

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



Deb clung tightly to Dale as his motorcycle roared down the street. She enjoyed the feel of the wind as they cruised along. She also was enjoying the vibration of the bike under her shaking her ass and pussy. It was having an arousing effect on her. This was good, because she'd already made up her mind that if Dale wanted to take her to bed today, she wasn't going to stop him. In fact she was going to encourage him, she'd decided today was the day and she was looking forward to it. Even though they'd only gone out a couple of times she was beginning to think perhaps this was the guy, the she'd been looking for.

He swung into his driveway and turned off the bike. It had been a fun ride, now she was ready to set out seducing him. Even if it turned out he wasn't the right guy for her, she was in the mood to get laid. This was the first time she was ever inside the house, that morning he'd been waiting outside for her by his bike, wiping it down, cleaning the chrome. When they went in they were greeted by his dog, a large Great Dane. Dale reached down, enthusiastically petting him.

"Hi, boy, how've you been? You miss me?" He looked at Deb, "This is Hamlet, he's my buddy."

"Oh, a Great Dane named after the Melancholy Dane. That's cute."

"Thanks, I think he wants to go outside though."

She followed as he led Hamlet to the back door and opened it. The backyard was surrounded by a high fence. It was the perfect place to let a dog loose. They went back in, Dale mixed them a couple of Margaritas and they went into the living room and sat on the sofa. They sat sipping their drinks making small talk. Somewhere during their second round of drinks, Dale leaned over and kissed her. It was the moment Deb had been waiting for, she literally threw herself at him.

Slipping onto his lap, she kissed him hard and passionately, her tongue probing his mouth while her hands caressed his face lovingly. There was no doubt what she wanted, and little doubt Dale was going to provide it. She felt his hands move up her back under her t-shirt, unhooking her bra. While one hand remained on her back, the other moved to the front and pushed the bra upwards, freeing her breasts. Then he began stroking and gently squeezing them, Deb could feel her nipples hardening. She was too impatient for a slow seduction, she wanted to get naked, to make love with wild abandon.

"Why don't we go to the bedroom? It works better in there."

"Good point, if you'll let me up, we can do that."

She got off his lap and he stood up, put his arm around her shoulders and led her down a short hallway. They went into a room that was sparsely furnished, there was a bed and a dresser with bare wooden floors. It was obviously a spare bedroom. She thought it was odd, but really didn't care, as long as there was a bed. As soon as he closed the door, she quickly shed her clothing, then walked over to Dale and began to help him undress.

"Man, you're really in a hurry aren't you?"

"Bet your life on it," she smiled, "aren't you?"

"You have to ask?" he said as he glanced down at his erect penis.

"Well then," she smiled smugly, and sat on the edge of the bed, "come and get it."

He did just that, coming over climbing onto her. He kissed her, then moved down and began sucking and kissing her breasts, his tongue torturing her nipples. One hand slid down to her crotch, manipulating her pussy, exciting her. One finger forced its way in, twisting and jabbing in a random pattern, she felt herself getting wet. His erection was pressed against her hip and she could feel it throb. She knew he was going to have to screw her soon or risk cumming on her. So she understood when he cut the foreplay short and moved over to get in position.

She felt the head of his cock press its way between her outer cunt lips, finally finding the right spot. Then it pushed forward, sliding deep into her. Once all the way in, he wasted no time, she felt his prick start moving in and out rapidly. Her gut feeling was he wasn't going to last long, but that didn't bother her at all. She was glad for his enthusiasm, sometimes a quick but hard fucking was good enough for a start. After all, they had all afternoon to enjoy each other, if she didn't cum the first time she was sure they weren't done for the day, there'd be more chances.

She was right, in just minutes she felt his cock throb as he shot a load of cum into her. He gave a few more thrusts, then pulled out. While she hadn't cum, it had still been an enjoyable experience even if it had been brief. When he rolled off of her, she leaned over and kissed him then rested her head on his shoulder. She was happy.

"I came pretty quick. I feel like I cheated you," his voice was low, almost a whisper.

"That's alright, honey, I still liked it."

"No," he spoke more determinedly, "I've got an idea that might just make it up to you. Wait here."

Confused, she watched him get up and leave the room. Wait here, she thought, where in the hell did he think she was going to go? She lay on the bed waiting for him. She had been all set for more sex play, but he'd run out on her. Then she heard him out in the hall along with some strange scratching noises. Then the door open and he came in wearing a bathrobe, Hamlet was with him. She wasn't sure where this was going, but she had a bad feeling about it.

"What's up," she asked cautiously.

"Oh, nothing, I just thought Hamlet might be able to help us out."

"Yeah, but you want to tell me how?" She was growing nervous.

"Don't worry, just stay there and relax."

She was literally dumbfounded as Dale led the huge dog over between her legs. Hamlet sniffed around a couple of times, then stuck his tongue out quickly, licking her wet pussy. It was a shocking sensation, but not an unpleasant one.

"Don't worry, honey," Dale whispered, "relax, you're going to enjoy this."

Even as he spoke, Hamlet began licking her harder and faster. Dale was right, she just might enjoy it. The dog's large tongue stroking across her pussy, separating her cunt lips in its travels, exposing and stimulating the inner flesh was unlike anything she'd ever experienced before. The beast's tongue was stronger and quicker than any human's, and was soon driving her wild. She forgot about the unspoken moral prohibition on what she was doing. It was exciting, possibly because it was something she'd never considered before, thinking anyone who did was sick or evil and now she was enjoying it.

She leaned back on the bed her arms extended behind her. She looked over at Dale with half closed eyes and smiled.

"Damn, you were right, this is un-fucking-believable."

"I told you so," he said, "now, why don't you get down on your knees and lean over the bed. It's a more natural position for him to lap you in, and more comfortable for him."

Naively, she did like he said, after all he'd been right so far. She interrupted Hamlet's ministrations briefly as she stood up and turned around. The dog moved out of her way, shuffling back and forth impatiently while she changed position, rushing back in as soon as she bent back over. It did seem better this way. Hamlet was now licking her freely, his large course tongue arousing her now soaking wet pussy in a way it had never been before. Then there was a gut tightening sensation as her orgasm exploded, leaving her helplessly lost in a wave of ecstasy. Clutching the bed covers in her fists, she began sobbing joyfully as Hamlet's sensual tongue lashing continued.

Distracted by her massive orgasm, she was unaware of what was about to happen. Suddenly she felt the weight of the giant dog on her back as he moved in closer. Her mind clouded by the fog of sensual bliss that engulfed her, she was confused by this, perhaps even slightly amused. Then she felt his cock jabbing away at her pussy, splattering her with pre-cum as it searched for its target. Confusion turned to panic as she realized she was about to get fucked by a dog. It was more than she'd bargained for.

"Dale, please, stop him," she called out. "Don't let him do it."

"Once he starts, babe, there's no stopping him. You might as well let him finish and enjoy it."

She slid her hand down to block him from her cunt, but the rapidly spearing cock slid between her fingers hitting its mark. She felt the end of it enter her pussy, Hamlet moved closer, his forepaws around her waist, holding her while his cock continued its furious attack, plunging deeper and deeper into her. She didn't believe this was happening to her, didn't believe Dale had set her up like this; she had no idea what his motivation was. Then she felt it; the knot. It was banging against her vaginal opening as he continued thrusting madly. Horrified, she realized Hamlet was trying shove this swollen lump into her. She had heard about the knot, but never actually seen one. It felt enormous as it hammered against her.

"Damn it Dale, help me, please, it's too much. Make him stop. I'll do anything, please."

"I told you, I can't now, just let it happen."

Deb let out a cry of pain as the knot finally forced its way into her. Hamlet gave a few more hard thrusts, burying his large prick as deep in her as he could, then stopped. She thought the worst was over, but then she felt his penis expanding inside her. Terrified, she realized the knot was going to expand also. It didn't seem possible, but she knew it would and she didn't understand how it could without tearing her apart. Petrified, she began to cry, then darkness quickly surrounded her as she fell into a brief swoon.

She was only out for seconds, but as her head cleared she realized something amazing had happened. During the few moments her blackout had lasted it was as if something had pushed a reset switch in her brain. Fear, terror, dismay, and humiliation had all disappeared. Now she was more aware of her body's reactions to the dog's swollen prick imbedded inside her. There was pain, but an erotic, exciting type of pain, she couldn't explain even to herself why she was finding this pleasurable, but she was. Due to the size of Hamlet's fully erect cock, every move, no matter how

slight, on either her part or Hamlet's sent an electric-like shot of this delicious pain through her lower body.

She was aware also of her abdominal muscles tightening involuntarily as her cunt seemed to be trying to contract around Hamlet's throbbing hard on. She didn't know whether her pussy was trying to squeeze his cock or trying unsuccessfully to force it out of her. She was also aware of two other things; the twitching of Hamlet's dick as his cum flowed into her and the tingling feel in her pussy that told her she was seconds away from cumming along with him.

Once she began to come her hips began jerking reflexively, sending more jolts of that exotic exquisite pain through her, heightening and driving her orgasm onward. She figured with a cock that size the tip was probably already pressed tight against her cervix and any other spastic motions on her part was more than likely putting new and strange pressure on her other nearby organs contributing to the uniquely erotic sensations she was experiencing.

On another level, she really didn't give a fuck, she was having an orgasm like none she'd had before and that's all that mattered. She could feel the flow of warm liquid on her thighs. She assumed it was Hamlet's cum leaking out of her although some of it might have been her own, not to mention she may have even peed herself slightly; a dick that large had to be putting pressure on her bladder. Lost in an orgasm as intense and prolonged as this, she really wasn't thinking all that much. She was just amazed at the amount of cum he was pumping into her. She was used to the two or three spurts that a man deposits, Hamlet seemed to filling her with a continuous stream. She didn't know how much was actual semen, since she knew nothing about a dog's pre-cum, for all she knew he was pissing inside her. But she didn't care, if piss could trigger this type of orgasm, then he could piss all he wanted because it felt good.

Finally the forward pressure of his prick eased up, though he was still all the way inside her battered cunt and the tip of his cock was pressed against her cervical opening, he was no longer trying to push it farther ahead, As the pressure against her cervix eased, so did the pain. His knot was still inside her, but there was a relaxed feeling about it all now. Releasing his hold on her hips, Hamlet swung around, facing the opposite direction, however the jerking motion of his still swollen prick within her jump started her subsiding orgasm. Once more waves of carnal pleasure ran through her as her throbbing pussy began a series of rapid contractions grasping the dog's cock as if trying to wring out every last drop of cum from him.

It was a strange feeling, kneeling there, her upper body on the bed, a dog's fully erect penis deep inside her. She'd forgotten all about Dale until she heard him groan. She turned her head to look just in time to feel his cum splatter across her cheek. He'd just jacked off in her face. So, there was his motivation for all this, he got off on watching.

After about ten minutes, she felt Hamlet's cock begin to slowly deflate. Finally it reached a point where Hamlet pulled out. The knot caused one brief moment of discomfort as it slipped past her cunt lips, then she felt the rest of his prick sliding out. Weakened by her orgasms, Deb sat back on her heels temporarily, then flopped over on the floor, oblivious to the fact she was lying in the puddle of assorted fluids that had come out of her throughout the whole process. On her back with one knee bent upwards and a forearm over her eyes, she tried to collect her thoughts.

Then she heard Hamlet's claws on the floor, she looked up and saw his head lowering down to her pussy. She raised her other knee as he began licking again at her snatch. He was having no problems, Dale had lied when he talked her into getting into the kneeling position saying it was easier for the dog that way. He'd known the damned dog would try to fuck her and he wanted to watch.

Her anger was put on hold for the moment. Hamlet's lapping was reawakening her passion and was also soothing for her tired, battered pussy. She lay there relishing his finishing move. Most men don't like to eat pussy after a fuck, she thought to herself, but apparently dogs have no problem with it. She was thankful for that, because it was just what she needed after the tumultuous screwing the dog had just given her. One final series of orgasmic shivers passed through her, leaving her gasping for breath. She couldn't help but wonder just how big the dog's cock had been when it was fully extended inside her and how much cum had she absorbed during the whole thing, from penetration until withdrawal. She figured she'd never really know the answer to that.

Once Hamlet finished lapping her, Dale came and led him out. Deb got up slowly, weakly, using the bedspread to dry off as much of the cum and other slop as she could. Then she started getting dressed. Dale came in and attempted to kiss her, she brushed him aside.

"Come on, babe, don't be like that. That was incredibly hot."

"You suck, you son of a bitch." She snarled the words out.

"What? You liked it, you were coming all over the place."

"Yeah, and so were you, you crummy bastard." She pointed to the still wet smear of cum on her cheek. "You set me up. I don't care if I came a hundred times, you still suck. How many women have you pulled this little act on?"

"Just you, I swear. It's just something I always wanted to see, that's all."

"Well, I hope you had a good look, because it's the last you'll ever see of me. If I never run into you again it'll be too soon. Your dog on the other hand is a different story, at least HE was a good fuck," she sneered.

With that, she finished dressing and stomped out. She drove home quickly and headed for the shower, she was a mess, especially from lying on the floor in all the mess from her and Hamlet's bout of intercourse. She showered, but didn't douche; she didn't know how much of Hamlet's cum was still in her. She imagined her whole reproductive system as being awash with the stuff, but if it wasn't, she knew she was still carrying a lot of residue inside her and it kind of turned her on.

She got dressed and drove to the mall and began walking around. It gave her some sort of perverse thrill to think that the other people passing by had no way of knowing that below her complacent and proper exterior her uterus and oviducts were swarming with canine sperm searching vainly for an egg to fertilize. There was a strange excitement to her new depraved secret. She had done something that day that few women ever do, and no matter that she'd been pissed off at the way it had happened, she'd enjoyed it. Under different circumstances, she might do it again. She'd fucked a dog and was wandering around full of his cum. She was now a way most of these women never would be. She smiled to herself, if they only knew.