

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Rose has been casing this place for two weeks now and doesn't know more about its residency than when she started. She's been casually passing it for years, as it's close to the abandoned shed she calls home. The only resident she's ever seen come or go is an older man. He leaves once every month or two for about three weeks. At least, that's what it looks like to her.

Rose figures that an older man living alone in a big house would probably have something worth stealing. Especially since the home looks like a remodeled warehouse turned into a large two-story house, it needs to be decorated more on the outside. A whitewash on the outside wall and red shutters on the sparse windows. Ten windows need to be more for such a big home, but what does a street urchin know about home design?

The house is always so dark and quiet, too. Even over the past two weeks, when Rose knows the old man is home, it's been nearly silent. What does he do in that big house all alone? Rose thinks to herself as she cleans the refuse from the streets. Being a street cleaner pays enough to get some bread, and the people paying only ask a few questions about who's doing the work. It also helps Rose keep an eye on potential places to hit. It's dirty work for sure, but she doesn't mind.

As Rose contemplates what the man could be doing in his home, she hears a door shut behind her. It's the older man and he's leaving. He has a heavy-looking black cloak with silver detailing and delicate swirls and lines. He keeps it tight to his body, but Rose can make out some lighter robes underneath the cloak. There's also the bulge of a backpack under it. The man's wary green eyes scan the street for anything suspicious, but seeming to see nothing amiss, he locks his door and hurries off.

Perfect, Rose exclaims to herself. Now to wait until night, and change into some darker clothes. Her old linen chemise used to cover her arms and legs fully, but now it doesn't touch her knees or elbows. The tattered neckline shows repeated cutting so a growing head can fit through she has a brown skirt and vest from a family who briefly let her stay with them. Her shoes, or what passes as shoes, are simple leather that has been worked into shape. Not made for her feet, of course. All of that, topped with a long, messy, tangled, blonde nest of hair, made Rose pretty easy to overlook.

Several hours later Rose is walking home with the sun nearly set. A day-old loaf of bread and a moldy wedge of cheese are in a small sack on her waist, and a stolen bottle of wine in her hand. This will be a better dinner than most nights.

Rose enters her old shack, sets the wine on a box she uses as a table, and sheds her overgarments. She looks down at her ill-fitting chemise, unrecognizable from the large, white garment it once was. Nearly brown from years of use. The head hole is so ragged it looks like there never was a proper one cut. Its tightness and worn threads hide nothing of her well-developed body. I have to get new clothes, Rose thinks.

After eating her dinner Rose removes her chemise and dons her roguish apparel. This is an assortment of black men's clothes that she's swiped over the years. A pair of leggings with a lace-up leather jerkin, half boots, and an old cloak with a few holes. Unfortunately, nothing to directly hide her face, but with the only occupant gone, that shouldn't matter. After suiting up, Rose grabs a small backpack and a Morningstar. She acquired the weapon after a guardsman dropped it during a fight with the Dock Crawler gang. Then she heads out into the night.

Reaching the house from Rose's shack takes a few minutes. She had yet to pass a sole on the way here. One of the perks of living on the docks is the lack of activity after dark. Rose takes her position

in front of the door and starts to pick the lock. She quickly gets one tumbler open. The second takes a few tries but clicks into place without a tremendous hassle. Two tumblers down, and the door clicks open. Weird. A house this big surely should have spent more money on a decent lock.

Not wanting to waste her opportunity, Rose quietly enters the house despite her new sense of anxiety. She closes the door behind her with a quiet creak. It's dark in here, as an empty house should be. Rose pulls her backpack off and looks for her lantern. After finding and lighting it, she replaces her bag. Looking around with her new light, she notices this house is immaculately clean. Too clean for one old man who lives alone. Even if he spent all his time cleaning, he could not keep every bit of dust gone.

She shakes her head to break her train of thought. No one is here. It doesn't matter how this old guy keeps his house. The tidier it is, the easier I'll find something valuable.

The entry hallway is about 10 feet wide and 60 feet long. The flooring, as well as most of the house, is wood. There's an ornate carpet spanning most of the length of the hallway; it's red, white, and yellow. Three long, thin tables are on each side of the hall. Each has a simple candelabra in its center. Five doors lead out of the hallway, not counting the exit. One at the end of the hall, and two on each wall. The walls are painted a dull white.

Rose walks through the first door on her left without having anything to go off of. She enters into a lounge room. It's about 30 feet by 30 feet. Five chairs and two sofas are arranged in some semblance of a circle. In the middle of them is a bear skin rug. On the right side of the room is an empty fireplace. The other walls have tapestries depicting scenes of nature.

A nice tapestry would fetch a good price, but they're much too big for one person to carry off. There's also the problem of reaching the ceiling to get it down. The same issue of encumbrance blocks the rug from being a viable steal, either. Maybe she can drag the rug back if she can't find anything else worth stealing. With that quick check done Rose heads out of the room and across the hall.

This is a dining room. It has the same dimensions as the last room. The walls have red tapestries and sconces in between them. To Rose's left is a door. A large green and brown rug takes up most of the floor. The center of the room is occupied by a grand dining table that would easily seat twenty people. However, other than a few candelabras, the table is empty. I just wanted to let you know that there is nothing here either. Rose shakes her head and proceeds to the other door in the room.

This leads her into the kitchen. The kitchen is half as wide as the previous rooms but just as long. Stoves, counters, and cabinets line the room. Cooking utensils are suspended from a metal frame attached to the ceiling. There's square stone flooring but plain wooden walls. In the back right-hand corner of the room, there's a door and another in the center of the wall to Rose's left. She heads to the door in the back and opens it.

CRASH! A large pot, slightly protruding from the counter, falls to the floor. Rose holds her breath and listens for any signs that she's been caught.

After what feels like several minutes, Rose doesn't hear anything and hurriedly leaves the kitchen. Going now to the last door, on the sides of the hall, she walks into a library. Jackpot! That old man must have some kind of old, valuable books around here! Rose eagerly rushes into the room, forgetting about her scare moments ago. Thanking her lucky stars, she left the orphanage after being taught how to read.

Rose begins to look for any books that have valuable covers. Obvious gold inlays, exotic materials,

and stuff like that. She goes through three shelves before noticing something. On the bottom row of the fourth shelf is a book almost glowing in her lantern light! She puts the light down next to the shelf and gets on her hands and knees. When suddenly, Rose hears the door slam open behind her and a faint growling along with it.

Rose realizes she can't move a muscle when she tries jumping to her feet! Oh shit, what am I going to do? Rose is freaking out internally and unable to do anything about her situation. Then she feels a cold paw touch her arm.

"I am Vezeni, the protector of this house. You are intruding, and when my master is away, I get to play with intruders however I want. Well, so long as you stay alive, that is."

The rough, barking voice speaks only in Rose's mind. She cannot turn to see this Vezeni but is horrified at what her mind tells her. Vezeni's rough laughter pulls Rose out of her thoughts.

"This is touch telepathy. You can hear my thoughts, and I can hear yours. Give it another 10 seconds, and you'll see what I am." Vezeni's voice is sneering.

"Please let me go! I promise I won't ever come back. I haven't even stolen anything! Please just let me go free!" Rose screams back in her mind.

Just then, Rose can move again. She snatches her lantern with one hand, jumps up, and turns to see what is threatening her. Her heart drops, and nausea rises in her stomach at the sight of this creature.

Vezeni, as he is called, is a Frankenstein's monster of a dog. At least a dog is the closest thing Rose could compare it to. Its skin and fur are a mismatched patchwork of colors and stages of decay. Browns, blacks, reds, greens, and what was once white are carelessly stitched together to cover this beast. Its tail is three different sections stitched into one long appendage. None of his legs match the animal the others came from. All canines, but all different ones. Its broad head has one droopy and one erect ear. Its huge mouth hangs slightly open, revealing too many teeth for it. Its dead eyes staring back into Rose's.

Vezeni growls again, and Rose's body feels extremely weak. Then he lurches forward and grabs Rose with his forelimbs, locking her in a vice-like grip. Rose struggles against Vezeni, but it's futile. He pushes forward, knocking Rose to the ground, and with one swift movement, rips the front of her jerkin off. Rose screams and tries to cover her exposed breasts but is unable to get past Vezeni's body. Unable to push him off or squirm out from under him, Rose grabs her Morningstar from her waist.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you. Why don't you just play nice." Vezeni laughs in her head.

She desperately tries to hit him but can't get her arm to move with enough force.

"What did I tell you?" Vezeni says playfully.

Rose's mind dulls and becomes foggy. Her thoughts are running slow, and it's difficult to concentrate. While in her daze, Vezeni steps off Rose and rolls her over to her stomach. Taking the opportunity, Rose stumbles to her feet and rushes to the door. When she throws it open she feels herself slow unnaturally. Before making it halfway down the hallway, Vezeni knocks Rose off her feet. As she tries to stand back up Rose's body freezes up again. Vezeni rips Rose's leggings open with a quick tear of his jaws and a delighted growl. Then, a heavy sense of calmness washes over Rose.

"See, isn't it nicer when you cooperate?" Vezeni's voice bursts into Rose's mind as he starts to lick her.

"I appreciate you getting into such a nice position for me."

"What are you doing?!" Rose asks quizzically.

"We're going to have some fun!" Vezeni responds gleefully.

Rose doesn't question further in her magically induced bliss. Just enjoying the bliss of her young clit and pussy being eaten out. The smells of rot and wet dogs fill her nose. This continues for a bit before she feels the cold paws of Vezeni wrapped around her hips. Then, she feels something cold and slimy rub across her pussy.

"What was that?" Rose asks

"What? Haven't you felt a dog's cock before?" Vezeni laughs

"No, I'm 18, but I've only been with a few guys, and it was only so I didn't starve to death." Rose's magical calm aids in her candor.

"Well, looks like I'm in for a treat then!" Vezeni cheers and thrusts himself.

Rose feels his cock push against her small opening. He thrusts again, this time pushing the tip in. If Rose could make noise, she would be whimpering. He pushes again, making it almost half in. Vezeni lets out a happy sigh and begins humping slowly. If Rose could make noise, she knew she'd be moaning. It starts slow but quickly speeds up. By the time the paralyzing magic wears off, Rose is screaming from her pussy being fucked. The full effects of the pleasure slamming into her at once, Rose's orgasms. Her already tight pussy constricting around Vezeni causes him to force his knot into her and cum. His cum rushes into her, cold and tingly on her insides.

Rose nearly passes out from the overwhelming pleasure of being knotted and cum inside while orgasm. Her young body, never having experienced an orgasm this strong, is spasming and clenching uncontrollably. Vezeni lets out some whimpers as he turns around and waits for their orgasms to end. Rose lies ass up, knotted, and drooling slightly. One hand feverishly rubbed her clit, the other fondling her breast.

"You're not quite satisfied, are you?" Vezeni laughs. "Well, don't worry. I'm not done with you yet."

After speaking, Vezeni starts to work his knot free from Rose. With a PLOP and a small cry from Rose, he comes free, along with all the trapped cum. Rose falls flat to the floor. A small pool of drool under her cheek and a growing pool of cum around her legs. Vezeni walks around to the front of Rose and hovers above her. He puts a paw on her.

"Now, we're going to see what you can do with that mouth of yours," Vezeni tells her.

Rose doesn't make much effort to move, with Rose still reeling from the sensations she just experienced. Vezeni lets out a small huff, then a quick bark. Rose's mind suddenly focuses on the task Vezeni wants her to do. She feels as though helping him is her top priority. Magic compelling her to move, Rose raises herself so that her face is next to his still erect cock. This is Rose's first time paying attention to what a dog's penis looks like. This one is a pale pink. It's kind of shaped like a hammer, she thinks. With a little giggle, she places her lips to his tip.

She bobs her head slightly, taking it past her lips and onto her tongue. Back, then again, a little deeper. She takes it to the back of her mouth on the third bob and starts to choke a bit. A little less, Rose thinks and keeps bobbing her head steadily so she won't choke. As she goes, she slowly creeps Vezeni's cock further into her mouth, almost to her throat. Then he cums. She feels his cock twitch hard, and the first shot of cum hits the back of her throat. Rose coughs violently at the unexpected ejaculation in her throat. She falls to the ground again, but slightly on her side.

Cum rains on her hair, face, neck, and chest as she lies there underneath Vezeni. Her jaw and throat are sore. So is her pussy. Her whole body feels weak to the point of not moving. Why am I so exhausted, Rose ponders? I know I don't have sex, but it can't be this exhausting. Her train of thought is broken by laughter.

"Well, the sex was part of it. Mostly, you're exhausted from trying to fight off all the spells I was casting on you. Haven't you realized I've been doing that?" Vezeni asks both curiously and a bit mockingly.

"I mean, I knew something was wrong, but I didn't know what was happening. Mostly, I didn't want to be killed by you." Rose responds meekly.

"I told you I wasn't going to kill you." He says laughingly.

"I'm very grateful you didn't kill me, but why didn't you? You're very powerful." Rose asks carefully.

"I'm not allowed to," Vezeni says flatly.

"Before you ask, No, I can't let you leave. My master makes me keep anyone who breaks in. You'll find it much harder to leave this place than it was to get in. That's not even considering me." He continued abruptly before Rose could speak.

Rose's heart sank at the news, but she knew she wasn't leaving here after being caught. She lay there quietly, waiting for her body to feel like moving again. Recognizing Rose didn't want to speak further, Vezeni walked into the sitting room to give her privacy. Once alone, Rose started to cry. She's fearful of what this master might want from her if Vezeni is the kind of monster he creates to guard his home.

At some point Rose falls into an exhausted sleep there on the floor. When she awakes, she's in bed. It's not her bed. It's much softer than the ragged mat she sleeps on. There are actual pillows and a thick red blanket. A chest at the foot of the bed with Rose's bag sitting on top. The walls are adorned with tapestries of the night sky. A lit chandelier hangs in the middle of the room. There's a wardrobe in the corner and a vanity against the wall across from the bed. A soft purple rug takes up most of the floor. The same wood floor needs to be covered as the rest of the house.

As Rose stands, she feels the carpet under her bare feet. She looks down and realizes she's wearing a thin nightgown. Her hair hangs long and loose down past her shoulders, and she doesn't feel any knots or tangles as she runs her fingers through it. How did all this happen? Rose wonders as she walks out the door. An unfamiliar part of the house greets her. She's in a hallway of sorts. Directly in front of her, there is a staircase. Past the stairs is a door. There's also a corner she can't see past from where she's standing.

"Vezeni! Are you here?" Rose calls into the house.

Vezeni walks from the top of the staircase. He approaches Rose and places a paw on her foot.

"I'm always here. How'd you sleep?"

"Good. Your bed is very soft. How long have I been asleep?" Rose responds.

"About ten hours. You must have been pretty tired." Vezeni chuckles.

"Yeah, I must have been. Did you clean me up?" Rose asks shyly.

"Yes, I did." He responds, "It was a simple fix with magic. I am grateful my master made me so capable. I don't think I could do my job without it."

Rose considers his friendly and candid demeanor. Why was he so excited last night and so relaxed today?

"You certainly helped with that." Vezeni interrupts her thoughts with his laughter.

"Listen, kid, you can't overpower me, or you would have last night. You also seem like you could use a little care given to you. You're malnourished, you were all dirty, your hair was a tangled mess, and frankly, I don't want anyone to feel like a prisoner. So how about you come with me for a late breakfast?" Vezeni explains to Rose.

Knowing she has no choice but to be here, and free food is something she can never pass up, Rose agrees and follows Vezeni to the dining room.

To Be Continued...