

Everyday Life With Beast Men

What would a world be like if anthros aka Beast Men, walked around and lived with human society. Join Zack and other characters as they live their every day lives with beast men.

Chapter 1 Zack and Biscuit

The human world was in for quite the shock when a chain of islands was discovered. On these islands were a variety of anthros they were given the name beast men as while having the form of a beast, they had human traits, human minds, human hearts, even human...ahem...oh yes.

So of course with this rare chance came a lot of opportunities. Beast Men were given the chance to come live and learn about humans. There were dangers of course so the humans governed the Inter Species Exchange Act. This act would give protection to any beast man who wished to live among the humans, as well as granted protection from any trafficking or abuse. This meant beast men could not be hunted, harmed, or sold in any way shape or form. In return a beast man could not hurt or kill a human anyone breaking this law would be arrested, pay a huge fine the smallest being 500,000 dollars minimum, or be deported in the cases of beast men.

While things were off to a rocky start beast men actually found their place in the world. They lived with their host families, got jobs, and did other normal human things. The first to come over were the dog and cat beast men, they had the easiest time coming over and finding host families.

Soon enough snakes, wolves, and even foxes joined the ranks in human society. A variety of other species joined in but they were very few compared to the others.

Now among these various hosts is Zack. A young man who recently lost his job. In high school he ran track, played soccer, even swam on the swim team. He was a good guy, tall with brown hair and blue eyes. He was gay and currently single.

He had seen an ad for becoming a host to a beast man and he applied. Sure enough he got approved and he received a remodel on his house, not to mention he'd be paid monthly for taking care of the beast man. He thought this would be a simple job, show the guy around, get a room mate, keep him out of trouble, keep his house, and get paid while doing it.

How hard could it be? Then he met him...

A dark blue blue furred dog beast man with long ears, he had white fur under his muzzle, along his abs, under his tail, and his feet were covered in white fur. He was naked Zack could see everything from his handsome muzzle, broad shoulders, strong arms and legs, fine pectorals and abs, he had a sheath and two big furry balls.

Zack blushed and his heart raced. He had heard the rumors but beast men did not wear clothes. It was more erotic than he expected. What's more when the beast man looked at him he got this adorable expression on his face, his tail wagging.
“Master!”

The beast man tackled him and poor Zack had an adorable, naked and very affectionate male on top of him. The dog type nuzzled him and gave him a lick on his cheek.

“Well you two look like you will get along great.” the handler left. “Take care you two.”

“Hey wait!” too late the handler was gone. Zack managed to calm the guy down, though not all the way, if the something hard poking him was any indication. “So uhh what do I call you?”

He tilted his head, rather cutely. “Umm your name?”

“Beast men do not have those.” It was Zack's turn to be surprised.

“How do you tell each other apart then?” his tail started wagging.

“Oh by scent, each beast man has a unique scent we are capable of recognizing.” he nuzzled Zack's neck and sniffed him. “This is my master's scent.” he hummed in approval.

“It's just body wash.” he blushed as the male nuzzled him, feeling every sniff.

“I can smell that to, but master's scent is there it's different from any other.” he licked Zack's neck, making the human shudder.

“Oh okay well, I need to call you something.” the furry male pulled back, tail wagging.

“Would you give me a name?” he looked so cute, so excited, then his stomach growled and he blushed. “Sorry.”

“Don't be, let's get you some food.” He got off him and they went inside. Zack made a traditional breakfast; eggs, bacon, sausage, toast, and fresh biscuits. “Here help yourself.”

The beast man took a whiff of the food and drooled. “All this for me?”

“Well best to know what you like.” The beast man took a few whiffs the meat of course smelled delicious. Though the biscuits smelled warm and fluffy, the butter perfectly melted. He popped one, it was so soft practically melted in his mouth.

He ate another and another, adding bacon and sausage to the mix. “Wow you sure like biscuits.”

“They are warm and so fluffy.” he popped a few more in his mouth, chewing the tasty treat.

Zack laughed. “Just like you.” it hit him. “How about I call you Biscuit?” he looked at Zack for a moment. His eyes sparkled and his lips curved up in a smile.

“I like it, Master!” he pounced on Zack again. Licking his face, his neck, all while happily humping against him.

'I think I'm gonna enjoy being a host.'

A few weeks passed since then. The house had been remodeled a touch to accommodate Biscuit.

Zack had gotten Biscuit used to wearing boxers, but they

were a ways away to getting used to full clothed. Biscuit was trying of course, and Zack had no problems with him around the house being naked.

Once a beast man was used to wearing clothes, they could go out on dates...ahem...field trips. They could even get jobs, all apart of showing them how the human society works.

Biscuit was overjoyed spending his days with his master. Zack did tell him he didn't have to call him that but Biscuit found it fitting. After all his master gave him a name why not have something special to call him in return.

To say Biscuit loved his master was an understatement. It wasn't uncommon for a beast man to fall for their host, they each had their reasons, but their feelings were true.

Biscuit was a fast learner and he liked helping around the house. Since he didn't have a job Zack also had plenty of time to spend with Biscuit. He showed the beast man, his favorite TV shows and movies.

He was so adorable, getting into each one but Zack learned fast scary movies were a no-no when it comes to Biscuit. Despite being told several times it's just a movie, he was completely terrified. Despite having his own room he stayed in Zack's room.

Another thing Zack learned is that beast men, or at least dog type beast men did not like thunder storms. Nope, not one bit.

Storm clouds darkened the sky. Biscuit's ears twitched, as he heard a rumble. “Hey Biscuit, you okay?”

Boom

A flash of lightning and Biscuit tackled Zack to the ground. He whimpered and whined. “Master...”

Boom

He tensed and buried his face into his chest. He clenched his eyes and his ears flattened against the back of his head. “Hey hey, it's okay.” Zack pet his head.

Boom

Biscuit whined. “Come on buddy.” he helped Biscuit into his room. It was a plain room with a bed a closet, a desk, with a small TV, a radio, and a lamp by the bed. He put Biscuit on the bed.

“Master?” Boom! “Gahh!”

Zack went over to the radio and turned it on. Classical music began to play and he raised the volume. “It'll be okay.” he got in bed with Biscuit, and held him close. “I used to be scared of thunder to.” he was blushing. “It's okay just close your eyes and focus on the music.”

Biscuit closed his eyes, the music playing and his master's heart beat. The storm roared but Biscuit just cuddled up to his master. The music and the sound of his master's heart lulling him to sleep. “Master...I'm sorry I'm so much trouble...”

“You are no trouble at all.” Zack smiled, petting his head and rubbing his back. He growled softly and happily.

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Their adventure is just beginning, and these two are not the only ones going through their every day life with beast men.

End Chap 1

Chap 2 Tongue Baths and Breakfast

Zack didn't have to worry about the cold. Not with Biscuit sneaking into his room every night. His large furry body wrapped around him, he was nice and warm. On the warm nights, things got a bit heated.

He often woke up in a sweat, but Biscuit simply panted to keep cool. Biscuit, of course, had the perfect solution. “A tongue bath?!” Zack gasped.

“Uh-huh,” he moved down Zack's body.

“Wait, wait that won't be necessary. I can just shower ohh!” Biscuit licked Zack's foot, making the male gasp and buck. His feet were sensitive, most feet were. His tongue was long! It caressed his heel and sole with each swipe of his tongue, then when he licked the pads he got his toes.

As Zack wiggled his toes, Biscuit met the act playfully nuzzling and sniffing. “Tickles!” Zack laughed. Biscuit would remember this, but for now he had a tongue bath to do. Right foot, to the Left. The bottoms, the sides, the tops, up the ankles. 'It feels good,' Zack blushed.

His left leg was raised and Biscuit licked the rarest of places. Spots not even the sun had touched. “Biscuit,” left leg to the right, sparring a glance at him. They shared a look, Biscuit looking so adorable, and Zack looking quite flustered.

A small nod was all that was needed. Biscuit's tail wagged happily and he moved on licking higher and higher. He made it to the crotch in record, knee and thigh all licked clean.

He lifted Zack's balls up with his nose, and took a big whiff of the male's musk. His tail wagged harder, and he got to work. He licked Zack's taint, and moved up to his balls. His tongue was wide enough to juggle his sack well.

His morning wood was in full on arousal mode. Biscuit moves up, lapping at his cock. “Oh ohh don't lick me there, oh oh so good!” the underside, left side, right side, and along the top.

Even once clean he kept licking. Zack was enjoying it so much he had to continue. He fisted his sheets, his climax rising. He wasn't the only one excited, he could feel Biscuit's own hard cock.

The beast man was super thick, and his length radiated such heat. He could feel it against his leg, twitching like crazy. As Zack neared his own climax, Biscuit ground his hips, humping against his leg. His cock and balls sliding back and forth.

“Biscuit...cumming!” his hips buck, his leg jerking providing some extra friction and Biscuit follows him in climax. Six

spurts fire from Zack's cock and paints his abs and pecs, all while a torrent of semen came from the beastman's dick.

Biscuit panted, as his orgasm lasted for a solid 7 minutes. His legs and crotch and most of his bed were drenched in semen.

“Looks like we got more messy than clean.” Biscuit blushed, and his ears flattened.

“Sorry,” Zack tilted his face up.

“It's fine, I'm gonna grab a shower, can you put my sheets in the laundry.”

“Yes!” he was so happy. Zack got up to shower and Biscuit cleaned up the dirty sheets. 'Master is such a nice man, I will do a good job and make him happy.' he put the clothes in the wash. 'Oh I know I'll get breakfast ready.'

He went into the kitchen.

Meanwhile...

Zack was scrubbing himself, the water washing away the evidence of their morning activities. 'I'm glad it stopped there, he was close to finding out my sensitive spots.' he blushed. 'Still that was pretty erotic, and he came so much!'

He washed his hair, as the shower spray cleaned his chest and pits. The water running down his toned body. After washing himself he stuck his head out of the shower. “Hey Biscuit, can you bring me a towel from the laundry room...Biscuit?”

Beep Beep Beep Beep

“The fire Alarm!” he ran out buck naked and wet, nearly slipping in the hallway. Smoke was coming from the kitchen. “Biscuit!”

“Waaaahhhh, Master I'm sorry!” The skillet was on fire. “I was just trying to make breakfast.”

Zack got the fire extinguisher and put out the flames. Biscuit slumped on the floor, whimpering and shaking. 'He's gonna be so mad.'

“Are you okay?” Biscuit's eyes widened. “You weren't hurt were you?”

“But your stove, and the food, I could have...I could have burned your place down.”

“Our place,” he rubbed his head. “You live here to ya know. I'm just glad you weren't hurt.”

“Oh master,” he pounced onto him, tail wagging in joy.

“Take it easy,” he rubbed his head, giving him a scratch behind the ears. “How about I make breakfast?”

“Can we have bacon, and eggs, and sausage, and steak!” he was drooling.

“Well you burned all the bacon, but we can have steak, eggs and sausage.”

“Yay!” he waited at the table patiently, letting the yummy smells wet his appetite.

“I'm really sorry master, I just wanted to make you happy.”

“No need to worry about that, you make me happy every day.”

“How?” he looked at the man in surprise.

“You came to live with me.” He set a plate of food on the table. “Dig in, I'm gonna fix myself a plate.”

They had a busy day today, Zack had to go to the Beastman Office sign some papers, register Biscuit's new name, and get the budget in order, and an investigator was gonna come and interview Biscuit and see how his life was so far.

Biscuit had no complaints of course but if the investigator found issue in Zack's home Biscuit would be removed from his care.

To be continued

Chapter 3 the Inspection

Bonus Content: My Pet Tiger

Sometimes for Beast Men to come to the human world they couldn't go through normal channels. Since some were predator types they had to go through shops.

These shops often called Specialty Pet Shops, they help find homes for predator beast men who wish to live in the human world.

A white tiger beastman, sat in his pen at the pet shop. He had to watch customer after customer come in and pick out other

beast men, and completely ignore him. He was big and muscular, he had a thick tail, with black stripes on his face ears, arms, back, tail, and legs.

The owner of the shop came to him. "I'm sorry big guy."

"It's fine, people are probably scared me." he pulled his knees to his chest, tail coiling around himself.

"Well, there is a client coming in tomorrow maybe he's the one." he patted his shoulder.

'I've heard that before.' his family thought he was stupid for signing up for this. Who would want to care for a tiger? He was better off staying and hunting with his family.

His best friend was a wolf beast man and he sent him a post card saying how happy he was with his host. So he decided to go to the human world.

He's been at the pet shop for 6 months. "Maybe I should just go home, is it better to be the laughing stock of the family than being alone." The shop keeper was a tall man with purple hair, he had it in a long pony tail that reached well past his ass. Despite his lithe figure he was no weakling, some punks tried to rob the place a few months back and the tiger didn't even need to lift a paw he kicked their asses and sent them packing. So strong and yet so kind.

"Nonsense, you said your friend found a host did you not, then you'll find someone I'm sure." his words did not make the tiger feel better. "Tell you what, if the client tomorrow is a bust how about you come live with me?"

The tiger blushed. “You...you must be joking...”

“Not at all, you are fit, strong, your fur is soft and fluffy, and you are cute when you blush.” Red spread across his face.

“Do not tease me!” he growled.

“I understand, if living with me is not an option than I can arrange your return home, but only if that's what you truly want.” He walked away and turned off the lights. “Get some rest, and sleep on it.”

He curled up on his side and drifted off to sleep. The next day came and the shopkeeper arrived to wash and clean all the pets and get them ready for the clients. He had tools for different kind of predators. They each had different needs after all.

Getting to Tiger boy, he began to scrub his large furry body. His hands fondled his abs and pecs, cleaning his fur and body. “Ohhhh!” his arms and legs thrashed as he felt so tingly. His tail puffed up and he moaned and growled.

“Now Now, bath time is important.” He flipped the tiger over and began scrubbing his back. Rubbing him in all the right ways, massaging his back muscles at once. Tiger's fat cock slipped from his sheath, he had a small ring of spines beneath the head. Now length and girth was an understatement, his cock was thicker than a fist, and longer than 12 inches. His balls were huge and fuzzy.

Fingers scratched his pits, scrubbing them and Tiger purred. He did his best not to moan, but it felt so good. He was

lathered with the utmost care. The soap he used smelled of home. His nails were just long enough to scratch him in the best of ways. His eyes rolled up for a moment purring happily.

His penis throbbed beneath him. The hands ventured south, and the shop keeper begins to stroke his tail. “No not my tail ohhh!” he lost it and came. His thick load of cum spraying all over the floor and down the drain.

“You do this every day.” he says. Tiger's orgasm lasted 10 minutes, plenty of time to scrub him down, wash his feet, scrub his paws, wash his legs and arms. Just as he came down from the high the suds were washed away.

He shook himself off and his tail puffed up. The shop keeper got a brush and smoothed out his fur. “There don't you look handsome.” Tiger blushed and rubbed the back of his head.

Everyone lined up. A Lizardman, A Pantherman, A Sharkman, and last but not least him. “Okay boys, the client will be here soon. Best behavior, give your smiles, Finn not too much.” They all smiled but the Sharkman toned it down a bit.

A young man arrived he had short blonde hair, and a full body tan. He smelled of the sun and the sea. He was wearing a blue open vest shirt with a pocket, and was wearing swim trunks and flip flops. “Hey Maxi, how you doing?”

“I am doing well.” the shopkeeper says. “Mr. Sunny, here are the pets I have available.”

“Cool, Cool, I've been wanting to host a beast man,” he says and comes in to inspect them. He checks out all four, and when he stopped in front of the Tiger Beastman he smiled. “I've decided!” he stood in front of Tiger. The furry male closed his eyes in anticipation.

Sadly he was not the one. “Shark dude you with me!”

Maxi saw the tiger deflate. “Alright over here, and we can fill out the paperwork.” The other two went back to their pens to relax but Tiger was frozen in the spot.

The two left and Maxi went over to Tiger. “Are you okay?” he teared up and hugged Maxi. “I'll take that as a no,” he pet him, letting him cry on his shoulder. “Do you wanna go home?”

“No...” he sniffed. “Can I...Can I stay with you?”

Maxi smiled. “Of course you can.” They filled out the paperwork, and Maxi put a collar on him. “Taiga.” a name, he was given a name.

He embraced his new master. The lizard and panther looked at each other. “It's about time.” Taiga's new life was just beginning.

End Bonus