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Part One

My wife and I have been married for nearly fifteen years. Having been together for so long, it's becoming quite challenging to come up with original gift ideas for birthdays and such. So this year when her birthday rolled around, instead of buying her something that would just end up on a shelf, or in a box that I'd have to move later, I got her a gift-certificate for a massage. I didn't know it at the time, but that decision would change our lives forever.

Before I get into our story, I'll introduce us. My name is Danny. I'm six feet tall, and tip the scales at about 180 pounds. I have short, dark brown hair and gray-blue eyes. I'm in pretty good shape, but like most men in their 30's, I'm developing some love handles around my middle - guess I'm going to have to take care of that.

I tower over my lovely wife, Janet; she stands just five feet two inches. She wants to lose some weight, but I'm keeping a close eye on her because she has a perfect ass, and 36DD tits that just make me crazy. Janet's body is dotted with freckles that really stand out when she's had some sun. She too has short hair, but it's a rich, dark blonde color that compliments her dazzling brown eyes. And she has a smile that lights up the room.

Much to my delight, about four years ago, she had her nipples pierced and now wears twelve gauge rings through them; occasionally she'll wear a white gold chain slung between them - now there's a site to behold! Then last year, she had her pussy lips done like her nipples, and just a few months ago, her navel was added to the collection. I should also mention that she has a tattoo with my name just inside her bikini line, level with the top of her neatly trimmed bush.

That last thing you need to know about us is that until recently, we've been completely monogamous. We've fantasized about bringing others into our sex life, but for fear of disease and scandal, we've kept our bedroom to ourselves. Nonetheless, sex has always been great for us. Janet is multi-orgasmic; and I have long lasting wood (the benefit of maturity I guess). On average, we were fucking about ten times a week unless I was traveling. I suppose that's why neither one of us cheated - we were too busy with each other.

Our story begins when Janet decided to cash in her birthday present. She had adopted a dog (named Lucky) the day before and he'd worked her over pretty good. And when I got home from work, well, lets just say our lovemaking was particularly spirited. Stiff and sore when she woke up, she called the massage parlor and made an appointment for that afternoon. Normally on a Saturday I would have been home to rub her down myself, then fuck her brains out, but my office sent me to California on a last minute business trip.

Authors Note: Because I was now cruising along at thirty-five thousand feet in a cramped seat with no leg room, sitting next to a guy with a damp spot on his shirt from where he'd been drooling on himself, these next parts I'm recounting second hand. I pressed Janet for details so the tale I'm spinning is hopefully very complete and accurate.

Janet had a few hours to kill before her massage, so she began her weekly ritual of removing unwanted hair, exfoliating, filing and painting her nails and so on. (You know, all the chic stuff that guys don't have to do, and therefore can't fully appreciate. Of course, we love the results.)

She finished up with a dip in the hot tub, then dressed in a matching bra and thong set and a light

summer dress that accentuated her large tits and shapely ass. Her outfit was complete with sexy, functional sandals. Janet had just enough time left for a light lunch of left over salmon on crackers. (She makes an awesome grilled mustard salmon.)

The drive to the massage parlor was short. Janet stepped from her truck into the warm spring sunshine. A light breeze swished her dress around her knees and tickled her thighs. Before her was the entrance to the massage parlor - a sign above the door read simply "Massage". The privacy glass of the door glowed a mellow red.

When Janet pulled the door open, a nearly inaudible chime announced her arrival. She stepped into the waiting lounge, eyes wide in surprise. She had been expecting something like you'd find at a doctors office, very conservative décor in neutral colors. Instead, she found a room that oozed sensuality.

The carpet was a dark blue, the pile thick and plush. The walls were covered in folds of a deep burgundy fabric, hung in a cascade like a velvet waterfall. The ceiling was a mosaic of mirror tiles to spread the light cast from the corners, where steppes of large candles hosted gently flickering flames.

When the door clicked shut, the noise and light of the outside world disappeared completely. The silence was so complete, Janet could hear her own heartbeat. She walked toward the center of the room where a single round ottoman, the only furniture in the room, stood like a lone sentry. When she sat down on it, she was surprised to find it was warm to the touch. "Wow, I feel better already and I haven't even seen the masseuse yet," she said to herself. "I wonder how long I'll have to wait."

"Not long," said a voice from behind her. "Are you Janet?" Janet turned around to see a slender woman a few inches taller than her. Her smiling face was framed by shoulder length black hair. She wore a v-neck tank top and form fitting shorts; her feet were bare. The tank was pulled up and knotted just below her cleavage, leaving her midriff exposed. "I'm Sherri," she said and extended her hand.

Sherri's casual attire and warm smile immediately put Janet at ease and she extended her own hand in kind. "Yes, I'm Janet," she said, smiling her own greeting. Janet asked "Where did you come from - I didn't hear you come in."

"Through here..." Sherri turned, still holding Janet's hand, and led her toward the fabric covered wall. As they approached, it silently drew upward like the main curtain of a theatre to reveal a candlelit hallway, then slipped back to the floor behind them. The hallway led to three doors, each flanked by wall-mounted candelabras. Sherri pushed through the third door and led Janet over to a plain looking massage table. "I'll just step out for a moment so you can undress." She stepped back into the hallway, and closed the door behind her.

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## **Part Two**

Janet stood by the table for a moment, soaking in everything she'd seen so far, then began to undress. She stepped out of her sandals then slipped her dress over her head and hung it over the back of the room's one chair. Finally, she unclasped her very sheer bra and laid it neatly on the chair, allowing the fabric of her dress to modestly conceal it.

In just her thong, Janet walked over to the table and lay down on it. There was a sheet folded neatly at the foot of the table. She pulled it up above her breasts and let out a deep sigh. The table was

warm beneath her, just like the ottoman had been. "This is getting better and better," she thought.

Janet stared up at the ceiling for a moment before closing her eyes. This room was decorated much like the reception lounge, except the ceiling was a mix a purple and black broken by tiny pinpricks of light that would wink in and out of existence. It was like looking at the stars in the dead of night, faintly obscured by the glow of the candles.

Just moments after Janet had lain down on the table, Sherri quietly entered and turned on a soothing sound track. It wasn't new age, exactly. It wove a tapestry of melodies designed to focus and calm the mind set to a background of distant drums. As Janet watched Sherri make her preparations, she found her heart had slowed to beat in time with the music.

"Janet, let's start with your back," said Sherri. "I'll hold the sheet while you turn over." Sherri raised the sheet and Janet turned, not realizing that Sherri was peeking. She was planning on make this massage quite memorable.

Now face down, Janet could feel Sherri begin to spread warm oil on her back. Sherri's hands moved the oil around in a light caress that left Janet's back gleaming in the flicking light. Then powerful hands began kneading the muscles along her shoulders and neck, drawing the tension and aches away.

Over several minutes, Sherri worked her way down Janet's back, carefully applying only the perfect amount of pressure. She used her hands, elbows, forearms, and the tips of her fingers to drive away the stiffness, work out the knots, and realign the body's natural flow of energy. Janet began to purr like a kitten, not realizing that she was beginning to emit low moans of contentment.

As Sherri wound her way down Janet's spine to her buttocks, she notices that Janet had scratches along her sides, above her hips. Concerned, she asked "where did these scratches come from?" Realizing that Sherri was seeing evidence of her tryst with Lucky, Janet blushed and stammered out, "I got a new dog yesterday - he gets a little too rambunctious."

Sherri's eyebrows rose in silent question. "I wonder what he was doing to her..." she thought.

The sheet was pulled further down, exposing Janet's shapely ass, and the thin strip of fabric that made up the back of her thong. Without pause, Sherri began to massage her butt cheeks, working her hands along the cleft between them, following along around the crease above Janet's thighs, repeatedly squeezing and pulling the large muscles there.

Janet really loves having her ass rubbed. That and Sherri's reminder of yesterday's action conspired to spark her arousal. At first confused by having these feelings at the hands of another woman, Janet tensed. But as Sherri continued her talented ministrations, Janet could feel her body begin to relax again. "What the hell," she thought. "This beats the hell out of getting my pussy waxed, and that had me creaming all over the place."

What Janet didn't know was that Sherri is a complete nymphomaniac. She craves sex like other people thirst for water. This would become clear to Janet in the coming days. But for now, she believed Sherri's interest in her was strictly professional.

Sherri could sense the conflict in Janet, fleeting though it was, and knew she was going to get what she wanted. A mischievous smile graced her lips as she began working her way down Janet's thighs. She took a deep breath, enjoying the aroma of Janet's awakening sex. Her own body was beginning to tingle in anticipation.

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Part Three

Half an hour after Janet had walked in the door, Sherri had managed to spread oil from Janet's neck to her toes, and had worked her magic through her now pliant flesh. But only on one side. It was time to turn her over.

"OK, Janet, how do you feel? Ready to turn over?"

"Mmmm... wonderful," Janet responded as if in a daze. The sheet was gone now - the heated table kept Janet perfectly warm. She was so relaxed that without even thinking, she rolled over onto her back, exposing her beautiful tits to Sherri's hungry gaze.

Sherri hadn't noticed the rings in Janet's nipples before. She was enthralled by the way they sparkled in the dim light, and the way they stood up as Janet's nipples puckered. Sherri let her gaze wander down and found a navel piercing as well, a barbell with a gem inset on one end. She stepped lightly around to the head end of the table and began working on Janet's shoulders again. As Sherri's hands did their work, finding all the sensitive spots along Janet's neck, throat, and face, she studied Janet's breasts.

"Oh... something just poked me in the eye," said Janet, still with her eyes closed. The knot in Sherri's tank top had come a little loose and was hanging lower than before. "Oops... let me fix that," responded Sherri. She stepped back from the massage table and untied the knot, then with a shrug, pulled the shirt over her head and let it drop on the floor. Sherri was now as bare-chested as Janet - her small boobs didn't require a bra. Back at the table, she began working her hands down toward Janet's navel.

Of course, there was only one path to get there, over and around Janet's luscious tits. Sherri began working the muscles below Janet's collar bone, then casually shifted down to the softer flesh she coveted. Sherri moved both hands to one breast, then cupping with one hand and pressing with the other, she elicited a gasp from Janet. "Too hard?"

"No. It feels good - I just... wasn't expecting that," replied Janet.

"Oh, we like to pull out all the stops here," said Sherri. "But if it bothers you..."

"NO! I mean, no, keep going. I like it." Janet was blushing again. She loved to have her tits played with.

Sherri took that as permission to become a bit more forward. Her touch transitioned from therapeutic massage to one of erotic caress. She kneaded Janet's large tits, pinched and pulled the nipples, and even gently tugged on her rings. Then at last, she bent forward over Janet's head, and brought her lips and tongue down to one super puckered nipple.

Janet arched her back as Sherri sucked the pierced nipple into her mouth and began to nurse. She switched back and forth between Janet's tits, only vaguely aware that her own erect buds were brushing against Janet's face. At one point, with her mouth open in a silent cry of delight, Janet's mouth was filled with one of Sherri's small tits. Her tongue circled around the hard, pink nipple, and Sherri moaned in appreciation.

Janet writhed around on the table, electrified. The sensations Sherri was producing in her heaving breasts were sending jolts down her body, causing her pussy to tingle and spasm. She could feel the

dampness there, soaking through her wispy thong. "I really should put a stop to this," she thought to herself. "But it feels so good." A wave of guilt washed over her. "Oh my God, what will Danny think?"

Sherri's talented lips and tongue brushed the guilt aside, leaving a smoldering lust glowing inside Janet's heart. "Fuck it... he's always said he'd like to see me with another woman.... Besides, compared to fucking Lucky, this is pretty tame."

Sherri sensed the last of Janet's reluctance fade away. "Janet, you have fantastic tits! I just love your nipple rings; they're soooo sexy!" While her hands continued to tweak and tease Janet's nipples, she stepped around to the side of the table. Again she bent down and took a nipple in her mouth, but this time she let a hand wander down Janet's tummy, past her pierced navel, to find the edge of her thong.

She traced along the thin elastic band, toward the crease that marks the line where Janet's torso ends and her leg begins. Her touch became feather soft, giving a tickle. Janet gasped, giggled, and drew her knee up to protect the sensitive spot, exactly what Sherri wanted.

When Janet's leg rose up, Sherri snaked her hand around to the inside of her thigh, then gently pushed, rotating the hip outward, exposing Janet's damp crotch. Then she let her hand glide up the smooth thigh until it made contact with the fabric shielding Janet's cunt from direct contact. Sherri began stroking the object of her desire through the sheer material. Before long, she could feel Janet grinding against her hand. Sherri's own panties were positively soaked and they were both panting. The seduction was going better than she'd hoped.

Authors note: At this point in our story, things get a little confused. When I pressed for details, Janet declared quite indignantly that she wasn't keeping a running log of events for posterity. Hope you don't mind, but I've taken some creative license with the next bits to keep the story flowing. Otherwise it would go something like: Time stood still, Janet came explosively then drove home, the end.

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## **Part Four**

As Sherri worked Janet's nipples with her mouth, and her hand along Janet's panty clad pussy, she noticed that there was something unusual about the shapes she felt beneath the thin material. She had expected to feel the outline of soft lips, the cleft between them marking the path to a yielding depression that was her dripping hole. Perhaps the springiness of curly pubic hair. But there was more - two small lumps, barely perceptible.

Sherri pulled her hand back up to the top of Janet's thong, and then let her fingers snake down underneath. Janet, anticipating what was to come, squirmed impatiently. Sherri pulled her mouth away from the pierced nipple, pulling the ring with her tongue. Then she laughed and said, "You like that, don't you. You can't wait to give me your pussy, I can tell." Then she attacked the other nipple, causing Janet to gasp, and arch her back. A long moan sang from her half open lips.

The hand, seemingly of its own accord, slithered through Janet's sparse patch of pubic hair.

She wasn't bald - she'd given that up ages ago, preferring to have hair to buffer her sensitive clit. (Now, when she ground her pussy on her husband's hard cock, her engorged clit would glide along his pubic bone instead of dragging. This was much more sensual, causing her stronger, longer orgasms.) Nor was her hair curly. Instead, it lay rather flat, with the grain flowing to a point at her clit, giving her a bush a sexy sleekness that said, "Rub me, lick me, fuck me, here!"

Sherri's hand followed the hairs' direction to the first wrinkle of pussy flesh, the thin skin of woman's hood. This first contact made Janet cry out. Her pelvis rocked up to meet her pussy's new friend and the fingers slid down the slippery slope of her drooling cunt.

Sherri splayed her fingers, allowing her middle finger to slide between Janet's pussy lips while her index and ring fingers slid down the outside, trapping the slippery lips in the spaces between. Sherri gently pulled; stretching Janet's lips while letting them slowly slip between her fingers until she felt something smooth and rigid. Then she understood the unusual lumps. "Janet, your pussy lips are pierced too! Oh my God, you must really love sex!"

With that, she pressed the ball of her hand to Janet's clit, and tugged a little harder on the rings, and Janet came violently. She screamed and thrashed about on the table. Her hands grabbed the back of Sherri's head and pulled her tight to her shuddering breast. Her hips bucked up and back, as if the table itself was shocking her electrically. These wild gyrations caused Sherri's hand to alternately press on her clit and pull on her lips, prolonging her incredible climax.

Finally, she calmed down enough to release Sherri from her grasp, then reach down and push the hand from her twitching pussy. Her cunt juice formed a small pool on the table and her body was covered in a film of perspiration. Sherri stepped back, admiring her work, sucking Janet's cum from her fingers, one hand tweaking her own nipples in turn.

With a big sigh, Janet's body relaxed all at once, like someone had flipped the off switch. Her head lolled to the side, facing Sherri. Their eyes met; Janet's dreamy, post-orgasmic smile was returned by Sherri's victory grin. Sherri giggled. "If you think that was good, just wait 'til I eat you out. You will lose your mind!"

Now Janet giggled. "You're gonna have to let me recover first."

As her mind cleared, Janet realized where she was. Her smile evaporated, and her face turned crimson. She thought, "This is a place of business! And I've been howling like a woman possessed! The whole place must know what just happened in here!"

"I've got to go!" Janet blurted.

Her pussy made a squelching noise as she got off the table. She hurried over to the chair and pulled the dress over her head, inadvertently knocking her bra to the floor out of view. Her feet slid into the sandals. Then on impulse, she turned to Sherri, stepped over and gave her a quick kiss. "Thank you", she said.

She dropped the gift-certificate and a fifty dollar bill on the chair as she rushed from the room.

Sherri stood there, a bemused look on her face, watching the door close behind Janet. She chuckled. "Damn, talk about hot! I have got to get me some more of that!" she exclaimed to herself.

Sherri began to clean up the room. The sheet went into the hamper, the oils placed in a small cabinet by the sink. She sprayed the table with cleanser, and wiped it down with a towel, cleaning off the oil, sweat, and girl cum.

Satisfied that the room was ready for the next session, Sherri went to collect her shirt. As she bent to pick it up from where she'd let it fall to the floor, something under the chair caught her eye. She grabbed up her shirt, slipped it back over her head, and knotted it below her breasts again. Once dressed, she stepped to the chair, moved it aside, and collected the object from the floor.

In her hands was a bra, a 36DD that matched Janet's thong. She grinned fiercely, her eyes twinkling. I think I've just found my good deed for the day. Surely Janet will be wanting this back - I'll just have to deliver it myself. With that, she blew out the candles, and left the room; she headed for the small business office. Once there, she looked up the address that Danny had left when he bought the gift-certificate. She scrawled it down on a post-it and headed out to her car, the trophy bra still in her hand.

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