

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Liz squinted at the clock, its hands ticking closer to the dreaded 3 PM. Her three young kids were playing outside, their laughter piercing through the open window of her suburban home. She knew that peace was temporary, but for now, she relished the quietude. The doorbell rang, and she sighed, setting aside her half-finished cup of coffee. It was probably just another Amazon delivery. She had become accustomed to the constant flow of boxes over the past year, her online shopping habit ballooning during the pandemic.

Her husband, Tim, was at work, and she was expecting a new kitchen gadget she had ordered to replace the one that had broken during her last attempt at a gourmet meal. She opened the door to the familiar face of the mailman, who held out a box with a knowing smile. "Looks like another wonderful day, Liz," he said, winking. She took the parcel, feeling the weight of it, and immediately noticed something odd. It was smaller than she had anticipated. Intrigued, she shut the door and carried the box to the kitchen counter, her curiosity piqued.

There was a typo in the recipient's name on the packaging label. Liz blinked in surprise and wanted to give it back to the mailman right away, but he was already gone. Curious, she examined the package, wanting to know what was inside. Should she just open it and play dumb if someone asked, or honestly return it straight away? Curiosity got the better of her, and she opened the package.

The package contained another nondescript box depicting a beautiful, dark-haired woman with her Great Dane dog. Liz was confused. Was it a dog toy? She read what was written on the package: "Realistic", "Skin-friendly", "Pliable" and "12.5 inches long, with a 4-inch knot" "Ready to stretch your hole". Her confusion grew, and so did her curiosity.

What you should know about Liz is that she was raised strictly Catholic and lived according to the rules of the Bible. It wasn't easy and she longed for the liberal and self-determined life of her fellow human beings. The religiously imposed restrictions actually made her unhappy, but she didn't dare say anything to her ultra-conservative husband. So she lived on her own, pretending to be a devout housewife, mother, and church member. She knew she was hypocritical and that this was a sin, which weighed on her psychologically. Those around her often felt this.

Furthermore, her husband was her first and only man. Sexually, Liz was very inexperienced, naive and frustrated. She had already resigned herself to never seeing anything beyond her marital bed and her husband. Lost in thought about her unsatisfied libido, Liz was still standing there, holding the package, when the children's screams brought her back to reality. Startled, she picked up the package and quickly tucked it away in her closet. She would deal with it later.

Her thoughts revolved around the box all day. What did "ready to stretch your hole" mean? She could hardly wait to open the box, but she had to wait until the next morning. She kissed her husband as he left for work. She dropped her children off at school, knowing she had time to herself until the afternoon.

Nervously and with trembling hands, she opened her closet and pulled out the box. There it was again, "Ready to stretch your hole," her mind reeling. She opened the box and couldn't believe her eyes. Out fell a dildo, but in a shape she'd never seen before. Deep red with veins and a kind of grain. The package insert congratulated her on purchasing this huge "canine dildo" and wished her lots of fun with it. Shocked and disgusted, she threw the dildo away. What should she do now? She hadn't expected this. Who would use something like that? How sick do you have to be?

She'd never ordered anything even remotely related to it, let alone a dildo. She laughed nervously,

thinking it was a bad joke and definitely an accident. Why was God testing her like this, or was He giving her a chance to add some joy to her life? If so, God had an interesting sense of humor. What did the Bible say about this? It usually helped her in these situations, and to her surprise, she came up with Galatians 6:10: "So then, as we have opportunity, let us do good to everyone, and especially to those who are of the household of faith."

Was that a sign? Was God trying to encourage her? That's exactly how it must be, she thought, but still struggled with herself. She shyly searched for the dildo and looked at it. How could that gigantic thing possibly fit down there? Although she had three children, she was still small. And the bulge at the end, should that be included? The instructions clearly showed how to use it, and yes, the bulge had to be included. What a test, Liz thought. If God wants to test me, who am I to argue?

The room fell silent, only the hum of the refrigerator could be heard. The dildo lay bright red in front of her, a stark contrast to the everyday kitchen utensils surrounding it. She had truly never seen anything like it before, and the sheer absurdity of the situation made her laugh out loud, a mixture of shock and embarrassment. The thought that someone else might be taking her actual order, a set of innocent pastry cutters, filled her with a strange sense of empathy. But now here she was, with this unexpected, explicit intrusion into her otherwise normal life. She knew she had to deal with it before someone else found out.

Her mind raced as she considered what to do next. She would definitely send it back after she used it. The mere thought gave her a surge of vaginal discharge she'd never experienced before. Liz took a deep breath, trying to focus. Her heart pounded in her throat as she wondered if this was the beginning of a wild, unpredictable chapter in her otherwise predictable life.

She pulled off her skin-tight jeans and her soaked floral cotton panties and rubbed her itchy pussy thoroughly. God, she was so aroused. Naked in her kitchen with her hairy pussy and wide hips. Unsure how to proceed, she read the instructions: "Getting Started - If you're new to dog dildos, start with a smaller size and gradually work your way up." Well, she had what she had and wanted to go through with it. She'd had three children, so she could manage it.

She read on: "Use plenty of water-based lubricant to enhance comfort and ease of use." Okay, no problem, she thought, rubbed her hand through her dripping pussy and spread it over the long shaft. "Take your time and explore at your own pace to ensure a pleasurable experience." She seemed to be able to do that, too. "If your pussy is very hairy, shave it beforehand to ensure smooth penetration." Hmm, that could be a problem, but she'd manage to explain it to her husband. She quickly ran to the bathroom and began removing the bush. She hadn't seen her pussy bald in a long time and looked at it in the mirror, full of lust. How would the dildo look in there, she thought to herself?

Liz went back into the kitchen and continued reading. "Ideally, you should position yourself on a flat surface, legs bent and spread, so your pelvis can relax and the dildo with the knot can penetrate deeply enough." Liz followed the instructions and lay down on the family's dining table.

Her pussy was still dripping wet and was already leaving marks on the table. She took the dildo and slowly inserted it. Inch by inch it found its way inside. The dildo stretched her pussy so much that Liz felt a gentle but pleasant pain. The veins of the dildo massaged the inside of her pussy and it just felt good. Suddenly there was an obstacle. The knot. Much wider than the rest and the shaft that was already touching her cervix. But it hadn't kissed it yet. She had never had such a big penis inside her. What a great feeling, she thought, enjoying every second.

Her thoughts grew darker, a cocktail of excitement and guilt swirling in her head and stomach. How

would it feel to have the knot inside her too? she wondered. Would it be as taboo and exciting as she thought it would be? The ringing of her phone echoed down the hall, a stark contrast to the quiet contemplation in the kitchen. She took a deep breath as her hand finally touched the cool silicone and, with one bold leap, inserted the entire knot all at once.

It was so firm, yet yielding, and she was impressed by the realistic details. Completely different from her husband with his soft, small cock. What had she ever missed in life? With a furtive glance at her phone, "Tim calling," she pulled the knot out again and held it tight, then pushed it back in again with a moan. OMG, how hot. "Tim still calling," she did it again and again.

Liz continued working on her cock, savoring it deep inside her. Tim called again; How can someone be so annoying? she thought. With the dildo, knotted and knotted inside her, she maneuvered herself off the wet table and grabbed her phone. "Hi Tim," she said. She noticed that the dildo had a suction cup. She placed it on the floor because she definitely didn't want to stop. She was now squatting on the kitchen floor, the cock deep in her pussy, talking on the phone with her husband. She was so horny.

"Hi honey, I just wanted to see how you're doing," said Tim. "I'm doing the kitchen work," said Liz, slowly bobbing on the giant cock, careful not to go too deep. "Very good. Please get everything ready for the kids and me. You know I don't want to wait around when I get home," said Tim. What an asshole, she thought. He was always condescending, but a good Catholic woman doesn't argue. "Yes, my husband," she said, enjoying her fuck.

At that moment, the strength in her thighs eased slightly, and the dog's cock gently but firmly kissed her cervix. Liz moaned loudly with pain and pleasure. "Are you okay, honey?" Tim asked. Liz's thoughts swirled: the cock at her cervix, the knot massaging her G-spot, the strength in her legs continuing to wane, and her husband on the phone. She took a deep breath and tried to free herself from the grip of the dog's cock, and at that moment the knot brought her to a powerful orgasm.

"I'm fine, Tim. I just cut my finger," she lied with the last of her strength. "I have to go now, Tim. See you later," and hung up. Then she sank down onto the cock, taking in the situation. God willing. As she reached her climax, reality hit her. She was a married mother of three, playing with a stranger's sex toy at home. But instead of regret, she felt alive and empowered. A deeply hidden part of her had awakened, and she knew she could no longer ignore it. This was her secret, a slice of adventure in her otherwise rather tame life. And she would savor every forbidden moment of it.

She pulled the dildo out of her gaping pussy, washed it, and put it away safely. She knew she wouldn't give it up again. She cleaned the floor and the table. The whole house smelled of sex, pussy, and desire. She noticed this after she got home from shopping. Her life would be much more exciting from now on. As the family sat at the table that evening, Liz suggested getting a dog.

The children were immediately enthusiastic and her husband agreed. Liz insisted for safety reasons getting a large one that could also guard the house. Tim left the decision to her, and a week later the family had a Great Dane as a family pet. Everyone was thrilled except Tim, who thought it was too big. "Don't worry, honey, I'll take good care of him," she reassured her husband with a wink.

[Go to next Part](#)