

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



I awoke in a warm, dimly lit room. I was laying on my back in my worn jeans and t-shirt, not daring to move yet in this strange environment. The ceiling was about ten feet high, and both it and the walls were covered in shiny metal. I darted my eyes around the room, and saw a single metal bench jutting out of the walls with a small indent in the ground next to it, but otherwise the room was empty as far as I could tell. Just a 30×30 foot metal cube with little of note, save for an especially dark corner that I couldn't see.

My head was swimming as I tried to sit up and remember how I got here: I went to Jessica's party at 8:00, and stayed there for a long time. I may have gotten a little too drunk, and may have accidentally tried to hook up with my ex who was there, before realizing I needed to go home. On the way back, I saw a bright light, and then woke up here.

Oh shit. I wasn't dead, was I? I wanted to go out a little more gracefully.

"Hello?" I asked tentatively. My eyes glanced around the ceiling for an answer. "Hellooooo?" I tried again.

I heard a clicking in the corner of the room where the lights were off. I immediately turned over, terrified of the creature I couldn't see. A step later, and the creature revealed itself: a happy-looking rottweiler with its tongue lolling out. He looked as though he had just awoken from sleep in the dark corner, which made sense, and the clicking must have been his nails on the floor.

I breathed a sigh of relief at the familiarity of the dog. "Hi, boy!" I said with a smile. He eagerly ran up to me while I was sat on the ground, nearly bowling me over in the process. "I'm happy to see you too!" I replied as I pet him vigorously. He began licking at my face, and I turned my head up so he would only find access to my chin and neck, which he seemed happy to have access to anyways. He now laid in my lap as I pet him and received his neck kisses with a smile. His breath smelled a bit strong, and when I inhaled through my nose I also noticed a strong aroma of unwashed dog fur. Still, having a friend in a confusing situation was nice. "Aw, stinky boy.." I cooed as I pet his back.

Just as I was getting comfortable, a voice seemed to come from all around me. "Excellent, the human male is aroused from its resting period" the voice said analytically.

"Yes, and it seems he is already bonding with the canine male." a higher pitched voice noted.

"Hello? Who are you? Where am I?" I asked the strange voices.

"Hello to you as well, human male." the deeper voice greeted me. "I am Lurmok"

"And I am Marna" the higher voice said.

"We are researchers from Lyria Minor, a distant planet that you have not yet had the pleasure of discovering." Lurmok explained "We are present to gather biological information on your kind."

"You are in one of our scientific testing facilities" the Marna added.

The idea that I was kidnapped by aliens shook me, and I began to panic. If it wasn't for the rottweiler calmly resting on me, I'd be hysterical. Instead, I tried to retain my composure. "You're not going to hurt me or probe me, are you?" Fear infiltrated my tone.

"No." Lurmok replied.

"We have done that enough on other subjects" Marma explained.

I breathed a sigh of relief.

"No, our experiments are of a more... sexual nature" Lurmok said almost coyly.

I pondered this for a second. "Like, I'm going to have to have sex with you?"

A noise that sounded like deep gurgling came through the walls. "Human male, you make us laugh" Lurdok said.

"Bestiality is illegal by Lyrian law, and you are not exactly our type" Marna added.

I felt slightly offended, but nonetheless glad I wasn't in for any potentially dangerous alien sex. "So what, you want to watch me have sex with a girl? I can do that"

"That is not our goal either, human male."

"We have studied quite enough human mating acts to understand how it operates."

"Then what is your experiment with me going to be about?" I asked, confused.

"You shall be involved in our study of copulation between a male human-" Lurdok began

"And a male canine!" Marna interrupted, excitement in her voice. "You will make us very famous should you provide promising results"

"Wait a second" I didn't understand what I was being told. "You want me to try to have sex with this dog?"

"Yes" Lurdok said curtly

"We have seen two male humans attempt to reproduce, and it appeared as though both gained pleasure from it," Marna said.

"Considering that humans enjoy the presence and even live with canines, it seemed natural that this experiment would be the next to be tested" Lurdok said.

"We have already performed a similar experiment with a female human and male dog to great success" Marna said proudly. The wall briefly changed to a screen showing an image of a naked blonde girl posing on one knee next to a satisfied-looking pitbull while his penis hung out. Her arms wrapped around him lovingly, and she had a shy but happy smile on her face, like she just learned great news but couldn't yet reveal what it was. I could see watery semen leaking out of her vagina in the blown-up image. "While no offspring was produced, the insights gained into Eathling sexuality by this experiment were substantial."

This was a lot of information to take in at once. I tried to look at the bigger picture here. "But why me? Surely you could find someone else to perform this experiment!" I tried to reason with them, hoping I could be released.

"You were chosen from several candidates due to your high levels of sex drive and inability to express them" Lurdok explained as the wall screen showed an unflattering image of me masturbating. The gurgling sound, which must have been alien laughter, echoed into the room. My cheeks flushed red.

"In addition, we have determined that your relatively few human connections will allow you to be

removed from your society with little investigation." Marna expanded.

They were right, I was horny and alone. All I did was work from home, work out, and otherwise veg out in my free time. If I disappeared for a few days there would be few questions.

"Your partner was chosen for similar traits" Lurdok put up some images of the rottweiler roaming the streets alone, humping a couch cushion from some roadside furniture, eating garbage, humping a different couch cushion, etc. He must have been a stray, the poor thing.

"On your planet, it seems that two healthy, highly sexual creatures put in a room together typically result in attempted copulation from one or both parties." Marna explained.

"In addition," Lurdok interjected, "Your respective pheromone profiles have shown to be a potential match, indicating enhanced compatibility with your partner relative to other canines. Your mutual attraction is likely."

"But I'm not attracted to dogs!" I protested.

"The human female had similar objections at first" the screen showed her and the pitbull again, "But the end results would indicate otherwise." The smugness in Lurdok's voice was very apparent.

"Worry not, during the course of this experiment you shall be supplied with ample nutrient-rich organism carcasses and dihydrogen monoxide" Marna said, showing an image on the screen of a cooked chicken with vegetables and a glass of water. The rottweiler looked up at the screen attentively, salivating slightly into my lap.

"I can get food and water anywhere!" I retorted.

"Not possessing my famous Algorian spice mixture in it you cannot!" Marna said proudly.

I was unsure of whether that would be a positive or a negative thing.

"In addition, you are provided with a sleeping nest and waste receptacle in your habitat" A spotlight shined on the wall where the metal rectangle and floor indentation were.

"And do not be startled, but we have taken the liberty of removing your non-cranial hair follicles, lest they impede our camera footage of the copulation"

I pulled the collar of my t-shirt away from me to find that my little chest hair was now gone. A similar maneuver with my jeans waistband showed that my pubes were gone as well. "So let me get this straight." I started. "You've been tracking me for who knows how long, kidnapped me, and plan on making me have sex with a dog, and all I receive is food and water?" I accused.

"I thought that the human enjoyed food, water, and sex?" Lurdok asked in a hushed whisper, intended for Marna.

"All the data confirms it, yes" Marna affirmed.

"Human male," Lurdok spoke to me, "You will enjoy your present habitat. You and your mate will copulate. Our animal cruelty laws prevent us from hurting you, but know that refusal to participate will result in an extended experiment duration."

"In terms you may understand," Marna said condescendingly, "The longer you and your mate fail to have sex, the longer you'll be staying here. "

"Alternatively, the more sexual activity you perform with your new mate, the more data we shall be able to collect until the experiment is fulfilled. Simply treat your new mate as you would any other lover and you will succeed. We will be observing you throughout this process, so there is no avoiding your duties. Enjoy, human." Lurdok ordered.

I sat there, stunned, while the Rottweiler was still unmoved with his head in my lap. The reality of the situation was setting in as I realized that this dog and I would have to have sex, somehow. But what did that even mean? It's not like he and I could actually reproduce together, so what counted as sex? Oral? Anal? Hand stuff? Some combination of those? I had no idea what to make of it. And who would be penetrating who? The idea of sticking my penis up the poor stray's butt made me feel sick, but taking a penis up the butt was also entirely foreign to me. Was it even safe?

I turned my head down towards the Rottie and spoke to him. "What do you make of all this?" I asked him rhetorically. He looked up at me, clearly having no clue what I was talking about. I continued anyways, "Apparently you and I are 'compatible as mates,' whatever that means" I laughed at the absurdity of these otherworldly creatures clearly having no idea what compatibility meant. "What, do they expect us to have a lot of interests in common? Or we both like long walks on the beach?" I chuckled again at my own joke. In response, the Rottweiler began licking at my neck again. I scrunched my face together, as people do, yet again letting myself get subjected to his wet, musky-smelling tongue.

"At least we both enjoy giving kisses" I joked, "I always wanted to kiss my ex, but she was such a prude that she thought that kissing was gross!" I was becoming more animated and turned my head down to face the dog directly during my rant. "Can you believe that? I mean, it's one thing to not enjoy anal or something, but not liking to kiss is just-" my ramblings were interrupted by the Rottweiler's tongue moving past my parted lips while my mouth was open. "Mmmph!~" I tried to get a word out, but it got garbled beyond recognition in the Rottweiler's mouth. His long tongue tasted like dog breath against mine, and its length meant that it easily covered the majority of my own tongue. His tongue was very warm, warmer than my own and was rougher as well. Plus, it was covered in slobber that now was desecrating my mouth with its thick texture and gamey flavor.

I tried to stand up to get away from the tongue, accidentally leaning forward in the process and pressing my lips to the rottie's. His tongue went down my throat for a brief moment before I stood up, bewildered.

"An excellent start, human" Lurdok praised.

"The start of your sexual congress is going admirably" Marna added. "We understand that humans often initiate sexual relations by making oral contact. This is because it releases oxytocin and dopamine into your brains, making you feel pleasurable. Tell me, are you feeling those neural chemicals right now?"

I wiped off my mouth, still tasting the drool left in it. "What are you talking about? I didn't kiss the dog on purpose!" I said indignantly. What kind of sicko French kisses a dog for fun?

"That is strange, because you were in considerably deep oral contact with your mate, and we know that humans enjoy oral contact with their mates." Lurdok said accusingly.

"It releases your pleasure neurochemicals, and the exchange of saliva is particularly helpful in introducing sex hormones to increase sexual arousal. And it does appear that your mate introduced a considerable amount of saliva to your system." Marna said "This will be helpful in preparing you to mate."

"What?" I asked incredulously, slightly embarrassed from having others bear witness to my unintentional make out session. "I'm not aroused at all!" I looked down at the rottie and patted his head. "No offense." I assured him.

I looked back up to the ceiling, "I told you, I'm not attracted to dogs! There's no amount of kissing that will make me want to mate with one" I protested.

"Make the effort, human." Lurdok ordered. "Though your oral contact would indicate you do desire to mate with the canine, your words say otherwise."

"In order to encourage oral contact, rations will be withheld until thirty total minutes of oral contact have been achieved." Marna prescribed.

"Wait! You're not giving any food or water to us until we kiss for thirty straight minutes? That's ridiculous!" I exclaimed.

"You may take breaks if you wish, human."

"And if you feel as though the thirst is too great, you may consume canine saliva to sate it!" The gurgling laughter could be heard after that last comment.

I stood there, motionless, for a minute, trying to figure out if there was any way to game the system. Maybe I could have the rottie just lick my face, that would qualify as kissing, right? But wait, they didn't say kissing, they said oral contact. As in, he and I would have to touch our mouths together. I thought about where that tongue must have been before. Images of the dog eating garbage, licking other dogs' butts, and worse conjured into my head. I shuddered for a second before looking at the Rottweiler. At that moment, he was nonchalantly licking his private parts. Great. But then I looked a little longer and realized that while I could go without food and water for some time, I didn't want to subject an innocent dog to that. Besides, I had to get it over with at some point, right?

I got down on one knee in front of the dog while he licked himself. He looked up at me as I began to speak, "Okay, boy, the only way for us to get out of here is to kiss, so..." I didn't know what to say from there, so I just opened up my mouth and stuck my tongue out expectantly. It didn't take long before the dog's long, rough, wet, and kind of smelly tongue was lapping against my own. I shuddered as I swore I could taste his furry balls on his breath, but I reminded myself that I'd have to push through this if I wanted to make it out of here. So, I let the dog lick my tongue like it was a spoonful of peanut butter. I didn't know why he enjoyed licking me so much, but at least it made my part easier since I didn't have to put in any effort beyond keeping my mouth open. His tongue was hot, warmer than my own, and between each lick I felt my tongue cool down in the air before being warmed up again by the rottweiler. I could feel each bump of his tongue as it was dragged against mine, creating a strange, drooly friction that made the kissing feel even grosser. It wasn't just my tongue getting licked, either. With each swipe, the dog would occasionally miss a bit, licking my cheeks, or my nose, or my chin. Within a minute my face was covered in his saliva. But hey, that was a minute down, only 29 to go! I rubbed the rottie's sides down to tell him he was doing a good job as we continued our sloppy french kiss.

We kept kissing for what felt like a long time. The longest I'd ever made out with a girl was 20 minutes, and even then I felt that it was an excessive amount of time to kiss. After I felt it had been at least 30 minutes, I broke away from the kiss to take a break. A thick string of drool hung between my mouth and the Rottweiler's, sagging lower until it broke on the floor. Moving from my knees to sitting on the floor, I asked aloud, "How much more time do we have to kiss for?" I asked.

"So far, you have been in oral contact for seven Earth minutes" Lurdok responded.

"A very admirable seven minutes as well, the exchange of saliva has been significant" Marna added.

"Damn, I thought I was almost done..." I whispered to myself. With a sigh, I opened up my mouth again and leaned towards the rottie. Unsurprisingly, he licked my tongue vigorously again, and I let him. The Rottweiler got himself more comfortable, laying down instead of standing up to kiss me. As we both allowed ourselves to relax a bit, I closed my eyes slowly. This kissing thing really wasn't that bad once I had gotten into it. While I did taste the dog's rank breath very strongly at first, after some time it began to mingle with my own to the point where it was barely noticeable to me. With my eyes closed, I could almost imagine I was kissing a smelly, long-tongued girl instead of a stray dog off the street. In fact, imagining that I was kissing a girl at that moment actually turned me on a bit. I couldn't help it, all the sloppy wetness, the saliva anywhere, the tongues touching, all of it was more sensual than I wanted to admit. Against my better judgement, I began to lick the Rottie's tongue back. It wasn't much at first, just a little wiggle of my tongue to see what it felt like to have it licked from a different angle. It wasn't bad, so I tried timing up our licks so that we both actively licked each other's tongues at the same time. I found that kind of fun, so I kept with that for a bit.

Then, I had another idea of how to play around with the kiss. I wondered, would the Rottweiler still kiss me if I didn't have my tongue out? I put it back in my mouth, keeping my lips gently parted. Sure enough, the stray began to lick my pink lips before popping his tongue into my mouth. I smiled and rubbed him down, slightly flattered that he enjoyed kissing me so much. With his tongue now solidly in my mouth, the kiss changed yet again. Now, each time he entered my mouth, his tongue seemed to explore a new spot. One moment, his tongue was causing my own cheek to pop outwards from the force of his tongue pressing against it. The next lick, I felt his papillae scrape along my molars. After that, I felt his long tongue find an opening in the back of my throat, brushing against my uvula and making me gag slightly. While not every lick was a winner, it was certainly less sloppy than sticking my tongue out and have him occasionally miss. The drying dog saliva on my face was now not being added onto anymore. Instead, the excess saliva from the dog ended up flowing into my mouth and mixed in with my own. Since both our breaths kind of tasted the same, it became nearly impossible to distinguish which saliva was mine and which was the dog's, save for that his was slightly thicker. But even then, after a few seconds it would meld with mine and make them both indistinguishable. I figured there was no point in making a mess and drooling all over myself, so when there was an uncomfortable amount of our saliva in my mouth, I would simply swallow it. At the same time, I began swirling our tongues together in my mouth just to play with it. At this point, it was more like a human kiss than ever, with our tongues twirling together in weird ways inside my mouth. His longer, stronger tongue played uniquely with my own in a way I had never felt before. It wrapped and squirmed around my tongue in a way that was actually quite pleasant.

We kept kissing deeply like that for so long that I lost track of time and forgot about the time limit. I'm not sure how much longer I would have kept going if our kissing wasn't interrupted by the sound of a whirring coming from one of the walls. I broke from our kiss to see what the disturbance was, and saw two trays coming out from a panel on the wall opposite from the metal protrusion. I stood up to walk over, and found that my penis was forming a small tent in the front of my jeans. I was a bit embarrassed from it as I walked towards the trays with my kissing partner close behind.

Upon approaching the trays, I found one tray had a hamburger and french fries on it, and the other had a raw steak. Soon after, two metal bowls filled with water emerged from the wall as well.

"As a reward for your limited compliance, you have both been given sustenance according to what our research gathered your kind naturally eats," Lurdok bellowed over the intercom.

"You both inhibit signs of arousal from your extended oral contact, and we expect this sustenance will be able to fuel further endeavors between you and your mate" Marna said.

I glanced over at the Rottweiler, who was eating his steak ravenously. Indeed, I saw a bright red lipstick tip sticking out of his dark, furry sheath. I put two and two together and realized that I wasn't the only one getting an erection from our kiss. I wasn't sure what to make of this realization as I began cautiously eating my meal.

"Since you seem to respond well with positive rewards, we have decided to continue this strategy" Lurdok announced.

"Your next task is for both of you to achieve an orgasm" Marna expanded. "Do this, and you will be rewarded with..." she paused for dramatic effect, "Improved sleeping accommodations!" She said excitedly, showing a picture of a cozy-looking bed on the wall, complete with sheets, pillows, and a blanket.

"Our research has found that humans enjoy low-density material for their sleeping nest, so this should be more pleasurable to you than your high density nest currently provided" Lurdok said proudly, as if this was uncommon knowledge to possess.

I paused for a moment to take in the new request, swallowing a chunk of food as I thought. "So if I want a real bed, we both have to cum?" I asked.

"You both have to *come* to an orgasm, yes" Marna said condescendingly. "With such a desirable reward we are certain you will complete your task promptly. In the meantime, you shall both be served three appropriately timed meals per Earth day from this point onwards, so long as you continue your compliance. Enjoy your orgasms, earth creatures!" Marna said, ending the conversation.

With that, my next task was laid out for me. I continued to eat my meal as I thought over the implications. If the task was simply an orgasm, then outright sex wouldn't be necessary. I could simply jerk myself off to complete my side of the bargain, simple. The Rottweiler's orgasm would be more tricky, though. Either I'd have to wait for him to spontaneously ejaculate, or I'd have to bring him to orgasm myself. The idea seemed daunting. I had never touched a penis before, let alone a dog's. But it seemed that if I wanted to bring him to an orgasm, using my hands would be the most reasonable way.

The good news was that I already knew how to make the dog hard, at least a little bit. Kissing seemed to expose his penis from its sheath earlier, so it was reasonable to assume that it would do so again. From there, all I'd have to do is give him a simple handjob and then get myself later. Once we were both finished eating, I took a deep breath and faced towards the Rottie. "Kiss?" I asked with a raised voice as I puckered my lips towards the dog. Immediately, I felt his warm tongue slather my face in saliva. His stinking breath flooded my nostrils yet again, this time with a tang of red meat in it. As I opened my mouth to the dog, he eagerly parted my lips to taste my tongue. The rich taste of raw steak was almost as strong as the taste of the stray's reeking dog breath. After eating real food, I wasn't acclimated to the taste of the dog's saliva anymore, so it tasted just as strong as the first time. Still, his kissing was deft, and his tongue was thick and long, so other than the eye-wateringly strong taste the kiss was almost enjoyable by human standards. I always enjoyed my kisses to be kind of sloppy, so I closed my eyes again and imagined I was kissing a big, furry girl with bad morning breath. Putting that image in my head actually did help with my enjoyment of the kiss, and I began to instinctively kiss the dog back. I tilted my head diagonally and brought our faces closer, until his tongue was going far into my mouth and lapping nauseatingly against my uvula every now and then. Still, most of his tongue work was in the rest of my mouth, with the most enjoyable being when his tongue darted in and wrapped around my own for a brief moment.



After a few minutes, I was getting even more into this kiss than I was with the previous one. The rank breath faded into my own to mellow out, leaving me with just the surprisingly pleasant sensations of a sloppy french kiss. My eyes were closed as I treated our kiss like a proper make-out session. I couldn't help it, it had been so long since I had actually made out with someone else that I couldn't hide my enthusiasm for kissing. Our tongues swirled together in a mutual dance back and forth as I bobbed my head forwards and backwards towards his. My hands cupped the sides of his furry face, feeling his warmth coming through his skin. Occasionally I would pull away for a second, catching a breath and letting the thick strand of drool connecting our lips dip down a bit as I looked at the Rottweiler with my eyes half-closed. The rotties mouth stayed open, and his big brown eyes maintained a look of playfulness, like this was just any other way of passing time with someone else. I knew it was all very corny, and I would have looked crazy to anyone looking in on us, but when I felt his tongue in my mouth it didn't seem to matter. This whole situation was crazy, so I might as well face it with a smile. So I kissed him as passionately as I'd kiss a woman. I suckled his tongue playfully before swirling my own around it. I drank his saliva deeply as it flowed into my mouth, and I didn't care at all about how taboo it looked to others. Without even realizing what I was doing, I caressed his sides and combed through his fur with my fingers until I found myself with my hands fondling his furry sheath.

I brushed my fingertips against his emerging lipstick tip, and went wide-eyed. It was hot to the touch, and oddly slimy, presumably from going a long time without a proper wash. I don't know what I was expecting, but the stray rottweiler's penis was definitely not it. Needless to say, my curiosity was piqued. And besides, I'd need to jack him off anyways so I may as well see what I was working with. I kissed the dog for a few more moments, giving his tongue a playful suck before pulling away. I faced him for a moment, a serious look on my face. "Is it okay if I jerk you off, boy? I don't want to do anything you aren't okay with." I said, staring intently into his brown eyes. My grip on his sheath loosened, ready to accept whatever he wanted. Upon a moment of contemplation, he began licking my face happily and shoving his cock more into my hand. I giggled with relief and a little excitement. "Okay, boy, I'll take that as a yes!" I said, licking his tongue back while it was on my face. After a moment of giggling and licking, I laid myself down on the ground next to the standing Rottie, propping myself on my elbows to take a better look at his penis.

What I saw surprised me. Earlier I just got a glimpse of a red tip sticking out, but now I had my face right in front of it. Out from a furry, brown sheath was two inches of angry, bright red, veiny stray dog cock. His dick pulsed slightly, as if on the edge despite me barely having touched it. It looked almost wet, and when I put my fingers around it, I felt that slimy substance again that coated it. Near where his penis met his sheath, I could see a slight yellow liquid coating the entrance to his sheath. I was a little grossed out, but decided to stroke his penis anyways to see what would happen next. The slimy coating meant that my fingers glided along the vibrant red tip and shaft with surprising ease, though the smell was acrid and coated my hand as well. Still, I stroked him gently yet firmly, like I would do to my own penis, and the rottweiler seemed receptive to it. His penis began to grow in my hands, and it wasn't long before it was half hard. Even in this state, it was intimidating. Four inches of thick, slimy, warm dog cock was hanging casually out of his sheath, and it didn't even seem like that was all of it. My sick curiosity had to be sated, I had to see what his fully erect penis looked like. With one hand on his penis and the other on his side petting him reassuringly, I stroked his penis with increasing firmness. The way my hand glided so easily up and down the tip and shaft made it feel incredibly easy and natural to keep going, with my hand becoming coated in the slime as I worked his unwashed penis. It grew and grew to the point where it was now 6 inches long and pretty thick, a very impressive amount to me for a dog. But I still felt that there was more to be found when it came to this dog's cock. Using both hands one above the other, I gripped his penis along the length of his shaft, rubbing them up and down the veiny, red dick. I stroked up and down the shaft while also twisting with my wrists, a motion that I'd seen in porn a

few times on especially large dicks. I knew it wasn't causing too much friction because the slimy substance kept everything exceptionally lubricated. Sure enough, his penis grew even more, with an additional two inches of thick dog meat extending from his sheath for a whopping 8 inches of thick, hot, slimy dick.

"Wow... big boy..." I muttered in awe, never having seen such a big cock in person before, let alone felt one. Just holding it was kind of intimidating, like it was a dangerous weapon that would blow up if I didn't handle it properly. My heart was racing as I paused to admire it for a moment. It was so thick, so veiny, so... masculine. I wasn't gay, at all, but what I was holding was just objectively a nice penis, even if it did look pretty alien. I wondered if all dog penises were this nice, or if this stray Rottweiler was particularly endowed. Either way, I reaffirmed my grip and resumed jerking the dog off, now seeing what he was truly packing. A watery liquid started shooting out from his pointed tip onto the floor, and I figured it was precum since it was so clear and thin. That must mean that I was on the right track, and was getting closer to his orgasm and fulfilling my task.

Suddenly, I felt something forming at the base of the rottie's penis. It was thick, round, and seemed huge. I kept jerking him, not wanting to ruin the momentum towards his orgasm, but the whole time I was eyeing the growth at the bottom of his shaft. Was he okay? Was this normal? I didn't get an answer to either question before his sheath retracted to reveal a huge, angry bulb that must have been the size of an orange. "Whoah!" I said in awe, looking at the thick lump with wide eyes, never stopping my handjob. "Is this a part of your penis?" I looked at his face and asked. No response, he seemed totally engrossed in the handjob to give any insight. With one hand continuing to rub his penis, I tentatively reached out to grip the bulb. It was just as warm and heavy as the rest of his cock. Was it his testicles? No, they were hanging nonchalantly behind his sheath. Unless dogs had two sets of balls? I was totally stumped, and tried feeling it more intricately to look for clues. When I had it gripped in my hand more firmly, suddenly a wave of the clear liquid started shooting out of his cock.

"You like that, huh boy?" I grinned with strange pride. I must have found a cheat code to make him get closer to orgasm, because the amount of liquid he was gushing out was getting a little ridiculous. A puddle was forming on the floor, and he didn't seem even close to stopping. My prick was rubbing painfully against my jeans, wanting to burst out to join his dick, but I had to focus on satisfying the dog before thinking about my own orgasm. He was panting heavily, precum getting launched out onto the metal floor as I tightened my grip and jerked even faster. But no liquid other than the clear precum was coming out. I was so close, I couldn't let up now! I kept jerking until my wrists ached, careful not to squeeze too tight, for what felt like twenty minutes. The slimy substance was deeply soaked into my hands, and sloppy handjob noises and dog panting were the only sounds entering my ears for a long time, and the puddle was almost a foot wide and soaking into the knees of my jeans before eventually his penis began to shrink down again. "Huh? Don't get soft yet, I need to make you orgasm first!" I pleaded, not wanting to have to give another thirty minute hand job again. But no amount of pleading was undoing what was happening. The bulb at the bottom began to deflate, and his penis shrunk down from eight inches to six, then four, before retreating back into its sheath, my hand desperately jerking it the entire time. When it finally disappeared, I sat back, exhausted. The rottie gave my face a courtesy lick before he laid down away from the puddle, clearly spent as well.

I was disappointed that I couldn't generate an orgasm from the stray, but I could still fulfill half the orgasms that the aliens wanted. I looked down at the crotch of my jeans, which was still bulging outwards in a clear tent. With my hands still covered in dog residue, I unbuttoned the pants, stood up, and took them off of me before sitting back down. My dick was now totally unveiled, and looking at it after working the stray's made me a bit insecure. Between my legs stood a smooth 4-inch, pale penis with a pink tip and two grape-sized testicles hanging beneath. My little guy was standing at attention proudly, totally unconcerned with the fact that a rottweiler was packing over double our

length and far more thickness. No matter how small, though, he could still cum, and my body was aching for a release after being hard for so long. Using the rottie's penis slime as lubricant, I began to fondle myself eagerly. I couldn't help it, I was horny, and the lubricant made it feel so good. I closed my eyes and tried to envision images that I usually went to: my ex girlfriends, porn stars, the cute girl from down the hall in college, things like that. And it worked, for a time. But then, a flash of rottweiler penis went through my head while I jerked off. Okay, no big deal, just get back to the usual programming. I pictured hot blonds sucking my dick, having one of them shove my face in her pussy while one sucked my balls, when again I unintentionally thought of the rottweiler, this time with his tongue down my throat. I bit my lip defiantly. No! I was straight. I liked girls- human girls. I wasn't attracted to dogs. I wasn't attracted to big, brutish dogs that smelled and rammed their tongues into my mouth. I wasn't attracted to well-hung dogs who spurted precum like a firehose onto the floor. And I definitely did not want to make out with him while he shoved his thick, smelly penis up my butt! Wait, what? Before I knew it, I was on my back and orgasming all over myself with thoughts of that dog running through my head as my prick shot thick ropes of cum onto my chest. My nuts quivered and my whole body tensed up, and after the intense orgasm, I laid back, relaxed and fulfilled. Post nut clarity was starting to kick in, and I was feeling a little disgusted in myself for jerking off and making out with a dog, but I didn't have long with my thoughts before a familiar voice rang through the walls.

"Well done, human." Lurdok bellowed. "You have achieved orgasm for both yourself and your canine mate"

"And within a moderate time frame considering the extended sexual release that your partner possesses" Marna congratulated.

"Wait, what do you mean we both orgasmed?" I asked, confused. "I just orgasmed, but the dog didn't make any cum at all! Only that weird clear pre-cum" I pointed to the puddle on the floor.

"Incorrect judgment, human" Lurdok said with disappointment.

"The liquid produced by your canine mate was indeed seminal fluid." explained Marna. "Indicating that he did experience an orgasm. Miscellaneous physical indicators such as heart rate also demonstrate that an orgasm was experienced."

"Why was he squirting his, erm, 'fluid' out for so long then? And what was that ball at the bottom of his penis? And why was it all so big?"

"Canines ejaculate for substantially longer durations than that of humans, and have been observed to do so for up to an hour in extreme cases" said Lurdok.

"The 'ball' as you put it, is known by Earth biologists as a 'knot'" Marna said condescendingly as a fully engorged canine penis, knot and all, was projected onto a wall. "This knot is used to create a seal inside the male's mate, ensuring that none of the seminal fluid escapes. This creates a higher chance of impregnation for the female." Two new images were placed on the board. One was an x-ray diagram of a dog penis locked inside a vagina via the knot, with labels detailing each body part involved. The second image was a real life photo of a woman's vagina with a furry sheath pressed against it. Inside her must have been the penis. That must have been the same girl from the pictures earlier with the pitbull.

"As for the size of your mate's penis..." Marna said slyly, "It is relatively large among canines, though not excessively so. If you are curious, your mate was chosen in part due to his impressive size. We've found larger penises to be more... enticing to humans." I felt like she had a big grin on

her face right now, like I had fallen right into their trap.

“Regardless,” interjected Lurdok, “You have completed your objective and have earned your positive reinforcement.” As he finished speaking, a floor panel lowered into an unknown area, and rose up a second later with a massive, tacky, heart-shaped bed, complete with red blankets and pink pillows.

“From our research, this is the most desirable location for human couples to copulate in. This will make you more likely to engage in mating behaviors with your mate” Marna said matter-of-factly.

“Where did you get this research fro-”

“Your next task” interrupted Lurdok. “Shall be thirty minutes of oral contact with your mate’s genitals.”

“Or vice-versa!” Marna added.

“And for the purposes of this task, the anus shall count as an acceptable addition to the genitals.”

“Wait! Don’t I get a reward or something after I do that?” I asked, not realizing that I wasn’t even protesting the idea of having to lick the dog or get licked.

“I was under the impression that humans enjoyed oral contact with sex organs” Marna said, slightly confused. The wall populated with a collage of videos of the woman from earlier doing oral with her pitbull in a variety of ways. In one, she was on her back getting facefucked. In another, she was getting licked. Another video showed her vigorously licking his asshole.

“We will determine a suitable reward, human. Complete the task” Lurdok ordered with finality.

With silence in the room, I looked over at the Rottweiler, his puddle of semen, and my own semen-splatted chest. It appeared I had my work cut out for me.

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