

READBEAST

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Pamela Harper lay alone in her bed with the awareness, the growing concern, and accompanying anxiety that her life was empty. No matter how hard she tried to structure it, to give it a unifying sense of order or purpose, she sensed that life wasn't worth a dime without someone next to her to share her dreams, goals, and aspirations.

How many mornings have I awakened like this with nothing, just a career, but no one alongside me? This question and others passed across her mind. She looked up and stared at the ceiling, searching for an answer to the emptiness.

Love was the problem; at twenty-eight, it seemed her biggest concern. The daily hassles of making a living, running a business, and making ends meet were not nearly as disconcerting as she was not in love. Indeed, she was acutely aware of the last time she had felt anything akin to romantic involvement, which had been more than five years before, right after graduating from college.

But she referred to it for the past five years as a desert, a wasteland.

Men had come and gone, in and out of her life. If she was an ugly woman, she could've been able to give herself a much-needed rationalization for her loneliness. But there was no way for her to convince herself that men didn't turn somersaults over her.

And that, too, was a problem, keeping them off of her, getting them out the door before things took on a leering shade of carnal red. Like what had happened last night, she thought. She thinks of that now, glad too that it was Sunday morning, and she didn't have to get out of bed and get the shop open and ready for customers.

On Sundays, she had a neighborhood boy clean the pens and feed the animals so she didn't have to worry about getting up and rushing out of her apartment. That was what Dick Truman had told her, too. "You don't have to get up early tomorrow, Pam, so what's the big hassle, anyway?"

It had been less of a question than a statement. No, 'time' hadn't been the hassle. Only Dick Truman wants her, and he's anxious to have her on a silver platter like a roast suckling pig. He's the pig, she said to herself, shuddering at the thought and then wondering if she might be frigid or even a little bit distant.

After all, Dick was undoubtedly an attractive guy. But he was too pushy for her, too much of a hard-drinking bruiser. He didn't have a gentle touch, which had turned her off from him from the very first.

I won't accept any more dates from him, that's all, she decided, right then and there. Pam wondered if it had been her fault, if she had led the man on, agreeing to go out with him for four dates over as many weeks. And last night had been the clincher, that's for sure.

"What are you, some cockteasing ball-buster!" he had shouted when they were alone in her apartment when she had once again rebuffed his sexual advances, feigning first a headache and then a lack of interest in making love with him.

"Just get out of here and leave me alone," she had snapped back, sorry she had ever been conned - for that was how Pam saw it - into letting him come into the apartment for a nightcap. "A nightcap isn't a euphemism for let's fuck, Mr. Truman!"

"I don't think you'd know how, anyway, kiddo," the man had replied, as cocky and sure of himself as

she had always felt him be. "Have a good life, baby, a good long horny life." And with that, he had let himself out, slamming the door behind him.

She hated herself for breaking down after he had stormed out, for collapsing on the couch, her body racked with sobs. Because what Pamela Harper couldn't deal with was the fact that whatever Dick had said somehow rang true. She hadn't enjoyed sex with a man in ages, more than just weeks or even a month or two.

And she knew it was abnormal to stifle her desires, to squelch her sexual appetites, all in the name of love. It wasn't as if she was a virgin or even an old maid. At the ripe young age of twenty-eight, she was more of a woman than ever. Full-hipped, narrow-waisted, blessed with an abundant and upthrust bustline and features that seemed to remind men of the heads adorning cameo pins, she was a woman who was very much aware of her allure, her sexual magnetism, in particular.

Hadn't she caught the boy who helped her out during the week and on Sundays, giving her the eye? She knew she had, knew that half of the sales made at her shop were partly since not only was the woman a natural-born saleswoman but the fact that she was too lush and seductive for customers to say no.

Truman had felt that she decided. But she had been the one who had said no to him. The one who had denied him not only his pleasure but also hers. Not for one minute did she doubt that he would be good in bed. But she wasn't in love with him and knew there was no chance she would ever be in the world.

"But you don't have to be in love to get fucked," he had told her that night, rephrasing a line he had used on each of their four dates. "It's just nice to sleep with someone, to give someone pleasure and get pleasure as a result... of giving, of giving to someone else, Pam."

She knew he had been earnest, but it still hadn't changed the situation or her mind one iota. "They don't understand me, Bix. That's the problem," she said aloud. "They don't know what kind of person I am. I give; I have feelings, don't I?"

In response, Bix crawled up from where he had been sleeping at the foot of Pam's bed. He sat up and cocked his head to the side; his dark liquid brown-black eyes were seemingly reflecting her every questioning thought and turn of mood.

"You're a good boy, Bixie. You understand me... not like anyone else," she went on. She reached out and ran her fingers over the top of the Scottish terrier's head. He yapped happily and scooted over the covers to sit on her chest.

Despite his thirty pounds of hard bone and muscle, his weight was not in the least bit uncomfortable. Pamela's hands snaked down along Scottie's flanks, and she ran her fingers through the thicker fur along his sides, then down over his back where the hair had just been stripped.

It was tough as nails, wiry, and jet-black.

"You're a champ; you know that, Bixie. You're Champion, Sir Bix Reliant. That's what it says on your papers. But you're just good old Bixie to me, feller."

In response, the dog lay on her blanketed body, arched his short, muscular neck, and lavished her face with kisses. His spoon-shaped tongue slapped raspily over her cheeks and lips, and she smiled contentedly to herself.

At least animals understand me, she thought, knowing she had chosen a perfect profession. She ran a pet shop – Pam’s Pet Palace said the brightly lettered sign over her front windows. All day, she was surrounded by the chattering and chirping, the barking and meowing of monkeys and parrots, puppies, and kittens.

But when she came home at night, all she had was Bix, faithful and there for her. But still a dog, not a man. Now, Scottie continued to lick her face with his rough, raspy-edged tongue. Pam hugged him close against her, wanting to cry but unable to produce tears to sluice down her cheeks.

The anguish was there but trapped, locked inside of her. She didn’t even feel sorry for herself either. Despite what she saw as an accumulation of thwarted passions or perhaps just a lack of emotion, those feelings stifled inside of her.

Whether or not it was a defense mechanism, a subconscious barrier she put up around herself to ward off men, was something that only a psychiatrist could tell her. And since she was not in analysis, she had to rely on her sense of self. She’d introspected on such matters for years, never coming up with an answer to save the day and her life from the drudgery of being alone.

Now, Bix was there for her; she knew it was better than nothing. The dog was quite content to lie on top of her. He was slightly oversized for the breed, though judges hadn’t ever held it against him. But now that he had earned his points and title of “Champion,” she had decided to forego the showing for a while, realizing that involving herself with the dog had just been another way of whiling away the hours, passing the time between working and sleeping. Or maybe, she told herself then, just living and dying.

Self-defeat and self-pity were the two emotions she feared most of all, even more than opening up to others, laying herself vulnerable and bare, naked inside and out. She gave her affections to her animals, to Bix in particular. And when his tongue slid down from her lips to move back and forth along her chin and the edge of her neck, the pleasure it afforded her could not be easily dismissed.

She let go of him then and raised her hands above her head, yawning, tossing her bouncy honey-blond tresses this way. The mirror right across from her reflected her every move, and she could see her face coming back at her, a look that was still not alive to the start of another day.

The covers slid down around her waist as she propped the pillows behind her back and reached the night table to get a cigarette. Pam never wore pajamas or a nightgown to bed, preferring to sleep in the nude, just the sheets and bedding touching her naked flesh.

And today was no exception. The covers were crumpled up around her waist, and just as she struck a match for her cigarette, she gave a start and looked down, amazed by what Bix had taken upon himself to perform.

He was still lying down on top of the blankets. But now, he had turned his attention away from her face, his tongue sliding hotly right between her naked and rounded breasts. She lit the cigarette, inhaled deeply, and pressed her head against the foam rubber pillows.

She could see what was happening reflected in the mirror, and the sight was oddly intriguing as much as it was just plain amusing. Bix seemed determined to lick every inch of her body as if he was grooming her for the show ring the way she had so diligently groomed him.

And Pam had no desire to stop the dog’s oral attentions. The slurp of his tongue could be heard, and she trembled as he slid his cold, wet nose over until it rubbed against one of her sleeping nipples.

Idly, she reached down with one hand and ran the tips of her fingers over one nipple and then the other. "See the little nose, Bixie," she giggled, amusing herself as she caught one flaccid nipple between her thumb and forefinger, shoving it forward in the dog's face.

Bix lashed out with his tongue slurping over the nugget of tit-flesh she pushed in his face. Pam sighed gently and pushed the covers back, letting the cold air circulating through the opened bedroom windows caress her tawny thighs, the smooth and slightly rounded hillock of her belly.

She watched Bix as he continued to lick this way and that. And when she finally let go of her nipple, she was not even surprised to see how its previously flaccid state had undergone a marked change. Now, both of her nipples seemed perky and taut, standing up stiffly and capping her full, rounded breasts.

And as the Scottie kept licking them, they seemed to grow even more turgid, hard fleshy points like bright pink berries. Another shiver coursed through her body, and she gently eased the dog down. She spread her thighs apart to make room for him between her legs.

"You're a good boy, Bix, a real gentleman," she whispered with a pleased and affectionate smile, never doubting the dog's loyalty or devotion to her, a sense of always being where no man in the last five years had ever convinced her of truly feeling.

But she missed men and even more with each passing day. She was acutely aware of her lack and needs, and it was no surprise to her when her hands seemed to move on their own accord. Almost involuntarily, as if they had a mind, they slid down until her fingers pressed against the top of Bix's black-haired head.

"Come on, Bixie. You know how to do it," she said in an authoritarian whisper, her voice the same tone as when she had first begun to train the Scottie.

Bixie didn't bark or attempt to pull away despite the uncomfortable and insistent pressure of Pam's two hands. Instead, he crouched down and then buried his face forward just as she lifted her legs so that her knees were raised and the soles of her feet were flat against the top of the mattress.

When she let go of his head, she whimpered softly, savoring the way Bix's tongue was now moving in almost concentric circles, lashing around her tawny pubic mound. Her eyes were glued between her legs, and she stared at herself, knowing every detail of her body but still pleased with her appearance.

The small triangular crop of short, wiry, dark-blond pubic hair was licked repeatedly. Bix was drooling over her pussy, and she knew from experience that the very smell of her cunt, even after she had just washed or taken a shower, turned the dog on to a most remarkable degree.

There was no need to tempt him to coat her pussy with whipped cream or jam. All she had to do now was lean back against the pillows and enjoy his oral caresses, the attentive and diligent way his tongue was snaking her meaty pubic mound.

She kept staring even as the first telltale flickers of delight grew more noticeable, welling up inside her. The walls of her cunt were soon fluttering spasmodically, gently undulating and fibrillating against each other.

A thin oily trickle of vaginal sap rolled down the length of her canal, oozing out like dripping syrup, right between the thin narrow lips of her pussy. And when Bix tried to push his tongue between them, she didn't hesitate to encourage him further.

"That's it, good boy, keep going, Bixie, don't stop," she urged, her fingers sliding hotly up and down her body, her palms rotating over her stiff-standing and inflamed nipples. Finally, she reached down between her legs, and even as Bix's tongue continued to probe the damp recesses of her vulva, her fingers grabbed hold of the twin flaps of puffy and tingling meat that bordered her gash.

She splayed them back with a single fluid motion of her hands. She sucked in her breath as well as she exerted pressure, peeling her cunt lips wide to expose the raw glistening meat of her clitoris and vulva. The pulpy button of cunt-flesh was already jutting out like the tip of a baby's little finger.

Her training now paid off; for the instant, she peeled back her vaginal lobes; the dog took a deep sniff and worked his tongue right over the erect little nugget of meat that was her clitoris. A spastic shiver of raw delight made her legs shudder, and she gasped as she felt the flicker of pleasure growing in strength, welling up inside of her pussy.

It was always like this, this slow and deliciously torturous ascent to the point of climax, the pinnacle of raw erotic release. "Come on, good boy, more," she whispered, demanding the Scottie service her.

She thrust her crotch forward, and her hips began to undulate with rhythmic insistence, her body writhing gently on the bed. More and more cunt juice spilled down from the shuddering walls of her pussy, only to be gobbled down, slurped, and sucked up by the dog's fast-moving tongue.

And the more Bix licked and tongued her pussy, his tongue pistoning in and out from between the trembling puffy lips of her vagina, the more aroused Pam Harper fast became. She could feel her climax growing in strength, and she began to buck and heave, jerking her crotch back and forth against the terrier's lowered face.

Her strenuous shivering motions seemed to spur the dog on, and Bix's hard, raspy tongue almost nipped at her cunt as she felt the way the animal was sucking down the thick rivers of oily musky sap which sluiced down along the walls of her pussy.

Her cunt was swampy and overheated now, but she didn't want to come... not right this instant, in any event. So rather than shorten her pleasures, she sought to prolong them by lifting her legs back until her knees were pressing down against her tits and the smooth white cheeks of her boyish ass jutted out in Scottie's direction.

The gamy sour odor of her anus had, so she had discovered when Bix was just a puppy, always aroused the dog's oral attention. This Sunday morning was certainly no exception, for no sooner had she thrust her bottom out in his direction when Bix dug deeper, shoving his snout and then his swift-moving little tongue right between the warm, supple cheeks of her delectable bottom.

A low-pitched sigh of ecstasy escaped Pam's lips the instant she felt Bix's tongue licking and dabbing at the pink puckered folds of her anus. The hairless, rosy aperture began to clench and unclench like a toothless mouth as she worked her sphincter muscles to egg the dog on to greater and greater feats of oral - and now, lingual - excess.

He never fails me, she thought to herself as the dog's tongue palpitated the rim of her anus. She reached down then and pulled her buns as far apart as she could, stretching the narrow, slick opening of her fundament.

Bix's tongue worked its way to the inner edge of her rectum. And as soon as this was accomplished, Pam let go of her buttocks and rammed her stiffened index finger right down between the twin puffy lips of her cooze.

"Shit, do it! More, eat me, lick me!" she cried out, shuddering more violently as her passions began to erupt with demonic force and intensity.

There was no stopping her, or Bix, after that.

Her index finger surged in and out as she pistoned it down into her pussy, farther than the length of the terrier's tongue could allow. The wet slippery walls of her cunt surged together to embrace her digit, and a second finger soon followed the searing path of the first, the two of them moving in unison held stiffly and tightly together.

She scissored them open and shut around the stalk of her steamy cut, and the friction thus produced made her body thrash more vigorously on the bed. Any second, and she knew it would happen, her orgasm descending upon her like a bolt of lightning.

But she tried to hold it back for as long as possible, the floodgates of ecstasy about to break down, and the rush of pleasure streamed like boiling water through her excited body. And all this time, Bix was still licking and reaming her asshole, rimming her out and never growing tired of the task she had rather effortlessly taught him when he was just a pup.

Her two fingers worked like a cock, plunging more determinedly in and out of her pussy, scraping up against her clit in their maddened rush down into her shuddering vagina. She closed her eyes then, and it was just the same as always, the same fantasy taking wing in her mind, filling her thoughts with its pleasurable and highly arousing images.

Her fingers kept moving, swifter than ever, as she consciously dreamed the fantasy that always consumed her when she was moments away from her climax. In it, she was right where she was now, lying in bed, with or without Bix. Her blonde hair was spread out over the white pillowslip like a golden halo, and soft rays of early morning light danced and glinted along the pale blue bedroom walls.

But she was not asleep, for, in her fantasy, her eyes were half-open, capable of seeing everything about to take place. It started when a shadow moved behind the drawn lace curtains, a silhouette she instinctively knew belonged to a man. Then, a leg with a scuffed cowboy boot and a covering of skintight faded denim slid over the window sill, followed by another foot and a body that pushed the window wider so the man could access her bedroom.

And there she was, lying in bed, pretending to be asleep but seeing everything happening. The man of her dreams, literally and figuratively, now eased himself into her silent bedroom, invading her home and her privacy.

But in the fantasy, and now in real life, a smile could be seen etched across her thin pursed lips as she caught sight of the silent figure staring down at her while she lay in bed. Languidly, she turned over onto her back, flicking the covers down as if she were still asleep.

And the man's eyes opened even wider, dark brown eyes that seemed capable of drilling into her flesh like laser beams. They gazed in awe and delight at the bristly bush of fur which adorned her tender virginal pubic mound, highlighting the narrow gash of her cunt furrow, accenting the drooping lips of her twat now curling in against each other, furry and warm and slightly damp with the juices which had oozed down her trench during the night.

She could see his excitement branded like a tattoo across his face, the way his nostrils dilated as he sucked in his breath, the way his thickly sensual lips opened as if they were linked directly to his wide and staring eyes.

And then, she opened her eyes wider and gave a sudden start of fear, fear that was dealt with in a flash as the stranger threw himself down on top of the bed. The bedcovers were pulled back like flimsy tissue paper, and he took hold of her supple thighs and then rammed his flushed and eager face right down between her spread-eagled legs.

But in the dream, she did not scream or fight back, except to give a sudden shudder of defiance, defiance which vanished the instant the stranger's lowered head nuzzled against her box and his tongue lashed out across her warm and inviting pussy.

Yes, do it, lick me, love me, she thought to herself, her fingers still moving in and out of her cunt as her passions got ready to erupt like molten lava, her body a volcano about to explode with a fiery vengeance.

It was so bright, so lifelike that when she opened her eyes, she could still see the man lying down, stretched out on the bed, his jean-clad legs hanging over the foot of the bed, and his tongue lapping frantically across her juicy pubic mound.

She closed her eyes tightly then as if to reinforce the potency of her erotic dream, her lusty fantasy. Yes, it was better this way. Pam decided to herself, still moaning as she felt her climax about to overwhelm her.

The man no longer frightened her; his startling entrance through her bedroom window, the way his lips and tongue were plundering and raping her cunt, all arousing her in a way no man in her real life had ever succeeded in doing before.

The stranger's hard-muscled body turned her on as well, and his thick, curly brown hair was soft and baby-fine when she reached down and ran her fingers through it, gently and lightly caressing the top of his head.

She had seen too his lean and burly physique and the potent rounded bulge tenting up the front of his skintight jeans. All these visual stimuli served to inflame her passions, and then, as she imagined how his tongue would feel as it pistoned in and out of her cunt, how the edges of his front teeth would nip and chew up and down the length of her stubby hot clit, she suddenly threw her legs down over Bix's head. She screamed out, knowing that the moment of pleasure was finally at hand.

She let her passions take control, and as she maneuvered a third finger into place, she was gasping and shaking on the bed, her limbs shivering involuntarily. Her orgasm was erupting with all the fire and delight no man had ever gotten her to feel.

"More, lick me, love me, love me!" she cried out as if the burly young man in her dream was there, standing by the foot of her bed with a lewd and lascivious grin etched across his lips.

The End