

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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It was some years ago on a warm Summer evening; my wife and I were sitting and talking together, reminiscing about days gone by. Somehow, the discussion turned to the wild sexual adventures we had before we met and fell in love, and almost in passing, she mentioned that when she was a teenager, she used to let the family dog lick a bit more than her hands or face.

Of course, I was consumed with curiosity and dying to hear more about my poised, cultured and beautiful wife's straying into that most outré of lusts. It happened more than once, she said, with more than one animal, but she never let any of them fuck her and she never jerked any of them off in exchange for their attentions. She was reluctant to tell me more at the time, so I let it drop with an appreciative comment, but I was really curious.

Although women and dogs hadn't been one of my cherished sexual fantasies, this revelation of hers moved it near the top of the list. Many people think it's all about dominance and humiliation, but it doesn't feel that way to me: the thing that really turns me on is women who are game and wild for sex... and doing it with a dog has got to be as wild as it gets.

A year or so after she first told me about this, when she was really horny and in a loving mood, she invited me to "do whatever I liked" with her. I'm sure she thought I'd ask to fuck her in the ass, like I'd done a number of times before when faced with the same invitation - she says that's what most men will do if you tell them that - but instead, in a voice hoarse with excitement, I asked her to tell me about the time she let the dogs lick her. I was ready for an angry refusal or a blithe and witty change of topic, but I was pleasantly surprised when, after a brief pause and a shy smile, she began her story.

One morning, she said softly, when the rest of the family was away running errands or at sports practice, she was sitting at the breakfast table in her bathrobe enjoying her solitude. As she sat there eating a bowl of cereal and reading the paper, she was startled by a wet nose and warm, rough tongue between her legs.

She pushed her chair back and looked down to see the family's pet Lab looking up at her wistfully and licking his chops. Her first reaction had been to push him away, but she found herself aroused despite her misgivings ... no one had ever licked her down there and she was curious to know how it might feel. Her brief contact with him had turned her on and she felt the moisture between her legs as she thought about what she should do.

She is really juicy down there, by the way, more than other girls I've known. The first time I ever grabbed her crotch it was just sopping wet kissing and playing around with me under the stars, and much later, after we were married, on a bright, sunny afternoon, I was working her over with one of those "barber massage" vibrators that you slip over you hand, and I was thrilled to watch the little drops of clear, lubricating fluid leaking out of the glands that nestle just inside the mouth of her vagina down by her "taint." They came out of her beautiful cunt: drip, drip, drip, sparkling in the sun that streamed in the window.

Anyway, there she was looking at the dog, poised between desire and convention, and making her decision, she parted her beautiful white thighs to see what might happen. Of course, the dog was attracted by the sight and smell of her then very wet vagina and nuzzled up to her again. He sniffed her and then started licking her. As he did, more of that clear, scented fluid began to ooze out of her pussy. As he lapped away, she slumped lower in the dining room chair, spreading her legs further apart, and almost immediately she came with a shuddering orgasm. As she did, she looked around nervously and realized how exposed she was in that compromising position to whomever might look

in the kitchen window.

She felt perverse and a bit guilty, but she had really enjoyed the first head she ever got and she was still horny; so standing up and gathering the disheveled robe about her, she started upstairs to her bedroom calling him after her. Of course, he trotted along behind her. She locked the door, opened the window so she could hear if anyone came home, walked up to her bed, pulled the robe off her shoulders, and let it drop to the floor. Turning around to face him, stark naked, she lay down on the bed. She moved her bottom to the edge of the mattress with her feet on either side of her and her legs spread wide.

Her vagina was stretched open before her very interested pet, her outer labia covered with long, red hair and her long, pink, curly-edged inner labia spread open, revealing the red and very wet mouth of her open and dripping vagina. She called him over to her in a soft, inviting voice: "Come on; good boy, let's do it again," she said.

As he took her up on the invitation and started lapped away, she spread her long legs even farther apart, and thrust her vagina into his eager mouth. By now her come was pouring out of her in torrents which he gulped down greedily as he continued to lick her and thrust his tongue into her hot snatch searching for the source of that sweet juice. His interest never flagged and he continued to lick her and suck the nectar that flowed freely from her cunt.

His tongue was long and rough and seemed almost prehensile as it snaked up through the muscles at opening of her cunt and down into her vagina in its search of more honey. Her vaginal juices tasted good to him and aroused him in turn. She was almost blind with lust, her heart thumping with perverse passion. She had been pulling at her nipples but then reached down with both hands to pull her sex open even wider for the slavering animal.

Finally, the first of a long series of orgasms exploded within her and she bucked and moaned and quivered rhythmically as he continued to drill into her with his tongue and she continued to come, again and again.

I was fucking her the whole time she told me these stories, which I just loved. I kept moving my penis in and out of her lazily as she told me the story and I asked her questions about the details. Her wet pussy made it obvious that she was enjoying herself immensely. First, I asked if she played with her clitoris while he was tongue-fucking her, and she said that she didn't need to: she just lay back and had orgasm after orgasm with him going to town on her and her fantasizing that it was his big, red dick thrusting into her instead of his tongue.

I asked her if she thought of following through with that fantasy and letting him actually fuck her. She said, yes ... she did consider it, and it was obvious that he really wanted to: when she got up from the bed he was jumping up on her, grabbing her with his forelegs, and humping away, but she pushed him down and didn't even jerk him off, let alone give him head, to relieve his frustration. She was a virgin when this happened and she didn't want her first fuck to be a dog.

She also didn't like the thought of him shooting his load inside her and filling her vagina with doggy sperm. I told her I would think she would be aroused to think of his sperm swimming up inside her as she went about her business during the day, but I think her post-doggy-sex guilt would've made her feel too "dirty" filled with his come.

As I said, she told me she did this with him more than once and that she also did it with other dogs. To get ready for them, she would pull at her nipples and play with her clitoris, then masturbate with one, the two and then three fingers up her cunt until the juices really started to flow and she smelled

like sex to them.

They weren't always as interested as they could be - which I can understand what with the major dose of blue balls they must've had from this one-way sex. Once, to get a dog interested, she smeared her pussy with peanut butter, which at least got him to start in on her; of course, once she began to feed him her warm, fragrant pussy juice, he got into it and lapped away like a champ.

Since this happened more than once, I thought that somewhere in there she might have fucked one of them or at least jerked one off and didn't want to tell me about it, but I guess she was telling the truth because I think I really did convince her that I would admire her, not look down on her, for having done so - God knows I would be thrilled to hear her tell the story of how some horny dog had been excitedly pumping his fat cock into her!

It all was really wanton and lascivious, both the stories and the fact that she had had dogs bring her to orgasm many times. I'm so happy she told me about it, and as you can imagine, it's become the source of many pleasant fantasies.

After she finished the story, she told me that, although it wasn't a big fantasy of hers, she'd fuck a dog for me while I watched, if I really wanted to, but unfortunately, in the cold light of day, without my prick in her and these memories fresh in her mind, I don't think she really wants to; and it isn't that easy for me to set up.

We don't have a dog and if I went out and got an un-neutered male dog of the right size (like a German Shepherd, Lab or Dalmatian) she'd say that I only wanted one to make this fantasy come true and I could "forget about it and take him back." Still, maybe someday we'll house sit for someone who has a suitable pet, or come by an appropriate dog some other way.

I'd love to watch an medium to large-size dog stuff his bright, red glistening penis into her. I'd like to see her on her elbows and knees and watch him climb up on her back with her sticking her ass in the air, waving it around like a bitch dog. He would mount her with his forelegs wrapped around her hips, jerking his haunches against her beautiful bottom as he tried to stick his fat, pointed seven-inch cock into her cunt.

After a few futile and misguided jabs that sprayed her bottom and thighs with come, I'd spread open her pussy lips with my fingers, and help him put his prick inside her, watching it disappear into her dripping vagina. As he was fucking her, I'd wrap my fingers around his prick so I could feel it sliding in and out of her.

I'd enjoy watching her long, delicate inner lips get pushed in as he thrusts his penis into her, and then see them cling to him as he pulls back to penetrate her again. A mixture of her juices and his constantly squirting come would drip out of her cunt as they continued.

I'd love to see him use his powerful muscles and curved, flexible spine to fuck her with fantastic power and speed. Her breasts would be swinging beneath her as he shoved her back and forth with his wild humping. The sound of his dick squelching into her overflowing cunt and the impact of his haunches against her bottom would be answered by her low grunts and moans as she writhed beneath him, pushing back against his thrusting cock.

He would start panting louder and louder as he pumped into her faster and faster, come squirting out of her as he increased the tempo, until finally he shoved his knot into her and quivered slightly as he held his throbbing penis in her and pumped her full of his, hot sticky sperm. Of course, he'd tie with her and they'd be locked together both of them enjoying the throbbing of her multiple orgasms and the rhythmic pulsing of his pointed dick and knot deep inside her pink pussy.

I would wait until he lifted his leg over her and they stood asshole to asshole. I'd watch closely as his red dick softened, the knot slipped out, and his penis slithered out of her with a pop. Then I'd move him to the side and quickly stick my rock-hard dick in her used, sloppy, wet cunt before his hot, slippery come poured out of her. As I fucked her with him looking on, I'd feel his sperm inside of her and feel it running out of her cunt and dripping down my prick and balls as I filled her up to the top with my own come.

As you can see, I've enjoyed many fantasies from my wife's revelation of her sexual experiences with dogs. Maybe some day, I'll have the opportunity to bring one of them life. Just to watch a dog lick her, as they did when she was a young girl, would be enough to fuel my fantasies for years to come.

END