

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Brenda and Liz became best friends shortly after high school. They graduated in the same class but did not know each other very well at the time. Once they both ended up in the working world, employed at the same firm and with no other friends to socialize with, they began going to clubs together. The plan was to share cab fare, show up together and sit at the same table until they met eligible men. From there they would go their own ways. More often than not that meant they ended up sharing cab fare home as well.

Usually they ended up at one or the other's home after a night of drinking and dancing. Neither Brenda nor Liz understood why they didn't end up with guys, and neither cared to analyze the state of affairs. Drunk and horny, the girls were content to sit watching TV or music videos and discuss the night's prospects or lack thereof. So it was the night that changed both their lives.

"He actually had the nerve to ask me to lift up my hem right there on the dance floor," Brenda said as they mixed drinks. The girls and Brenda's boxer Sonny settled into the living room.

"And you didn't?" Liz said with mock surprise on her face. She sat on the couch and sipped her drink.

"I didn't have panties on," she said.

"Oh?" Liz raised her eyebrows. "Then you don't have undies on now, right?"

Brenda shook her head as she drank from her glass. Still standing, she watched her companion lift her arms as if to say *Well, prove it then*, and smirked back at her. The brunette set her glass down on the coffee table. Hands now free, Brenda pinched the hem of her short, sleeveless dress and lifted it to display her nakedness.

Liz lifted her glass in a toast.

"You should have done it," she said.

"I would have been kicked out!"

"No way." The blonde made a show of looking her friend over more closely. "Nothing indecent about that. Flat tummy, shaved legs, nicely trimmed bush. You'd have been the bell of the ball." It was all true. Brenda kept her pussy neatly trimmed so none of her dark hair showed beyond the edges of her bikini crotch. Liz's own puss was fine and lightly colored enough as to be scarcely noticeable, and just for fun sometimes helped a strand or two escape the confines of her bathing suit.

"What do you think," Brenda asked, turning as if to model her outfit. "Too much?"

"Yes. Too much, I'd say. Take some more off!" Liz was playing, drunk enough not to care and horny enough to get a kick out of being raunchy.

"Well," the brunette said, her fingers toying with the buttons at the front of the front of the dress' bodice. "I'm not wearing a bra either." Privately she had been nurturing the idea of being intimate with Liz. It might be a fun way to spend what seemed to be a dry spell for both of them. Not wanting to lose a friend in the process, she was afraid to mention the subject. She didn't know Liz well enough to know how she might react. The present moment, however, seemed promising.

The blonde did not object when Brenda began undoing the front of her dress. She sipped her drink

and paid casual attention to her companion. When Brenda dropped the dress from her shoulders the other woman leaned back in the cushions.

"Mmm, I think we should both get naked. I don't know about you, honey, but I'm so fucking hot I could masturbate right here."

The brunette blushed, stepped out of her dress and lifted her glass. "I'll drink to that," she said.

She sat down next to Liz, and the blonde moved to make more room than Brenda wanted between them. The other woman did sigh contentedly, however, and that was a good sign. Brenda sipped at her drink, trying not to show too much interest in her friend unbuttoning her blouse.

Liz had small, firm tits, so her bra was small, pink and flimsy. Under her white Capris she wore a matching thong. These came off before she sat back down, and once naked Liz immediately began to pet her pussy.

"Mmmm, yes, that's what I need," she said aloud.

Brenda turned a bit to face her friend. "Yeah, that's it baby."

"If you want something done right, I guess you just have to do it yourself."

"You got that right," Brenda said, sliding a hand into her own crotch.

Sonny had been laying in the middle of the carpet, but the familiar loving sound of his mistress's voice perked him up. Raising his head he saw both humans were without clothes. While this did not mean anything to him, the newness of the situation made him curious. Standing, the canine walked closer to the couch and the naked humans on it.

Brenda ignored him. He had never been an object of sexual desire to her. The thought simply never occurred to her. Sonny sniffed her feet and knees, then turned his attention to the other female. There were intriguing odors rising from both humans, but the way the blonde's hind legs were splayed not only let them rise more freely into the air, but the posture seemed an inviting one. He stepped forward and sought the source of the fragrance with his snout.

None of this escaped Liz's notice. She felt a surge of arousal at the animal's interest. Without acknowledging the thought, the blonde wondered if a beast's attention was just what she needed. She lifted one hand from her cunny lips and patted him on the head.

"Hi, there, boy," she greeted him. "Brenda didn't tell me you had an interest in women. I bet you know how to please a hot bitch, don't ya."

A bit taken aback by the turn of events, Brenda took Liz's empty glass and stood.

"You two go ahead and get better acquainted. I'll make fresh drinks." She thought she might need it if the night was going to progress like this.

"Good idea," Liz said off handedly, her attention on Sonny. Experimenting, she pried her labia open with fingers of both hands and waited to see if the dog was interested. Sonny's head raised as his mistress left the room, but the aroma of the nude human before him held his most basic interests. With her friend out of the room Liz was even less inhibited. Her fingers went to work earnestly trying to produce vaginal lubricant.

Even now a spot of moisture seeped into her vulva from within. Poking and twirling her finger heightened her arousal and always coaxed a liberal flow of cunny cream, and it did not disappoint her now. The deeper she wiggled her finger the more goop she could scoop out. Soon the sensitive flesh of her gash glistened with the stuff. Excess drooled over her anus. Patting her inner thigh with her free hand, the blonde called the dog to her.

"Some on, Sonny. Come to Lizzy. That's a boy. How does that smell, Huh?" The thrill or arousal grew rapidly when the woman saw the animal stepping closer, reaching toward her with his nose. Her fingers spread her leakage all over her pussy, soaking the fine tendrils of hair that scarcely hid her slit. "That's it boy. I bet it tastes even better than it smells." As if the canine understood her words, Sonny whipped out his tongue, flicking it across the human's genitals.

The nude woman looked around to see whether the brunette had returned yet, egging the dog on. She spread her legs wider, took a final swipe of her cooze with both hands then pulled them away to allow Brenda's pet free access. Sonny took another lap, and the blonde sighed helplessly.

"Oh, shit. I'm in trouble now. Oh yes, that's it baby. Lick Lizzy's hot cunny. If you only knew how badly she needs it." She watched the animal lick her pussy hungrily. It did occur to her that it was a lurid vision, the boxer's wrinkled, stubby face bobbing between her naked thighs, his tongue flashing up along her labial crease. Lizzy made herself keep looking, not caring a bit that she debased herself, perhaps even thrilled by the perversity of the act.

It's a good thing she was not alone with the animal. There was little doubt in her mind — or body — that she would dare explore how far a canine might go with a human. This part sure was feeling good.

The young blonde closed her eyes to enjoy the sensation. Sonny's tongue was finding its way between her slick labia, seeking the source of the delicious secretion oozing from somewhere deep inside. *Yes, Liz cried silently, There's more, boy, deeper. Go get it.* Even hearing the clink of ice in glasses, Lizzy could not bring herself to push Sonny away.

The dog noted his mistress' entrance, though, and backed away from the naked human, afraid he had taken improper liberty. Liz opened her eyes and looked up at Brenda with a sheepish grin and weak shrug of bare shoulders. The brunette handed her a glass and sank into the cushions beside her friend.

"It hurts to see your best friend in such need," she said, her gaze steadily taking her companion's nude form in. It could well be the only time she had the chance to see Liz completely naked, and wanted to remember it well. The blonde hadn't adjusted her posture a bit, still slouched low with her legs splayed. *You're such a slut when you're drunk, Liz,* she thought to herself. *I could get to love you like this.*

"Well," the blonde said thickly, "You take what you can get." She smiled coyly, a mischievous twinkle in her eye.

Brenda guessed this might be her only chance. Liz might take deep offence if Brenda suggested intimacy, but so far the conversation came off as playful banter. An inappropriate remark could be laughed off between friends. It was now or never, so she had better take it. "But friends should help each other, don't you think?"

"Sonny was pretty good," the other girl teased.

"A woman knows what a woman wants," the brunette said, sliding her free hand over Liz's bare arm. Her heart pounded loudly in her chest.

"Well," Lizzy said with false reluctance, "If you think you know what I need, let's see what you can do for me."

Brenda's hand caressed the blonde's shoulder, then moved downward, cupping a breast. *A bird in the hand*, was all she could think of. Would Lizzy let her make love to her, or was she just seeing how far Brenda was willing to go? It didn't matter now, the brunette thought. Now she intended to go all the way. Caressing her friend's slight handful of mammary flesh, Brenda took a last swig of her drink for courage, then set the glass aside.

The brunette crawled back on her knees and bent to her companion's lap. Lizzy purred and opened her legs wider, lifting them to turn her pussy up to Brenda's tongue. Fingers caressed her bare skin, trailing across her lower abdomen, down one ticklish groin and up the other, framing her light pussy. Brenda could smell the odor of urine and vaginal secretions — the fragrance of sex — rising to meet her nose. Her dark head followed to its source.

Time, measured in minutes, was irrelevant. How much passed for Brenda to get her best friend to gasp with occasional pre-orgasmic twinges did not matter. What did was that now she had two fingers buried in the blonde's slick twat, her tongue teasing her swollen clitoris and her free hand in her own crotch, fingers pulling and probing the greasy flesh of her own drooling pussy. Self-gratification, however, was of secondary importance to bringing Lizzy to climax. Finally she found herself where she long imagined herself to be: between the blonde's lovely legs, tasting the vaginal secretions she so often smelled on her after a tight out. Providing her companion with an orgasm she would not soon forget was the best way to insure a mutual relationship.

At first the brunette took no notice of the prodding from behind. Not until the lash of Sonny's rough tongue scraped across her buttocks did Brenda realize her pet's cold nose had homed in on the fragrance of her own cunny dew. The animal's tongue now swiped her fingers, surely tasting the heady nectar.

Brenda pulled her hand from between her thighs, poised to swat behind her if the dog kept trying. Her other hand continued working at Lizzy's puss, fingers stabbing deep while thumb nudged the woman's clit from below, egging the blonde to yet a higher level of arousal. Her naked lover's back arched. A needful cry escaped her lips, and Brenda dipped her face to the hot cooze, her tongue slipping in beside her fingers at the same moment Sonny's slithered into her seeping crease.

Too caught up in the thrill of her own desires, Brenda let the animal's indiscretion pass. Besides, Liz had enjoyed it, hadn't she? How bad could it be, then, and why not find out how nice it might be? Parting her legs farther, the brunette concentrated on the blonde. Urging the woman's legs open wider with her free hand, she tucked a third finger into the splayed twat before her.

Her eyes closed at the stroke of Sonny's tongue through her gash. She gasped when its tip curled into the folds of her genital flesh, and tilted her hips in hopes that the next swipe would scrape over her distended clitoris. When it did she sucked in a lung full of air and rammed her hand at Liz's pussy. The blonde trembled beneath her. The canine tongue again curled into Brenda's cooze, this time poking right into her vaginal opening. With an audible groan she poised for the next lick of dog tongue.

It did not come. Brushing away the disappointment, Brenda twisted her hand in Lizzy's twat. Wiggling her fingers far inside the blonde's vaginal passage, she brought her thumb and little finger

together over the nub of the other woman's clit. Leaning forward, Brenda closed her mouth now over one of the twin brown buttons on her friend's flat chest. The blonde's arms encircled her head, distracting the brunette from her pet's fore paws settling on the cushions on either side of her.

Brenda welcomed the return of Sonny's snout prodding her rear again. She lifted her butt so it would find her cooze again, and it did. In the confusion of orgasms brink, the kneeling woman mistook the penetration as that of her dog's tongue. It wasn't until the animal's hairy haunches slapped the human's upturned rear, driving the swelling tip of canine cock into her vulva, that Brenda understood the reality of her situation.

"Oh, no," she gasped as the hard genital organ pressed farther into her vagina. Goose bumps of fear rose on her flesh. Her cheek hit Sonny's muzzle as she turned to verify what her mind told her. The dog penis inched deeper, and Brenda cried out again. In panic she drew her hand from Lizzy's pussy to fend her pet off.

"No!" the blonde whined, "don't stop." Liz grabbed her lover with both arms, holding the other naked body to hers. "Please don't stop now."

"He's in me," Brenda tried to explain. "His cock is... He's fucking me!" She felt the canine organ slip farther into her twat, filling her fully. Brenda tensed at the pain. Liz's hands held her arms too tightly to push the animal off her back. Pressed against her nude companion she could not pull away from the beast, and she did not dare push back for fear of impaling herself even more.

"Does it hurt, baby?" the blonde asked, finally understanding her lover's dilemma. She released Brenda's arms and tried to reach for the dog's neck.

"It hurts. Oh, god Liz, he's inside me." Brenda clenched her teeth as she felt Sonny's furiously humping hips cycle his veined penis through her cock-pocket. The animal took a step closer and jammed some more. The tip of his erection prodded the brunette's cervix, and the woman screamed.

"I'll get him off, Brenda. Can you get up a little? I need to get out. I can't reach him."

"Oh, Liz, oh god oh! Sonny's fucking me, Liz. Never before... like this... oh baby... fuck me, baby."

The blonde sensed her friend struggles cease. A look at Brenda's face told her she was in ecstasy, perhaps climaxing at that moment. Settling back into her lover's arms, Lizzy found the brunette's hand waiting for her, fingers slipping into her, thumb grazing her clit, igniting her orgasm.

Lost in her private world of passion and desire, Brenda let her boxer's ravaging dick bring her to the edge of climax. She became aware of his expanding knot, and felt a serene sense of security wash over her. His penis had grown to a thickness that stretched the limits of her vagina, and a length that painfully pressed against the deepest recesses of her internal organs, and she was happy for it. Brenda had never know such satisfaction, such consuming pleasure, such need to be copulated.

Then she felt Lizzy quiver beneath her, and knew her girl friend was getting off. Having accomplished her mission of making love to her best friend, Brenda gave herself over to the most intense and longest-lasting orgasm she had ever known. Just when she sensed it waning she felt the gush of Sonny's hot semen fill her insides. Another climax erupted, driving her hard against Lizzy's naked body.

The blonde held her convulsing lover tightly, afraid she might flail right off the couch, leaving her abandoned. She held Brenda until the twitching subsided, until Sonny finally dismounted and spilled the contents of the brunette's unplugged twat onto her bare stomach. It ran slow and thick to her

hips and groins, still warm with body heat, and when Brenda settled more comfortably over her it seemed to be glue binding them together, forever.

They slept there, together on the couch, until late morning. After showering, Brenda went about cleaning up the living room. Liz went home to pack her belongings. By evening the two women were roommates, lovers and Sonny's consummated mistresses. Now, if they went out at all, it was only to tease the men enough to get themselves totally aroused, providing their loving boxer a special treat once they got home.

**The End**