

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Anne awoke to find the bed empty. She stretched lazily, yawned, and rubbed her eyes until the room came into clearer focus. Slipping from beneath the warm blankets she padded downstairs and wandered into the kitchen to find her nude husband standing at the sink. He was filling a carafe to make her morning coffee.

"Morning, sweetie," she said.

She slid her arms around his waist and laid her head against his back.

"Sleep well?" he asked.

"Mmmm, like a rock," she replied. "You wore me out last night. I didn't even feel you get out of bed. Been up long?"

"A while," Victor turned around to face her.

She pressed her naked breasts against his hairy chest and savored his warmth.

"Ready for your big weekend to begin?" he reached behind her, cupping her firm buttocks in his hands.

Anne's eyes met his and quickly realized Victor hadn't been joking last night after all. She remembered most of their conversation even if she had been more than a little tipsy from the champagne at the time - her husband wanted this to be an "Adult Entertainment" weekend. Victor explained it was a way of encouraging each other to try fun new and naughty things, coming up with creative ideas for the bedroom. Of course her husband enthusiastically volunteered to be the coordinator for this first attempt although he hoped it would become a regular event when they could each take turns planning.

Entrusting sole responsibility for after-hours activities to one's inherently hedonistic husband would worry most wives. Anne, however, trusted her husband completely and foolishly thought it was a wonderful idea. She felt placing Victor in charge of the bedroom removed a major source of stress from her life — she didn't have to worry about what slinky outfit to wear to bed, what naughty fantasy he wanted whispered in his ear, or even how creative her dirty language needed to be. It was liberating!

"Remember the first rule for this weekend... It's the most important one," he said with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

"Don't worry, I'll be naked the entire time as ordered. Just let me shower and wake up with my coffee first," she replied, "then it's just you, me, and the bed all weekend long." She pulled away from his grip and turned to go back upstairs.

"Ok," he said, "but I might have to call for backup if you expect to be satisfied the entire time."

Anne turned, giving him a disbelieving grin and winked, "You never know, I might be into that. It is our naughty weekend after all."

Anne used her hand to wipe off the steamy bathroom mirror. She had taken a long hot shower to relax and calm her nerves. She wondered if Victor felt as nervous as she did? No, probably not, she decided.

Anne stood in front of the mirror examining her body. The years had been very kind to her. Her breasts were firm and high, and her tummy was flat in spite of having three children. She still passed for someone much younger, and never failed to turn heads wherever she went. She spent some extra time in the shower insuring her sex was freshly shaven and silky smooth for her husband. Anne brushed a tiny drop of Victor's favorite perfume on the delicate lips of her labia.

She gave her behind a pat and turned. She went to the jewelry box and chose a tasteful pearl necklace. Placing it around her neck, she looked at the overall effect she had achieved. Not too much makeup, just enough to highlight her eyes. Her long brown hair framed her face beautifully. Her necklace was the only ornamentation she wore - Anne knew Victor would like that. She believed she was ready for whatever her husband had in store for her. She was wrong.

Victor's eyes went wide as Anne appeared in the door of the master bedroom - after six years together, he still lusted after his beautiful wife. She silently made her way over to the bed where he was waiting, wiggling her hips as she walked. He watched her pert nipples standing out proudly as she leaned over the edge of the bed before him. She smiled as he looked into her eyes.

"I'm ready for whatever you have floating around in that dirty little mind of yours," she said from behind a devilish grin. "Where would you like me?"

Before Victor could respond, she threw herself onto the bed next to him. Lying on her back, she spread her legs instantly.

"Do you want to ravage me on the bed?" Anne giggled seductively.

He smiled at her, "Maybe."

He reached over and stroked her beautiful breasts. "Or maybe I'll take you once in every room of the house."

"Oooooo," Anne cooed. She mentally counted... "There are nine rooms in this house, are you sure Mr. Wiggly's up to it?" Mr. Wiggly was their pet name for Victor's penis.

He cleared his throat. "I might have some help," he replied.

Anne's mind raced. She assumed Victor was taking about using Viagra or Cialis or one of those other erectile dysfunction drugs she always saw advertised on TV. She experienced a momentary thrill thinking about those ominous warnings of, "...erections lasting more than four hours."

"Wait here," Victor stood and walked downstairs.

Anne couldn't be sure, but she thought she heard Victor unlocking the front door. When her husband returned, he opened the "toy" drawer in the chifforobe. Anne initially couldn't see what he removed from the drawer, but a tingle went through her as she thought of the possibilities. The "toy" drawer contained a large selection of sexy aides that Victor enjoyed using on his wife. He turned to her and smiled. It was then that she saw in his hands her favorite set of wrist and ankle restraints - the soft leather ones.

Her pulse quickened as he crossed the room toward her. Victor motioned Anne to hold up her hands and she happily complied. He placed a leather strap around each of her wrists while seductively caressing her hands. He checked each wrist strap then moved to the foot of the bed tracing the lovely lines of his wife's body as he walked. He slowly opened her legs.

"This just got interesting," she teased, reaching down to touch her husband.

"Oh, just you wait," slapping her hands away.

"Promise?" she giggled.

"Stop it!"

He secured a leather strap to her left ankle then attached it to a chain anchoring her leg to the corner of the bed. He repeated the procedure on the right leg on the other side of the bed then tightened the slack in the chains pulling her legs even farther apart.

"But I can still escape, see!" Anne laughed as she waved her hands around wildly and thrashed about the bed like a floundering fish.

"We'll see about that," Victor smiled as he connected her wrist restraints to each side of the headboard and circled the bed several times tightening and adjusting each strap one limb at a time until his wife could barely move at all.

"Okay then," Victor stood back and admired the beauty of his trusting wife.

Anne was spread eagle on their bed, her sex already wet with anticipation. Victor ran his hands up her legs, around her navel and over her breasts, gently stroking his fingertips over her nipples. She closed her eyes and felt her body respond to her husband's touch; a warmth grew between her open legs. Anne's breathing grew shallow as Victor stood beside her, his fingers still dancing over her soft skin.

Anne heard the front door open and stifled a gasp.

"Victor?" she strained to bring her knees together.

"Yes, sweetie," he replied breathlessly.

Anne could tell that Victor was both nervous and excited. She sensed more of the former.

"What are you planning?" she asked desperately.

"Me? Oh, I'm not planning on doing anything to you," he said, piquing her curiosity.

There was rustling downstairs then an eternity of silence as Anne felt her heart pounding in her chest. She heard footfalls coming up the stairs.

A thrill ran up her spine as her unknown visitor walked into the bedroom. He moved with a masculine swagger that told Anne there was no doubt he was in complete control and he knew it. The stranger standing at the foot of their marriage bed was remarkably handsome. He had an intelligent face with full lips and a strong jaw line that appeared freshly shaved except for a neatly trimmed goatee. His dark brown eyes wore wrinkles around them proudly; an indication that he was indeed a man and not an inexperienced boy. His physique spoke volumes of his self-discipline. Muscular and well toned, he was broad shouldered and as far as Anne could see, entirely hairless. His milk-chocolate black skin stood out in stark contrast to the white linens on the bed. He was completely nude and Anne knew the moment she saw him that her husband had invited the stranger here for a singular purpose - to fuck her.

Victor had called it "cuckoldry" and it was one of his greatest sexual fantasies. Anne knew that her

husband had developed an obsession with it of late, he talked about it during most of their love making sessions. Cuckoldry, he had explained to Anne, assumes that both the husband and wife agree to the infidelity and the husband enjoys being a passive participant. The wife is affectionately called a "Hot-Wife", her new lover a "Bull", and the husband is the "Cuckold." Victor was clear on one point in particular, it wasn't love making, it was fucking. Raw animalistic fucking.

Anne was initially shocked at the concept; their wedding vows meant a great deal to her, but it clearly excited her husband and it was only a fantasy. But while Anne occasionally played along with Victor's cuckold role-playing games, she made it clear to him that it would forever remain just a fantasy and she would never actually following through with the perverted act.

What Victor did not know and would never know, was that Anne harbored a potent fantasy of her own. One that she intended to never tell him...

Anne secretly craved experimenting with other men!

After her divorce from her first husband, there was a drought of sex that pushed her to the edge of desire. It may only have been five or six weeks but the lack of physical affection drove her to think about sex nearly every moment of the day. She felt like a randy teenager in lust with every attractive man she saw.

After 26 years shackled to her first husband, she was finally free to enjoy new experiences and she wondered what it would be like making love to other men. Would they be tender lovers who enjoyed pleasuring her? Would the men expect her to be in charge of the bedroom or would they take command and order her to fulfill their every carnal desire? Most of all, she wondered if her vagina could feel the differences between her lover's penises. Would she ever understand the sensation of having her sex completely filled by a well-endowed man that stretched her to the limits of lustful delight? Her heart fluttered at the thought of the many different shapes and sizes she had never experienced and were no longer forbidden to her yearnings. She fully intended to share her considerable sexual skills with as many men as would have her before she found a new husband.

But it was not to be. Just as she was committing to the concept of random encounters with strangers to fulfill her sexual needs, she met Victor. And while she truly loved her current husband, she forever regretted not playing the field when she had the opportunity to experience as many men as she craved.

Victor may have thought the scene unfolding before them was his fantasy alone, but in her heart Anne knew that this was her ultimate desire. Anne smiled almost imperceptibly. She welcomed this experience gleefully.

Their guest leaned over the bed, held out his large hands and placed them on Anne's knees, gently pulling them apart. His hands felt warm and soft against her skin. She resisted only for the briefest of moments.

Without saying a word, the stranger walked to the opposite side of the bed from Victor and with one step stood on the bed over her. He was looking down at her intently, evidently evaluating her body. Anne did not feel embarrassed or self-conscious. She had a beautiful body and was proud of it.

The towering dark figure apparently liked the lovely creature he saw chained to the bed beneath him. He brought his arms to his waist and placed a hand around his engorged phallus. His fingers could barely reach around the long veiny shaft. Dark and throbbing with a huge ridge encircling its smooth head, it glistened with a drop of milky white nectar from its gigantic tip. Anne gasped at its sheer size, breathless at the thought of the stranger's licentious plans. She swooned in anticipation

of being completely filled by their guest's giant cock in a way her husband's inadequate member could never hope to do.

She heard her husband breathing heavily next to her. Victor leaned forward, pressed his lips to her ear and whispered, "Your bull's name is Dylan," her husband's hands massaged her breasts reassuring her that he approved of the scene unfolding before them, "but I want you to call him, Master."

Anne's head turned to her husband, "Are you sure you want to do this, Victor?" She could feel the wetness growing between her legs.

She looked into Victor's eyes. They were filled with a fiery passion she had not seen in him since the first time they made love many years ago. As if on cue, Victor carefully put the blindfold over her eyes. She could see nothing.

Anne waited. She could hear her pulse pounding in her ears.

Without warning, Anne felt a face move between her thighs, slowly moving closer to her sex. She felt a jolt run through her as his lips parted and a wet tongue gently stroked upward. Hot breath swirled over her labia. She trembled in eager anticipation. The mouth moved away, then returned an inch closer to her dampening womanhood.

Her breathing became more ragged as the lips traced their way closer to her rapidly swelling sex. She moaned aloud as the tongue grazed her labia. Anne strained to see under, over, or even through the blindfold, attempting to see to whom the glorious tongue belonged. She felt herself moisten even more as the tongue slide its way along her outer lips, only to stop at the top of her engorged clitoris. The mouth released her briefly, the breath never leaving her steaming sex.

Hands soon found their way to her thighs and opened them further, spreading her labia, exposing her fully to the person between her legs. She groaned and lifted her hips as the tongue slid inside her, exploring her deeply. She felt a mustache tickle her throbbing clitoris as the tongue slowly drove into her. She rocked her hips forward, hoping to catch more of the invader between her quivering lips.

The tongue withdrew and slipped its way up to her clitoris. Anne gently pulled at her restraints wishing she could pull the face harder into her sex. She longed to be able to cradle his head in her hands, running her fingers through the hair of the owner of such a talented tongue. The mouth opened, and her entire clitoris was gently sucked inside, the tongue slowly painting its entire length in short strokes.

Then Anne felt a fingertip slide inside her dripping sex. She reveled in the warm sensation spreading over her body. The finger danced just inside her opening, igniting tiny strumming sensations throughout her vagina. Behind the blindfold, her eyes finally closed as she relaxed to enjoy whatever her two lovers had to offer.

Victor had not been idle during this time. He bent over his wife and took a nipple between his lips. She tried to reach for his penis, which she was certain would be erect and waiting for her touch. Her bonds frustrated her efforts, but added to the excitement. She knew it was Victor - she could feel his hairy naked chest against her shoulder and that meant Dylan was the lover between her legs. She shuttered with a powerful orgasm.

The tongue between her legs continued to gently pluck at her clitoris, bringing waves of orgasms with each exciting minute. Suddenly, the mouth released its grasp on her dripping sex. Then the

finger withdrew, and Anne heard the sound of her lovers moving around on the bed and a foil package tearing open - a condom she realized. She experienced a flash of panic when she remembered she was not on any form of birth control. She didn't need to be with Victor, he had a vasectomy.

The possibility of pregnancy temporarily muted her enjoyment of the pleasures her body was experiencing until she felt the unmistakable feeling of a man's hard cock slip up and down her engorged labia and poise patiently at her entrance. She wanted it to be Dylan. She desperately needed it to be her bull. Her inhibitions vanished and she moaned aloud.

Anne shuddered as the shaft slowly slid forward, her soaked pussy opened wide to accommodate it. She held her breath as the cock slid into her, marveling at its size. It stretched her opening deliciously. She was amazed at its girth. Anne felt his hard tool graze the tip of her throbbing clitoris as it continued to slowly make its way into her now soaked vagina. Her climaxes were coming almost continuously just moments apart.

The friction of his hardness against her clitoris caused her to suddenly inhale sharply. She was filled with unbridled lust for his thick rod. When finally it was buried inside her to the hilt, she moaned loudly, her vagina tightening down on his member like a vice. Her bull held himself still, completely inside her, his cock pulsed rapidly. Then he began to slowly withdraw. Anne whimpered in disappointment. She was savoring the feeling of being completely filled in a way she had never known. She needed more, so much more.

Victor looked down at the black man between his wife's legs and smiled.

Dylan's shaft maintained almost constant contact with her clitoris, the friction causing the strength of each climax to build over the previous. The erection humping Anne swelled up inside her, its head flaring to a gigantic size. She felt a massive orgasm overtake her. Then, without warning, her bladder emptied explosively, spraying her black lover with warm urine. Her face and chest turned deep crimson as her vaginal muscles clutched at his shaft. She felt his firm cock become even harder. Forbidden sensations welled up inside her and she felt a desire that was not fulfilled.

"Fuck me bareback! PLEASE!" she was surprised to hear the words pass from her lips. Anne screamed out as the wave of another powerful climax washed over her.

"You're not on birth control," Victor said anxiously.

She rocked her head back and forth, panting like a dog.

"I don't care! I need to feel his dick in me bareback!"

"Anne!" Victor chastised her, shocked at his wife's wanton desire to be filled with the stranger's fertile seed.

"Funny what happens when white women get their first taste of a real cock," Dylan laughed heartily. He had a rich baritone voice that made Anne swoon.

"Victor, your wife is a cock whore and you didn't even know it," Dylan continued laughing as he pumped his stiff prick into Victor's wife.

Dylan withdrew. Anne could hear the latex condom being taken off his penis and thrown across the room. He leaned forward, teasing the opening of her sex with the head of his penis. Anne tilted her hips up to invite her lover's naked cock back inside her waiting pussy. With a great shout, Dylan

enthusiastically thrust his bare cock back into her warm crotch and began to fuck her violently. Victor could see his wife's pussy hole gaping open between thrusts. She cried out in ecstasy, trembling uncontrollably as the raging hard-on repeatedly filled her and withdrew.

Now Anne could truly feel every magnificent detail in her bull's beautiful cock: the wonderful heat of his dick pressed directly against her pussy lips, the throbbing veins under his silky smooth skin, the thick ridge behind its pulsating head, the ever widening shaft, his magnificent large testicles grinding into her pubic mound. She was in love with Dylan's black cock.

His hips were a blur as he hammered himself into her quivering pussy. His organ thrust inside her with a fury Anne thought impossible. Her hips heaved toward his, attempting to match his blinding rhythm.

It was at that moment Anne knew that her marriage would change forever. She had found a cock she desired more than her husband's, and she would do everything in her power to keep fucking it. Anne felt no shame in the realization.

"I'm going to explode! Shit! Where do you want my cum?" Dylan demanded.

"Cum in my pussy! Please cum in my pussy!" she begged, "I want your cum... FUCK!"

Dylan mumbled something unintelligible and without warning her pleasure suddenly ceased. Anne realized Dylan had removed his magnificent bareback cock from her hungry pussy.

Her mind screamed, "NO!".

She felt the full weight of Dylan pressing down on top of her nearly smothering her with his large muscular body. Anne could feel his rigid manhood pressed against her thigh. She ached to wrap her legs around his waist and grab his firm buttock, but her restraints were too tight, she couldn't move and the blindfold prevented her from seeing her handsome new lover.

Dylan placed two fingers inside her stretched pussy and curled them upward toward her belly, expertly massaging her g-spot. Anne had several orgasms in rapid succession. She could feel the pressure in her bladder building once more as he fingered her faster and faster.

"When your master fucks you, this is not a pussy," he stated firmly as he fingered her even faster.

"This is a CUNT. Do you understand me? A CUNT!"

"Yes!" she screamed.

"What is this?"

"A cunt!"

"Your husband's cunt?" his fingers driving in and out of her.

"No," she groaned, "never again!"

"Who does your cunt belong to?" Dylan pressed her, "Who?!"

"Yours! My cunt is yours. Forever."

Anne's bladder could hold back no more. She let out a terrific scream as her hot urine flowed freely

down her vagina and ass.

Dylan lifted himself off her, spread her knees and in a single thrust, impaled her with his cock and fucked her at a relentless pace.

“GAWD!” she bellowed.

“Where do you want my cum, slut?” he asked angrily.

“In my CUNT! Fill my CUNT!” she snarled.

“Victor, where should I cum?” Dylan asked her husband.

Victor responded without hesitating, “Fill my wife’s cunt!”

Anne could hear her husband frantically masturbating next to her.

Dylan cried out in an animalistic roar. His black cock stiffened and convulsed violently, erupting inside her. He slammed into her harder and harder as his massive load shot deep inside her.

“FUCK!” she wailed as her body trembled uncontrollably.

Light danced through her brain. She screamed behind clenched teeth as she bore down hard on the pulsing organ spewing fertile cum deep inside her vagina. The visitor between her legs slowed his pace as Anne’s wet orgasms began to subside. She gasped for breath as her body relaxed.

His movements became less frantic as he leaned forward to kissed her for the first time. Her nostrils flared as she hungrily returned his kiss. He ground to a halt, enjoying the sensations of her twitching pussy that was alternately clenching then releasing his penis. Anne’s body relaxed as he withdrew from her. Cum poured from her swollen cunt in a torrent, spilling onto the bed between her legs.

Victor was in shock as he saw that Dylan’s cock had not diminish in the least. It danced and throbbed like a hungry animal. Dylan moved up over her and straddled Anne’s face.

“Kiss it,” the bull demanded, holding his cock out for Anne.

“Kiss it!” the stranger shouted.

“Yes,” Anne moaned.

“Yes, who?”

“Yes, Master!” Anne said excitedly.

She lifted her head and opened her mouth. The masculine aroma of his sex mixed with her fluids was intoxicating. She felt the soft skin of her master’s penis pressed against her lips. Without hesitation Anne swallowed as much of his cock as she could. The head moved in and out of her mouth with a loud “pop” with each bob of her head. He put his hands on her head, and began thrusting. Anne was gagging but she didn’t struggle. Within moments, Victor could see that his wife’s saliva was running out her mouth and dripping down her cheeks. Her husband had always loved her sloppy blow jobs. Now he was watching this black stranger enjoy her fantastic expertise.

“That’s it, eat my cock. Suck it like the naughty doggie slut you are” Dylan grunted.

He resisted the urge to climax in Anne's throat, instead he continued fucking her face eagerly as he reached down between her legs and flicked her swollen clitoris with his finger. His enormous cock muffled the moans of her orgasms. Victor could see Dylan's buttock clench as the black man's body tensed.

"I have more cum for you! I have more cum for my doggie slut," he bellowed. Dylan released her head and stopped thrusting.

Anne pulled her mouth off his member and panted rapidly, gasping for air.

"Cum in my mouth, master. PLEASE!"

She leaned forward and resumed fervently sucking his huge cock. Her head thrusting forward and back as her lips curled over his slick hardness.

Anne was overcome with lust for her master's beautiful cock when she heard a pitiful grunt next to her. She had forgotten about her pathetic husband. She turned her blindfolded head to Victor.

"Am I a naughty doggie slut, my cuckold husband?" she asked.

She knew Victor loved hearing her talk that way. He said nothing in response, just a moan, but Anne could hear him furiously stroking his penis. She gleefully returned to sucking her lover's glorious cock.

"I HAVE MORE CUM FOR YOU!!!" Dylan screamed as his cock throbbed and bucked.

He howled like an animal and began shooting his climax deep in Anne's throat. Anne moaned and grunted as she struggled to swallow the huge load. She thought the volume of semen was remarkable, many times more than Victor ever gave her and she loved how her bull's cock stayed hard for her!

Anne was filled with a scandalous passion she had never experienced. She was enraptured by her bull's cock and felt as though she would happily suck it forever. She continued to lick and suck the hard shaft until he unexpectedly withdrew it.

Anne wondered why?

"Please, I love your cock. I'll be your naughty doggie slut. I'll do whatever you want! Just fuck me. Never stop fucking me!"

Silently her bull moved between her legs and resumed his relentless pounding. He fucked her again and again, filling her with his black seed at least five more times. Anne was in awe of her master's virility. With each ejaculation her master roared, "I have more come for you!" yet his rod was still rock hard after emptying his many loads into Anne.

Anne thought that no man could ever compare to her bull.

"Thank you for being such a good slut," his baritone boomed in the room as he continued to fuck her. "But tonight I am going to treat you like the naughty dog slut you truly are."

"Yes...ugh...master...ugh," Anne whimpered as he pounded her. Her body glistened with sweat.

Never had Victor's wife climaxed this many times with a lover. Her master's cum flowed out of her throbbing pussy in a constant stream. She was in a daze, aware of nothing but the pulsing heat

between her legs. She was consumed by it. She had surrendered complete control of her body to her bull master.

Dylan's pace slowed and he gradually removed himself from Anne inch by heavenly inch. He moved to the edge of the bed. Anne whimpered with bereavement for the loss of her master's cock.

"Don't worry," Dylan told her, "I'll be back. I'm not even close to being finished with you," he said with an arrogance that Anne now knew was well deserved.

Dylan walked passed Victor and smacked him on the back.

"You were right. Your wife is the most awesome fuck I've ever had," he said without a hint of cynicism.

Victor had constantly assured her that she was good in bed but Anne thought he was exaggerating to be supportive and polite. She now knew without question that her ability to please men sexually was unrivaled in most men's experience. Anne beamed with pride.

The moment Anne heard Dylan close the bathroom door she felt Victor dive between her legs. Her husband lay on his belly, wrapped his arms under her legs and lifted her crotch up to his waiting mouth. Not wanting to waste a second of what may be his only opportunity of the evening, her husband lapped up the juices dripping from his wife's sloppy sex with such an enthusiastic flourish Anne thought he was like a starving animal being offered a meal.

Victor moaned and roiled beneath her excitedly, eliciting a furious string of orgasms in his wife that went off like a string of firecrackers. She breathed in sharp gasps between shouts.

"Hey, now!" Dylan said reappearing in the bedroom. "What's going on here?!"

"But her cunt smelled so good," Victor pulled away from Anne's pussy.

Dylan grunted, "I hope you left some cum in there. My friend doesn't like a dry cunt."

"I don't think I could handle another man right now," even Anne didn't believe herself. She honestly didn't care who fucked her so long as her climaxes never stopped. Her lovers ignored her completely.

"She's soaking wet, sir," Victor licked her pussy one last time. Disappointed, he slid off the bed and stood next to his wife.

"Good," Dylan seemed pleased that his hard work had not been undone by a selfish cuckold husband. "I think it's time to introduce this sloppy cunt to a new friend."

Anne squealed.

"It's up to you, cuckold," he told Victor.

Anne's husband didn't make a sound but his cock answered on his behalf, twitching and pulsating violently.

"Are you sure, Victor?" Dylan repeated. Victor again said nothing but his cock throbbed rapidly.

"I'll take that as a yes!" Dylan sniggered.

Still blindfolded, Anne's other senses came into sharp focus when she heard Dylan snap his fingers repeatedly. Suddenly, the bed jumped. She felt a cold nose sniffing between her legs, she heard panting and felt a wide hot tongue slip up between her wide-open pussy lips.

"Wait?! No!" she panicked.

On a few occasions when she was particularly drunk, Victor had shocked her by showing her videos of women being fucked by animals, usually dogs. Anne thought the very concept was disgusting and didn't at all understand why it appealed to her husband. Much to Victor's disappointment, Anne had made it clear to him that she would never let a dog fuck her. She hated dogs. Their constant need for attention, their whimpering and whining, and most of all, their smell - that horrible "dog" smell - Anne couldn't stand it.

She then realized exactly why Victor had gotten up so early this morning, he and Dylan had thoroughly bathed the dog in preparation for breeding her. Try though she might, she didn't smell "dog" at all just a musky shampoo. Her stomach turned at the thought of going through with this.

She felt the beast bury his tongue deep inside her, lapping up the liquids from within her pussy. She undulated her hips involuntarily. She was disgusted at herself for climaxing. Her breathing deepening once again. The tongue moved rapidly within her, stroking places untouched by any man's tongue. Another orgasm overtook her. The tip of the tongue flicked in and out of her opening as the dog steadily lapped at her excited sex, voraciously drinking the combination of her bull's cum and her own urine.

"This is Hector, my little Rottweiler," Dylan announced proudly, "and I brought him here to fuck you like the dog slut you are!"

She felt her lubrication flowing once more, adding to the cum already flowing out of her. Suddenly she felt her husband release her wrists from the bed, only to clasp them together in front of her. She held and petted the Rottweiler's head as his relentless tongue dipped repeatedly into her steaming sex. Her hips began to thrust of their own volition, trying to get the most pleasure possible from the long, wet tongue. Hector did his part, feasting on her soaked sex. Anne shuddered as the tip made glancing contact with her hypersensitive clitoris. She moaned hungrily at the sensations racing through her.

She suspected what was coming next. Victor confirmed her thoughts by directing her to get on all fours as he unhooked the chains from her ankle restraints. She felt the remnants of her bull's cum begin to leak out of her pussy, sliding down her engorged labia.

Hector's tongue found her pussy from behind. Anne committed to the moment and moaned aloud as the tongue tunneled its way inside her, scooping more of the fluids from her pussy. She wiggled her shapely ass at Dylan's fury pet, coaxing his tongue deeper into her. The roughness of the tongue sent tingling sensations through her pussy and up into her tummy. Hector withdrew his tongue from her and lapped hungrily at the thick labia still dripping the fluids of her previous coupling with Dylan.

He continued his oral ministrations for several minutes, then backed away from his bitch. Anne's breathing became deep and ragged as Dylan's Rottweiler attempt to mount her. She felt soft padding covering his paws.

At least she wouldn't get scratched, she realized.

Hector's rear legs danced back and forth as he thrust wildly in a vain attempt to find the breeding

hole of his doggie bitch. She spread her knees wide, lowering her back to help him find his mark. It didn't help, he slid off her back and fell to her side.

"I love you for doing this, Anne" her husband whispered.

"I love you too, Victor", she replied.

"At least you can't get pregnant this way," he joked.

"But maybe I want to him to breed little puppies inside me," Anne teased.

She felt one of her human lovers appear next to her and suddenly the room was impossibly bright. Victor had removed her blindfold. She blinked hard and strained to bring the room into focus.

Victor ordered her to examine the obscenity that was about to fuck her, "Look at his cock, you doggie slut!"

Anne looked between her legs to find her husband's hand holding Hector's twitching dog penis at the entrance to her pussy. The dog's cock was bright red with pulsating dark purple veins dotting the slick shaft. The tip was pointed like a dart and was shooting clear doggie cum on her ass. Anne's stomach turned. Victor moved his hand farther down the shaft and revealed a massive bulb of throbbing purple flesh at the base of the cock. The doggie knot was at least the size of a baseball and appeared to be growing. Anne knew what was about to happen - she had seen it in those revolting videos of Victor's. It was her degenerate husband's filthiest fantasy and she was about to make it a reality for him.

Just one time. I'll do this just one time and NEVER again, Anne promised herself.

Anne lay her shoulders against the bed lifting her shapely ass high in the air. She arched her back to present her wide-open pussy to Hector's red erection. Hector closed in behind her, his hips began to undulate within range of her sex. Victor stroked the dog's cock rapidly, enticing the dog to shoot cum out of his cock at a massive rate.

Hector's huge dog cock thrust wildly in Victor's hand as the dog whimpered desperately. Any doubt that Victor had of Anne's enthusiasm for performing this depraved act was alleviated when he noticed his wife's right hand between her legs furiously finger-fucking her pussy. She shuttered from another series of orgasms.

"Fuck me, Hector. Fuck me like a doggie bitch!" Anne shouted.

"Hector, mount!" Dylan commanded.

Hector didn't have to be told twice. He jumped onto Anne's back, his front legs straddling her. She felt Hector standing awkwardly on her calves as he waved his hips left and right trying to hump her but he still could not find her waiting hole. She brought her knees closer together to allow Hector's rear legs to straddle her feet. Hector centered himself behind her. She could feel the wet cock hitting closer and closer to her cunt. The unthinkable was about to happen.

"Victor!" she shouted.

She closed her knees completely together. The animal thrust frantically for several seconds before finally hitting the mark. His haunches became a frenzied blur as he pumped his doggie cock into her faster than any human male could ever hope to do. Anne screamed as the Rottweiler's throbbing

shaft quickly filled her to the brim. It was hotter than any dick she had ever felt.

His cock is so deliciously warm, she thought.

It blazed into her, his furry back arched as the instinct to breed his bitch overtook the animal. He thrust deep into her soaked pussy, impaling her on his hard cock.

“FUCK ME!!!” Anne screamed.

Unintelligible noises came from her mouth - guttural moans that sounded more animal than human. Her eyes fluttered open and closed as she felt his enormous dog knot violently smacking against her pussy in wet slaps. Her face was a mask of concentration as her pussy stretched open to accommodate the engorged purple knot. Anne was absolutely certain the huge bulb of flesh would never fit into her cunt when she abruptly felt herself involuntarily bear down on his disgusting dog cock and with a jolt, her body greedily sucked in the entire obscene mound of flesh inside her with one quick motion.

Although Dylan’s cock had been deliciously thick, nothing could compare to the size of the doggie knot now enlarging inside her. The knot rapidly swelled to its fullest within her, tying them together. Hector tried to pull away from her, the knot tugged at her filled pussy, stretching the opening obscenely. The tip of his dog penis kissed her cervix as Hector gave several mighty lunges obviously content at feeling himself being completely buried inside his breeding bitch.

Anne felt the heat begin deep within her belly as Hector began to squirt his massive load of doggie seed inside her. The knot sealed off her pussy, forcing the flood of doggie cum into the only opening available - through her cervix and into her womb. She exploded in a gut wrenching orgasm of her own. Her hips thrust back at her animal lover, forcing his erupting cock to repeatedly bounce into her cervix, sending electric shocks up her spine. She sprayed warm urine in all directions as she rubbed her swollen clitoris raw.

The Rottweiler finally stopped thrusting, collapsing in exhaustion on Anne’s back. Victor watched his wife convulse beneath the dog.

Anne, however, did not stop. Her hips worked his knot side to side inside her as she rode him through her climaxes. His huge knot still sealing his doggie seed deep within her. Victor saw his wife’s pussy muscles clench at the huge organ as the beast emptied its load into her. She groaned aloud as her orgasms overcame her.

It took nearly 30 minutes for Hector’s knot to shrink enough to allow him to retract. Midway during the long breeding session, Anne lost consciousness but she appeared to continue to climax as she was passed-out, twitching and shaking as she slept.

Finally Hector’s knot began to withdraw from her, stirring Anne to lucidity. Cum started squirting from around the knot in a gush. She felt the hot fluid running down the back of her legs as it poured forth from deep within her womb. The throbbing doggie knot squeezed out of Anne’s stretched pussy pulling the enormous canine penis out with it. Victor was shocked at how much Hector’s cock had grown while sealed inside his wife. The bedding beneath Anne was soaked in doggie cum and her own urine.

Victor wasted no time. He rolled Anne over onto her back and buried his face into her pussy greedily drinking the salty doggie cum from his wife’s well worn pussy. Anne was in a state of total ecstasy, cumming in staccato bursts that made her convulse and scream.

Victor moved over Anne and thrust his aching cock deep inside his wife. He began to fuck her with short, quick strokes. Anne reached up and held Victor around the neck as he pounded his cock into her hot, soaked vagina. She could barely feel his small penis in her well stretched cunt. She reached a hand between her legs to make sure it was still in her. She couldn't remember his cock ever being as hard and yet so impossibly tiny as it was at that very moment. His hips rocked into hers, causing the root of his erection to pound at the area around her clitoris, finally allowing her to feel some pleasure from her husband's penis. Victor's excitement was apparent to her. He wouldn't last long, she thought.

Cum gushed out of her, he felt the watery doggie cum mixed with Dylan's thick nigger seed, spilling around his driving cock. That realization quickly drove him over the edge. He thrust rapidly into his wife, reveling in the sensations that surrounded his penis. Liquid ran down her ass as he slammed into her more forcefully with each thrust. He ground his cock into her to the hilt and finally exploded. She groaned, pulling her husband closer as he emptied himself inside her. Her pussy was awash with the combined fluids, and she felt the mixture trickle down between her ass.

Her husband collapsed upon her, his shrinking cock twitching inside her. Victor withdrew and rolled off of his wife. He rose up on one elbow and slowly kissed his wife on the lips.

Dylan opened the blinds covering the windows. It was dark outside. Dylan and Hector had fucked her for the entire day. She looked over to Victor and smiled.

"Wow," was all she could think of to say.

Victor kissed his wife gently, removing her leather wrist restraints as he did.

"Come on," he said, "let's get some dinner. It's barely 7pm and you still have a whole night of fun stuff ahead of you."

"What else could you possibly have in mind?" she said exhausted.

"All I'll say is you're going to try new things," he replied, "so let's eat."

As she stood, Anne felt her pussy gush cum down her legs onto the floor. "I'll meet you downstairs," she replied. "Right now I need to go clean up," she said as she meandered down the hall.

The doorbell rang.

"You're going to need your strength too," he called to her.

"Sure I am," she shouted back giggling.

Victor looked downstairs and saw Dylan with Hector at the door welcoming all the young men filing into the house.

"A lot of strength."

THE END