

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part One - The First Time

Lanie was pacing back and forth in her living room, from time to time glancing anxiously at her German Shepherd Max. She had talked it all out, she knew what she had to do, what it would be like, she even watched a few videos. It would be fine. She could do it. And yet, she had tried all evening to get up the courage to do it. All the theoretical knowledge couldn't overcome her lingering disgust at the very idea.

It had started when Max had become more and more frisky. Not only that, it had seemed to be focused especially on her. When she had guests over, even women, Max would behave. It was only her he tried to sniff between the legs, who he tried to – she still shuddered at the thought – tried to mount. Then she had learned the truth about her situation. Max wasn't just horny, he was – she couldn't believe it at first – he was attracted to her. It made no sense – she was a woman, he was a dog. But the experts had explained it to her. He had been living with her all his life; he wasn't *aware* that she was not his species. She had also learned that her pheromones were not that different from a female dog's, and that her body was signalling him that she was *in heat*. That last revelation had hit her like a brick. That her sweet dog saw her as a mate. That he wanted to ... to copulate with her.

But the real shock had come next. Of course she had wanted a solution, something to make him stop. The experts had calmly explained to her that this isn't behavior that one could just turn off. Max, they had said, was suffering. Her body was telling him that she was available, and more importantly *willing*, and yet she refused him. They had assured her that they understand of course, he is a dog after all. Max, however, couldn't understand that. So they had presented her the solution.

She would have to allow Max to take her as his mate. To let him ... let him fuck her.

She had cried, of course. It just sounded so wrong, so dirty. It still did. She had broken off contact with the experts for a week, but Max' behavior had gotten worse and worse, and now that she had understood, she couldn't let him suffer any longer. She had called back. They had reassured her that she had done the right thing. *Many women did this*, they had said. They were honest, too, so she had come to believe. They hadn't tried to paint a rosy picture. The beginning would be rough for her. Some women, they had said, do end up enjoying it, but she still couldn't believe it. They had reminded her that she would be doing it to help him. She had even seen a few videos, and it hadn't looked too bad. She knew now that her body could take it, but her mind was still fighting it. She hated herself for her inability to help Max.

She knew that today had to be the day. She had to stop procrastinating and do what she could to help him. The experts had some suggestions how to get her mind in the right place.

She walked over to him and sat down. *Talk to him*, they had said, *tell him what you want to do for him*. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath.

"Max," she barely whispered. *Don't whisper. Say it with as much confidence as possible*. She cleared her throat.

"Max," she said, louder now, "I want to do something for you. I ..."

Tears welled up in her eyes. *No, you can do this*, she told herself.

"I understand now that you have needs. And I understand that only I can ... fulfill these needs."

She closed her eyes again and took two more deep breaths before continuing.

"Tonight, I will ... I will ..." She was struggling for the right words. "I will get on my knees. I will bend over and I will let you ... do your thing."

Be explicit, they had said.

"I will let you mount me. I won't struggle or push you away."

She shuddered. *Get a hold of yourself, Lanie!*

"I will let you take me. *Fuck* me." That was almost liberating. "You can fuck me and get off in my pussy, and I won't stop you." One last thing. "You can even tie with me. I know that's what you need. I won't keep it from you anymore."

They were right, she did feel a little better. The disgust was still there, but telling Max she was doing it for him helped.

She shouldn't wait too long. She was as hyped up as she could be, but it wouldn't last long. Among the more practical recommendation was to put on an old T-shirt. She was to put that on any time she would allow Max to take her. And now was the time. She decided to change her top first, before taking off her pants. She slipped off her pajama shirt, exposing her small, perky breasts to Max. Unlike before, she felt very conscious about his gaze. She hesitated a moment.

"Do you like them, Max? Quite a few guys did. But you don't seem very interested. Is there something else about me that you like?"

It was silly, she thought. She was told that it was primarily her smell that attracted him to her.

She put the old shirt on. *The sex shirt*, she thought. This way, she had at least a little control over when he would mount her. She stood up and took a step back. She stuck her thumbs in the waistband of her pajama pants. *This is it*, she thought nervously. Her breathing became shallow, and she had to force herself to breathe normally again. She pushed her pants down under her butt, and gravity did the rest. She stepped out of them, another small step away from him. *Don't chicken out now, Lanie*.

Her fingers traced her hairless labia. She had gotten a waxing just two days before. She wasn't sure if it was for him or for her. *At least it will make cleaning easier*, she had tried to rationalize it. The experts suggested that she got herself off first; it would make it easier. But getting aroused now was absolutely out of the question.

"Max, this is my pussy. I know that's what you want, and in a moment, you can have it. I hope it will feel good for you."

Then there was only one thing to do. Slowly, she got down on her knees, maintaining eye contact with Max. She nodded at him, as if to give consent one last time, then turned around, lowered her head and arched her back; she was presenting herself to him, just as the experts had taught her. She closed her eyes, fighting back tears yet again.

For a painfully long moment, nothing happened. Then she heard Max getting up and walking over to her. *Did he recognize the pose?*, Lanie wondered. She heard, then felt him sniffing at her rear, zeroing in on her exposed pussy. She clenched her eyes shut as his nose touched her ass. She could feel her resolve fading. Panic setting in. *No no no, you will stay here and let him do it*, she told herself. She wanted to talk to him, but she couldn't get out another word.

The first lick. That means he was almost ready. Lanie tensed up involuntarily, as if there was a current flowing through her. She could hear her heartbeat in her ears, pounding fast and loud. *Oh god, what am I doing*, she thought. *This is a bad idea*. But she stayed in position, forcing herself to keep still.

The licking stopped. This was it. Lanie held her breath as she awaited him. Then it happened. A paw landed on her back, pulling the rest of his body up, which crashed down upon her and knocked the wind out of her. Strong forelegs gripped her waist. The panic intensified, but it only helped to paralyze her, keep her in position for him. *For him*.

Then she felt him thrust at her backside, almost aimless, but not entirely. She had a brief moment of hope that it didn't work out, that he would get bored and stop.

Then it happened. He lined up perfectly, the tip of his cock parting her labia. A human cock wouldn't have been able to penetrate her tightly clenched vaginal channel, but Max' small - for now - and bony member pierced deeply into her.

Lanie groaned in pain. She felt like she had been stabbed in her pussy, again and again. But each thrust went in a little easier. At the same time, she felt him grow. It started not much bigger than a finger, but with every push it felt wider, forcing her open. It was getting longer, too, she felt, until he starting hitting her cervix, every hit feeling like a little punch.

Max was clearly oblivious to his mistress' discomfort. He wouldn't slow down until his knot was fully engorged, and she could feel it start to grow. A small bulge at first, rubbing inside near her entrance. She briefly thought she understood why some women like it, but it kept growing, stretching her uncomfortably wide. Yet as his knot grew, he slowed down.

There was another sensation she couldn't place at first. A warm feeling deep inside her battered pussy. Then she realized it: He was ejaculating in her. That was the whole point, of course, but only now did it fully register. He was filling her human pussy, her *womb* with canine sperm. It was too much. Her mind went numb. Blank. She wasn't sad, or angry or even disgusted, just defeated. Broken. Even the pain didn't matter anymore. When he turned around, still stuck in her she grabbed his legs as if on autopilot to prevent him from pulling out.

After many long minutes, his knot shrunk down enough. Lanie let her hands go slack and Max slipped out, satisfied. As he walked away, Lanie collapsed to the ground. His cum leaked out of her, but she didn't care. She didn't care about anything anymore. Her dog had fucked her. She offered herself to him, and let him take her. She felt used, and dirty, dirtier than she had ever felt before. A defilement that couldn't be washed away, so she didn't even consider trying.

It's not a one time thing she heard one of the expert's voice echoing in her head as she drifted off to sleep.

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## **Part Two - Again?**

Lanie woke up from a fitful and uneasy sleep. Sunbeams dancing over her face as the morning sun shone brightly through the window. Lanie groaned as she got up slowly. Everything hurt, her pussy doubly so. Her thighs were covered with cum. *Max' cum*. Lanie felt a little sick at the thought. No, it hadn't been a dream. Max had really fucked her. Not only that, she had let him. Wanted him to do it. Invited him.

Lanie stretched her sore, abused muscles, groaning loudly again. It almost felt like her body were snapping back into its natural shape after last night's ordeal. She took stock of her body. Apart from a few superficial scratches on her thighs, everything seemed to be okay. Even her pussy, while still tender and aching, didn't look like it had suffered permanent damage.

Still, she really, *really* needed a shower. Like, now. She pulled off her shirt, rounded the corner – and there he was. Max was standing in front of her – and she was naked! She involuntarily braced herself for his assault but ... nothing. He barely paid her any mind and just walked past her.

Dumbfounded, Lanie released the breath she had been holding. *Did it actually work?* she thought, as she watched Max walk away from her. She shook her head. First things first. She entered the shower, rinsing herself of traces of their coupling. She turned the temperature higher in a futile attempt to wash away the defilement. Her skin was bright red by the time she turned off the shower.

As she put on her clothes, and then fixed herself some breakfast, she couldn't help but notice that Max, while not completely ignoring her, took much less of an interest in her than usual. *It really did work!* At least it wasn't in vain, but she wasn't sure she could do it again. She still hurt all over and the disgust hadn't disappeared.

As the day went on, Max stopped outright ignoring her presence, but in a different way. He became more affectionate, a marked contrast to his previous constant attempts to ... mate with her. Not once did he try to sniff between her legs, even. *This is nice*, she thought. She fell asleep on the couch watching TV with Max' head resting on her legs.

The next morning, Lanie awoke not to sun gently caressing her face, but to Max nudging her insistently. She blinked, trying to shake off the sleep, while Max kept pushing her shoulder. It took her a moment to realize: He wasn't just nudging her; he was trying to push her over.

"No..." she said quietly. She looked at Max pleadingly.

"Please, Max, I can't. I just can't do it again. I know you need it, but I ... I – it's just *so much!*"

Tears filled her eyes again. Yet it seemed to be working. Max stopped his assault and backed away.

And then – he whimpered. Lanie could fend off a physical attack, but that was too much. She remembered that he suffered if she didn't ... let him use her. She was being selfish. *It worked*, she told herself. *It wasn't so bad. I can do it again.*

"I'm sorry, Max, I shouldn't have tried to fight you off. I know you need it. I'll ... let you have me again."

Maintaining eye contact with Max, Lanie lowered herself onto the floor. When he tried to move toward her, she raised her hand, stopping him. She took deep breaths. *Relax. Just relax. It will be easier if you relax*, she kept thinking over and over. She pulled her pajama pants down. Not off, just down to her knees.

One last deep breath, and she broke eye contact and lowered her head to the ground. Max wasted not time. Her forehead had barely touched the floor when she already felt his nose sniffing her exposed backside.

Lanie tensed up as she felt his hot breath on her skin, then she remembered again to relax. She tried to focus on the positive. How good it would feel for him. How much he needed it – needed her.

Taking deep breaths, she braced for him, and he didn't let her wait long. After only two quick licks, she heard him draw back, then felt him land on top of her, his forelegs gripping her waist again. Subconsciously, Lanie adjusted her position slightly to better line up with his thrusting member.

It worked perfectly. Unlike last time's aimless thrusting, he found her entrance almost immediately, quickly sinking himself into her unprepared vagina. Lanie grunted as he spread her open, but she had to admit it went in a little easier this time. Soon he was big enough to hit her cervix again, pounding into it relentlessly. Lanie shifted forward a bit, which helped, at least a little. She knew it wouldn't take long for him to stop. Again she felt the knot form, heralding the end of his thrusting. It was still uncomfortable, yet she could tell that she was getting used to it.

This time, she was more aware of everything. The huge canine member, stretching her on both ends of her pussy. She felt him pulse against her walls. Filled her with his seed.

She held her breath as he turned and his cock rotated inside her, gritted her teeth as it stretched a new part of her insides, then exhaled loudly once he had settled in his new position. It made her feel even more used.

*Do it for him, do it for him, do it for him, ...* she repeated in her head like a mantra.

How long was he tied with her last time? It felt like an eternity then, but in retrospect, it could only have been a few minutes. Was the knot already shrinking, or was she just adapting? Either way, as she maintained deep, controlled breaths, the throbbing pain inside her was fading slowly.

"This is ... okay", she whispered. Two deep breaths. "Just every other day, right? I can do that." Another two deep breaths. "He deserves it. *You* deserve it", she added.

Shortly after, Max pulled out. Too early. Lanie groaned as he wrenched his cock out past her overstretched labia. A final bit of pain, and it was over. Lanie felt his sperm leaking out of her. Under all the disgust, there was a little ... pride? Yeah, that was it. She felt proud of herself for having done it again. For having helped Max again. The faintest hint of a smile flashed on her face as she looked at Max.

"You're welcome, big boy. But mommy needs a shower now."

*To be continued...?*