

READBEAST

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Elizabeth woke the next morning feeling oddly content. It was as if a heavy weight that had been lifted from her body. She stretched, yawned, and smiled, her arms extending and her toes curling.

"It's going to be a great day!" she thought. She couldn't remember the last time she felt so good!

She felt the dog stirring beside her. She had forgotten the dog was there. Rascal stood up, shook his body, and jumped off the bed, pulling off half of the covers and leaving Elizabeth chilled.

"Oh, my god!" she exclaimed. "I'm naked!"

Where was her nightgown? Where were her panties? The memories of the previous night came flooding back.

At first, she denied it. "It was just a dream! It had to have been a dream!" Then, an overwhelming feeling of shame washed over her. "Oh, no! I didn't! How could I have let a dog lick me like that? Let him lick my pussy! How horrible!" Then, she tried to justify her actions. "I didn't want to! He made me do it! He just kept licking me until...I orgasmed." Next, anger. "That...that...that...Rascal!"

Elizabeth was determined never to let anything like that happen again. She just had to show her dominance over her dog. The woman was in control; Elizabeth was the master, and he needed to learn his place! Though Elizabeth wanted to stay in her nice, soft bed, curled up in Rascal's warm spot, she knew she had to attend to his morning needs.

She certainly didn't want him marking his territory in her living room. She quickly climbed out of bed and put on her heavy robe. She noticed her discarded panties on the floor and picked them up. They were still damp. She inspected them and found two small holes where Rascal's teeth had torn them.

"Oh, no!" Elizabeth exclaimed.

She pushed her anger aside. They were old panties, and she had plenty more. She disposed of them and not wanting to make Rascal wait any longer, left her bedroom wearing nothing underneath her robe. She felt free—almost naughty—walking around without her panties and heavy nightgown.

She ordered Rascal outside while she fixed his breakfast. It pleased her to think he was actually listening to her, though he probably had to go out anyway. After letting him back in and telling him to eat, she sat at the kitchen table to drink her morning coffee.

Elizabeth contemplated the night before. Surprisingly, she was not repulsed. Doggy was just a stupid, inquisitive animal doing what nature demanded of him. She was sure if he were in the wild with a pack of dogs, they would be licking each other's genitals, sniffing butts, and having intercourse constantly. The image strangely made her pussy tingle. Her mind wandered... She imagined what it would be like to be a wild animal! Fornicating whenever the urge comes upon her. No worries about what people or society felt. Freedom! Freedom to have those glorious feelings again and again!

She tried to rationalize the events. It wasn't her fault the animal had taken advantage of her. She had tried to stop the dog. And Rascal couldn't help his animalistic tendencies. It was part of his nature—the need to procreate without all the societal-induced emotional baggage. The image of

Rascal having intercourse with her suddenly flashed into her mind. She felt her pussy getting wet. That will never happen, she vowed, but still, the image was arousing.

Elizabeth opened her legs and slid her hand towards her slit. She fingered herself and felt her wetness. She inspected her slick finger and sniffed it. It didn't smell repulsive at all. She expected it to be a little fishy, but it smelled fresh, maybe a little earthy and musky. She wondered why her doggy found it so intoxicating. Dare she taste it?

Well, she should try to understand why Doggy loved it so. She gave it a lick. It wasn't horrible. It was a little salty and slippery, and it didn't taste at all like pee. No wonder he liked it. At that moment, she heard Doggy's toenails clicking on her tiled floor. He came up to her and put his chin on her leg as if thanking her for breakfast.

"Good morning, doggy!" Elizabeth said, petting him. "You were very, very naughty last night!" She then recited her prepared speech. "We can't let that happen again, doggy. I'm in charge here, and you are going to listen to me from now on."

Rascal panted, showing off his white teeth and long, pink tongue. Sensing something, he inspected her finger, still wet from her pussy. The dog licked it. Then, he licked it again, repeatedly.

"No!" Elizabeth pulled her hand away quickly, ready to scold him. Then, her demeanor softened. "I should call you 'Licker,' not doggy," she said, pretending to be angry.

Not having her hand to lick any longer, Rascal searched for her odoriferous pussy. Before she could react, he slipped his inquisitive nose between the opening of her robe. Elizabeth felt his cold, wet nose pushing between her opened thighs. 'Oh, no. Not again,' she thought.

"You stop that, doggy!" she scolded. "You stop that right now!"

She tried to close her legs but only managed to trap his head between her soft thighs. Rascal ignored her attempts to remove him. He wanted more of her delicious secretions. He pushed his snout between her legs, forcing her thighs further apart.

"Oh! Doggy! Doggy! Doggy! No, doggy!" Elizabeth cried as she felt his tongue tickling her tender thighs.

She tried to push his head away from her creamy snatch, but he was too strong for her. Her actions caused her legs to part, allowing him to lick her moist folds.

"Please, stop, doggy! Nnnnnngggghhh!" Elizabeth grunted, her body curling.

It was just like last night! His warm tongue, her hot pussy, the exquisite feelings coursing through her sexually deprived body!

"Oh, heavens! You certainly are persistent!" Elizabeth stood up. "Why won't you listen to me?"

She had to get away from his long, wet tongue, or else she would be moaning in her kitchen chair like a wanton harlot! She stood up, weak in the knees. She needed a shower. Yes! That's it! She needed to cleanse her body of all the disgusting dog germs and filthy memories and wash away the deranged sexual feelings she was having. That is exactly what she needed! A nice, hot shower. Plus, it would give her time alone to think and get away from her amorous dog and his long, wet, warm, delicious tongue.

Rascal became excited when she stood before him. He jumped up at her, almost knocking her over. Elizabeth stormed quickly out of her kitchen, tightening her robe around her naked body. Rascal followed her into the living room. He prodded her butt with his nose. Poking her where those luscious scents were emanating from. He poked her firmly and repeatedly.

"Stop that, doggy!" Elizabeth snapped.

She turned around. Rascal looked up at her and smiled. He barked, then moved towards her. The dog shoved his nose under the hem of her robe and lifted it. He lapped at her pussy!

"Ahhhhh! No! No! No!" she scolded.

His tongue was making her crazy. She almost paused to allow him to continue, but she knew it was wrong. So very, very wrong!

"Listen, doggy!" she began, shaking a finger at him. "You stop that right now! Quit licking my pussy!"

Hearing the word 'pussy,' Rascal barked. It seemed as if he knew the word. He once again stuck his head under her robe and nudged her cunt with his cold, wet nose. It pressed against her clit, sending tingles throughout her pussy.

"Oh! Heavens!" Elisabeth said.

She had to get away. Why wouldn't Rascal listen to her? Elizabeth turned, with Rascal growing more excited below her. She bolted for the security of the bathroom but tripped over the dog, who was entangled between her legs. Elizabeth fell to the floor. Unhurt, she tried to stand as Rascal circled her, nudging her body with his cold nose.

Elizabeth raised herself onto her hands and knees, ready to stand. Her robe opened. She felt a cool breeze on her hot, wet pussy. Rascal was waiting. He saw her offering herself to him. Her sweet-smelling cock-canal was mere inches away. He licked her pussy, making sure she was ready for mating.

"Oh! You stop that!" Elizabeth cried.

She couldn't take much more of this. She was almost ready to give herself to the dog again. He licked her once more, long and deep.

"Ohhhhhhhh!" Elizabeth moaned, pausing a moment. "Please, not again, Doggy!"

Time seemed to stop. The dog removed his tongue.

"Thank goodness!"

Then, the dog jumped onto her back. Rascal's full body weight landed on top of her.

"Oooof!"

She felt his hairy legs against the backs of her thighs.

"Get off!"

She felt a firm, wet poke against her ass. Then again. The dog's cock was pressed against her and

slid closer towards her hot, wet cunt!

“What? What are you doing, doggy? Get off of me!”

She wiggled her ass, trying to throw him off. Rascal’s hard cock slipped along her ass cheeks, leaving a slimy, wet trail, and settled against her dark cleft. He thrust, expertly finding her soaking wet pussy. The pointed tip of his dog-cock found its mark. Sensing victory, Rascal immediately dove his hard doggy-dick deeper. Success! He instantly gripped his bitch tightly, his claws scratching her tender flesh, before slamming his cock as deep as it could go.

“Nnnnnngggghhh!” Elizabeth grunted. “Doggy! Doggy! No! Noooooooo!”

She was being violated. Violated by a dog! She shook her ass and body, but it was no use. He was too strong and determined. Resigned, she realized Rascal had taken her, and he was not letting her go.

“Oh, no! Oh, no! Oh, no!” she babbled and hoped it would be over soon.

She tried to crawl away, but Rascal only held her tighter. He began to fuck his mistress furiously. All of his frustrations from the previous night and this morning evaporated. His cock was hard. Her pussy was tight and wet. It was glorious! It has been too long since his cock was enveloped by a warm, human pussy!

His heavy, cum-filled, balls swung back and forth, banging against her clitoris. His thrusts smashed her pussy lips. His thick cock stretched her vaginal walls as he drove his hard, veiny shaft in and out of her swollen, dripping cunt. Rascal was determined to impregnate his new bitch, show her his dominance, and empty his potent load inside of her.

“Doggy, don’t! Please, don’t! Don’t do this! Don’t fuck me, doggy. Don’t fuck me!”

Elizabeth’s pussy gushed. Her clitoris tingled. The surprise and initial pain quickly subsided. Amazed, all she felt now was glorious sexual bliss! She was being rutted like a wild animal in her living room! But no one was watching to shame and judge her, and it allowed her to give herself to the moment.

Elizabeth felt her body responding, and she gave in to those intense feelings. She craved the same relief and excitement she had experienced last night. It was wrong, but it felt so good! Elizabeth allowed her body’s needs to overwhelm her—those primitive needs she had suppressed for so many years.

Her passions now ignited, and her body so aroused, she reveled in her new-found sexual freedom! And, though she always tried to avoid swearing, filthy words spewed from her mouth, making the scene even more depraved and arousing to her.

“Oh! Oh! Oh, my god, Doggy! You’re fucking me! We’re fucking! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! I’m being fucked by a dog!”

Her body was feverish. Her face flushed. Her breasts swung freely under her robe. Rascal’s claws dug into her sides, but the pain only inflamed her desires.

“I’m being rutted like an animal! I’m a harlot! A whore! A slut! I’m a fucking slut! Oh my god! Oh my god! Oh my god! Oh! Yes! Yes, oh, yes! Fuck me, Doggy. Fuck-meeeeeeee!”

This was sex as it was supposed to feel. Not stiff and reserved, but wild and untamed! Wet and raunchy! Sex was not to be resisted, she realized, but welcomed and savored!

Elizabeth raised her head and moaned long and loud as the thick, hard shaft impaling her drove incessantly in and out of her hot, wet pussy. She felt like howling at the moon. Yes! Like a dog-bitch in heat, being fucked in the wilderness!

She pressed back against Rascal, trying to drive his cock deeper. She bounced on his firm, thick, gnarled rod. She ground her hairy pussy against his fur-covered crotch. His swinging balls slapped cunt.

"Fuck me! Fuck me, Doggy! Fuck me like the slut I am. I am a slut—a doggy-slut! Nnnnnnhhhhh! Ahhhh, ahhh, ahhh! Oooohhhh shiiiiiiiit!"

Rascal pounded his bitch. His cock drove deep inside of her. And, his knot began to swell.

It took Elizabeth a long moment to notice the lump growing at the base of Rascal's doggy-cock. She felt his cock spreading her lips over and over, and finally, she realized something was different down there.

At first, the knot was small but firm. It swelled with every thrust, becoming harder and thicker. Elizabeth wondered about the new, pleasurable sensations but soon became concerned. The rigid flesh began to grow so large and hard it banged against her pussy-lips painfully before slipping inside. Then, on the way out, the knot spread her lips once again before Rascal again slammed it home. He gripped her tight, thrusting deep and pushing her forward.

The knot swelled inside of her. It grew enormous. Her poor pussy, stretched painfully, trying to accommodate its girth.

"Unnnngggghhh! Wha...? What? What is that thing?"

She felt the hard lump growing inside of her until it was too large to escape. It plugged her cunt completely. They were tied. The dog's knot was wedged so tightly inside of her that there was no way it could be removed.

Rascal kept thrusting, using his hind legs to drive his puppy-maker deeper and deeper. He began to cum, and gave out a quick, loud yelp.

Elizabeth felt the warm dog sperm being injected into her womb. She felt so degraded! She was allowing a dog to ejaculate inside of her! Another blast of hot dog-cum flooded her insides. It was so depraved, so naughty, so exciting! She came.

"Nnnngggghhh! Doggy! I'm cuuummmminnnng! You're making me cuuummmmmmm! Nnnnh! Nnnnh! Oooooohhhh!"

Her pussy exploded. The orgasm hit her hard. Elizabeth's eyes rolled into the back of her head. Stars flashed across her eyelids as her body convulsed. His hot cum continued to splash inside of her. She felt each spurt, and every one triggered another orgasmic wave of bliss!

Electricity arched across her thighs and made them tremble. Her pussy spasmed as the hot, doggy-cream filled her. Blast after blast flooded her insides, and her body erupted. Her tits flopped back and forth. She felt exposed and tried to cup a breast to stop it from swinging so violently but ended up pinching her fat, swollen nipple, sending intense tingles to her shattered pussy.

“Nnnnnhhhh! You’re cumming inside of me! You’re impregnating me!” Another orgasmic wave crashed over her, and she lost her balance, falling face-first into the carpet. She kept her ass in the air, riding Rascal’s cock while the electric sparks were still detonating inside of her.

“Make me pregnant, fill me with your nasty doggy-cum! Make me a mommy! Make me your puppy momma! I’m a fucking dog-bitch! Nnnnnhhhhhhhhggggggggg! Ahhhh! Yes! Yes! Yesssss-ssss!”

Elizabeth nearly passed out, her body shaking violently as she continued to orgasm until finally, after an eternity, Rascal finished pumping his potent load inside of her.

He paused his thrusts. His once bloated balls were empty.

Elizabeth slowly came to her senses. She was breathing hard, almost panting. Panting like the wonderful animal still on top of her. She felt his hot breath on her neck and felt his long, hard cock, still embedded deep in her guts.

“Oh, doggy!” Elizabeth sighed. “You..., you..., rascal...”

Then, she purred. “Mmmmmm-mmmmm. I didn’t know it could feel like this, Doggy.”

They stayed like that for a long moment before Rascal attempted to separate from his human lover. But Elizabeth stopped him. She felt the swollen knot tugging at her pussy, and clamped down hard.

“You just stay where you are, Doggy!” Elizabeth warned. She wondered how long they would be tied together.

After a moment, she decided, ‘This is actually very nice.’ She didn’t mind. His body was warm, and besides, she didn’t want his hard cock pulled out yet, leaving her cold and empty inside. It was like they were cuddling after an intense, sensual, love-making session.

“Mmmmm, you fucked your mommy so good, Doggy!” Elizabeth said. Rascal licked her face, slobbering her with affection.

“OK, just this once!” she said, “You can kiss me.”

“OK, that’s enough!” she said, feeling her lips getting slimy and wet from his drool.

Rascal continued.

“I said, enough!” she whined.

Rascal never paused.

“Oh, doggy, whatever will I do with you?”

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