

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



When I thought it couldn't get any worse, it did.

"Bear, get off my leg dang it!" I yelled. Bear is the name of my German shepherd. Don't be fooled though. He is just a push over, the gentlest dog you could ever ask for, except that he has been humping my leg lately. My two teenage boys tell me it's because I'm the only female in the household. Maybe so. But I may have to take some of the blame. I have on occasion encouraged it a bit, stroking Bear a little down there where it feels good to him, when no one was looking. Well Bear may never get his chance with a female dog. We never let him out without a leash. He's like an overgrown house cat, and we all love him.

"Kate, are you ready to go?" my husband asked me. Jim is my husband of twenty years. We love each other implicitly. Nothing could break us up. And we're not a couple of old married folk either. We still love to surprise each other when it comes to sex. Spontaneity flourishes with us. I couldn't be happier.

"Just about, Jim," I replied. Jim and I are going to a small company dinner at his boss' house. There will be Jim and myself, Jim's boss Robert and his wife Elaine, and a new client Andrew and his wife Sandra. She is some sort of doctor, a Psychiatrist or something. Afterwards, when we get home, we will grab our two boys and head out to my mother's. She lives about an hour away and Jim wanted to take the boys fishing first thing in the morning at a lake right by mom's house. She told us we could just spend the night. When the boys are fishing I'll spend the day with her. We get along well, partly due to the fact that we are so close in age. She was only 15 when I was born. I'm 38 now, she's 53. Jim, five years older than me, is 43. My eldest son Charlie, well Charles as he likes to be called now, is 17 and my younger son Tony is 14. Bear, our German shepherd, is 3.

"So Jim, are you going to wear that new cologne I got you?"

"I'd love to but I can't."

"What, why not?" I objected.

"Robert specifically said that Sandra, the wife of our dinner guest Andrew, is allergic to most cologne and he asked me specifically to not wear any, and for you, if you wouldn't mind, to go easy on the perfume. So please, for me, OK?"

"Do I get to use deodorant?" I asked.

"Now Robert didn't mention that, so go ahead and knock yourself out," he joked.

Dinner went along just fine, though I drank more wine than I normally do. Everyone was very pleasant and I thought Jim looked more and more fabulous as the evening wore on. Actually Andrew, the new client, didn't look half bad himself, probably because he looked a lot like Jim, 6 feet, slim, only Andrew must have been about 10 years younger than Jim. Sandra, Andrew's wife, was a very pretty red head who talked just enough to be polite but not so much to annoy. I was a little annoyed that Jim seemed to be showing her more attention than I would have liked. So I decided to do something about it.

Andrew excused himself to use the restroom and then headed down the hallway towards the bedrooms. I chuckled to myself, knowing that there was a guest bathroom a little closer. But Robert's house was big, and either bathroom took you a good ways away from the dining room. Leaning into Jim I said "Actually I have to use the bathroom too so I'm heading off. Be right back."

"Wait for me," Jim said, "I'm right behind you. I'll give you a two-minute head start." That is what I was hoping he would say. We have played this game at his boss' house before but I always had to have a little alcohol in me first.

It looked like Jim wanted to go for another quickie in his boss' house and I had enough to drink to be willing to oblige him. I quickly made my way to the guest bathroom and took care of my business. Knowing that Jim was just behind me I decided to play a trick on him. I reached out into the hallway and turned out the hall light. Then I flicked out the bathroom light and hid behind the door. Even with the door open it was dark inside having the hall light out. When Jim walked in I quickly shut the door putting us in total darkness. I pulled him to me and kissed him passionately on the lips.

He muffled out a word or two, "What's goi...", but I quickly responded with, "Shhh, don't say a word, not one word," as I held one cupped hand over his mouth. With the other hand I began to undo his trousers and as I did so I was rewarded with an instant erection. I leaned into his ear and whispered, "Don't even think about talking. I want you to fuck me as fast as you can right now." I yanked down his pants and underpants with both hands and sucked in his erection, lathering it up good for easy entry. I then stood up and pulling him towards me, hopped up on the counter. I pulled up my loose fitting dress, spread my legs, and pulled my panties to one side. He stepped between my legs and in one thrust was deep inside of me.

"God you must be ready to burst, you feel so big." As I had instructed he didn't say a word, just thrust in and out of me as quick as he could. I swear I must have shrunk because he was filling me up more than he ever had before. "Oh shit," I whispered "I'm cumming already. This was supposed to be for you, not me. Oh God, yes, fuck me, yes." Then I climaxed. As it ran through me I felt his hot liquid shoot up deep inside of me as he held himself tight against my body for another minute. My vagina milked his shaft until I felt it finally go limp and he pulled out of me. "Wow, I've never cum so fast in all my life," I said. "Give me a minute to get back to the table before coming out." I quickly put myself together and slipped out of the bathroom.

With a grin on my face I went back to the table, feeling the wetness from Jim's cum begin to ooze into my panties. I always loved that because it kept what had just happened in my forethoughts and I would relive it over and over. To my horror, still sitting at the table was Jim. I could feel the blood drain from my face as I looked over to where Andrew should have been sitting, but only saw an empty seat. I took my own seat and quickly gulped down my wine. I intended on getting very, very drunk this evening, as fast as I could. I had just fucked the client and I could feel his cum soaking up my panties.

A minute later Andrew returned to the table. So many thoughts ran through my mind. He must have thought I was a slut. He kept smiling at me. Well he should, I gave him one hell of a ride. Oh God, Jim was going to kill me. I didn't have to tell him. I could keep it a secret. Andrew wouldn't say anything I was sure. But what if he told his wife, Sandra, and she went to Jim. Oh God I was ruined. Maybe Jim would never find out. I was so terrible, a rotten wife. I needed another drink.

Dinner ended and we just mingled and talked for the next hour. I mostly drank, sure that no one would notice the wetness in my panties but frustrated that it was a constant reminder of what I had done. Andrew tried to talk to me a couple of times, not about what happened, just small talk. But I always cut him off short, trying to keep to myself, and my drink.

"You've been putting those away pretty good the last hour honey. Everything OK?" Jim asked.

"I'm doing jes fine, and how are you?" I slurred.

"It's late and you definitely need to get home while you can still stand. We're leaving," he ordered. Jim gave our apologies and we left.

By the time we got home it was after 10:00 PM. Jim helped me to the bedroom where I quickly ran for the bathroom and threw up.

"We're canceling the fishing trip," Jim stated.

"Absolutely not. I know mother wanted my company but she'll survive. The boys have been looking forward to this trip for too long now to be disappointed. You take them fishing. I'll be OK," I argued. I wasn't going to let on how terrible I really felt. My mom has had bouts of depression since dad died last year from cancer. But I could visit her another day. I'm the one with reason to be depressed. I committed adultery on my husband tonight. But worse than that, I enjoyed it. That's the part that I can't reconcile with myself. I'm such a terrible person, a rotten wife. "Go Jim, just go."

I heard Jim and the boys load up in the car and drive off. In an hour they would be asleep at my mother's house, ready to go fishing in the morning. My mom's house was small and the boys would be in the camper still parked in my mother's driveway. God it was hot. I decided to just take off all my clothes, especially those stained panties, throw the covers down, and enjoy some airflow from the overhead fan. I was just too exhausted to even take the shower I so desperately wanted and needed.

I couldn't stop dreaming. There was a man. He tried to say something but I kept him silent. Then I went down on him. I should have known it wasn't Jim. His erection was so much larger than Jim's. Was it that much larger? Oh the dreams. I kept falling in and out of sleep. So many dreams. As I lay there on the bed face down, half asleep, I thought I felt the bed move. Did Jim come back? Then the first touch, the wetness. Was I still dreaming? Jim was licking my bare ass. Yes that feels so nice, I thought. I tilted my hips back a little and spread my legs to make it easier for Jim to reach my pussy lips. He must know what I did and has forgiven me. His touch felt so good. Slowly I lifted myself up onto my knees with my head still buried in my pillow. God, Jim's never licked me this well before. He was sliding across my clit and my pussy lips all at the same time. "Oh yes," I moaned as he kept working my clit. "Oh Jim, that feels so good. Jim, keep that up and I'm going to cum soon. Yes honey, oh Jim, yes, Jim I'm cumming." Just then an orgasm rolled over me like I'd never had before, just from Jim's relentless tongue assault on my pussy. "Yes, Jim, yes," I screamed, forgetting that there may be someone else was in the house that could hear. Since Jim was home the boys would be too.

Just then I felt Bear bump against my legs. "Jim, get Bear out of here." But he didn't listen. Bear climbed up on my back. "Bear, get off me," I yelled. I felt the weight of his body on my back as his front paws dropped down over my shoulders, which were still pressed to the bed.

"What the hell, Jim get him off me," I pleaded as I felt Bear start to hump me from behind. It was then that I realized Bear had inserted himself into me. He wasn't big or hard but he managed to get in me anyway. I knew a little about dogs and knew that he could do this because of the bone he had in his penis that human males don't have. What a nice feature to get into a female quickly, even without an erection. As I was thinking about this I tried to shake Bear off of me. "Jim, help me please," I cried, but no help came. Bear held me down with his weight, and my tiredness, as he continued to hump me. I guess I was expecting Jim to help, which is why I didn't put too much effort into it myself. I guess he was just sitting there getting a good laugh out of it all.

Suddenly I realized that Bear's small little penis that was trying to fuck me was growing, and growing fast. "Oh God no," I screamed, but too late. "Jim, he's inside of me. Get him out now." I felt the thickness of his penis as it became hard and then the swelling of his knot expand inside of me and Bear humping me relentlessly shoving it ever deeper into my vagina. His erection quickly

stretched me to my limits as I felt the end of Bear's erection press hard against my cervix. Had he opened me up? Had he reached even up into my womb? Of course not but it felt like it. I had never had my vagina completely filled up as I did then by Bear. Even so Bear somehow managed to get some movement out of his erection without dislodging his knot. The shameful part about it is that in spite of the pain of his knot, this dog had just filled my pussy like Jim never had. Bear was fucking me like no man had ever done to me, and I was liking the feeling more than I wanted to admit.

Finally he stopped humping me and I thought it was over, especially when Bear lifted his legs off of my shoulders and turned around. I looked up and saw Bear facing away from me, our butts tied together by the knot in his penis, still buried deep inside of me. That's when it happened. Bear began to flood me with his semen. My body convulsed around his shaft grabbing it tight, especially squeezing the knot. Oh no, I was climaxing. My fucking dog was giving me an orgasm. Oh shit it felt so good. I was such a rotten piece of crap but I couldn't help it. My dog was making me climax. But that just made things worse. As my body reacted to the orgasm and my pussy squeezed down hard on Bear's erection, which just made him come again and start the cycle all over. Though over time the repetition slowed, it kept going for half an hour. I couldn't even imagine how many times I climaxed, how many orgasms I had over that time. It was the most erotic, fantastic 30 minutes of my life.

Eventually the knot shrank enough for Bear to pull himself out of me. A mixture of my juices and mostly his semen, I'm sure loaded with his sperm, came flooding out. If I was a dog I'm sure I would soon be having a litter of puppies. As it was, all I got out of it was the most wonderful fuck of my life. God, I'm so depraved, I thought, so perverted. I've sinned, so immoral, just ... rotten to the core. And what made me even worse than that, made me lower than the lowest scum on earth, was that I enjoyed it. I loved the feeling that Bear had given me, over and over again. I loved how hard he felt inside of me, how my body naturally gripped him and massaged his erection, without any conscious effort on my part. I loved how he responded each time by climaxing inside of me once more. I loved the feeling of control I had on him, how I could make him give me his cum. If I could only do that with Jim. But mostly I loved that orgasmic feeling of euphoria as my vagina, wrapped tightly around his hard shaft, could feel his cum as it slid through his shaft. Before it ever shot out of the end of his erection my pussy walls, stretched tighter than they ever before, could feel it running through his shaft and then into my waiting body, sending me to the heavens and back. Oh God forgive me, I'm such a sick wicked person.

I had long since realized that Jim was never there, that it was Bear the whole time. I had just been half asleep until he finally took me and woke me up completely. I had just been raped by my own fucking dog for God's sake and I didn't stop him. I didn't try hard enough. Oh God I'm going to hell, I thought. I knew I needed Jim. So I called him.

After several rings I heard "Hello."

"Mother, could you please put Jim on the phone," I asked.

"Honey, it's two in the morning. What's up? Are you alright?" she asked.

"Yes mother, please, just put Jim on," I pleaded.

A minute later I heard Jim's voice, "Kate, are you OK?"

"Jim, I really need you right now. I hate to ask this but could you come home, please?" I begged.

"Of course. I'll be there soon," he promised, "probably a couple of hours if that's OK as I'll need to get the boys up and dressed and reload the car."

"No, don't bring the kids. Just leave them there with mother, and come home. I need you for a while," I told him. "You can go back later and take the kids fishing. Just come home to me now, please."

"OK, I'll be there soon," he told me and then we hung up.

Knowing that Jim was on his way I relaxed. The feeling was weird. If I had really been raped I would have been in the shower for hours cleaning myself off. As it was I laid on the bed, on my back, still completely nude. My knees were in the air and I had my hand between my legs fingering my opening, thinking about what had happened. Earlier that night I had fucked another man, and enjoyed it, even if it was by mistake. Then about ten minutes ago I had just finished the longest fuck of my life and the longest steady stream of orgasms I could ever imagine, yet experience, and it was my dog that gave them to me. I felt the fluids around my opening, the semen still dripping out. I hated myself right then, hated myself for liking it. I had to get Jim to fuck me. That's the only thing that would make it right. I had to end this night with the man I love, not some stranger or even worse some kind of perverse bestiality.

I don't know why I didn't take a shower. I was so exhausted, and perhaps still a little drunk. I managed to slide my body to the end of the bed, on my back with my legs just hanging down over the edge. I didn't want any more of Bear's cum on my bed so just let it drip off the end of the bed onto the floor. I was in this position when I fell asleep. It must have been that sort of light sleep where dreams abound. Jim was making love to me. Then he changed, he became hairy all over. He became like a monster thrusting into me to the point of splitting me open. Then Andrew walked in and dragged Jim-the-monster off of me and began fucking me himself. After a few minutes he flipped me over and began fucking me from behind finally climaxing and filling me to overflowing, his cum leaking out all over. That's when Jim-the-monster growled loud and menacing at Andrew. Jim jumped up on the bed to attack but Andrew ran away. Jim got off the bed and pulled me to the edge. He put his mouth to my pussy, well more like a snout, and began licking up all the cum that was oozing out of my pussy left there by Andrew.

My dreams continued. "Oh yes Jim, lick up all the cum, lick me good, make me cum for you," I pleaded. Then the dream shifted and it was as if I never was on my knees at all but was getting on my hands and knees now for the first time. There was no cum in my pussy but I felt wet and ready to fuck. I turned over and there was Jim, back to his old self, ready to fuck me. I told him "Take me now, Jim."

Jim put his hands on my hips and let his weight press me down hard. Suddenly he changed again, his arms coming down over my breasts, his nails getting longer, fur growing all over his body. But he was fucking me again, finally, I can end this with Jim inside of me, I thought. Yes I felt his heavy body draped over mine, felt him insert himself into my wet pussy, his repeated thrusts, his erection growing, growing, filling me more than he had ever done before. God no, he was becoming the hairy monster again, stretching my insides, filling my vagina completely, sending electric shocks throughout my body with each thrust. That's when I realized my dream was reality. I felt the knot grow again inside of me, my vagina grow and stretch to accommodate Bear's massive erection. If he is going to fuck me, I thought, then he is going to do it right. I held onto Bear's front legs and wouldn't let him turn on me. He kept thrusting, driving the knot ever deeper and the end of his penis up pressing hard and rubbing against my cervix, trying to get into my womb. My vaginal walls contracted hard again onto Bear's erection, wrapping tight around his knot. This time I consciously squeezed as hard as I could. It only took a couple of tries and he began to fill me from the end of my vagina downward. But there was nowhere for the fluids to go. Keeping him in position over my front he kept thrusting, enhancing my pleasure even more. Finally I screamed in ecstasy as wave after wave of orgasmic pleasure ran through my entire body once more. Even if Bear didn't have the knot

tying us together I wouldn't have let him leave me right then. The feeling was too wonderful. I didn't know if Bear was feeling any pleasure or was just trying to get the knot out but his efforts in this missionary position just meant that he kept thrusting into me. Bear made me cum again, and again. I lost count.

Somehow fluids were leaking out around the knot, understandably as I only had so much room in there. I reached down with one hand, still holding onto one of Bear's front legs with the other, down between my legs and let his cum fill my hand. Bringing it up to my mouth I licked it off my hand. I swallowed, letting the taste of his semi-sweet cum linger in my mouth. I repeated this process until I had my face smeared with Bear's cum and my stomach full.

"Bear, you are the best fuck a girl could ever have," I told him.

Suddenly the lights turned on and turning to the door I saw Jim, a look of astonishment and disgust on his face as he scanned the scene before him. He then looked directly at me, at my face, smeared with Bear's cum. He turned and walked out.

"Jim, wait, please, help me. It's Bear. He raped me. I was asleep. It's the knot. I can't undo the knot," I cried. "Please Jim, don't leave me. I need you, I need you to fuck me, to make it all better, to end this disastrous night." I heard the front door slam shut and a moment later the car drive away. I began crying as Bear continued to fuck me. I didn't climax so much after that, though when I did it was like alcohol, covering up the pain deep inside, the disgust for what I had done. Fifteen minutes after Jim had left, Bear had shrunk enough to remove himself and ran off to his bed. I lay exhausted, satisfied beyond belief, but distraught over my marriage and all that had happened tonight. This time I took a shower, a long hot shower.

The End