

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Beth was despondent. Her lover had left her for another woman. That man-stealing bitch! She was short and flat-chested. She had a fat ass, too, even if she was adorable. Well, he'd regret it and come crawling back. When he did, Beth swore she'd make him beg and grovel before she gave in.

However, three weeks after their breakup, Beth feels miserable. So when her friends Steve and Peggy asked her to look after their dog Duke for the weekend, she was happy to oblige. It beat moping around all day alone. Beth picked him up on Friday afternoon and returned him to her small apartment.

Duke was an amiable, colossal dog, part Rottweiler. He weighed well over a hundred pounds. When Beth took him for a walk in the neighborhood park before dusk on Friday, she felt like she was trying to handle a team of horses. When Duke smelled something and took off, all she could do was hang on for dear life. However, he was a good-natured beast and seemed to enjoy her company. Friday night, he curled up next to her on the bed. It was nice having a warm body next to her again.

That night, she dreamed of her ex-boyfriend. They were making passionate love, and he told her he had made a terrible mistake.

She woke up feeling lonely and incredibly horny. "I better shower to calm down, and then I'll walk Duke," she thought. The feeling of arousal wouldn't leave her, however. She let the shower water stimulate her clitoris. When she was done, she towed herself gently, rubbing her aching cunt and sensitive nipples. The only answer, she decided, was to masturbate.

Duke stood in the bedroom, tail wagging when she emerged from the bathroom. 'Oh, shit, I forgot about him,' she thought. Beth would have to move him into the living room while Beth cared for her needs. When she approached him, Duke stuck his nose into her crotch. Startled, she pushed his snout aside.

"C'mon, Duke..." Beth said, "Into the living room."

It wasn't easy to move him because he kept trying to sniff her sex. She finally tugged him from her bedroom. She noticed that his doggy dick was out of its furry sheath; it hung down pink and shiny.

"All men are alike," she said aloud, "Only one thing on their mind all the time."

It struck her that Duke's dick was huge. She closed her bedroom door from the inside, glad for some privacy. Beth was ready to pleasure herself. She stood in front of her full-length mirror and admired her own body. Many men liked it, Beth knew. She would not be single for long. The thought made her feel a little better.

Beth went to the dresser and put on the Citizen watch her ex had given her. It had a shiny black band and a rectangular white face with Roman numerals. He had told her it was classy, like her. The watch was his little fetish, too. He insisted she wore it when they made love. Now it reminded her of him, his body, and his stiff cock inside her.

She also put on a clingy black camisole top he had bought for her at Victoria's Secret. Her perfectly formed, firm boobs curved out provocatively. Her nipples stood out clearly beneath the stretched fabric. She pinched them gently, recalling how he would lick her right through the thin material and bite softly on her erect nipples. Her pussy was wet with excitement. Beth returned to the full-length mirror to admire herself.

"I'm quite a fox," she said. "My legs are long and shapely, much better than that bitch with her fire-hydrant thighs." She ran her fingers down her belly and rubbed her cunt. A jolt of sexual energy shot through her. "Better sit down for this," she told herself.

She sat on the edge of the bed and began to diddle her clit. It felt great! She rocked forward and back, her brown hair falling before her eyes. After a couple of minutes like this, she lies back on the bed and spreads her legs apart. She inserted her left index finger in her cunt as she continued to rub her clit with her right hand, now totally focused on the sensations in her pussy. Suddenly, she felt something warm and moist on her pussy, a tongue!

"What the—" she yelled.

It was Duke. She hadn't closed the damn bedroom door securely. He began to lap furiously at her pussy. Torn between disgust and pleasure, Beth froze. All sorts of thoughts flashed through her brain. 'What if someone sees us,' she wonders. 'No, no one can get in. No one has the key. But he's a dog! This is disgusting and unnatural. Oh, but it feels so good, so very, very good. Mmmm, I've never felt a tongue that could do this.'

Duke had found her cunt and worked his warm tongue in, out, and around. It penetrated a lot deeper than any man's tongue could. Beth found her voice.

"OK, just this time. I'm so close. I just want to cum. That's it, Duke, good boy, good doggie..." Then her world exploded, a massive orgasm wracking her body as she cried out, "OH! AHHH! OHHHH!"

She repeatedly shuddered, sweet sensations flooding through her. She passed out for a few moments, lost in bliss. Something poked her cunt, once, then again. Slowly, Beth became aware of herself, the room, and Duke. His front paws were on the bed, on either side of her. He stood between her open thighs. That was his big doggie dick poking at her pussy. Beth was horrified but wouldn't let anything else happen this time.

"NO, DUKE. BAD DOG!" she yelled as she used all her strength to push him off her.

She stood and tried to run from the room. However, she had just had an orgasm, and her legs felt like jello. One step and then, thump, she fell hard on the floor, face-first, directly in front of the mirror. Stunned and scared, bruised from her fall, Beth felt tears come to her eyes. Duke stood behind her. Beth pulled herself to her knees and suddenly realized she had made a terrible mistake. Her ass was pointing straight at Duke, inviting him to mount her.

"Oh, no," she sobbed as he advanced, but it was too late.

In an instant, Duke had his front paws on her back, then wrapped them under her torso. With his weight atop her, Beth could hardly move. She tried to pull away, but Duke's low, menacing growl froze her in place. In shock and fear, Beth waited, eyes tightly closed.

"This can't be happening to me," she whimpered. "Please, God, don't let this happen to me."

She knew what would come next. Something stabbed hard at her cunt, once, twice.

"Ouch!" she cried out at the pain. Duke was thrusting for her pussy and missing. 'He'll find it eventually. This hurts. So what's the point,' Beth thought.

She reached under her and gently grasped Duke's slimy dog dick. He growled again. "Good dog, Duke," Beth said softly. "Nice dog. Let's play nice."

He stopped growling. Beth placed the tip of his big canine cock at her pussy lips, guided him in an inch or two, and let go. Wham! Duke thrust in all the way, and Beth gasped at the instant sensation of warmth and fullness. Duke's dick felt warmer than a man's penis. The feeling was odd but, well, pleasant. It was somewhat nice. Duke began to thrust rapidly in and out of Beth's very moist cunt. His paws scratched at her sides, but her camisole protected her from the worst. Beth opened her eyes. Seeing herself in the mirror made the whole experience more real, more disgusting, more obscene. But also more exciting.

'I love this,' she thought, stunned by that awareness. "I can't believe it. I'm being fucked by a dog, and I like the feeling.'

"I'm his bitch now," Beth said aloud to her image in the mirror. "Duke's little brunette bitch."

She could see the watch her former lover had given her. What would he say now? She smiled broadly. No more tears. 'Who cares what that asshole thinks,' Beth thought, as Duke's rapid pounding brought her back to a high state of sexual tension. 'He has that other bitch. Now I'm Duke's bitch.' She began to meet Duke's thrusts with her own, picking up the rhythm. 'Wow, I'm in heat,' she realized. It was true. She was in season; she needed to mate.

Suddenly, she felt something odd, something large and hard pressing against her cunt. She remembered reading about a male dog's knot, but she wasn't sure what it did or how big it was. She ducked her head to look beneath her swinging tits and firm stomach. Yes, there it was, dark pink and round. How could that possibly fit inside her? She felt fear return, and her body tensed, motionless. Duke pressed his knot against her cuntal lips, which slowly spread wider and wider. It felt like someone was trying to ram a fist into her pussy.

"Oh, that hurts..." Beth complained, but she held steady.

Finally, she felt herself stretching more easily, yielding to this massive intruder, more prominent than the thickest human cock she had ever taken. Did she hear the pop or only imagine it? Beth wasn't sure, but suddenly the knot was inside her, and she felt her pussy lips contract on the base of Duke's prick.

"Wow," she moaned. "We did it, Duke. We're tied now."

Impaled on Duke's full dog cock, Beth could only hold her position as he kept thrusting. Duke had great stamina. Beth lost track of time. Her knees ached. Her arms grew tired. She would take a break to ease the strain and let herself down slowly onto her elbows. Her back became stiff from arching to meet Duke's humping.

After a while, she felt another orgasm approaching. However, the problem with the doggie style is that it provides the human female with little clitoral stimulation. Therefore, Beth reached beneath herself and rubbed her clit. That sent her over the edge, a climax she would never forget, her first as a true bitch, the genuine article.

Eventually, the Duke came inside her. It wasn't like a human male orgasm, with a significant build-up, heavy breathing, and the last gasping eruption. No, she recognized Duke's climax from the sudden increase in warmth in her vagina. It felt like someone had turned on a faucet to release a hot liquid (but not too hot) inside her. The sensation continued much longer than a man's orgasm, also. It seemed like Duke had left a bucket of doggie cum inside her.

After Duke shot his load, he started to move away from Beth, and she had to grab his collar as she felt the searing pain of his knot pull against her tender inner walls. A new terror struck her.

“What if he can’t get out?”

However, she calmed herself. Dogs mate and separate; it will happen here, too. She coaxed Duke to lie beside her. As he did so, she turned carefully to keep his cock inside her. Duke quickly fell asleep. ‘All men are alike,’ Beth thought, this time contentedly. Slowly Duke’s knot subsided, and Beth was finally able to slide it out of her cunt.

She stood and looked at herself in the mirror. Warm, thin doggie cum coursed down the inside of her thighs. It seemed as though what had just happened had happened to someone else, that she had been watching some depraved act by some wicked woman. No, she was the corrupt woman. She didn’t mind it a bit. She already knew she would do it again tonight and tomorrow, too. Maybe Steve and Peggy would make it a long weekend. As Duke slept, she went into the bathroom to clean up. The scratches on her side were not too bad.

“Next time, mister,” Beth said, “You’re gonna wear mittens when you wanna fuck me.”

They needed to do some shopping, Beth decided. A mat for the floor would help her knees, mittens for those sharp paws, and a studded doggie collar for me to match my mate. She imagined the expression on the face of the pet store clerk when he asked what size the dog was, and she told him the collar was for her. When she was dressed, she took Duke’s leash.

“Wake up, Duke, time to go out,” she called.

He stirred slowly from his nap and stretched out his paws. Tail wagging, he approached her and stuck his snout in her crotch.

“Not now, Duke. We have errands to do.”

As she opened the door, she noticed that his dick was already out of its sheath, hanging down, long, and inviting.

“All men are alike,” Beth said one last time as they headed out.

The End