

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) by C. Lakewood

This story was inspired by J. Shawn Stephens's "The Breeding Bitch." I have tried to get in touch with him, but unsuccessfully.

Claire was sweating, taking out her irritation on the weeds in the flower bed beside the house, when she heard the taxi stop in front. She peered around the corner of the house, squinting into the late afternoon sun. Even before she saw the figure sashaying up the front walk, she grimaced. She knew it had to be that cunt, Liz, come to collect Denny's car, but she hadn't yet figured out exactly what to do with her. Dennis was Claire's nephew, and barely 18, brainy but naive, and Liz was a 31-year-old double divorcee, a slimy bitch who was on the brink of getting him into real trouble.

Neither Dennis nor Claire had quite gotten over the sudden death of his parents — Claire's sister and brother-in-law — almost five months previously, and they'd been spending some extra time together. One such occasion was last night, when they went to the 4th of July concert in Riverside Park. And who should show up but Liz, who wouldn't know Petr Tchaikovsky from Joe Borowski. She was wearing a tube top, short shorts, and heels (of course), but Denny seemed to think she was just peachy.

Of course he did. When some bitch prances around, looking like that, any guy — especially one with galloping teen hormones — was going to hunger for a piece. And no 18 year old, when he smells pussy, is going to listen to good advice from his 36-year-old aunt. She couldn't even begin to deal with young Dennis until she got Liz the Slut to back off. But there was no time to do anything last night. Before Napoleon had even thought about a retreat, Denny had handed his keys to Claire, and he and Liz were headed off into the dark. Now, while he was at work, Liz had come by to pick up his car and so underline the new level of intimacy their relationship had reached. Claire flung down her gardening gloves and entered her house through the side door. She could already hear Liz's peremptory knocking. Claire's level of irritation was now bubbling, dangerously near the red "FURY" zone. The image of Liz seducing that green kid was maddening.

(Has she fucked him yet? Well, whatever, she won't do it again. I've despised that sneaky little slut from the instant we met. And I've got no qualms at all about the prospect of stomping her flat. But I can't risk martyring her for "love" — at least not yet. First I'll try reason and diplomacy, as bitter and useless as that approach will doubtless turn out to be. And, if that tack doesn't work..., well... I'm a tad older than Liz, but bigger, in better condition, full of righteous wrath, and not averse to a cat-fight....)

Claire, calmer, took a deep breath and opened the front door.

And standing on the porch was Liz, all designer sunglasses and capped teeth. Her flimsy white sundress was obviously intended to display a lot and hint at the rest. She was blonde, of course, and nicely tanned, of course. A smallish girl, 5'2" maybe, and 110 pounds at most, she had the figure of a sexy adolescent and the mind of a whore.

Liz cocked one eyebrow, and Claire almost hit her for that. But, after a pause, she gestured her inside. Liz sauntered in, trailing a mixed aroma of trendy perfume, brandy fumes, and body odor. She scanned the room and sniffed at the rather minimalist decor.

"Denny sent me to get his keys," she said, her voice dripping with self-satisfaction.

Claire struggled to remain calm and succeeded only in looking grim. "Well, it's not going to be that simple...."

“Yes, exactly that simple. My time is valuable. I’m not about to....”

A sudden tumult at the back door interrupted her. Claire opened it, and Hamlet, her massive black Great Dane, came bounding into the room, made a skidding, scrabbling turn, and headed straight for the stranger, Liz. He was sniffing, panting, and drooling, and, to Liz, he might as well have been the Hound of the Baskervilles.

He was a spirited beast, almost a yard high at the shoulders, and, when he was interested in something, there wasn’t much that could dissuade him. And, right now, there was something about Liz that interested him.

He was crowding her, sniffing, zeroing in on her crotch.

She tried to step away from him, but he kept circling her, pressing close, questing with his nose, and giving her no room to manoeuvre. She swatted at him with her purse and managed only to lose her grip on it, sending it skittering across the floor. All the while, Hamlet was growing increasingly agitated. And so was Liz, who was unaccustomed to any kind of dog and quite intimidated by one this size — even if he weren’t jostling her, and growling, and shoving his snout between her legs.

So she was already near panic when Hamlet seized a mouthful of her dress and began playing tug-of-war, complete with appropriately histrionic growling.

“God, Claire, make him leave me alone.”

Claire shrugged. “He smells something. It doesn’t take much these days. Neighbors down the street have a bitch that’s in heat, and it’s been making him horny as hell.”

Liz shrieked and staggered about, as the dog pulled her to and fro.

Claire thought, “And I guess all bitches smell pretty much alike.” She chuckled, and then The Idea came to her, dazzling in its perfection.

After pausing a moment to admire The Idea, she turned her attention back to Liz.

“Take off your dress,” she said, keeping her voice matter-of-fact, despite her inner excitement.

Though distracted, Liz gaped at Claire. “M-my dress? Off? Why?”

“He probably smells something on the dress. And he’ll just rip it to shreds if you don’t give it to him. I certainly can’t do anything with him when he’s like this.” Mentally, she crossed her fingers. “Give him the dress and maybe he’ll be satisfied. I’ll give you something else to wear.”

Hamlet continued to drag Liz around in smaller and smaller circles. Already dizzy, she was tiring fast, and now was desperate and almost incapable of coherent thought. She shucked the sundress’s shoulder straps, and the loose garment dropped to the floor, where it trapped her feet until she managed to kick off her high-heeled sandals and stagger clear of the tangled mess. Since she was too proud of the youthfulness of her tits to wear a bra, she was now naked, except for her white thong panties.

Hamlet, of course, having won that round, proceeded to ignore the discarded dress, but turned his attentions back to Liz’s crotch, now an even more exposed and enticing target.

“Nope,” Claire observed. “He seems to want the panties. Better give ’em up....”

Liz, frantic, ripped off her panties, barely keeping her balance in the process, and flung the wispy garment across the room. Hamlet watched it, tempted only momentarily, but couldn't be diverted from his goal. He thrust his wet nose into Liz's sparse but definitely brunette pubes.

"Aaaaaa! Omigod, he-he's l-l-licking meee! Please, Claire, ma-ake him ssstop!"

He was, indeed, and very systematically. If Liz tried to protect her pussy, he darted behind her and attacked her crotch from the rear.

"Claire, please.... Oh, please!"

Twisting, wriggling, fluttering, Liz tried in vain to escape from her canine assailant, but he was a lot better at this game than she was. And she was soon sweating heavily, gasping for breath, and increasingly uncoordinated.

"Please, Claire," she wheezed.

At that moment Hamlet brought her down with a well- executed low block. On her knees, Liz was even less agile than she'd been on her feet. And Hamlet immediately bore in, licking and snuffling. Liz made a last, feeble attempt to fend him off, but failed. After that, the dog worked her with almost no coherent resistance.

And she was horrified by the dawning realization that she was beginning to enjoy it. (Why is this happening to me? I mean, I'm no virgin — not for almost 20 years — but I'm not some porno-slut, either. I'm one of "the beautiful people" after all.... I have money, too, all that alimony. I sure don't need sex with a dog. Disgusting.... But, omigod, that TONGUE!)

At that moment, the Tongue touched her clitoris, and she just about fainted. She slumped forward, thereby opening herself up to an attack from the rear — which is exactly what Hamlet immediately launched. He was all over her, stepping on her, snuffling here and there, and finally goosing her with his wet nose, which caused her to rise up on all fours. He buried his nose between her legs, and his tongue slithered its way underneath her, back and forth, bathing her crotch with drool, from cunt to asshole.

"Please...."

Claire was captivated by the spectacle. Liz, on hands and knees, thighs straddled, was beginning to go with the flow, whimpering and wriggling her ass in counterpoint to Hamlet's questing tongue. Meanwhile, the dog's wet cock, easily 9" long and 2" thick, was fully emerged from its sheath, primed and ready.

"I wonder if she's got AKC papers," Claire giggled. "Well, I don't suppose it really matters.... It'd be unkind to try to intervene now, with Liz going into heat and Hamlet so frustrated lately.... Que ser, ser." She kicked Liz's purse and shoes under the sofa, swept up the sundress and tossed it into Hamlet's room, took a moment to fetch her camera, and then settled back to watch and record.

"Ohgod, ohgod, ohgod, ohgod, ohgod, ohgod, pl- please...."

Claire snapped a photo from time to time and wished she had a camcorder. Liz's elbows turned outward and were bending, her head and upper body sinking, and her twitching butt rising. She was acting instinctively now, without conscious thought, simply squirming through the most basic mating dance.

Hamlet paused a moment, dramatically, then suddenly scrambled onto Liz's back. ("She's lucky I just gave him a manicure yesterday," Claire mused.) Finally, he managed to plant his forelegs astride Liz's torso, while his scrabbling hind legs brought his stiff prick to the very edge of her cunt.

"Oh god," Claire thought. "He's really going to do it. And I'm going to let it happen."

Hamlet's movements became more and more frantic.

"Please, Claire...."

"'Please' what? 'Please' drag the dog off? 'Please' help him stick it in? What?"

"I...I...I...."

Just then Hamlet's efforts were suddenly rewarded, as his glistening, questing cock finally found the entrance to Liz's cunt and slipped inside.

Another "Kodak Moment."

Liz froze, mouth agape.... In surprise? Horror? Anticipation? And then Hamlet lurched, and, all at once, his cock thrust itself hilt deep into her dripping cunt.

He immediately began churning furiously, a runaway piston, each stroke rasping across Liz's swollen clitoris. Meanwhile, she was already writhing her hips back against her masterful doggie lover. She could feel her orgasm approaching like a tsunami. Her eyes were squeezed shut; her mouth hung open; she was sweating heavily....

And then the tsunami hit.

"AH-AH-AH-OOOOOOO! Omigod...omigod...omigod...!"

Claire was startled into action. She really had to stifle the slut. Improvising, she lifted Liz's head by the hair and stuffed one of Hamlet's chew-toys between the woman's teeth, muffling the passionate wailing, neatly and appropriately.

Hamlet's own orgasm was not long delayed. After cumming in a delirium, he slowly calmed down, delivering a few, intermittent thrusts in passing. At length, he lay there, draped over Liz's up-turned rump, panting lustily and drooling onto her naked back. She was in a stupor and, of course, still impaled on Hamlet's knotted prick.

After a time, Claire carefully disengaged the two lovers. All the while, Liz remained off somewhere in La-la Land, mentally. Physically, she just lay in an untidy, motionless heap.

"Well, you don't smoke, boy, but I'll bet you could do with a nice nap, right about now," Claire said. Hamlet rubbed against her contentedly, as she petted him and then led him off to his bedroom.

Returning, she regarded with disdain the dazed woman lying in a puddle of miscellaneous fluids. It was time to continue Liz's "attitude adjustment."

She jabbed Liz in the ribs and roused her from her daze.

Liz, back in the here-and-now, shuddered at the enormity of what had happened. ("I've just been fucked by a dog," she thought, "while Claire watched and took pictures..., and — oh, god — I enjoyed it.")

“Get up, bitch,” Claire sneered. “NOW — or I’ll make you lick up that mess.”

Flushed, Liz awkwardly obeyed.

“I don’t think my nephew will be seeing you again, not after he learns what a bitch you are — literally. And these pictures will really fascinate both of your ex- husbands...and your trashy friends, too, I’ll bet....”

“Don’t, Claire, please.... I’ll do anything....”

“‘Anything’? Really? That’s a tempting offer. Maybe we can work something out. I’ll get back to you in a day or two. But, meanwhile, get your slimy cunt the hell out of my house.”

“B-but I’m NAKED!” Liz wailed.

“You can just wait in the back yard while I get you something to wear.” Claire hauled her, stumbling, to the back door.

Liz looked bleary and confused. “Please.... I-I don’t have the car keys or-or any money. How’ll I get home?”

“Walk. You can use the exercise,” Claire sneered.

Claire opened the door and stepped back.

“Out,” she said.

But Liz seemed too exhausted to move.

Claire looked down at Liz’s bare ass, smeared with drool and cum, and she reached for Hamlet’s braided leather leash, hanging in its place beside the door. Using the doubled leash, she stung Liz’s ass with as much whiplash as she could muster. With a yelp, Liz stumbled clumsily down the back steps and then stood there stupidly, rubbing her butt and whimpering. Claire watched a moment and then nodded.

“Wait there. I won’t be long.”

She retreated a few steps into the kitchen, fetched a stout orange bag that had once held 44 pounds of dog food, and deftly cut a neck hole and two armholes in it. She flung the garish, makeshift garment out the back door at Liz, who still seemed stupefied.

“That should fit well enough,” Claire hissed. She looked at the ground. The shadows were longer, but it still would be hours until night fell. “Go out the back gate and down the alley. There’ll be a bit more privacy that way. You can probably find a place to hide until dark — but don’t hang around here, unless you want another romp with Hamlet. I’ll be letting him out again in a few minutes.”

She gestured peremptorily and closed the door.

She got herself a cold beer, sat down at the kitchen table, and began making a shopping list: collar and name tag, doggy dishes, chew toy.... She smiled as she heard the back gate creak.

Her smile broadened as she was inspired to amend her list — food dish yes, water dish no. The bitch can just drink out of the toilet. She paused, wondering if Hamlet would prefer Liz’s cunt to be hairless from now on.

END