

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



In the past, Peter_Pan has steadfastly refused to encroach on the subject of bestiality. It is a genre I personally find without any sexual merit, implicitly droll as well as being completely demeaning to the female fraternity.

Having said that however, a chance conversation with a young lady this week and I stress, she is a teenage girl of impeccable pedigree and diligence, fully catalysed my thoughts on this arguably sordid topic. Her experience, recounted with neither regret nor embarrassment fully shocked me, but at the same time opened my eyes to the possibility that such an eventuality, whilst hardly a domestic ritual may perhaps occur with a greater frequency than we are led to believe.

This is Sophie's story.

Like millions of young girls worldwide, the last thing Sophie felt like doing was getting out of bed – let alone going to school. Bed was safety, comfort, warmth – the surrogate womb if you will. It was a place to dream of growing-up, of future romance and of late, somewhere to caress her developing body with not a little TLC. At fifteen now, masturbation had become as frequent an event in her life as flossing those pretty teeth.

If there is anything measurably sexier than a cute young schoolgirl first thing in the morning winging her way to the bathroom just moments after she's woken up, I can't immediately nominate it. Tousled hair flopping across her shoulders as she rubs the sleep from her eyes. Youthful figure barely concealed by that semi-transparent nightdress that seems to cling to everything it shouldn't. And remember, I have three daughters!

For at least two years, Homer, a huge Labrador of mixed parentage but who Sophie loved with a passion, had slept at the foot of her bed. With the onset of winter a deal was struck between them and Homer was granted leave to snuggle up on the bed with her. She never had need of a hot water bottle let's say.

The morning in question, she had dragged herself out of bed and was standing near the full-length mirror wondering if Debbie, her older sister, was yet out of the shower. Her eyes strayed to the reflected surface and as she caught sight of her own image, she stared at the lithe schoolgirl whose young breasts were clearly visible through her nightwear. A hot flush coursed through her as she lowered her eyes momentarily, almost ashamed to have even noticed such an eventuality.

The girl in the mirror smiled back at her and with slow deliberation gradually raised the hem of her nightdress, revealing a pair of dainty floral panties. Sophie watched fascinated as her virtual doppelganger began to gently rub the front of those girlish briefs, her camel-toe now clearly visible.

To what extent the reflected apparition may have influenced Sophie's fingered progress that morning is a moot point. Right that second Homer, perhaps drawn by the girl's visual sexual activity, maybe latching-on to the female scent...padded across to his mistress and thrust one very moist, if not intrigued nose well up between her legs.

Fully shocked out of her reverie, Sophie tried to push him away but found him determined in the extreme to further his quest for knowledge.

"No Homer," she cried out, as the dog's tongue flicked her panties centrally. "Get back on the bed!" Reluctantly the dog clambered back up on the coverlet.

Several times in the past Homer had nosed her somewhat intimately she recalled, never though had

he been as determined to intrude upon her maidenly charms as just moments before. She could not though discount the effect his tongue had wrought simply with that one exploratory lap.

Grabbing her school stuff she walked to the bathroom and finding it empty, went in, showered and dressed. Her hand wanted to perpetuate its earlier mirrored activities – beneath the hot water especially, but she was already running fifteen minutes late and could not afford the luxury of any further digital stopovers. Besides, sitting on the school bus with a wet pussy was not conducive to the educational process – leastways not as far as the school curriculum was concerned.

It was a normal school-day in the upshot. Two spot tests no-one was expecting, a detention for painting her nails in class and one of the all-time boring lectures on the moral decay of modern society. The day descended into farce late afternoon when, for the fourth time that month, the class jerk Daniel Cramer, asked if she would go out with him the coming Saturday. Another hour of that lecture would be preferable she decided.

Getting into her mom's car parked across the way on Carmino Drive, all she was thinking about was whether or not they were still going to Oscar Blue's for dinner as had been mooted the previous evening.

As luck would have it – they did and thus following a sumptuous repast and a sip or two of her father's wine when he excused himself to go to the washroom, Sophie was feeling rather more back on track. She had quite forgotten the earlier Homer incident as she hastened to her room to complete some homework tasks.

Homer evidently had not and as the girl seated herself at her desk, he sidled across and began nuzzling her in areas that might be described as 'indiscreet' let's say.

"What's wrong with you Homer?" she cried out. "You're behaving like Daniel Cramer," she giggled at the sudden image her words threw up, pushing the dog away meanwhile. He sat there looking up at his young mistress soulfully.

She was finding it hard to concentrate on her schoolwork suddenly, probably due to the multiple indecent thoughts crowding-in upon her. She had to admit to a certain curiosity. Whilst the tongued eccentricities of her beloved pet were hardly the virginal pursuits of a young lady, she could not deny the momentary arousal his unwarranted attentions had bequeathed her that morning.

Quite without thought for the consequences, she stood up, then making sure her bedroom door was closed, slipped out of her school-dress and clad in just her matching white bra and panties, seated herself on the edge of the bed. She felt deliciously sexy and tentatively holding her small bra outwards, admired the developing contents of both cups, the color rising in her cheeks as she gazed at the noticeably extended condition of either nipple.

Subconsciously her hands slipped down between her legs. It was so warm and inviting there.

Homer obviously thought he was invited!

Padding over to Sophie, he nosed his way between the girl's thighs. This time she did not push him away but lay back on the coverlet, legs apart and with the delineation of her vaginal mound clearly visible through her panties. Daniel Cramer would assuredly not have needed a "Beginners Sex for Dummies" manual, Homer though was rather more cautious, ever mindful of his earlier reprimands.

At the precise moment Homer's nose made direct contact with the front of her discernibly moist cotton briefs, Sophie let out a muffled cry. Every instinct told her this was way wrong by anyone's standards – but there again, where was the ref?

As Homer's tongue lapped at those barely covered virginal lips that first time, Sophie sighed, closed her eyes and spread herself even more indecently. She hadn't yet realized it, but such movement opened up a gap between her upper thigh and that delectable little pussy itself. Homer liked gaps.

The next tongued exploratory flicked its way inland, guided one assumes, by the scent of female arousal.

Simply the sensation of a hot tongue parting her pubic hair as it made its way to the de-fortified campus yonder, had Sophie gasping and clutching at her lower extremities with something approaching desperation. Another lap and she was a convert.

"Oh God Homer" she murmured to no-one in particular. "You are making me soo hot!" She raised her arms above her head and allowed him then the total freedom to lick her wherever he so desired.

As the pleasure factor increased, the young girl became less inhibited and by the time Homer's tenth lick had by accident, almost penetrated her labial fortress she was cruising on hi-octane.

Reaching down with what one might describe as foolish determination, she held her panties to one side. Homer needed no further encouragement and able to directly lap now the object of his affections as it were, his tongue separated her entire vaginal slit in its quest to extricate that which his taste-buds sought so eagerly.

Sophie could no longer lay still and she found she had no control over her hips either. The more Homer lapped at the promised land, the more she found herself thrusting upwards in pleased response. Naturally her clitoral nub bore the brunt of her pet's tongued incursions and it came to pass - sooner rather than later - that courtesy of a few million highly active nerve-endings, she found herself on the edge of an orgasmic cliff-top. It was fun falling off!

Homer cocked his ears as his mistress slid to the floor, making little noises he had never heard in his life. She definitely didn't seem angry!

Breathless but still in control of her faculties, her mind was a maelstrom of emotions. Guilt, pleasure, arousal, embarrassment all figured prominently. As she sat there gazing at Homer not four feet away, she felt an overpowering urge to perpetuate the moment. Reaching behind her, she had the clasp of the bra unhooked in seconds and disengaging herself from its confines she sat upright fully topless, her proud breasts displayed in their full tempting glory. Kneeling now, she ran her hands across both nipples causing herself to shiver with expectancy.

"Come here Homer," she whispered, arms at her side, back arched provocatively.

Obediently the dog approached his mistress.

Whether or not her nakedness was an influencing factor or simply that his canine senses latched on to the milky smell of her breasts is a moot point. Certainly they were the nearest point of contact so far as his moist nose was concerned. He nuzzled her cleavage before licking her right breast enthusiastically.

Sophie felt a hot flush snaking its way south. "Good boy!" she murmured holding the dog's head to her chest as she arched her back even more prominently. Homer sensed her compliance and began lapping both breasts with little finesse but considerable zeal. Rapidly losing her grip on normality, the girl began to whimper as Homer's tongue performed a therapeutic service she had never thought possible. She could feel his saliva running down her breasts and her inhibitions had receded to the point her body was starting to take control of the situation.

Hastily slipping her panties off, she extricated herself from Homer's attentions just long enough to regain the coverlet where she lay sprawled on her back, her legs draped off the side of the bed and sufficiently wide that Homer's procreative instincts were guided by the visuals as much as the overpowering scent.

Straddling the teenager, his crude humping actions brought Sophie momentarily back to reality. Glancing down past her breasts that Homer was still lapping at eagerly she could see his glistening sheath working its way between her legs as the dog, locked now into his pre-programmed state was becoming agitated in its attempts to penetrate his quarry. She sensed something pressing hard against her pussy. It felt huge.

Panicking suddenly, she tried to push Homer off but he was in no mood for rejection and pinned her to the coverlet, growling now and by far the stronger of the two. She thought of calling out, but how might she explain the situation to anyone? Lying naked on her bed about to be raped when she was supposed to be doing her homework? Yeah right!

Like most young girls she had thought of how it might be losing her virginity...but to a dog? At the same time some part of her wanted this, no matter how it hurt. Maybe if she didn't fight him the discomfort would be lessened?

Deftly, she reached down and took a hold of Homer's engorged sheath from which something was clearly disengaging itself.