

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



Halle Berry, Oscar winning actress, Bond-girl, all round beauty queen, turned the taps up and stepped back as hot water spat from the shower head. Powerful rods of water shooting down from above her head.

The shower was hot and relaxing. Steam filled the en-suite, the shower screen misted up completely. It didn't matter that you couldn't see anything, because there was no one here to watch. Halle may have got to the top of the entertainment business, made more money than she could ever spend, and been on the cover of every magazine worth being on the cover of - but it hadn't helped her in love. Twice married, now twice divorced. Beautiful and amazing as she was - she couldn't stop her men fucking around behind her back.

Halle Berry was alone.

This was a few years ago, early 2005. She had separated from Eric Benet because he was cheating on her. Years before she had left baseball star David Justice because he did the same. Several other relationships had gone the same way - some guys had even beaten her. Some guys want the Earth - a woman as hot as Halle Berry not enough? Get real.

Halle let the water pound down against her chest. The hot water hitting her hard, massaging her soft breasts, her flat stomach, her beautiful face. Her hair flattened to her skull, to her neck and shoulders. She ran her fingers through it, her breasts rising, nipples erect as rods of hot water caressed them. Halle took the soap and ran it over her body, soaping her belly, her breasts (slowly), arms, thighs, inner thighs, upper inner thighs... Slowly and gently moving the soap toward her close trimmed pussy.

She massaged the soap against her pussy, slippery and warm. It felt good to her, her legs buckled slightly, thighs parting enough for her to slip the bar of soap between her thighs, push it up slightly and split her pussy lips. She ran the slippery bar of fun up and down the length of her pussy lips, over her clit at the top. Her other hand taking hold of one of her perfect breasts, squeezing a little with each stroke of the soap over her clit.

She was in the shower for a good twenty minutes. It was like this every morning and every night. There was no other way to look after her needs. She couldn't abide the thought of using a dildo or a vibrator - ugly, hard, inanimate objects. She needed something warm - hard yes, but with a softness to it as well. The soap was all she had.

She rubbed the bar against her clit, harder and faster, up and down her slit, struggling to breath because of all the steam - that just made it better. She approached her climax, slowing the strokes - pushing the soap deeper, careful not to lose the bar inside herself. She turned toward the cold tiled wall and fell forward, the side of her face up against the tiles, her breasts pressed flat against them, her back arched - ass stuck out, hands both between her legs now. Soap in one hand pushing in and out of her pussy, fingers of her other hand working her soapy wet clit.

She struggled to breath, stopped breathing, felt her heart swell, the heat in her pussy - pleasure... Then came hard, heat exploding and vibrating from her pussy all over her body. She gasped, let out a little squeal of pleasure, and dropped the soap. She was against the wall tiles for a good thirty seconds before she began to even think about leaving the shower.

As always, the post orgasmic sadness hit her. She was alone. She was reduced to fucking herself. Here she was, 39 years old, still one of the world's most desirable women, and all alone.

She stepped from the shower and grabbed a towel. No need to put on a robe, the house was warm and there was no one here to see her. She walked out of the en-suite and back into her plush bedroom, dabbing at herself with the towel.

The bedroom was everything you would imagine for a Hollywood star. Deep white pile carpet, huge double bed, white silk sheets. White walls, white shades over the windows. Los Angeles sunlight creeping in. Just about the only thing in the room that wasn't white was Halle herself - chocolate brown, smooth flesh.

She walked over to the bed and sat on the edge, taking a bottle of coconut oil, she began to oil her arms and legs, her belly. She tried not to turn this into another solo session, but she was so lonely. The oil kept her skin soft, but it also felt so good - made her hands slip and slide over her flesh so easily. It would be so easy to pour a little onto her belly, her thighs, and lay back on the bed... So easy to just rub it in slowly, work it down between her legs and start the shower experience all over again.

She tried to resist, but couldn't help herself. Hands slipping over her breasts, one on each boob, rubbing the oil in. Her eyes closed slowly, she drifted away into fantasy... She thought about guys with big cocks, she thought about being used... She couldn't help herself. She was there to be used. That was the way she had been raised, and that was the way she saw herself. Her hands worked down toward her groin, then... Stopped.

She was not alone. She could sense it.

She opened her eyes and looked around the room. There was no one there. She sat up, changing her view of the room, and that's when she saw the damned dog.

Lester had been Eric's dog. A big golden labrador, 7 years old. He hadn't gone fat like a lot of labs do. He was an energetic animal - and had been all Eric ever cared about. Halle didn't even like the beast, but when Eric left she made damned sure she kept hold of it. She knew it would hurt Eric to lose him, and if she could hurt him somehow, she was going to make sure she would.

Lester stood in the doorway, looking at Halle in a peculiar way. It was like her was expecting something. Halle stared at him. He stared at her. She instinctively closed her thighs and put her hands over her breasts. As her legs closed, the dog took a step back and whined.

"What do you want?" She asked out loud. No love in her voice. The dog represented Eric, and there was no love there. Eric was a bastard. He wanted to do so many things to her - and whenever she said no, he would go get it somewhere else. He hated that she would suck cock but wouldn't swallow cum. He hated that she wouldn't take it in the ass. He hated that she wouldn't talk dirty.

The dog padded a little further into the room. Halle stayed where she was - hands on her boobs, legs together. They continued looking at each other.

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What Halle didn't know about Lester was that he wasn't just a regular house dog. Eric didn't love the dog because he enjoyed walking him, or playing fetch - he loved the dog because of the other physical activities they enjoyed. Eric had often tried to talk Halle into being a bit nastier in bed, acting like a whore, she called it. But the truth was, no matter how far she went - he'd always want her to go further. When she started to resist over relatively small things, Eric made a decision to find sluts who would do anything. And that's when he went out and got Lester. When Halle would refuse to watch porn with him, to suck and swallow his load, to lick his asshole, whatever - Eric would

storm out, claiming he was taking the dog for a walk. Halle suspected Eric was cheating on her, but she always thought that the dog was locked out in the car, or in someone's yard, whilst Eric was having his fun. She had no idea that Lester had actually fucked as many sluts as Eric during those angry nights.

Lester looked at Halle on the bed. She looked very smooth - much slimmer than those women his owner usually took him to play with. He hadn't seen her looking so smooth and soft before. She always had clothes on, but not now. He could feel a stirring between his hind legs. He was horny and he hadn't had his balls emptied since his master had gone - and that seemed like years ago. Dog-years fly by so fast - especially with a full pair of balls between your hind legs.

Halle sensed something from the dog. Sadness? Loneliness? She couldn't place it. His eyes were wide, his head slightly to one side. He looked like he wanted something. She realised she hadn't exercised him nearly enough since Eric left. It wasn't the damn dog's fault that Eric was such a prick. For a second she forgot she was naked, she smiled a little, reached out and clicked her fingers. "C'mon boy" she said.

Lester knew the signal - even though he had never gotten it from his mistress before. He bounded over to the bed, full of life and joy, jumped up onto the bed and bounced around in front of Halle.

Halle stroked him, rubbed his sides, smiled and laughed for the first time in weeks. Lester nuzzled into her, rearing up on his hind legs, his front paws hitting her shoulders and arms as she played with him. It was all fun. Just a woman and her pet wrestling on the bed. He was a happy dog, and like any happy dog, his tongue was flopping around, trying to lick Halle. A couple of times it hit her face - it felt hot and wet, a little slimy. Halle pushed him away, then he came right back at her face. She giggled, yelped a little, and pushed him away. She was now up on the bed on her knees, her legs a little way apart, leaning forward toward the dog, arms up ready for his next 'attack'.

Lester leaped forward again, this time Halle got her hands above his head, behind his head and on his neck, and pushed him down - classic wrestling move, deflect the attack downwards away from your head... It pushed his head down under her and between her legs. The fur of his back rubbed between her thighs, over her pussy - still sensitive from the shower - and she almost jumped off the bed in shock. She landed on the other side of the bed on her back and caught her breath, then turned her head to see Lester standing across the bed, ready to pounce. He looked like he was smiling. Halle burst out in laughter, surprised by how much the innocent touch of dog fur on her pussy had made her jump. She lay back, one knee in the air, her arms raised so she could run her fingers running through her hair, and laughed to herself.

Lester looked at the human, stretched out on the bed. So smooth and hairless. So brown and shiny. He wanted to play some more. He wanted to make her happy like he had made those other humans happy for his master. He moved over to her, and before she could do anything to stop him, he pushed his snout between her legs and swiped his long tongue over her pussy.

Halle screamed again, total shock, and jumped up, pushing him away. She scrambled off the bed and staggered away, one hand on her pussy, the other forearm across her breasts. She was once again very conscious of her nudity. She was also conscious of how that long warm tongue had felt on her pussy. Her heart was pounding, she was shocked, but she was tingling. As wrong as it had been, as much as it had shocked her - it had also felt so soft and good.

Lester stood on the bed and looked at her. What was wrong? Why was she behaving like this? He didn't know these things - all he knew was that he wanted to please her. He wanted to mount her and make her scream with joy. He wanted to bury himself inside her and pound her and to fill her up

with his juice. He barked.

Halle realised that he was just a playful dog, but there was something about him – the way he was looking at her – the way he had licked at her pussy. She felt like... It was crazy to her, but she thought it almost looked like her wanted to jump on her. She didn't feel threatened. She didn't think he was going to attack her. Just that he wanted to – play? Did she want to 'play' with him and risk getting licked there again?

What Halle didn't think about was putting some clothes on. Later on she would think back to this moment and realise that she could have gotten dressed and avoided the whole episode, but she had opted not to do this. She had chosen to remain completely naked with the playful dog. Somewhere deep down, she wanted to see where this would go...

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Halle walked back to the bed... As she did, Lester sat down – he had been trained to be 'polite'. Her licked his chops and started panting... Maybe now... Maybe she would... Maybe...

Halle sat down next to him and put her arms around his neck. An innocent hug, but she felt something like static electricity when his fur touched her flesh. She wondered if it was static, but it kept going – every time she moved, when his short hair brushed over her skin, soft scraping, tickling, sparks shot through her. He rested his chin on her shoulder, and she could feel the wetness of his lips on her flesh. It was warm. Normally this would have disgusted her, but now it was just her and the dog and there was nothing wrong with a hug, was there?

She bit a lower lip softly, arched her body backward, leaned her head back and eased his head over to her other shoulder. His wet chin past over her neck and dropped on her other shoulder. She felt her rough chest press up against her boobs as she shifted his position across her body. Deep down she knew that this was the reason she had moved him. She wanted that hair against her tits. She wanted to know how it would feel... It felt good.

It felt good to Lester too. Finally she seemed to be making a move. He wished his master was there to tell her what to do. The other ones always seemed to follow his instructions, and he loved the things they did with him. He hoped Halle would do the same. He sat back a little and allowed his legs to open a little, he was feeling pretty horny and he wasn't far from being ready...

She had her left arm around him, her right was stroking his side, holding him against her body. She felt him shift position, and looking down she could see that his legs were slightly apart... She felt the uncontrollable urge to reach down and – rub his belly. That's all it was, nothing wrong with rubbing the dog's belly, right?

She started to rub the dog's belly. It was soft and very warm. As she rubbed he seemed to hunker in closer to her – she could feel his hot breath as he started to pant over her shoulder. Her hand wandered down lower on his belly until all of a sudden she felt something hotter, something wet, slipping against the back of her hand. She froze. She knew this could only be one thing – and she was stunned that there was only one thing in her mind... She moved her hand until she could feel the hot wetness in full. It felt the size of a finger, soft and a little flexible. As her fingers closed around it the dog gave a little involuntary buck toward her hand.

Halle froze. Hollywood star, naked on the bed with a dog, his cock semi-erect in her hand. She froze – but she didn't leave go. She held it there, breathing deep. Thinking about what was happening. Breathing deep, heart thumping, but not wanting to move. Heart thumping, headache coming on from the stress, almost ready to throw up – thinking about how long it was since she had been

fucked... And here was the dog... Her ex husband's dog... Her ex husband who said she was a cold fish, boring in bed, never willing to experiment, a taker and not a giver... A dog, with it's cock in her hand.

She took a breath, held it, ran her hand along the underside of his shaft, off the flesh and onto the fur, and along the hairy pouch of flesh that was his sheath. She could feel a good bit more meat in there - hot and getting hard. She gently gripped it and - she couldn't believe she was doing this - she started to slowly rub it, gripping the cock through the skin of the sheath and slowly working him to a full erection.

She started whispering, half to calm herself, half to calm the dog, "Who's a good doggy? Are you gonna be a good doggy for me?"

Lester whined a little, he wanted her to jerk his cock faster, none of this soft shit - he wanted it hard and fast. He stood a little and started to fuck her hand. Him shifting his weight knocked her back on the bed, onto her back. His momentum carried his front legs over her head, one paw only just avoiding her magazine cover face and he came to a halt standing directly over her head. She found herself under the dog's belly, her hand still gripping the base of his cock, looking straight up at about 4 inches of hard purple/pink meat with a flat tip. A shiver shot up and down her spine, her pussy got instantly wet, her eyes felt like they almost popped out of her head. Her first sight of an erect throbbing canine penis. She saw a jet of pre-cum shooting out of the end with every throb.

She didn't think. She didn't worry, or question herself. She didn't hesitate. Halle Berry, Oscar winner, movie star, superstar model and black icon, wanted that cock - wanted that pre-cum. She raised her head toward the dog's belly, opened her mouth and wrapped her thin lips around his fat cock, all the time she kept hold of his cock with her right hand, and held him firm in place with her left fist gripping the fur on his back.

Lester's hindquarters were pulled down by Halle holding the fur on his back and lifting herself toward his cock, so it was only natural for him to start bucking forward into her warm and welcoming mouth. He fucked her mouth - and she kept sucking. She didn't have to do much, just stay there, keep those soft lips around his cock, let the shaft rest on her smooth warm tongue, and let him fuck her face. And that's exactly what she did.

Anyone watching wouldn't have believed it. Black and beautiful movie star on her back on the white satin sheets, big dog standing over her, arching his back to push his ever growing cock deeper into her mouth, and her positively clinging onto him, holding him in place so that she wouldn't fall, wouldn't lose this moment.

His cock was rock hard now, seven inches long but so much fatter than anything she'd ever had in her mouth before. It was almost too big to hold in her mouth. It was beginning to hurt her to have her mouth so wide open, and to have so much flesh filling it - and those jets of pre-cum were shooting right into the back of her throat now - almost impossible to swallow with her mouth so wide open. She didn't want to release him, but she had to - if she didn't, and if he came, there was a real chance that she would fucking drown!!

She broke off, pulling away and twisting her body so that she fell onto the floor on her hands and knees... She gasped for air and smiled. Oh. My. God. She thought, what the fuck has come over me?? Such a nasty slut. She'd never been like this before. She didn't even blow guys if she could avoid it - but now... She had just blown her dog... And she wasn't finished.

This time she didn't try to get away, she didn't roll over, she didn't crawl. She looked over her

shoulder and put on a performance as sexy as any actress had ever done. She looked back over her shoulder at Lester, now standing on the floor near by, slightly side on. She could see his fat cock hanging down under his belly, still throbbing, still shooting little jets of fun onto her thick carpet.

She licked her lips, pouted, looked at the dog, and in a seductive tone she said, "Are you gonna stand there staring all day, or are you gonna fuck me?"

Lester had no idea what she said, but he knew the tone, and he knew the look on her face... And that fucking ass staring at him. Buttcheeks wide, little brown star winking at him, and down below that, a wet pink slit of flesh sticking out between well spread thighs...

"Come on, boy, come and fuck Halle... Come and fuck me as hard as you can!"

The dog didn't wait, he fucking pounced on the slut - his front legs wrapping around her waist and his belly against her ass, his cock - big and heavy - hung down low, missing it's wet target and slopping against her thighs, bouncing up against the well trimmed pussy hair. Going everywhere but in the fuck whole. He often had this problem... He hoped she'd help him out soon.

Halle was thrown forward and had to use both hands to take the weight as he slammed up against her. She could feel the hot hard bone rubbing up against her and desperately wanted it inside her, and as soon as she had her balance she reached back between her legs with her left hand and grasped that big cock of his.

She angled her pussy down and positioned the dog's big cock against it. It was big, really fat, and he didn't seem to have much control over it - she closed her eyes and said a prayer. Not for forgiveness - but for the Lord's help to get this big cock into her cunt. "Please God, let this dog fuck me, and let him fuck me good!"

Her prayers were answered! With one massive thrust the dog jammed his whole cock into her cunt. She felt like someone had just plugged her into the mains power supply. Her whole body caught fire as she came instantly. It took her a few seconds to realise that she was screaming at the top of her voice, "Oh God, Oh God, YES"

Lester kept hammering into her though - his cock staying inside her as he fucked her hard and fast. It was a different fuck to anything she had ever experienced. The cock didn't go in and out so much, it just moved around, dug in deeper. She was pushed forward by his thrusts as all his weight slammed up against her ass. She couldn't feel anything but the sex as her knees scraped over the carpet.

Again, anyone watching would have been unable to believe the site as the beautiful actress was pushed across the room, the dog hammering into her from behind. Her half sliding, half crawling just to keep her balance as he fucked her.

She felt like the dog was trying to do more than just fuck her - like this wasn't enough for him. His concerted effort to push closer to her, harder into her... It was fucking awesome - hotter, harder, faster than anything she had ever experienced. She had had guys fuck her hard and fast before, but none of them could keep this kind of fucking up for more than a few minutes without having to catch their breath, or re-position, or risk cumming inside her... This dog though - he was fucking her like his life depended on it. Hard and fast, harder and faster. Furious.

"Oh yeah, fuck me... Use me like a fucking bitch... I'm your bitch!" She gasped.

She kept crawling as he fucked her, thinking she was making him work harder - wanting to keep

him chasing her... But she couldn't do anything but a straight line and she pretty soon hit the wall. But he kept on pushing - hard and fast, harder and faster, deeper and deeper... Harder and harder. A furious pace.

She could barely breath, he kept pushing her forward, her head against the wall, pushing forward, she dropped her head so that the back of it was against the wall - but the dog kept fucking her, kept pushing until she was bunched right over, nowhere to move to, jammed up against the wall - and she finally had to push her ass back toward the beast - and that was all it took...

With her ass angling backward, her back arching, her pussy opened up just a little more and the dog's fat orange sized knot pushed inside. Halle yelped - this was more than she was ready for. She knew nothing of knots. The fat ball of muscle pushing inside and sealing her cunt so that Lester could cum without worrying about his seed being spilled... And he came.

With the knot in her cunt Halle was in pain. With her head bent down and her body crumpled up against the wall she could barely breath. But as she felt the dog's hot cum shooting into her cunt she forgot it all as another astounding orgasm tore through her body. Again, she found herself screaming, "OOOOOH DOGFUCKER... I'M A DOG FUCKER"

She didn't even think about the open window. About the press who lived outside the gates of her building. All she could think about was that hot gooey dog jism inside her cunt... And then it stopped.

Lester just stood over her, his front legs loosened their grip so that he was simply standing over her. She pushed herself away from the wall, but he was locked in good and tight, so he just shuffled back with her. She looked back over her shoulder, exhausted and smiled at him. He licked her face. Halle made kissing sounds, pouted her lips, and he kissed her again. This time she opened her mouth, allowing his tongue to go inside her mouth.

She took her weight on one hand and reached back between her legs to touch her clit - still electric. She was hovering on the edge of a permanent orgasm and it didn't take much to get her back to that glorious state again and again until, after a good 6-7 minutes, the dog finally pulled away from her, his fat cock slurping free. Dog jism spilling out of her cunt onto the thick carpet.

Halle rolled free... Lester flopped onto the floor next to her... Halle, unable to resist, rolled back to him and grabbed his cock again. She held it upright in one hand and started to lick it like a fucking lolly pop. Her other hand was still working her clit - keeping that orgasm rolling on and on.

The dog lay there and let her lick and suck his meat for a few minutes before he had had enough - he snapped at her, barking once, then rolled to his feet and walked across the room. Halle lay on the carpet, fingering herself and watching him. Thinking about what she had just done. About the door that was now open in her life. And about how glad she was that she had insisted on keeping the dog. This was definitely not the last time she would be doing this!

THE END