

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Mae was worried when she went to the address Bill had given her. The two had been making pornographic movies for sale on the internet for about six months and it had never really bothered her before. Even the ones with another man in them hadn't bothered her; she'd done three ways in her real life so it was nothing new to her. But today was to be something entirely different, something she really wasn't comfortable with. Bill had told her he had a buyer who was willing to pay big money for a video of an attractive woman getting screwed by a dog.

At first she'd refused, but he told her what he could make on this, it was hard to say no. The buyer was big in the internet porn business. Bill argued this could be their big break, the way out of the small time end of the business. He told her when he showed the buyer her picture and assured him she would be willing, that's when the big offer came. If she didn't do it, he'd look like he was unreliable and they'd both be through in the business. That's how Mae came to agree to fuck a dog.

The address was to an old store front. Whatever they had sold there didn't matter, it appeared to be used only for storage now. Looking around, she saw a door on the left end of the building. A handmade sign said "LOOSE JOY PRODUCTIONS". She knew this was where Bill rented cameras and had their videos processed and copied. Opening the door, she saw a dark, narrow, steep stairway. She ascended it to a landing where she saw a door and another flight of stairs. The door was marked "Loose Joy Office". When she opened it she heard a bell ring.

It was dimly lit inside, she could see a lot of boxes and a couple of work benches holding electronic devices, none of which she recognized. She began to wonder if she had the wrong information when she saw Bill standing in a doorway leading to the front of the building.

"Hi hon," he said, "come on in and meet the crew."

When she heard the word crew she thought this might be a higher class operation after all. She would soon find out otherwise, but for now she had hope. Walking in, she was actually impressed. It was a brightly lit room, carpeted, with a desk in one corner and a small conference table in front of a plate glass window revealing a nice view of the street below. There were several men seated around the table. Bill introduced them to her, but she really didn't pay much attention to their names.

"There's going to be a bunch of cameras on you today, we don't want to miss anything. We've got a set upstairs where we'll shot this thing. We're dealing with an animal here, so there'll be no blocking or staging, we'll just be shooting it as it happens. They want a loop of an ordinary woman with her dog, not an actress, so all you have to do is let it happen and act like you're really, really enjoying it."

Mae listened quietly, nodding her head. All she could think was this wasn't any high class operation after all. She wished she hadn't let Bill talk her into this.

"Well, come on, I'll take you up to the set and you can get ready, fix your make up and anything else."

"Yes, let's go," she agreed. "By the way, where's my, um, co-star?"

"Not here yet, they're bringing him over now. He'll be here shortly." He turned to the crew, "See, I told you how much she wanted to do this. She's so eager she can't wait."

She followed him upstairs, slightly resentful that he'd made her sound like a perverted bitch. She agreed to do this for his sake, because she loved him, and he treated her like this. She was humiliated and no longer cared what anybody thought about what she was about to do.

She looked at what Bill had called a set. It was a cheap acrylic outdoor carpet on the floor, with two double beds pushed together to form one large area for her and the dog to play on. There were some free standing partitions on either side to give the illusion that it was a room. Looking closer at the carpet she saw it was badly stained. They must have pulled it out of the trash somewhere. What did she expect from this outfit?

Bill guided her to an area behind a screen where she could dress, or undress actually and work on her make up. Undressing she put on the lacy lavender negligee she would wear briefly and the long ash colored wig she would wear over her short blonde hair as a disguise. She fixed the wig in place with clips and tape, wanting it to be as secure as possible. The long fake hair was pulled back, held in a ponytail by a black ribbon. She had to admit, it was a good look for her. She put on a bathrobe and began putting on her makeup, layering it on heavily for the cameras.

Then she heard voices. It was odd, she could hear the words, but not what they were saying. The conversation seemed all disjointed, but there was a lot of laughing. She knew her co-star had arrived and the laughter was directed at her. Her humiliation deepened and her nervousness grew. She sat there not wanting to go out. There was more laughing as she overheard phrases like "lucky fella" and "gonna' have a good time" bantered about. Then Bill came behind the screen.

"It's show time, honey. Come on out."

Mae took a deep breath and exhaled in resignation. The wages of sin, she thought to herself. It's what you get for getting involved in this whole pornography thing. She got up and walked out from behind the screen submissively, feeling shamed and mortified. When she came out from behind the screen she saw the crowd had grown to about twelve men. A couple had still cameras. She began to wonder if Bill was selling tickets to this thing.

Then she saw the dog. It was a German shepherd, and he looked huge. He was sitting on the floor next to a tall fat man who was holding his leash. Seeing him brought the reality of what was about to happen to her home. She was afraid. Bill took her over to the dog.

"This is Caesar, your co-star. You might want to take a minute before we start to get acquainted."

Mae nodded her head and bent over and began petting the animal. He seemed to enjoy the attention. Mae was glad that at least he seemed friendly. As she petted him she couldn't help but think they were both being used here. That thought was a kind of bond linking them together; they would both do what they had to. The dog might not understand all this, but he probably would enjoy it, she would do what she could to assure that. She, on the other hand, understood it and wanted no part of it, but was willing to do what she agreed to. She and this dog were in this together and she was going to have to make the best of it.

"OK, Caesar honey, it's going to be just you and me buddy. Go easy on me, OK?"

"He's pretty well behaved," the fat man told her, reassuringly.

"He'll be misbehaving pretty soon, though," she heard a male voice behind her say. It was followed by more laughter. She was beginning to hate the men in the room.

"Ignore them buddy," she told the dog softly, "it won't be so bad. I'll show you a good time."

"And we'll have a good time watching," another voice said, followed by more muffled laughter.

Mae could feel the blood rushing to her face and knew beneath the makeup she was turning red

from embarrassment. These assholes wouldn't even let her pet the damn dog in peace. She felt like crying, but wasn't about to give them the satisfaction of seeing her break down. She wasn't going to refuse to go through with it for the same reason. Anger had replaced humiliation; if Bill wanted her to fuck a dog, she was going to fuck the hell out of him. If they thought they'd forced her into belittling herself, she was going to convince them that she was doing what she wanted and enjoying it. They were the assholes who were going to be jerking themselves off when it was over. They would wish it was them, not Caesar on the bed with her.

"If you're ready, we'll get started," Bill said'

Mae stood up showing an amazing amount of poise and silently nodded in agreement. She watched as the fat man walked Caesar over to the bed and signaled for him to get up on it. When he did, the man unhooked the leash and removed his collar. Backing up a few steps, he spoke to the dog.

"Caesar, down boy, stay."

Caesar did as he was instructed, settling on the mattress, looking comfortable. Mae couldn't help thinking that he had no idea that they were about to make spectacles of themselves for the amusement of these fools. Bill came up beside her.

"Now, like I said, we're just going to shoot this in real time as it happens, kind of like a documentary. There'll be a bunch of cameras on you at all times. We'll put the whole thing together downstairs in the shop afterwards. We're not worried about the sound either. So you just do whatever you feel is necessary to get the job done. Remember, you're just a housewife alone with her dog. I've heard once they get the scent of an aroused pussy, their instincts take over, so you'll probably have to play with yourself to get things started."

Mae nodded her head and Bill stepped behind her. He reached around and untied the belt of her bathrobe then pulled the robe back. Mae stepped forward and out of it reveling herself in the cheap negligee.

"OK, honey you're on."

Mae put on a smile and sauntered over to the bed. She leaned over, one knee on the mattress and began petting Caesar. She saw his tail wagging lazily and lowered herself to nuzzle him. He was happy with the attention. She stood back up, undid the front of her negligee, removed it, and then tossed it aside; so much for costuming. She crawled onto the bed and rolled over on her back next to the dog. It was about to start.

While she began scratching his neck with her left hand, her right hand began rubbing her pussy. Caesar acted as if nothing unusual was happening, almost as if a naked woman lying next to him petting him while masturbating happened every day. She started rubbing herself faster, then brought her hand up to his nose allowing him to sniff. She saw his nose working and he definitely seemed interested, but that was all. It occurred to Mae this might not be as easy as she'd thought.

This time she pushed two fingers into her pussy and began finger fucking herself, twisting her fingers as she moved then rapidly in and out of her now juicy cunt. Then she held her fingers out to the dog. Caesar sniffed them again, then licked them. There was a pause, then his tongue came out three more times in quick succession. Suddenly he got up licking his chops and sniffing the air. She knew he was interested. She slowly brought her hand down to her crotch, watching as his eyes followed it.

She patted herself on the crotch, then snapped her fingers a couple of times. Caesar moved close to

her, his head down, sniffing tentatively. He'd discovered what he'd been searching for. Stepping between Mae's spread thighs he licked the source of the enticing scent. Raising his head, she saw his tongue flash out into the air three times. For a moment, Mae thought she should be insulted, believing that he didn't like the taste. Then he lowered his head and began licking her cunt determinedly.

It was a surprise and a shock to Mae. The surprise was the suddenness of it; the dog was lapping her for all he was worth. The shock was the fact that she liked it; no man had ever eaten her like this. His rough tongue was fast and powerful, sloppily licking her, forcing its way between her parted cunt lips. It whipped its way across her clitoris and every other inch of her pussy, stimulating and thrilling her with each stroke. Her gasping sobs were for real not an act for the cameras.

Caesar continued licking her frantically, every stroke of his tongue causing a reaction within her, coming one after another like sensuous hammer blows. The two most honest reactions in the room were hers and the dogs. Each was responding to the other's stimulus. Both had forgotten about the men in the room running around with hand held cameras recording their actions. The more the dog lapped her, the wetter her cunt got; the more fluid her pussy secreted, the harder Caesar licked her trying to get to the source of it all. Mae was surprised that under these strange circumstances she was actually enjoying the dog's attention.

Caesar was definitely in an agitated state, occasionally lifting his head from between her legs, sniffing around, sometimes licking other parts of her body, but always returning to her pussy. Even these little side diversions had an effect on Mae. The course tongue stroking her on the belly, the knee, even her breasts, all added to the excitement. Always he would return to her cunt, often at a different angle and continue with the same determined fury. Probably only the distracting presence of so many spectators prevented her from coming.

During one of these interludes, Caesar walked frantically back and forth on the bed, seeming to be distracted. Standing alongside Mae, he stepped over her, his front paws straddling her hips and lowering his head, resumed licking her pussy. Mae rolled her head to the side and saw his cock, dark red and pointed, sticking several inches out of its sheath.

Fascinated by the sight, she reached out and touched it, running her fingertips gently up and down its length. It seemed to jump and bounce slightly under her touch as she caressed it. When her fingers rubbed across its tip, they came away wet with his pre-cum. She closed her hand around it and began pumping slowly and cautiously. Caesar ceased licking her, standing motionless with his head still lowered. Mae sat up and slid back slightly, throwing her left arm over his hips, resting her cheek against his side while her right hand continued stroking his prick.

She began jacking him off faster, more vigorously. With her eyes closed, it almost seemed as if she and the dog were the only two living things in the room. She was beginning to be able to ignore the onlookers, losing herself in the act of having sex with this animal. It was becoming a new and exciting adventure. She could feel his cock swelling in her fist as she stroked it. Briefly, she opened her eyes and glanced along his flank, she could see him with his mouth open, tongue hanging out panting for breath, occasionally turning his head to look back at her.

The flow of pre-cum was increasing, dripping from the end of his cock, so much so that she wasn't sure it was pre-cum. She began to wonder if this was the real deal, if he was actually cumming as some of the warm fluid ran down on her hand. Then she felt the ball against the base of her fist. Curious, she stopped jerking him off, bent down to look at his dick.

It had expanded considerably, not looking quite like what she'd expected. She'd only seen human

penises, never an erect dog dick. Unlike a man, his cock was pointed and somewhat bulbous in shape, slightly thicker on the end than farther back on the shaft. She'd also always thought of the ball as being perfectly round like an actual ball, but his looked more like he had an extra set of testicles in the shaft of his cock; it was swollen all around, but seemed wider at the sides than on the top and bottom.

She glanced at the dog and saw him looking back at her, perhaps wondering why she had stopped masturbating him. Mae held out her hand, wet with pre-cum, for him to sniff. He surprised her when he began licking it. She slowly lowered her hand, with him following it, and wiped it across her cunt. Caesar resumed lapping at her pussy with all his earlier vigor. Mae continued to enjoy it as a muscle tightening shiver ran through her.

Suddenly, Caesar stopped, appearing to be in almost a panic. He put his front paws on her bent knee, raised himself up and tried awkwardly to hump her thigh. His paws slipped and he stepped on her as he stumbled around in confused desperation. Mae knew it was time, her moment of truth was at hand, the dog wanted to fuck her.

She rolled over and raised herself on her hands and knees. Caesar responded immediately, with his front paws on her back, he moved into position behind her, thrusting his hips as he did. His cock kept hitting her rapidly as he moved. Once he was behind her, he wrapped his forelegs around her hips, holding her tightly against him as he began humping furiously.

Again she could hear the disembodied voices of the voices of the spectators; "Look at him go," "really giving it to her," "fucking the shit out of her". What the dumb bastards didn't know was, Caesar's cock wasn't even close to being in her. Pinned between her and the dog's stomach, all his thrusting was doing was pounding it lengthwise against her ass crack. This wasn't without some erotic quality, but it was far from actual sex.

Mae slid her hand between herself and the dog and pushed him back. She felt the end of his prick as it slipped down her crack towards her pussy. Once she moved her hand out of the way, he slammed his hips forward and started thrusting again. The problem was this time his dick was too low, she could feel it rubbing harmlessly against her pubic hair. She was growing frustrated; if the damned dog was going to fuck her, she wanted him to get on with it and do so.

This time she reached back between her legs and slipped her fingers behind the ball and gripped him tightly. She then pushed him back while rocking herself forwards. When she felt the tip of his cock press against the right spot, she eased herself back slowly, feeling it push past her cunt lips into her an inch or two. It was a funny feeling for her, knowing there was no turning back now. It was going to happen whether she wanted it to or not and all she could do was relax and hope for the best and perhaps enjoy it.

She released her grip on his cock and braced herself on all fours for the unknown that was about to happen. Caesar wasted no time, thrusting wildly into her, trying to get as deep into her cunt as quickly as he could. Mae spread her knees out a little further, adjusting to his height, until his jabbing prick felt more comfortable as it moved back and forth in her. Then the ball began striking against her.

When she'd been jacking him off, it had looked substantial, but not overly intimidating. Now that he was trying to jam it inside her, it seemed ferocious. She could feel her cunt lips giving ground with each push. Caesar was frantic now, humping her in a mad frenzy. Then she let out a sharp cry as suddenly it forced its way past her pussy lips, fully and painfully penetrating her. But it was an erotic, exotic pain; not without its own sensuous quality. Her first time with a dog reminded her of

her first time with a man. It was like losing her cherry for the second time, or at least reliving the experience. It was a scary, exciting thing, full of unknowns.

Caesar gave a last series of vigorous thrusts, almost as if by momentum, then stopped, holding her snugly against himself with his forepaws. Surprised, Mae felt his already impressive cock swelling and expanding inside her. She grew nervous as she realized the ball was expanding also. It was painful, but once again it was an erogenous pain. She was actually enjoying it, thinking this dog fucking thing wasn't so bad after all. To her it was becoming a sexual adventure of the highest order.

She glanced over her shoulder looking at Caesar's head looming above her. His mouth was open and his tongue hanging out, drool dripping from it onto her shoulder. He seemed to be staring straight ahead seeing nothing. She had said she was going to show him a good time and apparently she was. She could feel his cock quivering inside her and was aware of a warm sensation as he came in her. Even the discomfort of his prick pressing hard against her cervix thrilled her.

"What's happening now, why'd he stop?" she heard Bob's voice ask.

"He's ejaculating," she recognized the fat man's voice, "that's how it works. When their humping, their usually trying to get in. He's knotted her and now he's cumming."

"How long does it last?" She didn't hear an answer, but Bob continued. "When the knot comes out, is that when we'll see this gushing I've heard about?"

"Don't know, I've never seen one fuck a woman before, only bitches. They're built different."

"Well she's his bitch now," she heard a voice joke.

Again she felt a flash of anger and humiliation. I'd rather be this dog's bitch she thought to herself, than a son of a bitch of a bastard like you.

"Dave, get in low and close where you can get a good view, if any cum comes spurting out, I want a good shot of it. Mae, when he pulls out, try and force as much of his cum out as you can, it's the money shot."

Mae couldn't believe he was giving stage instructions at a time like this. Besides, she didn't know how to force dog cum out of her system anyway. It really didn't matter, the swollen dog dick inside her was just too much of a distraction for her to waste time thinking about Bob's silly instructions. She felt her pussy tighten around his prick as the first shudder of an oncoming orgasm ran down her spine. She wouldn't have thought it possible, but the damned dog was beginning to rock her world.

Leaning forward until her forehead was resting on the mattress, she grabbed the fabric of the sheets in her fists. She fought to stay in control as she came, suppressing a delighted giggle. Who would have thought she could have found a moment of ecstasy in the midst of this voyeuristic depravity, certainly not Mae.

Realizing whoever Dave was, he was focusing his camera on her cunt, she reached between her legs and began rubbing her pussy, manipulating her clitoris, and at one point even using her fingers to spread her cunt lips hoping to give him a view of Caesar's swollen knot. Feeling the warm wetness, she knew some of his cum was already seeping out of her. This added a mental thrill to all she was experiencing.

Caesar began tugging back with his hips and his knot suddenly slipped out as he dismounted her. She tightened her stomach muscles to try and push his cum out as Bob had instructed. She did feel a

small surge if it running down her pussy, but she really didn't know if she had anything to do with it. Caesar then began licking her again, his tongue once more moving from her bush up past her asshole in long strong strokes. After a brief couple of moments, he stopped and began licking himself.

Mae rolled over to a sitting position looking at him. His cock was still extended, both his prick and the ball were larger now than when she'd been jerking him off. It seemed to her to be about seven or eight inches long now and the ball about the size of a tennis ball. She was impressed by the fact that she'd been able to take it all inside her. She had the feeling of a job well done.

She began petting him, stroking his head lovingly. When she did this, he stopped licking himself and looked at her. She stopped petting him and began fondling his cock, feeling it bounce in her hand. Then he got up on all fours and stood in front of her accepting her ministrations. As she was stroking him, she had an idea. If these voyeurs wanted a show, she'd give them one. She had, after all said she was going to do the best job she could do and also give Caesar a good time. This would do both.

Supporting herself on one elbow, she bent forward under his belly, her face inches from his dick. At first she wasn't sure she wanted to do this, but then decided since Bob had turned her into a dog fucker, she was going to be the best at it. With that she stuck her tongue out, running it across the tip of Caesar's cock. She paused for a second, then ran her tongue down the length of his cock and back up to the tip. Holding his cock steady by the ball she continued to caress the end of it with her tongue, then moved her head forward, taking it into her mouth.

Mae took his cock as deep as she could without gagging, then slowly withdrew, lightly sucking. Reaching the end, she stuck her tongue out and tickled the tip of his prick with the tip of her tongue. She then began repeating the process, slowly and deliberately. She became aware of his cock dribbling a slow steady flow of cum into her mouth. She allowed as much of it to trickle out of the corner of her mouth and run down her cheek as she could. She also pulled back far enough to wipe the end of his cock across her lips, leaving them glistening with his cum before taking it back into her mouth. . Having no knowledge of a dog's sexual functions, she began to think this clear viscous fluid wasn't actual semen, but had some other purpose, there had been simply too much of it throughout their little encounter.

Finally she stopped sucking and ran her tongue one last time slowly down and back the length of the angry looking prick, pausing at the base to lick the ball. She then looked at one of the cameras that were filming her, smiled with cum smeared lips, nodded her head, and gave a large theatrical wink of her eye. Kneeling there, sitting back on her heels, she thought she was finished, but Caesar had other ideas.

When she stopped sucking him off, he turned around, came over to her and began licking her face and neck excitedly. It felt good and Mae assumed it was just a show of affection, a canine version of a thank you kiss. Then he put his front paws on her shoulders and raised himself up, nearly knocking her over. To counter his weight, she rose up on her knees, leaning forward. Caesar draped his forelegs over her shoulders, it almost seemed like he was trying to hug her, but then she felt his cock jabbing against her belly. Then she understood, he was ready to screw her again.

She tried, unsuccessfully, to ease herself back on the bed, but his weight took over and she went back across both mattresses rather heavily with Caesar on top of her. As soon as they landed, he got into a crouch and began awkwardly humping against her. Mae raised herself up slightly, and grabbing one of the pillows that were on the bed, slid it under her hips elevating them up slightly. She spread her thighs as wide as possible while pulling her knees as far back as she could, giving him open access to her pussy. His cock was hitting her close to its target. She didn't know if this was

just luck or because of his earlier experience.

After a quick series of jabs, she felt the tip of his cock poke into her. There was a brief pause as he adjusted his position, then he began thrusting frantically, almost violently pushing deeper with each thrust, trying desperately to drive the ball inside her. She let out a soft cry as he succeeded, knotting her for the second time. He laid on top of her, occasionally giving a hard thrust forward, jamming the head of his prick against her cervix with the same erotically arousing pain as the first time. She could feel his cock swelling inside her, apparently he hadn't been fully erect when she was sucking on him. There was also the twitching vibration of his dick as he came in her. Her own hips were involuntarily squirming and writhing beneath him as, unbelievably, she began coming along with him.

Mae began twisting her hips more noticeably, more purposefully, changing the pressure his cock was applying to her pussy. As she did, Caesar began pushing his cock forward, probably to keep it from slipping out of her. She felt the warm dog cum leaking from her pussy and down her ass. Her head thrown back, she was sobbing out in uncontrolled ecstasy, trembling in the grip of an overpowering orgasm. Somewhere in the back of her mind, through the fog of her orgasm, she wondered how much longer it would last. The idea of them both having such a prolonged mutual orgasm baffled her.

Then there was the stab of pain as he pulled out of her and stood up, stepping on her in the process. She could feel the warm wetness of his cum running out of her and down her ass crack. She raised her head and looked down her body at him. His cock was hanging down, still dripping cum, exhausted, she wondered where it had all come from, she would have thought she'd drained him well before this.

Caesar turned around and began licking her cunt one last time. When he finished, he laid down beside her with his head and one paw resting on her stomach. It was over. He was worn out; actually they both were. She reached out and began lazily petting him. He had made the whole thing endurable for her, enjoyable actually. While he was going at her, she'd managed to forget the spectators, the wise cracks, and the humiliation. She had come twice and was grateful.

She eased herself from under his head. When he looked up at her she bent over and rubbed her nose back and forth across the top of his head nuzzling him lovingly. Then she got off the bed and started to walk away. When she saw one man was still filming her, she raised her fingers to her lips and, smiling coquettishly, blew a kiss to the camera.

"That kiss wasn't the only thing she blew," she heard a voice say followed by muffled laughter.

She looked around and realized the crowd of onlookers had grown during her performance. Perhaps Bob had sold tickets. Disgusted, she went over to Bob, who held out her robe. She put it on. The show was over.

"You did great, babe. This is going to be one hot video," he told her.

"Yeah, sure, is there somewhere I can get cleaned up?"

"Yeah, honey, around behind that fake wall you'll see the door to the bathroom."

She went behind the screen that served as a dressing room and picked up her clothes and her shoulder bag, then went to the bathroom. It was just a small room with a toilet and a sink, she'd hoped there would be a shower; no such luck. She washed the heavy make-up off her face, wadded up some paper towels to wash off her pussy and crotch. It was the best she could do. Fishing

through her purse she found a tampon and inserted it. Putting on her panties, she folded up some of the paper towels and put them into the crotch of her underwear as a makeshift sanitary napkin. Then she started to dress. When she came out the floor appeared empty, she went downstairs and found the office crowded. She made her way to the conference table and found Bob.

"I'm ready to leave now," she told him.

"All right babe, I'll be busy tonight working on this project. I'll call you sometime tomorrow," he replied.

Somehow she'd expected more, cab fare home at the least. She felt slighted. When she left she heard a disappointed voice, "Damn it, I was hoping she was coming back for an encore."

There was more laughter, she felt humiliated again. She didn't understand Bob or why he was treating her like this. For the time since they'd gotten started in this pornography business she felt like she was being treated like a piece of meat. They'd treated the dog better. As she descended the stairs she decided this wasn't the life for her; it was time for a change in direction. She had to clean up her act and Bob had to go, completely out of her life.

When she reached the street, she paused to collect her thoughts. She noticed a man in a suit coming down the street and realized he was checking her out. She smiled and nodded her head at him. He returned the smile and said hello, continuing on his way. Mae found it encouraging, a reminder that men found her attractive. She could always find another man, and this time one that wasn't a would-be pimp. And if she couldn't, she thought, she could always get a dog. Her smile widened and she spoke aloud to herself.

"That might be nice."

The End