

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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I chose to write this version of Barbara Gordon/aka Batgirl while she was paralyzed from the waist down (though not everything was paralyzed-wink wink/nudge nudge) by a gunshot from the Joker. Without the use of her legs, she changes her alter ego and goes by the name "Oracle". Information specialist, hacker, and intel to many superheroes. No particular reason, just thought it's be a different route to go.

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Barbara opened the door to her apartment and rolled her wheelchair in. Placing the keys back into the small purse in her lap, she reached up and hit the deadbolt.

She arched her back and stretched her arms up to loosen the kinks and soreness in her upper body. She hadn't scheduled a aerobic session with Ricky Dragon for a couple weeks, and her joints responded in protest.

All this sitting doesn't help either, she thought. But being confined to a wheelchair limits what you can do on a yoga mat.

Maybe the party drained her more than she thought, or maybe it was the champagne, or all the banter she had to keep up with her charade, or all the above.

Batman had asked her to take Bruce Wayne's place at an annual charity event in downtown Gotham. He was going to be out of town, Bruce suspected Mayor Krol to be dealing with some of the more unscrupulous patrons of the city, and he needed a set of eyes on him.

Though more than few sets of eyes from the male guests were watching her. She still had her athletic physique, and her toned arms and flat stomach complimented her full bosom. Though she thanked her dress for most of the attention.

It was her "little black dress" that she'd used to wear when she would get together with her friends to hit the clubs. If Bruce had given her more time, she'd have went and bought a new dress, but time didn't allow it. The spaghetti straps hung loosely over her shoulders, and the plunge line in the front left just enough to the imagination. Unfortunately it was also her shortest dress and it stopped about an inch from her knees, so she was constantly pulling it down whenever she adjusted herself in her chair. She was sure some of the men there would have been happy getting a glimpse of her panties.

"And why the hell not," she thought, "I've still got it."

She ran her hand over her flat stomach. The dresses soft material felt so good against her skin. She lived in T-shirts and jeans, or when she was still Bat-girl, the hard leather of her uniform. So tonight was more of a treat than normal.

Barbara turned on the living room light, and rolled around the room closing the window blinds.

As she passed the full length mirror in the hall, she stopped to admire herself. She ran her hands through her hair to fluff up the curls that were starting to sag.

The dark red strands snaked between her fingers and sprang back to life.

Her makeup still looked fine, her blush and eyeshadow survived the night. She gone with a very slight pink hue to her cheeks, and a emerald green eyeshadow to compliment her eye color.

Her lipstick was mostly gone due to all the courtesy introduction kisses, and wine glasses, no matter how many times she freshened up.

She sighed, and opened her purse. She took out her lipstick and pursed her lips in the mirror while she applied a new coat. Her lips now shown with a deep sultry burgundy.

She thought back to all her admirers at the party.

Especially William Watson, editor at the Gotham Tribune.

He made it a point to spend as much time as possible to talk with her at the party. The conversation led to the outdoor terrace where they exchanged harmless flirts and planning a dinner date for next week.

Her mood sank a bit when she thought about when she'd last been on a date. It was just before the Joker had shot her. Almost two years ago.

Two years since she'd been on a casual outing with a man, that didn't involve some criminal activity. Two years since she had intimately kissed a man, or had any.....she shook her head to clear her thoughts of William. But the feeling had started in her.

She locked eyes with herself in the mirror. An embarrassed hint of a smile escaped her lips. The warmth between her legs had ignited and she needed a release.

She wheeled herself into the living room, and stopped by the large ottoman that was centered in the room. She tossed her purse onto the couch.

Locking the wheels, she lifted herself onto the ottoman. She leaned back onto the upholstered cushion, and lifted her buttocks up. Hiking her dress up a bit, she hooked her thumbs behind her thong strings and pushed them down her legs as she sat back up. Her thong fell to her ankles, and she reached down and lifted each leg to get them out of the way. She threw along side her purse on the couch, then bent down to unbuckle her shoes. They were small heeled shoes with criss-cross straps that clasped just below her ankles.

A slight bit of vertigo hit her as she leaned forward to undo her shoes. She gave up when she couldn't get them. Maybe she did have too much champagne...

"Forget it. I'll leave them on."

Barbara reached down and lifted each leg, spreading them into a V. Her anticipation was increasing, and the heat was rising between her legs.

She leaned back onto the ottoman again, and opened her mouth. She licked her index and middle finger of her right hand, and with her left lifted the dress to give her access.

She let out a soft moan as she ran her fingers around her clitoris. She was surprised at how moist she was already.

I'm definitely overdue for this! she thought.

She quickened her movements, and plunged her finger into her vagina. Oh god yeah.

Her other hand came up and cupped her breast, pinching the already hard nipple.

Her fingers were picking up speed as she hammered them into her vagina. Almost there!

Barbara leaned back even more as she started to reach her climax, her head hanging over the ottoman almost parallel to the floor.

She closed her eyes and her mouth opened in gasps. Oh god, here we go! Just a bit more....Yes..oh...I'm going to...

Something slobbery, long and rough ran across her face.

Her eyes opened in shock and she froze when she saw what was in front of her. Even from her upside down perspective.

Ace! Bruce Wayne's dog.  
Had just licked her face.

Dammit, she thought.

I forgot he dropped you off earlier. She recalled the conversation earlier. Something about a chemical spill in the Batcave was causing problems with the air filters, and Bruce asked Barbara to let him stay the night until Alfred could vent out all the toxic air.

He must have dropped you off while I was at the party.

Ace was a Belgian Shepherd Dog with a mahogany coat and belonged to an associate of Batman's. Following his death, Batman adopted the dog, renaming him Ace. Also, coincidentally Ace has a bat-shaped dark patch on his flank.

"Get out here Ace!" She reached over her head and tried to shove the dog away.

"Go in the other room!"

Her hand waved in front of Ace's nose, and he sniffed excitedly at it, his tail wagging. Ace sat up and starting walking around the ottoman his nose testing the air, searching for more of that scent. He made his way over to the side where Barbara had her legs open.

"Ace! Dont you dare, Ace!"

When she tried to push him away, she'd made herself more off balance and she couldn't just sit up to stop him.

He stepped up to her crotch, and his cold nose brushed her labia. She couldn't stop herself from giggling, it tickled!

Then Ace's tongue came out and gave a slow taste across her vaginal lips. His ears perked up as he liked this new taste. He buried his face into Barbara's vagina and began lapping enthusiastically.

Barbara's face flushed a bright crimson. Oh my god, Bruce's dog is eating me out!

"Ace.Stop it!"

She flailed her arms to get his attention, but Ace ignored her.

She finally saw something she could use. A magazine had fallen to the carpet nearby, and she reached down and grabbed it. She aimed it in Ace's direction and tossed it as she yelled, "No!"

She heard him give a small yip, and he jumped away from her. "Ace, behave!"

Ace came back around to face her, a rejected look on his face. He gave a slight whine.

“Aww, Ace I’m sorry. But that not something you do to people. Have Bruce take you to the dog park, and meet a nice girl-dog.”

Barbara chuckled at the situation.

Ace came over to her and woofed, nuzzling his face and chest into her. The equivalent of a dog hug.

She hugged her arms around his neck and pressed her face against his fur. It was an awkward hug as she was still upside down. “Its ok you silly thing.”

She scratched his belly, and saw saw something pink pointing back at her.

Ace had a hard on! Not a full erection, but about an inch was poking out of his sheath. Barbara looked further back and dreaded what she saw. Bruce never had him neutered. His testicles hung between his strong hind legs . Barbara’s scent must have gotten him wired up.

Barbara grabbed his collar and made him face her.

“Ace, don’t get any ideas, because I am not...mmph.”

Ace lunged forward and his tongue darted between her open lips. She gasped a protest but this just allowed Ace to get more of his tongue into her mouth. She couldn’t believe this dog was actually french kissing her!

Even more surprisingly, she wasn’t stopping him. She was expecting a foul, dog breath taste in her mouth, but Ace’s tongue had a neutral flavor. It was a bit rough as it brushed against the roof of her mouth, but Barbara didn’t mind it.

After her initial shock, she relaxed and tilted her head to be more comfortable. She was actually enjoying this.

Her tongue danced with his as he wanted to taste every inch of her mouth. She had to stop a few times to catch her breath, but continued.

Her beautiful lips clashed with his hairy muzzle, as he filled her mouth with his tongue and saliva.

After a few minutes, Ace pulled back and whined. “Whats wrong Ace?” she asked between breathes.

Ace leaped up and put his front paws on the ottoman, her body between his muscled legs. Her breasts had wriggled loose from her dress during their makeout session and heaved directly under him.

She looked down at his hind quarters and saw what he was whining about. His penis had grown even more! It measured about 5 inches now and twitched with excitement.

“Um, Ace. I don’t know about that. I mean your a good dog and all, but this goes against good judgement.”

Ace shimmied forward a bit and whined again, bringing his penis an inch from her face.

“C’mon Ace, I’m sure we can come up with another way to do this...”

He shimmied more ,and his penis was just at her lips.

Thoughts were racing through Barbara's mind as she took in the view of Ace's penis up close. It was a pinkish purple color, and just a bit bigger than a human males. She noticed a very small bulge at his shaft. Was that there before? This was her first dog penis, so she wasn't sure what they looked like fully aroused.

She made her decision.

"Ok, fine. We can do it. But go slow."

With that encouragement Ace began slowly humping.

Barbara opened her mouth and accepted Ace, matching her pace with his thrusts which thankfully he was doing slowly for her. Just how smart was this dog..?

She opened her mouth wide as he thrust forward, and wrapped her lips tightly around his member as he pulled back careful to not have her teeth brush against him.

The soft sucking and smacking of this humans mouth was greatly pleasing Ace. His tongue hung out of his mouth and as he looked down at his human. He could smell her sex again in the air, so he assumed this was good for her also.

He lowered his head to try to get another taste of this woman, but couldn't reach. Their odd position wouldn't allow it, and he felt so good pumping this woman's mouth that he settled for running his tongue over her bare stomach.

Barbara moaned as his tongue ran across her skin, she wished it could reach her. This time she wouldn't have said no.

As she blew Ace, she noticed that he was still growing. It was a bit thicker now, and almost 7 inches long. How big can a dog's penis get? She thought.

Barbara noticed the bulge at the base of his shaft had also increased to the size of a golf ball. I wonder why it does that?

Meanwhile, Ace knew what its purpose was, he'd mated with many other dogs before.

When a male dog has sex, its penis grows a knot at the base to seal itself in the female's canal to ensure all its seed gets deposited in the female. This results in them being tied together for a brief time after sex. When the knot shrinks down, it pops out of the female, and they go there separate ways. A successful breeding complete.

But considering this was Ace's first human female, he didn't know or care which hole he was pumping, all he knew was that it felt awesome.

And that the instinct to tie was coming fast.

Barbara could feel Ace's rhythm quicken, and she wondered if he was going to cum soon. Yeesh! I wonder what dog semen tastes like. Or should I let him finish on me? Maybe on my breasts?

These thoughts made her more hot. Either way, she was going to make this dog cum.

Ace could feel the time was coming, he could feel his knot starting to swell, and he knew he had to get it in before it got too big to fit in the female.

Ace drove his hind legs forward and pushed the full length of his penis deep into Barbara's throat. Barbara gasped at Ace's sudden push brought her nose to the furry coat of his sheath. Luckily she

didn't have a gag reflex or this would have been very messy.

Could the dog be that kinky?

"Ok, I can play along." She thought.

She relaxed her throat and started to massage his shaft with her tongue.

Surprisingly, Ace had stopped humping and was content to sit there with his member imbedded. She attempted to remove the penis and see if something was wrong. But the golf ball sized bulge that was at the end of his penis had increased in size. It was almost the size of a lemon now, and firmly wedged inside her mouth!

She tried to pull it out, but Ace whined loudly, and when her teeth scraped against it, he let out a small growl.

Barbara tried not to panic.

She'd had many deep breathing exercises and Batman had trained her in various techniques to conserve air should she ever be trapped in a dangerous situation.

Bruce had trained her many years and prepared her for many scenarios, but what felt like 11 inches of dog cock and a ball of flesh lodged in her throat never appeared on the agenda.

She slowed her breathing and relaxed her body. Ace stood motionless with his front paws on either side of her waist, and his rear legs up against her face. His penis fully engorged in his breeding partner.

"Hoooy boy, this is a predicament." She thought.

She tried to deconstruct the situation. Do dogs always mate like this? Do their dick really swell up like this? Was Ace really trying to breed with her..orally?

She rolled her eyes. Dumb dog, now look at us.

"Ok", she thought, "so if the intent is to mate, then Ace still needs to blow his load".

Ok Ace, work with me here. She wrapped her arms around his back and drew him closer to herself. Ok, this will stop her teeth from hitting his sensitive skin.

She inhaled deeply through her nose.

Moving in unison, she slowly started to rock back and forth.

This seemed to be working as Ace's breathing began to quicken, and she could feel his prick moving in her throat. Her neck was already visibly bulging from the thickness of his member.

C'mon Ace, give it to me.

She wrapped her lips tightly around the knot and sucked passionately.

Their speed didn't increase, but Ace's breathing was much faster and he was definitely close to to cumming.

Barbara closed her eyes and waited for it.

A second later Ace tensed up and his dick stiffened in her throat. She could feel the warmth of fluid

building at the base of his cock. With a spasm, the first shot of dog cum entered her.

Her lovers prick was so far in her throat, there was no need to swallow.

It was like a funnel with a direct access to her stomach. Ace spurted 6 more times, each wave could be seen entering Barbara as her throat pulsed with each new injection and warmth spread over her belly as she was filled with the warm fluid.

She simply held onto him and waited for it to pass.

Eventually, Aces breathing slowed and he shrunk enough for him to exit her without pain to either of them. Barbara twisted herself off the ottoman, and onto the floor. She made her way to her chair and pulled herself into it. Her dress hung off her in shambles, so she just removed it and bundled it in her lap.

Naked, except for her shoes, Barbara sat back in her wheelchair and took in what just happened.

Her hand caressed her stomach. Just a while ago, she was admiring how flat it was. Now it bulged slightly under her fingers. She felt like she'd chugged a gallon of warm milk.

Ace was finishing cleaning himself, and his penis was disappearing back into its sheath.

"Well Ace, this was one hell of a night." she said.

Ace looked up and padded over to her chair. He stood in front of her and gave a woof, wagging his tail happily.

"Aw, is that your way of saying thanks?" She laughed.

She leaned forward and lifted his large head to hers. "Your welcome Ace. Next time, you can return the favor."

She kissed him deeply, directly on the mouth her lips nibbling at his jowls.

Detaching herself from her surprise lover, she wheeled back into the hallway. She caught her reflection in the mirror. Now her hair was a mess, her eye makeup was running, and her lipstick was smeared, and she was naked.

Barbara sighed. "I am so taking a shower, and going to sleep."

She turned to Ace. "If you promise to behave, you can sleep on the bed."

The next morning, Bruce came by to pick up Ace. It was a gorgeous day, so she decided to wait for him outside her apartment. Ace laid on the ground basking in the sun.

A Bugatti Veyron pulled up to the curb in front of her, and Bruce Wayne stepped out. Ace's ears perked up and he happily greeted his master.

"Good morning, Bruce."

"Hi, Babs. Did everything go Ok at the charity event, was Ace a bother to you at all?"

Barbara shook her head. "Everything went fine, and Ace was a perfect gentleman."

Her thoughts briefly went back to his tongue licking her pussy. She felt herself blush.

"Are you ok, Barb?"



She shook the image out of her head. "Yeah, sorry Bruce. I guess the champagne is still in my system."

"Ok. Sorry to make this short, but I have a meeting at Wayne Tower in 20 minutes. Thanks again for the assist."

"Anytime." And she meant it. She rolled forward and scratched Ace's head. "See ya big guy."

Ace jumped into the passenger seat of the Bugatti, and Bruce turned the ignition.

Barbara waved as they began to pull away. Ace turned around in the window and gave a woof in her direction.

A sudden surge of terror crept into her as she saw Ace's muzzle. Why didn't she notice it before!?

On one side of his head, she could see the lip print of her lipstick on his mouth where she had kissed him. Oh my god, what about his genital area? Her lipstick was smeared pretty badly, is there any on his fur? Would Bruce notice that? Would he know what they did last night?

Barbara sighed. Of course he'll figure it out.

He's Batman.