

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



My sister-in-law Rose Mulligan was one of those women that liked to be in the driver's seat when it came to almost anything imaginable even when it came to telling her male partners where to place their cocks, how deep to go, and even when to flood her demanding quim with their stored-up juices at exactly the moment she knew her orgasm was most likely.

I had even given her what she wanted on more than a few occasions because I would be the first one to admit she had the sweetest ass in all creation and she was about as juicy as any female could possibly be and still be ready for more humping no matter how tired one could get after a hard day's night.

I remembered with great clarity how high she would push her ass up for hard cock without saying a single word but grunting like a schoolgirl when she got it right in that place that set her all on fire deep down inside where her lust was brightest in those hours after midnight when most married folks were sound asleep getting all refreshed for the next day's work in places they hated and surrounded by people they found to be boring and totally unable to even give it up or get it up whichever the case might be.

Rose was one of those thirty-something females that pretended she was too high-class to use her mouth to satisfy a gentleman's oral desires or to bent over for some sensuous sodomy that rang some happy male's anal-sex loving chimes in ways that she appreciated from start to finish.

Still, she was a quick study in "bread and potatoes" missionary humping after almost two decades of spirited humping and still maintained a tight entryway with a lot of emphasis on staying ready, willing and able to give it all up without objection on any day but Sunday because she was much too religious to ignore that special day for the direct talk with the Lord about his not delivering her much needed manly spunk in ways that made her tingle with special passion for carnal rewards whilst she was still young and nubile and ready to take it wherever and whenever some horny player had a yen to check her out. In a way, she knew it wasn't quite appropriate to be asking for getting humped more frequently because that was not in the good book as a proper way to pray.

My now dearly departed spouse was never fully aware of how many times I had serviced her sister's needy pussy and it was probably a good thing because to every indication she was a jealous bitch if the truth be known and I would never say that out loud because it would be far too disrespectful of the deceased and not a subject for mixed company at all.

Now that my sister-in-law was on her own she had started to lean on me for more and more of my time to the extent that I would sometimes fall asleep at my desk at work prompting my female boss to ask me pointblank,

"What the hell are you doing at night when you should be sleeping, you naughty, naughty man?"

It had gotten to the point that I was seriously thinking of moving to another State just to escape my nocturnal duties with my over-sexed sister-in-law because I was not the sort of brother-in-law to ignore a woman's needs.

In desperation, I purchased a huge Rottweiler from a fighting club downtown that was rumored to be most attracted to female humans much more than the four legged variety of bitches that roamed the dog parks with scented flanks and whining whimpers that attracted all sorts of horny male dogs from far and wide.

The Rottweiler had mounted his share of those barking dogs.

He found the human bitches to be far more satisfying because they made more noise and fuss when he was knotted inside them. It was his way that made him feel like a mighty king of humping and master of their sweet asses.

He loved their spread out buttocks wide and open for his happy pounding.

He loved their fearful looks over their long-haired shoulders.

He loved their grunts of pleasure.

It all added up to make him nibble at their tiny little delicate earlobes with his gentle bite.

The horny Rottweiler knew it would show them he could give them pain if they so desired that as well.

Suddenly, Rose was getting all she wanted in the middle of the night.

The sex-crazed Rottweiler was humping her so often that she was constantly taking showers to wash the doggy spunk from her feminine folds and her heavily used rear door star. Rose was awash in the Rottweiler's sticky seeds like some bitch running wild in the streets for any dog to hump. She had to get the scent off her or wind up raped by some strange dog with her heated scent sending out signals that any self-respecting male dog could not ignore without being accused of lazy attitude and very little common sense.

When she walked around the house wearing only her panties, the Rottweiler would lick her front and back until she dropped down on all fours and gave him his due reward for being a "good doggy".

In a way, Rose was perfectly matched to the Rottweiler because she had lots of stamina and the energy of a cheerleader on steroids when it came to humping morning, noon and nighttime too.

Eventually, the Rottweiler ran away from the happy home because the stress became too great even for his happy humping attitude. He escaped the dog catcher and found a home with a pair of female Dalmatians and a middle-aged teacher that needed some Rottweiler loving in the middle of the night. The trio of needy females kept him busy but it was never as bad as poor Rose and her greedy pussy that wore him to a frazzle.

Of course, he would never admit it any other dog because it would seem a sign of weakness but he really pitied her brother-in-law because that poor man had his work cut out for him and that was a fact you could take to the bank and deposit in a vault with no interest but lots of value in understanding the facts of life.

Rose was smart enough to know her brother-in-law would not survive his recently departed spouse much longer if he was required to meet all her needs.

She went to the pound and found a pair of solid black Labradors that seemed to work as a team.

They showed her some new tricks in three way humping and she was constantly licked and humped in tandem all through the night. They took turns on her sweet scented pussy and eager pucker showing her their tag-team approach to orgasm and she loved every minute of it.

She even saved some time for her brother-in-law to get some late at night.

Between the three of them, she was able to reach that plateau of orgasm so often that she might just

as well stayed there and waiting for the next one to begin.

Fortunately, her Aunt Bee's two daughters, Faith and Hope came visiting and they told her that Charity was not far behind. Those two girls were taken by the black Labradors and Rose was inspired by their black fur rubbing all over the girl's pale white skin in a contrast that was matched with the sounds of two dogs barking and two girls moaning in unison as they were humped like a pair of bookends right in the middle of the fluffy white carpet.

Rose got right down there with them and gave the girls a bit of respite as the pair of dogs switched to hump her hard and heavy for the better part of an hour in the middle of the night.

It was fortunate that the following night, the ever horny Charity showed up with her best friend Tammy Sue to tempt the Labradors into humping the quartet of teenagers and Rose as a bonus in the bargain.

I watched that brace of Labradors work themselves into a lather servicing all that female pussy running around the house and I managed to hit on a couple of the teenagers here and there when things slowed down long enough for me to nail them over the back of the white leather sofa or even standing up over the ironing board like they were soothing out the wrinkles in my shirts with their pussy hairs all up under my collar in a way that was not hygienic or terribly good practice in dressing for work or school.

When those two dogs passed up into doggy heaven, I was left with my sister-in-law Rose as well as Faith, Hope and Charity and a girl called Tammy Sue to boot.

It seemed a job that I much desired but knew it would surely be my end.

That was when I decided to advertise the house as a place for horny husbands to de-stress their need for pussy and for eager frat boys to find some easy tutoring in matters of the heart.

We had a steady stream of customers and those women worked their tails off keeping all the clients happy whilst I pocketed the cash. It was a win-win all the way and I was a bit surprised that my sister-in-law Rose decided to make another visit to the pound to find a Great Dane with a history of frenzied licking that wore out a string of happy mistresses and sent disappointed husbands to bed without pussy to ease their needs.

The Great Dane did duty for all the women from time to time, but he concentrated on satisfying my sister-in-law Rose most of all because she was the one that had rescued him from the termination sentence dished out to all unclaimed dogs and cats each and every month like some sort of strange solution to the unwanted pet program for the county.

I had taken a liking to the nineteen year old student called Faith because she was an oral youngster that loved to use her tongue in ways that my dearly departed spouse used on me with great effectiveness for many years.

I never tired of holding her pretty little head steady between my legs and draining my spunk into her lovely lips with a gentle spurting of manly liquids that she could handle with great skill and swallow all the way down into her youthful tummy with the dexterity of a much more mature woman. I generally wiped her face clean with tissues and then kissed her tenderly with lots of tongue action deep inside to show her how much I appreciated her supreme effort to give me what I wanted in this juncture of my life. We both seemed more than happy with the mutual accord of love-making and none of the other females were so inclined to ease my needs for humping with so many clients passing through our front door both day and night.

It was a happy household with the girls all getting all the humping they could possibly handle, with my sister-in-law Rose getting her happy humping and her doggy treats from the Great Dane on the side and I was obviously happy because I had the beautiful Faith to tend to my nocturnal needs like some angel from heaven that used her lovely tongue to lick me into submission and seldom used her mouth to actually form words like females tend to do in most situations.

It was the best of all worlds and we all tended to leave well enough alone not wanting to rock the boat of free flowing sperm and female orgasms that never stopped once the traffic got hot and heavy with clients eager to spend their seeds in between the legs of my four teenaged nymphets and Rose with her always ready pussy looking for rough treatment in the middle of the night.

My thoughts of leaving the State ended with the success of our new business set up and our cash flow problems ended once and for all.

I was not surprised when Rose went back to the pound and got another discarded German Shepherd with a gleam in his eye for the four teenagers running around the house wearing only bras and panties in the middle of the day like we were always getting ready for clients at the drop of a hat.