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BEASTIALITY STORIES



When I first got to know Deepti, she sent me this picture and asked if I could write a story around it. As I was writing it, I got the idea of bringing her into the [Always Pull Your Curtains](#) series which I was in the process of merging with [the Chico Tales](#). What you see below is the result.

Sadly, she was taken from us during the pandemic so I would like to dedicate this story to the memory of Deepti Sinha, R.I.P my friend - Jun 6,1968 - Jan 24, 2022



My given name is Deepti, my family name doesn't matter as I have no family after they cast me out and disowned me. If you know Bollywood then many would say I look like Deepti Bhatnagar in the height of her fame, if you don't know Bollywood then shall we just say I am of pure Indian blood. My name means the "the last ray of hope when all hope is lost," and in telling you my story you are my last ray of hope and this is how it came to be.

It began over 20 years ago when I was 18 and got married to a much older man in a marriage arranged by my parents, as is the way in India. We settled near to Kokilaben Dhirubhai Ambani Hospital in Mumbai, where my husband Vivaan worked as doctor and I stayed at home hoping that one day we might be blessed with children. Sadly that was not to be as my husband worked long hours and was often tired when he returned home and showed little interest in sex. Sure he made token attempts and I tried my best as a dutiful wife to become pregnant saying devotions to Kama Deva for sex and procreation, I even laid my head on the genitals of Unmatta Bhairava, but nothing worked. Eventually we stopped trying and 10 years ago sex stopped altogether as my husband would work long hours leaving me alone in our comfortable house.

I sought solace online by learning to use the internet and getting my husband to buy the latest computer so that when he was working I could scour the web for sex. As time went on my searches became more debauched and I moved from just plain male / female web sites to more & more extreme sites. I had no access to sex toys but had a variety of Thums up soda bottles that partially satisfied my needs, ranging from the small through to the large family bottles when my urges became too much.

I would often wander the house naked parading myself in front of the mirror, examining my body critically from every angle, wondering if it would please an unknown lover. Sometimes cursing as I wondered why my husband could not get an erection and satisfy my needs, was I that ugly? I could not divorce him as the shame and stigma would have been too much for both myself and my family and taking a lover was fraught with the dangers of discovery, I was well and truly trapped.

At my pleading my husband, against his better judgement, had bought me a scooter which allowed me to nip through the crowded streets of Mumbai, often with reckless abandonment to at least feel the rush of air on my face giving a flash of freedom. I would of course be properly dressed in my sari ensuring that the hem was correctly pulled over my head and face as a married woman. I drove for miles leaving the city behind me and heading to the beach or secluded woods where I could indulge in my guilty, but so pleasurable sin, I loved to be naked outdoors. The pure rush of joy mixed with the fear of being discovered was such a heady combination as I would unwind my sari until I was completely naked. Then I would lie on my back, crawl on all fours, dance in the sunlight, rejoicing at the sheer freedom of it all, often touching myself and bringing myself to a climax.

It was last May that I took the step that led me to where I am today, five months with no rain and even in Mumbai the heat and humidity had become unbearable. I had travelled far to the north of Mumbai crossing Manori Creek into Uttan and then headed to the coast, a journey of less than 40km but in the madness we call the roads could often take 2 hours. I knew there were deserted and secluded areas where I could strip and bath naked in the sea without detection. When I arrived at my secret spot I had to leave the scooter and clamber through the rocks to the beach and there the sea shone like a pool of liquid silver and the sun shone so brightly it caused shimmers to rise from the sand. Stripping quickly I rushed to the sea and plunged into the refreshing water delighting in how it caressed my naked skin like the touch of the lover I yearned for.

Leaving the water, I spread my red sari like a blanket under me and laid on the sun letting its rays caress me and dry me. As I felt the warmth tickle my skin I couldn't help but touch, picturing a lover in my mind as I closed my eyes and gently rolled each nipple in turn before sending my fingers lower in search of my slit. Planting a sole of each foot on the ground I opened my knees wide as if inviting the sun to penetrate my inner regions and holding my pussy lips apart with one hand I rubbed my clit with the other causing me to moan and writhe as the sensations washed through me.

Not wanting to stain my sari I rolled over and got onto all fours, arching my ass to the sun, like I was offering myself to be fucked by it. Resting my breasts and shoulders on the ground I arched my ass up and reached under and back with my hand rubbing my nub, wishing I had something bigger to satisfy my needs. I glanced between my legs and that is when I saw them. Just on the shore line were two black dogs, whether they were strays or domesticated I could not tell but as they approached cautiously, drawn by the scent I could see they were both males.

It was then that in my height of sexual frenzy I made my lust fuelled decision. This was something I had fantasised about, something I had talked about online, something I had bought myself to many orgasms imagining, I was ready to become a dog slut.

Reaching into my purse I pulled my phone from my bag and looking at the dogs framed by my inner

thighs with my natural pubic hair clearly showing I clicked a picture for posterity and then remained there waiting. I didn't have to wait long before my patience was rewarded as the smaller of the two dogs sniffed a few times, his cold wet nose sending shivers through me. Then came the moment that made me realised I was to be hooked on dog cock for ever. He licked me, not just a small lick, but a lick that went from clit to anal star with his rough tongue that nearly sent me over the top. Any slight doubts I may have had vanished in that moment of pure pleasure and I wiggled my ass in encouragement wanting more treatment the same.

To my momentary frustration the tongue stopped but that was replaced by something completely different, the feel of soft warm fur on my back and a pair of paws gripping my hips. I could feel the hot wet cock jabbing wildly, seeking my pussy and I whimpered out loud in frustration, so wanting to be taken. Then in a flash the dog found its mark and rammed home with all its strength forcing its cock deep into my body.

It had been so long since I had felt a real cock inside me rather than the plastic or glass of a bottle I orgasmed and flooded making his passage easier. The dog started to fuck with a frenzy that I had never felt before as it pounded me into oblivion. As the dog pulled on my hips to gain leverage, its back paws scratched on my calves as his frantic fucking continued. Like the dog slut I had become I arched back to him inviting him deeper and further into me, wanting him to knot and breed me.

I wasn't disappointed as with a blinding flash in my brain the knot forced inside and the dog slowed as he began to pump his seed deep into me. With my fingers on my clit I rubbed moaning into the sand as the dog panted and throbbed filling me.

I must have lost consciousness for a fraction of a second as I suddenly came alert as the dog started dancing around on its hind legs, yapping making his knot tug at my insides. The other bigger dog had decided it was his turn and was telling his canine friend in no uncertain terms he should dismount. The snarling and snapping was in some ways terrifying yet in others ways such a turn on to know that two dogs were fighting over me as their bitch. Then with a final tug the first dog dismounted and some of his seed overflowed from my pussy and onto my sari below. The second dog seized its chance and in a flash was on my back, its cock seeking a place to bury itself. Sliding my hands through the gooey sticky mess oozing from my pussy I guided him to my entrance to be rewarded with a thrust that took my breath away. As with his partner, he fucked in a frenzied speed wanting to impregnate me as quickly as possible. The orgasms didn't stop as with a yelp he forced his knot inside and jetted his cum deep to join that of his fellow canine.

Once the second dog had emptied his balls he pulled away leaving me gasping, trying to gulp air into my tortured lungs. The two dogs padded away, content they had bred the bitch well as I gathered up my sari and tried to wash it as best I could. Finally, when my legs would support me and my heart dropped to a normal rate I donned my sari and started the ride home.

Two things were my downfall that fateful day, the first was technology and the second the jewellery my husband had given me on our wedding day. My husband had set up photo sharing on all our devices, so a picture that was taken on one phone would stream to all the other devices. I might have got away with denying it, was it not for the ankle bracelet that he recognised instantly as I had worn it every day for the last 20 years.

Before I was even half way home he called me and I sat on my stationary scooter as he ranted with a passion I would not have thought possible. His anger frothed out of the phone as he spewed his venom at me but I think that phone call may well have saved my life as had I returned home I am sure he would have killed me. Realising I had no choice I turned my scooter away from Mumbai, my home for all my life and started to run until finally I ended up here today, throwing myself at your mercy.

Michelle steepled her fingers and studied the woman in front of her, the hope she held inside was clear on her open and honest face. Michelle had been looking for someone to help her at the kennels for a while and Deepti seemed perfect in every way. Smiling broadly Michelle broke the silence with "That was a wonderful heart felt story and of course the job is yours, welcome to Perro Mundo and I am sure you will be very happy here."