

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



My girlfriend, Antonia, told me she was going to stop by my house after school. We'd been "dating" for a few months, but had actually started casually seeing each other about six months ago. We had had sex a few times and I was hoping she might be up for more before my parents came home. Despite having had sex, I still had not really seen more than her boobs and a bit of her butt and we still mostly stuck to fingering, handjobs, and blowjobs. Antonia was really way too reserved to move fast or to want to try anything extreme. In fact, extreme for Antonia was actually having had sex before marriage, let alone while still in high school- even if they were both seniors and 18.

Antonia is, by all reasonable accounts, stunning. She has long blonde hair, a slim- almost non-existent- waist. She has the deepest green eyes you've ever seen. They are the color of the forest in summer with a slight glow and you can stare into them all day long. Her smile is unfortunately too infrequent, but when it comes she lights up a room with it. Her boobs are not big at all, being just barely a b-cup, but I've never had reason to complain. But even if everything else were to be forgotten, her butt would leave an impression that only a dead man could forget. Because of her tiny waist, her hips flared out to make her butt look much larger, but because it wasn't actually big, when seen independently when she bent over, it made everyone- girls included- stare. I'm convinced the saying, 'bounce a quarter off that' was invented for her butt.

Everything I thought I knew about Antonia changed the moment I opened my back door that day. Everything. I heard her knock lightly on the metal screen door, but I was in the middle of a level of my video game and I shouted, "One minute!" There was another knock, but I was still engrossed in the game. A third, louder knock on the door got my attention and I rushed to a save point. I got there and overwrote my previous file, then shutdown the game system. The fourth knock was directly on the the wood door and not on the metal screen door. Part of my mind registered that that was unusual for Antonia who felt it presumptuous to open a door before being invited in, but I managed to not let that thought obsess me.

My dog Moose tried to beat me to the door, but I grabbed his collar and shut him in the kitchen because he was too hyper around Antonia. He jumped up and down whenever she was around. He's a mixed Boxer/Great Dane and goes at least 100-120 pounds. That makes him about the same weight or a little more than her and he frequently had pushed her aside or knocked her over.

Closing the kitchen door, I was finally able to open the back door. To say that what I saw surprised me, would really be an injustice to the word "surprise." Antonia, my Antonia, was standing there with knees shaking, her body twisting and head looking around, naked. Not a stitch of clothing. No shirt, skirt, shorts, shoes, socks. Nothing. I froze. I think I made a weird sound in my throat, but I really am not sure.

Antonia pushed me aside and strode into the house. I followed her with my eyes, but my body was not currently taking any orders from my brain and stayed put holding the door open. Now that she was inside, all her nervousness seemed to evaporate and I saw the slightest hint of a mischievous smile over her shoulder as she entered the living room. My brain was still slowly processing what my eyes were seeing so it wasn't until she'd turned the corner and exited my sight that it finally dawned on me that she had something written on her back and hips.

Now my curiosity got the better of my body and demanded that I stop being a fool and follow her. I had to read what was written there. That, not her nakedness, got me moving.

I guess I should explain a little bit about myself before you jump to conclusions about me. I'm an idiot. I mean, not really, but it's what many people think about how I behave. I get caught up in minutia and can't let things go. I'm likely pretty smart, but I never really put much effort into school, so it certainly doesn't show there. I'm lucky to bring home C's and often my report card is filled with

D's. Despite this I have never once failed a test in school. I just don't do homework except math and as a result I really could never get above a C grade. My teachers certainly do not think I'm worth any special effort- except maybe Mrs. Forner- who tried to push me to write more. They just give me the grades and move me on. They know that I'm not cheating or anything, so they just concentrate on the other students who need the help.

But people think that my obsessions, as strange as they can be, are indicative of low intelligence. This opinion is not helped by my occasional stellar examples of lack of common sense. For example... I locked my locker with the key inside it. Normal solution would be to go to the administrative office and have them unlock it. My solution was to find a book in the library (a great one by someone at MIT), read up on picking locks, find some tools in metalshop and woodworking that would work and spend three days working at different times to figure out how to pick the lock. When I finally got the lock open, it never really worked right again and pretty much any key that fit would open it after that. I have to emphasize, I wasn't worried about getting in trouble, or afraid to ask, I just didn't even think of it. I had a problem and this was the solution that I came up with.

On the other hand, I have what some people see as occasional moments of brilliant insight and solutions to problems. I figured out almost immediately how to arrange the collapsing and raising of a set for the school play that had failed to work properly in dress rehearsal. And my solution required only two stage people instead of six. Again, I'm not specially gifted, I just apparently don't see things quite like other people.

Because of these things I don't really have a lot of friends. I don't quite fit in with any group, but I also am not excluded from any group. I'm not generally hassled by anyone except for occasionally for being my normal, but to them slightly weird, self. I'm not even sure why Antonia started seeing me and certainly had been very surprised when she proposed that we start officially dating. Dating was relatively rare in my school and harkened back to the old, old days of pinning a girl. It signified a deeper relationship. I was certainly happy with it, but really didn't know what I'd done to earn it.

So seeing my conservative girlfriend standing at my door naked, watching her walk past me into the living room, finally following her into the living room to see her on her hands and knees, her magnificent butt pointed at me, and reading on her back:

SCREW
ME
LIKE
A
DOG

SPUNK
IN ME
✓

In lipstick or marker, I really should have just followed the instructions. I mean I'm sure she'd have understood a moment of confusion on my part, but any other boyfriend would have been down on his knees and plowing her pussy in a heartbeat.

What did I do? I asked, "Who wrote that on you?"

Antonia turned her head and gave me an incredulous look before answering, "Marci wrote it for me before we left school." Knowing I wasn't likely to let up that easy, she sighed and continued, "In the girls room before last period." I guess she could see that I was still going to ask questions because

she went on, "I wrote something similar on her back last week. And on her front. And her boobs. And right above her pussy."

"Was it the same?" I asked. Before you wonder what the hell I'm doing, I told you I was an idiot. Yes, I had a hardon the likes of which I'd never experienced, but my curiosity would not let me stop talking.

She lowered her ass a bit and relaxed her arms to get more comfortable. She knew me and knew that it was not her, but me. Still, I could tell she was less than pleased as she answered, "No. Her's was far, far more explicit."

"More explicit?" I asked in shock.

"Yes. Her's read..." she paused for a moment, "You can't tell anyone... I'm serious... No. One." I nodded my understanding, "She had me write. 'Fuck me like a slut. Use me like a whore. Make me worship you big black cock. Fill me with your seed. Make my loser boyfriend raise your nigger baby. Black cock only.'"

"Wow. That's messed up." I answered. "And you let her write on you? How did you know that she wasn't going to write the same things?"

"Well first, Marci's been sleeping with Reggie behind Evans back for months. They both get a kick out of fucking behind his back. You know she hasn't even given it up for Evan yet?" I didn't, but had just enough sense to nod so she'd continue. "Second, I looked in the mirror at it after she was done. I love what she wrote. I want you to screw me like a god and cum inside me."

Now pay attention and remember again that I told you I'm an idiot. "That's not what she wrote."

"What? Of course it is... I saw it. Well, spunk instead of cum, but same thing. Now, are you going to do like it says or are you going to keep asking asinine questions?"

"You sure you want me to do like it says?" I asked her. An idea had clicked inside my head and I was hoping that she'd say yes, but I knew that I'd not have a girlfriend afterwards. If I was lucky that was the best thing I'd have happen to me. I could end up in jail. I didn't really think on that right then, but it did absolutely cross my mind. It was a sick and perverted thought that I really should have just ignored, but that's not how I'm wired.

Antonia looked me straight in the eyes. I had one of those moment of understanding things that others don't see right away and I knew then that either I had completely misjudged her character or something fundamental had changed in her because I knew that she was going to say yes and I knew that she was going to do absolutely whatever I wanted her to do. This was going to be so bad because the absolute one thing that I needed then (and really a lot of times) was restraint. Without it... with a willing participant... I was absolutely sure that I was going to get in real trouble before the day was out. She nodded and quietly said, "Yes." I think she too knew something unexpected was going to happen. I think she knew that something was about to change forever with us.

And it was. The dye was cast. The last thing that could have saved us both was gone. We were doomed and neither of us really knew just how doomed we were. As I said, I sensed this, but all caution was tossed aside with that yes. I could not have stopped myself. Only physical restraint could have stopped me then. I wanted to see what my mind had conjured up in action and now that I had consent, I had no ability to stop it. Truthfully, even had my parents walked in at that moment, I think I would have had to try again. And even had Antonia come to her senses I would have had to find someone else. I NEEDED to know what I thought in that moment was like.

“Stay there.” I ordered. It was not quite a shout, but it was definitely an order and she looked at me, surprised at the tone change. Then she got back in position on all fours with her dazzling smile marred by the slightly worried expression in her eyes. The mix was intoxicating. I left the living room repeating “Stay” as I exited. I went to the kitchen and opened the door. Moose hopped up from where he was laying and ran over to me. I grabbed his collar and led him into the living room.

Antonia’s eyes widened as she saw me holding Moose, but I repeated “Stay” again and she didn’t move. Moose automatically pulled hard against me and tried to stick his nose in her butt. I let him and he briefly sniffed and snuffled at her and then he started licking her thighs, butt, pussy, and crack. Her head shot up and I let go of Moose and hurried around to her front and took hold of her hand on the floor and looked her right in the eyes. There was no mistaking the overriding look she returned. Moose’s tongue was having an effect on her and she was liking it too much to ask me to have him stop. Sure, there was some outrage, maybe even anger, and certainly disgust and humiliation, but the overriding look was of pure pleasure.

“Just giving you what Marci wrote on you...” I said. Antonia’s breathing was heavy and she was making little mewling sound in her throat. But her eyes managed to convey the question and I continued, “She didn’t say to screw you like a god, she said to screw you like a dog. This is how dogs screw.” With that revelation out of the way, Antonia shuddered in what I was pretty sure was the beginning of an orgasm. I looked carefully at her eyes to see if it was. I saw her eyes flutter and then the whites of them and I knew that she was about to pass out as she came. This was normal, but we’d worked out a system to stop it and I implemented it now. I reached up, grabbed her nipple and squeezed it hard while twisting. She came in a bigger orgasm than I’d ever seen her as her arms collapsed and her ass stayed high in the air.

I looked back at Moose. He was still working at her with his tongue, but his cock was fully exposed now. I went back to him just as he jumped on top of Antonia. He tried to thrust his cock into her, but was way off target. I had known this was about to happen so I was already reaching when he jumped up on her. Before he could quickly try and impale her again, I had hold of his cock and guided right into her pussy. Antonia’s head shot up off the carpet almost level with her ass even though her hands had not moved and she screamed. She collapsed down hard as Moose thrust over and over again into her. I kept him from pulling out and soon he was more controlled and his knot was pushing against her pussy. He was too big to fit easily, but he was determined to do so.

I let Moose do his thing and went back to Antonia’s head. She was panting hard and tears were running down her face and dripping off her nose. She was biting her lip and as flushed as I’d ever seen her. I leaned down and kissed her on the forehead. I kissed her on the eyes and on the cheeks and the nose, tasting the salty tears with every kiss. I finally got to her mouth and we exchanged a series of kisses the likes of which I could barely adequately describe. They conveyed passion, hurt, anger, humiliation, gratitude, pleasure, lust, revenge, and a host of other emotions. Our tongues dueled and our lips wrestled. Our teeth nibbled and bit. We shared breath and withheld breath.

I really don’t know how long we made out, but I know the exact moment it came to an end. It was when Moose managed to shove his knot through her lips and embedded in her pussy. Immediately, Moose turned around and locked his cock in Antonia. I watched his body spasming and he shot load after load of cum into her. While this was going on Antonia was screaming- and I mean screaming where before had been more a shout of pain and surprise- in a perfect mix of pain and pleasure. I saw her second orgasms coming, but I wasn’t fast enough to stop her from passing out this time because she was laying on her boobs.

In an effort to wake her up, I slapped her ass hard. Once, twice, three times and she didn’t rouse. I pinched her butt cheek repeatedly and still got no response. I moved Moose’s tail and stuck my hand

down her ass crack and thrust first one, then two and finally three fingers up her asshole and she finally roused. Immediately I felt her sphincter squeeze around me and her ass shoved back against me and Moose. I thrust in and out of her ass and in moments she was shuddering in another orgasm. This time, she managed to stay conscious, but only barely.

Moose was done spasming and now he was just kind of waiting for his cock to pop out. I had seen him mate with a dog before and I knew from that experience it could take quite some time for that to happen. At least fifteen minutes, if not a lot longer. I'd heard it could take an hour-and-a-half and if that happened this time, my parents would walk in on us and no explaining could possibly get us out of trouble. Something about that turned me on as much as it scared me. Weird, right?

I resumed thrusting my fingers in and out of her butthole again until after about ten minutes I felt Antonia have a fourth orgasms. She barely was able to stir from it and did not have the strength to lift her head off the rug, but she looked back at me with eyes still full of lust and gratitude. There was no anger now, but I did catch a glimpse of anticipated revenge, but it was distant and more lustful than evil.

I pulled my finger out of her asshole and crawled up to her face again. I put my fingers that had been pleasuring her to her face and she sniffed them once then put them all in her mouth, sucking them clean. Then she grabbed me around the neck with desperate strength and pulled me into a kiss. Part of me wanted to resist because it was disgusting to kiss a mouth that had just licked fingers fresh from the ass, but another part wanted to taste it. It was disgusting, but beautiful.

We stayed locked in that kiss, me rubbing her sides and butt and belly, her rubbing my hair and ears and back. More strength was returning to her and she lifted her head higher and fully engulfed me with her kisses. There was a desperation in them and I felt a return desperation. I wanted to be part of her and she wanted to be part of me. Our tongues resumed their duel and my cock was ready to explode in my pants with how this was affecting me.

Finally, I heard literally Moose "pop" out of Antonia. Before I could move she flipped me onto my back, crawled over me and plopped her dog-cum-filled pussy onto my mouth. She grabbed my hair and said, "EAT IT!" I didn't even need the order, I started licking and sucking the doggy cum and her juices out of her pussy. "That's it... eat your dog's cum. Eat it, you dirty pervert. You dirty dog cum eating loser." That was it. I exploded in my pants. I came without ever touching my cock and I came to being humiliated by my girlfriend who I had just essentially raped-by-proxy and definitely submitted to horrible humiliation. My hips bucked uncontrollably as I came and there was no way to hide it. Antonia laughed and I swear I came more because of that.

Antonia continued to smother my mouth with her sloppy pussy and looked down at me beneath her. She said, "Well, seems like you like doggy cum. Maybe as much as I do. Do you want to eat doggy cum from me again?" I nodded. "Do you want to eat lots of doggy cum from me?" I nodded again. "Do you want to eat my ass?" I nodded and she shifted to where my tongue was now at her ass. I drove my tongue as deep into her hole as far as I could. I couldn't see her anymore, but she asked, "Do you want to eat doggy cum from there, too?" I blinked a moment in confusion, then nodded an emphatic yes at the perverse idea.

Finally she asked a pair of questions that I knew were coming and I both hoped they would come and prayed they wouldn't. I didn't know the exact wording, but I was already certain of my answer. "Do you want to have doggy sloppy seconds?" I paused, this was it... I could say no... I could try and re-assert myself and my authority. But I didn't. To my shame and excitement I nodded yes. Then the seal-the-deal came, "Do you want to always and only have doggy sloppy seconds from now on?" After everything else, it was not nearly as bad. In fact my cock got instantly hard again as I drove my

tongue as deep as it would go up her ass and both nodded yes under her and actually tried to say "yes" with my tongue lodged in her.

I'm her bitch. She's Moose's bitch. We're both fucked. We're both happy.