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For several years now, my wife and I had been taking to the hills every summer, and going camping. Both Anne and I loved the outdoors, and when we weren't camping we'd go away every weekend. Setting up our tent in the peace and quiet of some desolate place, before returning on the Sunday evening to face our humdrum jobs during the week.

As we'd had a really lousy winter, we decided that this summer, we'd splash out and take our camping holiday abroad. "What about trying France or Germany?" I suggested as we sat with a drink and looked at some camping brochures one wet, winter's evening, "They might be okay?"

"Hmm, I thought of maybe going a bit further," Anne replied. "How does the USA sound, or Canada? There are thousands of woods and forests there that we could explore. If we decide to camp in a National Park, we could see what's on offer on the internet."

"Hmm, that's a good idea, darling," I replied. "I'll have a look tonight and see if I can find somewhere that's remote, but not too far from civilisation."

"Oh yeah. Make sure it's remote and well off the beaten track, we don't want to be disturbed - do we?" She smiled. "Especially if we're gonna be packing our special suitcases for this trip."

I smiled back at her, my cock twitching just at the thought of what she meant. Our special suitcases contained our sexy clothing that we frequently wore when we went on holiday. Perhaps I'd better explain.

We're bisexual, and have a very exciting sex-life together and with others. We are fucking men and women at swinger's nights and those we meet online. Anne encourages my extra fetish of cross-dressing. I dress in women's lingerie when making love, and also wear a dress or skirt with a wig and makeup when around the house of an evening, something I'm doing more often now, at her request. She even calls me Suzy when I'm wearing women's clothes. When we're on holiday though, I only wear women's undies, both of us love to walk through the woods whilst only wearing our sexy panties before stopping somewhere to fuck.

We love the feeling of freedom we get from walking through some woods or desolate place whilst only wearing our lingerie, and get a special thrill of fucking outside in them, knowing that we might be discovered or observed. Christ knows what would happen if someone actually did catch us, I think we'd shit ourselves and run for cover. It's the feeling that someone might just catch us, which gives us a buzz.

The following June, we were checking through our equipment as we settled in at our motel in North Carolina. According to the map we got from the tourist office, the area was heavily wooded and liberally sprinkled with lakes for us to enjoy, so we decided on a three day trek, camping out in the woods for the two nights, and setting off bright and early the next morning.

Because Anne is only lightly built, our trek is to mainly consist of a walk through the woods, ending up no more than ten miles from the highways. This buffer zone of ten miles was sufficient for us to see the wild countryside and feel free to enjoy ourselves, yet still be within reach of the nearest town.

We had spent the day walking through the forest admiring the beauty of the countryside. As we reached the crest of yet another hill six hours into the hike, Anne suddenly said, "I'm bushed! How

about finding somewhere to strike camp and settle in for the night?"

"Good idea," I replied. "Next clearing we'll stop."

We set off again, along the ridge for another mile before Anne stopped and pointed. "What about down there, on that?" She said, pointing down to a strip of sand that followed the creek. "We'd have running water and a nice flat area to set up the tent."

"Perfect," I said. "After you, madam."

An hour later, we'd pitched the tent and were sitting outside with a cup of coffee as we watched and listened to the river as it cascaded and surged past our campsite. "How do you fancy us getting into our sexy panties and going for a stroll along the riverbank, before turning in for the night?" Anne suggested. "We've got an hour's daylight left."

I nodded. "Only if I can fuck you when we find a nice secluded place," I replied.

"Mmmm, you read my mind, you horny bastard," she said, and smiled. "But let's face it, I think you'll find that every where's secluded around here. We're right off the beaten track, and I bet we're the only people around here for miles."

"So why do you want to go somewhere else then? We can fuck right here." I replied.

"Ya know how horny it makes me feel to go for our walks outdoors, then for you to fuck me when we're both wearing lingerie," she replied. "And I know how horny it makes you feel as well. C'mon, what do you say?"

"You've talked me into it," I told her, as I felt a tickling feeling running through my balls at the thought of walking outside in women's lingerie. "Okay, let's get ready."

We spent the next ten minutes inside the tent, changing into our lingerie, before emerging to hold hands and set off down the strip of sand that followed the river through the heavily wooded gorge.

I'd chosen to wear my burgundy half-cup lacy bra, matching lacy suspender-belt and black lace-top nylons with flat shoes, while my wife had chosen to wear her lilac Basque and white lace teddy, white nylons, and flat shoes. Back home, I'd also be wearing a wig and makeup to complete the outfit, but out here it seemed too much trouble.

"Mmmm, I love it when you're wearing your lacy half cup bra. It makes me really horny to see it." She smiled as we strolled along the sand, my semi-hard cock slapping against the bare thighs above my stocking-tops. "And they really show off your firm titties," she said.

Anne was actually referring to the pair of firm, thirty-six-C tits that I'd grown since going on a course of hormones - something that always excited both her and all the guys that I fucked with regularity back home.

"I'm really glad you don't wear panties any more. I love to look at your thick, black, hairy bush when we walk along like this, and also when you're flashing your cunt at someone," I replied. "Your hairy cunt really turns me on."

"Suck it for me, then," she said suddenly as she stopped and spread her legs. "Suck my cunt for me, right here."

I swiftly squatted down in front of her and reached forward to hold her slim hips as I clamped my lips over my wife's thick bush, her large clitty already visible as it poked out from above her cunt-lipped slit.

"Ooh, yes. Suck my cunt for me, darling," she breathed. "Can you taste my sweet cunt juice, darling? I'm getting wet, especially for you."

"I like it when I can also taste another guy's cum mixed with them," I said as I pulled away for a moment. "Especially when you squat over my face and squeeze a cum cocktail out for me to drink by using your cunt muscles."

"You're just a fucking cum slut," she laughed as I sucked her cunt again. "You're my very own, personal cum slut."

Anne loved talking dirty to me, knowing that it excited me when I was fucking her, and also knowing that it guaranteed that I'd be coming deep inside her a few seconds later. "I'll see what I can do about supplying somebody else's cum for you to drink from my cunt when we get back to town. I know how much you really love that. But for now, I think you've drunk enough of my cunt-juices, let's walk on a bit further and find somewhere to fuck."

I stood and kissed her lips, she licking mine and savouring the taste of her own cunt-juices before she took hold of my now rigid cock and led me along the sand with it. We walked about another half mile before she stopped and stood in front of me, squatting down to suck on my cock whilst stroking my nylon-clad thighs.

"Here. I want you to fuck me right here," she said softly as she stood. "Now, undo your bra. I want to be sucking your nipples as you enter me."

I could feel her rubbing my knob-end up and down her oozing slit, parting her hairs and pushing her cunt-lips aside as I reached up and undid the front-fastening clasp of my bra, both of the lacy cups falling aside to expose my firm tits and erect nipples.

"Oh yes," she breathed, as she positioned my knob-end in between her drooling cunt-lips and sucked on my left nipple. "Fuck me, darling. Fuck me and fill me."

As my knob-end parted her cunt-lips, she slowly pushed me down by the shoulders so that I sank down onto the sand and she followed me, wrapping her nylon-clad thighs around my hips and impaling herself on my rigid cock. Once down, she gyrated her hips round and round, then humped them back and forth so she ground her sopping wet cunt onto my cock, my knob-end actually butting up against her cervix.

We fucked like this for over ten minutes, kissing and writhing as we experienced the thrill of fucking outdoors whilst wearing lingerie

"God, your cocks inside me really fucking deep, darling." She gasped finally as she held me behind my neck and started humping her hips against me with a steady rhythm. "So fucking deep, I can actually feel it rubbing up against my womb. Filling my womb with your cum. I want to feel you spurting your cum into me."

Hearing her talk like that to me meant I stood no chance of holding back my orgasm, and I instantly felt my spunk bubbling up in my balls. "Oh yes." I gasped, "It's coming. It's nearly here, darling."

"Let it come, my horny cum-slut," she whispered urgently. "Spurt your cum into my tight cunt, so I

can squat over you and let you drink it from me afterward.”

“IT’S COMING NOW!” I suddenly gasped and grunted loudly. “AGH YES!”

Spurt after powerful spurt of scalding cum blasted into her cunt. She gripped my waist hard with her thighs and dug her nails into my back as her own orgasm hit her like an express train. Her whole body twitching and shuddering as she clamped her lips over mine to stifle her orgasmic cries.

“HMMMMMPH...,” she groaned, her hips spasmodically jerking against mine. “MMMPPHH!”

Slowly, she released her vice-like grip on me and laid me flat on my back before pulling off me and shuffling up so her knees were either side of my shoulders. I looked up to see holding her cunt-lips open and heard her straining herself. The muscles of her flat stomach standing out as she tightened them and forced cum from her cunt to splat into my willing and wide open mouth.

“Drink it, my little cum-slut. Let me watch you drinking your own cum as I squeeze it from my cum-filled cunt,” she gasped, holding her breath and grunting with the exertion of forcing it from her. “Now, lick me clean as the rest drains from me.”

I did as she said, her hairy cunt mashing against my face as she squatted over me and wanked herself to another orgasm, her own copious cum now flooding from her gaping twat and flushing out my sticky load. “Christ,” she gasped as she fell to her hands and knelt over me on all fours, “I’ve been waiting for you to fuck me like that since we arrived here.”

“I hope it was worth waiting for?” I said, as I reached up and licked a dangling string of sticky and viscous cum from her gaping cunt-lips.

“You bet,” she smiled. “C’mon, let’s get back to the tent, I’m fucked.”

We staggered to our feet and slowly walked back along the sandbar, Anne stopping several times and half squatting so I could kneel between her splayed knees and suck out the cum that still oozed from between her glistening cunt-lips.

“I’m absolutely fucked,” she said, as we entered the tent. “Do you mind if we snuggle up in our lingerie and change out of them in the morning, darling?”

“Not at all,” I replied, as I snuggled down behind her and she pushed her ass back into my lap. “You have a lie-in, and I’ll make the coffee in the morning.”

“Thank-you. Good night, darling,” she sighed as I kissed the back of her neck and she closed her eyes, the steady rushing sound of the nearby river serving as a lullaby to us as I too drifted into a deep sleep.

I woke early, at first light. Regrettably, pulled away from Anne’s warm body, leaving her asleep in the tent. I started the camping stove to boil some water for coffee. Stripping off lingerie, I waded into the river to wash. Surprisingly, the water wasn’t too cold. So I took time to lie back in the rushing water and wait for the kettle to boil. Cleaning myself thoroughly, and washing dried cum off my body.

Seeing the kettle starting to boil, I waded naked out of the river and squatted beside the stove, making two steaming mugs before calling to Anne that her coffee was ready. She called back that

she was coming and pushed her head through the tent-flap, her eyes squinting in the strong sunlight.

"God, I need this," she said at me, as she crept out of the tent and squatted beside me, still dressed only in her lilac Basque and white nylons, "I'll strip these off and have a wash when I've finished my coffee. Then we can break camp and move off."

"There's no rush, darling, we should eat first anyway, since we didn't last night," I told her. "But seeing you in your lingerie is turning me on again, and I might just give you another fucking before we leave."

"You're a horny slut," she laughed as she reached over to me and kissed my exposed and erect nipples. "Didn't you get enough last night?"

"I can never get enough of you," I replied as I reached out for her and slid two fingers into her semi-parted gash. "What do you say to another fuck, before we eat breakfast?"

Suddenly, a strange male voice said from behind us, "Well, I'd certainly like one!"

We both spun and saw four horses with riders, silhouetted in the morning sun. "Christ. You made us jump," I said, as we both tried to cover ourselves up by clamping our thighs together and wrapping an arm over our exposed tits. "We didn't hear you coming because of the noise of the river."

"Yeah, so we saw," the guy replied. "Now, what about that fuck?"

"Sorry, friend," I replied, squinting against the glare of the sun and trying to defuse the situation. "I was talking to my wife, no offence."

"None taken," he replied. "I sure do like the frilly stuff your wife's wearing, so I'm still gonna have my fuck whether you like it or not. In fact, we all are."

The other men nodded in agreement. He endorsed his statement by taking his rifle from its holster, operating the bolt and cocking it, before pointing it directly at me.

"Now, just a minute," I protested, reaching out and wrapping an arm round my wife's shoulders in a demonstration of protection.

"Look, Pa, that man's got titties," one of the other riders shouted and pointed at me.

I realised I'd forgotten to keep my thirty-six-C tits hidden as I held Anne. The older man said. "Just what are you, a man or a woman?"

"I'm a man, actually. Not that it's any business of yours," I replied defiantly.

"Yes, and he just happens to have a pair of tits because we both like it that way," Anne added. "Now, go away, creeps."

The old man laughed. "Oh, you're a spunky little cunt, aren't you Missy?" He said looking at my wife as we huddled close. "At least, you will be when we've finished fucking you." He lifted the muzzle of his gun threateningly. "Now stand up, both of you. We want to take a good look at what we have here."

We stayed exactly as we were, and held each other even closer, more out of fear than defiance. Until we heard the other three rifles being cocked, and saw that they too were pointing in our direction.

Slowly, we both stood and saw not only the four guys on horses, they also had two German Shepherds with them. The dogs made me realise that running away was probably a stupid idea. We could evade the horses, but not those dogs.

The man who outed my tits, said, "Hey, you're one of them shemale things, aren't you?" He looked at his companions, saying, "I've always said I'd like to fuck one of those shemale things, one day. Haven't I, Pa?"

Pa nodded. "You sure have, Jesse, and it looks like that day's come."

"Now just hold on," I shouted.

Before I could utter another word, Pa's rifle cracked and a spray of sand kicked up by a bullet occurred directly in front of us. We jumped, and held each other tightly with the shock of what'd just happened.

"Now let's just get one thing straight," Pa said slowly and menacingly, "We're gonna have ourselves some fun with you whether you like it or not. And the way I see it, it can go two ways. Either you comply with our wishes, or, you can resist and suffer the consequences. Either way, you're both gonna get fucked."

There was a long silence as the gravity of his threat sank in.

"Well?" He continued as they all got down from their horses. "Which way do you want to play it? Easy or hard, it's up to you."

Anne looked at me, her eyes filled with fear. "Just go along with them," she whispered. "Don't worry, I'll be alright."

"Are you sure?" I asked. "I can still try to reason with them."

"You do, and you'll be shot," she said, "Let them do what they want with us, and they'll maybe leave us. Besides, we did say earlier that we were both looking forward to being fucked when we got back to town. It's just come early, that's all."

"Okay, it seems like you have the upper hand," I told the man called Pa, "We'll agree to do what you say, and then leave us unharmed."

"Now you're seeing some sense," Pa said, slowly lowering his rifle and undoing his belt-buckle. "Okay, boys, its fuck time."

The other three whooped loudly and started to strip off their pants, giving me the idea that, as they couldn't chase us with their pants round their ankles, we could maybe now run into the woods to make our escape, then I remembered the dogs.

"Let them do what they want, darling," I told Anne. "Besides, it'll be no different than what we'd do with our friends back home."

She nodded and squeezed my hand. "We'll be okay," she whispered. "I love you."

"And I love you," I said, leaning forward and kissing her.

The shemale lover went into our tent, and came out holding lingerie in his hand. "Hey, what about wearing these when I fuck you?" He was waving a bra and nylons in the air, "If I'm gonna kneel

behind you and fuck you, you might as well look pretty," he said.

I nodded in silence, and slid my bra over my shoulders before fastening the front-clasp and stepping into a suspender-belt. I then sat and slid my nylons over my legs, fastening my suspenders to my stocking-tops, and standing again.

He was a lanky guy, and obviously enjoyed watching me get dressed, as he wanked his long cock to full hardness as I did. When I'd finished dressing and stood, I looked in his direction and saw that he had a really long cock that was topped by a truly massive knob. His cock jutted out from between his white thighs, and looked like a large lollipop.

"Don't she look pretty?" He shouted to his friends as they stood and openly wanked their rigid cocks. "I'm really gonna enjoy fucking you, before I fuck your wife."

With that, he pushed me to the ground and ordered me to get on all fours before he spat on his knob-end to wet it. He knelt behind me, his massive knob pushing hard on my ass. He held onto my hips and pushed his cock deep inside me with all his might, that massive knob stretching the walls of my ass to breaking point, as it reamed back and forth inside me.

Thankfully, my ass started to open for him, and I felt him sliding in and out of me more easily. I turned my head to see Pa kneeling behind Anne and fucking her, as one of the others crammed his thick cock in her mouth.

My head was roughly turned to face forward, and my view was suddenly filled by a large, rigid cock only an inch from my lips. "Suck it, bitch," the guy commanded, as he squatted slightly and thrust his cock in my mouth. He reached under me to cup my tits in his gnarled hands. "I'm gonna shoot cum down your throat, and watch you swallow it," he told me.

Little did he know, having someone fucking me while someone else was bringing themselves off in my mouth, is something I really enjoy. Under different circumstances, what's happening right now would've been the answer to a prayer. I also knew Anne had totally accepted the situation, and is no doubt feeling the same way as me. However, neither of us dare say anything, for fear of upsetting our 'rapists' as they had their way with us.

The guy fucking me pounded away at my ass really hard, and I soon felt him grow thicker as his orgasm neared. Sure enough, a moment later his cock jerked and twitched inside me, and I felt that delicious 'wet' feeling as his cum spurted deep into my ass. Upon seeing his friend unloading cum into my ass, the guy fucking my mouth soon came too. I was treated to a mouthful of cum before he pulled out of me and stood, wiping his knob on my face.

I took the chance to turn my head, and saw that Anne was also gulping a load of cum. Pa was sitting back on his legs, his cock jutting up from between his thighs, having just filled my wife's cunt with his cum too.

"Bring him over here," he shouted to the guys with me, "I've got something in mind."

They dragged me to my feet, and I was made to kneel behind Anne.

"I've just fucked your wife, and her cunts full of cum," he snarled, "Now get down behind her and suck my jizz from her cunt, like the bitch that you are."

I knelt down between her legs and looked at her gaping cunt-lips. His cum already starting to ooze from between them, and drip onto the ground in sticky strings.

"Suck it, bitch," he shouted. "Lie on your back and drink my jizz from her fucking cunt, so we can all watch."

They watched as Pa's cum oozed out of Anne's cunt, and into my mouth. "Fuck me, I still feel fucking horny," Pa said. "Lift up that faggot's legs for me, so I can fuck his ass."

They did as he said and I felt Pa's cock slide easily into my cum-filled ass. His balls slapping against my ass-cheeks as he pounded into me. Over the next hour, they fucked and filled me and Anne with cum many times. We took load after load of cum in our ass, cunt, and mouth. The stamina of these guys amazed us both.

"I need a coffee," Pa said when he'd fucked himself dry. "Let's get one before we have some more fun. I've gotten something really special lined up for these two."

"What's that Pa?" One of the men asked.

"Never mind, you'll soon see. Just tie them to those branches over there so they're on their hands and knees," he ordered.

"You mean like they were when we fucked them?" The lanky one asked.

"Yep," Pa grinned. "Just like when we fucked 'em."

Anne and I were both dragged to the fallen tree and tied down to the branches, Pa supervises the others and making sure we couldn't move from the position they'd tied us in. We were on all fours, but with us down on our elbows so our asses stuck up in the air. They left us like that for over half an hour while they drank our coffee. We couldn't see them, but were able to talk to each other.

"How are you?" I asked Anne.

"Alright, actually," she replied softly. "I've been really enjoying it so far, but I'm not telling them that."

"I feel the same," I whispered. "Looks like they're gonna fuck us again with the way we're tied up, doesn't it?"

"I don't know, I've a nasty feeling that bastard has something up his sleeve," she said. "Don't ask me what, though."

We soon found out. Next thing we knew, there was some noise behind us, and I felt a tongue licking cum as it oozed out of my ass. It was then that I suddenly realised that it was a dogs tongue.

Pa suddenly said loudly, "Remember when I called you a bitch? Well, that got me sort of thinking, and I thought it only fair that the dogs here should have some fun too." Pa squatted in front of us, his cock erect again, and his balls dangling down between his legs. "And while they're fucking, you can suck us off again. After that, you'll suck on the dog cocks after they've cum in you."

This was something neither Anne nor myself had bargained for. I looked across and saw the look of terror in her eyes when she realised she was about to be fucked by a German shepherd.

"And just to make it worthwhile," the lanky one sneered at me. "I'm gonna make sure both dogs knot with you, as well. Boy, are you two gonna be fucked proper?" He laughed, while stroking his big cock.

A moment later, I saw one of the German Shepherds jump up and wrap its paws around Anne's waist, her mouth dropped open, and her eyes suddenly widen as it humped its hips back and forth. The dog sank its cock deep inside her cunt.

Then, looking round, I saw the lanky guy with his hand between the dog's hind legs as he pushed the knot firmly in between my wife's already stretched cunt-lips, so it slid all the way inside her. He then held his hand behind the swelling knot and stopped it from pulling out again, until it had swelled and knotted inside her.

"Oh my God," Anne gasped. "He's knotting with me."

"Your turn now, faggot," I heard him say, as I felt the other dog's rough paws wrap themselves around my waist. "Join your wife in having a great fuck."

The dog's cock stabbed excitedly at my ass, trying to find the entrance, but splattering my ass-cheeks with pre-cum before the lanky guy took hold of it and directed the tip into my asshole, the dog then lunging forward and buried its full length inside me.

I felt my ass stretching, as the dogs cock swelled and fucked deeper into me. It felt as though my ass was being torn open, as the dogs cock not only considerably lengthened, but swelled thicker than any guy I'd taken inside me.

And then I felt its knot starting to swell, soon with me being aware that it was becoming too big for it to be pulled out, and swelling all the time. Christ, it felt as though I'd a cricket-ball wedged up in my ass, but before I could cry out, a rigid cock was stuffed into my mouth and pushed halfway down my throat.

Gradually, I felt my ass stretching to accommodate the bulk of the massive knot that was so very firmly wedged inside me. I actually started to enjoy the feeling. Especially as the guy fucking my mouth had pulled most of his cock out and decided to toss himself off while leaving his knob in my mouth.

The dogs cock spurted deep inside me, filling me so it's cum was now flooding from me and running down my nylon-clad thighs, soaking my nylons through as the guy in my mouth suddenly came and spurted his thick jets of cum into my mouth and ordered me to swallow it while he watched. As soon as he'd finished, another cock took his place and I greedily sucked on it as the dog locked inside me, humped once or twice, and completely filled my ass with his massive cock and knot.

It was a good half hour before the two dogs started to get restless, Pa untied our wrists and told us to get ready to suck the dog cocks, because they'd be pulling out very soon. To make sure we did as he ordered, the rifles were pointed in our direction again. Sure enough, the dog fucking Anne suddenly pulled free and a torrent of cum gushed from her gaping cunt as one of the guys turned her over and laid her on her back. The other stuffing the dogs' still spurting cock into her mouth.

I was surprised by the fact that she almost seemed eager to suck the dogs cock, not moving her head from side to side to resist sucking the spitting cock. But instead, reaching up and holding behind the dog's knot with one hand whilst bobbing her head back and forth, with her lips clamped round the massive red and purple weapon.

My thoughts about Anne's apparent eagerness were interrupted by a sudden shooting pain in my ass, and as my dog pulled from me, I was rolled over to suffer the same fate as Anne. As I had the hard, and yet spongy dog cock thrust in my mouth, I felt a wicked feeling of lewdness running through me that was hard to explain.

Here I was, outdoors and semi-bound whilst dressed in a bra, suspender-belt and nylons in front of perfect strangers, sucking on a dogs spurting cock. I swallowed dog cum for the first time in my life, to find that I actually enjoyed it.

Going from the slurping sounds Anne was making as she sucked her dogs cock, she too enjoyed herself. Especially when one of our captors got so aroused by watching the erotic sight of her lying there, he knelt between her splayed thighs and fucked her cunt, filling her with cum once more.

It was with a certain sense of regret that the dogs were finally taken from us, and I was made to kneel with a rifle to my head, as I endured the sight of Anne being fucked once more by each of our captors. They then saw it as the final indignity, by telling Anne to squat over my face so she could let cum drain from her cum filled cunt into my mouth for me to drink.

Finally, having emptied the contents of their balls into us many times, and having obviously satisfied their lust, we were told that they were now going to leave. But that they'd leave with the dogs knotted inside us once more, so we couldn't follow them. "When the dogs have finished fucking you, they'll pick up our scent and follow us home," Pa told us. "Have a nice day."

With that, the dogs mounted us once more, the four guys got on their horses, and rode off once they were satisfied that both dogs were securely knotted inside us.

With my dogs knot making my ass bulge, its cum streaming down my nylon-clad thighs, I slowly shuffled over to my wife and reached out to hold her hand. "Promise me one thing, darling," she gasped, as her dog once or twice humped into her even deeper.

Her cum-filled cunt, making lewd squelching sounds. "Anything, my love, what is it?" I asked.

"When we get back home, we'll buy a dog like these two," she smiled, "This is fucking beautiful, and I definitely wanna try it again."

"You took the words out of my mouth," I told her truthfully. "I especially liked it when I sucked mine off. It made me feel so horny, I almost came."

"And I'll tell you something else," she added, "The only reason I'd chase after those guys would be to thank them for such a great morning's sex."

"And introducing us to doggy fucking," I said.

She reached forward and kissed me before asking me if I'd like to have a look at her cunt with a dog knot wedged inside it? I told her that I'd love to, so she shuffled round slightly so I could take a look.

What I saw made me feel really horny, and my cock immediately stiffened as I took in the sight of this thick purple cock that was impaling her, her cunt-lips stretching and bulging alarmingly with the sheer size of the knot that was buried deep inside her, cum-filled cunt and the copious amount of thick and whitish cum that was oozing past her cunt-lips and flowing down her nylon-clad thighs.

"Let me reach over to toss you off while you watch me being fucked by him," she whispered. "I can see it's made you horny."

Her fist wrapped around my throbbing cock and she slid it back and forth, my cum soon spurting onto the sand in thick and powerful jets. Feeling my ass contracting with my spurts of cum, the dog wedged inside me humped itself even deeper into me. A flood of cum seeping from my already cum-filled ass, and flowing into Anne's hand. Without another moment's thought, she raised her dog cum

coated hand to her lips and licked it clean.

“Beautiful,” she said softly. “Truly, beautiful.”

It was fifteen minutes later when the dogs grew restless, one eventually pulling out of my wife’s cum-filled cunt and making a delicious suctioning and plopping sound as the dogs’ still semi-swollen knot slid from her flooding cunt to dangle obscenely. Spitting and jerking between its hind legs, its tip almost reaching the ground.

A moment or two later, Anne crawled over to me and kissed me again. She asked me if she could sixty-nine with me, so she’d be ready for when the dog pulled out of me. She wanted to suck its cock, and thereby get some more doggy cum to swallow.

I readily agreed and she slid beneath me, clamping her lips over my dangling cock as she waited for a bigger and far juicier prize to suck on. A few minutes later I felt my ass stretching slightly and my dog pulled its massive cock and knot free, this time with only a little discomfort.

Anne immediately grabbed the dogs cock behind its knot and stuffed the spurting shaft into her mouth. Sucking noisily, and lewdly, as I clamped my mouth over her oozing cunt. We are greedily swallowing our second helping of dog cum.

“That was fucking fantastic,” Anne sighed contentedly, as she finally removed her lips from around the dogs cock, and laid back in the sun with her knees splayed wide apart. “Do you know something? All the time that both dogs were knotted deep inside me, I was having an orgasm. It wasn’t the usual mind-blowing sort I have when you fuck me, darling. No, it was more of a mini one that made my whole body buzz and tingle, like a mild but continuous electric shock.”

“I know just what you mean. I’ve never been so well fucked in my life,” I said.

“I just want to lie here as I am, and masturbate as I relive those last doggy fucks,” she said contentedly. “Is that okay with you, darling?”

“Mmmm, of course it is,” I replied. “And I might just join you and suck your clitty for you as you start to cum. Then I’m gonna sit back and have a coffee.”

She didn’t answer, instead I heard her catching her breath as she drew up her knees and neared her orgasm, her fingers busy between her thighs as she rubbed her pussy.

Seeing that she was surprisingly near to an orgasm, I quickly moved between her splayed knees and slid four fingers into her gaping cunt and started finger-fucking her, she then suddenly reaching down with her other hand and pushing my fingers deep inside her sticky cunt. Groaning loudly, she lifted her ass off the sand and thrust her hips forward so her whole body arched upwards as her orgasm raced through her.

I felt her cunt-muscles tighten on my hand as she made a series of strangled grunting and gasping sounds. Her orgasm so intense and powerful that she actually found it difficult to take a breath. Instead making these ‘animal’ type noises that came from deep down in the back of her throat.

With a final and prolonged, “Ahhhhhhh.” She slowly lowered her hips back onto the sand, closed her bulging eyes, and appeared to fall into a state of unconsciousness.

It was five minutes before she finally stirred, groggily sitting up and telling me that she’d just had

the most intense orgasm of her life. "Fucking hell. What hit me?" She asked with bleary eyes. "I feel so weak."

"You had a really violent orgasm," I said.

"Oh yeah," she said dreamily. "I could feel those delicious dog cocks knotting inside me, and imagined that I was sucking you off at the same time. Mmmm, it felt good."

"We'll be doing just that every night, when we get home," I promised her, "Once we get a dog of our own, you'll be able to knot with him whenever you want."

"That'll be nice," she smiled lewdly. "Will you make me another coffee, please, darling? I want to just lie here and soak up some of this beautiful sun."

I made us a coffee and sat her up so she leant back between my nylon-clad thighs, occasionally kissing her neck and stroking each of her beautiful firm tits and erect nipples before she drifted off into a deep, orgasm induced sleep.

We didn't continue our trek, instead we stayed the night to rest after such a strenuous day, before setting off for town. "Can I tell you something, darling?" Anne asked as we walked along the trail.

"Sure, what is it?"

"I hope you won't be upset when I tell you. But secretly, I wished those guys would come back this morning and rape us again," she admitted.

"Me, too," I confessed. "Little did they know just how much we enjoyed being 'raped' by them?"

"And their dogs," she added quickly.

"Yes, and their dogs." I agreed.

The End