

READBEAST

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"You're looking very sexy tonight, Faye." Bob whispered into my ear, as he brushed past me on his way to the toilet.

"A girls' gotta try." I coolly replied, although I'd already gone weak at the knees.

Bob, the company Sales Manager, was 'drop dead gorgeous', and had screwed at least four other girls from our office that I knew about. His nickname was 'Bob the Builder', after the cartoon character.

"Do you want another drink?" he asked, when he returned.

"That would be nice. A Southern Comfort and lemonade, please." I replied.

"Large one?" He asked.

"I hope so!" I chuckled, and raised my eyebrows.

With a little squeeze of my bum, he returned to the bar.

I was standing alone, at our Warehouse managers' retirement party, as my friend Carla had gone to speak to her boss.

Moments later he returned with my drink.

"What's that you've got?" I asked nodding towards his glass.

"Good old fashioned coke," he grimaced, "I've got the car. I didn't expect to see you here tonight," he smiled as he looked me straight in the eye with his baby blue eyes.

"There's a free bar, so I couldn't miss that, could I?" I giggled, as the copious amount of free drink began to take its toll."

Pressing his soft cheek against mine, he whispered, "How are you getting home? Would you like a lift?"

"Oh My God!" I thought, "You don't waste anytime, do you?"

"You don't know where I live," I smirked.

"You can show me." Bob gave a little laugh as his eyes smouldered.

"Okay," I answered trying to be as nonchalant as my shaking legs would allow.

"Give me 10 minutes, and then I'll see you in the car park. Is that alright?" He winked as he turned away.

My head was spinning with a mixture of excitement and lots of drink.

After quickly saying goodnight to Carla and my other friends I was standing next to his Audi car when he arrived.

Bob turned to make sure that no one could see us, and then pressed his body against mine as he

planted his large firm lips onto my soft ones. Softly and gently he kissed me, as his large hands pulled me even closer, until I could feel the swelling in his pants.

My head was spinning as I got into the passenger seat.

“Where do you want to go?” Bob asked as he revved the engine.

“Home.” I told him. “Low Fell, top of the hill, behind the shops.”

“Where do you want to go first? You do know what I mean, don’t you?” He looked confused.

With a deep breath, so that I didn’t slur my words, and with a straight face, I blurted out, “I know exactly what you mean. Now take me home!”

The look of disappointment, on his face, was wonderful.

My mouth slowly broke into a smile as I told him, “My parents are away, and the house is empty!”

“Funny girl!” he muttered.

The drink was definitely taking an effect on me as we sped along the city roads. I slid my hand onto his crotch and tickled his cock until I could feel it expand even further, then I ran my fingernail along the outline making him squirm in his seat.

As I fumbled with my house key, Bob ran his hands over my fleshy tits making me drop the key ring onto the ground. When I bent over he grabbed my hips and simulated ‘doggy’ sex with me.

“Hey! Wait until we get inside!” I giggled as I finally opened the door. As the door opened and we stumbled in, Bob screamed, “SHIT!” as the family dog jumped up to greet us.

The huge black cross Dalmatian had his front paws on my shoulders and was slobbering across my face.

“Aaaaahhh! Bobbybingo! Have you missed me?” I forced our pet down onto the floor, where I tickled his tummy.

“Christ! I thought that it was the Hound of the Baskervilles!” Bob joked.

“You go into the living room and I’ll put him into the garden to ‘do his toilet”, I told ‘Bob the builder’, as ‘Bob the dog’, scampered along the corridor.

I made sure that the door was firmly closed, when I entered the living room, so we wouldn’t be disturbed.

Bob was already stretched out on the sofa. “Come here, babe,” he beckoned me to him.

Within seconds we were in a passionate embrace, kissing and touching each other. At first he fumbled with my breasts, stroking and squeezing them through the soft cotton material of my T-shirt.

My hands were deftly unbuckling his belt and flies, as I tried to get to his stiff cock.

Our tongues were nearly tied in a knot as he pulled my top and bra off. I tugged his pants and jeans down to his knees, until his twitching cock sprang into view.

Bob ran his tongue down my chin and neck until he was licking my heaving tits and flicking my swollen nipples. "Mmmmmm, that's good," I slurred.

He groaned "Oh yes! Baby, baby, oh yes!" As I took hold of his rock hard cock, my fingers sliding up and down his straining shaft.

My head was still spinning as I continued rubbing and stroking his cock, while he sucked on my nipples.

With a slight tug, Bob un-popped the press-studs on my skirt. His fingers went straight between my legs.

"Ohhhhhh yesssss!" I groaned as he ran a finger along my silk pants and my soaking pussy.

"Is this what you want?" he asked as his fingers pulled the gusset of my pants to one side and he slid a finger into my hot box.

"Yesssss, yesssss, yesssss!" I groaned as I bit my lip, as he prodded and twisted inside my throbbing love-box.

"Come on then, it's your turn, suck me!" he grunted as a second, long, finger entered my pussy.

Still rubbing his cock, I bent over and kissed the purple tip. Mmmmm, it tasted good.

My tongue was making small circles around the velvety tip as he twisted his fingers around and around inside me, making me roll my hips in rhythm.

Bob placed his hand on the back of my head, "Come on, suck it properly!" He panted. I opened my lips and obliged him by swallowing half his cock.

"Ohhhhhh Yesssss! That's more like it!" he moaned as I covered his knob with my hot mouth and tongue.

The next five minutes were frenzied as I drunkenly sucked his cock while he finger fucked me with two then three fingers.

I was shaking and sweating when he grunted, "That's enough that's enough. I need to fuck you."

I was seeing double as I lay on the sofa with my hips hanging over the side for 'easy access' and so I didn't leave any stains on the sofa!

Bob knelt between my legs, blew me a kiss, and slid his cock inside my cunt. "Ohhhhhh!" I sighed, as I fastened my legs around his hips.

He buried his face into my sweaty tits and began thrusting like a lion, "Yesssss, yesssss, yesssss!" I squealed.

"Oh no! Oh shit! Oh no!" he gasped as I recognised that familiar warm feeling as he flooded my cunt with his spunk.

"Oh shit, I'm sorry!" he shook his head, as he withdrew his shrinking cock from my dripping pussy.

My heart was banging like a drum and I was still in need of a good fucking.

I looked up, to see him look at his watch and say, "I'm sorry about that. I may as well go now, don't want to upset the wife too much," as he pulled up his pants.

"BASTARD!" I hissed through gritted teeth.

With a shrug of his shoulders, he left the house.

Then, I thought, 'if a job's worth doing well; do it yourself'.

My pussy was still puffed up and dripping loads of lovely sticky spunk as I slid two of my fingers into my cunt. It felt really good as I twisted my fingers in and out smearing Bobs' juice all over my sexual area.

I couldn't stop myself and jammed all four fingers of my left hand into my cunt, jabbing them in and out of my stretched pussy, as I flicked my clit with the index finger on my other hand. In seconds I was screaming from a fantastic orgasm.

I must have passed out, because the next thing that I remember was having the most amazing dream. My ex-boyfriend was licking my tits and hot pussy with long tender strokes. Oh God this was good. His tongue was running across my sweaty tits making my nipples tingle. Then down my stomach until his hot tongue was slurping between my clit and my tiny arsehole, making my shiver with passion. Then his long tongue slid inside me, much further than his cock used to. The dream seemed so real, as I had orgasm after orgasm, after orgasm. I was in Heaven.

In a drunken haze I half opened my eyes, struggling to make sense of the sight in front of me.

It was Bob, the family pet dog, with his head between my legs and licking out Bob the builders' excess spunk.

"No, no! Bad dog! Bad dog!" I screamed as I hit him on the top of his head. Startled, he moved backwards and dropped his head giving me a puzzled look.

Shocked and embarrassed at what I had just done, I sat mesmerised, as Bob placed his front paws on the sofa, either side of my hips, and began licking the caked sweat from my breasts and neck.

In my drunken state I was having great problems differentiating between the pleasure that I was feeling and the disgusting thought that it was my dog that had just licking me to another multiple orgasm.

As Bob made me squirm with pleasure I felt something hard and hot touch my thighs. I looked down to see his bright red cock waving between his legs.

"Shit!" I thought, "He wants to fuck me!"

"No! Bobby no!" I shouted as I tried to push him away.

Off balance, he moved back slightly, giving me enough room to twist my naked body underneath him, as I attempted to scramble over the arm of the sofa.

With one knee on the sofa and the other leg trying to push myself away, the dog took advantage of my position. He brought his front legs down either side of my shoulders, trapping me, as his long thin, red-hot, doggy cock prodded between my arse cheeks until it found its target; my dripping cunt. "No, no!" I screamed as the first couple of inches entered me. "No, no, no, baaaaaadd dog," I

gasped, as I continued twisting my body, but he clamped his jaw around my neck forcing me to lie still, "No Bobby, no. Ohhhhhhh no!" I whimpered as more of his long doggy cock sank inside my body. I was desperately trying not to enjoy this perverted sexual act.

As he fucked me I could feel his cock getting longer and harder, filling me up like no man had ever managed, even banging against my cervix. For the first time in my life I had orgasm after orgasm without actually touching my clitoris.

I couldn't move as Bobby's bony ribcage pressed me against the arm of the sofa. Sweat was dripping off my forehead as my pet dog furiously fucked me; his hindquarters banging away like pistons.

I passed out, again, with exhaustion. Then I felt something very hard touch my soft labia.

"Oh God no more!" I thought as Bobby forced his knot between my savaged cunt lips.

"Aaaaaaaagghhh!" I screamed, as it felt like a football being forced inside me. My whole vagina now felt like it had been stretched out of all recognition.

My body was being shook like a rag doll as he continued fucking me for what seemed like an eternity, until 'Bob the dog' finally began whining and panting as my womb filled with red hot, scalding spunk. His last thrusts, as the last drops squirted into me, felt absolutely wonderful.

Just like all of my human lovers, Bob whimpered and sighed as he flopped on top of me. I was so shattered I passed out again.

I had been asleep for a few hours when I felt Bobby twisting off me. I couldn't believe my eyes. I was still lying on my stomach and he was now facing away from me. He had turned his cock 180 degrees. I braced myself as he pulled away. The pain was incredible as he finally pulled out. I had to curl into a ball to control the cramps in my stomach and genitals.

Bob lay on the carpet, looking very pleased with himself, as he cleaned his dick with that wonderful pink tongue.

Later, after showering and breakfast, I had to face the world when I took Bob for his morning walk in the park. My lower body still ached from my night of depraved sex, and my stomach turned with disgust every time that I thought about the previous night. But when Bob walked alongside me, wagging his tail, I couldn't stop craving for more of his insatiable doggy cock.

When we arrived home, my knickers were soaking, and Bobby knew it. As I tried to make a cup of coffee, he kept pressing his long bony snout into my crotch, making me even hornier. As I pushed him away his tail was wagging like a windmill and his long red cock was poking out of its' sheath again.

I looked at my watch - 10.30am . My parents wouldn't be home until after 5pm. Oh God! I couldn't, could I?

"Come on boy, upstairs!" I told him as I patted him on the head. He bounded up the stairs two at a time, continually looking back to see if I was following.

Inside my bedroom he was so excited that he nearly knocked me over as I closed the curtains.

"Get down!" I scolded him, "Be patient! Now SIT!" He did as he was told. My heart was pumping like a geyser when I looked at his bright red cock.

As I tossed my shirt and bra into the corner he stood up and moved towards me, his long rough tongue hanging out of the side of his mouth. "No! Sit!" I called. Again he did as he was told, but he was shaking with excitement - just as I was!

I quickly pulled my jeans and knickers off and sat on the edge of my bed, with my legs spread wide apart.

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"Come on boy! Make me happy!" I called. He nearly jumped the 5 or so feet in his hurry to get at my sopping cunt. "Aaaaaggghh! Ohhhhh!" I groaned as his rough tongue licked and lapped at my sore labia as he tasted my love juices. I was in agony and ecstasy as his hard snout and hot tongue rubbed against my aching groin.

I grabbed my tits and squeezed my throbbing nipples, when his tongue began to disappear inside my pussy in his search for even more of my juices. Orgasm after orgasm wafted through my body as me and my dog continued our depraved act.

Just as the night before, Bobby jumped up onto the bed waving his doggy cock in front of my battered cunt.

Much as I wanted him to fuck me again, I knew that my pussy was far too sore. Fucking him would have to wait for another day.

Grinning from ear to ear I took his head in my hands, "Lie down!" and pushed him onto his side. As he tried to get up, it was my turn to be in charge. "NO! Lie down!" I told him with as much authority as I could muster. As I did, I ran my fingers along his slimy shaft. Even if he was a dog, he quickly got the message!

He relaxed, lying on his side with his cock waving in the air like a red magic wand. It was actually thinner than I remembered, but just as long. "Good boy," I whispered as I curled my fist around his shaft, "this will be just as good as a fuck, for you."

Bobby's doggy cock was hotter than any boys' that I knew, and I felt very sexy as I rubbed it up and down, occasionally stroking the tip with my thumb, until I felt some pre-cum begin to ooze out.

"Ooh, you like that, don't you?" I asked my dog. By now I was leaning across his belly so that his cock could rub against my heaving breasts as I wanked his lovely red cock.

I was now getting so turned on; I took a deep breath and thought, to myself, "Shit! You've come this far, you might as well!" With that thought in my mind I leant forward and swallowed half of his cock.

Shocked, he began to twist his lower body, but my position kept him in place. WOW! This was fantastic. His knot had slipped out of the hairy sheath and I was cupping it and squeezing it, just like a pair of mans' balls, as I tongued and sucked my dogs 8 inch cock. I could feel more of his pre-cum drip into my mouth, as I built up the speed of my hand job. Just as I was about to pull him out of my mouth, it was too late. Jet after jet of hot doggy spunk shot into my mouth and throat. I gasped for air as his hindquarters jerked and forced his bloated cock down my throat along with his cum.

Very quickly I pushed his legs back until his softening dick slid out of my aching jaw, leaving a trail of his stringy spunk on my lips and chin. I flopped back onto the bed. Released from my grip he sat up and stared into my eyes with a look of amazement on his face. His tail was wagging so much it made his dangling cock shake, too.

My hand snaked down between my legs and I stroked my dripping cunt. My fingers were a blur, rubbing my engorged clit as I swallowed the last of my mouthful of dog spunk. In seconds I jammed three fingers inside as I shook with an amazing orgasm.

Minutes later I checked my watch, and chased Bobby back downstairs, so I could get showered and dressed, ready for my parents return.

When Mummy and Daddy returned, the house was nice and tidy, and Bobby wouldn't leave my side.

As we were chatting about their weekend, Daddy noticed that Bobby had another hard-on. "That bloody dog," he said to Mummy, "must know that there's a bitch in heat somewhere close."

If only he knew the truth!