

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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## Chapter One

I don't know why I did it. It was a two-bedroom apartment, and although it was a small two bedrooms, they were still entirely private when you kept the blinds closed, which we did.

The kitchen, however, we never closed the blinds on that window. So why I felt the need to sit at the kitchen table and masturbate is beyond me. Yes, that is where I sat with my laptop. Yes, that is where I started reading erotic fiction about being with another girl, but it was hardly the first time I had done either of those at the table. Once I needed to scratch whatever itch I had woken, I always went back to the bedroom.

Until last night.

I don't know if it's an old saying or if I just seem to remember it as one, but like they say, it only takes once. Dammit. Dammit. Dammit.

I'm twenty-one, a senior at a local college. Dean's list. Well on my way to a career in public education. My boyfriend is twenty-seven. A chef in one of the city's more upscale eateries. He doesn't know anything about my "hobby." As a matter of fact, lately, he has been hinting at how it would be to have a child. Me? The child is the last thing on my mind. I've been attending school for sixteen years, and when I graduate this spring, I want to cut loose a little. Enjoy life for a bit. I don't want a baby biting my nipples.

I have medium length brown hair a touch too light to be considered a classic brunette and have been told by many that I am very well built. Nice proportions but most of my five eight bodies is in my legs, and since grade school, I've been very athletic. I would like my breasts to be a bit larger, but they are slightly larger than average with nice, fully rounded globes. My name, incidentally, is Courtney.

And since high school, rather on the horny side. So now, at long last, my loins have my ass in the fire because of our next door neighbor. The apartment complex is a small one, and he was already living there when we moved in.

He's old. Around fifty, maybe fifty-five. He has always been polite enough. Smiles, says hello. He has always kept to himself, and mostly we only see him when he takes his dog for a nightly walk. Which clearly he was doing when he wandered by the kitchen window. With his damn phone.

So this morning, after Evan had already left to prep for the lunch crowd, he must have placed the letter in the clip next to each apartment door. The office uses them when they have announcements or other such nonsense for the tenants. And that's exactly what I thought it was when I opened the door. Instead, I open it to look at a printout of my bare ass sprawled back in a chair at the table, my legs spread wide and sticking straight out in a vee, with my computer showing two women getting it on, and three fingers knuckle deep in my pussy. Excellent image quality. Excellent print quality. Sometimes I wish I had grown up before technology had the capability to track each and every one of us. Beneath the image, he wrote- "If you don't want this on your school's bulletin board, knock on one-zero-two before nine am.

It was eight forty-eight. Am. Son of a bitch. Okay. It's the twenty-first century. Lots of people are openly gay. So much so it's more fashionable to be out of the closet than in. Only gay isn't what I really consider myself to be. Just a fun fantasy when Evan is at work. And I'd be willing to wager those people aren't a few months from testing the job market in public education either.

Fucking technology. Fucking internet. Fuck me.

Eight fifty. I need to get dressed and brush my teeth.

Nine. Wearing old sweat pants and one of Evan's t-shirts, I knock on the door. He opens it immediately. He was waiting for me. He knew I'd show. Bastard. He's not a bad looking guy. Just old. Maybe an inch or two shorter than me, but I don't mind that. His beard and hair are mostly white. On second thought, he may be closer to sixty.

"Come in." As if I had a choice. He steps back to give me room to walk by him into his place. All his blinds are closed. I should be so clever.

"Mark, can't we talk about this?" I implore with the best doe-eyed little girl look I can muster.

"Sure, but you can start by just sitting at the computer over there, and clicking send." He nods to the corner of the living room where his computer sits beside a huge television on a glass stand with three shelves. I look back to him, and he gives a go ahead and looks sort of nod, so I do.

The computer is all set to upload what I am surprised to discover are a dozen pictures of me to my school's bulletin board. Just like he threatened. So much for my best doe-eyed look. I close the page knowing how meaningless that gesture is while thinking about how my father visits that same site at least once a week. He can't tell me enough how much he enjoys seeing his daughter's name on the dean's list for all the world to see.

Spinning the chair around to face him, I look around his place. It's a total bachelor pad. No kids photos on the wall. No nick knacks covering shelf space. Just a very livable apartment for one old guy with a dog.

"What do you want, Mark?"

"Strip."

Call me naive, but the thought this situation could lead in that direction had never remotely crossed my mind. I mean, he's old. Way old. The command came so far from my left field there was only one possible reply.

"What?"

"I would expect a senior on the dean's list to be able to understand a simple order." He answered.

"But," I began to stammer only to be quickly cut off.

"Come on, it isn't anything I haven't already seen before. This time we're just removing the window from the equation."

When I realized how correct he was, I blushed. "You just want me to strip?" He smiled. A smile I was going to become very familiar with.

"It's just a necessary starting point."

"Starting point?" I questioned, very much not liking the way that sounded.

His smile went away. "For whatever reason, you have provided me with the means to ruin your life. Now, to actually carry that action out serves me not at all. I have neither the desire nor motivation to

even want to ruin your life. However, you need to be fully aware, every single second we spend together, that I am fully capable of posting those images, and will sleep very well after I've done so."

"What's your point?"

"I'd much rather stand here, and watch you strip than post those pictures. One of those two events will be taking place within the next ten or so seconds. Which is it going to be?"

I hesitated only a moment. We both knew which event would be happening, and there was no use in drawing it out. I pulled my boyfriend's t-shirt over my head to let it fall to the floor at my feet.

"Good. Now don't stop there." He ordered. I kicked off my flip flops, and lifted my ass off the chair a bit, and slid the sweat pants down my legs. Very quickly, they joined the t-shirt. Soon after that went my bra and panties.

I was naked. Not even so much as a necklace or an ear ring. "Good enough?" I asked, trying to sound as sarcastic as I possibly could.

He ignored me. "Let's save us both a great deal of time right now," He began, "and just apply this entire little demonstration to every order I give you, so we won't need to repeat ourselves. Agreed?"

"Depends on the order."

"So there is an order I can give you that you would rather be publicly humiliated than to comply with." He seemed to think that over for a moment. "Can you give me an example of such an order?"

I could not. After a long pause, I slowly shook my head.

"Okay." He moved forward to sit on the end of his sofa. Kicked his feet out, crossed his ankles, and smiled again. "Tell me, what's the kinkiest thing you've ever done?"

That was easy. "I let Evan finger me to an orgasm while we were going down the interstate."

"Daylight or night?"

"Daylight."

He nodded. "What's the kinkiest thing you've ever fantasized about?"

No way was I ever going to tell him that. So I lied. "Girl girl."

He sat there quietly for a long moment, staring at me. I sat there just as quietly, humiliatingly aware of my nudity, staring at him. Behind me, just over my left shoulder, I could hear his dog through the closed bedroom door.

He gave an almost unnoticeable shrug before speaking. "Are you bi or lesbian?"

"I don't consider myself either," I answered honestly.

"Really, then how do you explain the lesbian porn?"

"It makes me hot to look at it, even think about it, but I have no real interest in participating in it."

He seemed to consider that a moment before moving on. "You ever given a blow job?"

I blushed again. It seemed so odd to be talking to someone older than my father like this. "Sure."

He lifted himself off the sofa and pointed at the floor in front of him. "Show me what you've got."

It was quite clearly not a request. Still, I hesitated a moment, the previous discussion quickly running through my head before standing up. After another, even shorter pause, I slowly walked across the small room to stand directly in front of him. My breasts virtually touching his chest. I waited a moment, allowing him the chance to touch me. He just stood there looking alternately into my eyes, and then down to my lips. I knew what he was thinking. I blushed, and then slowly sank to my knees. I'm about to suck the oldest cock I've ever seen.

He continued to stand there. Unmoving. Later I would realize the entire event was mostly testing me. Seeing how far I would take it without protest. As it turned out, I took it all the way. Slowly reaching up, I pulled the zipper of his jeans down before unbuttoning them. As I reached up to grab them, I had never been more conflicted in my life. I enjoy giving head. Perhaps I'm an oddity in that I even love the taste of cum. I found myself wondering if he would taste the same as the guys I had sucked off before. Guys more my age. As I tightened my grip and began to pull his pants down off his hips, I lowered my eyes as I wondered if his pubic hair would be as white as the hair on his head.

Once his jeans were all the way down by his ankles, he took a long step back. Still looking down, I tossed the pants off to the side. Then turned my gaze up to his legs to his crotch. His legs were very well shaped. All the walking he did, I guess. They were very hairy, and the hair was mostly dark. He didn't have any underwear on. No. His pubis was as dark as the leg hair with very little white. I had to repress a smile when I told myself that was weird. I didn't want him to get the wrong idea.

His cock was still soft. I'd never seen one soft before I had finished having my way with it, but that thought didn't come until much later. Even soft, it was larger than three of the four cocks I had ever seen up close. And I knew when it stiffened, it would be the largest I had ever seen in person. I don't know if I gasped, or if it was just a little catch in my throat, but for the first time, I began to become... well, if not a willing participant, at least a less unwilling one.

It twitched when I slowly blew a long breath of air onto it. This time I couldn't repress my smile. It may be old, but it was still a dick, and other than dimensions, it looked just as tasty as any other I'd sucked. I leaned in my mouth opening and looked up to his face as my lips made contact. I stopped abruptly when I saw the digital camera in his hands.

Naked. On my knees. Leaning forward. Lips resting against his cock. I was being filmed. Several thoughts rapidly passed through my mind. I had never been photographed while having sex, to say nothing of filmed. His dick was getting hard. It was pushing into my lips slightly. I looked straight into the camera and felt my nipples stiffen coupled with a flutter from my pussy. The confusion of my enjoyment at being filmed caught me entirely by surprise.

I closed my eyes and opened my mouth. He slid between my lips. I took him deep. Deep enough to bury my nose in his hair. I could smell Irish Spring soap. At least he cleaned himself for me. The idea turned me on. I paused with his cock pushing into my throat. My face caressed by the thousand soft hairs of his groin. Conflict. I am here against my will. I am sucking a cock I never asked or even wanted to see. I am here because of a handful of stupid pictures. Tame pictures compared to the video he now had.

I told myself as firmly as I could - Don't enjoy this! Get on with it. Get it over with. Get out. I tightened my lips and began pulling back as I swiped my tongue all around his silky smooth crown. God, I love the feeling of a hard cock head against my tongue. Don't enjoy this! I am being raped. I

felt that thought shoot through my pussy. I had no idea how deeply conflicted a person could become until that moment. No matter how revolted I should have been or was, I could not prevent myself from enjoying it.

I told myself to fight it, and then he spoke the one, and only time he did so for the entire event. "Finger yourself."

I knew any chance I had of fighting my arousal was lost. My fingers were on me, in me, almost before he had finished speaking. And the moment my fingers went inside, the instant I felt just how very wet I was, I began to attack that dick like a meth addict prostituting herself for a score. And less than two minutes later, as I hoovered that lovely cock, came the most humiliating truth of them all.

I came before him. A minute or so after that, I came with him. He had a large load, and I was swallowing before it ever occurred to me not to while two fingers were buried as deep within me as I could get them, and another was applying all the pressure I could give against my clit. Right after catching myself wondering how this dick would feel buried inside my pussy, I realized that his cum tasted just as good as any younger men did.

It only took a few seconds for his dick to go completely soft. I let it fall from my mouth when I pulled back to sit up straight, a line of drool connected us for a moment, stretching out away from my lip for a few inches before breaking. He lowered the camera and pushed stop. Then he smiled.

"You're very good." He admitted. "I'm sorry it was so quick, but it has been a long while for me." He set his camera on the bar beside us and ran a gentle hand through my hair. "Did you enjoy it?"

Really? "Of course not." I lied.

He gave a short laugh. "How lucky for me that you're a far better dick sucker than a liar." He continued to play with my hair. "I can smell your arousal. I saw you cum."

"I can't prevent nature's physical reactions to events," I answered.

He nodded. "Sure, arousal may be physical, but pleasure? Orgasms? They're more than physical, and my dear girl, you had both of them with all the bells and whistles."

I didn't reply. How could I? He was right. I sat on the sofa, caught myself staring at his wet dick, and angrily turned my head away.

He gave another of those short laughs and walked over to sit at the computer. I made a point of not paying attention to him as he began clicking the mouse. Behind me, I heard a faint click as his camera was turned on.

"Would you mind turning the tv on? It's the large remote." There were two remote controls. One larger than the other. I took up the larger and hit power. After a moment, the television screen came on to show a larger version of his computer screen.

This could be bad.

The image shifts to show me kneeling in front of him, my lips on his dick.

Fucking technology. Fucking wi-fi. Fuck me. He clicks the mouse, and suddenly I'm watching myself give a blow job. Of course, I've seen pornography before, but obviously not with me. It was so

strange looking at his cock sliding into my mouth. Seeing my nipples. From this angle, for the first time in my life, I was completely satisfied with the size of my breasts. The smooth skin of my thighs jutting out from beneath me. He had it playing in slow motion, and my eyes were focused on the junction of penis and lips. It was very erotic.

He sat beside me. "You look very hot." He announced, and although I can't stand those egotistical types who think they're the hottest thing this side of Venus, I did think I looked pretty good. Really good, even, but my eyes were fixed on the joining of our flesh.

I felt his hand wrap around my wrist to be pulled onto his cock. My fingers encircled the stiff shaft as I continued to watch me. He leaned nearer my ear and whispered. "Play with yourself." So as I gently stroked his shaft with my right hand, I began to slowly stroke my clit with the left. Sadly, even in slow motion, the video didn't last very long. Once it ended, I looked down at my fingers to see my moisture completely covering them.

Mark pushed himself down across the sofa. My hand stayed with him. "Okay babe, get up on me."

I looked at his cock, and it sounded like a very good idea to me, but... "Do you have a condom?"

"You're not on birth control?" He asked.

I shook my head. "Evan always uses a condom," I admitted, honestly for a change. I'd actually never had a bare cock inside my pussy.

He sighed. "Get on birth control. Immediately."

I thought about disputing the idea, but realized I would eventually end up on the pill anyway, so I let it go without protest. The campus medical center would easily take care of that.

"Blow job number two it is." He said, and without removing my left hand from my pussy, I leaned over to suck that shaft into my mouth again. He took far longer to fill my mouth this time, and by then, I had already gotten myself off three times.

Afterward, he held my head in place, his soft dick laying on my tongue, while his breathing returned to normal.

"Tomorrow, I want you here an hour after Evan leaves for work. What time will that be?"

I sat up, wiped my lips with the back of my hand. "He should leave about one, but I won't be home from class until about two."

He pointed to his pants. I leaned over to get them and handed them to him. "Okay, then I want you here at three, and I want you looking like you're going out on a date. Makeup. Hot dress. Heels."

I nodded in understanding.

"And take birth control before that." He waited a moment for me to respond, but I didn't. I had all kinds of questions about birth control and figured he was probably more ignorant on the subject than I was. He pointed at my clothes still on the floor beside the computer chair. I went over to them and began getting dressed.

"If you haven't got birth control by tomorrow, I will just have to use your ass until you do."

"I've never done that," I admitted, meekly in retrospect, but he was a dominating type of individual.

He smiled. "There's a first time for everything."

I finished getting dressed, and realized it wouldn't really matter if I had birth control tomorrow or not, as I stood there looking at him zip his pants up. Sooner or later, that man is going to fuck me in the ass, and there's not a damn thing I will be able to do about it.

"See you not later than three tomorrow." He pointed toward his door, and I let myself out.

As I walked back into my door, the thought struck me again. I'm going to have a cock in my ass. Probably sooner rather than later. As troublesome as that notion was, it wasn't nearly as incredulous as catching myself fantasizing about it in the shower a few minutes later. I shook my head to clear it of sex. School time and I was already running late. When I went out to my car, I noticed Mark's car was already gone. I never even gave a thought to how that would affect me in a little more than twenty-four hours.

I spent the rest of the day popping breath mints, all too aware of the two loads of cum in my stomach, and wondering how I would ever be able to face Evan. Turned out that was far easier than I anticipated. The moment I looked him in the eye, kissed him on the cheek and said hello sweetheart, without the slightest hesitation or guilt, I knew he and I were soon going to be history. Mark. Or no Mark.

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## Chapter Two

I wore my little black dress. Long enough to cover the vitals. Short enough to leave very little leg to the imagination. I knew I looked killer in it. I had been told by many men and women. I had the legs for it. Unlike yesterday, I decided not to include panties or bra. The fresh air on my pussy made me feel wicked in a nice, surprising sort of way. My hair was slightly curled which brought it to just about the base of my neck. I had black eye shadow and red lipstick with matching nail polish on my fingers and toes. At twenty-one, my skin was still flawless enough to get away without stockings covering my freshly shaved legs. Four-inch heels completed my best effort at turning on an old, perverted rapist.

I knocked on his door. I heard the dog barking, and him to tell me it was open. I looked off to my left. If there were anyone to witness me entering, they would be to the left, in the direction of the parking lot. There was no one. I took a deep breath, and turned the knob, pushed the door open, and walked through.

I just caught a glimpse of Mark sending his dog into the bedroom before closing the door. He turned around to see me come to the entrance of the living room. Almost the exact spot where he had stood for his first Courtney flavored blow job the day before.

He looked me up and down. Slowly. "Wow." He said it very quietly. Nearly inaudible. "Do a slow turn for me, dear." I did. Blushing, and a little ticked at how pleased his admiration made me feel. "We should take a picture of you, and send it to Playboy."

My blush deepened. "I don't think so."

He shrugged. Once again, he was wearing blue jeans with a faded concert t-shirt that had a picture of some sort, and the words Deep Purple across the top. I wondered who they were as he continued to stare. "Birth control?"



I nodded. "I decided to get the shot every three months. I just had my period last week, so that's perfect, as it turns out." To this day, I'm not certain whether I told him that to protect my ass for as long as possible, or if because I truly wanted to get laid.

He picked up his camera off the computer desk. Turned it on. I could already see his hard on pushing against his jeans. I smiled to myself as I thought - Mission Accomplished. I spent the next several minutes making various poses while he took pictures. It was during those minutes that I learned when a woman, or at least me, feel sexy, the body responds in kind. He had me stretch my legs out and put my hands as high up against the wall as I could while shooting full body images. When he had me spread my legs and bend over, he whistled at my pussy, lips swollen and open, on full display.

I posed with my hands in my hair. Looking over my shoulder. Cupping my breasts. Mouth open like I was getting ready to suck him in. Tongue on my lips. Several shots laying on the couch. On the arm of the couch. On the floor. He even took several close ups of my face, and others showing just my head. Lastly, he had me get on my hands and knees, and variations thereof. He showed me a close up of my pussy with my ass sticking up, and my face laying on the carpet. There was a trail of fluid a couple of inches down the inside of my thigh.

I couldn't remember being more aroused in my entire life than I was there, laying on the floor looking at that picture. I had no intention of revealing that to him, of course, but I suppose that was a mute point with that kind of evidence staring him in the face.

I didn't see him put the camera on the television stand. I just lay there, cheek pressed into the carpet, ass up in the air, legs spread as wide as the dress would permit. I didn't hear his zipper coming down. I just lay there, trying to calm my breathing as I resisted the temptation to play with myself. I was waiting for his next order.

But his next words were complimentary, not directions. "My God, I think you are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen in my life." I smiled. What woman doesn't like to hear words like that when she's turning her thighs into a slip and slide? Then he pushed his cock straight into me. All the way to the base. I grunted. He pushed in deeper, swiveling his hips slightly. I moaned. He grabbed me by my hips and pushed himself even deeper as he pulled me into him. I came. Within five seconds, it was obvious, this old man could fuck. I didn't even have time to notice the smoothness of a cock's flesh compared to latex rubber.

I lost my virginity at fifteen to my boyfriend. Since then, I'd had sex with three other guys. Only Evan wasn't within a year of my age. And in those first five seconds of having Mark's cock buried in my pussy, I knew all four of them were amateurs. Little boys. For the next twenty or so minutes, Mark taught me the difference between men and boys. He fucked me fast, slow, gentle, hard. He spanked my ass a couple of times. Pulled my hair. Kissed, licked, and even bit the back of my neck and ear lobes. And I came. At one point, he pulled my hair so hard I had tears falling down my cheeks. And I came. He shoved a finger into my ass. And I came.

Until finally, I heard him gasp, groan, thrust deeply into me. He pulled my hair some more, spanked my ass once, and I clamped my pussy on him hard enough to feel the pulses of his cum shooting up through that beautiful shaft of delight. And with a scream, I came. Whether I actually felt his cum shoot into me, or just imagined it, I decided then and there that condoms suck.

He fell on top of me. We were cheek to cheek. I could smell the Irish Spring again. I don't remember thinking anything for several minutes, and then, my first thought was sex will never be better than that. If I had known how good it was going to be, I would've let him take me the day before, birth

control or not.

He sighed. His breath smelled of strawberries. "Ohhhh, that was good."

I smiled beneath him. Turned my head a bit, and licked him on the chin. I couldn't help it. I had forgotten I was supposed to be revolted and pissed off at the man. The man who had just fucked me well enough to alter my perception on certain things. Like rape. Or perhaps more accurately, consensual rape.

He turned his head, and we shared our first kiss. After a while, his weight forced a groan out of me, and he quickly lifted himself off me before turning and sitting on the sofa.

"And I thought my thighs were wet when you were taking pictures," I said. My hair was a mess. I could see where I had dribbled some drool on the carpet beneath me. And it felt like our combined juices covered my inner thighs from my pussy all the way to the knees where they then soaked into the rug.

He laughed. "Courtney, you are an incredible fuck." He patted my head a couple times. "I never imagined you would be that good."

I rolled onto my side and sat up with my back leaning against the bottom of the love seat. I sighed. I could see lipstick on his lips, and smiled again. I couldn't help it. In all my life I had never felt more blissful. More content. "Thank you, but I've never had someone fuck me better either."

"What time will Evan be home?"

"Eleven at the earliest."

"Seven more hours then."

I checked his clock on the wall to discover I had been there almost exactly an hour....already. Wow.

"Go home. Fix yourself up again, and be back here in ten minutes."

I nodded. "Okay." I slowly stood up, enjoying the ache between my legs.

"When I know you're coming, don't bother to knock anymore."

"Okay." I headed for the door and stepped across the eight feet to my door. As I went in, feeling completely aware of the mess between my legs, I suspected for the first time that this old man was going to turn me into an utter slut if I wasn't careful.

As it turned out, I was wrong about that.

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### **Chapter Three**

The first visit, that of the blow jobs, I was most certainly reluctant. The second visit, the doggy style on the floor in my little black dress, was maybe, maybe not consensual. By the time I walked through his door for the third time, I was willing. Eager. Totally compliant.

"Over here by the sofa," Mark said as I closed the door behind me, and walked by the kitchen into the living room to see some strange items laying on the sofa. Before I could even ask what the stuff

was, Mark gave me my first order. "Strip." That was easy enough with only a single piece of clothing on my body. I pulled the dress off my shoulders, bared my breasts, and he grabbed my hands.

"Get your knees on the floor with your upper body across the sofa." Another easy one.

"Don't move." He began attaching black leather cuffs to my wrists and ankles. Bondage. Of course, I was familiar with it, I just never thought I could trust a man enough to let him do it to me. I was about to learn there were many things I thought about myself that were just flat out wrong. Next, he took a bar about three feet wide and handcuffed an end to each of my ankles.

The wrists were cuffed to a pair of bars about half as wide, and then he placed a thick leather collar around my neck and attached each bar to the collar. My legs were spread. My arms were spread. Lastly, he attached a chain to my collar underneath my body to attach the opposite end of the bar keeping my legs opened.

At this point, I was completely helpless. Unable to even lift my body from the sofa. I found the situation both amusing and arousing. He slapped my ass cheek once. He turned my head, so I was looking to my right, back toward the front door. Then he pulled me a few inches to my left. Then he slapped my other ass cheek. Then he began taking photos again before going into the kitchen. I heard the fridge door open and shut to see him come back into my eye line carrying a bowl of fruit, and a can of whipped cream.

Cool.

The can of whipped cream went into my mouth, and he filled me up before sticking a strawberry in, coating it with the cream. "Bite." I bit off half the strawberry while he dragged the other half over my face, smearing both whipped cream and strawberry juice from my chin to my forehead, and then on up into my hair. He repeated the process with an orange, and then a plum.

I thought I'm going to be a sticky mess before this is done.

He repeated the process in my pussy. Only this time, he bit each fruit for me. Then he did the same thing again in my ass. My amusement at my situation never faltered, but my arousal continued increasing, and when he started working on my ass, the eroticism had me panting. The whipped cream in my ass alone nearly made me cum.

He shoved what I assumed was a couple of strawberries into my pussy. He sprayed the whipped cream all over my back, ass, and even into my hair. Then came a few moments where he didn't say or do anything at all.

"Shit." He muttered finally. "I swear I had bananas." Even young and naive me didn't need to guess what he needed them for. I felt him wipe his hands on my legs before he returned to the kitchen. I heard him wash his hands. He came back where our eyes could meet. "You wait here. I'm gonna run down to the store for some bananas." He spun to go out the door but immediately spun back around toward his bedroom. "It'll work better if I take my wallet." He said as he went into his room.

A moment later, I was alone, dripping warm whip cream and feeling the various fruits drying on my skin. I was wet. In the last day, the old man had shown me how easy it was to turn me on. I even had to admit looking forward to his intentions with the all so important bananas.

I wanted to touch myself. I shuddered with helplessness and increasing arousal. Then I felt a massive wetness lick up the back of my thigh all the way across my ass cheek, and part way up my back.

“What the fuck?”

A second lick. This one pretty much followed my spine from my ass up to my neck

Dog. Oh shit. Amusement gone. Arousal gone (perhaps if I am fully honest, the arousal wasn't so much gone as shifting gears). “Bad dog, go away.” I was covered in tasty treats. He wasn't going anywhere. His tongue did though. His tongue cleaned off my back. My ass. My pussy. Amusement vanished. Arousal....oh God forgive me, it was in over drive. That damn tongue. Ohhh my. “Bad dog, go lay down.”

With each swipe penetrating my ass or pussy my entire body twitched. “Go lay down.” I kept repeating it. He kept ignoring it. He finished work on my back and then moved onto my hair and face. “Go lay down.” I closed my mouth when he licked my lips. Yuck! “Go away!”

He seemed satisfied with my face and backed away. “Thank you, God.” My relief was short lived. He soon returned to tonguing my ass and pussy. “Bad dog, go away.” His licking intensified. Apparently, I tasted better than whip cream or fruit. As my juices really began to flow, my tears came with them. “Oh please, Mark, hurry.”

Every so often, when his tongue would enter me, I could feel the movement of what I assumed was a strawberry or two within me. It didn't seem to take him long to decide the consumption of said Strawberry was his life's only ambition.

Oh, Jesus, that tongue was good. Too good. “Marrrrrk...” I moaned. This is wrong. This is wrong. This is so wrong. I'm a good person, why is this happening to me? I was too busy fighting my imminent eruption to even think about crying. Oh God, please don't let this dog lick me to an orgasm.

It seemed for a moment that God was listening as the dog quit licking me entirely. I sighed. Smiled. I then discovered God may well be a sadist when the dog jumped up onto my back.

“MARK!!!!!!” There was no response. No sound other than the dog panting in my ear. Only the feeling of his soft fur caressing the over stimulated skin of my ass and back. I felt his dick pushing against my thigh. It was leaking. I felt small spurts his my ass and pussy. It left trails of the warm fluid across both of my thighs. He shifted himself on my back. His paws were now to either side of my head. I could see his right leg. All covered with black and brown fur. As if I needed further evidence of how wrong this was. I tried to wiggle my ass to throw off his aim. It worked.

Twice.

I was muttering no over and over, and then came the third jab. The make me a bitch jab. My entire body jerked when I felt him enter me. Third time's the charm. The thought caused a brief smile. He shuffled forward, pushing deeper into me. Jesus, how big is this dog? I kept muttering no as he began humping me.

I thought Mark was big. Holy fuck. “No no no no nooo.” His cock was physically hot. Hotter than anything I had ever had in me before. The pain spread from my pussy like some sort of evil anti-climax. Waves of it spread with each thrust from my drooling lover. And either with or right behind of each painful spasm came a tsunami like a jolt of pleasure to obliterate any notion that this hurt too much to enjoy.

And still, he battered into me as though on a mission to alter my perception of depravity. I thought Mark could fuck. Oh, sweet Christ. “No no no no no-no....” This mutt was pounding into me with

unbelievable speed and ferocity. My nipples, crushed into the leather sofa, felt like they were about to spontaneously combust.

"No no no no no..." Somewhere. I've no idea where exactly. Twenty strokes. A hundred. Somewhere it happened. "No no no. no..." a grunt, and then, "yes... Yes... YESSSSSSSS!" The orgasm tore through me even as I felt a large lump push into me. This dog should be giving lessons on how to fuck. A second orgasm washed through the first one. His dick was so hot. And then I felt his cum enter me.

I just lay there. I had no choice in that. I shook. I shuddered. I jerked. I twitched. I orgasmed again. Then again. I loved feeling his semen spreading through me. I loved his fur on my sweaty back. His drool in my hair. On my cheek. I could feel waves of muscle twitches running up and down my legs.

I've just become a bitch. His dick continued to pulse within me. More sperm in my pussy. An abstract thought passed through my mind so quickly I almost missed it - I wonder what that tastes like?

Mark had rocked my world only a little while ago, and now this mutt just shattered Mark's record in far less time. I closed my eyes. My mouth. He was getting ready to pull out, and I could still feel the knob in me, but even then I knew what I was...

Bitch.

I just hoped he would pull out before Mark came back. Nobody would ever know about this. And then...

"Look at this," Mark said.

I opened my eyes to see him standing there holding a plastic bag with a few bananas in it. "Get him off me, please," I asked, turning on the tears, and using my best I need help from this despicable situation voice.

Mark dropped the bag on the love seat. "He'll get himself out of you when his knot goes down." He said, and then moved over toward the computer.

"How long?" I asked, still playing the unwilling victim.

"I honestly don't know." I heard him sit at the computer. "I can tell you that you just took his virginity."

That actually made me feel special in some weird way, and as tired as I was, I still managed to clamp my pussy down on his shrinking cock. All I said to Mark though was, "That's disgusting."

"Mmmm hmmm." He answered.

"What is that supposed to mean?" I asked, trying to put some sarcasm in my tone. With the little flutters still shooting from my pussy, it wasn't easy.

After a moment, I heard his chair swivel around so he could face me. "Well, I actually think looking at you with Josey up on your back, and knotted to his bitch is the hottest thing I've ever seen in my life." He must've leaned forward to pet the dog 'cause I felt a slight downward pressure. "I just wanted to see how you really felt about it before I said anything."

Uh oh. "What do you mean? This is sick." I had a friend once tell me when the situation calls for it, to

lie, and once you have lied, continue to lie like hell, and stick to it.

“What I mean is...” He let that go at that, and then I heard myself repeatedly saying no before giving myself over to the pleasure.

“You were recording me?”

“I set up three web cams last night. High-def of course. I even put a camera on Josey’s collar. So we’ll have four different angles to watch you become a bitch.” He laughed.

I was busted. While trying to think of something to say, I lost my chance to.

“Remember me pulling you to your left? I was getting you in the center of the shot.” He spun back toward the computer. “And what a shot. Can’t actually see his dick going in you of course, but watching your legs bounce as he pounded you. That’s really hot.”

I went through the five stages of grief in about a fifth of a second. “You’re an asshole sometimes, you know that?” I moaned as I felt the dog try to pull away from me.

I heard him get out of the chair, and a moment later felt his hand run along the outside of my thigh. “Would you have let him fuck you if you hadn’t been helpless?”

“Of course not.”

His hand moved around my leg to gently caress my pussy from beneath. “Then it’s a good thing I left you like this.” He replied as I shivered at his touch. “Sometimes, all an accident needs is a little help.”

“What do you mean?” I asked as another minor eruption fluttered through my body when his finger circled my clit.

“I left the bananas in the car.”

In my current state, thinking was very difficult. “What?”

“I covered you in food, and left my bedroom door open on purpose.” I felt his hand caress down my inner thigh, running through the fluids that covered my skin. “Last night, I checked to see if Josey would eat whipped cream and the fruit.”

“You set me up to get fucked by your dog?” I took a deep breath as I felt Josey make another tug. “What if I had hated it?”

“Then it would have remained a complete accident forever.” He answered as he stuck three of his fingers into my mouth. I was very pleased to note dog cum didn’t taste bad. Good would be a stretch, but not bad either.

I squealed loudly as the dog pulled out of me. I felt our cum flow down my crack to drip from the top of my pussy onto the carpet. And finally, between Mark and Josey, I felt like a woman.

“What sort of name is Josey for a dog?” I asked.

“My favorite Clint Eastwood movie.” He answered immediately. “The Outlaw Josey Wales.”

I closed my eyes and smiled as the outlaw began cleaning my thighs and crotch with that delightful

tongue.

*The End*