

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Maddy cursed her husband for sneaking off to play golf. He knew her family was coming for the week. He knew the lawn needed mowing. He never plays in this sweltering heat — unless it gets him out of work. The young woman wiped strands of stringy black hair from her perspiration-dripping face and cursed her husband aloud.

The noise of the riding mower would have covered her words from neighbors, if any lived within ear-shot. Their large, tree bordered lawn offered them at least the sense of privacy. The road in front of the house dead-ended a few homes down, so traffic was negligible. Good thing, Maddy thought. The heat and vibrating machine were conspiring to inspire improper behavior.

And why not, Maddy asked herself. She might as well make this unpleasant chore as bearable as possible. Steering the machine toward the back porch, the brunette parked it and ran into the house in search of her bikini.

On the way she poured a stiff drink, sipping it as she went to the bedroom and stripped out of her shorts and T-shirt. Already half gone, the booze had an effect on the 24-year-old. Being nude, she decided, felt much too nice to cover with a bathing suit. She had to cover herself with something, though, didn't she?

By the time she'd finished the drink, Maddy found a tank top that she decided to shorten with a pair of scissors. While in her hand, she used them to snip the crotch of her shorts. If anyone had been watching her outdoors, this altered outfit would draw less scrutiny. If, by chance, wandering eyes caught sight of something, Maddy shouldn't be showing — she had taken a bit too much off the tank top — then it would serve her husband right.

Making another drink on the way out, the young woman set it on the porch railing so she could drive past when she got thirsty. The hot seat of the mower shocked her bare flesh as she straddled it. Boobs giggling freely with out the confinement and support of her bra made the brunette grin. If one of the little brats from across the road wandered into the yard, she was sure he would be able to see the undersides of her breasts.

The engine started immediately, its vibrations coming up through the seat to tickle her moist snatch. Satisfied, Maddy resumed her work. Soon she was sweating like a race horse again. Rivulets ran down the sides of her full, B-cup tits. Her shirt clung to the wet skin. The mower's seat was so slippery she had to hold the steering wheel with both hands while going around the turns.

The way the vinyl scrubbed across her bare genitals heightened her arousal. The brunette had to put on hand between her parted thighs on the straight shots for added excitement. Why hadn't she brought her vibrator, Maddy wondered as she curled a finger into her vulva. The whole sensation had her on the verge of orgasm, so she made herself stop.

Cupping a boob instead, the woman steered by the porch for a couple of sips of her cocktail. The tank top rose on her chest as she raised her arm, and refused to fall back into place when she lowered the glass.

Maddy liked that. She hoped Mr. Baxter was peeking through the cedars separating their properties. She hoped his eye-sight was good enough to spot her exposed nipple. Could he see between her legs, the young brunette wondered, lifting the front of her shorts to display her black pussy as she sipped.

Hell, she thought. This was *her* yard, wasn't it? She could cut her grass naked if she wanted, couldn't she? Another sip and Maddy decided to chance it. Just once around, she told herself as she

peeled the sodden top from her body. She vowed to complete the circuit even if someone *did* come by.

The shorts came off over her head too. Maddy took a sip from the glass for good luck and started off. Leaning forward, back arched, so her clit felt the full benefit of the throbbing engine, the young woman relished in her daring, her exposure, her arousal. No one appeared, so Maddy made a second trip around, and a third. Each time she stopped for a drink. All too soon the lawn was done.

The horny wife took a ride around the house, risking being seen from the road, or the residence across from hers. Maybe the little brats would catch a glimpse from a window, and come to investigate. She stopped on the Baxter's side of her lot and dismounted for a stroll around the mower. She bent to "examine" engine, first one side, then the other. Remounting, she drove it back to the porch and let it run, thrumming between her legs as she sipped her drink.

Once the glass was empty Maddy just sat there, hips scrunching forward and back. Arms resting on the steering wheel, her head bowed between them, the young woman watched her pussy hump at the mower seat. She could get herself off any second, but this was all too much fun to end it now. She shut the machine down and went inside to freshen her drink.

She came back out as naked as she went in, drink in hand. With out genital stimulation Maddy's arousal had ebbed, and the urge to urinate surfaced in its place. She was sitting on the now still mower — side saddle — before she realized how urgent it was. The sun hugged her nude body too warmly to go back indoors, so the young house wife tasted her cocktail and pondered the situation.

She could go right here, basking in the heat of the day. All she had to do was open her legs and let it flow. No one looking would see any more than a naked brunette sipping a drink. Maddy knew she couldn't leave it at that, however. There was still an orgasm to produce. That would be easy enough to do right where she sat too, but public finger-fucking might be taking exhibitionism a bit too far.

At that moment Maddy would love nothing more than masturbating on the front stoop for all to see. In this moment of semi-sanity, the young woman could imagine the scene: her husband bailing her out of jail, reading the news in the paper or learning about it on TV. Probably both. Discretion being the better part of valor — or indiscretion in this case — Maddy wondered where best to conduct her playful activities.

The tree line on the Baxter's side was probably a poor choice. There was as much chance of Mrs. Baxter catching her in the act as the old man. The Williams's on the other side of her property were likely not home this time of day, but there was no guarantee. The mild feud between their husbands did not need stoking, so the bushes on that side were out of the question as well. There was a spot beside the house that held promise, now that Maddy looked in that direction.

She'd looked at it for the first time in a year or more while mowing past it. An apple tree grew among the brush there, its shade discouraging weed or grass from growth. The ground lay bare save for moss and a few twigs. Maddy decided a bed of soft, cool moss was just the thing.

A squirt of piss escaped her bladder as she dismounted the mower and started wading in that direction. The brunette hoped she could make it there before it all drained out of her. She wanted to take her time, enjoy the moment. To that end brought her glass with her.

The trickle of pee down her inner thigh felt warm and naughty none the less. Every few steps the aroused brunette stopped, relaxed, peed a little, then went on. Soon she could feel droplets of urine run down over her ankle.

Ducking under the branches of the old tree, the young brunette tossed the dead branches littering the ground aside. Maddy sat on the spongy earth, parted her knees and relished in allowing herself to leak. Feeling totally perverted sitting completely nude out-of-doors with her pussy exposed to the warm air and letting piss gush from her vulva, Maddy raised her glass and toasted the wonderful sensation.

Plying the wet and glistening folds of her cooze with delicate fingers was a favorite game of hers since the age of nine. She discovered the intense pleasure in the school restroom one day when the toilet paper roll was empty. Maddy had tried to wipe herself with the hand, and the more she did it the better it felt. Now a woman, she took a mouth full of her cocktail and set the glass aside so she could lean back on one elbow and caress her genitals lovingly.

Time stopped, suspended in the hot afternoon air. Despite the shade, wafts of warm air breezed in, eddied and left. Perspiration limited itself to a moustache of moisture and droplets of dew that gathered in Maddy's underarms and trickled down the sides of her breast — the one she occasionally lifted her resting hand to. There it squeezed the flesh firmly enough to make it ache, or pinched the erect nipple to produce small jolts of pain.

The abuse, she imagined, was an invisible lover's punishment for being so sluttish as to prance around outdoors completely nude. The incubus promised to rape her for her sins, his part played by the fingers of her left hand. First it was only one. After toying with the greasy slit between her labia it teased the depression of her vulva. Finally it penetrated, full length, its nail scratching lightly the velvety walls of her vagina.

Then she used two fingers. When her ministrations found drying skin, Maddy paused to sip her highball until she peed again. As she fingered her twat the woman cursed herself for having forgotten her dildo. Even as the next geyser of urine arched from her crotch, the brunette stuffed three fingers into her cunny. Could she, she wondered, get her entire hand inside her before getting off? She had never tried that before.

During her next pause for the cause, Maddy lifted her naked body over her head in a shoulder stand. When it came, her piss bubbled out of her vulva like a volcano, urine flowing down over her skin like hot lava. It drenched her pussy-patch and sheeted over her belly to her tits, neck and face. The incredible sensation made her moan aloud, and force out the very last drops of pee her bladder held.

Quivering, Maddy fell back to the cool moss and rested. Pee gone, her drink nearly so, it was time to climax. Lying there — eyes closed, breathing easily, hands cupping her boobs — the brunette entertained the idea of crawling into the sunshine, finishing herself off under the spot light as-it-were, right in front of God and anybody who cared to look.

She ignored the strong gust of wind wafting between her thighs, except to part her legs wider — offering herself to it, the incubus. The warm nudge against her cooze confused her, but Maddy dismissed it as an overactive imagination. The swipe of a hot, wet, raspy tongue over her splayed crotch could not so easily be dismissed.

With an audible gasp the young wife sat up — eyes fully open. A dog, the Wilson's dog, stood between her feet, looking at her. Terror faded to fear as she clamped her hands over her pussy. The animal panted happily enough, tail wagging expectantly. It made no threatening moves, and Maddy's fear melted to irritation.

The feud between the two families centered around their pet roaming freely around the neighborhood, specifically defecating in their back yard. Maddy's husband, having to clean up the

messes, had asked the neighbor to leash the canine. His requests were ignored, and now, today, the beast was interrupting the brunette's fun.

She could hardly complain about it under the circumstances. And the way the dog, a long-haired German Shepherd named Rex, sniffed the ground and the woman's piss coated thighs, told the brunette that it had followed her trail of urine to this spot. Irritation drained to frustration. Her own actions had invited this animal into her lair.

"Oh, shit," Maddy said aloud when Rex began licking her ankle where her piss had dried but still carried its odor. She watched with growing concern as the animal's snout followed the scent toward her knee. Falling back to the ground, eyes staring through the branches of the apple tree to the blue sky above, she wracked her numbed mind for a solution to her dilemma. If she didn't do something to discourage the canine soon she didn't know what might happen.

Rex's tongue tickled when it flicked across her bare thigh. Her game was ruined, Maddy concluded. She would have to push the dog aside and get up and walk to the house. There, maybe, she could get back into her mood and finish what she started. Or could she. The spell would be broken, the shock of what happened would sink in, and Maddy would not be able to get aroused again until the memory faded from her mind. The scrape of Rex's tongue scoured the tender flesh of her inner thigh, sending shivers up her spine, and into her loins.

Reason seeped into the young woman's brain, or so it seemed. Rex was just a dog, after all, and a friendly one at that. The innocent animal intended no harm, and what harm could his lapping tongue do her? It felt rather nice, in fact. It might feel even better on her clit, Maddy guessed. Assuming, of course, the dog would even care to do such a thing.

Tentatively the woman drew her hands away from her cooze, watching him closely. The beast sniffed the human's messy genitals, nudged the furry patch that smelled so wonderful to his nostrils. The warm, wet nose and tongue ran the length of Maddy's cummy-pissy crease.

Maddy gasped.

"Oh, god," she said laying down and letting the dog lap her pussy at will. Can a girl get off this way, she wondered. Probably not, but it sure felt good.

Having cleaned the human's gash, Rex followed the odor of urine up her groins and her black tangle of fur. The woman sat up enough to pet him as he lapped her stomach and breasts. She spoke softly — encouragingly — to him. Even her face tasted of piss.

It dawned on Maddy that Rex was a male dog's name. It took a couple good gulps of liquor to talk herself into exploring the animal's genitals. The dog pranced and circled a bit, but did not move out of reach. Her hand found his cock-sheath and began stroking it in the direction the hairs grew, like jacking her husband's pecker.

A few moments of pulling gently at the hairy envelope, the young housewife was rewarded with a peek of the fleshy red tip of his cock. Knowing she would regret it once she sobered up, the horny brunette lifted her head to Rex's belly and — fingers of her left hand stroking her pussy for self-encouragement — Maddy closed her lips over the pointy pencil of dog prick.

It was hot, and stiff inside. It tasted strange, salty at first, then took on a metallic flavor that might take some getting used to. Feeling the hardening organ grow right in her mouth made the brunette moan aloud, and stab a finger into her twat.

His penis seemed harmless enough. It looked the same size as the finger diddling her cunny. What would be the harm, the highly aroused woman asked her alter-ego, just to see if this dog might mistake her for a bitch in heat? Just to see what a dog dick feels like poking her cock-pocket. No one would ever know.

Head buzzing, Maddy rolled over and rose to hands and knees, keeping one hand on Rex's erection as she moved. She placed herself beside him, her arm now between her legs and tugging gently at the dog's hardon and cooing sweet nothings into his ear.

"Come on, boy. Do you know how to fuck a hot bitch? Come on, Rex. Get up. Get up on my back, boy."

Rex recognized the human's posture. Her scent had drawn him to her. Her hand brought to mind that primal instinct and all the pleasure that came with it. This human was no bitch, but certainly played the part. Her soothing voice sounded not at all threatening or angry. The hand tugging at his penis directed him to the rump wiggling between his front legs, wiggling toward his belly. If not begging for it, the human *was* vulnerable.

The aroused canine made his move. Confusion gave way to animal lust. Rex jumped, landing crookedly on the female human's back. Their bodies adjusted, aligned. Maddy inched back, getting her rear to where it needed to be in order to get the still growing dog cock into her twat. Rex, once he felt the warm, soft flesh kiss the tip of his organ, stepped up and thrust it home.

The force was enough to make the hapless housewife gasp aloud. Rex's fore paws locked under her belly and pulled her to his hammering hips. Maddy could feel the dick poking her insides wildly, but disappointed that she couldn't feel it better. Before many seconds, though, the bony hardness ballooned and elongated enough for the drunken brunette to appreciate.

"Oh, shit," Maddy whispered to herself. "This was too fucking easy. Hey, Rex. You can come to my yard any time. Yeah, boy, you can fuck me like this all you want."

The hardon continued to grow. Soon it poked the woman's cervix painfully. So thick, now, as to fill her well used vaginal cavity to its limit. It was bigger than her husband's ever thought of being. Twice the size — could it be possible? And it hurt!

But it hurt good. The beast humped her with quick, relentless movement. The travel of the canine dick pulled the flesh of her cooze into the tunnel of her pelvic opening, its veined surface rasping over her clit, driving Maddy wild with wanton abandon. The power of the dog's thrust and painful stab might have induced her to move forward to lessen the assault, but Maddy held her ground. As wave after wave of orgasm washed through her, the helpless woman pressed her ass back at the Shepard's flailing haunches, taking all of his enormous erection into her.

The animal did not stop fucking the human even as his penis spewed quarts of hot semen into her vagina. The scalding fluid launched the lust crazed woman to yet another climax. The erratic convulsions of human and beast, lubricated by copious amounts of dog cum, caused the massive canine cock to slip from the woman's ravaged cunt. Jizz spewed from Maddy's twat like water from a fire hose.

As Rex wandered off, sated, Maddy collapsed onto the mossy ground, drained of the driving need which led her to this spot in her back yard. The dog's cum drained from her cooze for an hour or more. The air cooled around the woman as she weakly pushed herself up. Downing the last of her drink, Maddy walked toward the back porch on shaky legs.

With each step she blessed her husband, and his love for golf. Perhaps she should be more tolerant, Maddy told herself. Home alone wasn't all that bad after all.

The End