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Prologue

My life didn't quite turn out as I expected. Actually, that's not entirely true. My life is nothing like I imagined it. It all started when I graduated college. Once upon a time, all you needed to succeed in life was a college diploma. But no more. Given the state of our economy, you have better odds of winning the lottery than landing a job in your area of expertise. It's a depressing thought, but it's true. It's also true that I was part of this unlucky group of people. So, although I had spent year furthering my education, I ended up working a crap job for minimum wage.

Like most, I quickly settled into my routine of mediocrity. I worked long hours for very little pay. But I needed a job to repay my student loans. And from the looks of it, I would continue to do so for many years to come. I held out as long as I could, but my optimism eventually gave out and I fell into a deep depression. Digging my way out was a painstakingly slow process, but I eventually managed to reach the top of this hill. From there, I had a complete view of my life. Realizing how pathetic my existence was should have sent me tumbling into another depression, but it actually ignited the fires of passion within me. I didn't know what I wanted to do with the rest of my life, but it definitely wasn't working a dead-end job in the hopes of one day paying back my student loans. That was the day I created my "figure out what the hell I want to do with my life" fund. I'll admit it's not the best name, but who cares? All that mattered was that I was working toward bettering my life.

It took almost a year before I had enough saved up. By then, I'd decided what to do with it. I could have blown it all by putting a minor dent in my debt, but I instead chose to do something far more drastic. I quit my job and bought a plane ticket. The plan was to get as far away from my life as possible for a few weeks. In my case, that meant going to Australia. I didn't know what I would find there, but I hoped this time away from my pitiful existence would allow me to figure out what to do with the rest of my life. Hopefully, it would also bring a little excitement into my life. Little did I know, I was about to get way more excitement than I bargained for.

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## **Survival**

I was startled awake by a powerful tremor. My first thought when I emerged from my slumber was "Where the hell am I?" One quick glance at my surroundings told me I was on a plane bound for Australia. My second thought was "Is the plane going down?" But none of the other passengers were freaking out. A few looked worried, but no one was panicking.

"Ladies and gentlemen," came a voice from all directions. "This is your captain speaking. I would ask that you please fasten your seatbelts as we've hit a little turbulence. Thank you for your cooperation, and please enjoy the rest of your flight."

That answered my question. The plane was still in the air. At least for now. I fumbled for my seatbelt and fastened it around my waist. In the seconds that followed, I heard dozens of clicks coming from all around. It came from the other passengers affixing their own seatbelts. Within moments, we were all safely tucked in. And not a second too soon.

We hit a pocket of air. The entire plane dropped. Gravity seemed to vanish. We floated in the air for a second before the plane levelled off and we were slammed into our seats. We were still in the air, but my heart was now pounding madly in my chest. A quick look at my surroundings told me I wasn't the only one freaking out. But the few experienced fliers that were scattered throughout the rest of us sporadic fliers didn't seem bothered in the least. One man was actually sleeping. Can you believe

it?

We hit another few pockets of air, but none were as frightening as the first. I'm not sure if it's because they were smaller or simply because I was now accustomed to the rocking of the plane. Did I say accustomed? I meant not as freaked out as I once was. Truth be told, I was terrified. I kept picturing the plane going down, which only made things worse. I tried to chase the thought away, but it refused to leave.

Things eventually calmed down, but the reprieve was only temporary. Just when I was starting to relax, a bolt of lightning lit up the sky right outside my window. It was so close I was actually blinded. A split second later, I heard a powerful rumbling. My first thought was that it was thunder. Then my vision returned and I realized the truth was far worse.

My seat was located right next to the right wing engine. At least it used to be. Now all I could see were twisted pieces of metal. Flames and smoke erupted from what used to be the engine. No one else seemed to have noticed. I knew I should probably have told someone about what I was witnessing, but I was frozen in shock. I just sat there and stared at the flames in disbelief.

I'm not sure how long I remained petrified. I only know it was the panicked shouts of my fellow passengers that dragged me back to reality. Everyone was staring at the engine in disbelief. A few screamed in terror. Others whimpered. But most just sat there, stunned. This shocked stupor persisted until the plane started dipping to the right. Screams filled the air as the plane's balance was compromised. I'm pretty sure I was yelling too, but I can't be certain. I was too freaked out to care.

The plane continued to twist in the air. The angle soon got so pronounced I felt myself slide in my seat. If not for my seatbelt, I would have slammed into the outer shell of the plane. Actually, that may have been preferable, because I soon found myself hanging from my seatbelt. We were now completely sideways. I had the brief thought that I was about to die. But then the plane started to right itself. It took a while, but we eventually regained our original position.

I breathed a sigh of relief. Perhaps my time hadn't come after all.

"I apologize for the scare," said the captain, "but we just lost one of our engines." He was trying to sound calm, but I could tell he was worried. "Not to worry though, our remaining engine will see us to safety. As a safety precaution, we will be rerouting to the nearest landing field for an emergency landing. In the meantime please stay calm and remain in your seats."

People glanced around nervously. I could tell they were afraid. I couldn't blame them. So was I. In fact I was about to lose it. But I knew freaking out would only make things worse, so I closed my eyes and focused on my breathing. It took some time, but I managed to slow my racing heart. When I opened my eyes again, things were back to normal. At least as normal as they can be when flying thousands of feet in the air with only one engine keeping you from a terrifying plummet to certain death.

The next few minutes were spent in silence. I think everyone was praying nothing would happen to the second engine. I know I was. In fact, it was all I did for the next few minutes. When nothing happened for almost fifteen minutes, I began to relax. The other passengers seemed to have recovered as well, because conversations had emerged throughout the plane. The old lady that sat next to me even took it upon herself to ask how I was doing.

"I'm fine," I assured, though I honestly had no clue if that was true. "You?"

The woman gave me a comforting smile. "I survived cancer. I seriously doubt a plane cr—"

Another explosion cut her off before she could finish. This one came from the left side of the plane. My first thought was that our second engine had also been hit by lightning. My second thought was that I hoped my first thought was wrong. Fortunately, the murmurs that spread through the plane confirmed lightning had nothing to do with the explosion I'd heard. Unfortunately, that was only because a bird was responsible for our second engine blowing up. Though I didn't see it at the time, I now realize how incredible it was that two different occurrences took out our engines. The odds of that happening were staggering. Unfortunately, that didn't change that fact that we were now gliding through the sky without a means of propulsion.

Once the initial surprise had passed, silence filled the plane. Without the engines, it was eerily quiet. The silence persisted for a few seconds before oxygen masks fell from the ceiling. That acted like a trigger. Within seconds, everyone was screaming and fighting for access to the masks. I reached up and grabbed mine, though I honestly doubted it would do any good. Who cares about breathing when your plane is about to go down? Still, I took the time to help the old lady put on her mask.

Once everyone was breathing clean air, the silence returned. But not for long. The captain's voice boomed through the speakers. This time, he didn't bother trying to comfort us.

"We lost our second engine," he explained. "Once we lose our momentum, we will begin to descend. At this point I will attempt to make a water landing. Please remain in your seats and assume your crash positions. Thank you and god bless us all."

That was the last we heard from our captain. In fact, it was the last thing many of us would ever hear. As the captain had predicted, the nose of the plane began to dip. The rest of the plane followed and we were forced back into our seats by the force of the plummet. The faster we fell, the greater the pressure. Before long, I was pinned in my seat, unable to move. I managed to twist my neck and glanced at the old lady to my left. She looked terrified. I felt bad for her. Then again, I felt bad for me too. I didn't want to die. Not yet. I still had so much to live for, so much to experience. But that was beginning to seem less and less likely.

I'm not sure how long it took before we hit the water. It was probably under a minute, but to me it felt like a lifetime. I kept expecting to see my life flash before my eyes, but it never did. All I saw was the terrified faces of the other passengers. Then I spotted something out of the corner of my eye. I focused on the window, only to see a shocking sight.

The ocean stretched out as far as the eye would see. It was a never ending mass of foamy waves and darkness. It sped past my window at such speed that I only saw a blur. The good news is that the horizon was level with the plane, which meant the pilot had managed to level us out. Hopefully he would also manage to set us down without tearing the plane apart. Then all we'd have to do is make it out of the plane before it sunk. That was my final, depressing thought before we splashed down.

We hit the water with such force that we bounced off like a stone skipping on a pond. We rebounded a total of three times. Each time we made contact with the water, I was jostled in my seat. The first time my neck snapped back with such force it almost snapped. The second time one of my hands came into contact with the outer shell of the plane. The impact was so violent it felt like my hand had exploded. But the lack of blood told me that was only an impression. The third time we hit the water, I was propelled forward and smashed my head into the seat before me. The collision was so intense that I lost consciousness. I drifted between life and death for a while before the darkness surrounded me and reality faded. The last thing I felt was water running up my legs. We were sinking. With that depressing thought, I passed out.

Awaking from such a traumatic experience was nothing like in the movies. My eyes didn't fly open. Nor did I jump up and stumble around in search of other survivors. I just lay there, wishing I was dead. For all I knew, maybe I was. Then again, the pain that gripped every muscle in my body was a pretty good indicator that I was still alive. It felt like I had just been run over by a car. Actually, it felt like I had survived a plane crash, because I had. At least I think I had.

I lay there for a while, struggling to regain control of my body. It took forever, but I was eventually able to wiggle a finger. Then a toe. After a while, I was able to move my hands and feet. But that alone was enough to tire me out. I had to take a break. Once my strength returned, I opted for a different tactic. I opened my eyes.

That was a mistake. No sooner were my eyes open than I was blinded by an intense light. My first thought was that I lay in some room, and the light that hung over me was a lamp. But as my eyes acclimated, I began to notice things. The first was the slight yellow tint to the light. And the warmth I now felt on my skin. This was no lamp, it was the sun. I didn't know if I should be relieved or worried by this particular detail. I chose instead to ignore it and continue my search for clues. But all I could see was the sun and the clear blue sky. To see more, I would have to lift my head. The thought alone made me cringe. But I had to do it.

It took some time before I enough strength returned. I was confident I could now lift my head. But that was only a theory. There was only one way to know for sure. I braced myself and flexed my neck muscles. The pain was excruciating, but I managed to lift my head. Ignoring the pain, I took a quick look at my surroundings.

The first thing I noticed was that I was no longer in the plane. Then again, that fact should have been made clear by the sun and the sky. The second thing I realized was that I was surrounded by sand. The only logical explanation was that I had been somehow thrown from the wreckage of the plane and washed up on shore. That was good. The next few details I discovered weren't so good.

The crash must have been pretty grizzly, because most of my clothes had been torn from my body. The few strands that remained did little to cover up my frame. In fact, most of it was uncovered. Which is what led me to my next discovery. Standing between my legs was a dog. It was such an unexpected discovery that I wasn't sure how to react. So I just lay there and studied him.

He was in no way massive, but he wasn't exactly tiny. Though my vision was still blurry from being blinded by the sun, I could clearly see the black spots that riddled his white body. This told me he was a Dalmatian. But such a fact quickly became unimportant when I finally realized what the canine was up to. He wasn't just standing there, staring at me. Instead, he had his head lowered between my thighs. His tongue was outstretched and currently sliding back and forth across my labia. It took a second before I understood that what meant.

"Oh my god!" I gasped when it finally hit me that my pussy was being licked by a dog. At least that's what I tried to say, but all that came out was a gurgle, followed by a coughing fit. That alone was enough to tire me out. I was forced to lay my head back down and close my eyes. Ignoring the animal between my legs, I focused on recovering my strength. It was the only way to put an end to my ghastly discovery.

It took forever. As I lay there, slowly regaining my strength, feeling gradually returned to my body. It began in my fingers and toes, then worked its way up my limbs. Before long, I could feel my entire body. That also meant I could now feel the dog's tongue gliding in and out of my slit. That's right, he was now tongue fucking me.

I wanted to scare him off, but I was still too weak to move. If I wasted what little energy I had regained, the entire process would start over again. I only had one shot at this. It was all about timing. I patiently waited, doing my best to ignore the tongue stroking my most private of areas. It grew increasingly difficult, because the animal was quite a skilled lover. Had it been under different circumstance, I may actually have considered letting him have his way with me. But I had just survived a plane crash. All that mattered now was getting that animal away from me and figuring out where I was and how to get rescued.

I lay there for what felt like hours, recovering. Strength slowly returned to my body, bringing life back to it. Some of the pain that still gripped me faded, though much still remained. But that was good, because it helped keep my mind clear and focused on the task. I waited until I was confident I was strong enough to sit up and scare the animal away. But right before I made my move, something happened. Something so unexpected I didn't know how to react. All that licking may have brought the feeling back to my body, but it also transported something else. Arousal. Loads and loads of arousal.

I was so stunned I couldn't react. I just lay there as the dog continued sliding his tongue in and out of me. As wrong as it was, there was no denying how much I enjoyed the animal's tongue fucking. It may have been illegal, but it didn't change the fact that I had never been this aroused. But that wasn't all I was. I was also quite happy. For the first time in god knows how long, I actually felt cheerful. I didn't care that I had enough student debt to last me a lifetime. It didn't bother me that I had wasted the last year of my life working a dead-end job. I wasn't even bothered by the fact that I had crashed somewhere over the Pacific Ocean. All that now mattered was the dog's tongue darting in and out of my now soaking-wet pussy.

I wanted to be ashamed of the way I felt, but I was unable to. I was too weak to care, too fragile to even muster up the willpower to try and regret the arousal that filled me. So there I lay as the dog licked my pussy. Before long, I had fully given in to the perversity of bestiality. I even started to moan a little. My cries were weak, but they seemed to egg on the animal, because he intensified his tongue strokes. Before long, a powerful orgasm was growing within me. I focused on it, watching it grow before my mind's eye. It soon got so massive it was all I could think about. It wouldn't be long now before it completely took hold of me. And we all know what would happen then.

"Fuck!" I moaned as I climaxed. It was the first word I had spoken since my return to consciousness. My voice was raw, but I didn't care. I continued moaning as my entire body began to tremble. It shook and shuddered as I began to squirt. I had been through this experience one before, but never with such intensity. I squirted like I had never squirted before. My hot nectar slashed into my lover's face. He didn't seem to mind, because he kept tonguing my slit, lapping up the cum as it was released.

I'm not sure how long it lasted. I only know it was so intense it sapped every last drop of energy that had returned to my body. By the time the final wave oozed out of me and my orgasm came to an end, I was barely conscious. I just lay there, eyes closed and chest heaving as the dog licked away every last drop of cum from my body.

Regaining my strength was a slow process. By the time I was strong enough to open my eyes, I had come down from my sexual high. I now realized how perverse my actions had been. Letting the dog lick me to climax went against everything modern society stood for. If anybody ever found out, I could be sentenced to prison. But that's not really what scared me. The worst part was that I had enjoyed it. A lot.

The guilt acted as some sort of boosting agent. Almost instantly after it invaded my body, a surge of

strength washed through me. I doubt I could have stood, but I had enough strength to sit. I expected that to scare the dog away, but he kept on licking my slit.

I tried to shoo him away, but my throat was raw and all I could muster was a weak groan. My next attempt was to manually pry the animal away from me. Unfortunately, I was still very weak and the dog seemed to have fallen in love with me. No matter how hard I pushed, he refused to stop licking my pussy. That left me with only one option.

I had to get away from him. Hopefully having to chase his target would dissuade him from further labial licking. So I used what little strength I had regained to roll onto my stomach. That alone sapped most of my energy, but I was getting stronger with every passing second. I took a moment to rest, then pried myself off the ground. It was difficult because my hands kept slipping in the sand, but I eventually made it to my hands and knees. Once I was certain I wouldn't lose my balance and topple over, I began crawling forward. My progress was slow, but it seemed to be enough to keep the animal at bay. Or so I thought until I felt something long and slimy slither across my slit. I didn't have to look back to know it was his tongue. I tried moving faster, but I was still too weak to get away from my pursuer. The Dalmatian just walked behind me, licking my pussy like it was his only purpose in life.

I kept going for a while, hoping the animal would get bored and give up. He did, although not in the way you're thinking. He stopped licking my pussy, but that was only because he had something far more perverse in mind.

Something brushed against my butt. Moments later, the animal's front legs appeared out of nowhere and began squeezing my waist. I had no idea what was happening until I felt something brush against my slit. A second later, something long and hard slid past my labia.

"Fuck!" I yelped, my voice having suddenly returned. I think it had something to do with the rock-hard cock that now slid deeper and deeper into my pussy. It felt so hot I couldn't help but moan. But the ecstasy was only momentary. Within seconds of the penetration, the canine's knot was being forced into me. It wasn't exactly massive, but it was bigger than I was used to. Then again, I wasn't exactly accustomed to being fucked by a dog.

The horny animal began pounding me before I could fully comprehend what was happening. By the time I realized I was being fucked by a dog, it was already too late. The canine rode me like a savage beast, drilling my hole like it had never been drilled before. His hold on me was too powerful to deny. And I don't just mean physically. His intense pounding was so overwhelming that it lured arousal back to my body. I barely had time to figure this out before moans began to topple from my mouth. I was shocked and repulsed, but also excited and aroused. Not to mention all that crawling had tired me out. I barely had enough strength left to remain upright. There was no way in hell I could fight off such a zealous, sex-hungry beast. Not to mention the fact that I lost a little more resolve each time the rock-hard member was forced into me. Before long, it was completely gone. All that now remained was arousal.

I was met with the same realization as before. I no longer cared what society said about bestiality. I was loving every second of this bestial encounter. In fact, knowing how wrong it was only made it more enjoyable. So I did the only thing I could. I gave in to the animal's forceful penetrations and let loose with the moans.

I had only just climaxed, but that didn't keep another orgasm from growing within me. I think giving in to the lure of bestiality had made me insatiable. Thankfully, my canine lover wasn't about to stop. In fact, he intensified the pounding as the orgasm grew ever present within me. Before long, it got

so massive I could think of nothing else. I just moaned and moaned until I finally reached the point of no return.

“Fuck!” I shrieked in a surprisingly powerful voice as I climaxed. My body began to tremble as squirt after squirt gushed from my slit. The feel of the warm liquid running down my thighs drove me insane. I couldn’t get enough. Thankfully, my lover had one final gift to offer me. Moments after my orgasm erupted from my body, the Dalmatian’s cock came to life. It convulsed within me for a moment before it also began releasing powerful squirts. It wasn’t long before it rained down upon my legs alongside mine. Of course, that only made me moan louder.

This went on for what felt like both the blink of an eye and timeless eternity. But time mattered little. The only thing of true importance was that I had never been this happy. The only downside was that my first interspecies pounding was so intense that I blacked out moments after the final squirt oozed out of me. I didn’t even get to feel my lover’s cock slide out of me.

I’m not sure how long it took me to recover. I only know that the Dalmatian had licked away every last drop of cum that had once coated my body. And given the intensity of my orgasm that was quite an accomplishment.

I expected to feel highly repulsed by my actions. Though I did feel a certain amount of shame, I no longer viewed bestiality as an aberration. But that didn’t mean I would ever again let my urges get the better of me. Now that my strength had been restored and most of the pain had vanished, it was time for me to think of the future.

One look at my suspicions confirmed my worst fear. I was stranded on what appeared to be with a deserted island. What’s more, the only inhabitant of the island appeared to be a horny dog with only one thing on its mind. Unfortunately for me, that thing was sex.

To be continued...