

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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With the videos from the wall gone, and silence filling the room, I wandered over to the ridiculous heart-shaped bed. It looked like something you'd rent out in a hotel on valentine's day. It was located right next to the semicircle indented into the ground, with a roll of toilet paper on the wall nearby. "Great," I thought, "The toilet is right next to where I'm supposed to sleep." I grabbed a fistful of toilet paper and wiped my cum off of myself, along with the dog penis slime that covered my hands, before tossing the wad into the semicircle where it was sucked away into a previously unseen hole.

Facing the heart-shaped bed again, I drank it in once more. It was huge, at least as large as a California King. I reached my hand out to feel the sheets, which were surprisingly soft and supple. A massive array of pillows lined the cushioned, red headboard, and underneath the blanket were silky pink sheets. Still without clothes, I decided to climb on, and was instantly taken aback by how comfortable the mattress was. It was soft enough to feel like each part of my body against it was totally cushioned, but also firm enough that it wasn't uncomfortable. I spread myself wide on it, stretching out and relaxing after a day of confusion and stress. I closed my eyes for a moment, trying to block out the white lights overhead.

After a few minutes of resting my eyes, I remembered I wasn't alone. I sat up and looked over at the rottweiler, who was still curled up on the floor, asleep. The bed was comfortable, and I enjoyed having it to myself, but I knew that not letting my cellmate in on it would be mean. Reluctantly, I stood up and plodded over to the sleeping dog. "Hey, boy" I whispered as I laid a hand on his back, "I think I know something more comfortable for you to rest on." I jiggled his back a bit to stir him.

Slowly, he opened his eyes to see why he was being awoken from his nap. After eyeing me for a second and licking my cheek, his eyes quickly darted to the new furniture. Without hesitation, he darted towards it. Not wanting to lose claim to the bed, I sprinted after him, laughing. He hopped on with all four legs, running in a happy circle on the blanket. I belly flopped onto the mattress after him, laughing as I bounced up slightly on the rebound. "Someone's excited!" I laughed. Tongue out and legs full of energy, the rottie just kept jumping around, clearly enamored with the bed. His energy was infectious, and I found myself getting on my feet as well to join in on the fun. I leaped up and bounced off the bed, my feet sinking into the mattress before being sprung back up. The Rottweiler was doing the same, jumping around me in a circle with his tail wagging excitedly. I mirrored him, jumping in a circle across from him as well, my hands up in the air like I was on a trampoline with each bounce upwards. Out of all the weird, fucked up stuff today, in that moment I was just a person having fun on a bed with a new dog friend.

Mid-bounce, I saw him leap up towards me. "Wait a second!" I yelled out with a smile, but it was too late. The dog barrelled into me, knocking me over onto my back on the bed with him on top of me. My head was propped up by the copious amount of pillows, leaving our faces close together. I struggled to wriggle out from him, pushing my hands against his muscled sides fruitlessly as he panted in my face. His full weight was on me, paws pinning my shoulders down. I could feel his dense body through his fur pressing into mine, and the heat radiating off of it into my skin.

"Okay, you win big guy!" I forfeited. The stray started to lick my face triumphantly, re-wetting the dried drool that had stuck on from earlier. Feeling playful, I tried to dodge his tongue, moving my head left and right, my chin up and down, resulting in a few missed licks as he got more determined. His paws pressed down harder into my shoulders, and his licks became more focused on my lips. I closed them tight and moved my head, not letting him have easy access, before getting tired and giving in.

"I almost got you- mpph~" I was interrupted by his tongue yet again, but at this point I was kind of expecting it. As expected, his thick muscle went to work in familiarizing itself with every inch of my mouth, with the obligatory massive quantities of drool that came with it. The taste wasn't even that bad anymore, and I barely noticed the change in saliva taste from my own.

I relaxed, petting his sides gently as our casual French kiss went on. I got more used to his tongue, not gagging as much when it strayed close to the back of my throat. In turn, he was having fun wrapping his tongue around mine in a strange swirl before pulling back into his own mouth. While the kiss undoubtedly felt good, I was too sexually spent to get turned on by it, so this was just a fun way to pass the time for the both of us. Which, with nothing else to do, I didn't mind at all.

After about fifteen minutes, his tongue slowed down before he rolled off of me completely, clearly spent. He laid down on his side, eyes fluttering lightly, belly towards me. I sat up on one elbow, looking at him warmly. "It's been a big day for the both of us, huh boy?" I rubbed his belly as I spoke rhetorically. He responded with a lick of his muzzle, and a big yawn revealed his large mouth and rows of sharp teeth before he closed it again. I yawned back reflexively. "Yeah... couldn't agree more."

But while I rubbed his belly, I couldn't help but look at his sheath. Even in its flaccid state, it looked heavy and full. His balls sat behind them, covered in fur that couldn't hide the veins decorating them. Lying down on my stomach, I brought my face closer to get a better look at what the beastly stray was working with. The strong smell of dog musk flooded my nostrils the closer I brought my face. From my new vantage point, I could clearly see the thick veins that covered his scrotum, and thought about the massive amount of cum that these balls created that now lay in a puddle on the floor. They hung there almost intimidatingly, as if they were a nuclear reactor fueling the masculinity of this dog. Taking another moment to appreciate them, I shifted my attention to the Rottweiler's flaccid penis. The sheath was covered in black fur, with the entrance to the inside almost completely closed. Only by angling my head directly in front of it could I see a hint of the red monster lying dormant inside.

Looking at his sheath, and thinking about how enormous his penis became when hard, gave me an idea to make my next task easier. Since the dog's cock became so large when hard, it would obviously be easier to make oral contact with it while he was soft, right? And since he just orgasmed, he would remain soft for some time longer, giving me an excellent opportunity to use my mouth without having eight inches of stray dog enter my throat.

The plan seemed so simple and straightforward that it felt like a loophole around what the aliens wanted, almost like a 'fuck you' to the creatures keeping me as a prisoner for their sick game. So, with confidence in my heart, I brought my lips up to my cellmate's sheath and wrapped them around the furry exterior. After situating them comfortably onto him, I tentatively stuck my tongue inside the forbidden entrance. Immediately, I was hit with the strong taste of his slime from earlier. It was acrid, bitter, and very salty. The taste made my eyes water, but I didn't let go. If it was anything like his breath, it would become easier to handle the longer I exposed myself to it. Breathing through my nose for some fresher air just flooded my nostrils with the strong musk of unwashed dog groin.

I tried to focus on what I was feeling rather than what I was tasting. The inside of his sheath was incredibly hot, making my tongue almost feel cold by comparison. It was also tight, gripping down on my tongue each time I tried to put it in. But after a little wriggling, the tip of my tongue was inside his sheath, and I could feel the tip of his retracted penis. It was a strange feeling, having my tongue inside him like this. It was almost like having my tongue sucked by someone with a hairy face and the worst morning breath imaginable. I felt my way around inside with my tongue, the sheath providing pressure from all sides. Each movement exposed my tongue to more of his slime, causing me to salivate more to get it off. I gently moved my tongue around his penis, checking to see what it

was like in there. I didn't sense anything out of the ordinary, though I didn't exactly know what was ordinary for the inside of a dog's penis sheath. What I did know was that, other than the taste, this was incredibly easy. I stopped moving my tongue around, keeping it in place inside his sheath. With the solid pressure he was applying, it was almost easier to keep my tongue in than to take it out. All I had to do was lay here like this for thirty minutes and I would be in the clear. It was almost as easy as I predicted.

My eyes began to flutter closed after about five minutes of my position when I felt the dog shift. I didn't think much of it, figuring that he was just moving in his sleep like everyone else does. His back legs, rather than resting on the bed facing downwards, rose up past my face and on my shoulders. I raised my left shoulder, which was against the bed, to accommodate his leg, creating a pillow beneath my head while his other leg pressed down against me. This position was actually comfortable, propping my head up a bit more and allowing me to feel his warm leg against the side of my head. Then, his penis began to come out of his sheath a bit, pushing my tongue out and putting the tip of his soft penis into my mouth. I was confused. Was he getting hard? He just came less than an hour ago now.

While I pondered what his exposed tip meant, I felt a stream of hot liquid enter my mouth. It was very salty, and sour in a way similar to his slime. But it was way too thin. All this went through my mind in a split second before I realized what was happening: this Rottweiler was pissing into my mouth.

"Lurdok, come quickly!" I heard an excited voice over the intercom. "Something is occurring!"

I immediately tried to sit up, but the dog placed his front paws on the back of my head, forcing me back down. His back legs tightened around my head as well, giving him total control over my head. I writhed and wiggled, but couldn't get out. Meanwhile, his stream stayed steadily spraying into my mouth, filling it up at an alarming rate.

"Fascinating, the canine male appears to be releasing liquid waste product into the human male's oral cavity" Lurdok observed.

"But why? Surely releasing waste into your mate can not benefit reproduction," hypothesized Marna, "Unless it's a social behavior?"

"The human male seems to be resisting"

I struggled more as dog urine flooded my mouth and throat. I tried to breathe through my nose, but the torrent of piss made me inhale some as I began to cough violently, sending piss out my nose in a grotesque manner.

"Readings indicate the waste product is unpleasant to human taste buds. This could explain the human male's resistance."

"Do you believe the canine male knows this as well?"

I kept sputtering, but had nowhere to expel the foul liquid. If I couldn't move my head, I could drown in this dog's piss if I didn't think of something soon.

A sickening solution entered my head. I couldn't think of a better one. Seeing no other options, I swallowed a big, desperate gulp of rottweiler urine.

"The human is... consuming the waste?" Marna said in shock. "But there is no nutritional value!"

With my throat temporarily clear, I took a deep breath in through my nose. More hot piss poured into my mouth from the dog's penis. I soon found myself having to take another stomach-churning gulp of the hot, salty, sour liquid. After this drink, I took another breath through my nose. A disgusting rhythm was forming. I stopped struggling, instead focusing on getting through this by drinking my way out.

"The human male has become more docile after consuming a substantial amount of the canine's waste product"

"A curious turn of events. Perhaps it contains a sedating compound?"

"Readings indicate not."

He kept peeing, and I kept drinking it straight from the source. My mouth filled up. I swallowed it. Get a breath in. My mouth filled up again. Swallow. Breathe. Fill up. Swallow. Breathe.

I almost didn't notice when his torrent turned into a trickle. His grip didn't let up though, keeping my mouth in place on his cock until he had expelled every last drop of piss into me. Eventually the trickle turned into a drip, and the drip reduced down to nothing. I swallowed the last bit out of habit before realizing I probably didn't have to. Once he was done pissing, his grip on my head released, and I rolled away from him immediately. I lied on my back for a moment, bewildered. I felt a gurgling in my stomach, and emitted a foul burp that reeked of dog piss. I looked over to the stray Rottweiler, and his eyes were closed contentedly. I wasn't sure they were even ever open during the whole time he used my face as a urinal.

Using what little energy I had, I got up onto my knees on the bed in front of the dog, ready to tell him off. I was still naked, and my pale body felt vulnerable in the open air. Feeling mentally prepared, I began to speak, "Bad dog! Very bad dog!" I scolded him sternly, wagging my finger for emphasis. He didn't seem to notice at all, his eyes still closed contentedly. I brought my face closer to his.

"The human's docility seems to have ended once the waste stopped flowing," Lurdok observed.

"Are we witnessing dominance attempts from both parties, I wonder?" Marna hypothesized.

"I said, BAD DOG!" His eyes opened halfway, curious as to why I was causing such a racket. "No pissing in my mouth, that's very bad!" I tried to act tough. The dog didn't seem impressed. He licked my face halfheartedly before closing his eyes again. "I SAID- oh, forget it." Obviously the message wasn't getting through to him, and I was too tired to keep this up. The scolding would have to wait until later, along with my plan to make oral contact with him while he was soft after his orgasm.

I laid down on my back and got under the covers of the tacky bed. The sheets beneath were luxurious and soft, better than any bed I'd ever been in before. They enveloped me easily, and the temperature underneath was extremely comfortable on my bare body. I stretched out, extending my arms and legs like a starfish as I let out a huge yawn. The dog must have noticed how comfy I was, because he also moved to get underneath the bed sheets. "Hey! Dogs aren't allowed under the sheets!" I spoke up to him, but he didn't seem to care. He continued his way underneath the sheets, settling on the left side of the bed, just barely out of range of touching me. I could feel the heat emanating off of him, and it warmed me up even more. "Whatever..." I mumbled, not wanting to fight him on this. I laid on my back quietly, trying to fall asleep even though the lights in the room were still on. Slowly, I drifted off into a heavy sleep.

I saw my ex-girlfriend wander into our apartment. Her luscious brown hair was draped over her shoulders gracefully as she came to me in that sexy little dress that I loved. I was awestruck, my

heart was beating hard and fast. "I didn't think you'd come back" I said to her as she came closer. She was silent, wrapping her arms around me and kissing me deeply. I kissed her back. She tasted strange, like, that dog from earlier. Wait...

I opened my eyes to see my vision taken up by the black and brown furred face of the Rottweiler lapping his tongue into my mouth. Even when I was asleep it seemed that there was no escape from french kissing this beast. While I didn't find the sensation unpleasant at all, I was still pissed off from his piss being forced down my gullet, and so I rolled over to face away from him. "Making me drink your piss was very bad! Bad!" I scolded him without facing him. "No more kisses until you apologize!" Even though part of me wanted to continue making out with him in that moment, I knew I had to hold my ground or I would totally lose control of the situation. I mean, you can't just force someone to stomach your piss and get away scott-free.

"The human male seems upset over the liquid waste product that the canine provided him" Lurdok observed.

"Even going so far as to deny mutual oral contact that they so enjoyed earlier... curious." Marna agreed.

The dog got up and stood over me, his head bent over the side of mine so as to reach my face. He started licking playfully. "No! You haven't apologized yet!" I said sternly as I turned away, shoving my face into a pillow as I laid on my stomach. I didn't know how I expected an apology, but I at least expected him to look a little sorry. I kept my face buried, knowing that if I exposed it, he would just keep on licking and would probably find a way past my lips eventually.

After a minute of my refusal to face him, he backed away. I thought I'd won, and congratulated myself on my steadfast resolve in the face of sloppy kisses. A moment later, though, I felt a cold, wet nose prod at my pale, exposed butt cheeks. I was shocked, but I didn't want to take my head out of the pillow in case he tried to give me kisses again. Instead, I tried to move my hips so that my butt was moved away from his snout. Of course, this didn't do anything except to wiggle my ass tantalizingly at the dog, further encouraging him. He kept sniffing, digging his nose further between my cheeks until I felt it make contact with my hairless, pink butthole. "Eeeek!" I squealed into the pillow. I never was into buttplay with any of my former girlfriends, let alone a stray dog. Isn't this how people got worms?

Before I could think too long, I felt his warm tongue lap at my puckered hole. It felt good, like really good. "Whoooooah~" I moaned into the pillow when he licked it again. His rough tongue dragging against my hole felt amazing, and each lick sent a jolt of pleasure up my spine in a way that I'd never felt before. I raised my butt in the air a little bit to allow his tongue between my cheeks as easily as possible. It worked, and his tongue was working its way between my cheeks against my asshole even more easily than before. It felt good, really good. The chills of pleasure only got stronger when I gave him more access, and so I raised my ass even higher in the air for him.

"Is this your -mmph- way of apologizing to me? Because it's working~" I said with a stupid giggle. My prick was starting to get hard beneath me as his tongue worked against my hole, each lick dragging it a little bit in a way that made me real hot and bothered. The rhythmic lapping of his tongue felt almost hypnotic. Each warm, wet lick was punctuated by the cooler air against my hole before his tongue came right back in to warm it up again. The amazing feeling made me want even more. With my head pressing against the pillow, I reached my arms back and spread my cheeks wide open, stretching my pink asshole a bit in the process. I wanted to feel his tongue back there as much as possible.

"Mark this down! The canine has made oral contact with the human male outside of the cranial area for the first time!" Marna said with interest.

"Indeed a noteworthy occurrence. But for what purpose? Apologetic behavior, as the human male seems to assert? I cannot remember observing this as an apologetic response before" Lurdok replied.

"Yes, but neither have we witnessed a human male consuming canine waste product either. There may be more we do not know about this pairing"

The Rottweiler's licking became more feverish as he was granted clearer access to my rear end. I was in heaven, my cockhead leaking a droplet of precum and my asshole twitching with pleasure, aching for the next lick each time. I couldn't spread myself any wider for him.

Suddenly, I felt his tongue leave my asshole and not return for another lick. I was puzzled, and turned my head around to see what he was doing. That was when I felt two strong, firm paws wrap around my waist and pull my hips back. To my horror, I felt the tip of his hot prick poke against my asshole. He was trying to mate with me! "Nooooo!" I shouted out, using all my strength to try and pull away. It wasn't working- his grip on my waist was too strong. His nails dug into my pale, fleshy hips as he began humping wildly, trying to reach his lubed-up target. I should have known that this selfish dog wasn't rimming me as an apology! I had to stop this, I was an anal virgin and his cock would tear me apart. "Stop!" I shouted out, "Bad boy! Off!" I commanded, but to know avail. His tip was like a rogue entity, thrusting wildly into the air and against my body. He hit the inside of my butt cheeks, my taint, and even thrusting directly into my ball sack, causing me to wince in pain. "Oww... please stop..." I said, hunching over from the hot pain emanating from my testicles.

Finally, though, he found his mark. Thrusting forward, I felt my asshole forced open by his tip, pressing his sheath against me as his wild thrusts were now confined to the inside of my body, for better or worse. "Ahhhh! No!" I cried out as a searing pain came from my asshole.

"Finally!" exclaimed Lurdok.

"Copulation!" Marna said with glee. "Or at least as close as two males can get to it."

While Lurdok and Marna excitedly observed, I felt as though a baseball bat was being shoved up my rectum. The Rottweiler's cock was pressed deeper and deeper into me, with the tip leading to his thick, rapidly hardening shaft. Even with my asshole slick from dog drool, and his cock slick with his sheath slime, his thickness was painful on my previously undefiled ass. "Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck!" I cried out as two, three, and then four inches of stray dog cock were thrust into me.

"'Fuck' is human nomenclature for 'mate'"

"Interesting, perhaps a human social instinct to announce to others that he is mating?"

My knuckles were white as I gripped the bedsheets with terror. At this point, it was becoming clear that there was no getting out of this without the mutt's permission. I began hyperventilating, fearing that his thick cock would tear my asshole open. The pain didn't let up, if anything it got worse. I felt the Rottweiler's hot breath on the back of my neck and his drool falling on my back from his tongue while he had his way with me. Each thrust served to push more dick from his sheath to my asshole in a bizarre way that I didn't even know was possible as he worked to fill me up as much as he could. The dog's thrusts were rapid and intense, and he wasn't afraid to use his claws dug into me for leverage as he fired away like a jackhammer. Five, six, seven inches of dog cock were now getting pushed in and out of my poor, pink asshole, the temperature difference making it feel like a hot iron

rod was being forced up my butt. I yelled out in pain, "Fuck you you fucking mutt!"

"Mate you you mating mutt?" Lurdok translated.

"There may be a language barrier," Marna explained.

The dog was relentless with his fucking, not letting up or slowing down even for a moment. His weight was fully on my body, pressing my knees and hands deep into the bed as I tried to keep us upright. His wild thrusts sent his balls colliding into my own, creating a dull ache in my testicles while my soft prick bounced around randomly. Another inch of the dog slid into me, and then I felt something truly worrying. The ball that I saw at the end of his penis when I jerked him off was now pressing against my asshole dangerously. Each thrust slammed his bulb against my hole, and each time it threatened to go in.

"No! Fuck you, you're not putting that thing in me!" I yelled at the dog. He didn't seem to notice or care. His heavy panting remained unwavering as he pounded me single mindedly. As his entire cock was now out and his bulb pressing against me, I felt him shooting what I now knew was his cum inside me. It felt like lava, and between the heat of his cock, the stretching of my asshole, and now the spurts of red-hot cum inside me, I felt like I was being tortured. "Stop cumming! You don't deserve to enjoy this, you disgusting animal!" I yelled out at him, my pain and anger overflowing. His fucking didn't stop, and his bulb repeatedly tried to force its way into my abused hole. His force was increasing, and I could hear him growling in slight frustration as each slam failed to penetrate me. "Stop trying to get in there! I hate you- ohhhh!" I cried out as he was finally able to force the ball into me, stretching me wider than I thought was possible. For a brief moment, it felt as though I was giving birth to a burning watermelon before it disappeared inside me, making me feel an immense pressure in my guts from his entire cock and bulb inside, along with the steady spurts of semen he was launching into me.

"Nooooo!" I yelled at the mutt.

"Yes!" Lurdok exclaimed.

"Full penile insertion!" Marna cheered.

Feeling his full eight inches inside me, plus however big his knot was, made me feel like I was about to explode. My body wasn't designed to take any dog cock up my rectum, let alone one this large. I could feel his penis stretching out my colon, rearranging my guts to better accommodate his dick. Just like when I jerked him off earlier, his spurts of cum were relentless and steady, and I figured they may continue for some time.

Now that his entire penis was shoved inside me, the dog's powerful thrusts turned into smaller grinding as he kept trying to hump but with no leverage. "You're stuck inside me now you dumb stray, isn't that what you wanted?" I berated him and his instincts. "Unless you're going to pull out, you can stop humping~" I gritted my teeth as more cum shot into me. His light humping continued like this for a few minutes until he settled down, lowering the frequency of his grinding drastically as he rested on my back. He laid on top of me, placing his head on top of my right shoulder, pressing his cheek against mine.

The searing pain in my asshole was lessened significantly with the insertion of his knot, to my relief. His penis was still very warm and creating an intense pressure in my colon, but the direct pain that he was inflicting on me was, mercifully, at the lowest it had been in what felt like forever. While I still had a stinking, drooling mutt breeding my ass, at least it seemed like the worst had passed.

Still locked inside me and lying on top of me, the Rottweiler licked the side of my face, covering it with his now-familiar thick, stinky drool. "Oh, fuck you," I said out loud to him, unable to move away. "Don't even try to act sweet with me after what you just did- and are still doing!" I said as I felt another burst of semen enter my guts. The pressure inside was building up steadily each time he shot more sperm into me. It felt like I was a balloon, my belly blowing up more and more from the stray dog's sperm.

The dog licked the side of my face again, his tongue flicking against my ear as he did it. And suddenly, everything clicked into place. The warm breath on my face. The muscled body wrapped around mine from behind. The pressure on my prostate. The feeling of being tied together to another living being. For some reason, in one moment, it shifted from being uncomfortable at best to being pure euphoria. My world exploded. "Fuuuuck!" I moaned out loud as my still-soft prick began spurting onto the sheets beneath me. Without my expectation or consent, I was orgasming. Hard.

"Hypothalamus and parietal cortex activity has increased sharply in the human male!"

"He is depositing his sperm onto the sleeping/mating area!"

Waves of pleasure were washing over me, my whole body trembling from the force of the sensation. My asshole was spasming wildly, and it seemed that I was milking more semen out of the Rottweiler by doing so. I was in a state of euphoria, this orgasm lasting longer than any that I'd experienced before. I was shaking heavily, but I wanted to get closer to this mutt. I wanted to be completely entwined with him in this moment. I steadied myself on one arm, reaching the other slightly behind me to cradle his head, holding it as close to me as I could. He licked the side of my face in appreciation. I wished I could kiss him back. I felt like I was in love for the first time in a long time.

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