

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



For years, Angie's parents had promised her that she could have a dog for her 18 birthday, when they thought she would be responsible enough to take care of it. One trip to the animal shelter later, she had begged her way into adopting an almost completely grown black Labrador, instead of the puppy her parents had expected her to choose. After the big dog had bowled her over and licked her face with affection, she couldn't imagine taking a different one home.

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She was so nervous she could hardly contain herself as her parents got ready to go out. They felt safe leaving her home by herself, now, since she had Davey to protect her. Just a few days before, Angie wouldn't have even dreamed of the things currently running through her mind. The difference between then and now was that one of her friends had sent her a forwarded e-mail, saying "OMG this is sick! You have to see it!" When she opened the file, she'd at first been stunned to see a huge Great Dane fucking a woman as if she were another dog. After getting over the shock, she played the file again. She was surprised to find that her pussy was tingling. That was when she started hatching the idea to try something with Davey. She felt strange even thinking about it. She had kissed boys a few times, but she'd never so much as been felt up. She masturbated, sure, but that was all. The thought of doing something that seemed so 'bad' excited her so much that she couldn't resist acting on it. She had started seriously planning.

It took all of her self-control to not raise her parents' suspicions by hurrying them out the front door. When they finally left, she turned the locks and went to the sliding glass door off the kitchen, where Davey had been very happily playing with a few of the abundance of toys she'd demanded he needed. She made loud kissing sounds until he bounded toward her, tongue lolled out and happy to see her again. She patted him on the head and tempted him with baby talk until he came inside, then she shut the door behind him.

She led him to the living room and told him to sit, thankful that his previous owners had at least given him basic training, and took off her blue school uniform shirt. She dropped it onto the sofa arm and slipped off her bra, then wiggled out of the pleated plaid skirt and dropped it, along with her panties, onto the little pile of clothing. She sat down on the floor and did what the woman in the movie had started by doing; spreading her legs open and calling Davey to her. She urged him to sniff between her legs, and soon he was nosing curiously. Angie gasped at his cold nose, then gasped again for a different reason when his tongue ran up her slit for the first time. She reached down and spread the lips of her pussy. Davey licked harder, his tongue dipping into her vagina, going deeper with every stroke.

Angie pushed his head away, rubbing his ears a little and crawling over beside him so she could get a look at his cock. It was like any other dog cock she'd seen, only she hadn't exactly been this close, with this kind of intention before. She reached out and started rubbing the furry sheath, smiling as the red tip started peeking out. She stroked it more and Davey began humping at her hand. After a moment of hesitation, she leaned her head down and licked the glistening tip. Growing braver, she sucked on it a little, then started taking more into her mouth, bit by bit. She felt the pre-come begin to steadily drip out of his cock, thin and a little like saline, and let it run down her throat. When the cock reached the back of her mouth, she gagged and sat up quickly, coughing and feeling silly. She kept rubbing his cock, watching as it swelled bigger. It wasn't as big as the dog's had been in the movie, but she figured it made sense that different breeds must have different cocks. She stopped suddenly, and Davey was still humping air.

"C'mere, Davey!" she said, turning around and getting on all fours, spreading her knees wider and

looking back at him. She called him forward again and he started to lick at her pussy once more. She reached back and grabbed hold of one of his front legs, successfully urging him right up against her bottom, and finally getting him to mount her. As his claws scraped a little at her stomach, she thought one more time about what she was doing, and decided that she was going to do this no matter what. He humped at her pussy, missing and sliding down her slit every time, rubbing against her clit and making her groan. She reached down between her legs and wrapped her hand around his slick, throbbing cock, guiding it right into her pussy.

Angie gasped again and squealed in a bit of pain as Davey thrust quickly in and out. She groaned and flinched as he bottomed out in her, and reached down to her slit, rubbing her clit furiously as she felt the pre-come that had been gathering inside start to run down her legs. It made her pussy clinch tighter when she found she could feel her abdomen swell with the dog's cock as it pushed in and out. She felt something larger nudging at the opening of her vagina as he continued humping her, but she stopped thinking about that when another feeling shocked her. It was strange and deep in her belly, not quite hurting, but almost. It dawned on her that his cock was so long that he had gone further than bottoming out. The tip of his cock was working its way through her cervix and into her womb, just like it would in a bitch. That thought made her pussy clinch again – she was his bitch! She suddenly thought about what it would be like if he could impregnate her with what was still running down her legs and into a puddle between her knees on the wooden floor.

"Oh, God!" she whimpered as his cock pushed further into her cervix. She felt something pop into her pussy, then out again, and it suddenly came to her what it was that had been pushing at her entrance. She'd seen dogs fucking before, and males had something that made them get hung up together with females. Her eyes widened and she tried to raise up a little. She didn't want to end up with Davey's cock stuck inside her.

"No, no, Davey," she said, looking back at him and trying to push him off her a bit. "No, Davey, stop now!" she commanded in a deeper voice, trying to make him obey her. He growled and bared his teeth. She shook her head and scolded him, "Davey, I said no!" He growled again, louder. Angie didn't want him to bite her like this, so she stopped and turned her head back around. Davey's knot popped into her cunt again, but this time didn't pop back out. She grunted as it anchored them together, pulling on her insides as he pulled out each time to thrust back in again.

'May as well make the best of it,' she thought and reached back down to her clit, continuing to masturbate it. She felt the dog's come running out more, running down her slit and onto her belly. Her pussy was beginning to get sore from Davey's thrusting and pulling. He slowed down then, and she moaned as she felt jets of his come spurt into her womb. The hot come flooding her insides sent her over the edge. Her orgasm seized her, making her body jerk as she groaned loudly, biting into her bottom lip to keep herself from screaming in pleasure as her cunt and womb contracted around the dog cock that was knotted inside her.

Davey panted hard, moving and throwing one of his legs over her to stand with his cock between his back legs, ass-to-ass with his bitch. Every movement sent another wave of pleasure through Angie, making her grunt and moan unintelligibly. She felt as if her brain had dribbled onto the floor with the puddle of dog come. After what felt like eternity, between Davey trying to pull himself free and orgasms washing over her as she massaged her clit, his knot finally popped out with an obscene sucking noise. A stream of come ran out of her womb and onto the floor. She sat down in it, exhausted, leaning back and rubbing all over her sore pussy. Davey finished licking his cock and balls clean, then approached her again, licking the inside of her thighs and at her pussy around her hand.

She slipped her fingers into her pussy, feeling the tunnel Davey had hollowed her into. She put three

fingers in easily. She moaned again and pushed her fingers into her cunt, working it in and out with more wet noises, dog come lubricating her insides. She reached out with her other hand and rubbed Davey's cock, which hadn't retreated back into its sheath yet. Taking her hand away from her pussy, she lay down on her back with her head raised up under his stomach, sucking on the tip of his cock. It was far bigger and veiny than it had been when she first tried. Very slowly, she put more of his cock into her mouth, being careful as it hit the back of her throat, so she wouldn't gag. She felt him begin to hump a little again, so she took a deep breath and swallowed, letting his cock slip right into her throat. It didn't take long for him to come again. He came down her throat, making her cough and sputter as it overflowed from her mouth. She spit out what hadn't ended up in her stomach and looked at the clock. Her parents would be home in less than thirty minutes!

Angie scrambled up, slipping in the smeared puddle of come more than once, and took Davey back outside. She mopped up the come and sprayed air freshener throughout the house, grabbing her clothes from the sofa on her way to the bathroom to wash up. She looked in the mirror and giggled. Her face and chest were shiny, coated with jizz. Her hair was half soaked with it. She took a hand mirror from the counter and held it between her legs, squatting so that she could see her pussy. It still gaped open a little. She hurried into the shower and rinsed the layer of slick come from her body, soaping up, then sat down in the bottom of the bathtub. She pulled and prodded at her pussy for a while, curious at the way Davey had stretched it. She pushed three fingers in again. It was more difficult this time, since her pussy was finally recovering. She worked them in and out, rubbing and pinching her clit with her other hand, grunting as she came again. Her womb expelled more of the dog's come as it spasmed.

She thought she heard a noise, so she turned off the water. Sure enough, she heard her parents pulling up in the driveway. She jumped out of the shower and dried her body and hair, running to her bedroom to yank on a pair of panties and her pink pajamas with white hearts on them. She looked in the hallway mirror as she hurried by it and giggled to herself again about how innocent she looked in pink. She unlocked the front door just as they walked up to it, and threw her arms around her father's neck.

He laughed. "What was that for?"

"Oh, just another thank you for letting me adopt Davey, Daddy. He kept me really good company while you were gone!"

Her mother smiled sweetly, "You weren't lonely, Angie, sweetie?"

"Not a bit, Mom!"