

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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By any standard Julie's life was hectic. Balancing two jobs, an aspiring writing career, family obligations, housecleaning, pet care and a trying social life left the young blonde with little time to think. In fact, it may well be the result of a very organized nature that she could manage at all. Even at that life can dish out some very unexpected moments.

Julie's most challenging efforts came in the area of dating. Left to her own ways she would have forgone any attempt at a love life, in favor of a good rest period or a solid stint at the word processor. There were friends among her co-workers, however, who saw it as their job to keep her in the game. They would insist she get out and experience the world. Julie could not argue the value of that advice from a writer's viewpoint. The "friends" on the other hand, simply advised that to keep a clear head a girl had to get laid every once in a while. That argument, too, had its merits.

So Julie went through the motions of meeting guys, agreeing to dates and even letting the man in at the end of the evening. If things went smoothly she, and he, would get laid. He would go home. She would get on with her life. Sometimes working a date in to her schedule was so cumbersome she simply gave up. She would decline gratefully or promise another opportunity or just never make the call. If that left a void in her program, Pacer was always there to fill it.

Pacer was her life partner, at least until something human came along. He was a loyal, even-tempered adult canine of indeterminable heritage. Julie always knew where he was, and he was always there for her. She talked to him freely, fed and walked and groomed him as meticulously as she kept her apartment—and better than she sometimes kept herself. There was no one like him. No one she loved so much. It was that reason alone, perhaps, that Julie initiated the intimate relationship they shared. She long ago lost count of the times they had made love in however many ways. It was just a good thing that humans did not get pregnant with puppies.

It was a secret of course. No one would understand, not co-workers, her friends or her family. Certainly not her boyfriends. No one would understand. That is not to say Julie ever regretted her intimacy with her dog. There is something insanely wild about sex with Pacer, as if there were an entire extra dimension to sex with a canine. There was, of course, but how could she ever put it in words? Unless someone had done it themselves, they could not understand.

Julie knew that sex with human males was essential to her future life, but right now it was not all-important. Right now it was necessary to maintain her schedule, keep up appearances and make a career for herself. Some days that was all she could manage.

It came as no surprise then, in hind-sight, that the day would come that things got totally screwed up. Several late nights of writing seemed the likely culprit. Lack of sleep took its toll, costing Julie the best looking date she had had in a year (not to mention the couple they were to double with), went to one wrong job and missed the other entirely. Profuse apologies brought strong suggestions from her bosses that she take a day off and get things sorted out. Her friends insisted she also not write during that time. She needed rest.

Julie had to agree, of course. Besides, who could turn down a day off? If it was a day for rest they wanted her to have, a day of rest it would be. At least that was what she promised herself until she saw what a perfectly beautiful day it was. Such a sunny, warm day was made to spend outdoors. She could not recall the last time she simply enjoyed being outside for no other reason but to enjoy the weather. In mentioning that fact to Pacer, Julie realized the same was true of him.

How could she have neglected him so? The solution was at hand, and Julie vowed to rectify the

situation immediately. She changed to shorts and sleeveless blouse, grabbed Pacer's collar and leash and locked the apartment behind them.

The city park was little more than a block away. There was no excuse for not visiting more often. Today it was busy, singles and couples, groups of adults and children, and more than a few had brought their pets along as Julie had. Everyone seemed in a fine, friendly mood, quick to nod in greeting, say hello or even stop and chat for a few moments. Pet owners were especially willing to speak.

So it was that Julie found herself in conversation with an slim, erect retiree in expensive casual wear. He had with him a handsome poodle, a female as it turned out. It also turned out that the poodle was in heat. Distracted in a discussion of the merits of aloe in canine grooming products, neither noticed Pacer mount the stately purebred. When the commotion finally caught their attention each dog owner took steps to separate the lovers.

Embarrassed, Julie pleaded forgiveness for her pooch. The man, however, was livid and reproachful. He derided the woman and her dog with an arrogance that angered her. Kneeling, she cradled Pacer in her arms as if to protect him from the verbal onslaught. Finally Julie had to stand and lead poor Pacer away.

"There should be laws banning mongrels such as that from a public park," the man hollered after them. "I insist you leave at once!"

It was Julie's intention to do just that, but in a direction away from the man and poodle. It was a longer way around the park trails, but it might prevent another meeting. She felt so bad for Pacer that she stopped to hug him and apologize to him.

"Poor baby," Julie said petting him tenderly. "It is my fault, and that man should not have yelled at you. How could I neglect you so? How can you be blamed for doing what comes naturally? That man should have know his dog was in heat and not have brought her here at all. My poor Pacer."

The woman glanced around her. There seemed fewer people in this section of the park. It occurred to her that she might be wise to relieve her pet's urges before attempting to cross the more populated area between them and home. With that idea in mind, Julie continued their stroll along the paved walkway. She looked for what might pass for a secluded spot away from the trail and out of sight should anyone else come along.

She knew what to do. She had done it a number of times, although never outdoors in a public place. Pacer would surely be quick to respond. He had just had a moment of excitement, and the slightest touch of his mistress' fingers would recall the thrill immediately. There was a good chance that he was still somewhat erect at that very moment. Julie could see her pet's cock in her mind's eye. She loved how the soft fur felt in her hand when she stroked the outer sheath, anticipating the glistening pink flesh as it appeared from within, growing longer, thicker.

Julie's knees nearly buckled. Her thoughts excited her from head to foot. Her skin felt flushed. Perspiration collected in her underarms for the first time that day. If she were going to do this, she thought, she had better do it soon. Eagerly Julie sought a secret resting place.

She found it in the form of a park service tool shed. It sat among the trees at the end of a curving walkway. Closer inspection showed it to be locked and deserted. Behind it she found a moss covered clearing completely hidden from the main trail. Here she knelt beside her pet.

Her gentle hand, stroking Pacer's head and back, calmed the panting animal. In a few moments the dog had checked his surroundings and became satisfied that his mistress was the only thing happening here. He licked her face. Julie ran her hand down the lovable mutt's side, smoothing his fur, touching his legs, his chest, his belly. Pacer knew the signals, and aimed his tongue at the woman's lips.

They opened. Julie often allowed the dog's tongue into her mouth since some doctor published an article stating that canines had fewer germs in their mouths than humans. Besides, the act made Julie a bit dizzy each time. As usual she moaned, and as usual her hand slid back to Pacer's cock-sheath. Only the very tip of his naked cock stuck out, but it was slimy with his secretions.

Pacer responded so quickly it made Julie moan with pleasure. She intended to jack the loyal pet off, and the sooner it was done the less chance that they would be discovered. The woman sat beside Pacer, hugging him around the neck and stroking his greasy penis.

"Good boy," she cooed, "Momma will take care of you, don't you worry."

His cock grew in her hand, swelling to an inch thick. Julie knew he was good for better than that. She continued running curved fingers along the hot, fleshy shaft, recalling the metallic taste of his precum. It would, she decided, take no longer to bring him off if she took the chance to taste him now.

Sliding into a semi-prone position, Julie tucked her head behind Pacer's fore legs and closed her mouth over the end of his pecker. The canine responded with a slight shuffle of paws, a sign of his excitement for the oral stimulation. Obedience kept him seated, however. He had learned that to move away would end the pleasurable moment, it only temporarily. Julie ran her lips down along the thickening shaft of Pacer's cock, feeling the organ fill her mouth and probe her throat.

Her thumb and fore finger could no longer meet around the dog's erection. She measured its length in her mind; from tip at the back of her mouth to the hairy base at the heel of her hand he had to have been a foot long. Soon, the aroused woman knew, the flesh in her hand would puff up to a knot the size of a man's fist. If she were going to feel that gorgeous cock in the pussy at all today it would have to be now, before that knot formed and locked them in coitus. If that were to happen they would be discovered for sure.

Quickly Julie wriggled out of her shorts and panties, Pacer's cock still in her mouth. When she was ready she released him and rolled to her hands and knees.

"Hurry baby, before someone sees us."

Pacer needed no coaching. He came up behind his mistress and mounted her at once. Her hand helped guide him into her. She began counting his penetrations, planning to allow no more than two or three, or possibly five. On the fifth stab of Pacer's penis, Julie would chance ten. On the seventh she felt the head of it slip by her cervix, the eighth brought that delicious pain to her intestines, as if the pointed tip could rip through the insides and enter her stomach. She lost count.

Lost in the power of animal lust, Julie closed her eyes and relished in the sensations. She licked her lips and swallowed, then gasped for air, alternately tasting the thick coating of Pacer's natural lubrication and breathing. Precum ran from the corner of her mouth and down her chin in goutts that smelled rich and decadent. The same viscous liquid now collected on the lips of her vagina and either dripped to the moss below or ran down her thigh. There was comfort in the strong grip of Pacer's forelegs locked around her. His hind legs quivered and clenched on either side of hers, rhythm matching the tempo of his haunches pounding her ass steadily. His long hair tickled her

fanny, and his massive cock traveled relentlessly within her.

Pacer's head nestled beside hers, his tongue hanging, dripping over her shoulder. The smell of his breath filled her nostrils. It all made Julie's nipples so hard they hurt. The pain in her stomach intensified, and was welcomed with backward pressure of her own hips. Pacer gave a violent lunge. His penile knot popped into Julie's vulva.

"Oh," she gasped in pure pleasure, "Oh shit. Oh Pacer, yes boy, fuck me. Fuck momma now baby. Mmmm. Ah, oh shit."

Julie's orgasm began with the knowledge that she and her dog were fully committed to complete the sex act. No distraction, no raised alarm, no crowd of curious onlookers could stop it now. The young woman gave herself over to it. Moaning uncontrollably from the force of her orgasm and the ache of her dog-cock jammed full twat, Julie contorted her half naked body in whatever way intensified the helpless clutches of passion reverberating through her.

Pacer's hind feet dug in and his hips pressed at Julie's behind with new force. The huge cock inside her nudged forward slightly, and then Julie felt the gush of his seminal fluid inside her. There was little room within the woman's taut-stretched vagina for Pacer's cum to collect. Quickly her cock-pocket filled to capacity, leaking around the dog knot and running down her naked legs. Julie's climax continued, draining what little strength remained in her limbs.

They remained locked in sexual bondage for so long Julie had to lower her face and chest to the cool moss covered ground out of fatigue. Pacer finally began to fidget, trying to work himself loose. When he did his cock popped out of his mistress like a cork. Pressurized cum shot out behind it, drenching Julie's already dirty legs and feet. The world smelled of the heady sour-milk odor of it. Julie collapsed, exhausted.

Eventually voices roused her. Half crawling, half dragging herself, she moved closer to the rear of the building for protection. The voices passed at a distance. The woman regained her senses slowly, discovering an outside faucet and hose. These she used to clean herself up, before dressing. The sky was beginning to darken, reminding her it was late in the day. Dressed but on still shaky legs, Julie and Pacer started for home. The woman made a mental note to simplify her life.

Who needed men anyway?

*The End*