

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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*The following event is one that has little build-up. The reason is that if there was any, neither I nor Nita were witness to it. As a result of little or no build-up, this account is rather short as compared to the first Two.*

*The following event happened in the holiday season. There had been a spate of small business break-ins occurring in our area. Not only was burglary happening, a lot of malicious damage was being wrought on locations that kept little or no cash overnight. To deter this from happening in the shops, I printed a few signs on my print shop software and displayed them prominently on each shop building.*

*“WARNING: ATTACK DOG ON PREMISE”.*

*The sign was pure fabrication. My four dogs were the most laid back domesticated canines ever born. Their physical size was intimidating and of course they had loud deep barks and growls. All one had to do was call their name and place your hand in front of the palm down and each of the four would lay down and roll over for you. BIG BABIES, but as I say, intimidating ones if you did not know.*

*I thought to deter any potential breaking and entering by placing one of the dogs in each shop at night for a while. I reckoned that if any low life types were casing the shops, the presence of the dogs would be sufficient for them to move on. We closed at 6:00 PM and Opened at 10:00 AM, so I figured to place the dogs in at 7-8 in the evening and get them out at 5-6 the following morning.*

*The following is an event that Nita and I actually walked in on.*

*Thanks and enjoy. LB*

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Each booth renter had the option of having a key to the shop building in which their space was located. Controlling the keys and collecting them after renters left was a nightmare, but we managed to do so. I drafted a written notice informing all renters that a dog would be in the building. I took a picture of each dog and inserted the dog's name under his picture. I enclosed the notice with each renter's sales check. I followed up on the written notice by calling every renter to verbally inform them.

One evening early in December, Nita and I collected Kris and Scruff for shop duty. We loaded them into the Tahoe about 7:30 or so and placed Kris in the farther of the 2 shops and Scruff in the nearer shop. Both dogs are Great Danes. One is brown with black muzzle (Kris) and Scruff is a brindle. After placing the dogs on guard, Nita and I and the children went out to dinner. It was a weekly treat for us and the children.

After we had eaten, we drove around with the children viewing the different and in some cases really over the top pretentious home Xmas decorations. After a lot of 'ohhing and ahhing" we got a couple of Grandy cinnamon rolls and headed home. It was nearly 10 by the time we got the children in bed and to sleep.

I told Nita that I was going to the farther of the 2 shops in order to complete some paper work and get started on year end inventory. She offered to come along with me. We set up the cam corder to view the children. We would monitor them from the shop using a lap top.

As we reached the shop, Nita commented that Sherry Ross' truck was parked. I said that Sherry had

commented that she intended to have a holiday sale on her booth items, and that she probably had some particular holiday inventory to display. We parked, and rather than enter from the front entry or loading entry, we entered from the rear office door. I went in and silenced the alarm, allowing Nita to enter after me. I reset the alarm and we went to the office and started on completing the fixed asset inventory form.

Sherry Ross is about 10 years older than I. This would have placed her at about 44-45 at this time. She wasn't obese, not even plump, although she carried more pounds than her optimum. I would have said Sherry's ideal weight was 118-124. I reckoned she carried about 12 pounds more than her optimum. She was about 5'5" or 5'6", dark blonde hair, brown eyes, nice tits (maybe 38C or perhaps 36D), full hips and ass. She was married, had 1 child that I knew of, but maybe more. Her husband was a dentist and avid outdoors man (hunting and fishing), thus she was "home alone" often. I cannot say she was a sexually neglected wife, as that subject had never been discussed among us. (Hint: never discussed in girl circles means 'not talked about' and 'no gossip' had been passed around).

I was thirsty from the little bit of cinnamon roll I had. I asked Nita to get me a glass of cold water from the small kitchen facility. She got and went to get the water. In moments Nita returned creeping along the floor like a teenage girl coming home late from a date. I looked at her and before I could open my mouth, she raised her finger to her lips and made a 'shhsh' motion. She then used her hand and fingers to motion me to follow her. Here is what we spied on.

Sherry was seated on a bench leaning back against a wall. Her legs were splayed open and Kris hunkered between her legs his huge head bobbing up and down. Sherry had both hands in her crotch and she heaved her ass up higher, wriggling.

"Yeah, give me that long, wet tongue, you pussy eating doggie," she rasped. "Lick me till I cum my cream and then I'll beat your meat for you!"

The Great Dane's head ducked down, and he ran his flat tongue up the inside of her thigh. Kris lapped at the cheeks of her ass. He slurped again, tonguing up a slimy ribbon of pussy juice from the inside of her leg. Sherry squirmed happily under his caress. Placing her open hands on each side of her skinny labia lips, she spread them apart, exposing her inner pink pussy flesh and her budding clit. Kris whimpered and slurped his tongue up the crack of her ass. He drug it over her asshole, through her slit, spreading her pussy lips apart, into her fuck hole and over her sensitive clit.

"Ooooh!" Sherry squealed in delight, as the dog's tongue slithered up her cunt slit and into her pussy chute. His head ducked down and he slurped up the crack of her ass again, frothy doggy slobber pouring between her cheeks. She still had her open hands on each side of her twat, spreading her lips open as her pelvis jerked in a wild dance and her hips pumped frantically. Naughty girl Sherry squirmed and writhed with the pleasure of having her pussy and clit tongued out — and with the thrill of knowing that Kris' big wet tongue would be tongue fucking her pussy next.

Sherry gasped and shot her hips out, and when Kris shot his tongue out again. He lapped into her creaming fuck hole.

"Yeah! Yeah! Oh, shit Kris! Give that hot tongue to me, you big sonuvabitch!" Sherry cried.

Kris's tongue slapped into her pussy slit. Pussy juice sprayed out, soaking his black muzzle. The doggy was becoming frantic now that he was at the feast, every nerve and synapse in his burly body registering the thrill of the succulent taste and the fragrant aroma. He ran a long, flattened, rippling

tongue stroke up through her crotch. His wet tongue started at her 'taint' (the bit of flesh between pussy and ass. It taint pussy and it taint ass.) drug through her slit, curling into her pussy and then out and over her throbbing clit.

Sherry wailed in joy. She shook her ass about as if she were wagging a tail. She gurgled and moaned as the dog slapped another long stroke to her crotch. As his tongue drew up her slit, her pussy lips rippled and dragged, sucking on his tongue. Her swollen rock hard clitoris flared from its hood. Kris shot his long tongue right up her fuck tunnel. He lapped at the creamy inner folds and then began to curl his tongue deeper into her pussy. Sherry cried out with the bliss of it. His long, fat tongue was stuffing her pussy hole just like a dick.

The Great Dane whimpered and pushed his cold black nose right into her pussy. The doggy seemed to be trying to bury his whole head into her pussy, to fuck her with his hairy snout. She ground back against him and his tongue shot in deeply again, then curled around her clit.

She was starting to cum.

As her coming neared the crest, the flow from her cunt became hotter and thicker and creamier. Kris was going frantic as he slurped up that steaming hot cum cream from her melting pussy.

Pussy juice poured onto his curled tongue in slimy ribbons, frothy and creamy on the red meat. It dripped from the edges of his tongue and matted the bristly hair of his muzzle. The dog whined and yelped, lapping for all he worth, swallowing her cum juice down in greedy gulps and whipping his lapper into her pussy-slit to slurp out more of the delicacy.

His tail switched and his haunches jerked. Under his trembling loins, his massive dick was throbbing like a big toe with gout. His naked red dick head was flaring out in a huge angry wedge. Foaming slime bubbled out from his open piss hole running down the slick knob. His balls were bloated with such a huge load they were near bursting point. His long, thick, red dick was vibrating like a tuning fork.

"Ahhhh!" Sherry sighed, as the crest broke in her loins and the steaming cum flooded the dog's tongue. Wave followed wave as the horny woman lingered at the peak. Then she moaned, and her head drooped along the wall.

She was past the crest, coming down, the waves still rippling through her pussy, but moving slower, spaced out. She started to twist around, intending to jack the dog off now, as a reward for his efforts and because she really enjoyed watching his cum squirt out of his dick.

But Kris kept on lapping merrily away, insatiable and relentless. His tongue slurped up the overflow from the insides of her thighs and glided back into her pussy. Oh wow, shall I cum again? Nita and I could read the expression on Sherry's face. The doggy tongue slapped into her pussy continuously. Although Sherry had just gotten her rocks off very nicely, she was an insatiable sort of nymph and, smiling happily, she settled down to enjoy another tongue-fucking.

But Kris had a bone to bury now.

With her head resting on the wall behind her, Sherry jerked and pumped her ass and hips about while the greedy Great Dane slapped his wet tongue steadily into her creamy fuck slot. He lapped away energetically and vigorously. Pussy juice sprayed out, streaking his hairy black muzzle. He whined and whimpered and growled as he worried at her pussy. His big head jerked like a terrier shaking a rat.

Sherry was rising towards the crest again, getting hotter and creamier with every tongue-stroke. The doggy could sense that — could smell and taste her rising urgency. Perhaps, with some bestial instinct, some doggy wisdom inherent in his genes, the brute realized that the girl was in no condition to resist his advances, that all doubts and inhibitions had been melted in the fiery heat of her arousal. His tongue wedged into her, plowing up her soaking fuck tunnel, boring deep into her loins. Sherry moaned and panted, trembling as the waves began to lash her belly and dart up her thighs. Suddenly Kris's tongue was gone.

"Don't you dare stop!" Sherry wailed, jerking her ass up and looking back over her shoulder.

Kris was crouching between her legs, his hind-quarters lowered, his tail lashing and his teeth bared. His amber eyes were glowing as if an inferno was raging within his skull. Sherry looked under him, and she saw the swollen head of his massive dick was glowing even brighter. That naked red slab looked like an incandescent light bulb on the end of his hairy sheath.

Then Kris sprang. His chest hit her chest and his front paws wrapped firmly around her hipbones. He jerked and drug Sherry toward him. He was mounted on her torso like a gargoyle on a roof façade. The great lever of his dick was standing upright, the underside pressed between the lips of her pussy. We could see the realization hit Sherry like a thunderbolt!

"Holy shit! He wants to fuck my pussy!" That idea had to be screaming inside Sherry's brain. She gasped loudly.

Kris's hind paws scabbled on the carpet and his flanks rippled and heaved. He humped, his powerful haunches slamming out and driving his huge knotted dick through Sherry's slit and over her clit. She felt his smoking hot dick wedge her clit between it and her pubic bone. She looked down and saw doggy pre-cum slime spewing from the end of Kris' dick onto her tits.

The brute humped again, missing the hairy target in his frantic attempts. This time his dick-head rebounded from her skinny mound. The dog whimpered because he was frustrated at being mounted yet with his dick still unburied in a warm cunt.

Sherry realized that even though the Great Dane had been able to clamp himself to her haunches, he would not be able to get his dick up her pussy by himself. If Kris was going to fuck her pussy, she was going to have to help him get in. Otherwise, he could only batter away at slit and clit. His dick angle was wrong for a missionary entry with Sherry in her present position.

The thought of having that huge, rock-hard dog dick plunging into her pussy was wildly exciting — all the more exciting because it was so wicked. Nita and I knew horny Sherry could just imagine what it would feel like to have this massive dog dick slamming away into her pussy. And then, at the creamy conclusion, to feel his steaming hot dog-cum flood her womb.

Sherry moaned as she felt the naked meat of his glowing dick head nudge at her throbbing clit. His bloated balls rocked into her ass cheeks. She could feel his hard nuts jiggle inside the hairy bag. Kris was so swollen with a cum load.

Sherry shuddered with desire. Her hips shot out from side to side. Her weight shifted from one ass cheek to the other. Her pussy was smoldering and steaming. Pussy juice gushed out and ran down her thighs and her ass crack.

The dog's tongue had started the job and now the randy woman was desperate to come again — and longing to have her pussy stuffed full of dog dick. Kris yelped and whined and humped, missing her pussy again, his dick-knob sliding through her crotch and squeezing out at the top of her hairy pussy

mound.

Sherry stared down between her swinging tits and tense belly, and saw the naked red meat of his dickhead throb in her jet black bush. She thought how wonderful it would be to feel that hot slab pounding away in the very depths of her fuck tunnel.

Kris growled in his throat and stopped humping, standing rigid over her. His bushy tail slowly switched from side to side.

“You want some pussy, boy?” Sherry whispered in a husky voice. “Ummm? Do you want to fuck this hot pussy with your huge big dick? You want Sherry’s pussy Kris?”

Kris yelped with enthusiasm. Sherry inched her back up the wall and her ass backward on the bench. She lifted one leg over Kris and turned to her hands and knees. Kris, as if he could read minds, backed away from the bench. Sherry grabbed her top and crudely folded it for a knee pad. She pulled the bench out from the wall and knelt down resting her face and forehead on the bench. Her tits hung freely, her ass was high in the air, and her pussy raised up for penetration.

Sherry was shaking and trembling with expectation. I know she yearned for a pussy full of that massive, iron-hard dog dick. Her whole body jerked and wriggled and her plump tits swayed under her as her ass heaved up and down.

Kris sprang up. His paws dug into the hollows in front of her hipbones. The brute’s long red tongue was hanging out, and doggy slobber dripped onto Sherry’s jerking ass. She slid her hand back to the hilt of the dog’s jabbing dick and tightened her grip around the root.

Tilting her wrist, she jerked his dick down into her crotch and, at the same time, tilted her ass a bit higher. The dog’s dick was at the right angle now, and his dripping fuck-knob was aimed directly at her open pussy.

Kris stood stiff, panting, his flanks heaving in and out and his amber eyes aglow. His dick pounded in her fist and his dick loomed out like the warhead of a guided missile targeted on her juicy pussy hole.

Sherry shoved her hips back and guided the dog’s dick into her pussy. She fitted the slimy tip of his dick into her open pussy. Kris yelped and pawed at the carpet. His knob flared in the entrance of her cunt hole and her pussy muscles sucked and dragged on his naked dick.

Sherry pulled his the head of the doggy dick into her twat. “Oh! Ooooooh...” she moaned when she felt that huge slab of red-hot crown fill her pussy. She turned her wrist, rubbing his dickhead up and down in her pussy and brushing it against her pulsing clit.

Then she pulled him deeper. The head of the fat wedge of his naked dick vanished into her pussy slit. Her pink pussy lips collared his fuck tool just behind the tapered head. With his dickhead buried in her twat, Kris’ long, thick red dick stood out like a bolt between them.

Sherry drew her hand away, knowing that now that his dick was buried, the dog would know what to do without any further guidance. His balls swung slowly in and out, the folds of her pussy lips caressed his shaft, rippling and pulling, slippery on the shaggy sheath. Cum still trickled down his dick, but now that cum was streaked with clear streams of pussy juice. Their mingled juices glistened like quicksilver as they ran down her crack and dripped from near her clit to fall and spatter on the carpet.

Kris and Sherry held that position for a long moment, only the head of his dick stuck up her pussy. Kris quivered and panted. Sherry was squirming, groaning and whimpering as she worked her pussy and ass around on the dog's buried dick. She waited in heated anticipation for the rest of his enormous dick to slam into her loins.

She twisted her hips, winding her juicy twat around on the big slab of his knob and rubbing it against her frenzied clit.

"Pour it to me, Kris," she gasped. "Oh, shit — pump that big dick up my pussy, boy! I want it! Give it all to me — give me every fucking inch!"

Kris's big, muscular body stiffened, his hindquarters tensed, ready to plunge, and his tail flicked. His front paws drug Sherry back by her hips. With a joyous yelp, Kris plunged his huge dick into her.

His long, thick dick went in to the knot with the very first thrust. Sherry gasped and screamed. Kris held his dick in her pussy for a moment. He was panting in ecstasy of having every inch of his big dick buried in her steaming pussy. Sherry's scream became a gurgle of joy at having her creamy pussy stuffed with throbbing dick meat. Her pussy lips were wide open, plastered around the roots of Kris' dick. Frothy juices oozed out of her pussy and ran down his dick toward the knot.

Sherry had never known such bliss. She had never before had such a wonderful feeling in her pussy. You could read this on her face as easy as reading a road information sign. Kris clung to her hips panting. His weight pressed her ass down, and the hard leverage of his dick tilted her pussy up at the same time. She was mounted by a dog!

It was an animal dick pounding in her cunt! The dark knowledge of her depravity added a new dimension to the physical thrill of the throbbing penetration, the bestial coupling.

Her pussy lips sucked on his dick, and the juicy walls of her fuck tunnel rippled as they molded themselves around the contours of his shaft and knob. Sherry's pussy was caressing every pulsating inch. Her pussy muscles tightened in a series of concentric rings, rippling up his dick-shaft from root to knob, as if the woman had a secret hand inside her loins, jerking the dog off with her pussy.

Sherry began to fuck before the doggy did. She drew her pussy up his dick an inch or two, slowly, dragging through every inch. Her pussy squished as she pushed back and stuffed it full again. Pussy juice seeped out as the dog's fat dick plugged her brim full. Kris yelped and growled and twitched. Bracing his haunches, he drew his dripping dick out until only the tip was lodged in her slot, paused for a moment, then slammed it all back into her.

"Oh!" Sherry wailed. His dickhead felt like a lump of iron deep inside her loins. His thick knot opened her lips and pressed forward into her hole.

The bottom side of the Kris' knot bumped past Sherry's clit and settled against her G-spot. Kris pumped Sherry's pussy with only a couple of inches of dick. The brute humped her cunt. He tilted her heart-shaped ass up as he plowed in for a inch or two and then pressed her down under his weight as he drew out.

Sherry moved with the dog. She shoved her ass back to meet his dick as he plowed up her pussy. She jerked her hips from side to side as he pulled back, so that her pussy was winding around his dick like a juicy nut screwing onto a greased bolt.

"Fuck — fuck — fuck!" she gasped, each time she felt his dick slam into her. Kris howled like a wolf, whimpered like a cur, yelped like a hyena. He had balled his share of bitches, but no bitch had a



pussy like this one. Kris was in doggy heaven as he plunged up her steaming pussy. His balls swung in and out, slapping into her crotch as his dick went in to the hilt. Sherry churned and squirmed in ecstasy, gurgling and groaning as the brute whipped his dick into her relentlessly.

His dick was stuffing her so full that when he jerked back he was pulling her pussy-lips out as if they were elastic, almost turning her pussy inside out. She could feel every pounding inch of his dick as it plunged into her. The animal's energy and vitality were greater than any man she had ever known. His bestial enthusiasm thrilled her mind as well as her body. She pumped under him, panting like a dog herself, loving his dick and longing for his cream.

Kris' huge dick squished as it slid up her pussy. It almost sounded like a sizzle, as though a heated iron had been dipped in a blacksmith's cooling tub — but there was nothing cool about Sherry's pussy. Sherry was getting so hot she thought she might suddenly burst into flame. She knew that her flames could only be doused by the thick foam of the dog's meaty fire extinguisher as he creamed his cum deep inside her cunt.

She dipped lower so that every inch of his long dick was inside her as Kris pounded into her pussy. Her tits swayed under her kneeling form as she jerked and churned. Her face had contorted into a mask of lust, framed by her cascading hair, eyes narrowed and lips parted, panting. Her pussy began to melt on his driving dick like a wax candle around a flaming wick.

Kris was pouring his dick to her faster as the thrill built up in his loins. His balls swelled, nearing the bursting point. His dick pulled back with a slurping sound, drenched with pussy cream, then slammed back in to her cunt. Sherry's ass and hips swayed and rocked. He was pounding into her furiously, fucking her pussy to jelly, and the horny woman wailed with the bliss of it.

“CUMMING-CUMMING-CUMMING!” she whimpered. Her eyelashes fluttered over her glazed eyes, and her panting lips worked as if she were sucking on a mouthful of dick. Her nipples stood out like huge erasers on a pencil.

“Oh, shit! Cum boy, shoot your hot cum in my pussy. Squirt your sweet cream up my pussy!” she gasped, wanting the dumb brute to shoot into her as she reached the crest.

Kris might not have understood her words, but he understood the swirling sensation in his dick and balls. He howled as if in agony, and whipped his dick in furiously. His balls ballooned and thundered as his dick filled her pussy.

His tail shot out straight behind his grinding haunches, and his dick buried itself in her pussy as the dog's massive, over-inflated balls erupted. The load of dog cum came rushing up his hairy balls. Deep inside her pussy, his dick head expanded and his pee hole gaped wide.

Sherry wailed in joy. A steaming stream of doggy cum hosed her pussy. It pouring into her in like a slimy rope. Kris howled and humped again, squirting another jet stream of cum into her. When she felt the bestial fuck-juice drenching her pussy, Sherry fairly screamed with bliss and her own coming peaked. Her clit detonated and her pussy flooded with cum cream.

Spurt after spurt poured from the dog's dick as he hammered relentlessly into Sherry's pussy. His balls seemed to be inexhaustible. The sweet puppy cum was shooting out by the bucketful. Cream frothed in her crotch and poured down her trembling thighs. Kris pulled back, and the pointed head of his fiery red dick appeared in her creamy slot. Then he shoveled it back into the melting depths of her pussy.

With no signs of flagging, Kris plunged on, drenching her pussy with rivers of dog cum. His



haunches were a blur as he pounded into her even faster, and each time another dose of cum flooded her, Sherry's clit spasmed again and more pussy cream poured into her tunnel. Her pussy seemed as insatiable as his dick; her cream as abundant as his dog cum. His cum squirted into her, and her pussy nectar swirled out, blending with his spunk, filling her fuck channel and gushing from her open pussy-lips.

At long, long last the doggy slowed down. His balls were drained now, but his dick was still hard as a stone as he slipped it in and out of her cum-soaked fuck tunnel. Sherry squeezed his knot with her pussy as if trying to coax a few last drops out of them. Her pussy sucked on his dick hungrily. Full of doggy cum, she still wanted more. Kris was pumping his dick into her very slowly now, winding down, like some big, brown and lack fucking machine. But the insatiable woman continued to buck and heave under him at a frantic tempo as she worked off her last spasms and milked out the final drops of her own climax.

Then she too, slowed. Kris panted over her, his dick still stuck up her, and his front paws still clamped tight to her hipbones.

Sherry sighed and rested her head on the bench. She had a dreamy smile on her lips. Her face emanated satisfaction and yet very much aware that the brute's dick was still in her pussy — and still hard. Sherry was amazed at how wonderful it was to get fucked by a dog.

Nita and I softly and quietly withdrew. I whispered to Nita we would keep Sherry' secret and turn her out only if she hinted at being turned out. Alas, Sherry never did drop hints. I cannot say if she ever had another deep pussy hosing from a dog, but I know she had ONE for certain.

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