

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



This will be my first posting on this wonderful forum, and hopefully more will follow. I enjoy writing as a hobby, and this is a short story that I wrote about a homeless girl and her dog. I thought I'd share...

This is not a story that I ever thought to write, but I think that now is the time to put it to paper. These past years have been kind to me, especially when one considers from where I started, but I find myself in a position where I think that such a task as writing this tale will be of benefit to me.

I didn't have a great start in life. My parents were a text book example of two people who never should have had children. I never did ask how they met, and I suppose that if I had, the answer would have changed as many times as the question was put to either of them. I can only suppose that they met in much the same circumstances as they were wont to pass their lives; their minds addled with drugs.

When I was born, I was mercifully taken from my mother by someone who had the sense to see that she was as fit to mother me as I was to raise myself. I was placed in a foster home shortly after birth, and there I was to remain for the next few years. I have only scant memories of those times, but I seem to recall them fondly, as if thing mind of a toddler could articulate and record emotions accurately. I believe, though I cannot be sure, that my foster parents tried to keep me, but due to a mother's right to her offspring, I was eventually returned to my mother, who had seemingly improved herself in the intervening years.

Now I wish not to speak ill of my mother. I can't say that her lot in life was a measure better than my own. She tried to raise me, but by the time I was seven or eight, she had fallen into her old whims. A stream of boyfriends would come and go through the tiny apartment where we lived. I may sadly claim that one of my earliest memories of any clarity is the sound of my mother and whatever boyfriend that she had at the time having sex in the hallway of the apartment. I can also claim a recollection of many of those men applying their passions to me when my mother was unable or unwilling to satisfy them. A fine start to life.

I shall not fill in the rest of these pages with the lamentable tale of my youth, for it suffices to say that at 14, after many years of such treatment, I decided that I would be best off on my own, and so I absconded my mother's home. Did she notice my departure? I don't know. All that I can say is that when I saw her again, she was in no position to answer my questions, but that is a story for another day.

How does a 16-year old survive on her own? Well my initial attempts to get by consisted of asking charity of those with the inclination to give it, and indeed, the sight of a small and hungry girl will move many hearts to altruism, but small change doesn't line a bed and fill a belly for long. As I need not tell you, I was eventually to partake of the oldest trade known to man, and thankfully some men found something of worth in my small body, gray eyes and black hair. Who am I to judge them for their proclivities? I had need of their money, and they took what came in return.

Lamentably, and probably not to your surprise, the taking of such pursuits doesn't generate any great income, so more often than not I was forced simply to rely on charity as before. I explicitly asked anyone for money. Strange as it may seem, the act of begging is rarely an explicit process, at least in my case. I would simply sit by a street side with a coffee cup, watching the world go by as hours melded together and the world to which I was either an inconvenience or a spectator simply rolled by.

It was just such a day that I found Milo, or rather he found me. It was some time close to Christmas from what I recall, and the shoppers were at least partially more generous than in other months for I had earned enough to get a decent meal for a change, even if it was just a fast food meal. I sat in a side street, away from the bustle and noise of the main shopping streets of the city, slowly eating my food.

It was a cold evening, and the dark sky above threatened rain. I had a blanket and a warm coat, so I was at least prepared, but the air in winter has a way of sucking the heat from your body like a sponge sucks water from a bowl. And as I was thinking about just that, he found me.

Milo was a large dog. He was probably some mix of Labrador and rottweiler with a few other bits and pieces mixed in there, but I never knew for sure. Where he came from I never knew, but the first that I knew of him was the pitter-patter of his claws on the concrete of that alley.

My first reaction was to be wary, for I had heard of dogs who would attack people or of those who were rabid, but I saw nothing of that in him. He simply stood and watched me with pale gray eyes that stared out from his tangled fur. He approached me slowly, as if he too were wary of me, and it was only after a few moments that he was close enough for me to gingerly reach out to him.

'Good boy,' I said softly, gently patting him on the flank. 'Good boy.' I held a hand to his face, which he eagerly licked, though it was probably more due to the taste of food on my skin than any display of affection.

'Where did you come from, boy?' I asked, not needing the lack of a collar or the unkempt state of his fur to tell me that he wasn't looking for an owner. I saw his looking at the remains of my dinner, and whilst I was still hungry, I sighed and offered him the few remaining french fries and pieces of hamburger, which he eagerly lapped up. 'I guess you haven't eaten for a while, eh?'

It was while he was eating that I took note of the unusual colouring that he had. Whilst he had the body of a larger dog, his colors were those of a smaller one, like a terrier. He reminded me of the dog in the movie *The Mask*, which I had seen some years earlier in one of the few trips I had been able to take to see a film. For that reason, I called him Milo.

I expected my new friend to wander off as soon as he had arrived, but he never did. For whatever reason, Milo began to follow me as I went about my empty days. At first, I was concerned about him, but a few cold nights and his warm body made me appreciate the boons of his companionship. He also served to make me feel at least a little safer, and probably his presence deterred at least a few whose attention I didn't want. I suppose we all make such friends as we are able.

The night that it happened was a foul and wet winter's eve. My clothing was soaked, and it sucked the warmth from me. Some weeks earlier, I had managed to find an alcove, a cubbyhole if you will, underneath the door way of a disused building. The chubby may not have been warm, but I had been homeless long enough to know that wet clothes were worse than no clothes. Shivering, I stripped off sodden garments and laid them out as flat as I could to dry before curling up naked in the old blanket beside my companion. Milo responded by putting a paw over me, and I rested my head against his side. He stank of damp fur, but I doubted that I could have been much better.

I don't know how much time passed, but I must have dozed off, for when I awoke, it was dark. A thin stream of light from the street lamps crept through the opening of the chubby, just giving me enough to see through the darkness. My joints had begun to ache, so I cast off my blanket and stretched my legs. The motion drew a soft groan of protest from Milo, whom I had evidently disturbed.

'Sorry, buddy,' I spoke softly, scratching him between his ears. He rose from the ground and stretched himself, groaning contently. I shivered a little, naked as I was. Seeing this, Milo approached me with what I know to be his look of concern. 'I'm okay,' I assured him, leaning back against the wall and closing my eyes.

I opened them with a start, for he had pressed his snout between my legs.

'Milo!', I said sharply, closing my legs. He looked up at me with a confused look and tilted his head. I giggled at the gesture. 'You shouldn't do that,' I whispered with a smile, patting him playfully on the head.

I turned around, crawling over to where my clothing was drying to see whether I could don them once again, but I had hardly taken a few paces before I felt his cold nose press into my backside.

'Hey!' I croaked, spinning around and landing on my bum. 'Milo....' I began, looking him up and down, but what else I was going to say was lost by a yelp as he applied his lounge between my legs. 'Stop! Stop!' I squeaked, pulling myself away with my arms. I was panting, and my eyes were fixed on those of my dogs.

Goosebumps prickled my skin. I lifted a foot towards his face, telling myself that I could push him away. My body shivered as he licked the sole of my foot, and I began to relax. The feeling between my legs was... inviting. I let my legs fall to the ground, and my thighs parted. Lying back on the blanket, I closed my eyes and let the dog approach.

His tongue felt rough on my unshaven sex, but the sensation was intriguing enough for me not to protest. My small body quivered as he worked over my now wet vagina, lapping up my juices like one might lick up honey. A weak cry of pleasure escaped my lips, and I unconsciously pulled my lips apart, exposing more of my pink innards to him. He did not need much encouragement.

As if he were starved for the taste of me, Milo set about attacking me with his tongue. Over and over, the dexterous muscle lapped over me, over my clitoris and over my vulva. I was conscious of how much noise I was making, but nonetheless, my exhalations of breath were punctuated by moans and gasps as he surprised me in some way.

How long this continued for, I cannot tell you, but I can say that when he had finished, he left me a quivering mess upon the concrete floor of the chubby. My mind was hazy At that moment, as it can often be when one is aroused to such a peak, and I can't say what went through my mind as I opened my eyes and saw the swollen organ that dangled between his legs. My entire body quivered, and my vagina continued to seep juices. Thoughts buzzed through my mind at what was happening, but whatever they may have said to me, I had not the faculty to heed them. Leaning forwards, I pulled my dog into a long, wet kiss, lapping my tongue over his, tasting myself and covering his snout with kisses. "I love you, Milo," I said softly. And swallowing an apple in my throat, I turned around, kneeling before him and presenting my rump.

A dog mating is a frenetic, wild thing. Like a fire cracker's exploding, he leap atop me, clambering over me and finding purchase with his paws. His claws scraped my soft skin as he found his place, grasping my waist like a wrestler. Panic seized me At that moment as my thought momentarily manifested. I attempted to crawl away, but I was held tightly in his embrace. Glancing between my legs, I saw the enormous, red mass of his penis moving forwards and felt its probing for a way inside me. It found its target swiftly.

Clenching my fingers into a fist, I screamed, suddenly heedless of what noise I generated. Tears filled my eyes as I felt him press into me. My body opened from him, accepting him, but how it hurt!

I had never felt anything so large inside me, and my insides seemed to stretch to accommodate his girth's penetrating me. I felt the turbid organ begin to leak seminal juices inside me, which seemingly aided its passage deeper within me, and soon I felt as if a hand had been forced into my vagina.

All the while he continued to thrust...to fuck me with a fury I had never seen in him. It was not angry or hateful, but his mind was not focused on me in that way. As his cock drove in and out of me, I wondered how I felt to him. Did I feel so different to a bitch...was I so different to a bitch? His claws drew blood from my skin, and as his precum rolled down my legs in waves, I felt my own sex organs begin to tingle. My screams suddenly weren't simply those of pain.

How long the mating lasted, I cannot say, but it could not have been for long. I felt something swell inside of me, pushing me past mere tingles and into a deep and powerful orgasmic. His humping me slowed a little, becoming more forceful and deep. I whimpered as I felt his knot seal my body shut, and moaned as his orgasm filled my womb with his seed. The thought of whether I could become pregnant did indeed cross my mind, for how was I to know that it was impossible at that time? Yet I could do nothing but wait there.

And wait there I did, until I finally felt his penis deflate and separate him from me. I collapsed onto the ground in a heap of sweat and cum, quivering and shaking as my body fluttered from my dying orgasm. Exhaustion swept over me, and I felt as if my energy had been drained. Thoughts of what I had just done ran through my mind, but I felt little more than a deep, profound need to sleep. Milo, perhaps sensing my lethargy, licked my face and snuggled his warm body next to mine, licking my face and neck, as if thanking me for what I had done for him. We soon fell asleep.

And that was how it started. I felt no guilt, no shame and no regret at what I had done, and I was to do it many, many more times. Eventually, I was able to get myself off the streets, and Milo came with me. As I write this, he sits at my feet in the small home that I made for us. He is long past the days when he would pleasure me and I him, but he remains with me still, and I am happy to care for him in his twilight years as he cared for me in my most vulnerable.