

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Angie looked into the bathroom mirror and prodded the dog's claw marks over her ribs with her fingertips, cringing a little at the soreness of three day's worth of healing. At least they didn't look bloody anymore. She pulled her nightshirt back down and stepped into the hallway, heading toward her room. A noise stopped her, making her listen harder.

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She approached her parents' bedroom door silently, listening to the grunts coming from within. She clamped a hand over her mouth to smother a giggle before she found the door ajar. She crouched lower and inched close, being careful to not bump it and risk being found spying.

The lights were dim, with only one of the bedside lamps on. Her father was sitting against the headboard, legs spread, with her mother kneeling and bend over between them, working her head up and down on his cock. The grunts were coming from him. One of his hands was holding a clump of her mother's hair in a fist, and every few dips of her head, he held her there for a few seconds.

"Stop," he said, pushing her away and getting up onto his knees, guiding her a bit roughly to turn around. He spread her ass cheeks and pushed his cock into her. She whimpered a little.

Angie forced herself away from the door and hurried to her room, jumping into bed. Under the covers, she slipped off her panties and pressed her fingers against her clit, feeling the slickness that had already worked its way over her pussy. She rubbed herself to an orgasm that was far less satisfying than she would have liked, sucked the wetness from her fingers, and fell asleep.

The next day at school was almost unbearable. She was so horny she thought she'd go crazy before the bell rang to release them all from their second class for the ten minute morning break. She headed straight for the bathroom and to the stall farthest from the door. She dropped her books, yanked up her skirt, and sat down on the toilet with a hand already in her damp panties. No sooner had that little glow of electricity started inside her, the restroom door slammed open against the wall and a gaggle of girls came in, chattering loudly. With her mood completely ruined, Angie flushed the toilet, washed her hands, and left more than a little annoyed. She didn't attempt to relieve herself again during school, and ended up with another less than great orgasm when she got home. She sulked her way through the rest of the evening.

At school the next morning, she was squirming in her seat for friction before her first class was halfway over. She was positive that her teacher had seen what she was doing, because he kept smirking at her and looking at her bare legs under the desktop. She rolled the waist of her plaid skirt up another inch and opened her legs just a little more when he turned around at the board. She entertained a short fantasy about him ripping her skirt down after class and bending her over his desk to fuck the living daylights out of her. He smiled wider, but that was the extent of his flirtation. Her second class was just as frustrating as it had been the day before. At morning break, she hunted down Robbie, the boy she had gone out with a few times before ending the relationship with a slapdash handjob in the back of his car. With just a few breathy words in his ear, he was following right behind her. She led him to the band room, locking the door behind him. She stood against the wall and groped her way past his belt, button, and zipper in the pitch dark.

With his dark blue uniform trousers crumpled around his ankles, he pushed up her skirt and tugged hard at her soaking wet panties, ripping the side seam before they were worked down her legs, getting them caught around one of her sneakers. Putting his hands on her waist, he lifted her up so she could wrap her legs around him. He grunted as his small prick slid into the slick heat of her

pussy, then started thrusting against her as hard as he could, when he had recovered. Her body hit the wall with the soft sound of flesh against thin wood, red hair bouncing back and forth with the motion. Robbie laid open the buttons of her top and lowered his mouth to her tits, beginning to suck hard in spots on them, leaving trails of saliva behind. His hands tightened painfully on her waist as he spurted in her. Knowing that his come was inside her, along with his vice grip on her body, made her muscles tighten in her own climax. She leaned her head back and gritted her teeth to choke of any sounds. Though it wasn't nearly as good as she would have liked, it was something at least a bit satiating. Robbie's softening dick slid out of her as he put her down, smearing the mixture of juices up her slit and across her abdomen before her skirt could fall back down over it.

"Thanks," she said, retrieving her panties from her ankle and buttoning up her shirt. She folded the torn panties into a square and stuck them in the middle of her history textbook.

"Uh, no problem," he replied.

Angie smiled sweetly up at him. "If you tell anybody about this, you'll never get it again."

He nodded and pulled his pants up as she walked off.

It was warm and humid outside, and the semen that had leaked down her thighs was still sticky at the end of the day. By her last class, the constant reminder had made her horny again. She pressed her thighs together and opened them again slowly, making her clit throb for attention.

It wasn't until she was on her way out to where the buses waited on one side of the parking lot that she remembered Cara was picking her up. There had been a convincing story of going to Karen's house, and the same sort of story to Karen about a boy. Her mother suspected, but felt safer because of the packet of birth control pills in her backpack.

Angie got into the car. Before they had so much as left the parking lot, Cara's hand had crept under her skirt. The other woman raised an eyebrow at her.

"I was bad today..." Angie blushed, looking at Cara out of the corner of her eyes.

Cara licked her lips. "Then you'll just have to be punished, won't you?"

There was little conversation on the way to Cara's house. Angie didn't know whether she'd been teasing or was serious about punishment. When they arrived, Cara ushered her into the bathroom and handed her a washcloth. "Strip and clean yourself up, then come back to the bedroom," she commanded.

The younger girl did what she was told. She was a bit embarrassed to walk out naked, when she finished. There were angry red hickies all over her breasts. When she stood before Cara, the woman raised an eyebrow again.

"You were a bad girl, weren't you?"

Cara pushed her toward the bed and made her sit back, legs sprawled open. She called Joey in and had him sit near the side of the bed. Angie smiled.

"How do you think you should be punished first?" Cara asked, taking a few select sex toys out of her bottom dresser drawer.

"Spank my pussy?" Angie giggled.

Cara shed her shirt and jeans before sitting down on the side of the bed and beckoning Angie to her. She had the girl lay her lower back over her lap, so that her hips were raised and her pussy opened, exposing herself. Cara spread Angie's legs wider, giving her more access to the tender area. She raised her hand and slapped the rapidly moistening pink flesh. Angie jumped. Cara struck her again, exposing her clit. After a couple more, Angie's hands instinctively tried to protect the area. Cara held her hands away with fingers clamped around her wrists. Soon, Angie's wetness was running down Cara's thigh and tears were running down Angie's temples from the eye-watering stings. With one last shark spank, Angie hiccupped in pain. Cara decided she'd had enough of this particular punishment.

"Get up," she told her, helping her a bit. She went to the array of toys, picking up a strap-on and a tiny vibrator.

Cara licked the tip of the vibrator and turned it on before sitting down beside Angie again and inserting it into herself, then buckled the strap-on into place. The flesh-colored cock was long and wide. Cara was satisfied that it would be interesting to have Angie administer to.

"Suck it," Cara instructed her, laying back.

Angie knelt near Cara's hip, licking the length of the cock before taking it into her mouth as far as she could. Cara's hand rested on the back of her head, guiding for a while, then pushing her harder onto the dildo. She pushed her head down hard, holding her until she gagged, then let her take a breath before doing the same again. Cara watched with lust as Angie's throat swelled with the cock being forced down it, saliva stringing from her mouth to the head when she was allowed to breathe again.

"Now, ride it," Cara told Angie when her face was red from gagging.

It took her a moment to catch her breath from the last throat-fucking, but she obeyed. She impaled her pussy on the large dildo, feeling very faint sensations from the vibrator inside her lover. She grunted softly as the head of the thing bottomed out with each upward thrust, far too blunt to push through. Cara knew this and thrust harder. She pulled Angie forward, grinding the base of the dildo against her sore clit and making her groan. Pulling her even closer, she pressed her mouth against Angie's, invading it with her tongue, nipping at the girl's lips, tasting every inch of the orifice.

She felt the bed move and opened her eyes. Joey had jumped up without permission, and he was nosing at Angie's puckered little asshole. Angie gasped and tensed, ready to jump off, not wanting to give the dog access to that particular hole.

Cara narrowed her eyes and shook her head. "Stay right where you are."

Joey moved up, putting his front legs over Angie's sides and settling his claws back into the scrapes on her ribs, making her yelp. She felt his slick, wet cock stabbing at her ass. Cara moved her hands down and spread Angie's ass cheeks for him. She yelped again as the tip pushed in, slipped out, then pushed in farther. She whimpered as his huge cock worked further into her, with Cara thrusting more slowly in and out of her cunt. Cara felt Angie's wetness beginning to leak down the cock's shaft and over her own pussy.

The warmth of orgasm flooded over Cara, spurred on by the vibration in her cunt and Angie on top of her. She thrust harder upward with the waves of pleasure, making the girl grunt more loudly.

"Get off," Cara commanded again.

Joey moved off of Angie as she pulled away. He continued humping the air, his knot already beginning to swell. Cara grinned. She sat up and took off the strap-on, removing the slick vibrator from her pussy and turning it off. She went back to her dresser drawer and pulled out another toy, holding it behind her back until she was standing in front of Angie again.

"What's that?" Angie asked curiously.

"Something I bought at one of those pet-lovers meetings. I thought you'd like it." She held the toy out in front of her.

Angie's mouth dropped open and a sound something like "Oooh..." came out. The toy was bright red, veined, and shaped very much like a dog's cock.

"You like it?"

"Fuck, yes. It's... big. Bigger than Joey, isn't it?"

"Maybe a little bit bigger." Cara wrapped her other hand around it and ran it up and down, her fingertips just barely touching around the girth of the toy.

Angie was virtually drooling. She could see that the knot wasn't quite as broad as Joey's, but it would have to be smaller, to be able to come back out. The pointed tip was making her insides tingle even more.

"The drawback is that toys don't come in you. At least, not this one. That's where the real thing is better." Cara smirked, walking toward her. She stopped at the edge of the bed and pointed the cock at Angie's pussy. "Do you want it?"

Angie nodded, the tip of her tongue pressed against her front teeth. Cara touched the tip to her clit, making her gasp and her hips jerk, before climbing onto the bed beside her. She patted the bed and Joey hopped up again, his cock bouncing and dripping pre-come. "Get up onto your hands and knees," Cara told her.

Angie did so, and Cara rewarded her by lubricating the dildo in the wetness outside her pussy, then very slowly slid it inside. Angie closed her eyes, mouth frozen open in an 'O'.

"Let me know when it bottoms out," Cara said.

Angie could only nod again. The latex knot was just nudging at the opening of her vagina when she felt the tip burrow into the cleft of her cervix. She gasped again, "There!"

Cara stopped working it in and wiggled it. "Think I can get it through?" She grinned, licking Angie's shoulder.

"Do it," she said, clenching her pussy around the fake cock.

Cara pushed gently, a little at a time, until the knot had wedged itself inside Angie's cunt. She rotated it, making her squirm and moan, and moved down to lie with her head between the redhead's legs. Cara pursed her lips, fitting them around Angie's clit and sucking at it, running her tongue over it, and scraping it with her teeth. Angie twisted her hands in the sheet, making animalistic sounds of pleasure as Cara gave the dildo a final hard push, sending it through the opening of her cervix.

She sat up and patted Angie's hip, letting Joey mount her again. Angie made a panicked noise of protest, but Cara reached forward, putting a hand over her mouth. She aimed the dog's cock at Angie's asshole and let him thrust it in. Angie yelled against her hand as he rammed into her. Cara used her other hand to massage the younger girl's clit, settling her into a slightly pained rhythm of moans. Angie began to rock her body back and forth as the dog's pre-come started to run out of her and back down her legs. Cara rubbed faster, then stopped and pinched her clit hard, pushing on the base of the dildo at the same time, shoving another inch of it into her. Angie's arms collapsed and she screamed face-down in the mattress, orgasm ripping through her. Cara pulled the dildo out of her cunt quickly, making a sucking sound and releasing a stream of Angie's juices to run out and join Joey's.

While Angie was still whimpering into the blanket, Cara coaxed Joey off her. He humped the air again as Cara pulled Angie up by one arm.

"Such Joey's cock," Cara instructed her.

"That's all?" Angie asked, wobbling a little as she tried to get her balance.

"Just suck him off."

Angie crawled across the bed and lowered herself onto the floor. She ran her hand up and down Joey's cock a few times before lying down and opening her mouth for him to hump his cock right into it.

"Don't take your mouth off it," Cara told her.

After a moment, Angie felt the knot pushing at her lips. The cock slipped easily down her throat, pre-come trickling down. The angle she had to hold her head at made her neck ache, and she wondered if it took this long when he was fucking her pussy. All of a sudden, come gushed into her. It overflowed, spilling out of her mouth even as she swallowed mouthfuls, making her gag and choke while he kept humping at the same time.

She looked back at Cara when Joey had wandered away to clean himself.

Cara nodded in approval and pointed to the come pooled on the floor. "Now, lick the rest of it up."

Angie did, dragging her tongue across the wooden floor, lapping up the cooling come until the floor was reasonably clean. Cara beckoned her over and had her sprawl herself out on the bed again.

"The next time you have sex with anyone except me or either of our dogs, you will do it with me present, or you really will be punished. Is that understood?" Cara scolded her, attempting to sound threatening.

"Yes, ma'am," Angie replied, smiling a very satisfied smile.

Cara didn't quite believe her. She decided that she had some serious plotting to do for the next time Angie misbehaved herself.