

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



This story is NOT true apart from one fact; there is a chocolate Great Dane in the village where I live, that I see walking past with his owners from time to time. I have never spoken with them so this story is entirely fantasy as to what might happen if I did start talking with them.

As I jog, I often think about the fact that research says 1 in 10 women have thoughts about sex with dogs; and of that group 1 in 10 acts upon it. The population of our village is around 2,000 so if you discount half as being children and then half again as males, that leaves 500 potential females. So, knowing I am one, then there must be 3 or 4 others. Which makes the question in my mind as I see people walking their dogs has always been...who are they?

Of course, it involves beast sex, it's me after all.

Edited by RFFAST.

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"Hiya, I keep seeing you and am always meaning to say hello. My name's Julie. Pleased to meet you."

I had often seen her, sometimes with her husband, walking their massive brown Great Dane and kept trying to work out how I could approach them. In the end, I decided that the frontal approach was the best way.

She stopped and regarded me carefully with her big brown eyes as she removed her earbuds, showing me, she hadn't heard my comment clearly. I would have guessed she was around 4 inches shorter than me as we both had trainers on and were dressed for exercise. Her top was tight and her breasts were nicely held in place by the stretchy material, but the sports bra stopped her nipples from showing through. Her tight bright pink Lycra pants left nothing to the imagination and I could see that she was in great shape for what I would guess at around 30 years of age.

Her hair was bleached blonde and with her puffed lips and heavy make-up, she had the almost false look that you see in the wives or girlfriends of modern sports stars, down to perfection. I could see she was checking me out as well and the thought popped into my head that maybe she was bi as well. My main focus was on her dog as it had been nearly 9 months since my last time enjoying furry sex.

"What a lovely dog you have, what is his name?" I said as I reached down and ruffled his huge head. He was a magnificent specimen; I would have guessed just about fully grown and when I stood there his head was higher than my waist and I hoped he was getting a good whiff of my scent.

"Duke, he is 3 years old, 140 lb and 30 inches now to his shoulder." she said softly and then smiled at me as she went on, "My name is Claire and we live just over the crossroads at number one."

I couldn't resist having a peek under and as I had glimpsed before he was intact as his heavy balls hung down like two ripe plums. She must have noticed my look as she said, "He is still intact, we prefer him that way... don't you?"

Was that a hint I wondered, or was I just imagining it?

"Do you keep him active? It must take a lot of work and dedication to keep him properly exercised and happy." I said keeping my voice level.

"We exercise at least once a day, sometimes twice if he is feeling very energetic and he does seem to enjoy his workouts a lot. My husband has commented on many occasions about his enthusiastic

workouts.”

“Do you have any friends who can help with the exercising or do you do it all yourself?”

I looked into her face and was sure I could see her weighing up her response as she said, “It’s always difficult to find people who see things in the same way as myself and Paul. I do enjoy keeping him active but I am sure Duke here would love some variety in his exercise regime.”

My head was now spinning. Was she saying that she has sex with her dog and her husband was involved? Also, did she mean she was willing to share or was I just misinterpreting her words? Taking a leap of faith, I cupped his balls gently and looked at her, “Would be a shame to deprive him of such a magnificent pair. I am sure he makes his bitches very happy.”

She blushed and I immediately knew I was on the right track. We were standing slightly off the road and leading into a path along the woods, so the location was secluded. At my touch, he responded and his red cock started to poke from his furry sheath,

“Oh look he seems to be excited about something,” I giggled and grasped it as I looked her in the eyes.

“Must be that he smells another bitch in heat,” she laughed. “You can see him so much better like this,” she said as she stood and tapped each of her hands on either shoulder. To my surprise, he rose and placed a paw on each of her shoulders, his head higher than hers. The most wonderful thing was that his cock had sprung to full attention and was above the vertical as it dripped. She couldn’t reach it but I bent my head to take a long suck at his emerging cock, tasting his watery pre-cum and if I wasn’t mistaken perhaps the faint taste of a woman. I knelt so that I could work on his cock better and as I sucked him, he seemed to grow even more in my mouth.

“My house isn’t far and I think you need to personally experience what Duke has to offer,” she said breathlessly, clearly excited by what she had seen so far.

I could hardly speak as the red mist of lust had overcome me. If I were honest with myself, I think I would have stripped off and let him fuck me right there. I was that horny.

Following her, I watched her ass jiggle in her tight pants and could see Duke’s cock swinging from side to side as he walked. Once in her house, I didn’t stop to admire her very expensive and superbly fitted large kitchen/breakfast room with its glass doors covering one side leading out to a large patio area. Instead, I panted, “Where?”

She knew instantly what I meant and laughed softly, “The kitchen and patio are totally concealed so right here if you are that anxious for a demonstration.”

She had hardly finished speaking before I had pulled off my own tight running pants along with my trainers and soaking knickers. Now naked from the waist down I dropped to all fours and presented myself to him. Duke stepped forward and sniffed before poking out his huge pink tongue and taking a lick that made me moan loudly.

I could see that Claire had crouched down and was working his cock to full hardness making me whimper and flood as he licked me.

“12 inches when fully erect,” I heard her say making my head start to spin, “Duke is bigger than normal so we are quite lucky, well I am at least.”

I wasn't really concentrating on her words instead I was mumbling, "Please fuck me, Mr Duke! Please I beg you, take your willing bitch."

I had managed to drape myself over a chair so that when he mounted there was enough room for him to place his paws on either side of me. I could feel his soft fur caressing my back as he started to thrust before Claire's tiny hand reached between us and guided him to my soaking cunt. As his tip found the mark, he pushed hard driving me into the chair and forcing the air from my body.

His first few thrusts hadn't fully buried in me but as he grew more insistent and I relaxed, he started to slam fully home, fucking me with a frenzy as only dogs can do. His sheer size and ferocity sent me over the top and I howled and bucked under him as an orgasm like I hadn't experienced in nearly a year tore through me. Duke didn't care about whether or not I was getting pleasure, the only thing on his mind was breeding his new bitch. To do that as Mother Nature intended, he needed to get his knot inside me, and he was not going to be denied. My insides had turned to mush as the tip of his cock slammed against my cervix at the same time his knot drove inside. My orgasms were now coming in an almost continuous stream as he started to swell, even more, sealing himself in me.

Then it started. That most wonderful divine feeling of his knot throbbing against my g-spot as it erupted sending his hot seed deep into me. I could feel the pressure of his cum against my cervix as he settled down to pump me full. His movements had slowed and I could feel his weight on my back as he pulsed his seed into me. I groaned with a little bit of pain and a lot of pleasure as Duke turned so that he was now ass to ass, still locked inside me.

Claire in the meantime had stripped off and positioned herself so her pussy was a few inches from my face. "He will be knotted in you for a while now. How would you like to taste Duke's deposit from earlier?" she husked as she pulled her pussy lips apart showing me that she was still full. I leaned forward as she shuffled closer until I could start to lap and lick, letting Duke's seed, mixed with her juices, flow into my greedy mouth.

We were locked in that tableau when a voice from across the kitchen said, "Nice scene love. Who's your friend that Duke seems to be very much enjoying?"

I was too busy cumming and licking to fully focus as I heard Claire reply, "Her name is Julie and she lives in the village. As you can see, she enjoys Duke as much as I do."

I could see legs appear in my peripheral vision as he bent and kissed his wife hello like she was reading a magazine.

"So, Julie, it seems like you and Duke have become good friends, and also seems you get on with Claire pretty well," I said nothing while continuing to feast on Claire's pussy as the tremors shot through me from Duke's pulsing knot. "The name is Paul but my friends call me Cheeky." Before I could ask why he was called Cheeky he went on to explain, "The reason behind the nickname is I will often ask for things and people call me 'cheeky' in response. So, any chance of me joining in the fun love?"

I would have guessed he wasn't much taller than me, showing a slim build with dark brown hair and eyes. He had already stripped off in anticipation of my reply and I could see the twinkle in his eyes as he fisted his reasonably sized cock to full hardness. Lifting my head from his wife, who wiggled out of the way, he rested his cock on my lips and I licked the end tasting the pearl of pre-cum.

Cheeky moved his hips forward and slowly fed his cock into my mouth letting me suck him deeply. He didn't stop and kept pushing forward until the end of his cock started to enter my throat. I have deep-throated my husband on many occasions and he was bigger than Cheeky so I had no problem

taking him until his balls were resting on my chin. Taking hold of my head he started to thrust in, making me gag a little as his cock hit the back of my throat. His movement became faster and I could feel him entering my throat with each thrust as his hands gripped my hair like a leash.

Then he pulled back as he said, "Don't want to cum just yet. How are you with anal?"

As he pulled out, I gulped air trying to work out what he meant as my pussy was still jammed full of Duke's cock. As he teased my mouth with the head, I felt Claire's fingers probing at my anal star and could see out of the corner of my eye she was transferring her juices to my ass in place of gel. Her fingers were twisting inside me as she opened me up. It dawned on me that he was going to fuck me while Duke was still in situ.

Cheeky moved from my mouth and straddled my back as Claire returned to spreading herself in front of me. As I started to lick, I felt Cheeky press against my ass and then push into my very tight hole. I couldn't help but yell out at the pressure and Claire gripped my hair tightly as she arched and ground her pussy firmly against my mouth. Cheeky just pushed harder until he was buried into my ass sending me wild. Although the angle couldn't have been easy with Duke still knotted, Cheeky started to thrust into me, driving his cock in and out of my asshole.

"She is so tight Claire," he groaned, "Not sure how long I can hold out. Do you want me to cum in her or in your mouth?"

"Mouth," Claire groaned in reply, her fingers still holding my head in position in a vice-like grip.

I felt Cheeky tear himself from my ass which remained open for a moment until the sheer pressure from Duke closed it. I could look up enough to see he had moved to his wife's mouth. Grabbing her head, Cheeky thrust himself in to the root making her gag. Biting down on her clit at the same time caused her to scream in orgasm as her husband pumped his seed into her throat. Cheeky shouted announcing the discharge of each jet until he was spent.

It was 20 minutes before Duke's knot finally went down enough to slide out of me with a plop, leaving a puddle of his seed on Claire's pristine tiled floor. The pair found robes from somewhere and were watching me as Duke turned and started to lick at the mess he had just made. Claire laughed, "I think Duke likes you."

"And I think we will all be seeing a lot more of you," Cheeky added.

I wasn't really listening, instead just resting on my elbows pushing myself back to experience more of Duke's wonderful tongue. The one thing that did go through my head was that I certainly wouldn't be waiting 9 months for the next session.