

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



I groggily rub my eyes awake and smile at the behemoth of the dog that has invaded my bed. "Goddammit, Brutus, go away," I laugh playfully at him.

He is an Alaskan Malamute – a breed known for its loyalty, strength, and size. And in none of those categories is he found wanting. At 120 lbs, he weighs more than I do, and with the top of his head resting nearly three feet from the ground, his ears could easily tickle my nipples.

His big, loving, dopey eyes are transfixed on me, and he lets out a pitiful 'whump' from his big jowls. I giggle and push his head away, or I attempt to. My little arm does little more than squish his skin around. I'm a little girl – not in age, but physically. I'm in my late 20s, just over 5'1", at 110 lbs.

I've never had much of an issue with gaining weight, luckily. I hit puberty fairly late, and before it, I was flat as a stick, but once it came, boy, it hit me like a bat. All the weight I gained went into one of two areas. I've got a nice pert ass and rather large breasts, which stick out somewhat. Before my breasts grew, I was hyper-conscious about my puffy nipples, but now, it's something I've grown to love about myself.

While I'm fairly pale, tan lines from last Summer refuse to fade. I have deep reddish-brown eyes and auburn wavy hair that falls past my shoulders. My cheeks are sprinkled with freckles, and my lips are nice and thick. Both pairs of them, come to think about it, hahaha.

Brutus, my beautiful and klutzy dog, huffs again, louder this time, and pounces on the bed. One of his large paws lands some of his weight on me, and fuck, is he heavy. I laugh and reach with both arms to grab him by his neck, my fingers gripping handfuls of his thick hair as we wrestle. The covers are a mess, and my left leg is twisting out of them to grip him as well. I try to turn him on his side, but he uses his bulk to hold me down. Now I've got both legs wrapped around him, and his paws gripped my shoulders. I feel the heat emanating from his body. The power of his muscles as he playfully wrestles me into submission, and a wet squirt splashes onto my stomach and clit.

"Brutus, you shameless horndog!"

I laugh and slide my left arm under his head to escape under his front legs. Doing so, my back is turned to him, and he seizes the opportunity. He grips my hips with his large paws, holding me in place. I yelp as his claws dig into my skin. Stupid. I shouldn't have let him get me into this position without putting his socks on. I feel his full heavy, hot, furry body lean on me, and I fall to my elbows under him. I try to push up, intent on getting his socks on him, but his weight, power, and insistence hold me down.

I feel another splash of his pre-cum against my now-wet lips. I bite my lip and look between my legs to see his heavy balls swinging. His hips are methodically pressing into me, searching for my pussy. I groan as play turns to lust, and, despite the pain his claws cause as they scratch my hips with his grip, I arch my ass out, presenting my pussy fully for my lover.

He wastes no time.

Immediately I feel a wet heat slap against my clit, sending a shudder up my spine. It presses now, sloppily coating my lips in Brutus's pre-cum, rubbing with force and insistence. I moaned as his slimy dick continued to rub my lips to my clit. I know he's getting frustrated. I can feel his body gripping me tighter, his thrusts growing more pronounced and insistent, but fuck, it feels good. With the next thrust, he pulls back, and I feel his wet dick slip past my pussy lips, inside of me. His grip on me tightens, and his thrusts become deep. His balls pull back far, and I feel his weighty balls slap

against my clit as his dick invades me.

Fuck, the feeling is good.

Imagine the best dick you had, but now, imagine if that dick lubricated itself. Imagine if it only grew larger and larger and larger. Larger than any man could. It's clean and has no gross or nasty-smelling bits like those of guys. Its balls are heavy and full of so so so much more cum than what a man can produce. Its tip is soft and tapered, and, for girls that are into this idea, it presses snugly against your cervix (ow, I know, but I love the feeling of having his cum delivered directly to my womb).

His dick, his body, and his sperm run much hotter than a human's - meaning you feel his heat spread through you from his thick dick inside of your pussy to his endless sperm being injected into your welcoming depths. Imagine a dick that stays hard after cumming. A dick that cums often for 30 to 45 minutes, throbbing with pumps of cum as he continues to unload his sperm inside you. Imagine, the best part of it all, that as his dick begins to cum, it grows a fat and meaty 'knot' at the base of his dick that locks his dick inside of you, pressing into your lips and creating a seal of pleasure.

The feeling is indescribable. It's overwhelming and hot. It presses a constant force against your g-spot, which throbs with releasing need every few seconds for more than half an hour. That rant was long, but I hope you understand what I'm about to experience. The feeling of his wet member penetrating me sends another shudder up my spine, and a moan lingers on my lips. I can feel him growing, needing, lusting, thrusting, fucking, claiming.

I fully press my face against the mattress and arch my ass up to him, submitting to his need. Wanting to feel his full force as his hips thrust and slap his balls against my clit, as his meaty knot begins to grow and starts to pop in and out of my drooling pussy lips. With every thrust, his dick grows and grows. I've seen it when it's outside of my body, and he grows to an honest 10 inches long, with his knot growing to the size of a tennis ball, about 9 inches.

He's not at that point yet, but with each thrust, his member grows. The slimy red dick that sunk into my lips has now become a thick girthy dick that the largest men would envy. But, even with every forced entry of his growing knot into my pussy, I can feel he hasn't fully grown yet.

With every thrust he makes, another burst of pre-cum ejects from the tip of his dick. He is coating my insides with his hot, wet lubricant. With every thrust, the head of his dick presses into my cervix, with a wet little pop and a significant string of pre-cum marrying my cervix to the head of his dick, even when he pulls back just to thrust forward again.

I groan in pleasure, in some pain, as I submit to him. At this moment, I am His bitch. His breeder. His fuckhole for his puppies. I grin to myself at that thought before a moan is forced out of me by another of his heavy thrusts. I know I can't bear his puppies, but I know I get off on the idea. Hard. All he knows is that he is breeding me. Impregnating me with his young. I am his woman, his bitch, and god, does he treat me like it at times like this.

I reach my right arm down towards my clit and massage it lightly in passing. I feel my dog's heavyweight and furry balls slap against my hand, and I spread my fingers wide, wanting to catch a feel of Brutus's soaked shaft and the growing knot. On his next thrust, I feel it, and my fingers wrap around it slightly as he forces it inside me. Fuck, fuck, fuck, it's huge.

I feel my lips spread wide to accommodate his latest thrust, and at that moment, I am his, in total submission. His claws now dig against the top of my legs and his body to thrust forward, not pulling

back. I feel him throb inside of me. I feel the pressure of his knot press against my g-spot. I feel his heavy, furry heat on my back, on my legs, running down my thighs, and inside of my fucked lips. And I cum.

It builds from my stuffed lips, from my g-spot being forcibly massaged, my lips being made to accommodate his immense girth, my entire vagina as his fat dick begins to throb in me – it even builds from my cervix, feeling the pressure of his soft tapered dick head pressing into it, hurting me a bit, but exciting me too. My arms spasm slightly, my legs quiver, my face scrunches, my eyes shut, and my mouth erupts a long, lingering moan. I am loud. I don't care. I can't control it. I don't want to.

I want to be his bitch.

My orgasm goes on. It never truly fades. Even as I come down from it, I feel another starting to build slowly. Brutus's meaty fat knot presses fully against my welcoming lips, locking his now enormous dick inside me. The heat of his throbbing member, of the continuous eruptions of his cum, of his heavy build holding me down and claiming me. I am given no respite, and I don't want any.

The fingers of my right hand, still near my clit, stretch to feel his red member behind the base of his knot. It is fleshy, wet, hot, appealing – and throbbing. I groan with pleasure as I feel his dick pulse against my fingers, up into his fat knot, pushing against my g-spot, up into the tip of his dick, probing and spraying more of his hot cum against my cervix.

Fuck, I can feel another orgasm start to build.

As I bite my lips in pleasure, his bitch to breed, I feel a continuous stream of his and my cum flowing down my thighs. I lazily open my eyes and look under me to see a huge pool of his white cum formed under me. With cum flowing down my thighs, down my belly, and dripping down my clit.

"Brutus, breed me... Impregnate your little bitch," I moan weakly in pleasure to him.

My left arm reaches back to stroke his body, and my right-hand slips down to my clit, massaging my deeply needful little clit. My fingers are slick with my juices and his cum, and as I pull them back slightly, I can see a heavy string of cum inter-webbing my trigger and middle fingers. I plunge them back against my clit. Again, another wave is rising. I can feel the orgasm build higher and higher. This time, my clit is pushing me, but the whole experience, the breeding, the feel of his hard body and huge dick stretching me out, is so much. I feel my clit growing freakishly sensitive, and I can't stop myself. I need to cum again.

His heavy knot throb against my g-spot, and my dam breaks. I lose myself to the orgasm. My hips buck, but his dick remains tightly lodged inside me, losing more and more continuous throbs of his sperm, breeding me. I buck again. My lips are sensitive, my nipples are hard, and the pool of cum has reached them, coating my tits with a light layer of our cum. I see this as my body bucks with pleasure as I moan in delight. As I submit to my orgasm and his need.

Breathing heavily, I lay my face and arms on the mattress. Despite being spent, I can feel another orgasm slowly building. Despite the overwhelming physical pleasure I am experiencing, this orgasm is more cerebral.

It's an undercurrent from feeling his hot sticky sperm invading my womb of feeling his soft pointed dick head pressing and massaging against my cervix. I know that when a woman orgasms, her cervix widens and stays widened. With his knot holding my lips tight, some of his cum leave my pussy. Cum, despite being composed of millions (or, in the case of dogs, billions) of sperm, acts like a

liquid. A hot, thick, sticky liquid, but still, a liquid. And like any liquid, it seeks the path of least resistance. And dog sperm is much more liquid than that of a man.

With my lips sealed by his throbbing, fat knot, the size of a tennis ball, the path of least resistance is my widened, welcoming womb.

I can't help but imagine the billions of sperm entering my womb, the flood of his cum invading my space, seeking to impregnate me. Even if they fail, billions of his sperm will continue to writhe in my womb for days, hunting for an egg to penetrate.

At the gym, at work, while walking, I will have his sperm inside of me, sealed when my cervix closes, only to leak out slightly every day. No one would know the woman across from them has her dog's jizz drooling past her lips. And this excites me.

With my face pressed against the mattress, exhausted, mouth agape, I feel his fat dick throb inside me again. From his balls pulling up to eject another hose of his cum, to the base of his shaft, against my tightly-stretched lips, to his bulging knot stretching me, forcing my g-spot to pleasure, to his wide member shuddering inside of me, to the tip of his dick spraying another forceful rope of his cum directly against my cervix. To my widened womb, welcoming his babies, begging for his sperm to impregnate me.

I shudder and groan. My hands reached back to hold the back of Brutus's legs tight against me.

I read online that a few exceptions exist while animals cannot impregnate across different species. Humans and dogs aren't one of those exceptions, but the sperm will try regardless. And with billions of sperm entering the egg, a woman's egg would be fertilized by her beastie lover's cum, and begin to multiply, creating their baby inside her. However, because of different locks and keys and genetic mismatches, the budding life will fail, and her egg will become infertile after being impregnated.

I turn my head to look up lazily at my large lover, imagining his pups growing in my womb. It's a fucked-up thought. I don't want it, I think, but fuck, it gets me hot. My hand reaches down and lovingly massages against my womb, imagining his sperm flooding my egg, penetrating it, and impregnating me with the life we would create together. My hand comes back, soaked in the drooling trail of our cum.

As I began to trail my fingers down to my clit, the thoughts of being bred by him, of not just being his bitch, but his breeding bitch became too much. With my fingers hovering just above my clit, I feel my orgasm build hard. And I quickly plunge the base of my palm against my clit, with my fingers splayed against his fat knot and my stretched lips. I press hard and feel the pleasure of pulling, pushing, and building.

Before I can erupt in orgasm, I feel Brutus adjust himself. He pulls his paws off my hips, now covered in his scratches, and pulls his leg over my ass. In doing so, his knot pulls against my lips, stretching me harder and applying new pressure against my g-spot. His dick squishes against my cervix in a new way, and my orgasm builds harder.

His leg comes around, and he sits against me, pressing ass-to-ass. The way a dog breeds a bitch. In this position, his knot pulls harder against my lips, my g-spot is being pressed on directly, and my cervix is experiencing harder, more needful pressure from the head of his dick. In this position, I truly am his bitch. I groan in pleasure, his knot tugging at me and his sperm invading me. Feeling his need pouring inside of me.

My pussy quivers against the palm of my hand, shuddering against his huge red dick and sucking in

more of his endless sperm into my womb. My left-hand grips the covers hard, and I bite down on the mattress, suffocating the loudest orgasm yet. A roar of pure pleasure, of submission, of fulfillment.

I lay there, utterly spent, but still felt an undercurrent of pleasure building inside of me. I could fuck and cum with Brutus endlessly. We're so well matched. But after all this time, after glowing for minutes in the effects of my latest orgasm, I can feel the pressure of his knot begins to lessen. I hadn't realized it, but we must have been fucking for over thirty minutes, all in the blink of a blissful eye.

As his knot begins to decrease, I can feel pressure as the huge quantity of our cum in my pussy seeks an outlet. Before I know it, I feel a wet and heavy spring erupt from the seal of my lips and his knot, exploding with throbs of our cum. It runs in waves, with spurts splashing between my thighs, against his legs, along my belly, and on the underside of my tits.

I reach my left hand in a cup under my lips as his cum flows out of me, and the cum pooling in my cupped fingers quickly overflows. Being a naughty bitch, I take the puddle to my mouth and sip it before licking my hand clean. I wanted to taste him, to taste us, and fuck, I love our taste. I hear him huff, a happy noise and feel him tugging against my lips, resealing them with his knot. The pressure he applies while pulling away from me is just pleasure. My clit gets sensitive again at the stretching he forces on my lips, and I grin happily as I watch my lover between my legs. As he pulls back from his tugs, more of our cum slips down, coating the bed in a puddle. It's absurd the amount a dog can cum, especially a large one.

With a loud and wet pop, his knot stretches past my lips and pulls me out. I bite my lips at the pleasure and the pain and the emptiness I start to feel at his passing, only to be startled again as a larger torrent of our cum flows, like an actual small waterfall, down my pussy, onto the bed. His heavy, red dick falls out of me with a long and slow pull. It's easily 8.5 inches long still, and while his knot is shrinking, it's huge. I lay there in bliss as he turned around and sniffed my used pussy before he let out a long, lingering lick against me. I shudder from the attention, my clit and lips still, sensitive, and pleased.

He is my lover, and he is strong, and he is gentle. He is dominant, and he is needed, and I am his.

*The End*