

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



“Hi, you must be Gina, glad you found us OK,” Nancy said, holding out her hand to shake and then sheepishly realising that the girl couldn’t see it. “Please come in. And this handsome chap must be Frank?”

Nancy looked at the young girl who had turned her head towards the sound of Nancy’s voice and smiled broadly. “Yes, it is, he is my service dog and my closest companion. It is so kind of you to put us up for the week Mrs Smith, we are both very grateful.”

Nancy Smith studied the young girl and remembered the conversation she had at the local community centre when she had asked about the ‘Giving Back’ scheme. After her husband had died some three years before, the community centre had been a major crutch, giving her someone to talk to and a sense of purpose in life. She would go there most mornings and enjoy a cup of coffee, chatting with others who were bereaved like her or just plain lonely, where they welcomed her with open arms, united by grief and loneliness. Nancy at 45 wasn’t old and having lost her husband when he was 50 she knew that she should get on with her life but wasn’t sure how.

One day she had seen a poster pinned to the notice board called ‘Giving Back’ and she took one of the leaflets. It was a pioneer scheme in the seaside town of Brightlingsea where residents could donate their time to helping out others less fortunate than themselves. After some research on their website and a few phone calls later, she decided that she would be a holiday home host.

The scheme was quite simple really, it involved giving up a spare room to someone who needed it for a week-long holiday and in return, the host got a contribution towards food and costs. Nancy had fully expected her guest to be from an underprivileged family and was concerned that she would be unable to cope if they were rowdy. To her surprise, when the screening call came through, the first question asked was whether she was dog-friendly. During the conversation, it was explained that her guest was blind and used a service dog, and at 19 had never been outside of the city. After a brief discussion about what would be required, which turned out to be very little over the normal, Nancy happily agreed to accommodate Gina and her dog Frank for a week.

When she opened the door she felt a surge in her tummy as she saw the young girl standing there. Nancy had always been bisexual, and she and her deceased husband often enjoyed swinging and swapping evenings with other couples, and more often than not, Nancy paired off with another woman. That was long in the past, as following her husband’s death, Nancy had withdrawn from most social contact. Even the dildo in her bedside cabinet had gathered dust as she lost interest in sex.

Gina was like a tiny bird, so small and fragile, her skin was like china, and when she smiled it lit up the room. Although she had on jeans they were so tight it was like they were sprayed on. She shrugged off her jacket revealing a top that was also plastered to her body like a second skin, and it was clear from her protruding nipples that she wasn’t wearing a bra, not that her tiny breasts needed support.

After showing her to her room and letting her unpack, Nancy made a pot of tea and they sat at the kitchen table discussing plans for the week. Frank had gone exploring in the garden after checking with his mistress that it was OK to leave her. Gina explained that once Frank was happy with his surroundings he would be able to guide her with total confidence.

“What would you like to do this week?” Nancy asked as she admired the young girl’s body. Once she had settled to the fact that Gina couldn’t see her she had openly studied Gina’s curves as she imagined her naked on her bed.

"If we could walk along the beach that would be wonderful. It would be so nice to feel the wind in my face and the sand beneath my toes," Gina said with a wistful sigh, "and of course a holiday for my lovely Frank."

Nancy glanced at Frank who had returned from the garden and was sitting in the dog basket Nancy had bought from the local charity shop. Gina chattered on about Frank being a 5-year-old Labrador who had been with her since she was 16 and Nancy glanced in his direction. Frank had his hind legs wide apart and was attending to his personal hygiene by licking his own balls and hairy sheath. In front of Nancy's eyes Frank's cock started to swell and emerge, angry and red as it dripped pre-cum. Bestiality was something that Nancy had only seen in videos and read about, though she and her late husband would often role-play fantasies about her with an animal. Nothing had ever progressed beyond fantasy, but here in front of her eyes was a real-life dog cock, and she was relieved that Gina couldn't see her face as she stared intently.

Frank stopped his licking and sniffed the air, and to her horror, Nancy realised that no doubt Frank had detected her arousal and she tried to squeeze her thighs together. Instead of keeping them together, Nancy found herself opening her thighs and placing her hand on her crotch through her skirt and panties. Frank looked at her almost like he knew what was happening and stood silently, his cock continuing to grow.

"Come on Frank," Gina said getting to her feet, "time to walk round the block to get you used to the area." Then grabbing her jacket and putting on Frank's guide harness said, "don't worry Nancy, we will be fine, Frank knows what he is doing."

Nancy remained sitting as she heard the door close, her head spinning with thoughts she wouldn't have imagined a day before. In a short time, she had gone from almost being a nun to lusting after both her female guest and to her shock, the young girl's dog as well.

Jumping up, she shook herself and decided to make herself busy in an attempt to drive out these naughty thoughts. After preparing a casserole in the slow cooker, she took fresh towels up to Gina's room. Opening the door to the bedroom next to her own, she put the towels on the bed and was about to leave when she noticed something on the bedside table.

The dildo sitting there made Nancy stop and stare at it in disbelief. It wasn't its size, if anything it was quite modest in length and girth, it was the shape. Nancy had seen enough dog videos to know this was a silicone reproduction of a dog cock. She studied the dildo intently but was afraid to touch it, almost as if it would bite her. It was the same angry red colour as a real dog cock and had a blunt tip and a knot towards the base. She could see there was a switch on the base and she was just about to try to learn more when she heard the front door open and Gina shouting that they were back. Quickly Nancy exited the room, the vision of the dog dildo firmly imprinted in her mind.

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That evening, after a very pleasant dinner and then an evening of listening to music, Nancy lay naked on her bed reflecting on her thoughts. In some ways, she was ashamed of her thoughts about her guests, but in other ways was happy, as this was the first sexual feeling she had experienced in three years. At that moment she heard a low pitch humming accompanied by a low moan coming from next door where Gina was sleeping, and Nancy started to stroke herself gently as she listened to the noises of Gina pleasuring herself.

As her excitement grew along with Gina's, Nancy closed her eyes and pictured Gina's naked form in her head and imagined the strangely shaped dildo she had seen entering her tiny body. In her mind,

Nancy could see the shaft coated with juices sliding in and out, the knot pushing against her pussy lips.

Nancy felt a rough wet tongue against her fingers and exposed pussy and opening her eyes found herself staring into Frank's big brown eyes. Nancy knew that she should scream, push Frank away and send him back to his basket, instead what she did was lie back, open her thighs and move her hands away to give Frank full access to her cunt that was on fire.

Nancy had experienced oral sex before with a variety of partners, she had been with some very talented lesbians who had given her immense pleasure, but nothing could have prepared her for Frank's tongue. It was so much bigger in area which meant that many more nerve endings were stimulated at one time. When coupled with the length and flexibility of the dog's tongue along with the rough texture, Nancy almost screamed with pleasure. "Oh my fucking god," Nancy whimpered, as Frank burrowed his snout deeper, lapping the juices that were flowing freely, Nancy knew she should try to keep quiet, but that was proving almost impossible as Frank's tongue drove her towards an orgasm. When it finally burst, years of pent-up frustration exploded as she thrashed and arched up from the bed. Afterwards, she lay in a quivering heap, almost passed out from the multiple orgasms that rolled through her body and the thought that ran through her head shocked her. What she wanted at that moment was to be mounted and taken like a bitch in heat, and as she was thinking of these depraved actions her body responded, and so, without conscious thought, she rolled over, draping herself over the bed ready to be taken by Frank.

"Hello Nancy, sorry if you are asleep but have you seen Frank? I thought I heard him earlier."

Nancy heard Gina from the open doorway and leapt to her feet trying to cover her nakedness, and then realised that Gina couldn't see her. Staring at her, Nancy could feel her mouth go dry and her pussy become wetter as Gina had on an old tee shirt that barely concealed her pussy. Looking around the room, she couldn't see Frank, and trying to keep her voice level said, "I haven't seen him since after dinner when he was curled up in his basket."

"Oh that's good," said Gina as she stretched, "he does have a habit of poking about in places he isn't always wanted."

Nancy swallowed hard as Gina's action of stretching had made her shirt ride up revealing a small neat patch of blonde pubic hair. Nancy managed to squeak, "he is welcome anywhere," and was relieved that Gina couldn't see the look of lust and embarrassment plastered on her face.

"There you are Frank," said Gina, her hand ruffling Frank's shaggy head, "goodness only knows where you have been," she laughed, "best you stay in my room." Then turning in Nancy's direction said sweetly, "if that's OK unless you have a better idea."

Nancy wanted to scream that right now she wanted nothing else but to become Frank's latest bitch, instead she squeaked, "whatever you think best."

Nancy lay back on the bed with her head spinning as she thought about what had just happened, "Had she really been licked to orgasm by a dog? What did it mean about the strange-shaped dildo?" Then a huge flash of thought hit her, "Was Frank fucking Gina?"

As if to answer her unverballed question, she heard a long moan from next door. Naked Nancy stood and moved to outside Gina's door which was firmly closed, but the noises from within were clear. Nancy could hear moans from Gina accompanied by the heavy panting from Frank and the rhythmic banging of the bed against the wall. As Gina's moans grew louder, Nancy couldn't help but start to touch herself as she tried to picture the scene in the room. Standing against the wall for

support, her legs apart, Nancy drove three fingers into her aching pussy while tugging her clit with her other hand.

Suddenly there was a yelp from Frank accompanied by almost a scream from Gina as the dog unloaded jet after jet deep inside her. The noise of Gina cumming triggered Nancy's own climax, and she tried but was unable to contain the loud groan that erupted from her mouth. Such was the power of her climax that her legs almost gave way as she slumped against the wall for support. Stumbling back to her bed she heard Gina quite clearly say, "oh Frank your knot feels so good in my cunt."

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The next morning there was no indication that anything had happened the night before. Frank was noisily eating his breakfast, devouring every morsel, "no doubt starving after his exertions last night," Nancy thought to herself.

"What would you like to do today?" Nancy said, as she watched Gina eat her toast.

"Please can we go to the beach?" Gina said in almost a little girl's voice.

When they got to the beach Gina was like a small child as she laughed and played in the surf. Frank was like a puppy as he barked at the waves like he could drive them back with his yapping. At one point, Frank's cavorting caused Gina to tumble and fall in the shallow waters. Nancy was quickly at her side checking she was OK, but Gina laughed away Nancy's concerns thinking it was hilarious, even though she was soaked to the skin. Nancy could see every contour of Gina's body through the wet material, and the sudden thought of her naked popped into her head.

"Did you bring towels for Frank?" Gina asked when they got back to the car.

"Here," said Nancy holding them out and Gina simply pulled the wet dress over her head before wrapping herself in the old towel.

Although just a brief glance, Nancy got a clear look at Gina's dark nipples through her sheer bra, and her tiny panties hardly covered her pubic mound. Nancy could feel herself getting wet, and when Gina opened and rewrapped the towel the sight of her camel toe was almost too much to bear. Nancy had to bite her bottom lip to stop herself from moaning out loud, and, looking away, found herself staring at Frank who was also staring at Gina. Nancy knew it was ridiculous, but it was like Frank looked at Gina with the desire to fuck her written on his face. Nancy felt her body shiver when Frank shifted his gaze to her with the look of "and you will be my next bitch," quite clear.

Shaking herself, Nancy said loudly, "let's get you home before you catch your death."

When they arrived home, Gina shrugged out of the towel as she said, "Nancy please could you dry Frank while I get a shower to warm up."

Nancy watched Gina's cute ass vanish up the stairs while she turned her efforts to towelling Frank dry. Nancy couldn't help herself from paying particular attention to Frank's sheath and was spellbound as his red cock quickly emerged. To her surprise he started to leak pre-cum over her hand, and, without conscious thought, brought the cock to her lips. "Well he licked me," she thought to herself, "so only fair to repay the favour," Nancy rationalised to herself before glancing at the stairs. Hearing the sound of the shower and Gina singing happily, she took Frank into her mouth and started to suck.

As she moved her head back and forward it quickly filled with watery pre-cum that she swallowed before continuing her sucking. Frank had gone quiet as she worked her head up and down, gripping the base and his knot. She felt the knot pulse in her hand, followed by a strong jet of sperm hitting her throat. Coughing slightly Nancy continued to suck and work the knot, rewarded with spurt after spurt of seed that she swallowed with relish.

Once the jets of seed had ceased, Nancy left Frank in his basket as she stood, her body was on fire and she almost tore her clothes from herself until she was naked. Then walking slowly upstairs she was determined to convince Gina to join her in bed, just she wasn't sure how.

When she got to the bathroom, the door was wide open, and Gina was in the open-ended walk-in shower luxuriating under the multiple water jets and rainfall. As she stood in the doorway in silence drinking in Gina's perfect body, Gina moved her hand between her legs and started to strum her clit. Nancy started to breathe heavily as she mirrored Gina's movements on her own body, when she felt a weight on her back, pushing her forward and onto all fours.

She was still on her hands and knees from where Frank had pushed her over, and she knew what was coming next. Her brain screamed at her to move to somewhere less exposed than the hallway, but her body demanded that she remain in position to become Frank's bitch. She had to stifle her cry as she felt Frank's long rough tongue rasp against her soaking pussy, but then the licking ceased and Nancy held her breath in anticipation of the next event. She didn't have to wait long as Frank leapt onto her back and began to jab wildly with his long cock.

The noise of the water in the shower had stopped as Gina stepped out and reached for a towel. As she did so, she stopped totally still as she heard the sounds of Frank's claws on the wooden floor. This was then followed by a long exhalation of air accompanied by a deep moan and Gina knew immediately that Frank had just entered Nancy right outside the door.

"Frank? Is that you?" Gina said in an innocent tone and then after a pause went on, "Hope you aren't being naughty."

Nancy was going insane as she tried to remain quiet, but Frank had entered her with considerable force and she was struggling to remain silent. She lost her battle as Frank's front paws gripped her waist and then he began to hammer into her with a ferocity and speed Nancy had never experienced before.

"Oh my fucking god," Nancy exclaimed, her head pressed to the floorboards as Frank claimed his new bitch.

"Frank is fucking you Nancy... isn't he?" Gina said as she crouched in the hallway, the towel discarded, her face turned towards the noise.

"Y...y...yes," Nancy gasped.

Focusing on the direction of the noise Gina sat on the floor and opened her thighs. "Lick me Nancy, you know you want to," gasped Gina.

Nancy looked up as Frank hammered into her, and reached out to help Gina shuffle into position. The smell of the shower was fresh on Gina but the sharp tang of her arousal was clear in Nancy's nostrils. It was almost like Frank could smell it as well, as his vigour and enthusiasm seemed to increase. Placing her tongue flat against Gina's pussy she began to lick in synchronisation with Frank's powerful thrusts. As Gina's excitement grew, her juices started to flow more freely, and Nancy caught a brief taste of something different. Although it had been many years since she had

tasted a male she knew it was semen that she could taste, and there was no doubt this was the last vestiges of a load Frank had deposited earlier.

Nancy felt something banging against her pussy lips, and as she tried to work out what it was, Gina arched up and flooded into Nancy's mouth. As she swallowed it dawned on her that Frank wanted to knot her, something he achieved moments later.

Nancy's screams of pleasure were muffled by Gina's pussy and thighs but Gina had little doubt that her Frank had just knotted Nancy. This was confirmed as Frank's movements slowed and Gina knew that Frank would be swelling inside her ready to start pumping his seed.

Nancy felt the momentary stab of pain followed by the bliss as her pussy clamped around Frank's shaft trapping the knot inside. There was a pause, like a lull before a storm, and then Nancy felt a throb against her g-spot followed by a jet of hot dog seed deep within her. As the pressure increased, the pulses and jets continued, sending waves of pleasure coursing through her. Nancy hardly realised that Gina had moved, instead the whole of her world was focused on the throbbing mass of muscle stuffed inside her cunt.

Gina felt her way along Nancy's body, caressing her full breasts before tweaking her rock-hard nipples making her moan, then working her way down until she felt her distended belly. Moving her hand she could feel Frank throbbing as he filled Nancy before she caressed his rapidly emptying balls. Adjusting her position, Gina started to rub and manipulate Nancy's protruding clit, intensifying her orgasms even more. Once she felt Frank trying to disengage, Gina twisted under Nancy so she was in position. When Frank finally tugged himself free, his wet heavy cock flopped out and struck Gina wetly on the cheek. This was followed by a gush of seed and juices, some of which went in Gina's open mouth and some splashed on her face and small breasts. Pulling Nancy's body downwards, Gina clamped her mouth over Nancy's pussy and sucked until she had drained every drop from her.

The pair of them lay there panting until Nancy managed to find her voice, "that was every bit as good as I imagined it would be... and so much more."

"Looks like we have a busy week ahead," giggled Gina, "and if I know my Frank he won't take long to recover."

Almost like he understood, Frank buried his head between Gina's legs and started to lick with his long pink tongue. As Nancy watched her two new lovers enjoying each other, she smiled and felt alive for the first time in years.

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Gina waved goodbye in the direction of Nancy as the taxi pulled away, only stopping waving when she was pretty sure they had turned the corner and therefore out of Nancy's sight. Reaching down she ruffled Frank's head affectionately as she said in a low voice, "well boy by the sounds she was making, seems you had yourself a nice holiday... in fact we both got some holiday pussy." Then reaching further down Frank's body she fondled his hairy sheath, feeling his cock respond immediately. In a whisper she giggled, "but starting from when we get home, no more holiday pussy, you can get back to servicing me."

Nancy watched the taxi turn the corner and sighed but then smiled as she felt the tingle between her legs, as Gina had agreed that she and Frank would love to visit on a regular basis. She giggled like a schoolgirl as she thought about getting her own dog so she could be serviced on a regular basis.

A few days later Amazon delivered Nancy an unexpected parcel. Nancy's face split into a wide grin as she opened the box to see the gift that had been sent. There was no note, but none was needed as Nancy carefully lifted the large dog dildo out of the packaging.