

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



My wife and I had reached a point in our relationship where we needed to find new sexual territory. We started to play around with domination fetish stuff. After a while we found that she really got off on humiliation and being degraded. So I started giving her orders to tell me her fantasies and she did her best to obey. At first it was all tame and some of it for my amusement (like kissing other girls, etc) but after a while she was texting me from her work in the middle of the day. I'd make her take selfies from the bathroom at her office and send them to me along with naughty fantasies. Then when she got home we'd role play some of her ideas. It was fun and I always encouraged her to go further.

She'd even started telling me really private fantasies that she'd never told a soul like fantasizing embarrassingly dirty and disgusting things to get off to. To my surprise, she admitted to having touched herself while thinking about a dog and she came. She was being as open and honest as possible with me at all times now.

I started denying her for long periods of time, and not permitting her to service herself. She was so horny and pent up, her pussy was aching to be touched. She was on fire! I usually enjoyed getting her really worked up so that when we finally fucked, she was all the more adventurous.

On Friday she came home and (as instructed) dressed in stockings, garters, bra and thong, high heels and nothing else. She pushed five vibrating silver bullets into her ass one by one and then plugged herself with a big thorny looking buttplug. Kept in place by the thong, she opened a bottle of wine and waited for me to come home.

When I arrived, she was already three sheets to the wind. She was soaking in her panties and creaming down her thighs. She was nervous, so we had a few more drinks while I teased her even more. The beads in her ass were working away and I was working two fingers in and out of her so she'd writhe and beg for release.

We played for a bit while she polished off the bottle. Then I had her go into the bathroom and take out the buttplug but leave in the vibrating bullets, remove her panties and then we'd leave for the night. I wanted her ass loose and sloppy by the time we left. When she was totally sauced, we got her raincoat and left for the car. We had planned to go check out this seedy little sex book store and then find a dark corner of the city to fuck in, like in our car at the back of an alley or something. We both wanted her drunk enough that she would be uninhibited and then forget it all. That way, I could embellish the story of it all when I told her and she wouldn't know if it were all true. Of course I planned to make the evening something really special.

I found a special book store with live sex shows broadcast live on the Internet from the back room. I didn't tell her until we pulled up out front, but she thought it was kinky. She tried to chicken out and offered to blow me in the car if we didn't have to go inside, but I wasn't going to let her off the hook that easy. She confessed that she was super horny and she'd do anything I wanted right now as long as I would fuck her. I told her I was glad she would do anything I wanted because right now I wanted her to go into the bookstore with me. Later she would be allowed to come.

We entered the front of the store and made our way past the racks of dusty prebagged magazines and cheap, plastic sex toys.

She giggled, still drunk. She whispered in my ear that she was running down her leg. I could hear the vibrating bullets buzzing inside her ass from a couple feet away in the quiet of the bookstore. I doubt anyone else would have known what it was and they would have had to strain to hear it, but I

could see the effect they were having on my wife and how distracted she was getting.

She whispered in my ear, "I wanna fuck right now!"

I teased her a little, "Yeah? How bad?" I lifted the back of her coat and played with her clit.

She was having trouble concealing what was going on now. "Please! Let's go somewhere and fuck!"

Instead, I told her to request a booth in the back. I knew she didn't need to ask anyone, but the look on the clerk's face was worth it. I told her to ask for the deluxe room specifically. She was embarrassed but if she knew what the deluxe room was for, she'd never have the nerve to ask for it. The clerk looked over at me not sure if she was joking, but once I gave him a smile and a nod he started to look at her differently.

He directed her to the back and watched her with a smirk as she teetered off. We found the back hall and made our way to the open door.

All of the rooms here looked through a one way mirror into a central room that was wired to record video of anything that happened within it's mirrored walls. Every night there was a different theme. I made sure that we were here specifically for tonight.

In the center room was a chair and a big fucking dog.

Her jaw dropped when she saw the giant Mastiff in the adjacent room sitting next the empty chair obediently. I could see her mind racing to come up with any other scenario than the one in her head for what was meant to happen in the room. Then, her drunken realization that ours was the only room it connected to. "Oh my god! I'm not doing that! I couldn't!" She didn't stop staring at the big canine though...

I told her that I wasn't going to make her do this. I wouldn't order her to do it, but I also wasn't going to fuck her. She noticed the cameras in the big room, there four or five mounted to the walls, and I showed her the paper bag she could wear over her head with eye holes cut out. She visibly squirmed where she stood, staring out at the big dog; the tempting taboo and key to her release. I didn't know whether it was the humiliation of the bag or the buzzing beads throbbing inside her, but I knew she wasn't just wavering from being drunk. I knew my wife was so horny that it would only take a little push now.

"Tell you what, babe. Why don't you get me wet while you think about it?" I knew how much she loved sucking cock and decided to use it against her.

Dropping her raincoat, she stood in only garters, bra and stockings and showed me on her fingers just how wet she was. We got my pants open quickly and she dropped to her knees to suck my cock. She was eager and sloppy, drooling as she gagged on my cock.

Her hand found its way between her legs and she started to moan. Just as I could tell she was on the verge of release I stopped her. "Don't you fucking dare! That's not why we're here. Now get up and put this on."

I handed her the brown paper bag. My voice was firm and she was practically drooling and breathing hard.

She knew it was her choice and she had a mesmerized kind of trance like expression. It was a look of disbelief that she was really going to do this. Sure it was her fantasy, but it was never supposed to

become real!

Pulling the paper bag over her head, my wife quickly became a faceless body to me. It was exciting to know that those meaty thighs were my wife's, that her fat ass was being streamed online to horny degenerates to rub one out to.

She circled the chair slowly to let the dog get a look at her and then she sat and spread her legs apart, pulling at her labia to open herself. She was glistening and creamy already and the big dog had no problem finding what he wanted. She was shaved clean and bald and the brute must have liked what he was tasting, because his tongue moved fast and desperately tried to push as much of it inside her as possible.

With the paper bag on her head, it was still obvious that she loved what was happening to her. His tongue was fat and powerful and pushed her clit relentlessly towards the orgasm she wanted so badly. Her hands gripped the arms of the chair nervously and her head rolled around. Back and forth as the big dog did his work. Her legs stayed wide apart.

The cameras had a great view of the action. My wife squirmed, her tummy rising and falling with deep breaths. She played with her breasts, grabbing them and tugging on her nipples, making them hard and swollen.

Needless to say, I was hard and stroking away furiously as my wife came like a sick freak, getting off from letting strangers watch a dog give her a powerful orgasm. She writhed around and hyperventilated as she let herself be subject to such perverse degradation. Her pelvis lifted as she pushed it forward to help out her canine friend get the right spot. Eventually she collapsed back down into the chair and closing her knees to get some relief from the constant attention of her dog lovers powerful tongue.

I asked her through the one way glass, "Did you love it?"

Her voice was muffled by the paper bag but I clearly heard her words. "Hmmmm, oh god! I really did!"

She keeps rubbing herself as she talks, almost as if she was too drunk and horny to know she was doing it. She's telling me how good it was and thanked me for bringing her here. I don't know if she was thinking about the show she was putting on, still, as she ran her drunken fingers over her sloppy wet pussy.

"Get down on your knees now!" I ordered her.

She drifted in the most fluid motion she could manage, her knees wobbling, from the chair to the floor next to the dog.

I smiled and stroked myself more. "That's it! Now let him have what he wants."

"Yeah? Is that what you want me to do? Ohh... Okay, I'll do it." She was stammering but I knew she was game and only needed an excuse to be bad.

Putting her head down on the ground, she put her big meaty white hams in the air and the big mastiff quickly found a place for his nose and tongue. She let out a guttural moan.

"There ya go!" I said, prompting her, "Now help him up."

The dog scratched her back as he scrambled into place.

"Oh, baby! I don't know if... Ugh!" The dog's full weight on her now, her arms gave out from under her. I could see how helpless she was now, face on the ground, arms splayed out, ass in the air and legs spread, completely vulnerable to the full penetration she was going to have to take.

I knew that if I could see her struggling to get out from under the dog, then so could every other guy hiding behind the mirrors. And none of us did anything about it! Instead, we all jerked on our cocks even harder as my drunken wife lost control of the situation.

Insatiably horny from the extreme combination of alcohol, the lack of sex, the vibrating bullets in her ass and the shame and guilt of cumming while a dog ate out her pussy, my wife eventually gave in. Her back arched slightly and she spread her legs wider to give her bull the best access.

He figured it out quickly and skewered my pretty wife in one quick thrust, savagely jack hammering away in her. You know how fast a dog fucks, how hard and merciless. His instincts were driving him to make puppies in my wife now and he was relentless.

His paws clawed at her nylons and tore big gashes into them all down the backs of her thighs. His big front paws locked around her waist and pulled her in, the bulk of his weight pinning her down on the floor. Her arms flailed out and grasped at nothing until she got used to his rapid stabbing assault on her sweet wet pussy.

She must have been enjoying herself by this point. She started pushing back against him and that's when it happened.

As she lifted her head to steady herself on her arms again, the paper bag fell off. She was so close to cumming again that she couldn't be bothered to stop it or maybe she didn't notice. Her eyes were shut tight and her teeth grit together as she let this beast savage her womanhood.

It was then that I needed to cum. It was seeing my sweet, nice housewife reduced to the worst back alley whore and voluntarily subjecting her body to perverse fetishes for her own twisted satisfaction. I knew I loved her. Not because this made her beautiful, but because it didn't. The sex was so raw now that beauty had become watching my wife break the laws of nature.

A voice from nowhere said, "Oh my god! Claire Dickson?" One of the men in another booth recognized her!

My wife tried for a moment to get up, but she couldn't and the dogged plugged away. She started to whimper, realizing that I wasn't coming to her rescue and the question of whether the dog would cum before her after this new humiliation was about to be answered.

"Tell us how much you like it, slut!" I recognized the voice this time. It was one of the dads from our neighborhood. Our daughters play together.

She tells him what he wants to hear.

"I love it! I love feeling his balls slapping my clit raw! Oh good boy! Good boy!" Her confessions were second nature to her now thanks to my training, even though her face wore a look of utter disbelief at what she was doing. I think she was starting to realize how liberating it was to confess her sins like this and how she could get off on it. She rode out a second orgasm while the dog finished but knotted inside her now, they weren't able to disengage. Awestruck at seeing this, I just simply sat and stared.

While my sweet wife was cumming like a filthy whore as entertainment for sick perverts, a knock came at the door to our booth. "Let me in, man! I got pictures of Claire on my phone already."

What could I do? Philip was a bit of an asshole but he was holding all the cards now. He had emailed the pictures to himself he explained to us. He was buddy buddy with me while watching my wife sit horrified in the centre room trying to catch her breath, waiting for the knot inside her to slip out.

Claire begged him. She told him that she would do anything he wanted. The mastiff finally softened and the knot slipped out of her with a plop and a flood of cum gushed out of her into a puddle on the floor. She crawled over to Philip and offered herself to him, but he was disgusted.

"I'm not getting no dog's sloppy seconds! But you can show me those pretty titties of yours..." Claire quickly pulled the bra straps from her shoulders and then pulled the cups down so her perky breasts were exposed. It was the least embarrassing thing she'd done this evening by far.

Smiling, he didn't say a word and instead just unzipped his fly and pulled out his cock. My wife quickly crawled over to him, leaving a trail of dog cum behind her and slurped him up. She worked him like a pro, enthusiastically and energetically. It was inspiring to see her put on her best performance. I knew she wanted him to enjoy it so he wouldn't tell anyone what he'd seen.

Within five minutes he had both hands clamped around her head and was jerking himself off into her mouth. She sputtered and choked on his cum, swallowing what she could.

He shook my hand afterwards and told us not to worry. "As long as you keep me happy like that, nobody will ever know that you're a dirty little dog slut. I'm thinking PTA meetings and Christmas parties are going to be way more fun now, am I right?" He was sleazy but neither Claire nor I argued with him. So he zipped up and before leaving said, "You should drop your little girl off next Friday for a play date, sweetie. Then while they play we can catch up and you can give me a little stress relief. You know we have a Doberman, right?" He laughed as he left.

Claire looked lost and licked the salty cum from her lips. "Did you like watching your wife being humiliated?" She couldn't even look me in the eye when she said it.

"Yeah, I really did." I said, "But not half as much as you enjoyed it, I think." She looked at me, but before she could say anything, the manager of the bookstore opened the door.

What a sight it must have been to walk in and see my wife on the floor with cum dribbling out of both ends. Her tits stuck out of her bra and her thighs all scratched through the holes in her nylons without any panties showing she was freshly in use.

The guy didn't even blink twice or try to hide his staring at her body and Claire didn't even bother trying to cover up any more.

He said to me, "I got a business proposition for you. But you don't mind if I get my booth rental fee first do you?" With that, he dropped his pants.

I decided to play along. "Sure." Gesturing to my wife to get busy sucking, "Don't make him wait, honey."

For the second time tonight, Claire went to town on a stranger, sucking and licking his cock like a porn star. This time she really got into it, moaning, playing with herself and trying to make eye contact. Instead, he treated her like a wet hole with no brain, like she wasn't even a person. She was just a cock sucking machine and nothing more.

"Your girl's got some real skills here. I think we can do some business. We got a glory hole in the bathroom here. We stick her in the centre stall and I'll line up some customers. We split the take 50-50, what do ya say?" His lip curled as he enjoyed my wife's mouth on him and still tried to maintain the conversation.

I couldn't believe we were negotiating whoring my wife. He must have thought I was her pimp instead of a bored middle class couple from the suburbs playing kinky games.

"That sounds good." I said, playing it cool.

"Alright then. Here's the deal, they'll pay me at the front desk, \$20 a pop, they come into the booth and she sucks whatever they put through the hole until they finish." He sounded like they had done this before. Pulling her off of him by her hair he said, "You swallow everything, understand?"

Claire nodded stupidly and said, "Yes I do."

"Then show me." As he let go, she dove onto him again and again, her head bobbing deeply as he tensed and pumped his wad into her throat. His hand found her exposed tit below him and gave it a good squeeze to help him finish. She kept him in her mouth until he was soft like an obedient and well trained sex worker. She looked eager for some kind of compliment or validation but all she got was a "Good enough," before he took her by the arm and led her down the hall.

I brought her jacket as I followed them to the smelly, dimly lit bathroom. Claire stepped into the centre stall and closed the door behind her. I stayed to "make sure nobody got too rough with her" and the manager left to set up some paying customers.

Looking around, I saw how filthy everything was. Girls names and numbers were scrawled in the other stalls. A dirty limerick read "At the dirty bookstore on the corner,
Is a dirty whore you can rent for a quarter. She'll let you go deep. She's filthy and cheap. She's ashamed to be somebody's daughter." The condom dispenser looked empty and broken half hanging from the wall. I was lost in thought when Claire said, "Are you going to listen to everything?"

I told I would and asked if this was okay with her. Her answer surprised me.

She said, "I want this so bad. I can't believe how badly I want it. I'm so excited and this is so fucking disgusting it's making my stomach turn. Do you think I'm sick?"

"Maybe, but I'm excited too." I whispered back.

Just then, the door opened and the first customer of the night entered. He passed me by and locked himself in the stall next to Claire's. I heard his clothes rustle, silence and then the all too familiar sound of my wife slobbering on cock.

Pretty soon a second guy came in and took the stall on the other side. I could only wonder who was getting the head and who was being tugged by the hand. Occasionally one of them would groan or say something dirty to her though the wall before they finished.

Customers became nonstop steady as the night wore on. One quick check into the hall showed a small line up of six or seven scrubby guys. Apparently, there was a call list for events like this and the call had gone out to the scummy pervert community that my wife was a working girl.

Two, then four, then six; after about a dozen guys came (literally) and went, I noticed my wife's feet under the stall door changed position. Whereas before her toes pointed toward me or one of the

walls with cock, now her high heel hooker shoes pointed away from one wall and I imagined what that meant.

She had backed up against one of the holes and either had a hand feeling up her soggy doggy cunt or was just flat out fucking the cock sticking through the hole in the wall. The way she rocked back and forth I knew it was the latter.

She had always been a people pleaser and now everybody was happy. My wife was cumming in the dirty bookstore bathroom stall glory hole being spit roasted fucking dirty dicks and sucking down pints of jizz for the night. She came loudly and talked dirty and I counted at least twenty four men not including the ones who came back a second time.

When they were done, it was two in the morning and I could see the puddles on the floor beneath the stall door. When she opened up she looked so totally used and degraded, a calm look of serenity on her red and puffy face. She smiled as I wrapped her coat around her shoulders.

"Is this what you wanted?" She asked.

"Honestly? I didn't really think it would go this far." I said.

"Well it's too late now, isn't it? You better take me home now, cuz I still want to fuck my husband before the most satisfying and crazy night of my life is over."

We left out the back and got into our car. I could smell the cum and sweat on her from a mile away. I decided not to remind her that she still needed to meet up with our neighbor in a few days to keep him happy, but I didn't think she'd mind too much anymore.