

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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I'm a 31 year old housewife. I used to work as a nurse, but when my husband got a big promotion, we decided I no longer needed to work, although I volunteer at a free clinic a few days a month and have a friend who runs an agency for whom I occasionally do some private duty if she's short nurses. I am about 5'2" and usually weigh about 111lbs, though I like to stay under that. My eyes are blue, my hair is what my cosmetologist calls, 'Blue-black,' and is naturally very curly. Oh! I'm sure many of you want to know. My breasts are on the small side, only 33B, but they are very sensitive and my husband seems to like them. We live in a one floor house in an urban residential community. We plan on moving up to a more upscale suburban or country setting once we get a bit more ahead on savings.

So, we sound pretty normal, I guess, but we do have a kinky side to our life. We like to play with bondage. Self-bondage was something I started playing around with before we were married. I used to use plain rope and toy handcuffs, but when I introduced my husband David to it, we got some nice things, including fur-lined cuffs. I had tied myself up a couple of times while my David was still at work, allowing him to find me, naked and bound, helpless and ready. These times led to fun evenings where David used me as his sex slave all night.

One Friday recently, when I was feeling in the mood, I began to think about surprising him that way. I was looking around for just the right spot to restrain myself, the perfect place for my husband to find me and begin an evening of ravishing me. On previous occasions, I had tied myself to the bedposts, on a chair in the living room, and with my hands over my head, suspended from a beam in our detached garage.

I felt particularly horny this night and decided to be a little more daring than usual. We have a backyard patio, which sits in sort of an 'L' shaped area formed by the back wall of our kitchen, and a small sitting room. The sitting room blocks the patio view from our neighbors on one side, while there is a wooden privacy fence between our yard and the neighbors on the other side. The patio is covered by an awning that extends a little beyond the sitting room, which tends to darken the area, there is the garage blocking most of the view from our back fence, and there are enough bushes and trees around to make it overall a pretty cozy spot. I decided I would tie myself up out on the patio,

David used to work out some at home before his new job gave him access to the company's health club, and he had a now unused weight bench that had been moved out onto the patio when he stopped using it. I dragged it away from the wall to the center of the patio. It was just a simple flat bench with some uprights at one end, so support some weights. I decided I could restrain myself using the bench. I checked the time. I had about an hour before David was due home, so I went inside to get ready.

I showered, shaving my legs and pits, as well as my bikini line, leaving just my usual small patch above my slit. I applied some body lotion and David's favorite fragrance. I collected some of my bondage gear and stepped out onto the patio, still naked. I lit an insect repellent candle and put on some knee pads. I knelt at the foot of the bench and, using bondage cuffs, attached my knees to the legs of the bench, which spread my legs, exposing my pussy and my tight little butt hole when I bent forward over the bench.

Next, I tightly attached my middle to the bench using a wide belt intended as back support. It was stretchy and fastened with Velcro. Once secured, I had a very little movement of the lower half of my body. I could still easily unfasten it, of course, but I took care of that now by fastening my wrists to the uprights in front of me, using another set of bondage cuffs, the keys to which were on the kitchen table. I had thought about a gag of some sort but decided against it.

I could no longer see a clock, but I estimated I had no more than five to ten minutes before David would be home. I began to feel myself getting ready for him. My pussy is growing wet. The blood was flowing, distending, swelling my labia, making me ready for David's cock. Would he slam it right into me when he saw me as he sometimes did, not even undressing, just dropping his trousers and going at it? Or would he tease me as he did other times, prolonging the agony of my need, making me beg for release before he finally took me?

Even though I knew I was secured tightly, I struggled, fighting the bonds I had applied. I could feel the moisture collecting in my vestibule, flowing along my lips, dripping from my erect clit. I wanted to reach it. To relieve the growing itch of my desire. How long? How long now till he would be home? Then I was startled by the phone ringing, almost crying out when I heard it.

It was warm, and I had left the kitchen window open. I heard the answering machine pick up, heard David recording a message for me.

"Hi, honey," he said. "Guess you went out or something. Listen, George wants me to stay late and help him with a presentation for Monday. It shouldn't take more than a couple of hours. I wanted to call earlier, but we were in a meeting. Anyway, see you soon. Love ya!"

Shit! I almost screamed the word out loud. I felt myself starting to panic, and I knew I had to calm down. I was still aroused, but the fact that release was now one or two hours away, instead of minutes, allowed me to back down slightly.

OK. I reminded myself that I had been bound much longer than two hours. I could do it. The delay would make my eventual relief that much sweeter. I did have another try at my bonds, but they were secure. I would have to wait. I felt pretty safe. Our yard was fenced on all sides, with a gate across the driveway preventing access to our backyard. The remote possibility of one of our neighbors discovering me only added to my excitement, slight as it was.

After a while, I noted that our neighbor's kids were in their backyard playing. They were the ones separated from us by the privacy fence. I didn't even know how many kids they had, their ages or anything, but I could hear them laughing and shouting. The fence was very tight, no gaps or anything, and was at least eight feet tall, so I wasn't worried. That is, I wasn't worried until a volley-type ball came over the fence, bounced once on our driveway, then rolled to a stop on our lawn about halfway between me and our garage.

I could hear the kids arguing about what to do. "Just knock on the door and ask for it," one of them said.

Well, that wouldn't work. I wouldn't be able to answer. Finally, one of them said, "I'll go get it. They don't have a dog or anything."

Shit again! I couldn't do anything but wait and hope that somehow I wouldn't be discovered. Soon I heard the catch on the gate open and, out of the corner of my eye, could see the gate swing open a few inches. After a period of silence, during which I suspect our yard was surveyed for signs of activity, a girl dashed into the yard, thankfully never glancing in my direction, scooped up the ball, and dashed back out. I was so relieved at not being discovered that I did not immediately notice that when she rushed out, the gate did not latch, and again swung open slightly.

Well, there wasn't anything I could do about it, and since the gate only had a simple latch and not a lock, it didn't make much difference for security anyway. I settled down to estimate how much time had passed and how much longer I had to wait for David. The game had ended, and the kids had gone inside for supper. Everything was quiet until I heard a squeak from the gate.

At first, I thought it might be wind or something because I didn't see anyone as I looked toward the gate. Then I looked lower and saw a large tan dog pad into our yard, head in the air, sniffing. I had no idea what kind of dog he was at the time, nor did I care, my only concern being that an owner out looking for him might follow him. I did later learn he was an Anatolian Shepherd, though like I said, at the time, that wasn't a concern.

He advanced into the yard, still sniffing until he suddenly turned and looked at me. He made a sort of surprised 'whuff' sound and started heading for me. I had always been afraid of dogs, and part of me wanted to scream. However, a more significant part of me wanted to be quiet so no one would find me. The dog got closer, sniffing at my sides. "Nice doggie," I whispered, "Please go away."

The dog licked at my side, his tongue catching the side of my breast and tickling under my arm, the intimate contact causing me to shudder. "Please, doggie, just go away," I whimpered.

Instead of going away, he moved around to my face and started licking me. I guess some people would say he was kissing me, but I didn't look at it as kissing. I shook my head and whimpered some more, and he finally moved off, sniffing his way down my other side. While he was sniffing, the phone rang again. It was David. I couldn't pay attention with the dog now behind me, his nose pressed to my anus, but I heard David wonder where I could be. Then I heard him saying he was getting off the freeway and would be home in about fifteen minutes.

Oh, God! I only had to endure another few minutes! The dog had tired of my butt and had dropped down to my pussy. The dried and drying residue of my earlier excitement on my pussy and inner thighs seemed to be what he had been sniffing at because now, with evident relish, he began licking me all over my pussy and thighs. I fought the urge to scream. David would be in the driveway any minute. He would rescue me.

The dog stopped his licking, and then I felt his weight on my back. Oh my God! I realized he was trying to fuck me! I squirmed around as much as I could, but I had done too good a job of restraining myself, restraining myself for my dog rape. Please, David! Hurry!

All my thrashing did no good, only seeming to excite my attacker more. I was no longer aroused, only frightened, and my pussy was dry, except for the dog saliva he had left on me. I could feel him humping at me, could feel the tip of his cock stabbing at me, poking me in my butt cheeks. I could feel the warmth of his pre-cum as it squirted me, hitting my ass and pussy. I felt it squirting between my pussy lips, and I couldn't help but groan when I felt the heat of it. I fought against it, but I was becoming aroused again. God damn you, David! Hurry!

Then one of his stabbing thrusts hit the right mark and I felt the pointy tip of his hot cock part my pussy lips and enter me. He felt it too, as he stopped a brief moment and set himself, then drove suddenly and deeply into me. It hurt, and I couldn't help but cry out, though I tried to stay as quiet as possible, determined not to be caught by the neighbors. I heard the dog snarl. Then he began fucking me hard, his cock thrusting in and out at a pace I couldn't believe. His cock seemed rather thin at first but soon grew, swelling inside me bigger and bigger. I was incredibly wet, first from the pre-cum he was squirting all over, but then I'm ashamed to admit, from my suddenly returned arousal. My pussy was doing its best to add to the lubrication, and his thrusting was accompanied by wet noises of my being fucked royally.

I tried to fight against it, but the sensation was too much. My helpless position, the taboo nature of what was happening to me, my overall state of arousal and frustration at having to wait so long for some relief all combined to overwhelm me. I groaned, feeling myself giving in. Welcoming the dog cock into me, as it continued to swell and grow, eager for it to be the instrument of my release. Then

I felt the additional swelling at the base of his cock that was the knot as it began to enter me, slipping easily past my pussy lips at first, but growing bigger and bigger until at last, he held it in me as it swelled even more, and I felt tied to his cock. I came.

My pussy clamped down on that knot, and the dog howled as if in triumph. His cock began spewing volumes of hot cum inside of me, inundating my cervix in warm dog seed. I continued to cum as his cock head worked against my g-spot, one orgasm following on another until I couldn't distinguish one from another anymore. At last, he seemed to stop cumming, but remained on my back, his cock still locked in me. I could hear him panting, his saliva dripping onto my bareback. I groaned again. He continued to pant for a few minutes more, then, with a tug and a wet-sounding slurp, pulled his cock out of me. I could feel a gush of his and my combined cum start flowing down my inner thighs, pooling on the patio tiles. He took one swipe with his tongue at my abused pussy, then lost interest, slipping out through the still open gate.

In moments I saw the headlights of my husband's car illuminate the garage as he turned into the driveway. What was I going to tell him?

The End.