

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



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Sally lies beneath her Labrador dog and moans and throbs all over. Her body has never tingled so much in her life. She doesn't know what to think. It has been thrilling. But it has been scary for a minute, too. She gazes up at her dog Hart. He doesn't have that threatening look on his face anymore. He is just old Hart again, panting, and friendly and happy. Sally hears a short gasp. She opens her eyes wide and jerks stiffly, and gazes down the length of the bed toward the door. It's open. Kirsty stands there, her eyes staring and wide.

"Kirsty?" Sally squeaked. "What are you doing here?"

"Oh, Sally," Kirsty moans, still staring. "Sally, you fucked Hart. I knew you would. I just knew it."

"What are you doing in my house," Sally cries again.

Kirsty's head jerks slightly, and her expression returns to near normal. "I, well, I come in all the time, Sally, you knew that. Just the way you come to my house. Sally, come on, it's all right. We're friends, remember? Best friends."

"You weren't supposed to know I was home."

"But I do. I saw your mom driving past our house, and she told me you were home. I called, but you didn't answer, and then I knew what you were going to do here all alone with Hart. I just knew it."

"And you come over to catch me?" Sally cries.

She pushes at Hart. He gets off her readily and sits on the bed, and licks his red, stiff cock. Kirsty stares into the vee of Sally's thighs. She sees the thick wads of sperm and pussy juice foaming from her slippery hole. She sucks in her breath and clamps her hand over her pussy, squeezing it through the tight shorts she wore. She does it as if unaware of doing it. Sally clamps her thighs shut and covers her cunt with her hand.

"Don't stare at me, Kirsty," she pleaded.

"Ooh, Sally. I didn't come over here just to catch you. I didn't. I come over to join you." She sticks her head through the doorway and calls down the hall. "Hunter. Here, Hunter."

There's the clatter of paws on the hall floor and the panting sound that is so familiar to Sally. Then Hunter rounded the corner in a blur of deep-red russet and saw Hart and barks in greeting. They're old friends. Hart barks back and jumps off the bed to go up and sniff noses with Hunter. They begin to romp and play together. Kirsty comes to the bed and sits on the edge of it. She gazes earnestly at Sally.

"Oh, Sally, my pussy's on fire. You don't know what it looked like to see Hart fucking you that way. Ooh." She shivers, squeezing the sides of her breasts with her arms.

Sally gazes at her. The feelings of a little while ago, when she didn't give a damn about Kirsty, begin to pass. She peers into the girl's lap, where the tight shorts pinch around the puffy meat of her pussy. She imagines the way her pussy had looked yesterday, the way it smelled and tasted and was so silky against her tongue and lips.

"Ooh, Kirsty. I'll put the fire out in your pussy for you. Is that what you want? Did you want me to eat your pussy for you again?"

Kirsty sucks in her breath and squeezes her cunt, spreading her thighs wide so that she can cup it firmly. "If you wanna, Sally," she moans. "But that wasn't why I came over. I brought Hunter with me. I knew you were going to fuck Hart. I thought... I thought we could both do it. Ooh, as soon as I saw your mom go by, I got so hot I nearly let Hunter fuck me at home, and then I thought how much more fun it'd be if we could do it together."

"Where's Kyle today?" Sally asks, meaning Kirsty's boyfriend. "I thought you liked to have his cock drilling your pussy."

"We fought yesterday after you left," Kirsty said, her voice petulant, her mouth pouting.

Sally gazes at her hopefully. All trace of the earlier indifference for Kirsty vanished, and her heart pounds. "You did? What about? About me? Fuck, I don't wanna make you break up or anything."

Kirsty stares at her. "That's a lot of bull. You hate Kyle," she said and smiled. "But it wasn't about you. He was sore because I made Hunter fuck him in the ass while he was fucking me. The ass. He deserved it," she said firmly.

Sally agreed. But she doesn't say so. She watches her friend squeeze at her pussy. Hart and Hunter romped back into the room and opened their mouths at each other, trying to chew playfully at each other's muzzles, tails wagging, forepaws clawing through the air gently.

"Hunter licked my pussy last night. I wanted him to fuck me, too, but I was afraid to try it. I thought—" Kirsty licks her lips and squeezes her pussy again. "Ooh, Sally, I'm so hot. I wanna try it. How was it with Hart? God, the way you yelled through the house, I thought someone was *murdering* you."

The word was sobering. It made Sally remember the feeling of the first time Hart raped her in the backyard two weeks ago. But the way her body hummed right now feels wonderful.

"Why don't you find out for yourself?" Sally said smiles.

She reaches for Kirsty. She pulls the knit blouse from the waistband of the shorts and lifts it on her body. The tips, sweet ends of Kirsty's breasts come into view. Sally bends forward and sucks the end of one into her mouth, compressing her lips around the firm flesh, flipping the suddenly spike nipple with the tip of her tongue.

"Ooh, God," Kirsty moans, cupping the back of Sally's head, arching her spine so that the breast fits more firmly between her lips. "I'm so hot. I've been hot all day."

Sally takes her mouth away and lifts the blouse over Kirsty's head. The firm breasts bob freely and beautifully. She doesn't want either of the dogs to fuck her sweet body. But she licked her lips and undid the fastenings at the waist of the shorts. Kirsty fairly trembles with excitement and anticipation. She stands, pushes the shorts and her panties down, then rolls them over her hips and the round swells of her pert ass. Her red bush puffs out from her mound, and her pussy lips are apart, bloated and damp.

Sally reaches forward again and passes her hand over the sweet cunt. "Ooh, let me lick it, Kirsty," she said huskily. "Let me suck you off."

She wraps her arms around Kirsty's hips and ass and pulls her middle toward her face. Her tongue comes out and laps up the silky groove of her pussy, and flavor burst through her senses.

"Ooh, Sally." Kirsty moans. "God. That feels good."

"Let me, oh, let me."

"Later, Sally. Oh, later. I've got my heart set on dog sex. My pussy's just twitching for it."

Sally backs away beneath the gentle pressure of Kirsty's hand against her forehead. She feels crushed. But she knew there was nothing she could do but comply. Her chance had come anyway. If Kyle would only stay out of the picture, then Kirsty would be hers. And they can fuck the dogs together, and then she can suck that sweet, wonderful pussy, and then maybe, just maybe, Kirsty would be hers.

"Ooh, God, I'm getting hot again," she moans, squeezing her thighs together.

She thought of Kirsty's sweet mouth on her pussy. The wildest dream of all. She shudders as if she'd had a small orgasm just from her thoughts.

"Hunter. Ohhh, Hunter. Come here, Hunter," Kirsty moans softly, sitting on the bed again, spreading her legs wide so that her pussy sucks open.

Hunter stops playing with Hart and glances around at his mistress. Kirsty snaps her fingers and the big Irish pants and comes toward her. Hart stands and watches. Hunter goes between her thighs and pants up at her. Kirsty runs her hand through her wet meat and lets him sniff her fingers. He licks them. Hart's ears cocked, and he comes forward to watch, giving Sally a winking look and then cocking his ears again as he watches Hunter sniff at Kirsty's open pussy.

Hunter's tail wagged. He sticks his nose into the damp vee of Kirsty's thighs and sniffs at her pussy. He licks his chops and remembers the flavor from last night. He licks out at her cunt and runs his tongue up the silky groove.

"Ooh, Hunter." Kirsty moans. "That's it, boy. Lick it."

Sally watches the Irish Setter lap. She sucks in her breath. His tongue just flopped over the puffy cunt. He keeps wagging his tail, lifting his head, looking around at Hart, and barking softly. In a moment, Hart came forward and nudged Hunter's muzzle away from the quivering cunt. His experienced tongue slithered out and squirreled all over Kirsty's split pussy and then drills into her sopping cunt.

"Ahhhh. Eeeee, God." Kirsty cries. "Sally. He's eating me alive. Ooh, Christ, what a cunt-licker."

Hunter's droopy ears lift, and his head cocked. He watches Hart intently. Then Hart backs away. The two dogs gaze at each other. Sally can have sworn they are communicating. Hunter came forward and imitated Hart, making his tongue slither, dip, lap, roll, and drill. Kirsty sucks in her breath repeatedly, gasping hard.

"Ah. Ah. Wonderful. Hunter. God. Just like Hart."

Sally's eyes widened, and she gazes at her Labrador with disbelief. But she'd seen it happen. He'd taught Hunter how to lick cunt. She swirls her hand over her pussy and moans with sudden heat.

"Kirsty, turn around. Get on your knees and lean over the bed. Ooh, stick your ass out and let Hart show Hunter how to fuck you."

Kirsty shivers and jerks all over. She holds Hunter's sleek head in her hands and keeps his muzzle glued to her pussy. His head turns and twists in her hands as he makes his tongue slither in and out and lick her pussy clean.

"Ah. Ahhhh. I'm gonna cum. God, I can't believe it. I thought Kyle was good. He stinks compared to this. God. Ooh."

"No, don't cum yet," Sally cries. She gets off the bed beside Kirsty. She gets on her knees and thrusts her ass out behind her. "Hart. Come fuck my ass, Hart. Ooh, show Hunter how to fuck."

Sally hadn't wanted a dog to fuck Kirsty's sweet pussy in the past. But now she does. If she thought Hunter licked her cunt so much better than Kyle did, then maybe Hart could teach him to fuck her much better also. And then Kyle is out of the picture and her way for good.

"Up, Hart, up," she cries, shaking her ass back at her watching dog.

Hart howled and hurried toward her. He leaped up over her butt and grips her hips and waist with his paws, just the way he had with her mom last night. His hips buck and pumps and his cock stole from his sheath until fully tapered and exposed. Sally moans with sudden heat. It isn't the same as being fucked from the front. It's more feral, more exciting. Hot fur covers her ass and sends sensation tingling through it.

Hunter lifts his sleek head and gazes over at Hart. He cocked his ears and whimpers, and his cock came bounding out of its sheath and throbs beneath his belly.

"Ooh don't stop licking. Hunter, lick my pussy. Ooh." Kirsty groans, swirling her hand over her trembling pussy.

"Get on your knees, Kirsty." Sally moans. "Oh, I could feel his cock. Ah, it stabs into my butt. No, lower, Hart-lower and to the right."

She arches her spine and elevates her pussy. Her cunt split wide apart. Juice drips from her lips and falls to the floor. Her clit strains outward from the top of her cleft and throbs heatedly. Hart's prick tip poked, prodded, and sought her sweet, silky pussy. The tapered lance stabs into her slippery cunt lips and then funnels into her cunt for a long stroke.

"Ahhh, yes," Sally cries, lifting her head.

"Sally. Ooh, he's fucking you. I can see it. God. I want that." Kirsty slid off the bed and knelt beside Sally. She pushes her ass out at Hunter and moans, spreading her legs wide apart. "Up, Hunter. Fuck my ass."

Hunter gazes at her weaving butt. His tail swished over the floor. He gazes at Hart and then at Sally. His cock jerks and throbs. He mounted Kirsty's ass and bucked forward with his hips, licking at the air with his long tongue at the same time. Hart gazes over at him and barks softly as if telling him to pay attention and do it right. His cock is a foot from Kirsty's pussy. Hunter keeps pumping at the air, pulling back on Kirsty's hips and waist with that human-like grip. Hart slips his cock from Sally's cunt and drops down. He gave a short growl to Hunter and nudged him out of the way again, making him dismount from Kirsty's butt.

The girls both gazes with utter astonishment as Hart hops up on Kirsty's flaring ass and pulls himself tightly against it.

"It's unbelievable." Sally cries softly. "He's actually teaching Hunter."

"Ooh, yes, teach him, teach him, Hart. Fuck my ass. God, oh, God."

Hart pumps and jerks. His cock is wet with Sally's cunt juice, and it shines redly in the light. He stabs and jerks, and then Kirsty lifts her head and bleats.

"Yeah, he's fucking me. God. It's a big cock. Ooh, Sally. It's big."

She clutched at the bedcovering with her nails, bunching the material in claw-like fingers. Her neck stretched forward, and Sally could see the cords and veins stand out and pulse.

"Ah. Ahhhhh." Kirsty moans.

She shakes her butt backward. Her pussy sucks and pulls at the big cock running in and out of it. Her cunt flowed and became completely sodden with sweet, slippery juices. Just as it was clear that she would orgasm explosively, Hart drops from her ass and barks at Hunter. Hunter prances and barks back, then hops up on Kirsty's butt again. He doesn't fool around this time. He drove right into her cunt with his big cock and fucks her rapidly, covering her ass cheeks with his red, hairy belly.

Hart trotted back to Sally and jumped up on her. His cock finds her pussy right away. The two dogs fuck and fuck, and the girls gaze at each other and moaned heatedly.

"Ooh, I can't believe it." Kirsty cries. "Sally, it's wonderful. He just pumps and pumps. God, it's like a fucking machine."

"I know, I know. Ooh, Kirsty, is it better than Kyle? Can Hunter fuck you better than Kyle?"

"Ooh. Ahhhhh." Kirsty moans, opening her mouth wide.

Her eyes roll. She couldn't answer. Kirsty doesn't even want to answer. There isn't any need to. The answer is clear. Her whole body convulsed and jerked and spasmed. Hunter's paws grip her tightly, and his ass dove inward as he sank his cock into her pussy to the limit, fucking his sheath halfway in between her bloated, drooling lips beside. Kirsty's head shakes. Her breasts swell. Her nipples sprouted and spiked into the bedding. She opened her mouth again and let a cry roll out of her throat, long and wailing.

"I'm cumming," Kirsty squeals.

Hunter growls softly and laps at the air with his long tongue. He shudders. His tail stopped wagging. He pumps into her cunt and seems to jitter. His balls drew up and throbbed, and his big load squirted hotly into the depths of Kirsty's cunt.

"Filling me. Ooh, Hunter's stuck. Sally, his knot is stuck inside me. Ahhhh, I'm gonna cum again."

She was so excited she did, thrashing and churning, her pussy sucking and pulling at the swollen cock and knot in her pussy. Sperm shoots backward from her pussy and drools along Hunter's sheath. Hart growls suddenly. It's as if he'd been waiting for his pupil to do the job right before letting go himself. Then he lunges forward and makes his cock throb and pulse and squirt into Sally's writhing cunt, flooding the slippery, silky tunnel until she couldn't hold it all. Her head lifted, and she bleated again, singing out her orgasm along with Kirsty.

Neither one of them notices the figure that comes into the doorway and stands watching the orgy.

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"Well. God, I knew it. I just knew you were going to fuck my Hart," a mature female voice said.

"mom?" Sally cries, the word more a gasp than a cry of alarm.

She gazes at her mom and shudders out the last pulse of her strong orgasm.

"Mrs. Lane." Kirsty cries. "Oh, my God."

Kirsty looked ready to cry. She shouldn't have. Mary Lane moans and comes into the bedroom, already running the zipper of her dress down her back.

"I knew you two girls were up to something yesterday. Ooh, Kirsty, you've brought Hunter over. How wonderful. God, move over, girls. Hart, baby. Come fuck Mommy too." Mary strips naked. She doesn't take her pantyhose off. She slipped the garment below her knees and hobbled over to the bed, climbing on top of it. "Ooh, what a lovely scene to come home to. Now we can all have fun together. Now there are no more secrets between us, are there?"

"There weren't any secrets, Mom," Sally said.

"Hart is my secret. But now I don't have to keep him secret anymore. Not from you. Isn't he a wonderful fucker? Ooh, if your father could only fuck like that. Ohhh, come to Mommy, Hart."

Mary opened her legs as far as she could. It's not far enough to suit her. She lifts her knees and strips the pantyhose off, making herself nude. The girls watch her. The older woman's breasts jiggle and bounce. They're as firm and youthful as the girls.' Her ass cheeks are as round and tight, too. She swirls her hand over her pussy and makes her pubes spread with the bloating of her cunt lips. Hart yips softly and jumps up onto the bed, his tail wagging fast and happily.

"Ooh, Hart. I hope you're not all fucked out. Did Sally's hot little pussy drain your big cock dry, sweetie?"

Mary wrapped her arms around Hart's neck and hugged him tightly to her. She lifts her head and kisses the side of his muzzle, her lips parts, hot breath puffing between them.

"Mom," Sally moans, watching it.

Sally looked at Kirsty. Kirsty seems enthralled. Her mouth hangs open, and her eyes are big and staring. Hart lifts his head and turns it toward Hunter. He barks softly, and Hunter's tail wags. He sniffs around the foot of the bed a moment, then puts a paw on it. He glances at Kirsty as if for permission. He gets it from Hart in the form of another bark. Hunter hops up on the bed and hovers around Mary's spread pussy, on the other side of her body from where Hart is. He pants excitedly, and his cock thrust from his red sheath. Mary sucks in her breath. She looked at the two dogs. She let out a soft moan. Mary glances at the two girls and then at the dogs again.

"Both of them..." Mary whispers shakily. "Ooh, both of them."

Kirsty and Sally looked at each other. Kirsty licks her lips and swallows. She put her hand to her pussy and shakes it, thinking nothing of doing it in front of Sally's mom. Mary wraps her arm around Hunter's neck too. She licks her lips and puffs uncontrollably, her chest heaving up and

down, her breasts bobbing with the movement.

"Mom?" Sally said again, her tone questioning, a little startled.

"Ooh, yes. Yes. Can Hunter fuck, Kirsty? Have you taught him as well as I've taught Hart?"

"Hart taught him, Mrs. Lane," Kirsty moans.

Mary smiles and kisses Hart open-mouthed again. "You wonderful, smart doggie." she cries.

Sally shivers. She tried not to make a face, but she couldn't help it.

"Mrs. Lane," Kirsty starts. "How can you do it with both of them?"

Mary moans. She jiggles her hand over her pussy again and lets out a quivery moan. "Does Hunter like to lie on his back, Kirsty? Some dogs don't mind it. Does he? Have you fucked him that way?"

"I... It's the first time Hunter's fucked me, Mrs. Lane," Kirsty moans, getting the picture now.

Her asshole smolders suddenly, throbbing and throbbing. She moans and looks at Sally.

"Mom?" Sally says again.

"Hart likes it," Mary said, puffing. "Ooh, Hart, get on your back, darling. Mommy's gonna get on top of you this time."

She rolls on the bed and urges Hart onto his back. He doesn't protest. He licks his chops, and his paws are stuck up in the air. Hunter looked at him and cocked his head. Then he lies down on the bed and rolls over the way Hart is doing.

"What a pupil." Mary laughs. "Hunter, get up. Kirsty?"

"Up, Hunter," Kirsty calls to him.

Hunter twists and gets to his feet again, wagging his tail sheepishly. He sits down and watches, confusion all over his face. Mary moans and gets to her knees. She put her hand over her cunt-mound. She reached down with her other hand and massaged Hart's bulging sheath. His scarlet cock jerks quickly out and throbs. The girls watch her wrap her fingers around the hard stalk and jack it for him until he groans in the back of his throat.

"Oh, mom," Sally groans too.

Mary keeps jacking Hart. "Ooh, my Hart's all fucked out. His cock's only a little stiff. Sally, how many times has your greedy little pussy fucked him."

"Mom..."

Mary doesn't demand an answer. She bends over. The girls both moaned. They watch her mouth open, her red, full lips part. They watched as her tongue appeared between them. Then they watched her face go down against Hart's belly, and her lips wrap around the tapered stalk of his cock and suck it deeply into her mouth.

"Oh, God, mom..." Sally moans.



Hart licks his chops and wriggles. His paws flailed the air gently. He groans deep in his chest again. Hunter sits and watches and twists his head back and forth. His cock jerks and throbs from his sheath, and he dips his head beneath his belly to lick the throbbing shaft. Mary sucks Hart's cock for a long time. At last, she pulls back and tosses her blonde hair over her shoulder, and smiles, licking her lips.

"His cock tastes like pussy juice," she said, smiling at her daughter. "Babe, you're going to have to take it easy on him. If we're both gonna fuck him, we'll have to share fairly. He's getting a little too old for seven times a day anymore."

Mary giggled and shook her pussy up and down again, letting her fingertip slide along her wet, throbbing groove and circle her clit.

"Seven, mom?" Sally moans.

"I used to. I swear I did. Think of it, Sally. Seven hard fucks a day. What man could keep up with that? Could Kyle, Kirsty?"

"Gosh, no." Kirsty moans.

"I'll bet he couldn't even fuck as well as Hunter just once, could he?"

Kirsty lowered her eyes and flushed.

"Come on, I know he's fucked you. I even know he's fucked, Sally. Yesterday. Isn't that what happened yesterday, Sally? You had a big party over at Kirsty's, the three of you?" Mary looked at Sally.

"The four of us," Kirsty laughs, jiggling her pussy too.

"That's what I thought," Mary said.

She moans suddenly. Her clit throbs from her slit. She circles it with the tip of her finger one more time and then straddles Hart, centering her spread, dripping pussy over his sheath and straining cock. She lowered her hips. She makes her ass stick out behind. She wagged it and looked at Hunter.

"Kirsty, make him fuck me," Mary moans.

The woman reaches down and holds Hart's tapered, slippery cock in her hand. She angled it upward. Hart groans and twists and his cock throbbed. She squats over the lancing tip. Mary guides the thick organ into her pussy and sits fully on it, making it sink into her cunt. She manipulated her clit one more time and lifted her head and groaned heatedly.

"Ooh, make him fuck my asshole, Kirsty," Mary shouts. "I want them both at once."

Her nose wrinkles. Her eyes squint. Sally looked at her mom and nearly gagged. "God, mom. God." Sally choked suddenly.

Mary doesn't seem to notice. She makes her butt weave and toss. Kirsty moans and hurries behind her. She looked at the throbbing asshole and the dripping pussy stuffed with scarlet dog-cock. She reaches out for Hunter and gets him around behind Mary's ass. She urges him to nuzzle the round, weaving butt. Hunter looks at it, licks into the deep crack, and makes Mary gasp, moan, and quiver.

Her pussy sucks around the hard cock inside it. Mary's asshole sucks in and out.

"Guide him, Kirsty. Take his cock in your hand and point it right into my asshole. Ooh, hurry, hurry." Mary moans silently.

Sally watches her mom's wanton lust, the expression on her face. It's suddenly too much, all too much. She was kissing a dog with your mouth open as if you were going to French him. Sucking his cock between your lips. Fucking two of them at once. It's all too much. She stands and backs away from the bed. It doesn't help. Even from a distance, it was still too much. She watches Kirsty bend, her breasts dangling, her sweet pussy dripping a load of sperm Hunter had flooded into it. Her nose wrinkles again.

She had sucked that pussy. Sally had licked all the juice from it and had wanted more. She wanted to suck it again just a little while ago. Sally doesn't want to suck it now. The girl watches Kirsty's eager expression. Sally looked at the flare of Kirsty's ass and then at her mom's ass. She watches Hunter mount the round butt, covering it with red fur.

Sally watches Kirsty's fingers reach beneath his belly and touch his cock, the way she'd done it yesterday. A little shiver runs through Kirsty's body as she feels the iron-hard cock again. She wraps her little fingers around it and has to jack it up and down, just the way she'd watched Mary do it to Hart. She stands at the farthest point of the room just long enough to watch aim the tapered tip toward her mom's throbbing asshole.

Mary shouts, "Ahhhhh, yes. Both of them. Ooh, two big, beautiful dog pricks fucking into me at once."

"Me next, Mrs. Lane. Me next." Kirsty cries heatedly, running one hand along Mary's body and swirling the other over her steaming young pussy.

The dogs humped and fucked. Mary twisted her body and sucked the two pricks into her greedy holes. If there'd been a third dog there, she would have sucked it off and swallowed the hot, jetting sperm from the tapered tip.

Sally just knew she would.

Her mom.

Her best friend, Kirsty.

"Oh, God..." Sally moans softly, spinning around and fleeing the room.

She runs down the hallway. Her stomach churns. She wants to be sick. She staggered to the living room and leaned against an end table. Sally sucked air into her lungs over and over. She could hear her mom squealing and moaning. Taking two big dog cocks into her body at the same time.

*'It can't be happening,' she thought. 'Not mom too. It's gross.'*

The girl goes to the laundry and grabs clean clothes from the dryer. After getting dressed, she got her car keys and left her best friend and mother to their perversions. She doesn't know where she's going, but she needs time to think. Sally wonders if her mom set her up so Hart could rape her two weeks ago. It seems obvious now she thinks about it.

*'My mom. My mom did this,'* is all she can think as she drives away. Her mom inserting herself at

that moment was just a step too far for Sally.

*The End.*