

READBEAST

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Tonight was just like any other when Abi and I go out. We had too much to drink, our laughter echoing through the streets as we stumbled back to my place, our heels clicking unevenly on the pavement. It was a typical night out for us, dressed to the nines with short skirts and high heels, slightly disheveled from the evening's adventures.

As we clumsily made our way through my front door, we were greeted by Tank, my Rottweiler. His tail wagged furiously, his big, sloppy tongue eager to greet us. Normally, his enthusiastic licking is a bit of a nuisance, but tonight, in our tipsy state, it just added to the hilarity.

"Get comfy, I'll grab some wine," I slurred, heading to the kitchen. When I returned with two glasses of Pinot, Abi was already lounging on the sofa, her laughter filling the room as Tank licked at her ankles.

"Tank! Stop it!" I called out, more out of habit than expectation. Tank paused, not because he understood me, but because he heard his name.

"Awww, he's alright," Abi said, giving Tank a rough pat on the head which he took in stride, his beefy frame unfazed by her playful roughness.

"If you don't stop him, he'll never learn," I warned, half-joking, half-serious. "Before you know it, he'll be sticking his head up everyone's skirt who walks in the bloody house."

"Oh my god, Lisa, I wouldn't say no to a good tongue lashing," Abi chuckled, her words slurred with alcohol. "It's been a good while since I've seen any action."

We both burst into fits of giggles as Abi kicked off her heels and rolled back on the sofa. Her face took on a curious frown, "Has he ever licked you?" she asked, her tone playful but probing.

"Jesus, Abi, no, of course he hasn't," I replied, shocked that she'd even think to ask such a thing.

"He might be better than that last bloke you were with, what's his name, Dickhead?" she laughed, reminding me of my last disastrous date.

"That's not saying much," I sniped, my gaze briefly falling on Tank. The thought was absurd, and I quickly dismissed it with a firm "NO."

Abi, always one to push boundaries, especially when drunk, leaned back and spread her legs in a mock gesture, "C'mon Tank, lick mummy's pussy," she grunted in a bad imitation of my voice, bursting into more laughter.

I couldn't help but laugh along, despite the absurdity of the situation. Nights like these, with Abi, were always filled with such ridiculous, memorable moments.

But as Abi closed her eyes and threw her head back in laughter, Tank saw his chance. He moved towards her, and I watched him approach, my jaw dropping but I couldn't say anything. Just as his snout reached between her legs, Abi caught him, grabbing his head to stop him. But instead of pushing him away, she held him there, his nose just inches from her panties, and started to fake moans, pretending to be me. "Oh yeah, Tank, oooh god, just there boy, lick mommy, oh god, oh god, oh god," she mocked in a theatrical, aroused tone before pushing him back and closing her legs while laughing her arse off.

I was stunned, and to my surprise, I felt a pang of arousal between my legs. My cheeks flushed, and I wasn't laughing; I was trying to hide my reaction.

"Haha," I managed a fake grin, "he wouldn't do that anyway, he's a good dog," I said, my mind racing with the implications.

"Oh, I bet he would, Lisa," Abi countered, her voice still light with laughter. "He's a bloody dog."

"Nah, I doubt it," I replied, trying to sound dismissive.

"Go on, get your knickers off and try him, I bet he bloody will," Abi insisted, swilling her wine around in her glass.

"Piss off, you do it," I retorted, knowing she rarely backed down from a challenge.

"Right, just to prove a point, but I want another glass of wine," Abi demanded.

I quickly went to get us both refills, my mind buzzing with what might happen next. By the time I returned to the lounge, Abi was already wiggling her panties down. "Jesus Christ," I thought to myself, feeling an unexpected excitement building within me.

I handed Abi her wine, my hands trembling slightly with a mix of shock and anticipation. She took a large gulp, her eyes glinting with mischief as she positioned herself more comfortably on the sofa, her skirt now bunched around her waist.

"Watch this," Abi said, her voice a mix of drunken confidence and playful challenge. She looked at Tank, who was now sitting attentively, probably confused by all the attention. "Come here, boy," she cooed, patting her thigh. Tank, always eager for affection, trotted over, his tail wagging.

I watched, my heart pounding in my chest. Part of me was screaming to stop this, but another part, one I didn't know existed, was curious, almost eager to see what would happen.

Abi spread her legs slightly, exposing herself just enough. "Tank, here boy," she encouraged, her tone playful yet slightly slurred. Tank, ever the dog, sniffed around, his nose getting closer. I could feel my breath catching in my throat as he seemed to hesitate, his nose inches from her. Then, as if on cue, he gave a tentative lick, and Abi let out an exaggerated, mocking moan, "Oh, Tank, you naughty boy!"

My cheeks burned with a mix of embarrassment and arousal. I couldn't believe what I was watching. Each lick was met with a loud, theatrical moan from Abi, her laughter mingling with the sounds as she mocked me. "Oh, Lisa, look at him go!" she teased, her voice echoing through the laughter.

But then, on the last lick, something changed. The sound that escaped Abi's lips was different—deeper, less controlled. It was a moan that didn't carry the same playful tone; it sounded genuine. My eyes widened as I recognized the shift from mockery to something real, something raw.

The realization hit me like a wave, and I saw Abi's expression change from amusement to a brief moment of surprise or perhaps embarrassment. She quickly pushed Tank away, her movements sharp and decisive, ending the experiment abruptly.

Her face flushed, matching the heat I felt rising in my own cheeks. "Okay, okay, that's enough," she said, her voice no longer slurred but clear, a hint of urgency in her tone. Abi was clearly trying to mask her reaction, pulling her skirt back into place and avoiding my gaze. Her cheeks were still red, and there was a certain tension in her movements that hadn't been there before. I felt a smirk growing on my face, the playful side of me coming to the forefront despite the shock of what had just

happened.

"Looks like someone enjoyed that a bit too much," I teased, my voice teasing yet gentle, trying to keep the mood light but not missing the chance to poke fun at her.

Abi, caught off guard and perhaps feeling a bit defensive, shot back quickly, "Go on then, you do it, see if you can stand it." Her words were a challenge, her eyes meeting mine with a mix of defiance and curiosity.

I paused, the invitation hanging in the air between us. Part of me was taken aback, but another part, the part that had felt that strange, unexpected arousal, was intrigued. I looked at Tank, then back at Abi, her expression a mix of challenge and expectation.

"Maybe I will," I said, my voice steadier than I felt. I took another sip of wine, the alcohol giving me a bit of courage or perhaps just the excuse I needed.

I moved to where Abi had been sitting, feeling the eyes of my friend on me. My heart was pounding, not just from the alcohol but from the situation we'd found ourselves in. I glanced at Abi, who was watching me with a mix of amusement and something else I couldn't quite read.

"Come here, Tank," I said, mimicking Abi's earlier tone, though mine was more cautious, less sure. Tank, always happy for attention, came over, his tail wagging. I felt a rush of nervousness as I spread my legs slightly, my skirt riding up. The air was charged with anticipation, and I could feel my own arousal, a mix of embarrassment and excitement.

Tank's nose was close, and I braced myself, half expecting to pull back at the last second. When his tongue touched my skin, I couldn't help but let out a small gasp, not from pleasure but from the sheer unexpectedness of it.

"See, not so bad, is it?" Abi said, her voice teasing but also with a note of genuine curiosity, watching my reaction closely.

I laughed, a bit awkwardly, pulling away from Tank, my face flushed. "Alright, alright, you win this one," I conceded, I was laughing, trying to shake off the weirdness of the situation, when Tank, oblivious to our human complexities, continued to approach, eager for more interaction. His tail was wagging, his eyes bright with the simple joy of giving affection.

"Alright, Tank, that's enough," I said, but my voice lacked conviction. There was this part of me, spurred by the wine, the night's events, and Abi's challenge, that was curious to see how far this would go, how much I could handle.

Tank's tongue made contact again, his licks warm and wet against my skin. I felt a shiver run through me, not just from the physical sensation but from the whole scenario we'd stumbled into. Each lick was like a little shock, a mix of embarrassment and a strange, tingling pleasure.

"See, you're enjoying it too," Abi teased, her eyes gleaming with mischievous delight. She was watching me intently, probably reading every reaction on my face. I tried to keep my expression neutral, but I knew my cheeks were giving me away.

"Shut up," I managed to say, though there was no venom in my words, just a playful retort. My breath hitched as Tank continued, his tongue now more persistent, exploring with the innocent curiosity only a dog possesses.

I felt another wave of heat, this time mixed with a genuine, if unexpected, arousal. It was bizarre, this mix of laughter, embarrassment, and something more primal. I couldn't help but let out a small, involuntary moan, quickly catching myself and pushing Tank gently away.

"Okay, that's definitely enough!" I declared, my voice firm now, trying to regain some control over the situation. I adjusted my skirt, feeling both the coolness of the air and the warmth of my flushed skin.

Abi burst into laughter, but there was a look of understanding, or perhaps shared embarrassment, in her eyes. "Well, that was... something," she said, still caught up in the moment and perhaps driven by the curiosity and the thrill of what we'd just experienced, looked at me with a mischievous glint in her eyes. "Can I get him to do me again? See how long I can last?" Her excuse was weak, her tone more playful than serious, but there was an undeniable eagerness there.

I hesitated, the implications of what she was suggesting swirling through my slightly inebriated mind. But the night had already ventured into uncharted territories, and the wine had loosened my usual boundaries. "Okay," I said, my voice a mix of curiosity and caution.

Abi didn't wait for further encouragement. She positioned herself again, her movements more deliberate this time, her expression a mix of challenge and anticipation. She spread her legs, pulling her skirt up, her eyes never leaving mine, as if seeking both permission and reassurance.

"Come here, Tank," she cooed, her voice softer, more inviting. Tank, ever the obedient dog, trotted over, his tail wagging, completely unaware of the charged atmosphere.

Tank's tongue made contact, and she let out a soft moan, her eyes closing for a moment as if to savor the sensation. I watched, my own heart racing, a mix of shock, arousal, and fascination at what was unfolding before me.

As Tank continued, Abi's moans grew more intense, less playful. Her body started to move with the rhythm of his licks, her breathing becoming heavier. I could see the flush spreading across her chest, her face contorted in pleasure, not just mockery or play this time.

The room was silent except for her sounds, the air thick with the weight of what was happening. I felt like an intruder in this private moment, yet also a part of it, bound by the shared experience and the night's inebriated logic.

Abi's movements became more urgent, her moans deeper, more uncontrolled. It was clear she was no longer acting or trying to prove a point; she was chasing an end. And then, with a shudder and a moan that was unmistakably real, she reached her climax, her body tensing before relaxing into the sofa.

She lay there for a moment, catching her breath, her eyes closed, a look of contentment mixed with disbelief on her face. Tank, having done his part, sat back, looking pleased with himself for the attention he'd received.

I was speechless, the reality of what just transpired settling in. "Wow," was all I could muster, my own arousal and shock mingling into a confused, buzzing sensation.

Abi opened her eyes, meeting my gaze with a sheepish smile. "That was... amazing," she said, her voice a whisper of acknowledgment of the boundary we'd crossed together.

The silence that followed was heavy with the weight of what had just transpired. Abi, still catching her breath, looked over at me with a knowing smirk. "C'mon, Lisa, your turn," she said, her voice

teasing yet with an undercurrent of genuine curiosity.

I felt a rush of mixed emotions—anticipation, embarrassment, and a strange eagerness. Part of me had been waiting for this, hoping she would push the game further, but I played the part of the hesitant one. “No, no way, I’m not doing that,” I protested, my tone more playful than convincing, hoping she would see through my act.

“Oh, come on, don’t be a chicken,” Abi teased, her eyes sparkling with mischief. She was playing along, exactly as I’d hoped. “You can’t leave me hanging here alone. Besides, you know you’re curious.”

I feigned reluctance, shaking my head but unable to hide the smile creeping onto my face. “It’s just... it’s wrong,” I said, though my body language suggested otherwise. I was leaning forward, engaged, not pulling away.

Abi, picking up on my cues, moved closer, her voice lowering to a conspiratorial whisper. “It’s just us, Lisa. Who’s going to know? Plus, you might actually enjoy it.” She nudged me playfully, her tone both encouraging and challenging.

I pretended to ponder, biting my lip in mock contemplation. “I don’t know, Abi...” I trailed off, looking at Tank, who was now sitting patiently, his tail occasionally thumping against the floor.

“You know you want to. Just give it a try. If you hate it, we’ll stop,” she promised, her eyes locked on mine, reading the curiosity and excitement I couldn’t fully mask.

The tension of the moment, the anticipation, the shared secret between us, it was all too much. I nodded slowly, “Alright, fine. But just this once,” I conceded, my heart racing with both nerves and excitement.

Abi’s grin widened, “That’s the spirit!” she exclaimed, clapping her hands once in excitement before settling back to watch.

I positioned myself, feeling the heat of the moment, the room spinning slightly from the wine but also from the thrill of what we were about to do. “Come here, Tank,” I called, my voice a mix of hesitation and invitation.

Tank, always eager for affection, came over, and I felt a shiver of anticipation as I prepared for what was to come. With Abi’s encouraging look, I let myself sink into the experience, the boundary between game and reality blurring into something entirely new mingling with the wine’s warmth and the night’s daring atmosphere. I spread my legs, mirroring Abi’s earlier actions, my heart pounding with a mix of apprehension and excitement.

Tank’s tongue made contact, and I felt an immediate, electric shock run through me. It was bizarre, the sensation of his rough tongue against my skin, but there was an undeniable pleasure in the unfamiliarity of it. I glanced at Abi, who was watching with a mixture of encouragement and fascination.

At first, I tried to maintain control, to keep my reactions in check, but as Tank continued, my resolve weakened. His licks were persistent, sending waves of sensation through me. I let out a soft moan, my body starting to respond despite my initial reservations.

“You okay?” Abi asked, her voice gentle, checking in but also with a note of excitement.

"Yeah," I managed to say, my voice breathy now, the pleasure building. I closed my eyes, focusing on the sensations, allowing myself to sink into the moment. The room, the night, everything else seemed to blur into background noise as my focus narrowed to the physical.

As Tank's tongue worked, I felt my body responding more intensely. My breaths came in short, sharp gasps, my hips beginning to move involuntarily, seeking more from those unexpected touches. The embarrassment was there, mingling with the pleasure, but the latter was overpowering, pushing everything else to the side.

Abi's presence was comforting, her silent support pushing me to let go completely. The pleasure built, a crescendo of sensations that had me gripping the sofa, my moans now loud and uninhibited, no longer caring about the pretense or the game.

And then, it hit me—a wave of intense pleasure that left me trembling, my orgasm washing over me in a rush that felt both shocking and liberating. I gasped, my body tensing before relaxing into a state of bliss, the room spinning slightly from the intensity of the climax.

I lay there, catching my breath, the reality of what just happened settling in. I opened my eyes to see Abi smiling, a mix of pride and shared exhilaration on her face. "Well, that was something, huh?" she said, her voice soft, acknowledging the shift in our night, in our friendship.

"Yeah," I breathed out.

As I was still coming down from the intense experience, Abi, with an eager jump, declared, "We need more wine," her voice filled with excitement. She dashed to the kitchen, her movements quick and animated, the thrill of the night clearly fueling her energy.

I heard the sound of the bottle being uncorked, followed by the glug of wine pouring into glasses. She returned in no time, already sipping from her glass, her eyes wide with exhilaration. She handed me my glass, which was now brimming with wine, and I took it, needing the alcohol to steady myself after what had just happened.

"Holy fuck, Lisa," Abi exclaimed, her grin massive, her eyes sparkling with both amusement and disbelief. "Definitely better than that dickhead?"

Her question hung in the air, a mix of jest and genuine inquiry. I couldn't help but laugh, the absurdity of comparing Tank to any human encounter hitting me. "Oh my god, yes," I admitted, feeling the heat in my cheeks but also an undeniable lightness. The wine helped, smoothing over the edges of embarrassment with its comforting buzz.

We clinked our glasses, the sound somehow sealing the night's events into something shared, something special. "To new experiences," Abi toasted, her tone playful yet sincere.

"To new experiences," I said, the clink of our glasses punctuating the end of the sentence. The wine was sweet on my tongue, easing the tension that had built up from the night's events.

After a moment of silence, where we both sipped our wine, contemplating the shift in our dynamic, I ventured a question, my voice tentative yet hopeful. "Abi, would you... would you sleep in my bed tonight? I don't want to be alone."

Abi looked at me, her eyes softening with understanding. She didn't need to ask why; the night's revelations were explanation enough. "Of course," she said, her voice comforting, "I don't want to be alone either after all this."

We finished our wine, the conversation drifting to lighter topics as we tried to decompress from the intensity of the evening. Eventually, the fatigue from the night out and the emotional whirlwind caught up with us. We decided it was time for bed.

As we climbed into my bed something new was simmering. We cuddled as friends, our bodies close for comfort, the warmth of each other's presence a reassuring constant in the dark.

But in my mind, as I lay there with Abi's breathing syncing with mine, I felt a shift. The closeness wasn't just about comfort anymore; it felt charged with the possibilities of what could come next. The night's events had opened a door, not just to shared secrets but to shared desires, perhaps.

I wondered if tomorrow's talks might lead us down a path where our friendship could evolve into something more. The thought was both exhilarating and terrifying. As I drifted towards sleep, I felt Abi's hand gently squeeze mine, a silent acknowledgment of our bond, now undeniably deeper.

As dawn broke through the curtains, casting a soft, golden light across the room, I found myself trapped in the tendrils of a dream. In it, I was kissing a man whose features were blurred, his touch gentle, his lips soft, almost feminine in their tenderness. There was an odd comfort in this kiss, an intimacy that felt both foreign and yet, strangely right.

My eyes fluttered open, pulling me back to reality, and I realized I wasn't alone. Abi was there, nestled against me, our bodies intertwined in a warm embrace. The lines between dream and reality blurred as I felt her breath on my face. In our sleep, our lips had met, a gentle, unbidden kiss. Her lips were warm, and as we kissed, still in the realm of half-sleep, our breaths grew heavier, moans escaping from us, mingling in the quiet morning air.

The moment we started to wake, a rush of consciousness brought clarity. Our eyes met, wide with surprise, and we pulled apart, the sudden awareness of our actions leaving us both flushed with embarrassment.

"Sorry, I... I didn't mean to," Abi mumbled, her cheeks a vivid shade of pink.

"No, no, it's... it was me too," I stammered, feeling an awkward tension. "I was dreaming, I think."

We both laughed weakly, trying to dispel the awkwardness. "I'll go take a shower while you put the coffee on?" Abi suggested, her tone a mix of question and statement.

"Sure," I nodded, grateful for the suggestion to move past this moment. "Give me a shout when you're done, I need a shower too."

As Abi disappeared into the bathroom, the sound of water soon followed. I busied myself in the kitchen, the mundane task of making coffee grounding me back to normalcy. When Abi called out that she was done, I took my turn under the shower, letting the hot water rinse away the remnants of our shared sleep.

Wrapped in towels, we met again in the living room, each with a steaming mug of coffee. The air was thick with unspoken questions about last night.

"About last night..." Abi started, her voice hesitant.

"Yeah, with Tank. That was... unexpected," I chuckled, but my heart wasn't fully in it.

"It was exciting though, wasn't it?" she admitted, her eyes searching mine for agreement.

I nodded, "Definitely. But maybe it should stay between us?"

"Definitely," Abi agreed. "But... do you think it could happen again?"

I paused, considering the thrill, the taboo, the sheer oddity of it all. "Maybe," I said, the word hanging like a possibility in the air.

The conversation shifted, the weight of our morning kiss still heavy between us. We danced around it, each trying to gauge the other's feelings without exposing our own too quickly.

"Did you... did you feel anything when we kissed this morning?" Abi's voice was barely above a whisper, her eyes not quite meeting mine.

"I... it was strange. But not bad strange," I confessed, my heart pounding. "What about you?"

"It was... gorgeous," she said, the word surprising me with its sincerity. "I didn't expect to feel like that."

We sat in silence, the coffee cooling, our thoughts racing.

"Do you want to try it again?" I asked, the question slipping out before I could overthink it.

Abi looked up, her eyes filled with a mix of shyness and anticipation. "Do you?"

"I think I do," I admitted, the words feeling like a revelation.

Slowly, as if moving through water, we leaned in. Our lips met again, this time fully aware, fully consenting. The kiss was gentle at first, exploratory, but soon it deepened, fueled by the morning's confessions and the night's shared secrets.

"Let's go back to the bedroom," Abi whispered against my lips, her breath warm and scented with coffee.

We moved back to the bedroom, the air thick with anticipation. The morning light filtered through the curtains, casting shadows that danced over our skin as we stood at the edge of the bed. Our towels fell away, forgotten as we both stood there, naked, our bodies exposed to each other in a way that felt both new and thrilling.

Abi was first to move, her hands reaching out to touch me, her fingers brushing against my shoulders, then trailing down my arms, leaving a trail of goosebumps in their wake. Her touch was tentative at first, but as she saw my response, a small smile played on her lips, and her movements became more confident.

"Let me look at you," she whispered, her eyes tracing the contours of my body. I felt vulnerable but also desired, something I hadn't felt in a long time.

I returned the favor, my hands finding their way to her waist, pulling her closer. Her skin was warm, smooth under my fingertips. I moved my hands up, cupping her breasts, feeling their weight, my thumbs brushing over her nipples which hardened under my touch. She gasped, a sound that sent a shiver down my spine.

We kissed again, this time with an urgency that spoke to the heat building between us. Our bodies

pressed together, the softness of her against me, her breasts against mine, our hips aligning. I could feel her heartbeat, or maybe it was mine, pounding in sync with our movements.

"Lie down," I murmured, guiding her gently onto the bed. She complied, her eyes locked with mine, filled with a mix of excitement and trust. I knelt beside her, my hands exploring, moving down her body, feeling every curve, every dip. I kissed her neck, her collarbone, moving lower, tasting the salt of her skin, the scent of her arousal mingling with the lingering soap from our showers.

Abi's breath hitched as I reached her thighs, parting them gently. I looked up, seeking permission, and found it in her eager nod and the way she bit her lower lip. My kisses traveled up her inner thighs, my breath warm against her skin, until I reached her. I kissed her there, softly at first, then with more pressure, my tongue finding its rhythm, learning her responses.

Her moans were my guide, growing louder, her hips lifting to meet me. I felt her hands in my hair, pulling me closer, guiding me. The taste of her was intoxicating, the sounds she made a symphony I never knew I wanted to hear.

"Lisa, oh god," she gasped, her voice a mix of plea and praise. I intensified my efforts, my fingers joining in, sliding inside her, feeling her clench around me. Her climax built like a wave, her body tensing, her breath catching in her throat before she let out a long, shuddering moan, her release washing over her in waves.

As she came down, I moved up, kissing her deeply, letting her taste herself on my lips. Her hands roamed my body now, eager to reciprocate, to explore. She flipped us over, her body now on top of mine, her kisses trailing down my body with a determination that matched my own earlier.

Her fingers played over me, teasing, before she found my clit, circling it with expert precision. I was already on the edge from the excitement of pleasing her, and her touch was almost too much. I moaned, my back arching off the bed.

"Abi, please," I begged, not sure what I was asking for but knowing I needed more. She responded by moving lower, her tongue replacing her fingers, the sensation overwhelming. Each lick, each suck, was like a lightning strike through my body.

I felt the climax building, an unstoppable force. When it hit, it felt like the world narrowed down to just this moment, this sensation. My orgasm crashed over me, my body convulsing, my moans filling the room, mingling with hers from moments before.

We lay there, catching our breath, our bodies slick with sweat, the air filled with the scent of sex and satisfaction. Abi moved up to lie beside me, our legs tangled, our breaths slowly syncing.

"That was..." she started, but words seemed insufficient.

"Yeah," I managed, my mind reeling with the implications, the sensations, the raw connection we had just shared.

We held each other, the silence between us not empty but full of unspoken promises and questions about where this would lead us.

"What does this mean for us?" I murmured, my fingers tracing her jawline.

"I don't know, but I want to find out," she replied, her voice a blend of excitement and fear.