

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Marsha's back ached from the slumped position she kept while hovering over the stack of bills and bank statements. She habit of leaving all her bookkeeping for one marathon session worked fine for all the days she did not have to do it. When, at the last possible moment, she forced herself to do the chore she found it overwhelming.

It took immense concentration for the woman to keep the figures straight, which accounted for her not knowing where Curly, her pet Poodle, was at any given moment. Her surprise of feeling a cold, wet thing graze the inside of her thigh made her scream aloud. Realization dawned quickly enough, and her relief to find that it was Curly's nose and not a snake or something crawling between her legs.

Shaking her head, Marsha looked under the kitchen table.

"Curly, you're naughty. Get out of there." Her admonition was half hearted, however, and the dog ignored his mistress. Marsha tried to go back to the job at hand, but Curly's curiosity brought his snout right back under the over-long T-shirt that served as her nightie. A frustrated sigh rose from deep in her chest. She didn't want to get angry with the dog. He was a loyal friend, and good company during the long days her husband was on the road.

It wasn't his fault she hadn't bathed in two days. It was the weekend, after all, and more and more weekends with out her man around were spent home alone. Why go to a lot of bother if you aren't going to see anyone, Marsha reasoned. So she wore the same panties now that she pulled on while dressing for work on Friday. The same panties she had masturbated in Friday night, Saturday morning afternoon and evening. She knew for a fact that her crotch emitted a pungent odor. She smelled it herself when she went to the bathroom that morning. She couldn't blame Curly for his instinct to investigate such fragrances.

Marsha shrugged her shoulders and pushed away from the table. She needed a break anyway. Maybe she should take a shower and wash some of the grime from her 32-year-old body. It would be quite embarrassing if anyone came to the door right now. She wouldn't dare answer it.

"So, you think momma stinks, do you?" Marsha pulled back the hem of her shirt, examining herself. The light blue underpants were visibly stained, her vaginal lubrication having soaked through the fabric and dried to a crusty white. "I'd have to agree with you on that, Curly."

The animal looked up at her, whining at the sound of his name. Then he looked at the human's soiled garment. Stepping closer, Curly sniffed at the source of the entrancing odor, then lapped at it.

"Oh, Curly! I guess you think momma smells good." The housewife watched her pet sniff and lick at the crotch of her panties, amused by this curious behavior. Could it possible hurt anything to let Curly have what he wanted?

Maybe if he got it out of his system Marsha could get back to work. It had not been her plan to shower yet. It had been to finish paying the bills, then lounge around the house for hours, masturbating. She had made herself do the work first, so it would get done, and then play. It was still a good plan, and a short break could get it back in motion.

Careful not to discourage the large Poodle from his quest, the petite brunette eased her panties off her hips and down her legs. Petting Curly gently behind the ears, Marsha opened her legs wider and slouched in the chair.

"There it is boy. Clean momma up and make her smell better." Marsha watched her pet sniff and lap her genitals eagerly. His tongue flicked through her pubic hair and matted it to her cooze. It found her slit a honey-pot of tasty fluids, and licked harder to get inside. The woman helped by pulling her knees up and wide, opening her cooze for her pet.

"That's it baby, do a good job."

The warm, wet, raspy flesh tickled her cunnie, and brought it to life. Marsha didn't think it would feel bad, but she never expected Curly's tongue to feel so good on her genitals. His snout tweaked her clit a couple of times, and the lashing tongue stabbed right into her volva.

"Oh, Curly! You've got talent, my sweet pet." Marsha briefly considered in simply riding the licking out until she had an orgasm, letting herself go with the pleasure this animal was giving her. She closed her eyes and imagined she was at the mercy of a beast. But then it would be over, and the horny woman did not want that. Now that she had a companion willing to participate, the brunette decided to make the best of it.

That meant getting the bookkeeping done first. Marsha pushed Curly away with kind words: promises of better things to come if he just let her finish. Locking her knees together and ignoring the dog's whining pleas, she finished the chores at hand as best she could.

She had a headache when she put the last of the paid bills into the stack for the post office and the adding machine in its drawer. A drink would cure that. Marsha mused about what her next move as she poured the alcohol into a glass. She definitely wanted to feel Curly's tongue on her pussy again. Had it been a fluke? Could her dog possibly develop a taste for her messy twat? Did she dare try, not knowing what the consequences might be? She strolled over to Curly's pillow bed, thinking she would let him make the call.

"Hey, boy. Still feeling naughty?" Marsha sipped from her glass.

The Poodle looked up, whined and panted. He licked his chops and stood, as if in answer to his mistress' question, and tentatively lifted his snout to the hem of the human's garment. The odor was still there, but would the woman allow him to resume his fascination with it? He looked into her eyes for a sign.

Marsha lifted the T-shirt hem just enough to expose her matted black muff.

"Did you clean me up so well? Do I need to make fresh cum for you, baby?" She applied fingertips to her bug, just over the hood of her sensitive clit. Immediately her body responded, sending a warm flush down her thighs and across her chest. Feet taking a wider stance, Marsha reached deeper into her cooze. She was pleased to find her juices flowing again, and began pulling the viscous fluid from her volva and painting it over her labia.

Curly's tail wagged as his mistress started purring with pleasure. He liked his favorite human best when she exuded that contented, intimate mood, that sense of need for closeness only hinted at when she petted his head. And that smell. That smell he so long been attracted to but only this day dare allow himself the liberty of discovering its flavor. It was growing stronger now, and rather than hide it between crossed legs, his human companion held it out to him, offering the treat to him.

"Come on boy, taste it." Curly brought his nose closer. His tongue lashed out, slapping Marsha's proffered gash unerringly. Marsha sipped her drink and let Curly eat her coozie juice up. "Oh, yes baby, that's it. Oooooooooo, yeah, stick that tongue of yours right into me," she cooed, for that's just what the animal was doing.

Legs weakening, the brunette had to sit in the chair again. As she drank and savored the arousing sensations between her tense thighs, her fingers continued to nudge and pull her clit so as to keep her girl-cum flowing. She petted Curly's head and hissed her pleasure until her glass was empty. Then she rose to make another.

"Come on lover, let's get more comfortable." Marsha led the way to the living room, slithered out of her T-shirt and sat on the couch. Curly was not allowed on the furniture, but today the woman patted the cushion beside her. "Let's see what else we can do for each other."

Another first, for both of them, Marsha reached under the dog's belly and fondled his genitalia. Curly responded by licking the human's face, cheek first, then her mouth. That kiss delighted her, and she opened her mouth for more. Her hand kept at the hairy pouch between his hind legs, and soon rewarded her with yet another surprise. The fleshy tip of his penis poked out of its sheath.

"Oh, Curly," the brunette housewife gasped. "I hope that means what I think it means." Martha had little idea what she wanted it to mean. She only knew she was horny, and for the one and only time in her life she was going to enjoy self-gratification with an animal. She never for a moment thought that human and dog could couple. She had never heard of such a thing. As long as her body was responding to Curly in a physically arousing way, and he seemed to be excited by her touch as well, Martha was going to play intimately with her pet until her pent up sexual desires were sated.

Curly kept licking her face and chest and holding his hind legs apart as if inviting the human to continue jerking him off. The dog lapped at one of Marsha's breasts, which gave her the idea to rub her cum-sticky fingers over her nipples. The experiment worked more than she dared hope. Curly began licking her tits ravenously.

The sensations were overwhelming. The woman flailed at her twat with one hand and tugged Curly's penis with the other. She kept her nipples coated with love-juice, and her eyes on the Poodle's growing dick. It was close to three inches of spear shaped flesh, spongy but firm in her hand. The wanton brunette knew she was crazy with lust when it occurred to her there was a better place for that rod of canine meat. She would chastise herself for it later, she told herself, but right now she was going to try in on for size.

Curly intent on suckling on Marsha's breast, scarcely noticed the human change position. She swung one leg over both his splayed haunches and lowered herself between what she guessed were his knees. She braced herself on the back of the couch with one hand. The other hand held the dog cock between its fingers, tilting it at her gaping cunt-hole. They were both very greasy with their own secretions, and Curly's penis slid easily into Marsha's vagina.

It was hardly noticeable inside her cunnie. Her husband's cock was more than twice the size, to say nothing of larger objects the lonely woman often felt the need to fill herself with. The pain of Curly's teeth nibbling at her aureole distracted her, too. Not so old as to forget the instinct to suckle on his mother's teats, the Poodle thought he could get milk from Marsha's mammary. His tongue did most of the work, but those sharp front teeth pinched and scraped the tender flesh.

For her part, Marsha had not known the feeling of being suckled by a child, having none. She imagined it hurt nearly as much, and gave as much pleasure. She held one breast to the animal's snout and let him have at it. She also thought Curly's dick was larger now as well. Measuring it by rising off of it, then sliding back down, Marsha almost swooned to discover it had doubled in length and width. She pressed down firmly, wanting to take it all inside her.

Curly had felt the heightened level of arousal. When his cock lanced deep into the human's vaginal opening he was beside himself with lust. He grabbed at a protruding tit with his mouth, holding it gently yet firmly between his jaws. While not drawing blood, the canine's teeth dug into her skin. Marsha scarcely noticed. The dog cock inside her continued to swell. It had to be half again as large, and still growing.

"Oh, Curly!" Marsha groaned helplessly. The canine penis filled her vaginal cavity to capacity, and stretching it further. It was jammed in and locked in place. It felt like a firebrand searing her insides. The lust crazed brunette could not have gotten off of it if she wanted to, and she did not want to. She twitched her hips rapidly, making the cock hurt as she fucked it hard.

The thrashing of both their bodies dislodged the tit from Curly's jaws, and he stared licking his mistress again. She stroked his hairy chest with one hand and petted his snout with the other. Neither were needed to hold the dog cock inside her now. Gasping for breath she rode her Poodle, kissing him back, letting his tongue dart into her open mouth as he fucked at her wanton cunt.

Her orgasm already begun, it now intensified as she felt the hot gush of Curly's semen flood her cock-pocket. First it seeped into nooks and crannies, then built up, expanding her vaginal walls even farther dammed up by his dog knot. It leaked out around it, the animal's cum still pouring into her. Marsha continued to climax and fuck at the dog beneath her, slowing as fatigue washed over her, until she finally collapsed onto the sodden cushions of the couch.

How much later it was that Charlie and she parted she did not know. It was dark, and quiet. She could hear the moist pop as the Poodle's shrinking yet still large cock pulled out of her. Dog cum squirted free, filling the room with the odor of animal sex, and continued running from Marsha's ravaged hole for a good three minutes. More leaked out as she stood and went to the kitchen to mix another drink, leaving a trail she would have to clean up tomorrow.

The sated brunette sipped the cocktail slowly. Her first thought was that she should never have let herself get so carried away as to fuck a dog. As perverse as it was, however, the act probably did no real danger, save a few scratches here and there. She would have to come up with an explanation for that. What was she thinking? Of course she could never do it again, if only for that reason. It had been fun for a one-night-stand 'though. Shit, it had been a hell of a ride. Her husband would surely suspect something if she ever did it again.

She could, she supposed, take measures to keep from getting bitten or scrapped. Would a dog hump a human doggie style? It might not hurt to try sometime. Once more, in a controlled situation, maybe. Shit it was something to do on those long nights when her man was away.

Marsha shook the thought from her head, finished her drink and made another. She carried it to the wall calendar and examined the dates circled in red — the days her hubby would be home. The nearest was still three days away. With a heavy sigh the woman turned off the kitchen light.

"Come on, Curley. It's time for bed," Marsha said, and led the Poodle into the bedroom and closed the door.

The End