

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



Elizabeth Lambert looked down at her full round breasts – the major source of her sexual problems. At twenty-four years old, her breasts were still very firm and perky. She stared at her fat, protruding nipples framed by her long, luxurious hair before slipping on her bra. Elizabeth loved her breasts but disliked the attention they received. She fastened her bra and noticed how her breasts were now lifted and pushed together, showing a lot of soft cleavage.

“No wonder men are always leering at me!” she said aloud, “but that is their fault, not mine.”

She was right, of course. Men did leer at her. Not only because she was attractive but because she exuded sensuality. Her lips were full, her eyes sparkled, and her body was soft and sexy. She had a round, plump ass to compliment her large breasts, and unknowingly, she exhibited very sensual body language. Although she was very shy, it was the way she batted her eyelashes, licked her constantly dry lips, or shrugged her shoulders, accentuating her breasts, gave men the wrong ideas about her.

“Men are pigs,” she said to herself, slipping on a loose summer dress, “I’m done with them!” The dress hung off her large breasts and clung to her sexy, round ass.

Elizabeth was married once, but fantasies about love and intimate sensual contact were shattered on her wedding night. He rutted her like a wild animal and even tried to put his disgusting penis in her mouth!

Elizabeth wanted to like sex, but it just felt like something a proper lady shouldn’t be doing. The human body has so many secretions! Wet lips and tongues, slippery oozing vaginas, and leaking and violently erupting penises. She felt like her body was betraying her every time she began to get aroused.

A year after her divorce, she realized she missed having a man in the house. Then, one day, she watched a silly dog video on the internet and suddenly realized the cure for her loneliness – she would get a dog! Even though she had always been slightly afraid of them, a dog would protect her and give her the companionship she was craving. Oh! To sit quietly on a sunny afternoon, curled up with a good book, with her big, strong dog at her feet! That’s what she needed!

She discovered a local pet store was having an adoption event. And, after two full weeks of waiting, today was the day! Elizabeth put on her shoes, shut the door, and drove to the pet store. She parked her car in the huge parking lot and quickly walked to the outdoor pens, filled with friendly, cuddly dogs!

“Can I help you, Miss?” a young man said to her. Elizabeth couldn’t help but notice his eyes lingering on her breasts.

“Yes, I want a dog,” Elizabeth said, more firmly than she felt inside.

“A big dog, little dog, puppy?” the man asked.

“A big dog, not a puppy. Something to protect me,” Elizabeth said, shyly adding, “and a companion.”

“Of course!” the man said, “Follow me.” The man walked around the pen with the puppies towards the back, where the larger dogs were kept. He told Elizabeth the dogs’ names, histories, and ages as she inspected the available animals. They were all so cute!

"Oh, what about that one!" Elizabeth said, pointing to a large, black and brown animal with dark, piercing eyes. The animal seemed to look right into her soul. Half German Shepard and half Rottweiler.

"Oh, that's Rascal. You might like him...." The man gave her a sly smile. "He was given up for adoption by an older woman, even though her daughter seemed very distraught over it. She mentioned Rascal is quite friendly with the ladies. 'Too friendly,' she had said. But, when her daughter went away to college, he proved to be too much for her to handle." He winked at Elizabeth.

"Oh! I want a friendly dog!" Elizabeth replied, oblivious to the man's innuendo. "I've always been a little afraid of dogs!" She quickly stepped closer to the pen. Rascal walked up to her, and she petted him happily. Then, he began to lick her hand. "Oh, stop that doggy!" she said.

"He likes you," another voice said behind her. Elizabeth turned to see an older man leering at her body like all men seemed to do. He unashamedly looked her up and down.

"Hmmp!" Elizabeth said, "I'll not have a filthy, slobbery dog that licks my hand! How nasty!"

"Oh, he's just being friendly!" the man said. Besides, I heard you say you liked friendly dogs, and if you treat him really nice, he might want to lick some other things besides your hand. Isn't that right, boy?" The man took a step towards Elizabeth and the dog.

Elizabeth didn't understand what the man was implying; she certainly didn't want a nasty dog licking her hands or face or anything else! She gave the dog a pat on the head, ruffled his ears, and began to walk away to look at other dogs when the man reached around her body to pet the dog, effectively pinning her against him and the cage. Elizabeth could feel the man's crotch rubbing against her thigh as he pressed up against her. She felt the cold metal cage pressed against her ass.

The man was too close to her, and she felt uncomfortable. She could smell his breath on her face. She looked for help, but the young man had already left. The truck used to transport the dogs was blocking the two of them from everyone's view.

"Too bad they don't have any cats here," the man said, "I'd like to put a little pussy right now!" The man began to grope between Elizabeth's legs. "I've been watching you. You are a hot little slut, aren't you? You want it."

"Please, don't," Elizabeth said, her voice shaking. The man's hand ran up her waist to cup her breast, and his other hand slipped under her skirt. His fingers prodded her vagina through her thin panties. She felt his penis begin to harden against her thigh. Her pussy began to get wet. "Stop....," she said weakly. Her breath began to deepen. Her breasts began to heave. Her pussy began to tingle. Her body was betraying her once again.

"Why don't you come home with me, darling," the man said, kissing her neck and cheek and groping her breast. He took her hand and pressed it into his crotch. She pulled away, but he grabbed her wrist and began to lead her towards the van. In desperation, she shook him off and ran back to the dog's cage, searching for help anywhere she could find it.

"Help me, doggy!" she whispered to the dog. She put her hand in the cage, trying to grab onto something. The dog met her eyes. The man reached for her again, grabbing her arm inside the cage. With a loud snarl, Rascal tried to bite him and began barking furiously. The man removed his arm and pulled away in fright.

"What's going on back here?" the young clerk said, hearing the commotions and coming around the

truck.

"That dog tried to bite me!" the man said, pointing to the growling beast.

"He did no such thing!" Elizabeth asserted. Doggy here was only protecting me from that... that... CREEP! HE MOLESTED ME!"

"You're crazy!" the man said. "She was coming on to me!" he said, trying to hide his wilting hard-on. "Fuck this, I'm leaving!" The man quickly stormed off.

"Are you OK, lady?" the clerk asked, noticing her heaving breasts and rumpled dress. "Should I call the police?"

"No, that won't be necessary. I'm fine now." Elizabeth said. She was shaken but strangely excited. Doggy had saved her! She had found her companion and protector!

"I'm taking Doggy home with me!" she said.

Elizabeth quickly went into the store and bought all the supplies she would need: a collar, leash, dog bowls, dog food, and some dog toys. She happily filled out the paperwork and officially adopted her handsome 'doggy' and put him in the back seat of her car. Another scratch on the head resulted in another wet lick against her hand. Shaking her head with resignation, she wondered how she might train him not to lick so much. He was very affectionate; it was no wonder his previous owners called him 'Rascal!'

Elizabeth and her new dog returned to her home. She let him out to explore the backyard while she put away the supplies. Finished, she admired him from the window as he sniffed and explored his new yard.

The dog was sleek-looking, almost sexy, to her mind. And it was very animalistic. She admired the dog's strength and aggressiveness. It was odd that she hadn't noticed the dog's large ball sack before, or maybe she did and didn't pay it any mind. It is not something a lady like herself was supposed to notice.

Subconsciously, she recalled how heavy her husband's balls felt, the one time she had handled them. She knew doggy's balls would be so much heavier! She watched them sway back and forth as he romped in the grass. Then, she noticed his sheath. It was long and thick underneath his belly. She shuddered and turned away and once again denied any lustful feelings with a shake of her pretty hair.

She let Rascal into the house, and after a few playful tugs of his new toy and some scratches behind his ears, she made him lie down while she curled up in her favorite chair to read a book. She glanced over at him to find him licking his cock and balls. His pink, little penis was poking out!

"Ugh!" she thought. "Another horny male in her house!"

She remembered the marriage counselor agreeing with her husband about a man having 'needs.' That was why she let him use her vagina once a week. She found herself staring at Rascal's penis and heavy balls.

Elizabeth briefly thought of how it would feel to be an animal. To strut around the house naked and feel her breasts swinging free! To have her nipples harden in the breeze and to grope her breasts whenever she wanted to. And to let her pussy drip with desire. And rub it, and slip her fingers inside

her wet cunt! After all, there was no one to see her and judge her. No one would know what a slut she was. Only her doggy and he couldn't tell. Oh, to be like a doggy! He could flaunt his horniness while she denied hers!

Her body betrayed her once again, and she started getting wet between her legs. She recalled the good feelings she occasionally had while making love to her husband. Feelings she tried to suppress, though she did moan out loud once, to her surprise. Her mind wandered from one sexy thought to another, her arousal growing.

Rascal soon smelled her heat and stood up to investigate. The dog walked over to its new mistress and pressed its heavy, hairy snout onto her thigh.

"Oh! Well, hello, doggy. Do you need some attention?" She began to stroke his head and scratch his ears. "I guess this is all very strange to you, having a new master and being in a new home."

Rascal smiled at her.

"You were a very good boy today, doggy, saving me from that bad, bad man!"

Rascal licked her hand, snaking his long, wet tongue out of his mouth and licking her in what she assumed was gratitude. She tried to move her hand away, but he continued to lick it, chasing after it with his long tongue, licking her palm, her wrist, and her fingers.

"I guess we both rescued each other today, didn't we doggy?" She looked at him. "I guess you can lick my hand if you really, really want to. I owe you that much." There was something comforting about it. She watched his tongue curl around her fingers. She shivered. 'Are all dog's tongues that long?' she wondered before reminding herself to wash her hands before making dinner.

Elizabeth soon returned to her reading while the doggy continued his rhythmic licking. It was very relaxing and almost therapeutic- and, if she would admit it, a little arousing...

The two of them passed the time, with Elizabeth reading her book and Rascal comforting her. Soon, it was time for bed, and Rascal followed her into the bedroom.

Elizabeth began to remove her clothes but first paused and looked at her dog. "Hmmm, no harm in you seeing me naked, is there, doggy?"

She wiggled out of her skirt and took off her blouse, hanging up her clothes. Then, she removed her tight bra.

"Ahhhhhh!" Elizabeth sighed. It felt so good to remove her bra before going to bed. It was the one time she allowed her breasts to be free. She grabbed her tits and ran her fingers under and around her ponderous globes. "Mmmmmm, me!" she moaned.

Elizabeth's bra had fallen off the bed, and when she bent over to pick it up, her breasts swinging free, she felt a cold 'poke' against her ass!

"Doggy!" Elizabeth cried, surprised. "Don't do that!" It was a good thing she was wearing panties, or the dog's nose would have pressed right up against her pussy! She quickly slipped on her flannel nightgown, occasionally glancing at her amorous dog, feeling very exposed and vulnerable.

Elizabeth turned off the bedroom light and got into bed. As she lay there, a naughty thought briefly crossed her consciousness. Her wet pussy and a strange desire made her consider slipping her

fingers down between her legs and exploring her wet folds. She quickly dismissed the idea. She was a lady, not a wanton harlot.

As Elizabeth lay in bed, stifling her desires, she felt the bed shake and wobble.

"What?" Then she felt a heavy mass of her new companion stepping around her bed as he examined his new sleeping location.

"Doggy!" she yelled. "Doggy, get down!"

Rascal ignored her. He padded around the bed, sniffing and walking in tight circles before plopping down next to her.

"Ooof!" Elizabeth exclaimed as his heavyweight jostled her. She pushed Rascal. He didn't move. "Get down!" she said. No response. His body pressed against her, pinning her under the blankets.

"Please, Doggy. Get off of me!" Rascal only sighed, snorted, and made himself more comfortable.

Resigned and defeated, with Rascal lying next to her, she closed her eyes and tried to sleep.

After hearing his heavy breathing and feeling his warmth against her, Elizabeth thought, 'This is nice.' She was always cold at night, and Rascal's body was comforting and warm. She recalled her ex-husband's body heat, but snuggling up to him always ended up with an unwanted sexual encounter. That was when she began to wear flannel nightgowns at night to stay warm while keeping some distance between the two of them.

But, before long, the heat from the blankets, the heavy flannel nighty, and the heat of Rascal's body became unbearable. She flipped off the blankets and, after a moment's hesitation, removed her heavy nightgown. Wearing just her panties, she slipped back into her warm, comfortable bed.

It felt so liberating to have her breasts exposed! Feeling a little giddy, she rolled over to Rascal and scratched his ears as she rubbed her naked thighs together.

"You're going to keep your mommy nice and warm, aren't you, boy?" Rascal licked her face. "I guess it will be OK if you sleep with me all the time."

Rascal lapped at her face, and Elizabeth laughed. "Stop that, Doggy!" she giggled. Elizabeth petted him while he attempted to lick, moving her head from side to side as he licked her cheek, her ears, and her shapely neck. She attempted to push him away but inadvertently moved his hairy snout lower down to her undulating breasts, where her protesting arms provided him with another, more interesting target.

Rascal's long, wet tongue licked her cleavage right between her large, round globes.

"Ohhhh!" she exclaimed. And before she could react, he licked her again, right across a sensitive nipple!

"Unnnghhh!" Elizabeth cried. "Doggy! Stop that! Stop that right now!"

But Rascal continued, ignoring her commands and her weak attempts to push him away. He stood up on all fours and, towering over her, proceeded to lick all over her breasts.

"Ohhhh! Doggy. Stop. Please stop! You're drooling on my breasts. You're making them wet! You're making my..., my..." She paused and whispered as if someone might hear her. "You're making my

pussy wet!"

She was not used to such feelings of arousal. Without a man to judge and shame her, she allowed herself the leniency to enjoy the sensations, if only for a moment.

But, her previous sexual denials and the steady lap, lap, lapping of her persistent dog finally awoke the long-simmering passions in Elizabeth. Her pussy tingled and oozed! She gripped her breasts, squeezed them, and impulsively moved them closer, wanting more of those intense feelings. Her nipples were hard and tingling! He lapped at them as his mistress moaned beneath him. She offered her breasts to Rascal, nearly placing them into his mouth, and felt his wet tongue raking across her stiff, sensitive nipples repeatedly.

"Oh! Doggy!" she cried. "I can't! I shouldn't! We mustn't!" Despite her words of protest, her body was undulated on the bed, rolling her hips as Rascal continued to ravish her breasts. Her body was on fire! But then, he finally stopped, only to lick her neck and face.

"Are you wanting to kiss me now?" she asked playfully, with only a hint of anger. "You take advantage of my hospitality and now want my forgiveness?"

But Rascal wanted something else. He towered over her and turned around, seeking the source of her musky scent.

As Rascal sniffed her stomach, Elizabeth stopped in shock. Rascal's body was close to her face. She looked underneath him and stared at his cock.

No longer hidden by his hairy sheath, his hard, pink, red, and purple penis jutted out from above his heavy, hanging ball sack.

"Oh, my!" she breathed. "Oh, my goodness!"

Rascal's penis was shiny and wet. It was long and hard. It was nothing like her ex-husband's penis. The dog's cock was pointed and veiny. It had a huge, thick bulge in the center and a gnarled knot at the base.

"Doggy! Get that nasty thing away from me!" she hissed. Elizabeth tried to push him, but his body only moved slightly, making his long, hard, doggy-cock sway back and forth. It was disgusting! It was obscene! It was... hypnotizing...

Although she found it repulsive, the sight of the aroused animal affected her. She caught her breath. She stared. She squeezed her slippery breasts. She pinched her nipples and gasped as the tingling feeling traveled directly from her tits to her pussy. She rubbed her thighs together, stimulating her pussy.

The dog was sexually aroused. So was Elizabeth. She suddenly understood why men leered at her, why women flirted so brazenly, and why animals..., why Rascal..., why doggy's penis became hard and erect.

As she stared at the massive slab of dog meat, Rascal located the source of her feminine musk. He shoved his nose between her thighs, frustrated by her plain, cotton panties. He poked and prodded her with his nose as if he were trying to move her panties out of the way to allow him access to her wet, odiferous love canal.

"No!" she cried. "Get away from there!" Elizabeth was mortified. A dog was sniffing and prodding

her most sacred female spot! She began to flail her legs.

“Grrrrrrrr! Ruff!” Rascal’s playful growl and sharp bark made her stop immediately. She froze.

Rascal assumed this was an invitation and continued poking her with his cold, wet nose. He rubbed his snout against the elastic of her panties, trying to push them away. It was almost as if he was familiar with women’s underwear. Finally, showing his expertise, he caught the hem of her panties at her waist and bit it, almost nipping her.

Rascal tugged. He tugged again. Elizabeth felt her panties stretching and felt the cool air on her hot, wet cunt! Afraid he would rip her panties, Elizabeth lifted her butt off of the mattress and allowed her dog to pull the damp garment down to her thighs.

Pleased with himself, Rascal sat up and smiled at her, panting heavily as if he wanted to be praised.

“You..., you..., you..., Rascal, you!” Elizabeth cried. She reached down to pull her panties back up, but Rascal grabbed them, tugging them hard like he was playing a game with her. She heard them rip.

“Look what you’ve done, Doggy!” she said. “Bad, bad, dog!”

Rascal smiled at her.

“Fine, you want my panties? Take them!” Elizabeth rolled down her torn, wet panties and slipped them off of her shapely ankles before tossing them violently at Rascal’s face.

The panties hit him, and he fell to the bed, ignored. At that moment, Elizabeth realized her panties were not the prize he was after so persistently.

“Oh, no!” she said. “Oh, no, you don’t, Doggy!” Elizabeth sat up, hugged her knees to her chest, and wrapped her arms around her legs. “You...! You...! You are worse than my husband!”

Rascal was enjoying their game. He shoved his nose into the base of her thighs and began to lick.

“Oh! Stop that! Stop that right now!” she exclaimed. “You’re licking my..., my...” Rascal’s hot, wet tongue was so close to her pussy! He was lapping at her crack, trying to get deeper into her feminine honey-pot.

“Unnnhhhh!” Elizabeth’s head was spinning! Her pussy was gushing! Juices oozed from her slit and dripped down to her crack. Rascal tasted her essence and excitedly pushed his tongue deeper, probing for the source.

“Ah..., ah..., ah...,” Elizabeth panted. She couldn’t take much more of this! Then, something changed within her. Her body responded, and she loosened her arms, still wrapped around her knees. Her legs parted slightly. She didn’t want this, but she did. Oh! She did!

Rascal’s tongue probed deeper! He was tasting her pussy and tickling her pussy lips!

“Nnnnnngggghhhh! Nnnnnnooooo! Nnnnnngggggghhhh! Aaaaaaaahhhh! Whaaaaat? Whaaaaat arrrrrrrrre youuuuu doooing toooooo meeeeee?”

She was feeling weak. The room was spinning! She had to have more! No! She mustn’t. Yes! She must! She had to have more of that wicked, wicked tongue! She opened her legs, and Rascal’s tongue plunged into her soaking, wet slit!



"Ahhhhhh! Doggy! Doggy! Doggy! Doggy!" Pretending to faint, Elizabeth fell back onto the bed. As she swooned, she spread her legs wide, removing any hindrance from his constant probing and licking tongue.

Rascal feasted on her pussy. He tasted her flowing, gushing juices. He pushed his tongue deeply into her love canal.

Elizabeth's husband once wanted to perform this disgusting act on her, and she refused. But with the dog, it was different. Dogs were immoral animals, licking themselves constantly, while humans were decent and respectable. While shameful, it was so liberating to let herself go. She felt like a wild, lust-filled animal. No one would ever know what she did... what Rascal did... She humped her crotch into the air, gyrating her hips to get more of those wonderful feelings while allowing the dog to plunge his tongue even further, delving deeper into the dark recess of her perfect pussy.

"Nnnnnhhhh! What's happening to meeee-eeee-eeee?" Elizabeth cried. Her pussy was tingling. Her thighs were shaking. Her insides were turning to jelly.

As her head rolled back and forth on the bed, her body writhing, Rascal continued his attack. He began licking her from bottom to top, smashing her stiff clitoris with his thick, wet tongue.

Electricity sparkled through her body. Elizabeth didn't know what was happening. Her pussy had given her pleasant feelings before, but nothing so intense as this! Her thighs began to quiver, and small electrical explosions emanated from her clitoris, racing down to her curling toes and up through her stomach. She arched her back, bracing her body in the air with her arms, and held her cunt in front of the feasting animal. And then, her eyes rolled back into her head as her massive orgasm shattered her body.

"Ahhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhh! Nnnnnnnnnngggghhhh!" she moaned. She grunted over and over, and the intense feelings washed over her.

"Unnnnnhhhh! Unnnnnhhh! Unnnnnhhh! Aaaaaaiiiiiieeeee!"

Elizabeth collapsed onto the bed. She saw stars behind her clenched eye. The waves kept coming, and coming, and coming! Racking her body until she couldn't take it any longer. She curled up into a ball, her thighs clenched tightly, as Rascal continued to lick and probe at her soft ass, thighs, and tender clefts.

He finally stopped, realizing his mistress was incapable of continuing their sexual romp. Though his penis throbbed and ached, he laid down beside her and put his head on her shoulder.

Elizabeth, exhausted and spent, closed her eyes and breathed heavily.

Rascal stayed beside her all night. When she awoke hours later, he was still there. She pulled the covers over them both, rolled over, and spooned his warm body, her hand gently scratching and playing with his soft fur. She cooed and spoke softly to him until she fell back asleep.

[Go to next Part](#)