

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Nobody would have believed that Suzy, the plump young blonde, was holding her husband, John, on such a short leash. Nobody would also think she could use tongue leashing, but she held him under her thumb. She had this thing about tidiness and cleanliness, and John was a slob. "Cleanliness is the way of the Lord," she used to say. "It is second only to holiness," and when Suzy spoke of God, she was very serious. You see, Suzy was a very observant Christian.

Not the regular Sunday church-goer, no sir! Suzy went to this and that comity of the church almost every day. The worship of Almighty God did mean much to her. And John, you see, if left alone maybe, he wouldn't attend church regularly. So Suzy didn't leave him alone. After all, a wife is responsible for saving her husband from fire and brimstone, doesn't she?

She was married for seven years, but God had not blessed them with children. Yes, that's how she felt about it - it was God's blessing that they were missing, probably because of the sinful behavior of John, what with his drinking and blaspheming. She even performed her 'wife's duty' very observantly once a week and had sex with him, meaning he lay on her, shoved his dick into her for a few minutes, and spent his semen in her without a blessed outcome.

Well, it wasn't that bad; it didn't hurt or anything, but she didn't know what good people found in it. I don't like eating chocolate. That was tempting! But people indeed did find sex as exciting, even church people! Although having sex without marriage was a sin, the reverend himself was doing it with that Johnson slut, she was sure!

All said she had kept her John under her thumb. So she was shocked one afternoon to see him coming home from work accompanied by a dog. It was quite a big hound, an Irish Setter, not that the fact made any difference to Suzy.

"John Brownshield, what do you think you are doing? Bringing this creature home? Whose dog is it?"

John tried to explain that the dog was a stray wandering about his workplace the last couple of weeks and that they would have put him to sleep if he hadn't taken him with him, but he could save his breath.

"WHAT? You bring this filthy creature home without asking me? God only knows what diseases it carries, and it will mess up all the house, leaving hair and dirt and god knows what. NO! You'll deliver it immediately to the animal welfare society!" Suzy yelled.

Poor John. He had dreamed that, at last, there would be a creature at home that would show him some affection and respect. He babbled that animal welfare was closed already, and it was a well-behaved dog.

At that moment, the dog chooses to lick and clean its penis, exposing the crimson-red tip as dogs do.

'The filthy creature,' thought Suzy. 'God, how disgusting it is, this red dick! And showing it thus to all and sundry. Filthy animal!'

"First thing in the morning, then," Suzy said to John. "And put it away in the garage! Don't you dare to bring it home!"

This wasn't the last time John had heard about the dog. All evening, Suzy went along, scolding him for being irresponsible, thoughtless, and on and on.

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When John left for work in the morning, he didn't take the dog with him. "I don't have time to go to the Animal welfare this morning. It's late already," he told himself. "And maybe She'll change her mind."

When Suzy was preparing her breakfast, she heard an unusual noise from the garage. She went to investigate and saw the Irish setter vigorously wagging its tail.

'The lazy good for nothing,' she thought. 'Such an irresponsible man! I have to do everything myself if I want it to be done.' She told the dog, "So I'll take you to the welfare society. I'll wash."

The dog whimpered and returned to licking its dick, repeatedly showing the red tip. Suzy felt uneasy about it and was even more annoyed with herself for that. "What do you want?" It's just a dumb animal, she told herself, but she felt strange disquiet about the burning red rod.

When she was ready to enter the shower, she heard the dog barking and suddenly felt remorse. 'Poor dumb creature, it must be hungry and thirsty. My good-for-nothing husband has certainly forgotten to feed it,' she thought. And she recalled that being kind to animals is required by the Lord. She put on a bathing robe and went to the garage, stopping in the kitchen to take some empty cans and water.

The dog was very grateful when he saw her with the water can, and to show its gratitude, it vigorously wagged its tail and shoved its nose into Suzy's crotch. Suzy, not accustomed to dogs, mistook its attempt as an attack. She screamed and stumbled, falling backward on her well-padded ass.

Suzy was scared stiff. With horror, she felt the dog pushing its nose into her crotch, expecting the horrendous pain of the dog's bite any moment. Much to her relief, she felt a tongue licking her instead of a bite. 'The creature is only thankful,' she thought. 'It isn't going to hurt me. It's just kissing me.'

'It is rather lovely,' she thought. 'Why did I think it was evil?' And she felt somewhat warm down there. You see, Suzy had never had oral sex before, so at first, she didn't recognize the good feeling she was having as sexually connected, but she grasped what she was doing in a short time.

"God! The filthy creature is raping me!" and she tried to crawl backward, away. The dog growled and licked, pushing deeper and hitting her clit with its nose. "Oooooooooo!"

A hot wave of pleasure took her, moving upwards from her pussy to her face, making her gasp and involuntarily spread her thighs.

"OOOH!"

Another wave, and another one! Oh, god! She was enjoying this, this depraved thing!

"God, it was Satan's doing! This dog here, it certainly was Satan in disguise! Go away, Satan!" She yelled. "AHHHHHHHH!"

The creature was rolling its tongue on her clit, and Suzy's legs spread open by themselves, her bum hopping and twisting. "No, I mustn't! No! I must resist this temptation!"

But her pelvis was now rotating with a will of its own, seeking the searching tongue. Suzy was

creaming heavily, and the dog sniffing the scent of sex, was shoving its nose deeper, his tongue hitting Suzy's clit, rendering her helpless.

"Ahhhhhhhh!" she moaned, "Ooh! Yes!"

She started heaving her pelvis into the searching tongue, seeking to feel it. No, she can't let it go! Suzy's legs wrapped around the dog's head, pulling it into her cunt. All her feelings were now concentrated in her cunt. The rest of the world fell into oblivion. Only her cunt and this gorgeous tongue were left! Her hips were heaving by themselves now, and the world vanished. Suzy had her first orgasm ever.

When the wave subsided, Suzy lay there, her eyes still closed. "You slut!" she admonished herself. "Fucking a dog! A dog?!" And then she was thinking, 'Good Lord! I succumbed to Satan! But, Oh, how good it felt!'

Suzy felt a hot breath on her face and quickly opened her eyes, staring into the Irish setter's open mouth and lolling tongue. Since she was lying on her back, she hastily crawled on her backward until her head hit the wall. In front of her, she saw the dog, now aroused by the smell of her cunt juice, brandishing its red, thick dick entirely out of its sheath.

'NO!' she thought. 'This I can't allow! I won't fuck this creature!! No way,' and she attempted to rise, turning around.

The dog couldn't miss the coveted mark so openly offered to him. It mounted her, crashing her head into the floor, making her dizzy for a moment, and shoved her.

"NO!!" screamed Suzy feeling the red shaft entering her lubricated vagina. "Get away, you bastard!"

But to no avail. The dog only shoved deeper, and Suzy resignedly knew, "You just leave Satan a crack open, and he'll take your soul!" And she left him a wide and wet slit.

"OOOH!" It felt good! The dog was humping her furiously, and Suzy felt the big dick filling her vagina, hitting her cervix. "Ooooooooo!" She felt she had to rub against it. "Damn you, Satan! I-I'll... AHHHHHHHHH!"

She was heaving back, rotating her hips. This was an altogether different sort of good feeling.

"OHH! YES!!" She moaned. "Yes, Satan, Oh, it's so good!"

And she felt the dick growing in her filling her, and something big, huge, was shoving into her cunt, hitting her clit.

OHH! She was heaving, not knowing what she wanted more- to feel her cervix hit or her clit rubbed or that spot. "OH! Yes fuck me, Satan!!" she screamed. "FUCK MEEE!"

The dog was humping fast, strong like possessed, and she felt a stream of liquid hitting her cervix. "OH, YES, LORD SATAN!" she screamed, "FUCK ME! Could you give me your seed? I'm your servant!"

The world was spinning before her eyes and went all black.

After long minutes, Suzy came to, scarcely catching her breath, her face wet with tears of joy. 'LORD! I didn't know one could feel so intensely,' she thought and caught herself. 'I mustn't be

blaspheming! I carry Satan's seed in me now. I am his creature!'

Suzy looked back for Satan incarnated in a dog. Having spent its load, the dog dismounted her and pulled them toward the water bucket, but Suzy's vagina refused to release its bulged dick and clanged to it.

Suzy realized suddenly that the dog wasn't Satan incarnated. It was just a male, a poor dumb animal, Satan's tool like herself, and she was, groveling on her knees, enjoying a dog's dick buried in her vagina! The mere thought made her come again! She was heaving experimentally and then, with all her might, rotating her pelvis against the bulbous dick knotted in her vagina.

"YES," she screamed in her orgasm, the dog whimpering in response, and she let go of the bulbous dick.

The dog went straight to the water, gulping it with long, excited gulps, and then it settled down, licking its penis and waving its tail in gratitude.

Suzy gathered herself slowly up, her mind reeling with the last hour's feelings and memories. Less than an hour ago, she came into this garage a god-fearing respectful woman and wife, and here she stands now, Satan's tool, a dog fucking slut. No doubt about it! She could feel the seed of Satan trickling from her vagina down to her thighs.

With a shudder, she turned to the kitchen, calling, "Come, doggie, come. You deserve your meal!"

Having fed him, Suzy went to her meeting of the church community culture meeting, wondering what the committee members would do if they knew that here she sat in their midst, with the devil's seed inside her.

The dog remained with them, of course. Suzy decided that she had discerned a faint lettering SD on its collar, or so she told her husband and decided that this was to be its name.

S.D. for Satan's Dog.

*The End*