

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



*There is the old old question of "what would you do for a million dollars?", this is my take and twist on that question.*

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With the kids safely tucked up in bed and the dinner plates all stacked in the dishwasher, Susan sat on the battered couch with her feet tucked up under herself. She thoughtfully sipped her cheap white wine from the wine box in the fridge as she watched the meaningless quiz show on the television while her husband Martin had his head buried in his Fishing magazine, a hobby he seemed to take a greater interest in these days than anything else Susan reflected. The contestant had reached the final round and now faced one more question to get the £10,000 prize and Susan said out loud, "We could do with that... in fact, we could do with ten times that at least." Martin just grunted as she went on, "The kids need new shoes, the rent is in arrears, we need a new three-piece suite and the washing machine is on its last legs."

Martin sighed under his breath as he had heard it all before but since losing his job at the local factory, the meagre redundancy pay had gone in the blink of an eye, he had been unable to get another job so all they had was income support and the few quid that his wife earned in the local pub, cash in hand doing the odd shift behind the bar. He would like to say they were making ends meet but he knew he would be lying as they were slipping deeper and deeper into debt.

"Well I got a chance at making some extra money today," Susan blurted out, "but I wasn't sure how you would feel about it." Martin lowered his magazine and looked at his wife, saying nothing but raising an eyebrow in a questioning way. "A man came into the pub this afternoon while it was quiet and we got chatting and he offered me some cash if I would perform a task for him."

Martin laughed inside, not daring to openly and wondered if this was his wife saying she would go on the game, though looking at her she wasn't going to earn a fortune. It's not that she was ugly just the pounds had piled on over the years and her hips were very round, to say the least, and her breasts were so full they sagged when she removed her bra. She had a pretty face beneath the extra fat, curly dark hair cut short and big brown eyes that used to twinkle, though of late had taken on a duller lustre as things had got tighter and tighter. Martin knew that she put out for others in the past and had suspected it had been for money though had never questioned her on it. "What did he want?" Martin asked and then went on slyly, "and how much did he offer?" ready to keep a straight face but his wife's reply stunned him into silence.

"He wants me to fuck a dog for a million dollars." Susan said then looked at her husband and as she waited for a response she reflected back on the conversation that afternoon with 'Chuck.'".

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Susan was polishing the glasses to make them shine before hanging them on the rack. After the glasses she thought to herself I will take all the bottles off the shelf and clean them, anything to pass the time. It was 4 o'clock on a Sunday and the pub was deserted, the lunchtime drinkers had all gone home to stuff their faces and then fall asleep full of beer and Sunday roast. It was too early for evening drinkers to come in for their usual session and passing trade was almost non-existent, who the hell would want to come to this grotty run-down pub in a shitty Manchester council estate Susan thought to herself. "I suppose I shouldn't grumble," thought Susan to herself, if the landlord was thick enough to pay her instead of closing up for a few hours it was her gain and to be honest she didn't mind that much giving him a weekly blow job as part of the deal to get the job in the first place. At that moment the doors opened and in walked a man who clearly wasn't local when he walked up to the bar and ordered a cold beer Susan knew he was American though goodness knows

where from.

Over the next hour, the pair chatted and Susan learnt his name was Chuck, divorced, a self-made man and from what he said very rich. Susan found herself telling him about herself and her life and how times were hard, she thought to herself that perhaps the sob story might gain her a tip though that was rare as hen's teeth in here.

"So, you see I have seen most things in my life but there are still a few things that I want to witness," said Chuck slurring his words slightly as the strong ale he was drinking started to take effect.

"Like what?" said Susan as she poured another pint wondering what on earth he wanted to see as he had regaled her with tales of the most wonderful things he had seen that Susan could only imagine.

"I want to see a dog fuck a woman," said Chuck and Susan's hand froze on the pump as Chuck looked straight at her and went on, "and I would pay you a million dollars in cash if you were interested."

Susan paused and looked intently at Chuck trying to work out if he was joking or not at the same time trying to calculate how much a million dollars would be in sterling and failing though she knew it was a lot. To buy time Susan blurted out, "You must be joking," before placing the pint down in front of him trying to stop her hands from shaking.

Chuck looked at her and suddenly he was very sober as he placed the money for the drink on the bar before adding a card with a telephone number scrawled on it. "You have 24 hours to make contact." he said slowly, "then the offer is withdrawn and this conversation never took place." With that, he drained the pint in one mighty swallow and placed the empty glass on the bar along with a £50 note. "Thank you for your time and maybe I will hear from you," said Chuck as he turned and walked out of the door leaving Susan watching his departing back.

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"Fucking hell," Martin said softly as he listened to his wife then went on, "Show me the note and do you still have his number?" Susan handed the note over and Martin examined it carefully and closely before he exclaimed, "Well fuck me it's genuine. So, what do you think?"

Susan paused as she considered her options, clearly by her husband's response he wasn't that phased by the thought and it was a lot of money which they so badly needed. Taking a large gulp of her wine she looked at Martin and said, "OK but I want you there."

"Too fucking right," said Martin feeling his cock twitch in his jeans at the thought of his wife getting fucked by a dog. This was a subject of a dream that he thought would never happen and he not only intended to be there but to make sure the moment was captured on video for posterity, and perhaps a few more quid selling it on the black market.

Susan picked up her phone and dialled the number on the card which rang a few times before a voice answered which she recognised as Chuck's. "Hi," she said cautiously, "this is Susan from the pub this afternoon you mentioned about earning some money."

Chuck roared with laughter down the phone, "You mean fucking a dog for a million bucks?"

"Yes," said Susan blushing, "I will do it so how will it work?"

"Pretty easy for you really," said Chuck, "I have contacts over here and I can set things up in a few phone calls. I turn up with the dog and his owner, the dog fucks you, I give you a million dollars, everyone is happy."

"No funny business," Susan said quickly, "I am fucking the dog, not you, not its owner, well not unless there is another million dollars on the table," she laughed nervously.

"Yeah just the dog, though afterwards, I doubt anyone would touch the sides for a while anyway," Chuck said with a laugh and before Susan could question him he went on, "So I will see you at your house at 8 o'clock next Saturday, what's your address?"

Susan quickly gave her address before clicking the phone off and staring at her husband with the phone still clutched in her hand, "Fucking hell I have only gone and done it," then seeing the look on Martin's face went on, "Next Saturday at 8 o'clock I am gonna get fucked by a dog."

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The following Saturday couldn't come around quick enough for Susan, she had packed the kids off to her mother's house with a lame excuse that Martin was taking her out as a late birthday present. She sat there nervously wrapped in her old dressing gown, naked underneath it as instructed, sipping her third glass of wine thinking about what was about to happen. When the doorbell rang she jumped almost spilling the before wine and she could move Martin had rushed to the door of the house and welcomed Chuck in like he was the king.

If Chuck was distasteful of his surroundings he didn't show it and walking into the room he was followed by a small greasy little man who licked his lips nervously as he led the most enormous dog that Susan had ever seen. "This is Brutus," the man said in a strong Yorkshire accent as he gestured towards the dog, "pure Rhodesian Ridgeback though a bit of a freak for his breed." The man paused for dramatic effect looking at Susan & Martin's faces before going on, "his cock is 13" long," then he laughed as if he had told a hilarious joke.

The room was silent apart from the sound of breathing when the silence was broken by Chuck opening the locks on the briefcase he was holding and opening the lid. "One million dollars as promised," he said looking at the couple before going to close the lid.

"Hang on a sec," said Martin and reaching out took a bundle of the notes and flicked through them to check there weren't bits of paper behind the top note. Taking one at random he held it up to the light and studied it looking like he knew what he was doing before handing it back to Chuck and nodding. Chuck returned the note to the bundle before closing the lid of the case and putting it carefully on the floor.

"Fucking game on," said Susan happily and threw off her dressing gown to reveal her wobbly naked flesh, "what do you want me to do?"

"Get on all fours and act like a bitch," said the man as he led the dog over to Susan's round ass and allowed the dog to sniff.

Susan could see the dog to her side and watched in total awe as first the red tip showed before the cock started to emerge from the hairy sheath and rapidly grew in size. "Is he coming already?" Susan enquired as she saw the steady drip of pre-cum from the end of the blunt cock.

"No," laughed the man, "he uses that to lubricate his bitches."

"No worries there," said Susan as she could feel the juices flowing freely from her pussy, all nerves rapidly disappearing as she thought about the million dollars and what they could do with it. Deciding she might as well enjoy herself Susan reached out and gingerly touched the dog's cock, flinching as she felt the heat emanating from the flesh. Moving a little closer she held out her tongue to catch the first few drops of watery pre-cum and then ran it around her mouth before swallowing. "Not bad," she said taking a firmer grip on the large cock though her hands could hardly fit around it and leant her head towards the tip.

"Mind your teeth," the man said sharply, "their cocks have a lot more nerve endings than a man's so be gentle."

Susan opened her mouth as wide as she could as she sucked in the cock sucking as gently as she could, just letting her lips play along the veiny cock and keeping a firm grip to avoid getting choked. Then it happened, the dog deciding he wanted a taste of what he could smell lapped out with his large long tongue and took a huge lick of Susan's pussy. Susan moaned loudly as the most wonderful of sensations ran through her and she had to let go of the cock to focus on the pleasure the rough tongue was giving her.

Martin and Chuck were both watching the show with intense interest and they had both removed phones from their pockets and were busy videoing the proceedings. Martin could feel his cock straining against his jeans as he watched his wife's face screw up in orgasm as the big dog licked her pussy and Martin could only imagine how she will react when the dog finally mounted her.

The dog was clearly ready as the man started making encouraging noises to the dog and patting Susan's ample cheeks. Susan had her head on her arms that were crossed in front of her and looked up straight into the phone lens. "I want that fucking big dog cock in my cunt," she moaned with pure lust licking her lips as the camera recorded every movement and sensing the moment was about to happen Martin quickly switched to recording the other end of his wife.

The dog rose majestically onto Susan's back causing her to exhale as he took the weight and started to thrust wildly seeking Susan's pussy. The man reached under and grabbing the dog's cock firmly pointed the tip at her pussy lips before releasing and quickly stepping back. He was right to move at speed as the dog slammed forward with such force that he nearly pushed Susan onto the carpet. As it was she was pushed face forward into the couch so that it supported her weight as the dog rammed his full 13" of cock home. The couch also had the added benefit of muffling Susan's scream that would have surely bought half the neighbours round convinced there had been a murder.

Susan had never had a cock that big inside her in her life, it was even bigger than Big George the local West Indian kingpin who she had let fuck her once a few years back as a bet. This felt so much bigger it was like childbirth in reverse and one of her kids was trying to return from where it came. After the initial shock had subsided Susan adjusted to the size and ferocity of the fucking and started to enjoy the sensations. She could feel her teeth rattling in her head as the dog pounded her, his cock like a piston inside her, his soft warm fur rubbing on her back. She found herself orgasming over and over as the dog filled her completely. There was a sudden flash of pain as she felt when the baby's head had crowned and she knew that the big dog had knotted with her. There was a pulse and throb deep inside as the movement subsided and then a gush of warmth almost like she had peed herself, yet deep inside.

Martin had managed to capture the exact moment the knot had slipped inside his wife's pussy and watched in awe as he could see trickles of cum escaping from his wife as the dog clearly filled her. He could see her belly swell with the amount of cum being pumped in and from the whimpers & moans coming from Susan clearly, she was in another world of pleasure.

The dog tied for a while with the man holding him in making sure that he didn't move, "Have to do this." he said casually," otherwise unless he goes down a bit might tear your wife and we don't want that do we?" When he was satisfied no damage would be done he removed his hands and allowed the dog to tug himself free. Despite the fact he had shrivelled a lot, the sound of the dog knot leaving her pussy could clearly be heard in the room and this was followed by a gush of dog seed splattering on the couch and onto the dirty carpet.

Martin was still filming his wife's gaping pussy as Chuck passed the man a wad of notes who clipped the lead onto Brutus's collar and quietly slipped out of the door. "Thank you kindly," said Chuck nudging the case with his foot, "enjoy yourselves," and with that followed the man into the night.

Susan stood with very unsteady legs and looked around for her dressing gown which she found in a crumpled heap in the corner. "Fucking hell that was intense," she groaned, "I am gonna ache for a week but it was worth it so where's that case?" Flicking open the case they both stood open-mouthed staring at the \$100 bills looking at the stoic face of George Washington staring back at them.

"Looks like we are rich," chuckled Martin as he flicked through the bills.

"Yes," said Susan then thinking to herself, "and that certainly won't be the last dog I fuck."

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*Postscript - For my non-American readers: the one hundred dollar bill has the picture of Benjamin Franklin on it, and the one dollar bill has the picture of George Washinton.*