

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Katelyn was watching late-night TV, tucked under the mounds of blankets. The window was open, and the cold Colorado air chilled the room. Nothing made her sleep better than being tucked, nice and toasty in her bed with the air around her almost freezing.

Bored with the show she was watching, she slid her hand under the covers, looking for the remote. Frowning, she slid her hand around, tossing the pillows back, looking for it. Groaning, she realized where it was. It was sitting on the bathroom counter where she had left it during her last pee break.

She considered whether changing the channel was worth getting out of her warm cocoon. The program's monotony was getting annoying, and she was growing sleepy. Then she had the idea to determine if Max is as smart as everyone thinks.

"Max! Come here, boy!" she shouted and immediately heard heavy thumps running up the stairs. Her door was opened by Max pushing it with his nose. The Boxer came to the edge of the bed and stared at her expectantly, cocking his head.

"Max. Remote. Bathroom. Go fetch."

He sat there unmoving, understanding what bathroom and fetch meant, but he hadn't a clue about this 'remote' thing. Why would she want to play fetch in the bathroom?

"Go, Max, go fetch the remote," she repeated and grew excited when he started toward the bathroom. Maybe he's not a dumb dog, after all, she thought happily. Max turned and sat in the doorway, waiting for her to come to play fetch in the bathroom.

She rolled her eyes and gave up. Yanking the covers off her naked body, she sprinted through the cold air. "Move!" she squealed, squeezing past his large, muscular frame. She grabbed the prize from the counter, pausing to empty her bladder one last time. She plopped onto the toilet and squeezed the piss as fast as she could, wiped and ran past Max again, jumping back in bed. She slid deep into the soft blankets, pulling them up tight around her neck, shivering.

A few minutes later, still shivering, she wondered if she wanted to get out again and shut the window. She knew Max wouldn't be of any help in that situation, but...

Katelyn looked at the dog lying on his bed by the door, oblivious to the cold. He was staring at her with big, brown eyes, and when he noticed her gaze, his nub started wagging.

She sighed and grabbed the edge of her covers. "Come here, boy. It's your fault I'm freezing, so get up here and warm me up," she commanded. He immediately scrambled and took a flying leap on the bed. She raised the covers, and he joined her beneath the blankets, quickly finding his spot. He ended by lying against her side, with her arm around him and his head resting on her shoulder. His heat radiated under the covers like a furnace, and she snuggled closer to him. He licked her cheek and gave a long sigh, closing his eyes.

A few minutes later, her shivers disappeared, and she finally began to feel comfortable again. Max apparently was relaxed, too, since he was already snoring lightly in her ear.

Engrossed in the new show, she felt him twitch as he turned on his side, facing her but still mashed tightly against her. He hiked his leg over her leg, pushing his warm belly against her bare thigh. He returned to his deep slumber, and she continued to watch TV.

A short while later, she must have dozed off because she was awoken by Max jerking and grunting. She glanced over to ensure he was ok and figured he was just dreaming about running in a pasture

or something. That is until she noticed something incredibly hot being pushed against her naked thigh. Max jerked his rear legs again, and the hard hotness slid up and down her thigh.

She gently pulled the covers up far enough to peer underneath, and a sly smile crossed her lips. She eyed Max's long, thick veiny cock pressed against her bare flesh. He jerked again and grunted, pushing his exposed cock harder against her leg. His jerking grew quicker and more rhythmically, and she watched, transfixed by his cock slipping against her leg. Precum had begun to drip like a leaky faucet from its tapered red tip.

He must be having an outstanding dream about fucking the shit out of some bitch, she thought, admiring his leaking cock. She noticed the growing dampness between her legs and that her nipples were like pebbles.

She wasn't a novice to seeing or even touching Max's cock. Many times, bath time would turn into a doggie jerk-off session. Once he relaxed under the rain of the warm water and her soothing lathered hands massaging his fur-covered muscles, his cock would almost always make an appearance. And since she didn't want to leave any part of her favorite companion unwashed, she felt obligated to clean his cock. She knew all the right places to grip, touch and squeeze to get her boy off, thanks to the internet. It never ceased to amaze her at the volume of cum that would erupt from his thick, veiny cock once the cum started spurting. She had milked a shot in her mouth once, just to taste, and it wasn't too far from human cum, but thinner and gamier. The taste, however, was addicting, and since the first shot a couple of months ago, she had taken many more.

Goosebumps erupted across her body as Max gave a harder thrust against her leg.

She thought it might be time to move this puppy dream to the next level, running her other hand between her legs and feeling her wet, soft lips.

Not wanting him to drain his balls while dreaming, she pulled the covers off him, and he opened his bloodshot eyes. He quickly realized his cock was out, and whatever was pressing against it was smooth and warm. He tightened his rear leg over hers and started to hump in earnest, grunting in rhythm.

"Damn, Max, slow down," she giggled as she tried to scoot away. Not to be deterred, Max rolled his heavy body on top of her, wrapping his strong rear legs around her soft thigh and started thrusting harder and faster against her leg.

Katelyn could feel his hot precum draining steadily onto and down her leg as he panted and grunted.

Her pussy ached to be filled, and she slipped her arms around his barrel chest, lifting him squarely on top of her. She pushed her leg from beneath, so now he rested squarely on her chest and between her legs. He continued to hump the void between her legs, determined to mate with something.

"I know, baby, you think I'm just teasing you, but mommy's trying to get you to fuck her, so help me out a little," she grunted, wrestling the heavy dog higher on her chest and pushing her hips up, spreading her legs. Max licked her face as she tried to guide her pussy toward his thrusting dick until, finally, his scorching, tapered tip hit her wet, velvety lips.

"Oh fuck, yeah, boy. That's it. Make mommy your bitch," she groaned, feeling her wet cunt part for his leaking, hot cock. Max stopped abruptly, and she cried out, "Fuck boy, don't stop. Fuck me, Max, fuck me hard!"

Max opened his muzzle and let his tongue roll out, licking the side of her face just as he flexed his

muscular hips and drove all eight inches of hard, burning love deep within her throbbing snatch.

“FUCK!” she screamed as her pussy tried to accommodate his huge cock on such short notice. Instinct took over, and his eyes glazed over as he grunted, forcefully driving his cock in and out of her pussy without regard to her pleasure. He had one purpose, and that was to deposit his puppy-making sperm inside this wet, willing bitch.

After a minute of being jackhammered, Katelyn’s pussy relaxed enough for her to find pleasure in his animalistic thrusting. She closed her legs around his thrusting haunches and gripped his blocky head, pulling his drooling muzzle close. She kissed him, licking his wet lips and cold nose. He returned her affection by driving his long, wet tongue into her open mouth.

“Oh, baby. My beautiful, strong baby,” she moaned, sucking his tongue shoved in her mouth. His grunting was growing louder and more desperate until soon she felt his swollen knot start to pound against her battered pussy. She let the moment overtake her and relaxed enough for his fist-sized knot to push inside her throbbing cunt. He slowed until he was almost motionless, except for his heavy panting, finally laying his heavy head on her shoulder.

Her body tingled in anticipation. “Come on, my sweet baby, make me pregnant. Give me a litter of puppies to love,” she moaned, stroking the back of his neck as he recouped.

She shuttered, feeling the first shot erupt inside her, blasting the heat against her womb; she shook as her first orgasm exploded throughout her body, setting every nerve on fire. She wrapped her arms around his hard body, thrusting her hips against him, wedging his dick even deeper as she climaxed.

A little while later, she relaxed and stretched her limbs onto the bed with Max still sprawled on top of her, waiting for her stud to finish. She squeezed her pussy against his throbbing cock, coaxing the last drops of cum from his big, black balls until he grew restless and started to stand. She prepared herself, readying her hand to slip over her pussy to trap his flood of cum from draining onto the bed.

He stood above her on his front legs but still connected at the waist. He stared at her with his big, beautiful eyes as if politely asking, “Are you ready for this Mommy?”

She eased her hand until it rested on her pubes, waiting for him to release her. She grunted as he backed up, yanking his deflated knot from her pussy. Shoving her hand over her red, sore cunt, she wiggled around him and got out of bed, shuffling to the bathroom to sit on the toilet. She moved her hand and felt his liquid heat burst from her pussy, raining down to the water below. Minutes seemed to tick by, waiting for her womb to drain. She thought about what had just happened, and her pussy started to tingle again. She closed her eyes and shoved her fingers down to her clit, rubbing his spent, slick cum around her swollen cunt.

Max, still on the bed, was curled and cleaning his cock. He stopped momentarily and sniffed the air. He could smell the sweet aroma of a female in heat again. He looked into the bathroom at his mistress on the toilet, eyes closed and her hand between her legs. He sniffed again, hopping off the bed and following his nose into the bathroom. He moved closer, sniffing and once satisfied he knew where the aroma was, he shoved his snout in between her legs and lapped at her pussy hungrily.

“SHIT!” she exclaimed as her eyes flew open to see the top of Max’s head bobbing between her legs as took over. She moved her hand out of his way and spread her legs, giving him easy access.

She eased farther down on the seat, feeling his tongue probe inside her, licking her clean. He seemed to be enjoying it since his stubby nub was wagging furiously, and his bat of a cock swung

between his haunches.

“Damn baby, you found your calling,” she gasped, feeling her orgasm rapidly approaching. “My good, good boy, you’re about to make Mommy cum again.”

His warm, wet tongue would begin at her puckered asshole, sending shivers down her spine, then continue between her pussy lips and end with a firm flick of her clit. She thrust her hands between her spread legs, holding his tasting muzzle over her clit and stifled a scream, feeling the orgasmic wave flood over her. She shook uncontrollably, and Max renewed his efforts, driving his tongue between her trembling, wet lips to taste her climax.

Afterward, she stumbled from the bathroom and returned to the bed, falling headfirst. Max joined her, curling up next to her head. Her eyes were closed, letting her mind and body drift on the afterglow as sleep overtook her.

She was woken by a constant and rhythmic noise she couldn’t quite place. She cracked her eyes open and stared at the red, veiny cock, inches from her face. Max stopped licking his shaft and looked at her as if expecting her to take over.

“Really?” she asked, already knowing the answer. Max continued to stare, and his large, veiny cock continued to throb in front of her face. “Fine,” she whispered and moved her head closer until her lips touched the red, tapered cockhead. She licked the tip, moving her lips closer until they wrapped around his burning shaft.

Max curled in, his front paws pushing the back of her head and thrust forward, shoving her lips farther down onto his cock. He threw one hind leg over her neck and earnestly hummed her face. Katelyn tried to pull her head back, but his grip behind her head held her firm, and she had nowhere to go but farther down on his cock. She gagged as he rapidly hammered his hot shaft down her throat, slicking her gullet with his plentiful precum.

She reached behind her head and tried to pull his paws off but quickly felt a nip on her hand and heard a growl. Stopping immediately, she jerked her hand back, surprised by his reaction. She tightened her lips when she felt his knot thump against them. If he wedged his knot in her mouth, she would probably drown in his cum, she thought hastily. His hot cock filled her throat as he continued to face fuck his bitch.

Katelyn could either hate her doggie mouth rape, or she could enjoy her stud fucking her like he owned her. She chose the latter as one hand dropped between her legs and the other rubbed across her plump tits and hard nipples. She focused on the erotic sounds of his desperate grunts and the feel of his burning, veiny cock being rabbit-punched into her mouth.

Releasing the grip on her tits, she slipped her hand up and wrapped her fingers behind the swollen knot pushing against her pursed lips. Max whimpered as she gripped his thick stalk to hold him still, keeping his cock planted firmly down her throat. Her orgasm was coming up fast and flooded over her just as her stud deposited his first, strong spurt down her throat.

She moaned as her body vibrated and trembled from her orgasm, all while enjoying the hot cum coursing down her throat and filling her belly. Max was motionless except for his barrel chest rising and falling in sync with his panting. He relaxed his grip on her head, but she stayed in position, wanting to finish the job. She gulped down each of his full, hot bursts as quickly as he could shoot them.

After a while, Katelyn drained her pup’s balls, and Max grew restless, pulled from her grip, and

stood. He hopped off the bed and ran downstairs, leaving her in the bed alone. She wiped her mouth and grabbed her robe, slipping it on as she followed the dog downstairs.

He stood by the back door, waiting for her to unlock the doggie door. She slid the panel up, and he squeezed through the rubber flap. She grabbed water from the refrigerator and stood at the backyard window, watching Max sniff and search. Max found his spot, squatted and pooped and started to make his way back to the house. He stopped, and with his nose to the ground, he followed a scent around the house, disappearing around the side.

"Goddammit, Max. I'm gonna beat your sexy butt," Katelyn muttered as she cinched the robe and opened the door, entering the cold and dark night. "Max!" she called, making her way around the house to the narrow space between fences. She wasn't concerned that Max would escape, but he had been known to tussle with the raccoons that picked through the garbage at night. "Max!" she hissed as she entered the dark alleyway. She heard a commotion in the darkness and wished she had grabbed the flashlight. She grabbed a hefty limb from the ground, holding it in front of her for protection.

"Max, come on, boy. Leave the raccoons alone," she said, stopping to listen. Things had fallen silent, and then she screamed as something furry brushed against her leg. She turned and saw Max materialized from the darkness and turn, his tail wagging and panting. She turned to follow but heard an ominous growl from the darkness before she entered the light from the back patio. She froze, stick in hand, trying to figure out what would make a deep, rumbling growl.

Max peered into the darkness and started barking. She yelped as a large shape brushed past her and emerged into the light. A huge Great Dane appeared and playfully slapped Max with his huge paw. Max jumped back, tail wagging and darted to nip at the dog's leg.

"Dammit," she whispered and moved out of the darkness, joining the dogs in the warm glow of the patio light. "And just who are you, big boy?" she asked. The dogs stopped playing, and the Great Dane sniffed Katelyn's outstretched hand. He gave a wet lick from his long tongue, wrapping around her hand. "So, who do you belong to?" she asked the mammoth dog.

The big dog looked at Max and followed his new friend to the house, where the big dog tried to squeeze into the cramped doggie door Max had disappeared through.

"Oh, sorry, you live *here*. I guess I must have missed you somehow," she said sarcastically, reaching past the dog and opening the door for him. "Ok, you can stay long enough for me to see if you've got tags on and surf the neighborhood page and see if someone has a lost big, lanky goofball."

Katelyn didn't see a collar or ID tags, so she surfed the local site for lost dogs. She glanced at the big dog standing nearby as she scrolled through the page. He was turned so she could see he was definitely not neutered. His black balls hung low, and a large furry pouch was mounted before them. She stopped surfing, stood up, and went to him. She squatted, looking underneath his long body, running her hands across his flanks and down his back. He stood still while she petted and admired him. "Damn, boy. You are hefting some fucking equipment, aren't you?" she whispered, letting her hand slip farther down until it brushed against his warm, hanging balls. She let her other hand slip down his tummy and cup his furry sheath, massaging it gently.

She licked her lips when the tip of his oversized cock slipped out of its home and began to emerge. She moaned, watching his cock appear, and increased her massage until his full twelve inches jutted out, veiny and proud. He turned his head and licked the side of her face, making her giggle.

"I think I need to do the right thing and give you a bath and get you cleaned up, hun, boy?" she

stated, standing and motioning for the dogs to follow her up the stairs.

She must have really grown wet because halfway up the stairs, the Great Dane shoved his head underneath her robe, pressing his cold nose between her legs. "Fuck boy, that's cold!" she squealed, pushing his head back and scurrying up the stairs.

She entered the bedroom, and Max immediately jumped onto the bed. Just following his buddy, the new dog followed, making the bed squeak from his weight. She stood looking at the two happy dogs waiting for her to join them. "I thought your new buddy needed a bath?" she asked Max, who just panted happily. She sighed and joined them on the bed. "I guess you're gonna make me jerk you off in the bed and make a mess, hun?" she asked the big dog, who plopped down and lay on his side. She eyed his big balls draped over his hind leg. His cock had receded during the journey upstairs, and she stayed on her hands and knees, moving over by the Dane's crotch. She started massaging his sheath again, watching his cock start to poke out inch by inch until it was a massive, hot and veiny dick resting in her grip. He relaxed, letting his new buddy's bitch take care of his desires. She leaned over and licked his hot, tapered tip, tasting the salty wildness of his precum. She opened her mouth, slipping her soft lips down his burning shaft, taking the dog's massive cock.

Max, not to be left out, mounted Katelyn from behind and started thrusting. His hot cock slipped and slid around the inside of her thigh until he finally found a hot hole to fuck. He shoved his cock deep inside her cunt and started thrusting fast and hard, jackhammering her cunt.

Katelyn let out a soft whine when Max shoved his cock in her, but between her getting fucked from behind and her lips around a big, beautiful cock, she didn't have a care in the world. The Great Dane was motionless while getting serviced, except for an occasional tail slap against the mattress.

Precum flowed freely into her mouth, where she swallowed greedily, miking his cock for more. She slipped her hand down, gripping the thick stalk behind his softball-sized knot, making him grunt. She milked his cock until she finally felt the first, burning hot shot of his cum empty into her sucking mouth. "Oh baby," she moaned and milked his cock for more. The big dog's cock blew plentiful and watery cum shots down her gullet as she continued to milk her new baby.

Max continued to pant and grunt behind her, and now she could feel his knot slamming against her velvety lips, trying to push its way inside. She relaxed enough that his knot slipped in with the next hard thrust, and he immediately stopped. His drool dripped onto her bare back as he pulled her tight against his cock and released his load. Katelyn groaned, feeling the first forceful cum blasts hit her cervix and begin to fill her womb. She wondered if she could get too much cum inside her. With loads of hot, watery cum being deposited inside her from both ends, she was about to find out.

And Katelyn's boys couldn't be happier to oblige to help their mommy with the experiment.