

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



The sun glittered in the icy exhaust of idling cars lining the curb. Boxes and suitcases leaned to one side or the other under the weight of their owner's elbows as they awaited their parent's arrival. It was holiday. Students were finally finished with their classes for the semester, finals just behind them. A chill wind whipped at Sara's freckled nose, her brown hair tickled her cheeks. It had been a long three months of studying physics, though since her first year ended last Spring the classes had become easier. The weeder courses were always the most challenging. She thought about her finals and hoped the ones that hadn't come back yet would bear good news. It wasn't that Sara didn't need to study, just that she had worked to understand how the math worked rather than memorizing. A voice pulled her from her thoughts.

"Hey! Sara," said a young woman in a black puffer vest. Sara turned and smiled, her auburn eyes sparkling.

"Oh my God, Audrey! I thought you'd left yesterday," said Sara.

"No, my parents missed their flight so they'll be here today."

"Gotcha, well my dad said he'd be here any second," she said, looking around. "Any chance you wanna stick around and help us put my stuff in his car?"

Audrey laughed, "Yeah I can help you, these boxes are almost as big as you are!"

"They are not!"

"Bro, you're literally not even five feet tall!" Audrey patted her head, she stood almost a foot taller. The rowing team was happy to have her and her athletic prowess. They had met a little into the semester in a class on fluid mechanics. Audrey was premed with a physics minor and had sat down next to her, hoping Sara could get her through the class. She had been right. The class was normally for Junior and up, but Sara had been able to test in as a Sophomore. Sara walked through her classes with a bit of struggle here and there, but otherwise didn't work too hard. They became fast friends, "You're still coming to visit before Christmas, right?" asked Audrey.

Sara shoved two red-gloved fingers skyward, "Two weeks!" She looked over Audrey's shoulder and saw her dad's navy SUV pulling up a few cars away. "Hey, that's my dad, come on." She grabbed her suitcase and a small box, walking toward the car. Audrey picked up a heavy box and followed Sara.

"Well look who it is," said Sara's dad as he got out of the car.

"Hi!" said Sara, setting down her things and running to him. He wrapped her in a big bear hug, sweeping her off her feet. Sara's black jeans and flats waved in the air as he swung her around. He smelled of rosewood pipe smoke and holiday spices. She missed her family constantly.

"How's my little honeybat?" he said, "and who's your friend?" He looked up at Audrey with blue eyes, smiling through his blonde and white beard.

"I'm doing great, honestly! This is Audrey, from one of my classes," said Sara.

"Hi Mr. Evans. We met in fluid mechanics this semester, Sara's saved me!" She extended a hand.

"Call me Robert," he said, taking her hand and pulling her into a hug. "Any friend of Sara's is a friend of ours!" Audrey was taken aback by the hug, but welcomed it nonetheless. Her parents

weren't big huggers. Nor were they particularly welcoming towards her friends. Robert released her and turned to Sara, "Well let's get you loaded up, honey, we gotta two hour drive and Mom's expecting us." He opened the trunk and the trio walked toward the boxes left on the curb, chatting about this and that. With the three of them it only took a few minutes to put everything into the back of the car. The door closed with a slam. "Alrighty, good to go," said Robert. "It was nice to meet you, Audrey, you're welcome any time!" With that he gave her another quick hug.

"Thank you Mr. Evans, I mean Robert." Her voice was muffled in the fabric of his tan coat.

"I'll see you in a few weeks," said Sara.

"Can't wait!" They hugged and Sara clambered into the car. They both waves as the car lurched away.

On the drive home, Sara waxed about the struggles and pleasures of college. Not all the pleasures, of course. Her body count wasn't sky-high, but three boys had enjoyed her petite frame over her time at college. And she had thoroughly enjoyed them, the last being on her 20th birthday that September. Sex was fun. There was no real desire for a relationship, Sara felt that college was a time to experiment and explore. She hadn't been with a girl, but the thought crossed her mind more than once.

Sara told him about the gymnastics team approaching her to be a flier, but she declined having already spent nine years and losing her interest. Her dad let her in on the goings on of the household. Her brother, Joey, was doing well in high-school, though spent "far too much time" playing video games. He was a generally amicable person, they got along much better now that Sara had moved out. Her mom, Judy, was working a lot, she was working on a new apparatus for MRI machines that demanded much of her free time. He told her about how he had been baking again recently and doing little projects around the house. A wobbly doorknob here, a leaky faucet there. Robert had taken care of the home duties for as long as Sara could remember, he was a wonderful stay at home dad who adored his two children. She missed his little treats and it was good to hear he was back into his hobby.

"How's Neptune?" asked Sara.

Her parents had decided to get a dog while she was away. He was a doberman-shepherd mix. They had sent her pictures of him, his black fur rippled over his muscular body, his long bushy tail swayed low to the ground.

"He's doing great, he's spent his first months with us just lounging. As planned, he's made a perfect replacement for you," he said, glancing slyly over at her.

"Oh ha ha, yeah you keep it up, see if I eat your pastries!"

He laughed, "Uh huh, sure you won't." He grabbed her thigh and squeezed, making her yelp.

"Dad!" Her red lips pouted and she crossed her arms. She smiled, it was good to be home. "Well I can't wait to meet him, finally."

"He's a good boy, though Joey said he nipped at him once or twice," he paused thoughtfully, "probably just getting used his new home."

As they drove the houses became more and more spread out, snowy farmland stretched between clumps of trees. The occasional smell of manure and hay filled the car, triggering a cacophony of

gasping and laughter. Songs drifted in over the radio. Mountains rolled beyond the treeline, rising and falling to the lilting music. After two short hours they arrived at a long gravel driveway with a red mailbox nestled in the trees at the base of a hill. The familiar crunch of gravel and flickering trees signaled that she was officially done for the semester.

She was home.

"Look who I found scrounging around our trashcans!" her dad announced as he opened the front door and warm air enveloped Sara's cold face. Judy waved delicate fingers at him as he chuckled and cleared the path to let the hugging begin. Her mom's thick brown hair was in a tight bun and Sara remembered how she used to pull her brains out doing her hair in middle school. Brown eyes beamed from behind thin black glasses that rested comfortably on her mousy nose. Her red and green holiday sweater was flecked with glitter, as were her brown leggings, presumably the same glitter from the sweater. Her beasts engulfed Sara's face as she was swept up like a branch in a flood. She pecked the top of her head with kisses. Subtle perfume plucked at Sara's memory.

"Ah my baby, I missed you so much," she said, smothering her daughter.

"Mom I can't breathe!" Her mom pulled her to arms length. Sara laughed, "It's been three months, mom."

Her mom put a hand to her chest, "Can't a mother love her daughter?" Sara went in for another hug.

"I love you, too, mom."

Joey piped up, "Hey, Sara, how goes it?" He was as tall as their father with a mop of unkempt brown hair. He wore overly tight pants and an old Def Leopard t-shirt.

"Not bad, not bad. How much school you got left?" They hugged.

"Just a week, then I'm as free as you," he said.

She teased, "Not as free as me, young man, you still got a semester after this one." He rolled his eyes.

The house was decorated for Christmas as usual with lights, streamers, and a wonderful tree glowing from the living room. Smells of cookies and pastries lingered in the halls, rubbing against the cool window panes that kept the winter frost at bay. Off white walls adorned with family pictures a little too high for Sara's liking reflected twinkling reds and greens.

"Hey, Joey, why don't you go let Neptune out and he can meet Sara?" asked her mom. Joey nodded and went down the hall to an unused room and opened the door.

"Oh boy," said Sara as a black mass of fur bolted out and hurtled towards her. He was massive. Neptune's shoulders rested just below her belly button and his head above her breasts as he began to eagerly lick her face. "Okay! Okay! Okay, buddy, calm down!" she said, holding up her small hands to push keep the jubilant animal at bay. If he were untrained, he would have bowled her over, easily standing a foot and a half over her head on his hind legs.

"Neptune, stop that!" said her mom, grabbing him by the collar. "Sit." He quickly sat at her side, though continued to vibrate with excitement ready to pounce. Sara eyed the dog and, looking down, was surprised to see two heavy testicles resting on the cold kitchen tile.

"Aren't you supposed to neuter them?" she asked.

"Well he's already three and they hadn't done it at the shelter for some reason so we figured why bother," said her dad. "Anyways, Joey why don't you give me a hand with the boxes."

"Sure," said Joey, slipping on the first pair of shoes he could find, a pair of worn green crocs. Together they went out and brought the boxes into the house and up the steps. Meanwhile Sara took off her jacket and knit sweater, the warmth of the house was making her sweat. Her mom brought Neptune over for a controlled meeting.

"Sorry about that, he's excitable!" Her mom continued to hold him by the collar.

"No problem, I'm gonna rinse my face, though," laughed Sara. She went to the sink and splashed cold water on her face, wiping away the dog saliva. She felt her nipples harden from the cold shock. They made little points under her shirt, tightening the fabric a bit. Bras weren't a mandatory accessory these days and her perky b-cups didn't need much support. Sara walked over to her mom and pet Neptune's soft fur, she had to admit he was a cutie pie. He licked her face again.

Her brother and father came back down the stairs. "Everything's in there, honey. By the way, you don't have a desk because Joey's broke and we moved yours into his room." Joey shrugged at her incredulous face.

"Wow, that's so not cool! I'll live though," said Sara.

"Wanna eat?" asked her dad.

And with that he began cooking. She loved to watch him cook, it was like magic to her. Taking a disparate pile of food and making one of harmonious taste was a skill her father had developed over the years of random leftovers. He had taught her, too, but it wasn't a skill she felt particularly adept with. Math and science were her game and her father never neglected to tell her how proud he was. After an hour and a half of banging around and catching up with her brother and mom, dinner was ready.

"Come and get it!" said her dad.

They grabbed the bowls and set the table, a big pot of beef stew sat center stage on a pineapple trivet. As usual dinner was perfect. A warm boon on a cold winter evening. Neptune lay obediently with his nose in the dining room, the only part allowed in. After things settled, Sara got up to help with the dishes, carrying bowls and cups to the farm style kitchen sink. Neptune followed closely behind, eager for any fallen scraps that might find their way into his mouth. In traditional fashion her brother dried while she scrubbed. From the corner the black dog watched them work. They made a good team.

Dessert was a casual affair of homemade chocolate chip cookies. Sara was tired from a long day of packing and decided it was time for bed.

"Goodnight," she said, eyes sleepy from warm food and delicious sweets. They hugged her one by one.

"It's great to have you home for a while," said her mom, bending to kiss her forehead.

With that she took the stairs one by one to her room and closed the door behind her. Turning on her bedside light, it was exactly as she'd left it, sans a desk on the far wall. Her bed was made with

freshly washed flowery sheets with a comforter flopped on top. The walls were covered in posters and magazine clippings forming a kaleidoscopic collage of world events, art, and photography. She slid down her jeans and folded them neatly by the dresser, Sara knew one could wear jeans a few times between washes. Her Star Wars panties and solid maroon t-shirt were tossed towards an empty hamper, falling short of the opening. She'd get it in the morning. Climbing into bed, she felt the gentle fibers of comfortable sheets conform to her naked body. Within a moment she was asleep in the quiet room.

Sunday morning beamed through the curtains, the light holding Sara's hand as it led her into the waking world. She stretched her arms into the cold room and promptly sucked them back under the covers.

"Okay, I gotta get up," she muttered after ten more minutes. She yanked the covers and felt the chilly air curl around her warm thighs and fall asleep. Little goosebumps covered her cooling skin. Sara grabbed her phone and checked the time, "6:21," shone in white on the black background.

"Maybe I didn't have to get up," she said to herself.

Walking to her door, she opened it a crack to listen for signs of life. It was all quiet. Warm air flowed in so she left the door cracked. Sara went to the connected bathroom to pee and get ready for the day. Her showers were usually quick, but that was in the shared bathrooms at her dorm. She lingered in the warmth cascading over her for a long time, steaming up the bathroom. Drying off, Sara wiped the mirror with a hand. Her damp hair hung below her shoulders in strands like the branches of a weeping willow, grabbing at her collar bone and upper back. Small breasts stood at attention, a tiny gold cross gently rose and fell with her breath. She had been very self conscious about her body, like many young women, but especially her nipples. They pushed out almost three quarters of an inch, she had once used them as a hook for a hanger after the second guy she slept with joked about it. Sara's mom told her that her body is hers and she should be proud to have it. It had taken some getting used to, but all of her partners had sucked on them without hesitation. She liked to pull on them when she came.

The memory of being plowed into her little twin dorm mattress was making her wet. Sara looked down at her fuzzy vulva and ran a finger along her labia, shivering. She considered masturbating. Her brother had unknowingly carried her vibrator and assorted butt-buttplugs concealed in a box of bedding to her room the night before. After a moment she decided she didn't feel like it and wrapped her hair up in another towel.

Her suitcase was open on the floor, clothes strewn over the side as she'd dug through for her laptop. Sara laid nude on the carpet with her laptop, the long fibers of the thick carpet caressing her. Even when she'd had a desk, the soft floor of her room had frequently served as a computing spot. It was around seven in the morning now, so Sara scrolled the internet waiting for her family to awake. As the time passed she thought again to her sexual escapades and felt her vagina moisten once more. Home for less than a day and she missed dick.

Sara barely had time to register the hot breath on her butt before she felt a slick tongue lap at her clit, dragging all the way up and across her hairy asshole.

"No!" she yelled, getting up as quickly as she was able.

Neptune stood in her room, the door ajar. His feet had made no noise.

"Ugh!" Sara retched and gagged, her wet pussy lips and anus tingled in the cold air. "That's so gross," she said running to the shower to rinse herself. This time she put on sweats and an old t-

shirt, then shooed Neptune from her room. His long tail swished silently along the ground as he padded away.

"Gross," she said again and shivered. The rest of the morning passed without incident. Her father began cooking around eight and the family gathered at the table to devour his ever-requested chorizo breakfast burritos. Sara opted not to mention that morning's events.

"Any plans for the day?" she asked the table.

"I'm gonna go into town to do some grocery shopping," said her dad, "you're welcome to join me."

"Probably play some games," said Joey.

"I bet you are," said her dad, winking at him.

"Oh let him play," her mom swiped at Robert's shoulder playfully, "I've got some work to do, but we can plan something for next weekend, okay?"

"Sounds good, mom, I'm up for whatever. Maybe we could go sledding at Meyer Hill!" It had been two years since she had gotten to go.

"That'd be fun," said her mom. The others nodded in agreement.

"So, groceries?" her dad pointed his fork at her.

"Sure, dad."

They went their separate ways after a quick clean up. Sara brushed her teeth and put on a pair of blue jeans. She left the shirt on because it would be covered by a sweater and coat anyways.

"All set?" asked her dad as she descended the stairs.

"Yessir!" she gave him a thumbs up.

They braved the icy dash to the car and stamped their feet as it grumbled to a start. The interior thermometer read four degrees.

"I'm gonna take the car to get the rack and pinion replaced. I'll be some hours, but then Dave and I are gonna go ice fishing. Wanna come?" he asked.

Sara pretended to be thoughtful, "Hmm, yeah that sounds like fun, but I might just hang out here."

"I knew you'd say that." He put the car in gear and they trundled down the driveway.

"Yeah, cause you know everyone wants to sit in a cold shack with cold beer and cold, smelly fish. Oh and who could forget you're standing on a sheet of ice that could break any second!" Her dad laughed.

The day went by quickly. They shopped, picking up food for the week and some random spices they'd run out of. When they got home she helped unpack the groceries and tuck them into their designated spots. Neptune watched longingly. Sara and her dad put on his favorite Christmas movie, "It's a Wonderful Life," and they sipped hot earl grey on the couch.

"Okay, I give up where are ya?" asked George from the television. Mary replied, "Over here! In the

hydrangea bushes!"

After the credits rolled they sat in silence for a few moments.

"It really does feel like a wonderful life, you know," said her dad.

"Yeah, it does." She cuddled up to him.

He grabbed the paper from the end table and they did the Sunday crossword together, punctuated by the occasional yell from her brother's room, until it was time to get dinner ready. She chopped vegetables for him, glancing at the doorway to see Neptune looking back at her from the floor. It was meatloaf tonight, with a salad and potatoes. Dinner went the same way as the night prior. Good conversation and food followed by dishes and drying under Neptune's watchful eye, then a small dessert. Judy glanced at Sara over a plate of crumbs.

"You'll have the house to yourself tomorrow. I'm gonna be working late tomorrow and Joey's got chess club after school. Dad's gonna be out, too," she said. "We'll take Neptune out in the morning, but you'll have to let him out around five-ish and feed him, okay?"

"Yeah, no problem," said Sara. "How much food?"

"Two scoops from the bin," she held up two fingers.

"Okie dokie." She pulled out her phone, "Dang it's nine thirty, I think I'm off to bed." She stood up, grabbing her plate.

"Don't worry about the dishes. Still on college time, huh?" said her dad.

"Uh huh, but I'll probably sleep in tomorrow," she replied.

"Alrighty," said her dad, "get some good sleep." He got up and gave her a big hug, "See you in your dreams."

"Goodnight, dad." She hugged her mom and brother, "Goodnight guys, have good days tomorrow."

Sara went upstairs and Neptune followed.

Her dad's voice trailed up behind them, "He likes you!"

She turned to Neptune and ruffled his head, "Sorry, buddy you can't sleep with me."

He stood still, watching as the door closed with a click in front of him. Her jeans folded neatly and stacked on top of the one's from the day before, she walked to the hamper and picked up the shirt and panties from her failed throw the night before. A second pair landed lightly atop the first, followed by a shirt and sweater. The bed welcomed her into its folds, draping over her hips and butt, tucking under her small breasts. As before she fell asleep quickly, giving no thought to the day's events, morning or otherwise.

Bright winter rays slowly overtook the shadows of the room, bringing a fresh morning on their backs. Sara woke, warm and swaddled in under the soft sheets. It was definitely later this morning than the previous, she grabbed her phone. "8:34."

"Wow, I must've been tired," she said out loud. Getting out of bed the cold air evoked a shiver as it wrapped around her ankles and crept up her legs. She cracked her door to let the warm air in and



walked to the bathroom rubbing sleep from her eyes and went about her morning routine. The shower was warm and cozy. She found herself thinking of Audrey, her tall, muscular frame could do a lot with a tiny girl like Sara. It had been four days since she last masturbated, so it made sense that she was horny. As she dried herself she was aware of her clit as it pulsed slightly when the towel brushed it. Today she would come, she decided. The house was empty.

Her laptop blinked on the floor in need of charging, so she grabbed the cable and plugged it in. The screen turned on and she saw emails in her school inbox. Laying down she scrolled through them, looking for any feedback about her exams.

There was no warning of breath before Neptune's tongue plunged between her cheeks.

"Fuck!" she said, getting up.

But the dog was prepared and straddled her as she got to her knees. He bore his weight down on her, forcing her ass to her heels and her face into the carpet. It smelled musty.

"What the fuck!" she yelled as her knees slid to either side. Her exposed lips blossomed like a flower as her cheeks spread open.

"Get off me!" she screamed, struggling under Neptune's weight.

Then she felt it. Something hard and large probed between her legs and brushed against her pubic hair. Sara realized it was his erect penis.

"No!" she screamed. Neptune snapped at her neck, she felt his strong teeth push against her soft flesh.

He thrust at her hole, rubbing against her pulsing clit. She felt her vagina dampen, eager to be filled. Another thrust. Wetter and wetter, her pussy drooled. A glistening strand of vaginal fluid pulled taught like a spiderweb across his red member.

"No no no no..." she whispered.

She knew what was happening and began to panic. Tears dripped down her face and onto the carpet. The only sound was panting.

She screamed. It echoed in her ears.

Neptune pulled back, lifting the tip of his dick and ramming into Sara's soaked hole. She screamed again. He was far too big for her at nine inches long as thick as a soda can. Only the tip would go in. She squeezed, fighting back against the invading cock. He rammed again, but got no further. Neptune's tip was slick with pre-cum and Sara's juices, but he couldn't penetrate deeper. She was too tight.

He backed up a bit, bracing his hind legs further. Sara thought perhaps he had given up. She was wrong. With the added force he slowly pushed forward. First the tip. Sara screamed and cried out for help. The thick cock began to spread her tight lips, driving deeper, stretching her.

"God, please help me," she whimpered.

Her gold cross was tucked tightly between her chest and the floor. She let out a piercing screech as he drove into her. Sara was being split in half. Her tiny pussy wasn't able to take so much.

After what felt like an eternity of tears and shrieking, Neptune was fully buried in her tight hole. Every inch of her dripping walls were taken by force. He began to pull back. Then thrust forward. Sara felt her organs move out of the way. She pissed hard onto the carpet, the pressure was loud enough to hear. Screaming did nothing to help her, but she yelled again anyways.

Neptune was beginning to fuck her. Sara could feel every inch of his fat cock plowing through her. She sobbed into the carpet in pain. Her fingers clutched at carpet fibers, begging them to pull her away. Her pussy squelched with every thrust. Heavy balls bounced off her swollen clit.

"Please stop please stop please please please..." she begged. Her face twisted in pain.

He pounded harder driving as deep as he could into his fuck-toy. Sara couldn't take any more. Her cunt being abused and stretched to its limit was too much. She blacked out.

Neptune continued to thrust, but her limp body wouldn't stay in place. He began walking. Sara's face pressed into the carpet as she was pushed forward. Her arms and legs dragged. The dog had pushed her up against the baseboard, where her desk had sat. Her flexible body bent forward and her ass lifted in the air. He slammed into her once more. Sara slowly came to as her body bounced off the wall.

Her head was below her abdomen.

Face between her legs, she watched her dripping hole stretched beyond belief to accommodate Neptune's thick red meat. Her abdomen bulged with every thrust. She began to scream again. His merciless pounding began to build and balls slapped against her clit.

The orgasm ripped through her. Warm fluid splashed hard onto her face as her cunt viciously ejaculated. She coughed and gagged mid-scream as her juices filled her mouth and went up her nose. Her eyes burned and blurred.

"Get it off!" Sara desperately cried out, flinging her head side to side.

All she could taste or see was her own squirting pussy. A bulge began pressing onto her outer lips. She squinted through tears and her own cum to see a red ball, twice as wide as Neptune's penis, pressing into her.

Neptune pushed. Sara's lips began to part. Slick with sweat, her ass pressed firmly against the wall. The knot spread her pelvic bone as it inched forward. One more thrust.

The knot pressed into her greedy pussy. Neptune's cock rammed against Sara's cervix, the tip wiggling in. As she screamed for the last time, she felt hot cum flood her belly. Her womb was filled. Salty dog semen squelched past the knot and poured into Sara's open mouth. It burned in her throat. Both ends of Sara gulped at his load as Neptune turned around, dragging her from the wall. She lay still, unable to move from pain and fear.

He pulled her a few feet, wholly stuck inside her clamping vagina. Sara's legs lay flat on either side of her head, hard nipples left tracks in the carpet as her ass remained supported by the thick meat bulging in her guts. It was silent but for her whimpering and the occasional squirt of cum slipping past the receding knot.

Finally, Neptune's dick slid out of Sara. She felt every inch glide through her canal before her hips slammed down onto the soft carpet. Laying there, she felt her gaping, swollen vagina leaking a puddle of dog cum onto the carpet.

"Oh god oh god..." she sobbed into the carpet.

Neptune walked around her and nudged her side with his nose. Putting his weight into her, she rolled over. Her nipples were erect. Her face was covered in a slurry of drool, snot, cum, and tears. The dog stood over her face and laid his flaccid cock across it. Sara felt the weight of it press down onto her freckled, slimy skin. She didn't dare move and silently cried. The musky smell of dog cock filled her brain, mingling with her terror. Her juices dripped and rolled down her face like tears.

She closed her eyes and passed out again.

When Sara awoke she was alone. She heard cardinals tweeting outside, the wind knocking through leafless trees. Sitting up, she felt the crust of dried cum sticking her ass to the carpet. Her mouth tasted like semen and her own juices. She had no sense of how much time passed.

Sara curled into a ball. Sobs wracked her body, driving yet more warm sperm from her still gaping hole. It ran down her buttcheek to join the rest in a crusted puddle on the carpet.

After a while she crawled to the bathroom, her legs did not want to work. The hairs on her anus unstuck themselves as she moved her legs. She used the counter to pull herself to her feet and saw her reflection. Her hair was matted to her head, glued together with sticky, dried semen and mucus. Her eyes were bloodshot and her face was covered in a filthy sheen of crusting fluids. Pubic hair lay in globs over her gaped vagina. It would never be quite the same.

Something dripped from her gold cross.

Sara could barely look at herself thinking about orgasming on a dog's cock. Every moment of the vicious rape was seared into her memory, aside, of course, for the moments she was unconscious.

She stepped into the shower and sat down. The warm water washed away her tears.

*The End*