

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Sara sat on her bed smiling contentedly, looking through her digital camera at pictures of her birthday party. Her friend Diana had taken so many great shots. She looked forward to getting them printed, and sharing them with her friends. Everyone in the pictures seemed to be having so much fun. As she looked, she smiled wondering what her 19th year would bring.

Sara's friends Diana, Hillary and Lisa had spent the night last night after all her guests had gone home. They had stayed up late talking about clothes, boys and dating... all the usual stuff. They had woken up just before Sara's parents left for Vegas. She thanked her parents again for throwing her such a great party and they had hugged her close, making sure she had the information to contact them should a problem arise. Diana assured Sara's parents that Lisa, Hillary and her would help get the house back in order. Her parents had left smiling. It was great having such good friends. It had taken the four of them most of the day to clean up the house. Sara wanted it to be perfect when her parents came back in two days.

Putting the camera down Sara wiggled out of her jean shorts and pulled off her blouse. She walked into her bathroom and started the hot water for a bath. She crouched low with her hand out feeling the water to make sure the temperature was just right and closed the drain. Stretching, she turned to face the mirror. Sara smiled at the reflection before her, her body really was amazing. Her friends complimented her about it all the time and she mostly got embarrassed and changed the subject, but as she looked at herself, she had to admit it was true. She did kind of look like Jessica Simpson, except that perhaps her breasts were a bit larger.

Still looking at her reflection she undid her bra and set it on the counter. As she turned looking at her breasts, her nipples grew hard and started to ache a little bit. They were so sensitive, and seemed to have a mind of their own. Flushing a little bit she slipped out of her panties and set them next to the bra on the counter. She looked over her body trying to ignore the warmth spreading through her. Lisa and Diana had dared her to shave her pussy for her birthday, she had laughed and changed the subject as she always did when it got too uncomfortable for her.

Lisa shaved hers regularly and Diana's mom took Diana to have a playboy wax regularly. Both of her best friends had been with boys on several occasions and had urged her to try it. Hillary was also a virgin and they bugged her just as mercilessly.

Flushed from the sight of her own body and dull aching of her breasts, Sara reached into a drawer and pulled out her Venus razor. Smiling impishly at herself, she turned from her reflection and walked over to the tub, which was almost full. Sara reached out tentatively with her foot and found the water temperature perfect. She climbed in and watched the water flow carelessly over and around her body.

As the water splashed over her engorged nipples the aching was replaced with pleasure. She closed her eyes for a little while and wondered what it would be like to be with a man. She had been on dates with several cute guys at her college, but making out with them made her breath get shallow and heat race through her body. Her nipples would do their thing and she would titter on the edge of giving in to the feeling, the desire that was washing over her body. She was always able to stop things right then. She'd never even let a boy touch her breasts.

But as she closed her eyes she imagined what it would be like to give into the lust and let a boy go further, perhaps even all the way. Girls at college all said it hurt the first time and that boys in college couldn't last long enough for it to get past the pain, to where it felt good. What would her first time be like? Would it hurt? As the water lapped over her body she imagined it would be like

heaven.

As the water started to cool a bit she woke from her musings and stared down under the bathwater at the patch between her legs. With a determined sigh, she unstopped the drain and stood up. Grabbing the shaving cream she used on her legs, Sara squirted a modest amount onto her palm. It was cold, so she used both hands to lather it up and then rubbed it into the hair on her blonde pubic mound. Pulling the Venus carefully downwards from the top of the patch Sara began to shave her pussy. After the first couple of strokes that familiar heat spread through her body and her nipples began to ache once more. She felt naughty, and wonder briefly what her mom would think if she found out, but continued to shave.

With each stroke she felt herself pushing closer to that edge. The heat grew and her breath trembled. A tingling radiated out from her pussy, growing, insistent, begging. Just when she thought she could take no more of it, she finished. Catching her breath, she washed herself, then relaxed into the ritual of shaving her legs. When she finished her legs she put down the razor and grabbed some body wash. As her hands caressed her body and cleaned it, the heat returned, and again her nipples hardened. She pulled the lather over them and pleasure washed over her at her own touch. Forbidden thoughts rushed through her mind and she decided.

Sara rinsed off and stepped out of the shower, dried off with the soft towel, and put on her robe. She glanced in the mirror and smiled, knowing what she was going to do. She walked out of the bathroom and went to her bed. Smiling to herself she lay back and propped her head onto her pillow. Flushed with excitement, she opened her robe, giving into the heat coursing through her. She gently pulled her aching nipples and then squeezed her breasts firmly. She was rewarded with an ecstasy, that made her swoon. A feeling of emptiness mixed with the tingling pulsating from between her silky thighs. Sara's lips parted and gasped as she reached down with her right hand and touched her shaved mound. Her left hand still kneading her breasts, pulling and pinching on her hardened nipples, Sara slowly slid a finger into herself for the first time.

A louder moan. An otherworldly need racked her body and mind. The middle finger of her right hand slid in and out of her now dripping pussy, caressing her blood engorged clitoris with her soft palm. The tingling increased, and somewhere deep inside a fearful warning sounded, but she continued anyway, rolling onto her side so that she could get her finger in deeper. She felt so wanton, so dirty. Rolling onto her stomach Sara grabbed her pillow and put it under her pelvis so it was raised up. She slipped two fingers in. Her breath was ragged now as she became the whore of an invisible man. She raised her perfect ass up to meet his imagined thrusts, her fingers instinctually knowing what to do.

Small bursts of pleasure began to build inside, insistent, overwhelming. Sara rocked back and forth in a trance, then suddenly her body exploded into orgasm. She cried out as waves of pleasure ripped through her being. She groaned and ground her large breasts into the soft down comforter. She slowly withdrew her hand as the waves subsided, but kept her ass up in the air and wiggled it around as if teasing the air with her wetness.

She lay in that position basking in a contentment she'd never known before. Her sighs echoed out through the room as she fought to catch her breath. She was hardly aware of anything, much less the family's Saint Bernard Mozart entering the room.

Something wide and rough passed over her bald mound, over her clitoris, between the folds of her glistening pussy and up over her asshole. Still groggy from her first orgasm ever, Sara enjoyed the incredible feeling that passed through her, unaware of the source. As her mind sought to come back to reality, Mozart licked again, and heat flared up within her, more violent in its insistency. Her ass

lifted unconsciously as her body savored the incredible feeling.

A sudden weigh smashed her incredible, young body into the mattress jolting her consciousness into the moment. She felt Mozarts breath on her shoulder and yelled for him to get off of her.

“Not now boy!” she cried out, struggling from beneath the huge dog.

Mozart had her pinned to the mattress and ignored her pleading.

‘No boy! Please!’ she cried, “get off me!!”

Sudden realization of her position, and of her dog’s possible intent crashed into her consciousness a second before something large, and hot touched the outside of her newly shaved pussy. The touch sent shivers of passion through her being. Her body instinctually reacted to the touch and her amazing ass lifted slightly, guiding, desiring! Sara’s licked her lips, her virgin body was on fire, her breasts throbbed with desire.

“Oh God! No boy!, she panicked, “please no!!”

Mozart’s heated member pressed forward and slowly began to enter her. Sara’s breath caught in her throat yet again, as she felt her sopping pussy open to the intruder.

“No!!” she cried to herself, but her rebellious body pushed back trying to impale itself onto Mozart’s huge, hot, cock. She groaned aloud as more and more cock pushed into her.

A sudden white hot pain shot through her as Mozart pushed forward and broke her hymen. Tears flooded her eyes and a groan/sob escaped her beautiful, full lips.

“This isn’t happening to me!” she cried shaking, desperate.

Again the huge dog thrust forward and Sara screamed in pain as she was impaled on her pets massive cock, his rapidly expanding member bashing against her virgin cervix. Sara gasped unable to breath, she felt as if she’d been torn in half. The muscles in her stomach spasmed, her arms and legs shook.

Mozart paused for a moment, his breath hot on her cheek. The pain slowly subsided a bit, and she gasped at the feeling of Mozart’s hot cock filling up her pussy. She felt stretched beyond limit, filled completely, utterly. Her body’s desire in some ways felt sated, as if it had what it wanted for so long. Crying at her bodies unchecked lust, she felt her desire growing intensely.

Her Saint Bernard’s fur felt luxurious against the skin of her back despite his incredible weigh. Mozart pulled back and Sara wondered for a moment, if he was done, like Diana had said a college boy might be. Relief flooded her mind, but she also felt disappointment on some strange level. She barely had time to wonder how on earth she could be disappointed, when Mozart thrust forward again with his powerful hind legs. His huge cock slid all the way in and she was filled again. The pain of it tore through her completely, though not to the extent of the first thrust.

“ I’m getting fucked by a dog!!” her mind screamed, but all that came out of her mouth was a lust filled groan.

Again Mozart paused, his white hot cock filling her utterly. Again, unconsciously, her body pushed back into the cock wanting more. The pain was slowly receding. She could feel the pulsing of Mozart’s cock, and the quivering walls of her pussy. Again he pulled partially out and entered her

fully. The pain began to turn to pleasure. Her incredibly stretched vagina pulsed and her bottom squirmed backwards begging for more. Mozart didn't pause as long this time. He pulled out and pushed back in. Sara gasped in pleasure, knowing it was totally wrong to be enjoying getting fucked by her Saint Bernard, but unable to stop her bodies longing for cock. Again he pulled it out and thrust back inside her pussy. She tittered on the edge of abandonment. Her rock hard nipples ached with desire as they slid backwards across the comforter, then forwards as he thrust again.

Sara moaned with desire and fucked back, giving into the incredible passion, and longing. Mozart stopped pausing and fucked her continuously, his tempo building. She hear herself scream with pleasure and responded matching his tempo as her clean shaven pussy sent waves of pleasure coursing through her being. Each new thrust of the huge cock inside her sent a bigger wave of pleasure through her incredible body. She grabbed a tormented nipple in her right hand and pinched it roughly. Fireworks exploded at her touch.

" Oh yes!" she cried, as she felt his cock growing larger inside of her. She wanted it all, needed it all.

" Oh!" she moaned as Mozart's cock expanded near the base. With each thrust the enlarging base smashed her engorged clit and widened the entrance to her pussy.

Mozart's rhythm increased and Sara moaned loader, her pussy started to spasm.

"Oh God!!" she screamed as her tight young body was wracked with wave after wave of pleasure. Her eyes rolled back into her head as Mozart shoved forward with determination and his huge knot slipped inside of her. Her body exploded into orgasm as their bodies pulsed together and Mozart started cumming. Amazingly hot liquid squirted against her cervix and then was pressed out to run down her cleanly shaved pussy and thighs. Sara moaned and moaned as orgasm after orgasm rent her body.

As her orgasms became smaller and more manageable Sara looked to the side and saw herself in her mirrored wardrobe doors. She was a goddess of lust, her body arched back into her dog, reveling in the feeling of cock. Sara reluctantly let go of her nipple as her mind started to clear.

"I just fucked a dog!" she breathed aloud, her breath coming in shuddering gasps.

"You sure did Sar-bear!" came a voice from behind her.

"Oh, my God!" came another voice.

Sara closed her eyes, horrified. She recognized Diana and Lisa's voices. The waves of pleasure were almost gone, but not entirely.

"That was the sexiest, horniest thing I've ever seen in my entire life!" gushed Diana.

"No shit!!" Lisa agreed.

Sara tried to move, to get away, but still couldn't do more than squirm. She tried to move forward but was held in place by the Mozart's huge knot inside of her.

"Don't move Sara!, said Diana coming over and petting Mozart's huge head. "You're tied with him. It could hurt you if you pull it out too fast."

Lisa sat next to Sara on the bed and wiped the tears flowing down her reddened cheeks.

"Don't cry Sar-bear." Encouraged Lisa, "we won't tell anyone, right Diana?"

"No way!" agreed Diana still petting Mozart, "Good boy, such a talented doggie."

Sara unclenched her eyes, tears still rolling down her cheeks despite Lisa's attempts to catch them all.

"I didn't want it to happen! I didn't mean for it to..." she started.

"We know, we came in..." Lisa began.

"And let Mozart in on accident!" finished Diana.

Sara's mind swam. They had seen it all from the beginning?

"You were here the whole time?" she gasped still trying to catch her breath.

Diana giggled and Lisa smiled looking into Sara's red eyes.

"When we came in you were having an orgasm with your pillow. God I wish I had your body! Bitch!" said Diana.

Lisa got raised her eyebrows and looked from Sara to Diana and back again.

"Can I be the bitch next?" she laughed.

"He'll need an hour or so before he can do that again... to one of us." Laughed Diana still petting Mozart's head. "I'll flip you for it!"

Sara couldn't help but smile.