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BEASTIALITY STORIES



This story was written for a contest where the limit was 500 words and the theme was pleasure.

Even that fleeting brief moment of pain turned to pleasure as the knot slipped inside me and began to swell. My eyes flew open and I could see in front of me the sea of faces of people judging me. For all the scowls I saw the glimpses of jealousy and lust in the eyes of some as they witnessed this debased act.

There was I, a respectable woman giving myself to an animal in full public view, leaving myself open to contempt and disgust.

"Why do you do it?" I hear you ask and I would say that it isn't because of the pleasure the act gives me, which I won't deny is considerable, it's to see that glimmer in an eye that says, "I want to be where you are right now."

Dropping my head, I break eye contact and focus on the ground as the waves of pleasure roll over me as the knot starts to swell and pulse. The dog panting as his knot throbs inside me as he jets hot streams of seed deep into me, breeding his bitch in a pure act of sex. I can feel it hit my cervix like a warm gush of fluid deep inside and the drip of his drool on my neck from his open mouth. The pulsing knot on my g-spot demands my full attention as I feel the orgasm build deep inside like a multi-coloured tsunami ready to sweep me away on the crest of euphoria.

When it came it was even better than I had expected or experienced before, but every time is, and the flashes of lights seemed to swirl in my brain as my nerves exploded into a million pieces sending jolts of electricity to every nerve-ending.

It was at that moment I looked up and caught your eye, your face flushed from the excitement of the moment yet your mouth uttering words trying to deny that such an act should even be contemplated. Seeing through your eyes and into your soul I could see that you wanted this pure act of extreme pleasure, to be taken for no other reason than the joy of being taken. No complication, no hidden agenda, no ulterior motives, just sex with a clarity of purpose that takes your breath away in a cacophony of pleasure.

The euphoric feeling inside of me goes beyond the physical pleasure coursing through my veins and into the greatest mental pleasure that tells me that one day you will be where I am, experiencing the joys that I am enjoying. It may not be tomorrow, it may not be in public, but one day you will try, convincing yourself that just a little lick will be fine and then you will stop. But that one lick will bring such a guilty pleasure that your brain will demand more until one day you will get on all fours and beg him to mount you to take you to these heights of pleasure.