

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



This story is inspired by conversations I have had with a lovely lady called Janette about her fantasy and I hope I have done it justice. For those who follow my work and know I leave Easter Eggs... the name of the other female character is a Gaelic name!

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“Lucy Loveit, they are ready for you now,” the bored-looking assistant drawled across the room.

It was called a waiting room but the reality was it was a partitioned-off section of a vast warehouse with a few old couches and chairs stuffed in it. Here, along with my fellow performers in the adult entertainment industry, we all sat around with robes on, drinking awful machine coffee, waiting to be called onto set.

As I stood, the assistant smiled at me in that plastered-on false grin rather than a genuine smile, “Set D, Anal Gang Bang Party, volume 4.”

I supposed I should explain. For those of you who have read my online bio a few truths, firstly my name isn't Lucy Loveit, it's actually Janette Shaw. Secondly, I am not a 29-year-old divorced mother of four, I am 35, still married, in fact, my husband will be picking me up later, and while I think about it I only have one son, William who is aged 12.

I had already drawn my long dark hair into a ponytail at the back, the punters loved to see that pulled hard by whatever stud was currently riding me. My ass was tingling from the anal lubrication that I had liberally applied earlier, which also acted as an analgesic, as reading the script, if you could call it that, I was going to take half a dozen cocks in my ass and no doubt some of them would be rough, well the dogs certainly would be.

Opening the door to the set I laid my old robe over a chair and pushed my 36c breasts forward and made my way over to the director. He glanced briefly at me before grunting, “Time for the sex scenes so get on the mattress, ass in the air and try to look a little more interested in the humans, the dogs will be along soon enough.”

As I knelt on the bed my mind wandered for a moment as to how I got here, six months ago I was just a housewife from Jacksonville, Florida now I was a semi-famous porn star who had appeared in over fifty movies. The plot was essentially the same, first some flimsy plot set-up followed by sex with humans, male and/or female, followed by sex with a dog or dogs depending on what was available.

I could hear the dogs whining in the next room as they smelt their bitch, causing the director to yell, “Can someone shut those mutts up while we film in here.”

As I waited my mind wandered back to six months ago...

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It was a Wednesday in April and the weather was it always was in Jacksonville, never that cold but never that hot either. In fact, it was warm enough today for me to wear a dress as I stood watching my son William playing softball for the school team. I have learnt over the past few years to cheer when someone in the same colour shirt as William hits the ball and cheer very loudly when he hits it. I also know when to cheer if it's caught by our team and groan when it's caught by the opposition, but to be honest despite 4 years of watching him play that was the limit of my softball knowledge.

Suddenly there were great whoops of joy from our team and I instantly started clapping as I realised

we had won. The next thing a rather sweaty-looking 12-year-old stood in front of me, his face glowing with pride as he blurted out.

“Hey Mom the rest of the team are going to MackyDs to celebrate our win is it OK if I go with them? Please Mom I will be good and will be home by five I promise.”

I looked at William seeing in him a mini version of his father, the same curly hair and freckled face, though his face was not creased like his father's with worry lines caused by trying to keep up with all the payments against the fear of losing his job. Shaking my head as I realised that he was growing up fast and slipping him a \$20 bill I smiled as I said with mock fierceness.

“Be home by five you hear.”

As I watched his receding back, I realised that I unexpectedly had the afternoon to myself and grabbing a bottle of water from my car decided I would have a walk in the spring air. The car park was clearing out as the other mothers, and occasional father left, hurrying to do whatever they had to do, leaving me all alone in peaceful silence. Wandering off into the woods that were on the far side of the softball pitch I strolled slowly just enjoying the solitude, broken only by the sound of a few birds. I came across a gently meandering river and at the edge, there was a large flat rock. I lay back and relaxed, letting the sun warm my body as I listened to the water on the rocks, the birds chirping, and the wind blowing gently through the trees. I let my mind drift to the conversation last night with my husband Bill as we argued about the cost of everything and how it was getting harder to make ends meet. Closing my eyes for a second I allowed myself the luxury of imagining I had won the lottery and all our problems were solved when suddenly I felt something touch my thigh.

Opening my eyes I nearly screamed as I found myself staring into the large brown eyes of a fair-sized dog, the angle I was lying made it seem huge as it towered over my lower body. I wanted to yell but I had no voice and then without warning it stuck its great big shaggy head under my skirt and started to lick my tiny cotton panties covering my pussy. I tried to push it away but the dog had clearly decided it wasn't going to be dissuaded from its goal and renewed his efforts as he licked. Through the material, I could feel the pressure and rough texture of its tongue which to my embarrassment was making me wet. The dampness must have had an effect, as the dog licked even faster, actually forcing his tongue under the elastic and onto my bare pussy flesh.

I craned my head around, desperately scanning the trees for signs of any evidence of witnesses to my slutty behaviour, but to my relief, there were just the two of us there. Believing myself to be alone I took a deep breath and for some unknown reason, decided that if the dog was going to orally rape me then I might as well enjoy it. Lifting my ass up, I started to slide the panties down but met resistance from the dog who was driving his snout in the opposite direction. As I managed to push the material away from my flesh the dog backed off and then with a growl grabbed the material between his teeth and wrenched it hard, tearing the panties from my body. As I sat back down, I felt the hard rock on my bare ass cheeks, still warm from the sun, but nothing could have prepared me for what came next. Now free of any covering the dog took a mighty lick from my ass to my clit sending the most amazing sensations through me.

Bill and I use to have a reasonable sex life but over the past few months, things hadn't been good as the money worries preyed on his mind. In fact, it was seven months since the last time we had made love and even then it was a pretty half-hearted affair. It was probably over a year since I had orgasmed but within a few licks of the rough coarse tongue, I knew that was going to change. Planting the soles of my feet on the rock I arched up to the dog, tugging at his head, urging him on, encouraging him until finally the dam burst inside me and I screamed in an orgasm that had the birds fluttering from the branches in shock.

Scared at the noise I had made, half of me wanted to crawl away but the other half of me wanted to enjoy this magic tongue that was delving inside, causing me to shudder in multiple orgasms. The dog was oblivious to my concerns and lapped, his tongue following me like a homing beacon as I twisted and turned in ecstasy. I swear I was clawing my way into the rocks as I arched up to the dog tongue, all pretence of modesty had vanished in my wanton lust when suddenly I heard a shout that sent my blood cold.

“BOBBY,”

A woman’s voice shouted and at the noise the dog paused and looked up, before diving back in and licking me with renewed eagerness. I was panicking now, trying to push the dog away as I heard the shout again.

“Bobbbbbby... where are you boy?”

I swear it was getting closer and as the dog paused again I took the opportunity to scramble away and pull my dress down. I had a quick glance around for my panties but they were nowhere to be found, so praying the dog wouldn’t follow me I set off in a blind stumbling panic away from the woman’s voice. Just as I had made it past some dense bushes I heard her say.

“There you are, you naughty boy, you gave me quite a scare.”

Pushing ahead with no regard for my direction I went deeper into the woods until I could hear no sound, apart from the birds who had resumed their contented singing. Sitting down on a log I held my head in my hands trying to work out what the hell I had just done. I had let a dog lick me, worse than that I had nearly got caught. The thought of the shame and humiliation should that have happened almost moved me to tears.

Glancing at my watch I realised that I needed to make my way back to my car and home otherwise William and Bill would be home before me and I needed to get a shower and a change of clothes. Eventually, I managed to make my way back to the car park where my SUV sat all alone and sitting in the driver’s seat I breathed a deep sigh of relief. All I needed to do was get home and change and I could put this behind me, though at the thought of the dog’s tongue ravaging my pussy I could feel myself get wet again. Just as I was about to press ‘start’ I noticed a piece of paper stuck under the wiper and getting out I retrieved it before sitting back in the car and carefully unfolded it. I could feel the ice running through my veins as I read the words, “That was fun, we should do it again sometime, call me, Bobby.” Under the message, there was a cell phone number and a paw print with some Xs and a heart. The first stupid thought that popped into my head was, that dogs can’t write, then glancing around the car park I saw it was deserted. I crumpled the note and dropped it out of the window, spinning the wheels in my hurry to leave this place of my shameful act.

It took all of my self-control to drive home at a normal speed and I was still in the shower when I heard William’s voice shouting,

“I’m home Mom, what’s for dinner I am starving.”

Towelling my hair until it was just damp I pulled it into a loose ponytail and walked downstairs deciding to try to put the incident as far into my memory as I could.

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It was a few days later, with William at school and Bill at work when the doorbell rang. Wondering who it could be I opened it to find an attractive dark-haired woman who was smiling at me as if she

knew me, yet I had no idea who she was. When she spoke her accent was strange, European somewhere but difficult to tell, but it did sound kind of sing-song.

"You never called," she said simply and when she saw what must have been a look of non-comprehension on my face she laughed broadly as she went on, "And you left these."

Putting her hand into her pocket she pulled out a pair of torn panties and at the same time the dog, the same dog that had licked me by the river, poked its head around from behind her legs and panted happily as it recognised me. I was stunned into silence as she continued, still with a smile,

"You already know Bobby, I'm Lúile," which she pronounced 'ou la', "I think we share a common interest, so it's probably best if we go inside and talk about it. Wouldn't you agree Janette?"

My brain was screaming questions, "Oh my God she knows my name. She knows where I live. She must be the owner of the dog. Had she watched us?"

She must have read the terror in my face as she smiled, "Don't worry I am not here to harm you I am here to help you. You clearly liked Bobby and his talented tongue." With that, she spun my laptop around and as I watched she pulled up a web browser before she navigated to a site that was clearly aimed at dog porn lovers by the entry screen. I watched open-mouthed in shock as she made a few more clicks and suddenly the rock by the river appeared showing me clearly and loudly enjoying Bobby's tongue.

"Don't worry it's a specialised site that is only open to members so anyone who sees this, is already into it."

I just stared at her with utter disbelief then switching my gaze back to the screen I stared at my own image.

"I'm guessing you would like to go further but not sure how to, am I right?"

When I tore my gaze away from the screen she had shrugged off her coat and was completely naked apart from a pair of knee-high leather boots.

"Would be best if I showed you first and then you can ask questions as you watch, if you are happy then you can try, Bobby has a very short recovery time."

Her skin was flawless and almost shone with a deep glow, like a highly polished piece of very light wood that must have been from perhaps Mediterranean roots somewhere. This skin tone was at odds with her sparkling blue eyes that shone like a pair of bright blue sapphires that seemed to twinkle with amusement as she got onto all fours without breaking eye contact.

Placing her head on the floor she waited as the dog advanced, sniffing the air as he picked up her scent.

"The dog needs to know the bitch is willing and the smell is the first signal to tell him she is."

Whatever the dog was smelt was clearly a signal that the bitch before him was more than willing as his long pink tongue rasped out licking up from her clit, through her pink pussy lips and finally across her anal star. The noise she made was as guttural as the ones I was making when Bobby licked me while on the rock and I could almost feel his tongue on me. I could feel my own pussy tingling and it took every ounce of willpower not to start rubbing myself but I knew I wouldn't be able to resist much longer.

"The second signal is the taste and it's OK to touch," she half said and half moaned, "we both know how talented his tongue is."

Those words bought more of the memories back and lust overwhelmed me as I started to rub myself through my jogging bottoms as I watched her writhe on his tongue.

"Bobby mount," she said sharply and the dog, which I still had no idea as to what breed it was, moved forward, its red cock already hanging down and dripping steadily. Patting her cheeks gently she muttered some words of encouragement and the dog lifted itself onto her back and started to dance around on its rear legs as it thrust its hips wildly. I felt like I couldn't breathe as I watched the dog shuffle and waggle his cock. I was rooted to the spot, silently willing him to find his mark and consummate this act that was unfolding before my eyes, then suddenly the tip of his cock found its goal. There was a pause for a brief second as the dog adjusted its weight for a final time and then with a powerful thrust he buried the cock deep into her willing body.

"Fucccckkk, yesssss."

The moan that came out of Lúile's mouth was singularly the most erotic thing I had ever heard in my life, I knew at that moment that no matter how debased or obscene the act of having a dog fuck you was, it was something I had to experience for myself. I pushed my hand inside my waistband and into my panties, touching my pussy lips that felt as if they were on fire. Pushing two fingers deep into my soaking pussy I started to finger fuck myself and at the same time, I watched Bobby who was fucking at a speed I wouldn't have believed possible.

The elastic was cutting into my wrist and restricting my movements, so without removing my hand, or shifting my gaze, I used my other hand to work my bottoms off, kicking them away. Slumping into the chair I opened my legs and continued to finger-fuck myself as the red cock plunged in and out in a frenzy.

Lúile had managed to move and shuffled forward so her head was between my legs while all the time Bobby was slamming into her. I have never had same-sex relationships, in fact, the closest I think I ever came was admiring another girl's boobs at school before mine started to develop. The thought of whether this was right or wrong, didn't really enter my mind as I felt her hot breath panting over my fingers and pussy lips. When she started to lick I naturally moved my hands away to grip the arms of the chair and arched my hips up to meet her tongue.

It wasn't the same as Bobby's but she was talented and clearly, this wasn't her first time licking pussy as she delved into places that even my husband's enthusiastic tongue had never ventured. My clit felt like it was going to explode as she sucked it with her lips before fastening her teeth on it and tugged and nibbled it.

I exploded into her mouth and was sure that I must have ruined the chair by the quantity of juice I felt was flowing from me. In fact, not a drop was split as Lúile had clamped her mouth firmly over my pussy and was swallowing and sucking as I writhed in the chair in orgasm, nearly tearing the arms off. Opening my eyes I could see that Bobby had stopped his thrusting and broke off from her lapping Lúile moaned softly,

"His knot is in me," then she moaned again before continuing, "his seed is filling me."

It seemed like a lifetime we were in this tableau of her between my thighs and Bobby draped across her back, panting with exertion. The weird thing was he was looking into my eyes and it was almost like his look was saying, 'you are next.' Bobby pulled away and I heard the loud pop as he broke free and as he moved away I could see his red cock hanging down, dripping and gleaming from Lúile's

juices that were coated along its length.

As Bobby sat in the corner licking himself Lúile slumped into a chair opposite me with her legs wide apart, her own eyes slightly glazed as she regained her composure. I could see the white fluid starting to dribble from her pussy and the thought that popped into my brain was that it would ruin the embroidered seat cushions. Seeing the look on my face Lúile laughed softly and pulled herself forward until her ass was half off the seat.

“Well that’s the seat covers saved,” she said with a twinkle in her eye, “but there is so much cum in there not sure about your carpet.”

I could see that a large dollop was about to fall and I moved forward onto my knees I reached to catch it in my hand, feeling the warm sticky fluid pool in my palm. Lúile picked my hand up by the wrist and held it to her mouth as she poked out her pointy tongue and began to lick it like a cat licks cream. Glancing down I could see another dollop appear and as I had one hand supporting my weight and the other being firmly held by Lúile I twisted my body so my tongue could catch the drop.

My first thought was it was more bitter than my husband’s but with no cloth to spit it out into, as I normally did, I had to swallow it, something I hadn’t done since back in high school. The sensation wasn’t as bad as I thought it would be and being so turned on I returned for another lick collecting a further deposit on my tongue which I swallowed a little more eagerly. It was at that moment I felt Bobby’s tongue rasp along my pussy lips sending shivers through me.

“They recover fast,” Lúile said in her sweet melodic tone, “so looks like he will be claiming his new bitch real soon.”

I felt his weight on my back and his super soft belly fur caressing my ass cheeks as he moved about, almost unsure what to do. His cock was sliding over my ass cheeks, leaving trails of wetness in its path. “This was it,” I thought to myself, but then in a flash of uncertainty my brain screamed at me that being fucked by a dog in my own front room as I licked dog cum from a stranger’s pussy was wrong it happened. The tip of Bobby’s cock encountered my very wet pussy lips and slipped inside. There was a momentary pause and then he drove all of his fat red cock deep into my body.

At that moment my whole world changed as he started to fuck me with a ferocity and intensity I had never experienced in my life. Lúile manoeuvred herself from out of the chair to allow me to brace myself against it as Bobby took me as I had never been taken before. His thrusts were so frantic and intense that I found myself pinned to the cushion of the chair as he continued fucking me like he was trying to force his whole body into me, cock first.

I could vaguely see Lúile standing off to one side but my main focus was on the sensations that were coursing through me. I could feel something banging against my pussy lips and had a vague understanding that this must be his knot, but from the way, it felt there was no possibility it was going to fit inside.

“Just relax and let it happen,” Lúile’s lilting voice whispered.

Then like a tsunami, my orgasm burst inside me and I am sure would have flooded the room, was it not for the fact that at the same moment he forced his fleshy bulbous knot into my pussy. This had the effect of sealing my fluids inside and as my pussy lips clamped around it I could feel it start to swell even further. It seemed like I was having a continuous orgasm as every time I started to come down and another would rise up sending me into raptures of incoherent mumblings. The knot started to pulse and throb inside me, pressed against my never before found g-spot. I was going wild

and thrashing around in ecstasy when I felt the hard nip of Bobby's teeth on my neck.

I think this was his way of telling his bitch to be still as he bred her and a feeling of subservience washed over me as I waited for the moment. I could feel the tip of his cock so deep inside me and then there was a jab of pain as he must have penetrated my cervix with the tip. The pain was short-lived as I felt the hot splash of cum deep inside flooding me with dog seed and I knew at that moment I was happy being a dog bitch. Each spurt was preceded by a pulse from the knot and the pair of us lay panting, his head over my shoulder next to my ear, as he filled me for what seemed like the next hour but was in fact only 20 minutes.

Deciding he was done for now he tugged to pull away and it felt like my insides would be pulled out. Lúile reached under me and I could feel her cool hands massaging my lower belly and clit until with a loud plop he slipped from me and my fluids, mixed with his seed would have gushed to the floor had Lúile not cupped her hand and collected the excess. Holding her hand to me I stared at the gooey mess for a moment and then like a cat offered cream I licked her hand clean of every drop I could find.

It was then that I noticed that Lúile had already put her coat on while Bobby was knotted in me, and said calmly as if we had just had tea, "Well that was fun, best you get cleaned up, we will be in touch."

With that, she whistled softly to Bobby who trotted after her and out of the door which closed gently behind them.

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It was a few weeks later when I heard a knock on the door and found myself staring into Lúile's sparkling blue eyes that were twinkling with amusement. To my shame I looked eagerly for Bobby, hoping for another wild session, the memories of which had driven me to become what my husband described as a 'lust-filled demon' as we made love every night.

Instead on her right was a small man with round polished glasses wearing a nondescript grey suit and clutching a leather briefcase. To her left was to my surprise my husband who was staring at me with a mixture of awe and admiration but I could tell that there was also a strong undertone of lust.

Lúile breezed past me and after clicking her fingers opened up the laptop the grey man had handed her and started to press a few buttons. This time instead of the scene of me on the rock appearing, it was me pressed into the chair with Bobby driving his cock in and out. She must have started filming me when she moved from the chair and the film continued until the moment before she moved to help Bobby free his knot from my pussy.

I glanced at my husband whose eyes were burning brightly and I knew from experience that what he wanted to do was tear my clothes off and ravish me, something which I would have welcomed.

Lúile laughter broke the electric atmosphere between us as she said, "I can see you two have a few things you need to ... errr... discuss, so I will be brief. Your husband has seen this clip twice now and I can see it has the same effect on him. I have also shown this to a variety of people in the industry and they are all very eager to meet you with some quite substantial offers. I propose that my organisation will act as your agents and Mr Jones here will go through the details."

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All that was six months ago and as Lúile promised money was flowing in and life was starting to



become very comfortable. My husband would drive William to school and then me to the studio, returning to pick me up later. Sometimes if he had a quiet day he would stay and watch and on a couple of occasions even joined in as an extra. We had talked about getting our own dog but he always pointed out that with the amount of dog sex I was getting on set did I really need any more? I agreed with him right up until the point when the director yelled 'cut' and the only thought running through my head was, "Just one more."