

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) 2007 by King.Lui

My name is Rita and I want to share something with you. It's something I discovered innocently enough a year or so ago but which, I must confess, I have nurtured with total disregard for any innocence.

My husband is a foreman at a steel mill and, at times when the workload is heavy, he is required to work long hours. The mill sometimes operates seven days a week and when Russ comes home (sometimes late at night — sometimes early in the morning after a double shift) he is tired. Too tired to give me the attention I'd like to have once in a while.

I am twenty-seven years old and have been told often enough that I am „A goood lookin' woman!“ (as some of Russ's friends like to say). I had gained some extra weight when I was pregnant with our son, Russ Junior, and after he was born I had a devil of a time losing it. But that was seven years ago and I have managed to stay in shape pretty well just by watching what I eat and by the normal exercise I get while working around the house. Some days I make enough trips up and down the stairs to qualify for a marathon! I also have an exercise cycle that I sometimes ride in the living room in front of the TV.

Early last spring our neighbors across the street asked if I would take care of their dog, Max, while they were away on a three-week vacation. I couldn't very well turn them down. They knew I was at home all day and probably assumed I'd be overjoyed at the opportunity to show my good will. My mind told me that I really didn't want to accept the burden (a small burden, granted, but still a burden) but I didn't know how to refuse graciously.

Russ and Russ Junior thought it was great! Russ Junior had taken to playing with Max when he was out and loved the way he howled. Max is a beagle, mostly brown with a few black and white splotches here and there on his back. Even I, not the world's greatest dog lover, thought he was a good looking dog and he seemed to be well behaved. We had his blanket and food bowl in a corner of the kitchen and he seemed to make himself right at home after the first day.

On the first Monday Max was with us, Russ was working (as always) and Russ Junior was at school (1st grade). I had finished my housework by lunchtime and, after eating, I moved my exercycle into the living room so I could work out while watching my soaps. By the time I had ridden my regular ten miles in thirty minutes I had worked up a respectable sweat and decided to lay on the floor for a while and catch my breath. We have a big over-stuffed pillow that usually sits on the sofa or on the floor next to it that I like to lay on when I watch TV. I was on my stomach, the pillow sort of bunched up under my chest with my arms wrapped around under it.

I became totally engrossed in the program I was watching and I had completely forgotten Max was even in the house. I was wearing one of Russ's T-shirts and a pair of soft cotton shorts and when Max walked silently up between my slightly parted legs and pushed his nose up into my crotch I screamed like the devil was after me! I was on my feet in an instant, yelling at the stupid dog to „stay the hell away from me“ and to „not EVER do that again.“

Even while I was screaming at him I knew I was being overly harsh but I couldn't help it. He had scared the daylights out of me! Naturally, after my first scream, Max disappeared around the corner into the safety of the kitchen and I followed him as I sternly impressed on him what kind of behavior I expected. He was huddled in the corner on his blanket, his eyes about as big as saucers staring at me.

I went back into the living room and sat on the sofa, still trembling a little from the excitement. I

couldn't get my mind back on the program though. I felt ashamed for having screamed at Max and, after a few minutes, walked back out into the kitchen with the intention of apologizing. Maybe that sounds really crazy, apologizing to a dog, but I knew it was the only thing I could do ...

Max shrunk back into the corner tightly as I approached and I could see that he was shaking in fright. God, talk about making a person feel guilty! I reached out to pet his head, talking softly.

„I'm sorry, Max,“ I said. His ears perked up and he lifted his face out of the blanket. „Yesss, Rita is sorry for yelling at the poor fella.“ He tried to lick my hand and I didn't stop him, letting him lick while using my other hand to scratch behind his ears. „Did you smell something good between my sweaty old legs,“ I asked. „You should always ask first before putting your nose between a lady's legs, don't you know?“ My tone of voice must have convinced him that I wasn't mad at him any longer and he was soon standing up, his tail wagging a mile a minute.

I invited him to come back into the living room with me and he followed eagerly as I went in and sat on the sofa. I don't know what part of my brain was controlling me then, but I sat on the front edge of the cushion and slouched back, half lying there. I held my knees apart in an obvious invitation to Max and didn't make a move to discourage him. Sure enough ... with only the slightest hesitation, he wagged himself as if propelled by his tail right up between my legs and buried his nose in my crotch. What he was doing was completely contrary to everything I'd learned about what a dog should be allowed to do but I wanted to see what he'd do next. I sat there like that and rubbed his ears for him as he sniffed and prodded me. When he began licking the crotch of my shorts, I almost made him stop ... but I didn't.

It felt nice and, after all, Max certainly wasn't going to tell anyone what he'd been doing! Sometimes his tongue would stray a little and I'd feel it on the bare skin of my thigh and I'd squirm a little from the roughness of it. Max was whining as if frustrated and I knew I was going to take my pants off for him, that strange part of my brain sending out the signals for me to follow.

„Are those mean old pants in your way, Max“, I asked him. „Do you want me to take them off?“

If he could have spoken, I'm sure he would have told me because he backed up a bit as if to give me room to stand, his tail swinging wildly and rapping against the leg of the coffee table. I stood and quickly slipped out of my shorts and panties, dropping them to the floor next to my feet. Max's head followed them down and he nosed them around a little as I sat once again. He didn't waste his time on the pants, instead returning to his place between my knees. I reached out with both hands in a moment of indecision, one covering my shamefully naked crotch and the other holding his very insistent nose away. I rubbed his ears thoughtfully while struggling with better judgment and slowly resigned myself to go ahead with it ...

„Are you sure you want to lick Rita's wet pussy“, I asked him playfully as he began whining again. I felt really strange using such coarse language but it seemed somehow appropriate to the strange occasion.

When his cold nose touched my hot skin I thought I'd go crazy! He quickly zeroed in on the spot he was interested in and buried his nose between the lips of my cunt. My God! The sensation was indescribable! I wanted so badly to push him away but his nose warmed rapidly and he started licking again... and I didn't WANT to push him away any more. His nose was prodding me and I could feel his hot breath panting there. His tongue moved up and down over my anus, apparently tasting a bit salty or something. I carefully eased myself back to lean against the rear cushions of the sofa, releasing my grip on his ears, and I just laid there for the longest time while Max treated me to an experience I'd only HEARD about. I held the tip of my middle finger on the throbbing bud of my

clit and rubbed it around in small circles as his rough tongue continued to stroke up and down between my lips over and over.

I was cumming almost before I realized it was happening and I stared down at Max through glassy eyes as my hips moved of their own accord in a somewhat pagan rhythm. Wave after wave of pleasure gripped me and I found myself once again squeezing Max's ears to hold him still so I wouldn't go mad! I gently pushed him away then because I had become so sensitive that his tongue was beginning to hurt my skin.

„Thank you, Max“, I said. „You're a real gentleman.“ He almost seemed to smile and I laughed nervously, suddenly feeling a little guilty for letting him do what he did. „But this will have to be our little secret. Do you understand me? If you try that when someone else is here, I'll paddle you GOOD!!!“

He seemed to understand somehow because he turned then a walked slowly back out into the kitchen. I went to my bedroom for some dry pants and put them on, still feeling a little weak. When I peeked around the corner into the kitchen, there was Max on his blanked, busy licking himself.

I retreated into the living room then thinking, „That's a good boy. You'll have to do THAT for yourself.“

I couldn't seem to get back into my soaps again though and I sat there on the sofa sort of day-dreaming about what had happened. Russ had never ever even hinted that he might be willing to do what Max had done ... and my up-bringing prevented me from asking him to. The few times I'd given him head were tolerable but I hadn't enjoyed it. I did it because Russ wanted me to ...

For the remainder of that first week, Max and I played our little game each day. I tried to tend to my housework each morning to get it out of the way, the excitement building to a peak by the time lunch was over. I made it a point to give myself a good workout on the bike so I'd be nice and sweaty for him ... I surmised that that was what had attracted him to me in the first place.

I think it was Friday that I followed Max out to his blanket when he had finished with me. I sat cross-legged on the floor next to him and watched as he licked endlessly at the red shaft protruding from his hairy sheath.

„Would you like Rita to help you with that, Max?“ I asked, shocking myself with my own words. He looked so pitiful. He looked up at me as I rested my hand lightly on his leg. I wasn't at all sure whether I would go through with it, and when I moved my hand over to touch the glistening tip of his penis with my finger I decided that maybe THAT would be carrying it too far. But Max rolled over onto his side then, lifting his leg up for me. About two inches of his penis was showing through the opening in his sheath and it felt very warm under my finger. I gently explored with my fingers, feeling the length and rigidness of his slender little boner. Growing a little more bold, I moved the soft sheath up and down along his shaft slowly, not quite able to pull it all the way up to cover the tip of his penis but able to expose another two inches or so when pushing the loose skin back toward his sack.

Feeling a bit queezy in my stomach at the idea of jacking off a dog, I almost stopped. But that other part of my brain won out and I continued ... I gripped him a little more firmly, not able to wrap my fingers around him but sort of gripping the sides of his sheath between my thumb and fingers. I stroked him up and down like that for several minutes, fascinated by the feeling of his gristly shaft slipping smoothly inside the sheath. When Max started growling softly I wondered if he was wanting me to stop or if he was getting ready to cum. I assumed the latter and quickened the rhythm of my

hand.

His haunches began jerking then in the motion I'd seen several times when witnessing the act between two dogs. I tried not to interfere with his spastic movements as I continued to stroke him, watching closely the red knob at the end. A few moments later his growls took on a deeper tone and I watched as several spurts of thick white fluid spat from him. Some of it landed on the blanket and some of it on the short hair of his belly as his hips bucked a few more times and then became still. I released my grip on him and watched in amazement as he twisted his body around to begin licking himself again. He sniffed around, locating the spots where his cum had landed and licked it all up! When he'd finished and had curled himself up into his nap position, I left him.

During the weekend Russ Junior was home all day, naturally, and I couldn't help feeling a little frustrated at being prohibited from doing what Max and I had enjoyed so much. Max came sniffing around me several times but seemed to understand when I shoo'ed him away. Russ was home all day Sunday with us and that made it a little easier to keep my mind where it belonged. Fixing dinner and waiting on him made the time pass ...

The second week was nearly an exact repeat of the first, except that I was no longer hesitant to „help“ Max relieve his tensions when he'd finished with me each time. I like to try and catch his hot semen in the palm of my free hand and then hold it out for him to lick ... am I weird, or WHAT? One added element had crept into the affair though and it started in my mind as a silly, kinky thought... and had become a glowing ember that dominated my thoughts during the second weekend, our second period of forced abstinence.

By the time that third Monday arrived, I was a nervous wreck! I went through the motions of following my normal daily routine, but that was all it was ... going through the motions. When lunchtime arrived I suddenly decided I wasn't hungry and began my ritual of touring the living room and kitchen to be certain the doors were locked and the blinds were drawn. Max was acting skittish too, following me around. When I was sure that everything was as it should be I stood in the living room and looked at Max and discovered that I was trembling inside from excitement. Max returned my gaze as if to say „What are we waiting for, baby?“

The smoldering ember finally caught hold and became an honest-to-goodness fire as I stripped off my clothes (ALL of them this time) and stood staring down into those dark eyes. I walked slowly to the sofa and assumed my position on the edge, Max eagerly following and nuzzling into my crotch right away. I laid there for a while trying to bring my trembling under control and feeling the pleasure rise within me as Max performed his magic.

After a few minutes, I leaned forward carefully so as not to interfere with Max and felt gently down along his belly. I found him completely erect and hot to my touch! He stopped licking and looked sideways at my face then ...

„Are you thinking the same thing I'm thinking?“ I asked, my voice trembling just like the rest of my body. Max licked the side of my face and I took that to be a „yes.“ I stood up and grabbed that large pillow from the end of the sofa and tossed it out into the middle of the floor. „Cummon, Max“, I said. „Let's see if we can make this work.“

I bunched the pillow together and formed a thick roll of it, holding it in place as I eased myself down onto it. Face down like that, the pillow under my hips, I hoped Max would understand what I wanted. I moved my knees out to the side as far as I could to give him room and I watched over my shoulder as he moved behind me, acting confused. I felt his breath between my cheeks as he sniffed my anus and gave me an experimental lick.

„Cummon, Max“, I urged softly, wiggling my butt around just a little, „you know what you’re supposed to do ... woof, woof!“

I was beginning to think he wouldn’t do it. He licked me some more and I could see his hind legs dancing around as if confronted with a really hard problem. Then I felt a paw on my right cheek and he whined.

„That’s the idea, Max“, I crooned. „Rita wants you to fuck her.“

Having said it, I felt my stomach churn violently as the two parts of my brain battled it out. In the mean time, Max seemed to have made HIS decision. I felt his other paw and cringed when his claws scraped against the skin of my lower back. He was trying to get himself into position! But I had to do something about those claws! I reached around gently and pushed him back.

„Just a minute, lover“, I said, standing up. „I don’t want to be maimed for life.“

I ran quickly to the kitchen, Max trotting along behind me, and opened a drawer next to the sink. I grabbed two towels and, from another drawer, two thick rubber bands. Max followed me back into the living room and almost seemed to understand what I was doing as I wrapped the towels around his front paws and slipped the rubber bands in place to hold them there.

Re-bunching the pillow, I eased my hips down onto it again and wiggled my butt for him.

„Okay, Max, no more excuses“, I said. „Come to momma ...“

I was thrilled to feel his padded paws on my hips and I urged him onward with soft reassurances. He tried to grip my back with his paws and I could barely feel them through the towels. He moved his hind legs up close and I could tell he was hunching back there but I couldn’t feel anything. I eased a hand down between myself and the pillow, between my legs and found that he was jabbing into the pillow. Quickly flattening it out a little, I forced my hips downward onto it and spread my knees farther to lower my butt.

„That’s it ... that’s it“, I said breathlessly as he found the mark.

His slender penis was jabbing earnestly against the depression just to the right of my cunt, along my thigh. I moved my hips just a little to the right and was rewarded by his first, panicky thrust into my eagerly awaiting cunt. Not very deep ... just barely into my vagina, but there just the same! I angled my hips downward, hoping to help him, and felt his rapid little jabs move deeper into me! His front paws skittered around on my back trying to hold on as he moved his back paws a little closer. I could feel the hard muscles of his thighs against the inner surface of my own as he fell into a very fast but steady rhythm.

It felt incredible! I think that what made it so exciting was the very idea of what we were doing. I was actually being fucked by a beagle in my own living room! His rigid little penis was small compared to Russ’s naturally, being only about four inches that he could get into me and only a little thicker than my finger. But what Max lacked in size, he more than made up for with his eager intensity. I found myself wishing I could see a clear image of us there in the middle of the floor. I was on the very verge of cumming and had to use all of my determination to keep from rocking my hips. I didn’t want to dislodge him!

So I eased my upper body down onto the floor, my nipples digging into the carpet as I tried to hold my position. It didn’t take Max very long before he started to lunge into me violently and I knew he was cumming in me! As if from a page in a steamy romance novel, I felt myself floating up to that

heavenly plateau where I enjoyed a thoroughly satisfying orgasm. My groans mixed with Max's growling as we came together and I nearly cried when Max suddenly stopped moving, his haunches trembling with the effort to hold himself deeply within my vagina. He was drooling on my back and his penis was twitching rhythmically inside of me. I visualized his thick white semen spurting into my body ...

I don't know how long I slept, but when I woke up my hips were still resting on the pillow, my warmly glowing ass still angled awkwardly toward the ceiling ... and Max was curled up quietly behind me, between my outstretched knees.

I got up without disturbing him and returned the pillow to its place on the end of the sofa. He woke up while I was taking the towels from his paws, rolling over onto his back ... and then curled up again to resume his nap as if nothing had happened. I stood there for a moment looking down at him, my hand unconsciously feeling the wetness of my cunt. I slipped a finger up into my vagina and marveled again at the idea of what we had done. Gathering up my clothes then, I went into the bathroom and took a long, hot shower.

By Wednesday Max and I had it down to a fine art! There was no more of the nervous fumbling around while trying to get ourselves into the right positions ... and I had finally resolved the dilemma in my mind. What we were doing wasn't hurting anyone. What we were doing was obviously enjoyable for Max (and me). What we were doing would forever remain a secret ... and it would all come to an end after Friday when the neighbors returned.

I made Friday a special occasion for us by inviting Max into my bedroom for the first time. After getting myself all sweaty on the bike (with Max sitting patiently off to the side and watching me intently) I led him into the bedroom and stripped off my wet clothes. I pulled one end of my vanity around so the large mirror was facing toward the bed and angled it downward just a little. I was really excited when I crawled up into the middle of the bed and patted the comforter to invite Max up with me. He eagerly made the leap and jumped immediately between my legs to begin nosing around and sniffing me.

After making a couple trips to the vanity to move the mirror, I was finally satisfied that I'd be able to see us clearly. I took both pillows and plumped them up behind my back, fondling Max's ears as he licked and sniffed at the tingling lips of my cunt. I didn't know for sure if he'd be able to fuck me like that, with me on my back instead of the other way, but I was determined to try! I reasoned that I'd be able to use my hands to help him.

I cursed softly to myself when I realized that I'd forgotten the towels for Max's paws and made a quick trip to the kitchen for them. I put them on him then and laid back experimentally, patting my belly for him to come up to me. He put his paws up on my stomach and I pulled him closer, holding his paws tightly against my breasts and lifting my legs up on either side of him.

He began hunching at me almost immediately, his tongue hanging limply from the side of his mouth. But he wasn't even close to my cunt ... I pulled my knees way up and brought them together against his sides, my thighs tingling at the feel of his hairy flanks. Urging him lower with my legs, I pushed his haunches down and felt the hot tip of his penis begin to prod between my wet lips.

„That's it, Max,“ I whispered, „I knew you could do it!“

He moved his hind legs a little and his furry belly dropped comfortably down onto my own. I gasped in surprise when his hard little shaft entered me deeper than he'd ever been before. He was catching on nicely! I kept my knees pulled way up to hug him with my upper thighs as he fell into a

very fast and very enjoyable rhythm!

I couldn't take my eyes from the mirror. The scene was so incredibly erotic for me and the feeling of his cock pistoning in and out of my vagina was so intense that I came very quickly. I found that I was able to move my hips under him just a little, thereby abandoning myself that much more to the waves of pleasure that pulsed within me ...

Max seemed to be in another world. His muzzle was tucked down into the space between his front legs and I could feel him drooling all down between my breasts. He fucked me for what must have been ten minutes or more ... never slowing down and never faltering in his incredibly fast tempo. I came again before he finished with me and when he finally reached his reward I was trembling uncontrollably, my legs quivering along his furry sides as he plunged deeply into me and held himself very still. His stiff little shaft continued to twitch inside of me as he propelled his hot semen into my vagina. He was deep enough that I felt he was nearly against my cervix and I moved my hands from his front paws to grasp his butt, pulling him tighter to me ...

Later that afternoon as I stood in the shower, it occurred to me that I had never enjoyed sex with Russ nearly as much as I had with Max. I was sad that Max would be leaving on Sunday and didn't know how I'd be able to do without his wonderful services.

For obvious reasons, I missed Max terribly after he'd gone home and the following week seemed totally empty. I sat on the sofa during the afternoons and masturbated with my fingers, trying to imagine that it was Max licking me ... but it just wasn't any good!

This story DOES have a happy ending though. Not too long after Max left, I convinced Russ that it might be a good idea to have a dog of our own around the house. A „BIG“ dog would be able to protect the house for us when we weren't there. Russ agreed, happy to please me.

(If he only knew ...)

We went to a pet store and bought a cute little German Shepherd puppy and named him Heinrich. That was almost a year ago. Heinrich is NOT a puppy any longer! ... and he is a quick learner, too...