

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Karen paced the floor. Not just the floor of one room, but the entire first floor. She had been at it for hours now — two hours to be precise. Shana, her daughter, was that far past her curfew, and after the discussion they had only the day before that was totally out of line.

Feet taking her on an automatic tour of the house, Karen found herself passing the liquor cabinet and hesitated. She went on, warning herself that she had three already, and was already fuming hotly. Another might just cause her to do something she would regret. Instead the distraught widow sat in a kitchen chair and tried to calm herself. Rosco, their pet mongrel, came over as if to console his mistress. The woman patted his head, half-heartedly ruffled his ears, then shooed him away.

There could be any number of reasons Shana was late. The girl had used most of them, in fact, and had begun going through her list again. Did she think her mother was stupid? Forgetful? Kids today had answers for everything — until they forget which story they used and reveal the lies. Shana had lied too many times to be trusted by any one but a mother. After a long talk the teenager promised not to lie or be late again if she could help it.

It was that promise that helped Karen reluctantly agree to let Shana go out with her latest fling tonight — last night to be completely accurate. It was morning now, after all. On the other hand, the girl was 18. High school now behind her, collage looming ahead. It was the last summer she was likely spend with her friends. Karen should give her a little slack. Thankfully her daughter wasn't pulling the same things she was at her age.

Promising herself she would be calm and reasonable, listen to Shana's excuse tonight but not act on them until morning, Karen made herself another drink. It was half gone, her resolve fading quickly, when Shana finally came in the side door.

She was crying. She was crying so hard, in fact, that she did not see her mother sitting in the kitchen. Shana closed the door and leaned against the frame. Arms folded tightly around her bare midriff, head bent and face scrunched up in emotional pain, the teenager sobbed helplessly. Her entire body shuddered. Watching this, Karen's anger evaporated.

The woman waited for her daughter to notice her. When she did, Shana's sobs became audible. Her arms unfolded, and Karen rose to take her child into her own.

"What is it, dear? What happened?"

"Men are such jerks," the young redhead said between gulps for air.

"This is true," Karen said sympathetically. "Stanley?"

The girl nodded, short bowlcut hair swaying as she did. She caught another sob and rested her head on her mother's shoulder, the soft terry robe absorbing her tears. She waited for Karen to say 'I told you so,' but it didn't come.

"He dropped me for a blonde," she said, trying to laugh away the hurt. It didn't work.

Karen let the girl — a young woman, but still her daughter — tell the story in her own time. It turns out that Shana was having her period, and Stanley couldn't wait for her to get over it to have sex. He picked up the blonde on the dance floor, smiled and waived to Shana as they left together.

"Men suck," Shana concluded. "You can't live with 'em, and you can't live without 'em."

"Well, I agree with the first part. But I've learned to live without men in the last few years." Shana's father had died in an traffic accident when she was nine. Karen did not remarry in the time since. Her husband was not the worst of men, but hardly the best either. The woman had no intentions of wasting any more of her life — or her only child's — on dead end relationships.

I hope you're not suggesting I become a lesbian, mom."

"No," she said, and they both laughed a bit. Karen could see the freckles that covered her daughter's bare shoulder. The girl was a female version of her father, slight, short and feisty. She had not inherited her mother's shapely physique. The girl's skin reminded her of a softer, gentler side of her husband's nature, and had little doubt that she could learn to love intimacy with this part of him.

"That's not the only way a girl can satisfy herself," Karen forced herself to say.

"Masturbation?"

"Don't knock it."

"I don't. I mean, I do. Shit. I do masturbate, mom."

"And?"

Shana shrugged. "It's okay, I guess. Not the same, though. I mean, a girl's gotta have... God, I can't talk about this with my mother!"

"Yeah. I guess it is a little weird. But I want to help if I can. Think about it. If you change your mind, we'll talk."

The girl nodded.

"Okay. I got to go to bed now." Shana waived, turned and walked out of the kitchen. Her mother sighed deeply as she went.

The woman finished her drink, and went to the cupboard to mix another despite the hour. Her sense of relief was too welcome to shut it off so soon. Karen would stay up and savor it a while. Her movement caught Rosco's attention again, and the animal followed his mistress around in hopes that she could pay attention to him now.

"Okay, boy," the woman said as she sat back down beside the table. "Sorry to put you off. Other things on my mind." She watched as he nuzzled her robe draped lap, smiling as the terry material slipped open to reveal her bare legs. "Okay, my other kid, so you need mommy's love too. I know, I know. Just for a minute, though. Its late, and mommy's got to get up in the morning."

Karen parted her thighs and watched as Rosco's snout homed in on the musky odor even she could smell. The pink tongue flicked out a wide, flat lobe of hot, wet flesh seeking the dew that seeped into the woman's drip hairs. Never a great problem solver on his own, the dog had to be coaxed into position between the brunette's knees.

Once there, however, the loyal canine knew exactly what to do. His moist nose pressed against the human's clitoris, moving up and down with each extension of his tongue. The raspy surface tickled Karen's sensitive cooze, flattening her pussy hair to her skin. The glistening flesh of the woman's labia became exposed to the animal's eager tongue, revealing the source of the potent sexual discharge.

Knowing what Rosco was capable of, Karen reached into her crotch with both hands. Nervous fingers pulled her labia apart, presenting her drooling volva to the family pet. The dog's head cocked a bit to one side, his jaws opened and his tongue shot out, driving right into the woman's vaginal opening.

She gasped and bit her lower lip. She lifted one leg, allowing Rosco more room, and the tongue stabbed into her cunny once again. Karen resigned herself to a good licking. She hesitated just long enough to take a gulp of booze. Opening her eyes to find the glass, she saw Shana standing in the doorway, watching.

Her heart deflated as she sat up, pushing Rosco's head from between her naked thighs. Karen's skin burned hotly as she fumbled for the drink. What could she possibly say to fix this, she wondered.

The young redhead, now dressed in the long white T-shirt she liked to call her nightie, walked past her mother and sat at the kitchen table opposite her. The silence between them stretched on until Shana realized her mother wasn't going to offer any excuses.

"So, this is what you meant when you said there were other ways for a woman to satisfy herself?"

Karen studied her daughter's face. She detected no reproach, The characteristic pinched eyebrows of anger were not evident. Shame bit at her like a bee sting all the same. In any case it was too late for denial.

"I've tried it all, I think, over the past nine years," Karen said, then sipped from the glass. "Masturbation, dildos. You know, the usual. But something was missing. another woman worked well enough for a while, then another and then several. It was the warm body I was missing, and eventually they moved on. They do, you know, just like men. It's hard to keep hunting, dear, at my age at least. I had roots, and you.

"And Rosco. True, loyal Rosco. Always willing to please." Karen drained her glass and pulled her robe more tightly around her. "It was a gag at first. Joking aloud about how neglected I was, no one to hear but Rosco. And I guessed I'd had a few too many of these." The brunette lifted the glass.

She stood and went to the cupboard. Finally Shana spoke, her voice sounding hollow in the still room.

"Suppose I could have one of those?"

Shana, Karen knew, had experimented with booze at an early age. For all she knew her daughter could still drink. There was little point in turning her down now that she was so nearly legal.

"Yeah, why not," Karen said, reaching for another glass.

"I tried it once," Shana said behind her, "With Rosco I mean. I was too scared to get anything out of it."

Karen nodded.

"Yeah, well it takes some getting used to." Facing each other at the table they raised their glasses, toasting nothing in particular.

"So it's safe?" Shana asked.

“Safe as anything else I guess. Safer than men. Not as demanding as women.” They shared a chuckle over that, Shana taking her mom’s word for it.

“I don’t know, mom,” the girl teenager her head. “It sounds too weird for me. I just can’t imagine it.”

“Well, you’re young. There’s still time for you to find Mr. Right.”

“Or Ms Right.” Their quip did little to lighten the mood.

“Don’t give up on guys yet, dear. I met a halfway descent one, you can too.”

“I don’t remember Daddy being at all decent to you — or me.” Shana regretted the words the moment they were out of her mouth. Her mother’s pained facial expression disappeared behind her hands. The girl considered taking the words back, except that they were true.

“I just don’t have the heart to go through it all again, Shana,” the woman said through sobs.

Shana knelt at her side.

“You don’t have to, momma. Not for me or anyone. And I’m sorry I made you cry.”

Karen nodded and patted the girl’s freckled knee.

“Go on to bed, dear. I’ll be okay.”

Shana stood and kissed her mother’s forehead. The grown child moved reluctantly away, then decided it was probably best to let her mom be alone for a while.

The house became quiet around Karen again. Light headed and dazed, from the liquor and the recent conversation respectively, she remained in the chair staring trance-like into space. The woman wondered what had just happened.

The cat was out of the bag, that’s what happened. Not only had she as much as told her daughter that she was having an intimate physical relationship with their pet mongrel, Shana had seen it. Caught in the act is what happened. Now what?

Karen guessed that was up to Shana. They had discussed it. Shana didn’t seem to think less of her for the discovery. The girl had even admitted thinking of it herself. And the strong attraction the woman suddenly had for her child — also a physical one — opened a floodgate of emotions and possibilities.

The whole scene had been overwhelming, for both of them. And right now Karen was much too looped to think about it rationally. That would have to wait for a sober moment. Right now the woman was too keyed up to even consider going to bed.

She stood slowly, went to the cupboard and mixed another tall one. Patting Rosco on the head as she passed on her way to the living room, the brunette told him to come.

“This might be our last one for a while, boy,” she said, Rosco trotting along behind. Karen slouched on the couch, robe and legs open wide. She sipped her cocktail and relaxed while her pet took his cue and nosed his way between the human’s thighs.

“That’s a boy. Make momma feel better.”

The raspy canine tongue went through her pubic hair like a brush. Saliva wet the curled strands of her bush once again that night. The fleshy whip scrapped over Karen's clitoris, teasing it more and more as the small organ swelled in arousal.

Karen's legs quivered. She couldn't tell if her own wetness had begun to leak from her vagina, but the tremors were a good sign that her juices were flowing. Raising her knees, the excited brunette slipped a hand between her thighs so she could part her labia with her fingers. If there was vaginal seepage, Rosco would taste it and want more.

"Oh yes, baby," the woman whispered hoarsely. "That's it honey. Lap it out." She could feel the dog's tongue lash into her volva. Splaying her legs wider opened her up for him, and the canine held his snout against her cooze and pushed his tongue in deeper. The movement of his jaws made the hot, wet nose nudge the human's clit in a way that made Karen gasp in pleasure.

"Careful boy. Don't make me cum yet," Karen warned. She took a drink, more to distract herself than because she needed it. Rosco must have misread the human's words. He jumped up just as the woman was placing her glass aside. A paw on the cushions to each side of her hips, he bellied up to her gaping crotch.

"Careful Rosco, you are too anxious," Karen said, looking down to find his cock half erect. "Shit baby, I guess I'll let you try it, but there are more things I want to do with you before going all the way." She guided his penis to her volva with gentle fingers.

The organ was slimy in her hand, his pre-cum seeping steadily from the thickening cock. Karen made a mental note to taste it before this session was over. It had taken her some time to get used to it, but now the perverse woman treasured the metallic flavor as an aphrodisiac. Its fragrance and taste sent her to higher levels of arousal, making final coupling intense. For now, however, she wanted his pecker inside her as much as her pet did.

Lubricated with both their fluids, the dog penis slipped right in. Rosco stood as stiff as a statue while his mistress lowered her feet to the carpeted floor. With that leverage Karen could rock her hips back and forth under the canine's hairy stomach. The woman had grown to enjoy the tickly prickle of her pet's fur. It reminded her that she was fucking a beast that soon would be in control.

Rosco's cock grew as she worked her love pocket over it. At the base his knot began to enlarge as well. Karen put a hand down to keep it from entering her. All it would take was one unexpected lunge from the dog's haunches to drive it home, locking them together for as much as an hour. It was exquisite sensation, indescribable in any human terms, and Karen wanted it desperately — but not just yet.

Soon the horny brunette found herself losing control. In seconds, she knew, she would take the dog's knot willingly. Whining helplessly, Karen pushed Rosco aside and rolled out from under him, falling to the floor. The animal dropped playfully on top of her. Laughing, the woman extracted herself, stood and saw Shana.

The teen was sitting on the stairs, wearing only the tank top Tshirt. Her panties, Karen noticed were on the floor still twisted around one ankle. the girl's hand was between her naked legs, squeezing her pussy. Her face wore a dazed, confused expression.

Karen went to her, extending a hand. Shana took it, coming to her feet with mom's help.

"Show me, mom," the younger woman said weakly.

"Are you sure, honey?"

The russet head nodded. "Please."

"Are you sure, honey?"

The russet head nodded. "Please."

"Okay." Karen led her child into the living room. "We'll try it. I'll teach you as much as you want to know. But I must warn you."

Shana looked up, brushing an errant strand of hair from her face.

"You may never be satisfied with a man again."

"I know. I could see it in your face over there. It's what I want."

Karen dropped her robe to the floor.

"We'll call it family time. You, me and Rosco."

The mother leaned into Shana's face and kissed her on the lips. Softly at first, little pecks and nudges, the longer, and firmer. Shana did not resist or shrink away. She responded warmly. Between kisses Karen pulled the tank top up the girl's chest and over her head.

Her hands touched the redhead's bare skin, tentatively at first, but soon with the open desire she had felt earlier. It was not a casual motherdaughter caress. Karen's hands curled around the globes of Shana's buttocks with the sole purpose of fueling both their fires. She teased her ample breasts over Shana's smaller spearheads. When the brunette moved a hand around her daughter's hips and between her thighs, the teen's body tensed.

"What are you doing, mom?"

"Making you smelly for Rosco. He loves the taste of girl cum." Karen moved her finger tips around her girl's soft cooze. It was indeed slick with wetness.

"I probably did it enough myself."

"Mmmm. Of course you did. Then let me show you something else Rosco likes." The two women knelt on the carpet. Their pet came to them happily. Karen coaxed the animal to lie down, immediately taking his shrinking dick in a hand.

"It might taste funny at first, but it will grow on you. You have to hold the base like this if you want him to get bigger." Karen curled into a ball at Rosco's feet and slipped his half erect cock between her lips. She sucked and stroked the dog dick, demonstrating her technique to her daughter, until it had grown a couple of inches longer.

Then it was Shana's turn. Her nose wrinkled of the flavor of animal precum, but she was game, and kept at it. Karen fondled her baby's naked body as the girl sucked her dog's penis. The little redhead became incensed the fact that she could make Rosco's cock get so big it no longer fit in her mouth. Neither did she object to her mother feeling her tits and pinching her nipples.

"I'll never get that in me, mom."

“Oh, I bet you can. Try it.”

Responding to the quizzical look on Shana’s face, Karen explained how she could straddle Rosco and sit down on the hard spike of canine meat. The brunette held it while Shana lowered herself onto it. An intense wave of desire rushed over the older woman as she watched the dog penis enter her daughter’s vagina. The urge to lean in for a taste of it was undeniable, and Karen swiped her tongue over the girl’s clit for good measure.

She expected a complaint, but got none. Shana was working herself onto Rosco’s oversized pecker with determination. The effort was worthwhile. All but the animal’s knot stabbed up into her sex hole, causing the teenager to whimper with a combination of pain and pleasure.

“Oh shit, mom. I’m fucking him.”

“Yes dear,” Karen said, feeling the delicate girl’s naked body lovingly. “But the real fun is letting him fuck you.”

“Oh god. I don’t want to stop.”

The dilemma settled itself when Shana rose a bit too high in her passion, hoping for a long, deep ride back down the wonderful dick when Rosco twitched excitedly. The penis popped from the teen’s messy twat.

The fatigued redhead lowered her nude form to the floor, panting. Rosco was on his feet in a second, and poking his nose between Shana’s thighs the next. She giggled when the animal started licking at her privates, but soon settled down as the sensations took hold of her.

A pang of jealousy stabbed at Karen’s heart. She wished it was her face in Shana’s crotch, her tongue lapping up dog and girl cum there. She wished it was her own twat Rosco was licking eagerly. In the long run, however, Karen knew it was in her best interest to let her girl have the fun right now. Her own time would come, the woman told herself, settling for fingering her drooling cunny. Then she would have it all.

Remembering her drink, Karen downed half of what remained in a single gulp.

“Get on your knees, Shana,” she advised.

“Huh? Oh, but mom, this feels so good. His tongue in trying to get inside me. God, I could orgasm just doing this.”

“I know hon., but there’s always tomorrow. If you don’t want to let Rosco fuck you, I’ll do it.”

“No, no,” Shana panted, “I’ll do it.” It took the girl a full minute to make herself roll over to hands and knees, and Karen watched the maneuver patiently. Rosco recognized the position of submission and knew what to do. He mounted the redhead teenage human from behind. His front paws locked under her belly just as he would with any bitch in heat.

Mother rose to his aid as his hips hunched wildly at the bare ass under him. Karen’s guiding hand aimed the animal’s flailing cock at the passion crazed girl’s vaginal opening.

Once the red, veined dog dick seated into Shana’s greasy cockpocket, Karen let go. She stood, finished her drink and went to the kitchen to make another. The sky was getting light, but she made it anyway. Opening the refrigerator, the brunette lingered over the vegetable selection. She decided

on the European cucumber, and returned to the living room with it and drink in hand.

Settling into the couch, Karen worked the cuke into the aching hole between her tanned thighs. Shana was straining and moaning under the dog's spell. The animal stood a wide stance behind her, his dick and knot buried in the tight, hot human body. They would be busy for some time, Karen knew, and she might as well entertain herself. Taking a long swig of her cocktail, the woman began working the cucumber with both hands.

The sight of her only child naked in the middle of the living room floor, being mated with Rosco and crying out from the intensity of the experience had a strong effect on Karen. She was sharing the best she had, and loved Shana more deeply for it. Now she wanted to share the orgasm. She stabbed the long vegetable into her twat slowly and deeply, prolonging the joy until she could climax with her girl.

It was coming soon, now. The frequency of the teen's moans and cries increased steadily, and mom held the veggie deep as her free hand flailed at her clit. Suddenly Shana was crying aloud. She fell writhing to the carpet. Karen tucked a finger in alongside the cuke just enough to tweak her peehole, just enough to cause her own orgasm to explode.

The End