

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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The first three years of our marriage involved much discovery. We did most things fairly conventionally: missionary position, doggy-style, fellatio, cunnilingus. That was about it and it was all we needed. We went to school in the winter and worked all summer to pay for school in the winter. In graduate school, our situation changed because tuition was more expensive. We both still took classes, but all year around. In addition, we both worked twenty to twenty-five hours a week which took its toll on our sex lives. Our vacations were never at the same time and needless to say, we both were getting rather lonely and horny.

I'll admit to masturbating three to four times a week then, but Diane has never admitted to it at all. I've even tried to make light of it and encourage her, but she adamantly refused to say whether she friggged herself off or not. In fact, she still won't talk about any of her early sexual experimentation before our marriage, or how she developed physically or sexually, or whether she has any fantasies. We do have great sex and I am very satisfied to this day, so why complain?

Well, one day in 1983...

It was the spring of our third year of graduate school and Diane had three days of vacation coming. She was going to combine those three days with a weekend and visit an old girlfriend in the northern part of the state. Her friend, Cathy, was divorced, with no children and managed an equestrian summer camp on the shores of a small lake. Diane had planned to help Cathy and the staff prepare the camp for the summer sessions.

"This would be the perfect diversion from all this studying," she explained. "I just can't keep up this pace, Frank, I'm starting to get flakey."

"We spent so little time together lately. Why not just spent the time here? We'll have fun," I whined. I, in turn, was thinking only of myself. Our sexual intimacy was on the wane and I tried to coax her to spent the time here.

But Diane was relentless and purchased a round trip bus ticket. Tuesday evening was here and gone and so was my lovely wife... on her way to some horse camp for adolescents with rich parents. Diane and Cathy were best friends in high school and had both owned horses and they boarded them at the same stable. They seemed to be like sisters when they were growing up and to this day, they even look and sound a lot alike. Cathy often came to campus for a weekend and I guess it was Diane's turn to visit her.

The week went slowly by. Work was drudgery, TV was boring, and the campus was dead. I found myself on Saturday morning with nothing that I wanted to do, so I made some plans. I planned to drive up north tonight and surprise Diane. Then we could drive back together on Sunday. It was about four hours of freeway driving and then a short twenty minute ride on a county road to the camp. I was already looking forward to it.

I finished grading some tests, quickly packed, and I was on my way by four-thirty which gave me plenty of time to spend at the camp. The trip was uneventful and I found myself daydreaming of beautiful Diane. I really wanted her. As I imagined her naked, warm body pressed against me, I could feel my jeans fill with my erection.

I guess I'm about average, seven inches, uncircumcised, and straight as an arrow. Diane always seemed satisfied with my cock and was always complimenting me on its size and shape. She had shaved her pussy over the last couple of years saying that it just felt cleaner. It looked wonderful and felt very smooth and inviting. Her breasts were rather large when confined in a bra, but naked, they

jutted straight out, slim and hard, topped with huge areola (about three inches across). Her nipples were tiny, almost imperceptible when not erect. Even when erect and excited, they were not even as large as a pencil eraser.

My erection was becoming painful and I contemplated jacking-off, but wanted to wait for Diane. My thoughts returned to the road as I turned off onto the county trunk to the camp. This county road is rather narrow and the darkness made me slow down to only forty-five. I turned onto the camp lane and slowly made my way towards the camp. There were only two lights on. One by the parking lot and the other next to the pier by the lake shore about a quarter of a mile away. Everything else was dark.

As I got out of my car, I could smell the dank woods and lake mixed with the distinct odor of horse. It was about nine-thirty in late April and the evenings were beginning to get balmy. I felt comfortable in long sleeves and jeans and the presence of spring made me long for the hot summer days to come. The parking lot was about thirty feet above the camp and I could oversee the small buildings nestled in the trees at the edge of the lake. The camp itself was about thirty acres of small dorms, barns, and out-buildings. Diane and I had been there several times before and the layout was rather familiar, even in the dark. Still it looked abandoned and if it weren't for Cathy's 1971 Chevy truck in the parking lot, I might have left thinking that no one was there.

As I descended the steps to the camp, I could see a light on in Cathy's quarters and I headed down the path in that general direction. I knocked on the door, but there was no answer, so being a familiar face, I stepped on in. As I went through the five rooms I found them quiet and empty. Diane's duffel bag was in one of the bedrooms and I could still smell their food from supper, so I knew someone was around someplace. Thinking they were probably doing chores, I headed on down to the west stables where I could see another light shining dimly through the trees and hear the nickering of horses in the distance.

On my way to the stables I passed a smaller, newly constructed building about sixty feet off the path towards the lake which also had a light on in it. Being curious, I thought I would just take a short detour and check the building out before continuing down to the barn. As I approached the building, I saw that it was indeed new, probably finished sometime earlier this spring. Thinking that either Diane or Cathy were in there, I opened the back door and entered into a small storage room. The door to the main area was opened and I continued in and looked around.

The building was divided into half and I was standing in the central hallway. I could hear the familiar sound of water dripping coming from the far end of the hallway. It was obvious now, I was in a newly constructed bathhouse. Cathy always said that with a coed camp like this there should be separate areas for the boys and girls and I guessed this was it. I used to tease her about the trouble they could get into if things got out of hand with the two sexes in just one bathhouse.

A familiar tingle crept into my crotch as I knew at this very moment I had a choice to make. It didn't take long for me to sneak closer to the doorway in a blatant attempt to peek in at whoever was bathing in that part of the bathhouse. As I peeked around the corner, I was disappointed to see only an empty dressing room with some clothes hanging from a hook nearest the next room. As I crept into the room, I knew I was committed.

My heart was pounding just like when I was in junior high. I used to sneak around my home town with some friends at night. We would peek in the windows of some of the high school girls and watch them in various states of undress. On a rare moment we would actually see them completely nude toweling off or changing into a swim suit. We would then all run back to our respective houses where, even though none of us would admit to it, we would furiously masturbate.

As I peeked around the corner, I saw that the next room was actually two shower rooms divided by a partition that came to within two feet of the floor and was only about five feet high. There were six shower heads on each of the two outside walls and benches on both sides of the partition. From my position in the dressing room I had a view through the steam of Cathy at the first shower head and it was immediately apparent that she wasn't just taking a ordinary shower.

She was down on the shower floor on all fours. I was watching her at an almost straight-on angle about fifteen feet away. Her light brown hair was dripping wet and hanging around her face as the hot water sprayed down on her. But that wasn't the half of it...

Mounted behind her and clutching at her sides was a golden Labrador retriever slowly humping her. He was all hunched over her back, head straight out, his hips rhythmically pounding against her. Her breasts swung around in circles as she rocked to his rhythm. The water sprayed down on both of them, soaking them completely. Cathy's grunting and panting could be heard over the splashing water.

It took about two minutes of staring in disbelief before I regained my senses. My cock was painfully forced against my jeans in a raging hard-on. I had to be very careful about doing anything for fear of being noticed by her dog who was facing me. I knew that Cathy was oblivious to everything with that golden lab's cock thrusting into her pussy.

I quietly took a step back into the room, undid my jeans and slipped them off entirely. My hard cock made a tent in my boxers so I stuck it through the slit in front. It stuck out hard and proud, ready for action so I peeled back my foreskin and stroked it a few times. I knew this opportunity wasn't going to last long and I didn't want to cum before it was over, so I peeked into the showers again.

The lab hadn't missed a stroke, everything was like it was before except the dog was humping faster. Cathy tried a couple of times to slip a hand between her legs and stroke herself, but the weight of the dog and his thrusting threw her off balance and she had to return to all fours. Then suddenly the lab hunched forward and his hips began to thrust with incredible speed. His hind feet started to slip on the wet floor but he kept up the tempo.

"Ow!... Ow!... Oooohhh!... Ow!" cried Cathy as she tried to reach between her legs. "Oh, damn it!... Ouch!... Ugh, ugh... shit!"

Whatever the lab was doing, Cathy was having a difficult time with it. Her hands clenched and unclenched against the floor. Her mouth was open in a painful grimace. She partly scooted about six feet across the floor pulling the lab along with her but he wouldn't let go. He just kept up the incredibly fast humping all the way. I could tell Cathy was in pain and I started into the shower to help. I didn't care how embarrassing it could be, I wasn't going to let her get hurt. They were now sideways to me and I had a good look at their predicament. It looked as though the knot on the lab's cock was lodged inside Cathy's vagina and the both of them were tied, just like a dog and his bitch.

"Oh damn it, Chuck! Damn you! Uugggh! Shit!" she whined. But then she quit struggling, laid her head on the floor and pushed her butt high in the air against the lab. Chuck continued his frantic thrusting and now that Cathy had relaxed, he started pumping with faster and shorter strokes, his hips almost vibrating against her upturned ass. I could hear Cathy gasping, but it looked as though she was once again under control so I managed to slip back into the dressing room and resume my observations unnoticed.

"Oh! Oh! Uuuuuggggh!" Cathy grunted just seconds after I left. I watched as Chuck, the lab, stood motionless, hunched over a wet, submissive, Cathy, straining and shivering. His eyes were glazed

and his body tensed and pushed tightly against her. Then he started a slow thrusting motion again which he finally stopped altogether. Then I realized, my God, the bastard just came in her!

Chuck might have been finished, but he and Cathy were still knotted together which was made apparent by his attempts to dismount her.

"Pleeeez don't Chuck! Pleeeez! Stay! Chuck, stay!" she commanded. Fortunately Chuck was obedient. He just stayed on her back, mouth open, tongue out and panting with that dumb, satisfied look in his eyes (I wonder if men look like that?). Cathy swallowed hard, her breathing was still coming in little gasps as she was contemplating how to get out of this situation. "Good boy, Chuck," she cooed, "Nice boy. Just stay, now."

Chuck laid limply over Cathy's back and started licking her neck and hair. Cathy shifted her position a little being careful not to tug on the knot that was securely fixed in her vagina keeping the lab's cum in place. After several shifts and fidgeting, Cathy managed to get her right hand between her legs where she moved it around, feeling Chuck's shaft and her pussy, checking for any damage. She brought her hand back out and looked at it, I suppose checking for blood. After she was satisfied that all was well with herself, she placed her hand back down to her sensitive pussy and began to stroke herself.

Poor Cathy. What an awkward situation. She had just been royally fucked by Chuck, the Labrador retriever, and was probably bruised and sore not to mention swollen and horny. And now she couldn't resist the throbbing of her pussy and clitoris so she was going to frig herself off while Chuck's doggy cock shrunk and slipped out. It was a very erotic sight to see. Cathy's hand and fingers went faster and faster while her breasts again swayed and swung in circles to her rhythm. After about two minutes, Cathy was really into it, frigging her womanhood with her dog-lover, Chuck, on top. I was just as surprised to see Chuck start to slowly hump again as I'm sure Cathy was to feel him. Cathy's rocking motion must have stimulated Chuck's cock again and he responded quickly.

"Jeez, Chuck! Not again!" she cried. But Cathy was too excited and too close to stop. I'm sure the added stimulation of Chuck's doggy-cock locked and growing in her vagina, the thrusting, the forbidden, unthinkable act, all was too much to stop. Chuck already started into his frenzied humping closing in on another orgasm as Cathy was bucking and fingering into her own frenzy.

"Aaaaagggghh! Aaaagghh!" she grunted as the first wave of her orgasm exploded over her. Chuck kept his shaft locked in place as they both moved to different rhythms, lost in their own pleasure.

"Uuugh! Uuugh! Ugh... ugh..." continued Cathy. Her body was tense and shiny. Her muscles stood out taut and quivering. Her breath came in gasps, hissing through her teeth. Cathy held her ground as Chuck furiously pumped into her. She slowed her rhythm as the last waves rushed through her, then went back to all fours to support the dog on top of her.

Chuck went through about the same motions as the first time except he let out a couple of whines.

"Oh Chuck, oh Chuck!" said Cathy, "Ugh! Shit! Ugh... ugh... ugh!" It was obvious that the lab was spewing his hot cum into Cathy's cunt. She was his bitch now. Chuck finished his orgasm with several slow thrusts and then lay obediently on Cathy's back.

"Damnit, Chuck, you did it again! Shit, it hurts!" Cathy cried. "Just stay! Stay, Chuck!" But Chuck had already anticipated the command. He stood perfectly still, ears down, slouched over her back. And there they were again, wet, exhausted, but apparently satisfied. Cathy rested her head on the floor but kept her ass close to Chuck who was tightly tied to his bitch.

Then I saw Chuck look in my direction and perk up his ears. "Shit!" I said to my self. I stopped stroking my pulsing, purple man-cock and stood perfectly still. Precum drooled from the slit and dropped on the dressing room floor. My balls ached as did the knot that had formed in my prostate. Luckily, Cathy squirmed again and Chuck's attention was momentarily distracted. I stepped back shoving my hard-on back into my shorts. I grabbed my jeans and slowly made my way to the main hallway where I slipped back into them. My manhood ached for release as I zipped up my pants pushing it painfully against my body. I carefully retreated out the back door and started on the path toward the stables where a dim light was shining.

My mind was spinning, thoughts were flooding me. My erection, although it had stopped throbbing, still fought to be released. It was painful walking, but I had to get away from Chuck. His senses were too keen for me to go unnoticed. I had been a witness to an act that most people usually joke about and it completely overwhelmed me. I was shaking from excitement and the adventure of voyeurism.

The image of Cathy and Chuck was indelibly seared in my testosterone-loaded memory. It was a savage act, lustful, forbidden. God! I wondered if Diane was mixed up with this. Then I came to my senses. Diane could hardly vary from our usual love-making positions. She wouldn't even talk about someone else's sex life and chided me when I did it. Oh Diane, I really miss you.

As I approached the west stables, I could see the shadow of someone moving around. I went through the main door and spotted Diane in the first stall shoveling out the sawdust into a wheelbarrow. There was no other activity, so it would be a perfect surprise. I slowly sneaked across the barn and quietly stood only twenty feet in back of her. She was so involved in her work that she didn't pay any attention to the nervous nickering of several horses. I listened to her humming "Summer Breeze" by Seals and Crofts in a low throaty tune and watched her bottom wriggle in her tight jeans as she worked. The middle of her tee shirt was wet with sweat as were her armpits. This was going to be quite a reunion!

I quickly strode over to her, spun her around and kissed her fully on her lips. She resisted at first, surprised I'm sure, but then responded warmly. I could feel her warm lips and soft tongue as we tightened the embrace. I could taste the salt of her perspiration, feel her breasts pushing against me. I, in turn, pushed my hips into her so she could feel my raging hard-on. It quickly was met by the softness of her abdomen as she pushed harder against me. Blood surged into my manhood as her hands slid down my back and kneaded my ass. Our kiss broke as I trailed little kisses down her cheek, neck, and shoulder.

"Oh Frank. I thought I'd never be able to have this pleasure," she purred.

Instantly I broke away completely and held her at arm's length. I was looking into the warm green eyes and the smirking face of... Cathy!

"Wha... hey... Cathy!" I sputtered. "But I... er... thought..." I was about to say I thought she was in the bathhouse, but I stopped short and murmured, "I thought you were Diane!"

"I'll bet you did! That was very nice, Frank," she grinned impishly and closed the gap between us wrapping her arms around my waist. "I hope the pleasure wasn't all mine."

My heart was skipping beats. How much could I take in one evening? Obviously the surprise was on me. Or should I say, the surprises. As I was contemplating the images in the bathhouse just minutes before, Cathy was slowly caressing my back and gently, but all too noticeably, pushing her hips into me.

Cathy had never made any attempt to hide the fact that she found me attractive and would steal me

away from Diane at a moment's notice. Diane and Cathy would talk about it in front of me. Diane would list a bad attribute and Cathy would respond with a good one. It would go on for about five minutes, but would always end when Cathy would ask about how well I was hung. Then Diane would play deaf. "Come on Diane, don't keep it all to yourself," Cathy would tease. After all we've been through and now you don't want to share." Then she would march out of the room in mock anger wriggling her butt just inches from my face. Nothing had come of that game and while Cathy really wasn't aggressively pursuing me, but she took every opportunity to tease the hell out of me.

My cock was throbbing again against Cathy's warm, soft tummy. I could smell the outdoors in her hair and feel her caressing the small of my back. We started to sway to some unheard beat and I could feel myself being pulled into the sensual aura of this woman. Cathy nuzzled my neck as her fingers traced the seams of my jeans along my ass.

"I want you Frank, you know I do," she whispered in my ear. Her hot breath tickled my ear and brought pleasurable chills along my neck. Was she teasing? Was she going to humiliate me in front of Diane later? I didn't have a chance to find out...

Grrrrr... rrrrrr... Woof! Woof!

There stood Chuck in the middle of the open barn door still soaking wet from head to tail. Obviously he had taken me for a stranger, but his demeanor wasn't aggressive.

"Oh, did Chuckie come down to protect me from big, bad Frank?" she said grinding her hips into me. "You're lucky, Frank, and you know it. Someday there will be nothing to rescue you." She gave me a peck on my lower lip and quickly walked away. "You're soaking wet again," she scolded Chuck. "Why do you insist upon swimming in the lake at night. Some big catfish is going to nip off your little weenie and then what will you do? You would be in big trouble then! Poor Chuckie..."

The conversation with Chuck trailed off as she left the barn and headed back toward the manager's quarters. If she only knew who was really nipping at Chuckie's weenie, or maybe she already knew? This last hour was getting very confusing. As I headed back to Cathy's place and noticed that the bathhouse was dark which meant that Diane was back in her quarters getting ready for bed.

Diane was immensely surprised and grateful when I walked into her bedroom. Cathy hadn't spoiled the secret. We stayed up late and had frozen pizza and beer until two-thirty in the morning. Chuck stayed in the quarters with us spending most of his time sleepily curled-up next to the door (I wonder what tuckered him out?). Diane graciously avoided lovemaking that night saying she might have a vaginal infection (now that's a big surprise!). By that time, my balls were truly blue and painful, but I was determined to wait it out until Diane was ready.

We left just before noon Sunday. Diane was very chatty all the way home, like when she gets when she feels guilty of something. I brought up Chuck several times, trying to blend the subject into the conversation to avoid being obvious. I was going to let it simmer a while and give Diane a chance to confess her actions, but she never did and never has. It has been over thirteen years since the Chuckie incident and Diane has never mentioned a word about it. And it's not as though this was an isolated incident. My voyeuristic actions have resulted in many, and I mean many, revelations regarding Diane's sexual preferences.

The End