

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## Chapter One

I have to admit that I was not a very handsome man in my first life.

Sure, I was bit, strong and powerful and I liked to use my brass knuckles on guys just to break them up a little and make them a lot more docile. The broads I could handle with one hand on the back of their neck and I liked to do it to them in their sweet little backsides just to show them who their "Daddy" really was after all.

I tended to like married women better because they were usually broken in pretty good by husbands that liked to use the free stuff and not have to pay a dime for a single thing. In fact, the older broads were real prime in my way of thinking because they appreciated having to take it and pretending that they didn't want it and were "good girls" despite the way they pushed their pretty asses up high to take it all in where the sun don't shine even in the middle of the day.

Once and a while, I would poke a schoolgirl wearing her schoolgirl uniform or her cheerleader outfit and that was what got me in trouble with the law when all I really wanted to do was to show the poor girl that a cock could go in the ass just as easily as in their pretty little pussy.

It turned out the bitch was only seventeen and in this State that was a no-no regardless of her wanting it or not. They had my cream in her ass, my fingerprints on her purse and one of my socks under her bed where I couldn't reach it when they came knocking on the door to find out what the racket was and if anyone was getting killed.

I confess I was a bit rough and had choked her and made her gag when I used her lips but I never had any intention of doing her any permanent damage and that is God's honest truth. I kind of felt we had a sort of connection because she was oinking just like a pig girl when I gave it to her in her pretty butt and I was certain she was sincere when she shouted out "Oh, my God!" more than once before I was finished with her.

They told me that I had earned the death penalty because I used physical force and accidentally broken her nose with my elbow when she didn't get down on all fours fast enough to please me considering the likelihood the cops were on the way. My lawyer was a bitch from another county and she was quick to jerk me off under the table but didn't have a lick of sense when it came to objecting to some of the bull shit the prosecutor fed that jury. Besides, I think I made a mistake when I winked at a couple of the female jurors right when they were looking at some inflammatory photos of the victim with her two black eyes and the broken nose. I told the lawyer it was an accident but she just smiled and kept on tugging me off and I just sat there and took it because it was beginning to look like I was headed for death row sooner rather than later and she wanted to move on to bigger and better things considering the tiny amount of compensation they paid the court-provided representation even in a capital crime.

After I arrived in State prison, I was broom handled this way and that and those pricks up there were all homos or at least they were pretending real good and they made a believer out of me and that's a fact.

I got stabbed two different times with a homemade shiv by guys just trying to get a rep.

They put me in isolation until an opening came up on death row when one of the prisoners died from natural causes waiting for his appeals to run out.

When I tried to find out about my appeal, I discovered the bitch of a lawyer had just turned my papers in and didn't file any appeal because they only paid her for the trial. That was when I found out that I had to either do it myself or find some "goody two-shoes" to take my case and extend my time on death row like all the others that had been there for years and even decades.

Unfortunately, my cut-off dates had passed and now I was expedited for execution like some poor cow or chicken heading to the slaughter house for my final meal. I suddenly had sympathy for those poor chickens and cows and had a pizza instead sort of like in solidarity with all living things.

They strapped me up and then did it all over again the next morning because the frigging chemicals were deemed by some prick of a judge to be too inhumane to use on living humans. I thought that was kind of funny because it was all right for them to slice off their heads in France or to hang them in Russia but I had to get it in my veins like some junky forced to take an overdose with me having nothing to say about the matter. In a way, I could see the justice in it because I had butt fucked that poor girl without a single "may I please" and I had physically harmed her even though I didn't intend to do so.

I had always seen those movies when the lights flickered and the poor slob in the chair got juiced with a million volts literally "frying" from head to toe. At least this way they told me I would have no pain but it sure felt like it would be real uncomfortable and not the way I would have wanted to go.

When I opened my eyes, I was in a white place and I sort of floated into a long tunnel that kept moving to a light in the distance. Somewhere along the way, I was shunted off to a side tunnel and was told that I was being sent back to take a lifeform that that it might not be human and that they couldn't promise I would be a man and might be a woman because it was all just a random selection of DNA from the puddle in the pot.

That didn't sound too nice to me but I had no choice in the matter and I was shoved down the chute to land on all four paws as a solid black Labrador Retriever with nice teeth, lots of muscle and legs that let me run and swim like an Olympic champion despite the fact that I was a dog and not human, but at least I was a male and not female. I think that would have bothered me more than anything because I was always the sort of person that wanted to take and not give anything to anybody for any reason at all.

My only problem was that I was still all geared up to humping human females and didn't find the dog bitches interesting at all simply because they were dogs and not human bitches with a nice ass and a pretty pussy to rub my penis on the old fashioned way from behind.

I noticed that there were a lot of other species getting off the chute but not too many were actually human. There were a lot of dogs, cats and birds and even some horses and a cute little monkey that looked female but it was difficult to tell with those things unless you got real up close and personal and I was not that kind of guy. I guess I should say "dog" now because the mirrors on each side didn't lie and I was padding along on all four black legs like I did it all the time.

One of the reassigned was a human female probably in her late teens and she was stumbling along with one of those looks that said she was not onboard with the program.

Since I didn't have the ability to communicate with words, I simply knocked her over in a side alcove and when she got down on her elbows and knees on the cloud cushioned floor, I mounted her faster than you could say "Jack Robinson" and she took my pink tinged penis right up her vaginal highway like she mated with dogs in her part life. For all I knew that might have been the case and this was not fully out of the ordinary for her but it certainly was for me and I wrapped my front paws around

her torso and humped her like a nasty dog.

I could see us in the mirror and it made me frantic to do her fast.

The poor girl was almost ready to faint and she brought her rump back to greet me like some sort of missing lover brought back from the grave.

I came real close to knotting her and making her my bitch forever but she wiggled and made me spurt before I could shove it in a little deeper. It was probably for the better because she trembled with the magic of her orgasm and I hugged her with my paws as tightly as I could to keep my still spurting penis inside until I was finished with my dirty deed in her innocent young pussy.

I figured I was still thinking like some sort of human rapist because all I could think about now was that it would certainly be nice to get my dog dick up her pretty human back door and show her how the dogs did it back there when they wanted to make a girl their bitch anally in a way that meant their unconditional surrender and free access whenever it was requested with obedience and proper respect. It was the sort of thing that humans lorded over the animals, but in this case I was the animal and she was the human and the roles were reversed more for gender rather than for species. It was a strange situation and I stayed long enough to try out the anal trick finding that she was not only willing but eager to participate and she was so audible about her pleasure that I wanted to lick her pussy to show her how much she had impressed me with her sincerity and that I knew I was a "lucky dog" just to hump her and spurt up inside her as deep as any human male and probably with double the size and girth.

The others kept passing us and really not even looking at us so I knew they were on a different station with places they had to go and people they had to see and do things that they were sent back for with random chance.

I started licking the teenaged girl and did her all the way from her sensitive clitoris all the way back to her soft and puckered brown eye just waiting for some action after a lifetime of neglect for whatever reason that caused the poor girl to reverse her course and spread her legs with serious intent.

She got up and put me on a leash allowing me to walk with her to the exit and we headed into town on the back of a yellow school bus like school kids going home after a hard day at school. I kept my muzzle up inside the girls school uniform skirt and my tongue kept her smiley face panties nice and wet with my saliva and her pussy juice trying to get out past the double-lined crotch in a way that would eventually run down the inside of her leg and let others know exactly what a dirty little girl she really was when all was said and done.

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## **Chapter Two**

I know most of you probably think I am a loser because now I am a dirty dog and not human anymore. In all honesty, I don't see it that way because I get a lot of advantages now that I am an animal with not sense of conscience or guilt about anything I want to do and that includes humping pretty little girls with nice-smelling pussies.

It is understandable that you would think I was at disadvantage over my prior existence, but the God's honest truth is that I am a much better looking dog than I was a human and the girls seem to like my direct approach where I just start nuzzling and licking their pussies or their brown eyes like we were long-time lovers or old friends. I have found both as a horny man and as a sex-obsessed dog

that females tend to take whatever you have to offer when your tongue starts to work on their hot little slits or right up into their sweet little ass holes if you get them at the right angle for butt humping from behind.

Sure, there are a few females, mostly the older variety that will object to an animal taking liberties with their private parts but they are in such a small percentage that I generally just disregard it as a pretense on their part and once I get down to the real nitty-gritty of getting my greedy tongue up into their pussy or their ass, they get with the program and spread their knees or bend over like good little girls and start whimpering about how I shouldn't stop no matter what because they want to cum nice and hard and really feel it all the way down to their painted toes.

I find that the older married women love to have their toes licked and all up and down the insides of their legs just before I stick it to them from behind doggy style with my pink penis right up in their vagina and their pretty little ass cheeks rubbing my furry legs like they were giving me a nice massage.

Sometimes when the reluctant ones act a little weird like they didn't like it or something, I have to wrap my front paws around them and hold them down in place bent all the way over to stay inside of them. After a few minutes of hard humping, they usually start getting real cooperative and blabbering about how good it feels right before they start spraying me with their female juices and shouting like they were schoolgirls getting laid for the very first time.

Those pussy rapes are not a problem at all for me in my dog persona because the women are generally fearful of the fact that I might bite them or scratch them up. I have to be real honest and tell you that I would never do any such thing. I know I did it when I was a human rapist but that was my evil twin inside me and he made me do some things I am not very proud of at all.

Now that I am a dog, I still like humping the human females but I am real careful not to hurt them in any way and I always deliver my doggy package of hot seeds up into their hungry pussies and sometime right up into their tight little backsides.

The backside humping is a bit tricky because most of the females are not fully onboard with it and they generally have a real tight entryway unless they have been naughty girls using their battery powered hard rods to keep things nice and open back there. When I was a human rapist, I could tell right away when I was sticking it up a fully "ass-trained" female even though she was swearing up and down that she "never" did it back there. Those women were terrible liars when it came those types of details but I guess they thought it was necessary because they didn't want normal people to know how nasty they were when the lights went down low.

My new owner was a former female bitch that was reincarnated as a human schoolgirl with the appetite of a nymphomaniac and the beautiful good looks of a runway model. She had the perkier breasts I had ever seen on such a young woman with no breastfeeding experience and she had the backside of an ass model used for stand-in for less blessed film stars.

I had already tested her brown eye on a frantic session on the fluffy white carpet and I had humped her from one end of the bedroom to the other until she collapse with my penis still inside her pumping oodles of white doggy cream into her gut.

Right after that session, I spent a long time licking her pussy and sucking out my cream from her ass and she went into a series of nice orgasms that had her shivering and shaking on the carpet with her eyes rolling up in her head and her mouth constantly talking gibberish without saying anything at all that made any sense.

I watched her take her shower and use the motel sweet smelling stuff to make her pussy and her ass smell real nice to the human males that would be looking to stuff her and pay her for her time in taking care of their obvious need for female companionship. They almost always shoved their big boys into her luscious pretty lips and she opened wide for them and when they did finally cum, she swallowed it all down into her tummy like a good little girl making sure that they would give her a nice tip when their time was up at the end of the hour.

After she went to bed at night, I would hop up on the bed and lick her pretty pussy and ass with ease because she never wore any clothes in bed when she was going to sleep. Her pussy was constantly wet because she loved my tongue and it made her squirt all kinds of female juices just because she was eager to have me bring her to a nice happy ending with my talented tongue. I had gotten real good at worming my way up inside her tight little sphincter with my tongue folded up in a little snakelike circle and she would just hump the mattress with me on top of her pressing her down hard from above. We had to change the sheets more than once each evening but that was a cost of her doing business as a bike for any Tom, Dick or Harry that called her for a one hour date.

She left me in the room and went down to the package store to get some adult beverages and the maid came in to do the room. I was tied by my chain to the toilet and she pretty much ignored me because I was on my best behavior. I watched her using some of my owners perfume and she even lifted up her maid's skirt to look at her panties that were stained in the middle like she had just been fucked or she was having a naughty thought about me maybe humping her like she was a bitch in heat. I figured it was the latter so when she came in to do the bathtub and shower, I jumped on her from behind and had my hardness up inside her panties before she knew I was not fooling around. After that it was all, "Oh my God, Mister Doggy, not in mama's bottom. I am too tight back there. Oh, that's so good, you naughty doggy making me be a bad girl all over again after my Miguel just humped me in the taxi."

That explained the stain on her panties but I was certain she was onboard with the program of getting doggy humped from behind because she kept pushing her beautiful full ass cheeks back into my strong hindquarters like she needed me in deeper to make her cum.

Just then, my owner came back and she was aghast that I was humping the pretty Hispanic maid in the ass right over the edge of the tiled bathtub. It was just close enough that I could do my business within the length of chain that bound me to the toilet.

"Oh, bad doggy. Get off the maid immediately, you bad dog."

The girl, whose name was Carmela, quickly came to my support by telling my owner,

"Oh, no, please, Mrs. Your doggy is just making Carmela feel good after she work so hard to clean the room. Please let him finish and give poor Carmela his cream so she can cum real nice right on the pretty white tile."

My new owner opened up a bottle of Johnny Walker and filled two glasses, one for her and the other for the maid and they toasted the fact that I was now knotted up with the maid and she was tied to me until I could drain every last drop of doggy cum into her beautiful round ass nice and slow and listening to her moan and groan each time I gave it to her hard from behind. My owner got underneath us somehow and she started to lick the maid's neglected pussy that was just brimming over with female juices waiting to be spurted into a pretty face and rubbed on her mouth and chin to cover her completely with the sticky stuff that girls release when they simply have to explode and let it all flow out like Niagara over the falls on the border.

My owner pulled me off the maid and she took the hairbrush from the sink and started to redden the maid's bottom telling her that she was a dirty girl and that she had just taken a dog's dick in her ass like a common whore that deserved to be spanked and shown the error of her ways.

I thought it was funny, but as a dog, I couldn't laugh and had to settle for just licking the main's sticky hindquarters that had all kinds of goo on it including the saliva from my owner, my doggy spunk and her own female juices that had gotten over everything in sight.

When the maid staggered back into the bedroom and stretched out on the bed with her ass on the edge wide open showing me her pretty pussy and her delicate brown eye, I let my owner release me and I padded in silently and got my insistent tongue up into Carmela's pretty flanks and licked all the good from her hindquarters and made her have a quickie orgasm that caused her to spout her native language like a machine gun cutting down row after row of horny guys waiting to hump her pretty ass some more.

My owner lifted her head and slipped her wet pussy into the girl's mouth and I watched Carmela get mouth fucked by my runway model owner with her neatly trimmed pussy humping like a choo-choo train on the Hispanic girl's pretty red lips.

I got up on my forelegs and slipped my hard doggy dick into Carmela's pussy from behind finding that we were a perfect fit for each other. I knew it would be a nice hump because Carmela was concentrating on licking my owner's pretty pussy and I knew she would let me get as deep as I wanted and possibly even let me give her the knot that would link us together until I could dump all my remaining fluids in her human vagina like a good little dog doing his best to make her feel nice and satisfied all night long.

I discovered that my owner was ready to release her juices into Carmela's pretty mouth at exactly the same time that I had no choice but to start draining my doggy cream into her tightly clenched pussy making her shout with the shock of getting drenched from both ends at the same time.

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### **Chapter Three**

In one of those strange quirks of fate, I was reincarnated from a humankind criminal type that had a hobby of raping careless available females in the wrong place at the wrong time. I was not one of those perverts that took a lot of pleasure in hurting my victims unnecessarily and tried to do just the opposite whenever possible. Unfortunately, I was sentenced in a state that had the death penalty for such tomfoolery and I was executed on a rainy night when most people were sound asleep in their beds and didn't give a shit about my lack of options to delay the thing any longer.

I had no family or friends any longer so there were no viewers in the booth on the other side of the big window made out of bullet-proof glass. I won't bore you with the details again about my reversal on the road to my final judgement, but suffice it to say that I was reincarnated as a handsome German Shepherd with a nice long seven and a half inch doggy penis. One of the factors of my new life was that I retained my rapist tendencies still intact and I was focused on cornering human females and not the canine species because I couldn't help being changed into a dog but I sure as Hell was not going to go to the dogs just because I was one in my new life. I saw the possibilities of getting close to attractive human females because they were naturally attracted to a big strong good-looking German Shepherd with an inquisitive tongue that might lead them down the road to perdition with a wet and wonderful tongue of distinction.

My new owner was a young girl that was as beautiful as a runway model. She had the morals of a

street whore and an ass that was a magnet to any male in viewing distance with enough bling to make an impression on her greedy “bottom line” needs for cash. The fact that in her previous life she was a French Poodle that never thought a big dog was out of the question for her tiny snatch.

Her switch into a human female form was the joke of a lifetime for her and she did everything she could to take full advantage of her new figure and face to put aside a nice stash of cash for a rainy day. I managed to test her physical resolve from behind and use both of her new human entryways for my doggy satisfaction. The irony was that as a former queen bitch in the doggy world she seemed to adjust to being a human bitch in the new reincarnation without much effort on her part. She screwed over guys left and right and never slowed down for a second even when she was confronted with her devious manipulations by some of the smarter ones with a head on their shoulders.

I knew my days in her household were numbered when Mister Juan Escobar showed up with his big hairy cock and attitude that had her down on all fours like a well-trained bitch in heat and waiting for his pleasure like a submissive “take it up the ass” girl with no hesitation to get down on all fours and doing what came naturally.

I figured out the handwriting on the wall when Mister “big cock” Juan walked me out to a deserted junkyard and turned me over to a guy with no teeth and precious little hair on the top of his head.

It was easy to see my future was to be relegated to playing watchdog and getting into fights with other dogs just to protect my turf and the small amount of food the guy was distributing on a daily basis to all the dogs on the premises. My only chance of getting a nut would be by climbing on the back of one of the ugly pooches of the female persuasion and they looked like they were stronger and tougher than me in most respects if the truth be known. It was difficult for me to admit that I was so fearful of the female junkyard dogs that I decided to run away from my new master and head back into the single family home neighborhood on the other side of the railroad tracks. Surely there had to be a family with a female in dire need of my special style of doggy style loving and the benefits of a tongue with absolutely no sense of guilt when it came to licking nubile human females.

It was that time of year when the outside heat drove most back inside for the blessed relief from sweaty discomfort. That was especially true of a dog with a hairy exterior. My hair was a big advantage in the winter but in the summer I was just as happy to roam around inside a nice air conditioned building or home that didn’t consider me an interloper or a danger. The last thing I wanted was to fall into the clutches of some over-zealous dog catcher or public health official that had a thing against free roaming canines out on their own in the world.

I guess it was more random, but inevitable, chance that found me wandering inside a school gymnasium with beautiful cool air keeping an eye out for some custodian or teacher that would likely “shoo” me back out into the mid afternoon heat and sweltering concrete. As I rounded a corner in the huge building, I saw a strange sight.

A female human wearing a heavy backpack was face down on a wooden bench with her legs spread out at an obscene angle and with a huge Rottweiler riding her pump flanks like she was his personal concubine served up for after school entertainment.

A second dog stood watch like a criminal sentinel. That dog was more of mixed breed mongrel and looked meaner than most of the junkyard dogs I had just turned tail on and left in the dust behind me.

For a moment, I hesitated to get involved in the scene because I wasn’t certain if it was completely complicit or if the poor young girl was being truly accosted by a pair of scheming nasty canines with



my sort of human female urges that paid little attention to any lady's sensitivities about submitting to my masculine needs. I estimated the girl to be nubile but probably only about sixteen or seventeen years of age and unlikely to be much attracted to inter-species experimentation. The presence of the backpack gave me the impression that she was more likely just an innocent bystander that fell victim to the pair of bitch hunters looking for an easy score in an out of the way location where they would not be interrupted by the authorities. It looked to me that this pair must have done it quite a bit because the rough-looking one was silently waiting his turn at the defenseless petite female with her panties in torn shreds around her ankles.

The only sound in the huge room was the girl sobbing and moaning at her predicament with several inches of raw Rottweiler penis stretching her teenaged snatch. I decided it was a bit too harsh for the girl considering her age and obvious distaste for her situation and that I would be remiss not to interfere in the tableau.

I know that sounds sort of counter-intuitive to my own dreadful urges to dominate pretty female humans but I tended to pick only those nubile ones that were well-acquainted with such foolishness and more with the program and in a state of receptive excitement rather than shaking in fear like this pathetic little piece of fluff nailed to the wooden bench like a beetle for a collector's display.

It was easy for me to sneak up on the mongrel and put him out of commission with a quick bite into his hind leg that had him limping out of the premises without so much as a backward glance.

The Rottweiler was totally immersed in his raping reverie and had his front paws wrapped around the girl's waist like a lover's embrace that knew no bounds. His humping dance on her sweet heart-shaped rump was steady and deep. Her sobs were real and heart-breaking to my ears used more to a female's panting enjoyment of her taking by an animal with no sense of guilt or shame in pressing the initiative and advantage of superior strength and determination to deliver the goods to the center of her scented female needs.

The purebred dog looked to be more of a lover not a fighter and I simply snapped at his hanging sacs with my sharp teeth driving him into a frenzy of withdrawal that would have been amusing if not for the still fearful reaction of the unknown female with the long blond hair and the backpack that looked far too big for her small frame.

The Rottweiler yelped and pretended to be more injured than it really was and I knew he was thinking about how he was going to finish now that he had no sweet yielding cave to hump with his magnificent tool of masculine superiority. I pitied any lone female that might stumble into his path in the next few moments. The other dog fell into place in his shadow and they ran around the corner with not a single look behind them.

The girl was still face down on the bench and I approached her with caution not wanting to scare her all over again.

Of course, when I saw the state of her reddened flanks and wet womanhood, I had no other choice but to lick her all over to heal her tormented flesh. She moaned and groaned but it was quite different now because she sensed that my tongue was being applied in a healing sense and not some sort of driving forcefulness to dominate her tortured flesh with masculine urgency.

Eventually, she calmed down and she even sat up on her haunches and looked at me seeing that I was not the bad doggy that had frightened her with his need to dominate her.

"Thank you, Mister Dog; I was so frightened by those two bad doggies. They were not very nice to

me and all I wanted to do was to pet them and tell them that security guard would be checking this place real soon and they had better find a better place to hide”

I had a hard time restraining my personal urge to mount this delightful creature because she was still in the aura of nubile female heat and I was just a dog at heart.

I kept my urges under control and she led me with her hand around my collar all the way down the hot back road to the wooden bridge across the tiny creek with a thin flow of water underneath. It was strictly a pedestrian bridge and not strong enough to handle any sort of vehicular traffic of any description at all. It looked like it had never been inspected or repaired at any time during its long service to keeping people’s feet from getting wet.

“This is my house, Mister Dog. My daddy is still at work, but you can come in and get some of the biscuits that we had for our old dog Spike. Spike is up in Doggy Heaven now and he was a good dog barking to let us know if we had any visitors that didn’t announce their presence.”

This was good news to me because it sounded like these people need a good guard dog to look after their asses when there were bad people around looking to steal or something else ever worse in the middle of the night. Sometime, a barking dog was the only line of defense a homeowner needed to fend off the dangers of a nocturnal setting.

I certainly was ready to trade that simple chore for a place to crash and get the odd biscuit now and then from grateful owners with no mean-spirited thoughts on their mind.

I have to admit that in the back of my mind I considered the possibility that the pretty teenager with the long blond hair and the sweet tasting pussy might find my tongue irresistible in the midnight hours when a girl has just got to have it and that’s no lie.

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## **Chapter Four**

The pretty young girl that Rex had saved from the pair of rapist dogs was none the worse for wear with only her pussy slit still bruised from the intense pounding she had received still wearing her backpack on her back.

I knew that the girl had accepted my licking tongue because she knew I was only trying to calm down her raped flesh from the trauma she had recently received under the paws of the two dirty dogs that had used her teenaged body for their enjoyment.

Now I was a welcome guest in her household and her parents gave me food and little treats because I had saved their little girl from a fate worse than death in their older generation eyes. Rex had been a bad man in my first life and now I was doing my best to be a good dog in the next.

It was hard for me to sit right next to the girl with my nose only inches from her sweet smelling pussy but I behaved myself and when I needed some more action I merely went out the back door and ran down a nice little bitch with an itch in her behind for some doggie loving that would fill her to the brim.

Rex had been living with the girl for almost a month when I saw her pull a strange contraption from the floor of the closet. It didn’t take long for me to figure out what it was used for because she immediately put it to use by attaching it to the wall and then pulled off all of her clothing below the waist and backed up until her dirt hole was opposite the hard knob of the thing that stuck out from

the wall almost ten inches from the tip to the very bottom or base of the evil thing. He watched her squeeze the lubricant from the tube to the thing and then she did the same thing to her ass crack to make it all as smooth and soft as possible for her anal impalement.

Rex went all the way down to his paws and placed his head directly below her slit and the thing in the wall and licked all around it until she started to moan in realistic waves of sound that were absolute music to my over-sexed ears.

As a former human male and a confirmed rapist, I could not help but pity the poor human woman with such a desperate need for something hard inside her honey pot she was reduced to a sex toy of such poor design. In a way, he approached the girl with the intent of putting her out of her self-induced misery rather than his own animal pleasure.

Between his licking and the inanimate thing's steady strokes, the girl fell into an intense orgasm that took over control of her shaking knees and feet. Eventually, she became too disoriented to even stand and she was down on all fours looking back over her shoulder at me standing over her with my penis fully extended and ready for action.

He saw the look of total surrender in her eyes and she lowered her head down to the fluffy white carpet and pushed her buttocks up into the silence of the bedroom knowing that I was about to enter her and she didn't really care which opening I desired the most.

3... 2... 1 Contact! Rex was now inside her pussy from behind and she was pushing back to get more of my thick doggie dick inside her to take it all the way up where the sun didn't shine anymore.

I, in my reincarnated form of a randy dog dug my back paws in deep into the thick carpet and I rooted into the girl's happy cunt until she lost all hope of redemption from her sin of cross breeding with another species. My human side of Rex was lost completely when I was coupled with a human female. At those special times, I became all animal and my focus was on depositing all of my doggie sperm inside her internal cavities right down to the very last drop.

The girl kept her pretty face hidden in the pillows.

She certainly didn't want to see that her lover was a lowly dog no matter how wonderful my tongue hit her in every little corner of her long deprived sex and she loved it when her mounted her quivering back and humped her like I was a Cyborg machine and not flesh and blood.

I was licking her nicely curved rump now and she loved every minute of it.

The deeper I went and the harder I pushed inside filled her with a yearning of being the dog's slave girl lover ready to do anything to please her master. I was hugging her now with my padded front paws and she saw that I was ready to do the nasty deed to her right out in the open where everyone could see a real live girl take it all the way up from a horny dog like a truly wanton bitch that had no morals at all.

"Yes, that's my good little dog. Right there, that's where I really like it, and keep licking as hard as you can. Please don't stop for anything because I think I will die if I don't get that final tingle that makes me shake all over."

I had heard all I needed to know about this bitch.

She was only another bitch that just had to have it and that was the only thing on her mind at that moment. This moment was for her having to take it all the way up and she had no other goal on her

mind or thought on her mind except that final release that would give her the tingle she had to have no matter what happened after.

There was time enough for the guilt and the recriminations after the dirty deed was done.

I was glad her “here today, gone tomorrow” boyfriend had taken this week to take a powder because it had left the lonely woman more defenseless against my persistent seduction that involved a lot of sustained use of my best persuader, my long wet tongue.

The woman moaned into the pillow and brought her knees up to push her hour-glass nicely curved human female ass up in full presentation for my full doggie attention. I sniffed and I licked and I gently pawed at her meaty backside with both of my front paws. She had put the pads on first which I knew instinctively were a good thing for both of them. She didn't want to get all scratched up and I didn't want to be responsible for hurting her unnecessarily in the heat of the moment.

Rex knew from experience that there would come a time in their linking that I would reach that point of no return and I would not be able to control my steady humping action until I had drained every last drop of my doggie seed into the pretty human female's love pit.

Slowly, I withdrew and licked my dick in my own doggie way of taking care of business.

I was surprised that the befuddled girl was still so under the spell of inter-species coupling that she bent down and helped me with that chore like a true believer in submissiveness in polite society.

Of course, I had no other choice than to return the favor licking and sucking my seeds from her weeping pussy much to her added content from being fully fucked and loving every minute of it. We were still in that sweet spot of lingering joy that comes from satisfaction. God, I loved that word, Satisfaction ... it rolled off my doggie tongue and I could almost sing it out loud and start a second round only this time in the girl's virginal ass that had been tempting me from the first moment I had seen her bend over in the park.

Unfortunately, that was my prior human rapist side coming out and not my pure canine instincts that viewed such actions as normal interaction between two consenting adults regardless of species.

I stretched out on the fluffy white carpet thinking that I had the best of both worlds, human and canine, and I had my choice of bitches because in the final analysis most females of any species could long resist my long, wet tongue and would always return for more of the same whenever the urge hit them for some “quality” time with a significant other.

It was exceedingly strange to me that when I was human and a full-blown evil rapist, I never once thought about the feelings of my female victim but was only concerned with the tingle I would achieve from making them take it against their will and watching their faces contorted with disgust and shame at being used in such a shameful manner by a person of the opposite sex doing such a dirty deed without any remorse at all.

Now that I was a dog and a creature of instinct and no real sense of human emotions, I mounted my bitches with a lot more consideration for their comfort and satisfaction than my own pleasure in depositing my seed inside their needy bodies. I saw our coupling as a normal extension of our relationships and not an exercise in who was in real control at all. In fact, I would much prefer the female bitch be in control because it was so very tiring to be in charge in such matters.

Her stupid boyfriend came back the next weekend and I could smell the scent of cunt all over his

unwashed body. This guy was a real prick with no regard for my mistress in the least bit. I watched him cup her breast on the sofa with his greedy hands and twist he nipples in way that I could never do in my present dog state.

I have to admit I was jealous of the guy and it irked me to hear her giggle when he did those things to her body that boys do to girls as a sort of warm-up for the main attraction when they got right down to business and hooked up in absolute copulation and transfer of male juices into the female body to calm her desires for filling up and the mutual tingle that resulted from the exercise.

It really bothered me to see her bent over the back of the sofa and take his undeniably oversized cock all the way up her tiny rear door. I could easily see he was giving it to her good and hard and she loved every minute of it. It made me so mad I wanted to nip his backside humping into her like there was no tomorrow. Her screams of joy struck anger into my doggie heart because I knew he was playing her like a fine violin and was just going to leave her in a couple of hours and go find another bitch to bend over and do it the exact same way.

I was glad to see the guy go and figured that she might not be looking for my doggie dick in the nocturnal hours because of the satisfied look on her face and the way she ran around the house stark naked thinking there was no one to see her except yours truly.

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*Webmasters Note: One of the common issues with amateur erotica writers is often they run out of steam, and they don't complete their stories. This is due to writing in 'seat-of-your-pants' style. As the sexual arousal from writing the story wears off, so does their interest in completing it. We can't do anything about this, sorry, as authors offer their content for free we take what we're given. Other erotica writers are welcome to take up this series where the author has stopped.*