

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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It was a hard secret to keep. I thought my husband knew what I was doing with our dog at home while he was at work. He knew, by now, I liked it in bed with the dog because I got hot so quick. Never said "No." I didn't want him to know but I lusted for our dog, its tongue, cock and knot. What is a girl to do when she's helpless and being wildly almost endlessly fucked by a big, juicy cock? It made me sore...hot and happy. Lust meeting lust. My husband watched at first, pounding his meat and would come on my ass while the dog was doing its work. Then he started fucking me after we finished...and I liked it. We would both come off like never before. Now I spent most of my days feeling sexed-up for later on...quite a change from the pre-dog days!

I preferred dog to man...if I was never fucked by a man again...as long as I had a dog, it would be fine.

I had a neighbor across the street. We exchanged nods and smiles when in our yards. There was something about her that seemed naive or innocent. It was how she walked or held her head. She was a pretty thing usually wearing a light weight dress that shaped her slender figure. I noticed her legs right away. A woman always notices another woman's legs, and then her face and bust. A man sees it in different order-her bust first, then...well...it depends on the man. My neighbor's dress outlined her body when she walked, as though she was revealing herself, which she was not. But the fabric showed her off when she walked toward me. It made me hot. Not for her. Just hot. It was a sensual moment.

"Hi," I would say. "Hi, back," she said. She caught me staring once when she was bending over and must have wondered why. The dress was creasing her ass. I wished a wind had lifted it. One day I asked her in the house for a soda. We sat in the kitchen. It was a hot day so we sat and drank and talked. Her husband worked long hours. So did mine. She didn't have much to do except clean and wash and work at things in the yard. Like me. As girls do, we talked...about sex, our sex lives, our happiness (or rather unhappiness) as girls do. If it isn't unhappy, why share?

I asked her to share a beer. She said she shouldn't so I got out a couple beers and poured them for us..."It's a boring day..." I explained. She smiled that naive smile. We both relaxed a little and I told her my husband was not as nice as he seemed. Her's the same she said...we nodded in understanding.

There we were drinking beer when we shouldn't have been...you know...like naughty housewives sometimes do...Then my damned dog had to get involved. He walked into the kitchen and my neighbor patted his head. "What a nice dog," she said. Some more patting and, it was a woman, right? and the dog naturally began sniffing around...except this was my neighbor, who didn't know our secret...what do dogs know...and was licking her ankle..."He's sure a friendly dog." My eyes got cloudy a bit and I was instantly wet...like dripping. I crossed my legs for fear our dog would come on to me but he had no need for me, as it turned out.

I looked at my neighbor-at how her dress draped between her legs-and she said: "I've heard stories about dogs." I nodded and looked at her..."You know, dirty things about dogs," she continued. I was getting real hot now and it must have showed in my face. "Like what kinds of stories," I asked. My neighbor looked at me funny and smiled. I looked down at her legs. I got two more beers for us. She took a deep swallow! I tried to change the subject: "Can I fix us lunch?" I asked but my neighbor didn't answer. She had a mischievous look in her eyes and petted the dog again. In my wildest dream...but this was no dream...

My dog was licking her ankles and the red tip of his dick was out. He was licking up her leg and I

looked at her and then at him. "What is he doing?" she said. "I don't know," I said. "Push him away." But she stroked his ears. "But it feels nice. I have heard about dogs like this..." She moved her dress on either side of her legs. I sucked in air. "My husband has always wanted a dog but I've said 'No.'" I could see her panties, or thong rather, and it didn't hide anything. I stared up her legs. She opened them and looked in my eyes. Her pussy lips were swollen and the thong in between. Her face was flushed now, like mine.

She looked at me as the dog kissed along her thighs. "Are you expecting anyone?" she said. "No." And now the dog was at her thighs. She was stroking his ears, "Nice doggy." He was licking ever closer to her cunt. He knew the routine with me and she was a woman. He knew what to do, where to lick. My neighbor was naked under her dress-just the line of thong-I knew he could smell her juices and I saw her dark hairs and the dog, well, he didn't care if they were dark or blonde like mine...he didn't care if it was me or her or any woman. He wanted the sweet taste of pussy. She pushed his face away and looked at me. "He won't hurt you," I said, "It's just a dog." "Do you think..." she said. "Just let him give you a little lick and then push him down," I teased. "Go on. It's just the two of us girls." She had another swallow of beer. What is it about girls and beer? Most won't drink it and say they prefer wine. But give me a girl who likes a beer and that's a girl who's more open to things. I drank some of mine and looked at her. "Well," she said. "Get on your hands and knees," I said. She stared at me in disbelief. "You're a bitch...a dog's bitch...like me. Try it. One lick will tell you. It's just the two of us." If there was a moment when she would leave, this was it. I thought she might storm off for home. I looked at her like: So what? It gets me off. She knew my secret then. The corners of her mouth were in a dirty smile, her eyes flashing.

"I don't want to do this," she lied. "Get down on your knees," I told her. She just sat there in her chair, like she didn't hear me...then she opened her legs. "Well, he's such a nice dog. Maybe one lick won't hurt." She patted its head, encouraging him. The dog resumed his licking of her thighs. His tail was wagging. I knew he had her scent. He kept at her, finally touching her cunt with his long tongue...her legs spasmed and her fingers went to his ears. The first touch of her cunt by a long slurping dog tongue. Too much for any woman to resist. I knew those thigh movements...the dog knew what to do...He gave her another tentative lick. Maybe she tasted different from me. She played with his ears. It was very quiet in the kitchen just then. He licked her again and she squirmed in her chair, scooting forward, waiting for more, cuddling his face into her cunt. God was I wet! This was new for me, too, watching. My first time. I reached for her legs. It startled her and she looked up. I petted the dog's back. Her legs were soft. The dog looked at me when I touched him and then went back to her, licking again. He had her taste. Different but good. He licked up one side, up the other and again, massaging her cunt lips, stroking her clit. She closed her eyes and held herself for more. Her legs twitched. She began to tremble.

"Get on your knees!" I said again. I was so hot just watching them and was fingering myself. She finally got off the chair and onto her hands and knees. I pulled up her dress and pulled down the thong, helping our dog onto her back. "I shouldn't be doing this," she said but her breathing was fast and her words whispered. She arched her back, lifting her ass. He was into it now, too. His dick out and dripping. He was gripping her back, licking her neck and hair. I spread her and guided his cock between her ass cheeks. Her hand reached underneath trying to position his cock...then she gripped my leg "Put him in me! Do it!" she said. I spread her cunt lips and guided his cock, the dog jabbed and poked and finally he was in her. He got frantic...dancing on her ass and gripping, pressing in her more. A new sweet pussy...different but sweet and willing and wet. She tightened her grip on my leg and he buried himself, plunging inside. Her breath was hot on my legs and she held on. The dog was gripping her sides, lifting her cunt, his whole long cock, pushing in, harder and fucking her with urgency. She gasped, releasing my leg, putting both hands in her face, sucking air, shaking her head from side to side. Her hand reached up to feel his cock buried in her. Dog cum was spilling on the

floor. I was shaking, too, fingering myself, closing my eyes. Listening to the passion of dog lust with his hot new bitch. She was saying "No, no, no, no, n n no!" I knew what she meant. She had never come like this before.

She was out of breath and spread as wide as she could to help the dog cock...but it was over now. She was still gulping air and exhausted. The dog was panting, too, as he stood down, licking at her ass, licking up her juices and his too. Like a gentle lover, licking his bitch down from the top, tongueing her down, licking his own dick back into its sheath, just the tip showing, in and out as he licked himself some more. He looked at me and I patted his head. My neighbor still on all fours, still dripping, embarrassed but happy. I pulled her dress to cover her ass, her skin glowing and put her beer in her hand. She needed a drink. She sat back on the chair, taking a deep swallow. "I've never done that before." "Me either...until last month." She laughed at that and drank more beer. The dog looked at us both, side to side. "Good dog," I said. "Very good dog," my neighbor replied, smiling, looking down, a little ashamed. "My husband likes to watch," I said. "I've never been so..." she started. "Hot!" I finished. The dog looked up at me, approaching, but I pushed him away and he went to his corner. "Not now," I said. Maybe later, I thought.

I didn't see her until a few days later when she came out into the yard. Following behind was their new dog! She looked at me, a big smile on her face. "Good morning," she said. "Back at you," I smiled in return.