

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I was drunk, OK? Half a beer doesn't sound like much, but it was the strong kind with an artsy label. And I'm really short, so I don't weigh that much. And all I had for dinner was a slice of pizza.

It was a mega sleepover party with like 50 people. Girls in skimpy babydolls, boys in boxers, everyone was horny and maybe that was rubbing off on me as the evening crescendoed. Someone dared Trisha to deepthroat the neck of her bottle and no one harassed her about being sexually attracted to beer. Anyway, it was just one dog (at first) but since then, I overhear nicknames like 'bitch in heat' and 'doggie back door' I can't have a conversation without someone asking if I'll be having another dog show at the next party. I don't know! It's not the kind of thing you plan.

I had a light orange onesie with peaches printed on it, my least sexy nightwear until I tried it on at the party and remembered how long it had been since I last wore it. Tight in all the wrong places. But, unless I wanted everyone to think of me as 'that girl who wears jeans at a sleepover' (I hadn't publically sucked a dog's dick at that point so little social blunders still mattered to me), I had to expose the shape of my butt and breasts in a dimly lit basement. Beer helped me deal with the irrational embarrassment of flaunting a curvy body and, soon enough, I was bouncing my tits and ass on the dance floor, more intoxicated by the cheers and stares than the alcohol itself.

My favorite song was playing when I first saw him. Or maybe it became my favorite song the moment I stared into his bright sky-blue eyes. Someone had left the basement door ajar and he snuck right into the party. Tall, husky, handsome, black and white like a big, sexy Oreo, he could have had any girl at the party but chose to plant his nose into my crotch for a sniff. I kneeled to pet him and the licking started. Heaven can't be as divine as a dog's tongue exploring your face.

"Get a room, you two," I remember hearing someone say. So I jokingly started kissing back, embracing the tongue whenever it licked my lips, even encouraging it to find the inside of my mouth. Things evolved into full-on french kissing within seconds and if I still thought I was doing it for laughs, I was only kidding myself. I was horny. Inexplicably horny. Hornier by far than ever in my life. This Husky wanted me like the mother of his pups and I was already imagining our entire life together (in this fantasy I developed a serum that let dogs live as long as humans).

My hands were all over his thick soft belly coat like a marshmallow snow cloud, trying to feel as much of him as possible before he lost interest in me. What if he only liked my mouth for the aftertaste of pizza? My heart sank, but I found hope in the palm of my hand when my fingers blindly wrapped against something big, slick, and spongy. His doggy cock had unsheathed just for me. He was horny too. We were making each other horny. The weight of doubt lifted, and I was free.

I don't think anyone noticed that one of my hands was jerking off the dog while we passionately traded saliva. And I might have walked out of this with my reputation only mildly tarnished had he ejaculated in my cupped hand for me to lap up in the bathroom later and maybe insert a jizz-coated finger or two in my pussy. But things played out a little differently. Still on my knees, still tongue-dancing with a dog while jerking him off, I fell backward from his weight being thrust upon my torso with little instinctual humps as if my hand was a brood bitch's cunt. Our tongues parted in the fall, but my already homesick lips had a bigger organ to suck on in this new position.

It would have been animal cruelty to not finish what I so heavily started, leaving the poor thing red-cocked and blue-balled. I wasn't worried about what the others said as they watched either amused or appalled; they had all disappeared when the kissing started. The dance floor carpet had transformed into a bear skin by the crackling fireplace of an isolated cabin, and the laughter was noisy owls hooting outside. Now on my back, hands gripping muscular back legs, my mouth had no

hesitation when it spread its lips around the throbbing honey-glazed sex toy.

Inexperienced as I was, I thought pleasing a male was just a matter of sucking on the tip, but every hump drove the vein-streaked shaft deeper and deeper into my mouth until his knot bumped against my stretched lips and every thrust had me lubricating my own throat with a gag. The dog seemed to like it, and there was such a deep psychological connection between my mouth and pussy at that moment that I was on the edge of orgasm just from sucking doggy dick and gently massaging doggy balls.

The hump frequency increased and I knew what was about to happen. I was already cumming from anticipation when he unleashed who knows how many lonely days' worth of puppy batter into my mouth.

His howls of ecstasy, I could feel them on my tongue through the vibrations of his cock. I was determined to suck and swallow every drop even as he constantly amazed me by his unending production of warm cream. Salty, sour, and with a hint of dog food; my new favorite flavor. If his love for me was measured in ejaculate volume, I was the love of his life. As he was mine.

The world started coming back into focus as the intensity of my orgasm faded. The cheers and jeers sharpened and I became aware of how many angles I was being filmed in. I wanted them to disappear again, so I continued sucking on my boyfriend's cock, desperate to keep it from deflating and retracting back into his coat. The knot had ever-so-slightly shrunk so I took a chance and forced my lips around, trapping it like a ballgag behind my teeth. My throat plugged tight, it was impossible to breathe without pumping cum bubbles out of the doggy pee hole. And I thought I was in heaven before; so young and naïve. Once a dog's knot is in your mouth you can press your whole face against the soft underbelly. That got him really excited and his knot inflated to a size my jaw could no longer clear, nor did I want it to. I wanted to spend the rest of my life choking on his cock and drowning in his cum. A dog wouldn't get put down for killing a girl in this manner, right?

The second blowjob lasted over twenty minutes... I think. My pooch was rock hard, but he needed some time to replenish the reserves after filling half my stomach during our first session. He was able to bless me with another spectacular finish which I guzzled while cumming so hard, I was worried I had clenched his fur too hard and hurt him.

I stayed conscious enough to savor the last spurt of his second load, but my horny body couldn't keep up with my hornier mind. I begged myself to keep sucking until the third load came out of my nose, but back-to-back orgasms and erotic asphyxiation took their toll and forced me to take a short break.

"She's awake."

"Good thing we didn't have to give her mouth-to-mouth. Can you imagine?"

I woke up with sore lips, a full stomach, but an empty throat. Someone had sat me on a nearby couch. My lover was gone, maybe sleeping upstairs or taking a walk. I managed not to cry; wouldn't want to do something humiliating in front of all my friends.

"Holy shit, I can't believe you did that. Zander went to get his dog in case you want to suck him off too," someone said to me.

See what I mean? You fall so hard for a dog that you're willing to blow him in public and people

think that kind of love can happen any... Woah. A jacked Great Dane sauntered down the stairs on long, powerful legs only needing half the steps. His flappy jowls, dripping with drool were dancing with each bounce, his untrimmed nail scratching up the wood, his silver coat shimmered in the party lights. My favorite song was playing.

"Whatever," I said, hiding my wet crotch behind my hands and a layer of faked nonchalance.

The Great Dane knew what it wanted and didn't bother to ask permission. Perhaps smelling my arousal, he jumped on me, put his front paws on the back of the couch, and began humping my face with a doggy cock even bigger than my boyfriend's. He was such a bad boy and that was exactly what I needed in my life in this moment of insecurity. To save my eyes from getting poked blind, I opened my mouth wide and scooted back on the couch to align the unstoppable ram with the tender, bruised throat, telling myself my boyfriend, if that's what he still was, would never find out about this one-time slip-up.

My newly honed blowjob skills were useless against such vigor. This hot dog fucked my mouth like a pussy that owed him a treat. I felt so used, so violated, so fucking horny. I started cumming when his thick knot flatted my uvula and didn't stop until I felt the chilling nose of guilt against my drenched crotch. I recognized that nose even with big Great Danes balls slapping the underside of my chin. My boyfriend had caught me cheating. I wanted to plead for his forgiveness, to explain the misunderstanding, but had to wait for my lover to finish first.

I don't know why I was worried; dogs are above human pettiness. When the husky started humping my leg, I knew it was his way to say he already forgave me. He was willing to share my mouth if it brought happiness to a new member of the tribe. I wanted them both inside me, and that's when I remembered my onesie had a big-button butt flap. The rest of the night was a blur.

I woke up in the filtered morning light on a Husky's chest, the softest of pillows. His spent cock had escaped my pussy, but I quickly guided it back in and felt his knot expand into my birth canal like an inflating balloon. He whimpered in pleasure as I began grinding against his cervix-deep cock. My body was trembling from exhaustion but the reason I woke up was also the reason I wouldn't be able to go back to sleep. My Great Dane boyfriend's cock was using my ass as a pocket pussy again. I cranked my neck to give his drooling mouth a morning kiss, then buried my tongue into my Husky boyfriend's mouth to keep my moans from waking up the guests. From the sleeping arrangements, most of them had fallen asleep watching the show.

I couldn't care less, at that moment. There's no greater feeling in the world than licking a wet rugged tongue while two twitching cocks empty their balls inside your packed behind at the same time. They had given me that same feeling at least twelve times during the night, perhaps more than I mentally missed, unfortunately. I knew this moment wouldn't last forever and that I would become a pathetic mess on the floor when the owners took their dogs back and left me gushing cum out of my gaping holes like a bleeding rabbit. That's why I put all of myself into being the best meat a girl could be in this interracial sandwich.

The next day, some girl came up to me with pictures of her Golden Retriever like 'Hey, what do you think of this hunk?'. First, I'm not single, obviously. I felt like I had made that fact very publically clear last night. Second, I don't know what she expected; the stars had aligned for me to find my two soulmates in one night. I wasn't going to fall in love with the equivalent of a random Tinder profile.

Wouldn't you know it, though? That dog was really cute, enough to stir my loins. My favorite song

was playing in my head.