

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I was a 18 years old when I had my first K9 experience, waking up one morning to find my beloved Scotty, Angus, inside my sleeping bag, nestled snugly between my legs while he alternated sniffing at my panty covered crotch with soft licks of his very warm tongue. At first I was wigged out by it, but it was enough to awaken my sexual curiosity. I liked the feel of his heated breath and tongue over my concealed slit, and to this day I'm still not sure where my bravery came from, but I reached down and peeled aside the saliva dampened crotch so I could feel his tongue make direct contact with my hairless lips.

It was the most arousing feeling to have him lapping at my pussy - tentative licks at first, but as he tongued me and my bodily instincts took over, I craved the harder strokes of his fleshy muscle separating my outer lips, bathing my pink slit until it glistened, and finally, the feel of his tongue darting deep into my tight hole. I took every opportunity I could find after that to let him lick me in secret until finally the shame of what I was doing made me stop and I pushed the thought of our play times out of my mind. Nice girls simply didn't do that. It was sick and perverted - at least that's what my mother's voice in my head was telling me.

Long before Angus ever tasted me and awakened my carnal desires and burgeoning doggy lust, I'd had erotic dreams about wolves and canines, but the sensuality of the dreams never lasted. Usually they'd wind up bloody and fatal for me. It wasn't until after I reached adulthood that I actually put two and two together and recalled not only my dreams, but the intense longing I felt to be with my dog in a sexual way. Looking back at it now, I can only surmise I was born to be a K9 girl because all the signs were there, pointing me in this direction. It still was not something I consciously acted upon even after the realization hit me - at least not at first.

Life went on normally for me with a steady stream of dating and more lovers than any one woman should have in her lifetime. My promiscuous period hit hard from ages 18 - 23 and I switched partners like some people switch underwear. I had different guys every weekend and sometimes a couple of different men in a week. Two or three times at college frat parties, I'd gotten so plastered I'd slept with two guys at separate times during the night or had a group of guys all at once.

I loved cock and couldn't get enough of it, so I made sure men knew it by dressing in what I called "tastefully slutty" clothes, accentuating my assets while leaving just enough to the imagination to make them wonder and crave more intimate knowledge of the fire hidden beneath my clothing. The way I danced was like a beacon signaling for ships in a darkened night - bumping, grinding, and fucking them with my clothes still on - letting them know they were heading in the right direction.

Since I was such a willing partner and developed such a reputation of being cock-hungry, I'm still surprised when I think back on the night at the campus bar when someone decided to slip a bit of GHB in my drink. To this day I don't know who did it, or how I even left the bar. I only remember what happened when I started coming out of my drug-induced stupor.

I woke up deep in the woods, dazed and confused, lying on a mattress of dirt, fallen leaves, and twigs that poked and scratched my tender porcelain skin. My tongue felt thick in my mouth and as I attempted to moisten my dried lips, I tasted the bitterness of the soil from laying face down all night in my earthy bedroom. My lips throbbed at the touch of my tongue, obviously bruised and battered; likely bitten, judging by the definite cracks in the normally smooth, plump flesh.

My body was cold, chilled to the bone after what was apparently an entire night outdoors, and as my head started to clear a little more, I attempted to pick myself up on leaden arms. I realized I had no clothes on and shook my head as if it would breeze away the fog in my brain telling me this wasn't

really happening. The shudder of my arms giving out and crashing of my bare torso back to the ground, being harshly jabbed by a small branch told me it was true and not just a bad dream.

Looking around through a haze, my eyes were still unfocused, but things were getting clearer. I could make out the definite shapes of large rocks nearby and gigantic tree trunks standing like sentinels keeping watch over me. The one thing I didn't notice was my clothes. They seemed to be nowhere nearby.

A sharp crack snapping behind me forced me to wake up to the reality of my new surroundings, and before I could lift myself up and turn toward the sound, I felt something cold and wet mingling with a warm breeze caressing the naked flesh between my opened legs. Only then did I realize my lips weren't the only things throbbing. My pussy was sore and felt slippery, the feel of a night of vigorous and brutal sex with semen deposits pooled in my channel, draining away slowly.

The moist brush of chilly flesh prodded my exposed sex again, only this time it was followed by a wide tongue being drawn up my angry, red slit. I moaned weakly, more from the pain of the touch than from pleasure and I pushed up on my arms, drawing my knees under me to rise from the ground only to be met with a low, husky growl. My body shuddered in fright at the sound no human has ever made and I turned my head gingerly to see exactly what was behind me.

Imagine the terror as my widened emerald eyes met with fierce yellow eyes set in a frame of gray and black fur! A wolf! I snapped my head around to the front and discovered he wasn't alone. There were four of them surrounding me.

Everything inside me froze, but my mind was screaming in an explosion of incoherent thoughts. The only thing I could make out was one word, "run!" The increasing growls behind me as I moved just one hand in the dirt told me running wasn't going to be an option. Perhaps if I just stayed completely still, they would leave me alone and go on with their journey or their hunt. I didn't particularly care to know which at that moment.

The wolf between my legs prodded my pussy again with his muzzle, sniffing and rubbing the swollen outer lips with his damp snout and another long stroke of his tongue. Low rumbling noises were being muffled in my cunt as he lapped me again and again, each time more vigorously than the first until his tongue was bathing my slit with canine saliva. The rough pad of his tongue grazed my sensitive clit and my body jumped involuntarily. The hungry wolf at my pussy growled louder at the movement and his jaws opened just enough to drag the sharp teeth over my labia, and two of the other wolves bared their fangs with snarls as they each took a step closer on either side of me. The third, a wolf with bright blue eyes and a coat so light it almost appeared silver, also the biggest of them all from what I could see, merely sat back on his haunches as if to monitor the situation and made no sound, but his eyes were ever watchful.

I realized trying to get myself out of this pack could mean my death. Trying to escape from one wolf would be dangerous enough, but four of them would be suicide. I could never outrun them and they'd be on me before I could even unfurl my legs - a nubile dinner of fresh meat for the pack.

My mind was whirring a million miles a minute, trying out every scenario I could imagine, but while I played it all out in my head, the wolf at my pussy had other ideas. His tongue lashed at my displayed cunt furiously, growling into me like he was starving, darting in and out of my already cum-filled hole to clean me of the deposits left behind from the man or men who brought me out there, used me, and left me behind. It was like he was starving for the taste of my pussy, the way he ravished me.

The more he bit with those sharp teeth and tongued my used fuck-box, the less my mind could focus on escape plans. My breathing started to grow ragged and I whimpered and whined like a bitch in heat, even raising my ass higher in the air. I pushed back against his snout to be met with another growl and a nip.

Oh hell! I was getting hot despite my fear and the pain in my raped hole. The fire of pleasure ignited in my belly and spread through my limbs until I could feel my body burning from the top of my head to the soles of my feet. This hungry wolf was going to make me cum and I moaned out loudly. He didn't stop. It seemed to spur him on the way my body bucked and jerked with the pending orgasm and when I finally exploded in a long, loud howl of pleasure, my cunt grabbed at his tongue like it was a cock and he yelped from the viselike grip and pulled back.

Not to be undone from his mission by some tiny, feeble human, he lunged onto my back with his mammoth paws and heavy body forcing my torso down and hanging onto my sides. His fur was soft, unbelievably soft and almost cuddly, as it pressed against my sensitive flesh and I couldn't believe the strength in his forelegs as they gripped my hips. I felt his unsheathed cock, hot and spraying warm precum against my juicy slit as he rubbed against me with his hips bucking, trying to find his way into my pulsing hole.

The realization that I was going to be raped by this wild dog and love it, sucked the breath out of me with the force of a lightning strike. I groaned in pure lust, sliding my already raw and scraped knees outward in the dirt, barely noticing the fresh cuts from the tiny pebbles and sticks beneath them. I only knew I wanted to open my cunt for him and let him find his target.

That did it. His long, thick rod slammed into my stretched channel like a freight train crashing into a wall, jolting my body forward. The massive jaws with their razorlike teeth closed down at the base of my neck near my shoulder and he growled a menacing warning not to move. My skin burned from the bite, knowing that at any time he could snap his jowls shut, pierce my flesh and taste my life's blood to awaken a different kind of hunger in him.

I couldn't hold back the scream of pain and pleasure as he humped the eight thick inches of his cock into me wildly and my orgasm hit without warning. I could feel the tip of his feral prick like an arrow trying to pierce my cervix. My belly distended as it filled with the spray of his lust. My snug cunt collapsed severely around his cock with uncontrollable spasms. The severity of my muscular box gripping his tool forced him to relinquish his hold on my neck to let loose a long, whiney howl as if he were in pain, yet still he pumped me feverishly.

I felt his knot banging at my torn entrance, his jackhammering hips tried in vain to shove it into me, but there was no way he was forcing the baseball sized swell into my hotbox, no matter how he pushed. Even slowing down and readjusting his spread legged stance over my curvy hips couldn't will his knot into the confines of my overstuffed hole. I reached beneath my legs and my fingertips found the hard knot pressed against my split lips, massaging it with the soft pads of my fingers. His lump of bulging flesh swelled bigger to my touch and my fingers slipped along the hot, slippery rod, pressing behind the solid ball accidentally. He unloaded his gift with a growl and snap of his jaws into the air sounding like a steel trap catching prey. The spray of his seed was like a waterfall filling my hole and drenching my outer lips, and he never completely mated me.

Lost in the haze of my animal lover filling my sex and the unceasing waves of orgasm wracking my body, I hadn't noticed the other two wolves closing in on me. It wasn't until I felt a clammy nose and warm tongue licking my puckered asshole that I opened my eyes in a flash. The wolves were now on either side of me, one with his snout trying to prod open my dark hole and the other with its nose in the air, sniffing at the heavy musk of sex; his soft, furry flanks rubbing against my ribs and his

unsheathed cock dangling, engorged and ready for action. He bent his head down and licked my back, eliciting shivers of pleasure from my body. The first wolf dismounted with a squelching pop as his cock left my used hole, and he trotted off to lie down and lick himself.

As my gaping hole fluttered and tried to shrink back, a waterfall of canine sperm flowed to the ground beneath me like a steady stream of piss. My bladder was aching to be released and the rushing sound of wetness splattering the earth intensified the need to go, so I released a hot spray of urine like one of the wild animals. I never felt as free as I had at that moment; just another dog bitch in the woods.

A wave of human sheepishness came over me at what I'd just done and my cheeks suddenly enflamed with a scarlet blush at being taken by a wolf in the wild and pissing as if I were one of them. I looked around to see if by chance someone was there to witness my perversion but the only eyes meeting mine were the brilliant blues of the regal silvery-gray wolf and he seemed to almost smile.

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While I lay on the ground with the after flow of wolf sperm dripping from my bruised and swollen snatch, my wolf lover was already sprawling on a bed of fallen leaves, tending his genitals with his tongue, oblivious to the whimpers of the bitch he'd just taken, but two of the other three were still up close and wanting to get personal. I was already exhausted by the intense battering from the first canine cock I'd ever experienced, but the pack who stumbled upon me that night in the woods showed no signs of leaving. They were far from finished.

The dark colored wolf who lapped hungrily at my ass repositioned himself, sidestepping my extended calves as I remained kneeling and opened up for him with my rounded bottom still in the air. His long, broad tongue never stopped bathing my quivering netherhole. He seemed transfixed by the taste of my anus and curled his thick tongue just enough to penetrate the tight opening and coax it to expand with continued licks and jabs as if he'd done this before.

In all of my promiscuity, I was no stranger to anal sex and enjoyed having my ass licked, fingered and fucked by human lovers, but having it done in the wilderness by an untamed animal seemed to fuel the primal lust racing through my veins. I was moaning with pleasure, hips writhing and twisting, mentally trying to control my movements so as not to startle him and make him lash out, but I couldn't help myself. It felt too damn good. My eyes rolled back in my head and with breathy whispers of heated words, encouraged him like he actually had some understanding of what I was saying. I didn't want him to stop, regardless of my fear and the pain I knew would follow.

Carefully I slid my hands over the porcelain globes of my butt flesh, mindful that if he so chose, the dark wolf could snap off my fingers or my entire hand with one bite. He growled softly as I grabbed at my rear, pulling my ass cheeks apart and lowering my raised rump down until it was just the right height for him.

He read the clearly submissive invitation, and with no other encouragement, climbed onto my back. The rough pads of his paws slid like sandpaper across my sides until his furry legs dangled on the curve of my hips, grasping me just enough to steady himself and hold me still. I felt the rumbling growl in his chest resting on my bare back and heard the snarl as he snapped at the unserved wolf nudging me from the side in a clear warning to back off. The third wolf gave a solid nip into the air and a soft growl in reply, but retreated a few steps away.

From my face-lowered position, I could see the third wolf's unsheathed cock, so close but still out of

reach. His rod was flame red, and after having one canine cock in my pussy, I knew the color matched the fiery heat of that beautiful, glistening prick. Beneath the tip, where his shaft grew thicker from arousal, I saw it covered with tiny blue veins that seemed to pulse his need. His cock looked so slick and shiny, dribbling watery fluid everywhere. With every backward step he took, his meat pole would sway from side to side and bounce against his furry underbelly. The sight of it made me salivate and the clear spit ran down my chin.

I couldn't help but feel sorry for this lustful creature being pushed aside and at the same time, I was consumed with a desire to take him into my mouth and suck him off in a way no canine bitch ever could, but I couldn't reach his puppy maker to tongue him, let alone wrap my lips around him. He would have to wait.

The second wolf was fiercely humping his hips and the tip of his prick kept poking my ass, never quite hitting the target. I let go of my cheek and used my fingertips to gently guide his flesh spear to my rosebud and his next thrust impaled me, ripping into my proffered hole without mercy. The searing pain was almost blinding and I let loose a high pitched scream, shattering the silence of the woods. Hot, salty tears of both agony and bliss rolled down my cheeks, streaking the dirt mask I wore on my face.

The stately silver wolf pricked his ears at the shrill sound of my scream and flinched with a whine emanating from his throat. He shifted his paws and backed up a bit, swishing his big, bushy tail as if to wave the cry away from him, yet still he watched with his sharp eyes, the pornographic scene unfolding before him like a display for his pleasure.

My puckered opening was torn and bleeding from the fuck frenzy of the hundred pound wild dog taking me, but through his brutal assault, my cunt was gushing in thick waves, dripping gobs of cum and canine semen. I never felt so much pain, nor felt as full and fulfilled as I did with that monster stuffing my ass with his wide wand and the copious amounts of precum he spilled into my rectum like a jizz enema. I was beyond aching at the pummeling I was forced to endure and my body was covered in sweat. The salty secretion must have roused the unattended wolf's sense of smell, because he brought his fierce face to mine and lapped at it, cleaning the dripping saline and dirt from my skin almost lovingly. His tongue found its way into my mouth as it hung open with my uncontrolled moans and cries and I found I liked the feel of his heated muscle against mine. I licked him back and rolled my tiny pink tongue all around his in a torrid animal French kiss.

I was so turned on by the wolf's kiss, I bucked my hips and fucked the wild cock stabbing into my anus, clenching my pain-numbed hole as tightly as I could around that massive meat, making my ass raping wolf yelp. I felt his balled knot knocking at my back door with the rapid-fire thrusting of his hindquarters. He wanted it in me, but my mind screamed no. He can't. It's not for him to take. I'm not his mate. I'm just his fuck. I fought against him with every spasm of my asshole clamping down around his flaming poker to keep him at bay.

He snarled and growled his frustration, pulling his rampant rod from my ass with a pop and gush of his watery precum, giving me a moment's respite, only to replace it with his tongue lapping at my gaping hole. He slobbered on my quivering pucker and lunged onto my back once more, this time having no trouble zeroing in on his enlarged target. The wolf howled as he filled my dark tunnel again, but the clench of my muscles refused passage to the enlarged ball he so desperately tried to force inside me.

I held my breath and went face down in the dirty, sliding one hand between my legs and scissoring my fingers directly behind his knot, pressing against it and massaging it with a circular motion of my fingertips. It didn't take long before I felt the gush of his sperm being sprayed into my anal passage

like a fire hose being turned on full blast. The runny canine cum seeped from my overflowed hole and ran down my swollen cunt lips in a torrent that seemed to last forever. I could feel the hot liquid being churned in my bowels.

The deluge of his seed lubricated my violated entrance enough to cut down the friction and provide me some relief before he mercifully withdrew from me. I'll never forget the wet sucking sound of his prick leaving my bottom. It was like running a vacuum nozzle in a fish tank. My ass loving wolf shoved his snout against my oozing back door to sniff at his handiwork, offering a few cleaning strokes of his tongue before he, too, wandered off to tend to himself, leaving the pack whore behind without another thought.

From where the strength came to sit back on my heels, I will never know, but I picked myself up and brought my flaming bottom to my feet. All the while, what I've come to call the sweet wolf continued to wash my face with his kisses. Our tongues met repeatedly and he seemed to enjoy the taste of my mouth as much as I reveled in his kisses. I dared to bring my hands to his face, no longer looking fierce to me, but rather like an animal that cared about his human. I scrunched my fingers in the soft fluff of his fur and held him steady, tilting my head back brazenly to bare my neck to him. He rewarded me with a tongue bath like no man has ever done and I laughed. There was a playful air about him in his want.

Yes, despite the wicked use of my body for their feral lust, I actually laughed and smiled, and although I couldn't see it, the ever-watchful and noble silver wolf wagged his tail at the sound of my giggle.

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The sweet wolf washed my face tenderly with the quick, broad lashes of his tongue. He was almost greedy in the way he lapped at my skin. Each time his tongue came near my mouth, I took advantage and licked it, being rewarded with the thick muscle being curled and shoved into my opened mouth. How hot it felt to be French kissed by such a fierce, yet beautiful creature as this! I couldn't get enough and felt giddy, almost drunk with the discovery of how much I enjoyed it.

He didn't seem to mind my fingers dug deep into his thick fur, curled and tugging it firmly, so I chanced the movement of my hands a bit more. As he bathed my face and neck, his body steadily grew closer to mine and I was able to stroke his furry flanks. He reminded me of a beloved house pet, but never for a second did I forget he was wild, ferocious, and could kill me in a heartbeat without any remorse over it. Careful were the caresses I lavished upon his strong body, steadily working my way back to his hindquarters, dropping my hands an inch at a time.

The gorgeous beast nudged me backward with his snout, sniffing the sheen of sweat on my flesh before tasting me. He licked my shoulder and around my collarbone, then finally across my breastbone. A slight arch to my back raised my firm, round breasts in an offering to him, and as he extended the long, ravenous muscle of his tongue for the natural body salt I was exuding, his rough tongue swabbed at my breasts. I liked the feel of the soft, but definite scratch over my sensitive nipples. I no longer noticed the chill in the air, but my nipples were already stiff from the pre-dawn temperature, yet the warm bathe of his tongue seemed to make them thicken and throb. My torso twisted slightly from one side to the other, making sure he would give both protruding buds equal attention and he didn't disappoint me.

As we playfully wrestled on the earthen mattress beneath us, I chanced burying my face in this sweet wolf's scruff, hugging him the way I would hug a house pet, only I slipped my hand beneath him, fingertips searching for his furry sheath and massive organ. The pads of my fingers brushed the

heat hidden beneath its cover. He froze for a split second and one hind leg twitched. I knew instantly he liked being touched there, so I did it again, this time letting my fingers curl around the swaying rod to take it in my fist.

It was a delicate balance, not too much or too little pressure because I knew a dog's tool was more sensitive than a human's. It wasn't terribly different from stroking a man's cock, except for the extra care in my touch and incredible heat and fur surrounding his meaty bone. The tip of his cock stuck out like an arrow and as my hand moved along his sheath, I urged it back a little more. His cock was starting to swell at the constant stimulus, inching its way out and back in once more behind its fur prison.

I have no idea how long I stroked him or when I finally got the idea to pull my hand up a bit closer to the protruding tip. My fingertips brushed along the slick wetness of his hot spear and I felt his body relaxing a bit in my curled arm. He obviously enjoyed what I was doing to him, but it still surprised me when he went down to the ground and rolled over onto his back for me. It was like he was begging for my touch and I happily obliged him with long strokes of my small fist around the concealed mass of flesh and bone. His sheath was being pulled back little by little, and I noticed him growing thicker the more I touched him.

I made a tunnel with my semi-closed hand around the exposed deep pink tip of his cock while I rubbed his length with the other. The entire time I cooed soft words to him, hoping he wouldn't view me as a threat to his tender underbelly. He rewarded me with a hunch of his hips pushing his meat into the tiny hole made by my hand. As he thrust his cock the sheath pulled away and when I let stopped touching him, it would slide back up the slick flesh to conceal his dick.

It was fascinating to watch, but I wanted more than just observation. I turned my head and rubbed my lips against my shoulder, wiping away the stream of drool I'd let seep from the corner of my mouth. I needed to taste him and slowly bent down to my furry lover's exposed arrow, rolling the tip of my tongue across the hot flesh. It was watery, a bit salty, but definitely different than a man's precum or even his full wad. The taste was not thrilling, but I wanted to do this now. Pure lust was driving me and overriding anything else.

He took advantage of my momentary hesitation after my first taste of his pre-jizz, quickly twisting his body to stand up on his paws once again, and his cock was still peeking from its encasement, swaying from side to side with his playful bump against my body. I slipped my hand beneath him and stroked him in earnest, determined to unsheathe his rod and take this beast in my mouth. As I exposed him little by little, I leaned forward and urged his swaying cock toward my mouth, closing my lips carefully around the flaming tip.

That did it. This wild animal either knew what I wanted somehow, or my mouth was nothing more than another bitch hole because he jumped up on my shoulders and humped his hips forward with enough force to fill my mouth with doggy dick, stretching my normally full and pouty lips into thin lines around his meat. He had no perception of limits, other than being able to get my mouth open wider to take him, so the tip of his cock gagged me, roughly shoved past my tonsils and straight down my throat.

With a human lover, deep throating a large cock took some effort and mental will to relax my throat and not gag, but this big, beautiful beast gave me no such time or care to prepare for him. He wanted what he wanted and that was that.

I was choking around his prick and he was oblivious to it, pounding his meat in my mouth and down my throat like he was fucking a bitch's cunt. His rod was swelling rapidly, slamming against my taut

lips in a fury. If I ever got the feeling back in them, my mouth would be bruised, throbbing and swollen.

My moans were muffled around the slick, hot flesh claiming my mouth as just another fuckhole, but I knew he enjoyed the slight hum that vibrated through his shaft because his thrusts slowed for a moment and he stopped wildly humping at my face. That gave me the brief respite I needed to draw in another deep breath and swallow. My throat tightened for a moment around him, but when I exhaled, I relaxed a little, opening my throat to him. He jackhammer fucked my face again with the newfound freedom of moving in this bitch hole, slapping the solid ball of his knot against my lips and chin every time he bucked. In vain I tried to swallow the stream of his hot puppy jizz that flowed like a waterfall from his meaty bone; some ran down my throat but much of his fluid spilled down my chin and onto my chest, soaking my breasts in a sticky mess.

As suddenly as he decided to hump my mouth cunt, he seemed to tire of it, or was merely finished with me, because he pulled out and backed up, turning his snout to his swaying wang for a moment before doing the doggy circle dance. I thought he was going to plop down right there, raise his hind leg and lick himself while I watched, but instead he raised his snout to the air, gave a good sniff and padded off near his other companions to tend to his gooey loins.

It was then I realized I was still kneeling there, open-mouthed and drooling his semen from my aching face. I played with the watery glob on my tongue for a moment, slowly closing my throbbing jaw, bubbling the spoooge from my lips. I swallowed some while letting the rest trickle off my chin before quite gracelessly drawing my forearm across my sore face, streaking it with more dirt from my earthen playground.

With a tired sigh, my body started to slump. All I wanted to do was curl up into a little ball and sleep for a while, but as I started to lay down on my forest bed, silver tail rose from the spot I'd mentally called his throne. I remember thinking to myself, "He even walks like he is king of everything." Down on all fours I remained still, afraid once again of what was going to happen next.

Silver towered over me, but lowered his head to mine, brushing his cold nose across mine in a gentle nuzzling prod. I picked my head up a little higher, keeping my eyes from making challenging eye contact with him, but he bumped me again and I heard the soft yet distinct murr in his throat followed by a whine. I chanced a peek into those crystal blue eyes and as soon as I did, he lay down in front of me, sprawled out like a giant furry pillow. I took that as an invitation and gingerly joined him, curling my aching body into a little ball while laying my head on his furry chest. When he curled his tail around me, I knew I was safe and protected, and drifted off to sleep, wondering what all of this meant and what would happen when I woke.

The End...?