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BEASTIALITY STORIES



Isobel Koen was a certified slut. A veritable whore without a price tag. Everyone knew, or, at least, most of her friends did. Her girlfriend, too, but, at the same time, Charlotte only encouraged her. Men, women, it didn't matter who; Isobel wanted nothing more than to fuck and be fucked, gleefully surrendering herself to her insatiable lust.

Lately, however, something... *else* was on her mind. It was a perverse idea, and she supposed there was nothing wrong with simple fantasy. Yet, it was taboo — more taboo than anything she had done before. So, she kept it close to her chest.

She hadn't even told Charlotte, because how could you tell the love of your life that you wanted to be knotted and bred like a bitch in heat by Achilles, their beloved Great Dane?

Oh, she hadn't done anything about it.

Not yet, at least...

It had just been on her mind, and with increasing regularity as of late.

The breaking point came when Charlotte went interstate for work. It hadn't been the first time, and she would only be gone for the better part of the week.

It left the house feeling emptier, though. Colder. But it wasn't so bad. Isobel was a grown ass woman, despite what some insinuated whenever they teased her about her rather short stature. The first day was like any other, her routine only slightly changed in the absence of her partner.

She got up, had her shower, ate breakfast, then left for work. When she got home, she fed Achilles and their cat, Sappho, and spent the rest of the day relaxing because there wasn't much else to do. In the hours before dark, she collected her cane and took Achilles on a short walk up and down the street, before retiring for some dinner, a light bit of reading, and then bed.

The next day was much the same. Though, it was a Saturday, which meant no work, which meant sleeping in.

When the evening arrived, she found herself reclined on the couch in naught but a loose shirt and a pair of plain knickers, watching some video essay or other, occasionally answering texts from friends, family, and Charlotte.

The art exhibition was going well, and Isobel couldn't help but curse her boss. *'We're understaffed and can't allow your time off my ass!'*

For the next couple hours, nothing changed. The essay had ended, and she had briefly searched for another, but she continued lounging about, enjoying her quiet weekend.

Then she got horny.

Briefly, she thought of fetching a toy. A vibrator would be nice. But, no. Too comfortable, too lazy, she couldn't bring herself to get up. So, she did the next best thing.

Isobel slipped her hand down her knickers and satiated herself with her fingers.

Cumming was secondary; she just let herself enjoy the swaying tides of languid ecstasy. With her other hand, she pinched and teased her tits beneath her shirt, while fingers teased slickening folds, drawing gentle whines from her throat.

Then came the paddling of paws on hardwood floors, and the couch jostled. Achilles had leaped up upon the couch, sitting beside her and staring expectantly.

Isobel huffed, eyes rolling, and gave him his much-desired scratches behind his ears and along his jaw, even as she continued pleasuring herself with idle abandon.

Attention starved, she supposed. While she was always happy to indulge, without Charlotte there was one less person to satiate his needs. Isobel was sure he would be getting antsy as the days dragged on; energy unspent from walks far shorter than anything Charlotte could give.

Maybe God would bless him this week and she would feel up to something longer?

It all depended on how her leg felt.

He was panting, now, lips pulled back into something she imagined was a smile.

I wonder how his tongue would feel...?

The thought was errant. Intrusive. And with it, months of fantasy came crashing down of her like a tsunami: Achilles mounting her, fucking her, making her his bitch day after day, filling her with so much cum she would never stop leaking.

Her stomach dropped, a nervous anticipation building like pressure below her navel.

Charlotte isn't here, whispered her insidious libido. The very same libido who glugged on the idea of being fucked like a toy, drenched in cum, then cleaned off with piss.

Why not have a taste?

Isobel bit her lip, glancing at Achilles, conflict writ on her face.

Shame battled against a demanding hunger; a desperate hunger that left her squirming in forbidden *need*. Isobel wanted to know — *had* to know what it was like.

And yet...?

And yet, what — ? her libido retorted. *Nobody will ever know.*

A second passed. Then another. Isobel couldn't help but notice how wet she was getting, her fingers absently teasing her sensitive flesh.

"Oh, fuck it!" she spat, and her body jittering in equal parts anxiety and excitement.

She slid off her knickers, already stained with arousal, and flung them away.

Then, pivoting, she faced Achilles on the couch, spreading her legs and presenting herself to him, cunt glistening with need. "Come here, boy," she cooed, beckoning him with her hands. "Come on!"

Achilles didn't move from his spot. Not at first. He just stared at her, almost curious, yet otherwise unresponsive.

Isobel pouted. "Come on, boy!"

From all the stories she had read, dogs had always leapt at the chance to knot a willing bitch. How much effort would it take to egg him on? *And how much effort am I going to put into it?*

It wasn't like Achilles was unfamiliar with the concept.

He had always been a curious boy.

Perhaps too curious when they had first got him.

Whenever Isobel and Charlotte had enjoyed each other — or even their guests — he had always tried to dig his snout into places it shouldn't be. Even just going around the house, he would try and sniff between their legs, as if looking for something.

They had taught him boundaries, eventually, but tonight...?

Isobel continued to beckon him closer, calling for him again and again, but he only stared: his only reaction his tail slapping against the couch with a quick and steady rhythm.

She almost gave up, doubts creeping into her, when he finally acted.

Achilles sat up and drew close, sniffing up along her thighs, head tilted in what she imagined was careful interest. Then, his tongue darted out, tasting carefully.

It was warm: his tongue, his breath. It was slick. It was *rough*. Far rougher than she ever expected.

"*Oh!*" *We're really doing this*. She gasped, biting her tongue as Achilles began eager lapping at her cunt, almost grinding between her sensitive lips, across her clit, slathering every inch of her sex with spit. Her toes curled, aching bliss coiling through her.

Isobel lolled her head back, words of praise slipping from her lips. "Good boy. Oh, fuck, you're such a good boy!" It was sloppy. It was messy. There was no technique: just an animal hungrily lapping at the sweet juices drooling from her cunt. Yet, it was enough — more than enough — and she twisted and writhed and moaned and pleaded as Achilles sent her into a rolling orgasm.

He didn't stop, though. He just continued licking, glutting himself on the juices now dripping from her twitching cunt, and leaving her squirming, hissing in ecstasy. He forced her over the edge again and again with a feral abandon.

It was too much — far too much!

Isobel was no stranger to overstimulation, and had she been ready, she'd have gorged herself on the pain, eagerly cumming again and again from the agonising ecstasy shattering her into a trillion pieces of terrible bliss.

As it was, she couldn't help but push the eager Achilles away, sitting up and bracing herself against the couch: body trembling and breath heavy. "Oh. Oh, God. *Fuck...!*" She tried to steady herself — to calm her thunderous heart.

Achilles was having none of that, however. Excited — eager — he danced about her legs, trying to shove his snout back into the sweet tasting mess between her legs.

"Down — sit!" she snapped, summoning her strength to push him off her. "Give me a second. Oh,

God, just a second.”

Achilleus obeyed, somewhat. He still circled about her legs, tail wagging with a fury, but he had given her some space to breathe — to think. And, after a moment, once she had stopped shuddering and her heart had stopped hammering, she realised something.

He wasn't the only one who wanted more.

It ached in her: this insatiable part of her desperate to be filled. He made her cum, but it wasn't enough. She wanted to be filled — no, *needed* to be filled — impaled upon his doggy cock, as he bred her with his filthy seed.

And he *could* breed her.

Achilleus hadn't been neutered.

They had gotten him as a puppy from a friend, cheap. The expectation was that they'd take care of it, but, while they had him chipped and vaccinated, money got a bit tight.

So, they put it off, and put it off, and it had been forgotten in favour of more important things.

Today, Isobel couldn't help but be grateful for that mistake.

The couch wouldn't be appropriate.

Sure, she'd been fucked silly on it countless times, eaten out until she was left a trembling mess, filled and painted with cum by countless partners, or otherwise forced to pleasure them like some toy for their needs.

They always made sure to prepare the couch for that, though. Cover it with something to make it a bit easier to clean.

Of course, she hadn't expected to get fucked, today.

So, the bedroom it was.

“Come on, Achilleus,” she said, and stood from the couch.

He obeyed, excitedly following after her.

However, it seemed he had forgotten her previous orders. He continued about her legs, acting as if she had just declared it time for his daily walkies, but he was jumping at her again, pushing at her with his forelimbs, knocking her about. It was only the walls that kept her standing, or else she'd have fallen to the floor. *God, I should've brought my cane...*

Of course, maybe that's what he wanted? Maybe he knew what was coming, and he was too impatient to wait, eager to topple her over and make her his bitch.

The thought left her cunt clenching.

“Settle down,” she tutted, trying to sound stern yet unable to keep herself from giggling, giddy with anticipation. “Settle down, Achi!”

He didn't listen.

After a brief detour to collect one of the thick towels they owned, they arrived at the bedroom.

For all the sex she had enjoyed over the years, she wasn't sure what to expect from Achilles. It was going to be messy, she knew that at least, and that thought alone left her as jittery as a school girl after her first kiss. So, she flung the blanket off her bed, and laid the towel, folded, into place.

All the while, Achilles alternated between jumping on her bed or dancing about her legs.

Once or twice, he shoved his snout back between her thighs, forcing muffled huffs that stirred her need into something more urgent.

"Patience," she hissed, even as his tongue slid between her lips, and she clambered up onto the bed.

Head-down-ass-up was a position she was more than familiar with. She liked it better bound in shibari, unable to move her arms and legs, hair braided into the knotting patterns. Today, she had to go without, but —

I wonder if Charlotte would let us get another dog? It'd be a hit to their budget, sure, but the idea of a pack of dogs mounting her again and again while she was left unable to do anything but take it...?

If she wasn't already wet and ready, she would've been.

"Come on, boy," she cooed, wiggling her ass. "You know what to do."

Achilles jumped back up onto the bed but did nothing more than sniff about, occasionally tasting her once again.

"Ach! Not that, Achi!" She huffed despite the teasing static of pleasure his roughened tongue dragged out of her. "Up! Up! Come on, boy. Please? Mummy wants your cock so ba — " Instinct took over and Achilles mounted her " — *ad!*"

His fur brushing against her ass, forelimbs wrapping around her waist, claws scratching at her thighs.

She hissed, just as much from pain as *pleasure*.

Scratching. Biting. Spanking. Whipping. Pain and pleasure went hand in hand, and Isobel couldn't help but twist in stinging bliss as he marked her — because that's what he was doing, regardless of whether he intended to or not.

Everyone would see the nasty red lines that would surely show along her thighs, along her hips, and they would *know* she was nothing more than a bitch who loved doggy cock.

As terrifying as that reality was, in the haze of fuck-drunk passion, it only *excited* her.

"Ooh — that's a good boy. That's it..." she murmured, aching for the moment she would feel his cock plunge into her waiting cunt.

It didn't come.

He had mounted her, thrusting wanton yet missing his mark time and time again — rutting against the air — rutting against her thigh — rutting against her ass — rutting against everywhere except where she wanted him.

All he accomplished was clawing her thighs and rocking her into the bed.

Her disappointment was immeasurable, and she wasn't sure what to do about it.

She could help him, but, even then, *how* would she go about —

With a final thrust, Isobel gasped as something long and thick and very, *very* hot impaled her eager cunt, stretched her out and left her so *deliciously* full. "Oh, God, *fuck yes!*"

Achilleus was big. That fact was stupidly obvious. He was *monstrously big*. It struck that broken part of her desperate to have her holes used and abused, gaping uselessly and dripping with fluids. Few men could properly satiate that need, but Achilleus did.

Why didn't I do this sooner, she thought, drooling into her pillow.

Then he started fucking her.

Fucking her *hard*.

No grace, no technique, just an animalistic rutting, cock slamming into her with a feral desire to *breed*.

"Yes — yes — yes!" Isobel cried, feeling as if she was being torn apart at the most fundamental level, drowning in ecstasy. "Oh, fuck yes! Good boy! You're such a good boy! Make Mummy your bitch!"

It was everything. Every sensation. The hot breath on her neck. His weight on her back. The claws scraping her sides. His cock splitting her with every thrust. It was pure bliss of a sort she had never felt before, and she wanted *more*.

He fucked another orgasm out of her and then another, leaving her a trembling mess as slick gushed from her cunt, a steady stream of expletives and whines from her lips. He quickened, then. Rutting faster and faster, something big and hard and *growing* slipped in and out of her abused cunt, stretching her wider and wider, until —

"Oh, fucking shit, that — *ah!*" she screamed into her pillow as his knot lodged itself inside her, locking them together, sending her into one final orgasm as she felt it: hot and watery cum filled her hungry womb, as his cock throbbed again and again and again.

Achilleus stopped moving, even as his cock continued to pulsate inside her well fucked cunt.

He just stood there, above her, content to rest his head upon her shoulder, to lick her cheek, panting just as she was.

God, I wish I could kiss you. The thought — the desire — slipped into her mind, drunk on cock. She wanted to kiss him, not just little pecks on his head or his snout, but to kiss him like she kissed Charlotte — to feel his tongue invade her mouth, the filthy scent of his breath drowning her senses.

Of course, she wanted more than just that.

She wanted to be bred by him. *Literally*. At that moment, Isobel wanted nothing more than to be filled with his puppies. It wouldn't happen, but it was a delightful little thought she'd disregard later.

A minute passed, and then another, and Achilleus didn't seem to be interested in moving. It didn't matter: Isobel contented herself with being his breeding bitch and cockwarmer, the intimacy leaving

her all warm and fuzzy and happy. So very, very happy.

She did wish she had something to do, however. A book to read, or even just her phone.

Fortunately, she didn't have to wait much longer. A few minutes later, Achilles roused, stepping over her and pulling himself out. There was an aching pressure, a tight pulling sensation that left her groaning low into the pillow, then a slick **pop!** and Isobel breathed, low and satisfied despite the aching emptiness.

Cum trickled out of her, the odd consistency of water. Frowning, she glanced up between her legs and found, predictably, a mess. Slick sheened in the light against her thighs; her tuft of black pubic hair matted with fluids, beads of it clinging as if fresh from the shower; and a steady drip of pale murky liquid dribbled like a leaky tap onto the stained towel below.

Disappointing. Isobel much preferred cum thick and oozing, slowly dripping from her holes or even plugged inside while she went about her day. Still, she couldn't ignore the twinge of curiosity — and, to be honest, the habit of a cum-drinking slut — at the sight.

Snaking a hand between her legs, she slid her fingers into her aching cunt, enjoying the slight squelch and finding no resistance whatsoever.

She hummed, low and appreciative. "You bred me good, didn't you, Achi?"

A slobbering licking sound was her only answer.

She ignored the temptation to tease out one last orgasm — Charlotte had always said she was insatiable — she slipped her fingers free, finding them slickened with fluid of all kinds, and sucked them clean.

Metallic, was her first thought. Almost coppery, almost earthy, too, with only the barest hint of bitterness she came to associate with one of her most favourite fluids.

Isobel enjoyed it all the same, cleaning her fingers and absently wondering how it tasted from the tap.

Speaking of...

She twisted over onto her back and immediately panicked slightly as cum gushed from her cunt and onto the towel. *Oh, shit, that's definitely going to seep through.*

It was a problem for future Isobel, though, so she glanced up and found Achilles sitting on the bed, cleaning his cock and —

Isobel blinked, almost stunned.

It was large and not so much red as it was a purple-grey, spiderwebbed with veins, the knot still engorged around his base. And, *oh*, how she wanted to taste it. What would it feel like in her mouth? What would it feel like in her ass? It was just so big, thick and long, tapered to a point. Easily larger than any other cock she had the pleasure of knowing.

She collapsed onto her bed with a huff, exhausted yet grinning from ear to ear, basking in the afterglow.

The bed wobbled. Achilles had gotten up and was wandering over to her. Before she could even

protest, he had dived back in between her thighs, tongue dragging along her cunt. Cleaning it, she later realised.

He lapped and lapped at the mess he made, and she mewled, squirming with each rough movement of his tongue.

“Not now!” she whined, trying to push him away yet far too weak to put up much of a fight. “I don’t think I can go for another round, yet.”

He listened. Or, maybe he had just finished.

Pulling his head back, he wandered up over to her and gave her a few quick licks to her face before plopping down beside her, jostling the bed under his weight.

The words were spoken without much thought but they lingered in her head, and the reality slowly became clear. *Another round*. She could go for another round. Not now, but any time she wanted — any time *he* wanted.

Charlotte would be home Wednesday, which meant — *Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday* — four days free to do whatever she wanted!

It made her feel guilty, to be honest.

She had always asked Charlotte about prospective partners before doing anything. Now, she’d gone and fucked the dog behind her back.

Yet, at the same time, that guilt warred brutally with a building anticipation.

Isobel had planned on visiting a few friends to satiate her libido but it was looking like those plans had been dashed by Achilles and his cock. Months of fantasy weren’t as easily satisfied by a single fuck, and Isobel would be happy to spend the next few days experimenting.

Whatever the case, her week alone had gotten just a bit more exciting.