

READBEAST

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I got a call from my friend, Sandra, inviting me down for a visit.

It so happened that my husband was leaving for a hunting trip with friends and I'd already decided to let the kids go to their grandparents so I said, "Sure, love to!"

We live in Oklahoma and I left early on that Saturday morning, eager to begin the five hour trip to Sandi's house in a small, country town south of Austin, Texas.

"I've got something special and delightfully nasty planned for us," my friend had said into the phone.

Knowing her imagination and tingling from the memory of previous visits I was bursting with anticipation.

When I got to their house in the country, Sandi greeted me and reacquainted me with her two lovely teen daughters. And I saw that she had Bruce, her elderly neighbours' enormous black Mastiff dog with her. From the time the beast spent with her it was hard to know that he wasn't the family's dog.

"Is he always here?" I laughed.

"Seems like it," chuckled Jennifer, Sandi's younger daughter.

"Y'all behave now, y'hear girls! Aunt Phyllis and I have some errands to run" she announced to her daughters as we got into her big Suburban. Before climbing in herself, Sandi opened the end gate and Bruce dutifully hopped inside and settled down. Was it my imagination or had Jennifer given us a sly chuckle as we got into the car?

Knowing Sandra as I do, and seeing that Bruce was with us, I knew the special surprise had to do with sex. With her daughters home I was unsure where exactly and I remained so as we drove along the country roads.

"Where're we going?" I prodded.

"Not far, you'll see," she grinned.

Soon after, we exited the hardtop onto a dusty, gravel drive that ran just a few hundred feet to a small, white, clapboard country church.

"Dave's church?" I gasped.

Sandi's husband was an ordained minister and pastor of the small, country church but the congregation, being too small to support a full time minister, Dave supplemented with a job as a salesman and he was away on a business trip until later that evening.

"Yup," Sandi replied.

"I've never done it in a church," I said.

"I have, but never like we're about to do it," she replied.

We parked in the grassy courtyard and released the big dog who went frog-hopping around, sprinkling trees before obediently falling in step with us. Sandi produced a key and unlocked the double doors at the front of the sanctuary. Closing and locking them behind us, we proceeded down

the center of the pews to the altar at the front. Bruce was trotting along behind us, occasionally poking his big snout into our buttocks; familiar territory for the huge canine.

"Where? I asked.

Sandi walked up the few steps of the altar and began removing her clothes, "Right here!" she announced.

I followed suit and when we were both nude we kissed and caressed each other's body, letting our tongues and fingers explore soft folds and creases. Bruce was agitated and kept trying to force his big head between our bodies. I relented and squatted just slightly and was rewarded with the slurp of his thick, raspy tongue.

"You couldn't have called at a better time," I moaned. My friend knew of my frustration with my husband's lack of lovemaking ability and I knew that her situation was much the same. But, she had Bruce and other diversions so I only wished I could be as bold as my friend.

Her fingers touched the button of my clit as Bruce continued to swipe at my labes with his fat tongue. I grew more and more excited, fingering Sandi's pussy and nibbling at the pert nipples of her perfect breasts. My knees were trembling as I felt an orgasm begin to build within me.

The two of us glided to the carpeted floor, facing each other, on our knees, gobbling each other's offered tongue in our passion.

At Sandi's urging, I bent onto hands and knees and felt the weight of the huge dog as he clambered onto my shoulders. Sandi knelt at my head gripping his front paws and draped them onto my shoulders just to either side of my neck. I felt the slick, pointed tip of his cock rapidly poking and stabbing at the backs of my thighs and buttocks and wiggled my ass to help try to guide him into the place we both wanted his cock to be... deep inside me.

Sandi skilfully reached under his belly and, gripping his turgid dog dick, stroked the wet, precum smeared head of the dog's cock against the folds of my pussy. Still bucking and humping but getting closer to his target... once, twice... then "unnngggghhhh... shhhiiiiittttttt, that's sooo gooodddd!" I moaned.

Nine inches of hot, hard dog prick found its way into my pussyhole with one powerful lunge of Bruce's massive haunches. I yelped again when the tip of his pointed cock bumped my cervix, forcing it a little way through the tiny opening and into my womb.

Sandi moved behind me, holding the dog's knot in both hands, feeding it into my spasming pussy. I knew to push back, relaxing my cunt muscles and Sandi's deft fingers forced the ball into the mouth of my pussy. Once I felt it pass the muscles into my vaginal canal I kiegled tightly, my pussy sucking the big ball of flesh into my birth canal and getting another few millimetres of cocktip into my uterus.

"Shit, oh fuck, Sandi!" I cried.

"Don't tell me, tell the dog!" she laughed.

"Fuck me Bruce. Fuck my pussy boy. Fuck my hot pussy with that big doggie dick," I pleaded.

Without needing to be told, my friend positioned her splayed thighs at my mouth. I eagerly attacked her moist cunt with lips, fingers and tongue, nibbling and chewing at her sensitive clit while probing

for her elusive G- spot with my fingers.

“Here, use this” she urged.

I felt her place something round and heavy in my hands and I opened my eyes to see a wooden cross about sixteen inches high, the legs smooth and round, about two inches in diameter. My eyes widened when I recognized it as the large cross that slipped into a cup fastened to a heavy, rectangular base at the back of the altar.

“Ooooh, you are nasty,” I giggled and began fucking my friend’s pussy with the heavy cross.

“Shit Phyl, that’s it. Suck my clit. Fuck me with that big, fucking, wooden dick.”

Both of us were insane with lust, writhing at the pulpit of her husband’s church. Me, on my elbows and knees being brutally but wonderfully fucked by a massive canine cock. My beautiful friend was wild with depraved passion as I fucked her cunt with the fat wooden cross, licking and sucking her clit; both of us moving toward fabulous orgasms.

“I don’t care if the devil himself comes in,” my friend moaned. “If he’s got a cock I’ll fuck him too!”

In my mind’s eye, I pictured all the images I’d seen of Satan in the form of dragon, bull, goat, demon with an enormous, enraged hard-on plunging it into the pussies of hapless virgins, raping them on the very altar where they worshipped. The image wasn’t that far from the truth as I felt Bruce shudder and pummel his cock into me with blinding speed. His haunches pumping like a powerful engine, his cock flaring and inflating inside my abused cunt.

“I’m gonna’ cum Phyl, I’m gonna’ cum! Suck my clit... fuck me harder with that wooden cock” my friend cried.

Her impending orgasm came just as I felt my own body begin to tingle electrically. I was consumed and I felt Bruce’s cock swell incredibly longer and thicker inside me.

Just then he jerked and pulled me hard to his body with his powerful front paws. His body became as rigid as an obelisk as I felt his cock spewing and spraying inside me. What had been a steady pulsing spurt was now a watery jet of hot milky jism. My pussy couldn’t hold it all and I felt his juices drizzling down the backs of my thighs. My own orgasm had me convulsing, “ohgawd I’m cumming” I moaned.

Sandi clamped her thighs against the sides of my face and violently jerked my head into her twat. “Eat me slut! Yeah, fuck! Eat my cunt whore! I’m cumming!”

My friend pushed my hands away and grasped the wooden dildo in both hands, forcing two more inches up into her gasping slit. I was biting her clit, sucking the hard nub onto the tip of my tongue delighting in feeling her whole body shudder. The dog’s cock was emptying the last of his seed deep in my womb when suddenly a crash, as loud as thunder, shook the whole church.

The front, double doors blew open and a blinding light filled the sanctuary. A snarl, like that of a grizzly bear, filled the room.

“WHAT HAVE WE HERE?” said a husky, male voice.

Sandi was beyond caring; stabbing her womb with the wooden cross and shrieking as her orgasm consumed her.

I turned to look and a bright, white light filled the entire doorway. A figure stood in the midst of a swirling fog. It was the figure of a huge black man, easily six and a half foot tall, with thick, rippling muscles and a broad, gleaming chest. Suddenly, both doors swung shut behind the dark shape with a loud slam.

"I see my little girls like to play," the voice boomed.

He approached the altar down the center row of pews. He was quite naked and his enormous penis jutted out from his loins, swaying and bobbing as he drew nearer.

"I think someone called me," he said, laughing in a deep, throaty voice.

Bruce was struggling to disengage his prick from my sucking pussy and he did just then with an audible slurping sound. A flood of warm dog semen overflowed down the insides of my thighs. Bruce did not like the newcomer and began to growl, with raised hackles, in his direction.

"Be still Cur!" the man shouted.

Bruce, for all his size, whimpered like a puppy and retreated to a far corner of the altar.

I looked down at Sandra, her eyes were glazed and she was grinning wildly. "Oh fuck, oh so good..." she uttered.

I watched terrified as the enormous man slowly drew nearer to the altar. I gasped and my heart pounded when I saw that he was not taking steps at all. The mist swirled about his knees but I could tell that he was gliding over the carpeted floor. Even more terrifying were his features, now clearer as he moved closer and closer. They were changing, morphing into a grotesque yet strangely erotic mask. Curved horns began to rise up from the points of his forehead and his nose grew and curved downward, swelling like the caricature of an old crone.

His body, too, was undergoing a transformation. Where once his skin had been smooth, hairless, and gleaming with an ebony shine, his muscles rippling, he now was covered with a fine coat of fur just a few millimetres long. His cock, which had waved proudly at me, had now grown to twice its original size. It took on more of a tapered effect, much like Bruce's canine penis. It was rippled with thick, cord-like veins that actually pulsed visibly as blood flowed through the engorged organ. The mist slowly evaporated and I now could see his feet, if that's what they were, as he slowly, mechanically almost, mounted the few steps to the altar.

>From his knees down his legs were covered with the same soft fur only much thicker and longer, almost shaggy. I groaned when I saw that his feet were more like the cloven hooves of a goat. When I looked back up at the man's face I could've fainted. His features had become those of a monstrous goat and he was glaring at me through large, piercing red eyes that seemed to blaze right through me.

"Put the bitch on her knees," he commanded.

I scurried to do as I was told, pulling Sandi's fingers away from the wooden cross, removing it from her vagina and placing it on the floor next to her limp body.

I rolled my friend over onto her tummy and positioned her up on her knees. Her elbows and forehead resting on the soft carpet of the altar.

"Good. You obey well slut!" the deep voice said.

"Now, pick up that filthy object and put it in your cunt," the demon, for I was sure that's what he was, commanded.

My trembling fingers picked up the object of reverence, still slick with the juices of my friend's pussy. Hypnotized by the deep, commanding voice, I leaned back against the pulpit and, with knees parted wide, I slipped the round, wooden knob a few inches into my pussy.

Suddenly, the cross in my hands was transformed into a huge, writhing snake. It was immense. It seemed to be nearly as long as I was tall and as thick as my arm. My arms flung wide in terror as the monster began to writhe its way up inside me. My body was frozen and I was powerless to deny the serpent as I felt my womb being stretched to accommodate it.

"HehHehHeh," the demon cackled. "Meet a friend of mine."

He was completely atop the altar now, his massive penis jutting out like a beam. I knew he intended to fuck my friend and I feared he would kill her with that monster cock. Meanwhile, I had problems of my own as more of the twisting; squirming snake disappeared beneath my pussy mound. I felt helpless yet strangely and erotically empowered, not having to lift a finger to heighten the intensity of my pleasure. The sensations inside my body were like nothing I'd ever felt and I gasped aloud when I saw that only a few inches of the serpent's tail had not yet entered my vagina. Then, it too disappeared and my entire body was wracked with a spasm of climax never felt before.

Sandi's body began to float slowly upward from the altar. She was in precisely the same position as she'd been; only now her knees were at least four feet from the floor. It was as if she was resting her head, arms and knees on an invisible platform. I heard her gently moan as the beast drew nearer to her.

I could see her pussy gasping, the pink lips pursing as if sucking for breath. From my vantage, I saw the fist sized head of the monster's penis approach my friend's cunt.

With a growl and a roar, he plunged that swollen monster inside my friend's body. Sandi shrieked and then sighed deeply. "Ooh yes master. Yes! Fuck me with it. Fuck my cunt with your perfect dick master".

Our guest stood perfectly still and Sandi's body began to swing forward and back like a pendulum, each swing back more of the thick pole of meat entered her swollen pussy.

The orgasms crashing through my body over and over had consumed all my strength. I was incoherent as I watched between my thighs as the thick, tapered head of an enormous snake with fiery red eyes began to slither over my belly. I expected it to be cold, slimy. Anything but was true. It was warm, firm yet soft on my skin. More of the snake emerged, past my navel, over my lower ribs until the hideous head was between my full breasts. It paused to suckle each nipple and then nuzzled my chin.

Gently it caressed my lips and I was powerless to resist opening my mouth as wide as I could.

I felt the thick head of the serpent entering my throat and I should've gagged but I didn't. The sensation was strangely pleasant. Three more feet of the heavy serpent body slithered from my pussy before the pointed tip of its tail could be seen. The whole body and it, like the huge head had done, slithered down my throat. The extreme convulsions of my climax began all over again and my body felt twice its size, as if the monster was ballooning inside me.

At this moment I saw torrents of thick white goo spray from Sandi's pussy. The beast leaned his

monstrous head back and roared. "Now bitch. Take my seed!" he bellowed.

"You slut!" he ordered to me. "Put that filthy book on the floor."

I wobbled to my feet to do as I was told. I took Dave's heavy, leather covered bible and placed it on the floor near the pulpit. The monster's blood red eyes bore through me and an image planted itself in my mind. I knelt over the book and spread my pussy lips letting the flood of dog cum still in my cunt drizzle over it. My body quivered and my full bladder wouldn't be denied as a warm stream of pale yellow piss spewed from my urethra. When I was empty I sank and fell over onto the floor.

"Now you!" he ranted, and my friend's body was slammed to the floor. Shaking and trembling but smiling wildly, Sandi scurried over to the bible to do as I'd done.

She imitated me and I saw a thick flood of white jism rain from her stretched pussy lips. She too had to urinate and I was surprised she'd held her pee for so long.

We caressed each other, her breasts flattening mine and we kissed, our tongues whirling in each other's mouth. Both of us, from an unspoken command, knelt beside the thick book and began licking clean the rough leather cover.

I wiggled my ass and giggled as I felt the huge snake squirming to exit my well fucked pussy. It landed with a thump on the floor between my ankles and I looked under me to see that it was the big, wooden cross. I smiled and continued to lick the bible pausing only to kiss my friend as we shared globs of the thick sperm with each other's mouth.

Suddenly, as if a bolt of lightning filled the church, accompanied simultaneously by a tremendous clap of thunder which shook the very foundation of the building, the swirling fog redeveloped and obscured the entire room. Several seconds went by and it cleared just as magically as it had formed.

Sandi and I were kneeling on the altar, the bible between us, alone but for Bruce who came near to nuzzle and lick our faces. Nearby was the cross. We were both limp, exhausted and, speaking for me, totally satiated for the first time in my life.

Sandi looked at her watch and saw that hours had elapsed. "We need to scoot! Dave'll be home soon."

We hurriedly replaced the bible on the pulpit. I inserted the heavy cross into its round base on the mantle. We dressed quickly and scurried to the car with Bruce trotting at our heels.

When we got home Sandi opened the door for Bruce and shooed him on toward the neighbours' house. For the rest of the afternoon, my friend and I could only lounge by the pool sipping margaritas. Neither of us spoke. There was no need. It was as if we had experienced every event the other had ... physically, emotionally ... and spiritually.

Sandi's youngest daughter, Jennifer, kept plying us with questions and grinning conspiratorially but gave up when we would only smile at her.

Her husband got home and we all enjoyed a quick dinner. "How was the day for the two of you?" Dave asked at one point during the meal.

"Oh, lazy, really." Sandi began. "We did drop by the church to make sure everything was in order for tomorrow".

At this, Jennifer choked and we all looked up at her. "Sorry, food went down the wrong way" she explained. Under the table she kicked my ankle; not hard, just a nudge as if to say "I know..."

That night I went to bed in the guestroom, slightly drunk from all the tequila, and slept like death itself had gripped me.

The next morning was bright and beautiful and neither Sandi nor I seemed to feel any adverse effects. Dave left early as usual to arrive at church before the congregation.

Sandra, me and the two girls followed a little behind. Arriving at the little country church-house, Jennifer and Lauren immediately went off in search of other teen friends to sit with while my friend and I sat in the very front pew.

The choir offered a couple of songs and then Sandi's husband stood at the pulpit.

Just then, my body tingled as if an electric shock were passing through me. Pastor Dave lifted the heavy wooden cross from its base on the mantle and raised it to the church's occupants. With his other hand he picked up the large, leather covered bible and raised it overhead as well.

My pussy spasmed and I felt the unmistakably delightful warm glow of a rollercoaster orgasm pulse through me. Sandi's grip tightened on my hand and I looked at her as a deep, strangely familiar voice boomed, "HehHehHeh". Sandi and I both cast furtive glances to see who could've invaded the sanctuary in such a way but all of the others in the large room were oblivious to everything but Dave as he began his sermon, "Dear friends..."

END