

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



Stevie was back in Houston. Her BF had left her and hauled ass back to California. Stevie's mom offered to keep Stevie's daughter until Stevie could get back on her feet again. Stevie lived alone in north Houston, just a few miles from my home. Except for Buster, her muscular dog brute, maybe it's a Bull Mastiff. He's big and friendly enough but has a swagger to show he's the 'man of the house.'

Stevie is kind of a take-charge person. When we worked together at the club or when we were out meeting clients, she always had too much to drink and would be hanging all over me, telling me the lurid sexual things we would do together. I'd laugh at her revelations because she always forgot it all the next day.

Once back and settled, Stevie called me and asked if I was still married to Fabian. I told her I wasn't, but I had a second son named Kane. She laughed and said, "Now you have two sons, John and Justin." We spent the time talking and chatting. Stevie invited me over, but I said it would have to wait for a day so I could get my sister to watch Justin.

The next day came, and my sister got to the house about 9:00. I told her I would be home by 4:00 after I had picked up John from school and returned him to his father's house. I took off, and I was at Stevie's apartment in minutes.

We sat and talked, catching up on old times, old friends, and the changes in the club scene in Houston. Stevie said she worked at Splendor's but hoped to return to St. James. I told her I was through with the club work. I mentioned I was in school preparing to take my barber's exam and get my license. We drank wine and talked for about two hours.

I always knew when my alcohol threshold came. Stevie soon got into the sexual arena of my life now that I was divorced. Generally, she would ask me how I was getting along with whomever I saw.

But she was quick to get to the details. I told her I was seeing an older man. MUCH older than me and a gringo. I said he treated me great, and the only hang-up was that he was on assignment in Denver, and we could not get together as often as we wished.

Stevie said before her live-in pimp left, he was away a lot. She mentioned that "Buster is very good company." My heart was pounding; this was indeed strange territory, and still very...exciting. Stevie looked at me for a minute; I tried to make an escape route for her.

"Well, whatever floats your boat," I laughed. I walked to the refrigerator to get out of the awkwardness and to get a bottle of water.

"Ever had your pussy lapped by a dog?" Stevie turned toward me.

"Well, aren't all guys dogs?" I said with a grin.

"No, I mean it she said. Dogs have such exquisite, (she slurred) tongues, they lick all day, everything, a dog will tongue your ass like it's a last meal," she laughed, "And Buster can get his tongue both your pussy and ass at the same time, try getting a man to do that!" She smiled as if she had her case proven.

"Well...yeah Stevie, what are you saying?"

"I am saying that Buster eats me?" She said with a grin. Buster, he loves it, and I help him."

Now hearing his name several times, Buster strolls into the room and sides up to Stevie.

"Isn't that right, baby?" Stevie rubbed his head. Buster's ears perked.

"Don't you just love to tongue my pussy, you do doncha, doncha," she said in a babyish voice that lovers use to tease each other. I quietly returned to my chair and watched her and him play. All the while, Buster was getting friskier and starting panting.

"I bet Buster wants a little taste of mommy's pussy right now, doncha boy?"

If dogs understand human speech, 'pussy' seemed to ring in Buster's ears. He started a low whine and was prancing.

"You want to show Auntie Ana how good you are at helping Mommy?"

"Uh, Stevie," I said, "maybe you're getting the dog a little too excited?" Buster's pink dick started from his furry sheath. It was hidden from Stevie's view. She looked down and commented, "You got a hard one for mommy? You got some cum for mommy?"

Buster jumped up, and his forepaws went in Stevie's lap. Stevie reached down and started jerking Buster's pink dick, to which he responded, licking and nipping Stevie's face.

"Oh, that's hard for Mommy or maybe Auntie Anais. You are a big boy." Stevie said. Then looking at me, she winked and said, "You ever see a dick like this? Have you ever had a guy hung like this? Look at that dick, Anais, and all he wants to do is please you..." She pulled slowly on the sheath, and even more thick-veined pink dick came sliding out.

I was a little nervous, but I was also getting warmed up at the show Stevie was putting on. I wondered if it was for a reason or if she was simply really horny and a little drunk. "Uh, Stevie," I said, um...maybe you should put Buster in the other room."

Stevie laughed and said, "What? You don't like a good dick?" She began jerking it some more, getting Buster even more excited. Stevie, encouraged by my apprehension, slid down in the chair and now, with Buster looming over him, placed her mouth over his huge dick. I sat there open-mouthed, wide-eyed but transfixed.

She proceeded to suck the dog progressively deeper and deeper. Stevie was deep-throating an ever-growing dog dick. Buster started humping Stevie's face. She pulled off with a loud sucking sound, and cum was leaking from her mouth.

"There baby," she looked up at Buster, patting him to calm his humping air movement, "you like that?"

Nervously, I said, "Maybe I should get going, Stevie...I got some classes tomorrow..."

"Nonsense, stay over; besides, let Buster eat you out; you'll see what I'm talking about...isn't that right, Buster? You might like the taste of Auntie Anais's pussy, huh boy."

Buster, again knowingly understood, stopped his mid-air humping, jumped off the chair, and pranced over to me. And as if that weren't odd enough, the massive dog buried his nose between my legs, and before I could react, he had snorted and sniffed my crotch.

I was wearing short running shorts with some leggings. My pussy was pulled tight against the fabric. I felt Buster's wet nose and hot breath. A wild momentary brief thrill hit me, and I wanted more of the dog's hot breath on my cunt.

"See? Buster wants to show you his pussy licking skills. He's insatiable, Anais. He can do us both and still want more...you'd love him...and his dick?" She said, vindicated. "His dick...well, he can fuck all night."

"FUCK?" I said as if pussy licking, dick sucking wasn't already a crazy wine-induced hallucination.

"Sure...fuck, suck, cum, right Buster? My baby's just full of cum and fun?" She asked the dog as he half jumped in the air for more in front of Stevie.

"Wait? FUCK?" I gasped! I mean, you fuck the dog?" Stevie, already anticipating my question, dropped her pants, and Buster was busy sniffing her pussy.

"Oh Anais, you haven't lived till you've had a dog fill your pussy, they fuck like machines, and then they knot and pump you full..." Buster was whining, and a low growl. He wanted action. Stevie played roughhouse with the dog, and the dog was leaving puddles of cum all over the floor. His dick, now a good nine inches long, was hanging, thick and gooey. My heart was pounding.

Stevie got down on all fours on the floor. Buster was jumping and prancing. Then a quick jump and he was on her back pumping air between her high ass and her extended hand.

"You wanna fuck me, baby, C'mon baby, C'mon, give mommy that dick." Stevie was reaching backward.

"Anais, come over here, help Buster get in me, help my poor baby."

"I, uh, Stevie, I don't know I whispered." "Get your spic ass over here, girl," Stevie hissed at me. "Come over here, will you? Turning to Buster, she cooed, "That's a good boy; mommy is gonna give her baby some pussy" she said.

Buster got off her going to a corner. The big dog lay down and began to lick his big dick with his tongue.

"Anais, get over here," Stevie said. "Buster will mount me again. When he does, help me get that big dick sunk into my drooling wet pussy." I walked over to an ass in the air Stevie, on all fours, commanding me to help her dog get his dick in her. Her pussy was wide, gaping and ripping her juices. Buster returned, more aggressive now in his air fucking.

"Just grab his dick near the base, put that bad boy in my pussy," Stevie ordered me.

I reached out and felt the hot dog dick. Buster was dripping cum, and it ran down my hand. I inched him forward, fascinated by the size and his energy. I placed the tip near Stevie's pussy. She reached back and stuffed about 5 inches into her pussy. Buster felt where he should be, and within two humps, he was buried in Stevie's pussy. She gasped. It was big.

I watched Buster adjust and then start fucking like a machine. Stevie moaning, groaning, encouraging Buster, pushed her ass back on him for greater depth. Then they stopped. Stevie gasped for breath, her legs trembling, a puddle beneath them, and Buster was pumping. I saw a large bulbous knot breaching Stevie's pussy. Spreading her cunt lips wider apart, Buster's dick continued to pulsate.

"Uhh. He's got that huge knot in me. Every time his dick pulses, his knot rubs my G spot, and a blast of hot doggy cum splashes deep in my womb. Oh gawd! I'm so hot! I am cumming Anais....I can't stop cumming. He's filling me."

I said nothing. Buster's dick was massive. Then he turned while inside her and had his ass against Stevie's.

"OHH damn," she responded to his move." He's so fucking big. What a wicked cum he makes me have."

There, they both were locked. Juices dripped from Stevie's pussy. After a long, long while, Buster pulled his dick out. I was amazed at the size of it. I could not comprehend that my huge dick was completely buried in my friend's small-looking pussy. That dick was fat and still pumping cum.

Stevie spun around on the floor and grabbed Buster's still-pumping dick. "Let mommy suck you, baby," she panted. Buster lifted his leg as if to oblige and, even more obligingly, pumped mouthful after mouthful of cum into Stevie's hungry mouth. Stevie swallowed some but was finally overwhelmed and let it gush to the floor.

"You want to suck some Anais," as ever, the cordial host might offer more wine to a guest.

"I think I will stick with wine," I said to Stevie, who was finishing off Buster's every last drop, jerking him to squeeze more.

"Baby just loves mommy's mouth and pussy, doncha Buster?"

When Buster decided he had enough, he went to his corner and did some touch-up work with his tongue to himself. Stevie seemed blissful. Wiped some of the dog cum on the floor with her panties and then wiped her pussy, looking at the number of her efforts.

"They do cum an awful lot," she said, smelling her panties like they were some fine flower or wine.

"So? After Buster rests and after some more wine,...you think you want to try out my baby? I know he'll like you; believe me...you will be satisfied. Wasn't it hot to watch? Didn't your hot pussy get soaking wet seeing me with my baby? I never let anyone see me with Buster. But you and I are such good friends, and we have done it together in the past, and he is just so magnificent...don't you want to fuck him?"

I looked at Stevie, then at Buster; I poured myself a full glass of wine and took a long sip.

"Yeah...maybe," I smiled. Buster's ears seemed to perk. Son of a bitch!

Stevie composed herself from her canine bliss, poured another glass of wine, and, in some odd sense of modesty, tossed a dish towel over her lap. She had weird manners for one who was just on all fours on the floor fucking and sucking off her dog.

"Whew," she broke the silence with a long, deserving sigh..." That dog rocks my world," she said, looking over at Buster in the corner. Buster was lapping his and Stevie's mixed juices from his balls. Stevie looked at me.

I tried for the last pretzel in the bowl to avoid eye contact. It was like I was the one who revealed this dark lust. Like I was the one hungry for dog dick, dog cum, dog taste and fill.

In a way, it was.

Stevie could see through my 'cool' facade into my inner mind if I made eye contact, now racing excitedly. The witnessing of my friend, although a FREAKY friend, groveling on the floor, rutting, wanting, thrusting her ass in the air and back on into a dog's dick was a scene that rocked me also, but at the same time, was one I did not want to admit openly. Especially to Stevie; she would take

what I said and run with it. She had a way of controlling me. Making me do things I would not normally do.

Helping situate the dog's dick in her pussy, actually holding the hot thick prong, and fitting it in the opening to her cunt, was an act I could not displace from my mind. She wanted it. She wanted that dick. And I, and I so help me, wanted to SEE HER TAKE IT! IT WAS VERY HOT FOR ME TO WATCH. I was soaking wet between my legs. My panties were a sodden thread, pulled tightly between my pussy lips and rubbing my clit.

And I knew Stevie would know this if I wasn't careful. She would KNOW! So, I took great interest in that last pretzel. Trying hard not to reveal what was burning in my head. Dog sex. So decadent. So taboo. Seen in a schoolyard, joked about, always denied, and labeled sick, but when literally in your face so fuckin nasty hot.

Stevie looked at me and said, "What?"

"What, 'what'?" I looked at Stevie, trying to remain expressionless, but I knew my face betrayed me.

"Anais, you would love it, trust me..."

I started to show denial, at least some distancing, but I felt the swirl of her reading me exactly. As if a foregone conclusion, she knew my darker, lustful side. She proceeded in the convincing argument, the great absolver, the seller of orgasm.

"Anais...a dog can lick pussy all friggin day...ALL DAY...they love it. Admit it, Anais. Imagine your asshole tongue fucked until it opens. And it'll open! Fuck yeah. And they can get it up and into places you only dreamed."

"Anais...you held that dick. Wasn't that hot? You would never believe how filled you can get, how they swell inside till your pussy just explodes. Then they fill you with this hot flood of cum. You saw me, I was, I was fucking gushing cum." "Look," she grabbed her panties, and I shifted in my seat. Of all the images she would offer, this was my touch button. Like a direct nerve to my clit in my brain. I didn't move, and Stevie leaned forward. She held them three inches from my nose. Stevie knew.

"Look," she said, holding the moist and stained panties. I now could smell Stevie. I could smell Buster. I could see the jell-like cum streaks. "Smell them," she said lowly. I backed my head away just a fraction, and she said, "Smell them," very seriously. I raised my head a bit and feigned like I had. Stevie stood up, and this gave her better reach.

"I said smell them," and she wiped her wet panties in my face and held them there. I tried to back away, but I didn't. I inhaled. I felt the wet goo wiping on my nostrils and my lips. I tasted saltiness on my lips, and a strain of cum melted on my tongue. I smelt the mixed lust of the two of them. Stevie's musky acridness and Buster's dog wetness scent. My head spun. I backed away, and Stevie pulled back.

"Nice, huh?" she said, eyeing me for further pretended resistance. "You like? Do you like Buster's smell? You like his taste."

Before I could give any denial, "I saw you...I saw you lick your lips, you...yes you Anais, my oh so INNOCENT friend. YOU have tasted dog cum...and you are hot for more." I sat in amazement.

It was true. I smelt lust. I smelt Stevie and Buster. I did taste dog cum. AND yes...I was hot for more.

Stevie looked at me with a smile. "You sooooo want to do it, don't you, Anais?" I breathed deeply and smiled winningly. "ANNNNAAAA-EEEESSS," Stevie egged me for an answer.

"Well, what if he gets stuck or something...like what? We called the EMS. I kind of protested a rational, as flimsy as it sounded.

"Stuck? You won't get stuck...it's called knotting, you don't even have to accept the knot, but you'll want to, believe me, it's a tremendous fuck, Anais...."

"I don't know..." I whined, " It is kind of weird, I mean, getting laid by a dog, with your friend watching, I mean..."

"Anais, Anais, it's not getting laid! It is getting FUCKED, ROYALLY FUCKED. You're not weird, you're a fucking slut for Buster. He is a dog. He is an animal. And you are craving to be his bitch, and get royally fucked."

"Sounds kind of..." I started to say.

"Kind of what? Didn't you see Buster fucking me? Your mind clicks into overdrive, and you are just white out; you want that dick so bad your pussy aches for it. And CUM! OMG, you will cum for days just thinking of it. Remember it."

I inhaled again. It wasn't so much Stevie's persuasion that had me confused. I was considering it. And that was a confusing thought to me. The thought split me in two. One was what a slut I was, openly, in front of my friend or because I helped, her considering and viewing me as a slut. At the same time, it was the heart-pounding excitement of considering this possibility even in front of someone else.

Stevie was the 'expert.' It's just so wildly depraved that it turned me on. When oh when would this opportunity come along again, I wondered? When would I ever again have the chance to have sex with a dog?

Buster must have sensed it. He got up from his corner and ambled over to us. We were sitting high enough that he was at lap height with Stevie and me. Stevie looked at me and then down at Buster. She looked at me and then parted her legs. As if issuing me a defiant challenge. Buster needs no cue. He nuzzled his bear-like head between her thighs.

I heard some sniffing, then a definite chomping lapping sound. Stevie inhaled sharply, and her head went back. She reached down and held Buster's head. "Oh...gawd, he can lick pussy." She said in her exhale. She looked at me a bit unsteadily.

"Oh god, you've at least got to get your pussy licked, " she gasped as Buster found her swollen clit. His long wide tongue spread the swollen lips of Stevie's cunt. "Oh...yes, baby," Her head went back again. I watched Buster trying to bury his muzzle into Stevie. Stevie spread her legs wider, lifting one to place on the counter. Buster doubled his efforts in licking her ass and pussy.

"Oh, yesssss...lick my fuckin asshole..." Stevie's hand went down and disappeared to spread her cheeks.

My heart was pounding. This was wicked. I wanted some, and it accelerated my horniness. Buster was ever diligent, but now he started a whimpering sound muffled between Stevie's thighs. Stevie pushed Buster back and tried to compose herself with a shiver. Buster was still eager, licking any residue from his chops.

"Good boy...Good boy...don't worry, mommy won't let you down," she said in a baby-type voice. Buster seemed to understand but showed his impatience in a quick circling of himself. When he spun about, I saw Buster's impatient need; his pink dick was peeking out an inch or so. He sat at Stevie's feet and started licking himself.

"God, Anais, you got to at least try getting head from him...he is fantastic; he just keeps eating...I think he fuckin ate me for two hours one day.." she laughed.

"Well...he does look like he knows what he's doing," I half laughed back, "and he is certainly experienced."

"Oh...yeah," said Stevie. She got up and took my hand. Buster, up and prancing, watched intently.

"C'mon..." she said.

"What? Where are we going?" I offered token resistance, but I knew where we were going.

"In the bedroom, to my laboratory," she laughed. She opened the bedroom door, and Buster shot in ahead of us. He was excited. Once inside, he turned and looked up at me, his tail wagging and mouth panting.

"Uh...well??" I made an effort to hang back in the living room area.

Stevie gave me a push, and then she forcefully pushed me in front of her, blocking any escape. "You will love it," she whispered in my ear. "Well, maybe just a few licks," I whispered back.

Buster was doing semicircle runs around the room. Stevie, behind me, closed the door and gently pushed me forward. My stomach was in knots at the anticipation of the new, forbidden taboo hanging in my mind. Was I going through with this? Really? What the hell was I doing?

Stevie sensed my fear and apprehension. "Anais," she said half whispered, "The first time is always wild...I just let him tongue fuck me. He is awesome...you'll love it. Trust me, just go for the kick...we can always stop." I nodded slowly, watching the excited Buster lapping his chops in the air. I swear, that dog could understand her.

I stepped further into the bedroom. Stevie went into her closet. There she bent over; Buster, thinking this was his moment, thrust past me and tried to mount Stevie. "Yikes," I thought. "This dog wants action. No movie, no dinner, just PUSSEY!"

Stevie pushed him down and admonished his efforts. "Stop baby, not right now, hold on..." she pushed him back with a box she pulled from beneath the laundry table. "My little helpers," she proclaimed proudly to me. She opened the box to a jumbled array of sex toys. Dildos, chrome vibrating eggs, dick-shaped vibrators of various sizes and speeds, some leather straps, various lubricants, colored panties, a few rolls of surgical tape, and several pairs of woolen socks.

"These come in handy," she laughed, seeing my quizzical face. She pulled out the socks as if those were my only anticipated questions. "They go over his paws. I try to keep his nails trimmed, but that is hard and dangerous. You can clip them too short, which is very painful to the dog. Buster sat obediently and, without being told, lifted a front paw for Stevie to place the sock on it.

"Does he have shoes to match?" I asked nervously. Stevie either ignored or didn't hear my attempt at making light of this bizarre moment. She taped the socks around his legs, looked up, and said, "There, now we're rockin' hey, Buster boy?" Buster gleamed back at her.



"Hmmm...any preference Anais?" She asked as she poked through the jumbled box, pulling out an easy 10-inch black rubber dildo.

"Holy shit, that's...that's pretty fuckin big...I mean..." I said. "One of my favorites. And you have taken it before, darling. A few times when we're with clients outside of the club." Stevie replied happily, "And this, and let's see this one," she was thrusting the dildo dick, an egg, and a long slim vibrator under her arm.

"Let's go over to the bed, babe," Stevie said softly. Like a child led to the scary movie, I allowed Stevie to take my hand and push me on the bed. I had no control.

"Now, Anais...you've got to relax," she said while placing all her sex toys on the bed. They were all within easy reach. "What are we..." "Shhhhh..." Anais moved her face close to mine, "You'll love it....close your eyes. Go ahead...close your eyes...relax."

I took a deep breath and closed my eyes. I felt Stevie moving on the bed. I could hear her rustling. She was undressing. I could hear Buster whimpering. She shooed him, too. Stevie then straddled me. I tensed.

"Relax," she said as she slowly stroked my hair. She slowly massaged my scalp. I could feel her pressing her breasts against mine. And then I felt her hot pussy mound, still naked from her coupling with Buster.

"You like this, Anais," Stevie asked?" I nodded. Her hands went to my breasts. I sucked in the air quickly, tensed.

"Just go with it, baby. Remember how we used to do this for clients? Remember that Chink bitch we would get to be with us for a three-girl, two-guy party. We had some fun, and we made some money too. Remember, baby," she whispered. And I did.

She massaged me gently and thoroughly, then she reached beneath my tank top and cupped my breasts, kneading them, slow pinches of my nipples. I arched my back in anticipation to help her. She unclasped my bra.

Her hands immediately grasped my hardening nipples. My tits were being fondled, and I was enjoying the pleasure. I started breathing in shallow breaths.

"Let's get these shorts and leggings off of you, darling," Stevie said in my ear. I felt her tongue trace my inner ear, and I had a shiver. "Relax, babe; Mommy Stevie is going to make your hot little pussy feel so good."

I lifted my hips and felt her hotness on my bare stomach. She was wet, kissing my bare belly. She pulled my shorts and leggings down to my legs, wiggling to get them off.

"That's it, baby. Let Stevie take care of you and your hot pussy."

I kind of nodded when I felt her lips press against my lips. She gave me a full, hot kiss, a tongue slipping into my open mouth, a bite on my lips. Then Stevie reached out, and I felt something cool press between my legs; I opened them to accommodate. Stevie placed the vibrating egg between my legs; I could feel its cool, oval shape. Stevie wedged it against my clit. I moaned out loud.

"That's it, babe. Moan for Mommy. Moan for me, Anais." Stevie began to rub the oval egg all over my clit and pussy lips. I opened my legs wider and lifted my knees. Stevie massaged my pussy, my

ass, and my clit with the egg. As she did this, she kept asking me if I was going to give Buster a little pussy. My head was swimming!

Stevie reached down between my legs, positioned the egg securely against my cunt. She got between my legs in a scissoring position, lowering herself and moving such that put legs were enter locked with the vibrating egg pushed tightly against our pussies. "Aaaah, yes...you like that Anais? You wanna fuck baby?" She whispered, and then she licked my lips. I could feel her pushing the egg hard against my pussy. I pushed back, and it increased in pleasure.

"Yes, yes...oh..." I groaned. I felt her hot pussy mash against mine as she managed to twist the egg and push it into my hot dripping wet pussy. "Take it, baby." She hissed. "Take it for Mommy. I am going to make you feel so good. You are going to cum, and cum and cum for Buster and me. Stevie ground her pussy against mine until I was ready to burst.

"You like that big black dick baby? You gonna fuck it like you used to do? Are you going to let Mommy Stevie fuck your sweet pussy? You gonna let Buster eat and lick you until you ain't got a drop of cum left in you?"

Every word she said was like a hot knife plunging into me. Every word made me hotter and made my pussy sing. This crazy freaky bitch knew just what buttons to push on me.

"That's it, Anais...fuck me, fuck yourself..." she moaned as we slowly mounted a rhythm toward maximum pleasure. I complied and pushed against Stevie as she pushed back against me. She reached behind her and snapped her fingers twice. Then I felt the brush of fur of Buster's head push between my thighs.

First, a cold nose sniffing, a tentative lick, and another. Stevie backed away from me. With her hand, she pushed the egg deeper into my pussy. I moaned loudly. Stevie turned me so my legs dangled over the edge of the bed. She lifted each leg and placed a foot on the bed. She spread my legs widely and led Buster's head between my legs. Stevie pulled me so my ass rested just over the edge of the bed.

"Yes...yes...good boy...lick Anais Buster. Show her what that tongue can do. Show her, big boy. Don't worry, she will love it, and in the end, she will give you some pussy." Stevie's voice was a hoarse whisper. She spread my pussy lips apart, and Buster began his long, torturous licking from my asshole through my crack, through my spread pussy lips, and over my clit.

LONG, SLOW, DIVINELY PLEASURABLE LICKS THAT WERE DRIVING ME CRAZY AND BUILDING A HUGE HUGE ORGASM DEEP WITHIN MY CUNT AND STOMACH.

I felt the hot DOGGIE tongue on my pussy. I screamed, "Lick my ass, Buster, lick my ass, baby." Stevie moved her hand to my ass cheeks, spreading them, and Buster's long wet rough tongue went to work on my ass. Stevie began to twirl and rub my clit while Buster licked my ass. I wanted more!

*The End*