

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) 2007 by p0h

She grunted, overcome with orgasm as Davey's cock spurted come into her. She dropped her head and just let the delicious feeling roll through her body. The phone's ring sounded as if it were coming from a distance. It was on the seventh insistent ring when she reached and fumbled for the cordless where it sat on the coffee table in front of the sofa.

~~~~~

"Hello?" she answered breathlessly, with more than a little aggravation in her voice. She choked back a groan as Davey pulled at her cunt to put one of his back legs over her, putting them ass-to-ass again.

A familiar voice came from the other end of the line. "You sound like you're a bit busy."

Angie squealed, "Cara! Hi!"

The woman laughed. "So, are you busy?"

"I'm, uh, a little tied up, so to speak."

"Mmm, I can imagine what kind of tied you are. Did I catch you at a bad time?"

"No, no. I'm sort of stuck for a while, anyway. You get to listen to me come at least one more time, though..." she added mischievously.

"Oh, I can do better than that. Mind if I drop by?"

"Of course! I'd love to see you. I can't exactly get to the door to unlock it, though. Come around to the back. The glass door is open."

"I'll be there in ten minutes, then."

"And I'll probably still be kind of stuck."

"Good. I'll get to play along. I've got Joey with me, is that okay?"

"Oh my God, yeah! Bring him!"

Cara laughed lightly at her enthusiasm. "See ya soon!"

Angie hung up and put the phone back on the table. She tried to relax her pussy, hoping that maybe she could untie with Davey before Cara arrived, after all. But no such luck. Before she knew it, Cara was knocking on the sliding glass door she was facing. She held a leash that was connected to a large, silvery-grey Weimeraner, which was standing obediently beside her. He was a little taller than Davey. Cara smirked at the display Angie was putting on and slid the door open, walking inside.

"Close the curtains?" Angie requested. Cara did, and commanded her dog to sit and stay.

She sat down on the sofa, near Angie and Davey, crossing her bare legs languidly. She leaned forward for a moment to stroke down the center of Angie's back. "How long have you been there?"

"Almost twenty minutes," Angie grunted again as Davey started trying to pull his cock from her body. After a few tries, the knot popped free.

She grinned, getting up and letting the come drain from her cunt, down her legs, and onto the beach towels she'd put down on the floor. A large wet spot developed around her feet as the come soaked in. After letting Davey back out, she stepped toward Cara and climbed onto her lap, kneeling there and straddling her thighs. She kissed her, sucking hungrily at her lips and tongue, and pushed the tight, glittered tee shirt off over Cara's head. As she moved to massage and mouth them, Cara felt the come still slowly dripping from Angie soak through her skirt and onto her skin. Her pussy started to feel slick already.

"So," Angie said between laps at her nipples, "are you going to fuck Joey while I watch? Or what?"

"I thought maybe you could have a go at him. Then, later, I can have the leftovers." She grinned and slid a hand over Angie's slippery thigh, fingers hitting home at her clit, making her groan and writhe against her a little.

"Sounds like a good plan. Something I want to do first, though."

Joey watched with interest as Angie moved down to the floor again, on her knees between Cara's legs, and pushed the soft skirt up around her waist. There were no panties there to discard. Angie kissed and nipped high on her inner thighs, running her tongue over the shaved mound and slit, pressing her tongue into the very top of it before using her hands to spread Cara's legs wider. Cara leaned her head back against the sofa cushion and ran her fingers through Angie's hair.

"Open your legs so Joey can lick you..." Cara said, gasping as Angie's lips formed a suction around her clit.

Angie obeyed and Cara called Joey over. He sniffed Angie and slowly began to lick this new person. His tongue ran up her ass crack, then made Angie moan into Cara's pussy as his tongue began finding its way inside her every few licks.

She moved down a little, her own tongue wiggling into the folds of Cara's pussy, licking out and swallowing the wetness that dripped from it. Before very long, Cara's body tensed and jerked, grinding into Angie's mouth as she came. Angie licked more quickly at her opening, drinking the flow of honey the orgasm produced.

As Cara recovered, Angie stood. "Why don't we move upstairs?"

Cara stood and straightened her skirt, picking up her shirt and purse as Angie wadded up the towels from the floor and mopped up the damp spot that had seeped through them, following her up the stairs and into a bedroom with Joey tagging happily along.

Angie led her to her parents' bedroom. She knew her room wasn't exactly the most adult-oriented, and although she was pretty sure Cara had figured out she wasn't eighteen, she would rather keep the obnoxious posters plastered to her walls out of sight for now.

"Are you ready for Joey?" Cara asked, running her tongue over lips and shedding her skirt.

"God, more than ready!" Angie giggled, sitting down on the bed. She wondered if she could get the bed linens washed, dried, and back on the bed before her parents got home... Then decided she'd make something up if they got back before she could get them done.

Cara opened her purse. "Guess what I got the other day?"

"Ohh, what?"

She pulled out a couple of buttplugs. Angie's eyes widened and she smiled. They looked a little bigger than either of the ones Tom had used on her. Cara reached into her purse again and pulled something else out.

"I didn't know if you'd want to try this or not, but I got it on the off chance." She swung it around by the unbuckled strap.

It was a gag of sorts. Instead of a regular gag or ball, the strap was attached to a fat black dildo.

"Sure, I'll try it," Angie said, running her fingers over her pussy, which was quickly becoming sticky from the drying come.

"Get on your knees on the floor and lean on the bed," Cara told her, bringing the toys over.

Angie did as she was told. "I don't mind being told what to do, you know. It kind of turns me on, being ordered around."

After swirling one of the plugs around her own pussy, lubricating it very well, Cara quickly pushed it home in Angie's ass. The younger girl squeaked at the sudden entrance, then groaned as Cara slowly rotated it.

"Feels good?" she asked. When Angie nodded, she patted her leg to call Joey over.

Joey approached her. She patted him on the head and rubbed his ears, then guided him toward Angie, helping him to mount her. His front legs wrapped around her body, just under her breasts. She could feel his short claws on her skin. Cara reached between them, masturbating Joey until his cock began to peek out of its sheath and he began to hump, then aimed it right at Angie's hole. On the second try without help, Joey's cock slipped into her. It came completely out a few times until it had become erect enough. She knew his cock had to be quite a bit bigger than Davey's, because very soon she felt the now familiar nudging at her cervix, then the strange, aching sensation of the cock tip pushing through it. Her entire cunt pulsed as she imagined the dog's cock working in and out of her, the slick, shiny, red cock rubbing the opening of her cervix.

Cara watched, using the other plug as a dildo, working the tip in and out of her own pussy. Angie was mesmerized as the plug stretched the pussy near her face, straining around the red silicone. She wasn't trying to get it all the way in - it was too wide for her, yet.

Joey panted, his cock slamming in and out of Angie's cunt, her position letting his pre-come drip from her pussy mound just as quickly as his cock was spraying it into her. His claws scraped at her skin as she began to feel his knot bumping just at the outside of her cunt. She had expected it sooner, and realized again just how big this dog's cock was. There was a deeper ache as he finally rammed his knot into her, as if his cock had bottomed out again far inside. Angie grunted rhythmically with Joey's hard, insistent thrusts, starting to reach down to rub her clit and relieve her own growing desire to hump at something.

"No, no," Cara laughed. "If you want me to order you around, you have to listen. No touching your own pussy right now."

Angie made an anguished face. Her clit was screaming to be touched.

"How about I restrain your hands, so you can't touch it?" Cara asked, wanting to make sure she didn't do something that would freak Angie out.

Angie nodded. Cara pulled a pair of very long, wide white ribbons out of her purse and tied one end tightly around each of Angie's wrists, then knotted the other end of each securely around that side's bedposts. Angie's arms were pulled taut, the muscles of her upper arms stinging a little. She struggled a bit, just to test the ribbons, and found that they were more than sturdy enough to withstand her pulling.

Cara crawled back onto the bed from the other side, rubbing the other plug around her slick pussy again. She put it in front of Angie's face. "Suck my juices off it," she told her, pressing the tip against her lips.

Angie opened her mouth and obeyed. Cara began to work it into Angie's mouth just as she had in her own pussy, effectively fucking her mouth. She licked her own lips as Angie's lips stretched wider and wider around it.

"Mmm, I think Joey's just about to come." She picked the gag up from the comforter beside her and replaced the plug with it in Angie's mouth. Angie choked a bit and she pulled it away. "You okay? Can you breathe with it all the way in?"

Angie nodded for her and opened her mouth wide. Cara put the gag back in, fastening it at the back of her head. It touched the back of Angie's throat when she breathed out, leaving just barely enough room to draw air in through her nose. Cara got off the bed and squatted near Angie's ass. She watched Joey's short, tied thrusts into Angie for a few seconds before putting one hand flat against the mound of Angie's pussy. She pulled her hand back and slapped the smooth, naked skin. Angie jumped, not expecting it. Cara repeated the slap, then again after spreading the top of her slit open with her other hand so that she could make hard contact with her exposed clit. That made Angie jump harder, also bringing a high whimper out of her.

Cara saw Joey tense, and knew he was only a second from filling Angie with his come. She could tell when he had actually begun to orgasm, because Angie swallowed hard and made a low groan. Angie felt the hot come spurt into her, repeated spurts that filled her. It made her abdomen swell as it actually filled her small womb completely, expanding her insides because her cunt was blocked by the dog's knot, with no way to let any come drain out. She started pulling at the ribbons that held her in place as she began to get more and more uncomfortably full.

With a soothing hand rubbing Angie's belly, Cara whispered silkily into her ear, "Joey hasn't come in at least four months. I sort of got caught up with the meetings and people's dogs there. I was kinda saving his big come like that for me, but I decided to give it to you." She leaned in and sucked at Angie's earlobe before adding, "Did you know that the longer a dog that's used to fucking regularly goes without coming, the more come he produces when he finally gets his cock in something again. I didn't know it till a guy at one of the meetings told me. He told me like this, too. Damn, I didn't think that dog would ever stop coming in me. His cock wasn't as big as Joey's, but that dog came so much I didn't think I'd ever get it all out of my." She laughed and slapped Angie's pussy again, harder than before.

Angie jumped, then continued groaning at being so full. Joey had all but stopped humping. She could swear he was still coming in her, but couldn't be sure.

"Is he done?" Cara asked her. Angie made the universal sound for 'I don't know'. "Oh well, I'll wait till he finishes by himself. I don't want to get caught across the room and not get to see him pull out. Here, I want you to do something..."

Cara backed up a little, making room beside the bed. She reached up and untied the ribbons from

Angie's wrists, then pulled her insistently toward the floor. Angie let Cara move her, being pushed down so that her face and shoulders were resting against the wood floor.

"That'll help keep it in you better," Cara explained. Angie was looking up at her with huge blue eyes, lips visible around the cock gag she was strapped into. "I'll tell you something else you probably didn't know. Dog sperm actually fertilizes human eggs. It can't make a baby of any kind, of course, because there have to be a certain number of chromosomes, and dogs and humans don't have the right amount, added together. But isn't it wicked that the sperm actually invades your eggs like that? It's in there right now, trying its best to make a puppy in your little cunt." She rubbed Angie's stomach again, pressing in a little in an attempt to feel the dog locked into her insides.

Angie blinked at her before grunting at the added pressure.

Cara laughed. "What, you thought I was dumb? Blonde hair doesn't mean a thing." She winked and leaned forward, licking slowly up Angie's cheek, around the border of the gag.

She watched as Joey pulled harder to get his knot free. Angie gasped and squeaked mutedly as the knot yanked at the opening of her vagina. Her entire pussy was red, almost raw, obviously well-used and stretched around the swollen knot. Cara put the plug right up against Joey's cock, ready for the knot to lose its hold. His knot began to peek out of her, the bottom curve pulling free, the pink glove of Angie's pussy clinging to the huge ball of cock tissue. Eventually, he yanked himself further out, the middle of the knot showing. Cara knew that the come would pour out as soon as that, the widest part, came out. As it did, she quickly pressed the tip of the plug alongside, taking up the space that Joey's cock left as it jerked free, with both of them occupying her cunt at one time for a second. As the cock came out and Joey padded off to clean himself, Cara slammed the plug into its resting place, the enormous cone stoppering her cunt with a small but audible "POP!" Cara beamed happily because only a few drops had leaked out. They were rolling down the inside of Angie's right thigh. She leaned down and licked them off before they could reach the floor.

After sitting back down on the bed, Cara helped pull Angie to her feet so that she could join her. She unbuckled the gag and took it out of Angie's mouth. Angie took a deep breath, relieved to be able to breathe freely again. She lay down on her back and let Cara spread her legs open wide. Cara lay down as well, flat on her stomach with her face within licking distance of Angie's pussy. She ran a hand over Angie's abdomen, still swollen into a curve with the come locked inside.

"Does it hurt? Is it uncomfortable?" she asked.

Angie shook her head. "A little bit, but not as bad, now that Joey's cock's not plugging up my cervix. There's a little more room. I can feel it slosh when I move," she giggled. "It's still hot."

Cara rubbed her belly harder, feeling how tight it was. Angie groaned. "Be quiet, now," she told her, and lowered her head to the reddened, soaking wet pussy in front of her. She licked the shiny, engorged clit gently, making Angie tremble. She sucked at the petals of her pussy, pulling them into her mouth and cleaning the come off them. Taking hold of the end of the plug that was in Angie's ass, she pulled it out and dropped it to the floor, putting two fingers in to replace it. Angie's back arched a little.

"Dogs are okay..." Cara said, "I mean, damn, they're great for just plain fucking. Better than guys, usually. But they don't help at all with the goal I'm aiming for."

Angie raised her head up a little so she could look at her. "Goal?"

"Yeah. Remember, dog come doesn't make babies."

“Ohh, you’re trying to get pregnant! Really?”

“Yep.”

Angie found that she was just barely able to keep her voice even, as Cara fell into a smooth rhythm fingerfucking her ass. “I can imagine you pregnant,” she smiled. “I’d like to fuck you as a pregnant woman. Are you trying with one guy, or mixing the cocktail up a little?”

Cara shook her head and laughed at the awful pun. “A few guys, so far. I’ve only been trying for a couple of months.”

“Mmm... I hope it happens soon.”

“It’ll be a lot of work, to hide stuff like this from a kid. Once it gets older, I mean.”

“It won’t be that hard...”

“Okay now, be quiet and enjoy.” Cara winked at her and began tonguing around the outside of the plug in Angie’s pussy. After a few minutes, she looked up at her again. “Are you ready to come? And to get that out of you?”

Angie nodded quickly, more than ready for both.

“Let’s go to your bathroom. You have a bathtub, don’t you, not just a shower?”

“Yeah, it’s in there.” She pointed across the room, to the closed door.

Cara helped her off the bed. Angie found that having to walk was a bit painful. Cara had to help her all the way to the bathroom and into the bathtub. Both were in it, Angie lying in the bottom with her legs spread and hanging over the sides of the porcelain tub, Cara between them, holding her hips up higher so that she could get her lips around Angie’s clit again. She sucked hard on it for a moment, and when Angie was going over the edge, she jerked the plug out of her cunt with an obscenely wet sound. The dog’s come gushed over Cara, coating her breasts, stomach, and thighs. It ran down Angie’s back and pooled at the bottom of the tub where her head was, with the drain closed. She felt the hot come soaking into her hair and turned her head, getting it smeared over her cheek. The orgasm tore through her, making her bite her lip to keep from screaming too loudly. She felt Cara’s tongue lick up into her cunt, licking come from inside her.

Putting Angie’s hips down, Cara leaned forward and cupped her hand, gathering come in it and holding Angie’s mouth open with the other, pouring the handful into it and holding her slick palm tight over the girl’s mouth until she had swallowed. She cupped more in her hands and poured it over Angie’s body, then lay front-to-front with her, their bodies sliding against each other. She put one come-coated hand between them and easily pushed it into Angie’s pussy, curling the hand into a fist inside her and working it in and out. Angie grunted and humped her hips against Cara, still so horny she couldn’t stand it. She didn’t care what she looked like, her hair wet with dog come and making noises like a rutting animal. She just wanted to come again.

Cara extended two fingers and pushed her hand in further. Angie gasped and groaned, mouth open and eyes clenched shut hard.

“Are my fingers where I think they are?” Cara asked, mouth against Angie’s ear.

“Fuck! God, yes!”

"Where are they? Tell me where they are. Say it."

"They're- God! Cara, fuck!"

"Say it, bitch. I know you like being a bitch for dogs. You're my bitch, too. Tell me where my fingers are."

"In my- fuck-" she whimpered pitifully, wishing her orgasm would come quickly. "They're in my womb!" she finally managed to spit out, feeling the curled fingers stroke hard at her insides.

"Joey did that," Cara grinned, rubbing her pussy against Angie's leg. "His cock tunneled you out so much, I can fingerfuck your womb. What do you think about that?"

"I love it! I'd take your- your whole arm up my cunt, if I could!" She suddenly grunted violently, her stomach jerking upward hard as her back arched and she came again.

Cara moved her hips harder, grinding her pussy faster as she felt Angie's cunt contract around her hand and wrist. With Angie squirming under her, she came. She put her mouth over Angie's, sucking at her bottom lip as she orgasmed.

They lay there for a while, breathing hard, both exhausted and soaking wet with come and sweat. Cara spoke first. "I'm ready for a shower."

"Me, too. All the body fluid smearing around sounds great during, but then there's the aftermath, and having to scrape it all off." Angie laughed.

"It's fun during, though. I don't think men are the only ones that lose blood flow to the brain during sex. If that were the case, women would never do anything stupid for sex. Or during sex."

Cara stood up carefully, trying not to slip in the come that was still pooled and quickly congealing in the bottom of the bathtub. Angie opened the drain and turned the water on to wash the rest of the come out. She stood up and felt more run down her legs.

"Ow," she laughed and whimpered a little, "my pussy is sore."

Cara shook her head. "I guess so, after all that." She looked at the digital clock sitting on the bedside table in the other room. "Shit, it's late. I'm supposed to be at my mother's house for dinner in fifteen minutes."

"Want to take separate showers, then?"

"Not on your life."

Both stepped carefully into the shower across the room and washed themselves, also helping to wash each other. The shower was a quick one with very little hanky-panky, as both were in a hurry. Angie tried not to let on that she was, though.

They went back to the bedroom, where Joey was laying peacefully beside the door. Cara put her shirt back on and looked at her stained skirt.

"I probably have something you can wear," Angie volunteered. Still naked herself, she dug around in the closet until she found a pair of her mother's white shorts that looked as if they would fit.

Cara slipped them on and gathered her things. "I'm really sorry to screw and run like this," she



laughed, "but I'm already late."

"It's okay. As long as you come back."

"Couldn't keep me away." She smiled wickedly and gave Angie a searing kiss before walking out the front door and getting back into her car, Joey hopping in ahead of her. Angie peered around the door, careful to not let a breast or other body part peek out with her, and waved as Cara drove away.

She closed the door and started hurrying through the house, spraying air freshener (she knew that the house must smell like all manner of sex), scrubbing the cloudy spot that Davey's come had made off the living room floor, then ran upstairs. She cleaned the floor beside the bed first, then tore the comforter and linens off the bed and stuffed them into the washer with bleach and washing powder. She put the load of her own clothes that had been sitting damp in the washer into the dryer, then ran back upstairs to clean up the bathroom and give everything another look, to make sure she hadn't missed anything. She stared at the bed in a slight panic and tried to come up with a story.

She had it! Something she knew that her parents would believe, since it had happened countless times before.

There was a honk from the driveway. Angie was glad they had stayed gone as long as they had, and was thankful that her Great Aunt Sandra could run her mouth for hours and always managed to corner her mother at funerals. She was nearly to the bottom of the stairs before she realized that she was still naked. Another trip upstairs, and she had pulled on a pair of jeans and a tee shirt.

Her parents were in the entryway, shedding coats and keys, when she came back down.

"Where were you? You usually have the door open by the time we drive up," her mother asked, pulling off clip earrings and breezing past her to go up the stairs.

Angie followed, with her father close behind. "I was putting your sheets in the wash..." she replied with a guilty smile as they walked into her parents' bedroom.

"Why on earth did you have to wash them?"

"I was watching TV in here and eating, and I sort of spilled something on the bed."

"Angie!" her mother scolded. "It had better not stain!"

"Oh, it won't, it was just milk from my cereal, but I didn't want it to be all sticky, so I stuck it all in the washer."

Her father shook his head, also scoldingly, as he removed his tie. "You should be more careful, Angie."

"Sorry... I'll put them in the dryer when they're done."

He leaned down and picked up something off the floor, then looked at her with a strange expression. "Angie, what is this doing in here?"

She stepped forward to look at what was in his hand, and felt panic rise again. It was a strawberry-flavored condom that must have fallen out of Cara's purse.

"Uh..." Angie looked at her mother.

"Give me that," her mother said, snatching the condom from his hand and scooting Angie out the door with her, "We're going to have a talk."

Angie felt sweat spring up on her forehead.

"Angie, I thought we talked about this. You said you don't need birth control pills, but you're carrying around condoms!"

"Mom, it's just in case! I promise I'm not having sex with boys!"

Her mother put the condom in her hand and shook her head. "Monday we're going to the doctor and getting you those pills. I won't take no for an answer, this time."

Angie waited till her mother went back into the bedroom, then rolled her eyes and tucked the condom into her pocket.