

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



It was the night before Christmas, and alone by the fireplace sat a young woman, on a comfortable rug, gazing forlornly at the dying fire. The smoldering embers glowed in her green eyes, and the reflections of the tiny golden flames danced on the wine-glass she was nursing in her hands, as well as the empty one sitting, unused, on the wooden floor. Sighing, the red-head sipped her drink, then put it aside. A shiver shook her slender body, and she hugged her stockinged legs; the bathrobe she was wearing seemed insufficient at keeping the chill of the dark and quiet house at bay.

She was not the only creature stirring, however: somewhere next to the couch behind her, two dark, brown eyes opened as slits, and a tail began to wag, ever-so-tentatively, at the familiar sight of the lonely, feminine figure. As the large dog struggled to his paws and stretched, the woman called to him.

"Mal? Is that you, boy? Heh. Glad to see I'm not the only one still awake.."

She'd lost him after "Mal", of course, and the aptly-named Malamute answered only by sitting down on his haunches, quizzically cocking his head. This did not seem to deter his lady-friend, however, as she stubbornly kept up her side of this one-sided 'conversation.'

"He went to sleep." she huffed, "Can you believe that? I mean, I know he's tired and all. His work. Jetlag. Yeah. But I really just wanted him to.. to.." There was a pause, wherein the woman shook her head; red locks dancing. Perhaps, she realized how unproductive it was to vent at this poor canine. But it seemed to take a load of her narrow shoulders, so she continued regardless.

"It's been month since we've last.. made love." the girl stammered, her voice cracking slightly with emotion, in a way that the dog could comprehend. "I thought, tonight, of all nights.." she added in a murmur; addressing no one in particular. The faithful dog walked up to her side and silenced her lamentations briefly by nosing and licking at her palm; the disarming show of affection eliciting a watery chuckle. Rubbing her eyes, the neglected female looked like someone who desperately did not want to cry. But to have all her careful planning for a romantic night be for naught, to see the man she loved complain of headaches and just go straight to bed, practically ignoring her and the lengths she'd gone to on his behalf..

"I mean, look at the getup I squeezed myself into to try and get him to notice me.." the pouting girl muttered as she rose. She shrugged out of her robe to show off the obviously christmas-inspired, and incredibly sexy, outfit that she'd ordered online for the occasion: the aforementioned stockings - with a red-and-white stripe, of course - and frilly garters which disappeared beneath a super-short, red skirt. The hem of this skimpy garment was adorned with a white, faux fur trim, as was the ample cleavage of her tight-fitting red top.

"And to top it all off.." the red-haired beauty demonstrated, donning the cute little santa-hat that had been hanging, nigh-forgotten, from the mantle-place. She posed sexily for her bemused canine companion, actually enjoying herself a bit for the first time that evening. Though before long, she slumped back down on the rug - flopping onto her back to better let out yet another heart-wrenching sigh.

There had been better times.. When they'd first started living together, it seemed like she couldn't ever do the dishes, or cook, without two hands suddenly reaching around to lovingly cup her breasts; a pleasantly familiar hardness pressing up against her soft rear. They'd happily explored every nook and cranny of this spacious house. That kind of drive couldn't last forever, of course. She knew that. But for it to peter out like this, so suddenly and utterly, leaving her doubtful and frustrated.. that

was something she hadn't been prepared for.

The spark had departed. The fiery passion they had shared – like the cozy fire she had futilely tended to all evening – now but smoldering embers. And her attempt to rekindle it, tonight, had failed.

She had needs, too – though her spouse didn't seem to realize it. She felt it: an unpleasant tightness in her tummy, aching for release. This, added to the noticeable buzz of one too many glasses of wine, lowered her inhibitions enough that she decided to take matters into her own hands. Desperate to relax, the reclining woman shifted to get more comfortable, spread her legs slightly and kept her eyes shut; continuing to reminisce on happier times as she gently teased her fingertips over the neglected femininity hidden beneath a small triangle of sheer, red fabric. Rubbing in pleasant little circles, it wasn't long before she tugged the obstructing panties aside and dipped a finger into her needy slit; a digit soon joined by its nearest sibling.

When she opened her eyes again, a curious malamute, whom she had momentarily forgotten was even there, was standing directly opposite her, staring. Despite him being just a dog, the masturbating girl couldn't help but feel a bit self-conscious. She usually did this in the privacy of the bathroom, not sprawled out on the rug in the living room – and certainly not dressed up like this. The slutty outfit and mildly risqué location made it more exciting for her, though – and she could really use some excitement, right about now.

She was about to get more than she bargained for, however.

Somehow, the way the dog was attentively watching her turned the usually shy, reserved girl on. It felt like she was giving a show to a guy, shamelessly exposing herself in a delightfully exhibitionistic way – but without any of the risks of the male in question telling anyone. But this was wrong. This wasn't her! Right?

"S-silly dog.." she berated the animal fondly, as she used two fingers to both expose and tease her throbbing clit. 'Stop looking at me.. Go play.. somewhere.. else.. ah..'

Her protests proved both feeble and futile, as the dog's interest was piqued by his mistress' odd behavior – and the titillating scent suddenly emanating from her. Slowly, tail wagging cautiously, the dog approached. The girl saw this through a haze of yearned for pleasure, and though part of her urged her to stop fingering herself at least long enough to halt the incoming animal, she didn't do so in the end. Breathlessly, her fingers' movement slowing from blur to crawl, she watched as the gorgeous, white, black and sable canine dipped down his head and sniffed her most private place. She shivered as he exhaled, the coolness of his breath perversely tangible on her heated little clitty and swollen cunny-lips.

And then there was a chill, a cold nose pressing into her folds, followed by a wave of toe-curling pleasure washing over her. Arching her back and gasping in surprise, the shocked and inebriated woman didn't even realize what had happened right away. It was like her mind rejected the lewd reality of what she had allowed to happen. She gasped again – another lick, undeniable this time. And another, and another – sloppy, noisy licks of a tongue hotter, bigger and rougher than that of her husband, and infinitely more persistent. The eager snout pressed harder, parting what cover her labia might've provided, and dipped into the vulnerable, more sensitive pinkness with obvious fervor. Even her perineum and rear weren't spared, there usually-ignored spots pulsing with collateral, nerve-tingling twinges of pleasure each time that wonderful, inhuman tongue dragged over them, too.

And then it found, perchance by accident, the hard little nub that was her already-stimulated and

exposed clit, scraping over it, as if in slow-motion, with inch after wet inch of delightful doggy-tongue. And she knew it was a dog, doing this to her. But she found she didn't care. It even enhanced the experience, adding a layer of taboo and depravity that she'd never thought she'd experience - while at the same time, it felt completely natural. The last thing our red-headed protagonist recalled was her own, high-pitched whimper, before the world phased out. She trembled as she regained her senses, finding herself on her side on the rug, her legs, perhaps protectively, pulled up and pressed together; shielding her hyper-sensitive, post-climax clitty from that incessant, enthusiastic tongue. Intermingled girlcum and saliva trickled down her inner thighs, and the inside of her right butt-cheek. Her womb and clit throbbed in unison, still recovering from the most intense orgasm she could recall having.

Opening her eyes and lifting her head ever-so-slightly, the panting girl was immediately touched by the sight of her concerned pet standing over her, whining softly and nudging her arm with his nose. She felt a surge of love and appreciation for this animal, deeper and more profound than ever before. Without even thinking about it, she shifts onto her side and reaches out to carress the 'mute's tummy; giggling at the dog's obvious relief at seeing her moving again.

"It's okay, boy. I'm okay..." she cooed, before biting her lower lip, unsure how to express herself all of a sudden. "T-thank you..." she whispers. Two simple words that could never hope to convey the genuine gratitude she felt for her new-found, unexpected lover. She would've never considered cheating with another man, but this.. this was different. She knew this dog; had always loved him. And she had yearned for this. Yearned for passion, ached for release of all this pent-up desire.

Carefully studying her quadrupedal companion's quietly questioning expression, she caressed closer and closer to the male's exposed testes; treating them to some fluttery, gentle fondling. The proud dog went still, but seemed to instinctively trust her - and her highly submissive position on the floor might've helped, too. Slowly, she directed her attentions to the sheath she knew covered the sled-dog's member - suddenly intensely curious about the dog's cock, which she'd only seen to briefest flashes of. (Mostly because she had looked away, blushing fiercely, whenever it had been exposed.) Rubbing lovingly but patiently, it wasn't long before some pink came peeking out, and, giggling, the suddenly adventurous, christmas-clad girl wondered whether the dog had perhaps been turned on from tasting her.

Emboldened by this, her mind swimming with prurient thoughts, the prone female brushed the pom-pom at the tip of her christmas hat out of her face, and leaned in to lick that oddly pointed cock-tip, just to see if she could get away with it. The doggy whimpered, and kicked his hind-leg a little, but seemed to approve. So she soldiered on, pressing her lips to that protective pouch of skin, kissing it as the tip of that obscured doggy-cock slipped into her warm mouth, her actions quickly coaxing out more of that exotic cock. Quickly she feels it swelling, growing in girth - moreso whilst she swirled her tongue all around its uniquely textured, growing length. Backing off a little, spitting out the throbbing, quivering doggy-cock, already slick with her saliva, she is treated to a small spurt of doggy-juice directly on her lips. She erased the erotic droplets with a swipe of her tongue, realizing only afterwards that the flavor now warming her tastebuds was dog-cum. But to her surprise, no disgust registered - only lust.

Panting heavily, the feverish girl surveyed her prize: a gorgeous, glans-colored, twitching doggy-cock, pointed straight at her; eager for more of her enjoyable mouth. Stroking her fluffy lover's muscular flank reassuringly, but also holding the eager dog back just a little by squeezing her free hand around the base of his cock, the ginger girl wrapped her lips around her tail-waggy partner's wonderful cock once more; cheeks caving as she sucked; wet noises making her blush with ignored embarrassment. She bobbed her head and took him as deep as she could cope with, before letting him slip out again; saliva-slickness marking her progress along that swollen shaft. She was forced to

gulp again and again, as that pointed tip rewarded her efforts with spurt after lazy spurt of hot come into her warm-wet mouth; the powerful jets of copious, runny sperm splashing against the back of her throat, and onto her writhing tongue. It was like she could feel it race down her gullet each time she swallowed, the hotness glowing in her tummy afterwards. She loved every second of it. She realized she might've found the taste unpleasant in other circumstances, but to her mind, right now, it was the nectar of the fucking Gods..

Letting the slick, splurting doggy-cock slip out of her mouth, her chest heaving, the awestruck bestiality-initiate rests the pulsing tip of that productive penis on her tongue, letting it quiver and squirt in excitement as she lets the cum so produced gather in a make-shift bowl formed by the pink muscle. When it is filled to overflowing, and she feels a trickle of dog-sperm run down her chin, she moved her head back to swill that lascivious liquid around, before swallowing it all with obvious relish, savoring the lewd flavor; trembling with arousal at the unthinkable depraved but unbearably erotic act she had just unhesitantly performed.

"God.." she whispered huskily, lowering her head to the ground for a moment, as her muscles felt like jelly right about now. Flustered, and unable to catch her breath, she asks, "W-what are you doing to me, boy?" The extremely happy dog just stood there for a minute, panting gaily, moving nervously but playfully, before leaning down to lap affectionately at her face. Giggling at the kinda-gross, but cute sensation, the soon-slobbery girl is suddenly silenced when her puppy-partners found that her lips were far more tasty than just her cheeks - being, after all, drenched with his cum. It was like a lover's kiss, and she found herself unable to resist the dog's advances; surrendering to his probing tongue with a shiver, letting him tease her lips and mouth, even licking back at him with her smaller tongue, like a good girl-dog.

This nigh-human act of passion left the overwhelmed christmas-girl bereft of breath and hornier than ever. The preceeding, incredibly erotic blowjob and hot load of animal cum didn't help her composure any. At this point, things between her and her new-found, bestial lover had escalated to where it seemed like there was only one logical next step.. Mal seemed to have instinctively reached the same conclusion: his cock, while receded back into his sheath, was still poking out, ready for action, and his demeanor was nervous and eager; the big dog prancing about around the petite girl he had just discovered was both tasty and sexually available.

"You.. want me, don't you, Mal?" she asks superfluously, still coming to grips with the concept, herself. God knew she needed to get laid, but by her dog? Anyone would think her desperate.. perverted even. Then again, no one would ever know, and it didn't feel like she was just using an innocent animal.. Mal was clearly ready and willing, and her heart throbbed as she looked at him - all the chemistry was there between them, despite their differing species.

Slowly, sexily, the heavily blushing woman slipped her panties down her stockinged legs, trembling as she turned and got on all fours, presenting herself to her quadrupedal suitor in a manner that ought to be recognizable to him. A human male might have taken a moment to enjoy the pleasing sight of her pretty, smooth rear, with the moist lips of her flowering cunny exposed - a sight which the white, fluffy hem of her skimpy skirt utterly failed to cover. He might've appreciated the way the garters framed thisgorgeous butt, and the striped stockings made her legs look all the more shapely.

Mal the dog, however, didn't waste time on such details, and approached impatiently. His willing, human bitch-girl gasped when he tried to mount, his warm weight landing on her back but his cocktip merely grazing and poking at her tush. The kneeling woman submitting to him whimpered in frustration, but even after he dismounted and circled her, she continued to hold her butt proudly aloft, even wiggling it invitingly. The fresh, unreptitious couple tried again quickly, the eager male thrust-seeking longingly for the soft depths of his eager mate. Reaching back, the breathless, rattled

girl aided her lover in finding his mark – letting out a sharp whimper-moan when he poked her with his tip, then plunged his once-more rapidly swelling doggy-cock into her receptive sex.

His waiting, human bitch had but a moment or two to take in the ticklish feeling of his thick fur resting on her body, the way his paws lovingly clung to her waist, and the hot panting of his snout next to her ear, before all this was drowned out in the most intense quickie he'd ever experienced in her life. She had no hope to keep her voice down, now, as the dog frantically took her: her tremulous moans echoing throughout the quiet house.

It was hard to blame the poor, gasping girl, though: her soft buttocks rippled from the rapid impacts of the dog's fucking, and the white pom-pom on her hat danced erratically. Her breasts jiggled as she rocked along with her first bestial tryst; one of them actually popping out of her overly tight, low-cut top.. And then, abruptly, it was over. Her fuzzy lover pressed into her hard, and she felt the hot bulb of his big knot pressing against her slit, and his churning balls twitching, as the dog trembled, then twisted and dismounted. A hot gush of watery seed spilled from her slightly-gaping, thoroughly-fucked cunny, running messily down her legs.

"Oh Mal, baby... Such a good boy.." the exhausted-but-satisfied, red-haired doggy-bitch gushed happily, still shaken by the experience, but smiling ecstatically, regardless.

On the stairs, in the dark hallway, meanwhile, her open-mouthed husband continued peering through the crack in the living room door. Baffled, he watched as his disheveled young wife sat there like a willing little dog-slut; her legs bearing the red scratches of of eager canine claws as semen leaked from her freshly fucked pussy. His mind reeled with these surreal visuals, but wasn't given any time to recover, as the horny sled-dog came back from more.

Surely, his girl, already used and filled with sperm, would spurn the amorous animal's impudent further demands of her body? But, though she had seemed to be near collapse, she once more lifted her butt and presented it to her animal lover. Again he hunched over and mated her, his usually timid wife whining softly like a dog herself; her red bangs obscuring her lewdly happy expression – tongue lolling out a little – and her lust-filled, hazy eyes.

Watching her submit, again, to this dog was too much for the abruptly awakened man peeking at the two lovers absorbed in their sexual thrills. Pulling down his shorts a little, he mindlessly jacked off; unable to take his eyes off the kinky spectacle unfolding in his very own living room, featuring his very own spouse.

With sloppy seconds, and her cunt already stretched out, it seemed like the dog's inflating knot actually fit, this time around – when the pounding finally subsided, he stayed rather than dismounted, and drooled happily as he filled his wife's womb to the brim with more adulterous, canine cum. She took it in stride, though she squealed when the dog did his thing and turned, staying knotted with her butt-to-butt. Delirious with shivery lust, the doggy-fucked, half-naked woman rested her heavy head on her arm, whilst the other reached below her to feel that knot stretching her, and to rub at her clit to draw out the mind-numbing orgasm she'd been on the brink of two fucks ago.

It was at this point that her husband crept into the room, eliciting a happy bark of greeting from the faithful, wolf-life wuff still tied to his pretty new bitch. This made a shocked girl, stir, too; looking over her shoulder with large, pleading, green eyes. Not knowing what to say in this supremely awkward moment, and not wanting to torment his embarrassed wife by making her think she'd been caught red-handed and was in serious trouble, he kneeled before her, and showed her the raging hard-on produced by his brief stint as a bestiality voyeur.

She gazed at it, dumb-founded, for a moment, then flashed him the brightest, most beautiful smile ever – the very smile he fell in love with. Closing his eyes, the still somewhat baffled man moans as he feels his aching cock enveloped by the accommodating warmth of his still-knotted partner's mouth; his heart leapt with love and desire for this extremely sexy, surprisingly wild girl he'd been lucky enough to snag.

Their love-life would never be the same...