

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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"Honey?" came the voice from the bedroom.

Erin knew by the tone of his voice that her husband was about to ask for a favor.

The voice continued, "Before we go out for brunch, could you run a little 'Erind' for me?"

Erin sighed as she heard her husband giggle at his pun. They were supposed to be going out on a little early morning weekend date, she had barely just gotten out of the shower, and now he wanted her to go out for something.

"Yes, dear. What is it?" Erin asked.

Her husband, Jack, peeked his head into the bathroom as she stood in front of the mirror, wearing only a towel on her hair. She blushed as she noticed him looking up and down her body. Erin had never considered herself attractive; by all accounts, most men found her painfully average. Her body was petite, and despite being in her late 20s, she sometimes was confused for a high schooler.

Her breasts were tiny, bordering on flat, yet with large protruding nipples that were incredibly sensitive. Her face was plain, maybe cute on a good day. Jack's eyes stopped wandering as he gazed upon her rear end, rather large for a woman her size, with wide round hips. And yet, despite all the flaws she saw in herself, Jack more than appreciated her body. She had been with a few men before Jack, but he was the first to make her feel hot.

Jack's brain caught up finally as he finished ogling his wife. "Uh, my dad called while you were in the shower," he began. "I borrowed his shovel last week, and he needs it back today. Could you run it over to him quickly while I shower and prepare for brunch?"

She sighed, and as much as she wanted to, she couldn't find a reason to say no. Erin's working with her therapist, learning to say 'no' as she's a people-pleaser. But it's a quick drive, and it would give her hair time to dry.

"I guess so," she said reluctantly. "But you owe me one!" Erin quipped as she stuck her tongue out at him.

"Deal!" Jack replied with a grin.

Her face reddened again when she realized what kind of payback he was imagining.

She threw on the small pink thong she planned to wear out and a simple dress that went down to her knees. She didn't even bother with a bra; she only wore one normally to cover her nipples, and it was quite warm out for a late Spring day. She slightly shuddered as she entered the car to leave, the warm leather seats touching her bare legs. Her mind was filled with dirty thoughts as she drove off.

Jack's father was happy to see her and thanked her for returning the shovel. She noticed his eyes wandered a bit but paid it no mind. He's an old man and doesn't get out much, so the sight of her bare legs was probably more than enough to entice him!

"It was no problem, and the weather is so nice!" she giggled.

"Erin, real quick, before you go," he started. "Could you do me a favor while you're here?"

She sighed. 'Another favor?' Erin thought.

He continued, "This shovel belongs to Jason, my neighbor across the street. Could you take it over to him?"

She thought again of her therapy sessions, learning to say no, practicing not to be a pushover, but this request was non-offensive, and she was already here.

"Sure, I'd be glad to help," she said with a forced smile.

She turned to leave, feeling his eyes on her as Jack's father watched her from behind as her shapely ass swayed under her skirt.

"You look really good today, Erin," he said, observing her petite body from behind.

She was glad he couldn't see the blush on her face as she received this unexpected attention from a man, especially one as old as him.

Erin had never met Jason, though Jack's father sometimes mentioned him. She would introduce herself as his neighbor's daughter-in-law, hand over the shovel, and be off. This was no problem! She stepped through the gate in Jason's chain link fence and walked through the yard, the grass tall and badly in need of a mow. She heard a barking no sooner than she closed the gate behind her. She was not afraid of dogs, but it took her by surprise. The front door of Jason's house opened, and a large husky ran out, playfully running circles around Erin.

"Who are you?" she heard Jason ask softly, his voice slightly slurred.

Erin stopped in her tracks, bracing against the shovel to call attention to it, and began to answer. "I'm, um, your neighbor's..." she started, her eyes growing wide as she noticed the dog walking up to her side, sniffing at her ankles. "I'm your neighbor's daughter-in-law! I have your shovel," she explained proudly.

He looked at her for a long moment, the gears in his head turning. The dog's snout traveled up her bare legs and began licking at the backs of her knees. She tried to ignore it, continuing to brace against the shovel.

Jason snorted, "Heh, yer a pretty one. Yeah, I know who you are. My pup seems to like you too!" He continued under his breath, "Cute face, little waist, with a big behind," his voice trailing off as he jokingly referenced the song lyrics.

Erin gulped as she started to worry about Jason's dog getting a bit too friendly. "What was that?" she asked.

The dog was licking the backs of her thighs now, his tongue sneaking in between her legs occasionally.

"Nothing, nothing," he chuckled to himself. "Well, alright then, why don't you bring the shovel to me? I don't get around so well," he said from behind his screen door.

She hoped he would call the dog off, but he just stood there watching. She turned to shoo the dog away, but he growled at her! She snapped her hand back, her eyes growing wide.

"Aw, don't worry, honey. Buster ain't gonna hurt'cha," Jason said with a grin.

Erin put both hands on the shovel and sighed, saying a few affirmations to herself. She could get through this. She just had to finish this, and then she could go home. And then, returning her focus to reality, Buster's nose hit against her thong panties. She gasped, her eyes growing wide.

The dog's tongue was lapping against the very top of her legs. Erin grabbed hold of the shovel and started to walk forward, but her walk was more of a slow waddle with the dog's head up the back of her dress. She realized that her ass would practically be on display to anyone behind her, stopping to look around as if she were afraid of being caught. Erin's face and chest were flushed a bright red.

She asked Jason, "Could you, um, could you call him off?"

Her voice became a whimper, barely able to finish the question. Jason smiled back at her, taking a drink from a bottle as his other hand scratched at his crotch.

"Nah," Jason said. "He's fine. He's just being friendly."

Erin was only ten yards from reaching Jason's front door, but it felt like miles. She shuffled slowly, hunched over slightly, and used the shovel almost as a crutch. Buster's large, wide tongue pressed directly against her thong now. That small pink thong kept the dog's tongue from hitting her most sensitive spots. Her pussy throbbed as she wondered if he was licking the thong because he could taste her?

She knew she was becoming wet from the attention. Surely the dog noticed too. Buster was encouraged and continued licking everywhere, his tongue exploring between her cheeks now. Her panties were soaked, combining her wetness and plenty of dog slobber. Erin had almost reached the front door when she heard Jason's voice from behind the screen.

"Damn, he's licking you good, woman," the old man said lewdly.

She'd kept her eyes down as she struggled to the door, but looking up at him, she noticed Jason's sweatpants were pulled down slightly.

"Ugh," she grunted as she glanced down at Jason's waistband.

This gross old drunk was touching himself while watching her! She suddenly felt ashamed and slightly dirty, her pussy throbbing uncontrollably.

"You must taste good," Jason continued.

Erin softly whimpered as she leaned against the shovel, her legs spread slightly. "Um, t-thank you," she said as her hips wriggled against the dog's snout under her dress.

Jason watched, openly touching his dick in front of the petite young lady as she approached the screen door.

Erin stood at the door for a second to collect herself and finally begged, "Please, could you call the dog off now?"

Jason was in awe. She looked so plain, so innocent, yet this little slut was standing at his door while she got every inch of her ass licked by his dog.

His voice came out in a low grunt. "Tell you what. I'll do that when I'm done with this."

He looked down, Erin's eyes following his, as she saw him openly stroking his dick behind the door before her. Erin sighed, exasperated, like a child upset at not getting their way. She stood there saying nothing, a soft plap-plap-plap sound coming from under her dress as the dog's tongue slapped against her most private parts. Jason was surprised to hear no objections, grunting his approval. He lewdly spits into his hand and continues stroking, the act causing an awful wet sound.

"Look, girly. It would be best if you wanted this to end soon. Buster might get tired of lickin' and get some other bright ideas," Jason said in a low voice. He continued to ask, "Why don't you help me with this?"

Erin quickly replied, "No! I'm not touching you! I'm married!"

Plap-plap-plap. Buster's tongue continued against her as he could lick at her asshole, barely hidden behind the thong.

"Lift yer dress up," he slurred. "Lemme see that body. That's all I want," the old man said as he looked up and down her body.

Erin whimpered quietly, overwhelmed with humiliation as the dog's tongue probed at her asshole. She never let anyone touch her there, and now this dog was openly licking at it around her tiny thong. She looked at the man standing behind the door. His big old dick was exposed to her as he touched himself because of her. Without a word, she leaned the shovel against Jason's home, and her hands went down to the edge of her dress.

She grabbed and lifted it, her body fully displayed to this old pervert. Jason's eyes went to her chest, his stroking speeding up.

"Good. Good girl," he said. "C'mon, lean forward. Show me what'cha got," he lewdly commanded her.

Erin almost instinctually thanked him for the compliment before she caught herself, but she still did as she asked. Erin bent at the waist, leaning forward and pressing her body against the screen door. As she did so, she exposed herself even more from behind. Anyone walking by could see her ass sticking out, her dress pulled up to her neck, and her hips rocking. And if any passersby stopped to listen, they would hear the gross 'plap-plap-plap' of a dog's tongue wetly caressing her wet underwear. This thought went through her mind as she imagined what this imaginary onlooker would think of her.

Once again, brought back to reality, she felt something on her chest and looked down. This disgusting old man was stroking his dick with one hand, and with the other, he was rubbing her nipples through the screen on the door. Despite her flat chest, her nipples stuck out like ripe raspberries and were ever-so-sensitive.

This was like nothing she'd felt before. Erin's breath was ragged as she pushed her chest forward against the man's hand, feeling the harsh metal fabric of the screen door rubbing against her nipples.

"Yer a lil' slut, ain'tcha? Fuckin' say it, tell me," Jason whispered lowly at her.

She reached one hand down and forward and pressed a few fingers against the front of her slimy thong.

Plap-plap-plap. The dog continued his assault, his tongue pressing at her asshole.

“Unh... uh... ugh...” Erin hoarsely whispered as her muscles began to contract. “Yes... yes... I’m...” she struggled to continue her sentence as her body jerked roughly between the screen door on her chest and the dog’s tongue between her legs.

“Yer a slut,” Jason repeated.

Erin’s eyes tightly closed as she heard him, her orgasm coming on hard and fast as soft moans escaped her lips.

Jason grunted, “Oh, fuck yeah, you’re cumming for me, aren’t you?” as his hand, wet with saliva, pumped up and down his cock.

His dick spurted cum, his semen splattering first against the screen door and finally onto the tile floor.

“Buster! Get ‘round back!” Jason yelled, pulling Erin back to reality as the voice boomed.

And with that, the dog left her side, running back into the yard. It was that easy, she realized. He could have done that at any point. She dropped her dress back to its original position. Her face colored a deep red as she caught her breath. She gulped, her body flush with shame over what she had done. Her mind continued to be haunted by the thought of that proverbial observer and what anyone else would think had they watched what she just did. Good thing no one had been out there to witness her disgusting acts, she thought.

Jason grinned at her. “Thanks for bringin’ back my shovel,” he said as he leered at her. “C’mon back any time, yer a pretty lil’ thing. Maybe next time you can come in and get some drinks,” he offered.

Erin blushed at his compliment. “N-no, um, I can’t, um, I don’t drink,” she stammered before turning halfway around to leave. “I gotta go. Sorry, thank you,” the words sped out of her mouth.

Erin turned and began hurriedly walking away from his porch. Jason watched her and laughed softly in the way that drunken men do. As Erin stepped across his porch, both of them heard the filthy sound she made. Her panties dripped with dog slobber. Plap-plap-plap, the wet droplets hit the porch, leaving a trail as she quickly hurried back to her car.

The End.