

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



The light of the full moon streams through the windshield, filling the interior of the cab with an eerie, gray-white light. As I lie seductively back in the sleeper, moonlight filtering through gaps in the curtains cast random patterns of light and shadow over my nude form. My lover sits in the driver's seat, seemingly oblivious to the delight that awaits him a mere few steps behind. He stares at the activity in the parking area; the warm, late-evening breeze carries the smell of diesel fuel and French fries to his nose while the rush of distant highway traffic and muffled country music provides a familiar soundtrack.

I ever so softly breathe his name; he turns briefly from his self-appointed sentry duties to allow his gaze to meet mine. The look in his soft, brown eyes speaks volumes of intelligence, bravery, and, most of all, love. I speak his name once again; his expression changes to one of arousal and anticipation of the mutual pleasure we will share momentarily. Excitedly, he leaps from the seat like a tiger to join me in the sleeper. Splash! The damned dog knocks a big paper cup half-full of Diet Pepsi and ice from the little holder next to the bed. The lid pops off, and the frigid liquid splatters over my chest and arms. I sit up abruptly, and it sloshes over my thighs and groin. I let out a shriek like a tormented soul, and I'm fairly sure they can hear it in the next county.

"Damn it, Rooster, watch what the hell you're doing!" The dog looks up at me apologetically as I grab a roll of paper towels from behind the seat and mop up the mess. There's nothing like dousing in ice water to spoil your mood.

Well, seeing as how nothing will happen just now, I guess I might as well introduce us. My name is Michelle, but nearly everyone I know calls me Mickey. My Dad gave me that nickname when I was a little girl, and it's stayed with me ever since. I guess it's because I was always a tomboy; I still am. I'm not bad looking, but after years of jammin' gears and rasslin' freight, my upper body is better developed than most gals. You probably already figured out that Rooster is my big, old Goofus of a dog. I named him that because I found him and his sister in a Dumpster at the Red Rooster Motel in some God-forsaken backwater town in Missouri. He has the shape, head, and jaws of a Rottweiler, but he's that reddish tan color of a Rotty's legs all over. He has no black except for some streaks on his face, legs, and tail.

The only other regular character in my story is Glory. She's a 1984 Freightliner my Dad bought when I was just a kid. The name comes from "No Guts, No Glory," which Dad used to have painted on the sleeper. Despite her age and three-quarters of a million miles, she's in great shape. My Dad took good care of her, plus my two brothers helped me rebuild her from front bumper to fifth wheel after Dad passed a few years back. Dad left her to me because my college-boy brothers are too career-oriented to want to see America with the sound of diesel for background music. And what about that hunky lover I mentioned earlier, you ask? Um, did I tell you about my dog, Rooster?

Yeah, the dog is my lover. Sounds kinky, huh? I never really thought of it like that. Sometimes, I wonder what it is about him. He isn't all that good-looking, and sometimes he's downright clumsy. He's got no manners at all, and he burps and farts in polite company. Rooster does have his faults, but

he makes up for it in sweetness and unconditional love. On top of all that, he's hung like a horse and way better in bed than any human guy I've ever been with! I've had a few men but never got excited about them. I can take them or leave them. Most of them only want one thing, or they want to play head games. Who needs that? I have no interest in other women, either. Had a few come on to me; I guess they figured if I'm a gal driving truck all by herself, I must be a dyke. No way, not me!

Rooster isn't my first doggy lover. When I was growing up, we had a dog named Louie who was part

Lab, part shepherd, and part mutt. Dad was away for days or weeks at a time, and Mom would get all depressed and drink herself to sleep. My brothers were usually away working on nearby farms, so Louie was the only living soul I had to talk to. At that age, some strange and scary things were happening to my body. Sometimes, when Mom was fairly sober, she would explain to me how it was just part of growing up, nothing to worry about. She never told me anything about sex, though. I picked up a little of that in classes at school, but I learned a lot more from older girls in those little whisperin' and gigglin' groups that formed during noon recess. The summer I turned sixteen was more lonesome than usual; Mom didn't drive, and we lived too far away from any kids my age to do much visiting.

I began to notice things about Louie that I'd seen before, but they took on new meaning for some reason. He had a pink thing that would poke out under his belly when sitting down. When he rolled over, and I rubbed his tummy, I could see two eggs in a furry sack between his back legs. They seemed attached to the little skin pocket his pink thing peeked out of. These things weren't entirely new to me; Louie wasn't built all that different from my brothers and some other boys I'd seen skinny-dipping down at the swimming hole a few times. Louie didn't seem to mind if I touched him there. He let me feel his balls and roll them gently between my fingers. I could squeeze his cock skin a little and feel that there was a bone in there, just like it said in a dog book that I got from the library.

I could push it back and see what his cock looked like out of his skin. That part differed greatly from what I'd seen on the boys at the swimming hole. His balls were just about the same, though, except furry. If I spent a little too much time handling him, his cock would get a lot thicker, a knot would form at the base, and sometimes a drop of liquid would come out of the little hole at the tip. At first, I thought it was pee, but it was clear, not yellow. I'd overheard boys at school talking about their cocks getting hard and thick, so I guessed the same thing was happening to Louie, except for the knotty part.

When I would have my period, Louie would act weird. He would follow me around and sniff me all over. He wouldn't let me out of his sight and never got more than a few feet away from me. If I sat down, he would grab my leg with his front paws and rub his cock against me. Sometimes, he would leave little wet spots on the legs of my jeans. Mom was out hopping one evening, and my brothers were at work. I brought Louie into the house and took me to my room. I let him smell me until his cock came out a little, but instead of letting him rub against my leg, I rubbed him hard with my hands. His cock came all the way out and got very thick and red. The clear liquid was dripping all over the place, but then he started bucking his hips, and big squirts of white stuff were shooting out of him. I got scared and let go of him and the squirts stopped after a while. His knot stayed out for a long time, though, and that scared me more. Louie wasn't scared at all; he seemed to enjoy it. He finally sat down and licked himself, and everything returned to where it belonged.

One night, in the dead of winter, Louie was in the house. Everyone else was asleep except him and me. I let him into my room and very quietly closed the door. I got him to roll over and touched his parts 'down there' and got him a little excited. Louie wasn't the only one getting excited. I was getting a funny, tingly feeling between my legs that I didn't remember feeling before. The more I touched Louie, the stronger that tingling was until it became more of a hot, wet feeling. I put my hand down the front of my pajamas and rubbed myself a little; it felt really good! Louie got to his feet and sniffed me well.

He sure looked like he liked that smell! The more he sniffed, the more pink showed under him. I let him get a good sniff and took off my pajamas. He buried his nose in my crotch and licked, licked, and licked some more. The tingly feeling got stronger and stronger until it was all over my body. I kind of felt like I was about to wet myself, too. I got down on the floor next to the bed, and Louie followed,

not missing a beat with his tongue. I spread my pussy open with my fingers to give him more room. He found my clit, and it wasn't long before he sent me to a whole new level of the game!

My pussy and my clit and my tummy were going up and down, in and out and twitching, all at the same time. It was like I sat on a live wire! Some things inside me that I never even knew existed were pushing, pulling, and squeezing. I was shaking all over and sweating like a horse. It all felt so strange, scary, and wonderful that I just HAD to scream. I grabbed my pillow, wrapped it around my face, and let loose! Louie stopped licking for just a minute and looked at me with his head cocked. I'm unsure, but I don't think anyone else heard me. Louie got me off a few more times that night until I was so tired and sore that I had to put my pajamas back on to stop him from licking. I thanked him by rubbing him until he squirted all over my rug. That rug soaked up a lot of Louie juice over the next few years!

After a while, I got used to his tongue and wanted to try other parts of him. I'd seen dogs, cattle, and horses mating, so one night, I decided to try mating with Louie. I got naked and went down on all fours. Louie wasn't initially sure what I was up to, but it didn't take him long to figure it out. He jumped up on me and wrapped his front legs around my middle. I felt his cock poking at my butt, my legs, and everywhere but where I wanted it. I reached between my legs and showed him the sweet spot. He made a few strokes, and then I felt a sharp pain as he slipped deep inside of me. He pounded away at my poor pussy, but the pain went away, and the tingles washed over me again. I didn't want his knot in me the first time, but it slipped through my fingers, and I was his for the duration. Louie took my virginity that night, but I'm pretty sure I took his, too!

Wow. Remembering the stuff I did with Louie has got me all wet again like it was the day before yesterday. I look over at Rooster, who hangs his head like he thinks I'm still mad at him. He's so cute and sweet and sexy that I can't stay mad, no matter how bad he screws up. I want him now, but things are still pretty soggy in the sleeper. This little truck stop has some scrubby pine woods out back; maybe we'll check them out. I grin at Rooster and lick my lips. He grins back and wobbles from side to side. He has a clue as to what's up. Then I lean over and whisper the Magic Words in his ear.

"Hey, sailor! You wanna screw?" He goes ballistic. "C'mon, outside."

I trained him so he knows he only gets sex when I say that. That helps keep him from embarrassing me in front of Mom, my friends, especially Aunt Sibyl. Sibyl is that spinster aunt that, you know, just about everybody has one. I don't think she's ever got laid, or if she did, it was fifty years ago. If she found out I was doing it with my dog, she'd have me burned at the stake! I can't fault her too much; she does wonders with the money and paperwork part of my business. Oh, yeah. Before you ask, yes, she has a mustache.

Rooster and I walk across the broken asphalt towards the tall grass. A little out of reach of the overhead lights, we find a big, old tree with a thick carpet of pine needles around the base. I get down on my hands and knees, and Rooster stands before me. He's doing a little step dance with his back feet and though I can't see it, I know from experience his lipstick is showing. I butt him in the chest with my head, and he stands up and puts his big paws on my shoulders. I take his yummy, pink doggy meat, knot, and all in my mouth. Just long enough to drool him up, though. His knot is a jawbreaker.

I love the taste of him when he's soft, especially when he's dripping that clear pre-cum. It's sort of sweet-tasting. When he gets down to the serious stuff, though, it isn't very pleasant, metallic tasting, and a little stronger than I like. I back off of him and he knows that's his cue to run around behind me. In one smooth motion, he slides up on my back and slips his well-slobbered doggyness into my

twat. The point of his chest pushes up my T-shirt, so I feel his soft, smooth belly fur against my bare skin.

Rooster slams into me to the hilt on the first stroke. He never hurts me, poking around trying to find my hole like other dogs have. He thrusts fast and deep, but there's a certain gentleness there that I've never had with any other dog. or man. He trails off to short strokes as his knot expands and his hot juices splash over my insides. We're locked together; a dog and his human bitch become a single unit of blended species. His heart pounds against the middle of my back, and I feel his hot breath between my shoulder blades. His huge, throbbing knot stretches my tunnel walls just beyond the entrance while the pointed tip of his missile delivers its payload deep within my womb.

A bolt of lightning shoots through my body as Rooster brings me to my climax. He senses it, too; I feel him shudder as his forelegs grip me tighter around my middle. I feel a little dizzy, so I grab my left nipple and twist it. My vaginal muscles tug and squeeze at him, trying hard to milk him to his last drop.

As I return to my senses, I feel funny like someone is watching us. I look over my left shoulder, and on the other side of a small stand of saplings, I see the silhouette of a sheriff's deputy. Shit! Busted! That's about the last thing I need right now! The deputy doesn't rush over and cuff me; he just stands there and watches. I strain my eyes and look a little closer and it looks almost like the deputy's hand is down the front of his pants. Oh, great. a wanker! Now this guy will try to blackmail me into doing who-knows-what, maybe. The deputy seems to realize that I'm watching back and turns to walk away. As soon as I saw the profile, I noticed he was a SHE!

It takes me a few more minutes to finish with Rooster; the deputy is gone. Rooster is feeling mellow and rolls over onto his back to let me suck him clean. I love the mix of his taste and mine, and he usually has a few drops of leftover after-cum. I spend a little time stroking his smooth coat and playing with his big, heavy nuts. I kiss him on his muzzle and thank him for the good time. When I'm finished with him and carefully put his toys away, he walks over to a tree stump and raises his leg against it. It sounds like somebody opened a fire hose. His pee has a heavy, burnt-skunky smell that travels easily through the moist night air. I squat to release any of Rooster's load that might need to drain out of me before I put my clothes on.

I still wonder if that deputy might not be waiting to snag me as I go back to the truck. I spot the cruiser parked behind a concrete block screen for the trashcans, but nobody is in it first. I get a little closer, and I notice the car is rocking. Okay, so it's a slow night and she's getting a little action with her guy at the truck plaza. I don't have a problem with that. But I have to walk behind the cruiser to get to my truck and something in the back window catches my eye. Yep, it's a bare butt, just like I expected, but the other party involved has a furry tail and pointy ears! I wonder what would happen if she got an emergency call while tied up with that big boy, but I'd love to have a private chat with that gal anyway! Well, not much chance of that. Time for a quick shower and some shut-eye; we have to be on the road at 4:30 tomorrow morning.

It's still dark out when my alarm goes off. Rooster's big cannon-ball head is resting on my tummy. I give him a little shake and he gives me one of those looks like a kid who doesn't want to get up and go to school. He acts more lively when I open the storage compartment and pull out the forty-pound sack of store-brand kibble. He usually gets something better, but business has been slow lately. He doesn't complain; sometimes, I think he'd eat gravel if I put it in his dish. As he starts eating, I tie his leash to the mirror strut to keep him out of trouble while having breakfast. I always try to save him a sausage or a strip or two of bacon from my breakfast as a treat, just because he's such a good boy.

Once we've finished eating and Rooster has answered Nature's call over the tall grass, it's time to

hit the road. Rooster's even got his doggy seat belt. After hearing a horror story about a dog thrown through a truck's windshield during a hard stop, I got it for him. I tighten the strap around his middle, and I just can't resist copping a little feel down there since I'm "in the neighborhood" anyway! I tickle his balls and give his sheath a gentle squeeze until he shows me some lipstick. He gives me a big, old doggy grin, and I thump him a little and kiss him on his nose.

The rooster may not be the most handsome dog I've ever met, but he's sweet and has shapely genitals! I fire up Glory's big diesel and point her down the southbound ramp. We will drop a trailer stacked with prefab guard shacks in Charlotte (Homeland Security stuff, you know!) On our way back north we're picking up a load of kids' furniture in High Point for a warehouse in New Jersey. Nothing glamorous, but it pays the bills!

Coming through that same county on the return trip, I see blue lights in my mirrors. Crap. Here we go again! We're not speeding, so it's got to be a spot check. I hit Glory's Jake Brake and ease her onto the shoulder. I don't have a huge problem with spot inspections. If you've seen the rolling junkyards out there, they'll scare the hair off you! Just picture twenty tons of rusty iron on bald tires with bad brakes rolling up behind you at seventy miles an hour! It's just that we get stopped by almost everyone because Glory is an older model. It's enough to make a gal cranky!

The deputy exits the cruiser and walks around the truck, kicking tires, tapping brake drums, and peering into lights. She hops up the steps onto the fuel tank, and I open the window. I'm beginning to think it's the same deputy from last night.

"Evening, ma'am. I'll need to see your license and registration. You know that both of your taillights on the back of that trailer are busted out?"

I must have been in a fog when I picked it up in High Point. "No, ma'am. Somehow, I missed it."

"Well, you better get it fixed before someone rear-ends you. Hey, nice dog!"

I glance over at Rooster, sitting quietly in the passenger seat. With about two inches of pink showing. "Yeah, thanks."

The deputy looks at me, kind of funny. "Hey, weren't you at the '76 Plaza back in the woods last night?"

"Yeah, I suppose it was. Thought I was busted until I saw you and your partner in the car afterward."

The deputy winced, and her ears turned pink. "My partner?"

I had her now. "Yeah, the furry one! Wanna talk about it?"

"This isn't the time or place. You got email?"

"Sure." I scribbled my Hotmail address on a matchbook cover and handed it to her.

The deputy wrote an AOL address and the name 'Helen' on the back of a trading card with a picture of herself and her dog. "Drop me a line if you get a chance. And get those lights fixed!"

I turned the card over. 'Buck,' the German Shepherd in the picture, was 'showing' a bit. I grinned. "Mmmm. My favorite shade of lipstick. hot pink!" Helen raised an eyebrow, then spun on her heel and headed back to her cruiser, laughing.

When you drive a big, old truck like an eighteen-wheeler, you sit way up high, and it's surprising what you can see sometimes. I know you're thinking, like, "No kidding!" but you might be surprised how many people don't realize that truckers can look down into passing cars and see just about anything happening there. I mean, it's not like I'm a voyeur or anything. Stuff catches your eye as you pass by, especially when you're going slow. Especially at tollbooths and when you're stuck in traffic. I've seen more blowjobs than I can count; carloads of college kids with two (or more) getting it on in the back seat, you name it. It just doesn't excite me anymore.

Once in a while, though, something will grab my attention. A while back, I was stopped at a toll plaza and the car to the right of me had a man and a woman in it. The woman was in the passenger seat and had her arms around one of those long-legged Borzoi dogs. I didn't think much of it until I noticed she was wearing a tee shirt and nothing else. Once we got closer to the booth and the lights shone inside the car, I could see she was into it big-time with the dog. I'm pretty sure they were tied. The guy in the booth saw it and stared at them for half a minute while the man in the car fumbled for some change. The toll taker turned towards me, put his hands on his head, and made a face. As I pulled to the window, he said, "It takes all kinds, eh?" I just kind of shrugged and nodded.

Well, today, I gave somebody else a reality check. I'm stuck in the afternoon rush just outside of Fredericksburg. I look down at an old SUV and there in the back, behind the seat where Mom can't see, a kid is playing 'Red Rocket' with a Basset-looking mutt. The dog's just lying on his back, enjoying the ride, and the kid goes down on him. After a minute or two, the kid comes up for air and figures out I'm watching him. He just stares at me with his mouth open and a shocked look. By this time, the dog is way past the point of no return, and a big shot of cum spurts out of him and splashes against the window. Damn, I can almost taste it! I start to feel the wetness between my legs and that old, familiar, tingly sensation. It's all I can do to keep my hands on the wheel. Hell, I don't give a damn about that kid. I just wish I were him with that sexy hound, except with enough sense to look around to see if anyone's watching!

I glance over at Rooster to find that he's sniffing the air. He smells his favorite treat, and he's getting a little excited. "Pretty soon, Baby," I tell him. "It's almost dinner time, and you know what's for dessert!" I pat him on the chest, and he pushes my hand down towards his sheath with a paw. I want to grope him until he squirts, but for safety's sake, I cop a quick feel and leave it at that after dinner.

I'm ready to call it a day after a few more hours on the road. I pull Glory into a truck stop that I know allows overnights. I leave the diesel idling as I go inside for a bite to eat while Rooster stays behind to bite anyone who might mess with the truck. I'm unsure if he would bite an intruder, but he's scary-looking and makes a lot of noise. So far, that's been enough to keep the badasses away, thank God! Outside of that, he's an absolute sweetie to all my friends and family, even Aunt Sybil-who calls him a pit bull.

I like this stop because they've got more or less real chow; it's sure nice to take a break from the usual McFood you get on the road. As I finish my baked ham with sweet potatoes and green beans, Lee, who runs the place, waves to me from the kitchen. "Hiya, Mickey! Got your co-pilot with you today?"

"You bet. Always!"

Lee gestures towards the hot dog steamer. "I got a couple of shots here a little past their prime. Don't think I'd serve them to paying customers, but I'm sure ol' Rooster would appreciate them!"

I grin and nod. "You bet he would. Thanks!"

I wrap the two tired-looking sausages in a paper napkin and let them cool while I finish my homemade apple pie with vanilla ice cream. Rooster isn't big on people's food, but I think he'd jump through fire for a hot dog. As I walk back to the truck, he spots the little package in my hand and somehow knows it's for him. When I open the door, he bounces out and does his little 'hot dog dance' that he made up all by himself. Three spins to the left, three spins to the right, then he stands up and hops in circles on his back legs. I especially like the last part because he jiggles his manly things at me and sometimes gets so excited that his lipstick pops out.

I toss him the hot dogs one at a time and they disappear so fast I don't know how he could enjoy them. Dad used to say that dogs can taste with their stomachs, but I don't know how true that is. Thanks for the appetizer; now it's time for the main course. I squat down and whisper those Magic Words again. I just about get "Hey, Sailor." out, and Rooster shoots up into the truck like a rocket. I barely get stood up, and he's looking at me over his shoulder like, "Let's go! What's taking you so long?"

I guess I mentioned that I'm not all that fond of how Rooster's cum tastes. The funny thing is that I often get a desire for it. I couldn't tell you why; I just want him to empty his balls into my mouth, and I'll swallow every drop. Sometimes, I do it when I have my period, and I don't want to mate with him, but that's not the case now. It must have something to do with seeing that kid blowing the basset hound. Got me in the mood for it, I guess. I lock the doors and join my impatient lover back in the sleeper. I take my clothes off as fast as possible, but not fast enough for him. He growls softly as he tugs at the cuffs of my jeans and then at the waistband of my panties. I playfully push him away because that makes him even hotter.

He mounts me from behind as I climb onto the bed, but I push him off and lie on my back. He knows what that means, and he assumes the position. Rooster stands over me with his legs straddling my body and his feet planted on the bed on either side. His nose is already down between my thighs, sniffing around for a taste of pussy. His lower belly is directly over my face, giving me a great view of his marvelous 'family jewels,' even in the dim light. I raise my knees and spread them apart as far as I can to give him full access to my cunt.

He starts with long, slow licks with that warm, wet, wonderful tongue along the full length of my 'valley.' It's relaxing and stimulating at the same time if you can imagine that. He gives me a shivery feeling, but he's so slow and gentle that it's just nice. It isn't long before he sends me to the Promised Land! Then he finds my opening and slips his tongue in and out very quickly, deeper and deeper, faster and faster until he runs out of tongue and his ice-cold nose bottoms out against me. Aaaagh! I involuntarily close my legs and push him out. It only discourages him for a few seconds, and he's back at it. This time he's licking all around my clit and moving in on it. He puts his mouth on it and works it gently with the tip of his tongue.

The velvety soft fur on his chin and under his nose, his slightly rough tongue, and the tickle of his whiskers give a mix of sensations that no man could match. I look up at his crotch to find that he's rock hard inside his sheath, and he's got about two inches of cock sticking out. Huge drops of clear fluid begin falling from it, so I stick out my tongue to catch them. I reach up and squeeze his knot, sending a spurt of fluid flying between my breasts and landing squarely in my belly button. Rooster makes a few tentative thrusts of his hips, then goes back to fiercely licking my twat.

I'm dangerously close to coming again, but when he starts gently nibbling my clit with those tiny front teeth, he sends me over the edge. As the waves of orgasm start to wash over me, I try to skin back Rooster's sheath so I can get him in my mouth. He's already so hard that nothing moves. I'm on my back, so I'm not in a position to lean up and suck him. His cock is pointing the wrong way. I pull both his right legs out from under him, and he flops over onto his side with a grunt.

I roll him onto his back and crouch over him. Somehow, he hasn't lost contact between his muzzle and my pussy. I dive onto his pointed cock tip and suck it hard while I pump his knot wildly. He humps my hand, and as my orgasm overtakes me, I buck my hips and hump against his muzzle. The fat drops of precum give way to long, powerful jets of sperm. I let the fluid gush along the length of my tongue, splatter against the back of my throat, and trickle down to where I can swallow it. Rooster stops licking and humping while he's squirting his load into me and turns into a four-legged zombie.

His orgasm trails off from a powerful throbbing to a sort of twitching, and his spurts slow to a drip. I back off him for a minute to look into his sweet face, and he grins back at me with this incredibly goofy, far-away expression. I wouldn't look much different if I looked at myself in a mirror. He's still on his back and his mouth is half-open with his tongue hanging out. His eyes have that sleepy, glazed look of a drunk's. His ears are crumpled like old socks, and his front paws are crossed over his chest. He looks so cute, goofy, and helpless that I must lean over and kiss him passionately. Oh, that amazing tongue of his. Gets me every time! Rooster loves the taste of his cum, so he tries to lick it out of my mouth.

I reach back and fondle his massive nuts while we kiss. His dinky is still stuck part way out, so I put it away for him. We kiss and cuddle until Rooster, still on his back, is snoring away like an old man. Typical male! I'm not far behind. As I drift off, I think, "Louie, baby, wherever you are. You were my first love, and I'll never forget you, but you don't hold a candle to this guy!"

The next thing I know, it's 4:30, and the alarm goes off. Rooster is standing over me and nudging me with his nose. At first, I thought he just wanted his breakfast, but he had that funny look. You know. The one that says in dog talk, "Hey Sailor! You wanna screw?" I'm afraid the load of kids' furniture might be just a little late today.

The End