

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Julia McIntyre was all fitted out in the plaid cardigan and the kilt-like skirt looking like a blast from the past in the less than adequate confines of the new district dog park at the end of Mulberry lane just opposite the no longer used cemetery of Saint Michaels now defunct due to the lack of a priest to celebrate the sacraments.

Her beloved female long-haired Collie called Queenie was picking her way daintily in the field mined with doggy poop like some soldier on the battlefield carrying out a dangerous mission with little enthusiasm.

Julia was looking over the tops of her horn-rimmed glasses like a scholar searching for a clue about the origin of the universe when Colin Knightly exited his sporty looking motor car and pushed his reluctant German Shepard Rex out onto the slightly muddy turf with a shrug of the shoulders that admitted defeat in proper training of the disobedient Rex.

Rex looked around totally bored to death at the final insult of being dragged to a pen filled with dog shite at the confused bidding of his indecisive master. He spied the nice little bit of golden-hued female Collie at the other side of the doggy play tunnels looking off into the woods like a prisoner considering making a run for it. He rather liked the shape of her hindquarters under the beautiful long hair and tried to judge the chances of getting his licks in before either his master or the distracted girl with the terrible clothes might deduce his intent in mounting and humping the Collie with his usual charm and direct manner of introducing his style of love making like a bandit in the woods.

It only took ninety seconds for Rex to navigate the short distance between him and the tempting Collie with the delectable hindquarters and poor Queenie was had before she even suspected there was an aggressive suitor knocking on her back door. The weight of Rex on her back caused Queenie to reconsider her original assessment that the Dog Park was a boring place to be sure. She whimpered, but refused to whine like one of those mongrel dogs at the pound, that constantly kept it up night and day, finally just hooking up with any dog with a hard dick that came their way.

Queenie was a bit more discerning than that and she knew right away that Rex was a real catch from the way he got up deep inside her with the very first hump. She did her best to keep her balance underneath his muscular bulk but it was difficult because she had been alone and sheltered for the better part of a full year. This was the most action she had had since the dark chocolate Labrador had given her a nice tumble under the grandstand at the amusement park when all their owners were watching the game. This one was not like that last one with "slam-bang, thank-you-ma'am" attitude that matched his oversized penis. She liked the fit of this German Shepard and he seemed a gentleman from the way her held her steady with his two front paws.

Rex had already started to give Queenie his spunk when Queenie's mistress the girl in the cardigan looked up from her phone to see her lovely Collie dishonored by a stranger's dog.

She lifted her skirts showing her slender sun-tanned legs and ran to Queenie's aid but a bit too late to stop the two from finishing what they had started in the way that all dogs do with little planning and precious little time. The German Shepard ran back to his young master like a warrior unleashed for sport and the girl shook her fist at the both of them and called out, "It's a rape, you bastards. You have raped my poor Queenie like some Gypsy on the run."

The young gentleman looked up from his letter and seemed confused at the accusation having missed the action with his distracted lack of concern. Then, he noticed the girl in the cardigan with

the bare legs and pretty bottom almost jumping with emotion that he found exciting and setting his thoughts to wondering how lively she would be in bed.

Of course, that set his family jewels to arousal and the girl was one of those observant types that measured his length and girth using scientific displacement theory right on the spot. She was astonished at his results and drew closer for a better look. Somehow her bare legs and his overly excited business came into contact and they both forgot about their dogs and merged together in close proximity with friction their method of warmth. Her wrap around skirt was torn asunder and he shook his member free. They looked into each other's eyes with that look of silent lust. The dirty deed was done without slowing with the slightest hesitation. Soon, they resembled their sated hounds safely resting at their feet.

Julia took her panties back from Colin's hardened hands.

She struggled for a moment to replace them on her spunk dripping feminine folds and Colin looked off into the distance at some wheeling birds of prey to avoid the impression he was ogling her pretty snatch or her pert chubby cheeks.

"You know as a dog owner you are required to keep your animal on a leash at all times or at the very least under control to prevent incidents of this nature."

Poor Colin merely nodded his head fearful of commenting about Julia's complicit Collie flaunting her long-haired hindquarters right in front of his innocent Rex's eyes. After all, the German Shepard had only done what comes naturally for animals with a more simplistic approach to life.

He did inquire in a carefully modulated voice, "Do you always wear your skirts in such a fall-away fashion or is it only in a dog park that you rip off your undies and set your lovely privates free for such exciting pleasures?"

Julia wanted to shout out that his German Shepard was nothing but a bloke and with no respect for a well-behaved bitch like her Collie Queenie. She wanted to tell him that she was entirely at fault for the shameful fall from grace her bare fanny had caused on the spur of the moment. All she could manage was, "It was altogether a not unpleasant meeting at the dog park, Mister... ?"

Colin admitted his name and even added his dog's name since she had already given up her Queenie's name with her fiery accusations.

Rex and Queenie sat quietly wondering what all the fuss was about. After all, they hadn't done anything their master's had done twice as bad and standing up on their bottom two legs the entire time. Rex was proud of the fact that he had mounted Queenie the proper way from behind and that she had taken his weight with the spirit of a pure-bred female squeezing every last drop of dog juice from his hardened shaft. Of course, he had noticed that Queenie's mistress had an interesting shape to her hindquarters when she was getting humped human style. It got him to wondering how she would look down on all fours and looking over her pretty human shoulder at him just as he mounted her and showed her his best doggy style way of bringing home the bacon.

The handsome German Shepard wished he could communicate with his master, the long dicked Colin and tell him that he needed to start training the Julia person to get down on all fours more often and preferably without any silly clothes. Perhaps he might get sloppy seconds after Colin was finished with humping her from behind the way that females should get it every time.

He watched her licking her lips with that interesting human female tongue and knew right away that he wouldn't be happy until she was down there licking him with the same degree of enthusiasm. It

would be nice to watch her on her knees taking care of his master Colin's business with her delightful pink tongue lapping his shaft, his balls and points further south. It would be an ideal opportunity to scoot down between her ass cheeks and test her tight little brown eye for tightness and sensitively of her pretty pucker to his romantic tongue lashing with the eagerness of a dog gone wild.

Julia was still upset over her poor Queenie's ordeal but she was more than content with her treatment by Colin. Actually, she did a small suggestion for him and whispered in his attentive ear, "Do you think we can mate our dogs and monitor their humping so they have a good chance of success?"

Colin was all in agreement with the suggestion and he was enthused by the prospect of watching his Rex on Queenie's spine making her take his doggy style like a well-behaved bitch with obedient haunches. He told the almost panting Julia, "I want you down on all fours the next time and with absolutely not a stitch of clothing. I will growl in your delightfully delicious ear and want you to whimper nicely when I start to drain my juices in your furry little bush from behind."

Julia was not in the least bit offended and she turned around looking over her shoulder at him as she put her Queenie in her car. Colin could see her brown eye almost hidden in her ass crack and her pretty snatch still wet from their quickie in the dog park. She handed him her French undies as a memento of their meeting and he introduced two of his fingers at the same time into her tight little sphincter whilst saying, "This is where naughty girls have to take it when we bad boys get on their backs. I want to hear your "taking it up the ass" yelps when I mount you like that."

Julia looked back at him and she started to cum right there in the parking lot of the dog park thinking how nice it would be to having to take it that way like a good little bitch with a nice hot ass to make him feel good inside her. She promised him that she would be a good "bad girl" for him and stay down on all fours until he had exactly what he wanted no matter how long and how hard he gave it to her from behind.

Her heart and her pulse were beating with a rhythm that she recognized as her excitement when she watched her Queenie being covered by a boy dog in the basement den at her house. She selected them for her Queenie and washed them carefully before she allowed them to hump her like the dirty bitch she was underneath her regal posing. She knew her Queenie loved getting it hard from some strange dog just the way she enjoyed a bit of strange every now and then in the same basement taking it from behind and letting Queenie watch and see her take it like a human bitch from behind. She liked it when her strange man shoved it up her rear door like some pervert wanting her to whine and plead for mercy when all she wanted was more of the same.

She liked the policemen best of all because they would spank and beat her with their short sticks to make her shake her ass and stay nice and tight around them milking all their juices like a good little bitch. The sight of their handcuffs would make her pussy weep with anticipation and she automatically fall into her "down on all fours" position without any instructions at all.

Julia and Colin were well suited to each other and their favorite dogs, Queenie and Rex learned a lot from them. In fact, Rex taught Julia some tricks she didn't know she had in her hidden inside her like some secretly hidden bitch waiting to be released on the unsuspecting male population around her. She would enjoy taking her dog to the dog park for a nice walk and a quick shake of the tail for good luck. It was always nice meeting new friends at the dog park no matter what the time of day or night.

The End