

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Courtney arrived home just before 2:45 p.m., pulling her red convertible into the driveway and shutting off the engine. It was Wednesday, June 4, and Courtney looked forward to summer vacation. A week and a half more of school, and she was done high school forever. Next semester: College. Yeah!

Unlocking the front door, she complained: "Why is it so hot? It's too freaking hot for June."

She sighed, bracing for the first kiss of cold air on her face. She loved that her mom kept the house the same temperature as the refrigerator. Of course, that wasn't true. Maybe it was five degrees warmer.

"Bruno?" She needn't have called out. Bruno was right there, energetically thumping his tail and making happy dog noises inside the foyer. "Did you miss me, butch?" she teased, knuckling between his ears. "Of course you did," she answered. "Good doggie."

She dropped her backpack beside the door, set the alarm, and strode off toward the kitchen with Bruno in tow. He wanted outside, and Courtney let him out the back door, remembering to key in the code just in time. She freed herself a Diet Coke from the refrigerator and popped it open as Bruno scratched to be let back in.

"Here you go," she said, tossing him a Milkbone doggie biscuit. Catching it on the fly, he wolfed it down and waited for more. "Pig," she accused. Bruno barked indignantly. "Well, you are," Courtney admonished. "You'd eat effing anything, wouldn't you?"

Later, Courtney would consider how ironic those words turned out to be. Bruno followed her upstairs.

Close the blinds, she told herself. Crossing the room, she stood before the window and eyed the house across the street. Two nights ago, she had caught her pudgy eighth-grade neighbor watching her window through binoculars. She suspected this had gone on awhile, regretting her lack of awareness now, big time. She undressed in front of the window all the time during the day, sometimes in the evenings before it got dark, and more than once where pervy pudge-boy maybe got a good look at her body.

"Fuck," she muttered irritably. Closing the blinds, she stripped off her school clothes and tossed them on the chair.

Courtney was tall, lithe, and very pretty. She had blue eyes and long blonde hair. Guys at school bothered her all day. It worried her that sometime soon, a boy would get her alone at a party, get his hands on her bare breasts, maybe get a blowjob from her-her first-and slip a hand down her panties for a good finger slicking. She hated that term, and the idea, wincing at the thought. Boys were such pigs.

Now, if Eric Conlon lived across the street, she thought. She laughed, enjoying that idea a lot. Eric Conlon could eye her through binoculars any day of the week.

Eric was the hottest guy in school, captain of the football team, quarterback, star softball pitcher and a forward on the ice hockey squad. He was so buff; he lifted weights every day in the school gym. She loved his car, a banana yellow Camaro with black racing stripes, just like in the movies. And the way it sounded? Oh, my God, she loved the deep-throated rumble of its masculine, V8 engine. She wouldn't mind losing her carefully defended virginity to Eric Conlon, no indeed. In fact, things were

looking up. Just lately, they'd begun chitchatting, both in the hallways between classes, and in the one class they shared, Biology, wouldn't you know it. He'd even suggested they might go out, though Courtney was friends with his girlfriend, Jenna, and that sorta bit the bone.

Courtney turned to the mirror. She had nice boobs, if a little on the small side. It bothered her, eighteen years old and no bigger than she was in middle school. It didn't affect her popularity though-she grinned, remembering her birthday party last month, and hadn't that been fun. Not fun in the language of her mom, either-which made her grin even wider. She'd almost lost her carefully guarded virginity that night.

She took off her bra and regarded herself critically in reflection. She looked like an eighth-grader, she thought, especially from the side, as she stood now. Puffing up her chest didn't help-that only made them look smaller, for God's sake. She expelled her breath noisily. Condemned forever to a size 32B, she thought sadly.

What time was it, anyway? 2:58 p.m., from the numerals on her clock radio. She flopped down on the bed, and then grudging got up again and made it, as she should have this morning, like her mother always told her to. She mouthed silent words, telling Mom what she could do with her instructions. She flopped down again when done, working her way perfectly into the middle, sighing happily. Seven more days of school-and then gone. Awesome.

She clasped her hands, just below her breasts, and sighed. She liked to nap in the afternoon after school, never got the chance, and so loved when events transpired as they had today, giving her the opportunity. Any other day she'd be out with friends, hitting the mall, playing softball, lacrosse, or soccer; maybe bicycling or skating if the weather was good. Almost never could she hope to catch a nap after school. She laughed, so enjoying just laying there.

You should open the blinds, she thought mischievously. Give pudge a fighting chance to see his girl topless. She wondered if, in fact, that had already happened.

In flagrante delicto, she thought, deliciously. Only wait ... her brow furrowed. Didn't that mean... ?

She grinned, imagining catching the dork red-handed. What was the phrase she was looking for, though? Was it French? Maybe it was in flagrante delicto after all. Sighing, she shrugged, thinking she'd write a paper on the subject the coming school year. The difference between...

She drifted off to sleep.

It was ten after four. What had awakened her, she wondered? Lifting her head, she gazed sleepily around the bedroom; spotting Bruno curled up at her bedroom door, tail jerking spasmodically in his sleep. Her trusty watchdog, she thought. Solace, the name she should have given him as a puppy. How old was he now? Eleven, maybe? With Bruno, she had never worried, being home alone. Bruno would sacrifice his life for her in an instant. Bruno loved his momma.

Rising, stretching mightily, listening to her joints snap, crackle and pop, she gave in to the slight urgency of her bladder, padded across the hall to the bathroom, and went pee. She checked the tissue for any blood, nodded contentedly, and dropped it in the bowl. Her period was officially over. No more panty liners. As a matter of fact ... She reached down, stripped the barely spotted liner from her panties, and threw it away. Another week of bothersome cramps out of the way, she thought.

Courtney was clean-shaven, soft as a baby. Well almost. She ought to shower and remove the trace of blond stubble just discernable to the touch from her legs and pubic zone, as her friend Laura called it. Better than cunt, pussy, or clam she thought wryly. Or any of the effing medical terms they had, although she had always liked the word labia. It sounded so, well, intriguing.

She looked at it now, in the mirror, thinking what a wonderful invention it was, the female body. Made, almost exclusively, for the production of helpless babies, ready to go from the ridiculous age of eleven, twelve or thirteen years old. She had become capable at twelve, and was now six years into her fertility years. That was so bizarre. The thought made her touch her tummy, where the action took place, between belly button and groin.

A shiver that broke her out in gooseflesh and made her nipples instantly harden raced down her spine to her toes and back up again.

“Oh, wow,” she muttered, feeling shook apart. She stared in amazement at her pimples on her upper body and the fingertips pointing from her breasts. They were so hard and effing achy. Almost in embarrassment, she rubbed them into submission with the back of her wrists.

Involuntarily, she looked to her right out the bathroom door. Don't you think about this, she scolded herself. What she had in mind was a terrible idea. Telling herself, No, no, no, Courtney, she crossed the hall to her bedroom and approached the window facing the street. Pudge was window watching, she knew this as certainly as her name was Courtney Marie Kendall. That she was eighteen years old and a virgin. She began to tremble as numb fingertips found the white plastic wand and twirled the binds open. Her heart pounded, visible through her chest wall. Her nipples hardened traitorously again and the gooseflesh returned in force.

Oh, fuck, she thought disjointedly. Pudge was at his bedroom window, binoculars to his eyes and, as her blinds opened to reveal her upper body, she watched him go rigid as a statue, then take an involuntary step backward. She watched his blubber shimmy as a shiver ran down his spine.

Caught you. Caught me, she thought hazily. What do I do now? Her subconscious made that decision, slowly raising her right hand with the middle finger extended. Pudge shivered again-Courtney watched him lick his lips and could sense his heart pounding from the surge of adrenalin and testosterone into his bloodstream. Did he have a pudge-hard-on for her, she wondered. It would be a good bet.

Snickering darkly, she waved her fingers and turned sideways to let him observe her in profile. God, she wished her breasts were bigger. Was he disappointed? She never took her eyes off him. Turning back after an interminable fifteen seconds, she smiled wanly, waved her fingers again and spun closed the blinds. Then she began to laugh, and didn't stop laughing for a long time.

You are out of your mind. She perched on the edge of her mattress, slowly shaking her head, wondering what the fuck she'd just done. It was 4:40 now, and her mom would be home in two hours. Her dad was out of town on business-Cleveland? she wondered disconnectedly-so no worries there. Her brother was away at the beach.

Exactly where you should be, she told herself moodily.

Why had she exposed herself to that dork? He was an eighth-grader, for shit's sake, a lard-ball ... he probably beat off in his shorts every night imagining her naked.

Don't be naive: he imagines you a lot more than just nude, Courtney girl. You've given him a thousand blowjobs, taken his cock a thousand times, and given up your anal virginity. She laughed, darkly, shivering in disgust. I would fuck Bruno before I fucked you, she thought angrily.

Bruno would like that, a mirthful voice responded.

I'm sure he would. I'd enjoy it more than fucking that pondscum cocksucker over there. She wondered if he'd ever done that, sucked cock. She wouldn't be surprised.

"God," she moaned. Imagine when you see him, face to face...

She flopped back, an arm over her eyes, grimacing as she imagined his big grin. Thank God, she hadn't been visible below the waist. Alarmed, she lurched up on her elbows, measuring the height of the window to that of her crotch, calculating in arm lengths, telling herself, No way, he couldn't have.

"Fuck!" she exclaimed, flopping back down again. Her pubic zone would almost certainly have been visible through the window. She began to laugh again, forearm over her eyes again, muttering obscenities. Then she gasped as a pair of furry forelegs straddled her thighs and screamed a moment later when the dog's rough, slobbery tongue scraped up the length of her labia and then did it a second time.

"Bruno, no!" she hollered, horrified. She scuttled frantically backward while a surprised Bruno yelped and staggered back from the bed. She gawped, eyes bugged out, every nerve ending in her crotch tingling, heart pounding like a fist against the inside of her ribcage. She panted almost as hard as Bruno.

"Bad boy!" she yelled. "Bruno doesn't do that! Bruno doesn't do that, ever!" Her body was goose fleshed like crazy and why were her stupid nipples hard as rock again!

"Stop that!" she cried distraughtly, rubbing them a second time with the back of her wrists. She was so grossed out. So thoroughly fucking grossed out! Bruno had...

She shuddered, violently. The dog had ... She couldn't make herself form the words.

"Mother-fucking Christ," she muttered disgustedly. "I have to wash myself."

Glaring at the hateful mutt, daring it to move even a hair, Courtney stomped out her bedroom across the hall and into the bathroom, where she grabbed a washcloth from the rack. Soaking it under hot water first, she scrubbed herself mercilessly.

"Fucking dog." She glanced over her shoulder. Why the fuck had he done that? An explanation, one that made her grimace, came to mind. She unwillingly glanced at the trashcan, and then over her shoulder, spotting Bruno sitting pensively in the doorway.

"Don't you effing move!" she ordered.

The washcloth was beginning to chafe and she stopped, dropping it in the sink. Spooling off tissue paper, she patted herself dry, gingerly as her flesh was rubbed red, if not raw. The thought of his leathery tongue between her legs broke out the gooseflesh again. Thank God, pudge-boy hadn't seen that! She leaned against the sink with her head back, breathing through her mouth.

Bruno padded into the bathroom and over to where she stood.

“Don’t you even think about it, asshole.”

It didn’t make sense. She’d been nude in his presence before. He’d never shown even a smattering of interest in her. Was it really the blood, she wondered? She laughed, suddenly aware of all the times Bruno had responded to her menstrual flow, sniffing, butting her rump and thighs, humping her leg, generally being a damned pest. In short, aware, if not overtly interested in her. She laughed, feeling stupid and guilty this time. Kinda serves you right, she thought ironically. She bent and knuckled him between the ears.

“You doggy. Me human. No make puppies with you, Bozo.” Rubbing his flank, she returned to her bedroom and lay down, this time away from the edge, safely down the middle. The thought of what happened made her snicker. Until Bruno laid his chin on the bed and gazed at her with sorrowful black eyes.

“You’re forgiven. Just don’t do it again. I bash you with hammer next time, okay?” She reached over and stroked his head affectionately. She made room for him as he jumped up, plopping down beside her and tucking his paws. He looked at the window, around the room, down at his folded front legs, panting relentlessly. Courtney eyed his long, glistening tongue, still significantly grossed out, wondering uneasily what Bruno had thought was going on there. It was inconceivable that he wanted to hump her. Courtney knew that women did that sort of thing with big dogs-she shuddered again, disgust giving her mouth a just sucked a lemon pucker.

Would Bruno want to hump her? She seriously doubted it, and didn’t care to find out. It was the odor of blood, she told herself, and the presence of hormones, or something like that. Yeah, that was it: hormones. She started when Bruno laid his head across her tummy and rubbed the way only dogs can.

She continued to rub his head. Then, in what she later acknowledged was an act of immense stupidity; she began to slowly twirl her left nipple with the tips of her free fingers. Her breathing slowed, she allowed her eyes to half close and her lips to half open, fantasizing about Eric Conlon and his fantastically muscled upper body. She became aroused, secreting fluids, releasing hormones into her bloodstream, and wafting pheromones that came to the immediate attention of Bruno’s hypersensitive nose. Courtney continued to rub his head and twirl her hard nipples. The inevitable happened.

“What?’ she muttered. Bruno was on his feet and panting in an entirely different manner than before. He leaned down and licked her right breast, tongue scraping across her erect nipple. She shuddered, gooseflesh erupting again.

“You shouldn’t do that,” she scolded. “I shouldn’t be doing this.” Her fingertips continued twirling her nipple, even as her right hand stole between her legs and located the nub of hypersensitive flesh called the clitoris. Before she knew it, her eyes were closed, she was breathing deeply between slightly parted lips, and she cautiously accepted the licking of Bruno’s tongue over her small breast and aching erect nipple.

Her breathing grew deeper and her heart rate increased; Bruno began to react physically to her arousal and exuded pheromones. Between his hind legs, a glistening grey bulb appeared, growing out the end of the black sheath, becoming longer and thicker with arousal. He licked Courtney’s left hand, nudging it away to expose her left breast, which he subjected to his rough, insistent tongue. Courtney moaned, writhed unhappily as warring emotions-desire, disgust, and arousal, battled for

supremacy.

Just let him lick there, she thought disjointedly. Don't let him-

"Oh, fuck," she moaned. What a horrible blunder she'd made. Fitfully spreading her thighs, eyes still closed and arms akimbo alongside her chest, she allowed Bruno to scrape his rough tongue over her bare labia, gasped as he licked her inner thighs, whimpered when the tongue working sideways, edging between her lips and assaulting her fleshy nub. OH, MY GOD, she thought as her found the mouth of her vagina.

Bruno took position between her thighs and she spread herself wide, knees raised, heels planted in the comforter, toes curled under, back starting to arch, nails biting into her palms. This dog intends to fuck me, she thought frantically. Worse, she wanted to fuck him.

She bit her lower lip, unconsciously drawing blood. Bruno worked her into a state, worked himself into a state, had Courtney hauling back her legs and spreading herself with her fingertips, exposing her entire insides to his frenzied licking. She began to emit a humiliating, guttural warble, choking when Bruno licked her asshole. She yanked her knees tight to her chest and repeatedly the tongue scraped her entire length, making her shudder violently, and whine, "No, no, no, Bruno, please!" She knew exactly what Bruno wanted when he butted her hard and emitted a deep-throated rumble. She flipped onto her stomach, thrust her butt in the air, and grabbed handfuls of her bedspread.

"Fuck me!" she cried. "Get that thing inside me, Bruno! Now!" Her right hand thrust between her thighs, middle finger seeking out her clitoris, diddling it mercilessly while Bruno lapped her relentlessly.

"Fuck me!" she cried frantically. "No more licking!" Frustrated, she slapped her behind and made what she hoped were "Mount me!" motions. "If you don't-"

Courtney gasped, going rigid as Bruno threw his 85 lbs atop her, gripped her with his forelegs, skip-stepping clumsily while trying to find her vagina with his-

"Oh, my God!" Courtney choked out. "Oh, my God ... oh, my God ... oh my God." Shuddering and emitting a choked whimper, she looked back at the claimer of her precious virginity. She panted harshly, wincing and then grimacing as Bruno doggie-thrust his huge, mottled gray penis inside her, splitting the hymen, saved by exclusive use of panties liners since the age of twelve, thrusting deeper inside until finally she had all of Bruno there was.

"Oh, God," she moaned and faced forward.

The knot had her locked in place, tight on his cock, his entire length stuffed inside. Courtney panted and looked at the bunched cover between her fists, eyes half-closed, lips parted, saliva leaking out the corner of her mouth, unfelt. Oh, God, she ached. Oh, how she wished the dog would let her go and let her slump to the mattress in exhaustion. She looked dispiritedly back at her dog.

"I hope you fucking enjoyed this." Her breath pushed in and out laboriously, expanding and contracting her chest. Her nipples, her clitoris, her delicate pink tissues, and especially her vagina felt sandblasted. She wasn't far from hyperventilating, she thought. She didn't feel so good.

"Will you let me go ... please?"

She was humiliated. Appalled. Distressed. Disgusted. Mortified. She winced as Bruno tugged, trying to get free. "Stop that, dammit! You'll tear me open!"

And wouldn't that be sweet, she thought darkly. Explain that to your friends, visiting in the hospital.

Though she knew nothing of his knot, his penis, his anatomy in general, Courtney was instinctively aware of the predicament she was in. Only time would reduce the swelling of the knot-how did she know that terminology, she wondered-letting it ease free of her vagina. How humiliating, being knotted by her dog.

It was worse than that. She had orgasmed. She had climaxed with an intensity way beyond anything she'd ever experienced with her fingertip. Bruno had cum like fucking crazy; she certainly knew that. She gazed between her knees at the revolting puddle of doggie cum and diluted, pinkish blood soaking her bedclothes, and much worse, probably into her damned mattress. Explain that to your mother, she thought crossly.

"Bruno, will you let me go!" Her voice was petulant now, whiny and demanding, child-like. She couldn't know that bitch and dog stayed joined for up to half an hour after ejaculation, that Bruno had an unusually large and stubborn knot, that she was locked to him for the near future. Flustered, she eased chest down on her bed and grumbled disgustedly as Bruno fidgeted atop, and behind her. She wondered how scratched up she was, and how she would explain that to her mother.

Her eyes snapped open. A key had inserted into the front door. She jerked upright, startling Bruno who began to whine and dance skittishly behind her. "Bruno... ?" she choked out. "Is that... ?"

The front door opened and Mrs. Kendall sang out: "Courtney? Are you home? I have someone here that would like to speak with you?" Her mom laughed, and Courtney heard her ask the visitor his name. Staring at the clock, she was horrified to discover that she had somehow lost an hour and her mom was home now, right on time. She had also missed the significance of the deep-throated rumbling outside. It had stopped how long ago? A minute? The exact time a driver would need to exit his car, meet her mom in the driveway, and accompany her to the front door.

"He says his name is Eric Conlon and he knows you from school, Sweetie! Would you like me to send him up?"

Courtney looked back at Bruno, her official new boyfriend, panting and dancing erratically, scratching her calves with his sharp claws, and moaned, "Oh, no," as he howled loud, long, and frenetically.

The End