

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Trying not to stare I sat on the park bench watching the world walk past. The sun peeked through the leafy canopy above me warming my body as I lay claim to this, my favourite seat in the whole park. Faces, people, lives all walking at various speeds in and out of my vision. The blur of humanity intrigued me, causing me to question who these people are, what was important in their lives....the sorrow....the happiness.....all this while chewing nonchalantly on a ham and cheese sandwich. I played this game a lot, guessing and categorising people by their body language, by what they wore, how they looked. Are they hateful? had they had tragedy in their lives? did someone love them? Always when "people watching" my thoughts would skirt around that door in my mind, one I tried to keep firmly shut, yet always managed to find the key to open it grasped firmly in my hand. Today was no difference. I glanced along the path and spied an obese man, around 40, puffing away as he pulled at the restricting yellowing collar of his sweat stained shirt while carrying a well worn leather briefcase. The cut of his suit was non existent, one of those cheap Russian brands that was only matched by the outdated and scuffed shoes. I felt sorry for him, felt sorry for the situation he found himself in. He may be a good man at heart, but then again, he might be like me, a bit of a pervert.....

The first thing I noticed about her was her hair. It was long and straight, right down to her slender waist. The sun reflected almost blindingly off her golden locks creating a gleam around her hairline. When she moved her head, her hair followed like a lazy ocean on a warm summer's day, languishing seductively as it finally caught up with the rest of her. The face was stunning, classical. Golden dark eyebrows chiselled above the greenest eyes I had ever seen, eyes that were like pools of liquid jade. They had a sparkle to them separate from the shards of sunlight kissing her face, a mischievous glint that kept one alert. I guessed her to be in her mid thirties but could not be exact. Normally I can guess a persons age to within a year or two, but with this woman I was at a loss. Her neck, slender and petite, plunged down towards a pair of breasts that took your breath away, large and confined, yet enough on show for the world to see without becoming distasteful.

She reminded me of some exotic animal, like a tiger caged that although trapped, was waiting for its chance to escape and reap havoc on its captives. The waist was slim, almost tiny for breasts that large, yet well rounded and tapering to a firm backside which had obviously seen the inside of a gym on more than one occasion. The legs went forever, down, down until they became almost pencil like in the little brown boots she was wearing, her calves slender with supple muscle tone that only heightened her long frame. I watched as men and women passed her and turned their heads for another look, like they were seeing a dream and had to make sure it was real. I watched her intently, my sandwich hanging limp in my right hand, the ham dangling precariously out from between the buttered bread, much like my tongue was doing from between my mouth. I watched as she glided along the grass slowing as she got near me. Looking around and calling some name that I could not understand, I kept my gaze locked on her most wonderful body. My brain was at high speed taking in all the angles for future reference. My hand would be busy tonight.....

Suddenly she crouched down, her short skirt riding up her legs to reveal, well, to reveal what I thought was panties but couldn't be sure if she had any on. Oh my luck! What a wonderful day this was going to be. I strained every sinew in my body to try and catch a glimpse of the flimsy material that was protecting her womanhood from the outside world. Taking a bite of my sandwich to mask my apprehension at wanting to see the prize, my vision was suddenly blocked by a dirty big dog. Damn, can you believe it, just as I was about to cash in on a perverts jackpot I am foiled buy a bloody dog! It was only when I finished cursing my bad fortune that I noticed he had pushed his snout under her skirt and was trying to.....trying to sniff? What the hell was he trying to do? She laughed and pushed his head away, not roughly, but with care, the touch of a lover? I had stopped chewing as I thought I heard her say "you can have some of that when we get home". Was that what she said?

Had the breeze really blown towards me what I thought I had heard? I was sure, but that would mean.....

She had placed a lead on the dogs collar. He was big, a Rottweiler by the looks of it. Big and mean looking with one of those studded collars around his muscular neck. The muscles rippling underneath his sleek black fur, straining for release. His head was massive with large powerful jaws and a full set of ripping teeth. Powerful legs that didn't just suggest power rather screamed it. And finally a set of balls that swung from between them, you know the ones, the type that come with a knife and fork as standard. He was master of his domain....Pulling him gently he followed her like some puppy dog. The contrast couldn't have been greater. Here was this beauty pulling along a beast. I guess fairy tales can come true.

"Are you starrng at my dog or me?" she asked

I think my bowls just opened when I realised that she was talking to me.

Laughing she said "sprung badly mister"

"Well, to be honest I was looking at both of you" I replied gathering my courage

"Really? Both of us? And why would that be" she teased.

Her voice was almost angelic, yet with a hint of something sinister. I made a mental note that this is what the devil would sound like if he was in female form.

"Well, for starters, you are absolutely gorgeous, breathtaking really" I said as I covered my wedding ring with my other hand.

"Why thank you" she replied having seen my movement, she brazenly showed off hers.

I felt foolish for trying to hide my ring. "And your dog" I stuttered, "well, he is also, but in such a contrasting way" I continued.

"He is at that isn't he?" she replied

"A magnificent animal" I added.

"I've had him since he was a puppy. He has been my constant companion in every way" she winked at me.....

Constant companion in "every" way I thought? What did that mean? I knew what I thought it meant, what I would like it to mean, but surely not? The stirring in my loins was telling me otherwise as I heard the door of depravity creak open wide in my mind.

"I'm sorry to pry, but when you say companion in every way do you mean in every way?"

I asked hesitantly....I had played my hand fully.

Looking straight at me with a smile that could put many an assassin to shame she replied, "I mean in every way....use your imagination"

Jackpot! I had hit the perverted park bench equivalent of a 40 million dollar win in the lottery!

"Then again, I could just be teasing....." she laughed at my expense.

I just had the lottery man tell me he was at the wrong house.....

She got up and started to walk away smiling and waving goodbye at me with her dog in tow. Was she waving goodbye or beckoning to me? Damn, 45 minutes left before the end of my lunch break and with a throbbing hard on, I thought what the hell. I followed her.

Like the Pied Piper I followed her out of the park and down a side street. I knew this area well and people knew me so I walked with some confidence in case she confronted me with the accusation I was following her. I kept my distance, really I did, if for nothing else than that damned dog. I wanted a head start just in case she let him loose on me.....

A couple of times she glanced back at me, smiling I thought. Was she smiling? Damn, too far away to be certain. Still, she walked with the air of someone that was in control. Who wouldn't be with a weapon of mass destruction at her side. One word, one command and any potential threat would become the proverbial bunny on the track.

I saw her stop outside a mailbox and retrieve some mail and pamphlets. Ah, so this is where she lives. A quick glance in my direction and she walked up her drive, the boots clicking on the pebbles as she went up to her front door. I paused at the hedge outside her fence on the street, bending over to pretend to do my shoelace up while looking through the painted slats of the fence. She opened the front door and walked inside, closing the door behind her and the dog. Did she smile when she closed the door? Did she know that I was following her to her house?

Without any thought to possible embarrassing outcomes that would need to be explained to the police I raced up her garden and went down the side of her house. Windows everywhere, the living room, bathroom, kitchen.....bedroom. No curtains closed and with the foliage out here I had a good chance of maybe catching her doing something, perhaps undress or perhaps something more while I beat my meat. The risk was high, especially in broad daylight, but the rewards would be fantastic. While I was trying to blend into the foliage and camouflage myself the thought of how I would explain this to the authorities dawned on me. What the hell was I doing? I was definitely going to be late back to work, but as the boss that didn't really matter. As the boss? How would the boss explain hiding in the bushes of a strange woman's backyard? My common sense got the better of me and I was about to make a move when she entered her bedroom. With what happened next all thoughts of running drained from me like yesterdays dirty bathwater.....

I withdrew further into the foliage as I saw the woman enter her bedroom. She had removed her shoes and was starting to undress. Immediately my attention was focused on the possibilities as I tried to make myself comfortable as well as unseen. Between spitting out branches I managed to watch her remove her top and drop her short skirt. The revelation that she had no panties on was satisfying to say the least. Turning her back to the window I was intently peering through she reached behind herself and unclasped her bra. Dropping it untidily to the floor she withdrew into what I thought would have been the bathroom before I could get a good look at those wonderful fleshy mounds. As quickly as she had left the room she entered again carrying something in her hand. Oh my god, was I in luck! It was black, big and shaped like a cock! Without looking I felt for my fly and the metallic rasp grated like a bugler sounding the charge as I opened it to release my burgeoning manhood. She was completely naked now, standing looking out the window with that phallic symbol in her hands. Raising the hand that held the mammoth rod to her lips, she started to lick it, tentatively at first, then more brazenly covering it with her mouth, sucking on it like it was attached to some Zulu warrior. Grabbing it in both hands she held it as she would a real cock, bobbing her head up and down it and then running her tongue along the now slick shaft until she reached the rubber ball sacks. Her red lips a blur in contrast with the jet black cock she was servicing. I was amazed at how real she treated it all, so enthusiastically did she attack her latex

lover that even I imagined she was doing it to a real person. Suddenly she started bringing it slowly down to her breasts and teased each nipple with the tip of the plastic saliva covered prick. Mesmerized I watched as her spit trailed from the end of the black piss hole to her nipple, hanging like some forgotten jungle suspension bridge until it broke forcing her to push it against her rosebud again.

By now I was stroking in time with her rhythm, in some sort of perverted way as one with the strange woman I was intruding on. My pants had fallen and bunched ludicrously between my legs, dirty no doubt, the stains of triumph as far as I was concerned. She was horny, that was evident by the way she rubbed the dildo along her body, from between her breasts down all the way until she pushed it against her throbbing clit, her lips parting more every time she rubbed it against them. I was going to watch this gorgeous female fuck herself with that cock, and I couldn't wait for it to begin....but little did I know that this was just the first act in a play of high debauchery.

Falling back onto the bed, she spread her legs widely and thrust in earnest against her large lover. I leaned precariously closer, more than I dared, my heart stopping in fear of being caught, not out of punishment, but out of horror at having this wonderful display taken from me. She finally let out a moan that I could hear even outside as she penetrated her sex with that black cock. In it slid, pushed deeply by her hand and the oncoming thrust of her hips. My hand rubbed in time with her thrusting, getting faster trying to keep pace with her fucking. She lifted her arse off the bed to meet it in full swing. God this was good, the best I had every had privy to be a voyeur with. Louder she moaned, saying something that was inaudible from where I was standing, pushing her wet sex further up the shaft. I was amazed at how much of it she could take, obviously she was well acquainted with the size of it. It was only later that I would realise she was just stretching her pussy for bigger pleasures.

Her cries were answered, not by me but by something far more sinister. I realised that she wasn't moaning in lust, rather calling out to someone, or something as it turned out. I watched in awe as the beast I had seen her with earlier in the park casually glided into the scene, like some shark morphing from the depths that had smelt the scent of blood and was intent only on one thing. My mouth became dry as I witnessed her encouragement to the beast to join her on the bed, my hand stopped moving as I gazed in disbelief as she removed the savage cock from her gaping cunt with an audible plop to only be replaced by the dripping maw of an animal. With consummate ease he started to lick at her sex, as if he had just been offered his favourite meal. His tongue slithered out between his yellowing canines lapping away between her pussy lips, turning his head sideways somewhat to get better access to her womanhood. With somewhat greater gentleness than belied his muscular form he tenderly thrust his tongue deeper into her womb, pushing further up as she thrust back at him violently, crushing the dogs head between her hips and screaming as she released the floodgates of her orgasm. Never did he let up, not once while she shook all over, her breasts blotched as the blood ebbed and flowed in her body, the mosaic on her skin testament to the extent of her release at the mouth of this animal. I had never witnessed a woman cum so violently, so hard before. How was a man to compete with that? Obviously by her choice of lovers not much.

It was then I saw it, the full realisation hitting me square in the guts. It was only a glimmer of pink, a suggestion of something more. The hint started to grow, protrude and push it's way into the world. Wet and sinister looking I gazed as the dogs cock started to grow before my very eyes. It was only when the fullness of his rod was exposed that I realised the woman's hand was caressing the dogs foreskin, milking him of his manhood. She had done this before, expertly, she moved her hand back and forth along his black cock skin, exposing more and more of his glistening meat for all the world to see. I was in awe, completely agape as I watched the look of pure lust on her face. Her gaze was held by the same witchcraft that had mesmerized me only moments earlier. Her green eyes ablaze with the realisation of what she was about to do next forced itself into her mind. Watching, I saw her lean forward on her knees, her heavy breasts falling onto the bed and spreading out obscenely either

side of her, the wide spread of her legs exposing her saliva drenched pussy as she made herself comfortable. It was with sudden horror mixed with unadulterated lust that I suddenly realised she was looking out the window straight at me, smiling knowingly, before she plunged her head forward opening her mouth to receive the throbbing manhood of her beast lover.....

I watched in awe of this beauty. Her technique was exquisite, refined, yet brutal in its finality. The tongue flicked teasingly, seductively at the dogs piss hole. Already I could see small amounts of liquid squirting from the canine's cock, which the woman skilfully aimed at her open mouth. The fluid that was the beast's pre-cum was too much for her dainty mouth, and soon after swallowing a few times it started to flow out from the corners of her lips cascading down her neck and finding its way along her breasts. She was soaked in the animals lust juice and I could see without a doubt her absolute pleasure at how she was contributing to the dog's lustful state. Now her mouth moved forward to fully engulf the throbbing cock. It twitched violently as she created a vacuum with her lips and sucked in her cheeks. I could only imagine the pain mixed with pleasure that this animal was being subjected to. Jealously I was beating my own rather insignificant manhood into a frothy frenzy. My own sexual need had heightened to beyond critical yet I remained on terra firma and tried very hard to maintain a rhythm that would prevent me from ejaculating to early. It was proving to be very difficult.

This beauty that I had followed home from the park was now in full swing. Her head was bobbing up and down the shaft, fully face fucking the canines slab of cock meat into her wonderful mouth. Lipstick was smeared, washed away from all the cock juice that was accumulating from between her lips. She increased her pace, massaging the animals balls at the same time, her eyes closed as she drifted off to some place in her mind. The whining from the dog alerted us both to the impending outcome of her oral administrations as he started to fidget and show signs of what I could only read as an imminent release of his seed. She was too skilful to be denied her ultimate goal as she withdrew the swollen weapon from her mouth. Licking her lips she whispered words of encouragement to her fury lover, smiling and hugging him to her naked flesh. I slowed my own stroking in time with the events were being played out before my eyes. I had to raise my left arm against a tree for support as I made myself ready to release my own load soon. I knew what was coming.....

The blonde beauty positioned herself like the dutiful bitch she was on all fours facing the window in which I was looking in. She had her head down on the bed looking underneath herself as the large rotti mounted her from behind. I watched as she reached underneath her with her right hand and supported the weight of both of them with her left and guided that massive member into her waiting open lips. From the position that she had put herself into I could not see anything of value other than the dogs tongue dripping saliva onto her hair and back. Panic struck me as I realised that I would miss the money shot, but beggars can't be choosers, so I made do with what was presented to me. It was when she gasped out loud, a small scream of pain that I knew she had successfully guided the object of her sinful desires into her creamy moist pussy. The dog thrust forward hard causing her head to come up off the bed and scream out in pain again. Both her arms were now supporting her weight and I watched from my hidden vantage point as the animal started his possession of his bitch. She was gasping, crying out in pain yet all the time with a smile on her face. I was in awe, mesmerised and faint at what I was witnessing, the complete total domination and transformation of a woman into a dog slut. Her cries were coming in shorter gasps as her orgasm neared. I strained to hear what she was saying but didn't need to as she started to cry out in earnest.

"Fuck my cunt you animal" she gasped....."fuck it good and hard and for as long as you want" she cried. "God you feel soooo fucking good inside me.....that's it, make me your bitch".

This was honey to my ears, complete subjugation of this slut to her canine lover. The pounding

started to slow and then stop as the dog took on an expression of complete ecstasy. I knew he was cumming inside her.

“Oh, fuck yeah...fill my womb with your sticky dog seed. That’s it, give me some puppies my lover.....oh god, your knot.....aaah, its so big, your ripping me apart. Yes, yes, fill my cunt with your seed.....I love being your dog slut” she wailed as she erupted in her orgasm.

The thrashings as she came were something to behold. I have never seen a woman so completely give herself to her emotions. She was crying in lust, tears streaming down her face as she coupled with the animal. It lasted forever, the two lovers connected by the ball of flesh impounded in her pussy, stretching it to unimaginable width. Throughout it all she had multiple orgasms ever time the dog moved. He had jumped off her back to stand facing away from her, yet knotted together for eternity. When he did finally break his hold over his bitch it was met with a [SPAM] of doggy cum flowing from her smashed pussy. She was totally fucked, completely used for the canines pleasure. Collapsing on the bed she sucked in deep breaths of air, sobbing and laughing at the same time in complete abandon and lust. What a fucking magnificent scene for me to take in!

I had realised with a little chagrin that I throughout the copulation I had been so overwhelmed by the events that I had forgotten to cum myself. I still had my hard cock in my hand and was thinking if I should finish myself off here or back at the office when I saw the woman move herself from the bed. She glided over to her dog lover, cum running down her legs as she moved and lay with him on the floor. It was with some delight I watched her start to suck on the diminishing dog cock, cleaning him with her mouth dutifully like the complete dog bitch she was.

“Let me clean that for you my love” she cooed. “So much bigger than my husbands cock, so much better at fulfilling me, making me feel like a woman” she said.

Minutes passed as she licked and slurped the receding pink piss hole and when it was completely gone back into its furry sheath, she pushed her tongue greedily into the fur lined foreskin for one last taste of her lovers scent. The dog got up and left the room leaving the woman alone. I watched as she stood up, more cum running down her legs as she moved to her bedside table and picked up her mobile phone. She dialled a number, putting the receiver to her ear.....

The vibrating of my phone was nearly masked by the sudden shrill of the ring tone as I fumbled in my jacket for it. Quickly putting it to my ear I heard the voice on the other end. “Are you coming in to clean me up honey?” it seductively whispered.

Looking up at the bedroom hidden in the foliage, I saw the woman look directly at me with the phone to her ear...

“I think it’s time my husband fulfilled his marital duties, don’t you hon?” she teased.

“Yes” I answered as I looked up at the bedroom window, laughing as my dog slut wife smiled back at me....