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BEASTIALITY STORIES



"Hello, sexuals!"

I watched from the other side of the room as my friend started up with her web show.

Every Wednesday, she got on camera and did a video for everyone. It wasn't live. She took snippets from here and there and added them together. The final result was usually pretty good, and it showed with her millions of fans.

I hadn't known Jenna for long. Before they broke up, I was a friend of her boyfriend's, and I couldn't say I was heartbroken about her being on the market again. What I wouldn't do to hook up with her.

My train of thought was cut off, and I was pulled back into focus by a dog barking.

"Marbles, stop barking, my goodness! He's excited to have a new friend in the house!" she explained to the camera, looking over to me, but with the camera not moving, I knew her viewers couldn't see me, and I was okay with that. "Now I've done a lot of videos in the past about what I've learned from various subjects. Rap music. Disney. Romance movies. You name it! Today, I'm going to share what George Lucas taught me!"

She paused momentarily, shifting and laying her mini greyhound on the floor.

"First and foremost, he taught me that if I ever make one successful movie, I must drag it out over 50 years, adding sequels, prequels, books, games, and wiki pages that construct over 20,000 years!" She paused for quite a while, which I knew was destined to be cropped in the final cut. "Also, if there are any other popular trilogies that are nowhere near my genre, I should no doubt buy them out, then remake them 15 years down the road, changing the main storyline completely so that you can sell box tickets!"

This went on for quite a while, her touching on the sellout to Disney and the multitude of games Lucas had made over the years. Finally, she began wrapping up after she felt she had made her point. "Now, if you didn't know, I have a guest staying with me for a few days! Caleb, come say 'hi!'" she motioned for me to join her, to which I grumbled but stood up and made my way to the computer. "This is our good friend Caleb. Now he used to be best friends with an asshole; some of you might remember to be ex-boyfriend Max! He threw this lovely gentleman out of their apartment because he wanted to remain my friend after our nasty little breakup!"

"What a mother... fucking... dick! Right? Well, anyway, I figured the best way to help him out AND spite my ex was to invite him to live here with me until he found his place! Isn't that great?" she started giggling, which I was certain would also be cut. She picked up her older dog, Marbles, starting up again. "Now we'll see you all next week! Bye, Spiderman! Bye, Spiderman! Bye, Caleb!" she signed off, adding, "Make sure you subscribe to our channel! We put out new videos every Wednesday!" As she spoke, she moved her dog's paw as if it was waving. Finally, she reached up and shut off her webcam, turning to me.

"Alright, well! Another week in the bag. I'm sorry you had to witness it raw and uncut," she smiled.

"No, that was cool. It's interesting to see it live, that's for sure," I assured her.

"Really? I think it sucks major dick until I'm able to crop the SHIT out of it," she admitted, standing up. "Oh well, now you know how amazing my editing skills are, right? But anyway, it's hella fucking late..." I looked at my watch and was shocked to find it was already 2:30 at night. She had been

filming for 45 minutes, although it only seemed fifteen. I yawned as if my brain was just acknowledging it was tired now that it was aware of how late it was.

"I would give you my bed, but the dogs will bark at you non-stop all night. Does the couch work? Or I may be able to, like... get them all dosed up on some med shit until they're used to you being in there."

"Nah, the couch works fine. Thanks again for letting me crash here!" I thanked her again, making sure my gratitude was heard.

"Don't even mention it, kiddo!" she playfully patted my head. "You stood up for me, so I got your back, Jack! Anything I can do to help you out? And if it pisses Max off, then you can count on it!"

My mind reeled as I was tempted to tell her that sex with me would "help me out," and it would piss Max off! But as if she were reading my mind, she cut off my thoughts with an "Except sex, you dirty boy!" My brain snapped out of its sex-fueled trance as she smiled, knowing she had hit the mark. "Anyway, let me go get your sheets!"

"Honestly, I'm not picky. A blanket and a pillow, and I'll be set," I informed her. Jenna shrugged and headed off to grab the bedding, returning with two pillows and a thick blanket.

"I'm going to take the dogs outside really quick. Do you need anything else before I head for bed?" she perfected her role of host.

"No, I think you about covered everything. You're pretty good at this," I complimented, smiling.

"Okay, well, remember. The kitchen is fair game, and if you need anything else during the night, let me know. I usually don't sleep late on weekdays, but I'll be quiet. I sleep with the hallway light on so the dogs don't freak out. It should be out of sight and not keep you up, but if it upsets you, just turn it off. I can always close my door and turn a light on in there. Anything else, you just let me know," she signed off with a smile, heading toward the back door so the dogs could do their business.

So ended my first day there. Overall, it was pretty uneventful, as were the next few. We got into a rhythm together and learned we were compatible roommates. I had made her breakfast several times and helped however I could, ensuring she knew I wasn't taking advantage of her invite.

Sure, I flirted a bit, and I'm pretty sure she did, too, although I wasn't sure if it was intentional. Mostly though, I kept my distance, not wanting to piss off the girl who was helping me out so much.

She didn't make it easy on me, though. She was drop-dead gorgeous, and she knew it. She always pranced around in the tightest-fitting clothing you could imagine—tank tops, boy shorts, sometimes even towels—as she exited the bathroom, searching for other clothes. I don't think she did it to tease me; it was simply her home, which she was used to. She apologized once, but I assured her that I didn't mind.

It was Saturday evening when she discussed a permanent residence with me over a game of Sorry!

"I know you're still looking for a place, but I was thinking. You make plenty of money, and I think I could trust you with pulling your weight. Maybe you could think about just staying here? I have a spare bedroom, and although it doesn't have a bed, it'd be easy enough to convert it into your room. We could raid Max's apartment and get your old bed back."

"That... might work out perfectly!" I answered gratefully. Truth be told, I wasn't having much luck

finding another place. Sure, I was looking hard, but most places available were just too far away from my job. Jenna's place wasn't but a five-minute drive. We talked it through, and I accepted. It would work out great.

As we finished our game, we jested back and forth, picturing her ex's reaction to me moving in with her. Finally, after she defeated me at the board game, she announced that she would be retiring to bed. I packed up the game, returning it to the bin with the others, before I hugged her with a "thank you." I politely offered to take the dogs out, which she accepted with a smile.

After the critters had finished outside, I rounded them up, herding them into Jenna's room through the hallway. She was just leaving her bathroom, wearing a loose t-shirt and a lacy thong. As she saw me round the corner, she jumped into bed, covering her bottom half, but not before my eyes were able to register images of her sexy little panties. To make things even better, her braless t-shirt couldn't hide her pointing nipples, which were still visible over the covers.

I pretended I hadn't seen anything while she thanked me for letting the dogs out. The two minicanines jumped onto the bed, burrowing quickly under the covers. They lay down peacefully as I turned to leave, closing the door behind me. I had to stop myself, remembering that she slept with the door open so the dogs could see the hall light, although it seemed pointless to me, as they both were perfectly content under the dark covers. With a good night, I headed for the couch.

The truth was, I could sleep anywhere. Couches, cars, floors, it didn't matter. Within 10 minutes, I was out. If I had been in my bed, rest assured, I would have been spanking it to the thought of Jenna's sexy body, but being I was a guest on her couch until my room was set up, I figured it wouldn't be the best idea.

I don't know how long I had been asleep, but I was awoken very suddenly by a loud yip. I grabbed my phone, and as it displayed, it was only 11:30. Thanks to the hallway light being on. It was bright enough to see, so I checked on the dogs and ensured everything was okay.

Stumbling down the hall in my half-sleeping stupor, I entered Jenna's room. Peering inside, I could see perfectly with the added light as my jaw hit the floor. The bed linings covering her were now balled up at the foot of her bed, kicked off in her sleep. Jenna herself was on her back, whimpering as she snoozed. Marble's, her older dog, was resting on her neck. Meanwhile, the younger of the two, Kermit, had managed to nose her thong to the side and was greedily lapping at the girl's pussy while she slept.

My dick instantly hardened as I had to hold in laughter. Even in her sleep, she must have been dreaming some guy was going down on her as she was cooing and moaning softly, unaware that her dog was giving her this pleasure. Then, an idea popped into my head.

I took my phone out of my pocket, focusing the camera lens on the scene before me. Zooming in as best I could, I was able to capture both Kermit's oral assault as well as Jenna's reactions on video. I had to admit, from the camera, it was hard to tell if she was awake.

The recording went on for maybe 10 minutes before Jenna's breaths started to increase. Her moaning gradually became louder as her body started to shake. Suddenly, she cried out, shooting up out of her sleep. I ducked around the corner, hoping she missed sight of me before her eyes adjusted.

I could hear her catch her breath, then shoo away her dog, calling him a bad boy, before turning over as her breathing slowly returned to normal. I took a chance, slowly peeking back around, to find the comforter again covering her body. Kermit was now on top of the covers, a physical barrier

between him and his newly discovered snack. But as if nothing had happened, Jenna reached her arm down and held him, making sure he still felt loved.

Growing bolder, I decided to tease her. Dropping my still-recording phone out of sight, I walked into the room. "Jenna, are you okay? "I heard a shout." I played dumb, curious about what her reaction would be.

"Hmm? Oh, yeah. I uh... I guess I was just having a bad dream or something. I'm alright now. Sorry I woke you up," she told her story quickly.

"Oh, alright, I was just checking up on you. Man, you're sure breathing heavy. Are you sure you're okay? It must have been one HELL of a dream," I teased. "You want to sit out here and calm down?"

"No!" she said abruptly, not out of anger but fear the real story would be uncovered. "I mean... no thanks. I'm still half asleep, so I think I will return to bed. It was tough," she signed off.

"What do you mean, 'it was tough,'" I asked, confused.

"One hell of a dream...." she finished, her voice trailing off as she lost consciousness.

That was two months ago. I was now set up in her spare bedroom, happy as a clam. I beat off to that video nearly every night, loving the fact that she had been eaten out by her own dog.

Living with Jenna was even better than bunking with her for a few days. Her occasionally-worn towels turned into an every day occurrence, as she got her cup of coffee immediately after showering. The way she wore the towel, it was able to cover everything important, though just barely. Sometimes I would be able to catch half a nipple or a quick glimpse of her pussy as she shifted positions.

She was also no longer shy in underwear . Thongs, lace, bikini panties, boyshorts, you name it; she wore them proudly. She even asked me if I minded at first, as if I'd say "yes, please go cover yourself up more".

Truth was, she didn't mind showing off her body. If I was going to be a full time resident, and if I didn't mind it, then she would continue on the way she had during her years of living alone.

Now that the bedroom was set up, it was working much better than the couch. When I went to sleep I too decided to leave the door open a crack. Sure, the light creeping in was a nuisance, but like I said, I could manage sleep under any circumstance. And I didn't want to miss a chance of overhearing something happen in the bedroom opposite mine.

And it just so happened that that decision paid off. One night while I was laying in bed checking Facebook on my phone, I overheard moaning coming from Jenna's room. Checking the clock on my phone, I learned it was quarter to twelve. I stealthily got out of bed, entering the hallway and peered in, hoping for the best.

Sure enough, Jenna seemed asleep, but she was whimpering quite a bit. The covers weren't completely off the bed this time, but I could still make out Kermit maneuvering around the girl's panties. He was having his way with her pussy, his tongue lapping at the sure-to-be tasty juices escaping from the Jenna's slit.

This time she was already near completion when I caught her, as her breathing was starting to pick up pace. I quickly schemed my method of catching her at the right moment, ducking around the corner and waiting for her to shout.

Sure enough, I heard her cry out and shoot forward from her sleeping position, right as I rounded the corner. "Jenna, are you alri-" I cut myself off, pretending to be shocked at the site in front of me.

Jenna, who was still coming-to from her orgasm, not to mention just waking up, took a few seconds to process everything around her. Then it hit her. Her dog had make her orgasm, and her roommate had walked in at the end of it.

"Oh my Gah-Gah... Sh-shit, Caleb this isn't what it lo-looks like!" she started stammering, terrified at what I surely thought.

"Um..." I played the role of surprise well. "Was... Kermit just... Eating you out?"

"No!" she screamed, jumping up out of bed to come closer to me. "I mean... Yes. But I was asleep! I didn't even know!" she came over to me, grabbing my arms in a pleading motion.

"But... I walked in. And you were awake..." I continued to torture her.

"Well yeah, I JUST woke up when I..." her voice trailed off, not wanting to verbally say what just happened.

"Woke up when you what?" I toyed with her, wanting her to say specifically that.

"When I... came..." she lowered her head, knowing how badly it sounded.

"So, you orgasmed to your dog licking your pussy? That's..." I let my voice trail off, allowing her brain to fill in my blank.

"No! I mean... I was asleep! I couldn't help it!" she continued to defend herself, not knowing she really didn't need to.

"Uh huh," I responded, not giving her the satisfaction of telling her I believed her.

She continued to plead her case for quite a while, crying at times and getting angry at others. Finally I told her that I was going back to bed. I signed off, telling her "You're secret is safe with me. Oh, and you might want to think about putting on some pants tonight." With that, I winked and walked out of the room.

I heard her sigh in exasperation, not knowing if I did in fact believe her. As I covered myself up in bed, I began to whack off, thinking of the situation. I heard Jenna scold Kermit again before returning to sleep, more than likely with him atop the covers once more.

The next day when I awoke I knew it was going to be an awkward morning. Not only because of the situation... but because I was going to MAKE it awkward.

It was Saturday, and that meant neither of us had anything to do all day other than little chores around the house.

I entered the kitchen to find Jenna in the most covering clothes I had ever seen her wear. She had

loose fitting sweats that were a sad site compared to her tight yoga pants she usually opted for in her lazy moods. She also was wearing a sweatshirt to match it, making it that much more disappointing.

On the plus side, the room smelled delicious as she announced "I made you breakfast!" Eggs, bacon, and french toast were all stacked on a plate that she handed to me as soon as I was within the kitchen's borders. "I just wanted to thank you for BELIEVING ME last night, and being so understanding. It was a hard night for both of us, I'm sure." That was her apology and her assurance that I wasn't going to call PIDA all rolled into one.

I sat down at the bar without a word, Jenna joining me quickly with her own plate. We ate in awkward silence for a while, until I decided it was time to pour gasoline on the fire.

"How many times has that happened?" I asked her nonchalantly.

"What? Oh!" she obviously knew what I was talking about. "That was the first time." She was a good liar, I gave her that. I'm sure she would prefer the term 'actress', but it was lying.

"Oh?" I said, raising my voice. The look on her face told me she was terrified I knew more than I was telling her. "Interesting." I left it at that, torturing her all the more.

"What??" She demanded more of me. "What do you mean interesting?!" her voice was trying to hide panic.

"Nothing," I played it off. I was a good liar too...

My response didn't calm her though. Her paranoia was digging in. "You... know?" she asked, defeated.

I didn't respond to her with words. I simply got out my phone, went to my favorite video, and set it on the counter.

Jenna looked at the image of her bedroom. As the video was paused at the very beginning, it wasn't showing anything but the window above her bed. But she knew.

I continued to eat as she merely looked at the screen, refusing to hit play. Finally she spoke. "How long...?"

"How long what?" I wasn't going to make this easy on her.

"How long have you known?" she repeated herself, her voice begging for an answer.

"How long have I known about Kermit's little midnight snack? Well this video was from before I even moved in..." I admitted, watching the reality sink into her eyes. "So I'll ask again... how many times has this happened?"

"Three times..." she bowed her head. "I was asleep in all three of them, I swear! I didn't even realize it was happening until it was over!"

"You must enjoy it," I offered, taking a bite of egg.

"What?!" she stuck her nose up at the notion. "NO! Not in the slightest! I always scold him afterward and make sure it doesn't happen again!"

"Yet it does. Why wouldn't you just wear pants to bed to make sure it doesn't happen again?"

"I can't wear them in bed, or I sweat like a bitch. But the first time it happened, I started wearing these huge boyshorts underwear to bed! So that he couldn't do anything! I just... it slipped my mind a time or two to change out of my thong..." she admitted.

I hadn't looked at her during the entire conversation. Now I did, turning to face her. I locked eyes with her's, communicating that I didn't believe her. I knew she was lying to herself, that she actually enjoyed it. Her eye's simply confirmed that for me. So I decided to prove it to her.

I hit play on the video, her head snapping to my phone's screen. She watched her puppy lap at her own snatch for a while as I let her own cries and moans sink in. Then I fast forwarded to the end, just before she came.

My eyes were locked on Jenna, her's were glued to the screen. She was nearly in tears as she heard her own breathing picking up pace, her moans getting more intense. Finally when she came on the video, I saw that gleam in her eye. The look of lust.

It quickly faded as she was pulled back into the present-moment by my pausing the video, returning my phone to my pocket. After several seconds, she was able to speak.

"What was your point of showing me that?" she asked worriedly.

"You mean besides torturing you?" I grinned. "Why, to answer my question of course. If you enjoyed it. And Jenna, your eyes don't lie. You loved it."

She was silent as her brain slowly accepted the information I had given her. Her face was white as she asked me the question I had been waiting for. "So... What happens now?"

"Well that's entirely up to you. Have you accepted the fact that you enjoy being eaten out by your dog?" I smirked at her face's response. She was repulsed at my boldness but at the same time, still so full of lust.

It took her a long time to answer, and she couldn't bear to make eye contact with me as she did. Her face bowed once again as she admitted to the both of us her answer. "Yes...."

"I'll hear you say it," I continued to torture her.

After a few seconds of gathering herself, she was able to form the words I wanted to hear. "I... enjoy getting eaten out by my dog..." I smirked as I knew I had her in the palm of my hand. I softly caressed her cheek, then lifted her chin up so her eyes were forced to look into mine.

"Then I suggest that you go over onto the couch," I pointed, her look of confusion quickly shot down my own look of confidence.

Without any more hesitation, she obeyed, going over and sitting on the couch that was once my bed. I followed her, standing a few feet in front of her.

"Why don't you take off that sweatshirt?" I recommended, to which she also obeyed without a fuss.

As she lifted the baggy grey sweatshirt, my hopes were restored as she revealed a much more "Jenna Style" top: An extremely tight tank top that showed off her body amazingly. With no bra on, I could see the outline of her boobs perfectly.

I recollected myself as I knew there was still more work to be done. "And now the sweats?" I coached her forward. She slowly lifted her legs horizontally, tugging at the loose material until a pair of yellow boyshorts were completely visible. She folded up the sweats and placed them on top of the sweatshirt at the back of the couch. She looked at me, her eyes completely submissive, pleading for me to tell her what to do next.

"Lose the rest of the clothing," I told her, my voice firm even though I was nervous as hell. Without a second thought, she reached back and lifted her tank top up over her head. Her boobs were a magnificent sight to see! So perfectly shaped. They were smaller than I pictured, but were still pretty sizable.

For the first time all morning I saw her smile, and I realized that my jaw was hanging open. "You like what you see, kiddo?" she jested, making the situation feel much lighter. But without wasting another moment, she quickly wrestled out of her undies, placing them atop the pile of clothes.

There she sat, completely naked before me. Her entire body seemed anxious, as if it couldn't wait to see what I had in store for her. I so badly wanted to jump her right then and there, but I knew that there was something else needing to be done.

"Now lay down," I continued, her anticipation growing. Upon my request, she laid back on the couch, her head against one side, her legs folded up so her knees were in the air, her feet touching her ass.

"And now, call your puppy," I finished.

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, gathering herself. "Kermit!" she finally cried out.

I cracked a smile as I heard a collar's tag jingle. From her bedroom, her dog's head shot up in response to hearing his name.

The End