

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



The same story told from three different perspectives

Cujo

The door opened and my owner poked his head around the edge. It felt like I had been staring at the closed portal for most of my life, but of course, knew that it had only been an hour or two.

“Cujo; Come boy.” His head disappeared from the left open door and unfamiliar scents wafted from the room beyond. I knew that he was not alone and that the other person was female. Her perfume had leeches through the gap under the door. The chemical mixture may have been attractive to his somewhat limited olfactory senses; to mine it was repugnant and did not improve when I followed him into the room.

John had introduced me to one or two of his lady friends and had even got me to play with them to the point of giving them the benefit of my tongue. Of course, it depended on how I liked them. I have to say that his choice in women had its flaws and most of them were no more than skin covered skeletons with little more life than a marrow bone. We had had some fun with some of them though and even had one or two come back for a re-run. I guess John liked his bachelor status because he rarely had them come back to our pied-e-tere more than twice.

This woman had all the hall marks of being a bimbo. Blonde hair, too much make up and cheap perfume all contributed to the supposition. Unfair I guess, the fact that my introduction had her at the distinct disadvantage of being completely naked, prostrated across John’s leather sofa. I noticed a tattoo on her hip of a dolphin, jumping from a splash of water. It looked like the rest of her, cheap. Equally unfairly, I took an instant dislike to the girl and sat down resolutely, out of reach and disinterestedly scratched an ear.

John sat beside her; his hand caressed her thigh and then spread her legs so that he could access her sex. She was hairless, but thin stubble showed where she was in need of a shave. Her hair, if had been allowed to grow would be dark, so she wasn’t a natural blonde. I notice things like that. If a dog could communicate with humans, it would tell you that humans rely too much on cosmetics and unnatural stimulants and far too much messing around with your natural state. I often wondered what you would be like kept away from baths and razors for any length of time.

His fingers had found her sex, parted her lips and with the dexterity of those digits, were frigging her while rubbing her clitoris with his thumb. I had heard her moans through the door; it was a familiar sound in John’s apartment. The ministrations of his right hand and then his tweaking her nipple with his free hand soon had her writhing as an orgasm, real or faked approached. She exuded little by way of pheromones, so telling her actual sexual state wasn’t possible.

I will let you into a secret, a female, regardless of species, carries a powerful aphrodisiac in her natural lubricant. Her sweat glands will have provided the initial attractant, but as she lubricates her sex, secret pheromones are released that no male animal can resist. For most of the animal kingdom, it only happens during their season or productive cycle, but the female of the human race has this hold over her mate, being able to enthrall almost at will. He is totally unaware of this though, being unable to discern the chemical concoction through limited olfactory senses.

He must have been hitting the spot, because her scent wafted on the slight breeze.

My own receptors registered her readiness to mate in a clarion call that spoke to me as loudly as if she shouted an inch from my ear. It is an undeniable attractant to me and, as her impending orgasm

approached, proved to be a scent trail that irresistibly drew me forward.

John's fingers were buried inside her and his thumb was pressed firmly against her clit, rubbing in a circular motion. That's all very well to sex her up, but what a woman really wants is to be caressed with a warm and insidious tongue, especially as she squirts her most potent fluids.

I had to nudge his questing fingers away and then gave her a long and luscious lick that collected her essences in a single lash. She tasted better than she smelled and of course, her natural juice did its wonders to my taste buds. The next taste of her was followed by rapid tonguing that entered her sex and covered her clit. Her heat and smell were intoxicating, providing a heady mixture of scent that had my tongue slaving against her flesh.

The rasp of her stubble was actually quite nice as it irritated my top gum, but it was quickly becoming uncomfortable. To avoid the rough contact, I had to get up on the sofa and tilt my head back to get my nose out of the way and curl my lips back as if snarling into her depths. It had a salutary effect; my tongue passed her outer lips and found her inner being. She was hot and very wet from her own secretions and my saliva. I kept lapping at her, tasting her and knowing that she was climbing a crescendo of lust and wantonness. Her hips were raising, knees spread wide, and she was granting me full permission of entry and screaming her compliance in the act.

Then suddenly and with no warning, her knees snapped shut, trapping my ears between her thighs as her climax forged its way through her. A tide of her come flooded my throat and nose from the sheer force of the cunt. Trapped, I could do nothing about it for a moment except swallow her and try to clear my airway.

Just as suddenly, her back arched and a spasm rippled through her, releasing me and throwing her off the sofa onto the floor on her back. She twitched and writhed as if she were in seizure. Her lips pulled back in a rictus grin, hands forming fists on either side of her forehead, her breathing rasped between her even white teeth that were locked together. Her climax rippled and folded her, come leaked from her sex, to pool on the floor between her parted legs.

Gradually, she regained control of her synaptic senses, her breathing settled and her lips covered her teeth in a tight line. She gasped something unintelligible and grasped John's arm in a vice like clawing grip. He kissed her and pried her fingers apart. The force of her grip had left bruises.

She fumbled for his cock, still on her back, her eyes tightly shut and screwed. Her eye paint had run in two dark stains to her ears. I cleaned up her come that had puddled on the floor. The salty tang was like a beacon to me and had my cock throbbing from its sheath. Her pheromones acted like a narcotic to my receptors, I had to have her beneath my chest while my forelimbs clasped her to me.

As if obliging or indulging me, she had turned while I was cleaning up and was now sucking John's cock. In turning, her knees had drawn up and her swollen and ready sex was there, just in front of my nose. To my canine instincts, this was an open invitation to copulate and I was more than ready to impregnate this bitch.

My first exploratory thrusts missed the mark and stabbed her anus and the folds of labia, I guess in my eagerness, I was not being too careful, but I had a mission and so took it a little more carefully, adjusting my self to fit her contours until I was sure of connection. Then, when I was certain, drove my shaft into her and buried the whole length up to my balls.

Once inside her, my forelegs grasped her hips and pulled her back onto my shaft, the position triggered the automatic response and I began to thrust in a rapid and frenetic blur.

John said something, even shouted it, she shook her head and sucked him into her throat.

The friction of her rippled vaginal walls and the pounding of my dick soon had my knot growing, I would not be able to keep up the furious pace, but needed to, to cause the locking mechanism that would signal my release of seed into her. As the bulbous swelling grew, the friction also increased until I was unable to pull it out of her. Then her muscles contracted, trapping me inside, it was the moment I had been working towards. Instead of pulling back, I pushed forward as she thrust back onto me. My forepaws had locked around her waist as I drove the last bit into her, feeling her insides open up to receive my seed.

I came. Flooded her womb with my hot fluids and heard her scream again as her own body worked in powerful contractions that milked my testes of all I had to give her. I wanted to bite her neck while in the throes of completion, but her head hung down and rested on the floor between her arms. I could smell John's semen and my own as some leaked from her bruised lips.

My dismount from her quaking body came quickly. Although we had been only briefly tied, it had been enough for my complete ejaculation and satisfaction. I cleaned her up and retired to my bed exhausted and happy.

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## **Abigail**

The two lines hit fast. It had been some time since I had done a line or two, but tonight, fuck it, who cares? Not me for sure.

I was going out, something else I hadn't done in the longest while, all the time I had been with that asshole Deacon. Three fucking years I had devoted to the piece of shit; never once even looking at another guy; waiting home for him while he was out screwing every whore in town; well fuck you Deacon, I hope you rot.

I touched up the make up, knowing it made me look cheap, it was an effect I wanted and to help with the personality flip, had bought the smallest black number I could find with the lowest neckline and the shortest route to my cunt. I was going to get laid tonight come what may and I wasn't that particular about whom it was going to be either, just so long as he was breathing and had a cock that worked.

I pulled on my new diamante thong over my ass, feeling the string nestle between but cheeks. Where the gusset and the thong joined was a thickness that rubbed seductively against the base of my pussy.

Jesus, I was already wet and I hadn't even gotten in the cab yet. God help whomever I should meet tonight, his balls are going to shrivel before I let him go.

Checking my purse, eyes and hair, I closed the apartment door and exited out onto the street. A Yellow had been waiting for me, the driver already tapping his watch, but hey, screw him, the price was fixed, so he could just go and blow me for the difference. He drove like a fucking lunatic through the dark wet streets and it was with a sense of relief that we eventually pulled up in a squeal of rubber outside 'Luke's'.

I used to party here before Deacon showed up, God rot his cock, I used to party here with my friends on Saturday nights, but he changed all that and then, drove them all away with his smartass mouth.

I flipped the driver the bird, he had already been paid by the controller, but was looking for a tip. The only tip he was going to get from me was advice on taking lessons in social etiquette and driving courses.

'Luke's' had changed, well at least the décor had. The layout was basically the same, but lighting had been introduced along with a zillion speakers all on full blast. I think the ear shattering music was called grunge or house or some shit like that, not to my taste. I decided to down one vodka and anything with ice and see if I could find a more acceptable hunting ground. God, was I so out of touch in the last few years? Had it all changed so much? Or was I just older? Even the barkeep was spotty and several years younger than me. Little creep perved on my tits as I made my order, so I jiggled them and told him to make it a large one, with the emphasis on large. He got the message and filled a tumbler with vodka and dripped some blue syrup as a mixer; just how I like my vodka.

Glass in hand, I scoped the dance floor and immediately felt ancient. These were kids that gyrated in disjointed patterns. Some little bastard pinched my ass and was just about to get the standard issue back of the palm under the nose treatment that always resulted in lots of blood and a satisfying crunch; when he went down as if pole axed.

I hadn't noticed the guy who just saved the kid from a busted nose before. He smiled as he stepped over the prostrate kid and took my arm, leading me to the end of the bar and a quieter corner.

I finished my drink while appraising him over the rim of the glass, deciding he would more than do for the purposes of tonight's escapade. A white tee shirt struggled to hold all of his tanned and muscular body in and his blue jeans revealed a tight ass. Typical Californian beach jockey I thought and testosterone fuelled; perfect.

He bought me another drink and we struggled to make conversation, getting really only as far as exchanging names. Then he lightly grasped my elbow and tossed his head towards the exit by way of invitation to go someplace else. I wasn't about to argue.

The music was cut as if by a knife when the doors closed and we found ourselves outside, like stepping from one world into another, much quieter one.

Another bar and another two lines in the john had me mellowing. John was kind of cute in a masculine way and his offer of coffee came at the right time. We laughed when he told me about his dog Cujo and I asked if that wasn't the one that ate people in the film. He almost creased when he told me he only ate pussy. I guessed it was his favourite line. Personally, I thought it crass, but allowed him his little joke.

We fell through his apartment door, kicking it shut and ripping clothes off all at the same time. The mixture of coke and vodka had done their combined magic, rendering me as horny as all hell and back. At least he had the good grace to fold my dress and whistle his appreciation of the thong before locking his mouth over mine and kneading my tits as if tuning in his audio system. But, do you know what? I could care less how he treated me. He had permission to use me like the tramp I looked like, fuck me into the ground and then do it all over again. I was here to be used and wanted it more than anything. This was after all, my rebound revenge on the asshole I had been saddled with, so getting dirty was all par for the course.

Jesus, but he had a large cock and his fingers had my cunt creaming from the first minute. In what seemed like no time at all, I was impaled on him and riding an orgasm straight down the stretch. His leather sofa was cold on my back, but I hardly noticed, my own internal heating had been turned up to full and this guy was getting three years of pent up desperation in one go.

Suddenly, he got up, the mongrel, leaving me crawling over the ceiling, and then his fucking dog comes into the room and sits down like some voyeur, watching from his vantage point in the middle of the room.

John, bless him, got those fingers going again and then started on my tits at the same time. I'm a sucker for that; two centres of operation simultaneously; brings me off in record time. John had two or three fingers frigging my soaked twat, but the damage was being done by his thumb as it pressed and rubbed my clit. A crashing orgasm was well under way when the weirdest thing happened.

A cold wet nose shoved John's fingers away to be replaced by a hot, very hot tongue that rasped over my lips and hit the panic button dead centre. Then the action was repeated and I was passed the point of return. The dogs tongue fucked me inside out in rapid strokes that had me gasping and then, God almighty! I climaxed like I had never ever before. The poor animal's head was trapped between my thighs as I went through orgasm and into climax, soaking everything in a rush of come. The pleasure and feeling the dog was giving me was too much all at once and I don't know, but the next thing was I found myself on the floor, twitching and shivering like I was connected to the electricity supply. I've had many orgasms in many different ways and situations, but I ain't ever felt anything like that before. It was like death and birth all in a single moment.

John asked me if I was alright and I guess I said I was. Somehow I found his cock in my hand as the tremors subsided.

It took me some time to regain control and I wanted to reward John for showing me this experience, so I did the natural thing any self respecting whore would do, I turned over and sucked that lovely cock of his straight into my mouth. I was getting into it as well, setting up a nice rhythm, allowing his head to get deeper with every nod. I was going to blow him straight into my guts if I could.

I wasn't prepared for the next action though. Dammed dog jumped me; before I could properly react, he had what felt like a cucumber rammed in my twat. Worse, it withdrew partially before being rammed straight back in and then fucked me in a blur of speed and force.

Jesus! But, it was so fucking big, and then dammed me if it didn't start to thicken, causing all kinds of sensations as it pummelled into my cunt.

Fucking hell Abigail I heard John shout, but I was too far gone to worry about words, just the primeval need to mate. His cock went further than I had intended into my throat, but it didn't matter too much because he couldn't last and his spunk liberally coated my oesophagus.

The dog had slowed down now, his thrust shorter and deeper. I could feel his knot splitting my walls open and I wanted his come deep inside. His paws had cut ribbons into my sides in his haste to fuck me, but that too hardly mattered. John's semen leaked onto the floor as I put my head down and shoved back on the dogs cock with all my being.

Something happened then, like a blossoming, a flower opening, because Cujo entered a place I didn't know existed in my body. As soon as he found it, his scalding come bloomed inside me, filling my guts with a warmth and glow of mutual release. I came around his bulb as he shot copious dog come deep inside me. Then, his completion attained, he sort of slid from my body, his short hair rasping on the base of my spine and his cock creating a vacuum that felt as if my insides were being drawn out through my hole.

The beautiful dog then did something no man had ever done for me, he cleaned my bruised labia of his and my fluids, taking care to get every last bit. The sensation was soothing rather than sexual and I fell in love with the animal then and there.

I stayed the night with John and ate breakfast with him in the morning. Cujo, it seemed, was not a morning dog. I missed him as I said my farewells. John had my number and I hoped he would call me some time.

I took my sore and battered fanny home and gave it the pleasure of a long soak in a hot bath.

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John

It was a nothing out of the ordinary Saturday night. Jimmy asked me to drop by his club and pick up some money he needed banked. Jimmy didn't use the same kind of banks that most people do, if you get my drift.

The club was humming; packed to the gills with spotty teenagers jumping and twisting to the DJ's house crap he insisted was the best thing since Liberace. I wanted to get in there and out again, get shot of the money and then relax on the beach with Cujo. It was a warm night, a little grass and a stroll sounded just about right.

I saw the kid's vicious pinch of the broad's ass and recognised her attack strategy. In one of those instinctive reactions I downed him with a straight fingered kidney punch, figuring that he might get sick a little for a day or two, but she was likely to drive his nasal bone straight into his brain if she did it right. The kid went down, lights out which was gratifying, I still had the touch and she had been to defence classes and looked as if she knew all about it.

So as to diffuse the situation, I grasped her arm and steered her away from the kid to the other end of the bar. She looked as much as it was possible to be out of place. In fact, she looked like a fucking whore on the pull, but a good looking whore at that.

We managed to get each others names. Who ever heard a whore called Abigail? She was juiced, her dilated eyes jumped all over the place, never settling and the huge vodka she had been nursing slipped down her throat like it was no more than water. I bought her another which didn't last too long either.

Thinking that she ought to be out of the joint, I grabbed her arm and motioned to the door. I swear; all that was in my mind was to rescue the poor girl, nothing more than that. I could tell she thought I was okay, her eyes, when they did settle, smiled and it was a nice smile. I thought she might be pretty good looking under all the crap on her face. Certainly, the body was fit and the dress hid absolutely nothing at all. Her tits were just about perfect and no bra.

We dropped into Mike's, a much quieter place and had one or two drinks there, chatting and stuff. She went to the ladies and came back wired. I suppose that was the moment I thought about taking her home. I told her about my dog and came up with the gag, that he only ate pussy. It always produced a laugh and broke the ice on many occasions.

By the time I got her to my apartment, she was zinging. The coke had scored a home run and she fairly buzzed. I somehow got her up the stairs and through the door before she had my shirt off and was making a determined effort on the jeans. To be honest, I don't really like women who act slutty and were only half interested in getting jiggy.

The dress came off and my assessment of her tits was quite accurate. 34 B's I guessed, nice and palm sized. The panties, or thong, whatever there're called was class though; all sparkling with fake diamonds and obviously expensive.

The hell with it I thought, why not fuck her and chuck her out? She would probably flake out anyway.

She lay out on the couch and giggled a bit at the coolness of the leather after I had laid her dress to one side and had myself a feel of those pert little tities. Her breath smelled stale from the vodka when I kissed her, but those breasts made up for it.

Ah, but then I found her fanny, it hadn't been shaved for a day or two. Normally, I would have eaten her, but I hate stubble on anything, least of all a cunt. So it was going to be frigging time, I had no intention of getting friction burns under my nose; fuck that!

She was off and away, the combination of coke and booze had her squealing and creaming in no time. Nice size clit; couldn't fail to find it and she responded quite nicely. I slid into her and started up with the old two step rock and roll, pumping up the jizz and she just came right there and then. Cute; but not a great big turn on for me.

I thought I would give her some breathing space for a minute and remembered Cujo had been locked in the bedroom. Left in the lounge, he would tear up the sofa and wreck the place. So I got up and let the sad bastard in.

We had shared a broad or two in the past and I had no problem him watching the master screw some chick into oblivion. Cujo followed me into the room and then sat like any regular audience, waiting for the main event.

Abigail was still steaming and wanting more, so I sat on the edge of the sofa and frigged her again. Two or three fingers were inside and my thumb rubbing her pleasure zone. I had to play with her nipples; her tits were just perfect and topped with large nipples that must have looked great in a bikini on a cold day.

I didn't hear Cujo or even know he had moved until he nosed my hand out of the way. Kinky bastard loves the taste of woman.

fuck me if she didn't respond like a scalded cat. Almost as soon as he licked that pussy of hers, then she was creaming. Then, he jumped up on the sofa, between her legs and slurped on her muff like his life depended on it. The effect it had on Abigail was stunning. She screamed and creamed and clamped his head in a vice like grip, then she just sort of spasmed like she was in shock or something and flipped right off the couch and landed on the floor on her back. fuck but she could come, there was a puddle of her on the floor and Cujo was licking it up. Always was a tidy dog.

I might have asked if she was alright or something, but the rampant bitch grabbed my cock and then spun over and started giving me head in the best way. She sure could get that baby down.

Well then it got really weird. Right out of the blue and never before seen, Cujo jumps on her back and begins fucking her. He and I was eyeball to eyeball as he pumped her cunt and I pumped her mouth. Dammed if it wasn't the hottest thing I ever did. Given the situation, I admit to losing my load in a short time and I shot the whole bolt right down her gullet.

Cujo was really going for it by now. The boy was ramming into her faster than a steam train, then, he slowed down, making it a longer and deeper stroke. I was transfixed and Abigail was moaning like a banshee.

Abigail's head hit the floor and she pushed right back on that dog's dick right at the same time as he pulled her to him. I will never forget the look of pure bliss on his face as he creamed her insides with a few final thrusts. I swear he was grinning at me like a loon.

When he had finished, he slid off of her and gave her fanny a good old clean out. I think she was too well fucked to respond very much.

Anyway, she stayed over the night and left the next day. In my shirt and with none of that shit she had plastered all over her face, Abigail is very pretty and really does have a fantastic body. I plan on calling her in a day or so and who knows, we may just have ourselves a regular little party.