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BEASTIALITY STORIES



"If you had a choice, of being blind from birth or being blinded later in life - say at age..."

"Sixteen?" I offered helpfully. I'm 22 now, six years can be a long time in the dark.

"Yes, okay, being blinded at age sixteen. Which would you choose, and why."

I considered this carefully, or at least I seemed to. I already knew the answer, of course, but they wanted to see us thinking. Like these were the most important questions in the whole world.

"Well," I began, "I can only answer from my own experience. I will always be grateful that I was able to see the world around me, even if only for sixteen years. While at times it does fill me with...regret, with sadness that I didn't appreciate what I had at the time, I can honestly say that I feel very lucky to have those memories." I paused, as if wondering if I should expose myself. "They...sustain me, have sustained me...through some rough times in my life."

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The talent portion was a biggie. That and the interview of course - the question and answer, which I thought I'd aced. Talent though, was going to be harder. I was doing a piano recital, something easy at first, Beethoven's Fur Elise. But I'd done the arrangement myself and I thought I could give it a lot of emotion. With the Beethoven it's largely a matter of tempo.

My second piece was more difficult, a bit of Chopin that I struggled with constantly and more than a few people probably would have warned me away from it, if they hadn't been worried about my confidence. But I needed to demonstrate technical skill and that was something Chopin was perfect for. The man was a bitch and all I had to do was nail it.

I did.

Afterwards I spent 20 minutes in the bathroom, vomiting. You have no idea how difficult that piece was. I'll never, ever play it again. I'm afraid to.

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The hardest portion, and oddly enough the easiest, is the swimwear portion. I say easiest because it is really out of our hands, the contestant's I mean. God, in His infinite wisdom, more or less decided who was going to do well in this area and who was not, a long time before we got there. I mean, we are all blind, so there isn't a lot of the runway model walking, sexy eye contact with the judges, and waving into the camera stuff. We have our costumes and makeup artists, and our families who tell us we're beautiful, but we don't know what the other girls look like. And most of us don't even know what we ourselves look like. The last time I saw myself was almost 6 years ago. I was pretty and blonde and blue eyed, but what about now? And just try telling a girl who's been blind since birth that she's blonde. That'll make as much sense to her as me telling you what blue sounds like.

That's why none of us really worried or cared about the swimsuit portion, so I was a little surprised when I won that. I'd come in first runner-up in Talent and first runner-up in the Interview portion, which disappointed me more than it should have, I'm sure. The good news was that two different girls had won those. Miss Blind Wisconsin had taken talent with her cello, she probably sleeps with it, and Miss Blind Alaska had really come across well during the question and answer. Even I would have voted for her, she's really very smart and articulate. But I heard she looks like Ben Franklin.

That meant I had a very, very good chance at winning the title. On points (for those who like to keep score) I was in first place. But the judges didn't go on points alone; they had their own scales, their

own factors that weren't written down anyplace. Those were from casual observation, from seeing us away from the stage and the lights, watching how we interacted with ourselves and the people around us. This wasn't really a policy or anything, but it was a fact, and we all knew it.

So maybe you'll understand why I was a little shy to bring my dog with me. A lot of the girls have Seeing Eye Dogs; one has a Seeing Eye Pig. I have a dog, a 4 year old cocker spaniel named Bob. Lot's of people say that's a dumb name for a dog, but I don't know. Bob sounds...friendly. Like someone you can trust, you know? Plus it sounds really funny. "Bob." Say it out loud, you'll see. It always cheers me up.

Bob is a well trained animal. Very, very well trained. He cost a lot of money too, a lot more than I could afford. Not so much for him as it was for the training, traveling and all that. I got him through Second Sight down in California and they really do everything they can to make the dogs affordable...I don't think they ever turned a person away for financial reasons. Anyway, I had some help from the Helen Keller people, and Lighthouse for the Blind, chipped in a little. Plus I had some anonymous donations from people who'd heard about me, or maybe even knew me. It's rather flattering when you think about it, that total strangers would care. I certainly appreciate it.

But I bet most of them would have second thoughts about opening their checkbooks for another blind girl if they knew Bob was a lot more to me than just a pair of eyes and an appetite. He was also about 6 inches of hot hard cock, which has never ceased to amaze me. I don't know for sure that he wasn't trained to provide that additional service, but he might have been. He was already full grown when I got him almost two years ago and the first night we were alone he practically raped me with his tongue.

Well...not rape, really. It was like that old joke:

A big black guy grabs a nun as she's walking down the street. He throws her in the bushes, rips off her habit, and has his way with her. Afterwards, he looks down at the nun and says, "What are you gonna tell the priest now, sister?" And the nun looks up at the man and says, "Oh, I'm going to tell the Father that I was walking down the street when a big black man grabbed me, threw me in the bushes, and raped me twice...unless your tired."

Thankfully, Bob didn't get tired and for a few moments there, I almost thought I could see again! A dog's tongue can do that to a girl. It wasn't long after that when I discovered the joys of mating with my dog. He really is a horny little devil and sometimes I'm genuinely worried that we're not alone. Because it is hard for me to tell. I mean, for all I know the blinds in my bedroom window might be open! But usually I check those.

So the biggest problem with the Miss Blind America pageant was that Bob and I were never really alone. And if we were, I couldn't ever know for certain how long we had. I was sharing my hotel room with Miss Blind Delaware and Miss Blind Hawaii, one of whom snores terribly, by the way. My parents and friends were all in town, of course. We had reporters, and judges, and pageant officials, and all the other people who make these things work, bustling in and out of our lives at all hours of the day and night.

Bob was horny. And, truthfully, so was I. This Miss Blind America thing was very stressful and like all of Mother Nature's children, when we get stressed we like to unwind. To relax. To work that nervous energy out of our system, so it was only natural that I felt these urges. It isn't wrong, or abnormal to fuck a dog. People are so stupid about that. I knew the judges wouldn't understand it though. Nor would the sponsors. Imagine winning Miss Blind America, opening a shopping mall or two, doing a commercial for sunglasses or condoms or whatever...and then revealing that I fuck my

dog. The Trojan people might not worry so much, but Purina? They'd go through the roof...

"It must be the puppy chow!" Heh! Imagine that ad campaign!

They stripped what's her name of her Miss America title fifty years ago just because she showed her tits in some magazine...like half the people in the world haven't seen those before! And the other half is trying to! Anyway, if they'd yanked her title, and she could actually see...Just think what they'd do to a blind girl who likes a little doggy dick on the side! Can you say "Manned Mission to Mars"? Because that's where I'd be going, if I was lucky. A one way ticket too, I bet. The SPCA would make Bob go to dog therapy and he'd probably wind up doing Stupid Pet Tricks on Letterman, or even worse, a guest on the Tonight Show!

"...My next guest is the dog who fucked Miss Blind America and eventually put her in the space program...The world's first Fucking-Eye Dog...Give a big hand for Bob, ladies and gentleman!"

Okay, okay...I hear you. "I get it. You had to abstain for a week," you're saying. "So what? I've been married to the same man for 13 years! Don't talk to me about abstinence!"

My Aunt Bethany said that once. We weren't talking about Bob, of course, my oldest sister had been complaining because she lost her birth control pills and couldn't get a refill note for a week. She'd wanted to borrow some from me. I was like, no way! I was only 15 but hey, Chili Peppers were coming to town, you know? I was gonna need those pills!

A lot of people think the Miss Blind America all happens in one evening. It doesn't. It happens over many evenings, in front of an audience, and it's taped. Then the final night, when the winner is announced, those tapes are used to make it seem like the whole thing is live. You could never get 52 blind 18-22 year olds, including Puerto Rico and Guam, to sing and dance and juggle and answer questions and parade around in bikinis all in one night! Get real. Someone would end up in the hospital!

So this was really frustrating. Now usually I'd walk with Bob to the contestants' back stage area and give my dog to my parents to hold for me, since the pageant people provided us with guides...friendly kids for the most part, who led us around. My guide was a 9 year old boy named Thomas and he was a sweetie. My dad thought he was looking up my skirt once, but I think daddy is just over protective. I'd asked Thomas to tell me what color my panties were. I mean if you can't trust a nine year old, who can you trust? I know Thomas didn't really look because he said they were white, but I wasn't wearing panties at all! So you see? Thomas was my little guardian angel and much too self-conscious to sneak any peeks, even when I invited him too.

Or else he's really devious! I try not to think about that though...I'm an optimist!

Blind people have to worry about that stuff. And not just what color our panties are, I mean the other stuff too. Like who's peeking. Believe me, there's nothing worse than undressing in your bedroom, thinking you're alone, and then hearing a stranger's voice whispering, "I've seen Paris, I've seen France..." It gives me the creeps every time! Even if it is just my brother and his friends. Usually.

Don't trust anyone who's ever gone through puberty!! Rule number one!

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The final day everyone was nervous. We were practicing for the big finale and it was awful! We were going to sing and walk around, holding our guides' hands in their little white tuxedos and gowns, and generally have lot of fun. There were the awards to give out, there were guests who were going

to sing and talk. There were clips from our exciting week of pageantry, you know, behind the scenes stuff. Like our big (and largely futile) food fight at the MGM studios cafeteria. I've heard that blind people are no longer allowed to take the MGM tour, but I don't know if that's true or not. It was going to be a busy day of rehearsal. Luckily, we were split into groups and my group, consisting of 17 girls from the Western US, was not busy at all for 45 whole minutes!

All I needed was some privacy and Bob could work all that nervous energy right out of me! Thomas led me to my parents; I gave them a smile and grabbed Bob's collar. I apologized but explained very quickly that I'd left my diaphragm in my backpack. I figured that would be a good excuse. My daddy almost choked and my mother had to pound him on the back.

"What's the matter Daddy?" I asked.

"Your...diaphragm?" he managed to sputter.

I nodded, "Yeah, they gave one to each of us."

"E-E-Each of you?" Daddy didn't sound so good.

I was smiling blankly in what I hoped was his general direction. "Yeah, they're in Braille, diaphragms of where we're supposed to be going on the stage during the big finale."

"Oh! You mean diagram!" my mother giggled. "She means diagram dear. Why don't you sit down, I'll get you a glass of water."

"Diagram, diaphragm...What's the difference?" I laughed and Bob led me away. I wasn't going to need either of those with him.

"Hello? Anyone in here?" Bob seemed okay, usually he lets me know if anyone's around. We were, I thought, in one of the smaller dressing rooms. But I couldn't be sure. I was actually sort of lost.

It seemed quiet though, so I didn't waste any time! I was so freakin' horny you wouldn't believe it! I just plopped my little blind butt down on the carpet and pulled my panties off. But I kept them close, you know, because I've lost panties before. I learned right away, don't toss anything too far because it's a bitch finding it again when you're blind!

"Here Bob, come here boy!" Bob was horny too and within seconds he was working that magic tongue up and down my slit. It's long and warm and rough and it just slithers right up inside me, curling as he flicks it a little, just enough to hit that special spot! I was cumming like crazy within 3 minutes at the most and I grabbed his warm furry neck and held him tight until it passed. I wanted more, but one cum was all the time we could afford! I needed some dog dick!

"We gotta hurry Bob!" I was telling him, a little breathlessly. I got on my hands and knees, flipping up my skirt and patting my butt. "Come on Bob, mount me boy! Give me a miracle Bob!"

He did too, because he's well trained, like I said. Plus, we hadn't fucked in a week and that's a long time for a healthy virile dog like Bob! He jumped up on my back and I could feel his long hard cock as it grew out of its sheath. I don't know what it looks like, I'd never seen dogs mate before my accident, but to my mind I figured it was angry, you know? Big and swollen and wet, I could feel all that, but so hot too that it had to be on fire inside. I pictured it red and orange and beautiful. It's probably something stupid like pink and green with purple stripes, I don't know. If it is, don't tell me, okay?

Bob found his mark easy, like he always does. Mostly. Sometimes, once in awhile, he sort of messes up and pokes me in the butt. He doesn't mind that though, and honestly, I don't either anymore. The first few times though, it was sort of painful to sit down afterwards. Especially since getting locked-up with Bob in my butt is like having a bowling ball shoved in my anus! Ouch! Of course now, I'm pretty used to it. I don't have like a gaping sphincter hole or anything, but my muscles are a lot more limber, more accommodating. Practice makes perfect, you know!

But this time we weren't interested in my ass! Oh no! We wanted to feel some good old fashioned doggy style loving. I know Bob was a little confused because he'd been fucking me every week for over a year and I hadn't given him a single puppy to prove it. I don't know for certain that dogs talk about that stuff, but if they did, I bet he was getting a hard time from his buddies around the neighborhood. So he was really going to fuck me good, I knew, and put his doggy sperm way up in me where my eggs were. I wish I could have told him the truth, that there was just no way, but maybe it was better like this. You'd have to be a pretty cold hearted bitch to take hope away from a dog!

"Ohhhh! Good boy! Good boy, Bob! Give it to me! Ohhhh...Fuck yeah! Do it Bob...Gimme some puppies, baby...Make me a mommy!"

I love talking like that and Bob doesn't mind. He was hugging me nice and tight, his mouth next to my ear so I could feel his warm breath and it was nice like that. He slammed his cock inside me as soon as he felt my little pussy and then it was full tilt animal sex! He's only got two speeds: long and fast or short and fast...Until he gets the knot inside me, he's taking nice long strokes. Only later, once that nice big knot of dog muscle pops into my pussy does Bob go for the shorter strokes.

They're both good, of course, and I love it both ways. But really, I'd have to say getting knotted and short stroked is the best for me. The knot just pushes me over the edge and then the tip of his dick rubs my cervix, just barely, and that is the absolute end of the world. Armafuckingeddon, no doubt!

About the time that knot was banging on my pussy, trying to get in, and I was cumming for about the third or fourth time, I heard Bob give a tiny little growl. I felt his head lifting and I thought... "Ohhh No!" But then I was cumming again, since the idea of getting caught fucking my dog by a total stranger is just about my ultimate fantasy! We couldn't have stopped anyway, because right then Bob's knotted muscle pushed it's way past my pussy lips and stretched me even more, my walls just collapsed around it, like I was trying to suck him deeper.

"W-Who's there?" I moaned all huffing and puffing as my dog jabbed his cock inside me, a short fast jerking motion that just rocked my body beneath him. "Who...Who is it?"

"Oh, don't stop because of us!" a man's voice answered.

"No dear, you just keep right on going!" That was a woman's voice.

"Ohhhh no!" I groaned and I felt my body totally flush with embarrassment. I recognized those voices; they were two of the judges! I dropped my head and shuddered as Bob fucked me extra good, sensing my excitement at being so totally busted like that!

"Maybe we should make this part of the competition next year?" a man chuckled. The third judge!

"Well, not everyone has a Seeing-Eye dog," the woman said. "I suppose we could make it compulsory, all contestants need to demonstrate an affinity with animals."

"Absolutely, it wouldn't have to be just dogs. I'm sure some of these girls have ponies, for example.

Horses. Goats. Maybe snakes?"

"Gerbils?" Everyone laughed.

"Well...Let's not go overboard."

"The world is on the nature kick, you know. We could get a lot more corporate interest I think, especially from the oil companies," someone else said that, and it took me a moment to figure out who it was.

"Oh my God!" I gasped as I creamed all over my dog's big dick! The pageant organizer was there too!

"Right, hell yeah." There was general agreement. "As soon as you start talking animals, they're all over it. Car companies too!"

"Dogs...Love trucks!" one of the judges laughed.

"Oh, that's an old one...was that Ford?"

"Mazda, I think. Or somebody Japanese...We could use it maybe, change the wording a little. Get someone like Miss Blind Washington here in the back instead of that weird Eskimo guy they used."

"Dogs love fucks?"

"We could get Taco Bell interested...They have that talking rat or whatever it is."

"Chihuahua. I think it died though."

"I heard they stopped that campaign because it choked to death on a burrito."

"You'd probably have to get a cable agreement though. I don't think ABC would put this on prime time."

"No! Nooo...What we'd have to do is keep this part under wraps, as they say. We'd license it and market it in the countries that really have an audience for it. Like India, for example, umm...Some of the European markets, The Netherlands maybe. Germany for sure. The Middle East, of course. We'd charge them more, naturally, since it would be prime time programming over there."

"South America would eat it up."

"So this portion would be performed for the judges alone then..." I could almost hear the woman nodding, but my heart was pounding as I rocked my ass, grinding my tender little cunt on Bob's dick.

"And certain pageant officials..." the pageant guy laughed.

"The scores would be used of course, maybe some of the less...Uh, graphic footage for the pageant montage. But the real video would be lagged, say..."

"Six months probably. Edited down, uh...We could do some computer stuff, you know. Confidentiality for the girls. Put black bars over their eyes or something. They don't really need to know about the business part, we'll get our lawyers to put it in the contracts someplace. Word it so it seems less invasive. As far as our target audience is concerned the MBA aspect doesn't even need to be advertised."

"Just young women with dogs..."

"Just young women with dogs, exactly."

"We'll make a fortune!"

I tried to listen to more but I was cumming and cumming because Bob's cock had finally erupted deep in my womb and that always trips my trigger! I was grinding on that cock, arching my back, and barking like the mated bitch I was! I forgot all about the people watching me. I didn't care if they were going to disqualify me or not for this, it was just too good!

When I finally came back to my senses though, I was in for a real surprise.

"Do you have the results?" the pageant official asked.

"Yes we do."

"For Technical...These are averaged now...For Technical we gave her a 7.7; Degree of Difficulty: 2.4; Artistic Interpretation: 8.1; Deductions: 0.0; Overall: 18.2 and First Place in the Dog Fucking category. Congratulations!"

"Your trophy will be mailed to you, dear," the woman spoke gently. "Along with a year's supply of Milk Bones."

"We should probably have two rounds, don't you think? In case a contestant has a bad day or something, just to be fair."

"Maybe an oral round?"

"And music, yeah. I'll sit down with my staff and work out some grading criteria for next year."

"I-I won?" I lifted my head towards their voices, not completely understanding. I wasn't going anywhere, since Bob was sincerely locked inside my still trembling vagina.

"Well, I think it's safe to say that you, Miss Blind Washington, will be the new 2004 Miss Blind America! I think I speak for everyone when I say you truly are an inspiration to us all!"

Later that night they crowned me! And that was how I became Miss Blind America! Isn't that awesome?

Ta-da! Bye bye!

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*The word "True" is used loosely and may not be entirely accurate. I sincerely apologize for any confusion or embarrassment this may have caused you or a loved one. If it embarrassed or confused one of your enemies, well...good! Please check with your local MBA pageant officials for more details.

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