

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Rosa stood at the edge of the dusty road and gazed off into the distance. The unforgiving South Texas sun baked the landscape and buildings, and brought out beads of perspiration on Rosa's arms and forehead. She had no idea why she continued waiting by the road each afternoon, Jimmy wasn't coming home. Not today, not tomorrow, not ever. The slender, young woman turned to see Pablito, a young pitbull, standing in her shadow. She wiped her forehead with the back of her hand, and brushed back her long, dark hair.

"Come on cachorrito," she said to the dog, "it's too hot today, let's go in the house."

Rosa had given Jimmy the dog for his birthday about a year and a half earlier; she noticed how much he had always admired pitbulls that belonged to his friends. Whenever he saw people walking them on the street, he would remark that he was "gonna get me one of those dogs." Rosa smiled briefly as she remembered the expression of utter delight on Jimmy's face when she had plopped the fat, gold-and-black brindled puppy into his lap. It was Jimmy's twenty-first birthday, and his friend Pablo had stopped over with a couple of six-packs to help him celebrate. Pablo offered beers to Jimmy and Rosa, and spotted the pup in Jimmy's lap.

"Hey, you guys got a puppy! What kind is it?"

"It's a pitbull. I'm gonna train him to bite you if you come here when I'm not around!," Jimmy joked.

"Aww, I wouldn't do that, Jimmy. Rosa's all yours, and she don't even like me! That reminds me, when you guys gonna get married anyway?"

"Next year... maybe June, we're thinking."

"Cool. You could name a kid after me, maybe."

Jimmy grinned. "I think I'm gonna name the dog after you instead, Pablo."

"Hey that's OK, too. He's gonna be a tough guy like me, and not one of those wimpy li'l Taco Bell dogs!"

"Ohh, he won't be too tough," Rosa chimed in. "And he ain't gonna bite nobody. We're gonna raise him gentle."

Pablo nodded. "Yeah, I know. Like the one my brother Santo has. He's just a big baby... the kids ride him like a horse."

The three jokingly, at first, called the pup Little Pablo or Pablito, and the name stuck.

Pablito grew very quickly over the next several months, but he didn't outgrow his friendly, outgoing temperament. The neighborhood kids all knew him by name, and they would stop to pet him as they walked home from school. One evening after dinner, Jimmy was sitting on the floor with Pablito, rubbing the pup's chest and belly.

"Pablito's getting to be a big boy, eh?," Jimmy observed.

"Yeah, the vet said he was 85 pounds when he was there last time," Rosa added.

"No, I mean a macho guy. You know..." Jimmy pointed to Pablito's substantial undercarriage.

"Maybe he's gonna make you jealous someday, Jimmy. And he's culeco, just like you!"

"I know, he's pretty horny. He tried humpin' my leg the other day."

"We should have him fixed, no?"

Jimmy scowled. "No way! That turns him into a pussy. He's a teenager now, but he'll learn some manners when he gets older."

"You didn't learn any manners, Jimmy."

"So you're gonna have me fixed too?"

An evil grin came to Rosa's face. "Only if I catch you with another woman!"

Jimmy clasped his hands over his crotch in mock horror. "Oh, no! I married Lorena Bobbitt!?"

Rosa's mind wandered again. Some months later, Jimmy had called her from work. He was meeting some friends at a bar for a couple of beers, then he would be home. He was late. Maybe a couple of beers turned into a couple too many. Around midnight, a knock came at the front door. Rosa got out of bed and opened the door slightly. A deputy sheriff stood outside with his hat in his hands.

"Señora Ramirez? I'm afraid I have some very bad news. Your husband has been in a terrible car accident..."

Rosa struggled to keep calm. "Is he... all right?"

The deputy bowed his head slightly and fumbled with the brim of his hat. "No... I'm sorry..."

The whole awful scene replayed itself in Rosa's mind almost nightly, as if it were a movie that she just couldn't walk away from. The call from Jimmy. Waiting for him to come home. The deputy at the door. Identifying the body. The funeral. Even after more than a year, the nightmare was still as vivid as if it had happened yesterday. The doctor had given her some pills?Klonopin, he called them?to help her with the anxiety. They did nothing for the emptiness she felt, but they at least let her sleep. She put one of the blue-gray tablets under her tongue and lay down, trying to think of happier times.

As the drug took effect, Rosa drifted into a fitful state somewhere halfway between asleep and awake. She tried remembering how wonderful it felt when she and Jimmy made love. He was always so gentle yet so satisfying... He would first kiss her softly on the lips, then as they both became more aroused, they would share more and more of the mouth, the tongue. He would gently fondle her small, firm breasts, and slowly walk his fingers down her chest, her stomach, across her navel, then...

Rosa could feel herself becoming moist, and cupped her hand over her mound and began massaging her clit, as closely as she could to the way Jimmy had done for her. As her fingers pressed and circled, she drifted further into a dream. The lover of her memories continued his gentle ministrations as her tongue explored the inner recesses of his mouth, as he did hers. She caressed his growing member and guided it into her, their coupling eased by the combined juices of their arousal. He began with slow, gentle strokes, which gradually increased in both speed and intensity as she tried matching them with her own movements. Faster and faster, as her insides squeezed and pulled at him, and Rosa felt a burning shudder building deep within her. The lovers simultaneously exploded into a beautifully intense, gloriously wet and heart-pounding release, though fleeting it seemed to possess more energy than both bodies combined could produce. A mind-numbing,

tingling-all-over sort of feeling. She'd had a few other men, but Jimmy was the only one who had ever made her feel this way.

This dream somehow seemed more real than usual, the feelings of fullness, the caresses, the movements, the wetness... In fact, Rosa began to think in the back of her mind that she had never felt quite so filled before, even when Jimmy was here and made love to her. She opened her eyes a little, as she had done many times before and had seen Jimmy's familiar, smiling face with an expression of utter ecstasy. The grinning face she saw before her now had that very same expression, and while it was a very familiar face, it was NOT Jimmy's!

"Pablito!," Rosa screamed. "What are you doing? You are a very bad dog!"

She tried pushing the dog off her, but the more she struggled with him, the more tightly he became lodged in her. Rosa had seen dogs mating a few times, and she was aware that they frequently were locked together for a considerable amount of time. She had also seen the enormous bulge that Pablito got sometimes when he was rolling on his back, and he was feeling especially good about himself. She decided that the best thing to do was not to panic, but just wait it out and not risk injuring herself or the dog.

The woman and the dog remained tied for over a half-hour, and though she told herself that she must not enjoy this, Rosa found herself orgasming again and again. They eventually separated, and Pablito padded off to clean himself. Rosa lay there in the chair, battling conflicting feelings. Everything she had been taught told her that what had happened was wrong, a mortal sin. But it felt so wonderful! No, she had done nothing wrong, and Pablito was just an animal, driven by instinct and hormones. It was just an accident, a mistake, he doesn't know any better. She had read in the Bible about 'laying with beasts.' By rights, she and the dog should both be killed... But the beast had taken it upon himself to do this! Rosa considered talking to the Padre about it, but decided she would be too embarrassed and ashamed to admit to such an act.

"¡Dios mio! I guess I'm going to go to Hell, then," she thought.

No, she wouldn't tell the Padre, or anyone else; she would simply keep it a secret. After all, Pablito had probably just taken the opportunity to mount her when she was both aroused by an erotic dream and under the influence of the tranquilizer... he wouldn't try it again, would he? He was a good dog most of the time, a very good dog...

Morning came rather quickly, and Rosa got up and took a shower, then fed Pablito and took him outside to relieve himself. As the dog raised a hind leg to pee against the corner of a retaining wall, Rosa caught herself looking at?no, admiring?his underparts. She winced and shook her head a little in an effort to put the nasty thought out of her mind.

"I am crazy," she thought to herself. "No, I'm just culeco, horny. It has been too long since I have had a man."

She simply dismissed the incident as leftover feelings from what had happened the night before. She let Pablito into the house and left for work.

Rosa worked in a small but very busy office with one other woman. Anita also happened to be one of her best friends. With customers, the phones, and paperwork, Rosa didn't really have time to think about much else, least of all feeling sorry for herself. But during a short break, she found herself thinking once again about what had happened between her and Pablito the previous night. The whole incident seemed unreal, almost like a strange dream. She had very mixed emotions about it; the thought of copulating with an animal was disgusting and perverted, yet the physical sensations

associated with the act were undeniably some of the best and most exciting she had ever experienced. The thought of it brought a smile to her face, though she hoped no one would notice.

“Rosa, you seem very happy today,” Anita observed. “Happier than I’ve seen you in a long time. You got a new boyfriend or something?”

“No, I’m not seeing anyone yet. I was just thinking about a real strange dream I had last night. It was so weird it was kind of funny!”

“What was it about?”

“I dreamed I was making love with Jimmy, and then he turned into a dog.”

Anita made a face. “Eeeww! That’s gross! I hope he turned back into a man. You know, I heard about some girls that really did that, with a dog, I mean.”

“Yeah, me too. They say there’s nothin’ like it, but it’s still pretty crazy, no?”

Anita shrugged. “Whatever floats your boat, I guess.”

Rosa didn’t give it much more thought until several weeks later, when she was getting ready for bed. Pablito jumped up onto the bed as he did almost every night, and Rosa petted him and talked to him. The dog rolled over onto his back, and Rosa began rubbing the short, white fur of his chest. She playfully tickled him, and Pablito rolled from side to side, waving his legs and sneezing as he did. He accidentally swatted Rosa’s hand, sending it away from his chest and toward his lower belly, her fingertips landing on his sheath... Rosa was a bit shocked at first, and was about to snatch her hand away, but the soft, warm skin of Pablito’s belly and sheath felt surprisingly pleasant to the touch. Somehow, the sensation was very familiar; almost like touching Jimmy in the same area, although somewhat warmer and drier. As she caressed him, Rosa noticed that Pablito had become very still. She thought at first that he might be annoyed, but when she turned around his face told her a different story. He was lying quietly, his head tipped back slightly, his eyes half-closed, and his front paws crossed on his chest. His massive jaws gaped open a bit, and his tongue hung out sideways. He looked so silly that Rosa couldn’t help but giggle! This is a bloodthirsty, killer pitbull... right? Pablito raised his head briefly and gave her a rather indignant look, but lay back down?and very deliberately pushed her hand back down to the area that he wanted her to rub.

Rosa did not understand why, but she felt a strong desire to continue gently stroking the dog’s intimate parts. A slight bulge began to form at the base of his sheath, then quickly increased in size. She cupped her hand around it, marveling at the odd shape and texture of the knot. A glistening finger of pink appeared from the opening, and a droplet of clear fluid formed at the tip. Rosa became aware of a tingling feeling and a warm wetness between her thighs. Her body was preparing itself for a man, but the only male nearby was this dog!

Pablito looked up and sniffed the air. The bulge in his sheath shrank very quickly, and he rolled over and jumped to his feet. He nuzzled Rosa, and placed a front paw on her shoulder, wagging his tail briskly as he looked at her with a peculiar expression on his face. Rosa struggled with her conscience; she knew that what she wanted to do was wrong, but with her animal desires... she desired this animal! She had not been thinking clearly the first time she’d coupled with Pablito, she was in a drug-induced state and he had simply taken advantage of the situation. This time she had taken nothing, nor had she been drinking, but contrary to everything she had ever believed or felt before, she wanted him!

“Oh, what the Hell...,” she muttered to herself, as she moved over to the big chair and sat down on

the edge.

Pablito jumped off the bed, trotted over in front of Rosa and stopped a short distance away, as though he was unsure of what was expected of him. She raised her nightgown and spread her legs, and beckoned to the dog to come closer. He lunged forward and pushed his cold, wet nose between Rosa's legs, causing her to jump a little. Pablito licked at her, tentatively at first, then more boldly as he became aroused by the smell and taste of her. A few drops of precum dripped from his sheath and he began humping the air. Rosa gently lifted Pablito's front legs so his paws rested one on either side of her chest while his hind feet remained on the floor. She reached down and wrapped her hand around his sheath, stroking it rapidly as she guided the exposed tip of his penis into her. The dog gripped her tightly around her middle with his front legs and thrust into her with a speed and intensity that no human male could hope to match. He continued pounding away for several seconds until his knot expanded to the point where it locked him inside of her. At about the same instant, Rosa's body was wracked by powerful waves of orgasm, as though it had been building up inside of her for the year or so that she had been alone. Rosa wrapped her arms around Pablito and hugged him tightly against her body as she felt the hot spurts of his juices splashing over her insides. The throbbing bulk of his knot stretching her slightly, and the short, bristly hairs on the end of his sheath tickling her clit combined to bring her to climax repeatedly.

For the better part of an hour, the strange couple were locked together in the chair. Eventually, the contractions and the passion of the physical and emotional release the woman and the dog had shared trailed off. When they finally separated and Pablito had finished licking them both clean, Rosa held him for a very long time, gently stroking his short, soft coat, kissing him on the forehead and muzzle, and talking softly to him. She had never had a human lover who could satisfy her like this, not even Jimmy. Though she meant no disrespect to Jimmy's memory, she very much needed this release. She no longer thought of it as nasty or dirty; it had been wonderful, but she would have to keep it a secret. Such things did happen, but they were only whispered about. Rosa had no idea how her family and friends would react, but if Anita's reaction to the description of the "dream" was any indication, she didn't want to find out. Perhaps some day she would take another man, maybe even remarry. But she would never forget Jimmy, of course, and his memory was still much too strong right now to even consider another man. So for the time being, Pablito the pitbull would fill the physical part of the role of Rosa's lover. And he would do it very well.