

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



When I first loved, was loved by, a dog, it was a novelty. My favorite. Then, two dogs got my neighbor involved, and soon she too had a dog which I learned to enjoy. It had been weeks, and we would invite each other to our respective houses for dog fun, but then I started choosing.

My dog was better than hers, and so on. One time we had both our dogs involved, switched dogs — a kind of dog swinging — watched each other with our dogs, and then, in a sea change, I went out looking for the 'Great Dog.' Those two dogs weren't enough for me. I never told my neighbor. What would she think?

But it happened unexpectedly. I was returning from our local store. It was afternoon, and I was walking with a small bag of things. We have a lake near our house, and I detoured to walk beside it. Then sat on a bench and watched some geese come in for a landing.

First, they were dots in the sky and began to circle into a glide path, finally honking and landing like small planes on the surface, fluttering to a stop, splashing the water with their feet. I was intent on the birds and hadn't noticed an animal had come to the bench. It had a white splash in the middle of its face and throat. The rest of the dog was black. The dog's tongue was out as it panted and looked up at me as though I might have some morsel.

I patted his head. "Nice doggy," and it licked my hand.

I gave the dog no thought and watched the geese paddle around, and it licked my hand again, letting me know it was there. The stray dog had longing eyes, and I looked through my groceries for a treat. I broke open some sandwich meat and gave the dog bits of ham, which it gobbled and licked me again.

Being a serious dog lover, that licking told my body to respond even though I wasn't interested. Nature was taking over my body. It was a dog, and my body ached and got wet for dogs. It wasn't a conscious thing and, in the park, come on. In a public park! You're kidding. But my body wasn't kidding, so I crossed my legs to hide my scent from this strange, hungry stray dog. My ears were filling, though, and I was instantly wet, as a dog bitch's body wants to do.

At this point in my dog lust days, my body was in charge, and common sense had no control. I looked down at the dog. The stray dog was a strapping fellow, a big dog as dogs go. Being curious, I checked how it was hung. I had no interest in a little mutt, but this was a fine animal whose dick peeked from its sheath. Dripping as he licked my hand.

I looked around on this warm afternoon and saw that I was alone except for the geese and some guy asleep under a tree some distance from me. I patted this animal's head and chuckled at its mouth. The stray dog sniffed and panted, as a dog will, and I could tell it already had me on its radar as it pushed at my hand and its canine dick protruded more. Dogs are all the same as men. They grow lusty with a start. His dick kept growing, and I reached down to play with it, encouraging it more, and glanced about again.

Still safe.

I uncrossed my legs, and the panting was intent now. The black dog's nose lifted my dress. The dog's tongue was licking toward me, and I felt wet. I felt pulsing in my ears and knew I would be raped there in the park by this handsome dog. When it licked my panties, I reached and pulled them aside, opening wider for the good stuff, and he licked again with more force. God! I wanted to lie on my back but didn't dare. I looked around and saw that the sleeping man was gone.

Where had he gone? I didn't know and didn't care. I was here with this animal. Wanted ravishing right there. But I stood up instead, gathered my groceries, and walked quickly to my house. No one was home. We could be private. I could be open and completely rusty. With the dog following, I walked and got to my door in a few minutes.

The dog was hesitant, and I got another bit of ham, holding it out at the doorway, and it came in and ate it. I was ready to be eaten, put down the package, went to our living room, and laid back on the couch. This dog, this stupid damned dog, then sat in the kitchen, looking at me, its dick recoiling into the sleeve. I was horny, and the dog had lost the scent.

Now it was my turn to take charge. Patting the couch, the dog came over, and we started seduction anew. Petting its head, working at its dick sleeve, and soon we were back on track. I removed my underwear, lifted my dress, and it was at me with that delicious tongue that got me hot and dripping even before the first stroke. I watched the dog lick my hair and cunt and spread it for the dog, watching its red dick emerge again.

I rested my head now. The stray dog didn't need to be told. His body was in charge of my body, and I groaned as the first wave of sensation went through me. I lifted my hips for the dog. The black dog's cold nose gave me shudders, and I lost it. The endless desperate licking needed my flavors, eating my spend eagerly. My breath was panting in short gasps. A new dog. A new tongue. I was a promiscuous dog bitch and lifting to each sensation.

I was jolted because I heard something else, not the dog or me. There was a loud knocking on our front door. Not now! Please! Please! Not just now when I was so close. It was a demanding knock, and I had to collect myself, push down the dog and the dress, and calm myself for the fucking door.

I opened it. It was the man in the park. The stray dog had that look on its face. Like it knew. My face was flush, and he saw it. There was no hiding. No denial. I was a dog bitch in heat, and my face told a story. He reached for my hand and took it. Pushing me back, closing the door, pushing me into the living room where he, I, and the dog now were a threesome.

The man picked up my underwear from the floor and smiled. He held me close and kissed my lips. His hands were busy on my wet parts. I was shocked and hot and hadn't cum because of this terrible interruption. His tongue was in my mouth, milking my tongue, and his hands were on my body, milking me with long fingers, and his long stiff finger was stroking my clit and dipping into me. I was ready and couldn't stand the tease.

I slipped from his grip onto the couch, and he was at my knees, spreading me. The air was cold, and I was dripping wet. I waited for the strange man to take me.

"Come on, boy," he said.

I felt hairy paws on my hips and a huge stiff dog cock poking at me.

"I knew what you were about," the man told me. "One cock's like another to some. Am I right?" he asked.

I just nodded.

"Except there are cocks, and then there are long, knotted dog cocks. Tell me it's so!"

I just nodded again. I was too hot to say anything, waiting for more, needing more. I needed this now and felt the dog's cock poking at me, and then the man took charge, directing that cock into my hole.

It was a surging thing, entering me with the man's guidance, retreating and surging again. Then it stopped, and I was spread wide by this slick hot dog cock as the huge knot tore at me, stretching and entering. I cried out some animal-like sound. The man was petting my head, wiping my sweat away, soothing me.

We were all suspended. I was stretched to the breaking, sweat on my cheeks, the man's hand guiding the monster, petting me, and my legs and cunt relaxed and enveloped this massive thing lodged in my cunt. I felt the hairy legs clutch on my sides, and the churning began again. I was so wide open and controlled that I could feel the tip inside. The dog rocked and pushed, and I released every bit of me and cried out again, this time in ecstasy. An aching, arching sound from my mouth as though my whole being was responding to sensations, and then I was still.

We were all still.

The sweat dripped off my cheeks and along my neck. The man from the park was petting my thighs, and the dog was panting on my chest. The stray dog had worked hard and worked me hard. We all rested on the couch as I felt wet on my face and oozing down my legs. Now I was cooler than hot, and the dog's knot came out and was like a pool of fluids with the dog licking up the spend. I couldn't open my eyes as they got off the couch. The man put a blanket over me. I heard the door close.

I remembered the geese lifting on the waters of our lake, bobbing on the blue surface, and my fluids cooling, my body becalmed. I wondered about my next walk home from the market, planning another detour along the lake edge where that man and dog might rest again.

Surely it was a dream. Surely.

I opened my eyes, and there was no dog, no man, but I saw my underwear on the arm of the couch and some green beneath. Green? A one-hundred-dollar bill in green! I got up, locked the door, leaned against it, smiled, and felt warm again.

*The End*