

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Elizabeth just loved her new Doggy! Rascal had enriched her life in so many ways since she adopted him only days before. He had helped her discover her sexuality and the sinful pleasures of all the soft, sensitive parts of her body that he loved to lick. He had awoken the sleeping, sexual nymph inside of her, and now she couldn't get enough of his long, wet tongue and thick, hard, doggy dick.

The two of them had fucked in nearly every room of the house, in the living room with Elizabeth down on her hands and knees, encouraging him and moaning loudly in the kitchen. At the same time, she was bent over the sink washing dishes, in the laundry room while washing another set of soiled bed sheets and towels, and even in the bathroom - she should have known better than to be naked while bending over the tub - but it turned out for the best. Rascal had received a much-needed bath, and Elizabeth enjoyed sucking on a freshly washed dog dick and lapping at his clean-smelling balls. His fur was so much softer now. She noticed the difference every time she pulled his face deeper into her cunt, or cuddled with him after a nice, long fuck.

Elizabeth had tried to refuse his incessant demands numerous times. But after poking her, prodding her, whining, and scratching at her ass and thighs, she realized it was easier just to acquiesce and give in to his needs. She had tried to ignore him, but he made her so horny! Her pussy would get wet, his cock would get hard, and they start having sex anyway. It was inevitable.

She often felt she was being too compliant and subservient to him. After all, she was supposed to be the master, and he was her pet. But he was definitely the Alpha-Male, and she was what? His pet? A beta-breeding-bitch for his hard doggy dick? A dog's fuck-toy-plaything? It didn't matter to her. She was enjoying her newfound sexual freedom and loved to make him happy; to see his grateful face after he unloaded in her pussy, or hear him whine when he cums, or just admire his hard, beautiful cock as she licked and sucked it. Besides, if she kept him satisfied, she would have a brief period when she was unmolested; to clean, fix dinner, read a book, or just sit quietly, with her legs spread, while he gently and lovingly lapped at her pussy. Those were her favorite times; lounging in her favorite chair, scratching his ears, and diddling with her swollen clit.

She never knew when Rascal would get the urge, so she remained naked, wearing only her heavy bathrobe and slippers. After all, she had to be ready for him, and it became tiresome to put on her clothes just to take them off again. The robe provided some protection against his overly aggressive claws, both on her skin and her wardrobe.

The two became so attached that on Sunday night, Elizabeth began to worry; she had to work the next morning and didn't know how he would react to being left alone. She sucked his cock before she left and tried to mate with him, but he seemed disinterested or satiated.

Worried, she hurried home at lunch to check on him. He pounced on her as soon as she got in the door. She barely had enough time to get on her hands and knees, lift her skirt, and pull down her panties and pantyhose! He fucked her so hard Elizabeth wondered if he was mad at her for leaving him alone. Then they tied, and it caused Elizabeth to be late. Without time to freshen up, she has to sit at her desk, smelling the cum and pussy juice wafting up from her cunt. Elizabeth was so embarrassed! On top of that, she later discovered a huge run in the back of her stockings!

"That Rascal!" she muttered and reminded herself to buy more pantyhose. Maybe a lot more.

When she got home that afternoon, she immediately removed all of her clothing and presented herself to him. He again fucked her harder than she expected. Not only that, he had chewed one of

her throw pillows, slept on her couch, and messed up her bed! She was determined to ask her boss if she could start working from home.

Later that evening, she relaxed in bed and read her book with Rascal lying beside her. She was lazily stroking his cock, fondling his balls, and playing with her pussy. Occasionally, he would walk around her, waving his engorged penis, and Elizabeth would suck on it for a while or stroke him gently until he became bored. She was hoping he would lick her tired pussy before going to bed, and just as she was spreading her legs to ask him, her phone rang, startling them both.

"Hey, Lizzie, it's Marcie! I was just checking to see if you needed anything for tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow?" Elizabeth queried. 'What was tomorrow?'

"The book club! First Tuesday of the month! And, it's your turn to host, or have you forgotten?"

"Oh, my! I have forgotten! I've been...a little...distracted lately," she said, admiring Rascal's cock. He had stood up when her phone chimed and now stood over her, his meaty cock near her face.

"And what has distracted you? Or whom?" Marcie teased. "New man in your life?" She giggled, knowing that stuck-up, frigid Elizabeth could never find another man, let alone keep one.

"Well, you could say that!" Elizabeth said happily, excited to share her news. "I adopted a dog! You don't think anyone in the club will mind me having a dog, do you?"

"Is he friendly?" Marcie asked.

Elizabeth stroked Rascal's cock and gave it a quick kiss. "Oh, he's very friendly!"

"No one will care. I have two dogs, and so does Rachael. Don't worry about it! I'm so excited for you, and looking forward to meeting your new friend. What's his name?"

"Just Doggy," Elizabeth said. "Well, I call him Doggy, but his real name is 'Rascal.'"

"I'll tell you what, I'll bring some homemade treats for Rascal, and how about if I bring those little sandwiches everyone likes?"

"That would be great! Thank you! I'll stop at the store tomorrow and pick up wine, snacks, and dessert. Oh, thank you for reminding me!"

"That's why I'm the club president. Always on top of things!"

Elizabeth praised her while silently thinking, 'You are the president because you're bossy, nit-picky, and everyone calls you a 'cunt' behind your back.'

They said their goodbyes, and Elizabeth told Rascal all about her book club, the books they were reading, and all the gossip about the club's members. At the same time, Rascal licked her juicy cunt until she came.

Elizabeth glanced at the clock. People should be arriving shortly. Marcie would be first. She's always the first.

"Get down, Doggy!" Elizabeth scolded. "I don't have time to play with you right now!" She knew

what Rascal wanted. He wanted her hands, her mouth, or her sweet-smelling pussy wrapped around his hard dog-cock. "It's your own fault you didn't cum at lunch, and now, you'll just have to wait!"

She fretted about Rascal's hard doggy-cock embarrassing her and decided to get him off before her guests arrived quickly. She squatted down to jack him off. He kissed her face. "Don't ruin my make-up!" she scolded. She was proud of her make-up today. She was wearing a bit more than usual. She felt so much more sensual and sexier lately.

Elizabeth stroked Rascal cock, pointing it away from her and hoping she had enough time. His cock began to swell and stiffen. Elizabeth stroked him faster, trying to make him cum, when the doorbell rang.

"Oh no! She's here already!" Elizabeth whined. Rascal took off barking towards the door, and Elizabeth licked her fingers, smoothed her dress, and met him there. "Now, don't embarrass me," she hissed. "I'll take care of you later! I promise, Doggy!" She opened the door, hoping Marcie wouldn't notice Rascal's long, hard doggy dick.

"Hello, Lizzy!" Marcie said, handing Elizabeth a tray of sandwiches and a bag of dog treats. She then squatted down to meet Rascal, who promptly shoved his nose in her crotch.

"Oh! Oh my! He is friendly!" Marcie said, smiling and pushing the dog away from her groin.

"Oh my God! I'm so sorry, Marcie," Elizabeth said. She was mortified! "Doggy! Stop that! Stop that right now!"

"It's OK," Marcie said, "he's just excited to see me." She glanced at his aroused doggy-cock. "Very excited to see me!"

Elizabeth giggled nervously. She set down the tray of sandwiches and allowed Marcie to give Rascal a treat. Then, the two women sat down to chat for a while.

"What made you adopt a dog?" Marcie asked.

"Oh, just lonely, I guess..." Elizabeth muttered. Her face was bright red. Rascal was trying to continue his examination of her friend Marcie's pussy. Marcie had to push him away twice before finally commanding him, "No! Sit! Rascal, sit!"

To Elizabeth's surprise, Rascal sat down obediently, looking at Marcie and wagging his tail. His long, pink penis was very apparent.

"He's very excitable, Lizzy," Marcie said. "Are you going to have him fixed?"

"Fixed?" Elizabeth asked. She wasn't familiar with the term.

"Have his balls cut off, so he doesn't...do...that." She twirled a finger in the direction of Rascal's erection.

"Cut them off? No, I couldn't! I wouldn't!" Elizabeth said, surprised that people actually do such a thing to poor doggies.

"Well, he certainly needs training," Marcie said. And a firm hand," she added, thinking, 'and so do you.'

"Yes! Yes, he does! He can be a very naughty Dog sometimes," Elizabeth agreed. I've not had time. I

mean, he can be so..., you know?"

Before Marcie could ask any more questions, the doorbell rang, signaling other guests had arrived. Elizabeth invited them in while Marcie did her best to keep Rascal under control. It was not an easy task. He was very curious about all the fresh pussy entering his home. He wanted to sniff and lick each one.

With all the female scent in the air, it wasn't long before Rascal's long, hard, pink, pointed dog-cock became quite noticeable to everyone. There were several titters, a laugh, and a snort from the ladies.

Elizabeth tried to keep her guests engaged, prompting them to comment on descriptive passages from the book they were assigned to read. Still, she soon decided she had to deal with Rascal and his attention-seeking erection.

"Come on, Rascal," she said, standing up. "You can help me in the kitchen. Let's leave the ladies alone for a while. Sorry about Doggy. He's not used to guests."

Rascal followed her, putting his nose up her skirt as she walked into the kitchen. Elizabeth's face flushed with embarrassment.

Once they reached the privacy of the kitchen, Elizabeth turned around, shaking her finger at Rascal.

"Doggy, you have to behave yourself!"

Rascal smiled at her. He wanted to fuck. The dog barked. He barked again and pawed at her thigh. Rascal didn't understand why she was refusing him. Was it because of the other musky, sweet-smelling women in the house today? Rascal didn't care. He was willing to fuck any of them or all of them. Especially that blond bitch. She smelled like she was in heat, and her milk-makers were very large. They will easily feed an entire litter of his pups.

The woman who fucked and fed him was still making those noises with her mouth. He barked again and shoved his nose under her skirt, trying to lick her.

"No, Doggy!"

'Oh, what can I do?' Elizabeth wondered.

Then, she had an idea. A very naughty idea.

Could she?

Yes, she could. She had to! She couldn't think of any other way. She just had to stop Doggy from embarrassing her.

"Come here, Doggy," Elizabeth whispered.

She walked around her kitchen counter, where a long peninsula provided a small breakfast nook. She ducked down behind the bar and grabbed Rascal's penis, pointing it away from her skirt.

She leaned in and whispered to her doggy-lover. "Look, I'll put it in my mouth like we did before. Do your thing, and do it quickly! Please, Doggy, hurry!"

Elizabeth just had to make his horrible erection go away. She didn't know what else to do!

“Do we have a deal, Doggy?”

Rascal humped her hand.

“Don’t you dare make a mess on my face or my dress!” she hissed. “Ready?”

She glanced at his cock, then tried to bend her neck to engulf his shaft. Oh, no! She would have to get on her knees to suck him off, but she was wearing her last pair of stockings! She needed to be lower! Then, she had an idea. ‘Or, he needs to be higher!’

“Quick, Doggy. Up!” She patted the top of her kitchen counter. Rascal understood, jumped up, and placed both of his front paws on the counter. It’s not ideal, but it should work! Elizabeth bent down to service her animal. She looked at his cock. It was hard and dry, being exposed for so long. She took him halfway into her mouth, wrapped her lips around him tightly, and began to suck him off. She had to work up some spit before he could easily hump her throat. Finally, he began to thrust;

“Glaak!”

“Glaak!”

“Glaak!”

‘Oh! Hurry, Doggy!’ she thought.

“Glaak!”

“Glaak!”

“Glaak!”

‘Please cum! Oh please, oh please, oh please!’ her mind screamed.

Suddenly, Elizabeth heard the sound of high-heel shoes on her kitchen tiles!

“Glaaaaa-aaaak!” She pulled her mouth away, only to be squirted in the eye by Rascal’s pre-cum!

She stood up, wiping herself.

“Oh, there you are, Elizabeth!” Marcie said. “I was...” She looked confused. “Why is Rascal on the counter, and what were you doing down there?”

“Hi, Marcie. Uh, I dropped something...,” Elizabeth answered nervously, blinking away the stinging fluid in her eye. “And Doggy does that sometimes. He’s just weird..., I guess.”

“It’s not very sanitary,” Marcie frowned, “having a dog on your kitchen counter. What did you lose? Can I help you look for it?” She started to come around the counter, but Elizabeth realized that if she did, she would see Rascal’s wet, gnarly dog cock!

“Uh, No!” Elizabeth nearly shouted. “I found it! Come on, Rascal, let’s get you outside.” Elizabeth quickly took him out the back door, hoping Marcie didn’t notice his huge erection.

Alone in the kitchen, Marcie frowned. Elizabeth was acting very strangely. She smelled something and sniffed, then sniffed deeply a few more times. The scent was familiar.

"I'm back, ladies. Did you have an interesting conversation?" She took a large sip of wine, hoping to wash away her dog-dick breath.

"We talked about character development."

"And the huge plot twist in chapter six."

"Then, we talked about your dog's big cock." Marcie smiled sweetly.

"Marcie!" someone admonished. Elizabeth almost choked on her wine.

"Well, you all were staring at it too!" Marcie continued. "That dog needs a good fucking!"

"So do I," someone said.

"Are you volunteering, Marcie?" Raucous laughter erupted around the room.

"I'm so sorry about Doggy," Elizabeth said, her head down. She was mortified! Everyone was talking about Doggy's dick! "I left him outside. Maybe some exercise will calm him down."

However, it wasn't long before Rascal began to bark, wanting to be let back in. Elizabeth tried to ignore him but worried that Rascal might be lonely. Besides, the neighbors might complain.

Elizabeth opened the back door and thankfully noticed his cock had withdrawn. She returned to her guests, with Rascal sitting next to her, trying to lick her hand.

"That dog has you wrapped around his little finger, Lizzy," Marcie commented.

"He's a good boy," Elizabeth said.

"Yes, he is a good boy! A very good boy!" Marcie said, "Aren't you, Rascal?"

Rascal stood up and walked to Marcie, who began to pet him. Elizabeth noticed her hand getting close to his underbelly as she petted him. As she feared, it didn't take long before Rascal got aroused again.

Elizabeth stared as the pink, pointed tip of his cock, slowly became visible. It grew longer, inch by inch. Rascal pawed at Marcie's thigh, hoping the sweet-smelling woman petting him would either play with his cock or present herself or mating. His cock grew a little thicker...and a little longer...

To Elizabeth's horror, she saw a bright red stain on Rascal's pink shaft. It was lipstick! Her lipstick!

'Oh no!' Elizabeth's mind shouted in terror. When she put Doggy's penis in her mouth, it was nice and dry. And her waterproof, smudge-proof lipstick left a very noticeable mark on Rascal's cock.

It didn't just leave a mark. Surrounding Rascal's shaft was a bright-red ring of woman's lipstick, along with a couple of other smudges up and down his shaft.

'Maybe no one will notice!' she thought. She took a big gulp of her wine. Then another. The stains on her wine glass perfectly matched the stains on Rascal's cock.

'Is anyone else wearing that color?' Elizabeth quickly scanned the room. Nope. There are a lot of

pinks and a burgundy, but no bright red shades. She finished her wine in one huge swallow.

'Oh, no! Everyone will know it was me! They'll know I sucked my Doggy's dick!' Elizabeth jumped out of her chair. "More wine, anyone? Come on, Doggy! Let's get you another one of those delicious treats Marcie made for you!" She didn't wait for an answer and left the room hurriedly, with Rascal following her.

'She's acting strange,' Marcie thought.

Elizabeth poured herself another glass of wine. Rascal sat in front of her, his big, red-stained cock poking out. It was pointing at her. Shaming her.

'What can I do? What can I do? What can I do?' her mind whirled. She took another big sip.

'I can't clean it off in here. Marcie might come in!' Another sip.

'He needs a good fucking,' she recalled someone saying. 'Yes, that is just what he needs.'

'The bathroom! It has a lock on the door!'

Elizabeth left her nearly empty wine glass on the counter and walked down the hallway to the bathroom, hoping no one would notice. When Rascal didn't follow her, she looked back. She peeked around the corner, and found Rascal and wandered back into the living room. That slut Marcie was petting him and letting him lick her hand!

She hid behind the doorway and waved at him, trying to get his attention. He looked at her. She bent over and flipped her skirt over her full, round ass. "Come on, Doggy!" she hissed. "This is what you want! Come here!"

Rascal got up and followed her. She led him into the bathroom and immediately shut the door.

"We have to be fast, Doggy!" she said to him. She had considered just washing his cock, but he would still display his beautiful erection to everyone. If she jacked him off or sucked his cock, he would certainly mess up her make-up and her dress.

Elizabeth knew what she had to do. She rolled her pantyhose down past her knees and then tugged down her panties.

Rascal became excited!

"Bark!"

Very excited!

"Rrrrr-rooof!"

"Be quiet, Doggy! Please be quiet!" Elizabeth whispered. She bent over the counter, but due to the pantyhose, she couldn't spread her legs very far apart. Elizabeth pushed out her ass, and Rascal immediately lapped at her damp pussy. Just the thought of what she was going to do had made her cunt wet.

Fucking a dog in the bathroom with a house full of guests! How shameful! What a slut she was turning into!

"No time for licking, Doggy! Just put it in! Hurry!" she hissed. She wiggled her ass for him.

Rascal jumped on her back. He curled his body and tried to find her hot, wet entrance. She reached back to help and guided his cock to her cunt. He rammed it home.

"Oooof!" Elizabeth grunted. Rascal seemed very eager. He began humping her ferociously, driving his thickening cock inside of her.

"Ahh! Ahh! Ahh!" Elizabeth panted. Though she was doing this only for him and to make his erection go down, it felt so good! She moved her ass lower, allowing his cock to drive deeper.

She looked in the bathroom mirror and saw their reflections. Her eyes were glassy from the wine, her pretty face flushed with sexual desires, and Rascal, over her shoulder with his tongue hanging out, enjoying every thrust of his hard dog-cock.

Elizabeth began to rub her clitty. "Oh! Do it, Doggy! Fuck your mamma! Make me cum! I'm such a slut. A slut for your doggy dick!" The wine had loosened her inhibitions even more.

She felt Rascal's cock with her searching fingers. She slid her hands over his slippery, driving cock. She felt his knot growing and ground her pussy against him, feeling the swelling flesh penetrating her hot, wet cunt. She wanted to feel the knot stretching her and filling her. She wanted to bond with her animal lover, to join with him, and to feel his hot dog-cum sloshing inside of her.

"Cum, baby!" she grunted. "Cum with mamma!"

The slutty face in the mirror opened her mouth and silently moaned, long and luxuriously. The glorious tingles soon began to wash over her. Her knees grew weak as the feelings intensified. Rascal's knot filled her and began to swell even more! He drove his cock in deep, tied with her, and began to unload his pent-up sperm deep inside of her.

"Rooooowwlll!" he yelped and blasted her cunt with hot dog-cum! Squirt after squirt, pump after pump, filled her body. She felt every blast as the heavy streams of dog sperm sprayed against her soft, sensitive tissue.

"Ahhhh! Yessss!" Elizabeth hissed. She rocked her hips back and forth, driving him deeper and milking his thick shaft. Elizabeth squeezed her eyes as her orgasm washed over her. She wanted to moan, loud and long but did her best to stifle her guttural grunts as the feelings overwhelmed her.

"Mmmmmfff! Mmmmmfff! Mmmmmmmfff!" Elizabeth squealed as her body was wracked with electrical discharges, emanating from deep within her pussy, and exploding outwards to her stomach and thighs.

Rascal finished unloading his potent sperm into her belly. And Elizabeth, weak in the knees, began to breathe deep, silently filling her lungs with air.

She looked in the mirror and met Rascal's eyes. He was happy and satisfied while her face reflected lust, relief, and love. They stared at each other for a long moment. She had done it! Everything would be OK now.

'Knock, knock, knock!'

The door!

"Lizzie? Are you alright?"

Startled and horrified, Elizabeth saw absolute fear in her reflection. Marcie was right outside the bathroom door!

Not hearing a reply, Marcie knocked again loudly. "Lizzie? Are you OK?"

Rascal barked and tried to jump down, tugging on the knot painfully.

"Ouch!" Elizabeth yelped.

"Lizzie! Do you need help? Why is Rascal in there?" Marcie asked. "What's going on?"

"I'm fine! Go away!"

Oh, no! Did she lock the door? She was so used to living alone that she never had to close the door, let alone lock it. But with Rascal's condition, being in a hurry, and all the wine, did she?

Rascal was trying to pull away to get to the door. Elizabeth reached both arms behind her and gripped handfuls of fur, doing her best to keep him from disengaging.

The doorknob jangled. It twisted.

"Oh, no!"

The door opened, exposing Elizabeth and Rascal to Marcie's knowing eyes. She smiled as she took in the sight.

"I knew it...", she simply stated. "Oh, what a dirty, dirty girl you are, Lizzie."

Elizabeth's lower lip began to quiver. Tears came to her eyes. She sniffed and began to bawl. How humiliating!

"It's OK. Don't cry, I won't tell anyone, Lizzie," Marcie came into the small room. She itched Rascal's ears. He panted happily.

"You're tied, I assume." Without waiting for an answer, she put her hand under Elizabeth's skirt and felt around the knot, probing Elizabeth's pussy. "Oh, yes. You are definitely stuck. You're not going anywhere for a while, Lizzie. How naughty you are!"

Then, Marcie licked her fingers. "Tell you what, Lizzie. I'll help you train Rascal, so this doesn't happen again. I have some experience with horny dogs. You've met my two fur babies, Brutus and Bruiser?"

Elizabeth wiped away her tears. "Yes." She recalled the two large, well-trained animals sitting side-by-side. And she remembered seeing their pink, pointed cocks. Strange, the thought of seeing their penises didn't disgust her any longer. Her pussy twitched.

"I think you need a little training, too, Lizzie. We are going to have so much fun." Marcie smiled. "I'll go entertain our guests. Join us after you...freshen up. Oh, and maybe lock the door next time?"

Marcie left, leaving Elizabeth to contemplate her utter shame. Before long, Rascal's hind legs grew tired, and after she endured two sharp tugs, Elizabeth guided their bodies to the floor. Rascal tried to jump off but only succeeded in giving Elizabeth another painful jolt before his body turned,

leaving them ass-to-ass on the bathroom floor.

Minutes passed. Elizabeth checked their connection a couple of times before she decided it was time. She gritted her teeth and pulled the still-swollen knot from her pussy with a now tolerable stab of pain. A flood of dog-cum and pussy-juice gushed, soaked, and then dribbled onto the cold tile floor. She mopped it up with half a roll of toilet paper and then used more to wipe her oozing pussy. Elizabeth pulled up her panties and pantyhose, checked her make-up, and waited a few more moments for Rascal to lick his cock clean and for it to withdraw a bit. Happily, she noticed the lipstick stains were gone. Finally, Elizabeth sprayed some air freshener around the room and, as an afterthought, sprayed some up her skirt. She and Rascal left the room to rejoin her friends.

"There you are, Elizabeth! Marcie told us you had to take a phone call. We were just discussing the last chapter of the book..." The lady sniffed. "Oh, that's an interesting perfume you have on."

"I think it's called 'Springtime Meadows.'"

"Very floral! Is it Channel? Maybe Dior?"

"No, Airwick," Elizabeth said, ignoring her confused expression. She was too busy thinking about spending time with Rascal, Marcie, and Marcie's dogs. It will be so nice to have someone to talk to about wild, uninhibited animal sex and maybe try some new things. Besides, Marcie is very good-looking and a little dominating kind of like Rascal. They should have a lot of fun, sexy times.

Elizabeth had so much to look forward to!

To Be Continued...