

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## Part 1

My father passed away when I was 22. As you would expect, the first couple years were tough for mom. She was suddenly alone in the house they raised their family in. It was just mom, the cat (Paws), and the dog (Leon). My sister and I stopped by to visit as much as we could, and after a while mom seemed to be coping well and we visited less often.

Mom threw herself into the fitness scene. She started swimming again (she was a college swimmer), then got into yoga, and eventually added biking and running. She even entered a short triathlon. She really took to yoga and eventually started teaching classes 3-4 times a week.

The effect on her body was noticeable. She was never really fat, but she wasn't really in shape either. She was your average nice-looking mom. Average height, brown hair, brown eyes, pretty face. All the new physical activity sculpted her body. She didn't get super thin or muscled, but she shed some pounds around the middle and toned up all around.

Mom always had very large breasts. Growing up, my friends would joke about it ("Hey man, does she still breastfeed you?"). Her new slimmer waist accentuated her bust even more. Her ass went from nothing special to head-turning. It wasn't small, but had a nice round shape, and each cheek moved independently when she walked; in yoga pants it was borderline obscene. Her legs were fairly short, but nicely toned, thick and curvy. (Prior to the events in this story I had never really thought of her as hot. In retrospect I see things differently.)

She dressed differently too. Lots of yoga pants, tight-fitting sportswear, and such. If you saw her jogging, you would definitely take a look, even though she was over 50. And she just seemed oblivious to the whole thing. She got into shape to feel better and live longer, not to look better. Her new look was merely a side-effect.

I was 27 on the fateful day I'm going to describe. I dropped by her house to visit one Saturday morning. It was an uncommon time for me to drop in, but not unheard of. She appeared to be home, her car was in the driveway, but she didn't answer when I knocked. I let myself in, which was normal; sometimes she'd be out back, or out on a run, and I'd come in and wait for her.

The house was quiet so I looked out back but didn't see her. I got some water from the tap and sat in the kitchen and picked up her newspaper. If she didn't turn up in 15 mins I would leave a note to say I stopped by. While reading, I heard some faint dog barks, and I figured Leon must be around somewhere.

I couldn't tell where the barks were coming from, but it sounded like inside the house. Maybe he got closed inside a room on accident. I started to look around downstairs but it became clear from the sounds that he was upstairs. On the upstairs landing I could better tell the direction of the barks, and I could also hear what sounded like someone trying to shush him to be quiet. The noise was definitely coming from my mom's bedroom.

When I entered her room, the first thing I noticed was a funky smell. It smelled like ass and my first instinct was that Leon had taken a dump. Second thing I noticed was Leon's head looking at me from beyond the far side of the bed. When he saw me, he snorted a greeting.

"Hi boy," I said. "Where's mom?"

Leon barked again and took a step to come out from behind the bed but then stopped short,

accompanied by mom's voice. "Ow! Oh ... no ..."

"Mom?" I said, as I walked around the bed and turned to where Leon was standing.

Now, let me pause here for a second. You know what's coming next because you're reading this on an erotic stories website. But when I rounded the edge of the bed, I assure you I had no expectation as to what was going on there.

I looked only for a few seconds, but it is burned into my memory. Mom was on all fours, naked except for what looked like a blue shirt that had been pulled down around her waist. Leon stood behind her facing the other way, butt to butt with her, his dog cock buried deep into her pussy. Mom's skin glistened with sweat, her hair was a mess, her legs were dripping with god knows what mixture of sweat, cum and juices. They were situated on a pile of towels that had been laid on the floor, and Leon had socks on his front legs.

Propped on her elbows and knees, mom's breasts hung nearly to the ground. Her round ass high in the air, level with Leon's pelvis, seemingly stuck together (of course, I learned later they were indeed stuck together, knotted at the base of Leon's dick). While mom's tits were obviously huge, I had never seen them exposed, so I had never seen her nipples before. Her areolas were dark brown and huge, easily covering a third of her breasts. Her nipples short and fat.

I was speechless, then I turned away, towards the door. "Um, are you okay mom?" was all I could think to say.

"No ... I mean, yes. I'm fine. But I just ... oh god ..." She didn't really know what to say and neither did I.

I left the room and went back downstairs. Did I really just see that? Mom was being fucked by the dog? How the hell did that happen!? And now what? Should I leave? Does she want to talk about it? I got lost in my thoughts for a few minutes and was leaning towards leaving (what the hell was I going to say to her?) when Leon came running down the stairs.

He acted as normal as could be, as if I didn't just catch him with his dick stuffed to the hilt in my mom's box.

I heard mom turn on the shower. Well, that's a good idea. Wash that nasty smell and slime off your body, mom. Clean off your oversized jugs and sweaty body. Jesus, that was pretty disgusting. What's wrong with her, and why would she do such a depraved thing. I couldn't handle a conversation with her just then, so I left. But that wasn't the end of this story.

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## **Part 2**

After accidentally catching my mom in the act of fucking the family dog one morning (see part 1 of Mom's Depraved Secrets), I needed time to process it, so I went home. And stewed. I struggled to reconcile my loving feelings for my mother with my horror for what I had seen. But I also could not get this image of her out of my head: naked on all fours on the floor, with her fleshy, firm ass in the air and big tits hanging, looking really sexy except, [record scratch] ... the dog's cock buried in her pussy!?

My girlfriend came over that night and the preoccupation must have been written on my face because she soon asked what was wrong. I wanted to tell her, but for the sake of everyone's dignity,

I told her a partial truth instead.

"I walked in on my mom while she was masturbating." I said.

"Oh, shit", Laura said. "Seriously?"

"Yeah, it was pretty awkward. Not the kind of thing I imagined my mom doing."

"Well, she is a woman after all. And we women have many needs, you know..." She was flirting, teasing me.

"Oh, is that a fact?" I asked with a smirk.

She played along. "Yep, it's a fact. Maybe I need to masturbate now. Maybe you'll walk in on me too."

"That's not funny, it was kind of gross."

"Are you kidding? Your mom looks great for her age."

I had never really measured my mom's attractiveness before, but after seeing her in that compromised position earlier, I'd been thinking about her body all day.

"Maybe, but not with the d..." Whoops, I almost told Laura about the dog.

"Not with the what?"

"Not with ... the dildo she was using." Another half truth, if you consider canine cock to be a dildo.

"Well, like I said, we women have needs." Laura scooted closer, placing her hand on my leg. The conversation was turning her on. "Was it a big dildo? I love big dildos. The bigger the better", she teased while rubbing my leg and smiling wickedly. My cock started to come to life and she noticed. "Ooohhh, I see you like big dildos too ..."

She stood and removed her shirt and shorts. Laura had a great body, which was the trade-off for her average looks. I mean, she wasn't ugly, but not exactly a stunner either. Her body however, always looked ready to fuck. Something about the way she moved. She was slim everywhere except in the hips. She had wide, curvy hips and two round ass cheeks which gave her a ridiculous hourglass figure. In the right clothes, it looked unreal, like something drawn for a comic book. She shrugged off her bra and kicked off her panties. Her breasts were about right for her body, somewhere between a B and C cup, and shaped perfectly, round with a nice natural hang, and puffy nipples that pointed straight forward.

I went straight for her pussy. I grabbed her by the ass and lifted her up, laid her back on the sofa. I did some tricks with my tongue to get her nice and wet, then quickly plunged my meat between her soft cunt lips. I could tell this was not going to last long. The moment my dick was parked in her wet warm hole my mind flashed onto the image of my naked mother from that morning. Her ass, her big boobs, her huge areolas and fat nipples, her sweaty, glistening body. And that was it for me. I came hard inside Laura and she could feel it. "ooooohhhh", she purred. She didn't get off yet, so I used my hand to rub her clit while I slowly pushed in and out of her with my still hard cock. She lifted her big ass off the couch to meet my movements and was soon shaking in orgasm. I laid on top of her and thought about mom while we caught our breath. What would I say to her next time I saw her?

It wouldn't take long to find out. Mom called me the next morning to invite me for dinner. I accepted. Luckily my girlfriend had plans already, so I would go alone. Mom and I clearly needed to talk privately.

When I arrived, mom hugged me as usual and invited me to the kitchen. She wore her normal outfit of yoga pants and cotton tank top. I watched her ass as I followed her to the kitchen, the movement of her butt as she walked was mesmerizing, each cheek bouncing up and down with each step.

She didn't waste any time. "Honey, you saw something yesterday you weren't supposed to see."

No shit, I thought to myself.

"I don't know how to help you understand, other than to just be honest. Is that okay? I mean, I'm sure this has changed your view of me, and I don't know if this will repair it, but at least you'll know the truth and can do with it what you will."

Here's what she told me:

"When your father died, I was devastated. You already know that, and you helped a lot with my recovery. Thank you for that. My friends helped a lot too. A couple of them would email me things to cheer me up. Photos of cute kittens, funny internet videos, articles about celebrities, just random stuff. It became like a ritual, every week they would send new stuff, and over time I joined in and started sending things back."

She didn't look me in the eyes while telling her story, and I found myself sneaking glances at her chest, trying to make out outlines of her nipples. For the millionth time in the last 36 hours I pictured her naked and thought about her huge brown areolas.

"At some point it turned competitive, we were each trying to outdo the others by sending the funniest photo or cutest video. At one point it morphed into who could find the most disgusting things. One of them sent a video of a naked woman masturbating a horse. The first time I saw it I was shocked. But then I watched it again and it was kind of intriguing. The woman seemed to really be enjoying it, and the horse too. I watched it many more times.

"That one video sent me down a rabbit hole. I started searching the internet to see what else was out there and discovered a whole world of women with animals, mostly horses and dogs. The more I investigated, the more arousing it became. For a couple weeks I was totally obsessed, until I snapped myself out of it. I thought my grieving had taken a strange turn and I didn't like the direction it was headed."

I could kind of understand where she was coming from. I'd had a similar online porn experience to what she described. I got obsessed with videos of girls peeing their pants and panties, peeing in their beds, etc., for a while and I knew exactly the kind of rabbit hole she described.

"Fast forward a couple years and I was cleaning up my email inbox and found that email with the horse, and I watched it again. It was still a turn-on. The woman is so into it, working that horse with both hands, and then stepping in front of the stream when the horse starts ejaculating, bathing herself like she's taking a shower." I could tell she was getting excited by talking about it. She was speaking faster and her hands were fidgeting. "I still have it if you'd like to see. Anyway, I was back down the rabbit hole again, and surfing the dark corners of the internet. Then one day I noticed Leon licking himself, and I wanted to get a closer look. And eventually one thing lead to another ... umm, and, well you saw yesterday what it has progressed to."

Now she looked up to see my reaction before examining her shoes again.

I said, "Mom, I just don't get it. How does one thing lead to another with Leon? He's a dog!"

She looked at me. "Do you really want to know?"

I don't know that I wanted to, but I guess I needed to. "Yes", I said.

"Okay then. Well, when he licks himself, his penis comes out. That first time I just touched it with my fingers and kind of pet it with my hand to see what it was like. The second time I tried to really masturbate him like the girls I had seen online. It didn't work, he didn't finish, but he also didn't seem to mind. After a few more tries he finally ejaculated and it was amazing. His penis is pretty big, and ... so much cum. Errr, anyway, umm ... it seemed like he liked it. One time I decided to taste him and put my mouth on his penis like I'd seen in the videos. Eventually I could make him cum with my mouth too."

It was awkward. She was simultaneously excited to tell me about it and hesitant to get graphic. It looked to me like her nipples were starting to get hard.

"Around that time Leon started to approach me and would lick himself while looking at me. Signaling that he wanted to ... get intimate. A little while after that we started to try penetration. I, umm, would let him mount me as if I was a girl dog, and he would do his thing. That's when I learned that it can be painful. First, his paws scratched up my back and sides, and secondly, his knot, that's the large part at the base of his penis, hurts when it penetrates, and it locks us together. Which is how you found us yesterday. Also, we experimented with ..."

Wow. Was this actually my mother talking? She was like a slut for her dog! I still didn't know if this was totally hot or totally disgusting. I interrupted, "Ok mom, that's enough, I get it, but I mean, if you're lonely you can surely find a man to be with."

"I'm not really interested. I had my man and lost him. And it's not about that. I don't feel lonely, but sometimes I do get 'in the mood', and Leon and I have a good relationship that way. While I don't feel good about you finding out the way you did, I don't mind that you found out." She paused, like she was thinking about something. "Did you tell Laura what you saw?"

"Not exactly. I told her a partial story."

"What did you say?"

"I said I caught you masturbating."

She looked relieved. "Oh, okay. Thanks. I don't think I'm ready for anyone else to know about it." She paused again, I got the feeling she was deciding if she wanted to tell me something or not. "Listen honey, we're being real honest with each other here, right?"

"Yes, we certainly are", I said.

"I want to tell you something but I don't want to freak you out anymore than I already have. Do you think you can handle it?"

Honestly, I wasn't sure if I could handle much more. But my curiosity was piqued and I couldn't say no. "Yeah, I can handle it."

She hesitated. "Okay. Well, when you walked in on me. It, umm. Well, it was kind of a turn-on. I liked that you saw me naked. I thought about it all day. And, umm, I think I wouldn't mind if you saw me naked again."

She looked at my face to read my reaction, and apparently liked what she saw. I tried to stay stone-faced, but she must have seen a glimpse of what I was thinking, which was: I would love to see you naked again but I can't reveal that to you.

She continued. "So, you know, if you're interested, the offer is on the table."

As the words came out of her mouth, I found myself feeling desperate to see her naked again. I wanted her to disrobe right then and there. It took all my power to not let my eyes wander down to her huge tits and reveal my thoughts. It just seemed wildly inappropriate, and I couldn't bring myself to tell her the truth.

Instead I said, "Okay, thanks." Which I thought was a good answer because it left the door open for me. But her face dropped a little, I think she was expecting more. Maybe I had inadvertently closed the door.

After that, we moved on to eating dinner and trying to act normal with each other. I started to feel concerned that our relationship had changed for the worse and maybe could not be repaired. But that wasn't the end of this story.

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### **Part 3**

A few weeks ago I caught my mother having sex with her dog (see part 1 of Mom's Depraved Secrets). Disgusted at first, I later couldn't get the image out of my head: mom on all fours, her nude, yoga-toned body exposed, round ass up in the air, heavy breasts hanging to the floor, dog cock stuck in her pussy. So hot.

Later she told me the story of how her dog-fucking adventures began; stemming from a single email from her friend (see part 2 of Mom's Depraved Secrets). She also revealed that she would like for me to see her naked again. My response had been lukewarm and I feared that door was closed; we hadn't spoken since.

I decided it was time to get back in touch.

I was feeling sexually alive in a way I hadn't felt since first discovering masturbation as a teenager. My curvy, naked, dog-fucking mother was on my mind all the time, non stop. While having sex with my girlfriend (Laura), I would think of my mom and cum within seconds. My girlfriend was plenty hot, and dripped sexuality, but this new exposure to my mother was overpowering in its effect on me. I was masturbating every day to the mental image of Mom and shooting thick streams of cum every time. My cock even felt bigger somehow. Desperate to see Mom nude again, I called her on the phone.

"Hello?" she answered.

"Hi mom. It's me."

"Hi honey," she paused a beat. "It's been a while."

"Yeah," I said. "Sorry about that."

"I was starting to wonder when I would hear from you."

"Yeah, sorry." I figured I might as well get right to it, it was the elephant in the room. "So, I wanted to talk to you again about ... you know, the thing that happened?"

She hesitated, unsure of the direction I was going. "Okay, what about it?" she asked.

This was the moment. This was when I voluntarily entered my mom's depraved world and began to uncover all her secrets. "I'd like to discuss the offer you made. It sounds interesting."

"Okay, I'd like that," she said. I could hear relief in her voice.

We agreed I would drop by the house Saturday morning, and we could chat. Saturday was two days away; it felt like an eternity. 48 hours of imagining various scenarios, wondering how it would play out. Would my own mother really get naked for me? How far was it going to go? I craved seeing her enormous boobs again, I wanted to get a close-up look at her giant brown areolas and nipples.

Saturday. I woke up, showered, dressed, and tried to eat breakfast. My stomach was in a knot and I could barely choke down some toast. I was nervous and conflicted. I thought I would feel excited, but the more real it became, the more wrong it seemed. Sons should not be engaging in sexual activity with their mothers. When it was time to leave I had all but convinced myself it was best to cancel, call it off. But my libido got the better of me; I was too intrigued to no-show.

I parked in her driveway and knocked on the front door. No answer. Knocked again. Still no answer. Weird. She knew I was coming. I tried the door and it was unlocked. The house sounded quiet. "Hello?" I called out. No response. I walked through the living room and the kitchen. Nobody was around. I headed upstairs, and had a moment of déjà vu. This was very much like the day I caught her fucking the dog, and suddenly I knew: she was in her bedroom fucking the dog again, waiting for me to walk in on her. I headed straight to her room and stepped inside.

It wasn't quite what I thought. There was no fucking happening (yet). Mom sat on the floor in panties and bra, looking right at me. She smiled when I entered the room. Leon, her yellow lab, sat next to her. She was slowly stroking his erect cock. Oh shit, now what? She continued to watch me as she slid her closed hand up and down the length of his sizable dog meat.

Mom looked amazing in her underwear. Her bra lifted those huge tits and made them look even better than usual; the cleavage was a mile long. Her thick legs looked soft, yet toned.

"Come here, baby," she said. "I don't think we need to talk about this anymore, I think you should take off some clothes."

This was too fast. I wanted to get a good long look at her naked body first. Kind of ease into this whole thing, but there she was wanking the dog and telling me to undress.

"Hold on, mom. Stand up, I want to look at you."

"Oh, I can't now. Leon gets upset if I don't finish what I start. Trust me, we don't want him getting angry." She winked at me.

"Well, how's this going to work? I came here for you, not Leon."



“Why don’t you just watch for now, then we’ll see what happens.”

So I watched.

I watched her stroke Leon’s cock with one hand while she removed her bra and panties with her other hand. When she set her breasts loose it was the most amazing thing I’d ever seen. They were huge, but perfect. At her mature age, somehow still full and firm, with areolas that covered a third of each tit and short fat nipples standing at attention. She saw me staring and smiled. she slid her underwear down her legs and made a point of swinging her ass around toward me and spreading her legs to show me her pussy. It looked great. it was gleaming and wet, the lips puffy and inviting.

Then I remembered this was my mom! Jesus, she’s acting like a total slut. What kind of woman was she? Did I not know her the way I thought I did?

She positioned herself onto all fours and pointed her ass at Leon, who immediately jumped onto her back and started aiming his big dick towards her cunt. He plunged it in with a practiced move and mom gasped a little. Her huge heavy tits hung toward the floor and jumped and jiggled, She pushed her cunt back onto Leon’s cock. Hard. He was pumping away. Juices trickled down the inside of Mom’s thighs. She rocked back and forth, backing hard into Leon like she couldn’t get enough cock into her. Her beautiful breasts swayed in rhythm. God damn, what a hot dirty slut my mom was. My cock was hard as a rock.

I was naked too, laying on her bed, getting an elevated view of the action on the floor. Mom moaned and closed her eyes. Lost in the pleasure of the sex. Working hard to try and accept even more dick into her box.

Didn’t take long for her skin to glisten with sweat; it dripped down all parts of her body. Pussy and dog juice continued to flow down her legs. Drool dripped from her open, moaning, mouth, which she wiped with the back of her hand. She was a hot, wet, slick mess, and the room stank like pussy and sex. It was the dirtiest thing I’d ever experienced.

I stroked my dick while watching, and she watched me too. She started cumming hard while staring at my cock. Her body shook, she cried out with gasps, and put her head on the ground, with her round fleshy ass still high in the air getting pumped by thick dog dick. A few more minutes, then Leon hunched on top of Mom and was shooting his load inside her, which triggered another orgasm from her.

Mom’s skin was shining with sweat, her legs particularly soaked now. I stared at her giant tits and huge areolas, aimed my manhood towards her, and let loose a load of cum that landed on her back, shoulders, and side. She liked that, she rubbed it into her skin, mixing it with all the other bodily fluids covering her. She ran her wet sticky hand through her hair and matted it into a mess.

Ten minutes later, Leon came loose from Mom and her pussy poured cum and liquid as if a cork had been pulled. The floor was a mess, I could see why she laid blankets down. Even her tits were dripping sweat onto the floor. Now that she could move around again, she came over and hugged me, rubbing her body all over mine, pressing her ridiculous jugs into my chest and grinding her pussy on my hip. Now I was just as soaked as her. She leaned away and I saw sweat still dripping off her nipples. Except, wait ... that wasn’t sweat at all. It was leaking FROM her nipples. It was milk!

She saw that I had noticed and lifted a breast and squeezed. A stream of milk shot out of her fat brown nipple. Jesus. no wonder her tits always look so full and firm. They’re full of milk. “Do you want to suck them?” she asked. Fuck yes, I did. The areola was so big I couldn’t get my mouth around one. I sucked a nipple and got a mouthful of warm milk. The taste was strange and I didn’t

really want to swallow it so I let it leak out of my mouth, adding to the wet mess of cum and fluids already on our bodies. I looked over and saw Leon licking his cock, a reminder that I had just watched my mom fuck her dog.

As I sucked her tits, Mom rubbed my body with her hands. My arms, back, ass, legs, stomach, and finally my cock and balls. When she touched it, it sprang to life, ready for a second round. She grasped it in her fist and stroked slowly. I continued to milk her tits with my mouth, and she repositioned herself and lowered her soaking pussy onto my cock. I slid right in, no problem. I grabbed her ass and held on while she bobbed up and down on my prick.

She took a breast in one hand and sprayed milk on both of us. Watching her fondle her breast and ride my cock was too much, I said "Mom ..." in warning that I was going to cum. Which excited her and she bobbed faster, her pussy swallowing my dick with each sloppy stroke. I tensed to start cumming, and she grabbed me in a bear hug. It felt like I shot a gallon of cum into her and I could feel her vaginal walls contracting rhythmically while she had yet another orgasm. She moaned loudly and held me tight.

The room was a mess. Cum, sweat, breast milk, bodily fluids everywhere. Our skin was slippery with it. Laying there in the afterglow, my feelings slowly turned from extreme excitement to extreme guilt. What was I doing? That which had been slippery, wet, and hot a minute ago, became slimy and gross. I probably had dog cum all over my skin. Disgusting. I needed a shower. I looked at mom, gently rubbing her skin, spreading the goo all over her body. She was in heaven, luxuriating in it. All of a sudden I didn't feel so great. My mother was a sick woman who fucks dogs, and now I'm an enabler. I really needed a shower.

I moved my naked mother off of me, her ridiculously large tits flopping about, stood and headed to the bathroom. After a few minutes in the shower, Mom got in with me. She squeezed shower gel into her hand, and soaped me all over, taking her time with my cock and balls to make sure they were nice and clean. While my mind was still battling guilt and feelings of disgust, I have to admit it felt great to have her rubbing me. Occasionally she would lean or turn in a way that one of her huge boobs would brush or press against me. Her nipples were still leaking milk, dripping at a rapid pace.

"What do you do about the milk?", I asked.

"I either pump or squeeze. Want to help me squeeze?"

After everything else I'd done, why not. I lifted a fat, heavy breast with both hands and squeezed slightly, jets of milk came shooting out in various directions. Over and over I squeezed, shooting more milk every time. Eventually she said it was done and to move on to the other breast. She was clearly enjoying it, she watched me silently with a smile on her lips.

"How do you have milk in your breasts?", I asked.

"It's a long story. Your dad liked it, so I kept pumping milk daily after you and your sister were born. It became habit, and I like it too, so I kept it up after your father died."

When the second breast was empty I returned the favor and soaped my mother's body. rubbing every inch of her curvy hips and ass, oversized tits, smooth legs and body. I payed extra attention to her big areolas and nipples, and her pussy lips. Feeling her all over started to turn me on again, but my cock was not ready for another round and responded pathetically. Mom, however, opened her legs wider and encouraged me to keep rubbing her cunt. I slipped a couple fingers in and found there was plenty of room; added a third. Only a few minutes of pumping her with my fingers and she was cumming again. Her boobs started to leak again too. Those things were uncontrollable!

After drying and getting dressed, it was time for me to go. The drive home left me with only my thoughts and feelings. Thoughts of Mom's unbelievable body. Thoughts of all the taboo lines we had crossed. Feelings of guilt and confusion. Feelings of satisfaction and anticipation. Where would all this lead? Would it become a regular occurrence? Was it a one time event? Only time would tell.