

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



"What should we have for dinner tonight, hm?" Sylvie asked wistfully. "How about... chicken? No, too plain. Oh, what about turkey? Turkey's a little more exotic, very American."

Sylvie, 23 years old, was a graduate of a world-class cooking school in her home country of France. Sylvie herself was a world-class chef now, having been one of the best in her class. Her chestnut hair fell in ripples around her shoulders. She was of average height with a curvy, hourglass figure. The wool sweater and sweat pants she wore clung to her body, showing off her motherly hips and E-cup breasts. As of right now, she was swinging her hips left and right while rummaging through the refrigerator.

"What do you think, Apollo?" Sylvie turned her head to regard her companion with peridot eyes.

Apollo, a large, red haired rhodesian ridgeback, sat on the floor waiting patiently. Sylvie had spent the last few years traveling all around the world in search of new and exciting foods to try, and Apollo had been her constant travel companion since shortly after she graduated. Sometimes he acted as a hunting dog or guard dog, sometimes he was just around for companionship. The two of them were currently home for the holidays at Sylvie's townhome in Lyon.

After seeming to think about Sylvie's question for a moment, Apollo gave a short 'bark' in response.

Of course dogs can't actually talk, but after going on so many adventures together, the two had begun to understand each other, even without the use of words. To Sylvie's ears, Apollo's bark was a clear answer.

"Alright, turkey it is then," Sylvie answered and started pulling ingredients out of the fridge. She started with the turkey, as that would take the longest time to cook and she could decorate the house while it was in the oven.

With the turkey roasting, Sylvie got a couple boxes out of the closet and started putting up decorations while softly singing carols in a honey sweet soprano voice. Once she was satisfied she had made a decent enough display, Sylvie started walking for the bedroom. "I'm getting changed now, Apollo. I'll just be a moment."

And a moment really was all it took for her to change, because when she emerged from the bedroom she was only wearing one piece of clothing. Well, two actually, if the second could even be called "clothing." The first thing she wore was a frilly pink apron tied against her otherwise naked body, leaving her round ass exposed and the rest of her feminine body barely covered. The second thing she wore was a collar around her neck; pink to match the apron, with a name tag that had her name etched in flowery cursive. She folded her arms behind her back and stuck her chest forward, striking a sexy pose in the doorway. "How do I look, Apollo?" she asked innocently.

Apollo had moved to sit under a leaf of mistletoe and tilted his head to the side, regarding her expectantly.

"Aww, mon loup, of course you can have a kiss," Sylvie said sweetly. She sauntered over to Apollo and bent down, planting a smooch on his nose. Not satisfied, Apollo began licking her face in return. Sylvie graciously accepted the affection, and even parted her soft lips to let the dog's tongue into her mouth. Without even an ounce of hesitation she began lightly sucking on Apollo's tongue and twirling it around with her own. It was a lucky thing nobody could see this; they'd be shocked beyond words to see a beautiful young woman half naked and making out with a dog like she'd already done this dozens of times. After several seconds of passionate kissing Sylvie stood up

straight again and licked her lips, winking at Apollo. "Don't get too excited yet, mon loup. We haven't even had dinner!"

The highly trained chef finished preparing dinner with grace and skill, giving Apollo plenty of opportunity to stare at her jiggly butt and seductive thigh gap while doing so. It was an impressive holiday dinner: roast turkey with gravy, stewed green beans with bacon, potatoes gratin, and bread pudding.

She prepared two plates of food, set one of them on the floor for Apollo, and began eating her own meal at the counter. Apollo loved Sylvie's cooking. In fact he was probably the best fed dog on the planet, even if he didn't know it. So when dinner was served he began scarfing down the food with a voracious appetite.

Seeing that Apollo had already licked his plate clean while she was only half finished with hers, Sylvie decided to tease Apollo a bit. She set her own plate on the kitchen tile and got down on her hands and knees to finish the rest of her dinner on the floor like Apollo, licking up bits of potato with her tongue and slurping up pieces of turkey with her lips.

Sylvie had done this many times before, and Apollo always used the opportunity to tease her back. He walked up behind her where her shaved pussy was exposed and uncovered, and began licking her juicy ass and slit.

"Naughty boy," Sylvie taunted him, but she made no move to actually stop him. Instead she widened her legs to give him better access to her most private places and kept licking at her plate. Apollo had begun focusing more intently on her ass. He stuffed his nose between her cheeks and was pushing his tongue in and around her sphincter, Apollo already knew he wanted this part of her moistened up for later, and his erection was beginning to emerge in anticipation. Sylvie hummed with gratitude and gyrated her hips a little, enjoying the attention being given to her perfect ass.

The young chef eventually broke out of her blissful trance and spoke. "Okay boy, I have to clean up," she said, "Go wait for me in the bedroom, alright? I won't be long." Apollo hesitated, but did as he was asked and trotted off to the bedroom with a half erection swinging between his legs. Sylvie picked the plates up off the floor and cleaned the kitchen.

She was rushing, because she was getting impatient too. After hastily packing the leftovers in the fridge and leaving the dishes in the sink, Sylvie walked seductively into the bedroom, swinging her bombshell hips left and right. Apollo was waiting for her, red rocket now very erect and visible. "Now then, mon loup, what happens next?" Sylvie asked coyly.

Apollo stood up, stretched his legs, and then gave a short bark. To anyone else, it would have been a completely ordinary dog bark, but Apollo and Sylvie had a kind of mutual understanding. Even if the canine couldn't speak human language, the busty brunette knew just what he was trying to say.

**"Down."**

Sylvie untied her apron and threw it aside, baring her fully naked body but still wearing the collar with her name on it. She got down on all fours again and crawled over to Apollo, tilting her head to the side. "Wuff?"

Apollo barked again.

**"Heel."**

"Arf!" Sylvie eagerly turned around. She lowered her head down to the carpet and lifted her ass a little bit higher, presenting her sex to the hound.

Apollo paced around the obedient woman, inspecting her. After deciding her posture was satisfactory, he gave her asshole a few more licks to make sure it was still nice and moist, and barked again.

**"Stay."**

Sylvie's heart was racing with excitement. She knew what was coming next, and she'd been mentally preparing herself for it all day. She was determined to be good. She had to. If Apollo was satisfied with her behavior then she could...

Sylvie gulped as Apollo climbed over her back. Apollo didn't need any guidance. They had both done this many times before and he had already decided at dinner which part of her he wanted first tonight. With practiced skill the hound slid his dick up and down along his mate's asscrack. He was starting off slow tonight; teasing her. Sylvie sighed softly but otherwise did her best to remain stoic.

Seeing that his bitch was unfazed, Apollo decided to pick up the pace and began pushing his crimson cock into her tight asshole. Sylvie moaned a little louder now, but still remained fairly calm. She relaxed her buttocks as best she could and wiggled her hips just slightly to help her lover's fat dick slide all the way into her rectum.

Apollo started pumping his rocket in and out of Sylvie's plump ass. He looked down at the slut and watched her while rhythmically fucking her, looking for how she would react. On the outside, Sylvie stayed still and submissively let her lover pound her asshole with complete control. On the inside, she was starting to struggle with what she was feeling. Apollo's crimson rod made her ass feel amazing, and it was arousing her so, so much. She wanted to moan for him. She wanted to fuck him back and make her breasts bounce for him. But Sylvie knew if she got carried away she would lose control of herself too quickly. She had to bide her time, so she grit her teeth and tried not to give in to the passionate lust building in her heart.

After a couple minutes of gentle anal sex, Apollo decided to get more aggressive. His raging erection engorged to full size, forming a large bulbous knot at the base. Sylvie's backdoor was starting to loosen up, so he had more freedom to fuck her any way he wanted. He started trying to throw off her concentration by changing his motions. He would fuck her faster and then slower, or sometimes harder and softer. All to keep his dirty little bitch on edge. Sylvie adored him for being so devious. The way he dominated her like a bottom bitch and played with her rear end always drove her crazy. Right now she was Apollo's favorite toy, and she absolutely loved it. She was getting ahead of herself though, as her composure was slipping. She couldn't stop herself from moaning now, and little drops of sweat were forming on her supple skin. Heat was building up in her wet cunt and liquid rolled down her inner thigh.

"Ah! N-nonon!" She thought to herself as her breathing became harsh and she gasped with pleasure. "Not so soon! Keep it together, Sylvie! You still have a ways to go!" She gripped the carpet with both hands and fought to contain her building urges, but Apollo's assault on her perfect bottom was only getting stronger.

The alpha canine could see that Sylvie's composure was breaking and began thrusting with vigor. Apollo let his tongue hang out and panted happily as he plowed his personal bitch in earnest for several minutes. The depraved woman started yelping like a baseless whore, and the rhythmic slapping sound from each thrust made a hypnotic beat that her slutty voice howled along to.

Sylvie's mind was melting from the pleasure. "Hang- (Ahn!) Hang in there, Sylvie! (Aah! Haah!)" she thought to her self in a desperate attempt to contain the storm brewing inside her. "Y-you can- (Agh!) do it! He must-m-m-must- (Auh!) be close now!" Apollo was relentless. Sylvie was going mad beneath him, but he just kept thrusting into her like a machine. Watching his precious fuck toy completely lose it was half the fun for him, so he pressed on with iron stamina and enjoyed the show.

Sylvie had lost control of her own hips now, and she was rocking backward to meet each thrust with force despite wishing she could stay still. Minutes that felt like lifetimes passed, and she slowly spiraled into barking and drooling for her canine lover like an actual bitch in heat.

Apollo always loved Sylvie, but especially when she was like this. The sound of her howling and barking like one of his own kind was music to his ears. Watching her body bounce beneath him as he hammered into her from above lit a fire in him. He felt a special bond with her whenever she gave in to her primal side like this. The lines between human and canine were blurred, and they had become two loving packmates fucking like wild beasts.

Apollo's instincts told him it was about time for the finale, so with one last powerful thrust he shoved his canine cock in until his knot collided with her sphincter and firmly held it there. When the motion stopped Sylvie briefly regained an ounce of sanity, but she had no time to relax.

"Please hold it in, Sylvie! You're so close!" her own thoughts pleaded with her, "You must hold it in!"

By this point her asshole was good and loosened up, so Apollo pushed his fat knot forward with all his strength. The sensation made Sylvie's entire body shake. "Oooooohhhhh~ Hhhhooohhh~" she groaned with brainless passion until the knot plopped through her backdoor and Apollo's giant cock was completely buried in her colon.

The feeling of Apollo's full dick and knot dunking into her perfect ass brought her so close, so very very close to letting go of what she'd been holding in this whole time. She almost let it slip at the last second, and tears ran down her sweaty face as the last of her sanity crumbled by the second. "Please, Sylvie!" her thoughts cried out to her, "You can't! You mustn't! Not yet! Not until!"

Apollo, with his cock still throbbing in her colon, barked a new command.

**"Cum."**

Sylvie's entire body convulsed and she screamed into the carpet as love juices erupted from her gaping pussy. The orgasm she'd been holding back for fifteen minutes tore through her with such force that she peed on the floor like an animal. In that moment she forgot where she was. She forgot her own name. Her mind was nothing but pure, white ecstasy. Just as she was starting to come around, Apollo bucked his hips and shot a string of molten hot dog cream into her intestines. A second orgasm crashed into her on the heels of the first, and Sylvie's poor, fried brain went falling right back into the white abyss.

Apollo lifted himself off of her back and turned the other way, twisting his dick around inside her hyper sensitive body, making Sylvie squeak incoherently. After several moments locked together in post coitus, they had relaxed enough to pull free of each other. Sylvie reflexively shuddered at the feeling of Apollo's rod sliding out of her butthole.

"Uunghh... I need a moment." Sylvie slowly stood up and wobbled over to the bathroom. That session was more intense than usual, and she still needed time to breathe. After washing her face with warm water and wiping her body clean, she emerged to see Apollo laying on his side. Apollo rolled onto his back, showing that he had gotten hard again, and barked once more.

## **“Treat.”**

Sylvie’s heart fluttered. “Apollo!” She gasped. Her green eyes lit up and her fatigue melted away, replaced by fresh enthusiasm. She had done it! Apollo was satisfied that she had followed instructions, and now she was being rewarded with her favorite dessert. The perverted french chef quickly dropped to the floor again and crawled over to her prize, gulping back the saliva that was already building in her mouth. “Merci, un grand merci!” Apollo’s full erection stood before her like a tower of sparkling ruby.

Sylvie cradled the knot with her hand and began gently kissing the top. With each peck her mouth made a soft lip-smacking sound, and her fingers gracefully massaged the bulbous base. With a sensual smile she pursed her lips and playfully suckled at the pointed tip like a straw. Apollo’s gourmet cock twitched threateningly at her, but Sylvie was very careful not to tease him too much. She wanted him to last a while. She wanted to enjoy this reward for as long a possible, probably even more than Apollo did.

Sylvie released the knot from her grasp and brought her face down to the floor to start sucking and kissing at her lover’s scrotum. One at a time she rolled each nut around in her mouth like nuggets of salty caramel, and as she did she could feel the burning heat of his rocket resting heavy on top of her hair. Drops of doggy precum rolled down her face and coated her lips like glaze.

Sylvie affectionately nuzzled the knot with her cheek and when she brought her head back up she traced a long, slow lick up the entire length of Apollo’s iron rod with half lidded eyes. They met each other’s gaze as she looked up, and she winked at him with a giggle. Apollo sighed contently and continued to just relax. He knew who was in charge of this game. He had his fun before, and now it was his mate’s turn to play. Not that he was complaining; he was getting plenty of enjoyment out of being pampered like this.

Sylvie puffed out her chest and hugged the shaft in her warm, ample cleavage. Squeezing her breasts together, she massaged the great red pole with her milky tits. She tilted her head down, and her tongue flitted around the top like a butterfly circling a delectable flower. Sylvie’s lips closed around the top and she let the intoxicating flavor fill her mouth. She slurped up a little of Apollo’s precum and let it cover her tongue before swallowing it like a sip of fine brandy.

After worshiping his dick for a couple minutes longer, Apollo whined softly. Apparently he thought that she had played with her food long enough. Sylvie jokingly pouted at him for being impatient, but in truth she was excited for the next part too. She tucked her hair behind her ears, opened her mouth up wide, and lowered her head, taking in the entire length of Apollo’s meat down to the knot. She didn’t even choke. Sylvie’s expression stayed cool and seductive as the pointed tip tickled her throat. She brought her head up, then down again. And again. And again. With every dive, her throat made a gentle gurgle. With every lift, saliva dripped from her chin. She could feel her pussy getting wet again, and she reached a hand down to touch herself.

Sylvie loved doing this with Apollo. It made her feel so unbearably hot. So filthy. It was like a shameless, forbidden fine dining experience that only she knew about, and she felt like such a horny fucking pervert for doing it. She pinched and massaged her clit between two fingers while thinking about what her coworkers would say if they could see her. It was all so deliciously obscene. And then the way this ends...

The slutty little deviant shivered just thinking about it.

Occasionally, when she had the whole dog rocket in her mouth and throat, she would stop and hold

it there. It filled her whole mouth like the biggest, juiciest sausage, salty and savory. She tried to wiggle her tongue around, but there wasn't much room. Sylvie thought she could almost feel Apollo's heartbeat through the pulsing heat in her gullet.

On and on she kept slurping and bobbing her head while pleasuring herself with her hand. When the slimy red cock in her mouth started to twitch and throb more aggressively, Sylvie knew that Apollo was almost there. She started massaging the knot with her fingers again, coaxing it to give her what she so desperately wanted. She brought her head up, closed her lips tightly around the top of Apollo's doggy dick, and sucked.

Streams of hot canine cum hit the roof of her mouth and splashed down onto her tongue. Sylvie groaned like it was the finest, richest dutch fudge. She was a professional in the kitchen. She had been to over a dozen countries and tried hundreds of recipes, but none of them compared to this. This was her favorite food in all the world. Her ambrosia. The salt and stink of it filled her senses, and she closed her eyes to better embrace the sensation. Sylvie kept her lips tightly sealed as she pulled her mouth off of her lover's ruby cock; there was no way she'd let a drop of this fall.

Her tongue twisted and churned the batter in her mouth and she breathed deep through her nose, luxuriating in the moment. The texture, the aroma, the taste, all so bestial and powerful. Sylvie tilted her head back and opened her throat. When she felt Apollo's dog semen slide down her esophagus, her spine shuddered and she climaxed. Not a wild primal orgasm like before, this one was gentle and warm, like rays of radiant sunshine carrying her off to the heavens. She looked down at Apollo, who was panting and wagging his tail. Sylvie silently wished that they could do this forever.

Sylvie cleaned up the mess they had made on the floor and lounged on the bed for a moment. She gazed out the window at the waxing moon and the snowy Lyon vista beneath it. She thought it felt romantic, as if her and Apollo were enjoying the holiday together like a couple. Her thoughts were interrupted when, at the foot of the bed, Apollo barked once more.

### **"Roll Over."**

Sylvie was pleasantly surprised. Three times in one evening? That was unusual. "My, you're energetic tonight," she said. "I was almost ready for bed." But since Apollo had barked an order, she was more than happy to oblige. She pulled back the blankets and laid on her back, legs spread apart. She traced a hand across her thigh, nibbled her finger, and said, "Take me, mon loup. I am yours."

Apollo jumped onto the bed and stood above Sylvie. He looked down at her from above and rubbed his penis on the inside of her thigh. The name tag on Sylvie's neck shimmered in the moonlight, and when she looked back up at him with sparkling peridot eyes, she felt a tightness in her chest.

"Apollo," she said softly, "mon coeur... mon coeur bat la chamade."

Apollo licked her face as if understanding, and then shoved his dick into Sylvie's tight cunt. She gasped at the forceful entry, then moaned as pleasure flooded her body. Apollo let his tongue hang down, and Sylvie craned her head, accepting it into her mouth for a passionate kiss.

Ever the aggressive partner, Apollo wasted no time and began pistoning into his beloved bitch. Sylvie rolled her head back and let her mouth hang open, gasping lustfully with each thrust. The two had finished playing their favorite games, and now they were simply two lovers lost in the heat of passion. She couldn't really explain it, but the things Apollo did to her made Sylvie truly feel like a woman. And in her eyes, he wasn't really a pet, but a man. An irresistible man.

Sweat stained the sheets beneath Sylvie's flushed skin. In her heart, she knew she could never be

satisfied with a human lover. Feeling Apollo's fur rush across her sensitive breasts, his hot breath on her neck, his knot spreading her labia with each thrust, the taste of his cum still lingering in her mouth, she knew she was addicted to this. And she didn't even want to get better. Sylvie would eventually get another dog, and another, and if they weren't all waiting to fuck her brains out in heaven, then Sylvie didn't want to go. Tonight though, she was completely focused on her one-and-only.

The thought of never having sex with a human for the rest of her life was still fresh in her mind as Sylvie lifted her legs up into the air and wrapped them around Apollo's back. She gripped the sheets in her slender hands, and cried out for her lover with a gasping voice.

"Ahh! Ah! Apollo~ooh! Oh! Ouh! A-Apollo! Haah, I-I-Ha-AH!"

Apollo didn't always understand the things Sylvie would say to him, but he certainly understood what these sounds meant. She wanted more. His beloved Sylvie was begging to have her bitch-hole abused as hard as possible. With renewed vigor Apollo began thrusting faster into his wailing beloved. Droplets of mixed love juices splattered out of her cunt with each merciless smack of his swollen red knot. He let his tongue hang from his jaws, his breathing heavy from exertion. Fresh drool dripped down onto Sylvie's perverted face and into her gaping mouth.

"Ap-pollo! Hah! I~ I ca-Nhg! I-I'mmohh! Cuhh! C-Cuuhhmm!!"

Apollo put all of his strength into his hips and smashed his knot through Sylvie's tight pussy lips. Apollo lifted his head up and Sylvie's body shook as both lovers howled their carnal ecstasy into the snowy night.

Their love nest was once again quiet as they snuggled up together to sleep, exhausted from their evening playtime. Sylvie wistfully ran her fingers through Apollo's soft fur. She nuzzled her cheek against his ear and whispered, "Who's a good dog, Apollo?"

The hound answered with a soft little, "Whuff."

**"You are."**