

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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My husband was a gambler. He left me with two little kids, a pile of debt and no credit. After he was gone, I discovered that the house was going into foreclosure. The bastard had not paid the mortgage in six months. He'd gambled the money away and hidden the foreclosure notices that came in the mail.

I had to come up with \$4,400 by the end of the week or I would lose my house. I was desperate. My credit was no good and no one in my family had that kind of money.

My friend Sheila was a single mom who had become a topless dancer to support herself and her kids. She always said the money was good. I went to see her and asked her to loan me the money. She told me she didn't have it.

I asked her if she knew any way I could earn \$4,400 in a week. I told her that I was so desperate that I would do anything. She knew what I meant.

She told me that she sometimes worked for an escort service, but that there was no way I could earn that much in a week. I told her then that the only option I had left was trying to rob a bank. At that point she said that maybe there was a way, but that I probably wouldn't want to do it. I told her I would do absolutely anything – and I meant it.

She said that a friend of hers had made \$5,000 for one night's work. I couldn't believe it – it sounded too good to be true. She said that there was a kinky rich guy who had a standing offer of \$5,000 for any woman from the escort service who would perform with his dog.

I asked, "Perform what?"

Sheila looked at me like I was retarded. "Fuck his dog," she said. "Or to be precise, let the dog fuck you and let the guy watch and film it for his collection."

I was dumbstruck. I had read about women having fantasies about animals, but I never thought that anyone would actually do it.

Seeing the look on my face, Sheila quickly said, "I knew you wouldn't consider doing it."

"No," I said. "You're wrong. I'm considering it."

After a moment, I asked, "How bad was it? What did your friend tell you about it?"

"Oh hell..." she blurted out, "It wasn't a friend, it was me. I was desperate just like you are now and I did it. Lots of girls at the service have. It wasn't so bad – better than having some sweaty 300 pound slob with bad breath laying on top of you."

"But a dog...", I said, "Is that sanitary?"

At this remark she looked hurt. "Of course it is. Like I said, the guy's a millionaire. That dog is his star performer. He's groomed every day and he's cleaner down there than most guys."

"I don't know if I could go through with it."

"Well," she said, "Some girl chickened out at the last minute and the only thing that happened was that he didn't give her the money. Most girls go through with it, though. It's a lot of money for an hour's work. And anyway, it's not all that bad, really!"

This last remark sounded pretty strange to me and my expression must have shown what I was thinking. Sheila said, "Hey, it doesn't sound any weirder than when you were twelve and heard about a girl putting some boy's cock in her mouth. Then, once you actually did it yourself, you could see why some people like it." Almost as if this last comment of hers had triggered a memory, she added, "He's got a really big cock."

"Well, if it was so good, why did you only do it once?"

"Because that's all he'll pay for. Once he gets you to fuck the dog and videotapes it, he moves on to the next girl."

I thought about all she had said. "I think maybe I could do it, but not if he films it. I don't want to end up in a stag movie," I said.

"No need to worry about that. Like I said, this guy is rich. He doesn't need to sell anything. He's a collector - strictly private - and he's not about to give it away. It's his kink, I think he sits around that big mansion of his and jacks-off to the films."

I told her I would think about it, and she gave me his number. She said that if I needed the money fast I should call right away because there was no guarantee he would even be in town. This panicked me when I thought of the foreclosure deadline. I decided I better give him a call right then. Sheila saw how nervous I was and told me to go home and that she would call and make the arrangements for me.

The next morning she called me, and said that everything was set for that night. "So soon?" I said nervously.

"Yeah, he says he's going on a trip and either it's tonight or else not for two weeks."

I asked Sheila if she would go with me, and she said she would but that she didn't think he would let her be with me when I performed. When I asked her how I should dress, she said, "Nothing fancy, just a skirt and a blouse. He'll want you naked, so just do your hair and makeup - and oh, yeah, wear high heels."

"You mean the guy gets turned on by high heels too?"

"No," Sheila said sarcastically, "The dog does."

I decided to wear a long blonde wig over my short black hair, just to disguise my identity.

That night on the drive there I asked Sheila for more details of what I would have to do. "He'll want you to come in, strip off your clothes, let the dog smell you, then let the dog lick you."

"Eeew," I said.

"No..." she said, "That's one of the best parts. His tongue is big and smooth. The tongue action was the best I've ever had, and that's saying something."

I looked at her flabbergasted. "So how was the fucking?" I asked, trying to shock her with my flippancy.

"You'll see soon enough," she replied, unfazed. "It wasn't the absolute best I've ever had, but it certainly wasn't the worst either. That hound can screw – what he lacks in technique he makes up for in size and enthusiasm." Now that I was committed to performing the same perverted act that she had done, Sheila was more willing to go into detail. "He had me moaning and groaning...", she said, "And believe me, I wasn't just putting on a show for the camera."

When we arrived at the mansion we entered through a guarded gate. After we parked in the circular drive an attractive middle-aged woman who introduced herself as Lydia met us at the door. She told Sheila to make herself comfortable in the den and led me off to a large room that was empty except for a chair, a mattress on the floor, and several video cameras on tripods all pointing at the mattress from different angles.

I was starting to have second thoughts, but I reminded myself of why I had to do this – that it was for my kids and their future. I told myself that it would be over soon and then I would put it completely out of my mind. Afterwards, I would tell myself it hadn't happened, or else treat it as a lark, like Sheila.

Lydia interrupted my reverie by telling me to take my clothes off. She had a slight accent, maybe east European. After I was naked she looked me up and down.

"Leave the heels on," she said. "And take that ridiculous wig off. It won't stay on anyway." I was too nervous and intimidated to protest. I did as I was told. "Have you ever fucked a dog before?"

"Of course not," I answered. She gave me an unfriendly look and I realized that she probably had done it herself. Trying to make amends, I asked, "Are you his wife?"

She looked amused by my question. "No, I'm his employee. I made a number of these movies in Europe. He tracked me down and offered me a situation at a salary I couldn't refuse. I've trained all of his dogs for him." She smiled knowingly at me, and said: "I think you'll find this to be an interesting experience."

At this point, the door opened and a middle-aged man wearing sunglasses entered leading a large dog on a leash. He released the dog from the leash and sat down in the chair. The dog immediately came over and stuck his nose in my crotch. Instinctively, I clamped my legs together. "Open your legs," Lydia said, in a peremptory tone. "Let Goliath taste you."

I did as I was told, and the dog immediately shoved his snout in further and began to lick. After a few seconds of nervousness, it began to feel good. It was like no other sensation I had experienced. I'd had lovers eat my pussy before, but a man's tongue was a puny thing compared to Goliath's monster. It felt so good that without thinking about what I was doing I spread my legs even further and squatted down a bit to give him better access to my most sensitive parts. I was starting to really get into it, when my reverie was broken by Lydia's next command. "Get down on your hands and knees." She said.

Although Goliath's tongue had felt great, I still wasn't sure I was willing to let myself be fucked by a dog. However, I knew that this was what was expected of me. This man wasn't going to pay me all that money if I didn't do everything he wanted. I could stop and walk out, but then I would get zip and everything I had done up to this point would be for nothing. And I would be back in the same predicament with no other solution.

As I reluctantly got down on my hands and knees, I got a view of Goliath's underside. His cock was

hanging down and it was huge! It was a good ten inches long and thick as a nightstick. I'm not a big woman 'down there' and I was afraid he might hurt me. "Can't I have a smaller one?" I asked. "He's too big for me."

Ignoring my plea, Lydia said, "Open your pussy."

I gulped and took a deep breath. This was the moment of truth. I didn't want to go through with it, but I no longer felt like I had any control over the situation. At that moment, I think it finally sunk in – this dog was going to fuck me! My pussy was sopping wet as I spread my lips apart. I don't know if it was dog slobber or my own excitement that had done it, but at least I my hole was well-lubricated. Maybe Goliath's huge cock would go in me without doing any damage.

Suddenly, I felt the weight of the dog on my back. His paws clamped around my waist. Instinctively, I tried to move forward – to get away – but Goliath was not going to be discouraged. In fact, it seemed to excite him more.

"Hold still," Lydia commanded impatiently.

I then felt her rubbing that monster cock back and forth against my pussy. It felt good. The more she slid his cock back and forth against my pussy lips, the better it felt. I began to imagine what it would feel like inside of me. At that instant, she slid the tip into my pussy. Goliath started to hunch his hindquarters. With each push his big cock forced its way further into my hole. By this point I wanted his cock so bad that I pushed back just as Goliath hunched forward. The result was that all ten inches of dog meat jammed into my pussy. I almost swooned from the sensation. My pussy felt stretched tight and full. Fuller than it had ever been.

Once his cock was in me, Goliath went nuts. The dog started to fuck me so hard I fell forward on my face. My ass went higher in the air. This allowed his cock to go even deeper inside of me. It felt like he had reached the tip of my womb. I let out a yelp, I don't know if it was pain or pleasure, maybe some of both. I was totally into the act now and tried to match his fucking rhythm by pushing back against him. My pussy was filled with dog cock and just when I thought I couldn't take anymore, I felt a swelling at the base of his cock.

I couldn't believe it, but he was getting even bigger. It scared me and I'd had enough. "Please... No more!" I begged.

"Relax," Lydia said, "It's too late now, his knot is in you. Don't tense up and don't fight him or you will hurt yourself You can take all of him. I've done it many times. You'll see, it will feel marvellous."

As his knot swelled inside my pussy, Goliath stopped humping. He stayed motionless on me. I could feel him spurting cum into me. His cock felt hot, hotter than any man's and the spunk, he was squirting felt even warmer. And he just kept cumming. It felt like he was filling me up.

Despite the discomfort, I was close to having an orgasm. I tried to reach back between my legs to finger my swollen clit. Goliath growled at my movement.

Then I heard Lydia say, "Hold still, I'll do it."

I heard the whirr of a small vibrator and then felt her place it against my pussy. She gently rubbed it against my clit, moving it back and forth, hitting my most sensitive spots. Then it happened. With Goliath's head leaning over my shoulder and his hot dog breath in my ear, and his big cock inside my cunt, my body started to shake with the best orgasm of my life. It felt so good I was crying. Goliath had fucked me to tears.

After about fifteen minutes, I could feel the dog's knot going down. He pulled out with a plop, and I felt a warm gush of dog sperm running down my legs. Almost immediately he began to lick my pussy. This was something new, something no man had ever done for me, and it felt wonderful. After he had done this for several minutes, Lydia led him forward to where his cock was dangling right in front of my face. "Open your mouth," she ordered.

At this unexpected command, I finally rebelled. "No way!" I said. "That wasn't part of the deal."

I had done a lot, but I wasn't about to suck a dog's cock! For the first time, the seated man spoke, "If you do it, I'll add another two thousand dollars to your check."

The money was tempting. And the situation was confusing. I had just had sex with the dog so why, I asked myself, would it matter if I performed this one last act? After all, I had let the dog go down on me, so this would just be returning the favour. Also, on some level of my mind, I wanted to know how it would feel and taste, curious to compare it to a man's cock.

I opened my mouth, put my hand behind his knot and slid on my back underneath him. I was getting a close up view of what so recently had been up inside of me. I could smell myself on him. I had always liked the taste of my pussy – always liked to kiss a man who had just eaten me out. His cock was huge. Red and bulging with a spider web of blue veins on it. Unlike a man's it had no head but just ended abruptly with only a bit of a tip where the jism shot out.

Lydia held the camera inches from my face. I tentatively stretched out my tongue as far as it would go and touched the shaft. It felt rubbery. I made an 'O' with my mouth, and let the tip go in. It wasn't so bad. Then I slid more of it in and started to glide my mouth back and forth on it. His cock began jerking and squirting. I started to get into. I've always loved sucking cock and have been told I'm good at it. I decided to give Goliath the best blowjob of his life. I increased my temp and my tongue action.

His whole prick started gushing. It was spit, swallow or duck because I sure wasn't going to stop. As I swallowed his cum, I noticed it had a slightly metallic taste like a man, but saltier. So much kept coming out that it overflowed my mouth and ran down my chin. Feeling totally depraved, I decided to give my host his money's worth. I turned toward the camera to show the trickle of dog cum running down the side of my mouth. With my tongue I reached out and slurped it back up.

After it was all over I showered, got dressed and went back to the living room where Sheila was waiting for me, and asked as I entered the room, "Well, how was it? Did you go through with it?"

I held up the check, and told her, "It wasn't as bad as I thought it would be."

"See, I told you," she said, then looked at the check. "Seven thousand, huh?" She gave a little laugh, and said, "I thought I smelled dog cum on your breath."

"Well..." I said, "What convinced me to try it was watching the video of you giving a doggie blowjob and obviously enjoying it so much."

My bluff worked. "They didn't show you that, did they?" Sheila blurted out.

"Gotcha." I laughed.

The End