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BEASTIALITY STORIES



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The McCall family empire encompassed shopping malls from New York City to the Golden Gates. Unfortunately, her two older brothers and her two uncles John and Paul were victims of the Twin Towers bombing with jumbo jets loaded with tons of aviation fuel bringing them both down in a tragic day of sadness for the entire nation.

Now, she was the heir to her grandfather's fortune and she could feel the weight of responsibility on her twenty year old shoulders. Her parents had both been lost at sea in a pirate misadventure in the Sea of Japan when a rescue attempt failed miserably to save them from bandits more interested in money than any religious or fanatical motivation.

She had graduated from Vassar only the year before and was filled with idealistic zeal about the environment, the equal rights for women and the need to do something before the world fell into separate camps of haves and have nots.

In fact, she only trusted two living things.

The first was her devoted man-servant Osaka. He was a sixty year old gay man from Japan that massaged her every day in a way that made her life cells come alive and made her juices flow with the vitality of a nubile female in the prime of life. The other was her beloved Oscar, a light tan Pedigreed Bull Dog with papers that went back centuries of breeding and careful training to be a Blue Ribbon champion at annual dog shows in all the famous venues around the world. The past three years he had been shown exclusively by Trisha dressed in tight fitting skirts and vest with her distinctive leather boots with the short heels that she wore like a true dog person loaded with charisma of her own.

The fact that she was still a technical virgin was not a matter of concern to her because she had not met any man that ever interested her as much as her constant companion Osaka and her bed partner Oscar. Her Oscar was sleeping with her ever since he was a puppy and he had only recently been bred to a female pure bred Boxer with sterling credentials of her own. It was as if both of them knew the seriousness of their copulation in front of several witnesses including a somewhat jealous Trisha who considered the female boxer unworthy of her Oscar's beautiful doggy penis even if she did have the proper documentation and was obviously in heat like a good little bitch.

Trisha never intended to become a dog shower until she met entirely by chance the fortyish Tallulah King in all her glory as the reigning Queen of dog shows on the primary circuit of pedigree dogs with proven documented blood lines that went back centuries and not just mere decades.

Tallulah wanted everyone to think she was a white lady but it was obvious to most that she was of African descent because of the shape of her lips and the unmistakable side view of her flattened nose that punctuated her lineage for one and all. Still, she liked to prolong the pretense because she had been so castigated in society because of her suspicious genetic facial features and her hair that refused to flow smoothly. Her skin was just lightly brown but that could be attributed to the sun by those who saw her only fully clothed.

Trisha had seen her in the altogether because the Atlanta finals were in a baseball stadium of all places and the female owners and workers showered in a huge shower room down the first base line and the males had to stay in their less fancy stalls over by the bleachers. The showers were absolutely necessary because of the constant running to show off their animals to their best advantage. Trisha liked the running when she showed Oscar because she could also display the delightful way her haunches worked like clockwork with her ass cheeks lift on first one side and then

the other in a way that usually made horny men take a second look at her and then look more closely at her beautiful Oscar with his muscles rippling in the sunlight of the open sky.

The young girl could see the older lady was lacking any tan lines at all and that her brown skin was truly her all-over stamp of non-Caucasian origins. At the same time the female loving Tallulah drank in the loveliness of Trisha's perfect little figure fit and trim from constant exercise and toned by her manservant Osaka's daily massages that stressed each special muscle and tingled her nerve centers of female pleasure. In truth, the loyal Osaka gave her his devoted service not for his advantage but as an offering to her youth, beauty and powerful station in life. She was his mistress and he served her well.

Since, they were the last two owner/showers in the showers, the ever daring Tallulah didn't hesitate to assume her seniority as a well-respected familiar face on the circuit with a stellar reputation and she washed young Trisha's back with the grace of full authority and unquestionable skill.

When Trisha felt those delicate fingers spreading her ass cheeks and cleansing her most secret and private body parts, she melted like pure butter placed on a warm grill ready to be consumed by fire. The older woman knew exactly where Trisha wanted to be touched and she didn't disappoint her new little friend.

It was only a matter moments and Trisha was Tallulah's female play-toy to be manipulated and stroked with the finality of complete ownership. The two owner/showers knew that it would be Trisha on the leash being led around Tallulah's private bedroom like a naked bitch doing her favorite tricks.

The proud Tallulah and the timid Trisha returned to the second half of the dog show and they ran through their paces with their beautiful dogs.

Trisha shone with the muscular Oscar lifting his short paws and showing his broad chest like a sumo wrestler taking a stance before the fight.

The older Tallulah was stylishly sexy in her custom fitted businesswoman's suit of finest fabric and she wore no undies much to the delight of the male watchers that focused on her quivering flesh hidden beneath her form-fitting attire, but easily imagined and seen as welcoming by masculine instinct.

Trisha's short white skirt was purposely designed to flounce up when she twirled either to the left or to the right and that revealed her shocking pink panties to those gentlemen titillated by such displays of feminine temptation passively spread out for their enjoyment.

It was Trisha that won that day, but it was Tallulah that exercised Trisha in her bedroom that night and the young girl never looked back to her before-Tallulah life of unexciting boredom.

As a special treat, the convent-trained Tallulah strapped on her long black device and mounted young Trisha to confirm her ownership once and for all. It was a blue ribbon performance for the third richest young heir on the entire East Coast and she went through her paces like a true pure blooded champion for her mixed blood new owner.

Of course, they both kept their sexual choices a secret and Trisha even bedded a Hollywood rising star with little concealment in front of paparazzi with ready cameras to record her heterosexual normality for posterity and the demanding public wanting all the juicy details.

She was spanked severely for a full week by the older woman for her transgressions as Tallulah was

not in the mood to accept any story of covering their mutual tracks as the truth. In all honesty, that was a period that Trisha looked back on with fond memories because she loved the feeling deep down in her belly when her new owner treated her so roughly stretched over her lap or across the dining room table with her wrists cuffed with the velvet straps tied to the opposite legs. Her hour-shaped buttocks were red and sore for several days due to Tallulah's jealous fits of passion and she often looked over her shoulder to see if she had donned the vicious strap-on for that stretching that made her docile as a cooing dove.

When Tallulah returned to her Island birth place to bury her never-mentioned father, Trisha was at odd's end to relieve her stress. She woke up one morning in her huge bed with the snoring Oscar at her toes knowing that he must have pulled down her French undies with his teeth in the nocturnal hours and took advantage of her wine-addled brain to lick her still steaming slit with his long red tongue until she jerked and threshed about in convulsions of happy endings that drenched the expensive sheets.

Osaka saw the damage and shook his head in pity before he gave her the most satisfying massage of her entire life.

She watched her bed partner Oscar looking up at her from his position next to her toes and she knew he was waiting for her to fall asleep again. She pretended to be asleep taking deep breaths and letting the air out slowly with almost no movement at all.

Oscar licked her big toe with his huge tongue and she continued to pretend.

Slowly, the big ugly dog crawled up to a position just below her pussy and he reached out with his tongue and licked between her legs so tenderly that she had to shudder even though still pretending sleep. The determined dog was inside her sensitive brown eye and he rimmed her crinkled star with his girl-loving tongue pushing up inside her sphincter with several inches of doggy tongue to lick her deep inside. She opened her legs almost in a complete split to allow him the greatest depth of penetration possible. The dog sensed she was awake but complicit and he continued to ream her pretty ass with his resolute tongue. It triggered her pussy to squirt her female juices all over the sheets and all over Oscar's ugly face and mouth.

Now, Oscar was at her pussy and she knew it was much too late to stop him.

He did her clitoris and then he worked her vagina spreading it open and pushing up inside where she loved the feel of his happy hard-working tongue. She quickly moved into a vaginal orgasm and wrapped her long slender legs around the dog broad chest like she was his female bitch waiting for her deposit of dog sperm to make her complete.

Oscar nuzzled her clitoris and she got the message and turned over on her tummy coming up into an "On all fours" position that left Oscar a perfect petite target to pounce on with his muscular doggy torso. He wrapped his front paws around her and scooted up until his doggy penis was right on top of her human vagina like a stick finding the proper hole for instant glory. It was a good thing he was accurate because a penis of his size in Trisha's tiny ass would be much too stressful on her sphincter muscle for happy fun and games.

It was a stretch for her pussy but she took all of Oscar inside without a single complaint except for some whimpering that was music to Oscar's ears and led him to hump her more vigorously than he intended like he was under some witch's love spell and not just mere doggy/human lust with no emotions except that overwhelming instinctive drive to deposit his seeds inside his bitch.

Trisha was waiting patiently for the flood of Oscar's spunk. She knew it was coming but it still

surprised her with its force inside her vaginal channel. He got a lot larger and she feared he might be pushing his knot inside her but it was just the load that was draining deep inside her like a faucet had been turned on full blast and she had to take it all like a good little bitch until her humping master was finished and would allow her to fall back exhausted on top of the sheets.

Tallulah knew right away from Trisha's eyes what she had been up to when she returned. It was an old story to the older woman and she knew there was no going back for her young protégée now.

Perhaps it was time for her to meet her string of Great Danes that she used on the West Coast circuit. They were wonderful show dogs and needed the inspiration of a female shower that could keep up with their need for speed in running and with the female bitch way of spreading open for their nocturnal demands.