

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) by Sandy Thompson

Sandy had always been interested in dogs and horses. For as long as she could remember, she had owned one or more dogs. Her introduction to the birds and the bees, as a matter of fact, was through them.

When she was twelve, she came home from school early and heard noises in the basement. Upon peeking down the stairs, she saw her mother and father with two dogs. Their male dog had climbed on the back of their female. (She remembered that both dogs had acted funny around that time, the male was always trying to climb on her leg. Her parents always got angry and shooed him away.) He was making quick, little funny thrusting motions with his haunches.

She almost cried out for him to stop, but noticed her mother and father were also acting funny. Her father had a bulge in the front of his pants, and her mother was rubbing herself between her legs. She froze while the dogs were continuing their silly activity when her mother reached over and opened her father's belt and pants. As they fell to the floor, she grabbed his underwear and also pulled them down. She had problems with these because he had something red and very, very funny looking sticking out in front. He didn't have the same slit between his legs that she did.

Whatever was wrong, her mother apparently was going to correct it because she tried to pull the growth off. She apparently couldn't do it because she soon stopped and knelt down and tried to bite it off. All this time, her father stood there, seemingly unconcerned. Suddenly he grabbed her mother and all but tore her slacks off. He yanked them down to the floor along with her panties. She appeared to be normal in the front, but she did have hair between her legs (Sandy had seemed that once before).

Apparently, since her mother couldn't pull or bite the growth off, she tried a very strange thing. She tried to grab it with her legs. About this time they both kind of crumpled to the floor. Sandy could no longer see them then, but they sure were breathing hard. After no more than thirty seconds, while Sandy was trying to figure out how to see what they were doing, her father let out a loud grunt, and her mother yelled, "Damn, you just never can wait, can you!"

He let out some expletives Sandy had never heard before and, based upon the angry reaction, he may even have hit her mother. Her mother, however, replied in kind. When they got up, the growth had shrunk down too much smaller proportions, but their anger was clearly evident. That was a side of her parents she had no interest in learning more about. All this time, the dogs were still playing their funny game. Sandy split when her father let loose a round-house kick aimed at our male dog, and her mother yelled, "Even HE is better than you!"

Later she passed this scene along to her friends at school. One of the girls gave a knowing look and explained the "technical details" to all present.

Time passed. Sandy entered and left high school, doing the boys' scene in between. But she could never find any of them she really liked. The boys seemed mainly interested in the other girls with big, gross Hollywood figures.

Sandy was quite lovely, in a plain sort of way. Her medium height and average "build" never attracted a great deal of attention. Her short, soft brown hair seemed to be just the perfect adornment to her simple beauty. Her legs were long and delicately molded. But her most radiant feature, her exquisitely beautiful face, was totally lost in her circle of friends interested in money (girls), boobs (boys), pussies (boys) and cocks (boys and girls).

After high school, she tried several menial secretarial jobs. The older men she met were much more

appreciative of her striking good looks and pleasant personality than the immature boys. She had no trouble attracting mature men. She was, therefore, able to have her pick of them, her choice of attributes. She chose the most important money.

Marrying an older man had its advantages, not excluding physical love-making (but that's another story). Sandy did not enjoy dominating OR being dominated by men or other women. Younger men were always more interested in pleasing themselves than in her. She enjoyed sensitive and sharing men. She found that trait much more common in older men, particularly when in bed. But money decided it. Well into her thirties now, she was enjoying the 'fruits' of her labor, easy and free life of leisure.

Her husband had to spend much of his time out of town on business, but this was not totally without reward. But even when he was home, Sandy always received her total freedom. During her leisure time, she had developed a keen interest in animal rights and animal rights people, particularly Jim. Although she was never a real fan of these people, her attraction to Jim was immediate and heartfelt. Jim was more than a rightist, he was a kind and tender soul. She had never met anyone like Jim, tall, relatively angular and, oh, so gentle AND passionate.

Jim and Sandy became delightful lovers. They took great pains to share their feelings and passions with each other. Their romance was total, but without hurt to any other person. Her relationship with her husband did not change with the possible exceptions that she was more accepting and forgiving.

With Jim's help, Sandy gradually accumulated several stray dogs. She had developed a concern for the over-population problem, so she had always had her dogs neutered. Her most recent one was a magnificent Great Dane, Sam, a give-up, which she hadn't neutered yet.

One day Jim called and invited her on a rescue mission. A bitch in heat was terrorizing a residential neighborhood. When they finally located the desperado, she turned out to be a miniature dachshund that was too low to accommodate the great males following her. Their frustration was indescribable. Sandy carried the hooligan on her lap while Jim drove away. Jim dropped Sandy at her home while he took the dog to a shelter.

Her greeting from Sam was surprisingly enthusiastic, but she chalked it up to youth. Sandy was bushed, so she decided to turn in early. Without even changing, she plopped into a nearby chair, stretched out and dozed.

Soon she was aroused from her nap to find Sam totally covering her. His huge face was within inches of her's, his strong front legs straddled and effectively pinned her to the chair. The immediate sensation was stark fear. As she strained to get up, she became aware of the fact that Sam wasn't attacking her, he was humping her in no uncertain terms. Unfortunately for him, Sandy's slacks were a decided impediment.

She then realized there was no danger for her well-being, but she wasn't exactly humane to Sam. Not being a total prude, she decided to play along with him. She knew that something must give or Sam might hurt himself, or her in frustration. Reasoning from previous experience she figured that a helping hand was called for.

She reached down to remedy the situation. But low and behold, she did not encounter the pencil-thin penis she expected. Although it was not of major proportions, its one-inch diameter of glistening smooth strength was an unexpected and welcome surprise. Expertly she allowed her hand to gently caress the stiff rod and to gradually accumulate enough lubricant to be merciful. Although the

diameter was not large, the length was magnificent. It felt like it was over a foot long (although Sandy's estimates in this sort of thing were not perfect). As she eased her hand comfortably around his penis, Sam, encouraged, renewed his efforts. His rear-end continued its short, but insistent, strokes.

Sandy felt giddy with power. But she also felt giddy with lust. Jim wasn't here. She was no prig. Why not? But how? Sam was not about to stop. Oh, well, these young males. (It proved her point, didn't it?)

Bit-by-bit, his humping became more resolute. His end was near. By squeezing her hand in time with his quick strokes, he became frantic. (Had she created a monster? Some monster!)

Mercifully, one last plunge by Sam and the deed was done. Hot, slimy semen sprayed on Sandy's clothes, but neither Sam or Sandy cared. One last firm squeeze extracted a squeal of unabashed joy from Sam. No bitch ever did that for him before!

After a very long time, to Sandy, Sam descended from his dominant position over Sandy. His gratitude was apparent.

At this point, Sandy remembered how tired she was. She would have liked to invite Jim over for a discussion of animals, but she thought better of it. Tossing her clothes in the hamper, she quickly won the debate to skip pajamas. A quick hiatus in the bathroom brought her within an instant of bed. One thing stood in her way - Sam.

A gentle pat on the head wasn't going to satisfy Sam this time. Although the clothes she had worn were gone, the smell must have lingered or something. So Sandy sat down on the bed and held his huge head in her softly warm and bare lap.

Sam loved it. He snuggled in closer and burrowed his nose right into her crotch. Sandy was a little taken back, but, 'What the hell,' she thought.

Imperceptibly she started to spread her lovely legs. Sam encouraged this by burrowing in deeper. His cold nose caused a shock to her, but not nearly as much as his long slobbery tongue. This sopping organ was definitely intent on exploring the region around Sandy's crotch.

At first, she said, "Enough," but Sam would not hear of it.

Then his hot tongue found her clitoris. Shock-waves of passion boiled up in her. It was too much. She gently held his head in her arms and lay back to enjoy it. If only Jim could see her now.

She had always thought that a dog's tongue was rough, but he didn't feel that way or, at least, his saliva certainly smoothed the rough spots. Sam was exceedingly gentle. A few gentle flutters on her clitoris would raise Sandy's lovely, smooth, curved ass off the bed in pure ecstasy. Then he would descend and send his remarkably long tongue deep into her vagina. That deeply delicious, warm moist cavern of sensuousness. A few long, slow and deep strokes would fire Sandy to fever pitch, then he would shift back to her lovely little pink clitoris. In between, he would wonder all around her pubic area, pausing here and there to devote particular attention. The feelings being generated inside Sandy were unmistakable and uncontrollable and delicious.

"Jim, Jim, come into me," she said as she reached down to pull her lover up to her.

As if on cue, Sam rose up, placed a quick and gentle lick on each breast, and gently placed his front paws next to her. She could feel his warm furry belly lower onto her delightful, silky-smooth, pink-

skinned body.

She reached down to help Sam enter her, gently caressing his splendid penis. She felt down the silky and slimy-clean shaft to the sheath and the source of his mighty rod. Sam's short, quick strokes of fervor anxiously sought a home. Sandy selfishly restrained him from his appointed task. Her hands surveyed all of that splendid shaft.

The 'business end' was designed for 'rough-field' use, much more to-the-point than a man's. The excessively slippery lubricant also aided in the dog's life full of casual and hectic encounters. But these features only made the pending union more fascinating to Sandy.

As her hand again slid down the shaft taking in all the various dips and curves formed by veins filled to capacity, her hunger for it overtook her curiosity. But even before she could help, Sam's fantastic and warmly glowing penis entered her glory cave. Both Sam and Sandy groan in unison as the marvelous tool sunk deep into her. Sam's short, lusting-animal jabs magically transform into long, exquisitely-deep, impassioned caresses. As each stroke lengthened, Sandy could feel Sam's glorious penis grow and expand to fill her. The feeling was overwhelming.

Sandy cried out in passion for Jim. "Deeper, Jim, deeper. I want all of you in me. Fill me with your whole self, Jim."

Sandy's gorgeous legs leisurely enveloped the active loins to ensure Sam's continuance. With cautious insistence, she hurried Sam along his well-laid path. When her height of emotion just reached its peak, she reached out with her whole self and brought the passionately panting dog to her. Together they howled their climaxes. A final thrust lodged the magnificent penis fully into Sandy. His semen and juices shot forth into her with all the passion pent up inside them.

As Sandy gradually fought back against the tide of sensuality to full consciousness, she heard a faint noise in the room. Sam's panting had ceased, but the distinct clap of applause filled her ears. Her eye's opened to see Jim, with the biggest, sweetest smile she had seen since, after the first time, they had made passionate love together.

"Bravo. Bravo. Encore. More. More."

"Jim! How long have you been here."

"Long enough to have learned the lesson that I should have your dogs neutered before you let them in the house, Sandy. Is it my turn?"

"Yes, yes."

The End