

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I have seen her before, walking her dog. She is elegant and assured, perhaps in her late forties, and expensively kept. Her dog is her match, a show-worthy silver-gray Lab who walks at her side with well-mannered grace.

Today, I had my camera set up at one of my favorite trees, hoping my fickle hummingbird girlfriend, Alicia, would grace me with her presence. As I waited in vain, I spotted the pair coming along the main path on a stroll, pausing to admire the flowers. I waited until they were closer and, when she knelt to look closer at something, swung my camera about and took some shots of her, her dog sitting in patient obedience by her side. When she stood and turned, she saw me there with my big lens pointed her way and gave a smile.

I pointed to my camera and gestured at her, miming permission to take another. She stopped and set herself in three-quarters view and then looked at me with an unselfconscious smile, knowing how lovely she looked and enjoying the compliment. After finishing my shots, I stood and bowed my head to her in thanks.

I had supposed she would continue, but she came directly to me. "I have seen you here before, usually in the bushes, taking pictures of birds. Are you having no luck and settling for me today?" she asks.

"The birds have been quiet, but I look for beauty in all forms. You and your dog fit that quest admirably."

"Thank you, he is quite the looker," she says quietly, stroking the noble head against her thigh.

"You make an elegant couple."

She glances up, then smiles with a slight blush. "He's very special. I'm Beatrice," she said, offering a hand.

"Kirstin. And he?"

"This is Benedick"

"Pleased to meet you then, Benedick," as he dutifully brought his paw to my offered hand. "I would love to take you again, something more posed and personal than here in the pathway."

"That does sound like fun, and I don't have a good picture of us together. At my home, you mean. Something like that?"

"No, something here, in nature. It seems more fitting than a couch or chair. I know a place here, quiet and hidden away, but I don't want to keep you from anything."

"My husband's out of town on business, so my time is my own. Lead the way, my dear," Beatrice said with a smile.

I gather my camera gear, and we set off on the path leading to the back of the grounds, where the plants are more natural. After a short time, I move to a large, dense bush and elbow back its branches, revealing a hidden side path. Benedick moves forward, casting a careful eye, before allowing things to be safe beyond. Once on the path, we move through the old trees and shrubs, finally coming out in a small clearing, sheltered from view but well-lit by the sun pouring in through

the trees.

As Benedick sniffs in the deep layer of leaves blanketing the floor, I guide Beatrice to a thick-trunked sycamore.

"I think you here would be perfect. The light is good, and the dark colors set off your hair."

She sits and draws her legs back. "Here," tapping the ground beside her.

Benedick moves immediately to her side and sits. As she poses, I begin taking pictures, moving from side to side, an arm draped over the dog, her hand on its face.

"Okay, look to the side, into the distance, like you're missing your lover. Oh, you've done this before, you minx," I said as she struck a wistfully exaggerated, lovelorn pose, her head just above Benedicks. "That's lovely; now stretch out your legs and slide down comfortably, as you would nap, and Benedick lay by her side."

She giggles as she moves and taps again. Benedick walks a small circle and lays beside her, his head on her shoulder. I stand back for some long shots, low to the ground. Beatrice is stroking down Benedict's chest with one hand and caressing his head with the other, and her eyes were gazing upward. As I pause, I watch as Benedict twitches and slowly lolls his top leg back, exposing his full belly and groin. The bright red tip of his penis is peeping out of its sheath. He twitches again, and Beatrice looks down and sees me looking at the growing display.

"Oh, dear! I am sorry! Benedick!" Beatrice said, red-faced.

"Not a worry, none. The conditioned response?" I asked with a raised eyebrow.

"I don't know what you mean," she said, her eyes wide, staring at me.

"I mean, this is how you usually begin, yes?"

Her face blinks white, but I don't allow her to respond.

"I know my Shakespeare, and I know that look you had with him beside you like this. But have no fears from me. I have a friend who also enjoys a deeper relationship with her dog, and it's beautiful."

Beatrice is making small noises, taking short breaths, and trying to work out what to do. I look down and see that Benedict's cock is continuing to grow, stretching and swelling from its sheath. I look back at her.

"May I?"

She stares as I lower my hand and slowly draw a finger up the red-veined member. At the top, I swirl my fingertip, picking up a fat drop of thick fluid seeping out. Looking back at Beatrice, I hold her eyes and bring the finger to my mouth. I pause for a second, then lick it clean.

"Mmmm," I murmur, "lovely taste." I see her hands shaking and turn back. This time, my finger traces out the contours of his large testes. "Impressive balls. Can you take all he gives?"

"I...I..." Beatrice tries in a tiny voice, then pauses and squeezes her eyes shut.

After a long minute, they open, and she has decided. "No," her voice firm again. "I can only manage two good mouthfuls before I have to stop. Benedick just bathes my face after that. But I do have

beautiful skin for it..." she says with a smile.

"How long?"

"Since he was a puppy," then, quietly after a pause, "Most of my life."

"Does your husband know?"

"Oh, God, he'd die! His idea of exotic sex has me doggie style!"

We both stare for a long second, then giggle like schoolgirls at her joke.

"I think our gentleman is ready for some pictures. Come around so you can reach his beauty." She reverses herself and leans against Benedick's side, an arm across his lean, muscled body. She reaches forward to take him in hand, but I stop her. "Let me," and I turn her hand palm up and slide it under his long thick cock, two fingers on either side, so it fills her palm, reaching to her wrist. "Cup it gently with your fingers, feel its thickness. Rest your thumb on top. Perfect. Now, draw your hand out gently till the head is in your hand. Yes, that is beautiful."

At that, a thick rope of semen pumps into her hand, then another, and I shoot as fast as I can.

"Bring your hand up slowly now, and let it tilt."

She's catching on and turns her wrist, so the thick cum rivers down her fingers onto Benedict's belly.

"Taste him..."

Her eyes close, she puts her fingers deep into her mouth with a low, guttural moan and holds them there, savoring her lover.

"Go to him. Take what you desire. Now..."

She slides further down till his cock is resting against her cheek. She pulls back and swirls her tongue across the head. Beatrice puts her closed lips against it and slowly moves her head forward, letting him slide into her like he was sliding into her wet cunt. The woman begins slowly, fucking him with her mouth, her hand grasping his knot. Her tempo increases until she holds him deep, then pulls back just to the tip as his hips shutter, and she gives a deep moan. I can see her head jerk and sway as she struggles to swallow the mouthful of cum Benedict has just delivered. I am moving about, shooting tight and far, above and below. She begins her stroking, again and again, and is filled. At last, she pulls her mouth away and takes a deep, gasping breath.

"Oh god, oh god..." she moans as she struggles to open her belt.

I lean to her aid and open her pants, and she slides her hand in and begins rubbing herself furiously.

"More! I need more..." Beatrice squeals, grasping his cock and swallowing it again, her hand sliding up and down its wet length, coaxing forth another cascade.

When it comes, she's shaking too hard to hold him, and his cock pops from her mouth, only filling it halfway, the rest spilling across her cheek and neck. Beatrice is moaning and gurgling as I dump my camera to the ground and grasp her head in both hands. I cover her mouth with mine and suck the rich fluid from her. My tongue and hers stirred it to a froth. She grabs the back of my head, pulling at my hair and pressing me harder into her. I drop my hand between her legs and cover hers,

pressing into her. Her body spasms and convulses, her hips thrusting against our combined pressure as she screams into my mouth.

As the tremors fade, she falls limp, her eyes closed, her breathing slowly returning to normal. I gently lower her head onto Benedick's cum pooled belly, nestling it along his penis, which again only shows the red tip still poking from its sheath. I take up my camera and shoot the image I was hoping for: her beautiful sunlit face, her tousled hair, the thin ropes of semen gleaming like a silver cobweb across her cheek and neck. She looks utterly sated, blissful, her mind cradled in her lover's arms.

I pull a towel from my bag and leave it with my water bottle beside her. I gather up my gear and leave, my legs quivering, needing my private place.

A week passed before I saw her again. Like last time, she comes upon me as I wait for that damn bird.

"Hello, Kirstin."

"Hello, Beatrice, hello, Benedick. I've been hoping to see you," I said.

"I took a little trip with my husband, but I'm back now."

"This is for you." I hand her the data card I have been carrying around. "It's your pictures, but only when you have time alone."

"And this is for you, darling, my private cell and my address," handing me a card. "Benedick, I hope you might join us at home some afternoon."

"I think that would be very nice, Beatrice. I look forward to it." I bend to kiss her gently. I start to straighten, but she stops me with a hand on my cheek.

"It's sort of funny, you know, that I never thought of being with a woman. Benedick approves."

Her kiss is longer, less gentle, and full of deep promise.

The End