

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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I left for the University a little late one morning in late spring due to a late lecture and some student tutorials later in the day. I left Ali for her morning workout and steam. She worked regularly on her Stairmaster and Cardio Glide machines for half an hour. She has lost an enormous amount of weight over the past two years. But she has done it sensibly with a good healthy diet and exercise. She has no six-pack stomach but is now nice, firm, well-proportioned, although not super slim. She uses creams and scrub pads, and her skin has regained a healthy glow with no sagging.

She has always had very lovely breasts and a nice rounded ass. Probably the biggest and most visible area of weight loss was in her stomach and thighs. Her workouts have toned her legs up very well. She lost what she called her bat wing upper arms and thunder thighs and now has her well-defined jaw and neck back. Frankly, she looks twenty years younger and certainly not approaching sixty years old. With her make-over and infectious smile, pearly white teeth, and clear skin, most people wouldn't take her for much over forty - late forties if they were unkind. She finished her morning workout, wore her favorite robe, and had a pot of Fortnum's Royal blend tea in the conservatory.

It had finally stopped raining the day before, and the sun shone gloriously. The rain had been pouring down for weeks, and she had been unable to work in the garden. I say garden - we live in a very hilly area covered in pine woods. We have a small lawn in comparison to our five acres. The lawn falls off to the woods below, and a small spinney at the bottom, the boundary separating us from our neighbor. We never saw a need for any fencing nor did our old neighbours. A new young couple had moved into the old Ryde House just a few months ago. I think they are newlyweds and seem happy enough. We have seen them a couple of times in the village.

He works in insurance in the city (London), and I have not caught his name. His young wife is stunning with an hourglass figure and long, dark, curly brown hair. She has light brown eyes that are very penetrating and oversize lips that make her look like she is pouting continually. Ali thinks those lips can only be artificially enhanced. They have a massive Great Dane. He is midnight blue and has wandered into our yard a few times.

Ali finished her tea and was going to look at the wildflower patch we had planted last fall on the lower slopes by the spinney. She wore a short jean skirt and a skimpy spaghetti strap flimsy top in her favorite sky blue. I love this outfit as it leaves nothing to the imagination. This day, she didn't put on any panties or bra - just commando, I think the young people call it. She made her way down the slope, and the wildflowers were profusion, growing through any crack or crevice in the many rocks and stones. She sat down on a flat stone to take in the smell and beauty and had been sitting there for a few minutes when she heard someone coming down the path on our side next to the spinney. It was our new neighbor Stefanie.

Ali was not hidden but blended in well with the foliage around her. She would say something when she noticed Stefanie folding over the waist of her already short, pleated skirt. She folded it several times until it exposed her pert and tight bottom. She reached behind and started to play with her ass and started rubbing her pussy. Then she let a little pee go and rubbed it into her ass and pussy. Ali was fascinated and decided not to make herself known - just to see what was next.

What was next came quickly down the path of the Great Dane. Stefanie was smacking her ass. "Come on, big boy." She leaned over at the waist and placed her hands on her knees, bending over in half at the waist. "Come on, Pilot - don't make mommy wait." Pilot the Dane came up and sniffed her ass. The pee must have encouraged him as it was now running down her leg. Pilot put his snout in between her legs, and his tongue lashed out at her asshole and pussy.

She looked back between her legs and started to moan. Then she put her hands on her ass cheeks and spread them so Pilot could get his tongue in really deep. Ali could see his long tongue striking out and penetrating her pussy very deeply. She wondered how that felt - a six or 7-inch rough tongue eating your pussy. Ali began to slowly stroke her naked pussy and play with her clit. She must have let out a moan because Pilot looked up sharply and so did Stefanie. Stefanie stood up quickly and tried to adjust her skirt.

"I'm sorry, dear. I didn't mean to startle you."

"Oh - I'm sorry Mrs ..."

"That's alright. It should be me that apologizes - I didn't mean to snoop on you and Pilot."

"God, this is so embarrassing, Mrs ..."

"Call me Ali. You have a magnificent beast there - I don't think I've seen a Great Dane that large before." Ali figured she would take the sting out of the situation with small talk.

"Oh Pilot is a big boy - a wedding present from my parents - they breed Danes up in Yorkshire. But, you're right, Pilot has become an exceptionally big example of the breed."

"Why don't you come to the house, and we'll have a tea - settle you down a bit."

"Oh, I couldn't," as she looked down at her short skirt.

"That's alright. My husband is gone to work—only us and Pilot—bring him along." Ali got up and started walking up the hill towards the house. When she reached the conservatory doors, Pilot was through ahead of her.

"Pilot, get out of there."

"No - no, it's alright. We used to have a dog - a chocolate Lab, and he loved the conservatory. Come on in and have a seat - how do you like your tea? I'm afraid I haven't got any Yorkshire tea."

"Oh, I'm sure your tea is great - just milk and two sugars." Ali went into the kitchen to make the tea, and Stefanie sat on one of the Lloyd loom chairs. Pilot curled up on the shag throw rug. Ali returned with a tray of tea and fixings and placed it on the coffee table.

"Just help yourself. We don't stand on ceremony here. There's a biscuit for Pilot—does he want any water?"

"No - he had plenty to drink in the creek. And can I say how sorry I am about earlier? I didn't mean for anyone ..."

"To see Pilot licking your lovely pussy." Stefanie was a little stunned by Ali's forward manner. Ali can be a little disarming - her manner is, for all the world, a lovely pensioner until you look closer. "Does peeing on yourself get him excited?"

"Yes - they are very much driven by smells." Ali had sat on the edge of the wicker chair and had left her knees parted about a foot. Stefanie had a clear view through her thighs to see she wasn't wearing any panties. It was also not hard to notice that Ali's nipples were hard and protruding through her flimsy, almost see-through top. Stefanie cleared her throat. "I've been around Danes all my life - my husband doesn't like dogs - I wish I had known that before we married."

"Does it cause problems?"

"No, I'm not saying that - it's just I never got to know Ralph that well before we married - he works constantly - even when he comes home, he goes into his study to look at figures on his computer."

"I know - men can be insensitive like that. We are at home all day and want some stimulation in the evening, and they go to sleep."

"Exactly - you know exactly what I'm on about."

Ali has always been a person that people open up to. We often joke when she tells me about a waitress or garage attendant's problems, and I ask if she also got their mother's maiden name. I think it's because she is genuinely interested, and they can tell. She was always interested in psychology and has taken several counselling courses - she could make a living solving people's complex emotional problems. Ali could tell Stefanie had an unhappy marriage, probably because Ralph was much older. "This is lovely tea ... and again, can I apologize earlier?"

"No need, dear - a girl needs to do what a girl needs to do, and I think you have found a very satisfying solution. I suppose Pilot's tongue is very expert."

"Oh yes - I've been training him since he was a pup."

"Training him to lick your pussy - shame we can't train our men as well?" Pilot's head shot up when he heard the word pussy.

"I use the word pussy as a trigger for Pilot. My husband thinks it is a foul word and never uses it." With her saying it again, Pilot rose slowly and stretched his legs. "Down Pilot."

"Don't be angry - he is just doing what is natural to him - obeying his mistress." Pilot ambled over to Stefanie and nudged the side of her leg. She slightly opened her legs, and Pilot stuck his head down and tried to lick her pussy.

"I hope you don't mind. He can be persistent when he gets my scent. Sometimes there is no stopping him."

"Is it only your scent he is attracted to?"

"I don't know - I'm the only female he has had." Ali slid her ass over the edge of the wicker chair, hiking up her short jean skirt even more, and spread her legs wide. She peed a little on her fingers and rubbed it into her pussy lips and on her thighs. Stefanie couldn't believe her eyes and was shocked at Ali rubbing her pussy. "I don't think you should do that, Ali." Ali rubbed her pussy harder, opening the lips wide to reveal a swollen red opening and a clit engorged.

"Pilot, come on boy - pussy boy." Stefanie had closed her legs, and Pilot lifted his head and turned towards Ali. "Maybe you should introduce him to a new pussy." Stefanie stood up and, holding Pilot's collar, walked him the few feet over to Ali's waiting open legs. He put his snout in between Ali's legs.

"Come on, big boy - lick mommy's pussy." Pilot's tongue shot out as it had before and swiped Ali from asshole to pubic mound. The sensation was electrifying, and Ali leaned back and moaned. Pilot took this as full permission to continue. It was amazing how he dug his tongue deeply into Ali's pussy. It wasn't long before she climaxed. "Oh My god, that was fantastic." But Pilot continued to stroke her pussy with his tongue. "There is no off switch, I suppose?"

"I'm afraid not - maybe I can distract him." Stefanie got on her knees and started to stroke Pilot's

cock sheath. He lost interest in Ali's pussy and laid down on his back with his legs laid wide to the sides - an unusual position for a dog. She continued to stroke his sheath until his cock began to emerge. She stroked its whole length as it grew - at least 8 inches. Pilot's cock was uneven in coloring, and was heavily veined with a pointed tip that was leaking fluid. Ali was dumbfounded when Stefanie put her lips to his cock head and then slid a few inches into her mouth. She began sucking his cock as she began to play with her pussy. Ali got off the chair and got behind her and started playing with her pussy and then began to lick her ass hole.

Stefanie was at first a little hesitant and then began to grind her ass into Ali's waiting mouth. She continued to suck Pilot as Ali slipped a couple of fingers into her pussy. Stefanie was extremely loose, and Ali's fingers were not constricted. She was so wet that Ali pulled her two fingers out and put all four fingers back in. She continued to buck against Ali's fingers.

"Oh yes fuck me - please fuck me." Ali slipped her thumb into her palm and slowly put her entire hand in Stefanie's pussy. She was amazed at how her pussy just swallowed her hand so easily. Ali made a fist and began fisting her in and out. "Oh God - fuck me - fuck me. God damnit fuck me." Ali did not see Pilot get up. Stefanie had stopped sucking his cock. Fuck me was another trigger, and the next thing Ali knew - Pilot had walked up behind her and just walked over her backside as he was so tall. His cock probed at her rear end. Afraid that he might find her asshole, she spread her legs wider and lifted her knees off the floor so that his cock could find her pussy instead.

Pilot's cock found her pussy after a few tries, and when he did, it was hell for leather. He rammed home every inch of his dog's cock. Ali thought the Jamaican at the underwear shop had fucked her like an animal. That was nothing compared to Pilot. He had only thrust a few times when he put enormous pressure against the opening of her pussy. It felt like cramming two tennis balls in her hole, and once he was in, he stopped trusting. Ali's whole cervix was now alive - the pressure was intense on her clit, and she was racked by one orgasm after another. She let her hand slip out of Stefanie's pussy to steady herself. Stefanie got up on her knees, looking at Ali. "Oh my god - he's knotted you - I'm so sorry."

"Will you stop fucking apologizing - this is fantastic - I've never been fucked like this. Stefanie was soothing Pilot, and within a few minutes, his cock came out with a tremendous plop - followed by a stream of dog cum that coated both Ali's legs and pooled on the ceramic tile floor. "I can see now why your pussy is so loose." Ali collapsed on her side, laughing. "Jesus fucking Christ." Stefanie laughed as well.

"No ... Pilot."

The End