

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## **PART 1.**

My wife kissed me on the cheek as she left the house to go clubbing with her girlfriends. She looked fabulous, as always, dressed in a low cut, short black dress, leather knee-high boots and black stockings. As soon as I saw her close the taxi door I raced upstairs to log onto the Internet. She went out with her friends every Friday and I would spend the whole evening surfing porn sites.

Andrea and I had been happily married for seven years. Sadly our sex life was becoming stale. I flicked through several sites as I checked my e-mail accounts. The site that I was looking at was particularly dirty. It was members' only site that catered for 'forced sex' and 'gang-bangs'. Over the previous 6 months I'd checked out most sexual activities but found myself coming back to this site over and over again. I loved looking at the pictures of women having sex with groups of men. I'd masturbate several times a night imagining that I was taking part or it was my wife being abused. While browsing through my messages one in particular grabbed my attention. I clicked on message 136 and the following message opened up.

"Fantasise about seeing your wife or girlfriend GANGBANGED?  
Do you want to turn your fantasy into reality?  
If YES, contact us for more details on e mail address etc, etc"

My heart began beating faster and my cock became stiffer as I re-read the message. At first I thought that it must be some kid messing about, then I realised that my fingers were typing the address into an e-mail document. "It'll be a laugh." I thought, as I typed 'Interested. Send details.' "It'll be a turn on for him to consider banging my wife." I sent the e-mail never thinking that they were serious or even lived in the UK anyhow.

After about 10 minutes of surfing even darker porn sites, a message 'pinged' on screen. I checked my account to see that the message was from the person that I had replied to. It read...

"We may be interested in your wife but need more details. Send by return".

I smiled and eagerly replied...

"Andrea, 27, slim, no kids, 5 foot 6 inches, brown hair and blue eyes and I think she is attractive". I pressed send.

After two or three minutes I had another reply.

"Send a picture and her sexual preferences. You could be in business"

My heart gave a jump as I looked through "my documents" for something suitable. My cock was stiffening as I found a picture of her from a wedding we attended earlier in the year. She was wearing a hat and a light coloured dress that emphasised her curves. She looked gorgeous. "Picture attached. Loves oral (giving and receiving), prefers 'doggy style', enjoys wearing sexy lingerie. Not very vocal but is very orgasmic." I exaggerated about the oral sex, but it was only a bit of fun.

I pressed send, and waited. About five minutes later I had the following reply...

"She looks good. What is her bra size? Is she trimmed or shaven? Forward this information only if you are serious."

I wasn't really serious but I was getting very turned on 'talking' about my wife to a stranger.

I sent them the following reply anyhow.

"She likes to wear sexy underwear (black or white), usually see-thru and lacy. Also likes (black) hold up stockings. She is a 34B bra size and neatly trimmed."

It gave me a real thrill, and my cock was close to bursting point, as I gave out her most personal details. Within a minute the next message arrived.

"Excellent. Where do you live? We are in Essex".

Without thinking I re posted immediately, "Oxfordshire." I was surprised that he/they lived so close. I imagined they would have been based overseas for some reason. The next message they sent had an attachment with the following message.

"Is this how you want to see your wife?"

I quickly opened the attachment. After about a minute of downloading, it showed a woman on her back surrounded by five men that were mauling her body. Her clothes were being ripped off, and her knickers had been pulled to one side exposing a very hairy bush. A black man was kneeling between her thighs fucking her as she sucked another man at the other end. It was highly erotic. I masturbated while I looked at the picture imagining it was Andrea.

"Yes I'd love to see her look like that." I e-mailed back, cock in hand.

Seconds later another message arrived that shook me to the core.

"Send your mobile telephone number so we can make this happen".

"Oh my God!" I thought, "These people are serious." Until that moment I had thought it was just a bit of fun - a fantasy. I signed out of my e-mail and turned the computer off. I was amazed and shocked that they were this serious and might actually have gone through with it.

I thought no more about it until one morning the following week when I was leaving for work. I found a message stuck onto my car windscreen asking me to call a mobile phone number. I didn't recognise it so waited until I got to work to call. I closed my office door and dialled.

The phone was answered with a harsh, "Yes".

"Err hello you left me a message to call you" I said.

"So you thought e-mail would keep you anonymous did you?" The voice grunted.

"I'm sorry, I don't know what you mean," I replied puzzled.

"You e-mailed me last Friday about your wife -Andrea. She wears nice black lacy underwear, 34b tits and is nice and trimmed. You told me she likes sucking and fucking." The voice went on.

Suddenly I went very pale and felt my legs go weak as my mouth dried up. I took a gulp from my coffee cup and composed myself. "Err yes I know what you're talking about now." I whispered. "I'm in your company car park. A silver VW Golf on the third floor. I want to see you NOW! Don't keep me waiting" he demanded and the phone went dead. I got up from my chair and told my secretary that I was just nipping out for a couple of minutes. I slowly walked into the car park and climbed the stairs

to the third floor. It was enclosed from the summer sun and very dark as I scoured the vehicles looking for the silver Golf. Suddenly a car flashed its headlights at me and I turned around. It was 'Him'. I walked over to the car. The passenger car door was already open. The driver was a big man, over six feet tall with a heavy muscle-bound build, shaved head and goatee beard. His arms were covered in Celtic tattoos. "How did you know where I worked?" I whimpered.

He turned to me menacingly, "I followed you from home. When you joined my site you gave me your real address - idiot! Now don't piss me off unless you want to be found at the bottom of the canal. It was a mistake fucking me about on Friday." Shaking, I realised that this man was very serious and if I did not co-operate fully with him he would carry out his threat. "OK what do you want" I asked him. "We want your wife." He replied casually. "I wasn't serious," I told him, "I'm not sure she would want to take part", I continued nervously. "Look pal, that's not how it is." He glared at me, "You offered her to us - we want her. It's as simple as that. If she puts up a fight, well that just adds to our fun! You can watch if you want to, with, or without her knowing you're there. It's going to happen anyway, so I don't give a shit if you want to be there or not anymore."

My heart was beating so fast I thought it was going to burst. "We've got a lock up place in London where we hold our parties," he laughed, "we even have a special room for visitors - twats like you that like watching their wives getting fucked by real men." "What do you want from me?" I asked slightly warming to his plan. "I need the alarm code of her car, all of her regular car journeys and I want to know when she is on her period as we don't want to go to all this trouble when she's on". He instructed. "She's just finished her period" I replied a bit too over eagerly, then I remembered what I was actually telling him. "Good, e-mail her car details tonight and I'll be in touch", he told me as he ushered me away.

I walked away from his car looking very nervous but I knew I had to get him the information otherwise I would end up with a good kicking and they would probably rape Andrea anyway. I felt very uneasy for the rest of the day and at about half past two I told my secretary that I felt unwell and was going home.

"You don't look too well Rob", she replied hardly looking up from her VDU screen. Once I got home I looked through the documents for Andrea's car and finally found the alarm code. I sent all of the information along with her movements for the following week by e-mail immediately. I checked my messages later that night. They replied at 8.30.

"It will happen tomorrow. Be at the address below for about 10.30 if you want to watch." I checked the address on Routefinder. It appeared to be a scrap yard in SE London. I rang my secretary and told her that I would not be in for the rest of the week, as I still felt unwell, which was actually the truth. I was already awake when the alarm buzzed at 7am. I showered and had breakfast as usual. Before I left the house at 7.45, I joined Andrea in our bedroom.

"You okay?" I asked nervously, "Busy day at work?"

My wife was getting dressed, a silky black thong, black see -thru bra, natural tights, a black and white flowing summer dress and a pair of black high-heeled shoes, she seemed confused at my questioning.

"Yes to both questions," she cocked her left eye at me, "Why?"

"Oh...you know, just ...you looked....never mind. I'll see you tonight." I smiled and blew her a kiss.

It took nearly two hours to find the address that I had been given. It was a scrapyard in a run down part of Southeast London. I slowly drove my car along the pot-holed road until I came to a cabin next

to a metal gate. An old man hobbled to the side window. I wound it down. "You're keen," he cackled through broken discoloured teeth, "park behind there and follow me." As I drove behind the cabin two huge German Shepherd dogs began barking and straining at their leashes. I parked next to a BMW, Merc and a Jeep Cherokee. The old man led me passed the dogs to the side door of a large pre-fabricated hanger. Inside was a small, unlit room with a tiny table. There was a flask of coffee, plastic cups and a case of cheap beer on top. Standing in the far corner were 3 well-dressed Japanese businessmen nervously looking at me. We nodded 'hello'.

"You can watch from there", the old man said pointing to the opposite wall. There were six spy holes drilled through the brick wall. Each about an inch round, I tentatively looked through a peephole into a stark room. All I could see was an old sofa a dirty mattress and a strip light.

My heart was racing now as my stomach turned. I couldn't believe what I was doing. What had started out as a wank fantasy was now turning into reality and my wife was going to be gang-banged in front of an audience. I felt nauseous as I took a swig of the beer that I had just been handed.

The door opened again. "We're not too late are we, George?" A small fat Jewish looking man called out, as his taller friend immediately poured them two coffees from the flask. Looking at his watch the old man replied, "No, they'll be here in a minute, so you'd better get into your positions."

George ushered us to the peepholes, before telling us with a chuckle, "There's plenty of Kleenex on the table, so make sure you use them. I'm sick of having to wash this fucking place after you lot have been in here!"

As soon as I put my eye to the hole the door in the other room burst open and Andrea was dragged in by the man in the VW Golf and another tall, body builder type. A pillowcase was over her head and her hands were fastened with some cord. She was pushed face down onto the sofa making her dress ride up her legs. I could see that her tights had already been ripped at the crotch. My stomach turned over again but my cock ached for relief - it was so hard. Andrea was sobbing as they pulled the hood from her head. One of the guys undid her wrist fastenings as she now sat, shaking, facing them. Andrea tried to stand up but was pushed back down.

"Sit still, we'll be back in a minute." The older guy grunted, then the two men left the room.

A couple of minutes went by, while Andrea regained some composure. She stood up and walked around a little bit, her dress clinging to her feminine curves. Then she tried to open the door, but it was locked from the outside.

Andrea began banging on the door, "Let me out, let me out. PLEASE! Let me out!" Suddenly the door was flung open, knocking her back into the room. Five men rushed in four only wearing shorts or track bottoms and old George who had a camcorder. Andrea took a step back as the four men surrounded her dropping their pants at the same time. As George locked the door the fat Jewish man shouted, "Fantastic!" He nudged his friend, who was standing next to me, "The big black lad is Joel. Wait until you see his cock; it's fucking enormous. The big lad with tattoos is Lenny, he organises these things." Then he whispered, "He's fucking evil." He picked up his voice again when the second black man grabbed Andrea's tits, "I think he's called Shola. I've only seen him once before. Ha, ha." He chuckled, "He likes fucking them up the arse."

Andrea slapped his hand away but he wasn't going to be deterred that easily. The Jewish man described the characters as if they were actors in a film, not professional rapists. "I've never seen the Asian boy before, but he looks like he's got a big dick too." "The girl looks nice," he continued, "A bit small but looks like she'll put up a fight!". "Fucking Hell!" I thought, "What have I done?" He

was right, Joel had an exceptionally large cock dangling between his legs. It must have been over 10 inches long.

I was now very nervous but also very turned on. My own erection was straining inside my trousers. The men started pushing Andrea from one to another getting more and more forceful with every push.

“Get off me! You bastards, leave me alone!” she screamed at them, which only made them laugh.

The black man with the scar (Shola) grabbed her from behind and started to grope her tits through her thin dress. The Asian man pulled her dress up, exposing her torn tights and tiny thong. George was moving between them with his camera. Lenny grabbed her dress too and between them they pulled it over her head and off. Andrea was spitting at them as she furiously tried to fight them off.

Her dress was thrown into the corner of the room leaving my wife standing in her black bra, thong, torn tights and high-heeled shoes. The men were moving around her like hyenas at a carcass. Lenny suddenly grabbed the waistband of her tights to try and pull them down only for Andrea to grab them herself in an attempt to keep them up. As she held onto her tights, the Asian guy released the clip of her bra, Joel pulled it off exposing her firm tits and large pink nipples. The men around me all cheered as the others started to grope and fondle her naked breasts. She raised her arms to protect her swinging tits. Lenny took advantage and pulled her tights and knickers down to her ankles, exposing her neatly trimmed pubes for the first time and making it difficult for her to move. “Get off me, get off me!” she shouted, but her pleas fell on deaf ears, as four pairs of hands groped and slapped her naked flesh.

Andrea was then pushed down onto the middle of the sofa. Lenny and Joel sat next to her. Joel held her wrists with one hand and kissed her hard on the lips as he groped her tits, his massive cock swinging like a baseball bat.

“Get rid of her knickers and open her legs!” Lenny told his friends as he began suckling on her left tit as his cock slapped against her belly.

Shola and the Asian guy grabbed a shoe each, throwing them over their shoulders. Andrea was still struggling to keep her thighs together as her torn tights and black thong were dragged from her ankles leaving her completely naked.

“She looks fucking well tight boys,” The Jewish man announced, “They’ll enjoy themselves with this posh bitch.” I turned to see that he already had his trousers around his ankles and was wanking his long thin cock.

The Asian man sniffed the gusset of Andrea’s silky black panties, “He, he, he, she smells good.” He laughed as he passed the panties to Joel, who agreed. Andrea tried kicking and punching, as all four men descended on her like animals. It was no good; they totally overpowered her. Lenny grabbed her head and tried to make her suck his thick cock, but she kept her mouth shut, as Joel and the Asian guy finally pulled her legs apart.

One of the Japanese men gasped as her neatly trimmed cunt glistened with copious amounts of her ‘love-juice’. “Oh man!” Shola laughed as he jammed two long black fingers into her soaking pussy. “Have you seen how fucking wet she is?” He laughed as the others moved their positions so that they could see him easily fingering my slim white wife. Her eyes were tightly closed and she was grimacing as Shola continued his double finger fucking. Suddenly Andrea opened her mouth for air, only for Lenny to try and force his fat cock in. She shook her head as his purple knobhead went in, making sure it fell out again. Lenny grabbed a handful of hair making her scream, then forcing her

mouth back onto his cock, "That's better, now suck it." Andrea tried not to, but his hand forced her head up and down on his cock.

"Come on man," I heard someone say, " Let's get her fucked, my balls are aching."

"Okay, get her ready!" Lenny laughed as he let go of her hair.

My wife was picked up turned over and forced over the arm of the sofa, her arse sticking up in the air. The youngest black man, Shola, positioned himself at her arse end and the Asian man sat on the sofa positioning himself at her head. Andrea was squirming and wriggling, as the two other men held her still so the first two could fuck her pussy and mouth. I watched with awe. I couldn't stop myself. Just like the others at the peepholes; I dropped my trousers and pants to my ankles and masturbated.

The black man pulled her thighs apart and fingered her dripping fanny again before pushing his thick black cock against her tight pink hole.

"No, No, No", she pleaded as he grabbed her hips and began slowly feeding it inside her. His feet and knees kept her legs stretched apart, but her cunt was so wet it offered no resistance at all to his big black cock.

He kept on pushing, as Lenny and Joel held her arms behind her back. The Asian man grabbed his brown cock with one hand and her head with the other, and told her to, "Suck! Suck it Whitey!"

Andrea very reluctantly opened her mouth and took maybe an inch of his cock in her mouth, "Fucking suck it properly rich bitch!" he told her and pushed the back of her head onto his cock forcing it right into her mouth until she gagged on it.

"That's more like it, now suck it properly." he told her as he grabbed her tits, twisting a nipple between his fingers. George was still moving around the sofa with his camera recording all the gory details of my wife's debasement. The other two men were waiting eagerly for their fellow rapists to finish so they could take their turn with my wife.

The Asian man came first, holding the back of Andrea's head as he fucked her mouth, shooting his thick warm salty cum into her mouth. As he withdrew Andrea spat it out onto the sofa.

"Don't you like spunk?" he asked her.

"No I fucking don't," she shouted back as Shola continued fucking her.

"Shame. You're going to have lots more before we finish with you, so you'd better get used to it", he laughed.

As the Asian man moved off the sofa Lenny let go of her arm and replaced him. He aimed his long gnarly erection at Andrea's mouth. She turned her head and looked away. He grabbed her hair and pulled her face back toward him, "Suck it now, and suck it properly if you know what's good for you".

Andrea looked up at him with hatred in her eyes as she reluctantly put his cock in her mouth and started to suck. The black man inside her vagina was getting faster and faster. As he gripped her hips hard she closed her eyes and grimaced. What she had been dreading happened, he shot load after load of hot black spunk deep inside her. I came all over the wall in front of me as Shola took his cock out of her pulsating cunt and rubbed his spunky bell-end around her fanny lips.

I was disgusted with myself as I watched Joel move behind her waving his monster cock, "Is she tight?" He asked his friend.

"Fuck me she was, but she won't be in a moment," Shola sniggered.

Joel asked the Asian guy to hold her still for him. The man grabbed her waist and pulled her legs wide apart again.

Shola's spunk dripped down her thighs as he slid his hand between her legs to open her fanny lips ready for Joel's monster cock.

I was amazed when I looked up to see Andrea no longer being repulsed by Lenny. She was actually tickling his hairy balls as she sensually licked his blue veined shaft, in a way that she'd never done for me.

The tattooed black man nudged his cock against her well-fucked fanny. It looked too big for her as he pressed it against the small hole. Andrea's eyes opened wide as he pushed the golf ball sized knob passed her labia and into her love tunnel. Shaking her head she pulled Lenny's cock from her mouth, "No stop! Stop! I can't take it you'll rip me apart!" she squealed as she gripped the cock in her hand.

Joel kept on pushing as it slowly disappeared inside her once tight fanny.

"Please stop, please no!" Andrea screamed.

She was now biting her lip and gripping the cushion of the sofa as Joel's cock began filling her cunt like never before. Lenny was furiously rubbing his own cock until he came all over her face, leaving thick white spunk dripping from her eyebrows, nose and mouth. Joel had got all but about two inches of his cock inside her, "I think I can feel the bottom of her belly", he laughed. Then he started thrusting inside her, long strokes, slowly at first but then faster and faster. He thrust his glistening black cock deeper and deeper inside her until after a couple of minutes she had taken his full length. As his balls banged against her he said, "See you could take it! Couldn't you Whitey?"

Andrea couldn't answer. She just made grunting noises as she clung onto the sofa, as Joel made her tiny body shake. These grunts had changed from earlier.

"I think she's enjoying it", Joel shouted to Lenny who was sitting in front of Andrea stroking his cock back to life.

Lenny looked into her face, "Fuck me I think the dirty bitch is, as well".

"Look at her tits", said the Asian man. They were swaying because she was being fucked on all fours, but her nipples were now erect, puffed up and very stiff. I couldn't believe my eyes. Here was my loving wife being gang raped and she was actually starting to enjoy it. I heard a noise from my left and turned to see two of the Japanese men wanking each other's cocks, as they watched Joel pounding away at my wife. Stretching her cunt more and more with every long stroke of his amazing black cock. Andrea began groaning loudly with every long stroke. She had never been very vocal in bed, much to my disappointment, only soft moaning or purring when she orgasmed, but this black man was making her groan with primal pleasure.

Then, starting with a whisper, "Yes, yes. What are you doing to me? Yes, yes YES! AAAAAARRRRGGGH, FUCK, FUCK, FUCK!" She screamed, as an orgasm seemed to blow her head off.



My cock and heart ached – this was exactly how I'd dreamed she should behave with me!. Andrea's mouth was hanging open and her eyes were like saucers when Joel finally flung his head back and thrust even deeper inside my young wife's stretched cunt one last time, making Andrea gasp long and loud.

Joel was shaking as he emptied his massive testicles inside her hot pussy. After a few seconds he slowly withdrew his long shiny cock from her once tight pink pussy. Andrea lay trembling over the arm of the sofa, as enough spunk to have filled an eggcup started to gush out of her fanny and run down her legs.

I too had cum again and my cock was still as hard as ever. This was the most erotic, exciting thing I had ever seen; even on the Internet. Especially now that she was enjoying it.

It was now a free for all as she was pulled back onto the sofa. The Asian guy and Lenny took turns in fucking her while she sucked Joel and Shola's black cocks. Each one ejaculated inside her. Her blowjobs were amazing. Andrea seemed insatiable as she sucked and licked their liquorice pipes.

"Ha, ha, ha!" The Jewish man laughed, "I love seeing their wedding rings when they've got their little white hands wrapped around a black cock! It makes you wonder what their husbands must think, don't you?" He looked at me and smiled. I shrugged my shoulders and went back to wanking for a third time.

At one stage immediately after sucking Joel's monster black cock and swallowing his spunk she begged him, "Let me suck you again."

"What's that Whitey? You like my black cock don't you?" Joel asked her as he slapped her face with his spunky cock, "You can't get enough of it can you?"

"No." She whispered again.

"What?" He laughed as he smeared his cock through the spunk on her face

"YES!" Andrea shouted, "I fucking love sucking your black cock!"

The Japanese men all laughed and chattered to each other. God knows what they would have thought if they'd known that she was my wife.

After a 20 minutes or so, Lenny had her turn over again, this time kneeling on the sofa facing away from the peepholes. George moved in close with his camera, as Lenny parted her cheeks and looked over to the wall that I was looking through, and winked for my benefit.

Andrea spread her legs as far as possible. Christ! Her pussy was red raw and stretched beyond belief as the spunk of four men clung to edges. It looked really well used and baggy.

Still looking at the peepholes Lenny inserted two fingers into Andrea's gaping spunk filled pussy. They hardly touched the sides. Grinning he pulled his fingers out only to replace them with two more. Andrea began grinding her hips onto his hand.

"Does that feel good?" he asked her. She nodded her head as she pressed her hips down onto his wrist.

"Come on Andrea, does that feel good?" He asked again. The other three laughed, as she groaned, "Yes, yes.... Oooohhhh! Yes it's fucking good!" She squealed when he twisted his hand 180 degrees.

My wife arched her back and pushed her arse further into the air.

Lenny was now working his thumb into her well-fucked cunt too. Andrea gripped the back of the sofa and pressed back onto his hand until his knuckles and complete hand was sucked into her body.

Christ! Yet again I couldn't believe my eyes. My tiny well-groomed wife was being fisted and bloody well enjoying it.

Lenny kept grinning at me as Andrea bounced back and forth on his fist! Her head was shaking as she screamed out, "Fucking Hell! Fucking Hell! Fucking Hell! I'm cumming! Faster, faster, fucking hell! YYYYYEEEESSSS!" Andrea screamed like a she-wolf as her orgasm ripped through her tiny frame. She flopped forward, still with Lenny's hand filling her sweaty cunt.

It took him a minute or two, but he finally disentangled his hand from her body leaving her cunt stretched even more than before.

As she attempted to get her breath back Shola quickly moved behind her and pressed his fat black knob against her anal ring.

"No, no not there." Andrea panted, as she looked over her shoulder, but she didn't sound too convincing.

It took him a few seconds to get the bell end passed her tight ring but when he did, the excess spunk that had slid out of her battered cunt lubricated his shaft. He filled her arse as easily as he had previously filled her cunt.

Andrea let out a muffled scream as she bit the sofa.

The Jewish man kept mumbling, "That's it, fuck the bitch's arse. Go on, faster, faster make her scream!"

Shola obliged; his hips banged his cock into Andrea's virgin hole like a steam train. She made no attempt to stop him and after a few minutes her head was rocking from side to side in sexual ecstasy.

Because he'd already 'came' twice, Shola was taking an absolute age fucking her tight arsehole.

Lenny got bored and told him to stop and put her on the mattress. As soon as Shola withdrew Andrea climbed off the sofa and lay on the mattress without being asked. Her eyes were twinkling like stars.

The gang-bang continued for about an hour, with everyone fucking her fanny and mouth again. Everyone, except Joel fucked her arse. He wanted to and she definitely wanted him to, but however much he tried it just wouldn't go in, much to Andrea's disappointment.

When the men had finished with her, Andrea sat on the sofa with her legs wide apart, very tired and covered in dry spunk, drinking a can of beer that George had produced. The men stood around smoking and drinking. Lenny left the room and came around to where I was standing.

"Did you enjoy that", he asked.

"Fucking hell yes" I replied still standing with my trousers around my ankles and my cock standing to attention.

The Jewish men shook Lenny's hand and thanked him for another fantastic show. George quietly spoke to the Japanese men, who continued standing next to the peepholes.

"You should fuck off now before we let her go." He told me in a stern voice.

I nodded as I pulled up my trousers and finally put my sore cock away. I wandered back to my car in a daze, leaving my wife behind.

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## **PART 2**

I didn't find out what happened next until two months later.

Lenny re-entered the room with George who had put a new film in his camcorder. The other three were standing drinking beers and smoking. They had put their shorts and pants back on.

"You fucking enjoyed that didn't you?" He asked Andrea, who was still lying naked covered in spunk.

Andrea looked at him and blushed but didn't reply.

"Well if nothing else you are not shy any more." He laughed as he pointed to Andrea's legs that were still wide open and dribbling the spunk of four strangers onto the stained sofa. Andrea looked down, smiled and closed her legs. She started to get up from the smelly sofa to get dressed.

"Oh no honey, we're not finished with you yet." Lenny told her. "We have another treat instore for you."

"You like getting fucked doggy style, don't you?" He grinned.

Andrea smiled and nodded.

"Get back down there then," he pointed to the mattress.

Without a thought Andrea knelt on the stinking mattress so that she was on all fours with her legs wide apart not caring that everyone could see her battered cunt. "Hold her down!" Lenny grunted.

Grinning, the Asian man and Joel did as they were told. Each one grabbing Andrea by the shoulders, making her lovely arse stick even further up into the air. George's camera lingered on her stretched holes.

The door opened and Shola re-entered with one of the German Shepherds straining at its leash! As soon as it saw my wife it's tongue fell out of the side of its mouth and it began panting very heavily.

"What's that? What are you doing?" Andrea shouted.

"You said that you like getting fucked doggy style - well, now you're going to get the real thing!" Lenny laughed as the dog reared onto its hind legs. Still being held on its leash, Joel moved forward allowing the dog to smell her stinking arse. Andrea tried to move, but the men held her tight.

Moments later the dog began licking between her arse cheeks. Long hot strokes. "No, no, no! Stop it!" She squealed as the long pink tongue touched her spunk filled holes. The dog had obviously done this before and liked the taste. Its tongue was much longer and rougher than my own, and it appeared to be hitting all of the right spots after the pounding that her pussy had just taken.

Andrea seemed to relax as the dog lapped every last drop of spunk from both of her holes. George lingered the camera on her face and she seemed to be in an orgasmic daze.

“Oh shit, that’s fucking wonderful!” She murmured, as the dog’s tongue was managing to slide from her sore arsehole right up to her throbbing rosebud clitoris.

“Wow! He really knows what he’s doing.” The Asian man told Joel. The long tongue was slipping inside both stretched holes, which made her become very horny again. She looked up at Joel and smiled.

The camera moved back as the dog buried its tongue and snout further between her legs. You could see that his long red cock was now sticking out of the sheath. It looked fearsome – bright red and shiny. Lenny nodded at Joel who yanked the dog back which made it growl. Lenny unclipped the chain and the dog leapt forward, instantly mounting my once innocent wife.

Andrea screamed as she turned her head as far as it would go. To her horror she could see the large German Shepherd was trying to mount her.

“Get it off, this is sick”, she blurted out.

The men held her still and spread her thighs even wider as the dog seemed to be ‘missing the spot’. Andrea felt her fanny lips being parted and the dog’s rough hairy legs rubbing against her soft slender thighs.

She began bucking like a bronco trying to get free but it was no use as she was held in a vice like grip. She could feel the animal’s cock being pushed between her fanny lips. “Please no, you’ve had your fun! I won’t tell anyone! Please, don’t do this to me!” Andrea pleaded.

The men laughed, and Lenny told her, “Stop whining! You mightn’t like it now, but you’ll learn to love it later.”

She continued to struggle in vein but the dog’s cock easily slid inside her over stretched fanny.

Once inside her the dog wrapped his front legs around her hips and began fucking her. Andrea’s face was a picture as the dog fucked her faster and harder than any of the men had.

Lenny called out, “You can let her go now!” to the Asian guy and Shola. The dog had Andrea in such a position they weren’t needed anymore. As the dog got more excited his knot expanded and touched her fanny.

“Please no! No more! It’s going to rip me apart!” she pleaded.

The dog’s cock was stretching her cunt as much as Joel’s monster had done, making her gasp. Its’ hindquarters were a blur as it started to really fuck her. She could feel her fanny being touched and stimulated in ways that she had never felt before. As the dog pounded away at her his swollen cock started to touch her “g” spot. Andrea threw her head back, rolled her eyes, and started breathing heavily through her nose.

“I don’t fucking believe it”, said the black man with the scar, “the dirty slag is enjoying this as well!”

The men had now let go of their hold on Andrea and she stayed in the same position. Andrea was forcing her arse up in the air as far as it would go to allow the dog to get more of his cock inside her.

My pretty wife let out a shout of ecstasy, "My God I'm going to cum.....Oh yyyeeesssss.... Fuck me... it's lovely... it's fucking great, oh my God, oh my God".

She bucked her arse and shuddered as her first orgasm ripped through her body.

"Oh my God no!" she cried as another orgasm started to build.

The Asian man knelt in front of her and masturbated onto her face, Andrea looked up at him and opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue, as he emptied the dregs of his spunk into her mouth.

The other men now openly masturbated over her as Andrea moved one hand to her clit and started playing with herself as the German Shepherd kept up its pounding. She started to build another orgasm by playing with her clit as the dog's cock nudged against her "g" spot again. Andrea screamed and grunted as the dog finally cum inside her.

After a couple of minutes the dog was removed and put back outside. Andrea lay face down on the smelly mattress desperately trying to control her breathing. Lenny left the room and came back shortly afterwards with some cold bottles of beer.

He handed them to his friends and then said to Andrea, "Do you want one?".

Andrea sat back up on the sofa and took the bottle from him, "thanks" she said. She now sat completely naked with 'dog spunk' oozing from her fanny and 'man spunk' dripping from her face and body.

"Did you like that with the dog?" Joel asked her. Andrea looked up at him and nodded her head suddenly looking quite ashamed.

"Before today how many men had you had?. "The Asian man asked.

"Only my husband", she replied sheepishly.

"Had you ever took his spunk in your mouth? Or had you ever took it up the arse? "He continued.

"Neither," she replied smiling.

"Well I think he's going to get a bit of a surprise the next time he fuck's you, then." Joel chuckled as the rest of the men laughed.

The men got dressed as Andrea sat on the sofa still breathing heavily.

"Come on you need to go," Lenny told her.

Her legs were now so weak Andrea nearly fell over as she was helped up from the sofa. She picked up her bra and put it on as Shola handed my wife her dress and shoes. However her tights and thong were ripped beyond belief and they were left in the corner of the room.

"Will you be OK to drive?" Joel asked.

Andrea nodded in reply, "Yes I should be OK".

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### **PART 3**

I finally arrived home at about seven thirty after driving around in a daze. I had no idea what condition Andrea would be in, or if she would even be home.

I breathed a sigh of relief when I saw her car on the drive.

Andrea was dressed in a pair of baggy linen trousers and a "T" shirt. Her hair was wet. I guessed that she had showered when she had come home.

I gently kissed her and asked if she had, had a nice day.

Andrea shrugged her shoulders, "OK nothing special." She replied.

The next few days were spent as normal and she gave no indication or clue of what I knew had happened to her.

I made no attempt to have sex with her, but that wasn't unusual. For the first time in two years she didn't go out with her friends on the Friday night. We watched a video instead. When I arrived home, after a game of golf, on the Sunday afternoon, Andrea was waiting for me in the lounge. I did a double take when I saw that she was dressed in one of her 'Friday outfits'. A sexy, low cut, black top, short cream skirt, natural hold up stockings and black shoes. She obviously wasn't wearing a bra. Her tits jiggled as she walked across the room.

She looked straight into my eyes and said, "I want you to fuck me."

I was in shock as she rarely if ever used language like that. I nodded meekly. She went upstairs to the bedroom and I followed her. Once inside we immediately started kissing. She squeezed my erect cock through my trousers. I put my hand up the back of her short skirt and started groping her arse and stroking her stockings.

"Are you going to fuck me or what?" she whispered.

I pushed her onto the bed and pulled up her black top to reveal her naked breasts. I started to kiss her nipples softly, and to my surprise Andrea grabbed my hair.

"Don't fuck about are you here to fuck me or what?" She screamed.

"What the hell are you doing", I shouted back.

"Fuck me!" she demanded.

I put my hand up her skirt in an attempt to take her knickers off, but she grabbed my wrist and stopped me.

My mind was racing. Andrea had never acted like this before. I knocked her hand out of the way and grabbed the hem of her white knickers and pulled them down. She fought to keep them up. They ripped as I pulled them over her ankles. I spread her legs with my knee and climbed on top of her.

"Get off me you bastard, get off me!" There was a haunted look in her eyes as she started punching and slapping me.

Oh yes! This was what I'd fantasised about for years!

I pulled her hands above her head with one hand and with the other I pushed my cock into her soaking wet fanny. She was very, very wet and her fanny was a lot looser than it had been the last

time that we'd made love.

As I fucked her she bucked and bounced. With my arm holding her hands in place I fucked her as roughly as possible. When she wrapped her legs around my waist she started to scream with pleasure. My cock's not particularly big, but her fanny was so loose it hardly had any grip. If it had not been for the fact that I was so turned on I would never have cum inside her.

When I did it was the best orgasm that I'd ever had. Andrea rolled me onto my back and fucked my limp dick until she had her own earth shattering orgasm.

We had sex every night for the next ten days, and the theme was always the same. We were getting through knickers, bras and stockings at an alarming rate, as I had to rip them from her body to turn her on.

It was obvious to me that her recent experience had changed her attitude towards sex. She now craved rough sex, and frankly I was into it as much as she was.

After about three weeks of this orgy of forced sex, things changed and Andrea seemed to lose all interest in sex with me.

We never talked about this 'mad period', and eventually our sex life reverted back to 'once or twice a week'. It wasn't bad - she would suck my cock, but it wasn't what I craved for. She continued going out on Friday nights, coming home later than usual. From the state of her hair and clothing I guessed that she was having sex with strangers on these nights. I knew she had been through a peculiar experience and gave her plenty of space.

One rainy Sunday afternoon when I had got back from playing golf, I went upstairs and put my wet clothes into the laundry basket. Andrea had gone to her sister's house. To my surprise I noticed a new black lace thong in the basket. I picked them up and noticed a fresh spunk stain on the gusset and it wasn't mine - there was far too much! There was, also, a torn pair of Andrea's black stockings in the waste-bin beside the bed.

I checked the bedrooms and couldn't find any evidence that she had brought anyone home.

Sadly I didn't mention anything to her.

I checked the washing basket every Sunday when I returned home. Each week there would be a soiled pair of pants and usually a torn pair of nylons. I became infatuated and wanted to know what my wife was getting upto now.

One Sunday morning I had got up at my normal time and went to play golf leaving Andrea still in bed.

What I actually did was pull into a side road by our house and wait for my wife to come out and follow her. I was only waiting for about 20 minutes when I saw her car drive past. I followed her.

She was driving quite fast and I got caught at some traffic lights as she turned onto a local housing estate.

I finally started to follow her again but she was nowhere to be found, so I started a systematic search of all the roads. It took me the best part of an hour to find her car. I couldn't tell which house she was in so parked up the road and waited for her to come out of one of them.

Within a few minutes she emerged from a terraced house dressed in a black silk top and short white skirt with black stockings. With a self-satisfied look on her face she got into her car before I could get out of mine.

I don't know what possessed me but I went to the house and started banging on the door. To my absolute surprise George, the old man from the scrapyard answered.

"Hello?" he said.

"George?" I stammered, "My wife has just come out of here. What was she doing with you? " I demanded to know.

His face broke into a grin; "Ah you're Rob, Andrea's husband?"

"Yes, I am. Now what's going on?"

"Ha, ha, come in." he told me as he guided me into his living room.

The old man sensed my vulnerability regarding my wife's new found sexual cravings. "Young Andrea has been visiting me for the past two months, every Sunday morning, regular as clockwork. She'll be around again next weekend as usual. Trust me!" The grin on his face was making me sick.

"It's probably best if you come back next week and have a look for yourself." the old man laughed. "Get here about 10 o'clock, and you'll have another treat. I'll make sure that she doesn't see you. Just like last time!"

He was now laughing at my inability to stop this nightmare.

"Honestly, son, I would rather you see for yourself what she gets up to, then you'll see that I'm not to blame." George looked as if he could piss himself; he was laughing so much.

I knew I was not going to get anything further from him so I left, and went back to my car.

Andrea was in the kitchen when I returned home. She looked up from the washing machine, that she was loading clothes into.

"You're early." She smiled at me.

"Oh, there was a competition on, so I decided to come home," I lied when I realised that I was meant to be playing golf.

Andrea was her usual pleasant self, unusually so, for the rest of the day. I couldn't stop wondering what she was getting up to with such an old man.

I counted the day's to the following Sunday.

I was up and about earlier than usual, again leaving Andrea still in bed. This week instead of playing golf I headed straight for the old man's house and parked my car in the next road.

I knocked on his door. He answered straight away.

"Ha, ha, ha. I've been expecting you." the old man laughed.

He gave me a cup of tea before showing me the 'peep hole' that he'd made in the cupboard door that



faced into the living room.

I tried to get him to open up about what he and my wife got up to, but he just laughed in my face. All he would tell me was "it wasn't just him, that she came to see". About half an hour later I heard a knock on his door.

"In you go, and don't make any fucking noise!" He told me. I obliged. He had placed a chair and a box of tissues inside for me.

The door opened and the old man greeted her, "Hello Andrea, sweetheart."

"Hello Mr Hardy" I heard her reply. He followed Andrea into the front room. I could see my wife dressed in a new white dress. As Mr Hardy sat on the sofa Andrea stood in front of him and lifted hem up to her waist revealing her white stockings and suspenders with a matching white silky thong much to his delight.

He stroked her crotch with his stubby fingers, making Andrea shiver with delight.

"Do you want to lick me?" she asked him.

"What do you think?" he cackled, as she pulled her white thong to one side exposing a freshly trimmed bush.

The old man buried his face in her pussy, making Andrea gasp. He kept licking for about five minutes stroking her arse and legs at the same time. Andrea held onto his bald head, pulling his face tighter against her pussy making her more and more horny.

"That's enough for now." He told her as he wiped her juices off his mouth with the back of his hand.

Andrea then pulled her thong back into place and took off her white dress; she had no bra on and stood in the room in just her stockings, suspenders, knickers and shoes.

"Have you got the money for me?" George asked her.

She smiled and bent over to pick up her bag, giving me a perfect view of her tiny arse. It always looked very sexy in her tiny thongs, especially so when she wore stockings like today.

"Of course I have, silly." She chuckled as she handed him a number of brown notes. Probably for my attention he counted it out - £60.

My mind was racing. After everything that she had been through in the last few months surely she wasn't paying this old man for sex, was she?

Andrea tweaked her already stiff nipples, "OK I'm ready now, go and get him." She said in an excited voice.

As Mr Hardy left the room, I watched my wife take her knickers off and throw them onto the chair. She knelt on a sheepskin rug and nonchalantly fingered herself. At one stage she withdrew two fingers and grinned as she looked at the copious amount of her love juice that covered them. My cock was absolutely aching in my pants as she smeared it onto her pink nipples. I could see from where I was that she was enjoying herself as much as I was.

As I was watching her, Mr Hardy came back in the room holding a big, black Labrador dog by the collar.

“Hello boy!” Andrea nearly screeched as she held her arms out to greet it.

George let go and the dog ran straight across the small room. Its tail was wagging like a windmill.

Andrea hugged the dog as it licked her face like a long lost friend. A moment or two later it sensed her juices on her nipples. Her eyes expanded as its pink tongue flicked from one tit to the other, lapping up her scent.

Andrea shuffled onto her back; opening her stocking covered legs as wide as possible. The Labrador knew exactly what to do, and buried its cold, black snout right in the middle of her sloppy cunt.

It sniffed and licked Andrea’s wet fanny for a couple of minutes which seemed to really get her going, she was shaking her head and panting for breath. By the look of its red cock, which was sticking out of its sheath by 5 or 6 inches the dog was as turned on as my wife. She sat up and slid her hand under its belly until she touched its slimy cock. Her eyes twinkled like stars as she ran her fingers along the shiny shaft.

The dogs cock was ugly beyond belief, bright red and covered in horrible blue veins.

“OVER! Sam! Over!” Mr Hardy shouted. The dog looked up from my wife’s dripping cunt and reluctantly lay on its side.

Andrea moved again until she was lying with her face alongside its huge cock.

My stomach turned over as she kissed the tip before she ran her tongue along the length. She smiled at Mr Hardy as she placed her mouth over the floppy end. My spunk splashed all over the cupboard door as she sucked on the dog’s horrible cock. Andrea opened her legs so the dog could continue licking her in a ‘69 type’ position. She devoured the doggy cock for nearly five minutes, sucking and licking it in a way that she’d only recently done to me. At one stage she appeared to lick some pre-cum from the hole in the tip.

“It’s time, it’s time.” Andrea panted after she had a small orgasm, “hold him for me.”

Mr Hardy grabbed the dog by the collar and dragged it away from her.

The dog growled and jerked as it tried to get back at my young wife.

Andrea turned over until she was on all fours, with her cute arse facing them.

Mr Hardy let the dog go. With its tongue dangling from the side of its mouth it mounted my darling wife, in such a way that it was obvious it was not the first time that they had done this act.

The dog slowly sank its cock into her dripping cunt until all 8 or 9 inches were inside her. Andrea immediately started grunting and panting in ecstasy.

Mr Hardy had put white socks on its feet to stop it scratching her. (Very thoughtful!). Then its ‘knot’ expanded and bashed against her labia until it was inside her too. I have to admit I was really turned on, as it looked so filthy.

My wife dressed in white stockings and suspenders was on all fours having her cunt fucked by a big black dog. I could see her erect nipples as her tits swayed as the dog pounded her. The faster she was being fucked the louder her cries of pleasure became.

“Oh GOD!” she screamed as the dog rammed her pussy, “I’m on fire! Fuck me, fuck me! Oh shit this

is good! So fucking good! Faster, faster, faster. Fuck me harder, harder. Oh SSShhhiitttt!”

Andrea tried to meet each of the dog’s forward thrusts with one of her own.

“Oh my fucking God! This is unbelievable!” She gasped as orgasm after orgasm flooded her body.

The dog began to spill drool and yelp as it gave one final heave, nearly knocking Andrea over, as it, too, had an orgasm. Only the dogs’ cum was deep inside my wife’s hot cunt. Just like a man, the dog gave a few short strokes as it emptied the last of its seed into his bitch.

Andrea flopped on the rug with the dog still attached by the knot. It took 2 or 3 minutes for the dog to relax enough for Mr Hardy to pull its fat cock out her stretched cunt. Andrea turned onto her back and pushed her small hand into her massive orifice and began fisting herself. Her mouth hung open and her eyes bulged as her cum smeared hand became a blur.

Mr Hardy looked over at the cupboard where I was hiding and grinned at me, as Andrea screamed, “AAAAAaaaaaagggghhhh, fffuuuuuccckkkk, I’m cccuuuummmmmiiiiinnng!”.

Her body trembled with the biggest orgasm that I’d ever seen her have.

Hardy grabbed the dog by the collar and dragged it from the room.

Andrea still lay on the rug, legs wide apart playing with herself, as strings of grey doggy spunk poured from her hole.

“Are you going to finish me off then, sweetheart?” Hardy asked her as he dropped his pants, revealing a short fat circumcised cock.

Andrea smiled and nodded.

She knelt in front of him and bobbed her head up and down on his cock.

“Good girl!” he told her as he stroked her hair, “You like sucking my dog, don’t you?” he asked Andrea, but looked at my cupboard.

She nodded as her fingers tickled his balls. “You like being fucked by dogs, don’t you?” He continued, still looking at me. Andrea nodded, as she slipped her fingers back into her dripping cunt.

“Would you like my dog to fuck you while you suck another one off?” He laughed, as she nodded, gagged on his cum, and orgasmed at the same time.

“Ha, ha, ha!” He laughed, “That’ll cost you a lot more money, but you’d pay extra, wouldn’t you?”

Andrea was now sitting at his feet grinning as she nodded, then pleaded, “Could you really fix that up for me? How much would it cost?”

“We’ll see, my pretty, we’ll see.” Hardy laughed as he stood up. “I don’t want to rush you, sweetheart, but I’ve got things to do.” Hardy told her as he handed Andrea her tiny thong. Andrea wiped her mouth with a tissue and put her knickers and dress on.

As she walked to the door, Hardy asked, “Same time next week?”

“Of course,” My wife told him as she turned and smiled “Could you really get me two dogs?”

Hardy put his hand up her dress and squeezed her arse, "We'll see."

As the door closed, I climbed out of my cupboard, still with my trousers around my ankles. "So," he told me, "You enjoyed that too!"

I tried not to look at him as I tucked my shirt into my pants.

"Do you want to come back next week as well?. 'Cos if you do it'll cost you £30." He told me as he switched off the camcorder that he'd hidden from my wife.

Disgusted with myself, I agreed.

He went on to tell me that Andrea had gone back to the scrapyard several times in the weeks after her abduction and had willingly made two more gang-bang films with Lenny and his gang. But it was the German Shepherd that she enjoyed most and Lenny had filmed her three times with it - sucking and fucking for an hour each time.

Lenny had soon been arrested on an armed robbery charge, so the film business stopped. A month later Andrea had gone back to the scrapyard looking for them, but only found George / Mr Hardy.

He arranged for her to come to his house and fuck his dog for £60 a time.

"She loves doggy cock so much, she has come here every Sunday for two months, and pays for the privilege." He laughed at my embarrassment.

He then sold me three of his videos of my wife having sex with dogs.