

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



Joyce, a gorgeous lady in anyone's book, greeted us. John was off somewhere doing some chores. The welcome was reserved, almost cool, I thought, but it helped to offset the rowdy greeting we received from Jake and Fluff, the two island mascots, a gigantic Dane and a cute, trimmed poodle.

Joyce shooed them off and invited us into her home, a cozy Cape Cod, "Come on in and I'll fix some cool drinks."

"We'll have sodas," I said, as Steve had had a few too many beers on the way down.

We sat and chatted for a half hour or so before Joyce offered to go find John. Steve said he would go with her, but I declined. All I wanted was a shower and chance to lie down. The island was big; they would be gone a long time.

I waved goodbye to them and headed to the guest room. As I stripped my grimy clothes off, Fluff hopped on the bed and made herself at home.

"I'll contend with you later." My period always made me grouchy, and horny, but the latter would have to wait.

The warm shower was wonderful. I stayed in for over ten minutes letting my aches and pains and sweat wash off of my body. I loved showers, because I loved the feeling of tiny little fingers caressing my body. I loved my own hand caressing my body, ALL over, and I did that a lot. I loved even more large rough hand, like Steve's, all over my body, but lately he seemed to be more intent on doing "his thing" and letting me fend for myself. But even "his thing" in bed was pretty good.

A shiver of delight ran through my body thinking of the other night when we fucked up a storm after that great porn movie I got at the video store. He even saved some for my anus that time, something he hasn't done for a long while. My, but he was good at that. I am just sorry I had to be the one to initiate it each time. I even had to go and get the videos.

But, enough of that. I finally felt relaxed and cool. A brisk rub down with one of Joyce's luxurious towels almost got me in the mood for more than a nap, but Steve wouldn't be back for an hour or so.

"A nap would still be great, but maybe I'll just get myself off once before I sack out. I'll blame it on my period," I said out loud.

I found the bed still occupied by Fluff, but a quick jerk of her collar convinced her I wanted it all. She rested her head on the bed and whined, but I was way off in another world by then. My legs were flung wide open, my hands caressing every contour of my body. It was a delicious body and I loved it dearly, just as Steve did. It was nice to know that even though I had two kids, was married again and pushing that dreaded forty, I was still desirable.

One of the guys at work, a dippy sort, was constantly telling me how beautiful I was. At first I thought it was just a line and he was trying to seduce me, but I finally became convinced that he was really in love with me and he really thought I was beautiful and wonderful. Although I had flirted with him a few times and even fantasized more than that, I had still been faithful to Steve. But it had been sort of tempting and it was nice to think that I still had that kind of attraction to males. I felt good about myself and I treated myself accordingly.

All these things flashed through my mind as my body gradually softened in my own hands and approached that wonderful pinnacle I so longed for. My God, how I liked to orgasm. Although I loved

fucking (I have had more than my share, too), it was really the orgasm that did it. I didn't mind getting a guy's rocks off, as long as he did the same for me. His cum was nice, but not mandatory.

For some reason as I gradually approached, then backed away (I loved to tease myself, too), that guy at work kept entering my head. He used to write porn stories for me. Some weren't too bad either, too bad I don't have one now, but he almost had an animal fetish, as several were about animals fucking women (in his stories, the "leading lady" was always me - great). I wonder what it would be like....

A loud crash echoed through the room. It triggered my climax. "OOOH, I sure am good," I moaned.

It was a few moments before I realized that I had heard the noise, so absorbed in finger-fucking myself, was I. "Who's that."

I raised my head saw Fluff sprawled on the floor. It had been her. She scrambled up and tried once again to leap onto the bed, apparently her original goal, but the throw rug and prevented that.

"Oh, all right, you mutt, get up here," I said as I helped her up. "There is enough room for two ladies up here, just don't crowd me, OK?"

It was too warm for covers, so I lay back down in my all-together intending to take a cat nap. My mind slowly wandered back to some of my better sexual exploits, a common day dream. Some were really neat. I remember once, there was this guy. He wasn't so good looking, but he was big and blond and had a great build and was young.

I remember that he was so nervous the first time he tried to put it in he came all over me. He apologized so profusely, just like his cum, and started crying. I remember pushing his tear-stained face towards my twat, holding him there until he started eating me. His tongue was all slobbery and soft and felt so good, especially when he tried to slip it up my vagina. He wasn't much of a fuck, too quick, but he was great at giving head.

The image of this guy was so vivid I could almost feel him doing it to me again. In my daydream I reached down to sort of guide his head, and was startled to find Fluff there!

I screamed and flew up throwing that damned dog off of the bed. It was gross. I actually had a dog licking my cunt. Now, I needed another shower.

Poor dog. I knew dogs were attracted to blood and here I was in heat myself. I sure didn't know female dogs were into that, too.

Before I got into the shower I had a chance to think about it. "It sure felt good. I'm no prude. Why not?"

"Is that what you want girl, to eat a little pussy, huh?" I cooed. "Fluff, come back her. Good dog! How would you like to take care of old auntie Alice?"

I got her back up on the bed and crawled in behind her. It didn't take much to lead her back to my crotch. Actually, I didn't know if it was my vaginal juices from my masturbating or my blood that attracted her, but who cares.

Her cold nose sent a shock through me and caused me to recoil, but her warm, wet tongue soon slizzed out and caused another kind of shock wave to rip through me. A moment later, I squealed and raised my hips slightly; she had stuck her long tongue right into my very wet hole.

"Go to it, Fluff. Just don't forget my clit." But she had no interest in that. I tried to get her to lick that, but her tongue was too coarse for that sensitive organ, inflamed as it was. So I let her go back to my cunt and I played joyfully with my clitoris myself.

I was in heaven. No man had ever done me quite like this. Her tongue was so long it felt like it was going all the way up to my cervix. God, it was great. My eyes must have bugged out, as I started to cum. I shook and panted and squealed for what seemed like ten minutes. I could have continued for hours like this, except we had a visitor.

As we were merrily on our way (I am not sure about Fluff, but I sure was going great) up the erotic hill, Jake came bursting into the room. In a flash he was on the bed, like a puppy, trying to see what all of the excitement was.

I wasn't about to quit a good thing and I sure didn't care who saw us now, I was so far along. It didn't take long for me to notice that he didn't seem too interested in me, but he did take a sudden liking to Fluff.

How ludicrous. If I had been in more receptive shape I would have laughed, but my body was struggling to complete its journey. There was Jake, this huge dog trying to hump a dog, two hands shorter, while she was tongue fucking me.

In the ensuing struggle, the bed taking a terrible beating, Fluffy caught my clit and I screamed in delight and melted in ecstasy.

I clamped my legs shut as Fluffy didn't seem to care that I had climaxed and didn't want to stop. I wanted to lie there and bask, as it were, but fate would have none of that. Jake was still earnestly humping the air with all of the urgency and abandon of a teen in the back seat of a car. Fluffy, obviously ignoring Jake was trying to root out my vagina again.

Now, being quite intelligent, I figured, "Why should I get all the breaks, Fluff should be rewarded for a job well done."

I reached down and try to raise Fluffy's rear end and sucked in my breath at the sight before me. Jake was humping the air with a downright prodigious member flailing around. This flaming red rod was staring right at me, glimmering and shimmering in the artificial light of the room. 'Tis a pity men are not endowed with self-lubrication like this guy. It sure looked tastier than K-Y. "What am I saying!"

Anyway, weak as I am, having just completed a very nice climax, and hating to see that fine organ wasted, I continued to try to get Fluffy in position. But it was not to be. I suppose Fluff was not turned on by the same sort things I am, because all she seemed to want to do now was escape.

Although Jake would, no doubt, object, I let her go. She scurried off as quickly as she could.

That left me, and Jake, towering over me still humping like mad. I couldn't take my eyes off of his moist penis thrusting from his sheath, flopping and bouncing around in the air. It was agonizing to watch him, but I sure wasn't going to do anything else.

As his haunches continued humping I could see that long dick twitch. I slid my foot under his belly and gently rubbed his cock with my toes.

For some strange reason I found myself saying, "Come on you beautiful beast fuck my toes, let it go... come on you beast, fuck me!"

Slowly and cautiously I reach my hand up to touch it. As it thrashed back and forth in the air I could hold my hand still and feel its smooth and slimy surface run over it. It felt good. Hot and slimy and good. Slowly I closed my hand over it.

"Surely, it wouldn't do any harm," I thought.

Jake, figuring he had hit home, went berserk. As I clamped his prick tighter he gave a great surge and "plunged home." For an instant he paused, then slowly withdrew and began his exaggerated pumping again.

It felt fine to me, but for some unknown reason I panicked and let go. Jake didn't stop, but his wail convinced me that he might catch on soon that things were not as they should be.

Quickly, I tried to slip out from under him. As I rolled I must have caught Jake off balance as the horny dog went tumbling to the floor with a terrible crash. That gave me an opportunity to wriggle off the bed and escape. Unfortunately, I met Jake getting up. His immense size and forbidding strength sent me flying backwards. I just had the presence of mind to twist around before crashing down. Thank goodness I could reach the bed or I would have busted something. I wound up half on and half off.

For an instant I lay there, panting. That instant was fateful.

Before I could push myself up and get completely away, I felt the hot breath of Jake on my back, instantly followed by a clunk on my head where his chin came to rest. His scratchy, hairy body had me pinned. I struggled to pull away, but his tree-trunk forelegs were like iron prison bars.

I didn't even have a chance to react to my predicament, when I suddenly felt a hot wet object goose me in the derriere. A scream only seemed to further inflame my captor as I desperately tried to wriggle free. His hard chest scraped my back as he strived to mate with me. His rigid penis, thank god, with a soft, pointy head kept probing into my rear, getting nearer and nearer to something significant.

What was I to do? I was being raped by a dog. They'd never believe that in court. I stopped and gathered all of my remaining strength for one last effort to break free. But this pause was also "fatal." The instant before I threw myself to one side, his urgent cock found, and entered, my anus. (And all along I was worried about my vagina being violated.)

I gasped. But I couldn't stop myself. We both toppled off the bed onto the floor. Amazingly, Jake never missed a stroke. As we were falling he had quickly pulled back a short distance, not far enough to extract himself, and with his own desperate surge drive himself fully into me. And even as we were lying on our sides struggling to right ourselves, he persevered.

But a few more of his reckless convulsions on the ground dislodged him. In an instant, without even thinking of the consequences, I was up. I threw myself headlong on the bed crying, "Jake, get up here you bastard, and finish what you started. This wanton woman needs her ass reamed."

He must have understood English, because he was up and back on me in a flash. I just caught a delicious glimpse of his magnificent cock fully extended, ready for action.

I gasped again as he reestablished his position. His determined thrusting again beating a tattoo on my backside. But this time we had the assistance of previous experience.

I rotated my hips to help his entry. He took a step toward me with his back legs and hunched his

powerful haunches. I groaned, "Oh, YES!" as his long hard rod aggressively slipped into my ass once again. My eyes must have gotten big as I felt his hard urgent cock drive in deeply. I felt his hairy haunches strike my buttocks as he sank all of the way in. "Oh God! It's in. He's in me. Oh My God!"

[I must admit several things here, dear reader. First, I am not into bestiality, although I love fucking men. Secondly, I love anal intercourse. It has not always been a pleasant thing as most men don't treat me any differently whichever hole they are in. If they aren't particularly gentle when they fuck my ass it can really hurt, and of course, if they aren't adequately lubricated it is pure hell. So I have never become a expert in it seeing as how my men have not, in general, been the kind and gentle sort.

It is tough when you are attracted to the macho-type. Give me the, "Shut up, lady. I'm goin' fuck the life out of you." You can have the guys who say, "Please, Alice, may I make love with you?" and "Help me enter you, please, Alice." I can't say my type fucks better or not or that they satisfy me any better, I just like them better. "Just like a broad," you say. Well, eat your heart out, I'm not screwing you, am I?]

Getting back to the real world: I was in heaven kneeling next to the bed, with this monstrous dog humping the livin' shit out of my ass.

I sure wasn't in any pain now. I reached down to enhance the effort by playing a little tune on my clit. It was so nice to be fucked and still be able to dawdle over my clitoris and finger fuck myself at my own rate. Jake was fucking like crazy. He was going quite fast, taking short strokes. His cock was slipping in and out like nothing I have ever felt before. I could feel the heat build up, mainly due to my heightening passion, but also due to friction, no doubt.

I squealed with pleasure each time he thrust his long red cock into me. Jake, as far as I could tell, was having a great time, too. Yes, I was fucking the big dog every bit as much as he was fucking me, and we were both enjoying it very, very much.

My hips sort of twitched to meet each thrust that the dog made. He was picking up speed rapidly. Never has any man humped me so fast. Once he had his long cock fully into me he started making short thrusting jabs, not like the delicious long slow strokes that Steve was capable of, seemingly trying to get into me even deeper. I was squealing and groaning, urging him on. All of the sudden it was like I couldn't get enough air and I nearly passed out.

But I was only cumming. Huge waves of cum rolled over and over me again and again. I could feel my bodily juices flow over my fingers as I stuffed them in my vagina as far as I could. My clit instantly became ultra sensitive and I had to stop stroking it in time to Jake's thrusts. I could feel my nipples, hard as cherry pits, and I ached to have a real man stroke them. Rubbing them over the sheets was all I could manage with Jake's weight resting on me. Over and over I orgasmed.

Then the dog took a long powerful lunge that drive my thighs into the side of the bed. I felt a forceful swelling in his penis, fully buried. He exploded in my straining body. Surge after powerful surge followed giving me exquisite pleasure.

I expected him to quickly withdraw his wondrous instrument and amble unconcernedly away. Then I remembered the male dog's physiology as I felt him start to swell. I wondered, "How big will you get?"

I could feel his cock getting bigger, stretching me, as it twitched inside me. It was really neat and I felt so full.

But I was not going to sit idly by waiting for him to complete the act of mating. I was going to cum again. "Oh, my God, I'm cumming again!" I moaned to no one in particular and started to pant and gasp once again.

Eventually, I became aware of the dog getting restless and wriggling around, still inside of me, each movement giving me great pleasure. I cried in anguish as I finally felt it slip out and tried to back into him to engage it once more, but a sucking sound and a juicy "plop" told me he had pulled out.

I looked back and was amazed to see how big he was, at least eight inches and about an inch and a half thick.

Then he followed the human male lead and casually swaggered off to take a leak some where.

"That was fantastic, simply fantastic!" I said to the empty room.

But the room was not empty. A deep, booming voice broke my reverie, "The bitch likes fuckin' dogs. How appropriate."

I groaned in agony as I recognized John, the ultimate macho-man. Even though he seemed to fit the stereotype of "my man," I was always a little afraid of John. He was just too much like that. More than once I had seen him shove Joyce around, not really hurting her, just, "Letting you know who's boss." Joyce has never seen fit to talk of her relationship with him, although she has told me all of the gory, and not so gory, details of all of her many others, and there were many, men before John.

Instantly, I felt a stab in the pit of my stomach. I tried to get up out of my kneeling position, but John's hand reached out and grabbed my shoulder, forcing me back down.

I looked up into his face. John had a savage scowl as he leered down at me.

The large man slowly reached out his other hand and grabbed my hair. With brute force he slowly pulled me to my feet. With not one word, he leaned down and kissed me. He plunged his tongue deep into my mouth. The taste of stale beer and cigarette smoke made me choke, but he held me firmly to him. I attempted to kick out in self defense, only to have the air knocked out of me by a fist to my midsection. I dropped back to my knees.

"Bitch, if ya' wanna git a real cock to play with, git mine." He paused, obviously expecting me to do something. He forced me to take my eyes off of his face and look down. I closed my eyes, but he yanked me painfully by the hair and said, "Look. Take it out and look at it."

Right in front of my eyes was his crotch. I could clearly see the outline of a huge bulge inside of his filthy jeans.

"Now!" brought me back to my senses.

I slowly reached up and undid his belt. He abruptly shoved me back against the bed, mercifully letting go of my hair. I slumped against the bed as he quickly dropped his pants and was startled by an gigantic cock which bounced free of its confinement. I was caught midway between admiration, longing and dread as I stared at it sticking straight out from his hairy crotch, throbbing in time with his heavy labored breathing. It was almost ugly, almost.

"Do ya' want to touch it, since you like cocks so much?" But it was more a demand than a question.

I reached out as he took a menacing step towards me. I had never seen a penis that big before. Not

only was it long, about as long as my forearm, but it was bigger around than my wrist. If it had been attached to anything else I would have fallen in love with it right there and then, but its owner did not possess the “inner beauty” that should have gone with that magnificent stallion cock. But this unworthy bastard possessed more.

His “charm” did not stop length and breadth. Suspended from the hairy root of that massive dong hung the grossest testicles I had ever seen. They dangled down like a prize bull, and just seemed to churn over and over, each moving like a bloated puppet on a string.

My fascination was curtailed by John’s belched command, “Open your fuckin’ mouth, bitch.”

As I opened my mouth opened, he quickly struck his huge cock into it, way in, making me gag. His one hand alternated between pulling my head toward his loins and yanking it away by my hair. I was afraid to bite, but the thought did cross my mind.

I could hear his sudden grunt of pleasure as my mouth closed around his cock. His hand dug into me hard, pulling me closer as his hips thrust vigorously back and forth. I closed my eyes again, sucking hard and eagerly at his thick cock. I could feel the head of his prick slam the back of my throat with each powerful thrust and this excited me all the more. Tears welled up in my eyes, yet the feel of his hard, straining cock in my mouth awakened a savage hunger in my I’d rarely known before, but couldn’t wait to satisfy.

My tongue slid all around his cock, feeling each pulsing vein press my cheeks out. John’s hands tightened in my hair as I slowly let my hand creep up to explore his grand testicles. I gently squeezed the sperm-bloated balls and tried to trace the sinewy trail leading to the end of his gigantic organ.

In a way I was hoping he would just let me suck him off, but then in a perverse way I sort of hoped he wouldn’t. After a few minutes of his masturbating with me as the tool, he suddenly flung me back towards the bed.

Although I didn’t make it, falling back down to the floor, I didn’t need written instructions to know that I had to get up and lay down on it. With all of the confidence in the world he stood there proudly and defiantly.

“My, he’s hung. Thank God I am already juicy,” I thought.

I dutifully lay down on my back, spreading my legs and awaited the onslaught.

He took his hard, huge cock into his hands and aimed it at my gaping hole. It lurched violently. I was suitably amazed and impressed.

“Big enuff?” he asked lecherously, his eyes gleaming. “Iszat what your cunt is needin’?”

I couldn’t answer. The sight of his rigid pulsing flesh rising straight up from his hairy loins aimed at my unprotected pussy made me almost faint with desire. Uncontrollably, I began rotating my bottom in wanton little circles on the mattress. Involuntarily my hand darted to my sensitive, vulnerable bud of my clitoris, prodding and swirling around and around. “Aaaaaaah,” I moaned.

“But it’s so big,” I thought in terror. “It will surely tear me apart.” Suddenly, as he stepped towards me, my lust was forgotten in a flood of terror. “No!” I gasped. “Stop! Please, let me go!”

I could tell in his eyes he wanted to shove his bursting cock up inside my tight little belly. I



suspected he also wanted to watch my face as he entered, because he commanded, "Get on top of me!" His lust-contorted face made it perfectly clear I should follow his command.