

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



Sara knocked on the door nervously. It was her first time dog-sitting for a stranger. They were local, sure, but it was still something she hadn't done before. She brushed her hair out of her face and knocked again. Then she noticed, taped on the door where the screen door would hide it, an envelope. It had her name on it so she opened it up. Inside was a note, a key, and a wad of cash. She took the money and key into her purse, then opened the note.

*"Dear Sara,*

*I apologize greatly for not being here to greet you and introduce you to Rex, but don't worry, he's a total pussycat despite his size. He just needs to be fed twice a day, taken for walks afterward if weather permits, or let out back if the weather is bad. Other than that, he's very well behaved. I put in an extra hundred over our agreed price for all this trouble. Again, thank you so much for checking on him and making sure he is doing OK. Hope to meet you when I get back!"*

Sara put away the note and confirmed that he had indeed paid her another hundred bucks. Putting it all up, she took the key and entered the house. She was shocked Rex wasn't already around there, but no one greeted her. She called his name a few more times and eventually he came in, looking at her. Thickly built even for a Rottweiler, he simply appraised her. She knelt, offered her hand, and Rex checked her out. He went around her, inspecting her, but quickly trusted her once she gave him a treat. He bounded out of the room and she got up. She checked the house out, being nosy, but not too nosy. Then she got out his food and took him for a walk after feeding him. Then, she locked up and headed out for the day. She had shopping to do, as well as getting ready for a date with her boyfriend. She changed to some nice heels, a blouse, and a short loose skirt. After their date, she would take care of Rex.

She had a good night, she'd been seeing Alan for a while. He took her dancing, she had some drinks, and later, some good if clumsy sex in his car. His roommate was home as was hers, so they decided on the park, in the back seat, sweating and fogging up the windows. She was on the pill and trusted him, so when he grunted over her, soaked and horny, she whispered in his ear for him to cum in her. That alone was enough to send him over. She felt his heat and though she came close, she didn't cum. It just was too uncomfortable and hot in the car. They cuddled and let the car air out some, then he dropped her back at her car. She headed back to the house to take care of Rex. She was halfway there before she realized that she had left her panties in Alan's car.

Sara pulled up and parked, getting out the key and letting herself in. Rex was happy to see her. She laughed at how excited he was, almost twirling around in childlike joy. He nosed at her unexpectedly and she shooed him away. He must have been starving or ready to go out if he was that excited, she thought. She got his food ready, but he kept nosing at her crotch. She waved him away and he came back with a ball. She humored the excited dog, throwing it down the hall. He chased it down and brought it back to her. She laughed, threw it again, and he tried to catch it mid-air. Instead, he knocked it under the couch. He tried hard to reach the ball under there, but couldn't reach it.

"Here big guy," she said laughing, "Let me get that for you." She walked over to the couch, bent over, and found she couldn't reach it either. She grabbed her phone, her face to the floor, and turned on the light to look for it. She was glad no one else but them was there, as her skirt was not made for being in this position, she thought. She reached out, touched the ball, and accidentally pushed it back a bit.

"God dammit," she muttered, reaching deeper when everything went wrong. The first sign things were going sideways was the long hot tongue that lapped at her, as she realized why. Rex had

smelled the sex on her. The cum in her. And then, as she screamed and yelped, his weight was on top of her. She was terrified, trying to get up, while the excited Rott thrust wildly at her. She couldn't believe it, she screamed and yelled at him to stop, crying as his nails roughly scratched at her blouse and sides. And then she was almost free, had almost gotten away from him, when his cock found purchase.

At that moment, for a brief second, Sara thought of the chain of events that had allowed this. Forgetting her panties, hot clumsy car sex, and wearing a short skirt to entice her boyfriend. If she had simply worn pants, she thought, before she started screaming.

It was like nothing that she'd done before. Not that she had even been forced before. Never been humiliated. Rex tore into her with animalistic enthusiasm. His weight and his hot breath made her want to vomit as he licked at her cheek. She could feel every thrust as the dog rutted in her, pumping into her like a bitch. She sobbed hysterically as her mind tried to deny the reality of what was happening. He gripped at her hips, long claws scratching her, pumping inside her as she shook under him. If she had focused her thoughts, she probably could have gotten away. But the depravity, being used like a cheap animal, had put her in shock as she was used. She clung to the leg of the couch, sobbing, as she was thrust into, again and again. He was leaking so much precum she could feel it running down her legs, puddling between her knees on the hardwood floor. Drip. Drip. Drip. She thought nothing could be worse than this.

That was what she had thought. Then she learned how wrong she was.

It built up in her slowly at first. Maybe it was because of the sex with Alan. With not cumming from their clumsy car sex. Maybe it was a coping mechanism. Whatever the cause was, it didn't matter. She felt the warmth building inside her and screamed again and again "No! GOD NO!", but that didn't stop Rex nor did it stop her body. As he jack-hammered in her, her pussy soaked in his precum, it built up. Slowly, deep inside her. First, her legs began to tremble. To shudder. Shaking violently. Her voice was lost as her eyes bulged. A fingernail broke as she clawed the wood floor so hard she left scratches on it. And then, a part of her exploded in warmth, riding a wave of unwanted pleasure. Another part of her died as she came from a dog fucking her. A part that would hate herself for the rest of her life. Rex didn't notice or care, but after that, there was no struggle, no fight. She just cried, fresh juices of hers joining his between her legs, leaving a dirty puddle of shame.

And even then, she was wrong about the worst being over.

She had thought she had gone numb. She just had to ride out the storm. He would be done soon and she could drink or drug herself into oblivion and pray she never remembered it. Instead, she felt a new pain, like he was pushing inside her more somehow, spreading her. It took a moment for her to realize she was being knotted as the pain only grew more intense. Fresh tears ran down her face as the dog humiliated her even more by lapping them up. She clawed the floor, another nail chipping, as her insides burned, overfilled by the heavy Rott on top of her. And then, more shame, as the sudden rush of heat pushed her over again. She spasmed, then went limp, face on the cold floor crying. She felt empty. Broken. Rex slowly moved, getting off of her. And yet, they were still connected. Fresh humiliation ran through her as she realized she was tied to him.

Every now and then, he would move, dragging her unwillingly with him as the pain of trying to stay in place was too much. The large knot held her to him, bonded to an animal in a way she never wanted to be. She felt hollowed out, empty. In her mind, so many of her thoughts of herself had turned to ash. Nothing. Some fifteen minutes later he pulled free, his cum gushing out. When he licked her soaked cunt, lapping her juices and his cum, she let him. She didn't move for several more

minutes, finally standing up while he ate. She tossed the money she was being paid on the floor, along with the key, and left them there as the bills soaked up the mess on the floor. She left, never to return.

When she got home, she turned the hot water so high that she scalded herself, screaming, holding her injured sex as she balled up in the shower until the water ran cold. Shivering, she crawled into bed. She stayed there for two days, her sleep broken by fitful dreams that she didn't want. When Alan tried to check on her, she threw him out, screaming at him that she never wanted to see him again. She stayed inside except for work, often crying.

A year later, she ventured out. She had lost some weight, was slimmer, and a bit paler. She touched herself until she was soaked, then smeared her fingers along her neck, behind her ears. She dressed in a longer skirt, but she didn't wear any panties. Then she headed out until she found the place, heading inside the dog pound. The nice people at the desk asked her many questions about the breed of dog she was looking for and she told them a Rottweiler, but not the reason why.

That she was ready to start dating again.