

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Christine blew a strand of blonde hair from her face. Part of the strand stuck to her forehead, glued there by the sweat glistening on her skin. She wiped her forearm across her brow in a vain attempt to move the sticky hair. All that movement accomplished was to throw soap bubbles on her shirt. She sighed heavily and bowed her head slightly. Taking a breath, she washed the last two dishes, rinsed them, and wiped them dry. She passed the dishtowel across her forehead, the stubborn strand of hair staying right where it was. She dropped the towel onto the countertop and stowed the dishes in the cupboard.

She turned around and leaned against the counter. Looking over the kitchen, Christine saw that everything was tidy. The table had been cleared of plates, glasses, and silverware, and the stove had been cleaned and the dishes all washed. A smile broke over Christine's face...until her gaze came upon the garbage can. Her shoulders slumped a bit, looking at the garbage virtually spilling over the top of the can. Taking another breath, she lifted the plastic liner from the can, tied the edges to make sure that no food or garbage would fall out, and took the bag outside.

Stepping out of the kitchen door, she walked down the two brick steps and onto the back patio. Christine scanned the backyard in the summer starlight. The high hedges along the perimeter of her property stood like green battlements overlooking her lush backyard.

The warm night breeze brushed across her moist face, flitting the loose strands of hair around her like a flickering golden halo. She stuffed the full bag into a large black garbage can and closed the lid. A shiver tickled its way up her spine and she glanced over her shoulder, positive that someone was watching her.

Fireflies bobbed across the darkened lawn, tiny lanterns being carried by the invisible spirits of the night. Their lights did little to illuminate the lawn but their movements were the only other motion in the backyard besides the waving of the hedge leaves and the grass blades. A cat cried out from beyond the hedges, followed by a single bark of a dog. Another bark echoed through the night followed by the humming silence of a summer night. Christine placed her hands on the back of her hips and arched her back, stretching her muscles as well as the fabric of her shirt, her large matronly chest pushing her shirt to its material limits.

She exhaled and smiled slightly, then walked across the patio and back into the house. She peered through the kitchen door window one more time, to assure herself that all was well in the backyard.

The fireflies had disappeared into the night, heading off to their rest. Taking a cue from them, Christine turned off the light in the kitchen and made her way upstairs to bed.

A large dark form pushed through the hedges and looked towards the kitchen door. It sniffed the air and licked its lips. Padding softly across the lawn, it headed towards the patio, spitting bloody fur from its mouth as it closed in on its quarry.

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Steam rose from the bathtub as the sparkling water tumbled from the brass faucet. Christine tested the water with her hand, submerging her hand below the level of the water and waving it beneath the turbulent liquid. Smiling to herself, she brought her hand up and turned off the water, the last few drops of the crystal water splashing into the tub. She laced a large bath towel through the towel hoop on the wall, then began removing her clothes.

She pulled down her light blue running shorts, stepping out of them and leaving them on the tub-side rug. She grabbed the sleeves of her shirt and, lifting her arms, pulled the shirt up over her head, releasing her breasts to practically spill over the edges of her tight brassiere. She dropped the

shirt on top of the pair of shorts and walked over to the lavatory.

She brought her hand up to her hair, feeling its softness between her fingers. She passed her hand over her cheek, then reached down for a hair clip. She pulled up the length of her hair and clipped it snugly to the top of her head, keeping it off of her shoulders. Christine unfastened her front-clip brassiere, letting her breasts slowly fall onto her chest and the upper part of her tummy.

Hanging the bra from a hook on the white porcelain-tiled wall, she turned around and faced the tub again. She slid her pink lace panties down her round soft legs and kicked them onto the pile of clothing on the rug. She gathered up the clothing and dropped them into the clothes hamper.

Stepping carefully into the tub, Christine let the rising steam curl around her body, warming her skin and relaxing her mind.

She lowered herself gingerly into the hot water, goose-pimples forming over her body. Once she sat down, she leaned back against the cool porcelain of the tub and relaxed her muscles. A soft sigh escaped her lips as the water caressed her skin and soothed her mind. The water's surface silently lapped at the underside of her breasts and wrapped itself around the curve of her back. She stretched her legs and spread her toes, letting the water slip between them.

She passed her hand down her side and down to her hips, stopping there and slowly massaging the muscle there. She smiled and brought her hand up across her hip to her tummy, softly rubbing the skin. A deeper purr emanated from her throat and she let her hand fall down to her lush golden brown bush. The hair floated and waved slowly beneath the hot water and her fingers passed through the golden seaweed, finding their way to her sunken hole. She pressed her fingers against her clit and moaned. Her tongue flicked across her lips as her fingers spread her lower set of lips. She slipped her pinky inside of her meaty pussy and slowly slid it in and out, her thumb and forefinger gently kneading her hard clit. Christine shifted her bottom and wriggled, feeling her passion rise from her crotch.

She opened her mouth wide and sucked in some air, tasting the perfume of the bathroom and the moisture of the bath. She thought about bringing her busy fingers up to her mouth but knew that her taste would be diluted by the bath water. She slid her ring finger in along with her pinky, spreading her hole a little wider, the dampness within her seeping out to meet the sea of the bathtub. She arched her back a little, her large round breasts rising out of the water like twin leviathans, water falling from them in drops and sheets. She looked at them, the large thick nipples upright and hard. Bringing up her free hand, she cupped her right breast right below the nipple, then let her index finger flick across her nipple, causing a short gasp to escape her lips.

A sharp full knock brought her from her lusty reverie. Her eyes flew open and her breath caught in her throat. Christine sat up and listened. She heard the water ebbing around her within the tub, drops of water falling from her body, the bottom of her breasts partially submerged under the water. Her eyes darted everywhere, seeing nothing, her mind totally focused on her hearing.

Again, she heard a sound. It wasn't the same sound as before.

This sound was a muffled scraping, and it was coming from somewhere outside the house. It stopped after a second or two and Christine stood up in the tub, still listening.

The next sound made her jump. A loud thick thumping sound echoed from the backyard, followed by the muffled scraping sound.

Christine stepped from the tub and reached for her burgundy terry-cloth robe hanging behind the

door. She slipped into the robe and wrapped it around her as she walked out the bathroom. She felt the material cling to her body, helping her to warm herself as she went downstairs. Tying the robe at her waist, Christine reached the bottom of the stairs and stopped, listening again. She could barely hear a scraping, scuffling sound coming from the back patio, and headed into the kitchen silently.

The linoleum of the kitchen floor was chill beneath her bare, wet feet. A chill ran over her body, causing her to shiver. The shiver shifted the robe on her body and her breasts began to burst through the top of the robe. The scuffling sound was getting loud and steady as she approached the kitchen door. She bent down a bit, trying to keep her profile low and slowly made her way to the door.

She slowly brought her face up to the window and looked out onto the patio.

The scene in the backyard was still dark. The lawn gave an illusion of serenity which was broken by the rough sounds coming from the far end of the patio. Peering to her left and to the edge of the patio, Christine could see a dark form moving on the patio. Looking closer, she also saw the garbage can had been knocked over, its cover lying near it on the stones of the patio. The form seemed to be bent over near the garbage can, as if trying to pick up the trash. A swishing movement of a darker shadow against a lighter shadow brought realization to Christine's mind, as she recognized the form of a large furry dog rummaging through the garbage.

She stood up, the corners of her mouth turned down in a scowl, and reached for the switch which turned on the exterior patio light.

Flicking it on, she saw the canine intruder in more detail. It was a large animal, with thick splotchy fur of gray and black. Its back stood taller than the round table sitting on the patio. The dog's tail waved happily back and forth, obviously enjoying its nocturnal meal. Christine had hoped that turning the light on would startle the animal into leaving but it must have been too involved in eating.

Perhaps it had noticed the light but it was starving to the point that it didn't care about being found out. Anyway, Christine had to get the dog off of her patio before it made more of a mess.

She unlocked the door and stepped out onto the patio. The sound of the door opening and her stepping out didn't seem to phase the dog at all, at least not enough to stop its feeding. She took a couple of steps towards the dog and stopped.

Now that she was closer, she realized how big the dog really was. Its legs and back stood higher than her own waist. Its chest was wide and powerful, the breathing regular and deep. Its testicles hung down from between its legs, exposed and as large as a pair of large pecans. She swallowed a lump in her throat and cried out. "Shoo!" she yelled. "Get out of here!"

The dog craned its neck around, its large wide head facing her. Its dark eyes scanned her closely, sensing if a threat was present. Its short stubby ears stood alert on the sides of its head and its large thick tongue hung from its dark mouth. The tail stood straight up, then fell back down. The dog turned its head and began eating again. "Go on," Christine yelled again. "Get out of here, you! Shoo!"

This time, the dog did not move from its meal. It just stood there, tail hanging, eating its fill in the trash. She could still see its large balls hanging below it, partially obscured by its tail.

Christine couldn't believe it. It wasn't stopping! It was ignoring her!

Like Hell it will, she thought.

Looking around, Christine spotted a broom lying against the bricks of the house. She grabbed it, took it in both hands, and stepped towards the dog again. "Hah!" she cried out. "Shoo!" She swung the broom, hitting the dog in the back legs.

A deep growl rumbled over the patio from the dog towards Christine. She watched as the dog spun its body around to face her, the large dark head facing her again. She found that the dog was almost at eye level with her, and a not-so-small twinge of fear pricked at her heart. She swallowed again but stood her ground, brandishing the broom in front of her, holding it protectively between her and the marauding beast. Another growl escaped from between the dog's teeth, which were large yellow stones, flecked with red and black. The growl was a deep one and louder than the first, coming from deep within the dog's powerful chest.

Christine pushed the broom towards the animal in a defensive gesture and the dog bared its huge teeth. She could see pieces of things hanging from between the teeth and trails of saliva dripping down into its dark fur. She licked her lips and pushed the broom at the dog again. Its growl seemed to actually grow and surround her and then the dog took a couple of steps towards her.

Her eyes opened wide and her body began to shake.

Why won't it leave? she thought.

Still, she stood her ground, facing off with the huge dog.

It stopped its forward movement and began sniffing the air.

It turned its head to one side, sniffing again. She could feel its eyes upon her, watching her, waiting. Sniffing again, the animal took a few more steps towards her, until Christine could smell its odor.

It smelled of wetness, of the earth, and a more sinister smell beneath all of that. She imagined its powerful jaws crushing smaller animals to death with one strong bite. The sound of the cat earlier jumped into her mind, making her spine tingle. She felt her legs get weak but knew she had to stand her ground. It was her only hope.

The night breeze blew again from her back, the loose strands of her hair blowing along the sides of her face. She felt it pass over and under her robe, making her shiver again. She saw the dog sniff the air again. Its head faced her straight again. She saw its tail drop and its tongue hang from its jaw, nostrils flared, sniffing everything the air had to offer. Again it moved towards her but with a quicker pace this time.

I have to get in the house, Christine thought.

She began to step back, still holding the broom before her, as the beast advanced upon her, sniffing the air hungrily, as if the air itself could satiate it. Her eyes met its eyes and she saw something in there — a primal intellect and...something else.

She didn't have time to reflect on that, though. She had to reach the kitchen door and the dog showed no sign of slowing its pace.

Her mind could not focus on anything but escape but her eyes could not focus on anything but the beast before her.

Then, suddenly, there was no more time to think about escape.

The dog lunged.

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Christine saw the dog coming at her and held the broom tighter in her hands, holding it higher. The dog rose up on its hind legs, making itself taller than she was, and its great forepaws came to rest on the broom handle. She felt the tremendous weight of the dog and its odor filled her nostrils now, its musky fur scent and its breath, reeking of garbage and other things she could not identify. The weight of the dog was too much for her and she fell to her knees, still grasping the broom.

She managed to lift her arms, keeping the dog's forelegs above her and away from her head and face. Gritting her teeth, she felt her strength leaving her arms and hands. She looked directly at the underbelly of the beast. The fur was thinner here and a bit lighter in color. The arc of its powerful chest was mere inches from her, and she could hear its breathing within the chest cavity. The dog's balls swayed heavily between its legs, two dark leathery nuts. She also saw its penis barely peeking from the protective sheath against its lower abdomen. The reddened tip was pointed like a torpedo towards her.

The dog growled above her and she looked up. It towered over her like a monster in a nightmare. Her arms could no longer hold up the dog's weight and her hands released the broom, making it clatter on the patio stones, and bringing the dog face-to-face with her again.

Looking into the beast's face again, Christine felt fear, cold heavy fear wrap its strong hands around her throat and squeeze. Her breath and her voice caught there and all she could do was stare. The hot stinking breath of the dog blew across her face, causing her stomach to turn.

Placing her hands on the stones behind her, Christine leaned back on her arms, pulling away from the dog a bit. Her robe opened and her huge left breast came free of the garment. It swayed softly against her ribcage, finally resting against the terrycloth material.

She pulled herself with her arms, sliding her bottom backwards across the patio. The dog took another step towards her, and then another.

She tried pulling herself back again but the dog kept advancing. It moved closer to her, almost on top of her, forcing her down onto her back until it stood directly over her, its four paws enclosing her frame.

The smell of the dog was even stronger now and she could feel its fur against her legs. The fur was thick, almost luxurious, and warm on her legs, but it made her skin crawl, nevertheless. Its chest was almost touching her face and she watched it expand and contract with each breath. She kept still, fighting the urge to scream and scramble away. She could hear its claws clack softly against the stones and she knew that those claws could tear right through her delicate white skin. The tail still hung down along with the testicles, but now she saw that the dog's penis had grown considerably. It protruded from the hairy sheath like a spear, a veiny, purplish-red spear, still pointing at her. The dog's tool was thick and round, like a plump link of sausage, and it bobbed beneath the dog as it stood over her.

Christine stretched her head back to look up at the dog. It just stood there, looking out into the darkness, its tongue hanging from its mouth. It sniffed the air again and a drop of its saliva fell onto her forehead, warm and slimy. She felt her stomach jump but held back her urge to gag. Wiggling her bottom again, she slid head-first on her back out from under the dog. Her arms were stretched out past her head and she felt her giant right breast come free of the robe and come to rest against her chest. She felt her legs rub against the dog's rear legs and froze as the dog looked down at her.

Again, she saw something primal in its gaze, something commanding, as if this dog was accustomed to getting its way in the world.

She slid along the stones a little more but the animal advanced with her, his hindpaws stepping on the edge of her robe and stopping her progress. Stuck in her robe, Christine let out a heavy breath, feeling her naked breasts press against her, their tender flesh exposed to the warm air. She took a breath and tried to free her robe from beneath the beast's great paws. As she did this, her breasts pressed against the thick fur of the dog's chest. She felt her nipples harden at the touch, the fur warm and soft against them.

She could feel the dog's hard muscular chest against her big pillowy breasts, the dark fur caressing the soft white skin.

The dog also reacted to their contact. Another growl rolled from within its chest, up its throat, and welled out from the wide head. It took another step forward, its chest rubbing over her chest, causing her breasts to ripple and roll over her ribcage. She thought that the dog would push her breasts up into her face but then they slid back down onto her chest. She felt something poke her in the left breast. Looking around the dog's massive chest, she saw its penis pressing into her breast. She thought she felt its member throb on her skin and she could feel that it was larger than what she first thought. The balls did not hang down as they did before, swaying with the dog's stride. Now they were up closer to the dog's body, tight and full.

Oh my God, Christine thought. This can't be happening.

She had to get into the house. Things were getting confused here, things were going wrong. Again, the thought that she had to do something flashed into her mind and, again, this thought was interrupted by the dog going into action.

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Christine watched as the dog swung its large forepaw over her body, stepped over her, and moved from over her. She was surprised, having half-expected the dog to attack her. She watched it turn its body around, facing away from her. Its tail hung down, this time hiding its testicles which were tight up against its body. She could see its thick red penis swaying beneath its abdomen. When the beast removed its paw from her robe, she pulled the robe up to her and quickly wrapped it around her body again, covering her huge chest.

She re-tied the rope at her waist and looked again towards the dog.

She saw it turn around again and once again walk towards her. It held its head lower this time, with its ears laid flat, looking like the big cats which are popular on animal documentaries, stalking their prey silently and confidently. She pulled herself back with her arms again and tried to lift herself up to her feet, but only succeeded on slipping on the patio stones and falling onto her bottom. Her robe slid up her thighs as she tried to lift herself again but she wasn't fast enough. The dog was at her feet now, head lower than ever, sniffing the air again, the warm breeze waving the fur across its muzzle.

Once again, Christine brought her feet towards her, lifting her knees up, and trying to stand. By this time, the dog was over her legs and his forelegs seemed to swipe her legs to each side, making his approach easier. She could feel the fur of his head passing on the insides of her thighs and she had to spread her legs or possibly risk getting bitten. As she did so, she leaned back on her hands again and the dog's snout disappeared beneath her robe.

She gasped as the beast's great head forced its way past her thighs. She could feel the tips of its stubby ears on the soft skin of her inner thighs and she shivered. She felt the dog sniff again, its cold nose pressing up against her bushy crotch, causing her to gasp again. Its head rose a bit, forming a large lump in the material of her robe, its muzzle rubbing across her clit, sending a sharp shock through her pussy. Suddenly, she felt something hot and wet pressing against her crotch, completely covering her slit and the width of her meaty vaginal lips.

Oh God, she thought. It's going to eat me.

And then she realized.

Oh God! It's going to eat my pussy!

The animal's heavy warm tongue kept licking over her pussy and she could feel its spit covering her bush and lips. Frozen momentarily by this realization, Christine could do nothing but sit there wide-eyed and shocked as this huge dog licked her cunt. The dog continued its swabbing of her crotch with its rough tongue and she finally felt mobility return to her body, in the form of her bottom pushing her crotch up into the face of the great furry beast. It seemed to respond by licking her eagerly, spilling more saliva onto her pussy. She could feel its warm spit dripping down into the crack of her ass and down her asscheeks. Again, its cold nose passed across her now-enlarged clit, causing her to moan out loud this time, still watching the lump in her robe moving and making her pussy wetter.

The dog pulled out from between her warm soft thighs at the sound of her moan. A disappointed sigh escaped her lips before she could stop herself.

This can't be happening! she thought again. I don't want him to stop.

That thought hit her suddenly. She was thinking of the dog as a "him" now, not as an "it." The big nuts, the throbbing cock, the hungry tongue, all reminded her body of sex, of the dog's maleness.

And an impressive example of maleness he was. The strong chest, the powerful limbs, and the commanding attitude were characteristics which Christine found attractive in men. Could this attraction be paralleled in any male specimen which demonstrated these attributes?

No, she forced into her mind. No.

It was the situation that was confusing her. No more than ten minutes ago she was enjoying a warm bath and feeling very relaxed and very sensual. The tension and stress of the encounter with the dog mixed with the emotions she had been experiencing shortly before had confused her mind and body. She was not REALLY enjoying the dog's cunnilingus and the dog was not REALLY trying to eat her pussy. She was nervous from the encounter and tired from the lateness of the hour and the dog was merely curious, trying to detect if a threat was present. It was only because of her awkward position on the patio that it had began sniffing and licking her crotch, not because he wanted to taste her wet cunt.

NO, she screamed at herself. Not he. It. He was an it...no...it was a he...no.

Oh my God, she thought again. Oh my God.

As if sensing her confusion, the dog turned its head to the side again in that same curious gesture as before. Christine felt herself smile at the dog's expression, feeling suddenly calm around the beast. She found that she wasn't afraid of him...it...anymore. "You're nothing but a hungry dog," she said



aloud, making the dog turn its head to the other side. She giggled at the gesture, feeling silly that only moments ago she feared for her life because of the comical-looking animal before her. "And a naughty dog, too," she added, her eyes seeing the garbage spread over her patio. She exhaled, brought her left arm across her body and placed her left palm on the patio. Twisting her body around, she raised herself up onto her knees, steadying herself with her hands.

She suddenly felt a great weight spread over her back as the dog's forepaws dropped over her shoulders. The combined weight of the dog and her own pounds drove the strain onto her wrists, causing a sharp pain to run up her forearms. She felt the fur of its forelegs against her neck and shoulders and the broad muscles of its chest on her back. She could feel its body twitching and its breathing was hurried, its breath loud and windy. The dog began pushing against her rear with its lower body, as if trying to move her by sliding her over the stones. Its movements were quick and rough, not fluid and careful like they were before. A sorrowful yelp broke from the mouth above her head, sounding disappointed.

Then she felt the poking again. This time it was against her rear end, and the poking was fast and furious. She recognized the feel of the poker. It was the animal's penis, but this time it was trying to drive it against her.

No, it isn't, she realized. It's trying to drive it IN me.

The quick pushes against her rear by the animal was its attempts to bury its cock inside her pussy. It wanted to mate with her and it had her in the optimal position: on her hands and knees.

Doggie-style.

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Christine tried to get out from under the dog even though she knew it was hopeless. The weight of the great beast was too much for her. She was trapped beneath it and at its mercy. All she could do was shift the combined weight of their bodies from one arm to the other in an attempt to alleviate the strain on her wrists. The dog kept up its furious humping of her backside, its penis stabbing into her soft round asscheeks.

Maybe he'll become discouraged if he can't reach my pussy, she thought. She felt the bottom of the robe pressed against the back of her thighs and knew that it was covering her moist opening. Maybe the dog realized this too because another broken-hearted yelp came from its mouth and the stabbing stopped. It kept its weight on her shoulders, though, the great forepaws dangling near her face, giving her a close-up view of the thick sharp claws.

They were a dingy ivory color, almost completely hidden beneath matted dark-gray fur. The tips were slightly scratched but strong, showing no signs of breakage. The paws themselves were as large as her cheeks. The black pads beneath the foot were roughly-textured and looked very sensitive, almost spongy. The two forelegs slid against her neck and applied a bit of pressure against her neck and backwards against her shoulders. It was holding her down, keeping her still so that it could try and find her soft hole.

She fearfully awaited it to sink its claws into her skin to get a grip on her but the dog didn't do so, apparently satisfied that its great strength was enough to subdue her.

Christine felt the dog move its rear legs, the claws tapping the patio stones. She could feel the bony knob of its leg pushing against the back of her right thigh. It pushed harder, forcing her leg to slide outwards and spreading her thighs. She felt the beast put its leg against the inside of her thigh,

keeping her from bringing her thighs together.

It's trying to spread me, she thought. It's trying to widen its target.

When the dog pushed her leg outwards, she had to adjust her arms so that she wouldn't fall against the patio. When she did this, the bottom of her robe caught on the animal's left hindleg while her thighs and bottom slid down a bit, exposing her soft flesh. She heard the beast sniff again, the intake of air into its nostrils loud near her head, and it renewed its poking vigorously. The stabbing of its prick into her bottom didn't last long, though. The dog slid its thick cock into her cunt after only a few thrusts, causing Christine to gasp as her meaty pussy lips were parted and her hole was forced wide open by the beast's rigid penis. Her eyes bulged and she choked, then swallowed hard.

No, she thought. No. This can't be happening! I'm being fucked...by a dog!

She squirmed beneath the beast, trying again in vain to escape. The animal humped her from behind furiously, its penis pistoning in her hole, sometimes stabbing against the walls of her vagina. The weight of the animal and the force of its thrusting threatened to drive her down onto the patio. Her arms were taking a tremendous shock each time the beast drove its cock into her and she tried flexing her arms, but she felt that she would collapse unless her arms remained firm beneath her. The animal's grip on her tightened. Now that it had found a rhythm it wasn't going to lose it.

Christine now realized that she would have to wait until the beast was finished mating with her before she could get away from it.

She tried to relax and let the animal's instinct run its course with her. She closed her eyes and tried to regulate her breathing. She inhaled slowly through her nostrils, filling her lungs completely, then releasing the breath slowly through her lips. She could feel the weight of her large tits hanging from her chest and her heartbeat slowing, calming her mind. The huge animal on top of her was breathing deeply also and she found herself falling into its breathing pattern. This helped to ease the burden of its weight on her, she discovered. She arched her back a bit to conform to the curve of the dog's powerful chest, fitting herself close to its body with only her robe between her and the animal's coat.

The animal seemed to respond to her body's movements. Its grip on her shoulders lessened slightly, the mighty paws dangling again. She could feel its tail brush her thighs periodically and she found its touch ticklish. The dog apparently had found its rhythm and she felt that he...it...was no longer jabbing the walls of her cunt with his...ITS...cock. She continued her breathing pattern and tried to let herself go slack, so that his...ITS, goddamnit...thrusts weren't so shocking to her body. It seemed that the weight and the force of the animal mounting her was diminished as she relaxed and went with the flow, so to speak. She even noticed that she was rocking her body with the dog's motions, her breasts swaying beneath her. Christine could feel her ass ripple and shake with his...fine, HIS!...thrusting. She moaned softly, her pussy beginning to moisten considerably, lubricating her hot hole and allowing the dog's cock to slide in easier. She licked her lips and lowered her head, her long golden hair falling down over her shoulders and draping over the animal's big paws. "Mmmmm," she murmured aloud.

Christine felt the dog's chest rumble, a growl rolling around in the great chest cavity of the hairy beast. She raised her head and looked up, her face beneath the head of the dog. A hot slimy line of saliva fell from the dog's lower jaw and splashed onto her left shoulder, soaking into the robe. His thick tongue hung from his mouth, pink and glistening. He looked out into the night, as if watching for challengers to his dominance of her. At this point, his dominance of her was complete. She was beneath him with nowhere to go and, now, with a mixture of fear and excitement, she realized she wanted him inside of her. Christine wanted this dog to fuck her, to mate with her.

She was his bitch.

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The dog kept jabbing his penis into her pussy, his movements quick and savage. Christine pushed back slightly against him, trying to get him deeper inside of her. She was very wet and slippery now, her lips wide open and her hole well-lubricated. She cried out softly as she felt his prick jerk and spasm, shooting his juices into her cunt. Moaning, she wiggled her large matronly ass, feeling his thick fur against her bare ass-cheeks. His coat carpeted her backside, warming it. She could feel the sinewy muscles of his lower body pressing into her soft ass.

She realized that the dog was still cumming inside of her.

One spurt followed another until she could feel his seed dripping out of her hole.

Wow, she thought. This guy sure can cum!

Smiling, she thrust herself onto his prick again, trying for more penetration. She moaned as his cock shot more of his watery cum into her twat. She could feel her pussy getting hot and sticky. Her pussy contracted around the dog's rod, tightening her grip on him. It seemed to get even tighter as she was brought to the brink of her orgasm. She threw her head back and called out into the night as the tsunami of her first orgasm washed over her, quaking her thighs and asscheeks. She heard the dog yelp beneath her moaning. "Yeah, baby. Cum with me." she told the animal.

As her orgasm subsided, her pussy seemed to tighten even more.

Her pussy relaxed from the strenuous orgasm yet still she gripped his dick like a vise.

My God, she realized. I'm not getting tighter. He's getting bigger!

And he was. The beast's cock began swelling inside of her, stretching her cunt. His thrustings became harder to bear because it seemed as if he would rip her pussy from her body. The wetness of her hole helped but it could do nothing to alleviate the full feeling she had. His dick had grown to a thickness she had never before experienced in her cunt. She purred deeply, loving this sensation.

Never had a man made her feel like this! This dog was shaming every man she had ever been with.

Well, she smiled, if I had to be screwed by a dog, at least it was a HUNG dog!

Christine tried pushing herself back onto his prick again but found that she couldn't slide up and down the shaft. When she tried pushing, it pushed the dog back. A short growl was followed by a quick bite on her shoulder. Astonished, Christine yelped, feeling the bite of the dog's teeth. Luckily, her shoulder was still protected by the thick terry-cloth robe and the beast didn't break her skin. But he got his message across: You are my bitch and you are to take whatever I give. She shuddered a bit, realizing that this wasn't like making love. This was an animal trying to reproduce. There were no emotions involved here, only instinct, the most basic instinct: survival through reproduction. She had been forced into the animal world, where survival was the only thing that mattered. Now, she knew that she had to do the same thing. She had to try and survive this ordeal, so she focused on the lusty satisfaction that his cock, his fucking, and his cups and cups of cum were giving her.

Christine grunted and grimaced, her pussy getting tighter and more full. There was a pain beginning to grow in her cunt walls as they were stretched beyond their normal limits. She could feel the veiny skin of his cock against the insides of her groin. His dick throbbed and inflated within her, until they

were virtually one being joined by their genitalia. She began to grit her teeth and grunt more often. This apparently excited the dog and he tried humping her again. Christine cried out as the dog's banging dragged her knees across the patio stones. There was no way for his bloated cock to move out of her pussy. The two were literally locked together in a primal joining.

She could barely feel his cock slowly going deeper inside of her. This only caused her more pain as his sausage-like penis claimed more of her pussy. His progress was stopped however when she felt a bulge against her exposed, red clitoris. The view between her legs was almost totally blocked by her mammoth tits hanging from her chest and swaying. She tried to steady her body so that she could see past her breasts. The bulge pressed a bit harder against her and she gazed around her breasts to see if the beast's nuts had found their way against her. She saw his balls still held high against his abdomen and she saw something else that astounded her.

At the base of the animal's monster dick, pressed against her red-hot clit, was a swollen pinkish-white knob about the size of a lemon. He seemed to be trying to force the knob into her cunt also but her pussy was already filled to capacity by his giant cock. Her eyes widened, scared at the thought of that bulge being pushed inside of her. It definitely would have torn her soft vaginal tissues. She couldn't imagine any woman being able to handle something of that diameter. She was bewitched at the sight of the huge knot of cockmeat knocking at her hole.

Then, the spell was broken. The dog began to cry and yelp, his mouth opening and closing repeatedly, his tongue lolling from the side of his mouth. He gave another great thrust, knocking Christine down and making her brace herself on her forearms. She screamed as his huge canine cock swelled suddenly and ejected a monstrous burst of dog cum into her twat. Her scream seemed to last for minutes, echoing from beyond the darkness of her lawn. Another swell was punctuated by another jet of jism, shooting it deep into her. She choked on her spit as her pussy spasmed around the beast's pulsing pole. She could feel more cum spitting from his prick, but the swelling stopped, his cock locked in her, insuring that his seed would be deposited into her womb. She moaned from deep within her throat, laying her cheek against the cool surface of the patio. Her big soft tits were mashed against the stones, the chill of the patio making her nipples rock-hard.

Breathing hard and sweating, Christine ran her tongue along her lips, catching the drool which had escaped her mouth. Her ass was still up in the air, her pussy stuck on the dog's prick. He no longer had his paws over her shoulders. He stood on his forelegs, one on each side of her head. She could hear his claws clicking nervously on the stones. She opened her eyes, seeing his paws rising and falling.

Her pussy didn't hurt as much anymore but she could feel how wet and full she still was. She tried to relax and keep her body still. A shudder ran through her body as a smaller orgasm ran through her pussy, making her tighten around the beast's cock again and making her grimace and grunt.

The dog yelped again and Christine heard the claws clicking again. "AAAANNNNHHHHHHGGGGG!!!!" she screamed.

Pain shot through her entire abdomen and her upper legs as the dog tried to pull its cock from her twat. "No, boy," she gasped. "Stay in me, boy."

But he would have none of that. He backed away from her again, but still his cock would not disengage from her pussy lips. He didn't stop though and Christine found herself being dragged across the stone patio by this animal. The pain was intense and sharp as his cock pulled her around by her cunt. She tried to push herself up against his cock but he was moving a bit too quickly and she fell from her arms against the patio, avoiding slamming her face into the stones because of the

barrier of her giant breasts. Her nipples and tits, though, were getting scraped and cut as the beast kept trying to pull out of her too-tight hole. The dog turned around by stepping over her body with his hind legs, his cock now facing backwards from his body but still held fast within Christine's greedy cunt. She felt herself being flipped over onto her back by the dog's movement and tried to grab onto something. Her hands grasped the legs of the round metal table which stood on the patio and she held tight to it. She screamed again, a tortured painful cry, as his veiny cock twisted within her, threatening to twist her pussy also, stuck as the two skin surfaces were to each other, glued together by lust. She had to lift her left leg off of the patio a bit as his cock corkscrewed within her hole and finally stopped. She lowered her knee to the patio and tried to catch her breath, holding the table leg, her ass being swept by the dog's swishing hairy tail.

Christine yelled again as the dog began walking away from her and wrapped her arms around the table leg. Grimacing, she could feel her pussy being pulled out again, stuck on his swollen dick. She choked on spit and spread her legs as wide as she could in this position, hoping to help the dog pull out of her. She felt the entrance to her pussy stretch again and she screamed a short high-pitched cry, as the beast's meaty dick popped out of her twat.

She could hear the watery juices literally pouring from her cavernous hole and felt one last stream of cum shoot from his cock against her big ass-cheeks. Her lower body collapsed onto the patio, her bushy crotch plopping into the puddle of lust that had cascaded from her pussy. She could feel her lush bush soaking up the hot cream.

Christine laid on the stones of the patio for moments, trying to catch her breath and relax. She felt her cunt shrink but it still gaped open enough for her to feel the warm night breeze blow into her hole, juices running down her inner thighs. Her body shivered and shook for those moments she lay there, the stones cool against her hot skin. When she finally gathered the energy to move, she raised her head and pushed herself up with her hands. Turning her head, she looked behind her. She could see her ass still jiggling, the skin red and wet from the dog's fucking, bits of fur clinging to her damp skin.

Her robe was bunched up at her waist, and strands of her hair and the dog's were caught in the furry material. She felt the muscles of her calves spasming, the energy trying to release itself.

Oh no! she thought, shaking her head.

The dog was walking towards her again.

He approached her still prone body. She hadn't the energy to move away from it, couldn't even kick her feet at the beast. It walked over her and stopped as its head towered over her big ass.

Christine watched as the dog lowered its head again, pushing its snout against her swampy cunt. She felt its tongue lash out and begin to lap at her pussy, the hot rough surface of the dog tongue sending flashes of pleasure through her crotch again. She moaned, her eyes rolling into her head. Loud, wet slurping and slobbering emanated from between her legs as the beast lapped up the juices from her twat.

Its big nose pressed against her asshole, making her jump a bit. She felt the tip of his tongue enter her wide-open pussy, swabbing the inside of her pinkish-red cave. Her meaty pussy lips shook and tingled at the animal's tasting.

And then, the sensation was gone. A groan escaped her lips and she looked back over her shoulders. Christine saw the dog walking away. Its cock hung between its legs, cum dripping from the thick head. She watched it sway between the animal's powerful legs, a thick red piece of cockmeat, and

felt her pussy ache in remembrance. The dog rummaged through the garbage almost off-handedly, then walked away from the garbage-strewn patio. She watched him stride off into the night, his tail now obscuring the thick dick which had ravaged her only moments ago. She felt a relief come into her mind as she relaxed.

Taking a deep breath, her huge pillowy jugs smashed between her chest and the patio. She could smell the dumped garbage along with the smell of her sweat. The musky smell of the sex which had just occurred mingled with the thick animal smell of the dog, reminding her of his warm coat against her smooth skin and his strong body taking command of hers. She remembered his powerful limbs manipulating her into the mating position as his brutal dog cock savaged her tight human pussy. Suddenly, disappointment made her sigh, and she frowned.

Christine stood on her feet, a little shaky at first. She steadied herself against the patio table and groaned as the combined dog/human juices dripped out of her sopping wet cunt and splashed onto the patio. Rivulets of their lust dripped down her thighs as her robe fell over her very round ass and swung slowly. She heard a rustling from her hedges and then the sound died away, replaced by the humming of the night insects.

Looking at the mess on the patio, Christine sighed. She kicked around some stray trash, frowning at the work ahead of her.

Suddenly, water began to fall all around her. Looking up, she watched as a summer rain fell from the dark sky above. The drops were cool upon her face and she licked them from her quivering lips. Thunder pealed across the heavens.

Christine jumped at the sound of the thunder, splashing water over the edge of the bathtub. She sat up and looked around, the bathwater chill against her skin now. Goose-pimples formed on her skin and she shivered. She pulled the stopper from the bottom of the tub, allowing the water to whirlpool away into oblivion. Stepping out of the tub, she reached for her robe behind the door. She wrapped her body with the lush terry-cloth material and tied it at her waist.

Walking over to the lavatory, Christine looked into the mirror. Her face was pale and there were dark circles beneath her eyes. She closed her eyes and ran her fingers across the lids. Blinking them open, she looked at herself again and sighed.

It was a dream, she realized. Only a terrible dream. Well, not that terrible. A tiny smile played over her lips.

She could hear the rain softly pelting the bathroom window.

Walking to the window, she looked out over her back lawn. The wet night beyond her window looked very tranquil, the raindrops illuminated by the landscaping lights of her backyard. The hedges swayed with the wind and the rain, performing a night ballet to the music of nature. Christine pressed her forehead against the glass, smiling. Her eyes moved down towards the patio where she saw garbage covering the back portion of the stones.

She gasped and backed away from the window, almost slipping on the smooth tile of the bathroom floor. She felt her breathing increasing, her chest pressing against the robe. She swallowed a lump of fear which had suddenly formed in her throat. Shaking her head, she walked again to the mirror over the lavatory. Placing her hands on the sides of the lavatory, Christine looked into the mirror once again. Her eyes were wide with fear and she felt herself shaking.

The wind howled past the bathroom window, racing over the roof. She turned her head quickly at

the sound of the wind, staring at the window.

Her shoulders slumped, her eyes closed softly, and she let out a long exhalation of breath. A smile turned her lips up and she opened her eyes again, looking at herself.

You silly, silly woman, she chided herself. The wind knocked over the garbage!

She opened the faucet and splashed her face with cool water.

She turned off the faucet and dried her face with her robe. Looking into the mirror again, she said aloud, "Christine, you need to get laid...bad!" She laughed at herself and headed out of the bathroom.

As she closed the door behind her, the hem of her robe caught between the door and the doorframe. She yanked on the robe, freeing it from the grasp of the door. As the material was forced through the crack between the door and the frame, a tuft of dark, lush fur fell silently onto the bathroom floor, witnessed only by the rain clinging to the panes of the bathroom window.

THE END