

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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It was a warm summer night, as usual. As the sun faded, there wasn't a sound to be heard except for the occasional twitter of woodland animals hobbling off to their night-time retreats. Hannah walked onto the balcony wearing nothing more than a silk lilac-colored thong and matching push-up bra. With her dad working nights at the police station, she could get away with whatever she wanted, and she had nothing to hide since there wouldn't be anyone around until late morning when the farmers would be out in force. Sowing seeds and rounding up sheep.

So walking around in her underwear or, in most cases, totally naked was normal. She thought about how privileged she was as she sat down at a glass table and rested her head on a folded sweater, her 36D cup perky breasts pushed firmly over the cold glass. A good school, an expensive house, a loving father, and an amazing backdrop to survey after a hard day's work. Yep, this was the life, although she was missing something. As her friends put it, "some male interaction," she had gotten a few good-looking boyfriends, but they all wanted the same thing.

She had experimented with herself and some of her more adventurous friends and loved it. That tingling sensation she got when she played with herself, she couldn't get enough. After about ten minutes of fantasizing, she woke from her daydream and ran her hands slowly and softly up her thighs and down onto her pussy. "Aww, not again," she sighed as she felt a warm, wet patch, half new and half from a previous session she had given herself not more than twenty minutes ago.

Becoming more alert to the rising moon and chilly night air, she stood up and walked casually inside, closing the French doors leading to her room. After locking the doors and closing the curtains, she looked around the room slowly.

"Jack!" she shouted. "Here, boy!"

As a rumbling sound echoed through the hallway outside her room, she reached up her back and unhooked her bra, letting it slide over her erect nipples and bare flesh to land with a soft thud on the floor next to her bed. "There you are. What have to beef up too?" she questioned as a Bulky and Heavily built German shepherd bounded through the door and straight up to her, sitting by her feet. "That's a good boy," she said happily and with a cheeky grin. "You stay there. I'm going for a shower, OK?"

After giving the hound a brief pat on the head, she turned to the shower room and walked in. After what seemed to be a day of getting groped and touched constantly at college, her ass felt rather sore, and she pulled her thong down her long legs slowly and carefully, making sure to avoid the sore areas before turning around and turning on the shower with a click.

Meanwhile, the dog had moved and was now lying on the shower room floor, head up and staring at Hannah with a look of amazement and confusion as if seeing his master take a shower was something new to him. Hannah turned around and smiled softly and went into the shower, holding a breast in one hand, feeling the need to relieve herself once more. Feeling the hot water run down her back and legs made her relax greatly, so after about two or three minutes, she began to work herself over.

Running one of her hands up and down her tight pussy and using the other to pinch her nipples sharply over and over again, she moaned softly as she inserted her middle finger into herself to find her hard clit and finally, after about five minutes of her attacking her clit Hannah moaned loudly as she came to a blinding orgasm.

This attracted Jack, who was trying to see what she was doing through the frosted glass of the

shower. She finished, washed down, and stepped out of the shower, wrapping a towel on a nearby peg around her waist. "What's wrong, Jack?" she questioned her K9 companion as he ran around her, trying to figure out the commotion.

After about thirty seconds of useless searching, he gave up, walked back into Hannah's room, jumped on the bed, and lay down. Hannah followed quickly as she hummed to the tune of 'Back in Black' and stood before the dog bare-breasted and soaking wet. By this time, Jack was staring at her and sniffing the air as if it were his dinner time.

Hannah just giggled. "You've had your dinner," and she began to dry her long brown hair with the towel that was previously wrapped around her waist.

Jack had taken a special interest in her today there was something strange about her, an aroma. He lay on the bed, his eyes fixed on her tight virgin pussy still soaking wet, before moving forward slowly, putting his nose in her crotch.

"Woah!" she stepped backward. "Nah-ah, not for you."

Hannah smiled again and walked over to a chest of drawers on the left hand side of the room. After a moment, Jack got up, determined to get what he wanted, whatever that was. Jack walked over to his master and sat behind her as she bent down to get another thong and bra from the third drawer. Her pussy was still wet. A second passed, and he made his move moving forward and thrusting his tongue up into her pussy violently. She gave out a little scream and jumped up, foolishly stepping into a corner of the room. Jack moved forward with a growl, not letting her escape from her corner without giving him what he wanted.

Hannah knelt on the ground, never knowing her bulky friend would have acted this way in the past, "go to your bed!" she demanded, but it was useless. He was approaching fast and bearing his teeth. "go to your bed NOW!" she shouted again, which only made Jack more determined. He moved forward again, reaching Hannah's knees and staring straight at her crotch.

"NO! NO! DON'T YOU DARE!" The dog moved forward for the last time, parting Hannah's knees with his strong jaw. "NO! STOP IT!" she cried in a state of terror as this was something she had never experienced before.

Jack began thrashing around her pussy with his tongue violently, taking time to taste his master. While he was occupied, Hannah got up and ran towards her bedroom door. The sudden movement and loss of his "goal" angered the hound which gave chase moments later. Getting no more than a few feet before catching sight of razor-sharp teeth, she tried to run faster. Hot on her trail and much faster than she would ever be, Jack ran past her and blocked the doorway. Grinning with sharp teeth, he made her slowly move backward near her bed. He then advanced until he was back at her pussy which he began tasting again. Depressed by this, Hannah grabbed a pillow off the bed and began wiping it at the beast that had forced her into this predicament. The dog knew what to do and snapped back at her left thigh. It's not hard enough to make it bleed but hard enough to let Hannah know who's the new master.

Hannah fell to the ground and began to cry as he kept licking her pussy, going deeper and deeper into it. After a minute or two, she finally plucked up the courage to make another run. And without notice, Hannah was off toward the French doors. The dog, however, just sat down as if he knew in her frustrated state it would take her ages to unlock the doors. A moment passed, and Hannah lost control, tripping over the same silk bra she had discarded earlier. While she was on all fours trying to pick herself off the floor, he made his move, walking up behind her and mounting her, growling

into Hannah's left ear as he did. She froze by this point, not daring to move an inch, as the tears flowed down her cheek and onto the carpet.

Slowly, this 220lb beast tightened its grip around Hannah's waist and moved up her back, still growling as he did. She was frozen, scared to move and react to what was happening. Another brief moment passed, and she felt something warm against her ass. Closing her eyes, she braced herself and tightened her body. She could feel this thing, whatever it was, slowly move down her ass and onto her pussy lips. With Jack giving a final groan, he thrust forward, pushing his 12" monster into her tight virgin pussy. After a second of thrust, Hannah's body shook with indescribable pain as the beast of a dog ripped backward and forward through her hymen. Her body, now in indescribable pain, collapsed, and she fell to the ground with a thud, banging her head off the ground lightly.

Jack lost his "goal" for a second before finding it again on the motionless wreck on the floor. Each thrust brought more and more pain. All Hannah could do was lay there and accept it. Jack pounded her insides over and over again, watching as she screamed and cried with agony. A brief period passed, and Jack was still at it, although now this sensation had gone from a sharp pain to something she would get when playing with herself.

As the moments passed, the pleasure got better and better as the sensation in her body. Noticing that Jack had calmed his growling, she got up on all fours slowly making sure not to dislodge the beast in fear of making him angry again. Feeling a stream of water ripple down her leg, she looked under her belly and down at her thighs, which were patted in light shallows of blood. Hannah had read in self-care class that you will bleed when having your first time. So she ignored it for now and returned to concentrate on her first time. A few more minutes passed, and she began to come close to an unrealistic orgasm, something she had only dreamed about.

Jack, who had now been on the job for several minutes, was close too, and a few final thrusts later, he did. And as soon as he did, Hannah did, both Hannah and Jack stuck in motionless orgasm. Hannah froze before falling back to the ground. She lost consciousness for a brief moment while the orgasm consumed her body. Jack, meanwhile, had cum, and was gently pulling his hard shaft out of her body after filling her up with everything he had to offer. After an extended period of ten minutes, Hannah got up slowly, feeling her legs could collapse, and made the way slowly and wobbly over to the shower room.

She looked at herself in the mirror and the bruise on her forehead. And then down to her blood-stained thighs. She looked in horror before throwing up at the thought of what she had just done and made her way quickly into the shower. While washing herself down, she saw the dog she once called her friend through the frosted glass and began to cry again while washing herself. After she had finished, she grabbed a second towel. She dried herself fully before going anywhere near Jack, as the thought of all this happening again would be her worst nightmare. Once dried, she cautiously and slowly walked back into her room and searched for Jack.

He had gone now. Into another house room to rest after his little battle. Noting that the dog had left the room, Hannah ran towards the door and slammed it shut, locking it behind her. As soon as she locked it, she turned her back to it, leaning against it for support as she felt her legs go all numb. Moments later, the phone rang and snapped Hannah out of her crying. She walked over to it and picked it up slowly.

"H-hello?" she queried in a shallow tone. "Who.. I-I... is' It?" She paused for a second before thinking about putting the phone down.

"Hello, dear. Sorry If I woke you," the voice replied. "Ohh d-daddy...hello."

"Are you OK, sweetie? You sound quiet..."

"I'm f-fine. You just woke me, is all," Hannah said as she thought about the past thirty, forty minutes.

Thinking it would sound stupid and perverted if she told anyone what had just happened. "Ahh, OK, sweetie. Listen, Ahhhhh, I'm sorry, but I've got to take this business trip to London tomorrow so I won't be able to come home for a day or two. Will you be OK by yourself?"

Hannah dropped to the bed and began to cry softly, not letting her dad know anything was wrong. "Yeah, d-daddy, I'll be fine. I'll see you when you get home, OK?"

"OK, sweetie, take care, and if you need anything, call me. I love you."

"Bye, Daddy. I-I love y-you, too..."

Hannah cried when she put the phone down and looked around the room again, ensuring Jack wasn't around. After making perfectly sure, she lay down on her bed and closed her eyes, trying to push out the bad thoughts and the horror. And as soon as that happened, she was asleep.

The next morning, she awoke with a splitting pain in her forehead. She rubbed it gently and felt a large bump, probably from when she hit her head on the carpet the previous night. As soon as she felt the bump, it all came flooding back to her: the pain, the blood, but most of all, her former friend. As soon as Jack's name appeared in her mind, she swung round and looked around, giving out a scream of terror. That monster was back. And sitting at the foot of her bed. She looked at the wide open door. And her heart sank. The dog, it seems, was back for round two.

The End