

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Shelby felt the last of her orgasm ebb away. It would be the final time she had sex with Goldy in this house. The movers would arrive in two hours for the furniture. Nearly everything else had already been moved to her new home. It had been six months and it was time to move on and start anew. Eventually she'd be ready to find someone new.

"Good boy Goldy. Good boy," she whispered while reaching up with her left hand to scratch her Golden Retriever behind his ear with the morning sun kissing her skin.

She knew his orgasm was diminishing as the spurts of his hot seed lessened and his knot began to shrink. This was one of the parts of their intimacy that she most enjoyed. She enjoyed the post coital bliss she shared with Goldy, but not as much as she had enjoyed it with her childhood sweetheart and late husband John. The only man she'd ever so much as kissed.

Her companion finally withdrew from her and began to lick himself. Shelby briefly thought about helping him, but instead she picked up the soiled towel, then with it held to her sex, she hurried to the shower. While water washed away the remnants of their love making, she reminisced of the times John took her there. She couldn't help but smile at the memories. The young widow would always have her memories.

After bathing she went back into the nearly bare bedroom and dressed. She looked at the bed she had shared with John. Where they had so often made love and where they had finally tried to conceive. It was also the bed she'd come to share with Goldy. It had been a few weeks after John's death and her grief was inconsolable. She hated sleeping alone and simply wanted a warm body to comfort her and perhaps lessen the loneliness, if only during her sleep. She welcomed Goldy to her bed.

It was in that bed that Goldy first had her. It had been three months since John's death. She'd been drinking heavily, but more so that day. She could barely change and climb into bed that night. The next morning she woke up with her t-shirt above her ample breasts, her thighs crusty, and her pussy sore. She could only surmise that some time during the night, Goldy had started humping her, and she thinking it was John, obliged by removing her panties and getting into doggy position. It was John's favorite and he'd often put her on all fours and take her in the middle of the night when she was half asleep.

Shelby quickly left the bedroom and walked the few steps down the hall. She stepped into the spare bedroom. It was to be the nursery. She and John had finally decided to start a family. While he worked his shift as a deputy sheriff, she had been painting it yellow. She had wanted to surprise him. It was while she was painting that she'd gotten the news that had ended her hopes and dreams. The Sheriff came and told her that John was murdered during a routine traffic stop.

She had been numb until after the burial. Her mind couldn't accept the truth. John had always been there since they'd been children. Plus, there had been so much to do and so many visitors that grieving was impossible. It was only after she realized Goldy's grief that her own started. She noticed Goldy staring out the front window for John at the time he'd normally return home. He'd whimper in his need to see his master again. That realization brought on her grief. She held him tightly and wept into his fur. He'd whimper and lick her neck and cheek to comfort her. They grieved together.

It was the shared grief that brought the shared emotional intimacy. It was why she was not angry after that first night that Goldy took her. It was also the reason why she let him have her again a few days later. It somehow felt right despite what society would say. It wasn't long before she sought him out.

Shelby left the spare bedroom and went into the kitchen to let Goldy outside. She ate left-over Chinese food for breakfast and poured Goldy some dog food. While eating, she thought of the times John had taken her in the kitchen. He had taken her with her laying on top of the kitchen table; with her bent over the kitchen table; with her bent over the counter in front of the window at the kitchen sink; and sometimes just on the floor. She remembered the first time that she orgasmed with Goldy. It was in the kitchen in front of the stainless steel refrigerator. She watched him fuck her in the reflection and she came around his knot when he filled her full of his hot cum.

The young woman heard Goldy barking outside. She looked up and giggled at the silly dog barking at a squirrel on a tree limb. Shelby then went about packing up the few personal items she had needed for last night and this morning. As she moved around the house, the happy memories of John and Goldy flooded her thoughts.

By the time Shelby loaded the last box into her trunk, she saw the moving truck coming down the rural road. She called Goldy and opened the rear door of her sedan, only shutting it once the Golden Retriever was ensconced in her car and chewing on a toy.

Shelby gave a last few directions to the movers and drove away from her and John's house for the last time. With a single tear trailing down her cheek, she looked in the rear view mirror and watched Goldy enjoying the fresh air from the lowered window. It was time to move on and start a new life somehow. Shelby knew the world would not approve of her and Goldy, but what right did the world have to judge? The world took John away. Shelby also knew that wouldn't stop the world from judging her. It just meant she no longer cared.

The End (?)