

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) by Amy C.

Amy lay prone on her bed, her lower legs dangling over the edge. The ponytail of her thick blonde hair is smelling of wild strawberry shampoo curled behind her head, and her full lips were puckered in a pout. She had been crying; her father wouldn't allow her to go out on dates with boys yet. Not until she was sixteen, almost a whole year away. What a poop he was, Amy thought as she wiped tears from her eyes with the back of her hand.

"Daddy isn't fair," Amy yelled out. She wasn't afraid to be overheard because her parents had already left the house to go out for the evening. They wouldn't be back until around midnight.

Amy's thoughts turned to Danny. He was a boy in her school, and he was really cute. But what was Daddy worried about? She just wanted to go out and have fun with Danny. Having normal fun. It's not like she was going to go out and have sex with him. Of course, she sometimes thought about it. Sure. It was normal. But she knew about girls her age that had sex with boys. Those girls had bad reputations, and Amy didn't want that. Also these days, there was always the worry about Aids too.

Still, Amy often thought about sex. She was thinking about it right then. Thinking about kissing Danny. Thinking about Danny's hands pressing against her breasts. And as she thought about it, Amy pressed her own hands against her breasts and felt her nipples harden under her blouse. She wasn't wearing a bra, so she could feel the softness of her small but firm breasts through the material of her blouse. Her thumbs played with her protruding nipples. "Mmmm."

Amy undid two buttons of her blouse and put her right hand inside to cup her left breast, squeezing it tenderly. As she did so, she felt her loins begin to tingle, and a slight shiver radiated up her body. She unbuttoned the rest of her blouse, and opening it wide, fondled and squeezed both of her pinkish white breasts. Breasts of young womanhood. Tender...soft...yet firm.

"Mmmm, that feels nice," she sighed.

Amy's body grew warmer, and her pussy tightened and relaxed, tightened and relaxed every time her thumbs and forefingers squeezed her dark pink nipples. Her left hand moved slowly down her chest to her flat but satiny soft, tawny abdomen. She sucked in her tummy as her fingertips slid under the waistband of her skirt. But her waistband was too tight for her to easily get her hand under it, so she reached lower and lifted the hem of her skirt up to expose her bare upper thighs and pink panties.

As her hand slid over the cotton fabric and down over the edge of her pubic bone, her buttocks tightened and pushed her pussy up to meet her fingers. Amy's lips puckered, and a long, slow breath escaped from them. "Ohhh," she breathed.

Amy could feel the warm moisture beginning to seep through her panties. The feelings she was getting felt good. But she wanted more. With both hands, she pulled her panties down to her knees, then return her left hand to between her firm young thighs.

"Ahhh, better."

Now she could slide her middle finger between her swollen pussy lips that were wet with her juices. Her clitoris was beginning to swell also, but it was still too tender for her to play with yet. That was okay. Her pussy was enjoying the feel of her fingers sliding through the crevice between the lightly haired mounds of her pussy.

But the panties at her knees were keeping Amy from spreading her legs as far apart as she desired,

so she stopped her hand movement long enough to remove the panties completely. Now she could spread her legs as wide as she wanted. Now her inner lips and the opening of her vagina were exposed.

Amy's middle finger slid past her clitoris and down to her vagina, the tip of her finger sliding over its edge and entering to the first knuckle. Her abdomen quivered as she did so.

"Oh," Amy moaned, as her finger pressed the upper inside of her vagina. Moments later, Amy heard a noise at her bedroom door. Panicking, she quickly moved her hand away from her loins and clamped her knees together. Breathing rapidly, she raised her head to see what had made the noise. There at the doorway stood Max, her five-year-old Black Labrador Retriever, his ears perked up as if he were wondering what was going on in here.

"Whew." Amy let out a long breath of air in relief.

Her first thought had been that her parents had returned home. Thank goodness it was only Max. Her heart began to slow from its sudden quickened pace.

Amy thought of putting Max out in the backyard, but she was too much in a hurry to return to what she had been doing. It had felt so good. And if Max wanted to watch...fine. Besides, him being there made her feel kind of... naughty. It added a little... what? Excitement to what she was doing.

So she lowered her head back down on her bed, as her left hand moved back between her young thighs, and her knees parted once more.

After the momentary interruption, if anything, her finger sliding back between her pussy lips and back to her vaginal opening felt even better than before. She pressed the tip of her tongue against her upper lip, and a slight moan escaped from her throat.

As Amy's middle finger pressed against and circled the opening of her vagina, she heard Max whine. If he wanted to go out, he would just have to wait, Amy thought. She couldn't stop now. No way. Another moan escaped her lips as the pleasure intensified. Amy's buttocks cheeks tightened and relaxed, rhythmically pushing her pussy up and down, as now two of her fingers slid between her pussy lips. She spread her legs even wider.

Suddenly a cold nose touched her hand, and a thick, warm tongue licked the lower edge of her hot pussy, sending a shockwave through her whole body. She sat up with a start and hurriedly pushed Max's head away with both of her hands.

A feeling of embarrassment came over her. Why did Max do that? Amy looked at Max, wanting him to go away, but she couldn't get herself to tell him to do so. She just sat there looking at him, as he sat there looking back at her, panting with his tongue hanging out.

Amy's eyes centered on Max's tongue, as it moved with every pant. A warm, hot feeling moved up Amy's body from her pussy to her head. Her breath began to quicken, and her chest tighten.

No. That would be too perverted... Wouldn't it? Thoughts came unbidden into her head. Her eyes kept looking... staring at Max's tongue, and she thought, Max, licked her face all the time. So... it would be okay if he licked her... down there. Sure it would... Wouldn't it?

Amy slowly lay back on her right elbow. Her left hand returned to her pussy, and she began to rub herself once more, her eyes still fixed on Max... on his tongue.

Max started to rise up from his haunches, but he sat back down, whining slightly.

Amy slid her bottom to the very edge of her bed and spread her knees apart. Part of her felt she should close her knees tightly together and stop what she was doing. But no, no, she wasn't going to do that.

"Come here Max," Amy whispered so softly that Max only perked up his ears. Amy's throat was so dry and tight. She swallowed and tried to take in more of breath.

"Come here Max," Amy said only slightly louder. But this time Max stood up on his strong legs and slowly started moving toward her.

Amy felt like she was going to faint. Her heart was pounding so hard she could hear and feel her pulse at her temples. She licked the perspiration that had formed on her upper lip.

Max stopped a foot away from her.

"C'mon Max. Come on boy." Her voice pleaded. Pussy juices beaded in the curls of her pubic hair and glistened on the exposed pinkness between her swollen inner lips, as Max slowly... ever so slowly stretched his head forward and sniffed her. He licked his muzzle, swallowed, and drew his head back, whining as if he thought he was doing something wrong and was going to be punished.

"Good boy Max. Good boy," Amy said, softly. "Come on boy. Come on. Please, Max. Please!" she pleaded again.

With bowed head, Max looked up at Amy's face and saw that she wasn't mad at him. Not at all. She was directing him towards where her hand was. He licked his muzzle once more and took a step closer... closer.

Amy's heart seemed to pound even harder as she watched Max's head again stretch toward her. When his nose was just inches away from her, his tongue snaked out... and licked.

"Oh geez!" Amy had never felt anything so instantly pleasurable in her young life before.

Max swallowed, then his tongue flicked out again, but this time it pressed firmly at the base of her pussy and licked up through the crack and skimmed over her clitoris.

"Oh geez," Amy breathed again, as Max's firm wet tongue finally did what she wanted.

Max drew his head back, but just to move closer. His tongue returned to Amy's pussy, and he licked again and then again, each stroke of his tongue heightening Amy's pleasure.

Amy lay fully back on her bed and brought her right hand down to her pussy. Using both hands, she spread her inner lips apart, offering herself completely to Max's wonderful tongue. Amy's abdomen rose up and down as she took deep breaths. She had never felt such wonderful sensations before as the ones Max was giving her. Max was licking and slurping her faster now.

"Oh yeah, Max! Oh God yeah," Amy moaned.

Amy pushed her pussy up to meet Max's muzzle, and as his tongue again started its licking motion upwards, it slightly touched her anus. That was a new sensation. And a really good one too, and she managed to scoot her bottom even further over the edge of her bed now.

With every lick of Max's tongue, Amy's buttocks tightened, and her young pussy rose up to meet

him. Now with almost every lick, Max's rough tongue was also licking her anus. What intense pleasure. What sensations. She could even feel the tickling from the fur of his jowls and ears rubbing against the blond fuzz on her inner thighs. Her breath was coming loudly now, as she panted. Time... nothing meant anything, except Max's tongue.

Then Max's tongue probed between her folds and licked and dipped. Licked and dipped. Trying to get every drop. And Amy tried to will her pussy to open wider so that Max's probing tongue would go even deeper.

Amy's clitoris was now fully engorged, and when Max licked it, the feeling was pure ecstasy. Max's tongue was concentrating on Amy's pussy opening, so Amy moved her left hand and began to work at her clitoris. Amy closed her eyes. She was in heaven. "Oh-oh-oh," she moaned.

Amy felt a new sensation starting to build in her loins. Almost painful, and it started to scare her. But it quickly changed to a rushing, good feeling. As the feeling built in intensity, Amy moaned out, "Come on Max. Come on boy!" But all of a sudden, Max stopped licking.

"Come on Max," Amy pleaded.

But Max didn't continue. Instead, his front paws came up on the bed next to her shoulders. Amy's eyes flew open, and above her, she saw Max's head, his panting tongue lolling out to one side.

"What are you...?" Amy started to say, but then she felt something warm poking around her. Amy was startled into a moment of immobility, which gave Max just enough time for his swollen cock to find the entrance to her vagina and slide in.

Amy felt the dog's cock head going in, and it hurt as it stretched the opening of her vagina. She had put a finger in her pussy before. Even two, once. But Max's cock must be even thicker than two of her fingers, she briefly thought. Amy immediately thought to push Max off her, but her hands were wedged between Max's groin and on top of hers.

She pulled her hands out, but this only enabled Max to drive his thick hard cock in even further, spreading Amy's tight, virginal vagina wider still. Max's thrust drove her back down and pinned her to the mattress. A guttural "ruff" came from Max's throat, a sound of triumph as he plunged his swollen cock firmly into Amy's tight warm pussy.

This hurts Amy, but it obviously was not hurting Max. He panted as he drove his cock in and out, in and out at a quickening pace.

"No, Max, no!" Amy tried to order pet to stop, but Max paid no attention. "It hurts!"

"Ow!" she moaned with every thrust, "Ow! Ow! Ow! Oh... Ow ... Oh!"

Amy's juices joined with the pre-cum of Max's cock, and his long member began to slide easier.

"Ohhh! Oh!" Amy breathed a long moan, as the hurting feeling began to change.

Because her pussy was already so well lubricated and in such a sexual fever pitch due to Max's tongue, it was starting to feel a little good. No, more than a little good.

"Ooooh! Oh yeah. Oh yeah. Oooohhhh! Oooohhhh!" she began to think, then began to breathe, then began to moan. Amy's body began pushing up at Max. But this time it wasn't to push Max off of her. Amy could feel every bit of Max's cock sliding against her pussy walls. Every wonderful sensation of

his fucking motions. Her nostrils breathed in Max's animal smells along with her own. "Oh yeah. Oh yeah. Oh, Max. Max. Oh yeah," she kept moaning, as she pushed her pussy up for Max to thrust as much of his cock into her as he could. She now wanted all of it.

"Oh...oh...oh. Fu..." Amy almost had said the F word that she had never liked hearing.

But it felt so good! She couldn't stop herself.

Oh Max, fuck me. Fuck me. Fuck me. Oh yeah."

And there it was again. That sensation she had started to have earlier. That intense building sensation. Starting in her loins. Moving up into her abdomen. Her chest. Her pussy began to tighten.

What was wrong? What was wrong? Amy thought. But she couldn't stop. Then her pussy tightened so tight, and her back arched, and suddenly the most wonderful sensation she'd ever experienced flowed over her body.

"Oh God! Oh God!"

Her body jerked and jerked and jerked, and she felt her juices gushing. "Ahhhhh!"

The wonderful sensation slowly began to melt away, but Max continued. He paused only briefly to adjust his back paws and move closer, and then he continued his thrusts. His cock seemed to go even slightly deeper now into Amy's pussy. New virgin territory stimulated. Again that wonderful feeling began to build. "Oh yeah, Max. Oh yeah... oh yeah! Don't stop Max. Please don't stop," Amy begged. Max was not about to stop. Not yet.

Amy came again, her long moan taking every bit of air from her lungs. Just as this sensation began to ebb, Max seemed to thrust even harder; then his thrusting cock began shooting its huge load of doggy cum deep into her. The hot juices spurting against Amy's vaginal walls caused her to come once more, her pussy spasming as if to gulp in every last drop, ending in one final rigid shudder.

After a few more thrusts, Max slid out of Amy and lowered his front paws to the floor. After a few moments, seemingly examining his handiwork, he turned around, curled up against Amy's closet door, and with his tongue, started cleaning himself up.

Amy lay there on her bed for a few minutes to catch her breath. Finally, she rose up on both elbows. She first looked at Max and saw what he was doing. She noticed with alarm the size of Max's already softening cock. Had she that big thing in her? She couldn't believe it. Then she looked at the base of his cock and noticed an even thicker lump that was there. Thank goodness Max hadn't pushed that up into me, Amy thought. Then she looked down between her legs. Reaching down with her left hand, she felt all the slick hot juices that were there. I have some cleaning up to do too, Amy thought.

That night, lying in her bed, Amy was a little sore. But it was a good sore. She knew the soreness would go away. And thinking about Max, she also knew the good sensations would come again.

The next day when her father apologized for upsetting her about not being allowed to date boys for another year, Amy didn't get upset. She just smiled, "That's okay, Daddy. I guess I can hold out another year."

The End