

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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As I am pulling into the driveway of our house I look over at my unconscious girlfriend Sara and laugh, she had never been much of a drinker and tonight she definitely went overboard, I had to carry her passed out from the nightclub. I open her door and lift her from the car slowly her head falling backwards limply and her small black dress bunching around her thighs, she doesn't make a sound as I carry her towards the front door of our house. Duke our adopted Saint Bernard stands by the doorway watching us as I walk inside with Sara in my arms. I carefully sit her unconscious body down on our sofa and I begin to head back outside, I stop and bend down to give our pet a big pat on his head. Duke was a gigantic shaggy Saint Bernard Sara and I had adopted from the Humane Society three months ago, he was nearly 200 pounds but sweet as could be and very smart and well trained, when we got him he could already sit, fetch, and bring the newspaper into the house, daily Sara and I learned more of the things he could do and together we thought up new tricks we might want to train him some day, the two of us wondered why someone would decide to get rid of such a great dog. I walk back out to the car and grab Sara's coat and purse, close the door behind me and walk back into our house I stop and stand frozen in disbelief. Duke had pushed his way between my passed out girlfriends open legs his head lodged beneath her short black dress and he was digging and licking noisily at her thong covered crotch. "Duke, no!" I shout out, he pulls quickly from beneath her dress looks at me perplexed and then walks away.

I could not believe what I had just seen Duke was trying to get at my drunk girlfriends tasty pussy. I pick Sara off of the sofa and carry her up the stairs to our bedroom still in shock. I lay her across the bed and begin to pull her clothes off of her, I lift her dress off over her head and she is laying in front of me in only her black bra and thong, her dark tanned skin looking so sexy against our white bed sheets, her gold belly ring sparkling in the bellybutton of her flat toned stomach. I reach back and unsnap the hooks to her bra freeing her soft but firm 36c breasts, I reach down for her thongs still wet from Duke's slobbery tongue and pull them over her thick womanly hips, down her shapely legs and off her delicate feet. My 5'4, 120 pound woman is now laying in front of me completely nude. I admire her perfect hourglass figure happily for a moment before I cover her in the blankets so she can sleep off her drunkenness. I take off the clothes I had worn out to the club, put on my robe and head back downstairs to watch some TV. after a few hours of viewing HBO I notice I am getting a bit tired, with a yawn I stand and shut off the television and head up the stairs. I enter our bedroom and see Sara is not in our bed, the bed sheets and blankets laying cluttered on the floor, I notice Duke is sitting quietly by our bathroom door and I can see light coming from beneath it. "she must have gotten sick" I say to myself "Sara?" I shout out loud as I knock on the door, there is no answer. "Sara?" I say again louder, still no answer, I slowly turn the knob and peek my head inside, there is my inebriated little girlfriend kneeling on the tile floor, her upper half spread across our toilet head hanging off of the edge of the lid, her firm round naked ass pointed right at me. "Sara are you ok?" I say to her walking towards her, she doesn't respond a small snore rises from face. I brush the hair affectionately off of the side of her cheek, I cant help but laugh at the fact that she has passed out across our bathroom toilet.

I look at Duke and see that he is now behind Sara, his big wet tongue swiping at her exposed backside. "No Duke, bad boy!" I say loudly, he looks up at me for a minute and then backs away from her rear end and stands in the doorway. I can see that Sara was sweating, beads of it appearing on her face. I head over to the linen closet at the back of the bathroom, grab a rag from the shelf and wet it under the water faucet in the bathtub. I turn with the wet rag in hand and see that Duke is attempting to mount Sara's sexy backside, her tiny female body nearly disappearing beneath his enormous canine body. "Damn it Duke, No!" I scream out, but Duke doesn't listen to me this time. I run towards him preparing to yank him off of my girlfriends back, pulling repeatedly at his collar, but his big paws held on to her waist and at nearly 200 pounds it wasn't easy to move him. The

realization of what I was watching happen hit me, I stopped the tugging and began to stare fascinated, Duke with his hairy forearms wrapped tightly around Sara's thin waist, his claws scratching her delicate skin. Duke began to hop back and forth on his rear legs, his growing penis had moved from its sheath and was jabbing at the air, looking to shove its way into a hole, any hole of Sara's, he poked and prodded carelessly, stabbing into the soft flesh of her backside, finally he lowered his haunches and rammed himself forward aggressively, deep into her hole. I heard the loud wet squish of his hard doggy penis sliding into her small hot pussy, I watched as Sara was shoved forward violently against the cool white toilet and even in her drunken sleep the force of the dogs thrust caused her to grunt out loudly and an incoherent whimper falls from her mouth. Duke looked very trained at screwing a woman and seeing all of this excited me so much I opened my robe and began to rub my hard penis. Duke continued to pound away at Sara's vagina powerfully, our excited dog was mating with my unconscious girlfriend, his hips banging against her wobbling quivering buttocks making loud painful sounding slapping noises that filled the entire bathroom, with one final massive deep thrust forward his humping stopped and he stood motionless above my girlfriends body. Slimy doggy drool running from his big sloppy Saint Bernard mouth and splashing all over Sara's firm tanned back and into her long hair, streams of Sara's own drool fell from her intoxicated unconscious lips and landed on the tile floor.

I look beneath their two bodies still rubbing my hard dick and can see that Duke is still deeply wedged inside of Sara's body, I watched as he begins to hop on his hind legs then he lifts one of them up and over my girlfriends round buttocks. He was now standing butt to butt with Sara, I could see a round ball of his flesh wedged inside her stretched cunt. Duke stayed stuck in her for nearly 25 minutes, panting but not moving an inch, every so often Sara would groan loudly in her sleep as if she were having an intense dream. Duke began to get antsy, he started to walk forward trying to pull himself free of Sara's spread out vagina, her limp body began to slide slowly off of the toilet bowl, with my free hand I grab a hold of her arm to stop her from falling onto the floor, it was a tug of war between Duke and myself over my passed out girlfriend. Duke was pulling strongly his member yanking on the pink walls of her expanded pussy, it seeming like it was not wanting to let go and then he yanked himself forward more violently than before, his cock rips out of her with a big wet sounding pop, Sara whimpers out loudly her body tenses briefly and a river of his runny watery cum comes splashing out of her pussy like a flood, it all sounding like a bucket of water had been dumped onto the tile bathroom floor. For the first time I can see Dukes canine penis in its entirety, cum still spraying from his nearly eight inch long, swollen, red member, at its base was a ball of flesh larger than a tennis ball but I could tell not nearly as soft or spongy as one. I start to cum, I grab the ceramic tank of the toilet and hold it tightly to stop myself from falling over. My balls tighten and a warm sensation creeps up my body, my penis begins spasming and twitching, shooting its warm white fluid. I watch as it sprays across Sara's arm, back and into her long hair.

Duke was licking at her backside cleaning up the mess he had just made. I could hear his large sloppy tongue swiping back and forth across her rosy buttocks, than digging its way into her used swollen vagina. Sara continued to groan under her breath softly as his tongue traveled across her. Finally he finished with his licking and walked proudly out of the bathroom, tail wagging behind him. I grabbed the still damp rag and began to clean off my girlfriend, wiping my cum off of her arm and back. I sit down behind her flushed butt cheeks and look at her reddened vagina. I watch as drops of Duke's cum continues to run down out of her stretched hole, with the rag I wipe at her worn swollen lips and pull Duke's damp matted hair out of her crotch, when I thought she was cleaned well enough I pick her up off of the toilet and carry her back towards our bed, warm streams of Duke's cum still running out of her vagina and onto my thighs and legs. I cover Sara up and we fall asleep together. In the morning as I sat at the kitchen drinking my coffee and reading the paper, I watch Sara as she heads delicately down the steps, she walked very slowly and a bit bow legged, looking as if she had just gotten done riding a horse, she sits her backside tenderly in one of the kitchen chairs

and lets out a low whimper. "You ok?" I ask her while looking at the bags under her eyes and clumps of her pasted together hair. "I am never drinking again, everything hurts my head, my hips and my butt and crotch are totally killing me" she says. "that's odd" I say petting Duke's head from beneath the table. "Duke sure has some nice tricks" I say happily to myself.