

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



## Chapter 1

Mary Power looked at her reflection in the full-length mirror, saw her firm, full tits, saw her plain black nylon panties, her only remaining garment, made one final try to overcome temptation—and failed. Pushing her panties down quickly, she turned and went to open the door to admit the source of her temptation—King, her big German shepherd.

Seeing the woman naked, King knew what to expect, and his big tail wagged with excitement at the thought of mounting the woman's big ass and ramming his prick into her cunt for a magnificent fuck. At once, his snout went to her crotch to sniff and she rubbed his head as she talked to him.

"Yes, King, you're going to fuck Mommy again, you lucky dog. You really like my cunt, don't you? You don't consider me a pervert like the rest of the world would if they knew."

Mary knew it made no sense talking to her dog about her problems, but there was nobody else, had not been since her husband left almost a year ago. Even when he'd been around, there hadn't really been anyone to talk to. He'd had his beer and television and that was enough. The most intelligent sounds she'd heard out of him in the last couple years of their marriage were his seemingly unending beer farts.

Even when he'd gotten around to sex, it was no good. He liked to feel her up a little, until she began to get nice and horny, then he would give her his cock to suck. If she got it in her cunt two or three times a year, she had felt fortunate; otherwise it was suck, suck, suck.

It wasn't that she minded sucking a cock; she enjoyed it once in a while, but not as a steady diet.

What finally brought it all to an end was that Saturday afternoon when, full of beer and watching a football game, he called her to him at half-time, put a hand under her skirt and played with her crotch for a minute or two, then took his cock out and told her to go down on him as half-time entertainment. That was the day she told him to stick his cock up his ass, that she was finished.

He seemed to sense it and just before she turned and walked out of the room, she saw him jerking off, holding a beer can in his left hand to catch his jizz.

"That should be a perfect marriage," she told him sarcastically, and walked away.

But it wasn't the time for thinking of the old unhappiness or even of the unhappiness to come. King was sniffing at her crotch, trying to get his long tongue at her cunt, and she wanted it as much as he did, so she went to the bed, sat on the edge, then fell back, opening and raising her legs to give her cunt to him to be licked.

Sighing and panting, Mary felt her passion flaring as the big animal lovingly licked her twat. She knew it was going to be one of those days when he would lick her snatch all the way to a beautiful big come, a come she would feel all the way to the tips of her fingers and toes, and then she would be kneeling and he would mount her ass to give her a magnificent fucking with his man-sized cock.

Without warning, King stopped licking her snatch and then she saw him trying to mount her as she lay on her back with her crotch still wide open.

"Down, King," she scolded and he obeyed. "Just because you fuck a woman doesn't mean you're a man. Come on," she urged, a hand rubbing her cunt, "get back to licking my pussy for me. Lick my

cunt and make me come.”

The dog resumed his licking, and this time he stayed on the job until Mary felt the big orgasm getting ready to explode inside her. She caught her breath, held it, then she was coming, jerking her crotch away from the big animal and lying face down on the bed, her chubby, white ass bouncing as rubbed her pussy mound on the sheet in ecstasy. Sitting beside the bed, King watched her squirm and shiver all over the bed.

“Oh King, that was lovely,” Mary said with a sigh as she got up. Then she went to crouch beside him on the carpet, a hand under him, grabbing his big prick and giving it a slow jerking, though she doubted that he needed to be set up to fuck her.

“Yes, King, you like it when Mommy plays with your big cock, don’t you? What a lovely cock you have, you big beauty. It feels so good when you’re ramming that beautiful prick up my cunt and fucking me. Are you all set now, lover?” she asked as she looked and saw the wet, red cock sticking out of the sheath and decided it was time to play bitch with him, to get down on all fours and give him her ass to ride and her hot cunt to fuck.

Releasing his cock, she smiled, patting the big animal on the head; then she was kneeling so that she could watch their reflection in the full-length mirror while he fucked her. The animal showed how well he had been trained by sitting obediently, his eyes feasting on her naked body until she gave the command for him to come and fuck her.

He got to his feet at once and bounded across the room to her. As he reached her, he took just one sniff of her cunt, then he mounted his human bitch, wrapped big paws around her and began jabbing a cock which grew alarmingly as the sheath peeled all the way back off his cock, a cock which was almost what Mary had called it—man-sized.

Looking in the mirror, a profile view, Mary saw the big prick jabbing the air and loved the sight of it, thrilled to the sight of the big cock and the excitement of her dog; then the tip of his jabbing prick touched the edge of her cunt and Mary braced herself for what was to come.

The animal paused, she heard him panting, then he jabbed again, and this time his cock went straight and true, right up her cunt. There was never anything at all tentative about King. That first jab of his cock invariably sent at least half its length up her hole, and then he was panting as he fed the rest of it into her and made her know that her cunt was full of stiff cock.

“Oh yes ... oh yes ... oh yes,” Mary panted as her big dog began fucking her, screwing as no man ever had, his banger pistoning up her snatch so fast that strokes couldn’t be counted as they blurred into what became a magnificently thrilling fuck, one that went on and on.

As King continued to hump her big, white ass, Mary played the trick she always played, turning off her mind so that she had no concept of time, only of stiff, hard-driving prick in her cunt and a vague, powerful beast mounted on her ass, his rampant prick raping her as she knelt helplessly.

In her fantasy, she was tied over a padded bar, totally helpless, while the animal fucked her. Sometimes the beast had no definite identity; at other times he was a giant gorilla. Always, though, there was an audience on hand, a big audience of men and women who laughed at her, taunted her and urged the animal on with the fucking.

She saw the audience clearly this time. They were a fashionably dressed group, men in formal evening dress and women in low-cut gowns. And then she saw that the gowns the women wore were more than low-cut; they were topless, so that their boobs showed clearly—little tits, medium-

sized, big and beautiful, big and floppy, every type.

And then she saw something about the men that she hadn't seen before. They all had their cocks out and every cock was stiffly erect.

Terrified that all those men were going to follow the animal and fuck her to death, Mary asked if they were an going to screw her. One man replied, his voice ringing clearly through the room, telling her that they wouldn't think of sticking their cocks in her violated cunt. He told her that she was only good enough to be fucked by animals, that they were going to fuck their women-decent, normal women who fucked men, not beasts.

The fantasy was going out of control, and Mary could find no way of stopping it; then the big dog began to twitch and jerk on her ass, and she felt his hot juice shooting up her snatch.

The fantasy clicked off instantly. She was alone in her room again, alone with her dog and he was panting in frenetic delight as he shot her a full load of sperm, then paused to rest against the smoothness of her ass. Finally, he dismounted and curled up on the floor to lick at his well-used cock.

Mary usually felt beautifully content after the dog had screwed her, but this time the same glow wasn't with her. Wanting her come, she knelt up and sent a hand into her crotch, a finger finding her hard clit near the top of her gash.

Refusing to think back to the fantasy which had been so painful, she looked at her four-legged lover as she fingered her twat, looked at the reflection of her big tits in the mirror, seeing them jerk and sway, feeling the promise of orgasm growing stronger and stronger.

And then it was there, a beautiful big come, and she panted and moaned and grunted, her big ass jerking strongly as wave after beautiful wave of orgasm swept over her and washed away the ugliness left behind by the cruel fantasy, washed it away and left her feeling gloriously content as she knelt back on her haunches while the dog looked at her curiously, as though wondering what all the fuss was about.

And then Mary noticed the time. It was a bit later than she thought, and her daughter could be home from school soon. Chasing the dog out of the room, she picked up her panties, stepped into them and snugged them around her body, covering but not destroying the glow she felt, especially in her crotch.

As she dressed, she told herself that it was better when she fucked the dog at night since she didn't have to get dressed later, but could lie in bed, naked, savoring the golden post-orgasmic glow until it blended with sleep and she drifted gently away.

She had been dressed only a few minutes when Sharon, her thirteen-year-old daughter, returned home. Sharon was a pretty girl who was well-aware of it, and who dressed to show her budding little titties and wore tight jeans to show off her nicely rounded behind.

Mary had spoken to her about that a few times, but Sharon used the stock answer that all the girls dressed that way and she couldn't be different or they would laugh at her.

There had to be some argument to use against that, Mary felt, but she had never found it, and so she let it go and her daughter continued to display her wares in the sexy packaging. When Sharon got a little older, Mary promised herself, she'd have to do something about it, though she didn't know just what that would be.

After all, at thirty-two Mary could recall her teen years quite clearly. She remembered how it felt when her little tits began to develop, how carefully she had watched them grow. She recalled the long sessions of posing before her mirror, watching as her body began the long, long trip from girl to young woman.

But Mary didn't have any reason to envy Sharon her nice figure, since she had retained hers. She was a little heavier than she had been ten years ago, but the added weight had been distributed nicely. Her tits, ass and thighs were still firm and shapely, and she was pleased to observe that men still looked at her, sometimes turned around to do so; she had remained conscious of diet and exercise, determined to keep her figure as long as possible, even though, in times of depression, she told herself it was wasted when her only lover was a dog who didn't care what she looked like as long as she had a cunt to offer when she got down on all fours.

"How was school?" she asked her daughter, and then they chatted about little things, the girl pleased that her mother liked to chat with her, to share her interests, unlike the mothers of most girls she knew.

Mary was aware of that and cultivated it. She knew how much the divorce had upset their daughter, even though Sharon's father had paid her little attention.

After a little while, Sharon told her mother that she wanted to watch a lot of television that night and she had homework to do, so she went to her room and closed the door, knowing that her mother wouldn't disturb her.

But it wasn't homework Sharon had on her mind just then. In a crowded hallway after final class, Tommy, a boy with a reputation as an ass-grabber, had stolen three exciting feels of the seat of her tight jeans. That had been especially flattering, since he usually chose older girls for that. It told her that she had a nice ass, nice enough to attract the sixteen-year-old who preferred older girls, yet was attracted to what she packed in the seat of her pants.

Opening her jeans, she pushed them and her plain white panties down, and looked at the patch of fuzz above her pussy. She wished it would hurry and develop into a patch of real hair rather than just peach fuzz; yet, she told herself, Tommy would love to see it and feel it and check below to see and feel her little cunt. If she gave him the chance, she sensed, he would do more than just see and feel her cunt; he'd stick a big, hard cock in it and break her cherry. It would hurt, and then she would watch her belly getting big with a baby.

Sharon didn't like that thought, so she turned it off. She twisted to look at her ass in the mirror. The cheeks were plump and firm and so smooth. Closing her eyes then, she squeezed one, the way he had squeezed it, and she could understand why Tommy was an ass-grabber. Asses felt nice, she thought to herself as she squeezed and rubbed both cheeks.

Sharon blushed a little as she found herself wondering what it would be like to feel a girl's butt, maybe a bigger girl with bigger cheeks. She had heard vague stories about lesbians and had always thought them perverted and sick, but for the first time she was able to think about being naked with another girl without feeling anything but excitement.

She thought of Angie, her fifteen-year-old friend, her best friend. Angie would have a lovely ass, Sharon thought as she looked down at her fallen jeans and panties. Then she had a finger in her pussy, and she was ready to start diddling herself.

When she finger-fucked her snatch, she usually enjoyed fantasies in which she peeped while men and woman did sexy things to each other, but this time her thoughts were only about Angie.

As the little finger moved excitingly in her warm slit, she saw Angie standing with her pants and panties down around her ankles and she was standing behind her friend, playing with the cheeks of her ass and telling her friend how firm and silky her butt was.

Angie enjoyed it, too, and then they went to the bed where Angie lay face down. Sitting beside her, Sharon pushed her blouse up higher, then took the rest of her clothes off and resumed playing with her lovely bare ass while her friend squirmed and sighed and begged for more.

It became the strongest fantasy Sharon had ever experienced, and she worked at keeping it alive and strong. Angie wanted Sharon to finger her pussy for her and she agreed boldly, but she didn't want to stop playing with her friend's pretty ass in order to do it, so Angie stood and she sat on the edge of the bed.

While her right hand played with a silken buttcheek, her left went into her friend's crotch and rubbed her pussy warmly. Angie had a nice patch of coppery hair to crown her cunt, and Sharon envied it, but she didn't let that disturb the enjoyment she got from playing with the big asscheeks. Then her finger was in Angie's slit and she fingering her box while her friend panted.

When she felt the approach of orgasm, Sharon was not sure for a moment whether the come was going to be her's or Angie's. Then it struck, and she knew it was hers as her young body trembled and jerked strongly until the spasms stopped, leaving her breathless and feeling wonderful.

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## Chapter 2

The next time Mary took her dog to her bedroom, it was after eleven at night, and her daughter was sleeping soundly, as she always did. She went to the window and closed the drapes, but it was just a routine thing, and she did it carelessly. In the beginning, she had been very careful that the drapes were closed tightly, perfectly, but as the sex bouts with the dog became more and more common, she became less careful.

This time, the bottom of one drape curled back, leaving a small triangle, but enough so that someone with an eye pressed close to the window would be able to see clearly into the room. Mary was unaware of it.

"Yes, King," she whispered as she opened her dress, "I'm going to strip bare naked and you'll give me a nice cunt-lapping, and then I'll get down on the floor and you'll mount me and give me a nice big fucking."

Taking her dress off, she patted the animal, then went on undressing, not aware of the opening in the drapes, not aware that a man was walking that night, a man named Adam.

Adam had once been a happy man. He operated a very successful business, he had a daughter and a son, and he had his own Eve. She had been a wonderful woman, one who loved to laugh and to care for her children and her home, and she especially loved to romp with her husband-in bed, in the kitchen, in the car, outside in the garden, after dark, anywhere at all.

They had explored sex together and had learned so many things about it. The first time he went down on her and brought her to orgasm with his mouth and tongue, she decided she was no longer interested in one day going to heaven; she had found a better place.

After that, it seemed only logical that she should do the same for her husband. They both had trembled as she pushed the head of his big cock into her mouth and he showed her how to suck a man off and drink his rich, warm cream.

To the surprise of neither, she loved blowing him and did it often, even when he was driving the car and she was curled up on the seat beside him, his big cock stretching her mouth as she sucked, wanting to giggle if she had been able to, when he began shooting. Then he would be grunting and groaning, holding onto the wheel for dear life with both hands.

More than a few times, he had caught her bending over in the kitchen, and she had only sighed as he tossed her skirt over her back, lowered her panties and after playing with her ass for a little while, had used a bit of butter to lubricate her asshole, then slowly worked his long cock up there to bugger her.

And there were so many more beautiful times as their lives became richer and more exciting with each passing day, until the same fate which had been so kindly in bringing them together, proved to have a vicious side as well.

It began with the headaches which pained her so and became more and more consistent. The doctor gave her a prescription to kill the pain and suggested she was bored with family life and should develop other interests.

Angry, she didn't go back to him. The pain of the headaches was somewhat dulled by the medicine. She learned to live with it until Adam insisted that she go to another doctor.

This one was more concerned and had her go into the hospital for tests, tests which shattered her world and Adam's when they disclosed a brain tumor. It was inoperable. All she could do was live with a constant pain and a constant, haunting knowledge that the pain would go away soon, when she died. And then she did, and Adam was left with his grief, his memories, and a fourteen-year-old girl and eleven-year-old boy.

Nights were the worst times, those nights when, only partially awake, he would reach for the lovely, silken buttocks and not find them. He would be wide awake then as he realized what had happened. After that, there could be no sleep for a while, not until he had numbed the hurt with whiskey and water, much whiskey and a little water.

Evenings were bad, too, especially after the kids were in bed. Those used to be among the best times as they necked in the living room until all was quiet. Those were the times when her clothes would be removed gradually, and then the fun and games would start.

The lonely evenings tortured him for months; then he tried to escape them by walking. The house safely locked, he would walk the streets until he was so tired he knew he would be able to sleep, especially if, when he returned to the house, he jacked off, as he so often did.

And then, late one evening, as he walked a quiet residential street, he noticed a movement behind an undraped window and looked again. He saw a woman in a white slip, folding her dress over the back of a chair.

Instantly, he felt guilty about peeping at her, but he couldn't stop himself from moving closer. As she caught the hem of the slip and pulled it over her head, he felt his cock stirring and knew that he would jack himself off that night, perhaps before he got home.

He stood on a spot at the top of a hill. The houses were below street level, and he could see clearly into the bedroom, could see that she was alone in the second-story room.

She took her bra off and her tits looked good, big yet firm, and she rubbed them in the way a woman does after taking off her bra; then she sat at a vanity and fiddled with her hair for a little while.

When she got up, her back turned to him, she pushed her white panties down and stepped out of them, naked, her beautiful, rather plump ass pointed right at him so that he could see the deep crack between the big oval cheeks.

Sensuality flared as never before for Adam, and he pressed carefully against a big tree, checked to see that he was alone on the relatively darkened street, then took his cock out. It was hard and sensitive to his touch as he held it.

Her back still turned to him, the woman dropped her panties on the floor, then bent to pick them up. As she did, her ass widened, looking so white in the light of the room and then he saw more than her ass, saw the slash of cunt in her relatively hairless crotch and he gave his cock a few tugs.

Going to the bed, the woman lay on her back, her legs wide apart. For a little while, she fondled her tits, then her hands rubbed down slowly over her tummy and down to her thighs. When one hand returned to her boobs, the other remained much farther down, rubbing toward her crotch; then it was there, slowly stroking her twat.

As Adam realized that she was going to finger her cunt, he decided he would masturbate along with her, holding back until she climaxed before firing his load into the darkness. Then he almost groaned aloud as the woman got off the bed and walked naked to the window, her tits bobbing as she reached to draw the drapes.

He was angry and frustrated, but still wildly aroused. He pulled his cock fast as she closed one drape, then moved across the open portion of the window to close the other. He could still see one big tit, in that moment before she could get the drape closed, when his charge went off, spurting through the darkness.

When he was drained, he hurriedly stuffed his cock back into his pants and zipped his fly closed. He knew she was behind the drapes fingering her cunt, but since the drapes were tightly closed, he knew he wasn't going to be able to see her, so he turned and began walking toward his home, his heart still pounding, his legs, especially his knees, still a little weak.

His nightly walks became more frequent after that night. Often, he visited the street where it had all begun, but only rarely did he see the same woman undressing before the undraped window. It happened sometimes, but he guessed that she was only a part-time exhibitionist, that she staged her striptease only when the mood was on her. He wondered about her private life and guessed that, like him, she was unhappy and alone.

From time to time, Adam thought of an affair with some healthy, happy woman, but he knew that couldn't be, not for him. One emotional commitment had been enough; he had given all and he was drained. There could never be a woman to replace the one fate had taken from him. He would use peeping to stimulate and to fill the void, but that would have to be enough, that and his masturbation.

Adam was an intelligent man and he learned the tricks of his trade. He walked quiet, not too well-lighted streets and service lanes which gave him access to the rear of houses. He learned that the fully undraped windows could rarely be counted on to provide a show, but that carelessly closed drapes or blinds not quite lowered all the way were much more promising since they gave the occupants of the house a false sense of privacy.

He kept notes of every score, addresses, times, subject matter, comments. From his notes, he was able to schedule a series of routes to follow.



Usually, the show consisted of a woman undressing for bed or bath, sometimes with a man, but there were those special shows that really turned him on, those scenes where a man and woman went into a bedroom together and he saw that they weren't eager to sleep.

They would kiss, and the man would fondle the woman. Sometimes they would be laughing, other times there was an air of passion without humor as they hurriedly stripped. He loved to watch the foreplay, the fondling and sucking of tits while the woman played with a stiff prick. Once in a while, he would see a more daring couple, and the man would suck and lick her cunt, making her come before they fucked.

Whenever it was possible, he would have his hard cock in his hand while he watched, and sometimes he lost control and shot his wad while the show was still going on, but he tended to be careful, and that didn't happen often.

One of the frustrations of the trade was car headlights, another was other night walkers, but he learned to live with them. The only thing he ever carried was an evening newspaper, so that he would appear to be a businessman who had gone out to buy a paper and decided on a stroll before going to bed.

His biggest score was an apartment window which he observed from the fire escape of a darkened, abandoned building across a vacant lot. Two beautiful young women were undressing for bed and in the course of their disrobing, they began to play.

When they were naked, they fell onto the double bed together and began fondling each other while they shared many passionate kisses. They fondled and sucked tits, stroked thighs and asses and played with cunts until Adam feared he would fall off the fire escape as he kept pressed against the darkened wall. Then they nearly drove him out of his mind as one of them turned and then they were in an end-to-end embrace, each sucking and lapping the cunt of the other.

They staged a lengthy, lusty, lesbian performance for him, and as they lay together resting after both had climaxed, Adam stared at them while he slowly pulled his stiff, throbbing prick until the churning in his balls told him it was time for blast-off. His eyes feasting on the resting women, he panted as his sperm shot out into the darkness.

Adam visited the fire escape often, and his beautiful lesbians performed for him many times.