

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



Let me make it absolutely clear before I start with this true tale, I am not in anyway gay. I have never wanted to be fucked by another man or even thought about getting intimate with a member of the same sex. Sure, I love watching two women going at it, in fact, I derive great pleasure from seeing a couple of girls suck and fuck each other; tongues and fingers going to work. Breast to breast or sixty-nine, I don't mind. It's a male thing I guess, though I am not sure what the girls think. It's okay if they are inclined toward same sex, I suppose. I don't think seeing two men going for gold has the same effect on a woman, but again, I haven't asked. I digress.

So, the fact that I am not gay established, what would compel me to enter into a session with a dog? I have often wondered that to myself. The best I can come up with is that I love watching. There is a large part of many men that is voyeuristic. Visual stimulation is often all a man needs to get going. Be it two women together, a man and woman screwing the eyeballs out of each other or indeed, a woman with a dogs cock in any of her receptive holes.

It isn't quite the same for the female of the species. Stimulation for a woman is not usually visual, more a direct approach, like finding herself in a situation and going with the flow. I am voyeuristic. I freely admit it. Give me a good quality video or film and I will show you just how aroused a man can get from just visual images. Recently, I was given several videos involving a neighbour of mine with her dog. She would be mortified if she knew that her partner was peddling them. She is quite a nice looking girl with a trim figure; nothing really special, but just the type that, if she flirted, you would try and take her up on it.

Their dog is a mixed hound. Part Dalmatian and part Irish Wolf hound. The result is a shaggy looking white and black spotted dog, quite a bit taller in the shoulder than a Dalmatian, but not as hairy or big as an Irish setter. Needless to say, he was big enough in all departments. Judging from the video of him humping Sally's arse, I would have guessed his cock to be about nine or ten inches in length with a knot the size of a tennis ball.

Unlike many of the clips I have found on the net, this animal knew how to use his equipment. No searching around for the right hole, just straight onto her back and cock right into her cunt first time. It was also obvious from the scenes that he really enjoyed getting sucked off by her luscious lips. The film was a compilation of sessions. In some of the short clips, she would be on her knees getting rammed and reamed by the animal. In others, she was giving head to the hound as he stood, swallowing him to his knot and doing her best to gulp down his emissions. There were a few of the dog laying on its back while she mounted him, but I found these to be less satisfying in the visual sense as well as for the dog.

To meet Sally in the street, you would never think for one moment that she indulged in sexual games with her dog. Always, she would be immaculately dressed, her hair would always be just so and when she spoke to relative strangers; there would always be an aloofness about her manner of speech. But, now I know different, just like any other ordinary person, she has her little likes; getting fucked by her dog being one of them.

As I said, the tape is made up of several sessions and in no particular order. John, her partner, hadn't attempted to edit the tape, just faithfully recorded the episodes as they happened. You can imagine the quality of some of the scenes; camera shake features largely, possibly from knocking one off the wrist while filming. Several of the clips had them both in the frame, the dog and John, double-teaming on Sally. Scenes where either John was down her throat while the dog was shafting her from behind or vice versa. In every case though, the dog would produce copious amounts of seminal fluid, always more than she would handle. It either dribbled down her neck or sprayed from

her beautiful cunt, often hitting the lens of the camera.

But one scene in particular, stood out. Jasper, I think that was the dog's name, had been humping her cunt, but hadn't tied with her. Cum was dripping from her, mingling with the clipped pubic hairs on her pouting pussy. Jasper had retired, leaving Sally and John to finish up. She was working on his cock, giving head like a professional, John obviously loved every smooth stroke of her tongue and lips, he would not be able to stand too much more, his cock was rigid from being erect for so long. Suddenly, Jasper obscured the camera. The next thing I could see was Jasper mounted on Sally, she was still giving John a good old-fashioned blowjob. Nothing out of the ordinary until Sally screamed around John's cock. Jasper had entered her, but instead of his usually infallible aim, he had jabbed his dick straight into her arse and was going for broke.

All nine or so inches had penetrated her, but being positioned as she was, there was nothing she could really do about it. Jasper had clasped her waist and he had joined with her in a really unnatural way. The camera angle could not have been better positioned. I had a full view; Jasper fucked her arse while she descended into moans in time with the dog's thrusts. The knot banged against her tailbone a few times. I remember thinking that it had to hurt like hell, and then it slipped through her sphincter and disappeared into her body. Jasper yelped and thrust involuntarily, pumping his seed deep inside her. The extra buzz that John got from this frantic episode was too much and his own seed filled her at the other end.

For the first time on the tape, she and Jasper were well and truly locked. Her muscles had contracted around his knot, locking him into her. Jasper tried to get away, but only succeeded in turning around so they were arse to arse. Sally was gasping from the feel of this huge ball inside her and John's cum that had passed the point where she could spit it out. It didn't last long before she regurgitated his spend. Several times on the tape, she would swallow either of their emissions, but the added excitement or pain, was too much for her stomach to take.

Jasper managed to extract himself with an audible pop leaving her arse gapping open and what looked like gallons of cum rushing out of her. Sally was crying while John was trying to comfort her, saying sorry and patting her hand. She told him not to be so fucking stupid, and that that is how she wanted it from now on.

Anyway, that is pretty much how the tape went. I admit, I really enjoyed watching Jasper fuck Sally into the next week and was amazed at how accommodating a human body could be. It was then that I wondered what it would have felt like. I couldn't imagine having something like that shoved into me. I couldn't imagine how it must have felt when the dog's knot slipped into her and his cum flooding her intestines.

I admit that the idea intrigued me. So much so, that I experimented with one of my wife, Jenni's dildos that night. Firstly, I had to make sure that I wouldn't get disturbed; it would have been just too embarrassing to try and explain why I had this fucking great big pink piece of rubber stuffed up my behind.

I ran a bath, liberally applied KY jelly to my anal passage, and then, carefully inserted the pink monstrosity up my arse. Apart from pressure on my bladder, the feeling was something of an anti climax. Even using my imagination, which I am very good at (obviously), and pulling the thing in and out of my shitter, I was unimpressed. I couldn't get a hard on with the thing in place and quickly became quite sore. I admit to having a first class wank after relieving myself of the rubber assault truncheon, but that was with the mental picture of Jasper fucking my arse as he had with Sally.

Over the next few weeks, I tried on several occasions, to derive some kind of pleasurable experience

using several of my wife's toys. Some of them were better than others, but by and large, not much was to be gained from doing it.

I got to the point of being bored with attempting to get some extra sensation and gave up on the idea. Besides, screwing the wife into the bed felt really good and she could do for me what no other rubber toy could. Apart from watching the tape occasionally, I forgot about getting fucked in the arse for quite some time. Instead, I found other visual and actual stimulants. That is another story for another time.

Years went by. We moved once or twice, always my job dictating my location. We left London behind us and moved to the coast where I was now Director of a construction company. Life was good, plenty of money, nice house, cars and so on, all the stuff that goes with the position. We would have liked a few kids, but one of us it seemed, was unable. Just as well I suppose, kids have a tendency to stifle the romance of living and fucking.

I digress again.

One of the perks of having no money worries was being able to buy a huge place, five bedrooms, a garage for three cars and several acres of land. My wife spent her energies, landscaping the front and really making the place just so beautiful. She had worked very hard, almost to the point of exhaustion, but it was finished and to celebrate her creation and the fact she was about to become forty. I threw a big party, inviting all of our friends as well as many local people we had grown to know and trust. The party was a brilliant success. So many kind gestures of gifts and well wishing, but one gift turned out to be better than all the rest.

Bernard came into our lives. At ten months old, he was already almost fully-grown into a very nice looking pointer. His manners were impeccable and my wife fell head over heels in love with his engaging, hang dog look... Over the next few months, Jenni lavished attention on the dog, forming a bond that would be unbreakable.

The inevitable happened. One day, returning from the golf course and a game that had been washed out. I found her and the dog, locked in an embrace that left nothing to the imagination. Jenni was horrified that I had found her in such a compromising position, but I soon allayed her fears, explaining that it didn't faze me in the slightest, completely the opposite.

We made movies. The star attraction of the films being Jenni and Bernard, in many scenarios, but always with them screwing each other for all they were worth and loving every minute.

One day was to be the start of something though, and this is why I say I am not in anyway gay. We were indulging in one of our regular activities with me at Jenni's head and Bernard doing what he did best, fucking her cunt and making her his bitch all over again. Jenni, as usual, enjoyed the dog's attentions. She shuddered her many orgasms until she had had enough and could take no more pleasure. Bernard licked himself clean and allowed her to retreat into her bedroom. Usually, I would open the back door so that he could run around for a while before we retired to bed. Tonight though, it was as if Bernard hadn't been satisfied. Instead of running full tilt through the door, he padded up to me and started to clean my cock.

If you ever get the chance, have a dog lick your dick, it is the most wonderful sensation ever, try it. A slick but rough tongue running over the delicate skin, is just mind blowing. Fuck it I thought; why not perform the same for him. I had never thought about taking Bernard's cock in my mouth, but when I did, it felt like the most natural thing in the world. For the first time, I was to taste the purple veined monster that Jenni had slurped on, on so many occasions.

The taste was like nothing I had experienced before. The fact is he didn't really taste at all. I guess he had removed all traces of himself and Jenni when he had cleaned himself. I managed to get about

half of him in my mouth. The pointed end nudged my tonsils almost gagged me. But, it was okay, Bernard wanted to hump my face, but I think his training with Jenni helped. I marvelled at Jenni's ability to swallow all of this huge cock.

I tried to get as much of him in my mouth as possible, but it was nowhere near the amount Jenni swallowed on a regular basis. Having established that it was going to be about four or five inches that I would be able to handle, we soon got into a rhythm of me drawing him into my mouth and him gently pushing forward from his hip thrusts. Slowly, Bernard's knot began to grow in my hand that I was using to control his depth. His thrusts were beginning to become more urgent and I tasted at last, his pre-cum as it trickled down my throat. It was slightly salty with a musty undertone. I have tasted my own semen, licking it from Jenni's pussy on many an occasion. I find the taste a bit unpleasant, but Bernard was okay. I didn't get that burning sensation at the back of my throat.

I had a decision to make. Do I take this dog in my mouth to completion, or let him hump my hand until he had finished? I chose the latter, not wanting to go so far for a first time. We changed positions and he started to go for broke in my hands. It was then I remembered my thoughts from so long ago. Fuck it, why not? So that was it, choice made, I was going to let this animal jump my bones. Who knew, it might even be good for me as well as the dog.

I knelt on the fur rug that Jenni and I used for these sessions. Bernard seemed to recognize that anyone kneeling on this old sheepskin was up for it. Without further encouragement, he straddled my back and quested for any hole to park his cock. Several attempts almost resulted in me having a second hole torn in me. I hadn't realised just how sharp his cock could be. I gently grasped him and guided the slippery tool to the right place.

Bernard filled my arse. His cock slid into me like it actually belonged there. He began to frantically scabble his hind legs to get a better angle, so I spread my knees a bit and then he really zeroed in. Every inch of him slid straight in and brought forth from me, a gasp of inhuman proportions. It felt as if my guts were on fire and my ring split from one side to the other. He was relentless, holding my hips in a vice like grip as he thrust into me.

I had had a hard on, but it was rapidly going down. Pressure on my bladder was becoming uncomfortable and it felt like I wanted to pee. Bernard adjusted his position and thrust harder. Suddenly, I lost control of his knot, which I had been holding to prevent him getting too far. And in it went. Immediately, the pressure on my bladder was relieved and a new sensation overtook me.

Inadvertently, he had hit the 'male G' spot and my cock, with no further stimulation, erupted all over the floor, I wasn't even hard, but getting there all the time. Bernard kept up the assault on me with his knot still hitting and rubbing the spot. I came and just kept having an orgasm. Even when I had spent my seed on the floor, the intense pleasure would not recede, just wave after wave of incredible pleasure. He came inside me suddenly, white-hot jism filled my anal cavity greasing his pole and allowing his knot to slip out with no problem. He pulled away and began to clean me of his seed. This was more than I could stand and I fell forward onto my face, flat on the floor.

"Gets you that way don't it?"

Jenni had been watching from the doorway. Her fingers had spread the lips of that beautiful cunt and worked her clit into a swollen frenzy. There was nothing I could do for her; I was still coming down from the assault of the dog. We regularly swap the dog these days. I have had many 'G' spot orgasms, but none quite like that first one.