

READBEAST

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Jenny was very frustrated. She had been talking to this guy named Mark online for a few weeks now. They had fooled around a few times and had some pretty steamy chats. So, she had been excited about hooking up with him in person today. They were going to meet for drinks, then go to a hotel and fuck. She had been horny all day thinking about the sex to come. But now, she was mostly just pissed off, well, pissed off and drunk.

Mark had stood her up. He didn't text. He didn't call. He didn't show up. She had waited a while and had several drinks. Then she had a few more and waited longer. She had finally realized he wasn't coming and had one more, before requesting a car to take her back home. She got in the back of the Uber car and steamed. She didn't remember the ride home, but she got out after it arrived in front of her house. She walked up to the door, drunker than she realized, fumbled with her keys and let herself in. She was leaning a bit sideways as she stood in the foyer.

"Fucking asshole," she said as she closed the door and locked it, head leaning against the frame. Behind her, she heard a deep growl which made her freeze. "Oh no," she thought, remembering she was babysitting her sister's dog, Wolfie, who didn't know her very well.

She peered over her shoulder and saw it standing at the entrance to the foyer, looking menacing. It was a massive Great Dane, creamy colored and as big as a small bus. She slowly turned more towards it, trying not to show any aggression.

"Wolfie," she spoke very softly, "it's me, Aunt Jenny. Please don't kill me. I have had a horrible day already."

She leaned back against the door, and the dog seemed to recognize her, lowered his ears and started wagging his tail. He came over to her and sniffed at her, licking her hand. She breathed a sigh of relief as the big dog turned and trotted back to the family room. It stopped, turned back to her, pacing in and out of the doorway and barking several times.

"Do you need to go outside?" she asked, approaching the dog. He barked again and ran to her back door.

She opened the door to allow the dog out, leaving it ajar so he could come back in by himself. She lived in a pretty safe neighborhood. Plus with the dog in the house, she felt even more invulnerable. So, she figured it would be okay for him to push the door open to get back inside. She wouldn't have to come back and do it for him.

She went to the kitchen and poured herself a glass of white wine. She took a big swig, then went to her room and stripped out of her clothes. It didn't take long as she wasn't wearing much, just a short skirt and low-cut top. At her absentee date's request, she had left her bra and panties off. She remembered what they had talked about doing and she grew increasingly angry and horny at the same time.

They had shared one of her hot fantasies about her flashing people and him fondling her in public. They had planned to do some of that tonight, and the thought had left her profoundly aroused. She was excited and anxious, looking forward to their first meeting.

Unfortunately, his no-show had left her with a deep burning need, like a smoldering fire that only needed some gentle prodding to turn into a raging inferno.

She finished the glass of wine, then poured another and took a sip. She sat on the edge of her bed

and opened the nightstand drawer. Inside was her favorite toy, a pink, soft, rabbit-style vibrator, with long, pointy, ear-like projections made to slide along the sides of the clitoris. The shaft was long, curved, and designed to press its knobby tip against her g-spot.

She pulled it out of the drawer and felt her pussy clench, starting to grow damp. She held it up and licked it slowly, then smiled. She had given it a name. She called it Bob, which stood for battery-operated-boyfriend.

"Well, Bob," she whispered seductively, "looks like it's just you and me tonight."

She pushed the button near the base, and the toy sprang to life in her hand.

"Mmmm, baby," she said as she lay back and started to rub the vibrating toy against her slick slit. "That's why I love you, Bob. You never disappoint."

She held it so that the head of the toy was just inside her, and began to rock her hips, slowly working it in and out, going deeper with each gyration. Once she had it in, she adjusted the position until the head was against her g-spot. She let out a moan and held it in place with one hand. Her other hand moved the little rabbit head against her clit, feeling its intense buzz, which forced her hips to buck involuntarily. She shuddered slightly, then adjusted it, so the tiny vibrating ears held her clit between them.

She leaned back and slid off the bed onto the floor onto her ass. The impact drove the vibrator into her pussy hard, and she cried out. The alcohol was hitting her now, and it was hard to sit upright. So, she laid on the floor clutching the vibrator against her pussy, making soft gasping moans.

She heard a noise and turned to look at her bedroom door. Wolfie was standing there watching her. He seemed almost to be staring, with his head tilted to the side, tail wagging.

"Oh, you like to watch, eh?" she said as she fucked herself with the toy. "Well, ok. But don't tell my sister I'm such a perv."

She closed her eyes and lay there with her legs wide open, feet on the floor and knees bent. She was slowly moving the vibrator in and out. It didn't take much motion as the multiple vibrations were doing their jobs and she felt her orgasm coming close. She was bucking her hips and moaning out, "fuck yes, oh fuck my pussy" as she was about to cum.

She opened her eyes and was startled that the dog had gotten closer and was standing between her legs, his snout inches from her pussy. She watched him and felt a strange sensation inside her as the dog sniffed at her wet pussy.

She was panting, and then suddenly the intense pleasure stopped as her vibrator beeped twice and turned itself off. It took a few seconds for it to register on her slightly intoxicated mind. She pulled the vibrator out, looked at it and pushed the power button several times, attempting to turn it on again. Nothing happened.

"Fuck!" she yelled, and the dog jumped back. "I can't catch a break tonight!"

She tossed the vibrator on the ground and spread her legs, using her fingers to try to finish what it started. She closed her eyes and leaned her head back, focusing on her dirty fantasies of being fondled and groped in public. Her hips were slowly grinding as she rubbed her clit with one hand and pushed two fingers in and out of her extremely wet pussy.

The toy had landed on her carpet a couple of feet away from her, near Wolfie. He lowered his nose and sniffed at it, then began to lick, cleaning off Jenny's cunt juices. However, she didn't notice it as her eyes were clenched tightly closed.

She let out a whining moan of pleasure and Wolfie looked up at her. She was fucking her pussy hard and bouncing her hips. Her juices were flowing freely, and the dog sniffed the air and moved closer to her, looking at her pussy, licking his lips.

Jenny's eyes shot open as she felt something soft and warm rub against her pussy. She lifted her head and looked down to see the dog licking her. She gasped and tried to pull away, but was leaning against the bed and couldn't move far. He kept rubbing his tongue against her wetness, undeterred. She attempted to push him away, but he immediately resumed licking her. His tongue was thick and broad and was dragging hard on her from the bottom to the top with each lick.

"No Wolfie!" she shouted, trying to close her legs, but the dog was too large, and his body prevented her closing them enough. He continued to lap at her. It felt incredible, so different than a person's much smaller tongue. He seemed too intent on doing it and the more he did it then less she resisted. Then his tongue pushed inside her cunt, shoving way inside in one big, thrusting lick and she lifted her hips and cried out.

She'd never felt anything like it before, it was like being fucked, but the tongue was flexible and wiggled as it moved in and out. Wolfie pushed his tongue in and out rhythmically like he was trying to clean up all her juices. She groaned and spread her legs wider, nearly cumming. She gave in and allowed it to continue.

And then he stopped and turned to walk away, seeming to lose all interest. Jenn gasped for air and shouted, "Fuck! You're kidding me!"

She immediately started finger fucking herself hard, but then the dog stopped near the door, turned and began excited pacing. She saw his cock and the breath caught in her throat. "Holy mother of god," she thought as she stared at it. It had come out from its furry sheath and was dangling down several inches as he walked around. It looked wet and was already the biggest cock she had ever, in person. It was also the weirdest. The head was so different than a human cock, and it looked so raw and covered in veins. As he paced, it seemed to grow longer and harder, until it was standing straight out under his belly.

She was mesmerized watching it. Before she knew what was happening, Wolfie was on top of her, thrusting his hips and trying to drive his cock into anything, any hole that would take it. She snapped out of her paralysis and yelled, "No, Wolfie!" and pushed at him. He kept thrusting, but his cock was fucking air. He was stout and forceful, gripping her with his front paws and holding her body down with them. She struggled and pushed him off, but he jumped right back on.

"Shit!," she shouted, struggling to get out from under the big dog. She managed to get her arms free, and turned onto her side, kicking at Wolfie with her feet. She struggled more, trying to crawl away and reach the door. Unfortunately, doing so left her on her hands and knees. Wolfie jumped and came down with his front legs on her shoulders and his chest in her back, driving her onto the carpet. She was still on her knees and tried to crawl, but he was holding her tightly, pulling her back, and wildly humping the whole time.

Suddenly she felt the cock penetrate her pussy. Her eyes shot open, and she couldn't breathe. She felt a sudden, stabbing burn in her cunt and tried to scream, but the sound would not come out. She squirmed harder, desperate to get away, but he was too powerful. Wolfie held her in place and

began to fuck her rapidly, his massive cock slamming into her pussy over and over. Gradually, as she struggled, the sharp pain began to ease, and Jenn felt a deep-seated, intense pleasure start to wash over her. She began to pant, grunting with the power of each hard thrust.

"Fuck!" she thought, "I'm being fucked by a goddam dog!". Wolfie pounded her pussy with an out-of-control, rapid, intensity she had never felt before. She clutched the bedspread in her fists and held on for dear life, barely able to breathe, the enormous cock pummeling her insides.

Then she felt it starting, a deep tingling inside her womb that spread rapidly outward, expanding inside her. She couldn't control it. She didn't want to. She let it wash over her, and she started cumming, crying out in blissful ecstasy as her orgasm suddenly rose up from inside her cunt and exploded throughout her. She screamed, and her whole body shook, as she lost herself in the pleasure of the bone-shaking orgasm. It went on for several powerful moments. Just as her orgasm crested and started to fade, the dog pulled his cock out of her and walked away.

She collapsed on the floor, face first and lay there shaking and whimpering for what seemed like minutes. As she eventually caught her breath, she thought, "Well, that wasn't all that bad after all."

She shook her head, not believing her thoughts and started to laugh. She was relieved it was over. She tried to rationalize it all and pass it off as some freak accident, something she would never do again. At the same time, part of her liked it and was disappointed that it had ended as quickly as it had.

She pulled herself onto all-fours, trying to get on the bed, and he was on her again, jumping up on her back, as before. He drove her down onto the floor, and his legs held onto her shoulders as he started humping her again. On about the fifth thrust, his cock re-penetrated her pussy, and he started fucking her wildly. Her body seemed readier for it this time, and the pleasure began almost at once. She moaned and lowered her head, lifting her ass up and pushing her hips back as the dog fucked her hard.

She started to groan and said, "Oh fuck, yes!" through gritted teeth. She was shaking and bouncing her hips. Wolfie's cock slipped out her pussy, and she held still, wanting it back in quickly. He thrust a few times, savagely into the air, and then he was back in her pussy. She let out a long, low, shuddering gasp and started moving her hips again like a total slut.

Wolfie jumped off her, cock ripping from her pussy and paced around the room nervously. "Shit!" she shouted, "don't stop!" She watched him pace and slapped her ass, "Come on, boy."

He walked back over and mounted her again, fucking her rapidly.

"Yes," she cried out, "fuck my pussy. Fuck yes!"

She came again, loudly, as he continued fucking her. He repeated this routine several times, mounting her, fucking her hard and fast for a few moments, then jumping off. Each time she would get close to cumming, right before he pulled off. He would get back on and she would cum again almost instantly. After several times, she was exhausted, but the dog kept coming back for more and more. She wanted it to stop, but something inside her was happy for it to continue.

She lost track of how long it had been going on and how many times she had cum. She literally couldn't take any more. Then suddenly, it was over. Wolfie pulled out, walked out of the room and didn't come back. Jenn lay there for several minutes, catching her breath, and was finally able to pull herself up onto her bed. She crawled under the covers, and passed out within minutes, without even bothering to clean up. She slept contentedly until late in the morning.

Jenn woke when her cell phone started ringing. She answered it. It was her sister on the other end. She was calling to check on her dog.

"How's Wolfie?" she asked, "I hope he hasn't been too much trouble."

Jenny didn't know what to say, but before she could stop herself she blurted out, "Jesus Christ, you're dog attacked me!"

"Attacked you?" came the shocked response, "Oh my god, are you ok? Did he bite you? He's never done that before!"

"No, no," she replied, trying to calm her sister, "Not like that. I mean." She suddenly had no idea what to say. She didn't want to confess to her sister what had happened. It was humiliating. She couldn't think of anything to say, leaving a very long, pregnant pause.

Her sister Janet let out a sigh of relief than giggled, "Oh my God, did he try to fuck you?"

Jenny didn't answer.

"Oh my god, Jenny!" Janet practically squealed into the phone. "I'm sorry. I should have warned you. He can get a little frisky."

"A little frisky?" Jenny nearly yelled, "You call that a little frisky? He..." she almost said "raped me" but changed it to "tried to rape me."

There was a pause on the phone then Janet asked, "Well, did he?"

"Did he what?" Jenny asked.

"Did he rape you?" she asked, her voice strangely raspy.

"I mean, I was naked, and he came in the bedroom, and well, he jumped on me. Before I knew what was even happening, his cock was out and hard."

Janet interrupted, "Oh, my God, Jenn. He fucked you didn't he?"

Again, there was no immediate answer.

"Oh, honey," Janet continued, "He doesn't know any better. He saw you naked, and well I guess he thought it was me. So he thought it was what you wanted."

"Wait, what?" Jenn stammered, in shock, "You mean, you let him fuck you?"

Now it was Janet's turn to be embarrassed. "I, uh," she started, hesitating, "well, yeah I do. God, I can't believe I'm telling you."

"Well, now we're even!" replied Jenn, laughing, "I mean you figured out he fucked me."

They didn't speak for a few seconds of awkwardness. Janet broke the silence, and asked softly, "Did you like it?"

Jenn hesitated to answer, thinking about her response before answering honestly, "Yeah, I did. Especially the second time."

"You fucked him twice?" Janet asked, pretending shock.

"No," Jenn replied, "he fucked me twice. I was still reeling from the first time."

Janet laughed then added that she would be returning home the next day and suggested, "Maybe when I get home, we should take turns. I can teach you a few tricks, and you haven't had the knot yet, right?"

"The knot?" Jenn responded, unsure what Janet meant, "what's that?"

"Oh, you would know if you had felt it. We'll save that for when I get home. Have fun and take care of our boy until I get home."

With that, Jenn hung up and lay in bed thinking about her new-found perspective on things.

Just then, Wolfie came into the room, carrying his leash in his mouth and prancing about excitedly. She laughed and got out of bed, put on a robe to take him for a walk, wondering just where he was going to lead her next.

The End