

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I had just turned 40 but I wasn't celebrating. My son and daughter had both moved out. My husband Donald was 45 and had lost all interest in sex. My boss had cut my hours and I only worked mornings. Afternoons were spent either doing housework or just sitting in a lounge chair wondering how my life had grown so crap. My only bright spot was a visit down the road to Rhonda for a cuppa. One day she said she had turned 40 as well. She was single and seemed happy. To celebrate she opened a bottle of wine. Two glasses and I was pouring out my life to her. She listened and then shocked me. "How many times a week do you masturbate?" she asked. I just sat stunned. "Well" she said "how many times?" "I don't do that" I said. "Well there you have it honey" she continued "you are sexually frustrated. I use a vibrator to ease my frustration. Watch porn as well".

I was speechless. She had never talked like this in the 5 or so years I had known her. I guess the wine was effecting her too. "Oh dear, I have shocked you haven't I" she said and sat beside me on the couch and put her arm around me "I didn't mean to. I am just worried about you". She changed the subject and things settled down. Finally I headed home and sat alone in my lounge room but her words kept spinning around in my head. Was I really sexually frustrated? I hadn't had solo sex, as I called it, since before I was married. And a vibrator? Wow, I had seen them but never considered using one. Maybe I should try it. Was it sexual frustration or the wine that had me thinking?

That night I had my shower and put on a flimsy nighty. I hadn't worn it for years. Actually I was amazed it still fitted. I walked out into the lounge and sat on the couch. Don was watching TV and didn't even notice me. "Shit" I thought "what am I doing?" I went back into the bedroom, put on my "granny" nighty and crawled into bed. In my darkest thought I wondered if I could really enjoy getting myself off. I started to rub myself. Nothing at first. But gradually I began to get that feeling from years ago. I started to breath heavily and moan softly and then it happened. My first orgasm for ages. I couldn't stop and came again before falling asleep. I don't even hear Don come to bed.

Having rediscovered the pleasure of masturbating I indulged in solo sex play all week. I was starting to feel better about my situation. I had to tell Rhonda how she had helped me. She just laughed. She handed me a piece of paper with a website written on it. "Look at this" she said "I just love fantasising about doing all sorts of naughty things. We chatted about all the usual stuff, had tea NOT wine, and I headed home. I sat down to watch the TV but I remembered the website she had written down. Curious, I logged on. WOW. There was all sorts of weird stuff. Couples, of course, in all sorts of sexual positions, threesomes, foursomes, gangbangs, it was crazy. Of course I found myself getting on several times as I put myself in the action. Don was due home so Rhonda had shown me how to delete the history. I did that and then went back to being the dutiful wife making dinner.

It was during this discovery of the new me that Don's older sister Audrey and her husband decided to downsize. They turned up with their German Shepard dog called Rex. The last thing I wanted was a dog. Of course Don ignored me and said we would be glad to look after they dog. We got all the things that went with it. Food, its bed and a detailed list of what to do. One thing I would understand later was when Audrey said "he is very affectionate". "Oh great" I thought. Of course Don was only happy to take the dog but it was me that would end up looking after him. So it was daily walks and feeding him. I was very annoyed but I did what was expected.

The dog lived outside on the back porch. He wasn't happy about it but touch. My afternoons were my own. My fascination with porn had me checking every day. I suppose you could say I was addicted. While getting off felt good at the time it was sort of empty afterwards. That started to change one stormy afternoon. A clap of thunder that sounded like it happened right over the house had Rex whining in fear. It made me jump. I let him into the house to calm him down and went back to me laptop. I was wearing a skirt and I had removed my knickers. Thinking back, it must have the scent that got Rex's attention. I renewed my efforts to cum when Rex stuck his nose in my crotch. I squealed and pushed him away but he tried again.

It had been so long since I had had my pussy licked. As soon as his tongue zoned in I moaned. It felt so nice. I stared down at the top of his head and then closed my eyes. I tried to imagine it was a guy liking me and realised that it was more exciting to realise it was a dog. I had no idea about bestiality and so it was totally out of my experience. All I knew was that it felt so good. I spread my legs wider, leaned back in the chair and gave myself totally to this new experience. I guess Rex finally got bored and stop. "Don't stop Rex" I said out loud. He just stood there, his head tilted to one side. Probably thinking "what is she yelling about".

I decided there must be websites about dogs and women so I started looking. After typing in various words up popped several. I clicked into one and for the next hour I was shocked to find that women being licked by a dog was only a small part of the whole experience. There were women actually having sex with dogs and several videos where the woman who actually perform oral on the dog. And some of the dog's penises looked enormous. I couldn't help rubbing myself. While I couldn't see myself doing it, the idea of sex with a dog was both disgusting and intriguing. I looked at Rex. Could I do it? How would I do it?

While I was sure I wouldn't let him have sex with me I still remembered how his tongue felt. I went into the lounge and sat on the couch. "Come on boy" I said "come and lick my pussy". I had my skirt pulled up, my legs open and he seemed to know what I wanted. I didn't know, at that stage, how he knew. He padded up and again began to lick me. It was even better than before. I guess seeing those videos had me horny. I was moaning with the pleasure of it. He stopped and suddenly climbed up on me, his hips thrusting in mid-air. "No" I yelled and pushed his down but he tried again. I realised that he was trying to mount me. I was in shock. Even more so when I saw his cock had appeared.

My mind began to replay those videos in my head. I had seen women take a dog in the missionary position. Now I was in that position with a dog ready to take me. I panicked. It was getting late and Don would be home in about 30 minutes. I pushed Rex down and jumped up. He gave this sort of growl which was probably frustration. I know I was frustrated too. I quickly deleted the computer history but not before noting down that address of the animal site. I slipped my knickers back on and went to the kitchen to begin preparing dinner. I was shaking, thinking about what had almost happened. Thinking about how close I had come to surrendering to my crude desires.

The next morning at work all I could think about was Rex. My boss said I appeared distracted. If he only knew. Back home I decided to approach this as a learning experience. I had to know more. I got into the bestiality site again and found one video called "how to train your dog". I watched it fascinated as it explained the mechanics of sex with a dog and all about something called a knot. It apparently tied a dog to a bitch so he could impregnate her. As I watched how to train a dog it became clear to me that Rex seemed to know what to do. The video kept saying it would take some time to train a dog. Then it hit me. Audrey had said Rex was very affectionate. So that is what she meant. My God, she was a bitch. Rex knew what to do because he was already trained.

I looked over to see Rex with his nose pressed against the window. I was trembling. I had gleefully watched those videos with women being mounted by dogs. But this was real. This was me giving myself to an animal. "Perhaps I will just let him lick me" I thought and I let him inside. Back on the couch I again offered myself and he accepted, lapping away while I moaned. Again he climbed up and this time I didn't stop him. "Yes boy, I want it" I groaned. I felt his cock poking my stomach and thigh. I reached down and guided him. His cock entered my pussy and he must have realised he had found the target as he grew more urgent. Thrusting vigorously he began to fuck me.

Rex was humping me wildly and I was squealing with delight. It had been weeks since Don had touched me and I urged Rex on. He was growling and grunting. I realised that he was frustrated because he could tie with me. I pushed him off me and dropped on hands and knees. Immediately he

knew what it meant and again mounted me. Obviously this was a position he knew well as he didn't need any help to find my pussy and again he fucked me. Each thrust his cock seemed bigger. It was much longer and thicker than my husband. Then I felt his knot. He was trying to push it into me. I squealed and yelled. It was maybe the size of a tennis ball and I screamed as he rammed into me. Then he stopped moving as I tried to catch my breath. I could feel his huge cock twitching and I guessed what that meant. I was now officially his bitch.

It took perhaps 5 minutes or so before he pulled out. His cum was oozing out of me and onto the floor. He licked my pussy and then the floor. I was in shock. Not shock that I had given myself to a dog. Shock that I had enjoyed it so much. I stood up on wobbly legs and made it to the bathroom. I sat on the toilet and used the hose to flush myself. I went back to the lounge to find a small pool of dog cum on the carpet. I got down to clean it up and Rex tried to mount me again. I was shocked as I felt his cock poking me again. How could he get hard so quickly? I forgot about the cleaning and let him have his way with me again. The second time was better than the first. I guess I knew what to expect the second time. This time I put Rex outside before trying to clean up the mess on the carpet.

Afterwards I sat on the couch trying to digest what had happened. Some facts were obvious. One, Don's sister was a bitch. She had trained him. Two, I was now a bitch. Three, there was no going back. I had loved being taken and I wanted more. But I had to be careful. Don couldn't know, even suspect. My future pleasure relied on secrecy. I decided on a time-table. One time with Rex only when I felt like it. Cover the carpet with a towel or something. No stains on the carpet. That sounded like a sensible plan. Of course I didn't always stick to it. I realised that Rex's power of recovery was fast. I also realised that one time was often not enough. I also realised that I felt like it every day.

So here we are three months later. I don't bother Don for sex anymore. Rex takes care of my needs. It is not unusual to give myself to him twice (three times several times) in an afternoon. Don has no idea and, in fact, I don't think he cares that he isn't getting any sex. And, yes, the sight of a woman sucking a dog's cock was shocking to me but now I often enjoy it. I don't think Rex enjoys it but laying under him suck that lovely big cock while I masturbate is the highlight of my day. My sexual frustration is but a memory.