

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



At the age of 21 I started getting my kicks through exhibitionism. It started after I landed my first job and moved in with a biker chick who picked me up at a rock concert. She was a tall, muscular blonde, a Nordic war goddess who worked out twice a day, loved leather and had the strongest tongue I have ever known. She enjoyed showing me off and she bought me these very revealing costumes of satin and suede and then cruised around town with me on the back of her bike. We would go on road trips over to Sturgis or up to Telluride. She liked to make me dance in front of her friends after which we would dive into our tent for some hot lovin'.

She was very possessive and demanding which kind of turned me on but I didn't let her push me around too much, I'm not putting a tattoo on my body for anybody. It took a lot of prodding but she finally persuaded me to strip at a local club on amateur night. I was nervous as hell the first time but I was damn good. I didn't come out in the typical, simple costume that most girls wore, I came out in full regalia, coat, hat, skirt, blouse, with all the foundation garments a lady should wear, and I didn't just quickly get nude and dance, I actually stripped. I had the dance lessons and gymnastics behind me to put on a good show too and after I overcame my nervousness I had captivated the place. I got offers to become a regular but I was afraid someone I worked or went to school with might come in some day. Enticing people is fun, shocking them is better.

After I broke up with the Amazon I had a long, adventurous relationship with a punk rocker, we made an interesting couple. With all of her piercings, dark blue hair and shocking wardrobe, she was flamboyant, exhibitionistic, and boldly fascinating without being cheap or gaudy. I, on the other hand, dressed modestly; classy without being prudish and alluring without being slutty. Short skirts had finally made a come back and I was made to wear them. We were polar opposites; Angel and The Monster. Our friends used to tell each of us, "Why do you hang around someone like her?"

We used to delve into public sex just to shock people. We called it Cat and Mouse. She always played the wild, aggressive seducer while I played the demure, sweet victim. We dressed the parts, too. She wore only torn black stockings and a ripped black dress shirt with a thick black stripe painted diagonally across her eyes. I wore a tiny gray pleated skirt, a tight low neck sweater, a big bow in my hair, and a shear mesh sash across my eyes. We both looked like a couple of street hookers. She would slowly stock me as we made our way through nightclubs, liquor stores and adult arcades in the red-light part of town, teasing and harassing everyone we came across. When she caught me she would pin me to a wall and ravage me, pull my clothes aside and grope me or force me to the ground by my hair and shove her cunt in my face. We got some fool to yell "Rape" one time. It would always end up in some real heavy love making, often before we could make it home.

She had a friend who staged "Performance Art" back in its infancy and knew about our game. He hired us to present a work he called "Yin and Yang" that we would perform at various wine and Brie gatherings. She would enter from one side wearing black buccaneer boots, a black corset, long black gloves, and carrying a black cat-o-nine-tails. I would enter from the opposite side in a white merry widow, white stockings, white lace gloves, a wedding veil, and carrying a bouquet of white roses. We each wore color-coordinated masks or I doubt if I could have done it. By a carefully choreographed script we would circle each other then she would lunge at me in a lip-lock while I feigned fear. After I slowly succumbed to her attentions we would collapse into soissant-neuf on the floor amidst drizzling applause. We would suck on each other's gigs for up to an hour while the art crowd partied casually above us, occasionally passing comment on the "symbolic dichotomy of our rapture". The first time we got so hot they had to literally pull us apart.

We would do the same act at one of her punk clubs only the crowds were nowhere near as politely detached. Guys would feel us up at will; one time two audience members squatted over us and beat

off. I distinctly remember some guy's cum dribbling on my hip and hearing our artist friend shouting, "Yes! Perfect! PERFECT!" Weird. After college she and I went our separate ways and I spent the next two years jumping from bed to bed making absolutely sure I had exorcized all of my wild urges.

It was then I met the love of my life, Danielle (Danny), another lipstick lesbian four years my senior and still my partner to this day. I found her through an ad in the personals column, an "attractive, dark, DWF looking to rekindle her Sapphic past". Our personalities and styles suited each other perfectly and the first time we kissed - it was love.

When we met she was mired in a deep depression over her husband running off with his receptionist and I made it my mission to resurrect her. We restyled her hair, exercised 25 pounds off of her and got her a new wardrobe. By the time we were finished she was so hot her ex begged her to take him back. The jerk wanted to get in between us for a three-way. She shot him down in flames, absolute vindication. The success really went to her head and she became almost obsessed with exclaiming our affair at every opportunity. She had an intense desire to show off to the world the beauty of our bodies and the intensity of our lovemaking.

I don't know how but she found a swingers club that would hire couples to put on a live sex show before their festivities began. They would meet at the clubhouse of an apartment complex and we would make love in front of them on a mattress on the floor. They watched us and paired up for their own performances as we "worked". The pay was nice and I have to admit we put on a really good show. Our bodies were both perfect in those days and the passion of our deep love for each other revealed itself in our sex. We were repeat performers; they would all get very worked up just watching us. One week they contacted Danny with an offer for double the money if she would perform with a dog. They were intent on the idea and had been looking all over for an attractive participant.

She leapt at the idea. She had never done it before and I tried very hard to explain to her what she was in for but she was so caught up in the beauty of her new body and the power she wielded over an audience that her mind was set. As the week passed and the night approached I could tell she was starting to get cold feet. I drove her to the clubhouse that night and waited with her in the kitchen for the guy with the dog to arrive and all the members to gather. She had stripped down and put on a robe but her third scotch and soda hadn't made her any braver. A positively greasy looking guy and his roly-poly girlfriend finally showed up with what looked like a black lab/great dane mix named Jake and Danny finally chickened out.

I had gotten myself worked up for this possibility and was ready to sex it up with Danny myself but the club people insisted they wanted the dog show. Well, I had done it before and we really needed the money so I consented to go on for Danny. I got undressed with the greasy guy leering at me all the time while he and his lady took off Jake's collar and started putting socks on the front and hind legs. I knew why the socks went on the front paws but I had no idea why they were putting socks on his hind legs. The girl asked me if I had done this before and I said I had. She asked me if I was going to take his knot and when I said yes they just looked at each other and smirked. Greasy Lee just kept winking at me and saying, "He's gonna like you just fine." I decided it was time to get acquainted with my co-star and knelt down to pet him. He had suddenly realized what he was there for and licked me all over as he tried to jump up on me and start humping any part of me available. Danny was grateful for me to take her place but there was really no reason for it as I was getting very turned on by the idea of a good fucking. It became time for the show and I just kissed Danny tenderly, smiled at her and told her, "Watch this."

I felt no apprehension about covering my identity, they had all seen me nude before as I had seen

them all nude. They had all watched me having sex before as I had watched them all having sex. I entered before Jake and slowly strolled around the room with a broad smile and my hands on my hips, stopping and posing before couples and groups to let them examine my charms before I walked to the dais and knelt, a sacrifice presented for their enjoyment.

They let the dog in from the kitchen and he darted into the room in a highly agitated state, prancing among the crowd, who were by that time in various stages of undress, and looking for his target. He found me and came to me in a supplicate manner, licked me briefly in the face, and then dove down to check out where he planned on planting his fuck-root. He lapped at my pouting labia and I rotated over on to my hip, grabbed my heel and pushed my leg high into the air in a broad spread. He pounced on my crotch and dug his tongue hungrily into my open, unprotected gash. A dog licking is so good.

I rolled on to my back and kept twisting around so that my captivated audience could get a good view. As I writhed Jake kept stepping over my body with his fore paws and begin to hump the air above me; he knew this girl was his and wanted her bad. I kept low, not giving him any target of chance, to build tension for him, me, and everybody else. Looking around the room I could see my audience was riveted, all quiet and just staring at us wide-eyed as hands slowly crept toward crotches. I was enjoying Jake's attentions, I twitched under the jolts of tiny orgasms, my body was succumbing to Jake's will, I was slowly both physically and mentally yielding myself to Jake's control, a ready bitch was about to be presented for his mating.

When I felt the time was right, I made my last free will choice of the evening by offering my sex to Jake for his use. I rolled on to my stomach and then raised myself up onto my knees and elbows - I was Jake's now. He wasted no time, he circled around behind me as I rose and waited in position, at the right opportunity his chest bounded onto the small of my back and his forelegs encircled my hips in one quick motion. I could tell right away Jake had done this before, his first chance to hump something more than air that night and he put himself right behind me, centered his hips over my butt and even made a slight thrusting adjustment necessary for finding a human vagina rather than a canine one.

I was astounded that a dog who had never had me before could access me so easily as I felt his already swollen and distended hood jammed firmly against my vulva on the first thrust. The only thing I had to do was to arch my back down slightly to open my labia a bit for him, his very next thrust was right on center and sunk home. After getting his first solid piece of Violett, he used his grip on my waist for leverage and sucked his pelvis in tight against my ass. His third stroke was mostly just an extension of his second and I felt that rigid dog cock pushed in almost all the way to my cervix.

I tensed up instinctively at having something so hard and sharp thrust in so deeply and aggressively, I wasn't ready for that. I knew from experience that a dog penis would loose its rigidity once it starts to swell out but that usually takes a while. I wondered how many pokes like that I could take before he puffed out to cushion his spear and my vagina would accommodate his attack. I had also heard somewhere that great danes had about the biggest of all dog penises. A big enough knot and he could lock up with me! For the first time I worried if I could take a dog, and what if he tied with me before I could eject him! To my side I was relieved to see Greasy Lee stepping toward me and anxiously watching my face for any sign to pull Jake off. I pulled my stomach in to try and draw my sensitive uterus from Jake's reach. A tense few seconds passed as Jake worked himself in me and his dick puffed up.

It was going to be OK, I relaxed and Jake became a welcome treat to my gig. Waves of pleasure came and with the threat of pain and injury gone I could welcome the orgasms overtaking me. Jake

made himself at home on my back, leaning so far over me that his head was craned over my shoulder. Neck and neck, we exchanged breath with each other as we strained towards our goals. His heavy breathing and beastly grunts told me I may be leading but I was in no way controlling him. I knew my body was at the mercy of a large, powerful animal consumed by blind lust. Pushing himself forward with his paws on my thighs, he molded himself to me for leverage, enhancing our coupling into a full body contact. He was a big dog and his haunches wrapped around the outside of my hips and thighs and I felt as though my body were enclosed by his like a star fish around an oyster, held captive until his need of me was satiated.

Moving only his hips in that seductive way animals mate, his haunches slapped, ground, and crowded against my soft ass. I could feel his muscles rippling and straining against my back, his soft fur on my naked skin was a delicious delight all by itself. His knot was already deep in me and that cock of his was feeling real good. Nature was reliably providing for both of us just fine. Jake was a master. His pounding and bouncing off my ass was delightful and our organs worked together brilliantly. I started cumming big time soon after I relaxed. It was a bit of a strain because I had to keep my cunny high enough for Jake to hit squarely and at the same time support his weight. I remained still and passive beneath him with my chin held up stoically and my eyes cast down demurely. Out of the corner of my eyes I could see the crowd frozen like statues, I actually think they had stopped breathing. They were at the edge of their seats watching in absolute disbelief. They were witnessing this beast's monstrously alien appendage perpetrating hell knows what unspeakable atrocities within a tender young woman's intimate, feminine province. Jake and I knew what was going on in there, a pleasure exchange disguised as a reproductive process. I was getting off on it so much. Their gawking awe was turning me on and Jake was helping so nicely.

All that could be heard was the sloppy, rhythmic mashing of Jake's balls against my labia. I could feel a rumble start in Jake's chest that soon became a distinct growling that he let out intermittently as he fucked. It was a sensuous indicator of the nature of the exchange between us; we were, in spite of diverse biologies and all those spectators, two beings sharing intimate sexual gratification. For the benefit of the crowd I started to accompany his orations by softly moaning and cooing to him in time with his efforts. His cock truly was getting huge. He had swollen up to fill my passage and that knot was in me solid. It not only felt good where it was but it was a comforting presence that told me this was going to be a long enjoyable bond. His cock had lengthened and its squishy tip was bunched up against my cervix and gently rocking my womb with his thrusts.

I turned my head to look for Danny, I wanted her with me, and I wanted to share this with her. My eye caught Greasy's girl friend watching us pensively from the doorway like a coach watching her prot?g?. I wanted to tell her she trained him well. I picked Danny out of the crowd, I looked deep into her eyes as a tremendous climax seized me and I felt her love going out to me.

I was amazed by Jake's stamina, in my experience a dog would only hump for at most a minute before they fell still and started to spew. This sweet son of a bitch had extended his performance to at least three times that. I had never had such a good fuck in my life from a non-plastic penis and I was feeling very grateful I had a vagina. I found out why they put socks on Jake's hind legs. He started a spastic torrent of thrusting and began to wail. He was starting to cum and his hind legs came off the floor and clamped around the outside of my thighs. He dug and thrashed with all four legs as though he were trying to climb on top of my ass and he drove his hips against my crotch violently trying to shove his whole pelvis into me. His tail twisted and curled back and forth between my thighs. He whined and cried as he strained and then he just got very still yet tense. I could feel him issue inside me, the warmth spread from the back of my vagina all the way outward.

Slowly, he began to relax his grip on me as wearily all four legs slid down and stood on the floor. He stood over me panting with his hips fastened to my butt by virtue of his knot lodged in me like a

button in a buttonhole. His drool fell on my shoulder and his excess emissions were seeping out around his implanted penis and dripped from my labia onto the mattress. Our frenzied struggle came to a silent halt and I could hear snippets of dialogue in the crowd. "Wow! Did he ever get in to her." "Oh look, he's cumming in her!" "How could she... filthy animal?" "Why doesn't he pull out?" "What do you mean 'hung up'?" "Is he still cumming?" "She really liked it, huh?" I certainly did.

The whole room was falling out just like that scene in 'Behind the Green Door'. If people weren't undressed before they certainly were now. Every penis in the room was erect. Within my limited view I could see one woman slide down between a man's legs and start deep-throating him. To their side a couple was in a lip lock while masturbating each other. Two men got on the floor behind me to investigate Jake's entrenchment and our inter-species violation of natural law. When they got too close Jake whipped his head back and growled at them ('My bitch! Mine!').

Jake was getting restless and started toward the kitchen. He threw his hind leg over my butt and somehow wrenched himself free of my cunt sooner than I thought was possible. When he pulled free it was with a great sucking sound and a loud plop followed by a gush of coital residue spilling between my knees. I was startled by his quick, easy departure; he nearly pulled me inside out. When the room got their first sight of Jake's equipment they let out a distinct exclamation of disbelief, I was astonished myself. A bright red, nine or ten inch, deformed carrot hung from his pelvis and dangled in the open air. His knot was as big as a baseball. Their exclamation was a mixture of fascination that dogs carried such weapons and admiration that I could completely envelop one. I looked at that marvelous yet hideous thing and thought it the perfect instrument to stuff a pussy with and I so wanted it in me again.

I sat back on my haunches with my hands on my knees and tried to ease my fluttering heart. I probed my ravaged gig with two fingers, everything was fine but I was shakier than I had ever been. I looked over toward the kitchen and found the girlfriend. She nodded at me knowingly and I smiled back. Jake stood behind me panting until he cooled off and then tended to his exposed guts.

Sex was breaking out all around us as couples oozed out of the room to find a secluded corner while others made resourceful use of couches, stools and chairs. Soon the room was alive with moans and heavy breathing, I had started an avalanche. They obviously thought the show was over but Jake and I knew better.

It took a lot of work but he finally got his rocket loaded back in his launch tube. He first started sniffing around some of the other action in the room but I called him back and assumed the position, knees and elbows. He lapped at my swollen, soggy gig and then climbed onto my back, his forelegs encircled my hips and he started humping. I felt the wet, pointy head of his dog cock stabbing at my taint and crotch, feeling its way toward my sex. He found the door open so he went in.

He wasn't as aggressive this time; we were well-accustomed partners now. His fore-legs firmly grasped my waist and his fore-paws pressed into the front of my thighs while his hind paws dug into the sheet between my knees, frantically tearing at it for better leverage. He worked the entire shaft in and set about a steady pace. We had now wrested the attention of the crowd away from what they were doing. For all we cared, the audience did not exist; we were simply in our essence a penis and a vagina conducting a private exchange. Jake and I picked up right where we left off in the same rhythm and the same moans and groans.

I rested my head on the mattress and watched Jake's claiming of my body. My breasts swung lewdly back and forth and my body rocked under the labors of the beast now clamped to my butt like a steel girdle. As an orgasm approached I started to feel the pleasure of his expanding knot, seizing his freely sliding motion in me. He was expanding and conforming to the contours of my vagina, and the

soft tip tickling and curling up around my cervix. We were locked together for the duration of our unnatural act and I wouldn't have it any other way. I looked down between my legs and saw my pussy skewered by the pink shaft emerging from his furry sheath, his haunches humping obscenely against my naked thighs and his slender testicles swinging beneath. The huge dog cock buried within was doing its nature-created mission.

As I watched that point between us where dog joined woman I couldn't tell if my insatiable cunt was selfishly exploiting his body or if his opportunistic penis was greedily exploiting mine. I ground and gyrated my butt against his thrusts to lengthen his stroke and enrich the experience for both of us. We violated each other for a long, enjoyable ride, then his head started twisting and dodging over each of my shoulders and his thrusting became quicker and more frantic until he moved like he was caught in some kind of spastic, carnal-lust frenzy. Again he climbed precariously up on to my ass and used all four legs to drive into me, almost climbing over the top of me. With a sharp howl he began to unleash a huge flow of dog sperm, a warm pool grew deep inside me. This time I could feel the spurts of dog semen actually work their way up his cock with a throb and then squirt into the back my puss, my alter of life.

He had stopped his humping but remained locked tight in his coital embrace against my butt with an almost vise-like grip of his forelegs around my waist. He didn't finish squirting his seed into me for almost a minute, unloading all the sperm that nature deemed necessary for successful conception. I was his bitch and that was what I was for. I was enjoying some climactic bliss of my own. I lost myself in it and its intensity washed over me. I surrendered to my body and let the spinning delirium of the orgasm spread through me.

He released his furtive grip on me and climbed down from me to support himself on his own legs. He remained standing over my upturned butt, panting heavily from his exertion, still squirting. He eventually started to get restless again but this time, being unable to pull his cock free from the firm grasp of my vagina, all he could do was change his position. First, he stepped over my back so that both of his forelegs stood at my right side. This left his hips high-centered over mine with his hind legs dangling in the air. He remedied this by throwing his left leg over my back so that his right leg could touch the mattress. He eventually slid it on over. We were tied, butt-to-butt, just like one of those nature films. I pulled my knees together to hold him in me and raised myself up from my elbows on to my hands. I drew myself into an erect, proud pose to make the picture complete: 'Woman Locked in Coitus with an Animal'.

I was enjoying the subtle pulsation of his knot and orgasms just kept rolling on through. The festivities continued throughout the room. Around me I could hear others in the throes of their climaxes. I felt Jake's tail wag on my back and then someone kneeling at my side. It was Danny. She hugged me, stroked me, pulled back my hair and peppered me with kisses. She lay down beside me and then twisted around beneath me. Our arms enclosed around each other and I fell upon her for a deep kiss. My joy was complete as my vagina hosted Jake's vulgar, desecration and erotic manipulations I had my beloved Danny locked in my arms. I didn't suppress my rich, sensuous moans; I was in heaven and lost all track of time.

At some point Jake pulled free and the recoil sent me tumbling over Danny. She rolled over the top of me and replaced her mouth with her breast. She cradled me in her arms and whispered sweet things in my ear as I suckled. The club didn't like the entertainment to loiter around after the show so she was anxious to get me snapped out of my lust-stupor and out of the room. I was very weak-kneed but she managed to get me to my feet and we wove our way between copulating couples to the kitchen. Once there she dressed both herself and me and we got up to leave. We stepped over Greasy Lee stuffing his ladylove silly on the floor as Jake lapped at their conjoined crotches. When we got home Danny gave me a romantic, candle lit bath, put me to bed, and then gently stroked

lotion into the pussy I had just given to a dog until I fell into deep sleep nestled in her arms.

The very next weekend we went to a local kennel to adopt a retired greyhound, carefully choosing the most friendly and “responsive” male we could find (jocks make the best lovers). I remember that first night when I coached my beloved through her first inter-species intercourse, preparing her, positioning her, assisting her mount, and guiding the entry. I especially liked holding her and watching the changes that manifested her as she detached herself to that place in their minds where women go while they intimately host a penis. I slid underneath them and wrapped my legs around both of them as I kissed her and nibbled on her neck through one mount after another while seminal fluid dripped from her snatch onto mine. I can't explain how beautiful it feels to hold my love in my arms as she gets fucked or as I get fucked. We have had a dog living with us ever since, not so much as a regular accompaniment to our lovemaking but as a personal enrichment routine; when you're so horny and you're all alone. He's better than a vibrator, he's a self cleaning fuck machine and automatic home security system.

Go be good to yourself. Wash your hands when you're done.