

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



Bestiality would seem an acquired taste. A woman either is into it as an experiment, or she sets out to enjoy the sheer animal joy of it. She could be encouraged by a friend, watch it on porn, or just for the fact that doing it would shake most people to the bone. It can be a family pet or, in extreme cases, going to a place where dogs, for example, are particularly trained to mate with humans. My wife's introduction was completely unplanned and a complete surprise. I am Ted. My wife is Pat, and this is how it happened.

Pat, my wife of five years, and I were pretty conservative regarding sex. We were both virgins when we married, and it took a lot of trial and error (a lot of error) to work out how to please each other. Intercourse was simple, or so I thought, but while I had orgasms, she didn't. We were married about a year when I caught her one day masturbating. I thought only men did that. But there she was, on our bed, naked and fingering herself. Of course, she was mortified, and I was stunned. We didn't speak of it for several days, but finally, I sat her down and asked why she was doing it.

Pat was very direct and said that girls at work were saying how their husbands got them off with oral sex. It showed how raw we were. Neither of us knew exactly what that meant. We decided to go onto the internet and Google it. A couple of false starts, and we stumbled on this porn site. My God, it was unreal. Typing in oral sex, these images came up of women sucking men's penises and men licking women's pussies. Even men sucking men, which made my stomach turn. Anyway, we decided to give it a try. Pat said there was no way she would suck me. I was disappointed as the guys on the videos seemed to like it. But she did think me licking her would be interesting.

In the bedroom, she undressed, and I set to work licking her pussy. She seemed to enjoy it, but she wasn't moaning like the videos. Then she told me to lick her clit. Boy, what a change. Not just moaning, but she grabbed my head and forced me down on her harder, and then, a minute or so later, she squealed and had an orgasm. She was shaking all over and begged me to mount her. It was incredible. An hour later, she asked me to do it again. I was happy to do it, but I thought I should get oral.

Maybe two weeks later, I finally begged her to suck me. She was reluctant, but finally, she did it. It was amazing. I felt my orgasm building and told her. She said there was no way she would let me cum in her mouth. I guess I had to be satisfied with what I could get.

It was about this time that we decided to get a dog for several reasons. Protection was the main reason and fitness as we would take the dog for a walk each day. We shopped around and found a breeder who had German Sheppard dogs. He had a number of them, and Pat picked out a male. He seemed friendly. The breeder said that the dog wasn't fixed. Pat was horrified. She didn't want a dog that had been mutilated. The guy just looked a bit stunned and assured her that the dog would not be mutilated, but Pat was adamant. The guy and I just shrugged and let her have her way.

We bought all the stuff we needed for the dog and got home. The first item of business was a name. We agonized over it for a couple of days, and we finally settled on Rusty. It was more just calling him something, and Rusty was good enough. Rusty lived in our backyard. His bed was on the back porch, and we fed him out there too. Pat wasn't all that keen to have him in the house. To be honest, I wasn't all that keen either. We got into a routine. We both worked normal hours. Rusty was always glad to see us when we got home. We would take him for a walk to the park, let him loose for a runaround and then return home. I will feed him while Pat organizes our dinner. Things were working out fine—one big happy family.

It was about this time that Pat and I started to get a bit more adventurous, sex-wise. Having used porn to experiment with oral, we also experimented with intercourse. Something called cowgirl was fun, but when we tried doggy style, Pat got into it. She loved doing it that way, and I certainly was

only too happy to oblige. We would have a delicious sixty-nine, and then she would get on hands and knees. She didn't say a thing. I knew what she wanted. She had even started to rub her clit while I dogged her so she would cum as well as me.

I remember the night it happened like it was yesterday. There had been a storm brewing all day. We got home and looked outside. There was no way we were going for a walk. Pat started dinner, and I fed Rusty. We had just finished dinner, and there was an almighty clap of thunder. It shook the house. It also shocked Rusty, and he started howling. He was petrified. Pat said we should let him in. Several minutes later, the rain started, and it did come down. Our house had a tin roof, and it sounded like a thousand people dancing on it. Then the power went off, and there was a mad scramble to find the touch and a few candles.

"This is so romantic," mused Pat, and I knew what she was thinking.

Sex by candlelight. Very romantic.

We decided to get sexy in the lounge room. Not for the first time. We got naked, enjoyed some oral stimulation, and Pat got on hands and knees. I moved it and started to hump her. She was moaning extra loudly. The thunder and lightning, the rain of the roof, and just candles for light affected her. On me to, if I was being honest. I did pace myself as she was enjoying it so much. I think she had cum at least twice before I did. I came with a groan and pulled away. Pat was still on hands and knees and blissfully enjoying what had just occurred.

Now I hadn't worried about Rusty. I forgot about him. But he had been observing what I was doing. I don't know what triggered him—watching me dogging Pat? The smell of sex in the air? Maybe Pat moaning? Whatever got him going, it made him go wild. No sooner had I moved out of the way than he moved in and mounted Pat. He thrust forward, and Pat screamed. Later I realized that many dogs needed a helping hand, but that night Rusty must have just been lucky.

"Get him off me," she yelled, but when I tried to, Rusty growled.

He was pounding away and growling. Pat's screams started to change to moans. She was moaning as she did with me. I was shocked. She sounded like she was enjoying it. After about a minute, Rusty growled again, and Pat squealed.

"NO. NO," she shouted and then groaned.

Rusty stopped moving and just rested on Pat's back. I would learn later that he was cumming inside her. He was quiet, but Pat was still moaning softly.

"Are you ok, honey?" I asked, feeling somewhat helpless.

She turned her face towards me and just smiled. I sat on the floor as I watched Rusty trying to separate from Pat, and each time she would yelp. He was trying to extract his knot. Finally, he did so, and I was shocked. His cock was longer than mine. No wonder Pat was moaning.

"God, I am leaking everywhere," Pat mumbled.

She was too. She struggled to her feet and headed to the bathroom. There was a little puddle on the carpet. Doggy cum.

Pat had a shower while I cleaned up the best I could. Rusty was lying in the corner, and I swear he was smiling. Pat returned to the lounge in a robe and sat on the couch. I sat beside her.

"You must think I am a slut" she said.

"Why would I think that?" I said, not knowing what else to say.

"I am so mixed up," she said, "so confused. I should be disgusted with myself because I let a dog have sex with me."

"Well, you didn't let him," I replied. "He sort of raped you, didn't he?"

I thought that would make her feel at least not responsible. "Can I tell you something?" she went on. "I think I enjoyed it."

I didn't think it was wise, at that moment, to tell her I knew she did.

The storm passed, and we talked some more. The power came back on, so we decided to find out about sex with dogs. It took a while as we didn't know how to find it. Then we found a website which explained a few things. A dog sprays pre-cum to lubricate himself. A dog has a knot that locks him into a bitch, so when he cums, his semen doesn't leak out. Pat attested to that. She felt the pain when Rusty forced it into her. A dog has to wait for that knot to shrink before he can separate. Then we found actual videos of women with dogs. Some dogs seemed to not know what to do, but some were trained. I could see the glint in Pat's eyes as she watched. I have to admit had I got an erect watching these videos and Pat's reaction.

I had to ask, "Would you like to do it again?"

She hesitated. I think more than she was worried about how I would react if she said yes. I pressed her for an answer, but she said she wasn't sure. I assured her that I would not judge her, but she had to do something for me. I didn't have to tell her what. I have wanted a blowjob, just one, to see what it was like. She called me a bastard, but she laughed as she said it. It was clear that her first experience with Rusty had instantly converted her. I sat on the couch naked, and she kneeled on the floor sucking my cock.

Rusty immediately became curious and padded up to her. She moaned as he licked her. Then, as if he remembered what had happened before, he mounted her. It took several attempts, but a muffled squeal from Pat signaled that he had found his target, and off he went, humping her furiously until he knotted. It was all too much for me, and I orgasmed. It felt so good, but Pat hardly noticed as she was in a world of her own.

Thinking back, I guess the fact that Rusty didn't have a bitch for so long means he took advantage of Pat. Also, he was pretty agitated because of the storm. However, having made Pat his bitch, he was all guns blazing. It took no time for him to realize that Pat was his, and she often enjoyed it. She still does. He would be described as being fully trained. At least self-trained anyway. I get blowjobs, Rusty gets his bitch, and Pat gets the pleasure of two randy males. I am still a little jealous of how big Rusty's cock is, but I can pleasure Pat for ages while Rusty lasts for a few minutes. So I win that one, and Pat admits she loves us equally.

*The End.*