

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Gloria Stanhope was pushing sixty and she was beginning to think the effort to stay looking young was a losing proposition considering the high cost of plastic surgery, Botox and the spa sessions and beauty parlor appointments that seemed to go up at twice the normal rate of cost of living on a national average.

She decided that her cock chasing days were over out of economic necessity and not due to her waning good looks that were losing the race with age and time. Besides, she could always hit on her apartment manager Buck Henry for a quickie screw when he came to do some odd job around the house. She knew he could always be counted on for a hard fuck from behind providing she didn't object to him spanking her sensitive ass cheeks for good measure. In her mind, it was a good trade off because the spanking was high on her fetish things to do list and she would often trade spansks with her girlfriend Sandy when they were hard up for some sexual release.

Then, poor Sandy got bent over the garbage cans down in the basement by some undocumented dayworkers on a quiet Saturday morning and she was out of commission for anything of a sexual nature until she got the proper counseling from a psychologist provided by the apartment owners tenant compensation committee to help her return to normal attitudes about going outside her rental unit and actually talking to human males about various subjects that normal people talk about when time is not a consideration.

Then, she found out that the apartment manager was actually getting married after remaining a bachelor for the past thirty years. He had been dipping his wick in dozens of tenant pussies for decades and his removal from the game of lust would be sorely missed by lots of aging females with no other outlet. It also included Gloria because she had gotten into the habit of bending over for Benny the Super every Wednesday afternoon like clockwork for whatever excuse he could find for visiting apartment 501 to make emergency repairs. They had a set routine of him dropping his trousers in the hallway and she would give him a blow job to make certain his cock was nice and hard and then she would skip into the living room and pull down her panties for him right in front of the DVR playing a nice porno video to help him stay nice and hard inside her until he rewarded her with a liquid present that she kept inside her vagina until her shower before bed. They never deviated from the routine and she was certain Benny was doing virtually the same thing with half of the female tenants in the building. As far as she knew there were no complaints about Benny's odd services for needy female tenants and even the husbands that were aware of their wives appetites for quickie sex stayed silent about the practice because their spouses were noticeably much more pleasant after a nice hard pounding from behind in the mid-afternoon.

She decided to "save" a pair of Greyhound dogs from the animal rescue center to keep her company and force her to walk twice a day to exercise them and prevent them from doing their business inside the apartment like some of the untrained dogs she often joked about when hearing her friends stories of unpleasant surprises when they got home from work.

She named the two dogs Billy and Bruce after two previous boyfriends that had given her many sessions of joyful sex in the back of a car and in a darkened movie theater with furtive stealth. Her boyfriend Billy was more like a rabbit in his style of humping and she seldom wore undies when he was close because one never knew when he wanted to give her a fast screw whilst standing up. The other boyfriend Bruce was a finicky lover that would insist on a condom and washing before and after each coupling experience. She did like the way he twisted her nipples and spanked her ass all the time pretty much like Benny the Super because it rang her bells in a way that she was ashamed to admit in mixed company.

"No, Billy, get down off the sofa. Mama doesn't like her Billy to get the sofa dirty with his big filthy paws. My, my, Billy, you do have a long and hard fifth leg. I bet you made those Greyhound females happy when you were running on the track."

She had gotten into the habit of talking to Billy and Bruce like they were either children or husbands that she was tending with careful regard.

It was sort of fun for her to wash them in the shower stall and she usually did it stark naked because she would get just as wet and soapy as the "boys" as she liked to call them. It was Sunday morning and she generally did Bruce first because he was the most difficult of the two dogs and he would make the most fuss.

"No, don't jump up on Mama like that, Bruce, you bad doggy. Let Mama get underneath and I will clean your family jewels with my fingers all over. Good doggy, I know you like that, Bruce, just stand there and Mama will clean that hard thing and make it sparkling clean."

Gloria was down on her knees and washing Bruce's belly, legs and balls when Billy snuck up behind her and covered her in the standard way that such long, lean racing dogs are prone to do to their female partners and he introduced her to the hardness of a full-grown Greyhound's tool of creation when a boy Greyhound is inspired to find solace inside a female channel that will clutch his doggy dick with the utmost tightness and gentle welcome.

Bruce looked over at Billy and showed his teeth because he hated to have his bath interrupted in such a rude manner. Poor Gloria was stuffed right up to her gums with doggy hardness and she found that her ass was instinctively humping up to receive her reward of doggy spunk for taking the lightning fast creature up her vaginal entryway from behind. In point of fact, Gloria loved taking it from the rear more than any other position except possibly for the prone bone with her tummy flat against the floor or mattress.

When Billy shot his load inside Gloria's naked buttocks, she stayed in that position and Bruce took advantage of her indiscretion and nailed her in much the same way except he held her down with one of his huge front paws just to be certain she would not move when he was draining his doggy dong in her happy hole.

Gloria cleaned out the shower and returned to her bedroom to put on a pair of panties with both dog's spunk oozing out of her femininity slowly and with great expression of carnal guilt seen in apartment 501 in a very long time.

When she stretched out on the bed, both dogs wandered back into her bedroom and they jumped up on the bed to lick at her panty covered buttocks hoping to find a way to hump her yet again.

She knew what the dogs wanted and in point of fact it was exactly what she wanted as well. Unfortunately, she couldn't satisfy them at that moment because she was being monitored by the phone company to determine if she was receiving unauthorized calls from illegal callers in a foreign country. She was afraid the sounds of the dogs doing her from behind would show up on the recording and they would have proof that she was doing illicit acts with an animal in violation of the moral codes of the neighborhood.

Gloria sat on her happy hole and tried to cover up her ass entryway as best she could because she knew how quick these dogs could be when it came to nailing female passageways. Eventually, she was able to isolate her head and mouth in the dog's genital regions and she gave them each a happy ending suck that drained them fully of any residual dog cream remaining inside their reproductive systems. She knew none of it would ever create a hybrid creature to be treated like a monster at a

side show. That was not even remotely possible in scientific terms and all she would be doing would be to give some degree of pleasure to another species that needed love and tenderness just like every other creature on God's green earth.

When Benny the Super's new wife from Mexico arrived at the door, she was invited inside and Gloria gave her a hot cup of tea and advice on keeping her husband on a short chain if she wanted to keep him any longer.

The woman was only in her mid-twenties and she tucked her legs up under her ass on the sofa in a way that gave Bruce a good shot at her pussy that was right on the edge of the cushion. At first, she tried to ignore the fact that the Greyhound was working hard to get his tongue on her pussy and was sniffing her feminine folds like a stalker with licking pussy on his mind.

She patted the top of his head and Gloria was a bit embarrassed at the fact that her dog was pestering the woman because she was her invited guest.

At the same time, Billy put his big head in Gloria's lap and pushed her dress up with his paw until his nose was buried right in the middle of her clitoris and vagina. She wanted desperately to make the thing go away but he insisted on his rights and she had to give him her pussy just to keep from making a scene in front of the other woman.

After Benny the Super's new wife saw how long Billy's tongue was and how he was digging into her pussy with his happy nose, she simply gave up her reluctance and surrendered her pussy to the other Greyhound and allowed him to lick and kiss her pussy and even her sheltered brown eye from an angle slightly under the edge of the sofa. She lifted her ass up a little bit and the dog started in on her ass crack like he was obsessed with humping her bottom with his face. She was sufficiently satisfied that he was serious about his fetish for human female pussy and she relaxed and gave it all up like any smart female would do under similar circumstances.

Both women were now getting their pussies sloppily licked and kissed by the pair of Greyhounds and there was no doubt that they were enjoying it immensely. Eventually, Gloria paused long enough to tell Mrs. Benny that her dog was the kind that would not give up until he had mounted his female and it would be easier if she just got down on all four out on the fluffy white carpet and spread her ass crack to help the poor thing get inside with the least amount of difficulty. The younger girl was a bit leery of offering up her body in such a manner without as much as leaving the apartment with a small degree of female dignity all things considered.

Gloria watched the younger woman get down on all fours and take it from her dog with the grace of a compliant female. She did basically the same thing with the other dog and they managed to switch dogs at some point because the Greyhounds were interested the most variety that they could garner in such situations.

She was surprised to see the sly Bruce get up on the guest's flanks and shove his business up her tiny brown eye in a way that was so deep and involved that there was no chance of her getting him out before his "knot" slipped inside and the poor girl was locked onto his penis for the next thirty minutes no matter how much either of them wanted to pull away and go hide in a corner.

The sight of the younger girl suffering with her pussy held prisoner for so long was shameful and yet arousing to Gloria that she humped a pillow shaped like a dog's head in her bedroom the entire time until the girl was able to slide off the dog's shrunken doggy dick.

She was surprised when the girl asked if she could come back the next and bring her younger sister with her because the girl needed some experience in how to adequately satisfy a demanding penis.

Gloria agreed with a shrug of complete accord because she knew it would be a sight never to be forgotten for a very long time.

The End