

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



My name is Heidi DeHottie. Yes, that really is my last name. My maiden last name anyway. Growing up with a name that sounds like "The Hottie," is it in any wonder I turned into a perverted and insatiable sex addict? My husband, Rod, and I are swingers in NYC, and we're always looking for contact with kindred spirits, especially for people with animals. Living in NYC has its down sides. One of them is that the high-rise we live in has a "No Pets Allowed" policy. We are always looking for animal owners who believe their pet might like a bit of variety. Rod and I swing together or separately. Although sexually aggressive, I enjoy submission. If you need someone to service your pet while you service your hubby, or vice versa, I'm your lady. If you are a single lady who needs help training your dog, Rod is a great teacher and will help you achieve penetration and keep you pet inside.. If you need someone to film your activities for you, or you'd like to film ours, either or both of us are available. Almost nothing is too perverted for us. As far as we're concerned the kinkier and more perverted the more exciting. No matter what your thing, tell us, it probably turns us on too.

What follows is just one of many years of my daily sexual adventures in the NYC subway system at rush hour.

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As I walked down the steep stairway into the underground tunnel a rush of warm air lifted my skirt ever so slightly and rustled the long silky brown hair of my pussy. I was wearing a slightly flared, very short, summery black skirt hemmed to a mere inch and a half below my large, womanly ass cheeks. Those cheeks of mine are too large and too womanly, if you asked me, but men seem to think my ass is one of my best features. The material of the skirt was lightweight, and the slightest breeze, even just the act of walking down the stairs, lifted it. The initial gust from the subway had lifted it out and up enough to eliminate any doubt from people looking up from below as to whether I was wearing any panties.

I hate thongs. I don't know how anyone wears those ridiculous things riding into their ass cracks all day. I love all things anal. I've spent years stretching my asshole to accommodate the very thickest dicks, huge flexible dildos, and even whole hands, as well as some fairly bizarre objects, all with ease. I've even had my asshole penetrated by a giant donkey cock. Insert what you please, but you can keep that damn strap of material called a thong. Besides, thongs cover the part of me I wanted unobstructed this day.

The only person coming up the other side of the stairway was a 30-something librarian type dressed in casual business attire. He black hair was in a braided bun, and she was drab except for a bright light green scarf silk scarf tied around her neck. Following her eyes, I knew she had seen my beaver, all wet, naked and hairy under the short skirt. I don't, as a rule, shave my crotch.

I was born and spent my first 12 years in Europe. The ladies I saw when I was growing up had natural unshorn crotches. To me a hairy crotch is sexy. It means I'm an adult — a fully developed sexual woman. I will never understand why so many women emulate the look and feel of a pre-pubescent 10-year old. Can you imagine a man trying to make his cock smaller so it will look more like he hasn't reached puberty yet? I think women go through all that shaving and wishing for tighter pussies as some sort of a subconscious wish to return to virginity. Not me. I love sex of all kinds. No way I want to be a virgin again. Perhaps so many women shave their pussies and try to tighten their holes because so many men simply can't handle a real woman. To me, if you are not enough of a man to be turned on by the look and feel of a sexually mature adult woman, then look somewhere else. In my opinion, men should have nice man-size dicks, and body hair, and be able to

handle an adult woman with a nice hairy woman-size cunt into which to slip their wonderful penises and whatever else they choose. No tight, hairless pussy for me. I'm a woman, not a schoolgirl.

Missy Librarian coming up the other side of the stairway, gave me her very best, "You're disgusting" look as she passed. It really turned me on. Nothing gets me wetter than humiliating comments and looks from the "normal." I'm a pervert, and it turns me on no end to shock the vast numbers of holier-than-thou types. If they try to humiliate me, I get turned on even more.

I headed for the turnstile and swiped my Metrocard. I could smell the distinctive subway smell. Not sure what it is. Perhaps a mix of electrical equipment, the cleaning spray they use every night, and human sweat and pheromones. I'm not sure, but it is wonderfully exciting. To me it has come to mean sex, and my crotch heats up and starts to dribble like Pavlov's Pussy as soon as I smell a NYC Subway.

I've traveled in the rush-hour crush of the NYC subways everyday for almost 20 years. It's a wonderful sexual odyssey. All those people, tightly packed and rubbing unavoidably against one another are heaven for a sexually addicted and incredibly perverted slut like me. It never takes long before I can find a kindred spirit on the rocking train.

My skirt moved back and forth as my backless, open-toed, clear plastic heels made click clapping noise down the platform. Sure enough, there he was, right on time as always. A blind man in his 40's, not bad looking and very neatly groomed. "He must have someone at home to help him," I thought when I first saw him. His dog, a very large mixed breed with the pointy nose of a collie had led his master to the exact same spot on the station as always. As the dog sat by his master's side he turned his head slightly, no doubt smelling me coming. This wasn't the first time the dog had seen me, but it was impeccably trained, and kept to the business of its master. I stood about six feet away.

In moments I could hear the rumble of a train in the tunnel. The huge blast of air preceding it out of the tunnel hit me. On another day, I might have let the back of my skirt fly up, letting the folks on their way to work behind me get a full view of my naked butt, all the better to create an adventure later on the train. But on this day, I wasn't interested in the people behind me. I held the back of my skirt down with my hands, but allowed the front to fly up high, giving the people across the tracks on the opposite platform a full beaver flash for a second or two before the train sped past me blocking their view. It stopped to the sound of squealing brakes. The doors opened. The dog led its master inside and stopped just inside and to the left, placing its master in the corner created by the end of the bench seat along the wall and the door when it closed. Seeing the a blind man and his dog, other passengers moved to make space for him.

I proceeded toward the same door and waited until everyone had gotten on board, then I carefully stepped over the gap between the train and the platform landing my high-heeled slut shoes just inside the door. I watched my manicured toes to be sure I didn't step on the dog, and also to be sure that I had placed my feet where they were not likely to be stepped on by anyone else. I positioned myself sideways with my left shoulder toward the door and my naked crotch right at the dog's nose.

Animals, at least the non-humanoid kind, are not permitted on the New York City Subway system except for seeing-eye dogs. I first spotted the blind man and his dog a little over two weeks ago as I made my way through the crowded train seeking a likely candidate for a quick morning adventure. As soon as I first saw him an old fantasy overwhelmed me. I made my way over to the blind man, and engaged him in conversation by complimenting his dog and asking about it. I requested permission to pet the animal as it relaxed from its work during the train ride.

We were traveling on the 8th Avenue Queens Express. At that time in the morning, the word

"Express" was a misnomer. The volume of trains using the track during rush hour, and the slow loading and unloading at the express stations due to the overcrowded conditions caused traffic backups in the tunnel. The train crawled through the tunnel everyday, often stopping dead for several minutes to wait for a train in the station far ahead before proceeding again. The ride between express stops from Forest Hills where I lived to the next station in Jackson Heights normally took about 12 minutes. In the rush hour it took from 20 to 30 minutes. The dog enjoyed the respite and with the permission of the blind man, whose name was Bill, I reached down to pet the dog. Bill told me he worked in Manhattan, and he rode to work at the same time everyday. I think he was hoping to meet up with me again, and I obliged. Every weekday for the next two weeks I met Bill and his dog on the platform and struck up a conversation, but Bill wasn't the main focus of my interest.

I began to avoid showering in the morning. I didn't want any perfumed soap smell to interfere with the salty smell and taste of sweat mixed with urine and pussy juice. I made a point not to wipe after my morning pee. Each day, I positioned my pussy almost on top of the dog's nose. Sure enough the dog began to sniff at my skirt, but I was wearing 4 inch heels and my pussy was just out of easy reach as the dog sat on the floor of the train. Bill felt him pulling. He yanked on the leash slightly and the dog immediately sat at attention. "He just wants to smell you," Bill explained not knowing where or what the dog was smelling.

"That alright," I replied. "Let him smell me, we're friends." And I bent down to pet the animal making a note to get a pair of shoes with slightly shorter heels for the next day. I tried several pairs over the next few days, petting the dog's head and moving it against my crotch until I found a pair of shoes that made me the perfect height. If the dog looked up and pointed its nose in the air without stretching, it would press just about a half inch above the bottom of my vulva I'd gotten Bill used to the fact that the dog would pull slightly on the leash to smell me or change position a bit as I petted him. Finally, blocked by the people standing almost on top of me on one side, and by the door on the other, and by Bill at my front, I was able to lift my skirt just enough to get it over the dog's nose and place my naked cunt right up against the cold wet nose. The dog nuzzled at my crotch, and licked briefly. I reached down to pull up on my pussy lips, exposing my clit to the soft wet snout, but I wanted more.

The dog learned its lessons too well. When I next met Bill on the station the dog, smelling my pussy, began to try to get its head under my skirt. Bill pulled it back to attention. No smelling aloud in a dangerous place like a train station. After I'd spent several days teaching the dog what I wanted, the last thing I needed was for Bill to confuse it. I took to standing about 6 feet away on the platform, and identifying myself to Bill only after he got on the train.

This day, however, was special. I was determined to get the dog to not just nuzzle my pussy but to engage in sustained licking. That morning, my usual smell of pussy fluid, sweat, and urine was mixed with the smell of beef bacon. Before cooking my bacon that morning I rubbed several pieces inside my pussy lips, against my clit and all around the edge of my cunt hole. Then I took a piece and inserted it inside my pussy about an inch and greased the inside of my orifice. I could feel the slipperiness of the grease as I walked.

As I got to know Bill on the train I began to take a few liberties. Best to keep the master happy while the dog was keeping me happy I reasoned. Besides, Bill was decently attractive, and I have to admit I have never made it with a blind man. When the train rocked I would rock purposely press my tits into his shoulder. When the dog wasn't nuzzling at me, I would press my crotch against the back of Bill's hand as he held the leash, saying something like, "Boy this train is really crowded today." The train could have been unusually empty, but Bill didn't know the difference. Two days before, I even lifted my skirt a bit and rocked against the back of Bill's hand with my naked pussy. My soaked hair

left a wet spot on the back of his hand. I know he felt it, but like everyone else on the subways we both pretended nothing happened. I several occasions I brushed my hand against Bill's crotch on the way down to the dog and felt him hard and erect. I knew I was turning Bill on.

"Hi Bill," I said softly as I placed myself in nuzzling position of the dog. "How's Plato today?" Plato was the name of Bill's dog. I reached down to pet him, and helped him to move his head under my skirt. The bacon grease did the trick. Plato began to lick inside my crack, parting my cunt lips with his cold wet nose, followed by his long tongue. I stood up completely and moved slightly so that Plato's nose was positioned between my legs and right at my fuck hole. I've a been gang-banged by all sizes of cock, and fisted for years. I've been fucked by animals with cocks bigger than any human, and my vagina has been stretched by two babies. When I'm wet, a liter size soda bottle will slip right into me, bottom first. Plato immediately began to push his nose against my hole to get a better smell of the bacon grease and gushing pussy juice inside. I could feel his pointy nose start to slip inside. For a brief moment I thought the dog was going to fuck me with his snout, but he pulled it out and pressed his tongue against the orifice. It slipped in easily. I actually shivered with pleasure as he flitted his tongue around the inside of my opening and then back up along the crack and over my clit.

I was concentrating so hard on the sensations that I almost forgot where I was. I was no longer petting Plato. I was standing straight up letting him lick to his heart's content, when suddenly Bill reached down to pet the dog. I'm pretty sure Bill realized what was going on. He couldn't have missed feeling the bottom edge of my skirt. He had no way of knowing how short it was before that. Maybe he thought he was feeling the bottom edge of a coat or a long vest, but when he continued a little further his hand hit my naked thigh. He pulled his hand up immediately, and said nothing.

For most people, being discovered with a dog licking their naked crotch might have ruined the mood. Not for me. Believing that Bill now knew me for the animal fucking low-life slut that I am made me even more excited. Plato had pulled his tongue out of my hole when Bill reached down to him, but he continued to lick up and down in my crack past my clit. I climaxed quietly, as I had learned to do during my years of public escapades. After my climax, Plato was still working on my pussy. The sensation was more than I could bear. I turned slightly to move the dog's tongue off my clit until I recovered.

The train had stopped in the tunnel and then lurched forward. As it did, I intentionally pretended to fall forward landing my hand at Bill's crotch. "Don't worry" I whispered directly into his ear. "No one can see." I grabbed Bill's rather thick cock. He didn't move and said nothing. It was already erect, probably as a result of Bill's discovery of the activities of his dog. Bill didn't move or react as I held his crotch, merely smiling slightly. Encouraged, I began to squeeze gently and stroke it with small movements, more squeezes than strokes so no one would could see my arm moving. After a minute or so, I carefully unzipped his fly and slipped my hand inside, searching for the opening in his underwear.

There I was, getting super hot all over again, Plato readjusting to lick at my crack again, and my hand squeezing Bill's dick, when suddenly I felt something brush against my right boob. It was the back of the hand of a short balding man in a brown off-the-rack business suit. He was wearing rimless glasses with pewter wire frames. As he stood facing the door of the train against which Bill and I were leaning this man was our fourth wall. He was he positioned between us and the rest of the train, blocking us off from view. All he had to do, however, was look down to see everything I was doing and get an eyeful for himself. I glanced at him furtively without moving away from his hand. At first it appeared that his eyes were fixed on the newspaper he was holding in front of him, but the angle of his head told me he was actually looking past the newspaper to my hand inside Bill's zipper. As he held the newspaper up in front of him in reading position, he placed one hand so that

the back of it stroked my right nipple. True to subway etiquette, he never looked at me as his hand moved back and forth across my nipple with every sway of the train. If I said anything he could pretend it was an accident and that he wasn't aware anything had happened. My nipples are huge and they were erect. Even through two layers of material he couldn't miss what his hand was rubbing against. I wondered if he had also seen Plato under my skirt, and I regretted wearing a bra. I began to fantasize about my cats suckling at my lactating nipples. Yes, my nipples do lactate.

When I was pregnant with my first child, I joined the La Leche League. Under the guidance of La Leche I nursed Jonathan until he was ready for nursery school. I weaned him at the age of 4, but by that time my daughter Lainie was a year old. I was nursing her too, and I continued to do so until she also was weaned at the age of 4. All together, I spent 7 years producing milk. Lactation really turned on my husband, Rod, so even after I weaned my children I kept the flow going I allowed our two cats to suckle, milked myself daily with a pump, and wet-nursed my husband, Rod. As you can imagine, all those years of having one's breasts full of milk and one's nipples sucked and pumped did nothing for my support and figure, but it sure did make my nipples huge. The size of my nipples was all Rod seemed to care about. He didn't mind that those thick, long, brown nipples of mine were now attached to a pair of not exactly perky milk bags. My tits sag so much that my nipples point straight at the ground. Rod loves to humiliate me by requiring me go braless, with my heavy, stretched teats swinging low against my belly. When I'm alone, however, I hate the way my clothes fit with my tits hanging down over my stomach. So, a bra it is. I'd love to show off my nipples in the type of bra with holes at the nipple, or show off my entire tit in a bra that is simply composed of straps going under my exposed breasts to hold them up, but going to work with my dribbling nipples uncovered was out of the question

So this man in a brown suit rubbed my erect nipples through my top and bra. Knowing he was watching as I shamelessly gave a hand job to a stranger in the subway brought me almost to climax again. If I knew for sure he had seen Plato in action, it would have sent me through the roof. As I thought about what an incredibly sick slut I must appear to be. I let my right hand drop to my side. I positioned it so that it brushed back and forth against the smallish hardon Mr. Brown Suit had grown in his pants. Two could play his game. As he took greater and greater liberties with my tit, I countered by taking greater and greater liberties with the bulge in his pants. In moments, he had grabbed hold of my nipple with his thumb and forefinger and was rolling my nipple between them. I had grabbed hold of that tiny cock of his and begun to squeeze. Just then, Bill shot his load all over my other hand.

Plato must have finished every vestige of the bacon grease, because he finally stopped licking. But I wasn't done. I carefully slipped my cum-covered left hand out of Bill's pants, leaving his fly wide open. Nobody cares if a blind man's fly is open. They simply think he doesn't know. I dropped my now cum-covered left hand to my side while my right hand was still working Mr. Brown suits bulge. I then moved my left hand to my behind, and reaching under my skirt I rubbed Bill's cum off all over my ass and into my crack. Once fully lubricated back there, I got the Brown Suit's attention by turning slightly toward the door, so that my bare ass faced him. Moving my hand that had been stroking his cock off of it, I lifted my skirt slightly in back to show him my big round ass cheeks, and then I put my hand back on his crotch. I hoped he had been looking. I repeated the process of moving my hand from his cock to the skirt covering my ass again to be sure he understood..

If only he had a long 7-8 incher, or even an average 6-incher, I would have unzipped him, pulled his thing out, and moved my hips to bring my ass closer, rubbing his dickhead into my ass crack and then placing his dick between my legs facing the front of my body so I was straddling it while I rubbed it back and forth against my cunt hole. But I estimated Mr. Brown Suit at about 4 inches, and maybe less. Having him reach my ass cheeks or being able to straddle that diminutive dong was simply out of the question. Lest you think I'm not just a sick pervert, but crazy too, let me assure you



that even if he had a cock as long as Johnny Wad, I wouldn't let some stranger on the train penetrate and cum in my asshole unprotected. But I do love the feel of a cock as it faces the front of my body from the rear and rubs past the fuck hole between my legs, or as it faces upward rubs inside the crack of my ass until it shoots all over my crack and cheeks. I love cum – the smell of it, the taste of it, and how hot it feels – and letting strangers cum on me makes me feel so wonderfully low and dirty. If I had actually taken Mr. Brown Suit's cock out, I would have normally turned around, looked at it, and milked it abit looking for any sign of an STD. I also keep a few condoms taped to the inside waist band of my skirt, and I've become quite adept at slipping them on, even with my back to the cock. I'm not sure my condoms would have been the right size for Brown Suit's small member, but no matter, since I left it in his pants.

Mr. Brown Suit probably thought I wanted him to fuck my ass with his cock, and he knew his small cock wouldn't reach my ass. So he did nothing. I took my hand off his little hose, reached up, and grabbed his hand that was still pinching at my nipple. I pushed his downward. I was worried anyway that his newspaper might not completely block what he was doing all the way up at tit. Besides, he wasn't all that good at nipple play. Maybe he'd have been alright if he weren't working through two layers of material. But as it was, he wasn't nearly as hard on my nips as I like. You've got to pinch hard and bite if you want to get me off with nipple play. Give me a good strong pair of nipple clamps with weights on them and I'm in heaven. My full-grown cats suckling and chewing hard on my nipples with their teeth while I dream of nursing piglets and monkey babies can make me cum. This guy gently rolling my nipple with thumb and forefinger wouldn't have been doing anything for me if it weren't so public.

Brown Suit moved his hand when I pushed it. I grabbed it again and put it on my ass. Then I reached back and put my hand back on his cock. Of course, I did all this without ever looking at him or acknowledging him in any other way, as subway etiquette demands. When I put his hand directly on my ass and pulled one cheek to the side to open my crack, he finally got the idea. He began to rub the side of his fingers up and down my Hershey highway. As I said earlier, I wasn't all that clean. I was, after all, trying to attract Plato. I wiped after my morning shit, but I didn't wash and I certainly hadn't taken an enema. I had just rubbed Bill's cum mixed with my own into my crack. It was summer, and I was swearing. I could smell the strong, pungent odor of Bill's drying cum mixed with my own cum juices, sweat, and a hint of piss and shit emanating all the way up from my crotch as Brown Suit opened my ass crack. I wondered if Brown Suit could smell my body odor too, and how many others on the train were smelling me — the smell of a filthy, disgusting slut.

If he could smell the odor coming up from my crack, Bown Suit didn't seem to mind. Slowly he moved his hand down between my legs, soaking his hand in my cum juices and then up into my crack again. I thrust my hips backward ever so lightly, pushing my hips and ass closer to him. After what seemed to be an eternity he tried inserting a finger into my asshole. I pushed back against it to push it deeper as it slid in. I knew he'd need some help realizing that I needed more than just one finger. I reached back, grabbed his pointer and ring finger, squeezed them toward his middle finger that he already had in my ass, and pushed all three back toward my hole.

I don't think he believed I could take his three fingers into my ass. He very slowly and timidly pressed against my asshole. Actually I could have fit his whole hand up there if he spread enough of my pussy juice onto my hole, and if I could have bent over and spread on the subway floor for him or built up and stretched with various size dildos. Standing up as I was, however, and without any prep, I knew 3 fingers, if they weren't too thick, was the limit. As he began to try to push his fingers against my lady's auxiliary cunt hole as I like to call it. I moved my hips backward. It was a little tight and required some pressure, but still I think he was surprised at the ease with which my ravenous ass sucked in his fingers. I dreamed of Plato's big bright red cock shooting streams of clear, thin yummy dog-cum into my asshole while a dane of my acquaintance shot his load into my

pussy. Double dog penetration is one of those fantasies of mine that is probably too impossible to even hope for.

The train lurched, and I lunged my ass at Brown Suit's fingers just as the train started to pull into the Roosevelt Avenue Jackson Heights stop. Mr. Brown Suit pulled his fingers out. I took my hand away from his cock. I don't think that little thing ever did cum. Plato sat back at attention awaiting an indication as to whether Bill was going to move off the train. We all looked straight ahead, again following subway sex etiquette and pretending nothing had happened. People began to press toward the door and I looked at the faces of the crowd waiting to get on board. I searched for some new possibility in their faces. There was still the ride from Roosevelt Avenue to Queens Plaza, and then the ride under the East River to Manhattan. Did I mention I'm insatiable? Variety is the spice of life as they say, and in the case of this sexually addicted slut variety is definitely the spice of sex. As the train door opened, I stepped off into the crowd on the station, and out of the way as passengers pushed off. They were all careful to avoid Bill and Plato. "Bye," I said to Bill.

"See you tomorrow," Bill said hopefully. I watched my feet to be sure no one stepped on my long polished toes, quickly moved along the platform to the next car and got back on the train next to a butch looking woman in her 20's who I thought I saw eyeballing me. I met Bill and Plato a few more times but those are other stories.