

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



Phoebe grabbed her bag, carefully making sure that its contents were packed tight. She had a long walk ahead of her. Night was in full swing by the time she pulled aside the curtain that encircled her house, a sort of treehouse constructed of fallen branches and secured with resin and rope. She hopped from the branch, letting her feathers ruffle and wings spread a bit to soften her fall as she touched the forest floor. She double checked her bag again, then started walking towards town.

People like her were not well suited to living in a city, or even a small town. She needed a lot of space to live comfortably, and having people around her while she slept during the day made her uncomfortable. Much easier to find somewhere deep in the forest where she could feel comfortable. She stepped deftly along the trail, worn from years of her own steps as well as animals. Her wide eyes barely needed to watch her feet, so her head instead swiveled back and forth, looking for movement. The path is well known to her, and her clawed feet unconsciously grip onto exposed roots to keep her balance. She stops every dozen or so feet, whispering a greeting to a rodent scurrying in the underbrush or giving a soft nod to a raccoon. They never respond in turn, but they also do not scatter at her presence. She starts to whistle a tune as she walks, the wordless birdsong that comes naturally to her. It was full of the low notes commonly associated with owls, but not the normal "hooting" vocalizations. She was not trying to scare away any competition, merely busying herself as she moved. Suddenly, she hears a noise that causes her to stop. A low growl.

She swivels her head, eyes wide as she spots a wolf, crouching in near a tree. A few of it's packmates circle behind it. She may not be territorial, but they certainly were. The leader stalks forward, its teeth bared in a simulacrum of a grin. Phoebe doesn't panic. Instead, she gently lowered herself into a kneel, taking a position as if to roost. The wolf approaches, sniffing her before circling around behind her. As it leans down to sniff her again, she lifts herself up a bit, leaning forward to expose her rear. The wolf leans forward to sniff more closely. Its fellows take this as a signal and approach as well. Phoebe shivers as she feels a wet nose touch her rear, followed shortly after by a tongue. The other two have approached as well, sniffing at her front end. Finally the leader stops. She feels pressure on her back as the wolf steps above her, its front paws settling on the ground near her shoulders, trapping her diminutive frame under his mass. Then she feels something warm brush against her nethers, the red rocket at full mast as the wolf mounts her.

He humps her roughly, the dick sliding past her labia and ruffling the feathers of her thighs. She shivers again. One wolf licks her face. The leader humps her again, the cock almost penetrating her before it slides free. His breath is hot in her ear and he whimpers. She sees the erections growing on the other two wolves and raises a feathered mitt from the ground to each to give them a gentle caress. This however leaves her slightly unsteady, and the leader seems to take advantage of this as he presses more of his mass down on her torso, forcing her ass higher. Finally he managed to drive the cock into her waiting hole. He moves more quickly now, animal instincts driving his legs and hips forward as he plows her face into the dirt and his dick deeper and deeper. The other two grow impatient with her halted ministrations. One desperately shakes his hips, dragging his dick along her hands with abandon. The other moves closer, licking the back of her head and then moving to position its member close to her.

She attempts to lift her head and feels a pinch as the leader clamps down on the back of her neck, freezing her head in place only a few inches off the dirt. With her newfound sight she navigated each hand back to the cocks in front of her, trying to time her movements to the constantly thrusting as the dick strikes deep. She lets out a small gasp as she feels the dick try to press even deeper, her pelvis shifting slightly as the leader presses his knot into her. It slides in with some finality and she feels a torrent of cum flood her insides. Finally the jaw releases her neck and she feels the pressure

lift off her back as the wolf dismounts, leaving only the point of contact of their groins.

The pressure lifted, Phoebe raises her head now, bringing it in contact with the closer wolf. She lines up the dick and slides it into her mouth, engulfing the member. She bobs her head quickly and slides her tongue along the member, savoring the feeling and scent. Her other hand still furiously jacks the third wolf off, who has rolled over to give her more free movement. She feels the flood in her womb start to slow down at the same time as the one in her hand starts erupting, the swollen knot throbbing at having been denied its purpose as the cock spews its seed into the air and across the forest floor. She massages it for a few seconds longer before turning her entire focus to the one still in her mouth. He moves his hips as if to attempt to penetrate her but she holds the cock firmly on her mouth. She reaches up to massage his balls, taking the member to the knot and holds it there for a few seconds. Finally the third wolf is satisfied and the balls tense as they release their load down her throat. She continues to suck, the torrent of semen sliding down her throat without resistance. Eventually it slows to a trickle and she slides it out of her throat and into her mouth, attempting to savor the last few drops.

Not too long later, the knot inside of her loosens and she slumps to the ground. The wolves seem to lose interest in her and start to wander off, so she flattens her ruffled feathers and stands up, only to find her bag was knocked to the ground in the skirmish and the books inside had been scattered across the ground.

"You damned mutts!" She shouts at the retreating figures of the dogs. One of them tucks its tail between its legs and picks up the pace. "They were too rough today..." she mumbles to herself as she picks up the books, carefully examining them for damage. One has a small smear of dirt on the inside of the cover and she curses. The librarian is gonna have a field day over this. "Maybe I'll fly to town tomorrow, that will show them. Leave them with blue balls for a few days and they will come crawling back to me, all sweet as can be." The last book safely tucked away, she continues her walk. A small trail of semen dribbles down her thigh as she walks but she pays it no mind. It's invisible amongst the feathers and will be all dribbled out by the time she makes it to town.

The sun was just beginning to rise as she crossed the threshold of the forest, stepping out into the plain farmland that was just outside of its borders. She saw a few farmers just waking up, coming out to milk their cows or secure their breakfast. She gave a wave. Some of them waved back. She continued along the small country road until it broadened into a busier street. A few wagons passed her, and a few cars passed them. Finally she passed the sign welcoming her into the city and hit the main streets, busy as they were even this early in the morning. Her friend was waiting for her outside the library a few blocks away. They had made plans to do some studying this morning. Her friend waved and she raised a mitt in response.

"Any trouble on the way into town?" her friend asked.

"No, same old, same old."