

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I pull into the driveway and head inside, hearing some scuffling behind the door as I unlock it. Why is the door locked, anyway? Obviously, Jasper is home. I'm really hoping today isn't the day I walk in on him with some other chick. I push the door open slowly and step into the cool house from the sweltering summer heat. Jasper steps into the entrance, my sexy, perfect, weirdo boyfriend, and he has a grin like a cat that ate the canary.

Or the boyfriend who bought a dog, apparently. He leads me to our spare room, and there is scuffling behind this door as well. He opens it after warning me, "He's kind of big!"

I take a step back from the door as a huge German shepherd puppy slams into me, his paws on my chest. He's full-grown, but still quite young. Jasper explains that he's a puppy, but he's fully grown and could use someone who wouldn't get upset trying to train him. German shepherds are incredibly smart he says. They will find things to learn if you don't teach them, and the things they want to learn are escape tricks, and ways to make messes.

This is sounding more and more like what it is: A 10+ year commitment. However, Jasper reassures me that he's a good boy. Sure, in the way that all dogs are good boys, but I'm not convinced.

"What do we name him?" I ask, rubbing the dog's neck, giving him scratches under his collar.

"Why don't you choose? Maybe it will help you warm up to him," Jasper said.

"He's gone all this time without a name?"

"Well, no. The dog was called Jackson."

"Well, that won't do, but we need something you'll recognize, don't we buddy?"

Jackson to dog pokes his head under my hand and rubs against my body with his, leaning hard on me.

"Jack?" Jasper offers.

"How about Jax?" I suggest.

His head shoots up as I say his name, and he stares me deep in the eyes. "Yeah, Jax? You like that name? You certainly know it..."

I turn to Jasper with a 'Why not' expression and a shrug.

"That's a perfect name. Jax," Jasper added. The dog shows that he hears Jasper, but he doesn't leave my side. "Wow, he's already more your dog than mine. What a good boy!"

I smile and realize I actually kind of like this dog, which goes against every bit of my usual 'Cat person' sensibilities. He looks up at me adoringly as I pet his head. Yeah, he's a good boy.

A few days later, and Jax has slept in our bed every night. Jasper loves it and invites him to join us every night even though Jasper himself often ends up on the couch because Jax stretches out. This works for me, as Jasper and I have had a few fights ever since the addition of our new pet. I'm sure he thought a mutual commitment would keep us busy, but it just gave us new things to argue over.

Things like, 'who cleans up after the dog,' and, 'what training looks like.'

Jasper thinks training comes naturally. I disagree. A big dog needs rigorous training. This fight I win each time, but we still keep having it. I get a clicker to reinforce positive behavior. Jax is quick to learn that the clicker means treats. He often steals the clicker just to click it, thinking this means treats also. I laugh the first time; he looks so ridiculous with his ears perked up, clicker in mouth, and standing by the cupboard with the treats.

I know better than to reward this behavior, but I give him a few easy commands (sit, lay down, stay) so I can reward him for the behavior I like. I hope this way he'll learn that the clicker-and-treats routine is for tricks and commands (for now, soon it will just be tricks). I give him a treat and a click, and he sits by my feet to consume it. He growls at Jasper if he approaches during this ritual.

"If he listens so well, why don't you teach him that growling is a no-no?" asks Jasper, the 'man of the house.'

"Well, it's his treat. He probably thinks you're going to take it from him. He is a dog, there are some things I'm not equipped to train out of him. Undoing things is hard, but we can try teaching him something else..." I stand, unwilling to let this become an argument.

"Jax, come." I walk over to Jasper, Jax is still holding his treat as he comes over. I tell him to sit right by Jasper's feet. He begrudgingly does so, and though he whimpers when I return to the couch on the other side of the living room, he stays.

"There," I say, "does that work?"

Jasper nods, but a return of the growling when he goes to pat the fierce dog makes him scoff and roll his eyes. I smile to myself. To be completely honest, I don't entirely mind having a dog that is only loyal to me... It's kind of the American Dream, isn't it?

That night Jasper started drinking early. By 10pm, he had transformed into an angry drunk.

He came into the bedroom where I had been reading with the dog sprawled across my lap. Upon seeing us in this position, he scoffs again and shoos Jax away, climbing into bed beside me. I keep reading while he just lays there, then I feel his hand on my inner thigh.

"Wanna fuck?"

"Not particularly."

"What the fuck, why?"

"Well, you're very drunk."

"Oh, so you won't fuck me because I'm drunk, but you'll fuck a dog?"

"Excuse me?" I was appalled! How am I even supposed to respond to that? I had completely forgotten, for all of my life until that moment, that people fuck animals.

"You heard me! I know you fuck him when I'm at work. That's why he loves you more than me." at this point, he just looks sad. Then he looks angry. He moves very quickly, the way that drunks can sometimes do when they're feeling particularly speedy. He pulls off his belt and tells me to get up,

off the bed.

When Jasper is this combination of angry, drunk, and horny, I try to accommodate his urges after a certain point, even if I'm not entirely into it. The alternative is that he makes me do it anyway, and this way, I can fool myself into saying I consented. Once I'm standing beside the bed he turns me around, so I'm facing it and shoves me down to my knees, but...facing away from him? This is my first time experiencing this position when he's like this.

Jasper uses his belt to lash me to the bed frame, checking to see if it's tight. It is. He walks over to the door, and I fretfully test the bonds myself, hoping to find a weak spot. There are none, and then I hear the most disconcerting thing I could hear in this position after that conversation.

"Jax!" I hear Jasper call him, but I know he's just out of sight and within seconds I hear him clattering down the hardwood hall into our carpeted bedroom.

Jax comes over and starts sniffing me immediately, checking to make sure I'm okay first. Unfortunately, soon after he realizes I'm fine, he moves around to sniff my ass. I wiggle in discomfort as Jasper watches.

"Babe, let me go, please. I don't fuck dogs, please let me up, he's prodding!" Jax's nose is now buried in the crotch of my pajamas.

"Yeah, seems like he smells something interesting, don't you think?" Jasper steps over and pushes Jax out of the way for a moment as he strips off my pants and panties. He then steps out of the way for Jax to stick his nose back between my legs, now unhindered. "Alright, boy, get it."

I squeak and squirm as I feel a ridiculously long tongue lick my clit all the way up to my ass, and Jasper laughs, watching Jax lick me. I feel so taboo, and so wet! I keep squirming, but I'm mostly now trying to push back against Jax's tongue.

"Getting into it?" Jasper slaps my ass, and Jax growls low in his throat as he keeps licking me, I don't even respond, or at least I don't think I do? I moan and spread my legs a little more. His tongue is hot, like red-hot and velvety, with just the slightest roughness at the tip where there's the most pressure on my clit.

Right as I'm starting to get into the long licks, he pushes his nose against my ass and buries his tongue deep in my pussy, hitting some of the deepest parts where nothing so versatile has ever reached. I scream, biting my shoulder, trying not to let it come out.

"Fuck! I'm cumming!" I feel that exquisite tenseness in my hips, then feel the rush of my orgasm flowing over me. Jax starts licking faster, trying to get every drop of my wetness.

Jasper laughs as I twitch, then shoos Jax away from me but not out of the room and comes over to untie the belt from the bed, holding the end of the belt with my hands tied at the end of it. "So, don't you think that if Jax is going to get you off, you should get him off?"

"What do you mean?"

"Stroke his cock?" He pulls me over, positions Jax, so the belt goes under his belly, hanging low and slack so it's not bothering the dog. Jasper guides my hands to his cock, and I start to stroke, mostly to satisfy some weird craving.

I see his sheath, his little red tip sticking out. That doesn't look so bad. I stroke the sheath, feeling

more inside. I try to push the sheath back or his cock forward. I'm not sure really, but I expose more of his cock and start to stroke it with my thumb and index finger around his girth, which still isn't too bad.

I keep stroking, and Jasper moves around behind me, the belt left on the floor as he positions himself by my ass, staring at me. "Suck it." His voice is low and husky, and I hear the sound of his jeans coming down right before I feel his cock rubbing against my pussy.

I bend down, getting my head under Jax and licking him softly, sucking just the tapered tip. It starts to get bigger in my mouth, and I moan softly. Jasper pushes in slowly, fucking me with just the end of his cock, like maybe the first inch or two? It's perfect for my throbbing pussy, and I can feel him pushing into my tightness.

Jax starts humping into my mouth, and I hear Jasper groan. Is he into watching chicks fuck with dogs? I mean I guess, now I'm a chick who likes fucking with dogs, so I can't judge. I keep sucking, feeling the dog above thrust deeper into my mouth, but now something is changing. His cock has a bulge, bigger than any cock I've ever seen, at the base.

I pull away, surprised. Jasper has other ideas and grips my hair, shoving me back down to his cock "It's his knot, grip just below it and use it to guide him."

I do as I'm told, trying to stop him from shoving the knot into my mouth. I worry it's like a lightbulb, it will go into my mouth, but I'd be stuck with it until it got smaller. He keeps humping, making it difficult even if I'm holding his 'knot' to try to guide him. I take as much as I can, feeling his thrusts get faster and more erratic.

I'm down with my lips pressed against the knot when I feel a gush of heat in my throat. I try to pull away and feel Jasper's hand in my hair again, pushing me down. "Swallow." The next shots of dog cum are to my tongue, and I can taste it. It's watery, not thick like a man's. It's also a little bitter, and musky, but the flavor is richer than any man's I've tasted.

I feel Jasper still fucking my pussy, now deeper and faster as he pulls my hair and grips my ass to slam into me. "Oh fuck, babe I'm cumming."

He doesn't have a condom, and I feel his cum shoot into my womb, my pussy closing up as if to hold it in as he pulls away. He taps my ass appreciatively twice and stands to go to the bathroom. Jax is licking himself, and I have a decision to make.

The next day I send Jasper packing. It's been constant fighting and having me fuck a dog as a punishment backfired awfully. Now all I want is man's best friend.

The door locked, and Jasper sent away for good, I go to the couch where Jax was keeping watch. He's looking up at me with an obvious smile. I smile back and come over to sit by him, scratching his ears, trying not to look at his cock, which is already starting to push out. I lose this battle, and reach over to stroke it, working on a plan.

Jax sniffs my hand and gives it a gentle lick as I work his little pointed schwangstück. After he's good and ready at about half his full size, I start putting my plan into effect. I stand up and lift my white sundress, no panties to stop Jax this time. He immediately comes over to lick my pussy, his tongue curling over my clit as he drags his tongue along.

"Ooh, yes. Good boy Jax." I push him away after a moment and go to bend over the couch. Before I can, right as I push him away in fact, Jax is behind me with his paws around my hips, trying to use

his considerable weight to push me down. I like to think I got down on my hands and knees for him, bent over the couch to keep my ass high enough for him, but I'm pretty sure he could have taken even it if I hadn't been into it.

He thrusts a few times randomly, his cock hitting my cheeks and asshole, so I lift my ass further. This is the perfect height, and he hits home. The first penetration is still exploratory, but once he realizes he's landed, he starts thrusting fast and hard. His cock is still only part size, but it is rapidly expanding, and each thrust stretches me a bit more.

I try to adjust and straighten my body a bit more, but Jax didn't like me moving. Instead of moving away because I was distressing him, he bit my shoulder and growled low, his paws tightening around my hips as he started fucking me harder. Who am I kidding saying he was fucking me? He was breeding me. I was his bitch, and my cry of pain was leaning heavily towards ecstasy.

He licked the bite once I stopped moving, but he kept going, and I started to feel the knot growing against my pussy. This had been a matter of some curiosity for me, and I had wondered if I could take it. As it swelled and strained against my pussy I realized I probably couldn't take it, but I remembered the teeth in my shoulder and resolved to try.

He had one goal, and it was making that tie. His knot kept slamming into my pussy, but it was almost too tight to go in, almost. He made one final push, and I almost screamed, trying to pull away for a moment as it was penetrating, the pain enough to make the punishment worth it. But in that second it was in, and I couldn't pull away. My pussy is so full. I mean, his cock had already been the biggest I had ever fucked, and that was before the knot.

Jax keeps fucking me in tiny, erratic thrusts like he did when he was about to cum before. I feel his knot pulling against me when he pulls back, and I can't stand it! It's excruciating, and the tip of his pointed cock is buried in my cervix, it's as if some part of me that had never been fucked was experiencing it for the first time.

Finally, I feel his cock swell and pulse, sending ropes of burning hot cum into my uterus, and he keeps pumping into me for several long moments before he slows down. Finally he stops thrusting, and now that we're knotted I move my torso off the couch and bend over with my chest against the floor.

Now I'm rocking back and forth, trying to get used to the sheer size of him. Every time I move forward, and away from him, I feel the knot tugging against the confines of my tight little cunt. It's still uncomfortable, and I try to avoid it, but it's not painful like it was. Jax shifts above me, and I don't realize he's stepping over me and rotating his body, so he's tugging against me, his knot pulling me as he turns ass-to-tail with me. How can that be comfortable for him? It's tugging on me, and I don't know how I feel about it, I imagine it's tugging him too.

I start to feel a warm and familiar sensation between my legs as he tries to walk away. It's degrading to be fucked by an animal, and here I am stuffed with another species' cum. It's so hot, and I can feel myself reaching between my legs to play with my clit through a haze of arousal. The knot feels amazing, and it doesn't seem to be going down any time soon, even his cock is still rock hard inside me.

I start rocking back and forth, using his cock as a wall-mounted dildo as I play with myself. After a few minutes of perfect pleasure, I feel his knot slip a bit, though it's still latched into me. I start to circle my clit faster, quickly approaching orgasm. My hips start bucking as I hit my climax and I think it was the clenching that finally forced the knot free, it made a soft sucking noise and a pop,

and then I felt a trickle of cum running down my thighs.

Jax turns to face me, licking my pussy clean, that perfect tongue getting every drop from inside me as I feel my body shiver and quake with pleasure, trying not to collapse on the floor. When he was satisfied with my cleanliness, he wandered away to attend to his own. I wish I could say I helped, but I was unable to move.

I finally moved up to collapse on the couch. As I lay there, drifting off into a satisfied sleep, I thought about my new relationship. My new beau comes over to give me a gentle lick on the cheek and then curls up beside me, so my relaxed hand rests on his side. In this position we drift off, not a care in the world.

The End