banging against the carpet and floorboards under them. My cheek dragged back and forth on the carpet.

Master opened his mouth to say something, but he couldn't remember even asking for my name.

"Bitch." He mouthed. He straightened his back. "Ahem, BITCH."

"RUUUUUFFFF." I think he thought I understood him. My face was as slack as my twat was. I was just happy I could offer him more than a grunt every time dog cock banged against the back of my hole.

"Let's see you shake that ass." My blurry eyes were looking in his direction as the wet slapping noises got louder. I groaned and stretched out my arms, grabbing on the dog's front paws. My bruised knees came to a rest on the floor. I moved my ass back and forth along the doggy baseball bat mating with me. The firehouse inside me flooded out my twat, leaving the spunk from the previous animals that had rutted me to flood down my tummy to the underside of my tits, and down the sides of the small of my back.

When I felt the first hint of the knot, I understood that all the dogs that come before him would never be able to tie with me once this one broke me in.

The End