

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



I sat in the park enjoying the Sunday morning breeze and the singing birds with Hans, my Doberman Pinscher. It had been a long and exhausting six months working on my memoirs. The previous evening I'd sent the completed first draft of the manuscript to the State Department for review.

I'd spent thirty years at State, mostly working overseas and besides the regular boring administrative work and baby-sitting VIPs; I had also been involved in numerous coups, color revolutions, blackmail schemes, bribery plots, election manipulations, and tangentially even a few assassinations. It would take months or more for the CIA and State Department to review it and remove all references to matters still classified or otherwise regarded as too sensitive for public knowledge. Only with that approval could it then be sent to the publisher. I loathed that I couldn't write and publish the memoirs of my career as it happened but the alternatives were spending the rest of my life in prison or not writing them at all. I have accepted that reality and made my peace with the choices I've made. Now it was time to unwind and enjoy myself with some diversions of the sexual kind.

I was reading the Times on my phone, when I noticed Hans sitting beside me whining and fidgeting in excitement. The handsome black and tan Doberman was watching someone approach us. It was the same petite Filipino woman with pink highlights in her short black hair who'd attracted both our attentions the last several weeks. She however appeared to only have eyes for Hans, which was fine with me. Hans had been my wing-man more than once and I his. She looked to be in her early twenties and she dressed skimpily on her sojourns to the park. That day was no different. She wore a denim mini-skirt, a pink midriff t-shirt emblazoned with the name of a local community college, and sneakers.

I could tell she was a Filipino over another southeast Asian ethnicity from the years spent there as a attaché in the American Embassy in Manila and the consulates located elsewhere in the country early in my career. It was my penchant for the Filipino ladies that cost me my marriage, but it was doomed to fail regardless. Monogamy has never been in my nature and the ex-wife couldn't accept my philandering even after I'd gotten a vasectomy once we had a couple of kids. I found that the combination of the tropical climate and the sexual repression of the Catholic culture created a delightful variety of kinks in many of the Filipino women. It was at one of the underground sex clubs in Manila that I first saw women engaged in bestiality. It's been a passion of mine ever since.

"You like her don't you Hans? I think she likes you too," I offered to my canine companion along with an ear rub before she got too close to hear.

Curiously, the smiling slender vixen ignored the adult water fountain and walked up to the nearby child water fountain instead. This forced her to bend over far enough for her mini-skirt to rise as she drank. The minx flashed her beautiful bush and snatch at the two of us. My cock twitched and began to lengthen and thicken in my trousers. I, like most if not all men, have always appreciated the direct approach. She looked back over her shoulder at Hans and after a giggle, made eye contact with me. She straightened and pulled the short denim skirt once more over her ass to feign a modesty she didn't have. A peek at Hans revealed the cause of her giggle. He was displaying a few inches of lipstick.

The brown skin beauty walked up the tree lined path the way she'd come. She looked back over her shoulder at the two of us once again as if beckoning us to follow with a look and smile that spoke volumes without her saying a word.

Not being a fool, I stood, wrapped a coil of Hans's leash around my wrist to better control his eagerness and followed, albeit keeping an innocuous distance between her and us. She led us about a quarter of a mile down several residential streets into an upper middle-class neighborhood. I noted

the turns as we went. Hans, not understanding how to play it coy, strained at the leash. This caused him to wheeze from his collar pressing against his throat. Humorously, he would often look back at me as if entreating me to hasten. Finally, after glancing back towards us, our temptress turned up a private sidewalk to what I presumed to be her home. Hans and I watched her unlock the door and go inside, but she left the door open in apparent invitation.

Pausing for a few moments, I looked for signs of others living at the residence. She was far too young to afford such a house on her own. She most certainly either still lived with her parents or had a much older sugar daddy or possibly even a husband. Seeing no sign of anyone else being present, Hans and I walked up the sidewalk and stood at the open front door. Her sneakers and three pairs of house slippers sat there in a neat row inside the front entrance. She was either barefoot or lived with three other people.

“Hello! Is anyone home?” I asked loudly in case anyone other than our temptress was there.

“Yes, come in. Both of you,” came the response in a young feminine voice, which contained only a scant trace of Tagalog accent from the rear of the house.

We stepped through the door and I shut it behind us. Hans took off like a shot towards the back of the house once freed from his leash. The leash was left by my shoes and socks at the front entrance. Following the sounds of Hans’s playful growling and her laughter, I couldn’t help but notice pictures of a Filipino family of three and religious bric-a-brac on the wall as I made my way. The young woman still lived with her parents. This could get sticky I thought. I laughed at the unintended double meaning, in joy from the girl’s infectious laughter, and also at the anticipated debauchery.

They were in a small entertainment room past the living room. It contained a flat screen on a low cabinet, a couch, chair, and a couple end tables. A worn blanket had been spread on the floor. The girl was jerking her pink t-shirt over her head in a game of keep away with Hans. She was totally nude and barefoot at that point. Her smallish boobs were capped with pierced and very suckable brown nipples that jiggled wonderfully as the woman-child and dog played. After taking my pleasure in the deceptive innocence of their hijinks for a minute, I cleared my throat loudly to break their revelry. She stopped their game and smiled at me as Hans danced, hoping she’d return to their play. I, however, had another game in mind.

“Hello. I’m Carl. He’s Hans. How much time do we have?” I asked bluntly which is my habit now that I’ve left the diplomatic corps.

She ignored me, presumably for my impertinent question, bent down and scratched Hans behind his erect ears, and making a fuss over him effused, “Hi Hans. You’re a pretty boy. Yes, you are! Yes you are!” She looked up and only then deigned to respond and perhaps not so subtly informing me of my place in the pecking order, “Hi Carl. I’m Isa. I’m certain we have a few hours. I’ve seen the two of you in the park the last few weeks. I’ve had many wicked thoughts about Hans since first seeing him.”

“Do you have experience with dogs?” I asked.

“Yes, from a neighbor who moved away. She taught me just how much fun a dog could be,” Isa answered. She asked, “is Hans experienced?”

“Yes, he’s quite experienced in how to pleasure a woman. Are you just interested in Hans or can I play also?”

“Mostly Hans, but maybe you can join later,” Isa answered which appeased me for the moment.

“Well then, I’ll just get more comfortable and let you two get started,” I responded with the expectation I’d get to sample the lovely little slut after Hans.

As she knelt down and rubbed Hans’s sleek coat, I moved to the chair and disrobed. When I dropped my trousers she looked my way in what I took to be a natural curiosity. I smiled at Isa’s surprised stare at my thick seven inch erect cock with my Prince Albert piercing.

“You’ve never seen a pierced cock?”

She shook her head and, like every woman, asked, “Did it hurt?”

“Much less than your nipples I’m sure,” I answered. She appeared intrigued. I keep myself in shape and with my sparking blue eyes and only a little gray in my thick black hair have often been told I look much younger than most men in their mid-fifties.

She turned her attention back to Hans and, nude, I sat in the chair. Isa knelt on the floor and slowly stroked her puss which was covered with straight black hair with one hand and Hans’s flank and an occasional rub of his hefty sheath with the other. The sounds of her juicing up became audible. She held her wet fingers to Hans’s nose.

My dog’s nostrils flared repeatedly as he honed in on the offered scent. His broad, long, and rough tongue laved her wet fingers.

“You like my taste Hans?” she asked.

By way of affirmation Hans continued his incessant licking. I sat there lightly stroking my cock while enjoying the awe inspiring sight of a fit and virile male dog and an attractive young woman becoming sexually acquainted. Isa’s eyes were fixed on the dog in front of her. Her nipples quickly hardened into nubbins. At the first touch of pre-cum on my fingers I stopped, not wanting to blow my first load too early.

Hans by that time had thoroughly cleaned her fingers of her juices. The Filipino vixen stood and backed towards the couch while snapping her fingers to keep my Dobbie’s attention.

“You like my pussy juice Hans? Come and get some more,” she suggested as she sat on the edge of the couch cushion, leaned back, and spread her thighs.

“Lick her Hans. Lick!” I said giving him permission.

Before she had the chance to tap her mound, Hans was lapping her slit and clitoris. Hans’s black and tan muzzle pushed into her hairy sex. Isa’s eyes rolled back and her lips gaped in obvious pleasure. As I watched, a shudder raced over her lithe young body and goose-bumps raised across her flesh.

“OH FUCK! Such a good boy,” she exclaimed as Hans serviced her.

Flecks of her juices coated Hans’s muzzle as he pushed his snout tighter into her mound. His tongue entered her slightly. I imagined his powerful pink dog tongue caressing the pink walls of her cunt while they swapped fluids. She whimpered in pleasure and pulled her knees back and further apart with her small hands which gave him more access to her depths.

Isa mewed, whimpered and moaned as Hans worked her over. Her small hands moved from behind her knees to her breasts. She began pulling and pinching both her pierced brown nips. The young and obviously limber Filipino woman simultaneously pulled her tits up and back and craned her head



an excellent position for my Dobbie. She either had personal experience as she said; watched a great deal of dog-porn; or done both.

She reached back and smacked her ass with a loud flat-handed wack and begged, "Fuck your bitch Hans. Fuck me!"

Hans briefly pranced excitedly and looked at me with an almost pleading look.

"It's okay Boy. Fuck your bitch! Fuck her good Boy! Mount!" I responded with infectious excitement in my voice.

My Doberman Pinscher instantly pounced on the young Filipino woman. He covered her with the practiced ease that comes only from extensive experience. There was no hesitancy or false starts on the part of either dog or bitch. Hans's paws had no more than locked around her waist, giving her a few more scratches, than his hips began thrusting with his pink dog-cock seeking her hole and spraying his pre-cum into her bush. From my side-view perspective I watched as she reached between her thighs, lightly grasped his sheath, and guided him to her entrance. The vision entranced me.

"AAAAHHH! Oh fuck he's in me!" the minx shouted which brought me out of my enthrallment.

Those words had no sooner crossed her luscious lips when Hans began fucking her hard and fast the way only a dog can. His powerful doggy thrusts caused her tits to swing back and forth and each impact of his pelvis into her upturned ass caused a slight ripple to travel across the flesh of her thighs, butt, and hips. Her short pink and black hair danced to the rhythm of their fucking. I moved from my chair and knelt behind them on the floor for a closer view of the action. I was filled with thoughts of fucking her vicariously through Hans even if she denied me later.

The sight that greeted me is one I'll never forget. Hans's muscular haunches were pounding her ass, which drove his expanding and lengthening dog-cock into her hairy snatch all to the moans and grunts of Isa as she pushed back against him. The fucking lasted almost two minutes which was good for Hans, but it was over too soon for me. It was long enough for Hans to knot his bitch however.

"Oh fuck! Oh fuck! He's too big," Isa groaned.

Knowing it was too late to get him out of her, I helped the only way I could. "Relax and accept it. Breathe through the pain. You can take him," I said encouragingly while holding Hans still.

She hung her head down and with a long exhale visibly relaxed. The tension visibly drained from her body. I knelt there and stroked Hans's back with one hand and my pre-cum dripping cock with the other. Hans's knot must have finished swelling since from my vantage point I could see his asshole wink as his prostrate pumped hot Doberman cum from his rising and falling balls.

"You should be able to feel his cum in you. You might feel a spreading warmth," I said softly.

"Yes. I can feel the spurts with each twitch. I fucking love this," she responded huskily.

Isa attempted to reach back with one hand and presumably work her clit, but was unable to hold herself and Hans up with one arm.

"Let me help you," I volunteered as I reached for her erect clit with the hand with which I'd been stroking myself.

I knelt there watching Hans pump his puppy-makers into his latest conquest, a young and petite Filipino woman, while lightly stroking her clit. Her straight black pubes, which were wet with dog-cum and getting wetter, almost concealed her clit and dark pink tinged labia.

"Ummm, faster. Do it faster," she whimpered pleadingly in her desire to cum around Hans's doghood.

Wanting to make this sexual encounter as enjoyable as possible, I did as she asked and sped up the fingering of her clit.

"Oh yeah. Just like that. Don't stop," she ordered.

I happily obliged and continued to work her clit at a rapid pace. Goosebumps rose over her flesh and her breathing quickened along with her mews and whimpers. I looked into the black television screen to see her face in the reflection. She was biting her bottom lip and her eyes were tightly closed as if in concentration. Her lips parted suddenly as her climax hit her.

"AAAHHHHH!" she shouted as her eyes opened then rolled back in their sockets. Her body shook and her head drooped so that her black and pink hair fell like a curtain covering her face.

Cupping her mound when her orgasm started I felt her pussy contract around my Doberman's cock and knot, seemingly to milk his balls of all their puppy juice. Hans's panting was interrupted with whines of pleasure. He fidgeted and tightened his grip around the minx's hips. They appeared to be well tied and neither were going anywhere, so I resumed stroking my cock once again.

"Good boy Hans! Good boy. Give her all of your cum. Put a puppy in her," I said encouragingly with an approving series of pats to his haunches.

Hans's new bitch raised her head again. Her smile was heart warming. She was obviously enjoying herself and in a good mood.

"Carl, come up here and let me take care of you," she offered.

I took out my ring and placed both pieces on an end table and knee walked to her front so Hans and I could give her a proper spit-roast.

"Where's your ring," she asked.

"I took it out so that I don't hurt you," I responded since I intended to face fuck her vigorously and didn't want to chip any of her teeth or bruise her throat.

I put the tip of my cock to her yielding lips and pushed. She opened and took my length as I closed my eyes and slowly pushed into her. The sensations of her tongue stud as it touched my glans and slid down the underside of my shaft was exquisite. I gently gripped her head with both hands and fucked her mouth, gradually increasing in speed and depth. By the time I entered her throat my balls were coated with her drool.

Opening my eyes, I looked into the warm and loving brown eyes of Hans. It was a tender moment as we shared the bitch between us. Hans began to fidget a little but settled down. My fingers ran through Isa's two toned hair. Every five fuck strokes or so I'd pull out for a few seconds and give her a chance to take a few breaths before using her mouth and throat again. The way her throat squeezed my head and shaft when she gagged was amazing. Her eyes were closed the entire time. She appeared to have entered the zone and to be totally focused on pleasuring me. I decided then

and there that Hans and I would have to see her again.

By this time I'd been edging for almost forty-five minutes. My control was beginning to falter. Being pretty sure I'd be able to get it up again because of my thing for Filipino women and sharing her with Hans, I pushed into her throat as far as my seven inches allowed and let go. I shot twice into her throat and pulled the head into her mouth and gave her the rest where she could taste it. I stroked my cock from root to head several times once my orgasm ended and Isa sucked out my last drops then swallowed without spilling any.

Hans began to struggle more. He wanted to dismount. He'd been cumming in her for about twenty minutes which is about the average amount of time he covers a bitch. I backed away from the slut and god damn if she didn't reach out for my cock by stretching her neck out a bit. I knew she'd soon have another cock to suck.

"More, I want more," she said with a pout after opening her eyes as I moved to return to their rears to watch the pullout.

"Don't worry. Hans is almost done. You'll have another cock to suck shortly," I answered with a smile. "Besides I want to fuck you too. I love getting sloppy seconds after Hans."

"Okay, just don't cum in me. I don't want to get pregnant," she demanded.

"You have nothing to worry about," I responded.

I gave Hans a friendly slap on his rump and worked on putting my Prince Albert jewelry back in my cock. Meanwhile Hans had slipped his right front paw over her back, which left a pale scratch across her caramel colored skin, and left him standing on all fours same as his bitch. His knot was crowning. A steady trickle of their fuck juices, mostly dog-cum, flowed out of her. A keening whine from Isa told me that his knot was still a bit too large.

"Stay Hans! Stay," I ordered to keep him from hurting her.

"Thanks," she said.

"You're welcome. You can just grab a dog by his hind-legs to keep him in you longer if you need to."

She merely nodded in acknowledgment, laid her head on the blanket, then reached back with both hands, and grabbed Hans hind-legs. I went back to stroking my cock and balls, using her drool as lube, which caused my hard-on to make a reappearance. After a couple of minutes she released Hans's hind-legs. With a pull from Hans, his cock and knot popped out with a gush of opaque watery dog-cum and other juices drenching the blanket beneath them.

Hans was still spurting when I led him around Isa's front and told him to lie down so that his cock pointed towards her face. The young slut immediately laid on her left side and took several weak spurts of dog-cum into her mouth and swallowed. I stroked my prick a few times and slapped the head twice against my toned stomach to regain my full erection. I grabbed a pillow from the coach and slipped it under her left hip. I stepped over her and stood just behind her ass. Kneeling down, I raised her right leg and straddled her left leg while watching her go to town on my Doberman's cock. I didn't take it personally that she seemed more enthusiastic about blowing Hans than me. I pulled her right leg against me, lined my dick up to her entrance, and pushed in easily.

I was pleasantly surprised at her tightness. It wasn't expected after the fucking and knotting she'd gotten from Hans. I was expecting the warmth and wetness however and wasn't disappointed. Isa



wasn't the first bitch I'd shared with Hans or gotten sloppy seconds after him either. For me there's nothing better than tag-teaming a bitch for the first time with my best friend.

Knowing that Hans had already loosened her up. I did not hold back. I fucked her as hard as Hans had if not as fast. I held onto her right leg with both hands which gave me plenty of leverage. I fucked her as she gave Hans a blowjob which left him whimpering and his tongue hanging out of his mouth.

Having already cum just a few minutes ago I knew I was good for a while. Isa's attention to the blowjob she was giving Hans wavered. Hans never was too keen on receiving oral, so he stood up and jumped up on the couch to lick his cock himself and probably get a little rest for round two.

"Hans baby, come back," she begged.

"He probably didn't like your tongue stud. Dog pricks are sensitive," I told her.

With her undivided attention, I doubled my efforts and sped up while trying my best to dent her cervix with my piercing.

"That's it! Fuck me harder old man!" she screamed.

Twisting my head, I bit her hard enough on her right calve to leave teeth marks and fucked her harder. She responded as I'd hoped by moaning louder. She reached up with both hands to roll, twist, and pinch her nipples. Looking down at her body, I noticed how Hans had really scratched her up. I think he loves marking his bitches. I suspect that Isa enjoyed it too.

I grunted at the exertion and began to sweat from the pace, but was determined to maintain it to prove to myself that I was the man I've always been.

"Yes. Almost there," she exclaimed and reached down with one hand to work her clit.

Seconds later she shuddered and her pussy pulled on my cock from her orgasmic contractions. I pushed deep into her pussy and painted her insides white with my thick semen. We both rested after our orgasms. As we caught our breaths, I tenderly kissed and nibbled her right calve. I pulled out of her and some of my cum dripped on her right thigh.

"OH MY GOD! Did you just cum in me?" she asked angrily. She looked down and shouted, "You asshole. I told you not to cum in me. This isn't a safe day."

"Relax," I told her reassuringly. "I had a vasectomy years ago. I can't get you pregnant any more than Hans can."

She relaxed at that reassurance and appeared mollified but said, "Well you should have told me."

Having been around enough women to know when to get into an argument and when not, I bit my tongue and agreed, saying, "You're right I should have," without reminding that that I did tell her that she had nothing to worry about.

My concession brought a smile to her lovely face again. She retrieved some wet-wipes from behind the couch and handed me a couple. We both proceeded to clean ourselves up the best we could. Isa examined her love-marks from Hans. None were bleeding and she paid no further attention to them. Afterwards she laid back and patted the spot on the blanket beside her. I accepted her offer to snuggle. Unsurprisingly, Hans was snoring on the couch.

“Well, I hope Hans and I didn’t disappoint. You certainly didn’t,” I said.

“No, I’m not disappointed at all. Hans was amazing, but you were good too. Maybe we can do this again sometime,” she suggested.

I took no offense at her comparison between Hands and me. I simply glanced at the sleeping Hans and responded, “I think it’s safe to say that Hans would love that and I definitely would too. Let’s exchange contact info.”

It was only after we found a common encrypted app we both use and added each other into our contacts that Isa noticed she had received a text from her mother.

“FUCK! FUCK! FUUUCCCKKKK!..... You’ve got to go. Mom and Dad are going to be home in ten or fifteen minutes. They didn’t go to Grandmas after Mass like they always do, so they’re coming home early,” she exclaimed in a panic.

We both hurriedly got dressed and Isa opened a window to air out the room and started cleaning up. Hans danced around in the excitement thinking it was a game. Isa pushed me to the front door and kept a watch as I put on my socks and shoes and leashed Hans. She gave me a quick kiss before pushing me out the door, telling me to message her.

About the time Hans and I stepped onto the public sidewalk and headed back the way we came, I saw a care driving our way. As it passed by, there were two familiar Filipino faces glaring at me. I played it nonchalant and continued walking with Hans by my side. Seconds later the sound of tires turning into a drive reached my ears with the sound of angry voices speaking in Tagalog and a slamming door soon following.

“Well Hans, my boy, that was a close one wasn’t it?” I said to my canine companion.

Hans, without a care in the world, barked once which caused me to guffaw almost to the point of embarrassment. I was definitely looking forward to our next assignation with the lovely young Filipino temptress Isa.