

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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I was 36, and I knew what I was doing. Or at least I thought I did. My friend John had talked me into this; it was really perverted so it appealed to me.

I can't remember when I first started getting a thrill out of doing things that grossed everyone else out, but I'm sure I must have been very young. My first memory of "grossing" out my friends was when I was 12 and let some boys talk me into fucking a dog in front of them in a vacant lot.

Believe it or not I'm pretty good looking with well-defined muscles and a pretty face. So why do I do some of the things I do? I can't answer that question other than to say the thrill is so important to me that I'd do anything to feel it.

I guess that was why I was standing just outside a holding pen for Komodo Dragons in South Florida looking at the monsters crawling around in the mud. The place was one of those ramshackle roadside affairs that promised the strange and unusual. Only today they were really going to offer something strange.

Yes, I'd been talked into doing something really strange and my heart was pounding in my chest as my body shot tendrils of energy through my thighs up to my cunt in surges of excitement. I squirmed nervously as John led me to the gate of the holding pen.

I was going to let myself be fucked by a Komodo Lizard, and I was going to have an audience. I didn't really care if the men surrounding me watched or not, all I wanted to do was prove a point to my friend John. He dared me to do this, thinking that I'd be so grossed out that I would refuse. Well, was he going to be surprised.

A filthy older man stood by the gate and eyed me as I approached. I looked at the old geezer and stripped off the maxi coat I was wearing to reveal my shapely body in a neat little number from Fredrick's of Hollywood. I knew that my sexy clothes would be worthless by the time I was done here, but they made me feel good.

The dirty old man swallowed and his eyes looked like they were popping out of his head as I passed him to enter the pen. I noticed that he had a big lump in his trousers that proved he wasn't past it, even if he was old and dirty.

The men ranged around the pen started calling out lewd encouragements, telling me how hot I looked and that if I wanted to change my mind they'd give me the ride of my life. I smiled at them and said, "Maybe when I'm done here, we can see if yours is as big as Mr. Komodo Lizard's." They roared with nervous laughter as I walked over to stand in front of one of the big lizards.

The head handler said, "Move very slowly, don't startle the beast or he might bite you."

I looked the reptile in the eyes and then slowly knelt down to the muddy ground and positioned my ass to face the beast. As my hands sank into the mud and as the filthy mud oozed up between my fingers I swallowed and thrilled to the excitement of the taboo act I was about to commit.

Then things happened very quickly. I felt a flicking tongue slap against my ass cheeks and the slithering sound of the reptile moving close. The handler said that the lizards had an incredible sense of smell and that he thought the big lizard could smell my arousal. Well, it was true that I was aroused, but I was scared shitless too. This big lizard that was smelling me was twice my weight and probably dangerous to boot.

Then I felt scaly flesh above my back and I braced myself. I'd already pulled my panties down and had been wiggling my ass in the reptile's face, so when I felt his scaly flesh moving up over my back I knew what to expect.

The beast gripped me and the next thing I felt was something slimy pushing against my slit from behind. I reached down and felt a long slithery shaft and positioned it at my opening. I could hear the men making grossed out noises, groaning in disgust as the lizard found my opening and thrust into me.

I continued to kneel on all fours as my big Komodo Lizard gripped me tighter and began to thrust in and out of me. It was strange kneeling there in the filthy mud, knowing that a reptile was fucking me for all to see. Knowing that the beast would probably end up cumming in me.

Its length was amazing, from the feel of its penetration I estimated that he was probably 10 or 12 inches long. The reptile was slipping in and out of me faster and faster now, and I felt myself getting ready to cum. The beast's rhythm was intense, and his reptile dick was pushing so deep into me that he was hitting places that had never been touched before.

I was really into this now, the feelings of lust and excitement were overpowering me, I was screaming at the beast, urging him on to fuck me harder. Out of the side of my vision I could see some of the men had pulled their cocks out and they were beating off in time with my lizard lover. Some of them were looking at me in disgust, and still others were urging me on with lust in their eyes.

My knees were now at least 6 inches into the mud and I couldn't even see my hands. I think my whole back was covered in mud from the underside of the beast as he humped me faster and faster. I could just imagine what I looked like, and that image made me cum with a howl!

I saw fireworks behind my eyeballs, and I could feel my cunt contacting again and again as I came hard on the reptile's thrusting cock. I'm not sure if he could tell that I was cumming, but he didn't last much longer either. Before I was completely down from my own orgasm, my beastie-lover came.

I don't know if you know this or not, but Komodo Lizards shoot about an ounce of cum when they orgasm. So you can imagine what a mess I looked like when that beast came in me and kept fucking me wildly. It was shivering and shaking and jerking above me, making hissing noises, and it's toenails dug in cruelly on both sides of my body he humped me.

Then it was over and the beast collapsed on top of me, pushing me face first into the muddy yard. I could taste reptile feces and felt the gooey mud being forced up my nose. I couldn't breathe, and struggled beneath the beast to get away.

Everything was about to go black when suddenly the weight was gone from above and I could raise myself out of the mud onto hands and knees. Apparently some of the men had come in and pulled the big ugly beast off me when they realized that I was in trouble.

I gasped for breath for several minutes then finally let the handler pull me to my feet and lead me out of the muddy pen. Men were looking at me with wide eyes, some of them were clapping, and some were exchanging money, obviously having bet on whether or not I'd go through with it.

I was completely covered in reptile mud, and you couldn't tell if I was black or white as I limped to my friend's car. I was fast realizing, that the lizard had made me sore, and I mean more so than I'd ever been before.

But sitting down in the passenger seat of John's new Porsche, all covered in reptile scum, was a special treat for me. It kind of made me feel better to know that I'd gotten a little back at him for daring me to do this.

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What I didn't tell you before, was that our deal was; that if I followed through with this fare, then he would have to do whatever I wanted him to do, or give me the deed to his house. Well, my imagination was really running at top speed as John took me home for a shower and then a bath, and then another shower.

Can you guess what I planned to 'dare' John to do?

*The End*