

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Like every Sunday morning, the family prepared for the service. The children were dressed up, and Liz and Tim wore their best clothes. As a symbol of her devotion to God, Liz wore a gold chain with a cross and her gold wedding ring. For Liz, this procedure had become routine over the years, and her trust in the church was no longer as strong as it had been in the past. She had seen too much hypocrisy, resentment and envy in the congregation. She considered herself one of them and knew that the entire liturgy was a farce. Even though her faith meant a lot to her.

Tim was a devout follower of the church, using his faith and its commandments to discredit, devalue, and elevate himself above others simply because they had a different view of the world. This wasn't the man she fell in love with. The children were too young, but they were also already influenced by the church. Only the newest member of the family was free from all of that. He accepted everyone as they were, equal and free. Liz would like to be like that too and she admired Adonis for that.

Adonis is a 1.5-year-old Great Dane who is very boisterous and wild. He seems to grow a little every day and already stands at 30 inches at the shoulder. Adonis has a beautiful coloring and a shiny coat. He's also quick to learn and very trainable. She gazed dreamily at Adonis and thought, "What a majestic creature. God has done his work here." At that moment, Tim's bossing brought her back to reality. How she hated that. Adonis instinctively approached her and licked her hand. He must have sensed her tension and negative excitement. Liz was surprised to feel Adonis's rough tongue on her hand, and her anger immediately subsided.

The service was as usual, boring and uneventful. The pastor preached and at the end called for the customary homage in front of the church. Liz's mind was all about what came after church. Gardening? Housework? Cooking? When would she have time for herself? When could she take care of herself and her new toy? Tim still had no idea and would probably go golfing with his friends after church. Maybe this was her chance.

After her first time with the dildo, she tried it a few more times and always climaxed within a short time. She especially enjoyed the knot, when it massaged and stimulated her innermost being. She had also tried to grow her natural bush again, but the instructions had been right. As soon as the knot came in, the hair became extremely annoying. It was clear to Liz that the bush had served its purpose.

Tim didn't understand this, as he saw the pussy hair as part of God's punishment for the Fall. Liz laughed inwardly, but she argued that it was more hygienic. Tim loved a thick, musty bush, and as punishment, he reduced his sexual advances toward Liz. Naturally, she wasn't particularly upset about this. Always doing the standard routine was only moderately interesting to her.

However, the reduced sex with her husband had an unexpected effect on her pussy. It quickly became very wet at the slightest sexual thought or external erotic impression, giving off a gentle, intoxicating scent that only she seemed to notice. She found it unpleasant, but she didn't know how to cope. So she accepted it and tried to fuck her new dildo more often. Unfortunately, she didn't always succeed.

After a long, boring drive home, full of screaming children and agitated thoughts, she finally arrived at the house. As Liz got out, Tim noticed the dampness on the leather car seat. He scolded Liz in front of the children and asked her to take care of her period. Liz was embarrassed and acted as if she had gotten her period early, as expected. She went into the house and looked after the children.

Then she turned her attention to her underwear and went upstairs into the bedroom. She took off her soaking wet panties and was about to get a new one when one of the children screamed. Since she was only wearing a skirt, she left the panties off to put them on later. Everything was fine down there, and the little girl had only screamed for fun. Liz was too lazy to go back upstairs and started to devote herself to her gardening. She was absorbed in it and completely focused on it.

As she finished her gardening, she noticed Adonis watching her intently. His tail wagged in silent greeting and tapped rhythmically against the wooden decking. The dog's gaze was innocent, yet it awakened something in her, a curiosity reminiscent of the primal instincts she had long buried beneath layers of modesty and duty. Her gaze rested on him, and she wondered if the spark she was seeking was perhaps closer than she had ever dared to imagine.

With trembling hands, she put down her gardening tools and approached Adonis. Her heart raced like an admission of guilt. He looked up at her, his tongue lolling out in a canine smile that seemed to conceal a secret. She stroked his fur, feeling the warmth of his body and the strength beneath his soft fur. The touch sent a shiver down her spine, and she suddenly realized she had never truly appreciated the animal's beauty before.

The children's laughter echoed in the distance, a reminder of the world beyond their carefully constructed facade. Yet in that moment, it felt as if she and Adonis were the only two beings in the world. He leaned into her touch, closed his eyes contentedly, and she felt a strange connection with him. A connection born not from shared experiences, but from their shared imprisonment in the roles assigned to them by a society that valued purity over passion.

Her breathing became shallow as she slid her hand lower, her fingertips brushing his belly. He whimpered softly, a sound that seemed to harmonize with the growing ache between her legs. She knew what she was considering was a sin, a betrayal of her marriage vows and a desecration of her sacred union with Tim. But she couldn't resist the lure of the taboo, the thrill of the forbidden. She took a deep breath, whispered a silent prayer for guidance, and then, trembling with anticipation, let her hand slide even further.

Adonis's tail stopped wagging, and his eyes widened. He looked at her questioningly, as if he knew something unforeseen might happen. Liz froze, her hand hovering over his cock as reality hit her. A stab of guilt sat like a cold stone in her stomach, but the awakened desire burned brightly within her. She swallowed hard before her hand gently rested on his shaft.

Dreamily and amazed, she wondered what it would look like. Would the knot really be that big and lustful? Her pussy immediately started dripping and smelling again, right onto the floor in front of Adonis. She had completely forgotten that she wasn't wearing any underwear. Adonis noticed, and suddenly his penis grew. Startled, Liz pulled her hand back and fell backward. She caught herself, but the momentum caused her skirt to slide back, revealing her pussy. Adonis was immediately on his feet and explored Liz's lower abdomen. Shocked and taken aback, Liz let him do as he pleased. His long tongue sought its way across her slit and suddenly deep into her pussy.

As if in a trance and with thousands of butterflies in her stomach, Liz tried to pull away. Her cunt was saying, "NO, don't stop," but her head was saying, "Yes," and she rolled onto her stomach and then onto all fours. At that moment, Adonis immediately tried to mount her. He took it as an invitation from a bitch in heat. His forelegs already held Liz firmly in position, and she could already feel the tip of his rock-hard cock. Panicked, she tried to free herself when Adonis began humping.

The sound of a passing motorcycle jolted her back to reality. Her children were home, and she had to pull herself together before they saw her. She tried to stand up, but her knees were weak as

butter. Her pussy juice was running down her inner thighs. At that moment, Adonis suddenly let go of her. Liz crawled toward the house, and just then her little daughter came around the corner.

Liz finally stood up. She took a moment to smooth her clothes and wipe the sweat from her brow before taking her daughter in her arms. Her mind raced as she went upstairs to the bedroom, the images playing in her head like scenes from a sinful play.

That night, as she lay next to Tim in the marital bed, she felt the heat of the day's events beneath her skin. Tim's snores filled the room, a stark contrast to the turmoil in her own head. She stared at the ceiling, her hand tracing her body beneath the covers, her thoughts drifting back to Adonis' warmth and strength. The embers of her desire flared up again, and she knew she couldn't ignore the siren call much longer.

The house was quiet, the children were lost in their dream world. Light-hearted, she slipped out of bed, her nightgown fluttering around her waist. She wandered quietly through the hallways, her bare feet soundless on the cold floor. In the home office, she searched for her dildo and found it. Finally, she could hardly wait. Nervously, she crept into the living room and settled down on the sofa. Adonis was curled up in his seat. He looked up as she entered the room, his expression unchanged, but she sensed a tension in the air, as if he knew what was about to happen.

She sat down on the sofa, legs bent, ass thrust forward so that her Catholic cunt was perfectly exposed. As always, she ran her whole hand across her slit to thoroughly moisten the dildo. She was filled with anticipation, and the shaft disappeared into her pussy with one stroke up to the knot. "God, I thank you for this," she exclaimed in a hushed prayer.

Even though she's used her best red friend many times, her pussy still isn't used to it. Mostly, she wishes it were wider and more open, like all women who've had three children. Then she could just fuck her dildo with the knot. But maybe she got more out of it this way. Adonis felt and smelled the lust and the intoxicating scent of a ready bitch. Instinctively, he followed the scent and quickly reached Liz on her sofa. She only noticed Adonis when he started licking her asshole. OMG, she thought, and let him do it.

This time she came violently, before the knot had even disappeared inside her. Her whole body trembled, and the small cross around her neck danced on her chest. She thought, "God is my witness, I deserve this." Adonis continued licking her ass, and when the dildo popped out of her vagina, he concentrated on the inside of her gaping cunt. Another climax was approaching. She breathed deeply, quickly, and heavily, and then she came. Her toes curled, and all of a sudden something happened that had never happened before. Liz squirted her juices far into the living room, across the carpet, the table, over Adonis, and onto the sofa. She was so overjoyed.

Adonis was briefly confused, but then intensified his activity. Liz was only partially present mentally, but out of the corner of her eye, she suddenly caught sight of Adonis's fully erect cock. What an erotic sight. There, the giant thing just hung there in front of her. What was God trying to tell her? Was this a sign? It could only be so. Then she remembered the verse from 1 Corinthians 7:5: "Do not withhold yourselves from one another, so that Satan will not deceive you, since you cannot control yourselves." God must want it.

Confusion spread through her thoughts. She intuitively grasped Adonis's forelegs and slowly pulled him toward her until she felt the tip of his cock again at her entrance. She wanted to insert him slowly, but nature and God had other plans, and Adonis was their tool. With an animalistic thrust, he plunged his cock deep into Liz. She could only gasp. This was better than the dildo, because it felt so natural, so right. She had limited control over the situation and had never felt these feelings during

sex with Tim.

In the missionary position, Adonis couldn't penetrate her fully, but he could fuck her very well and intensely. Liz willingly made sure her pussy was easily accessible for him. Adonis was a big dog, so his face was right at her level. They looked deep into each other's eyes while Adonis inseminated his bitch. In that moment, Liz realized it was completely natural. She could no longer understand why the Church was so afraid of it and morally demonized it.

After all, most priests have been fucking small children for decades, so this couldn't be reprehensible. Liz knew it wouldn't end tonight. This was just the beginning, and that was a good thing. Adonis didn't tie his knot in his bitch that night, but he did several times in the days that followed. In the coming days, Liz learned about her new passion in various verified forums and discovered that most women of her and the next generations were taking this sexual freedom. She was positive that in a few years it would be completely normal.

Since Liz was a devout woman and proudly wore the Christian symbol and her ring, Adonis also wanted to receive a symbol of their deep bond. She designed a small pendant with a Venus symbol containing a paw. This was meant to be her symbol and to express her affection to others. On the back, she had "Adonis & Liz" engraved with two hearts.

Liz also occasionally slept with Tim to keep up appearances. Beforehand, however, she always let Adonis's huge, hard cock plunge deep inside her so that Tim could bathe his cock in Adonis's juice. This was the only way Liz could endure sex with Tim. Tim didn't know what was going on behind the scenes, and that was a good thing. Liz wanted to keep her family intact cause she very much loved her children.

Like most other women, she managed to do this and got what she deserved: a sexually prosperous life. Liz, like many of her female companions, got paw tattoos. Hers were tattooed on either side of her mons pubis. Tim didn't understand it and didn't like it, but she didn't care because Adonis had been emotionally closer to her now. She wanted to show it to everyone, but the society's moral code made that impossible. Hence the nonverbal communication. From the forums, she now knew what these tattoos truly meant. She had been so naive. Thanks to God and Adonis, she had fully awakened and was now more faithful than ever.