

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



More years ago than I care to remember (1980) I half volunteered, and was half 'talked' into just about every sort of kinky sex you can think of by my older partner. First it was threesome Lesbian night with one of my girl friends he "knew" was up for it, as he'd had sex with her while I was down South visiting my mother on holiday, he told her that I was bi, I would like it, and fancied her, (but I didn't know all that then). Then he "engineered" me into further threesomes with three or four different males.

It first "happened" by his best friend (divorced) calling on us late at night just after we had started to make love downstairs. (I found out afterwards it was planned by them.)

We gave John a drink, I was surprised he had called on us such a late unsociable hour but obviously "P" wasn't in the least surprised and just invited him in.

I had donned a dressing gown but was naked underneath, and after we had all three settled down with a drink again "P" started to touch me up again. When I stopped him he whispered to "show John a bit of leg, he's not seen a pussy since his wife left." It all just went from there, I felt strangely sexy knowing I was being "encouraged" to turn John on too and joined in like a true nymphomaniac, within half an hour I was alternating between sucking one off while the other fucked me and the other way round. I was stunned, all that lovely hard cock wanting little me. We fucked almost non-stop for about three hours, I was sore but the both of them admitted defeat and said no before I did... I loved every minute of it, especially two dicks in my pussy at the same time, sitting on John below, "P" squeezing his up too, laid over my back.

We did it several times after that, on the same theme, which I was now "hooked" on. One time he brought two rugby mates home; all three of them fucked me for hours.

After that we met up with an older married couple he pretended was his old employer and his wife treating him to a meal and night out to discuss a business venture).

I ended up getting drunk while being literally fucked by both of them (Strap on dildo) I found out the truth weeks later, they were just a couple answering his advert in a contact magazine, but I fucked her with the dildo too, a first time for me.

Finally after a couple of bottles of wine one wild night I had full sex with a dog.

I had once been licked by a dog years before and told him so in pillow talk. I related to him my story "Wales" about seeing my Aunt with her dogs and letting them lick me. I had also fantasised verbally before about being actually fucked by a dog, mainly to excite him I think, it did, (he'd been there before I found out later!)

He finally sort of "tricked" me into full sex with his brother's dog by having a repeat performance of the licking, but that's a separate story, I could always pretend I'd been sort of "duped" on that occasion. A few months later with Caesar I most definitely volunteered, I tried to deny it later but the cunning bastard had switched a tape on when we started, I heard myself on the tape "asking" him if he wanted to see me go that way again and 'Let him fuck me.' Me "instigating" dog sex now, not him!

He did however engineer it well, just as he had on my initiation with his brothers Labrador a month earlier. I was nieve then but had honestly loved it fucking me.

(I wont elaborate on that episode, its in a separate story, "My first dog Fuck")

Most Sunday evenings a neighbour's Collie called "Caesar" used to do the rounds scrounging at the neighbour's houses for any left over meat-joint bones from Sunday lunches. We and several neighbours used to regularly feed him leftovers; he was a lovely friendly dog, a big cuddly hairy English Collie cross.

I was very tipsy one particular Sunday evening and unknown to me when Caesar called "P" had enticed him into our back kitchen by giving him the Sunday joint bone and left him fastened in there crunching it while he came into the living room.

He then got me yet another drink and started to get sexy. No doubt 'warming me up' for what he had in mind for Caesar's second treat. Once he had finished his bone "P" was planning for me to get a 'bone' too

I got my glass topped up, I am horny as hell on red wine and he damn well knew it.

(I also adore cunilingus and quite definitely he knew that too and did it!)

After getting me almost there with my fingers in his hair dragging him into my pussy he suddenly mumbled something about a "big surprise" and stood up to open the kitchen door. I was mortified when he stopped licking me, I was almost on the verge coming and carried on with my fingers in desperation when he walked away. I soon stopped rigid in my track was even more mortified when Caesar trotted happily through into our living room, looked puzzled for about two seconds, then knowingly looked at my parted legs and made a bee-line straight for me. with his tongue out.

(Training? Surely they can't just take it without some sort of previous encouragement)

I closed my legs but "P" persuaded me to open them again, pointing out that I'd done it before years ago and worse, even been fucked by his brother's dog only weeks before. Vainly I argued that I had but that was both sex with family dogs I knew and loved but he gradually pushed my legs apart and mainly at his insistence I reluctantly agreed and laid back, letting Caesar jump in and lick away greedily at my open pussy.

It was blatantly obvious that Caesar was no novice at all this and it strangely turned me on knowing that he'd quite obviously played some form games with human sex partners before, strangely he even seemed to realise that my clitoris was the "key".

The wine took over, I relaxed, let him get to all of me. and I was soon back to where I had been when "P" stopped licking but the dog stuff was far, far more "dirtier" to me!

(Strangely it still excites me what a slut I was being, enjoying oral sex off a stray dog)

I quickly got over my initial reluctance and started getting excited. I stretched myself open wide for him as he almost fucked me with his bulbous black nose, with some help from me I felt it pushing up and actually going well inside me.

"P" was shaking with excitement watching us and masturbating and the "power" over him went to my head. I knew exactly what he really most wanted to see, it's what he had been "re-living" up in our sexy pillow talk for weeks now, ever since we had done it last month and he'd watched his brother's Lab fucking me!

I suddenly threw taboo to the winds and. decided to go the whole way again. He'd more or less coerced me into getting fucked by the Labrador and I told him I'd hated it but since then he'd admitted he'd watched his ex fuck a dog too, and she'd loved it!

I as not going to be outdone, (by his ex especially.) This was time for amends.

"You want to see Caesar fuck me too now don't you?" I whispered, totally wanton.

"Only if you do too" he croaked. "I'm not asking you do this unless you're sure."

I was, and honestly with the drink and the foreplay as ready as any bitch that Caesar had come across before, K9 or otherwise. I was ready, to be fucked by anything!

It all ended up with me letting him fuck me while "P" watched, helping to. guide his pointed little red cock up and into me. It only felt like a hard wooden pencil jabbing up inside me a first and kept slipping out but once he felt the heat of my pussy and started to really fuck me he went absolutely wild. and fucked hard and fast at me like the animal he was, at one hell of an exciting pace. The wooden pencil soon felt more like a wooden tent peg and I could feel his hard little balls like stones, slapping hard against me and his thin sperm was already running down my leg as he thrust every last bit possible into me. I realised that unlike a man he was coming profusely as he was fucking me, not just at the end like a man does. I could feel it, thin and really hot splashing up hot inside me. It zapped me totally and I came, the earth really did move for me! I blamed the drink afterwards but truthfully it really excited me, I came as soon as I felt him ejaculating so hot and hard, splashing deep inside me on my cervix.

(It was the same with any dog I ever fucked with, instantly I felt them start ejaculating hot inside me, I instantly shuddered and came to an unbelievable climax too).

I pretended next day that I didn't want to talk about it, I felt a bit sheepish and pretended I'd been drunker than I was but that's honestly not true. I played with myself all week remembering the feel of that dogs hot dick pumping into me.

I said I didn't want to do it again, and meant it at that time but when "P" opened the

kitchen door the following Sunday at 7pm and Caesar bounded in again making straight for me I immediately stood up and took my jeans, tights and knickers off in one with Caesar prancing excitedly around me, almost knocking me over. I was over the couch without any prompting from "P" whatsoever and the dog was onto my back up and up me within two minutes and of him entering that room. I knew what I wanted and so did Caesar. He fucked me for about ten minutes and I came twice.

This now started a pattern that I happily accepted as a routine.

That dog fucked me almost every Sunday evening for about eight months and I got well used to it, humming happily away in expectation every Sunday afternoon. Once when Pete was asleep and he was late I even called him at the door myself, pretending I had some leftovers for him in case anyone heard me.

The dog was usually like clockwork, coming for his 7pm fuck every week, I wonder if he had any more on his rounds?

"P" wanted me to be fucked by Caesar in front of others but I flatly refused to do that, the dog only lived a street away for Gods sake, what if someone recognised him and told his owners I argued.

We eventually compromised and I agreed to be fucked by another dog but only one I didn't know and wasn't local.

He elaborated on this theme and set it up one evening, I agreed to be blindfolded and tied up across the couch, face down. We had done this before, with a stranger I had never met coming in, fucking me and leaving without a word, or my seeing his face.

This time it was his same “used and abused” fantasy that he played out and I had no choice in the matter now (Strangely I did still climax though, as I felt the dog come)

(I was blindfolded and tied up, face down other the couch with my wrists fastened to each rear castor, I really couldn't get up. “P” then left me and went to the pub (he said) but after five minutes the door opened and the first thing I couldn't smell was tobacco smoke. (Neither of us smoked) No one spoke but a few moments later I heard a sound like clicking fingers behind me and then felt the unmistakable feel of a dog licking my backside briefly from the back and then hot panting breath on my neck as someone lifted him onto me, (probably “P”). They guided his cock up into me and the dog went wild, fucking me frantically, his hard balls were banging against me as he got all the way in. As I felt his hot come start spurting inside me I again came straight away, It made me feel so “filthy” again coming and banging myself back at the hard swollen dog's cock filling me. Dogs don't actually last long but as soon as this poor lad had collapsed across my back, still coming in me he was pulled off me and a felt a smaller, softer cock push into me and almost immediately start to ejaculate into me. I felt his come mixing with the dogs inside me as he climaxed and then suddenly pulled out and yet another cock, (which I knew later was “P”) fucked me hard. As he did I heard the door click as my first two studs left, leaving “P” alone.

He fucked me leisurely himself now, whispering in my ear,

“Your pussy feels very spunky babe, you've been fucked by a dog, and you don't even know what breed it was, then a man, and you don't know who, how old or what race he was, now me. You're still pushing back and wanting more cock you randy bitch! Shall I go and round up another couple of stray dogs to fuck you senseless before I untie you?”

“Yes, do that then you bastard” I croaked back and that thought alone made me shudder to a climax again and as I did “P” came inside me too adding his sperm to my now very sloppy pussy. When he finally untied me I was shall we say, “shagged.” (But still half disappointed that he didn't round up those strays as he'd threatened!

I do know would have willingly taken all and any cock pushed up against my pussy, I was totally over stimulated and rampant. He could have brought in a Shetland pony!

To this day I never did find out for sure who the man or the dog was but it has given me endless excitement wondering just who and what has fucked me.

I used to see a man walking a big dog in the street locally and think

“My God, you could both have fucked me” (It made my knee's shake.)

He tried to tell me it was his married mate with an Alsatian who lived near us but I know he was lying, A; he didn't smoke. And B; the dog was long, not shorthaired.

He admitted once in drink that it was a guy from miles away that he had met through a contact mag. and “arranged” that both of them could fuck his wife, him and his dog!

Knowing the sad bastard he probably made him pay too. What does that make me?

I've since long been divorced from “P” for years now but after “shutting out” the memories for years

and blaming him for it I have now found sites that remind me that not only was I once fucked too by dogs but bloody enjoyed it so much so much I still dream to do it again on my own years later.

I am too honestly too frightened to do it on my own but think about it often.

The only thing I have tried was a little bit of licking but I was mortified when the boxer dog I was “dog sitting” for the night flatly refused to do anything sexual and even growled when I tentatively touched his penis.”

(I must be getting really old and haggard, turned down by a dog now...

There, I’ve said it all now, I thought I was the only perverted bitch in the world to have sunk as low as this until I discovered Nancy Friday books and then looked further on the internet. There’s lots “at it” besides me.

Now I know I’m not the only female that liked it. — Hurah., its thanks to the net

for making me sane again. I was hung up about it for years, all through my thirties.

I’m 46 now but would happily be a bitch again I think, now I’ve come to terms with it all, (I am already several times a week in my solo masturbation fantasies, mm,woof.)

I have written more “detailed” versions of my sex with the dogs if you want to read them, mainly I’m honestly trying to find out why I had a climax with a dog within seconds of it coming in me yet rarely did that with a man?. Have any other women experienced this phenomena? Or am I the only perverted “human” bitch on the planet? I know they do it but did it zap them too? I really do want to find out.

I can only put it down to the fact that even if a dog gets so excited that he only lasts two or three minutes fucking you (some do) he still stays hard and solid for another five minutes or so at least after he stops thrusting into you, you can feel him twitching and throbbing inside you as he continues to spurt hard and hot despite him now laying motionless across your back. If a man comes after three minutes his cock shrivels up and plops out of you in seconds, leaving you high and dry but with a dog you can “push back” and get off on him if you want by rocking back and forth on his still hard cock for up to ten minutes after he stops thrusting. Now that’s what I call a well designed cock, canine premature ejaculation is far from a problem, it’s more a bonus!

The End