

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



Cassie loved her job. She got to be a judge for her state's official Show Dog of the Year, which meant spending all her work hours around adorable doggos. It was awesome giving out awards to the best in show, as well as a variety of other categories. Plus she got to pet the dogs! Who wouldn't love such a job?

On the day of the yearly Dog of the Year awards, she was wandering around with a clipboard in hand. A huge list of dogs were on there, with different categories for her to fill out. So she kept going down the line, petting the dogs and making sure they all seemed to be well-cared for. That was, until she got towards the end and came upon quite a surprise. Normally the dogs she judged were bred just for these kinds of competitions. They were slim, or they were fluffy, or something akin to what you'd expect when you thought 'show dog'. She certainly wasn't thinking of a giant two hundred pound mastiff, but that's what awaited her as she walked towards him with wide eyes.

"This here is Tank!" the owner said proudly, running a hand down the dog's spine. Tank barked in response, a powerful sound that made Cassie's legs feel a little weak. In all her time judging dogs, she had never seen one brought to the table that was so impressive, so... *manly*. She had a job to do, though, so she pushed any strange thoughts she may have been having aside in order to check Tank out.

"Well, he certainly is healthy," she quipped lightly, laughing along with the owner as she ran her hand all across Tank's body. As she went along his stomach, however, she had a momentary lapse in judgement, which caused her to go lower than she meant to. To her utter shame, as her hand accidentally brushed across his unsheathed penis, she didn't immediately retract her touch. Instead she held it there for a moment, letting him throb warmly against her skin. Then, after way too long in her mind, she pulled back with a gasp.

"Is everything alright?" the owner asked, looking slightly concerned.

"Nope, everything's fine!" Cassie tried to assure him, even as her cheeks were reddening and her body was beginning to sweat. She stood up from the squatting position she had been in previously, which turned out to be a mistake. As soon as she was standing, Tank moved forward, his muzzle lifted to press directly into her crotch. "Tank!" she gasped again, louder this time. She put her hands on his head to try and push him away, but he was surprisingly strong: stronger than she was. It wasn't until his owner pulled on his leash that Tank finally, almost reluctantly backed off. "Very, uh, uh... eager." She finally found the word, laughing extremely awkwardly. Had he been able to smell how aroused she was at that moment?

"Looks good! I, uh, have to check on the remaining dogs. Thanks for coming!" Squirming in her wet panties, Cassie waddled off to the next dog, only to realize that she hadn't made any notes on Tank. What sort of notes was she even supposed to make? She wasn't sure, and thinking about it - and him - made checking out the rest of the dogs difficult. While she was looking them over, she was always thinking of Tank. Who brought a mastiff into a Best in Show award show anyway? Was he still hard, even now? Was it because of her?

Those thoughts were plaguing her mind by the time she had gone over the last dog in the line, and she had to admit to herself that she was uncontrollably horny. She was by herself behind a curtain, and her only thought was plunging her free hand into her panties and getting herself off posthaste. That wouldn't be a good idea, though. She still needed to write down how she felt about Tank, which was a very confusing task. Her mind was swimming, yet she was pulled from the pool of her own juices by something nosing her leg. "Huh?" She looked down to find none other than Tank standing

between her legs, his leash having somehow vanished.

"Tank? What are you doing here?" Rather than bark out an answer she couldn't understand, he stared up at her with intense purpose. Thank goodness there was no one else there at the moment, because what he did next would have been even more mortifying. With his tail wagging, he grabbed the bottom of her skirt with his teeth and yanked downwards. "Tank! No!" It was too late, though: her skirt came down, and her little white panties came into view. "No no no!" She reached down to try and pull it back up, but he began to tug harder on it. When she heard the first sounds of tearing, she realized that he was going to rip it apart if she kept trying to pull it back up. So she gave it up, stepping out of her skirt and letting Tank have it.

He stood there triumphantly, her skirt hanging from his mouth. She put the clipboard down to cover her shame, blushing furiously. "Tank..." She tried to be stern, but the way he was sitting up, she could see his penis sticking right out of its sheath. "Holy shit..." Now that she was presented with it, she had truly never seen a cock so big. Her pussy was throbbing, and she swore little hearts were blinking in and out of existence around her crotch. "If I... do what you want, will you give me my skirt back?" As if understanding what she was suggesting, he nodded his head, unable to bark because her skirt was still in his mouth.

Using the clipboard as cover, Cassie took her embarrassed ass over to the nearest supply closet, where they hopefully wouldn't be disturbed. It was a bit crowded, but after moving a couple brooms and buckets, there was just enough room for the two of them to be in there together. When she closed the door, she plunged them into darkness, but a quick flailing around above her allowed her to find the light cord. She pulled it, and a dim yellow light washed over them.

"Okay, so... what do you want?" Dropping her skirt, Tank went up and nudged her crotch with his nose. The smell of her arousal must have been intoxicating to him by that point. "You... want to fuck me..." It was a question, yet it was also a statement, for she knew exactly what he wanted now. She also knew what *she* wanted, and what she wanted was him. His strong, muscular body draped over her petite form. His huge cock pounding her until she couldn't see straight. His knot locking them in place, putting *her* in her place... "Fuck, I just creamed myself..."

In mere seconds she had removed the rest of her clothing, tossing them on top of one of the clipboard rested there as well. "This is what you want, isn't it, boy?" He barked in response, his tail whapping against the ground furiously. She gulped, unable to deny that she wanted it too. Her wet pussy was a dead giveaway.

Again, there wasn't a ton of room in the supply closet, but she found herself able to get down on all fours, looking over her shoulder as she shook her ass for her soon-to-be lover. "Alright... Come here, boy..." She still wasn't sure that what she was doing was right, but there was no more time to ponder that quandary. Tank wasn't going to hesitate or check to make sure she was truly ready for it. He and his two hundred pound frame was already mounting her from behind, nearly sending her down to the ground due to the sheer weight on her naked backside.

"Ughh fuck..." Her body shuddered as his cock dragged along her ass. The warmth she felt from him being atop her was intense, and she was already starting to feel... well, *submissive*. Submissive and impatient. "Are you going to put it in, boy?" she whined, pushing her ass up against his body. He had such a domineering presence, even as a dog, that she felt lower than him, like she needed to show her soft underbelly figurativelyspeaking. It was enough to get what she wanted, though, and she couldn't help but squeal with delight as his pulsating cock slammed into her pussy.

As much as she tried to keep quiet, she couldn't help but let out little moans and groans of pleasure

as Tank rutted her. Each thrust nearly sent her sprawling to the ground, and she was sure it was only the power of her horniness that allowed her to stay upright. "You're fucking me so good," she moaned, shuddering again as she felt him drooling on her head. "Ughh, no human can fuck like a dog does..." His thrusts were powerful, as was his aura. She could feel it from above her, making her whimper and whine like a bitch in heat.

When she came, she squirted out her juices everywhere. It got all over his cock, on her thighs, and onto the floor beneath them. She was letting out little 'oh! oh!' sounds each time he thrust, and it didn't stop just because she was dizzy with orgasmic bliss. If he hadn't cum, then he wasn't satisfied, and that meant she had to take it like a good bitch.

"Oh God, you're going to knot me, aren't you, boy? You're going to make me your bitch?! Hmm?!" She could feel his fat knot pressing against her pussy lips after each thrust, and she was well aware of what came next. Well, it was her who came next, just from the *thought* of that thing being inside her. His rutting grew more wild, more intense, and she could hear him panting above her. "Come on, baby, give it to me! Give me that fat fucking knot! God, I love dog cock!"

She nearly passed out when it finally entered her. Her pussy lips were spread wide as his knot speared her, officially locking the two of them in place. Then she felt his mouth open up and clamp down on her neck, teeth digging into her skin. "Ohh, you're claiming me, aren't you boy? You're knotting me and claiming me as your bitch! Nooo, you've ruined me for humans forever!" She came for the third time in quick succession, all over his knot, as he followed suit in orgasm. Her walls were being painted with his thick, virile doggy cum, splashing all over her womb. "Give me your puppies!"

When she collapsed onto the ground, his heavy body still atop her, the only thing that kept her from fainting was the feeling of his hot knot, as well as his warm cum sloshing inside her. She could only moan weakly as he licked her neck where he had bitten down, making her dizzy. From her position, she couldn't even get to her phone to check what time it was. Was she late in announcing the winners of the show? How long was his knot going to stay inflated for? She didn't know, and honestly she didn't care.

'*Dog cock... dog cum... dog knots...*' She tided herself over with her perverted thoughts until she was spurred back to partial consciousness by Tank's movements. His knot had deflated, allowing him to get off her and wait patiently by the door. She was still in a daze, but she found herself able to get up and put back on her clothes. His cum oozed out of her and into her panties as she pulled them on, making her squirm uncomfortably. Still, she was able to get everything on, brushing her hair with her hand to try and make herself look more presentable.

When she opened the door, Tank immediately ran out, likely to return to his owner. He had gotten his fill of her, and it was time to leave. It wasn't as if he had gotten into that closet with her to find love: he wanted to fuck and duck. She didn't mind, though. Her body was still swimming with pleasure, and that was the best she could ask for. With clipboard in hand, she grabbed her pen and began jotting down her notes for Tank. She knew exactly how to rank him.

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With clipboard in hand, Cassie confidently strided up the stage. She smelled of canine sex and she knew it, but there was no time to take a shower, and honestly she couldn't care less. She walked up to the podium, where the owners and their dogs gathered around, ready to hear the results.

"Thank you all for coming. We had a real hard choice this year, but the decision we've come to has

made us quite satisfied.” She smiled as she glanced over at one particular dog before looking back at the audience. “And the winner for Best in Show is Tank the mastiff!” That started a conversation. Everyone was talking over each other, confused as to how their precious puppies could lose to a humongous brute like that. Cassie didn’t care about that, though. All she could pay attention to was the noses of every single dog in the room. They were all lifted into the air, smelling just how much of a submissive bitch she was. They all looked at her, and their stares made her wet all over again. This was going to be quite the memorable dog show, at least for her.