

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



Years ago, aged twenty two I met a man fifteen years my senior. I'll call him Paddy. He had been married before he met me and also lived with several women in various parts of the world, having been a mate on cargo ships, mostly under foreign flags. He was Irish by birth and like so many of his countrymen he could charm the birds from the trees with his twinkling eyes and confident patter. Women were putty in his hands, including me. (I was married to someone else at the time.)

My husband Mike was young, attractive and ambitious. A nice guy in all respects but totally inadequate for me sexually. A brief affair with Paddy resulted in the first climax of my young life. When his ship left Port I quite literally followed him North, I left my husband of two years without even a backward glance. Through the shipping company I traced Paddy back to a small flat he owned up in Liverpool, caught up with him there and ended up living there with him in a sexy haze for three months while he reduced the size of his bank account, shore leave entitlement and large scrotum.

He was offered a mate's job on a tanker and suggested I could travel with him on it but the company insisted only married crew takes wives with them on their ships. On reflection I think that was probably the only reason he married me! I got a quickie divorce by letting my husband keep everything we had and married Paddy in a register office in Essex. We sailed for the Persian Gulf that week. It was a good life on the BP Tanker, lying around in the swimming pool all day, sun, lots of nice food and plenty of sex... I loved it. We sailed literally all over the world for almost two years on various ships, mostly large black oil tankers carrying crude.

Paddy was a very sexual man and liked to be verbal during sex and his partner to be the same, fantasizing all manner of sexual "deviations" including threesomes with both sexes and even dogs. He said several women had "performed" with dogs for him in South America and he had loved it. Within a few weeks I had progressed from just listening to, 'imagining' for him that I too was being fucked by a dog, enjoying it and telling him what it felt like... (I couldn't be accurate then though, I didn't know!

He also liked me to "tease" other men! Sometimes he would have me sit in a deckchair sunbathing by the pool, in a beach skirt with no bikini bottom on, "accidentally" letting the Chinese crewmen coming past get a glance at my knee's apart open pussy. It turned him on, seeing them finding a dozen excuses to keep walking past me glancing up my skirt... It turned me on too, having the only pussy between the 30 or so hard cocks on board that ship and Venezuela, three thousand miles to the west.

On another trip I had my first experience of threesome sex, two cocks up me at once. We were having a few too many drinks in our cabin with a young third officer who Paddy knew fancied me. We all had a bit too much to drink and when he went out to pee he asked me to show more leg and give him a 'treat.' It started with me "teasing" him but I ended up totally naked after a game of "strip poker" and then blatantly playing with myself and giving them both a "display." In the end they both fucked me silly, together, then again one after the other again and even again after I'd sucked them both hard in turn. I was sore for days...

The rest of the trip was a bit embarrassing really, for all of us, I think the story "went the rounds". Paddy was first officer and was 2nd in command of the whole ship... one didn't "do" such things in the "Officers Mess". We ended up leaving that ship (and BP) a week or so later when we got back to Tilbury, I think he was "asked" to by the Captain. (A lecherous, jealous old bastard!

Paddy had a coastal Masters ticket and went skipper on the coast for a while but didn't like it much,

he was a deep water man he said. In truth he was always in trouble for not meeting deadlines. He once put a Collier bound for Rotterdam in at Shoreham with a 'suspected' steering gear malfunction and told me to drive over from Bournemouth to meet him there. The reason? I told him on the RT I was horny and desperately needed to be fucked. Thankfully for the ships owners he left the sea altogether about another six months later and we bought a boatyard on the South Coast with his redundancy payoffs.

He was an undisputedly brilliant sailor and the yard meant we always had a decent boat ourselves to use, although we kept selling them and using another until that too was "done up" ready for sale. Locals in Bournemouth and the Isle of White ports must have thought we were millionaires, we rarely took in the same boat in twice and some of them really were class boats, forty footers or more he'd picked up through Greek agents. He bought dozens of badly neglected (but sound) boats cheap down the Med, and sailed them back to the UK to completely re-fit, re-paint and sell again in the Solent. He made a fortune doing it (at first.)

We were party animals and at first we earned plenty of money from boat sales to do it. Paddy was a hard drinking, fun loving character who loved every aspect of sex. We had lots more threesome fun with several women and couples, usually out on the various boats. I did eventually consent to have sex with a German Shepherd dog, "for him".

He borrowed it from a pub for that very purpose. I certainly wasn't going to be outdone by some Brazilian floozy in turning on my man! I went "into it" heart and soul and took to it like a duck to water. It was even nicer than I'd imagined it, just a bit "quicker"

But it felt so deliciously "dirty and wanton" when I felt it coming in me. Paddy was nearly passing out with excitement watching it at close quarters.

He'd get behind the dog and get me to rock my pussy gently back and forwards onto its swollen up cock while he held him still to stop him jumping down. He would whisper excitingly "gross" things in my ear that would have disgusted me normally like,

"Go on, milk him dry, squeeze his cock harder, you're his randy bitch now. He wants to stretch you apart and flood your cunt with his spunk." ( As if I needed telling, I could feel it all right, hot and splashing come against my cervix and stretching me as his dick seemed to be swelling even bigger)

As it happened I didn't need any acting skills. I was so turned on doing it after fantasizing about it for months for that I came as soon as I felt the dogs cock slip into me. I liked it (a lot) and we did it again, two or three times, even getting our own dog later, a Collie. We had him for three or four years and he had sex with me regularly during all that time but sadly he got killed in a road accident. It honestly was like losing a lover. I was totally devastated. There again, just like Paddy, he consoled me at the time when the vet said he couldn't save him.

"It really is a crying shame but look what a life he had Di, that Mutt had more fun in his short life than catching a few frisbies!

It was true — I went on to have sex with several more dogs over the next few years we were living together too, that part did not really affect me at all then but later the swinging did. I went off that totally after about six or seven years, I hated it.

What creased me was the phony attitude of some of the couples, the females especially. Paddy often talked of, "That time in Singapore when you did so and so" or show real photographs of us in ports all over the world but never mentioned the fact that it was actually courtesy of BP or Shell tankers. He didn't say so but it generally was always assumed by all listening that we'd been to these exotic

locations on his various luxury yachts, not crewing oil tankers. The young women that were half his age were far more impressed by different boats he kept inviting them onto, then “got fed with and changed ” than they should have been, it was all Blarney. Far from the owner of a small boatyard hardly turning a profit, they thought he was Onasis. Being the total womanizer he was he naturally took full advantage of the fact. He was now taking more and more advantage of the “gold mining” young women or the couples we met too and I suppose I just got jealous. I wasn’t getting that much from sex with the husbands actually, I honestly would have preferred for just he and I to have a kinky dog session. It got so I more and more just ‘went along’ with the swinging and eventually really started to hate it.

The crunch came when he sort of “set up” an evening with a swinging couple I didn’t realize were from near our own locality. We met at a drunken party in Poole and gone on back home with them. It ended up we did swap but all fucked in separate rooms. Afterwards, later in the evening on our own the wife asked me something which left me stunned and totally embarrassed.

I was helping her bring snacks through from the kitchen for the men when she suddenly whispered in confidence.

“God, have you honestly been fucked by a dog? wow, I’ve seen it on videos but God, but what does it feel like?

Stunned, I pretended to be a little drunk and she went and got Paddy and I said I felt sick and wanted to go home. – I did!

Later, in the car on the way home I furiously turned on him about it. He admitted he had told her stuff about me but in supposed confidence, to “reassure” her he said. I’d been quiet at first and Paddy said she’d only been worried that I wouldn’t go along with things and let her husband fuck me like she was already doing with him.

He’d laughed and told her, “not to worry,” He’d added I was so horny for it I’d probably let myself get fucked by a dog again too if they’d had one there, let alone her husband.

I was absolutely furious. These were strangers but living in the same town, they could soon talk or pass it on or find our address. Crazy! Fucking her with her dildo or getting her husbands cock gets back-biting gossip at worst, fucking with a dog can get me in a shit load more trouble than that.! I was mortified that he’d told her. I was upset with him, and stayed that way.

I suddenly realized I was getting well over my head with all this kinky sex. I now had a good legal job that I liked and certainly didn’t want to be pasted all over the Sunday papers. I took my stand, meant it and stood by what I’d said.

I refused to go along with any more swinging or kinky sessions anywhere that he suggested after that. I simply turned off...

All kinky sex was out. I was happy to have normal marital sex with each other but gradually that petered out too. We just didn’t do it anymore. I guessed Paddy wasn’t a guy to be doing without and must be having an affair. A year later I found out he was.

It was with someone ten years younger than I was who worked part time in the yard and I found she had now started occasionally crewing for him, up from the Med. (Oh yes?) It went on for a while, with rows and accusations of who’s fault it all was and then he suddenly upped, left and went to live with her. We split almost exactly eight years to the day from being married in Essex.

Our divorce was bad, lots of insults and accusations then flew around both ways. I felt a pervert over some of the things he said to me and threatened to bring up. I didn't even fight for half the boatyard but he was fair with the house I suppose, he let me keep it and I gave in about the yard. I just felt bitter and I suppose jealous of her.

I totally went off sex all together for about two years, even solo sex, I was just non-sexual, no dates, no sexy thoughts, nothing.

I wore my sackcloth and ashes hard over my previous sex deviations for a few years, at first I really hated myself for what I'd "done." The "dog" thing was the worst guilt trip I suppose. I felt a total pervert for actually "doing it" with dogs but I told myself mentally that it had all been down to his 'encouragement'. I'd done it all "for him", not me. He "made" me...

I know now this was totally untrue but in my mind then I had started to believe it myself! I brainwashed myself into a sort of mental 'get out'. It all creased me mentally after the divorce, for perhaps three years in all. I felt awful and just shut it all out, I really did feel like a pervert over my past. I hated sex or even feeling remotely sexy myself. I shut sex out. Paddy married his "cabin boy" after our divorce and being a sailor like him she was much more "use" to him in the boatyard. The business got back on its feet again (in truth due to her partnership influx) and I decide to leave the South Coast and all the memories. She was, in fact, better for him.

By now I had qualified legally and could work freelance, from anywhere that I could install a computer. I sold up and I moved to North Yorkshire, again in a very remote area. Just me, the moors and a cat. I worked Freelance from home and made a good living.

A couple of years later I met Paddy at a family funeral over in Ireland and I quietly gave him a hard time in the corner of a pub afterwards, blaming him alone for all the kinky sex games but he denied that vehemently and said he could prove it. He said that I'd forgotten and shut it out and he'd prove without hurting me it took "two to tango." Then I couldn't deny it, even to myself.

He asked for my address in Yorkshire and the bastard sent me a sealed audio cassettes tape (that I didn't even know he'd made) and a few Polaroid photos from the time when we were active with the different dogs. On the tape I'm almost begging for it,

"I've had enough licking, let Ruff fuck me now, I'm so hot for him?" It's my voice, there's no denying that! I remembered the photos but not the tapes. I knew he had taken a few old Polaroid's but thought he'd burnt them all when I asked him to years ago.

He offered to come a visit me at my cottage one weekend and bring me the rest of the original tapes and Polaroid's to destroy if I wanted but I declined, saying instead that I'd meet him at a remote pub high on the Yorkshire Moors a week or so later. We did...

We met as I'd arranged on a quiet weekday afternoon and talked quietly at a corner table. He said he felt bad because I'd implied he had "forced" me into having sex with dogs and he knew he'd never done that with anyone.

All he wanted in return was for the tapes to prove it and make me to at least admit I'd enjoyed doing it as much as he had watching!

We went out and listened to the other audio tapes in my car. Faced with the tapes and obvious enjoyment on my face in the old photos I had to finally admit he was right and I obviously hadn't been "forced" into doing anything when we were married.

I'd forgotten, or blanked it out of my mind, but hell, he even reminded me of the times that I'd done it solo with our Ruff!

I agreed but said I felt perverted admitting it, I bet his other women wouldn't have screwed Ruff, without him even being present.

He just smiled, winked back and said, "Well, I have a boxer dog at home right now, and I'm here. What do you think he's for?"

When I looked him incredulously he just smiled and pretended he was joking but reminded me quietly that I already knew I'd been just one of seven women over 40 years that he'd married or had serious relationships with, true, I did. (Three wives, (one before and one after me) and three lovers he'd lived with over a year. I also knew about a long term affair with a married woman he'd met during his first marriage called, Jenny. About the same age as he was. (He was probably still seeing her.)

He smiled again and asked if I'd honestly feel better if I had some true statistics, blarney apart? When I nodded he asked me to get out and get into his car instead. We left my car there at the pub and drove for a while to a remote beauty spot parking place.

"No tape recorder here" he said. "Right girl. I'll tell you the whole truth but I'm not mentioning any names at all, you'll just have to imagine or work it out for yourself all the 'who's who's and 'who did what's.' Remember this is all in confidence too, I don't kiss and tell, about anyone, but you do deserve to know you are far, far from alone in doing what happened between us and the dogs!"

"Do you remember me telling you about Kathleen? (his cousin) I nodded that I did. "Well I told it to a few more women too and believe it or not it sounds even sexier told in Brazilian Portuguese!" (Paddy was so fluent he could pass as a Spaniard in Spain.)

I did remember the sexy story he'd told me in pillow talk years ago, even before we married, but my version had been English.

Briefly the story was why he'd been "smitten" over dogs having sex with women since aged about 15. He'd seen his older cousin taking one of his Uncles farm dogs into the barn. She'd then disappeared through into a small hidden secret "den" hollowed out from hay bales that they all sometimes played in. More out of curiosity he'd then climbed quietly up on the outside of the stack and spied down on her in the den below while hidden from her view, way up on top of the hay. She'd had her dress lifted up and her pants to one side and was allowing the farm dog to lick her, obviously enjoying it as she rubbed herself at the same time.

She then went on to masturbate the dog too making him buck his hips frantically and fuck her hand. Paddy's rapidly hardening young cock was soon out of his trousers and he masturbated frantically too, watching her play with herself as she jacked off the dog onto the hay. It was his first real "sexual" experience and the knowledge that girls "did it too" and even to a dog had turned him on ever since. A first thrill? Understandable I suppose. Kathleen had been convent educated he said, was about three years older than him and acted as though butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. Now he knew different. He never did dare confront her about what he'd seen but the thrill of what he'd witnessed had simply made an impression that stuck with him for life...

He went on quietly that he'd told that true tale to every single woman of the seven he'd lived with. Most had been curious, asked questions etc. Only one hadn't been turned on by it and had point blank refused to go along with any more dog fantasies he'd started off in pillow talk. She had appeared genuinely shocked when he also said he'd love to see a dog licking her pussy too. It was a

taboo subject, even when he raised it again a second time months later it was silenced again as "bloody disgusting." That's only one "no, no" from seven. But.

#### WOMEN BEING TURNED ON BY DOG SEX STATISTICS!

That means 85% of us were turned on by hearing the story.

All the other six of us had all pretended to be shocked but eventually been fairly easily persuaded to join in talking about it in fantasy during sex, imagining it, then eventually "doing it" too as a "dare" or sexy forfeit during sex games, usually after a glass of wine or two. Once the ice was broken and we had dipped our toes in the waters all six of us went on to happily repeat doing it again and let a dog lick us again, just for him! (?)

That means 85% of us did get dog licked too, like Kathleen.

Only one of those six confirmed dog licked "sinners" refused to go further and "touch" the dog's cock! -"In return, after all, he's doing it nicely for you!" Five of us went ahead and had eagerly masturbated the dog to a climax once he played with its cock first to show us how to make him come.

That means 71% of us have played with a dog's cock too, just like Kathleen did.

The five of us who did masturbate the dog were now persuaded into the next round which was,

"Try going over onto your knee's, just to see what he'll do".

One said, "No, I honestly don't mind doing this or him licking me either but I really don't want to do anything else or go any further, its gross. "

Four said, "Oh, go on then! Do you think he'll really try to fuck me?"

Four out of Paddy's seven women then were ridiculously easily persuaded to kneel over a couch and "present" our naked butts to a dog to slaver over in the full knowledge that we had just helped it get a hard on. It was blatantly odd's on that unless it died of ecstasy in the next few minutes it would almost certainly at least try to seriously fuck us.

That means 57% of us "presented" our naked butts to a dog and offered to let him fuck us.!

One did actually get "saved by the bell." Evidently she bottled out as soon as the dog mounted her. She was shocked when she felt its pointed cock start stabbing into her and as it slipped out again its cock roughly stabbing away against her pussy hurt her. More than that its wild humping over her back frightened her and she'd tried to get up and screamed for him to get it off. She was too guilty to ever do it again, especially when he told her that technically she'd been dog fucked anyway so what the hell was she worried about.! It had the opposite effect, dogs were banned from their sex life and pillow talk and they split up not long afterwards.

But that leaves three of us who had eventually gone "all the way"

ie: 42% of us thoroughly enjoyed being dog fucked.

One felt "over" guilty afterwards. She admitted she'd enjoyed it at the time but developed a mental block. She'd rarely even let the dog lick her again. She'd occasionally have a few drinks and allow her inhibitions to lower enough to be persuaded to play along and she did even go "all the way" once



or twice after the first time but it wasn't a 'regular' event and he said she regretted it every single time afterwards. That's despite (Paddy said) seemingly enjoying it when the dog was licking or fucking her.

From my own feelings I imagine that's probably what she had trouble coming to terms with, perhaps she was frightened of herself, it's sometimes hard to get to grips with the fact that a dog's cock made you come.

It's a bit hard to tell your conscience you, "Only went along with it for Paddy's sake," if the earth shook!

Two women, myself and one another ( I would guess at Jenny) liked it so much we made it a regular lifestyle, had sex with quite a few different dogs. Both of us repeatedly wanted to do it again over a long time scale and even often asked for it to happen for a special treat.

We liked it enough to make sex with dogs a regular part of our sex life...

That's 28% of Paddy's conquests who took part in regular dog sex, loved it and still do...

Two of the five who had masturbated the dog, (I'm not one by the way) one of whom did it "instead" of letting him fuck her, had gone even further and sucked the dog's cock...

That's 28% who became K9 cock-suckers. too (Minus me, sorry.)

I read the Kinsey report myself that 2% of women had "Some sort of sexual contact with an animal, usually a dog."

In the Paddy O'Dwyer report only 14.3% of his partners did not have some sort of sexual contact with a dog. 85.7% did.

The one that wouldn't do it or even talk about it was by far in the minority in my ex-husbands sex life.

When taking survey's I think a factor should be added on which women are sleeping with oversexed Irishmen with twinkling eyes.

He told me the above statistics that day just to help me feel better and it did. We parted as friends and have a quiet drink together from time to time when he's up North. He says he's getting old now,

"I'll have to get her a much fitter dog now old girl, I'm slowing down to give it much help!" but he's joking. He must be, he's still trying to get back inside my knickers again every time we meet!

I tease him back by saying I can't, I'm totally faithful now, to a Golden Labrador! He laughs but looks at me with a familiar glint in his eyes..."Can I just watch then?" "

"No you bloody can't... go home to little Miss Boxer bait..."

All our own, "adventures" happened years ago, when the only "doggy" porn one ever saw was years old from Denmark in crumpled magazines brought in by seaman like him. It just didn't happen here, or so people thought.

Now it's everywhere you look on the internet and people are hardly shocked by it anymore. Like he says, if we did it with a silly old tape recorder and a black & white Polaroid camera when it was so taboo, then what price the kids playing sexy games now, with phones that yuppies "pass" around the



pub for a laugh showing doggy porn straight from the internet. The same phone can even take a short porn video clip of your girlfriend doing it if she is persuaded into giving it a try too later on! No doubt in some case that will go round the pub too... The times they are a-changing!

I agree with him. I think that now there are far, far more women out there like me, but younger, who have enjoyed sex with a dog than anyone even dreams about... It not the sort of thing I bring up with colleagues at work but I often look around and wonder what some of them get up to, especially the younger married ones... They probably think I am straight laced and at 47 don't even think about sex... How wrong they are!

There's now me, the Moors and my cat, oh yes, and Ben, (a Border collie who "visits" me from time to time! From a neighboring sheep farm about a mile away.) The farmer is a friend of mine who I bump into in the local pub and teases me for

Stroking Ben, his working sheepdog who's never far from under his seat. He pretends to be serious but he knows I like Ben and he likes me and turns a blind eye to the treats I occasionally buy for him and bring in the pub. He never pat's or fusses Ben himself but adores him all the same... He doesn't even call him Ben, he calls him "dog"

Leave 'old bugger be will thee?, he baint used to City folk fussin an mathering 'im. Na wonder he's wanders ower to your place! I've copped 'im, sneakin o'wer there fo' all tha left owers, tha'l 'ave him too fat t' catch up wit bloody sheep soon... Tell 'im to ger 'is-sen home if he 'angs about your place scrounging!

(He coming over all right Mr Farmer but he's getting more than left-overs... He's coming over me!)

I hope these statistics are helpful to any woman who has tried, or thought about trying sex with a dog and suffered guilt in coming to terms with it. If, like me you once thought you were "the only one" or an isolated "pervert" you are not, and far, far from it! Man's best friend is now often his worst enemy behind his back, and more his wife's best friend.

I thought it was fantastic, the dogs thought it was fantastic, and the guy watching thought it was fantastic. Who else is there?