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Claire lived in a charming cottage surrounded by a lush garden. Two years had passed since her husband's tragic car accident, leaving her with a comfortable pension, a substantial life insurance policy, and their shared home. The grief had been overwhelming, but lately, Claire felt the weight of it lifting, like the morning fog dissipating under the sun's gentle touch.

Her companion, Loki, a majestic three-year-old English Mastiff, was her daily comfort. His presence was a balm to her loneliness, his deep brown eyes offering silent understanding. However, the solitude of her nights often led to a longing for something more intimate, a touch of warmth that transcended companionship.

As summer arrived, the heat coaxed out the vibrant colors of her garden, and Claire found solace in her simple rituals. She began to wear flowing summer dresses, feeling the breeze against her skin, a small rebellion against the confines of her mourning. Without underwear, she felt a freedom, an unspoken liberation from the norms she once adhered to strictly.

One warm afternoon, while she was tending to her garden, she watched Loki play. His energy was infectious, his muscular body moving with grace. Her eyes inadvertently lingered on his sheath, swinging gently as he trotted past her. The sight stirred something within her, a mix of guilt and curiosity. She shook her head, admonishing herself for such thoughts, and decided she needed a moment to rest.

Claire fetched a cool drink and settled on the soft grass under the sun. The garden was secluded, shielded from prying eyes by high hedges and blooming trees. She lay back, her knees bent and slightly apart, allowing her dress to slide up her thighs, exposing her legs and more to the sun's caress. The warmth on her skin was both soothing and slightly arousing. She sighed, her eyes closed, feeling the freedom of this private exposure, the slight thrill of being so open to the elements, to nature itself.

In this moment, she wasn't just Claire, the widow; she was a woman rediscovering her desires, her sensuality, in the privacy of her own sanctuary. The sun, the breeze, and the quiet companionship of Loki were all she had in this little world, but it was enough for now. Enough to feel alive, to feel something akin to the intimacy she missed, in her own way, on her own terms.

As Loki approached, his nose leading the way, Claire felt a rush of conflicting emotions. She knew she should close her legs, cover herself, but a rebellious voice in her head whispered, "Fuck it." She didn't move as Loki sniffed his way up her legs, his warm breath and wet nose reaching her most private area. He lingered there, sniffing long and hard, a sensation so alien and yet so intensely arousing that Claire shivered.

Panic then surged through her like a cold wave. With a sharp intake of breath, she pushed Loki away, her heart racing. She lowered her legs, pulling her dress down, her mind reeling. "What am I thinking? That was too close," she thought, her face flushed with a mix of shame and thrill. The incident stayed with her, a secret whisper that kept her in a state of arousal throughout the day.

As night fell and the house was silent, Claire prepared for bed. She undressed, feeling the cool air of her bedroom on her bare skin, a nightly ritual that had once been mundane but now felt charged with anticipation. Normally meticulous about her privacy, tonight she left her bedroom door ajar. It was an unconscious decision, perhaps, or maybe a silent invitation to the night's possibilities.

Lying in bed, the darkness around her felt like a cloak, hiding her from the judgment of daylight. The thought of what had happened in the garden, the raw, animalistic moment with Loki, kept replaying

in her mind. It was wrong, she knew, yet it awakened parts of her she thought had died with her husband.

As she lay there, her body hummed with a low, persistent desire, the kind that made sleep elusive. She was alone but not lonely; the night was her witness, and in its quiet, she found a strange kind of solace. With the door open, the boundary between her solitude and the rest of the house felt blurred, as if she were both inviting and challenging the world outside her room to acknowledge her newfound desires.

In the dim glow of the moonlight filtering through the open door, Claire's fingers began to wander across her body, tracing the familiar yet now foreign contours. Her skin felt different tonight, more sensitive, as if each touch held the weight of her recent awakening. Her hands roamed over her breasts, feeling the peaks harden at the slightest brush, a silent acknowledgment of the arousal that had been simmering all day.

Her fingers continued their journey downward, over her stomach, following the path of desire that had been reignited. When they finally reached the apex of her thighs, there was a moment of hesitation, a breath held in anticipation. It had been over two years since she had last touched herself there, a time when intimacy was still shared with her husband.

But now, in the solitude of her bedroom with the world outside silent, her fingers found her clit. The contact was electric, sending a shiver through her body that was both a shock and a relief. It was like rediscovering a part of herself that had been dormant, a part that craved the simple, primal pleasure of self-touch.

She started with light circles, her fingers trembling slightly with the intensity of the sensation. The touch was tentative at first, exploring the texture, the warmth, the response of her body. As she continued, her movements grew more confident, driven by the need to feel something more after so long.

The pressure increased, her fingers moving with a rhythm that was both comforting and exciting. She was acutely aware of every sensation – the slickness, the pulsing, the way her breath hitched in her throat. The room seemed to fade away, her focus narrowing to this single point of contact, this reclamation of her own pleasure.

Her mind was a whirl of images and sensations, the garden incident with Loki, the freedom of her exposure to the sun, all blending into the physical reality of her touch. Each stroke was a step further from guilt, closer to acceptance of her desires, her needs.

Claire's body responded with a crescendo of sensations, her toes curling, her back arching slightly off the bed. As Claire reached the vinegar strokes of her self-exploration, the tension in her body coiled like a spring, ready to unleash. Right then, the soft padding of paws announced Loki's entrance into the room. She turned her head, her eyes locking with his as he approached the bed. Her hand didn't stop; the rhythm was too compelling, too close to completion.

Loki, with the intuitive sense of a companion, climbed onto the bed from the foot, moving towards her with an innocent curiosity. Claire watched him, her breathing heavy, her mouth slightly open in anticipation and a mix of shock. The closer he got, the more the reality of the situation sharpened her senses, her fingers still circling her clit with urgency.

As Loki's head neared her, his nose once again found its way to her, sniffing deeply. This intimate contact, so raw and unexpected, was the catalyst. The combination of her own touch, the memory of the garden, and now this moment, pushed her over the edge. An orgasm, intense and overwhelming,

wracked through her body.

Her eyes widened, her body shook, and she let out a moan that was both a release and an acknowledgment of the forbidden thrill. The sensation was multi-layered, the physical pleasure intertwined with the psychological rush of breaking boundaries she never thought she'd cross.

As Claire's orgasm began to peak, her senses heightened, and the world narrowed down to the sensations coursing through her. Right at that moment, Loki, perhaps sensing her climax or simply following his instincts, flicked his tongue out. It traced a path from her anus, over her lips, to where her fingers were working furiously on her clit. The sensation was shockingly intimate, a bolt of pleasure so sharp it intensified her climax halfway through.

A guttural moan escaped her lips, her body arching as if trying to capture every ounce of this unexpected ecstasy. The feeling was unlike anything she had experienced before, the taboo of the act amplifying the physical pleasure.

Liking the taste, or perhaps driven by the same curiosity that led him to her in the first place, Loki licked again, his tongue broad and warm against her sensitive flesh. Each lick was like a new wave crashing over her, prolonging and deepening her orgasm far beyond what she had thought possible.

Claire, caught in the throes of pleasure and the surreal reality of the moment, moved her hand away, giving Loki full access. She watched, entranced and breathless, as he continued, his tongue lapping at her with a rhythm that matched the pulsing of her own heart.

The room was filled with her moans, the wet sounds of Loki's tongue, and the intense, primal energy of this forbidden intimacy. Her mind was a whirlwind, torn between the shock of what was happening and the undeniable pleasure it brought.

As her body began to descend from its peak, she lay back, her chest heaving, her mind reeling from the intensity of the experience. Loki, seemingly content, rested his head near her, his breath warm against her skin. Claire was left in the quiet aftermath, grappling with the complexity of her emotions, the guilt tangled with the undeniable rush of having embraced such a raw, visceral part of her sexuality.

As the waves of her orgasm subsided, Claire felt a mix of satisfaction and a strange, lingering excitement. But Loki seemed restless, his energy palpable in the quiet bedroom. He roamed around the bed, his body brushing against her, his tongue occasionally sweeping across her skin in unexpected places, adding to the surreal nature of the moment.

He stepped over her, moving from one side of the bed to the other, then back between her legs, his actions erratic yet full of an undeniable excitement. Claire watched him, her breathing still uneven from her climax, her mind trying to reconcile the comfort of his companionship with the wildness of what had just transpired.

Then, her gaze was drawn once again to his sheath as he moved. This time, however, it was different; his sheath was slightly exposed, revealing the redness of his tip. The sight was both startling and oddly compelling. The slight protrusion, the vivid contrast of the color, it was a clear sign of his arousal, a mirror to her own, albeit in a very different form.

She felt a complex knot of emotions – curiosity, arousal, guilt, and an urge to understand this new dynamic between them. The sight of Loki, so affected by the moment, made the experience feel even more real, more tangible than just a fleeting fantasy.

The sight of Loki's exposed tip triggered a raw, primal lust within Claire, a deep-seated craving to feel something inside her, to be filled in the way she hadn't since her husband's passing. Without any more thought, she acted on impulse, turning and positioning herself on all fours, presenting herself to Loki.

Loki, driven by his own instincts, immediately responded. He found her rear and, with a natural agility, jumped up, aligning himself with her. Without hesitation, he found her entrance and thrust forward, entering her with a force that was both surprising and exhilarating.

His penis wasn't fully swollen yet, but even in its initial state, it was comparable in size to her husband's, perhaps even more so due to the novelty and the taboo of the act. Claire, caught between shock and desire, pushed back against him, meeting his thrusts, her body responding with a hunger she hadn't known she possessed.

Loki's movements became more erratic, his speed increasing with each thrust, driven by his own rising excitement. This pace, combined with the sheer thrill of the act, was enough to push Claire towards another climax. She felt the build-up, her body tensing, her breath catching in her throat as waves of pleasure began to crest.

Right at the moment of her orgasm, she felt Loki growing inside her. His size increased, stretching her to her limits, an overwhelming sensation that bordered on pain but was drowned out by the intensity of her climax. He continued to plough on, his rhythm now more desperate, his body locked with hers in this primal dance.

The room was filled with the sounds of their union, the slap of skin, her moans, and the heavy breathing of both. Claire's mind was a blur, lost in the physicality of the moment, the raw, animalistic pleasure overriding any sense of decorum or normalcy. This was beyond anything she had experienced, a release not just of physical tension but of pent-up emotions, desires, and the loneliness she had carried for so long.

At this moment, Claire was stunned by Loki's size. He felt enormous inside her, pushing her pleasure to new, almost unbearable limits. Just then, he thrust forward with a determination that was both primal and inevitable, holding his position. Claire began to feel a new, alarming sensation - his knot was swelling, growing larger within her, locking him inside.

Realization dawned on her; his knot was now too big to come back out. A moment of panic surged through her, her heart racing as she felt the knot continue to grow, expanding until it was about the size of her clenching fist. The sensation was overwhelming, a mix of fear, pain, and an intense, overwhelming pleasure that she couldn't escape.

Then, as if her body had no choice but to respond to this new reality, she came again. This orgasm was unlike any she had known, intensified by the fullness, the locked intimacy, the sheer impossibility of the situation. As her body convulsed with pleasure, she felt Loki also reaching his climax. His cumming was immense, both in force and quantity, a warmth spreading inside her that felt endless, spilling out of her as there was simply too much to be contained.

The room was filled with the sounds of their combined ecstasy, the wet, rhythmic noises of their joining, and her own cries, now a mixture of pleasure, shock, and something deeper, more primal. She was bound to him in this moment, not just physically but in a way that transcended the usual boundaries of intimacy.

As the intensity began to ebb, Claire was left in a state of shock, her mind trying to process the whirlwind of sensations, the taboo of what had just transpired, and the undeniable physical

connection she had just experienced. The knot, still large within her, meant they were tied together for what seemed like an eternity, forcing her to live in the moment, to feel every nuance of this union.

In this quiet aftermath, amidst the heavy breathing and the slow return to normalcy, Claire found herself grappling with a new understanding of her desires, her loneliness, and the complex, wild nature of intimacy.

The morning light was kind as it spilled through Claire's bedroom windows, painting the room in hues of gold and shadow. She awoke with the sensation of the night still lingering on her skin, a physical memory of their wild intimacy. Her body ached sweetly, a testament to the intensity of their union. She turned to look at Loki, who lay at the foot of the bed, his chest rising and falling with the deep, even breaths of a dreamless sleep. His presence was both comforting and a reminder of the boundary they had crossed.

Claire stretched, feeling every muscle protest with a pleasant soreness, a reminder of how much her body had been put through. She slipped out of bed, the cool air a shock after the warmth of her dreams. She padded softly to the kitchen, her mind replaying the night with vivid clarity. The coffee machine came to life, its sounds a mundane counterpoint to the whirlwind in her thoughts. "You're not going to tell anyone, are you, Loki?" she mused aloud, her voice a whisper in the quiet morning. She chuckled to herself, the absurdity of the question not lost on her.

With a mug of hot coffee in hand, she returned to the bedroom, the steam from the cup mingling with the morning light. She stood by the window, looking out over her garden, now bathed in sunlight. "If you're willing, if we both want this, then it's okay, right?" she pondered, the decision crystallizing in her mind. "You're my solution, Loki. My secret, my lover."

She turned back to him, setting the coffee down on the bedside table. "Come here, boy," she called softly. His ears twitched, and he lifted his head, his deep brown eyes locking with hers in a gaze that seemed to understand more than one would expect from an animal. "You liked it last night, didn't you, big guy?" Her voice was playful, teasing, as she let her nightgown fall to the floor, standing before him naked, her vulnerability an unspoken invitation.

Loki stood, his tail wagging slightly as he approached. Claire climbed back onto the bed, her body tingling with anticipation. She lay back, her legs parting slightly, inviting his touch. His nose was first, sniffing curiously at her, his warm breath sending shivers up her spine. Then came his tongue, broad and eager, exploring her with a fervor that spoke of both curiosity and instinct. "Yes, fuck yes, lick me, Loki," she gasped, her hands clutching the sheets as his tongue delved deeper. The sensation was electric, his saliva mixing with her own arousal, making her clit throb with each lick.

Her breathing grew heavy, her nipples hardening in the cool morning air. "I need you inside me again," she whispered, the desire now a palpable force within her. She turned, positioning herself on all fours, her body presented to him in an ancient, primal dance. Loki didn't hesitate; his body knew what to do. His front paws came up, clasping around her waist as he mounted her, his cock seeking her entrance with an unerring instinct.

"Fuck me, Loki, fuck me hard," she urged, her voice a blend of command and need. The first thrust was a revelation, his size filling her in a way that was both shocking and exhilarating. Each subsequent thrust was a deep, rhythmic invasion, his cock stretching her, the pleasure mingling with a sharp, sweet pain. "Oh, fuck, yes," she moaned, her body rocking back to meet him, the sounds of

their flesh meeting filling the room with a rhythm that was both obscene and beautiful.

She felt him swelling inside her, his knot beginning to expand, locking them together in an embrace that was both thrilling and slightly terrifying. "Yes, give me that knot," she cried out, the pressure building inside her, the fullness almost unbearable yet so craved. "Fill me, Loki, fill me up." His movements became more frantic, his need as palpable as hers, each thrust pushing her closer to the edge.

The room was filled with the sounds of their coupling, her moans, the wet slap of their bodies, and the heavy breathing of both. "That's it, fuck me good," she gasped, her body tensing, her orgasm building with each stroke. His knot secured them, making withdrawal impossible, creating a sensation of being utterly claimed by him.

As his knot locked them together, his body tensed, a deep, guttural sound escaping him, signaling his own climax. Claire felt the first hot spurt of his cum, the warmth spreading inside her, overwhelming in its abundance. "Oh, fuck, I can feel you coming," she moaned, the sensation of being filled so completely pushing her over the edge. Her orgasm hit like a wave, her muscles clenching around him, milking him for more. It was an orgasm that seemed to pull from every part of her, her toes curling, her body shuddering with each pulse of pleasure.

Loki's orgasm was different; it was more about release, his body quivering as he emptied himself into her. His ejaculation was prolonged, each spurt adding to the sensation of fullness, the excess spilling out around his knot, their fluids mingling in a messy, primal display. His body shuddered with each release, his breath coming in short, sharp pants, a canine equivalent of ecstasy.

They remained connected, her body still jerking with the aftershocks of her orgasm, each movement sending little shockwaves through her. "Don't stop, keep fucking me," she begged, the pleasure relentless, her body desperate for every last drop he could give. His cock pulsed inside her, each throb sending another wave of pleasure through her, prolonging her climax until she was gasping, nearly overwhelmed by the intensity.

After their intense session, they finally separated, and Claire lay back, panting, her body buzzing with the aftershocks of pleasure. "We're going to do this again and again," she whispered, her hand reaching back to stroke his flank, feeling the bond between them deepen with each shared moment of ecstasy.

But the day was young, and her desire was far from sated. After a quick shower where the water did little to cool her down, she wandered into the living room, her robe loosely tied, feeling the air caress her skin. Loki followed, his interest clear. "Here, in the living room, let's see how wild we can get," she said, letting her robe fall to the floor, kneeling on the plush rug.

Loki was on her in moments, his tongue lapping at her, reigniting the fire within her. "Yes, get me wet again," she encouraged, her voice a seductive whisper. His tongue was relentless, exploring every fold, every sensitive spot until she was moaning, her body arching towards him. Once he had her sufficiently aroused, she positioned herself on all fours, presenting herself once more.

He mounted her again, his cock finding her entrance with a practiced ease. "Fuck me right here, in the middle of the room," she commanded, her voice thick with lust. His thrusts were wild, the sounds of their coupling filling the air, the scent of sex mingling with the morning light. "Give me that big cock, Loki," she moaned, the pleasure intense, his size and the taboo of it all driving her wild. "Make me come again," she begged as she felt him swelling once more, his knot locking them together in another embrace.

His ejaculation was just as copious, the sensation of him filling her up again sending her into another orgasm. This climax was different, more intense, her body reacting to the familiar yet still shocking fullness. "That's it, fill me, fuck me," she cried out, her body convulsing with each wave of pleasure, the warmth of his cum almost overwhelming.

Loki's orgasm this time was marked by deep, shuddering breaths, his body twitching with each release. His cum was hot, copious, flooding her, the excess leaking out, marking their union on the rug beneath them. His body seemed to give one last, long push, emptying himself completely, his pleasure evident in the way his body relaxed, his panting slowing down.

As they lay there, panting, still connected, Claire felt the thrill of their secret, the intimacy of their acts. "This is our little world, isn't it, Loki?" she murmured, stroking his fur, feeling the bond between them deepen with each shared moment of ecstasy. The room was silent except for their breathing, the light now fully entering, illuminating their secret in a way that felt almost sacred.

By the time lunch rolled around, she had been taken twice, each time a different shade of pleasure, each orgasm a testament to their unconventional bond. She felt alive, liberated, and profoundly connected to Loki in a way she hadn't anticipated. Each climax had been a journey, from the sharp peaks of pleasure to the deep, throbbing releases, all underscored by the primal, raw connection between them.

This was her new normal, a path of self-discovery and acceptance, shared with her loyal, silent partner. Claire knew this would be a secret she'd keep, a wild, passionate part of her life that would continue to flourish in the privacy of her cottage, with only the summer breeze and the garden's silence as witnesses to their intimate dance. Each moment, each touch, was a step further into a world where the boundaries of desire were redrawn, where love and companionship took on new, uncharted forms.