

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



"Oh man, it's wet out... that's gonna put a damper on things."

Looking out of my window, I looked at the dreary sight of the sodden grass, the wet pavement, and the grey, leadened sky. Heaving a big sigh, I turned away from the window, as my phone had started buzzing on the side table next to my couch.

"Hello?"

"Hi, are you still doing the dog walking service?" the voice on the other end said. It sounded male, but in the times we live in now, it can be hard to tell.

"Yes, I am. Is there a way I can help you?"

"I have a big work presentation today, and I need my German Shepherd walked while I'm out. I will warn you, he can be difficult to handle sometimes. Could you do that for me?"

My interest instantly perked up. German Shepherds are my absolute favorite breed of dog. I loved the intelligent eyes, the strong stance, and just the sheer size of them. My heart beat just a little faster and I felt the slightest twinge in my loins.

"Sure! I'm not worried about handling him, I have lots of experience handling difficult dogs. What time and where are you located?"

I talked with my customer for a couple more minutes, scribbling down their details. They needed to leave fairly soon for their presentation, and wanted to introduce the two of us before they left, so I scrambled around, grabbing the things I needed so I could head out.

15 minutes later, I stood on my customer's porch, ringing their doorbell. Booming barks sounded inside, but seemed to be stationary, as I never heard the barking get closer to the door. Moments later, the door opened.

"Hi! I'm Steve. Thank you for coming so quickly! I was desperate to find someone that can take care of my guy while I'm gone."

"Hi Steve, I'm Angela. Nice to meet you! Where's your pooch?"

"Nice to meet you Angela. This way, he's in his kennel."

We made our way through his modestly appointed home. He opened the door to his bedroom, and instantly savage barking filled the air. There, in a kennel near the bed, was the most beautiful German Shepherd I had ever seen. He was in home defense mode, and was growling and barking aggressively.

"Sampson, QUIET!"

Instantly the barking stopped.

"Angela, this is Sampson. Since he's seen you with me, he won't be aggressive towards you, even though he sounds like he'll tear your hand off if he had the chance."

My heart fluttered as I looked at Sampson. He is exactly what I had always wanted in a German Shepherd. The right color, the beautiful, sharp eyes, the sloping hip... he was the perfect

representative of the breed. As Steve approached the kennel, he started to wag his long tail, making a banging noise each time it hit one side and then the other. He opened the kennel and Sampson launched himself onto Steve, almost bowling him over.

"He's just a big baby. Loves attention, but he's strong and can be quite assertive on a leash."

"He's lovely," I say, trying to keep the tremor out of my voice. I had been shaking slightly as I looked at this magnificent creature. "I'm sure we'll get along fine."

Sampson turned his head towards me, then bounced playfully over to me.

"Easy boy," Steve admonished.

Sampson sniffed me all over, walking around me in a circle. As he completed his revolution around me, he planted his nose right between my legs. Only the thin fabric of my dress kept him from contacting my swollen lips. I shuddered in delight.

"Sampson!!"

He pulled his nose away and scampered back over to his owner, bouncing playfully around his person.

"I'm sorry, Angela. He likes to do that a little too much sometimes."

"It's okay, I'm used to it... I've had many dogs do that. It's actually quite common."

"Here you go." Steve had snapped the leash on Sampson's collar. "I'll be gone for a couple hours while I give my presentation. Can you have him back home by then?"

"Sure!" I said. A couple hours... with this beautiful canine. My thoughts started to wander, and my lips grew moist due to the direction of those thoughts.

"Okay!! See you then, I need to be on my way! I'll walk you to the door."

I followed Steve to the door, and Sampson padded next to me. It was obvious that he had been trained, because he fell in step beside me with no instruction.

"Thanks for taking care of him while I'm gone. I'll see you soon!!"

"No problem, see you in a couple hours, Steve!"

Fortunately, the rain was very light, and I had never minded getting wet. The fabric of my dress clung to me as we walked toward a park that I knew that was fairly isolated but was great for taking dogs for walks. Sampson walked next to me quietly, behaving perfectly as we covered the short distance from Steve's house to the park.

We arrived at the park and I started taking Sampson to my favorite parts of the park. One spot in particular was pretty hidden, and unless you knew where it was, it wasn't easy to find. I was headed that way when suddenly Sampson lurched forward, almost pulling me off my feet.

"Sampson!!!"

I held onto the loop of the leash, desperately trying to keep hold of the tough fabric. It cut into my hands a little, but I had never lost a dog on a walk, and I certainly wasn't going to let this one get

away from me. I grabbed the loop with both hands, but even though I pulled against him, Sampson pulled me forward.

Sampson darted off the path and pulled me toward a row of tall bushes. He darted through a gap between two of the bushes that was just big enough to allow me to pass through, although as he pulled me the limbs scratched at me. Suddenly, Sampson's line went slack. I was halfway through the gap, but couldn't see Sampson. I pushed my way through, and saw Sampson around to one side of the row of bushes, and he was looking back at me.

"Sampson... naughty boy!!"

His mouth dropped open and his tongue lolled out of his mouth as if he were laughing at me. His eyes sparkled, and he licked his lips, his tongue dropping back down as he panted. He looked away from me, and started walking purposefully, pulling on the leash again. I tugged at him, but he just kept going. He pulled me along deeper into the bushes. He slipped through another gap in another line of tall bushes and disappeared again. I followed, curious as to what he was doing.

I pushed my way through the bushes and found I was in a completely isolated clearing. You couldn't see anything outside of the tightly packed bushes, as they were full of dense foliage. Only the gap gave any visibility, but unless you were looking right at it from the other side you wouldn't notice it.

Sampson was facing me, and the "smile" that he had displayed earlier was gone. He looked at me intensely, a low, rumbling growl issuing from his throat.

"Sampson, behave yourself," I said. "Knock it off."

The same growl issued from his throat again. It didn't sound particularly menacing, but it seemed to be telling me very specifically that he was in charge. I took an involuntary step backwards.

Sampson sprang forward and knocked me onto my backside. My butt squelched into the wet grass, and my head came down and whacked the ground. Fortunately the rain had softened the ground, so it didn't hurt as much as it could have. The fall hadn't hurt, but it did quite take me by surprise.

I suddenly felt warm, wet fur between my legs. I heard another warning growl emanate from Sampson's throat as I tried to close my legs. It was true that I had wanted this beautiful canine earlier, but I had thought of much different circumstances than this. He had his head under my dress, and was pushing his way towards my lips, eagerly sniffing for his prize. I tried to push him away, but he growled once again, more menacingly this time.

The first touch of his tongue on my naked lips was a shock. He licked me very slowly, making sure that his soft tongue slid between my lips and ever so slightly into my vagina. Despite myself, a little moan escaped my lips. It felt SO good that I just couldn't help it. After that first lick, he went to town on my swollen pussy, licking fast and furiously. My initial fear turned into intense pleasure as that strong tongue lashed my lips and tunnel. I spread my legs, giving him easier access. He kept right on licking, and torrents of pleasure wracked my body. It was almost too much, as when he'd lick my clit it was almost painful. As fast as the licking started, it stopped. Sampson withdrew, and stood between my legs.

I looked up at Sampson, and saw him standing majestically over me, but then I stopped and gasped. He was fully erect, his large red rocket quivering as he breathed. He looked at me, and in that gaze I knew his intent. While I was a bit intimidated by the size of his cock as well as his physical size, desire started to well up in me.

Sampson curled his lips up and exposed his teeth. The faintest trace of a growl came from him, and I knew exactly what he wanted. Hesitantly I turned over, got on all fours, and hiked my dress up over my hips. I felt his heat approach me, and I again received the savage tongue lashing, this time covering me from top of my lips all the way to my rosebud. I groaned in pleasure as his tongue passed over me time and time and time again.

The tongue suddenly stopped. On all fours I waited. I tried to turn my head, but a low warning growl stopped me. Apprehension grew within me... but so did desire.

Suddenly, Sampson was on top of me, his huge body pressing me down. I could feel his hips surging back and forth, and I knew he was going to hit home soon, as he had good aim. I felt the first stab of his cock slip between my lips, then he lurched forward and buried himself inside of me. I gasped from the sudden full feeling I had as he entered me. He started pumping me hard, filling me with his doggy cock. He was absolutely huge for a dog, but the shock gave way to intense pleasure as he mated with me. He savagely pounded me hard for quite some time until a new sensation filled me. He had orgasmed, and was filling me with his doggy seed. He lay on top of me for a few minutes, letting his cock fill me full as his seed kept coming. He slowly slid off my back and walked off a few paces.

I turned my head slowly, expecting a growl of warning, but it never came. I looked back at Sampson and he sat there quietly, just the tip of his red penis poking out of it's sheath. He looked at me and wagged his tail. All trace of the aggression he had shown earlier now was gone, and he looked like an obedient, expectant puppy waiting on a command from his master.

As I raised myself up onto my knees, I could feel his seed slowly sliding down my thighs. I had to clean myself up, but had no way to do so. A thought hit me suddenly.

"Sampson?" I said quietly.

He obediently came over and started licking his own cum off my thighs. He had a blown a lot inside of me, and it took him a while before he had me all cleaned up. I shivered with pleasure as his tongue covered my pussy yet again.

I tentatively reached out and put my hand on his head. His wet fur slipped underneath my hand as he continued to clean me up.

"Good boy."

He finished taking care of our mess and was soon bouncing around me, the playful dog that I experienced earlier back in full force. I looked at the time and was shocked to see that his owner would be back very soon!

"Let's go home boy!"

He led me back through the two gaps we came in through and walked obediently beside me all the way back to his person's home.

"Perfect timing!" Steve said as we walked up the path to his front door. "I had just gotten home! You... uh... look like you had a rough time. Was he bad for you?"

"Oh, I took a spill while we played. We were out in the rain the whole time, so I must look a mess," I laughed

Steve looked at me oddly. "Hmmm."

"He was a delight, really. I enjoyed our time together, and would do it again anytime!"

Steve smiled brightly. "You got yourself a deal," he quipped.

I went down to my knees and patted Sampson on his beautiful head. "Thank you boy. I had fun!"

I stood up and looked at Steve. "Give me a call anytime he needs exercise. I'll get him in as soon as I am able!"

"Sounds good. Just curious... did you take him to the park nearby? The one that's isolated away and most people don't know about it?"

"How do you know about that place? I've never seen anyone else walk their dogs there. I'm always alone when I go there."

"Sampson found it. He took me there one day. Did he... by chance... take you in the bushes?"

I blushed ferociously.

"I see. Well, let's just say you're not the first person he's taken there."

"Um....."

"I know what you went through," Steve said. "He did it to me too."

Shock filled me as Steve looked at me.

"Yeah," he said. "And I enjoyed it. It sounds like you did too!"

From that day on, Steve and Angela became great friends. She visited Steve often, and invited him to her place as well. Let's just say that Sampson ALWAYS enjoyed their visits.