

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



It had all started innocently enough. She was so lonely without her husband, who was driving a truck overseas for the two of them. Before he left, he had bought her a guard dog, a bull mastiff that she had named "Spot" because of the white spot between his ears and around one eye. Well, anyway, he had bought the dog to keep her company while he was away.

Jonathon, her husband, had left that next week, leaving her and the puppy to get aquatinted. He was already paper-trained, and Mindy had his barks down pat in no time so that he did not make a mess anywhere in the house.

The puppy had been really smart and had only grown smarter as he grew older. The first sign that Spot would be more than a pet dog was when Mindy came home late. It had been a madhouse at the office, and Mindy had been "asked" to stay late. She called and talked to the answering machine, apologizing that she would not be there to feed him on time.

When she hung up, her closest workers made light of Mindy's having a lover. She emphatically denied it, although she knew better than to tell them who it was. She even stopped by the grocer and picked up his favorite steak, meaning she would eat steak sandwiches for the rest of the week.

Her husband watched their expenditures like a hawk and did not approve of even canned food for "her" Spot. No, if he did not like a cup of dry a day, he would just starve!" Jonathon always yelled when he caught her feeding Spot, so she shared half with him whenever she bought fresh meat. Her carpool bitched about it, but the local locker had the best meats. It was right on the way, too!

When she turned the last key in the last lock on the front door, Spot was sitting on the old blanket on the sofa, and at first, she breathed a sigh of relief that everything was going to be okay.

"Hi boy, hey, you know what I have here? It is a..."

He stood, stretched, yawned, and brushed past her, shoving her to one side a bit with his bulk. He walked out the door with so much as a wag of his tail; how rude!

He did his business in the corner of his favored yard, returned, sat on the couch, and sighed.

"Oh, come on, it isn't that bad. Come on! I have a steak for you to make up for it!"

He just looked at me and sighed again. He raised a paw and worried at a nail, ignoring me.

"Look, damn it, I was late because I had to work, okay?"

He yawned at that. Spot did not know what work was like, and all he did was lie around and sleep all day!

"Look, Spot, you are my dog, not the other way around!"

At that, Spot gave me a dirty look. If dogs can raise an eyebrow that would have been the look! I sighed this time and went and put the steak in the fridge if he was not going to eat it, then that made more for me. I went over to take my shoes off by the back door. I heard him get off the couch and scratch his nails on the upstairs steps. The steps were inlaid oaks, as were most of the floors. It was just easier taking care of hardwood than carpets. Well, he stopped at the second of two landings. He looked at me and barked once.

"A bath, now, at this time of the day?" I asked him, as this was one of our usual routines.

He nodded and barked and started up the stairs. I sighed and thought back. It was his week for a bath, as he only got one when he was dirty from the yard or once a month. As we had had no rain for almost seven weeks, Spot was due for a bath. I sighed and started unbuttoning the dress. I might as well shower with him; there's no sense wasting the water!

I wanted a bath, though, and tried to figure out a way to do that. He would already be sitting in the tub, and Spot was already pissed at me, so I better not make him get out and sit on the bed; no telling what I would find when I was done! So shower it was, I stepped into the bathroom! I pushed the dress off my shoulders and over my breasts and off my hips and ass. I had the perfect example of the hourglass shape. I was well-endowed chest-wise and with both wide hips and ass.

I kicked the dress into the clothes hamper with a smile. I still had that college soccer kicker's leg! It did feel good to get out of that bra though I cupped one breast and noticed the sag, damned gravity! I had high firm breasts until last year, when I gained all of that weight. Then I saw myself in the mirror and sighed; okay, that was a lie. I smiled and nodded, twisting my lips and kissing my little finger. No lie was left if I could help it!

He barked then, and I saw that not only was he in the tub, but he was licking himself.

Oh, it was a shower now. I was not taking a bath with his doggy turds floating in the water!

I bent over, slipped the pantyhose off, pitched them into the sink, and ran water for them. That would get the hot water going so I could run the water for the temp. Was he still licking himself? I caught myself twirling my long blonde hair around my fingers like always when confronted with a puzzle.

Why was Spot licking himself this much? The water hit my fingers where they braced me at the sink, and I shut the water off, adding a squirt of soap. I gave the water a swish to activate it and walked over, sat on the tub, and turned the water on. He drank a little from it like he always did. That must be some kind of doggy ritual or something because some of the books I had mentioned that even the smaller and larger breeds than he was all did that.

Once I was sure of the water temperature, I turned the shower on and went to get three towels. Two were special for him and a third for me, and I set them on the rack by the shower curtain. I grabbed the soap bar for both of us and stepped into the spray. It felt good, too, and Spot barked when I hogged it to get my hair wet. I soaped it up, combed it out, and rinsed.

Did he raise a leg and kind of squatted and bent to lick his cock? I had been under the impression that Spot was licking his ass or balls or something but his cock? It was what he was licking, about four inches, but as she stared wide-eyed, it was thicker than Jonathon!

He looked up at me and barked a strange bark, then turned his head just so, and I felt his gaze at my pussy somehow? I shook my head. He was a dog, for crying out loud. Get a grip, Mindy! I turned and started soaping myself up, turned to wash my shoulders, and found he was sitting there watching me. I looked into his eyes, and he jerked forward with a bark, and I looked down and blushed. What in the hell was going on here? I set myself and looked up, and he was still sniffing and bent again to lick. I found myself staring at his cock and blushed even harder!

How could he do that? It was not like I was looking at his cock like that! I wondered idly if it was longer than my husband too. I shook my head; he was a dog, Mindy, for crying out loud. What was wrong with me? I shook my head, shook it off, soaped up my hair again, and rinsed it well. Without

thinking, I continued bending down, bracing with one hand on his back as I soaped his coat. He licked at my big breasts like he always did, yet this time, I felt them firm up.

I stood up, bringing my breasts clear, and he licked my stomach once, forcing me to step back again. He advanced, licking at my thick bush. My back hit the wall, and I squeaked, then I yelled as his tongue made contact with my entire pussy from bottom to top! He followed me, and I reached out, braced, and grabbed the walls. The sensations, as he rapidly fired and licked me, made me light-headed and immediately confused as I moaned from the sensations his tongue was doing!

I smelled something, and it was aromatic, with a musky smell that made my breasts ache. I shook my head to clarify what my body was reacting to. He was just a dog, not a man! I had my toys and was as satisfied as possible without Jonathan between my legs.

‘Spot’ might not have been Jonathon, but he was doing something Jonathon refused to do. ‘Spot’ was licking me, too. I felt the sensation of that tongue and moaned. ‘Spot’ was a dog, though, and my conscience forced me to try to stop what he was doing.

I whipped the curtain aside, knocking him away with my hip. I stepped out of the shower and started for the door. Spot acted like we were playing and was hot on my heels. My left foot slid out from under me as Spot barked. I dropped to my knees, and he danced behind me. I caught my breath. I was safe like this; he could not bite my boobs like he liked to do when we played. He danced around me, though, and that was when it happened.

I still do not know who was more surprised, Spot or I, but suddenly I grunted at the length of something hot shoved deep up into me. He was brutal and quick, and I was fighting my orgasm harder than I was fighting him. What if she was having an orgasm? What male fantasy was this?

Jonathon was in and out so fast that I never could have! So this seemed like a marathon to me, five going on ten or twenty minutes of solid sex? I was in fucking heaven! There was no stopping it, though, and I did it; I had an orgasm. Some of you may be asking, “So she had an orgasm, big deal.”

I had been married for over ten years, and my husband had yet to do that himself more than twice, and those were both in the first year!

So here I was in the throes of my first-ever sex orgasm, and I was with my pet dog, Spot. Then I stopped fighting it, the orgasm. I fell into the embrace of my body, and it released. I grunted again and again and slammed the floor with my fists. I still do not know why I never screamed or told him “no”; I just knelt there and took all he had to offer me.

It was a lot, too, much more than the one person I had ever had sex with. It was even bigger and wider than my two vibrators. I was full, and as some of you may guess at this moment, I would get fuller. He fucked me hard and fast, just like my husband had done since I had met him, so that was somehow making it okay? Not all right, but okay, you know?

I was, however, having my second orgasm at that point. I did not know about ‘the knot,’ and as I was in the middle of my second sexual orgasm in a row, I did not care what else was going on back there. The dog had to have been going non-stop for over an hour already! I did not pay any attention to it; it was in before I could protest, so I suppose there was no harm or foul. All I know is that suddenly I was so full that I arched my back and spread my knees and legs to lessen, well, try and lessen the ‘overfull’ feeling. I do not know quite how to explain that just it was, well, I was over full!

Spot had not slowed down, though, and with that mass in me, I started building towards even a third orgasm almost immediately. Thinking back, it was the combination of pain and pleasure, or whatever

you want to call it. (Insert your own words here, as some have even accused me of embellishing. Well fuck you, it was My fucking THIRD orgasm, and if you do not like reading about it, fuck off!)

I was certainly beyond human by that point. I was, in respect, an animal getting beast fucked by a beast, and it felt damn good! My head hit the door, and I dropped down and put my hands against it; I fucked him back, but then I was filling up with heat, and he had stopped moving with a weird whine bark, then I was full. I was not done, though, and looking back, that was weird. Some have said that is normal your first time, but I was, well, I did not think or feel anything but what that cock was doing inside me. I lost track of time, and well, I was just lost; then I had an orgasm so intense I hit a wall of black and fell deep, deep, down into it.

When I woke up, I was lying on the bathroom floor on my side in a fetal position. The shower was still going, the phone was ringing, and there was a pounding at the front door and someone screaming something.

I was freezing and shivering in the coldness of the bathroom. My hair was dry and stiff my neck hurt some, too. When I moved to sit up, my entire pussy and bush were coated with something that wasn't glue; it was too thin of a coating for that, but something else. I was hungry and so thirsty that if I had to spit, all they were likely to get was a cotton ball that I was focusing on for some damn reason, just sitting there in the clear plastic container with the blue lid.

On the vanity in the corner, and then the pain hit me, and I groaned as I tried to sit up, as I was sure that I had sex with something bigger than my Jonathon! Despite the pain, I shivered to the shower on my knees and held a hand up; the water was ice cold. The only thing I could think of was Jonathon would yell at me for the water and gas bills being higher than normal. I quickly shut the faucets off and tried standing slowly; the pain from inside me screamed, 'That was not going to work,' so I made my way into the bedroom on my hands and knees.

The phone stopped before I exited the bathroom and went into the bedroom. The clock read eight thirty-five in the morning. Oh my god, I was going to be late! The pounding on the front door also stopped, and I heard a door slam. When the car roared away, I knew that it was my carpool. I found I was staggering through the process of getting dressed for work.

I washed up with a cold washcloth as best I could and used a lot of body spray. I even sported a pair of my Lycra running shorts out and put them on over my panties. I used a pad, too, just in case. I looked fatter in the skirt and jacket. I braced on a wall for a twinge just then and pounded my balled fist against the wood of the doorway until it passed.

When I made it downstairs, I stopped at the bottom, and he woofed, wagging his tail. He gave that whine he did whenever I played with him outside for a long time. In a way, I guess that I did play with him. He laid his head down on his paws, and this time, his sigh said, "Go to work, honey."

"I think I will stud muffin," I said aloud, using my nickname for Jonathon when he was my first.

So I figured it was a tradition now! Studmuffin closed his eyes, laying his head on his paws as he lay on the pillow. The damn dog did not know what work was! When I made it to work, the bike helped; it was not long before the first questions were asked, and "wild night" was most asked or mainly suggested with a smile. The nosey ones wanted his name; my friends and his friends wanted the name and description. I just smiled when I said I'd found a new toy and that it wasn't any man.

*The End*