

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



My wife is an amazing woman. We've had our problems, I've gone through times when I wanted to walk away from her, but I've never lost the sense of awe for her.

When we met she was an elite athlete - a member of the Australian Olympic team. She went to the Sydney Olympics in 2000 and represented our country. No medals, just being there was her reward.

She isn't the tallest woman in the world, but with wide shoulders, a powerful back, and strong legs, she's always been a striking figure. Attractive without being a supermodel, cute but not cute enough to make any of those '20 Hottest Women At the Olympics'... But she was plenty hot for me.

She stayed in good shape after the Olympics - not competition shape, but fit and healthy... She ran a couple of half marathons, swam/rode/ran a couple of triathlons, and she worked out. It was only recently that she got into competitive bodybuilding though. In the physique competitions - big and muscular, but not ridiculous - not veiny - still very feminine.

Now when she's in training she's hard to live with. She doesn't eat enough, she trains all the time, she's always exhausted... Then the last week before a competition she practically starves herself to lose as much bodyfat as possible. Come the day of the competition she is lean as it gets, toned, and looking powerful beyond words - like a superhero. Before the competition she gets a spray tan, then has her hair styled, then she puts on a lot of make-up - borderline slutty. Then the skimpiest bikini and she's oiled up nice and shiny for the judges... And then I'm watching her on stage with a dozen other women - some thinner, some older, some prettier to be honest - but none of them has her shoulders. She's amazing - and with the make-up and hair, the jewellery, the bikini... The knowledge that her pussy is almost bald under that bikini.

Before the competition, in those last few days, the only thing that keeps me going is that she has promised me some 'big fun' after the comp. She says that she will let me do absolutely anything to her afterward. No rules, no boundaries - because I've done everything over the last few months, supported her mentally, helped train her, looked after the kids... She'll do anything.

After her first competition, rather than drive her home I took her to a hotel where I had arranged to meet three other men who I'd lined up on a adult dating website. I had watched all three of them fuck my wife over and over - in every hole... I'd taken my turn too. It was an amazing evening... Driving her home afterwards with a look of guilt and complete satisfaction on her face. She couldn't stay awake - tired from the training and the competition and from all the fucking. I drove her straight to her parents house to pick up the children. Her mother told her she looked like shocking - covered in sweat and oil, wearing just a bikini (which she had put back on after the gangbang).

When she began prepping for her second competition, she told me again that she knew the next few months would be difficult - and that she would make it up for me again... Same deal - whatever I wanted, she would do, the night of the competition.

The day of the comp, with her pussy shaved, her tan sprayed, her hair styled, make-up painted on, body-oiled and stuffed into the teeny tiny sparkly bikini that barely covered her small boobs and pussy - she looked amazing. Watching her up on the stage with the other girls, part of me regretted not challenging her to invite a couple of her rivals back to a local hotel... But as I thought that, I laughed, thinking about what I actually had arranged. I wasn't confident that she'd go for it - but she'd never let me down before.

After the comp we rode in the car, me driving, her resting - preparing herself for the evening ahead. It was winter, not particularly cold but the evenings were getting dark. I pointed our DVR at her and

filmed one handed - as she gently touched herself - excited about the evening to come. Bikini briefs pulled aside and her shaven little landing strip of pussy hair pointing toward her wet snatch. She had no idea where we're going, but she knew what we're going for. All the sex she could handle. She was hoping for another gangbang - maybe a couple more cocks than last time... She knew I wanted to see her take as many cocks as possible.

Then we we're at the car park. We pulled in off the road and she started to get really excited. Like a kid on Christmas morning. It was dark outside, but the car park had overhead lighting. As we pulled in we could see the other cars, and a number of men milling around... She looked a little confused that all the guys appeared to be walking their dogs. We drove slowly through them like a guard of honour - my wife trying to see all the guys, sizing them up, the men trying to see my wife. She still has no idea what she's in for tonight - and the guys have no idea what their dogs are going to fuck tonight either.

We parked and I get out first so I could film her getting out. The men brought their dogs around to her side of the car. There must have been a dozen guys here with their dogs. Some looked respectable and others look like criminals. All united by the same passion... To watch their dogs fuck my wife... The dogs were all different breeds - but all were big animals. The smallest was a Labrador, the largest a Great Dane.

She got out of the car, her slim muscular body wrapped in the briefest of bikinis - the briefs so brief they barely covered anything, the top making the most of her small titties, squeezing them together - and she had transparent stripper heels (the bodybuilders buy them from the same place as the strippers). Her six-pack abs were defined. Her ass firm. Her thighs powerful. Shoulders wide and arms strong. The guys are clearly impressed. She might not be a beauty queen or a cover girl, but she's certainly good enough for their dogs. I could see that the guys are getting excited, keen to get the show started. As were the dogs... They were all experienced - all knew what a near naked woman means...

It was that moment - with the men leering and the dogs straining that she realised what was going on... There was a brief pause. She had known for years that I watched dogsex videos and was turned on by the fantasy - but I had never suggested her doing it. Right then though, in that moment, she knew what I was expecting - and she knew she couldn't say no... And she told me that she didn't want to say no...

My wife moved to the middle of the group, surrounded by horny men and their horny dogs. She looked around, a wicked grin on her face, and speaks up, "I have an announcement... Which one of your horny dogs wants to fuck me first?" And with that she pulls her bikini briefs down around her ankles and stepped out of them. Removing her bra, letting the evening air hit her breasts - her nipples standing up erect. More to do with excitement over the dogs than the cool air.

Suddenly she was on her knees on the concrete, stroking dogs, reaching under bellies to fondle sheaths, looking up and smiling into my camera. Breathing hard. Talking. "Is this what you want to see? Your dirty cunt of a wife fucking dogs?" and "I bet you do - I bet you want to see me used by animals..."

And then she was on all fours, leaning forward so far that her titties touched the concrete... And then the first dog is on her back, forelegs wrapped around her waist, cock poking around at her pussy, hips bucking toward her. She arched her back, pushing her pussy backward, easier access for the dog... And then his cock was inside her, feverish pumping matched by her hard breathing and moaning. My wife was no longer a dog virgin... She had that first cock inside her - hot and pumping fast - and the look on her face was pure pleasure.

"How's that darling?" I asked from behind the camera, making sure I caught everything.
"Oh it's bloody marvellous!" She gasped.

After less than a minute of feverish pumping, the dog pulled away from her, his big boner bouncing under his belly... Another dog jumped into his place - finding his target really fast. Hammering into my perfect wife - her gasping and moaning more than she ever did with me. She was pushing back onto him - taking every inch he had to offer. Reaching back to grab his hindlegs and hold him in place.

The owners were making comments about her - how dirty she was, how much of a slut, how filthy. No one had ever seen a woman in this shape do a dog - and they certainly hadn't seen one do multiple dogs - and in a public place no less.

I should tell you that this car park, in addition to being floodlit, was over the street from a residential area, with a train line running by up above. Every time a train went by I could look up and see passengers illuminated inside - if any of them looked down they would have seen my wife being fucked by the pack of dogs, all the men standing around watching her. I'm sure a few did.

We went for a couple of hours dog after dog, cock after cock. They mounted her and fucked her, some tied, some didn't. She sucked and licked at cocks - mainly dog, but also a couple of the owners. And all the time I was recording the action on DVR. Her smiling and laughing at the start, looking a million bucks. 20 dogs later - her gasping and straining by the end, feeling a million bucks but looking like she's been through hell. Hands, elbows and knees scuffed up from the concrete, make-up and hair covered in dog saliva, her own sweat, and cum from owners and dogs alike.

Once all the dogs had had enough and it was obvious it was over the guys applauded her as she staggered back to our car.

On the way home I pointed the camera at her - with her make-up smeared and her hair all over, fingernails broken, knees and elbows skinned... "How was it?" I asked.

"That was the best night ever..." She says. "How did I look?"

"You looked amazing. The most beautiful slut in the world!"

She scowled at me, light shining on her dog-jism covered chin. "Slut? Is that what you think of me?"

"Should we do it again next weekend?" I ask.

She paused, then smiled... "I was thinking... Maybe we could join the local pony club?"

~~~~~

I've dedicated my life to competitive sports, and I know this has been hard on the people around me. Over the years I may have failed to show the people around me how much I love and appreciate them.

When I was a young girl I was in the pool every morning for two hours before school, then worked hard at school because my parents told me that if my grades dropped they would take me out of swimming. Then after school it was homework and off to bed. So until I was an adult I was only about swimming.

When I started travelling around the world with the Australian team I discovered what sex was all about. They say what happens on tour stays on tour - and I can tell you that the amount of sex sports-people have is frightening. I wasn't a virgin when I went to the world championships in '98, but I wasn't overly experienced either. By the end of that week I had been fucked by two dozen different swimmers from around the world - men and women. The championships in '99 were the same. National championships were the same. Basically, every time I went away for a competition I

was looking forward to the sex as much as the actual competition.

In Sydney in 2000, the girls of the Australian Olympic Squad had a competition of their own – how many nationalities could you fuck during the course of the event. I had 37 nationalities to my credit and I was no-where near winning. One of the athletics girls did over 50.

Then I met my husband. I couldn't tell him what I'd been, how many I'd had... In fact, he showed me such respect and love that I became ashamed of my history. It wasn't as if he was a goody-two-shoes – he loved sex, believed everyone should have as much as possible... I just felt that I should have protected myself to make the time with him more special. We had an okay sex life – I loved him and enjoyed our times together, but I always felt like he wanted a little more – but I didn't want to go back to threesomes or group sex, I didn't want to share him, I wanted to be everything he had.

So jump forward 15 years, and I discover bodybuilding. Shaping and sculpting my body as an organic art-form. My shoulders and back are wide, which was my strength in sports, my legs thick and powerful. I don't carry much extra weight and my jaw is strong and defined. The most common compliment on my looks has always been 'striking'. As I trained, my body returned to it's competitive shape – and then went beyond. I was slimmer than I had been in the Olympics. My legs more compact. My arms bigger. My shoulders stronger. My abs fully defined. As the years fell off me my flesh tightened up – my jaw and cheekbones highlighted. The only negative was my boobs beginning to sag a little more than I'd like. They were average sized, but having had a couple of children, and with the rapid fat loss of training, they hung lower than I'd like.

So when I compete, I'm up there for everyone to look at and to judge. The smallest bikini barely covering anything – but at least it allowed me to cover up my breasts, lift them, push them together a little. The fear of being judged was enormous. When swimming it didn't matter how I looked – it was just about how fast I could go. Now it didn't matter if I was the strongest or the fastest, only whether I was proportionally correct, how well defined I was, how little fat there was. I must have been a nightmare to live with as I portioned out every meal, went to the gym daily, slept early and passed off as many home duties as possible... And my dear, dear husband took the brunt of it. I could tell how frustrated he was – so a few weeks before that first competition I made him a promise that I would make it all up to him afterward. I told him I would do anything he asked, without question. As soon as I said it I remembered all the times I'd checked the search history on our computer and found bestiality sites and links to dog sex videos. These things never interested me – I didn't care that he looked at them, but I wasn't interested in them myself. We discussed his fantasies once or twice, he had admitted he'd like to see me with a dog, and I'd told him it was never going to happen... But the second I said that he could do whatever he wanted to me after the competition I suddenly remembered his interest in dogsex, and I have to admit – I got tingles... I didn't say anything, because I'd never admit to it, but I secretly hoped he'd go for it and look to fulfil his fantasies.

The competition comes around and I'm exhausted, hungry and nervous. I'm virtually naked, exposed to a crowd, trying to remember my posing routine, about to be judged – but all that's really on my mind is what hubby has got lined up for me for later today...

I'm happy with how the competition goes – I didn't win, but I didn't feel like I was out of place either. I looked as good as the other girls, I was bigger, but not as well defined. I needed to lose more weight for next time – dehydrate more. But all that was really on my mind was how soon we could get away from the venue and get to the hotel.

I knew he had something lined up there – we'd told my parents that it was so I could have a shower and lie down before coming home, and they were going to look after the kids until we got back. I'm

sure they thought we were going to take the opportunity of some away time to have a bit of fun together... And they weren't wrong – they just didn't know how much fun.

Hubby is a planner – a plotter and a schemer – and he had been working on this since I told him anything goes. We checked in and headed up to the room. Me still wearing my transparent stripper heels, sequinned bikini, jewellery, and too much spray tan and make-up. I'd be sweating from the exhaustion and the hot stage lights, so there were streaks all over my body – especially down between my boobs. When we entered the room I was half disappointed that there weren't any dogs there... Just three young men. Healthy, muscular guys – sporty types – I guessed they were from the local footy club that my husband frequents, but he later told me that he'd found them all on an internet dating app.

I was exhausted, so I just collapsed on the bed and let them do whatever they wanted to me. They were fast and rough – with hubby encouraging them to be as rough as they liked, to fuck me hard and fast, to call me names, spit on me, fuck every hole. And they did. I can't deny it was a lot of fun. I hadn't had two dicks at once for 16 years, certainly hadn't had three... Once all the guys had fucked me a couple of times, he jumped in and fucked my well used pussy whilst I licked and sucked the guy's cocks clean of their spunk and my pussy (and ass) juices. Afterwards, as the guys were leaving, I got up and slipped my bikini back on. I had a changed of clothes – but I wanted to be this person, this slut, for a little longer.

I passed out in the car on the way home. Slept the whole way to my parent's home in the suburbs. Mum said I looked shocking – like I'd been playing a contact sport! Little did she know!!

Over the next few months hubby mentioned the gangbang a few times – said that he could organise another if I wanted. I kept saying 'after the next comp, if I do another comp.' He kept encouraging me to compete again, I honestly don't know if it was because he knew I enjoyed the training, loved competing, or because he preferred the way I looked when slimmed down and muscled up, or because he just wanted another evening after... I didn't mention dogs to him – if it was going to happen, he needed to be the one to make it happen. Just drive me to someone's house after the competition and introduce me to a big dog and, oh God, it was wet knickers time.

So I did compete again. Months of training, and dieting, and practicing, and annoying the crap out of hubby – who took it all like the best man in the world... Because he knew it was worth it. I kept telling him, put up with this for a few months and you can have a night you'll never forget – anything you want me to do... ANYTHING...

I competed, I placed 3rd. I must have been in better shape because it was a bigger competition than before. I thought I looked better, but I'm a terrible judge. Very very slim, with perfectly defined abs, my bikini top specially molded to lift my tits up and make them look fuller and rounder than ever. Legs smooth, slim but powerful. My bum – still too big I thought, but pure muscle. Wide back, wide shoulders, big biceps and triceps – but not masculine. Even as I was posing I was thinking about what was going to happen afterward. A dog would be nice, I thought, but a few more young studs would do very nicely as a back-up plan. I was glad that the bikini tops were so thick, otherwise my nipples would have been visible from the back of the room as I posed, imagining all of the audience watching me, thinking about fucking them, or fucking in front of them.

After the competition he kept filming me with his digital camera. Asking questions. Was I looking forward to it? Of course. What was I hoping for? Something wild... Something new. Lots of cock, I said, I didn't say dog-cock, but that's what I was thinking as I touched myself, pulling my bikini to one side to give my fingers access to my wet pussy lips.

We drove about half way home, then pulled off the road into a residential area, before pulling up in a floodlit carpark behind an old sports venue. It was just after 9 and it was already dark, but the floodlights made pools of brightness in the near empty car park. A train rumbled by on a raised embankment behind us as hubby steered the car down to the bottom of the car park where a few cars were parked near to the embankment. Streets of expensive houses to one side, the old stadium to the other.

I had read about these places on the internet – public car parks where sluts would allow all-comers to fuck them in the open air. Very naughty. Not being fucked-by-a-dog naughty, but it would do for me tonight. Dogging they called it. How ironic! I looked around and could pick out a few men wandering around. I could see figures sitting in some of the parked cars too. I was trying to figure out how many there were, and how many were here for me... It seemed like a lot of them were here to walk their dogs rather than to take part in a public gangbang – and that's when I got really really turned on... It was just my hubby's style to make a joke out of something – to arrange my first time with a dog, to be in a public car park, so I could really try some 'dogging'!

When we parked, he got out and opened the door for me like a gentleman. I could see other car doors opening and men getting out, letting dogs out on leads. Those who were walking around suddenly headed toward us. I got out, still wearing my heels and bikini, make up just the right side of slutty, hair and jewellery all still over-the-top. I must have looked a bizarre sight as I emerged from the car. I wondered what the guys had been expecting – from the looks on their faces I figured they were all impressed. By the time I was upright and showing myself off in all my glory, I figured there were about a dozen guys – and I noticed that some of them had a couple of dogs. Probably about 20 canines in total.

I could see that the guys were getting excited, keen to get the show started, and the dogs were all straining at their leads. I assumed that they all associated a near naked woman with sex. I hoped that meant they were all well trained and experienced. If I was going to fuck a dog, I wanted to be sure it knew what it was doing.

I looked over at hubby to make sure he was recording. Blew him a kiss, then walked away from the car, right into the middle of the group, under a flood-light so everything would be very clear. I put my thumbs in the sides of my bikini briefs and announced, "I have an announcement... Which one of your horny dogs wants to fuck me first?" And with that I pushed the briefs down my legs, exposing my waxed pussy. I stood there a second and let them all take it in, then reached back and unfastened my bikini top – this was my most nervous moment of the day. With it on I knew I looked pretty good, with it off, and my boobs free to sag, I worried I'd suddenly look my age... They dropped, but I saw no negative reaction from the guys. Certainly none from the dogs, of course, which is all I really cared about.

I dropped to my knees on the hard asphalt of the car park, little bits of stone and grit digging into my knees, fondling my boobs and pinching my hard nipples as the men moved closer with their dogs. As soon as the first dog was in touching distance – I started touching. It was a Labrador, and beside him a Rottweiler. I was stroking both, patting them, rubbing their bellies. Every now and then looking up at the owners to make sure I was doing the right thing, or looking into camera and trying to look seductive for hubby. "Is this what you want?" I asked him. "Am I a dirty cunt of a wife?" and "You really want me to let these dogs use me, don't you, you bad bad man?"

Fondling sheaths, feeling cock shafts harden inside. Reaching down every 30 seconds to feel how wet my pussy is, and its dripping... Then one of the owners tells me his dog is ready to go – I should lean forward, get my ass in the air and my chest right down to the ground. I lean forward, the grit digging into my elbows, bending forward until my boobs hang down onto the concrete, then further



until they are squeezed against the asphalt. The dog mounts me - wrapping his front paws around me, gripping me between his legs, and jerking toward my ass with his hips. I arch my back and push my pussy backwards, hoping the beast will find his target sooner - I want a dog cock inside me now. I can't wait any longer... And then he's inside me - his fat cock slipping into my wet pussy. Deep and hard, and it feels so hot. He jacks into me hard and fast, pumping away, his legs tight around me, claws digging in. I've just lost my doggy cherry and I'm in heaven! Why did I wait so long to try this? It's even better because I have a whole gang of strangers watching me do this - and I know there are a bunch more dogs waiting to do me once this boy has finished.

Hubby asks me how I'm feeling and I look into the camera with a big smile and gasp that it's bloody marvellous.

The dog only lasts a minute before he pulls away - I'm so glad there's another waiting to take his place, because if that was it I would be devastated. I watch him move away, his big cock bouncing under him, and I want to chase him and suck on that meat - but another dog is already on me. He's straight into my wetness and hammered my snatch so fast and hard, really knocking the breath out of me. I noticed I was moaning, and rather than keep it in I just let it go... I reach back to hold his thighs so that he can't get away as easy as the first dog. Moaning and swearing loud enough for the guys to hear. "Oh fuck me, boy... Fuck my pussy.... Good boy!"

As I make noise, so do the men who are watching. "You dirty cunt..." "Fuck that slut..." "Look at that doggy whore go..." "I wish my wife was like that..." It's such a turn-on to hear them talking about me. A few iphones are out too - taking pictures of me being fucked by the dog. I make a point of looking right into the lens if I can. I want them to see my face. I want them to know who I am.

The dog pulled away and the next was put in position, on my back, but slow to find my pussy. His owner leans in and helps him find his way. I grab the owner's trouser leg and pull him round in front of me - open his zipper and pull out his cock. I'm sucking on him whilst his dog is fucking me. The dog loses interest before his owner does - so I keep sucking whilst another dog jumps on me. That dog's owner steps in and grabs my hair, pulls my mouth of the other guy's cock and pushes his in. He fucks my face whilst the dog fucks my pussy. Sometime around my hair being pulled, with a dog buried in my pussy, I came for the first time ever from penetrative sex. I know it sounds crazy after the lifestyle I've described - but I've only ever cum from having my pussy licked or from masturbation, never from being fucked... Until now.

As the dog's change over again I pull my mouth away from the owner and cough, then speak, "I want to suck a dog... Get me one of those dog cocks..." And an owner brings one over - swinging the beast's cock back between his leg so that I can suck on it. I look at it up close, it's glistening and pink, little jets of cum shooting out at me. I open wide and engulf the dog cock in my mouth, sucking it deep into the back of my mouth. It's amazing. I don't like the taste at all - but the thought of having this animal cock in my mouth, whilst another is in my pussy, whilst a dozen men watch on and my husband films... Amazing.

This went on and on. Cock after cock. Pussy and mouth. Dogs and owners. I'm scratched. I'm squeezed. I'm in pain, but it's gorgeous. The cocks feel awesome inside my pussy, and fill my mouth. Some are bigger than others, some hotter, some nicer. Some of the dogs are better fuckers than others... There are a couple that I want to get phone numbers for so I can meet them again - with or without hubby around.

After two hours my knees and elbows are scraped up and bloody. Finger nails broken. Toe nails broken... My thighs, back, butt and belly are scratched from the dog claws - a couple of nasty welts raised and painful, but well worth it. I'm in pain, and I've no idea how I'll explain this to my parents



when we pick up the kids. I don't want to go home though, I've had a dozen orgasms and I want this to continue. There's dog cum running down my inner thighs, and streaks of owner's cum across my back (although most of that has been licked off by the dogs).

Once we're all done I get to my feet and stumble back to the car. Half the owners have already left with their dogs - but the other half give me a polite round of applause as I climb back into the car.

On the drive home my hubby keeps filming me. He has a look of complete pride on his face, I can see how happy he is, and that makes me almost as happy as any of the dog cocks made me feel. He asks me how I feel and I tell him it was the best night ever. He says I'm a beautiful slut and I can't argue about the slut part - sitting here covering in cum. "Is that what you think of me?" I ask him, meaning the beautiful part. He says yes, and asks me if I want to do it again next week. I did want to - as many times as he wanted. Maybe in a more controlled environment - someone's house, maybe one of my friends, maybe one of my rivals in the bodybuilding community... Then I had a better idea... "Maybe we could join the local pony club too?" Horses, I thought, have huge cocks...