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BEASTIALITY STORIES



His knot plunged so deep into her, so quickly, that for a moment she forgot how to breathe.

Friday morning never came soon enough. Neither did her boyfriend, actually. Twenty minutes late, again. Natalia scoffed in disbelief for a second time. Everyone would be perusing the mall by the time they got there. They would probably have to either skip Starbucks or catch up somewhere between Sephora and Forever 21. Guh. She hated missing Forever 21. That store made her feel like royalty. Everything fit, everything felt conservative enough to pass for class, but still somehow made her feel...well, sexy.

That word felt exciting to her. Her parents could never know. *Would* never know. But the word felt empowering, so she didn't care what her parents thought about that. It wasn't like she and Matt were doing anything yet anyways. Why shouldn't she feel good in her own skin, especially if it was only skin that she was showing?

Natalia fidgeted with her phone. 1:21PM. Her parents didn't care where she was until about 5:30, but every minute of that freedom was precious. The Snap she had sent Matt was still unopened. Hopefully that meant he was at her freaking door.

Her phone chimed. Finally. There he was. Part of her was tempted to ignore him as long as he had ignored her, but getting out of this prison of a house took precedence.

Smaug, her parents' dog, moped his way into the room at the sound of her movement. He looked at her longingly. The excess skin drooped over his eyes, giving them a sort of frown that contradicted the slow wag. He almost looked like he was doing, or had done, something naughty.

Natalia knew that look. Sitting butterfly, she rolled her eyes and patted the empty spot on the bed next to her. Smaug clomped his way into the room and none too gracefully bounded onto the bed. He turned once in a circle, then twice, then laid his head on her lap with a sigh befitting his enormity.

"You and your old man face." She leaned forward and rested her cheek on top of the great blood hound's head. So warm. She checked her phone. Just Kaylie.

K: Where u at?

N: Waiting forever.

K: RUKM that boi better shape up

Ima teach him a lesson when he get here

N: Right? Sorry. Wish you could pick me up.

K: Derek cn cum pick u up in 15

N: One sec, he's calling.

"Where *are* you?" Natalia said, not even attempting to mask the frustration she felt.

"Sorry, lost track of time with some friends. I'm OTW." Matt sounded distant and rushed. He wasn't with friends.

"You don't have any friends." She said. That wasn't necessarily true, but she wanted to make him feel like an ass.

"Yes I do," he said, his belt jingling, "online friends count."

"Your girlfriend should count more," said Natalia, her voice starting to shake. God, she hated this. If it wasn't the hundredth time feeling shelved, she might not have cared. Wait. That didn't make sense. She *should* be angry. There shouldn't have been a *second* time. She hated that despite being second in his life to almost everything, she still liked him. Loved him? "How long?"

"Fifteen minutes?"

"Are you serious? Are you serious. Did you even try to leave on time?" She took a deep breath and held the phone away from her face. Why did she sound like her mom? Her face flushed with anger and embarrassment. He said some words. Probably an apology or something meaningless.

"...I'll make it up to you. We'll have dinner together sometime this week."

"Oh, when it's convenient for *you*." There was a bitterness in her voice. That felt even more like her mom. "You know what?" She took another deep breath, calming herself. Fighting like her parents would only make things worse. To top it off, she had promised herself she'd never end up as unhappy as they seemed to be. The only things that seemed to keep them under the same roof were her and the sorry-eyed, big pawed buffoon on her bed. He rolled over and exposed his underbelly for more attention. Men. "You know what, let's just take a breath. You keep playing your game. I'll just...find something to do."

"I could come over..."

Oh. No. He. Did. Not. She held onto her phone, mouth open. Was he that stupid? A noxious plethora of insults gurgled to the tip of her tongue. She bit down, hard, and did the thing her parents didn't seem to be able to. She hung up.

Click. She sent him a snap of the floor, fingers working with frenetic energy.

"I need a break."

Seconds later: message read. Immediately, a phone call. She hung up. A second call. A snap. She ignored them all and sent another message.

"Derek is picking me up. If u keep calling, I'm turning my phone off." There. She had done it. He had to know she was serious, too. She never used abbreviations for words in text. At least, this was a step in the right direction. Her heart raced. She had broken up with him. Kind of. Had she? Kaylie would definitely be on her side. Honestly, Kaylie would probably be disappointed that Natalia had left even a bit of ambiguity.

Another call.

She put her phone on vibrate and held back a sob. Too much everything.

Natalia knew it wouldn't do to leave Kaylie high and dry. Kaylie would call it "Matting" her; she'd have to get back to Kaylie sooner or later. For now, she just needed to cocoon herself in cotton and cry.

She stuffed her face in her pillows. A scream surfaced, and instead of holding it down, she let it loose. Not the pillow's fault, but...

The floppy dog jumped on top of her. His concern was clear: he pawed at her, whimpering, jabbing her temple with his cold wet nose. Honestly, it stole a bit of thunder from her outburst. Natalia groaned and shoved a pillow in his face. He play growled and put a slobbery mouth over her wrist. Ew.

"JD, down. DOWN." She sat up from the bed, her hair an enormous ball of static. The dog cocked his head and jumped down from the bed. His eyes said one thing: play. "No. NO."

At least this one was obedient. He hopped down to the floor, tail slowly wagging, head dipped and ready to spring back into play.

Guess nothing would go quite her way today. "Chill. No fun today, JD." He sprang up and started wrestling with a toy at the sound of his name.

Natalia couldn't help it. Reaching for her phone, she saw seventeen texts. Three missed calls. Five snaps. Jesus. It had been what, a minute? She didn't even have the chance to cry any of the pent up emotion out.

Matt: "I'm sorry. I'm stupid. See you at the mall?"

That didn't help. She tapped back to Kaylie.

N: Sorry. Broke up with Matt, kind of. Idk.

K: NO SHT

R U FKING WITH ME????

N: Idk. Don't pick me up. I told him Derek's picking me up. He's heading to the mall. I don't want to see him. I'm so mad.

K: OMGGG YOU QUEEN BITCH

We gonna celebrate tomorrow

getchu a real man

N: I don't want to think about that right now.

K: K srry, want me to chew his ass?

gurl I need details like YESTERDAY

N: I'll tell you tomorrow at swim.

K: u betta

N: and please don't say anything. If he sees you act confused. Gonna go watch Titanic or something.

K: *cry emoji* ok lmk if u need ice cream later

N: K. Love.

K: Love.

Natalia swung her legs over the side of the bed. Propping her elbows on her knees, and her head on her wrists, she stared at the wall. And right on cue, there was JD, trying to hump his toy.

“JD! Ew! Stop that.” Literally words out of her mom’s mouth. She sighed. He could hump the stupid stuffed horse to death, for all she cared. JD came and plopped his big head on her lap. She liked to think that he knew she needed comfort. Any time she was sad, he had to touch her. It helped.

The slobber created a gross tendril of slime on her legs and jean shorts. Gross. Those would have to be washed.

“You’re my date tonight.”

She grabbed her phone. Without much thought, she tapped on a voicemail.

“...I don’t understand why it’s a big deal. Like everyone in school thinks we’ve done it already. Like why be a prude?”

JD’s massive tongue lapped out, tapping just on the crotch of her pants. Natalia let out a gasp, not sure what had stunned her more: Matt’s words, or the wave of heat and pressure that fired through her abdomen at the sudden, surprising touch.

It didn’t look like JD had meant to do that. His tail wasn’t wagging. He was literally just...swallowing? She would have scolded him, but he probably wouldn’t even know what he’d done wrong. He sat still, looking up at her. She was now very aware of his hot breath on her skin. Just to be sure, she moved his head and crossed her legs. JD moved and jumped back on the bed, now resting his chin on her shoulder. She scratched it absent mindedly.

Next voicemail: “Please, let’s just go to the mall and talk about this. Don’t throw away a whole year. We don’t have to be mad at each other. We can work this out.”

We? If she had learned anything from her parents, it was how to spot manipulation. Strangely, catching him in this lie-but-not-lie somehow caused a rush. Anger, frustration, yes, but strangely also empowerment, rightness, the upper hand. She knew he was saying anything and everything to get her back. Deflecting blame. Not accepting responsibility for his actions. *Wow.* Five minutes being in relationship limbo, and the crazy-ex-boyfriend vibes were beyond tingling. How had she not noticed this before?

Her hand had found its way to the spot where JD had licked. Her crotch was wet from his slobber. Slobber, or....? She felt her shorts, then her panties. Damp. *What the fuck, brain?* She didn’t quite understand it, but something about the surge of emotions sometimes triggered *that* part of her brain. It had happened before with an ex. Didn’t quite make sense, but catching an ex in a lie...something about that literally got to her. The ex was mostly an ex because he happened to be an impatient horndog. Matt, whatever he was, happened to just be a liar. A liar, and a manipulator.

Natalia tossed her phone to the side and slid off shorts and panties in one swift motion. *Don’t need them at home, anyways.* She tossed them to the side and walked to the dresser to grab another pair.

JD jumped off the bed. Before she could even dodge his nose, he sharply jabbed between her legs, then walked over to the corner.

“J-D!” Natalia opened the drawer for a pair of panties, grabbed her granny panties, and closed the drawer. *That* deserved scolding. He knew better.

JD was mindlessly humping the air by his toy, nose buried in her discarded panties. He snorted, looking back at her, and kept humping the air as he walked.

Natalia stopped, panties halfway up her thighs. Matt's voicemail popped into her head, annoyingly. *Prude*. She looked at JD and his big derpy face, his hips pumping the air. Other aggravating words popped into her mind, stirring up frustration. *Liar*. She just wanted a bit of peace and quiet. Dammit, brain.

"Not a bad idea, JD."

She slid her panties on. As she left the room, she called JD over into the kitchen and gave him a small handful of food to distract him. Eventually he'd just lay down in the living room, or go bark at a squirrel outside.

Ever since getting a boyfriend, her dad had pulled her bedroom door off its hinges and replaced it with a curtain. No bedroom door made it difficult to find privacy. It was unfair, and Her mom disagreed, but then again, they never agreed.

Natalia laid face down on her bed, pillow between her legs. *Prude. Liar. Insignificant*. The words seemed to churn through her. She hated them, but somehow, they still gave her a...rush? A mental pressure? A tension? She shoved the pillow until it applied just enough pressure on just the right places.

Pressure built in her abdomen, the rush of emotions ebbing, flowing, disappearing and reappearing as she pressed her hips down onto the pillow. Her face flushed with heat, and the tingle that ran down her spine made her hump once involuntarily. *Prude. Liar*.

She could feel the dampness penetrating her panties. Even though that's what these were for, she hoped to at least spare the pillow. Too late. She wasn't about to stop now. She gripped the bed and clenched her legs tight, staving off a wave of pleasure. It felt better if you waited. Oh the irony. *Prude*.

A hot, soft tongue licked her heat. She felt shock. Tensing. Releasing. Waves. Sweat. Heat. Relaxation. Breathing.

...what?

Her hips bucked and abs clenched rhythmically. Then she remembered the dog.

He sat poised at the edge of the bed, two paws positioned as if he couldn't decide whether or not to jump on the bed without permission. That innocent face, that guilty wagging tail.

Natalia felt a flood of embarrassment. Her body wilted in a strange mix of shame and aftershock. Unable to move, JD took that lack of motion and proceeded to lick again.

Natalia's tongue twisted. *No* somehow crossed with *yes*, but neither words were completely accurate. Her body wanted this. Needed this. Her mind...her mind wanted this. Didn't want this. She didn't know. *Wrong. Virgin. Human. Animal*.

She flopped onto her side. JD kept licking, but her hips bucked forward. Too sensitive. Toooo sensitive. She felt a wetness on her face-tears?

The pillow now shielded her from JD's incessant tongue. Damn dog. If Catholicism had done

anything for her, it had instilled a healthy dose of guilt into her brain. Even masturbating alone made her feel like a terrible human being. Now she technically wasn't alone. Kaylie wasn't religious, nor was she a virgin, but strangely, the same feelings hit her too.

Oh god. Do I tell Kaylie?

She looked at JD. He stood half on the bed, half off the bed.

"Bad."

JD stepped down from the bed. The move was almost apologetic. Another wave of shame hit Natalia. He hadn't done anything *wrong*, wrong, he just didn't know any better. She immediately felt bad and wanted to apologize, but he wouldn't understand that either. Poor guy. He was just horny. She found her hand wandering beneath the pillow. Good god, she was wet. Her heart was just now slowing to a normal rhythm.

The phone buzzed to life by her ear. Just a text. From *him*.

"Heading to the mall. See you there?"

Fuck it.

She started to move her fingers in slow circles around her heat. It felt good, soft, warm. She closed her eyes and let out a soft breath. This way never really worked well for her, but tonight, she just needed a break. Everything was game. Well, almost everything.

Her mind wandered. Matt wouldn't leave her head. The phone buzzed again. *We can work this out*. Maybe they could. Maybe they couldn't. Fuck it. *Liar. Virgin*. Now the negative words were driving her insane.

Then, she looked at JD. He just stood there, waiting, watching. Not a sound. He stepped back, and she wondered. He was a good boy. She felt kind of awkward with him watching, but then there was something...else. Something...shameful? Exciting? Animalistic? *Wrong. Liar. Prude*.

The tip of his sheath was red—that wasn't new. He was always humping things. It wobbled as he struggled with the attention. He *really* wanted on the bed.

Natalia tossed aside the pillow and looked at the time. 1:55. Fuck it.

She slid her hips to the edge of the bed. Pillow under head and legs spread, she tapped on her thighs.

"JD!" He blinked at her. She blinked at him. *What the fuck am I doing?* She couldn't muster the courage to call him over again. Guilt overtook her thoughts. *Wrong. Animal*.

JD turned back to her, his big floppy ears wobbling. The confusion was palpable. This interaction was foreign to both of them. Then, as he got closer, his senses did the rest. He caught wind of her pheromones, the scent of her wetness, and his tongue lapped out.

Natalia arched her back and gasped. The sensation was *completely* different from her own hand. *Oh my god, I'm doing this*. No pillow, no vibrator, no shower head had ever quite made her react so rapidly and so dramatically. She laughed, then gasped again. *This* was what porn stars were trying to portray. Her friends had said it was all fake. No one moaned like that.

She did.

The electricity that shot from the pinnacle of her mound to the rest of her body almost hurt. Her hips bucked wildly. JD's large tongue had no trouble keeping up with her involuntary motion, but she found herself apologizing anyways. She gripped the pillow above her head as waves of heat and pleasure crashed over her again and again. She had trouble differentiating between buildup and peaks, it just felt *that* good, but a new ache began building deeper inside.

She wanted more. She wanted to experience the whole thing. She didn't want to be a prude, to be a late bloomer. But fear or concern wasn't the driving force. Right now, she just wanted pleasure. Pure, raw, animalistic pleasure.

There was another bit of catholicism bubbling to the surface. No sex until marriage. She had never really looked at animals doing it as sex. That was different. That was nature. A dog was a dog, a human was a human. Sex was for babies.

This is so wrong.

JD made the move for her. He jumped both front paws on the bed and sat there, tail wagging, big wrinkled head looking down at her. Natalia opened her eyes. She didn't care that he was drooling. She loved the wrinkles on his face. His big paws. Reaching down and touching her quivering abdomen, she felt her grool mixed with his drool covering her entire mound. When she looked down, she could see the tip of his member poking out of its sheath, just inches from her heat.

*What would happen if...*she looked back up at that face. That mischievous, naughty look on that face.

She grabbed his cock between her thumb and forefinger and slid her hips the extra inch.

His knot plunged so deep into her, so quickly, that for a moment she forgot how to breathe.

Holy shit. Her eyes squeezed shut from the burst of pain and pleasure that shot through her, inside her, and filled the ache of her mind and body like a puzzle piece. When air reentered her lungs, she found herself squeezing him hard with her legs. It didn't slow him one bit. Between gasps, the rapid pressure and heat somehow pushed deeper inside her than she had ever even tried. The deep, painful pressure now turned into a throbbing. She pushed her hips up into his, not sure if she was squeezing her eyes shut or if her body was just squeezing everything.

She pulled him into a tight hug so that she wouldn't fall off the bed—he humped *so hard*. The force felt like he was trying to push her backwards by her pussy. And in a way, he was succeeding—her head almost found the back wall before he slowed to less rigorous but more firm thrusts. Almost like he was—like he was...*oh god!*

He had started spasming. Spurting. He was cumming inside her. Her jaw clenched tight at the thought. No wonder everything felt so fucking hot.

Natalia pressed down on her abdomen with her hand. He was *so deep*. She was so full. She could feel the heat of his body, her body, every inch of her inside, clasp down on his heat. And that heat came in the sensation of pressure *and* wetness.

Strangely, she could feel even more pressure building, both externally and internally. She anticipated that he'd pull out—from her understanding, guys came and lost interest in the blink of an eye—but he just sat there. Something swelled so large that she could feel it through the soft skin of her belly. The sensation brought about another feeling, something deep and unfathomable and

unstoppable. A bit of fear tried to sneak into her mind. It kept growing. When she tried to pull away, it only had the effect of breaking a dam. The pressure inside her didn't necessarily stop, it just settled somewhere deep inside her where her entire body clenched *hard*. The bedsheets kept her anchored to earth. The dog kept her anchored to him. The universe spun. She let out a long, loud, shuddering moan.

Two words popped into her mind after a moment of clarity crept back into her reality: g-spot, some place inside her that she had trouble finding by herself, and knot. She had forgotten. Somewhere, some time ago, she had remembered reading that dogs had a bit of bonus hardware that kept him locked to his mate until he was finished breeding her. Something humans didn't have.

Wrong. Virgin. Human. Animal. Prude. Well, not virgin anymore, anyways.

And as for prude, well...frankly, she wasn't sure she could give a fuck now, even if she wanted to.

A note to the reader: along with the erogenous nature of this text, I also wanted to explore touches of shame and sexuality that I think to some degree we all experience. I remember being younger and being ashamed of anything sexual. I didn't know what to do with it-any of it. My body, my mind, my hormones flailed aimlessly for some time. Sex ed didn't really exist in any explanative capacity. So in here, I'm trying to call attention to that kind of event: the budding curiosity, mixed with the lingering confusion of maturing.

Critical feedback is welcome, as is simply "me likey" or "it dum."

Hope you enjoyed!