

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



WKRP was possibly the worst-sounding radio station in all of Cincinnati, but Jennifer was without a doubt the best-looking secretary at any radio station in the entire country. She had silky blond hair that billowed out around a smooth, oval face with the poutiest, most kissable lips you've ever seen. Her face, beautiful as it was, wasn't the best part. Her body was an absolute temple to sex appeal. She had huge breasts — massive, but not so big as to be absurd — that today, as usual, stretch to the maximum a form-fitting pink sweater. A tight, black leather skirt did very little to hide the obscene curve of her hips. The skirt did nothing at all to hide the sensuality of her legs, because it ended just about an inch below her crotch. From there down to her black leather pumps, the view was unobstructed of the smooth lines made even more titillating by being encased in black nylons. If you got lucky and were watching closely when Jennifer crossed her legs, you might be able to tell that she wasn't wearing pantyhose; these sheer stockings were held up by a black garter belt. What you wouldn't be able to tell unless you got really lucky — and few men ever had — was that she wasn't wearing panties, either. Jennifer believed in the feeling of freedom she got from not wearing underwear.

She also believed in the feeling of arousal she got from fingering herself as she sat behind her desk, her crotch hidden from view. She relied on that arousal frequently, because for all her sexiness Jennifer rarely got a man in bed. She tended to date older men — much, much, much older men — for the same reason guys rob banks: that's where the money is. They were rich, but they were almost dead, too.

So she was sitting behind her desk in the reception area of WKRP, answering phones with one hand ("WKRP in Cincinnati! May I help you?) while fingering herself with the other, probing through wet pussy lips until she found the small button of her clitoris with a shudder, rubbing and stroking and prodding underneath while above the desk she appeared to be just doing her job.

Despite appearances, however, she was quite lost in passion when she suddenly heard a familiar, although not welcome, voice.

"Hey, Jen-Jen! Think about me while I was gone?"

It was Herb Tarlik, the station's inept sales manager. Herb was married, but that didn't stop his awkward flirting; Herb dressed like a clown and acted like a clown without a clue, but that didn't stop him from thinking he actually had a chance with Jennifer. She quickly pulled her hand out of her cunt and looked up at him, eyes a-sparkle — not for him, but because her eyes always sparkled.

"Were you gone, Herb? I hadn't noticed."

He ignored the comment and went on. "Doing anything after work today? I've got two tickets for the wrestling match."

"Herb," she said in her sweetest voice, "I wouldn't go out with you if you were the last man on Earth."

He might have had a comeback — he usually did — but before he could say anything the glass doors to the offices swung open and a big Russian wolfhound strolled in, followed by a small man. The sizes of animal and man were so close it wasn't immediately clear who was walking whom.

It was the man who spoke, however, so he was probably in charge. "Mr. Tarlik! I'm Roy Jones, we spoke on the phone. Jones Pet Stores? This here's Ralph. He's the dog we're going to use in the commercials, OK?"

Herb turned on his customer-pleasing smile, which looked disconcertingly like a sneer, and reached out to pat the dog. A low, menacing growl warned him away. Taking a step or two back, he welcomed Jones and walked him back to the studios.

Jennifer would have preferred to go back to her diddling, but her boss, Mr. Carlson, came out just then with some papers for her to type. She flew through them and was stapling them together when Herb and Mr. Jones came back. Herb looked flushed, and one sleeve of his tacky sport-coat was ragged. Mr. Jones was apologizing. "Gee, I'm sorry, Herb, Ralph never did anything like that before. He's usually really nice to folks. I don't know what got into him."

They stopped at Jennifer's desk as Les Nessman, the station's one-man news department, came up from behind. "I'm going out to a hog farm, Jennifer," he said. "Oh, nice doggie!" He took a step toward Ralph. In a flash of brown fur the animal leaped up, clamping his bowtie between the dog's powerful jaws. Mr. Jones tried to pull him off, but that only made Les turn a bit purple around the neck. Jennifer reached out, tapped the dog on the shoulder, and said softly, "No, Ralph." In an instant, the dog released his grip and squatted at Jennifer's desk. Les left hurriedly.

"He really seems to take to you, Miss," Jones said. "Say, would you mind watching him while Herb and I go out to lunch? We'll only be an hour or so." Jennifer smiled in agreement, and Mr. Jones and Herb left.

Jennifer went back to her work, putting away some files. As she moved between her desk and the cabinets behind her, she noticed that Ralph kept his big, liquid brown eyes on her all the time, swinging his streamlined head back and forth like a fan at a tennis match. Every now and then, she petted his silky smooth fur, rubbing a hand from his neck down to his tail. He wagged it in appreciation and continued to stare at her.

Almost finished with the filing, she pulled the last slips of paper out of a drawer. "Oh, darn," she said to herself as one form slipped out of her hand and underneath the desk. She pulled her chair back and looked but couldn't see it. Getting down on her hands and knees, she crawled under the desk and saw it, just one corner of the paper barely visible underneath the bottom drawer. She reached out for it slowly, careful to protect her polished nails. Just a little bit further — it was a tight squeeze between the floor and the drawer bottom, and there seemed to be some kind of metal rod in the way — a little bit more... got it! She pulled her hand back. It wouldn't budge. She pulled some more. She could feel her fingers swell a bit and realized she was stuck. Reaching with her free left hand, she groped on the top of the desk for the intercom, found the cord, began to pull the base unit toward the edge — and then realized that this was not quite the image she wanted to present to Mr. Carlson, who tended to think that Jennifer was perfect. "Oh, well," she told herself cheerfully, "if I just wait a minute, the swelling will go down and I'll be free again."

Even as she was saying that, she felt something against the back of her thighs. Something cold and wet quickly slid up her legs and landed right in her crotch. The touch surprised her and she jumped, bumping her head on the bottom of the desktop. The cold probing was quickly replaced with something even wetter but hot and scratchy. She heard a throaty growl. Looking over her shoulder, she saw Ralph's head buried under her skirt. His furry body was right behind her. She frantically tried to escape, but her maneuvering only increased the swelling in her hand and excited Ralph, who licked eagerly at her cunt. His thick, coarse tongue soon was covered with her pussy juices and she shivered when a particularly exuberant lick found her clit.

After several minutes, the licking stopped. Jennifer breathed a sigh of relief — only to turn into a gasp of shock when she felt the pressure of a hot, furry body pushing up her skirt and exposing her cunt, while she heard Ralph's forepaws scratching on the desktop above her. She held her breath,

hoping the animal would falter, but the dog settled on top of her and she felt its hard rod prodding the entrance to her cunt. She reached back with her left hand to ward it off, but all she could do was brush the stiff cock with her fingertips, and that only got Ralph more excited. All at once he lunged forward and his slim but long cock plunged full-length into Jennifer's soaking wet pussy. She murmured protests as the dog drove in and out, ramming his cock further into her than any man had ever been. Juices poured out of her cunt and dribbled down her thighs as the dog fucked her harder and harder.

Then Jennifer heard a door open and Mr. Carlson's voice, somewhat muffled where she was kneeling under the desk. "Jennifer, did you finish those..." His voice petered out. She could picture him staring at Ralph, who had stopped his bucking at the sound but still was balanced on Jennifer's ass, the dog's paws splayed out on the desktop.

"I'm here, Mr. Carlson," she called out. Image be damned, she thought, I've got to get out of here!

Unfortunately, what Jennifer couldn't see is that as she called out, Ralph opened his mouth. Mr. Carlson blinked. "Is that you, Jennifer?"

"Yes, it's really me!" Ralph yawned again.

Mr. Carlson looked befuddled, but then he was used to that. "Oh, OK, then. Uh, did you finish those papers I asked you to type?"

"Yes, they're on the desk, but..." As she spoke, Ralph's right paw slipped a bit and pushed a stack of papers across the desk toward Mr. Carlson. He snapped them up and rushed out of the office. "Uh, thanks, Jennifer. I'll... I'll probably be out the rest of the day. I think I need some rest."

As soon as the door swung closed, Ralph returned to his humping, driving his cock into Jennifer. He had to keep shifting around to keep his balance, driving the head of his cock in a swirl that drove her wild while his rod brushed all over her pussy lips.

With a sharp, short bark, Ralph blew his load inside her. She felt the hot cum fill her cunt and spill out. Then the dog backed up, edging his cock out of her hot box. She automatically reached her hand up to wipe the sweat from her brow — and stared at the hand, realizing that the perspiration had lubricated the fingers enough to slide out of their trap.

Quickly she crawled out from under the desk and brushed down her sweater and skirt, both covered with silky brown fur. Ralph was squatting beside the desk again, this time with a dazed look in his eyes, his tongue lolling out one corner of his mouth.

Jennifer began to speak sharply to him, but one look at those huge eyes and she melted inside. Then she realized that she hadn't really melted — that is, she still hadn't cum. The dog's fucking had brought her to the brink of orgasm, but he'd pulled out when he was done without waiting for her, just like a man, she thought. She looked over at Ralph again. He seemed to be recovered from the exertion.

Thoughtfully, Jennifer ordered him: "Stand up, boy." He stood. Oooh, she thought, he follows orders. He's BETTER than a man. She walked to his side and began caressing his hot, throbbing sides. Slowly, her hands slid down until she found his cock, now shrunken. She began to stroke it gently. Ralph gave a querulous kind of bark and turned his head around, trying to see what was going on. She gave the dog her sexiest smile. "C'mon, boy. Time to teach you a new trick."

Walking over to the couch near the outside door, Jennifer pulled a hassock up to the edge. She turned to face Ralph and began to strip. Slowly she pulled the tight sweater over her head, exposing her ripe melons. As she kept lifting, her tits bounced free. Ralph stared at the jiggling mounds, each boasting a dark brown center with a thick, erect nipple. Jennifer pulled the sweater all the way off and caressed her breasts, squashing them together. She put out her hand and Ralph licked it; then she brought the hand to her chest and rubbed it over her nipples.

Reaching down, she unzipped her skirt and stepped out of it, revealing a thick bush of black hair — “Sorry, Ralph, I’m not a natural blonde,” she giggled — and a red, engorged pussy. She sat down on the couch, sliding forward until her head was against the back cushions and her ass was on the edge of the hassock. She spread her legs wide, her pumps on either side of the hassock, giving Ralph full access to her cunt, her tunnel open wide before him.

“Here, boy!” He moved forward. Again he licked at her cunt, but after a minute she pulled his head up and motioned him to move forward. She maneuvered his forepaws onto the couch on either side of her chest. The position was awkward for the dog, but with a bit of adjustment he got the idea and soon the tip of Ralph’s penis was once again at the entrance to her cunt. Jennifer grabbed the dog’s ass and pulled it forward, forcing his cock into her up to the hilt. Ralph began to bark lustily as his cock drove in and out. Jennifer applied gentle pressure to his head and he got the idea, licking away at her bountiful boobs. The rough scratchiness of the tongue against her sensitive nipples drove her quickly to the heights of passion, and she closed her legs around his flanks, urging him deeper and harder and faster. She could feel his hot breath against her neck as she bucked in rhythm, the dog’s cock scraping in and out in wild abandon. “Good doggie! Good doggie! Good fucking doggie! Fuck me fuck me fuckmefuckmefuckmefuckme!” She wrapped her arms around Ralph’s shuddering body and lifted her heels straight up in the air. His cock plunged even deeper into her; it felt as if the head of his dick was down her throat! Finally, with a shriek of delight and joy and passion, Jennifer’s legs squeezed tight around Ralph. A bright red flush spread across her ample chest and she shuddered and shook in wave after wave after wave of incredible orgasm.

When at least she shivered to a halt, she pushed Ralph away. He seemed reluctant to go. With a smile, Jennifer realized that this time the dog hadn’t finished. “I’m sorry, boy,” she cooed. “But I can help.” Sliding off the couch, she positioned herself on the floor underneath Ralph’s sweaty body and took his cock into her mouth. Closing her lips around it, she sucked the tip while her hands roamed up and down its impressive length until she could feel his balls tighten and a warm jet of cum shot down her throat.

By the time Herb and Mr. Jones returned from lunch, Jennifer was back at her desk typing up a memo and Ralph was just where they’d left him, squatting beside her.

“Did he give you any trouble?” Mr. Jones asked.

“Oh, no, Ralph was a perfect gentleman.”

Herb was edging around the outside of the office, keeping as far from Ralph as possible.

“What’s the matter, Herb? Afraid of a little doggie?” Jennifer’s smile was as bright as the sun.

“No, no, I...” As Herb’s eyes grew wide, Ralph sauntered toward him. Herb pressed back against the wall. “No! Bad doggie! Go ‘way!” Ralph moved closer and launched himself at Herb... only to reach a paw onto either shoulder and lick Herb’s face in a friendly goodbye before dutifully trotting out of the office behind his master.

Herb brushed off a few hairs and patted down his greasy hair before strolling over to Jennifer’s desk.

"So, babe," he purred, "did you think over that date thing?"

"Now, Herb..."

"C'mon, Jennifer, if I was the only guy on Earth, you'd date me then, wouldn't you?"

"Well, Herb, would there be any dogs left?"

"Huh? Dogs? Yeah, I guess..." She smiled. "Then the answer's still no."

The End