

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part I - The Idea Forms

My beautiful slut wife Yvonne just can't get enough when it comes to cock. I've always known that about her, and I've never denied her all the cock I can arrange. After all, I always get the long-term benefits of her slutty adventures, so why would I do anything but enable Yvonne's explorations?

Yvonne truly is a stunner. Long blonde hair...captivating eyes...full lips that were made to close around a hard cock...gorgeous, shapely legs...an ass to kill for...and a hot, wet pussy to die for.

At the age of 36, her small, pert breasts look as good as they did when she was a teen. She wishes she had bigger tits, but truth be told, I think they are perfect! Especially when the hard nipples poke out like pink erasers the moment she is aroused.

The seed for this adventure was planted, oddly enough, on the second tee during a charity golf tournament. My playing partners are an acquaintance, Jim, his son, and his son's future father-in-law.

The one I know, Jim, is my age — early 50s. We're not great friends or anything like that, just occasional golf partners. His son, Donovan, is 28 — a former scholarship wide receiver for a smaller state university. He's engaged to Mandy — a pretty lawyer who finished law school last year. They're getting married in two weeks. Mandy's father, Russ, finishes out our foursome. Russ is a little older than Jim and I. But, as the owner of a trucking company, he's a tough, fit and trim 62.

As I mentioned, the idea germinates on the second tee, when I ask if a bachelor party is scheduled.

Donovan says, "Yeah, we're getting together the night before the wedding."

Russ playfully pulls the bill of Donovan's cap down to his eyebrows. "The schmuck waited so damn long to schedule it, so it's too late to book a stripper. What kinda son-in-law doesn't get a stripper for his last night of freedom?"

Everybody laughs at Donovan's red-faced admission that his bachelor party would be a 100 percent testosterone affair. "Boy don't sow his oats while he still can," Russ says. "I don't understand the younger generation. Pansies!" He roars in laughter.

"Jesus, we played with stripper all night at my bachelor party," Jim laughed. "I think we all got a blowjob from that slut!"

"Blowjob my ass," Russ chuckled. "We fucked the wheels off the bitch that danced at mine! Last good lay I ever got!"

"Well, it doesn't matter," Donovan said defensively, "there isn't a stripper available within 500 miles."

"My drivers are gonna kick your ass, boy!" Russ said, fairly seriously. "Minimum requirements for a bachelor party, as far as those sonsabitches are concerned is unlimited beer, and a healthy serving of tits and ass!"

Conversation switched other subjects — like Jim's slice that found deep rough — but a couple of synapses were firing off in the reptilian part of my brain that always precedes some of Yvonne's best adventures. Driving home, those thoughts crystalized into a short series of revelations:

...None of these men had ever met Yvonne, or vice versa. I only knew them from the golf course, not socially.

...I was invited to the party already, so I had a logical reason to “help out.”

...Yvonne had no plans for that night.

I dialed Jim on my cell phone.

“Hey buddy, you won’t believe this, but I just called in a couple of favors, and I have a stripper for Donovan’s party.”

“No shit? Expensive?”

“No upfront charge, Jim. She’ll work strictly for tips...and for the right tip, she’ll work EXTRA hard, if you catch my drift!”

I heard the muffled sound of talking through a hand over the phone mic, then the equally muffled sound of whooping and hollering. Russ apparently snatched the phone from Jim, because his booming voice was the next thing I heard clearly:

“Book the bitch, Duane! And tell her to bring a BIG tip jar!”

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## **Part II - Booking The Bitch**

I stopped at the adult “lingerie and novelty” store on my way home the night of the party, and made a few small purchases. It wasn’t the price that was small. Just the skin they would cover. On the other hand, some of the “accessories” were downright huge.

Arriving home at 5pm, and with the party starting at 8, I’ll have plenty of time to “warm you up” between the ears, Yvonne. It starts with a long, deep, wet, passionate kiss.

“Wow,” you breathe. “What’d I do to earn that?”

I laugh. “Don’t worry, honey. You’ll earn a lot more than that before the night is over.”

It doesn’t take much to clue you in that an adventure is on the way, and your breathing takes on the shallow, ragged inhale of instant arousal.

“Are we going out?” you ask in a breathy voice.

“Yes, we’re going out, my darling,” I answer in a whisper, with my lips almost touching your ear. “But the interesting part is what will be going IN...you!” A small moan escapes your mouth.

I hand you the bag from the lingerie store. “Get dressed, slut!”

You emerge from the bedroom in just a few moments — dressed in a shiny red “bra” that is little more than two small triangles (barely) covering your nipples, and a small patch of shiny material that hardly even qualifies as a thong — both held together by thin strings. On your feet, high-heeled “fuck me” shoes that give sexy definition to your beautifully muscled legs.

In your hand, the rest of my purchases — a thick, cock-shaped 8-inch dildo and a powerful, cordless

wand vibrator.

"What in God's name do you have planned for me?" you ask in a husky voice.

"Oh, just a little fun," I answer. "The boys were having trouble finding a stripper for their bachelor party tonight. I hated to see them disappointed — so I offered you, slut."

You gasp. "How many will I have to entertain?"

I haven't done the math, but I know the numbers: "Well, honey...let's see...there's Donovan, of course. He's the groom. Last I heard, he'd invited about half a dozen of his friends from the old football team."

Your eyes grow wide, your breathing takes on a ragged edge...

"Then, of course, there's Russ, the bride's daddy. I think he invited four or five drivers from his trucking company."

Your hand goes to your mouth, and I hear a soft gasp.

"Plus Jim, Donovan's father. A couple of Jim's friends...." I watch your nipples pushing out against the minimalist covering over them. "...and ME, obviously."

Ticking it off on my fingers, I add it up for you:

"So, let's see...six of Donovan's friends..."

"...four — maybe five — of Russ's drivers..."

"...two of Jim's friends...that's a dozen..."

"...then the two fathers and the groom...sounds like fifteen, minimum..."

"...and your loving hubby, of course, makes at least sixteen. Should keep even a slut like you busy, Yvonne."

Your eyes have the glazed look of arousal that goes straight to my cock.

"And you want me to strip for all of them?" I nod in assent. "Why the toys?" you ask quietly.

"Just in case you get tired of dancing and need to get off your feet for a while, honey," I answer with a wicked smile.

"Oh, God..." you breathe.

"What happens is all up to you, Yvonne. You know that. You're free to follow your own instincts. I won't let anyone harm you, honey...but I won't stop you — or them — from getting out of control if that's what happens."

"How out of control could it get?" Your nipples are practically launching off your small tits, hard as little rockets.

"That, my dear, is entirely up to you." I wink and hand you a silk robe and your long overcoat. "Let's go find out, pretty slut of mine."

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Part III - Yvonne Loses Control

Your arousal takes many different forms, my dear. Sometimes, arousal will make you flirty, full of little flashes of hidden flesh and sexual innuendo in your speech. That's "Naughty Yvonne" — a teasing and sexy little trollop who is the life of the party, so to speak. Men who meet you think you are "fun" and "open."

Sometimes, when your arousal reaches a higher level, you become "Horny Yvonne" — a woman who radiates sexual availability like the sun radiates heat and light. You're very physical...compulsively touching yourself and me (or whatever man is lucky enough to be in arm's reach of you). You can't speak a sentence that doesn't contain some clearly provocative and dirty sexual thought. Men who meet "Horny Yvonne" think I'm lucky to be married to such a sexy little slut.

And, on rare occasions, I see you at your highest level of arousal — "Fuckmeat Yvonne." You become an animal, driven by base sexual desire. Your pussy runs like a forgotten lawn sprinkler...dripping rivulets of juice down your trembling thighs. You become quiet — intent — focused solely on your animal need to take cock deep into your body.

Halfway to the party, I see Fuckmeat Yvonne take possession of my beautiful wife — and my cock stiffens into steel at the prospect.

Russ is hosting the party at his warehouse. We turn into the gravel parking lot and drive toward the loading dock. A line of vehicles, everything from luxury cars to beat up pickups with rebel flags in the rear windows, sit like predators along the dock. We can hear music and voices through the closed bay door.

"Sounds like a BIG crowd," I say to you. You just draw shallow breaths, your excitement reaching a peak I've never seen before. "Time to give them a slut to keep them entertained."

You say the first words I've heard during the entire drive: "Jesus, I'm wet."

We climb the steps to the dock, and I hold the door open for you. As you walk into the big, warehouse an avalanche of catcalls and wolf-whistles rings out. "All right!" Russ hollers above the music, "the pussy is in the house!"

I see you taking in the scene; perhaps, like me, doing a quick mental count. Seventeen.

A huge black man, easily 6'7" and built like the college defensive lineman he was, walks over. "I'm Marcus," he says. "The best man. And you are...?"

You take a deep breath, and jump into the deep end...

"I'm *your* slut," you say.

He takes lifts the overcoat from your shoulders, leaving you in only the flimsy silk robe and minimal lingerie. Taking your hair in his massive hand, he pulls your head back so you are looking straight up into his face: "Tonight, you're EVERYBODY'S slut, baby."

I tell him your name is "Vonny," and chuckle to myself as he takes your arm to lead you across the room. Your nipples would qualify as lethal weapons in the rock-hard state they are in...and I swear if it weren't for the music and male voices that fill the aural space, they'd all hear your pussy making

the squishy sound of wet tennis shoes as you walk.

Russ and his guys have built a make shift stage...pallets, secured together with metal straps, piled a little more than knee high and covered by an 8 ft. by 12 ft. sheet of thick plywood. After leading you around, Marcus puts his hands on your hips and lifts you effortlessly up on the flat surface.

One of Donovan's other football buddies puts a CD into the player, and as the primordial rhythm of the bass and drums fill the room, you begin to dance in a slow, sensuous grind.

You tease them through song after song...lifting the robe to show the curvy sleekness of your athletic legs...untying the belt and flashing your barely covered tits and snatch to the dozen and a half mesmerized animals that pant at your feet and reach out to touch your ankles and calves.

I stand back, away from the stage, and watch you dance in a near-trance...your body vibrating in a primal lust that thickens the air and heats the blood of dancer and audience alike. Jim sidles up and says, "I think this is gonna get interesting, I have a hunch there's gonna be some fuckin' going on soon! Let's get stageside."

With a secret little smirk on my face, I answer: "Go ahead buddy. I'll just watch." He looks at me puzzled, and I just say, "I don't think my wife would approve of me fucking some slut stripper...but your secret's safe with me, Jimbo."

"Your loss," Jim says.

I'll get mine, I think.

Russ is setting an empty punch bowl on the corner of the stage. "Make it worth her while boys! Let's get the tips going and see what this whore is made of!"

He tosses a bill in...a twenty...and climbs up on stage with you. Putting his big, calloused hands on your swaying hips, Russ grabs a handful of the gauzy robe and rips it away in one powerful swipe. You hardly miss a beat, but I watch your eyes and see the lust climb as you now bump and grind in only the tiny bikini I bought for you earlier. The bright lights of the warehouse glow on the thin coating of aroused sweat that covers your sexy, lithe body.

Russ's aggressive nature takes over...the man who works and plays harder than anyone I've ever met, is ready to play very, very hard tonight. Any inhibitions dulled by the beer in his system, Russ begins to let his hands roam over your smooth, sleek body.

The bikini disappears...and I watch one of Russ's meaty fingers rub your clit, then work through the wet folds of your pussy...disappearing inside you. Soon a second finger joins it...rubbing the front wall of your molten cunt and causing you to jerk like a puppet...impaled on his digits.

Even over the thumping music and the catcalls of more than a dozen drunk and horny men, I can hear the sloppy wet sounds of your pussy being pummeled by Russ's invasive fingers...and hear the moans that emit from your mouth. My little whore wife is as horny...as lost in lust...as I have ever seen her.

My heart fills with love for the treasure who shares my life...and my cock swells at seeing her used roughly by this big, swarthy man I barely know.

The crowd of men has moved forward...pressing against the makeshift stage...watching intently as Russ's big, calloused fingers piston in and out of you. Each time he strokes his fingers out, your

engorged and clinging pussy lips ride them outward...and with each inward punch, the lips are pushed back into your flowing hole.

Your belly muscles writhe in rhythm with Russ's deep, brutal finger-fucking...your head twisting back and forth as your first orgasms of the night wash over your body. Before long, his own need takes over and he grabs a handful of hair to spin you around and drive your naked body to its knees on the rough plywood of the stage.

Hardly pausing, Russ pulls his thick, veiny cock out and plunges the turgid sausage into your sucking mouth. I see your eyes grow wide as he forces the big head into your throat...and begins to fuck your mouth. With each stroke, he pushes in to the balls...his girth forcing your jaws wide and his length choking you and bringing tears to your eyes.

Donovan is the next to join...clambering onto the stage. The groom-to-be is in a state of wild-eyed lust that matches that of his aggressive future father-in-law. Russ pulls his raging cock from your throat and helps Donovan put you on your back.

With no preamble, the young groom pulls out his VERY impressive rod — easily eight inches of rock-hard man-meat...and launches his missile into the volcano of your dripping cunt.

Russ jumps down, and maneuvers your deep-pounded body to the edge, so your head hangs backwards off the edge of the stage. Your mouth now fully accessible, and your throat open for a strokes straight into your gullet, Russ plunges his flesh-weapon deep.

I hear Jim's voice above the heated murmur of the crowd:

"Jesus Christ! I can see his cock-head move in her throat from here! Watch that bulge in her neck! Holy fuckin' shit!"

He's right...as your face begins to take on the color of a ripe plum, Russ is slowly and deliberately fucking your throat. The firmness of his strokes tells me he'll nut before you suffocate...so I just watch in carnal awe.

Tightening his buttocks, Russ drives all the way to the root deep in your gullet...and pumps his balls dry, straight into your clutching, choking throat. Your adams apple bobs wildly as you swallow the thick semen...trying not to drown in his load of cum.

Donovan continues to pound your cunt in deep, hard strokes. Every time he drives into you, it sounds like a punch...flesh impacting flesh...your pussy being drilled and fucked by Donovan's long, thick cock. I know it has to be pushing the mouth of your cervix aside...there's no other way he'd be able to sink the entire length into you!

Russ jerks his softening, saliva-soaked rod from your throat...and you gasp loudly for air. But, with your head hanging there in such an inviting position, it takes only moments for one of Russ's drivers to take his place...filling your mouth with turgid dick once again.

Fortunately for you, he's not as big as Russ, and you can at least breathe as he viscerously fucks your mouth...matching stroke for stroke the deep, hard pounding of your pussy.

Impaled on a pair of hard cocks, I can tell you are cumming almost continuously...whimpering and making the animal noises of orgasm around the cock that slides in and out of your juicy mouth.

The driver doesn't last long...and streams of his jizz escape the corners of your lips, running thick

and wet down your cheeks...over your forehead...and pooling at the line of your hanging hair. Donovan grunts like a beast and pumps his own hot semen deep into your writhing belly...filling you with cream at both ends.

Marcus jumps onstage as Donovan pulls out, his cock glistening from the clinging juice of your pussy, and yells, "sloppy seconds for me!"

He grabs your wrists, pulls you to a sitting position, then guides your pussy onto his dark, sleek, thick black cock. You drop on it...feeling like the head of Marcus's massive pole is pushed inside so far it's splitting your lungs apart...and he begins to bounce you, cowgirl style, up and down the thick rod buried in your orgasm-wracked body.

One of the other football players...also sporting a nice size cock...climbs onto the stage and pushes his rod in your mouth — coating it in slick saliva. Straddling Marcus's legs, he pulls your asscheeks open and puts the head of his cock against your tightly sealed sphincter.

I watch you carefully — you've never much cared for ass-fucking, Yvonne. But, in your state of animal arousal, all you know is, the more cock the better. You want to be FILLED...and rocking back, the head pushes past the ring of your asshole. Slowly, the new cock filling your bowels establishes a rhythm...and soon enough Marcus and his teammate are both fucking into your holes in long, tit-shaking strokes.

With another of Russ's drivers testing your cock-sucking/multi-tasking abilities, my little slut wife is "airtight" — every hole in her whore body filled by rampaging man-meat.

For more than an hour, you live in cock heaven, Yvonne — as soon as one man empties his balls in you or on you, another takes his place. If there are any breaks between your orgasms, I can't see them. You are a cum-filled, orgasm machine...over and over...one cock after another...one wracking, wrenching orgasm after another!

Just when it looks like your "ordeal" might be nearly over, a security guard walks in off the loading dock. "What's going on in here?" he yells above the music and cheers.

Russ walks over...patting the guard's muscular german shepherd on the head as he approaches. I can't hear the conversation, but obviously seeing that his employer is in charge has put the guard at ease.

Everyone is nearly fucked out, though you continue to dreamily stroke Donovan's cock as he lays next to you on the stage. At Russ's invitation, the security guard doffs his uniform and steps on the platform.

Turning you onto your hands and knees, he pounds you doggy-style. He wants to double-penetrate you, but Donovan can't get it up again...so the guard has one of the guys toss his nightstick up. Sticking the ridged handle into your pulsing ass, he fucks you enthusiastically in your dripping, drenched pussy...cumming and adding his own jizz to the gallons already leaking from your cunt.

Russ, horny bastard that he is, has been holding the dog's leash...and watching the animal's interest in what's happening on stage.

He calls a couple of his guys over and tells them something I can't hear. They walk to the platform and pull you back toward the edge...laying you on your back again with your head hanging off the side.

One of them helps you roll up on your shoulders...ass in the air, knees to your tits, legs and cum-leaking pussy splayed open. Russ leads the german shepherd over. It's nose flares as they near you...taking in the scent of raw sex that rolls off you like a San Francisco fog.

The dog jumps up, it's front paws on the stage on each side of your shoulders...it's twitching snout near your sloppy cunt. Sniffing with it's cold nose, the dog tentatively reaches it's long wet tongue toward your dripping snatch...

Apparently like the taste of human semen, the big shepherd attacks your swollen, red, leaky pussy with it's rough tongue...eliciting an almost animal moan from you.

Lapping madly, nibbling at your engorged and sensitized pussy lips and clit...the dog drives you to the point of madness with it's tongue and teeth. Scuffling with it's rear paws to find secure footing, the dog moves it's underside right up against you...and the beast's unsheathed, slimy looking red cock rubs against your face. Completely lost in your own animal lust, you roll your head to it, and take the non-human cock right into your mouth.

For the first time all night, the warehouse grows quiet, Yvonne. All of us...Russ and his guys...Donovan and his teammates...the guard...Jim...every single man...is mesmerized by the site of this beautiful woman sucking the cock of a dog.

You are so completely caught up in the dog's wild lapping at your clit and pussy, I don't know if you even realize what you're doing. And, frankly, I don't care. It's the most erotic thing I've ever seen!

As the dog madly pumps it's cock into the wet hole of your mouth...and devours your gyrating pussy...Russ finally whistles low.

"Motherfucker," he says in awe, "what a fucking nasty whore! This is...shit, man...this is fucking AMAZING!"

The dog floods your mouth with canine semen...and you collapse in a sweaty, saliva-and-jizz coated heap of quivering, utterly fucked-out female flesh.

God, how I love you — my beautiful whore wife.

Russ and Marcus help me carry your exhausted, cum-drenched, cum-dripping body to the car. The sky is showing the light pink glow of the impending sunrise.

At home I help you shower...then, just before we drift off to sleep in each other's arms...I make gentle love to you.

Tomorrow, we'll take the nearly two-thousand dollars in tips you collected, put it into an envelope and mail it anonymously to the happy newlyweds. For us, the only reward we need is the shared erotic experience of last night...the warmth of our love under the comforter...and the new memories we will make together on some other magic night.

The End