

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Taylor had never been the most attractive girl around. She wasn't *unattractive*, but she never got as much attention paid to her as her sorority friends. She always sported wavy brown hair that was just long enough to reach her shoulder blades and had dark blue eyes that sometimes caught people's attention. She was a pretty college girl, but she'd never liked her short stature or pudgy body. Taylor wasn't overweight, but she always tried to hide her chubby stomach under a sweatshirt or hoodie. However, she had always taken pride in her thick thighs, sizeable rear, and impressive bust.

Her mom had started telling her that big tits just ran in the family, but Taylor never expected to one day have a pair of F-cups that would annoy her by getting in the way or knocking things over.

She was a college girl, who'd managed to earn her way into a cushy Ivy League school that was almost sure to land her an important job one day, if she could deal with the staggering debt from her student loans.

That wasn't important now, though. She could worry about that later. Right now, she was heading over to her friend's apartment to repay a favor. Heather had been her saving grace ever since Freshman year, and she'd asked Taylor to simply watch after her pet Doberman for the evening.

Taylor made her way up a set of stairs leading to Heather's door, carrying her backpack with her to get some homework done while she did some dog sitting. Once she reached the apartment unit she was after, the chubby brunette knocked on the door lightly.

"One second!" Heather's voice said in response.

Taylor chewed her lip anxiously and stood with her arms crossed. She knew why Heather needed someone to watch over her pet for the night, and she had to admit she was a little jealous. Heather was going out to one of the many fraternity parties that occurred every week, and she knew her friend would probably end up with some uber-hot guy, or girl, to entertain her. Heather swung both ways, not that Taylor minded. She was the same way. She just didn't have as many "opportunities" as Heather did.

The sound of a lock clunking made Taylor perk up, and she watched the door swing open. Heather smiled at her, and she returned the gesture. Heather stood half a head taller than her, and man, she was a knockout. Long, brown hair, piercing green eyes, and a splash of freckles over her nose. She looked like a rocker chick, and Taylor always secretly found that hot. She was slim and athletic, and the blue-eyed girl was jealous of her for it.

"Oh, my God! You're just in time. The party started like, twenty minutes ago!" she hugged Taylor.

Taylor smiled again when they separated. "Glad to help. So, where is he?"

"Just in the living room," Heather gestured. "You sure you'll be okay until I'm back?"

Taylor said, "Of course! You know I like Crunch, even if he doesn't like me," she laughed. "I'll probably just watch TV and get some homework done while you're gone."

"Awesome," Heather grabbed her bag and keys, then stepped out of the apartment. "Be back in a few hours! Don't tear the place apart!" hurried away from Taylor, her keys jingling in her hand.

"Yeah," Taylor sighed and went inside, then closed and locked the door behind her.

She headed towards the living room and found Heather's Doberman, Crunch, lying on the ground. He picked his head up and perked his ears when he saw her, a low rumbling noise coming from his mouth.

"I know, I know," she said. "You're not happy to see me. But I'm gonna be here for a while, so I stay out of your way, you stay out of mine. Deal?" Taylor set her bag onto the couch and sat down.

Crunch laid his head down again, paying her no mind. Taylor always liked dogs, and she hardly ever met one that didn't like her back. However, Crunch detested almost everyone except for his owner. Whenever she or anyone else came to Heather's place, they had to steer clear of the large canine. One time, he nearly bit someone for almost stepping on his tail. Heather yelled at that guy for being so clumsy, but since then, Taylor was even more on edge when she was around the intimidating dog.

She surfed through various streaming services and pulled out her laptop once she finally decided on some suitable background noise. Homework was the bane of her existence, but she had an important paper due in less than a week that she desperately needed to work on.

Taylor sighed as she brought up the document that contained what little progress she had made on her paper, then began typing.

A while later, she found herself feeling a little overwhelmed and decided to take a short break. Taylor shut her laptop and tossed it aside, then sat back and straightened her gray sweatshirt. She could feel her tits jiggling with every slight movement, and she wished they made better bras for this very situation. The top of her breasts always spilled over the bra and annoyed her to no end.

She curled her lip and tore her attention away from the thought, deciding to focus on the TV. Crunch still laid on the rug, staring in the direction of the front door. He must be awaiting his owner's return. Taylor rolled her eyes and brought them back to the large flat screen.

Some raunchy show was playing. It looked familiar somehow, but she wasn't sure where she knew it from. The characters were arguing about something she wasn't aware of, and one of them stormed out of the room.

"Lame," Taylor exited the show and went on the search for something new to watch. She sorted through various series and movies. After a full five minutes, she groaned and sat back against the couch. "There's nothing good to watch!" she dropped the remote.

Then an idea popped into her head. It *was* almost Halloween. Maybe she should find a good scary movie to watch. Invigorated, then picked up the remote and typed "horror" into the search bar. Dozens of titles popped up and a smile spread across Taylor's face.

"Okay... supernatural stuff maybe? Or a classic?" she murmured to herself. Crunch's ears flicked in response, but he didn't move.

Finally, she settled on a slasher flick and sat back. Deciding to set the mood, she got to her feet and turned all the lights off except for a small lamp in the far corner.

"*Hmm,*" she thought to herself as she sat down again. "*What's a movie without food?*" Taylor grinned and pulled her phone out, navigating to a delivery service app while the movie was still getting through the opening credits. Once she placed her order, the chubby girl sat back and tossed her phone aside.

The movie started in an interesting way. The film took place in a stereotypical setting—a summer

camp. The camera panned through a sunny campground that showed its name, as well as groups of kids and counselors doing various activities. Canoeing in the lake, volleyball, archery, you name it. But then the camera turned and headed for a cabin, showing a pair of counselors just going at it.

Taylor's eyes widened at the scene. Typical hot blond chick, typical hot dude with prominent abs and short hair. He had the girl held against a wall, pounding into her while she moaned like a whore and her tits jiggled up and down. She silently wished the camera would pan lower, to show his cock sliding in and out of her. Unfortunately, these types of horror movies weren't very big on that. They focused on the important things—bouncing tits and showing just enough to see the dude moving back and forth.

Her thighs rubbed together absently as a blush spread across her face.

"Quiet! They're gonna hear you!" the guy urged in a quiet voice. The girl just kept moaning as her back was pushed against the wall over and over.

'Wish I was her right about now...' Taylor thought. It's been what, three, four months since she's gotten laid? Too long, that's for sure. She glanced down at Crunch, who was still staring at the door awaiting Heather's return.

She looked back up at the movie, surprised that this scene was going on for so long. *'Fuck it,'* she exhaled and pulled her sweater up, giving her an eyeful of her huge bust. She unclasped her bra and tossed it onto the couch, then dug her fingers into the soft, malleable flesh. Taylor sighed contently and kept her eyes glued to the television. She pinched her nipples to get them harder, then squished her tits together and let them fall back into place.

"God..." she exhaled and jiggled them softly, gently rolling her hips into the air after spreading her legs. She could already feel her panties getting wet with arousal, but she wasn't ready to get to that yet. Taylor wanted to feel hands on her breasts.

She massaged her bust, rolling her nipples between her fingers. Taylor gasped silently, her body shuddering.

'Fuck, I'm getting a little too turned on...' she stared down at her tits, watching the flesh ripple.

A loud noise drew her attention, followed by a pair of screams. She looked at the TV and saw a big man with a woodcutting axe chasing the counselors that had been mindlessly screwing each other. Classic slasher trope.

They ran through the woods, hastily dressed in what clothes they could grab before running. The guy was sprinting just ahead of the girl, wearing only a pair of shorts while the blond wore similar shorts and a camp shirt with no bra. The camera did a good job of swapping between normal shots of them running, the killer chasing them, and the blond chick's boobs jiggling under her shirt.

Taylor was a little upset that they weren't fucking anymore, but it didn't matter too much. The shirtless guy and the girl's nipples poking through her shirt were doing it for her.

She chewed her lip gently and kept fondling herself. A quiet moan escaped her mouth and she rolled her hips into the air.

'Wish I could've gone to that party,' she thought and pinched her nipples gently. *'Right now, I'd grab the first person I saw and fucked their brains out...'*

She could see it now. In some small bathroom, bent over with her hands braced against the wall with her ass sticking out while some tall hunk railed her from behind. Her heavy tits swinging in the air while her ass and thighs jiggled with each impact, making her belly ripple while she moaned and begged for more.

Taylor moaned and brought her hand between her legs, desperately rubbing herself through her jeans while pinching her nipple with the other hand.

“God, fuck me...” she moaned quietly. “Harder. Faster...”

Then someone knocked on the door, and Crunch jumped to his feet and barked at the sudden noise.

Taylor yelped and pulled her sweater down to cover her bare chest and removed her hand from her groin. Her phone buzzed, and she picked it up to see a notification that her food had arrived. She shakily got to her feet, trying to calm herself down while walking to the door.

Crunch was at the door, growling deeply at it. Taylor ignored him and cracked the door open, finding a slim guy standing outside with a bag in his hand and a nervous expression on his face.

“That dog isn’t gonna run out and bite me, is it?” he chuckled.

“No, no,” she laughed and took the bag when he handed it to her. Crunch growled behind her and sent a chill up her spine. “Thank you so much! Have a good night,” she smiled at him sweetly.

He gave a small wave and walked away. “No problem! Have a good one.”

Taylor sighed mutely and shut the door. She glared at Crunch with her bag in her hand. “What’s up with you? Why are you so mean?”

Crunch huffed and turned away, then trotted back into the living room.

Taylor rolled her eyes and headed back to the couch. She sat and opened the brown bag, pulling out her food and drink before getting back to her movie. It was a big burger and some fries with soda. Her usual order from her favorite fast-food joint. Unfortunately, there wasn’t another hot scene playing. It was just some exposition, apparently.

She ate in silence, cursing herself for ordering this in the first place. She was trying to cut back on greasy food, yet here she was.

Taylor glanced at her chubby belly, glaring at the pudge in it while taking a bite of the burger. “Stupid stomach. If I could commit to exercising, I’d get laid as much as I wanted...” she grumbled, still thinking about what she was doing before the food was delivered.

That’s when she looked down to see Crunch sitting in front of the couch, staring at her food. She raised an eyebrow at him, hardly believing that he’d gotten so close.

“What do you want? Gonna scare away me too to get my food?”

A quiet rumbling noise came from deep in his throat.

“Well, too bad,” she tore her eyes away from him. “You barked at the delivery guy. I probably could’ve used him to get laid!” She said, then chided herself for talking nonsense. Even she wouldn’t go as low as that.

Crunch growled more insistently, inching closer to her.

"No," she said. Without thinking about it, she pushed him away with her foot. The dog rumbled, staring at her like he couldn't believe she had the audacity to do that. He growled in annoyance and walked away from her before lying on the floor. Crunch outstretched his front legs and set his head between them staring up at her with big eyes.

Taylor blinked. "Oh, you've gotta be kidding..." she sighed. "*Fine.* Here," she tore a piece of her cheeseburger off and tossed it at him. Crunch snapped it out of the air and ate it immediately, then went back to the same position. Taylor smirked. "No, that's it." She sat back and threw a fry into her mouth. "For now."

Crunch huffed and looked ahead of him.

She shook her head and went back to her movie. The brunette ate more slowly, deciding to enjoy the meal while she watched.

All in all, it wasn't a bad film. It was exciting and pretty creepy, with just the right amount of boobs to show. The heat between her legs didn't fade, only subsided a little. She could still feel her wet underwear and pants clinging to her groin, and she often rubbed her thighs together when she saw someone particularly attractive appear on screen.

She found herself ogling the killer in the movie. He looked tall and muscular under those coveralls he wore, and Taylor could imagine submitting to him to take her. Picking her up and slamming her back against the wall before ripping her clothes off and...

Taylor shuddered, squeezing her thighs together at the thought. She imagined that hot blond from the beginning of the movie, too. Her head between her legs, licking her folds and moaning like a slut until she...

"Oh, *fuck,*" Taylor panted lightly and used her free hand to slip under her sweatshirt and fondle her chest. She wanted to wrap her big tits around a huge cock until it sprayed all over her.

She looked at the remainder of her burger, wishing she had that hand free.

"Crunch," she said shakily, and he picked his head up. She tossed the food at him, and he jumped to his feet to snap it out of the air.

With her hand free, the brunette hastily unzipped her pants and shoved them and her underwear down to her ankles. Her bare pussy glistened in the dim light and she immediately brought her hand to it. Her index finger dipped between her folds and the chubby girl moaned shakily as wetness coated her fingertip. Rubbing faster, she spread her legs and pulled her sweatshirt up until her big tits spilled out. Taylor fondled her chest and moaned out as she stimulated her clit.

"God..." she tilted her head back, gently rolling her hips in time with her motions. She should feel ashamed, touching herself on her best friend's couch while she was gone and her dog was just feet away from her, but she was too horny to care. She needed release, and she needed it now.

Taylor slipped two fingers inside herself and moaned out, throwing her head back before relentlessly pumping them in and out of herself. She wiggled until she was laying with her shoulders against the back of her couch and her back on the cushions, then picked her legs up as far as she could while fingering herself.

“Shit...!” she moaned and moved faster, a wet schlocking noise filling the room and nearly drowning out the sound of the TV. Taylor panted fast, quiet moans escaping her lips while she toyed with herself. Her fingers spread her inner walls and she curled her fingertips to increase the pleasure even further.

She desperately wished someone was there to fuck her. She didn't care who it was. With a brief giggle, she imagined Heather coming back home to find her masturbating on her couch, then getting on her knees to eat her out.

“Yeah, work that tongue you hot bitch~” she moaned, picturing the sexy girl licking her folds. Taylor laid her head back and closed her eyes to immerse herself in the fantasy. She bit her lip and spread her fingers apart, shuddering as her inner walls were pushed apart. Taylor imagined her friend kissing her lower lips and sucking on her clit while working her fingers in and out of her, and her moans increased in both pitch and frequency as she neared her climax.

“Yes... Yes!” she panted, furiously massaging her folds while the motion threw droplets of nectar in every direction. “Fuck me! God, fuck my pussy!”

Heather's imaginary tongue was doing wonders for her. She should think about the athletic girl more often.

Her mind filled with a hazy lust as she got closer and closer to her climax. Taylor jolted her hips into the air and squealed while her fingers worked her pussy. She could see Heather's tongue repeatedly lapping at her folds to taste her wetness.

Just as an orgasm was about to come crashing down her, she could swear that her fantasies had become a reality. Something wet and warm licked her folds and slid between them, and she couldn't believe that she'd pleased herself to the point that she was actually feeling what she was imagining.

“Yes... Fucking...! YES!” she screamed, her entire body shuddering and going limp as an intense orgasm washed over her. Taylor's back arched as wetness sprayed from her entrance in short bursts, and she squeezed her eyes shut and squealed as she squirted all over Heather's living room.

Once the orgasm subsided, she panted heavily and relaxed against the couch. Taylor giggled and ran her hands across the cushions, simply appreciating the texture of them.

“Oh, that was *good...*” she whispered.

Then she felt something lap at her again and her eyes went wide. ‘*Uh... Fantasy over. Why am I still feeling it...?*’ She picked her head up and looked across her body, seeing her legs still spread.

And Crunch standing between them with his tongue on her pussy.

Taylor screamed and tried to sit up, but then the canine's wide tongue slid between her folds and scraped against her post-orgasm highly sensitive clit. She moaned out, her back arching when the warm muscle lapped at her.

Crunch was apparently enjoying what he tasted. His tongue was relentless, slightly parting her lower lips while its tip just barely dipped inside her.

“C-Crunch! No! Bad d-dog!” she whined.

He didn't stop. A low rumbling noise emitted from him as he licked her. The poor girl could only moan and squeal while her body betrayed her. She wanted to get up and run far away from this, but all she could do was moan like some filthy whore and dig her fingers into the couch cushions.

"S-Stop!" Taylor panted. When the dog's wide tongue pushed into her and licked her insides, she screamed. Her thighs shook hard while it explored her insides and she gasped loudly, her eyes staring up at the ceiling.

"FUCK!" she yelled, her hips gently rolling. Taylor looked down to watch Crunch lick her most private area while her tits and belly shifted with her motions. "God, stop!" she begged, revulsion filling her chest. "I'm gonna... You're gonna make me...!"

She squealed as she came again, spraying wetness onto Crunch's tongue and face. Her body was still overly sensitive from her first orgasm, and now she was enduring another one.

Taylor's body relaxed against the couch as shame washed over her. She should've never started touching herself, especially in the presence of this dog. She was disappointed in herself, and she didn't know how she'd ever live knowing that she'd allowed herself to let a dog's tongue make her cum.

'But holy fucking shit... That's the hardest I've come in months...' she thought to herself, a deep blush burning across her face.

She shakily sat up and glared at the canine that'd done this to her. He was sitting on his butt and panting, his wide tongue hanging out of the side of his mouth while he looked at her. Taylor wasn't sure what to do now. She was supposed to be watching him, but what was she supposed to do? Just keep sitting there and pretending that it hadn't happened?

"That wasn't very nice," she grumbled, staring Crunch in the eye.

He yipped at her and licked her inner thigh affectionately. Taylor could only flinch at the sensation, her eyes going wide. That was the first time this dog had ever shown her any sort of affection, and he was famous for hating everyone.

Taylor sat up straighter and tried to fix her hair. She couldn't pull her pants up, because Crunch was standing on them with his front paws. Wetness oozed out of her lower lips and into the couch cushions.

"What are we supposed to do now?" she asked rhetorically, crossing her arms over her sizeable bust.

Crunch yipped at her excitedly and scooped closer to her.

Taylor sighed and pulled her feet out of her jeans before standing up. She didn't feel like pushing Crunch off of them, and he had just licked all over her, so who cared if he saw her naked now.

She walked into kitchen, trying not to be embarrassed by how much wetness was running down her thighs. Taylor went to the sink and washed her sticky fingers. When she heard the clicking of nails against the floor, she turned to look at Crunch. He tilted his head sideways, staring straight at her face.

"What?" she grumbled. "This what you wanted? Did you *want* to do that to me?" Taylor approached the dog, and she was surprised that he hadn't started growling at her. The chubby girl smirked and scratched his ears, earning a high-pitched yip from the black-furred canine.

"Okay," she rolled her eyes. "It *did* feel *really* fucking good." Taylor bent down to face him. "That was the hardest I've come in a while. So, thanks, I guess?" she laughed at the prospect of thanking a dog for eating her out.

Crunch barked and licked her face, making her giggle. "Okay, maybe you're not so bad. Even if you are an asshole. Then again, all I really seem to attract are assholes," she scratched under his chin.

Then the dog sniffed at her, nosing his way between her legs. The blush on her face deepened when his wet nose brushed against her inner thigh.

"What? You want *more*?" she asked.

Taylor chewed her lip in contemplation. 'I mean... He's already had his tongue inside me. So... What's the harm in having him do it a little more? It's not like there's any going back from this.'

She carefully sat back, her bare ass pressing against the cold floor. Taylor spread her legs, putting her sopping wet pussy on full display for the large dog.

"Okay... Dinner time," she blushed.

Crunch surged forward, his tongue sliding between her folds instantly. Taylor whimpered, her thighs shaking at the sensation. She panted and let out quiet moans while his tongue glided across her wet folds, and she reached up with both hands to grope her big tits.

"G-Good boy..." she moaned. "Lick my pussy..."

The Doberman growled softly and licked more insistently, the tip of his tongue shallowly dipping inside of her. Taylor had never had someone so eager to eat her out. Most guys just wanted to get straight to business, and most of the time they just left her feeling dirty and unsatisfied. But apparently Crunch *liked* the taste of her wetness. And it wasn't until she was nearing another orgasm that she noticed something important.

Her eyes widened when she saw a long, red rod hanging down from under Crunch. It dribbled milky precum onto the kitchen floor and visibly throbbed every few moments.

'I want it...' she heard herself think. Then she shook the thought away. 'No! That would be taking it too far,' her eyes drifted to the thick cock. Its tapered tip would slip so easily inside of her all she had to do was submit herself...

"Wait, boy," she said shakily and got to her feet. Nectar dripped from her folds as she stood, her body shaking occasionally from how close she was to her next orgasm. Taylor chewed her lip, still trying to fight the urge to do what she was thinking. Ultimately, she lost that battle.

"Come here," she walked back into the living room until she was standing on the fluffy rug Heather had on the floor. Crunch yipped and followed her eagerly, his cock swaying in the air while he walked. Taylor got onto her hands and knees, spreading her thighs while arching her back. She reached a hand down and spread her folds, her heart hammering against her chest at the mere thought of fucking this dog.

"Okay," she said shakily. "Come get it, boy~"

Crunch barked excitedly and hurried over to her, mounting her instantly. His short fur rubbed against her back while her heart pounded even harder. Crunch whined and thrust against her, his

thick rod slipping between her thighs eagerly.

Taylor panted hard as his front paws hooked around her hips, his claws digging into her skin. His cock was wet and hot, and it repeatedly missed its mark. It slid against her inner thighs and occasionally her entrance. The sensation made her whimper, but the longer he took, the more she wanted it inside of her. *'Fuck this,'* she reached between her legs and wrapped her hand around his dick.

'Holy fuck...' she whimpered. It was thick and long, and its head warmed her hand. Taylor gave it a few tugs, finding its surface slick with some sort of wetness. She pressed its tapered tip between her lower lips, and Crunch immediately thrust forward.

"God!" she moaned when it slipped inside of her. His tip penetrated her easily, but the rod was so girthy that it forced her inner walls apart. The canine hadn't even given her time to adjust to his size. He whimpered and began to slam it in and out of her, stretching her pussy as it slid in and out.

Taylor could only sit there as the thick rod pounded her from behind, his heavy, full balls slapping against her groin. Crunch's nails scratched her hips up pretty good as he shifted from side to side to get a better position, but she didn't care. Taylor bent her head down, moaning while her body rocked back and forth with his thrusts. She could see his hind legs behind her, past her heavy tits swinging back and forth while her stomach and thighs jiggled.

"Fuck, this feels good...!" she moaned.

Crunch's tapered tip allowed for his entire length to fully sheath within her needy slit, and she loved it. Her inner walls tried to clamp onto it, but he was moving too fast to even get the chance. Sex with a dog was so much different than a human, she couldn't believe it. Guys usually just pounded away, but at least they were consistent. Crunch's thrusts were so erratic, she couldn't keep up. His cock shifted from side to side, shoving her inner walls apart while wetness continually dripped down her thighs and was thrown across the rug.

"F-Fuuuuuckkkkk..." she moaned. *'God, what is happening to me? I'm letting this dog, an animal, fuck me. It's wrong! It's even illegal! But God, it feels good!'*

Crunch growled and pounded her harder, his knot already swelling with blood and slamming against the human's entrance.

His claws made shallow scratches on her hips, but the pain only intensified her pleasure. Taylor couldn't take it anymore. She moaned loudly, completely unrestrained as the canine rutted her.

"Fuck me...!" she moaned. *"God, fucking breed me, you fucking mutt!"*

His cock speared into her faster than she'd ever had before. In and out, in and out, and every sharp thrust only devolved her mind further until she was swimming through a sea of pure lust. Her tongue hung out of her mouth as she moaned, her fingers digging into the rug while her tits swung back and forth and thighs rippled with every impact.

'I'm gonna keep fucking dogs!' she internally screamed. *'This is the fucking best! His fur on my back, his nails scratching up my body, his thick cock pounding my pussy! I love it!'*

"Fuck! Me! Fuck! Me! GOD!" she screamed. *'I-I'm so close...!'*

Taylor could feel his thick knot slamming against her folds, and she wanted it inside her. The chubby

brunette wanted nothing more than to be filled with his seed, and every instinct in her body was begging to be bred.

“Give me your fucking cum! I want to have your goddamn puppies! You can fuck me as much as you want! My cunt is yours!” she moaned. “Just! Don’t! Stop...!”

The Doberman howled and fucked her faster, desperately trying to slip his knot into her while his balls slapped her groin.

When she came, she wasn’t ready for it. A wall of intense pleasure crashed down on her made her scream, her entire body tightening while her inner walls convulsed violently. Crunch didn’t stop. His powerful thrusts only intensified and prolonged her climax, devolving her mind into that of a pure slut, only driven by the lust that clouded her mind.

Taylor groaned and fell onto her shoulders, her arms too weak to hold her up any longer. She kept her ass firmly in the air and let the hound keep using her whorish cunt.

“U-Unnnhhhh...” she moaned hollowly. *‘That’s it... Fuck me... Use my body... Fill my womb until it’s full of your hot seed... Breed me.’*

Crunch growled and pushed his cock harder into her, and Taylor’s eyes widened when she felt her entrance spread further. Half his knot shoved into her, and she moaned loudly at how unbelievably full she felt. His entire cock fit perfectly within her, molding her inner walls to the shape of his rod. Not only that, she felt his tip shove against her cervix when his knot started to push into her.

“Y-Yes...!” she groaned. “F-Fucking knot me...!”

The Doberman shoved into her, and the entire thing popped inside of her. Taylor screamed as she moaned again, her body convulsing while she came. Her tongue lolled out of her mouth as she pressed her cheek against the floor, a look of pure bliss on her face as Crunch’s cock penetrated her cervix.

“Yes...” she said quietly.

Warm seed spurted inside of her and filled her cavern to capacity. Taylor mewled and moaned at how hot it was inside her, but she loved all of it. His knot lodged deeper within her while her inner walls squeezed his cock, milking every drop of seed from his heavy balls.

“I-I’m just your bitch...” she murmured. “Only here for you to breed and own... You o-own my pussy, Crunch...”

The canine growled softly and licked her shoulder while he kept pumping load after load inside her womb. After a moment, he hopped off of her and turned around until their rears were pressed together and he was successfully fully locked within her pussy. Weak pulses of seed pumped out of his tip and made her body shudder while a line of drool ran down the corner of her mouth.

Taylor smiled in pure happiness, feeling more satisfied than she ever had before. *‘That was incredible...’*

It took a while for Crunch’s knot to deflate enough to pull out of her. She lost track of the time, but she knows that she loved every second of having the Doberman inside her. Once his knot popped out

of her, she whimpered while her entire body shook in response to yet another orgasm. Hot goo poured freely from her pussy for at least two minutes, and she could only lay on the floor and breathe heavily while the seed escaped her body.

When she was coherent enough to get to her feet, Taylor shakily made her way to the bathroom to clean herself up. It took a while, especially because she kept collecting globs of the warm seed on her fingers to taste.

Taylor redressed herself, but chose to stuff her bra and damp panties into her backpack. When Heather returned to the apartment, Taylor was sitting on the couch in the middle of fondling her own tits while Crunch rested his chin in her lap and she scratched his ears.

"Whoa! Look who's getting along now," Heather slurred, clearly wasted.

Taylor smiled and got to her feet before grabbing her backpack. "Yup! We had a great time. I got a good chunk of homework done, watched some scary movies, and had a good dinner. How was the party?"

"Good," Heather hiccupped, swaying on her feet. "I found Jaycee tonguing some douchebag, so I decided to *hiccup* come home early. Got drunk, danced with some hot volleyball girl, had a good time."

"Great!" Taylor smiled. "Hey, do you need me to watch Crunch any time soon? I'd be happy to do it."

"R-Really?" she asked with wide eyes. "Well, tomorrow I—"

"Got it," she smiled eagerly. "You can count on me, I'll be here."

Heather laughed. "What's gotten into you?"

"Let's just say I like being here. And Heather?"

"Y-Yeah?" she asked, curious.

Taylor approached her, newfound confidence swelling in her chest. "You can fuck me if you want to. I know I'd like to get my hands on you."

"W-What?" she stammered, her cheeks reddening deeper on top of her alcohol flushed face.

"You heard me," Taylor smiled, then grabbed Heather's face and pulled her into a kiss.

Heather's eyes widened, then slowly closed as she began to reciprocate it. It lasted for the count of several heartbeats, then Taylor pulled away.

"Think about it~" she started to leave, then Heather grabbed her hand.

"A-Actually," she slurred. "Clothes. Off. Now."

Taylor grinned and pulled her sweatshirt over her head, allowing her heavy tits to spill out. "Bedroom."

Heather shrugged. "Floor."

"Atta girl~" Taylor pulled her into another kiss. *'This is gonna be fun...'*