

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



What started as a laugh became a mind-blowing experience.

My husband, Bernie, and I liked to look at videos and then play them out for real. We started kind of quietly. First, it was oral sex. I loved being licked, and he loved being sucked. I wasn't that thrilled when he would cum in my mouth. The taste was pretty yuck, and he went limp afterward, and I liked fucking. We progressed to a bit of bondage, which was fun. Nothing too extreme. We bought a vibrator and then butt plugs and beads. He suggested getting someone, male or female, to join us. I soon put a stop to that idea. One night he got all excited and called me. He had found a bestiality site on the internet. I looked at it and said straight out that it didn't excite me.

We had a dog, which was adorable. A German Shepard we called Otto. He hadn't been fixed as I thought that was cruel. But, of course, it did cause problems when we took him to the dog park. He would check out the female dogs, and several times, other owners would complain when Otto got a bit frisky. Of course, Bernie said he was only being friendly. I suspected he wanted him to be friendly with me. He would often get that site of the internet and tell me how erotic it was. I have to admit that several had women squealing and yelling as a dog mounted them. I really couldn't see myself ever doing that. I think Bernie was a bit disappointed at my rejection of it.

Bernie came home and said he had been exhausted at doing a high-level training course with his work. He had to go interstate, and it would be for two weeks. He was very excited as it meant a promotion and a higher salary. The night before he left, we had sex three times. He said it was to tide me over for the two weeks of getting none. He thought I couldn't go two weeks with no sex. I wasn't that worried. After all, I had a drawer full of sex toys. He said he wanted a full report when he got back. He left on Sunday morning. It was the first time we had been separated since we got married. I waved goodbye and went back inside. Two weeks? It would be a breeze.

I did the housework, took Otto for a walk, and made dinner for one. The house was silent, and I tried to watch TV, but nothing was worth watching. I decided to entertain myself with toys. I liked playing with my vibrator, and Bernie would tease my clit while pushing anal beads in my bum. I tried it solo, and it wasn't as much fun, although I did orgasm. I decided to go on the internet and watch videos. Then I showered and went to bed. It was strange sleeping alone.

Monday night, I loaded the laptop again and found the animal site Bernie had looked at. One had a woman first being licked, then fucked, and finally, she actually sucked the dog's cock. I watched wide-eyed at the goings-on and was soon rubbing my clit. In the afterglow of my second orgasm, I wondered what it would be like to be licked by a dog. Could I really do it? It was so out there, but just the thought of it had my heart beating faster. Being mounted by a dog was out of the question but being licked, now that would be wild. I looked at Otto, who was lying on his bed in the corner. How could I make it happen?

In one video, I saw this woman was rubbing what looked like butter on her pussy, and the dog was lapping it up. I sat looking at him and thinking about it. Finally, I ended up on my bed, getting myself off. Just thinking about it was exciting.

The following night I decided, "Why not try it. Just once."

I grabbed the tub of butter, took off my knickers, buttered my pussy, and called Otto over. He was curious at first, not sure what I wanted. I dragged him between my thighs, and he began to lick me. It was like this bolt of electricity went through my body. I had always loved Bernie licking me, but this was better. Otto's tongue was wide and slightly rough, and he wasn't too fussed where he licked. My pussy, my clit, even my bum. He had me squirming and moaning. It was so good I kept spreading the butter until I came. He seemed to get very excited and, at one point, tried to climb on

top of me. I pushed him away.

"No boy," I said, scolding him, "get down."

But later, I thought about it. It was so hot.

I did this twice the following night, and each time I had an amazing orgasm. It wasn't just the act of cumming that had me panting. It was the fact that our lovely dog had caused it. It was so disgustingly wonderful. By the weekend, I began to contemplate going further. I took him for a walk after breakfast, and back home had him lick me. Some of those videos seemed to show dogs with no idea what the woman wanted. I realized that having Otto mount me wasn't going to be easy. He had, on several occasions, tried to climb up on me while I was sitting on the couch. I wondered if allowing him to do that would work. He tried it again, and this time I didn't push him away. Instead, I reached down to his sheaf and rubbed it. His cock appeared. I had a decision to make. I had teased him, so now I had to go through with it.

I pulled him to me and aimed his cock at my pussy. I don't know what set him off. Was my manipulation or the feeling he got entering my pussy, but whatever it was, he thrust forward and started to hump me. With each thrust, he seemed to grow larger and more urgent. I held him tight, and I felt his knot, but he couldn't push it into me. He was growling with frustration, but he came anyway. Finally, he stopped moving and then pulled away and licked the cum seeping out of me. Between his tongue and my fingers, I came again before I rushed to the toilet. I sat there with my mind whirling. My God, I had just a dog fuck me. Worse, I had enjoyed it. I wanted more.

Later that day, I was frustrated as I attempted to get him to mount me in classic style. Several times I tried with no success. But I wanted it now, my desire growing with each failure. That night it was my vibrator that finally succeeded in calming me down. Sunday morning, I again looked at videos for some clue. In one, this woman pulled the dog on top of her, reached down, and aimed his cock. I immediately rushed to the lounge room, stripped naked, and called Otto.

I did as the video has shown, and lo and behold, it worked. Once Otto entered me, nature took over. I was squealing and moaning, and then his knot swelled, and this time he was in charge and drove it into me. He stopped moving, and he pumped his bitch full of doggy juice. He tried several times to disengage, and I admit I didn't make it easy for him. But he did, and I felt his cum leaking out. It was the most unbelievable feeling ever. I did it again a little later, and it felt even better.

At work Monday all day, my pussy was humming. I couldn't wait to get home. So I had a snack rather than a meal and took Otto for a walk. Then, back home, I stripped off and roughed him up. I had seen it in another video. He started to get excited, and I immediately got on my hands and knees. He had a couple of attempts at mounting me, and just when I was getting frustrated, he succeeded in mounting me fully.

"Yes, you good boy," I moaned as I felt him enter me.

In less than a minute, he was tied to me and cumming. It was another maybe 5 minutes of him trying to escape and me squeezing my pussy to hold him in place. I was hooked. I spoke to Bernie every night, but I didn't know how to tell him what Otto and I were doing. I thought that I would have to tell him sometime.

All that second week, Otto serviced me, his bitch. He soon learned that me sitting naked on the couch meant licking. I on hands and knees meant fucking. I had seen his cock fully extended after sex and was stunned at how big he was. I loved sucking my husband's cock, but could I go a step further with Otto. It was Thursday night, and he was lying on the floor after he finished with me. He

licked himself, and I just knelt, grabbed his cock, and started to suck it. I got a mouthful of his pre-cum. I ignored the taste. I was in the zone, as they say. I slipped a hand between my legs and masturbated as I sucked Otto's cock. I had done this with Bernie, but somehow this was more erotic. I did it again several times. Each time Otto would mount me again as if to say thanks.

Bernie arrived back home Saturday afternoon. He said he was tired, but I had missed him so much. We immediately went to the bedroom. I closed the door. Bernie asked why but I ignored him, and once I stripped off, he forgot about it, and we fucked furiously. I lay there wondering how I would admit that I had not been without cock while he was away. I hatched a plan. Bernie had a nap, and I made dinner. We ate and then sat in the lounge room. I went to the bedroom, saying I needed the toilet. When I came back, I was naked. I knelt in front of Bernie and unzipped his pants. Pulling out his cock I began to suck him. I knew what would happen next. Otto saw me in the position, padded over, and mounted me.

I moaned as he slipped his growing cock into me, and Bernie shouted, "What the fuck. What is he doing?" I looked up and smiled and went back to sucking Bernie's cock. "Shit," he said. "what have you been teaching him?"

I just laughed and then squealed as Otto tied with me. As Otto pumped his cum into my pussy Bernie pumped his cum into my mouth.

"God, honey, that is so crazy," he murmured as I sucked him dry.

I looked up and smiled again. "Otto has been so wonderful while you were away, darling," I said, "and his recovery powers are amazing. Let me show you," and I patted my bum, and Otto mounted me again. "When he is finished, I want you cock, my darling," I said, and Bernie watched wide-eyed as Otto mated with me again.

Bernie then took his turn. I was overjoyed that he wasn't upset.

Bernie and I have accepted Otto as part of a sexy threesome. Bernie admits watching me with Otto turns him on. Our favorite activity is me on hands and knees, sucking Otto while Bernie enjoys fucking me with a pussy full of dog cum. We still have conventional sex, just the two of us, sometimes, but Otto has become a regular part of our sex life.

*The End.*