

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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I stood in the corner of the empty room, watching impatiently as my son undressed. Drew was 18 years old. He had a slim build, narrow shoulders, and pale skin. There was not a hair on his body apart from his head, which was as dark and thick as mine. His curls were short and tousled, just perfect for grabbing when I wanted to yank his head one way or another.

His cock was hard and already leaking. I'd promised that if his grades were good this term, he could have a reward. This was what he'd chosen: – a bare room, my cock, and the family dog.

I'd been fucking my son since he was old enough to take something up his ass. I'd conditioned him to enjoy each of my increasingly depraved fantasies until there was nothing we hadn't tried. Whether or not he actually enjoyed them — or just got off on pleasing his daddy — I didn't care; his biggest kinks of daddy dick, dog sex, and dirty talk made me cum like nothing else.

I kept my clothes on, even though I'd stayed in good shape for a man in his 50s and liked showing off. I enjoyed the power disparity between me and my naked son.

Drew finished undressing and looked at me, his smile cute and bashful. He tried to cover his hard-on because he knew I dug the shy virginal type. I'd taken his V-card years ago, but we still liked to play with the idea of it now and then.

"You're a fucking sexy kid," I growled, looking him up and down. His nipples were just as hard as his dick. "Standing there in front of your daddy, naked as the day you were born. Move your hands."

Slowly — reluctantly — he let them drop to his sides. His prick twitched.

"Nice," I drawled, licking my lips. Squeezing my cock through my pants. "You must feel so damned hot right now. Waiting to get bred like the horny little bitch you are. Desperate to get some cock in your needy pussy."

Drew's soft whimper made my erection lurch.

"Turn around," I said. "Show me that ass, boy."

He turned in a slow circle. Unbidden, he bent over and pulled his cheeks apart, showing me his pucker. Not as tight as when he'd been a little kid, but still the tightest fuck in my life right now.

I gripped his wrists and yanked his arms back, making him stand up straight. He yelped but made no move to fight me, even though I'd pulled hard enough to hurt his shoulders. I pushed my face up against his neck, taking in his scent, licking and sucking his skin. Biting a little. Going crazy as I marked my son. I wrapped my arms around him and ground my cock against his ass. He whimpered and humped back.

"You want daddy's cock, huh?" I breathed in his ear. "You want this fat dick pounding into your slutty little pussy? Or maybe you want Stevie's cock pounding your slut-hole first?"

Drew shuddered and writhed against me. That was all the answer I needed. I pushed him away, shoving him roughly down to his knees. Slapping his ass until he assumed the position. Head down, legs spread, back dipped. Waving his pretty pussy around. A perfect target.

I opened the door. Our dog — some big, shaggy, mutt-type we'd had since it was a puppy — surged into the room. Like my son, I'd trained Stevie to fuck. A naked human on hands and knees meant he

was about to get his dick wet.

Tail wagging, Stevie surged over to my boy and started slurping between his cheeks, getting his hole nice and wet. Drew moaned and shivered, forehead pressed to the floor.

I knelt in front of my son, cupping his face in both hands, lifting his head, and forcing him to look at me.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" I asked him. "That long, wide tongue drilling inside you."

"Uh huh!" His voice was high and breathless. He kept pushing back against Stevie's tongue.

"Are you a slut, baby? Are you a slut for your dog? You want that hot red rocket inside you?"

"Yes!"

I gripped my dick with one hand, squeezing but not rubbing. With my other hand, I stroked Drew's flushed cheek. His lips. Slipped two fingers inside his open, panting mouth. As Stevie rimmed my teenage son, prepping him for fucking, I fucked his mouth with my long, wide fingers. Drew sucked them as if they were my cock, eyes closing with pleasure.

"Such a slut," I sighed with pleasure, pushing my digits toward the back of his throat. He gagged. I pushed them further back. He gagged more, but I kept them there until he tried to pull away.

I let my fingers pop out of his mouth. I pressed my hand over his mouth, muffling his soft grunts. His damp eyes were big and wide as he stared at me.

I took my hand off my dick and pinched his nose, cutting off his air. His eyes widened. His grunts grew more frantic. After about thirty seconds, I let him take a couple of panicked breaths through his nose.

Then I did it again.

I suffocated my son maybe four or five times before the dog decided it was time to fuck. Drew was a gasping, whimpering mess already, and my cock was so fucking hard it could cut diamonds.

"Here we go," I said as Stevie mounted Drew's ass and jabbed his purple-red erection forward. I shuffled around and helped the dog, reaching under his hairy belly and grabbing his dick. Guiding it to my son's winking asshole. The moment it made contact, Stevie rutted deeper, seating himself in Drew's ass. Making him jerk and cry out.

Stevie gave no quarter. He rammed his cock deep into my son's hot, needy little cunt, fucking him with the frantic abandon only a dog could achieve. Drew was groaning, head pressed into the carpet again.

I moved back around to his head. Pulled his face up again. He was panting and whining, pain and pleasure messing with his mind as Stevie rammed his knot through my son's tight, abused hole.

"You're a bitch," I told Drew. "A horny fucking bitch who just loves taking cock. Man, dog, dildo, you don't care. You just wanna get pounded. Daddy's slut."

I spat in his face and smeared it over his cheeks. He was crying, but his dick was still hard. I slapped him, spat again, and shoved my fingers in his mouth. Choking him.

“How does it feel to get fucked like a dog?” I demanded.

“He’s so big, Daddy.” His voice was shaky. “It hurts so bad, he shoved his knot in me, but I feel his dick...Oh Daddy...”

“He’s pumping his cum in you.” I leaned in and kissed his forehead, then immediately slapped him again. “Shooting you full. Just think of all that cum in your belly. God, I wish we could get you pregnant, see your flat belly get all round and swollen.” Never mind him. My balls were so tight I thought I might blow there and then. “Pop out a couple of puppies or a baby. Make you grow some little titties.”

Drew’s eyes closed. His whole body shivered. He was right on the edge of an orgasm. When I finally had the chance to fuck him, I wasn’t going to last long.

I toyed with him for the time it took Stevie’s knot to go down. I slapped my son’s face, spat on him, and shoved my fingers down his throat. Finger fucked his mouth. Suffocated him. Edging myself as well as him.

Stevie’s cock popped free. Drew gasped and tensed. The dog trotted to the door, licking his junk, and I let him out.

I moved behind my son and pushed him flat to the floor. His ass was a mess, thin dog cum glistening around his gaping hole. The carpet was damp with splashes. I scrambled to get my pants open, pulling them down just enough to get my cock out, then rammed into Drew’s ass.

He screamed. His pussy was slick with cum, but I’d gone in dry, ramming in balls-deep. I laid my body over him, splaying my legs so I could push my knees against the floor. I wrapped an arm around his neck, clamped my hand over his mouth, and fucked him.

“Your cunt belongs to me,” I growled. “Daddy’s cum slut, you greedy fucking whore. Daddy’s whore, taking dog cock inside you. God, your pussy is so fucking slick. I’m gonna shoot inside you, gonna breed my slutty little boy...”

Drew’s whole body tightened. He bucked and writhed beneath me. His screams muffled as I forcefully fucked his ass. The slap of my balls against his echoed around the room. My hand tightened over his mouth, arm gripping his throat. His struggles made me fuck him harder.

It didn’t take long. Drew’s body went limp. I’d choked him out.

It was enough to make me cum. I roared as I slammed into my son, fucking my cum inside him, hearing it squelch with the dogs. Breeding him. I buried my face against his neck, snorting and growling like a beast.

Finally, I came back to myself. Drew was still out but breathing OK. He’d come round in a minute or so. I pulled out, slapped his ass, and turned him over.

He’d shot his load while I fucked him, likely at the point he passed out. Thick white cum smeared across the carpet. I reached into my pants pocket and took a photo — a gift for when he woke up — then put my dick away, zipped up, and left my 16-year-old son naked and used on the floor.

The End