

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



Twilight had fallen, giving the approaching darkness a crisp chill as Ashley slowed her jog, reaching the trail's end. She stopped at the drinking fountain and took long, refreshing gulps to quell her thirst. She glanced at her watch, took a few deep breaths and sat on the wooden bench.

"You're making good time, girl," she panted. Wiping the sweat from her brow, she eased back against the seat, stretching her arms across the wooden slats. She closed her eyes and took another set of deep breaths to slow her thumping heart.

Suddenly, something soft brushed against her bare calves, and her eyes popped open. Startled, she saw the big dog sniffing her feet. His short tail made slow wags as he tentatively licked her leg.

"Hey there, buddy. Where'd you come from?" she asked. She let the dog sniff her outstretched hand, feeling empathy for the stray animal. He gave her hand a friendly lick, then dropped his nose to the ground, sniffing and following it to the trash barrel next to the fountain. He jumped up and stuck his head over the can's rim, intently trying to retrieve something from inside.

She watched the dog struggle, trying to obtain whatever he was sniffing for. His tail wagged slowly while he concentrated on the task. She couldn't help but notice his smooth, low-hanging balls swinging between his back legs as he searched.

She got up and went to the trash can, peering inside. A tossed hamburger, loosely wrapped in paper, was sitting on the top of the refuse. Grimacing, she reached in and retrieved the discarded food. She shook the burger from the wrapper, letting it fall to the ground.

The dog snatched the burger and scurried to the edge of the woods. He scarfed down about half of it and then dropped the rest. He sat back on his haunches, leaving the other half uneaten and lying before him.

"You were saving that for later?" she asked the dog. He looked at her, gave a tail wag and a soft chuff, then returned his attention, peering into the woods.

The underbrush rustled, and another dog about the same size emerged from the woods and approached the other dog. Now, the two dogs stood staring nose to nose.

"Oh shit," she muttered, noticing the new dog also had a pair of swinging nuts and figured there was about to be a fight. Neither dog paid her attention, and she watched quietly.

They were both big, short-haired, and had muscular, bully-breed bodies. Ashley debated on what she should do if they started fighting. She determined she couldn't do much since her size or strength wouldn't match either dog, much less two raging hungry dogs in full-battle mode.

The first dog dropped his nose to the uneaten burger half and pushed it toward the new dog. The new dog sniffed the burger on the ground, scooped it up with his strong jowls and devoured it. Neither dog growled or made any warning motions. They just ate their dinner like two happy best friends.

"I'll be damn," Katie muttered. "I guess you two must be pretty good friends to share a burger, hun?" Watching the pair closely, she saw they were almost identical in build and color. "I bet you guys are brothers from the same litter, aren't you?" she asked. They virtually looked like twins except for the second dog, a thumb-sized white dot between his brown eyes. Other than that odd marking, they were identical.

After finishing their meal, the dogs cozied up to Ashley while she petted them. Both dogs happily

panted while licking the sweat off her legs in return for her affection. Petting the two studs brought back fond memories of helping at her parents' German Shepard breeding kennels. At the kennels, she had become quite good at caring for certain things the studs required. She kept the dogs happy, so her parents left most of the care to her. She absently stroked the dogs, feeling their taunt muscles and thinking about the kennels.

In unison, both dogs stopped licking and stuck their noses in the air, sniffing. Ashley's cheeks grew warm when she realized embarrassingly that she had grown damp between her legs, thinking about the memories of the kennels. That was probably what the dogs were smelling.

"You sure seem like two good boys. I wish I could bring you home," she whispered, stroking their strong shoulders.

The first dog shoved his muzzle between her legs, sniffing intently and blowing his hot breath over her aroused crotch. Instinct and desire took over, and she looked around to see if they were alone and eased her legs farther open.

The dog shoved his nose against the thin material and rubbed against her clit making her gasp. She desperately wanted the feeling of a furry stud filling her with his burning, knotted dick. She glanced around again to make sure no one was around, and then she spotted the bathrooms at the end of the sidewalk.

Then the dogs stopped, perked their ears, and looked down the jogging path. They abruptly scurried into the woods, leaving Ashley alone and horny. That's when she noticed a shadow in the distance moving down the jogging trail approaching her.

"Okay, bye, guys," she said, standing. Ashley leaned over the fountain and took a last swig, keeping the approaching shadow in view. Her SUV was still a distance away, parked under the street lamps on the far side of the open field.

"Looks like you had a pretty good run," the shadow said, stepping into the pool of light from the overhead lamp. She looked up and nodded with a half-smile.

"Yeah, just fixing to head to the car and go home," she replied.

"Oh. Okay," the man replied. He looked in reasonably good shape, minus a little excess belly fat. He was dressed in dark clothes, but his facial features were difficult to make out due to the ballcap he wore, keeping his face in the shadows.

Ashley felt a wave of apprehension in her belly and decided to cut this unwanted visit short and leave. Something didn't feel right.

"Since you're done, I can walk you to your car. Never know what weirdos might be out at night, right?" he said.

"Nah, that's okay. My boyfriend's already here to pick me up," she said, pointing across the empty field at the SUV under the parking lights. She knew it was a lie but hoped he didn't.

He took a step closer, and she backed up, her adrenaline kicking in to help move her tired legs fast if needed.

With a low chuckle, he said, "Well, that's odd. I've been watching you for two hours, and you came alone."

With that ominous statement, Ashley didn't need the instinct to know to run. She left the man behind, darting across the field like a scared jackrabbit. A split second later, she heard heavy footsteps behind her. She didn't remember her car being that far away, but again, someone had never pursued her.

Her legs burned and ached from the previous seven-mile jog, and her stride shortened no matter how much adrenaline was pumped into her muscles. The heavy footsteps were right behind her now, and she took a strained breath to scream just as the man tackled her to the ground before she could yell.

Ashley fought bravely, but her lungs begged for air, and her throbbing muscles were aching and sluggish. He threw her onto her back, and she looked up just in time to see his fist approaching her face. It landed solidly against her eye socket with a resounding crack, eliminating any fight she had. Then, for further measure, he drove a fist into her toned belly. The sudden, intense burst of pain in her abdomen caused her to convulse and vomit.

The man shuffled back, panting, "Goddammit, don't fucking puke on me bitch!" He emphasized his point by swiftly slapping her face.

After the initial heave, Katie was limp and groggy, her consciousness fading from her belly pain and swelling eye.

"There's a good girl. Just fucking lay there," he snapped. "If that pussy's as tight as your belly, I ain't going to take long," He grunted like an animal while clawing at her tight leggings. She heard her bottoms rip and felt the sudden chill of air and damp grass against her naked butt. The sound of a zipper opening followed, then the feel of rough, calloused hands digging into her thighs, forcing her legs apart.

It seemed like a nightmare she could not wake from, and she closed her eyes, lying still, not wanting to accept that the stranger was about to rape her, but she just didn't have the strength or stamina to stop him.

A different sound brought her back to reality, and the man's rough grip released her legs. He hadn't done anything yet, and she had a burst of hope; maybe he'd been caught, and someone was coming to her rescue.

"Down, boys," the man said with a shaky voice. His voice had lost all the harshness of before, and he sounded almost frightened. "I'm not going to hurt anybody. Good boy... Good... shit," he choked.

He moved away, and she heard the same heavy footsteps fading, quickly followed by a heavy thump and abrupt screaming.

"Fuck!" the man shouted. "Get them off! Help me!"

It took all her remaining strength, but Ashley willed her head to turn to the side and force her swollen eye to focus. She gave a long sigh of relief when she saw why the man suddenly had a change of heart. It wasn't someone coming to her rescue, but two beautiful angels appearing from the darkness to save her.

A few yards away, the man was flailing on the ground while the two big dogs that had made Ashley's acquaintance earlier were attacking the screaming man.

She couldn't help it; it hurt like hell, but she started laughing. "Karma's a bitch, ain't it!" she

choked.

“Help me, call them off!” the man screamed, his arms bloodied from shielding his face. With great satisfaction, Katie noticed that his jeans were shredded and blood-stained.

She groaned, struggling to sit up to watch the karma unfold with morbid fascination. She wondered if they would kill him or just maim him, and she found she didn't care which. She felt around her legs, found the ripped cloth of her leggings, and tried to adjust them enough to cover her bare skin.

The first dog noticed her movement and left the fight, trotting over to lick her face. He turned and sat beside her, leaning against her tenderly while watching his brother in battle. His warmth and muscular stature calmed her as he stood on guard.

After another echoing crunch, which resulted in a blood-curdling scream, the other dog released the man and trotted to Ashley. He joined his brother at her other side and sat. The two powerful dogs framed her like panting, muscular bookends.

Ashley shouted, “You might want to run while you still have something to piss with.”

The man rolled over and staggered upright, one arm dangling uselessly as he turned and glared at her. He uttered something but turned and lurched away when both dogs stood and growled menacingly.

She breathed a sigh of relief and fell back against the damp grass. She lay there while the dogs sat motionless next to her, guarding while she recouped.

Her eyes suddenly filled with tears as the reality of what almost happened finally set in. If it wasn't for these two beautiful, angelic dogs appearing out of nowhere, there's no telling what shape she'd be in now. Hell, maybe even dead, she thought, as a tear rolled down her cheek.

Her hands lazily ran over their short fur, feeling their tight, muscular bodies. Her mind drifted back to when she lived at home. It had been a long time since she touched and felt such strong, muscular animals. Her eyes moved down and under their heaving bellies, and both were displaying an inch of pink, tapered cock. Typical boys, she thought, getting worked up and horny after a fight.

After a minute to gain her resolve, she sat up and looked at the dogs. “Okay, boys. There ain't no way I'm leaving you behind. Let's go home and get a hot meal in you.”

She stood, holding her torn leggings around her the best she could and limped across the mown grass. Both dogs kept an even stride with her, stopping when she had to adjust her ripped clothing but continuing when she did.

Ashley felt safe with the furry bodyguards and wondered how to manage two extra mouths to feed, but whatever the sacrifice, she would make it work. She smiled mischievously, thinking it didn't hurt that they were both fully functional males.

Reaching the SUV, she stopped and used the keypad to raise the rear hatch. Walking to the back, she leaned in, looking for her spare gym bag and clothes. Then she realized they were stuffed behind the heavy box of donation stuff she still needed to drop off. The box was heavy, and had needed help loading it, so moving it herself was out of the question. She would just have to climb over it to get her bag.

Releasing her grip on her torn leggings, she felt the chill of the night against her exposed rear.

Putting her knee on the edge, she started to lift herself in but yelped when a cold, wet nose shoved itself between her exposed ass cheeks.

“Shit, boy! What the hell are you doing? I’ve gotta get in here and grab my clothes so we can go home, so back off, buddy,” she said. “I already know what you two want, so don’t worry; I’ll thank you both properly after dinner in your new home.”

The dogs silently watched her climb into the rear of the SUV. Ashley gave them a narrowed-eye stare before dropping to her knees, turning to slide over the box, and reaching behind for the gym bag.

She had just squeezed her head and shoulders between the SUV roof and heavy box when suddenly, she felt the SUV shake. It was one of the dogs jumping in behind her.

“Hey! Get out of here!” she shouted and tried to scoot back. Her bare ass smashed against the dog’s hot chest. “Move back, dammit!” she shouted. But he took it as an invitation and mounted her, throwing his paws around her lean waist and started humping.

“Hey, dammit! Cut that shit out!” she hissed, wiggling her butt to shake the dog off. He reaffirmed his grip around her waist and yanked her ass squarely against his crotch. She could feel his incredibly hot and stiff cock jabbing at her exposed cunt.

His muscular haunches flexed, and his emerging cock sprayed its natural, slick lube, preparing her hole for breeding. After a few seconds of missing the target, his large, slick cock rammed into her cunt and, once planted, fully extended from its furry sheath. His animalistic instincts took over, and his hard cock rabbit punched her defenseless cunt fast and hard, slamming deeper and deeper with each blow. The dog panted and grunted, his hips moving lightning fast, desperately trying to impregnate his new bitch before she could escape.

Well, she thought, I guess he’s going to finish what he started. Hopefully, the tie-up won’t be that long. She was stuck and not going anywhere, so she stopped the struggle, hoping he would finish quickly so they could go home.

While waiting, she reached between the box and the seat and found her bag. Several yanks later, it was free, and now all she had to do was wait for the breeding session to end.

A minute later, she whimpered from the flash of pain when the dog shoved his hard, bloated knot into her tender cunt. She had hoped his knot wasn’t that big and would slip out, but no, this felt like a softball being jammed in her twat.

The dog grunted, and Ashley could feel his cock’s girth growing inside her womb, preparing for his release. She leaned to one side, shoving her arm back and slipping her hand between her legs. Her fingers toyed with her clit, joining her mate in the orgasmic release.

She shivered from the climax gained from her twitching fingers and the pulsating cock spraying her womb with her stud’s hot love. The dog lay heavy and limp on her back, panting loudly in her ear. His friend hopped up and put his front paws on the tailgate, sniffing. His cock grew from his bulging sheath until it swung like a bat beneath his belly.

“Well, crap,” Ashley groaned when the SUV shook again from his brother’s heavy body jumping in. “Sorry buddy, my pussy is closed after your friend is done. You’ll just have to wait an hour until we get home.”

In response, a cold, wet nose pressed against her leg, sniffing, then a wet lick across her thigh. "Don't try to butter me up; I mean it. Wait until we get home. I really don't want to be caught by security with a dog's knot wedged in my puss." The waiting dog chuffed in displeasure but reluctantly exited.

A blue flash caught Ashley's eye, and she peered through the windshield. "Fuck me, can this get any better?" she groaned, watching the flashing beacon of the park security slowly approaching.

"Hurry up, bud," she whispered, watching the car approach. As if sensing her urgency, the dog gave a tug and grunt. She yelped from the sudden removal of his knot and felt the trailing flood of hot, watery cum spill from her battered cunt. The dog jumped out and lay on the ground, licking himself.

Not wasting any valuable time, Ashley dug into her gym bag, retrieved a pair of sweatpants and pulled them on. She frowned, noticing the leaking cum quickly staining her crotch. She found a pair of shorts and slipped them over her legs. She grabbed her torn clothing and ripped off a trailing piece, shoving it inside her waistband and into her leaking cunt.

"Please just keep driving," she hoped when the car headlights illuminated her and the new companions. She gave a courtesy wave as the car passed, then watched it slow to a stop. "Fuck," she muttered.

"Everything okay?" a male voice echoed from inside the car.

Hearing the male voice, both dogs stood at attention and began a low, rumbling growl, watching the car.

"It's okay, boys," she whispered, giving them a quick head pat. "Everything's fine, thanks," she shouted. "I was just loading up the boys and leaving."

"Have a good night," the voice replied, and the car continued its slow patrol down the next row of parking spaces.

She closed the back and opened the door. "Come on, let's go home," she said. Both dogs jumped into the front seat and sat, waiting for her to escort them to their new home. Before she got in, she pulled the uncomfortable wet material from her crotch, tossing it. She couldn't drive the half hour home with that wadded between her legs.

She climbed in, sat beside the dogs, and started the SUV. "Ready?" she asked, starting down the drive and accelerating toward the highway. Merging onto the freeway, she leaned back and relaxed, reaching over to ruffle her new dog's fur.

A few minutes into the drive, the other dog that wasn't so lucky scooted across the armrest and lay his head on her lap. Her hand fell to his head, and she petted him lovingly. "I know, buddy. Don't worry, I'm still horny too. We'll take care of you after a nice, warm dinner."

The dog tilted his head and sniffed her wet crotch, pushing his nose against the material, inhaling her musk. His hot breath and pressure against her cunt started to excite her, and her hips started lightly gyrating against his muzzle.

"Fuck," she sighed. While driving, she reached down and wiggled her shorts and pants down to her knees with one hand. She parted her legs and put both hands on the wheel, waiting for him to continue.

The dog took advantage of the situation and drove his muzzle between her legs, tasting his brother's cum leaking from her dripping cunt.

"Oh, god," she groaned, reacting to the pleasure of the dog's long, wet tongue tasting and teasing her, driving deep inside her. His wet nose continued to bump and rub her clit while he seemed determined to taste every part of the inside of her moist cunt.

Her hand fell to his head and lovingly rubbed his head while he continued to clean his new owner's pussy.

Her foot slipped off the accelerator, and her eyes blurred when the climax exploded between her legs, spreading throughout her body, tingling every nerve. The dog renewed his licks, tasting the sweetness of her pulsating orgasm.

"Oh fuck, baby. Oh fuck, oh fuck, fuck," she gasped.

Satisfied, she was spotless; the dog pulled his head away and turned to lick his swollen, leaking cock protruding from the furry sheath. Her eyes widened when she saw his enormous eight-inch shaft and fist-sized knot resting over his hanging, dark nuts. If his brother had the same equipment, she thought, that would explain why my pussy still throbs like I had shoved a bat in there.

A few minutes later, she parked in front of her townhome and turned to the dogs. "Ready to see your new place," she asked, opening the door and stepping out, waiting.

The two dogs followed her into her house, where they sniffed everything. She watched them disappear, tails wagging while exploring their new place. She pulled her wet clothes off and tossed her t-shirt. Now nude, she made her way upstairs and into the bathroom. She sat on the toilet, and while she pissed, both dogs appeared and began to lick her hand and face, making her laugh.

"So, is that a thank you for the new home?" she laughed. Their lean tails wagged furiously as they continued to thank her. "Stop, stop. Let me shower, and then we'll get you some dinner, okay?"

She stood, flushed and stepped in the shower. She watched the dogs exit the bathroom and explore the rest of the house.

She finished and grabbed a towel from the rack, wrapping it around her. She went downstairs barefoot and started preparing a scrambled egg dinner for her roommates.

Soon, the dogs smelled the eggs and entered the kitchen, sitting and waiting patiently while she divided them onto plates and let them cool.

"Here ya go," she said, putting the plates on the floor. They were cleaned in about ten seconds, leaving two dogs licking their chops.

She grabbed the emptied plates and opened her patio door. "Go potty," she commanded. Amazingly they listened and hurried outside, noses to the ground, to find the perfect poop spot.

Ashley washed the dishes and sat at the dining table to watch them. After a minute, they returned inside and sat on the floor in front of her, watching.

"You two sure are well trained," she said. The spotted dog chuffed. "Oh really," she replied. "Got a full belly and some full balls, too?"



The other dog gave a quick barking response.

“Come on upstairs,” she said, moving upstairs with the dogs in pursuit.

The dogs hopped on the bed while she dropped the towel and joined them. She got on her hands and knees, and the dogs panted happily while circling her and sniffing. “So, who’s gonna fuck this horny bitch first?” she giggled, wagging her butt in their faces.

The one who fucked her at the park mounted her again, sliding his leaking cock across her legs. It wasn’t tender and gentle when he entered her but hard and urgent. He slammed his veiny, thick cock deep inside her and began to pummel her womb with his dick.

She was about to lean onto her elbows and thrust her ass back so he would have better access, but his brother wasn’t about to be left out. He straddled her head and started humping, sliding his erect dick across the back of her head.

“Hold on, dude, gimme that thing,” she laughed, adjusting her head and catching his dick with her lips. She started to gag when he jammed his entire length down her throat and started jackhammering her mouth. He frantically bred her mouth and throat, and she could taste and feel his hot precum draining into her belly. His nuts hadn’t been drained earlier, and waves and waves of his watery, gamey cum spurted from his spasming cock.

He tucked her head tucked it under his heaving belly, humping her face furiously. His muscular haunches flexed and rammed his spurting cock over and over down her throat, making her reflex gag. She reached up and wrapped her fingers around the base of his swelling knot and managed to tame his thrusting until he slowed and stopped. He panted, drool dripping onto her naked back, relaxing and letting her milk his cock.

His dick pulsated in her grip, shooting his watery cum in short, strong bursts into her mouth, where she swallowed every drop.

She whimpered when the rear dog decided he was done fucking and shoved his swollen knot inside her used and battered cunt, lodging it inside. A few seconds later, she could feel his dick pulse, splattering his puppy batter inside her womb.

Ashley closed her eyes and slipped her free hand between her legs, rubbing her stud’s leaking cum over her swollen clit until she was shivering in orgasmic pleasure with her pack.

Being spit-roasted by two muscular alpha males, it doesn’t get any better than this, she thought happily.

She winced when the knot was yanked from her cunt, and she released the cock in her mouth and fell to her side, limp and exhausted. The dog’s curled next to her, one cleaning up her leaking cunt while the other licked her face and lips.

“You might not have wings, but I think you two must be angels because without you saving me earlier, I might not be here now,” she whispered.

A moment later, a happy tear trailed down her cheek, and then she closed her eyes, feeling completely safe and secure under the watchful eyes of her furry angels.