

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



Neither knew how long she'd been around if you asked them. When he inherited the house, she was just part of it. Not that either complained about it, far from it. She had been employed to keep it clean, maintain the garden, cook, and be a companion for his Grandmother when she had lived there. When the unfortunate happened, and Joe moved in, he was quite happy for her to continue her duties. He liked that the house was clean, felt lived in after he'd been at work all day, and there was always food for him to throw together. Plus, one of the two bonuses for him, was that his Golden Labrador, Bailey, was walked regularly and kept company. The moment she and Bailey had met, it was like a partnership, him running over and sticking his nose in her crotch as was his customary way, her laughing and bending down to coo at him, ruffling his ears, which he loved. From what he'd heard in the rumor mill, the arrangement suited Claire too, her home life not being the greatest and needing somewhere to escape during the day.

The other bonus, as far as he was concerned, was the fact she was younger by a few years and sexy as hell, and the rare times he saw her when he first moved in, he would watch her move about and find himself wondering what it would be like to hold her, stroke her skin, smell her. They gradually settled into a routine, her arriving after he'd left for work in the morning, doing her work, running about with Bailey, making sure Joe had everything he needed before leaving for the day before he returned home. Sometimes, he would arrive home early and sit and share a drink, slowly getting to know each other, becoming friends, and discovering things they had in common. What she didn't know was that he tried to get home as soon as he could, just to see her, and later those nights would lie in bed fantasizing about her, imagining her looking at him, begging, pleading for his touch. What he didn't know was that if and when she could, she stayed later, just to see him, and later those nights, would lie in bed fantasizing about him, imagining him taking control, giving her orders, teasing until he took what he wanted.

One day, she had been at work in the garden. It was hot, dirty work and she wasn't in the best of moods as it was. Her idiot ex was being a prat, and though she didn't miss him, she missed the sex. She'd always had a high sex drive and was getting more and more frustrated as the weeks went on. She'd touched herself, of course, and made herself cum plenty of times, but it didn't seem to fulfill her as much as it used to, and her fantasies were getting darker and darker, just to try and reach a place she couldn't seem to find. Looking at the clock, she decided to wait and see if she could catch Joe....now there was someone who turned her on instantly; with just a look, he could make her pussy throb. Hitting the shower, she inevitably carried on thinking about him and, pulling the shower head down, parted her lips, turning the stream to maximum and aiming it at her clit.

She'd never masturbated in his house before, and knowing she stood where he did every morning, smelling his aftershave that had lingered with a faint scent in the bathroom, she shut her eyes. She imagined he was standing before her, holding her against the showerhead and not releasing her until she had cum like he wanted. She came pretty much instantly. Knowing she still had time before he was possibly due to back, she got out, towed herself off, and stuck his bathrobe hanging on the back of the door, going down to make herself a tea. She wandered into the living room to grab a magazine as the kettle boiled. Bailey circled her legs, making her stumble, knocking one of the old trinkets he kept as sentimental value to his Grandmother off the side and watching it roll under the table.

She cursed and knelt, peering under to see if she could see it. "Bailey, you aren't helping," she tutted as the dog tried to push his snout under the table with her, and she pushed him away. Seeing the small object, she reached forward but realized she couldn't quite reach it, and as she moved, she knelt on the robe, causing her to dip forward and as she tried to right herself, compensating and smacking her head on the underside of the table. "For fucks sake," she yelled and grabbed the robe,

pulling it up to her waist to avoid it happening again. As she stretched again, she felt something wet on the back of her thigh and glanced behind her, seeing Bailey sniffing it with his wet nose. "What are you doing, you idiot?" she laughed, then tutted as he licked her skin.

"Oh, get off," she sighed and focused on tracking down the treasure.

Bailey continued sniffing and licking her thigh then she jolted as she felt the tip of his nose skim over her ass. Holding still, she wondered what to do next and nearly smacked her head again as she felt the dog's rough tongue sweep up her crack. As she didn't react, Bailey didn't stop and licked again, and she gasped softly as this time his tongue nudged against her tight little hole. He repeated it a few times more as she breathed heavily, alternating between sniffing her ass and tentatively licking it, almost asking her for more access. Feeling so wrong but knowing it had been her fantasy not even two weeks ago as she touched herself, she wanted to know what more would feel like and cautiously and slowly, so as not to scare him away, reached back, parting her cheeks. Bailey snuffled it again, his nose cold and wet right against her hole then she felt his tongue lick over it, the tip poking in this time.

Trembling, she waited, then moaned softly as he did it again, but this time digging his tongue deep inside it. She'd always liked the feel of her ass being tongued, but knowing an animal was doing it made it all the more amazing, and she felt her pussy dampen immediately. Bailey seemed quite happy standing behind her and digging his long tongue as deep as he could into her puckered hole, so she released one cheek, still holding the other apart to allow him access, and began rubbing her clit with the other. She was becoming uncomfortable and sunk, her head resting against the floor, ass sticking in the air to allow her canine friend to carry on, making her feel so good. Groaning, she rubbed her clit with two fingers and gyrated her hips slightly, grinding against his muzzle and rubbing her dripping pussy against his furry neck as the feeling of his rough, bumpy tongue hitting the inner walls of her ass intensified. Suddenly, an arc of light filled the room, and she shot up, smacking her head hard again on the underside of the table, and pushed Bailey away, scooting out. "Shit, shit, shit," she panicked as she leaped upstairs two at a time.

Joe walked through the door, pleased that he'd seen Claire's car in the drive and that he'd have a chance to say hi to her. Putting his keys on the side, he bent down as Bailey ran over to him, wagging his tail furiously and snaking around his legs. "How's my boy?" Joe said and ruffled the dog's ears as he said hello, putting his face against the dog's neck and making noises.

As he went to stand up, he caught a scent and put his nose into Bailey's fur again, sniffing harder. His cock twitched as he recognized the unbelievable smell of....huh?....a woman's pussy? What on earth? As he straightened up with a confused look, he saw Claire running down the stairs, hair damp, looking flustered and red, and he smiled.

"Good evening, Claire," he said, shocked when she rushed past him, turning even redder and avoiding his eye as she mumbled.

"Hi Joe, sorry I'm late. I gotta run," she said before tearing out the door and slamming it behind her.

As he stood blinking at the door, Bailey nuzzled his hand and absently stroked the dog's head. After a couple of minutes, his brain kicked into gear, and he smiled as he looked down at the dog, his faithful companion looking back with his tongue hanging out happily. "Good boy, Bailey," Joe said admiringly, then walked into the kitchen to get Bailey's dinner even though he'd just had a good feast already. "You lucky shit," he chuckled as he picked up the dog bowl.

Over a week passed, and their routine was normal; Joe was so busy at work that he never got home

to see Claire and wondered if anything else had happened with Bailey. He inhaled the dog's fur deeply every time he got home while saying hello to him, but he hadn't smelt anything on him since. However, the thought of Bailey licking the girl's most private parts gave him plenty of material to jerk himself off with, and when he got close to cumming he always thought of what it would be like to watch as Bailey mounted her like a bitch. As for Claire, every time she let herself into the house, and Bailey ran over to greet her as he always did, sticking his nose in her crotch, she trembled a little, recalling what it felt like to have his tongue in her before pushing him away gently. She'd made herself cum every night thinking of it and desperately wanted to feel the excitement of it again, but she was petrified of Joe coming home for an unknown reason and finding her with Bailey like he almost had the last time.

Thursday came, and as Joe pulled into his drive far later than he had wanted to, he sighed. He'd had a shit day at work and had decided to take the next day off as a reward for all the extra work he'd done lately. Thank god he could now relax. Exiting the car with his takeaway pizza, he was thrilled to see Claire's car still there. Opening the door, he said his customary hello to Bailey, still noticing nothing on his fur, and looked up to see her standing there apologetically.

"I'm sorry I'm still here," she said. My car won't start, and no one can come and pick me up. And," she sighed heavily, "I didn't bring enough money for a cab. I don't suppose you could lend me some, and I'll pay you back tomorrow?"

Joe smiled at her. "A)., never apologize for being here when I get back, and b)., I'll do you one better and drive you home. Sound ok?" As she nodded, he continued. "There is one condition, though."

She looked at him in the eye and swallowed before replying. "Anything. What would you like me to do?"

Holy fuck, the feeling of wanting her, touching her, smelling her, tasting her shot through his body at those words and flashes of her naked body, primed and ready all just for him, spun through his brain as silence settled over them both. Taking a deep breath, he smiled at her. "Share this pizza with me. Save me from eating it all alone and feeling like a slob."

She nodded as she laughed, but he saw a brief flash of disappointment cross her face as she walked into the kitchen. Watching her pert ass walk away, he groaned to himself. All in good time.

They had a fun couple of hours, her listening to his stories and jokes, him impressed with her maturity and knowledge as she spoke about things as they ate and drank. While driving, he had soft drinks but persuaded her to have a couple of glasses of wine, telling her she deserved to let her hair down, but mainly as he wanted to see her relaxed and not as guarded. The conversation turned to an ex-boyfriend of hers who was still hovering about on the scene, and she was unsure whether to give it another go even though she told him stories of what this guy had done in the past.

"He sounds like a dick," Joe pointed out to her. "If it were up to me, I'd forbid you to see his pathetic ass again."

Laughing so hard, she nearly choked on her wine as she said, "Oh really, what are you, my Master or something?"

Her laughter subsided as she glanced at him, realizing he was staring calmly but deeply at her, and she shivered with lust, feeling like his gaze was undressing her in his mind. Her chest rose and fell as she breathed heavily. She watched as he stood up, collected his plate, and walked over to her side of the table, placing it on hers before leaning close to her, his thumb softly resting on her lower lip. "You have a little sauce there," he said quietly, and it was all she could do not to gasp as he ran his

thumb along from one side of her mouth to the next, his touch electrifying her before he stood straight and picked up the plates again.

"Come on," he said, "I'll take you home."

Neither of them slept much that night, him thinking of her and how he wanted her in every conceivable way, shape, and form, and her thinking of him and his touch and the fact that he could turn her on with a few words or even just a look.

As she arrived the next day, this time ensuring she had the money for a cab ride there, he opened the door as she approached and smiled, standing back in the hall to let her in, seeing out the corner of his eye Bailey run over and stick his snout in her crotch, her pause slightly then push him away gently. "Morning Claire, I'm just popping out to grab a few bits and thought I'd bring something back for lunch. Is there anything particular you want today?" S

Shaking her head, she pushed away all the answers she wanted to say...you...your touch...your cock...your breath on my ear as you murmured to me...and watched as he left. "Fuck" she moaned and went to take Bailey for a long cooling-off walk.

When he got back, he stood and chatted to her as she made them lunch, both aware of the electricity in the room. In her state of non-concentration, the knife slipped as she chopped the salad, making her jump and curse. He was by her side in a flash, holding her hand up to inspect it but thankfully seeing no injury.

"I'm fine, I'm fine," she grumbled, pissed at herself for doing something so stupid in front of him.

"I think you'll live," he teased, "but just in case..." He held her palm to his mouth, kissing it softly. "That always helps," he grinned. "In my professional opinion.

She raised her eyebrow and laughed. "Oh really, wise one, well just to be sure I won't keel over, do it again for luck."

Pulling her palm close again, he ran his thumb over it and kissed it again, his warm lips hovering slightly longer on her skin as her fingertips brushed against his cheek. Feeling like time was standing still, she held her breath with his other hand. He reached up and tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, running his fingers down and across her jaw. As they moved closer, he pulled her against him slightly and leaned in to kiss her softly, his touch light and careful. Pulling his head back, he watched for a reaction and met her eyes, seeing the same want and lust he felt reflected in them.

Kissing her soft lips again, he felt her part her lips, and he slowly slid his tongue in, feeling her touch as she brought her free hand up to stroke his face. Wrapping his arm around her back, he pulled her hard against him, pressing her body against his with the weight of his hand on her back, and smiled to himself as she moaned into his mouth. Rolling his tongue over hers, his body trembled slightly as she curled herself around him, feeling her breathing quicken. He nibbled her lower lip before pulling away and leading her out of the kitchen by her wrist, closely followed by Bailey, who pushed past them on the stairs to territorially make sure no one got his spot in the corner of the room.

As she followed behind into his bedroom, he knew he had to feel her before he exploded with desire and held her neck with one hand as he kissed her deeply, the other hand pushing the straps of her dress down her arms and running his fingers across her cleavage. As she ran her fingers through his hair and pressed her groin against his, he reached behind her with both hands and unhooked her bra, running them back up to her neck and pulling her away slightly to break the kiss.

"Take it off for me, please," he said slowly, and he watched as she slid the straps off and let it fall to the floor, releasing her breasts. "Such lovely tits," he murmured, and she flushed in pleasure under his gaze and moaned softly as he cupped them in his hands, his thumbs grazing across her nipples as they hardened in the air.

Pulling his top off, he pressed against her, kissing her neck as he felt her tits squash against his chest, her skin so soft against his. Grabbing her ass, he pulled her into him, the growing bulge in his trousers rubbing against the front of her dress as she parted her legs slightly, and he bit her, making her gasp and a wave of heat course through her body. Collecting the material in one hand, he bunched the back of her dress up and, with his other, ran his hands across her ass, feeling the lace of her panties and groaning. Sliding his hand across her hip, he pushed his hand between them and ran his palm down the front of her, feeling the heat radiate from her, the lace on the crotch already damp, and pressed it hard against her as he ran his fingers back up. Stepping back, he dropped his hands and looked at her.

"Take them off."

He watched, noticing her hands were shaking as she hooked them under her thumbs and slid them down her legs, stepping out of them. Running his eyes down her body, he hadn't seen such a beautiful sight in a long time, her tits pert and nipples hard, her dress bunched around her waist, and her shaved lips glistening with juice in the light.

"Pick them up" he instructed and held out his hand.

Doing as requested, she dropped her panties in his palm and breathed heavier as she saw him bring them to his face and inhale deeply, the scent he'd first come to notice on Bailey's fur that day flooding his nostrils as his cock twitched in his trousers.

"Sit on the edge of the bed and spread your legs for me."

Not taking his eyes off her, he watched as she walked over, sat down, perched on the end, and opened her legs the width of her body.

"Wider, Claire," he said firmly, and she looked defiantly at him before she moved her feet, her knees pointing to the sides as she bared before him.

Standing in front of her, bending slightly, he ran a finger down between her pussy lips, feeling it slide in her juices and circling it around her hole. She pushed her hips forward, desperate to feel him inside her, and he moved his finger back up, running it over her clit. Groaning, she felt him flick it once with the tip of his finger before traveling back down to the entrance to her pussy. The teasing drove her mad, she pushed her hips against his hand again, and again he moved his finger up, repeating the same torturous slow act on her clit. Another two times, he did the same thing, and she was almost screaming with the need to have her pussy filled with something, his finger sliding in more and more juice as she became more and more aroused.

The fifth time he teased her, she didn't move, didn't push against him, and he nodded, and a little smile played across his mouth. Inserting the tip of his finger, he moved it around inside her as she trembled against his touch and clenched his jaw as he slid his finger deep into her, the warmth and the wetness making him want just to pull his trousers down, grab her ankles and fuck her incredibly hard. Pulling his finger out, he added another and slid them both into her, feeling her cunt take them easily as she shut her eyes and groaned from deep within her body. As he fingered her, he dropped to his knees and parted her lips with his other hand, seeing her clit poke out, her entire pussy covered in thick juice.

Pulling his fingers out, he held them to her mouth and thickly said, "Taste yourself for me," noticing how readily she accepted his fingers, sucking them deep, his cock straining against his trousers as if she was sucking on it.

Unzipping his trousers for comfort, he pulled his cock out and jerked slowly as she gobbled his fingers before he slipped them out of her mouth, running them down her chest and pushing her back so she was lying down. Parting her lips again, he stared at the sight before him as he continued rubbing his cock, gazing at every inch of her, knowing the desperate need for him to touch her caress her aching clit was driving her insane. Releasing his cock he stroked the inside of her thigh lightly as she instinctively moved her hips, waiting til she stopped and remained still before dipping forwards and flattening his tongue against her, moving his head up and down. Hence, the pressure rubbed against her clit and the surrounding area as she jolted underneath him.

Her taste drove him wild; he moved lower, and, poking his tongue out, he dove it into her cunt, alternating between wriggling it inside her and sliding it in and out, tongue fucking her as she squirmed under him, her hands grabbing his head. Focusing back on her clit he flicked and nibbled it with his tongue and lips, pushing his fingers back into her as she pushed onto them, pulling her legs onto his shoulders, wanting to almost suffocate in the sights and smells of her amazingly greedy pussy. Hearing her whimper louder, he knew she was close, and he locked his lips on her clit, sucking it and rubbing the tip of his tongue against it as he twisted his fingers inside her. Grabbing at his shoulders, she clawed at him as she began to cum, shuddering and jerking under him as he held her down with his mouth, her legs pressed against the side of his head as her hips raised off the bed, her cunt clamped on his fingers, squeezing them as her muscles tensed.

He released his lock on her clit and pulled his fingers out to watch her pussy throb and contract, gaping as drips of cum trickled down her ass. Kissing her inner thighs, he gently placed her feet back on the ground and stroked her legs as occasional spasms still ran through her body, panting as she came down from the high. Seeing her reach her hand out, he entwined his fingers with hers and kissed it, rubbing his thumb on her wrist. Knowing she had a lot more in her, he waited until she was calmer before clicking his fingers, Bailey immediately at his side. Holding his fingers out to the dog, he watched as Bailey sniffed them, then licked them, his tongue lapping between Joe's fingers to get every taste he could. Pointing at her juice-covered thighs, Joe stroked Bailey as he licked her skin, cleaning her, her legs rubbing against his soft fur, just wanting to feel Bailey's tongue against her again, the excitement and unexpected move of Joe now watching, making it even more special.

Parting her lips, he watched as her gaze traveled down her body, feeling her tremble under his hands. Encouraging Bailey quietly, he heard her gasp as the dog sniffed her and tentatively licked her, glancing at his Master, unsure if he would get a telling-off. Joe stroked his fur and murmured, "Good boy," against his ear while still watching her, wanting to memorize every move and sound she made.

Closing her eyes and groaning loudly, she parted her legs further as Bailey pressed his snout against her and penetrated her with his tongue, reaching deeper than any human could. Stroking across her skin, Joe took her hands and directed them to her lips, telling her softly to part herself for him. Standing up, he watched the scene before him as she pulled her pussy lips wide, pushing against Bailey's muzzle, her hips off the bed as the dog licked deep inside her cunt, tasting the same amazing taste his Master had just done. Reaching down, Joe touched his hard cock as his two obedient pets trembled, Bailey from the excitement obvious from his growing pink dog cock poking out from its sheath, Claire from the second orgasm that was building up inside her as she whimpered softly.

Pressing and rubbing her clit roughly against Bailey's nose, she began to cum again, bucking against



his face as he licked the juices, flooding her cunt while she coated his soft furry nose with the wetness from her clit. Bailey panicked as she cried out and ran to his corner, thinking he'd done wrong, watching as his Master knelt on the bed next to her, stroking her hair and quietly telling her to breathe as she started to relax, his cock inches away from her face, hard and glistening as a drop of precum trickled down it. Dipping slightly, he rubbed his cock across her lips slowly, watching as the drops smeared over her mouth like shiny lipgloss as she began to come to her senses.

"Stick out your tongue for me, Claire," he said quietly, and she obeyed, making him moan as it pressed against his cock.

Thrusting his hips slightly as he rubbed it along the width of her wet tongue. Wanting to feel the warmth of her mouth, he carefully maneuvered her until she was on all fours and kneeling before he held her chin as he inched his cock into her mouth, feeling the warm wetness closing in around it, making him want to cum immediately in this heavenly place but breathing deeply until the feeling of restraint kicked in. Guiding her by her chin, he moved her head back and forth as he watched his new slut take him in, taking his time and relishing every moment. Glancing movement out the corner of his eye, he saw Bailey cautiously slinking back over to the bed, wagging his tail as he sniffed up the back of Claire's leg to her still dripping pussy, his animal senses being driven wild by her aroma.

"Don't let go of my cock Claire" Joe instructed and began to shuffle backward on the bed on his knees.

As he felt his cock begin to slide out of her mouth, he was pleased as he felt her reach her neck out, pulling her cheek muscles taught and moaning, sending vibrations trembling over his cock. Crawling in front of him, they awkwardly moved further up the bed until he stopped. Looking down, he looked into her eyes, and she smiled up at him with them, knowing she'd pleased him by doing what he'd asked. Smiling back at her, he stroked the back of her neck as she continued sucking him, her scent filling the room by being so incredibly turned on at finally being able to taste the man she'd thought of for so long. Blinking, Joe looked at Bailey and motioned with his head for the dog to jump onto the bed.

Obeying, Bailey immediately zeroed in on Claire again, pressing his snout into her ass as he licked her soaking pussy from behind, Joe growling in his throat as she moaned heavily over him, feeling the echo shoot straight to his balls. Watching Bailey, he saw the dog begin to lick up Claire's ass, his tongue diving into her little hole, and with restraint, he pulled his cock out of her mouth, knowing what was to come. Bending down, he cupped her face and kissed her deeply, tasting his precum as his tongue rolled over hers, feeling the bed shift as Bailey mounted Claire, his back half already thrusting into thin air. Scooting closer, he desperately started stabbing her, his red cock swollen and angry as he tried to find her cunt, making Claire stop in her tracks.

Breathing heavily, Joe leaned forwards next to her, placing a hand under Bailey's cock and guiding him toward his target. As she felt the warm belly covered in fur on her back, Claire shook her head and turned to look at him.

"Joe, no...I don't..." But she was cut off as he gently touched her lips.

"I would never hurt you," Joe said softly as he looked into her eyes.

Blinking, she breathed deeply as her mind raced, even against her will. Her body felt on fire as she felt his hand resting against her pussy as he coaxed Bailey inside her, a new sensation she enjoyed more than she realized she would. Sitting back on his heels, Joe watched with an aching cock as Bailey rested his paws on her waist, his hind legs taking his weight as an animalistic gut instinct



took over and began to move in and out of her. Shuffling back to in front of her, Joe took in her face, which was contorted with a mixture of lust and confusion, and her eyes, staring at him, unsure and questioning.

"It's ok," he nodded. "Just give yourself over to it, like you want to," keeping his voice calm and soothing. With those words, Claire seemed to relax instantly, her breathing deepened, and she focused on the feeling of having Bailey's dick inside her.

It wasn't as thick as a human's but still stretched her cunt pleasantly enough, and the pace of the dog's thrusts was fast, almost rough. Lowering her forearms, she rested them on the bed, sticking her ass higher in the air, and Bailey seemed to rest his paws heavier on her, keeping her in place as he fucked her furiously.

"Tell me how it feels," she heard Joe say, and she looked only to see him watching intently, precum freely dripping off the end of his hard cock he was rubbing as he watched the dog thrusting into her. "Tell me how it feels to be fucked by a dog."

His voice was thick with desire, which turned her on even more, and her voice shook as she spoke, breathing deep and fast.

"It feels so wrong but so good; I know I shouldn't like this, but I do; he feels so good in me," and she gasped as she heard Joe moan quietly.

"Can you feel his dick deep in your cunt, feel it slip in and out of you easily covered in your pussy juice," her body trembled as she saw Joe had turned his attention back to her.

"Yes," she panted and groaned as she pushed back against the furry belly of the beast who was abusing her cunt. His dick got thicker as it pounded deeper inside her, her hand dipping between her legs and rubbing her clit. "Oh god, I want to cum again," she groaned.

"You will not cum until you are told," he said firmly, holding her head and penetrating her with his eyes. She nodded, the force of his words inflaming her pussy more, feeling juices trickle down her thigh as he said softer, "Good girl," and reached a hand out, rubbing her nipple between his thumb and finger.

Her eyes closed in ecstasy; Claire grunted as she felt Bailey's hot breath on her skin, pressing her back up against his soft fur as his hard red dick stabbed into her, giving herself over to the sensation completely as she rubbed harder, needing to cum desperately. As if reading her mind, Joe slapped her breast hard, making her cry out, and she stopped rubbing her clit briefly as sharp pain ricocheted through her. "You will hold it in," he said sternly, slapping the other. She whimpered, knowing she couldn't last much longer as the dog fucked her faster and faster, and she was so turned on she began rubbing her clit again, her nipples aching as he twisted both of them in his fingers.

"Look at me," he ordered, and she forced her eyes open. Her whole body tensed as she tried not to give in.

Her cuntal muscles clenched over Bailey's dick as Joe twisted her nipples again harder. Her cunt ached with the feeling of him inside her, getting thicker, deeper, faster, throbbing, stretching her wide as her clit hardened painfully under her fingers, staring at Joe, pleading with him with her eyes. Lifting a hand, he stroked her cheek lovingly, feeling her shaking like crazy, and watched as her body jolted, the dog getting closer and closer to climax and fucking her furiously. Gazing into her eyes, stroking her soft flesh, he cupped her face and said the words she longed to hear.

"Cum for me, my little dog slut."

Moaning loudly, she rubbed her clit furiously and shuddered hard as her orgasm tore through her body, her cunt muscles throbbing and clenching on Bailey's dick, her juices flooding over her canine lover's fur, which triggered his orgasm. Joe watched the whole thing, amazed how such a quiet and polite person could turn into this sort of vixen when coaxed correctly. Still bucking and jolting, Claire pushed against him as her cunt was filled with dog cum, spurting into her in bursts before Bailey withdrew, his limp dick hanging between his legs as he jumped off the bed, running to the corner again. Watching Bailey lick and clean his wet dick from her cum, Joe breathed deeply.

Turning his attention back to Claire, he looked at her, spent and still on all fours, as she rested her head on the bed, gasping for air. Joe hadn't wanted someone as badly as before and wanted her to know it. Grabbing her head, he pulled it up and held the base of his cock with one hand, pressing the head against her lips, wanting to feel her mouth on him again. As she parted her lips, he pushed his hips forward and slid his cock into her wetness, her mouth a vacuum over his throbbing angry member. He growled and shut his eyes in pleasure as she feasted on him, the tip of his cock nudging her throat every so often as she took too much in by mistake, driving him wild as her saliva trickled down over his balls. Gripping the back of her head, he suddenly thrust hard, pushing his cock into her throat and making her gag before pulling most of the way out and ramming back in again, feeling her throat constrict and sending him closer to the edge.

Fucking her mouth hard, he looked down to see her eyes watering, body spasming every time she gagged, gasping for air on the odd occasion he pulled out of her mouth as he owned it. Gripping the roots of her hair, he yanked her head back slightly and felt his cock running along the roof of her mouth, the underside catching against her teeth. As his balls tightened, he pulled his cock out, gritting his teeth and jerking it as he pulled her hair harder, her neck bending back and holding her head firmly in place. Groaning loudly, he came hard, shooting his load over her face, covering it with his hot sticky cum.

As the last few drops spurted out, he watched as his cum trickled down her cheeks, some covering her lips and some dripping off her chin. Breathing heavily, he waited a minute before shakily standing, his eyes traveling her body as he inspected her, seeing his cum over her face, his dogs cum dripping out of her pussy as she knelt, still and silent as she came to terms with everything that had happened. Nodding to himself, he knew he'd found her.

The perfect slut.

*The End*