

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



My summer spent in the suburbs started out as the laziest time of my life. Getting to watch the house while my sister went abroad, all by myself, and be paid for it meant living care-free on my own time. No obligations beyond the minor difficulties of housekeeping. Not to say I was all that lazy, to be honest. I'm a girl who cares about her health and fitness. It was on a regular morning jog in the neighborhood that I ran into this Siberian Husky.

I always started my run early, since the summer heat was kicking in, and I liked the quiet. There was one side of streets there that were still in development, devoid of permanent residents when you went far enough. I kept to the sidewalk, hair in a ponytail, just my bottle with me. It bordered a real woodsy area, which was apparently home to strays, evident by the big, fierce-looking Husky that wandered out in my path.

He seemed standoffish at first, watching me as I slowed to pass around the dog occupying half the sidewalk. I had a quarter of the block left to run, and had worked up a good sweat already. In my nice black bike shorts and sport top, the shade by the trees was a welcome reprieve, yet as I came close to the Husky, I noticed it wasn't cool enough for such a dog. He was panting more than I, and I felt it only right to offer the poor boy a sip from my water bottle. Even though he was likely a stray, he lapped it up in gentle licks with my bottle tipped to his muzzle, behaving quite well. I didn't try petting him, deciding this was close enough, but I admired his soft pale coat and piercing blue eyes as his thirst was slaked by my offer.

I sighed, breath able to be caught by the delay before turning to resume my run. But before I started up again, I felt the firm shove of the Husky's nose against the back of my bike shorts, eliciting a squeak of surprise as I arched and stumbled forward. He left me blushing from more than the sun with his wet thank-you on my butt, getting a good whiff of the sweaty spandex. I managed to hurry on home afterward, but I must have been distracted, because I sipped the last of my water without thinking of the slobber on the bottle's mouth—I shuddered at the realization, though somehow I didn't mind the taste too badly.

Not long after arriving home, I was getting ready to lay down and watch some television in the guest bedroom of the house I was sitting. Thankfully it had good AC, so as the day got hot I remained comfortable. I got to recline on the floor with a big roll pillow against the foot of the bed, the screen looming ahead with a nice movie ready to play. Then I was surprised again by the same stray Husky staring through the screen door to my left.

It appeared he had followed me home, whether during my jog or by my scent, I could only guess. I hadn't taken the time to shower. This sudden appearance, his striking visage in the shade of the house gazing in at me, left me a little startled. Still, he was panting from the heat once more, and my instincts told me to show him some hospitality. So I got up to open the sliding door to the guest room, greeting the big Husky with a cautious smile.

I spoke gently as he met my gaze with the primal confidence of his kind, nearly level with my chest on his haunches. Something about him gave me earnest vibes, as if he had the well-meaning desire to appreciate some help cooling down from the summer heat. I don't know what it was, but I wanted to oblige. So I let him in, where the AC would keep us both cool.

I went and got him a bowl of water, which he reacted to with remarkable thirst. He joined me in the guest bedroom as I went back to watching the movie, lying down by the door as his panting slowed. I kept my eye to the side as I got comfortable again, noting his piercing gaze whenever it fell on me. There was this little rising of his snout as he sniffed in my direction. Soon enough, he made it clear he was seeking a particular scent once more.

When I got up to refill his water, the Husky caught me while I bent over to set it down, thanking me as he did out by the woods. His nose pushed up between my legs and made me gasp, and I responded by reflexively turning on my heel to give a tentative swat toward the dog as I perched on my toes. As my fingertips brushed against that probing snout, I both heard and felt his rumbling growl, a primal shiver sent down my spine at the sound. He glared at me not fiercely, but like an alpha asserting his dominance. The display left me frozen, acutely aware how large he was compared to me. I worked to settle my heart as I adjusted the chafing in my shorts his nose left me with. But he wasn't done.

From the front, his probing muzzle was even more dogged, and he sought my scent through the spandex as my back was to the wall. Letting out an instinctive moan, I felt the rough shove of his intent to get as much of my scent as he could, and it seemed it was strongest between my legs. Then his teeth grazed my thighs, and I felt him bite onto my shorts, tugging at the thin fabric. I staggered, trying to step forward and give him a hand at the same time. I was panting too, by now, even with the AC on; his hounding nose had left me slick in my panties, which came down with my shorts as I stripped down with the dog's help. Bottomless, I stumbled over to the bed, sitting down at the corner while the Husky's persistent probing followed every movement of my sweaty hips.

His growl resonated against my sensitive slit, and I spread my legs open, desperately hoping that if I gave him what he wanted he wouldn't be too rough. Or maybe it was an instinct of submission, drawn out by the alpha's voice. Either way, I was being eaten out, my pussy lathered in warm doggy tongue, biting my lip to smother each whimper of excitement he seemed eager to get out of me. I was cumming before I could fall back the rest of the way, one hand trembling on the furry head pressed between my thighs. The Husky leaned in to taste every drop, snout rubbing my clit with each lick.

I tensed up through waves of pleasure, giving myself over to the dirty canine cunnilingus. The heat had me whining and moaning through every wet moment. Eventually he backed up, huffing and sniffing aloud as my breath slowed down. I lay there, hearing him lap up some more water from the bowl as I covered my flushed face with my hands, a slight tremor in them as my mind came back from wild abandon. I closed my slippery thighs, sliding down off the bed to my pillow at the foot, and gave the Husky a shy glance. He met it as confident and commanding as ever, licking his chops at a job well done. I could only lay panting while he walked nearer to loom over me.

His tongue came out again to kiss my face. I shivered as I shook my head, squirming at the slimy feeling—it seemed different there than it did on my pussy. Then I faced him again with frozen awe. He was standing over me with a fully erect member, bigger than I'd ever seen.

I soon found myself panting harder, a musky scent overpowering my thoughts this close. Reaching out, I slid a tentative finger toward that red cock, and he instantly moved in toward my touch. I didn't know what he was expecting, but I didn't expect him to surge forward and step one foot up onto my chest, scratching my breast as he thrust his rocket against my face. I was already slack-jawed and drooling, and then his hot, furry weight was over my head, heady musk swimming through my senses. Instinctively, reflexively, naturally I leaned in the last inch to take his cock between my lips and admit his large shaft into my warm, wet mouth. It wasn't like anything I'd felt before. I was mewling with desire, desire to please this alpha and return the favor he so graciously gave me. His hips began rutting into my head, bouncing it on the pillow against the foot of the bed.

I tasted his musk even stronger, slurped on the pounding cock as it slipped in and out, driven to the back of my throat with its sheer length. I managed to accommodate it all as it was pushed fully inside, feeling my lips wrap around the throbbing knot at the base. I worked not to gag, and to savor the primal, animalistic sense of his breathless rutting against my musk-dizzy head. My fingers were

at my slick pussy at some point, adding my own fever to the frenzy. This Husky seemed primed to return my favor of a desperate drink just as I returned his favor of a loving tongue. I moaned around the knotty shaft as his thrusts grew harder, dizzying me all the more.

As he started growling low in his throat, I tasted the flood of hot, slick semen his pulsing knot shot down my throat. He was knotting my mouth, forcing me to swallow it all down, getting me my fill. And I let my eyes roll back in ecstasy as I came again from the overpowering taste of his canine cum. My voice came out in quivering squeaks, jaw locked tight with his huge knot burning on my tongue, musky belly fur stuffed in my face. Every breath was an overdose of pheromones, every gulp a slaked thirst for his essence. I was left suckling on his knot as he lingered atop me, panting.

It felt like a long dream as eventually the Husky stepped down off me, his big cock slipping free from my mouth with a dribble of salty fluid. I was still laid in a semen-drunk stupor for a time, but soon I cleared my throat with a shaky groan, the lingering taste giving me jolts of pleasure. When I came to fully, the Husky was laying with his head on my hand where it lay in my bare lap. I absently rubbed his ear as I pulled myself together. The movie was still playing, so we lay together until the end, though I hardly focused on the screen.

Afterward, when I managed to get up and wipe my face to marginal cleanliness, the Husky was at the sliding door, so I let him out. He went off and left the yard, and I found myself wondering, hoping he'd come back again, even as I remembered I wouldn't be here after the summer's over. But he knew my scent-intimately. He could find me...