

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



My daughter Sara came home from college for the holidays and brought her flatmate's dog with her. Nicki (her flatmate) had to travel unexpectedly and asked Sara to take care of him. I didn't object. I taught my daughter to be kind towards our friends and neighbors like a good Christian.

Later that night, Sara and I were watching television after cleaning the kitchen from dinner, and the dog, Hunter, waltzed into the room. He was a mid-size dog, mottled grey and black fur, looked like maybe half German Shepherd and half Akita. He sniffed the couch and walked around the room, exploring the space. I paid him no mind but was aware of his presence. After a while, he stopped exploring and just stood in the middle of the room. I looked at him, and he looked back at me. Then he looked at Sara, then back at me, and continued to stand there. As I looked, I noticed his penis hanging down from his crotch. It was long and thick and hung obscenely. I gasped and put my hand to my mouth.

"What is it, Mama?" asked Sara.

I didn't say anything. She followed my gaze and saw what I was looking at.

"Oh, Hunter, you're hopeless!" she exclaimed.

I looked at her questioningly.

She said, "Nicki's been trying to curb this behavior, but he just doesn't learn." Then, turning to Hunter, she said in a baby-talk voice, "You never learn, do you, little guy? Don't worry, Mama. Nicki showed me what to do. We just have to help him so he can put his juicer away."

His juicer?

And with that, she hopped off the couch and approached the animal. She reached underneath and took hold of his penis with both hands. It was so thick a single hand could not get around the girth of it. She slowly massaged it, back and forth, with long strokes.

I was shocked and practically speechless, but I managed to say, "Uh, honey, I don't think you should touch that."

"It's ok, Mama. I know what to do. He'll put away his juicer after it's empty. To empty it, we have to milk it. Like milking a cow!"

At this moment, I wished I had taught her more about the birds and the bees and less about the stork bringing babies. I figured she would have learned in due time, but she was 20 and still seemed to have no idea about what was happening here.

She put her hand at the tip of the dog's penis to collect some fluid, then rubbed it along the length of his dick. She continued stroking slowly from the balls to the tip, using the fluid to make it glide easier. Hunter's shaft was so long, each stroke seemed to take forever. Also, time itself was frozen for me because I could not believe my eyes.

Sara said, "Sometimes this doesn't work if he's too cold. I'll just try for a couple more minutes."

Things were getting messy. The dog's fluids were dripping on the hardwood floor, all over Sara's hands. The whole thing was obscene. The dog's cock looked even bigger than it did a few minutes earlier, impossibly large, reddish with purple veins bulging. As fat and as long as my forearm. And

she continued to stroke it. I wanted to stop her but was at a loss for words. She acted like this was no big deal, just an everyday occurrence.

Finally, I said, "Honey, please, I really don't think this is the appropriate way to help Hunter. If you just leave him alone, I think he'll put it away eventually."

"No, Mama, he never puts it away until it's empty. And didn't you teach me that all of God's creatures are good? And that the righteous care for the needs of their animals?"

"Yes, of course, but..." I mumbled.

"Okay, then. I'll just finish caring for him real quick. Nicki taught me a trick that always works!" she continued. "Remember my handwarmer?" she asked.

Oh no. I knew where this was headed. When she was younger I had found her with her fingers in her vagina, and she said it felt warm. Thinking quickly, I told her it was a good way to warm her hands on cold nights.

"Yes, I remember," I said.

"It's also perfect for warming up his juicer!"

Sara got on her hands and knees, slid her panties down her thighs, and flipped her skirt up over her back. I had never seen her from this angle before and found myself staring directly at her pussy from behind while she was bent over. Her ass was plump without being fatty; a nice cushion. Her thighs were thick and strong. Her pussy lips were puffy, almost swollen-looking, hanging low, and wet. I could see them glistening from where I sat.

I tried again to stop this insanity. She couldn't possibly be this naive. "Sara, stop. Your handwarmer is for you, not for dogs."

"Mama, don't worry; it only takes a minute. And if I can't share my God-given gifts with God's creations, then what's the point?"

She maneuvered herself behind Hunter, so they were butt to butt. She reached back between his hind legs, grasped his thick cock, and pulled it out towards herself. Once it was sticking out between his legs, she backed herself up towards it and slid her pussy right onto his dick. She slowly moved backwards, sliding more and more of that monster cock into her cunt, stretching her puffy lips wide. Unbelievable.

Once she had taken as much as she could, she rocked back and forth on her hands and knees, sliding the dog cock in and out, in and out. Slowly and steadily. She dropped from her hands to her elbows and continued to slide back and forth on that monster-sized red penis. There was a bulge at the base of the cock that looked threatening but Sara stayed clear of it. She slid her cunt along the shaft faster now, dog fluid dripping from her pussy lips onto the floor. Her breasts swaying under her shirt. Her panties were wrapped around one ankle.

She continued to ride that cock like no tomorrow for a minute or so, until she and Hunter both tensed up and froze. His dick looked like it was flexing inside Sara's pussy and she was humping her hips a little to match the flexes. After a minute of that, she crawled forward, and the cock slid out of her, revealing a glistening shaft of red and pink. When the end popped out of her snatch, his penis flopped down and a pint of cum and fluids splashed onto the floor. Hunter stood with his penis hanging under his body, and I was struck again by the size of it. How did that fit inside my daughter?

"See, it's all done, Mama. His juicer is empty, and he'll put it away. We just need to clean up a little, he's pretty messy when he gets milked."

Sara pulled her panties back on, flipped her skirt back down, and went to the kitchen to get some cleaning materials. I tried to catch my breath and regroup my thoughts. No way my sweet angel just fucked a dog in front of me. How on earth did this come to pass?! Well she was correct anyway, Hunter's penis was shrinking and would soon be back inside his furry sheath. It was at this moment that I realized my panties felt wet. Oh God, my vagina had betrayed me. Once I had a second to assess myself, I felt immediate guilt that my womanly area had reacted to the events that took place. This was unacceptable. I would need to repent.

Sara returned with towels and a spray bottle of cleaning solution. "Help me clean up?" she asked, as if she had simply spilled some soda or dropped an egg.

She used a towel to wipe up a big puddle of cum and then handed it to me. She was making a worse mess of it, the towel was dripping and now I had dog cum on my hand. I tried to use a dry part of the towel to wipe my hand, but that made things worse. My hands were slicked and slippery. Gross! But also very naughty.

Eventually, we got the floor cleaned up, but I needed a shower, and my panties needed to be changed. Hunter was curled up on a spot on the floor, and Sara returned to watching television. I was still shocked by how she acted like everything was fine and normal. I was not even sure if Sara understood she had just had sex with that dog. She seemed to think she was "milking" his "juicer". I headed upstairs to clean myself up. I planned to talk to her as soon as I was done.

The End