

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



She's a slim, bubbly, young woman with long wavy strawberry blonde hair flowing down over her shoulders. Her face is dominated by an oversized pair of spectacles which make her hazel eyes look huge.

We interview her at her place of employment - a financial services provider in a quiet city center side-street. She speaks with a friendly, slightly high pitched Derbyshire accent.

"Hello, my name is Annabel Simpson, I'm 24 years old, and I'm a receptionist at [bleeped out for privacy reasons], in Derby."

Annabel moves a lot when she talks, and she talks a lot when she moves. A pleasant, welcoming smile is never far from her face.

She tells us, at high speed - "I married John young, at 19, first guy that ever really showed a serious interest in me, but I was divorced by 22 because I found out that my ex wasn't what he appeared to be. Let's put it this way... The 'best man' was very definitely the best man as far as John was concerned." She says with a huge, obvious, wink.

We talk to her workmates - all men in shirts and ties, and the middle aged lady who manages the office. They all believe that Annabel is looking for love, probably in the wrong places. They say that she's a lovely girl but perhaps a bit naïve. They think she's being interviewed for a dating show, and they suspect that she'll have trouble picking out the right partner.

"I suppose I can't be too critical of him - we all keep secrets, don't we? Mine is why I'm here today. 'Cos I've never told anyone about it. No one. I talk to my mum, and I tell her just about everything, but I've never told her this. I'm not ashamed of it, or shy - but I do worry about what she would think of me for wanting it."

Her mother, who is basically an older version of Annabel, around 50 years old, a little heavy-set, speaks to camera. "She's a funny girl is my Annabel. She's always been a bit headstrong. She gets these ideas in her head and she can't get rid of them until it's too late. I dread to think what she'll come up with next."

Annabel continues, "I think I was just surfing the internet, looking for porn, and I sort of fell onto one of those sites. Women having sex with dogs, and I was thinking that's so wrong and it's disgusting, but I was so turned on."

She addresses camera directly, standing outside her place of business, with the sign above the door digitized out. "My name is Annabel Simpson, and I want to have sex with a dog."

We cut to in car footage of Annabel being driven to Bristol by her mother! Annabel wearing the classic little-black-dress, cut low enough to show off a fair amount of cleavage. Little snippets of conversation as they appear to talk the whole way from Derby - arguing about the route:

"Why are we going to Bristol?"

"I've told you, that's where they're filming the show."

"What's in Bristol - the film studio?"

"The future, mum... My future. I hope."

"It's a bloody long way, I hope it's worth it!"

“Me too, mum.”

“Is it a man? You don’t have to go to Bristol to meet a man... You’re a beautiful young lady, you can get a man anywhere.”

“Maybe I don’t want a man?” – which produces a hard sideways stare from her mother...

“Don’t make any silly decisions now, Annabel! One bad apple doesn’t spoil the bunch!”

They finally arrive in Bristol and pull up at the familiar frontage of Martin and Sue’s home*. “This doesn’t look like a film studio...” Says Annabel’s mother.

They get out of the car and walk to the house. Annabel’s little-black-dress is figure hugging and barely reaches mid-thigh, dark stockings run down to black high heels. Her body isn’t perfect, but it’s not bad at all. Legs a little chunky, a bit of a belly, but fine.

They are greeted at the front door by Sue and invited into the home. Mother looks increasingly confused, whispering “What’s going on?”

They enter the living room and that big lovable black Labrador, Prince, is waiting for them. He immediately jumps up at Annabel, then at her mother, then at Sue when she enters. He must think he’s in heaven. Annabel makes a fuss over him, stroking and patting him, giggling that he’s a handsome puppy.

A minute later, Annabel and her mother are sitting side-by-side on the couch. Waiting for Annabel’s big reveal. She looks nervous, her mother is on the edge of her seat.

“Mum... You’ve always been there for me. And you’ve always supported me. And I’ve always been completely honest with you about everything.” Annabel says, picking her words carefully and meaning every syllable.

“You’ve told me over and over that the right man is out there for me, and that I’ve got to go out and find him... And I’ve always said I’ll find the right one one day. But I’ve been keeping a secret from you.”

Her mother looks nervous, hoping her girl isn’t a lesbian because she really wants grandchildren.

Annabel continues, “I haven’t been looking for a man, because men don’t really do anything for me anymore... John being gay didn’t change anything, it just opened my eyes to ‘alternate’ lifestyles. I don’t want a man. And I don’t want to be with another woman...”

Her mother switches from nervous to confused... Annabel takes hold of her mother’s hands.

Annabel takes a big breath, ready to tell her mother something she thought would always be her dirty little secret, her mother tenses up. “Mum... Ever since I was at school, I’ve always wanted to have sex with a dog.”

There’s a deathly silent pause. Annabel holding her breath. Then her mother breaths out.

“I can’t believe I’m saying this, but that’s almost a relief... The way you’ve been acting around me, the silences and the nervousness... I thought for a second you were going to say you wanted to have sex with me!” She laughs a little... As does Annabel, with a shake of her head. Then the ‘dog’ comment sinks in. “... but a dog... Well... I really don’t know what to say. I’m lost for words about

that.”

Annabel cracks a bit of a smile. “This dog...” She says, pointing at Prince. Her mother gasps a little. “Today..?” She asks, and Annabel nods her response.

How do you feel about that?

“How should I feel..?” says Annabel’s mother. “I’ve just found out that my lovely little girl wants to have sex with a dog, for a television show...”

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Annabel has a hopeful, almost pleading look on her face. “I was hoping that you could be there for me - to make me feel ‘safe’. To help me through this.”

Her mother shakes her head a little, breathing hard. “I don’t know if I can be in the room while my girl has sex... That’s just very strange. Not just sex, but sex with a dog. Very strange.”

Sue jumps in, “How about, you stay whilst Annabel gets started - and if it gets too strange, you can go through to the kitchen and get a coffee.”

“Do you have sex with this dog?” Asks mother.

“Yes, all the time.” Says Sue.

“Does your mother watch?”

“No... She’s never watched – but she knows about it, and she says she’s okay with it as long as I’m happy... And I’m very happy.”

Mother takes a deep breath, then “If it’s what you want – and if you want me here for it... I’m always here for you.”

Annabel leans in and gives her mother a hug – it’s an almost American-tv style family moment.

A few minutes later, all the cameras set up, everyone ready – and Annabel is ready to strip. She stands there, reaching up and behind her head to gather her long hair together and tie it in a long pony-tail, high and tight to the back of her skull.

She peels her little black dress up and over her head, revealing pale flesh wrapped in an almost see-through black bustier and matching g-string panties. Her stockings are connected to the bustier rather than a suspender belt. It’s a good look for her. That bustier is doing nothing to support her boobs by the way, they are self-supporting, soft but full and round.

“Can I leave this on? It sounds silly, but I don’t want to be naked in front of my mum...” Annabel giggles, covering her face for a second as she realises how stupid she sounds.

“That’s okay, you’ve got nothing I haven’t seen!” Her mother says – despite what she’s saying she’s struggling to look. Trying to lighten up the mood.

We tell Annabel she can leave the bustier and stocking on if she wants. Sue notes that her bustier and stockings will most likely be ruined if she leaves them on. Annabel says she’s got a change of clothes in the car so it’s okay if her lingerie is damaged.

Annabel pulls her g-string down and steps out of it. Her pussy is neatly trimmed with a thin strip of dark pubic hair. Then looks down at Prince, who is laying down but looking up with his tongue out and his tail wagging. He knows what’s going on.

Despite her nerves, Annabel is still very excited about what she’s doing. She’s waited a long time, now she’s finally going to live out her fantasy. She sits down on the couch again. This time her mother shuffles to the far end – uncomfortable being so close to her half naked offspring.

Now you’re about to begin – what do you think about Prince here?

“He’s very beautiful... I had all these thoughts about this moment, and it was always a bit of a scary thrill, thinking about a big, scary dog getting ready to fuck me... But he’s not scary at all.”

What are you looking forward to the most?

Annabel looks over at her mother, as if she doesn’t want to offend her – having already asked her to watch while she has sex with a dog. “I’m looking forward to getting his knot in me and just owning me.” She cringes a little at her mother’s scowl as she says, “I just want him to make me his bitch.”

Shall we get started?

Annabel says nothing, she just leans back, spreading her legs and opening her pussy up for Prince. He reacts by jumping up and sniffing at her crotch, then quickly letting loose on her with his long tongue. She bucks and gasps at the instant pleasure. Reaching down to stroke his head as he

buries his snout between her thighs and makes her pussy buzz. She moans. Her mother frowns.

She's building toward an orgasm - just needing a few more seconds of tongue action. Breathing hard, squeezing her boobs, moaning and then... He stops... And mounts her, missionary style. His front paws either side of her hips, his hard cock poking out between her thighs - rubbing against her pussy lips.

She reaches down under her thigh, between her legs and grabs the dog's cock - then steers it into her pussy... As soon as there's flesh all around his cock, Prince goes nut, fucking her hard and fast. Pounding into her, missionary style, his head level with her tits which jiggle with every thrust.

She gasps and moans, and swears - "Oh fuck yes, fuck that's good... Ohhhh God..." - as he fucks the shit out of her.

As he moves around, searching for a better position, better purchase for his paws, his hind toe-nails catch on her stockings, his paws on her thin bustier. Both are ripped - but Annabel doesn't care, she's focussed entirely on the feeling of that hot fat cock slipping in and out of her tight cunt.

The fuck doesn't last long, but it's long enough for Annabel to shudder to a rapturous orgasm. Her hips and back jerking, her belly spasming. Her letting out a long, low grumbling moan as she cums.

We catch site of her mother absent-mindedly touching her own tits as she watches her daughter being skewered by the dog. Even leaning forward to take a quick look at the size of the dog's cock in her pussy.

He suddenly slows - she's had her minute of power fucking, now it's time for the knot... That fist-sized lump of pleasure and pain that is growing in her cunt.

Annabel holds the dog by his shoulders, his back, his thighs, as she keeps him as close to her as possible whilst his cock-knot fills her pussy. She twists her face up, experiencing some real pain but loving it.

"How does that feel?" Mother asks, curiosity getting the better of her.

Annabel looks at her mother, gritting her teeth and forcing a smile. "Painful... But awesome... But painful!"

They are locked like this for several minutes before Prince's knot begins to shrink and his big cock slurps out of the woman's pussy. A stream of his cum pouring out and running down the crack of her ass onto the couch and the floor.

Annabel rubs her fingers over her pussy, partly soothing her stretched out cunt, partly rubbing her clit, using the dog's cum as lubricant. Eyes closed, leaning back, catching her breath. One hand rubbing her boob, over the bustier, then putting it through a rip in the lingerie to finger her nipple directly.

Her mother, watching Prince clean his own cock, and now getting into it a little, jokes that Annabel should suck the dog's cock for him - "Every good lover deserves to get his cock sucked..."

Annabel is shocked, but happy. She takes her mother's advice and slips off the couch and lays down on the floor. Sue brings Prince back over to her and stands him over Annabel, his cock still hard and squirting, hanging down over her face. She raises herself to it and runs the tip to run over her pursed lips - then opens her mouth and allows a few jets of cum to shoot in there. Then she takes

the whole thing in her mouth, sucks it in, and starts working it. The more she sucks, the more she seems to be enjoying it. Sucking for a while, then catching her breath, then sucking some more.

Mother is quite impressed, "I didn't know you liked to suck cock so much..."

Annabel pauses her sucking to speak, "Only with this doggy cock!"

Mother talks direct to camera. She looks surprisingly happy with what she's just seen. "She looks really amazing - beautiful. I don't think I've ever seen her genuinely this happy. It's actually very nice to see her looking so content. I mean, no mother wants to see her child having sex, least of all with a dog, but I'm happy I've seen her looking so joyful."

A few minutes later Annabel slips out from under Prince and sits up, catching her breath.

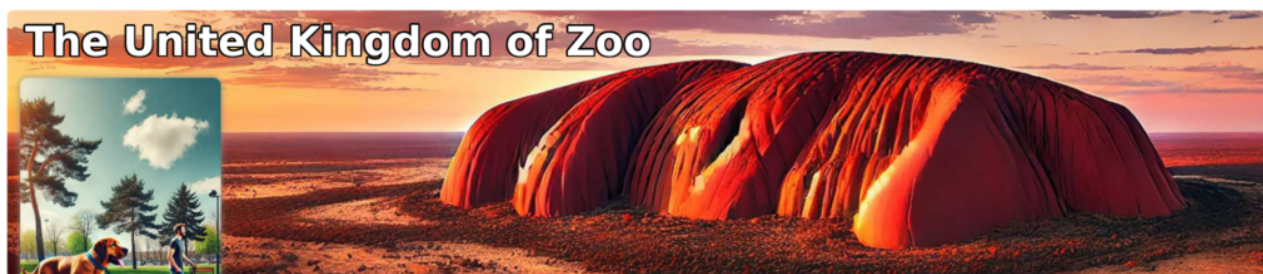
"You should try it, mum."

Her mother turns up her nose. "I don't think so. I'll leave the bestiality to you."

They hug. Annabel's cum soaked, ripped bustier pressing against her mother's white blouse, leaving a stain.

Catch up on what has happened since the show first aired. Annabel has entered what she calls a serious, long term relationship with a Labrador stray she 'picked up' in the local park. She hasn't yet convinced her mother to have sex with the dog, although mum admits she has been tempted. Never say never.

The United Kingdom of Zoo



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