

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



It's strange how things work out, Ashley thought. If you had told me last week that I would've dumped men altogether and just be faithful to my precious mutt within a week, I would have said you missed your bus to the loony bin. But yet, here I am, enjoying every twitch and pulse of this sexy beast inside my womb, warming my belly with his liquid love.

The couple had graduated to the stage where they were now ass to ass, and Max's sperm was flowing into her cunt like a pulsating firehose. She looked back, watching Max's nubby tail jerk and his puckered buttohole twitch with each pulse. He looked quite pleased with himself, staring into the distance and panting happily.

"You feel better, my sexy stud?" she asked. Max turned his squared head and looked at her, licking his chops as drool dripped onto the carpet. "I'll take that as a yes," she replied confidently. She reached across the floor and grabbed her phone, checking her texts. She must be popular. Her phone had dinged non-stop during the whole fuck-fest.

Until last week, she had her choice of manly dick and had no problem getting laid four or five times a week, all from different guys. But now, after realizing what she truly desired, horny guys were just an annoyance.

She laughed, seeing the dick pic some guy had sent her. She resisted the temptation of texting a shot of Max's eight-inch, veiny rod to show him what a real cock looked like. She hoped that after a few weeks of ignoring boys and their little dicks, they'd move on.

Max finished while she grunted from his knot being yanked free from the clutches of her battered pussy. She dropped the phone and shoved her hands between her legs, cupping her cunt. Trotting to the bathroom, she sat on the toilet and relaxed, releasing his spent love to drain from her cunt like a cloudy waterfall.

She watched him from the bathroom while she finished. He jumped onto the bed, curled up, and started cleaning his equipment. She was still amazed at the size and girth of this beast. He was certainly above average in the ding-a-ling department for a bully breed. He was hung, but it swelled up to the size of her forearm when he came!

She wiped herself clean, flushed and flicked off the light. She pulled the sheets back and slipped beneath the silky softness. Max was staring at her intently and wagging his nub furiously.

"Ok. Since you fucked Mommy the way she likes it, you can get underneath with me," she said and held the covers up so he could join her. He flopped down, his back against her, so she turned on her side to spoon him. Ashley reached over his barrel chest and hooked a leg over his hind legs, tucking him tight against her. She leaned over and nibbled his ear, making him sigh in frustration. "Fine. I'll leave you alone," she whispered, nestled her face against his softness, and closed her eyes. Shortly, both were sleeping soundly, worn out from an afternoon of sexual pleasures and delights.

A few hours later, she woke before Max and watched him. He was breathing loudly and exhaling quiet moans. Her hand slipped down his side and tenderly cupped his bulging pouch. She liked touching him there, knowing that just inside that warm, soft sheath was a raging hard-on, ready to fuck her like a bitch in heat at a moment's notice.

Her mind drifted fondly to the events a week ago that led to her passionate discovery and a new-found love for her best friend.

A week ago, Ashley closed the front door after saying goodnight to the man she'd just fucked. It was ok, she guessed. He was lean, athletic and under twenty-five. However, he lasted all of about five

minutes. The upside was that he was also ready to go again in thirty, so she had her fill of dick within those couple of hours. He was okay in the size department, but damn, he had a gifted tongue. He could send her over the edge once or twice while his balls replenished their load.

After she let him out and said bye, she locked the front door and went upstairs to the sounds of grunting. She found Max going hog wild, humping one of her bed pillows furiously. "Maxwell! Stop that shit!" she screamed. She grabbed the pillow from his clutches, stripping the wet pillowcase and tossing it in the laundry basket. "How long were you doing that?" she asked. He stared at her, giving her the stink-eye for taking away his humping pillow. His purple cock swung like a third leg beneath his belly.

"Sorry, buddy. Your fuck bear is in the washer. You're going to have blue balls until tomorrow. Keep off my pillows!"

He was a typical nine-month-old dog, humping anything he could wrap his legs around. Her first indication that he was maturing was bath time a month ago when he showed her his endowments. She had soaped him up and rubbed under his belly when her hand bumped something hot and hard. Taking a curious look, her mouth dropped open, amazed at the size of his breeding equipment. "Damn boy, that thing doesn't throw you off balance when you walk?" she asked.

She had briefly entertained the idea of getting him fixed, especially after she'd arrived home one day to a torn couch wet from sprayed cum. But the more she read and heard, the less she liked mutilating her baby. As long as she kept anything she didn't want his spooge on out of reach, it was ok. He had a favorite stuffed bear that he made his cum receptacle at least once a day, which she had to wash about once a week; otherwise, it grew stiff and solid.

So, for the time being, she fucked guys while Max fucked his stuffed bear; both were content with the arrangement until one night last week.

She usually didn't let Max sleep with her because he twitched and snored when he slept, but tonight, he wouldn't leave her alone. He'd been under her feet since she went upstairs, and now he sat whining at the edge of the bed.

"Max. Shut the hell up," she snapped, then made the mistake of looking at his big, brown puppy eyes. He continued the quiet whining until she gave up. She patted the bed and said, "Ok, you win. Just for tonight."

He quickly joined her and started rooting to get under the covers. "No!" she said firmly. "Keep your butt on top," she reiterated. His whining started again, and she groaned, giving in and lifting the covers so he could slip underneath. He seemed happy with the arrangement and grew still. Ashley shook her head and rolled to her side, facing the other way. Max scooted until his back was against hers.

"Hope you sleep well," she said sarcastically and closed her eyes, hoping he'd be still long enough for her to fall asleep. Thankfully, he did, and she was asleep in minutes.

Later in the night, she dreamed that the guy she'd fucked earlier was back again and using his talented tongue between her legs. Being able to recover quickly and screw again was nice, but damn, his tongue. He was just so good at it. She eagerly dreamed he was back for an encore.

Then her dream started getting weird because after he got her all worked up, he stopped and started poking his finger into her cootch. "What the fuck are you doing?" she mumbled, still asleep. He just kept poking her cunt, and now he was doing it faster. Then it didn't feel like a finger, more

like three or four fingers, stretching her cunt and starting to hurt. His rapid thrusting didn't help either. It felt like she was riding a jackhammer.

Ashley was yanked from her dream and jarred awake when Max threw his front paws over her shoulders and pressed his barrel chest against her back, ramming his swollen cock deeper into her surprised cunt. She lay there stunned, trying to figure out whether she was still dreaming. Then the pain between her legs quickly let her know she wasn't dreaming and Max was getting some real pussy.

"Max! Get off!" she screamed and rolled over onto her stomach to get away. He was young and quick, following her over, his cock still planted deeply. Ashley started to slide off the bed until Max lowered his muzzle to her ear and growled. It wasn't a fierce-sounding growl, but it made her think twice about moving again. She stopped struggling and whispered, "Max? Good boy."

Max's growl morphed into grunts as he continued to breed his bitch. Ashley lay under her thrusting dog, shocked into disbelief. She was astonished it was happening, but the bigger jolt came when her body began tingling from an orgasm rising within her loins. Max's cock was filling and hitting places inside her that no man had ever come close to doing.

She closed her eyes and pushed the societal stigma from her mind, letting the pleasure flow, and her senses heighten. From his furry chest pressing against her bare skin, his muscular hips rhythmically sliding against her thighs. The feel of his burning hot cock stretching her wide, tapering to the dripping tip teasing her cervix.

'Oh, oh, oh...' she moaned, embracing the climax as it burned like a raging wildfire throughout her soul. The rolling orgasm continued while her furry friend sustained his mating instincts. Her climax had begun to ebb when he shoved something inside her wet, aching pussy that resembled a fist.

She grunted from the sudden bulbous appendage thrust into her and lodging inside. Max slowed his humping and then crashed like a dead weight on top of her, panting heavily. Her cunt started throbbing from the fat thing inside her and the expanding thickness of his cock. She started to wonder if he had finished, then his cock erupted in the first of many hot spurts, forcefully blasting the inside of her womb with his watery load.

She lay there silently, listening to Max pant and feeling his drool drip onto her neck. She started to slide out from beneath him but quickly realized there was no movement with a fist-sized connection shoved inside her crotch.

She panicked, retrieving her phone from the nightstand. She surfed, discovering all kinds of fascinating stuff about stud dogs, their cocks and how they breed. She relaxed and assumed the big thing shoved inside her was his 'knot,' used to plug her so he could pump his puppy-making gift in her. Thankfully she didn't read anything about a human actually getting pregnant from a dog. She didn't think she could handle nursing eight puppies with only two nipples. She was relieved to learn this connection usually only lasted fifteen or twenty minutes, so she just had to wait him out.

She continued educating herself while Max finished draining his balls. After a few minutes, he stood, yanking his somewhat deflated knot from her sore cunt.

"Goddammit!" she screamed, flipped on her back when he stepped away to curl up and clean his dangling equipment. Ashley watched Max's red, veiny cock recede into its furry sheath. He looked at her with puppy eyes, seemingly unconcerned with the throbbing soreness between her legs.

"Damn dog," she muttered and lay back, continuing her bestiality lesson. She ignored Max when he

got up and jumped off the bed, loudly lapping water from his dish. He finished and returned, moving between her spread legs. She looked over her phone at his gaze. "Yeah. All red and sore," she muttered. Then he did something that quickly flipped the men to mutts switch.

He lay between her outstretched legs and sniffed her pubes. She watched him approach, watching over her phone, curious about his actions. Max scooted closer and shoved his cold nose against her throbbing cunt, making her jerk. Then he dove in like he was after life's sweet and salty elixir. His long, warm tongue slipped past her velvety folds, soothing and tasting every crease and crevice inside her. His licking muzzle smashed against her clit, rubbing and teasing it until she was a quivering mess.

Max seemed content and continued to push Ashley up her inevitable orgasmic hill, tasting, teasing, rubbing and licking. She gently gripped his head and started humping his wet nose. "Oh, Max," she groaned.

Ashley reached the top of her orgasmic hill and whimpered from the climax, starting between her legs and rushing to every nerve.

Max renewed his licking, tasting the savory climax leaking from her convulsing cunt.

A few minutes later, Ashley had to push Max's head back and cover her wet snatch. "Ok, buddy. You're starting to lick Mommy raw." He cocked his head, listening intently. "Maybe you can get some nookie tomorrow, OK?" Max huffed and left her alone, trotting downstairs.

Ashley lay there, thinking about what had just happened and how she felt about it. "Without a doubt," she said, "I will be his bitch again."

A minute later, her phone rang, and she looked at it. It was her friend, Avery, no doubt wanting to hear the juicy gossip on the last guy.

"Hey, Avery," Ashley answered.

"Hey, girl. So how was he?" she asked.

After a long pause, she said, "He was the best lay I've had in a long time. He was young, hung, took his time, and damn, that tongue," she teased.

"So you're doing him again, right?" Avery asked.

"Don't worry. We might even do it again tonight."

"He's still there?"

"Yep."

"Shit. I've got to see this guy. Keep him there. Be there in ten," Avery said, hanging up before Ashley could reply.

She lay there debating whether to let Avery in on the secret. Her friend was as open-minded as you got. But getting fucked with a doggie boner?

All this might push her away, and she loved hanging out with her. But on the other hand, what if she was into it? Then look at all the fun she'd miss out on, not knowing.

The doorbell rang, and she heard Max let loose, barking at the door. She rolled out of bed, slipped on an oversized T-shirt, and went downstairs.

Downstairs, she calmed Max and opened the door. Avery was looking past her to see if the stud was there.

"Calm down, girl. Come on in, and let's talk," Ashley laughed, letting her in and locking up behind her.

"So? Where is he?" she whispered, scanning each room as she passed through the hallway. "He still upstairs in bed?"

"Take a deep breath and have a seat."

Avery frowned and pulled a chair out from the table to sit. Ashley noticed she had on a tight top and a short skirt, in addition to having her hair pulled back into a ponytail. She was a hottie, Ashley admitted.

"Hey Ave, you know I'm the one fucking him and not you, right? All this slutty dressing and a ponytail ain't gonna get you any."

"Well, you never know. Unlike you, I remember us sharing a guy or two in college, Miss Prude," Avery replied, her eyes narrow and her lips formed into a mischievous grin. "How soon we forget. It was only two years ago."

"No, I remember. But I seem to remember it was more than a couple. We weren't called 'The Twins' in college for nothing." Ashley said, grabbing water from the fridge. She turned and saw Max sniffing at Avery's knees while she scratched his ears.

"Who's a good boy? You mad Mommy has some other stud upstairs?" Avery asked, easing her legs open as Max pushed between them. He eased closer to his goal, sniffing loudly while she continued to pet him, unaware of what he was after.

"Hey, entertain Max for a minute. I gotta pee," Ashley said and hurried from the kitchen. She knew what Max was after and wanted to see if Avery, left alone with him, would give him a quick taste. From experience, she knew you didn't give two shits about who knew once Max started showing you his talent.

In the kitchen, Max shoved his cold nose under Avery's short skirt, hitting her clit. Apparently, Avery planned on getting laid and didn't wear panties tonight.

Max shoved his wet, warm tongue inside her before she knew what he was doing. Her body convulsed from the stimulation, and she half-heartedly tried to push him back. "Stop, Max!" she whined but opened her legs wider. He continued to taste between her legs, and her resolve crumbled beneath his breath and licks.

Ashley came to the kitchen and stood outside the doorway, listening. The only sound was Max licking. She relaxed, knowing her friend wouldn't care that the 'stud' was Max. She peaked around the corner, and Avery had her head back and her legs spread wide. Her hands were on Max's blocky shoulders while his head had disappeared inside her skirt.

"You enjoying my stud, slut?" Ashley asked, walking in and taking a seat across from her friend.

"Ah, well, ah, I...I mean...Ash...", Avery choked. "Oh my god, I'm cumming." Ashley watched her friend convulse and tremble from the dog's talented, lengthy tongue. Max's nubbed tail wagged furiously from the sweet taste of another bitch's orgasm. His pink, veiny cock had appeared from its sheath, poking out a couple of inches while he finished off the new bitch.

He stopped licking and moved away, standing by the patio door. Ashley went over and opened it to let him out to go potty.

"Holy crap on a cracker, girl. You teach him that?" Avery panted, closing her legs and pulling her skirt down.

"Nope," she replied. "And he's stud staying here, by the way. No boys, just a sexy, furry stud."

"Girl. I've never been happier not to see a boy."

Ashley rubbed Avery's neck while she recouped. "So," she began, "If you want to share, I don't think Max would have a problem."

"Thanks," Avery replied. "As soon as I can stand without falling over, we can take it upstairs."

Ashley laughed and let Max inside. "Gee Max, some stud just got two bitches to fuck now," she said, ruffling his neck.

A few minutes later, with a little help from each other climbing the stairs, the girls crashed onto the bed and called Max. Max joined them without much encouragement and crawled between them. The girls had lost their clothes along the way and now were playfully wrestling with him in the nude. He panted and gently nipped at their hands and arms, growling playfully.

Max ended the wrestling session on his back while the girls rubbed his tummy. His head rolled back, enjoying the gentle strokes and touches from the girls running across his tummy and chest.

"Look," Avery said excitedly, nodding at Max's cock poking out of its furry hiding place.

"Damn, girl. Are you getting excited about that? Wait until his whole dick is out, knot and all. Then you'll get a flood between your legs."

"Think I can touch his junk?" Avery asked, licking her lips.

"Does it look like this dog gives two shits about his knob getting polished? Hell no, do whatever you want." Ashley laughed. "But the rule is, just be gentle. Well, with Max, that is."

Avery's hand slipped over his furry belly and between his hind legs, gently cupping his black, smooth balls. "They're so heavy," she whispered, letting them dangle as her hand moved to his bulging, furry sheath. She carefully gripped the sheath and stroked it up and down his cock tip, watching it grow steadily until the sheath bulged in her grip.

"That's his knot. He shoves that inside you just before he nuts. It sorta plugs you up so none of his cum leaks out."

"That fits inside my twat?" Avery whispered, amazed at the size and feel of the fist-sized knot that appeared from inside his sheath. "Wait a minute. How long have you been doing this with him?"

Ashley laughed. "I had plenty of time to read when he accidentally fucked me earlier."

“Accidentally?”

“It’s a long story. Let’s ensure Max is happy first, and then I’ll fill you in.”

Avery nodded in agreement while her hands continued to feel and examine the dog’s breeding tools. “Did you suck his dick yet?”

“No. We haven’t made it that far yet. But hey, if you want, go for it.”

Avery scooted toward his engorged, pink, veiny cock and leaned close. Her tongue flicked out and tasted the leaking, tapered tip of his dick. She repeated the action as if making sure she’d like it and then quickly slid her lips over his hot pole and started sucking his dick with determination.

Ashley petted the happy dog’s head while he panted, lying on his back and legs spread, enjoying a warm mouth around his hefty dick. “That feels good, my sexy stud?” she asked, kissing his cold nose.

“When is he gonna jizz in my mouth. I want to taste it,” Avery grunted between trips up and down the dog’s cock.

“Here, you keep sucking, and I’ll help. Get ready,” Ashley said, slipping her hand behind her boy’s knot and carefully applying pressure. Max kicked his rear legs and exhaled a long sigh. His girth increased, and the veins surrounding his pink cock bulged, giving his cock a purplish hue. Ashley felt a strong pulse ricochet through his root. “Here comes,” she whispered. “Drink up.”

Avery’s eyes bugged, and then her throat bobbed, swallowing the watery, warm shots of his cum erupting from his swollen cock. She slurped, sliding her lips up and down his pole, sucking and swallowing each salty shot. Max whined softly as Avery sucked his loins dry.

She took her lips off his spurting cock long enough to ask, “How much more does he have?” A watery shot landed across her nose before she returned her lips to his cock.

“Baby. No telling. After he unloaded in me, I sat on the toilet for five minutes with his cum draining out.” Ashley replied. “All I can say is, his big balls hold a gallon.”

Avery moaned and rolled her eyes.

“You can always stop if you want and just finish jerking him off,” Ashley said.

Avery vigorously shook her head no and continued to drain the puppy of his fertile spunk.

“See Max. She’s dedicated. You’re really lucky you have two bitches that want to cater to your every need.”

Ten minutes had passed when the pulsating in her grip ceased. “Ok, I think stud’s finally running dry,” Ashley said.

Avery pulled her lips off his cock and wiped the stray shot across her nose. She leaned up and kissed his panting muzzle. “Thank you, Max. I needed that.” They took a minute to acquaint themselves, kissing and licking each other, then she let him relax. The two girls slid up next to him, one on either side, laying their arms across his heaving chest. The girls kissed each side of his head and nestled their faces against his broad shoulders. All three closed their eyes and fell asleep quickly, sleeping peacefully through the rest of the night.

The End