

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



*This story is inspired by two wonderful cartoons sent to me by a very sexy person who helped considerably with the final version of this story, (which may well turn into a series).*

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"I'm sorry hun," said Martin, kissing his diminutive wife on the top of her head, "I should be home before dinner, but if I don't go in, then lots of people aren't going to be able to work from home."

Kelly pouted, as she hated Martin going out during the lockdown but knew that, because of his job in the IT department, unless he looked after the servers then there could be a disaster. Her brain was also spinning as she contemplated the prospect of bringing to fruition a 'special treat' she had been planning for a few weeks.

"Well don't be later than seven, unless you let me know beforehand and there just might be something special for you when you get home", she said, a twinkle in her eye that he knew so well.

Martin smiled as he knew his wife's 'treats' would involve some form of sexual roleplay, the kind that kept their love life very well spiced during the lockdown occasioned by the virus sweeping the world. He felt his cock twitch as he recalled a few days ago how his wife had insisted she was a lap dancer and made him pay her as she danced and writhed for him, eventually going far beyond any lap dancing club he knew about. Another time she had allowed him to catch her masturbating dressed in what was almost schoolgirl clothing and the role play that ensued was him taking her virginity.

"What do you have planned?" Martin said grabbing his wife round the waist and lifting her up.

"Me to know and you to find out," said Kelly, giggling as she felt her 5-foot frame crushed against his 6'2" muscular chest.

When he put her down, she couldn't resist running her hand over the front of his jeans, feeling his thick cock twitch under her fingers. Deftly, she unzipped him, reached in, and grasped his member, noting that it was already expanding towards its full 8 inches.

"Time for a quickie?" Kelly said with a pleading look in her eyes that she knew would melt Martin's resistance, for her special 'look' had yet to fail her.

Martin growled as though he were angry and, spinning his wife around, pushed her over the back of the couch, tearing her joggers and panties to her ankles.

"So does this little slut need a good fucking?" he growled in mock anger, his voice making Kelly even wetter than she already was. She loved the 'rough' quickies they often had almost as much as their prolonged lovemaking.

The next words out of her mouth would dictate how this fantasy would go and, playing along, Kelly squealed, "No, no! You bastard! Whatever would my husband say if he caught us like this?"

"Like I care?" Martin said keeping in character, "You're just a little slut with a nice, wet pussy, a little cunt that will fuck just about any cock. Now you're gonna be fucked by this cock!"

As he talked, he dragged the head of his dick along her pussy lips, making her moan with pleasure and wiggle her ass in encouragement.

"Oh, please! I've never done this with anyone but my husband-d d!" Kelly groaned; the last word being drawn out as Martin slid his hard cock deep into her in one full, quick thrust.

"Liar!" snarled Martin, as he started to slam in and out of her oh so wet, oh so tight pussy. "You give yourself to all the men in the neighbourhood, don't you? You spread your legs for everyone, giving them a nice ride! Well, today your cunt belongs to me!"

Kelly tried to form a reply but the savage fucking her husband was giving her was sending her wild and she found it quite difficult to answer. The sight of her upturned ass before him, her hips bouncing back to meet his forward thrusts, her firm buttocks jiggling every time his cock sank home, was too big a temptation to pass up. The sting of the slap across that dancing ass made her yelp as Martin didn't slow his driving thrusts.

"I asked you a question, bitch!" he snarled.

"Yes, yes, oh yes!" Kelly moaned loudly, "I give myself to anyone and everyone, like the slutty whore I am! Just don't stop fucking m-e-e!"

With those final words, she felt her orgasm burst inside, and, as she spasmed, the muscles of her vaginal channel squeezed tightly on his embedded cock, sending Martin over the top, his hot seed pumping deep inside his wonderful wife. Kelly collapsed forward over the couch, limp, her breath coming in short gasps.

Leaning over her back Martin, his chest heaved as he caught his breath, kissed his wife on the back of her neck, and said, "I love you, little miss demon."

"And I love you," Kelly murmured twisting her head so she could kiss her husband as his length slowly slid out of her body, his cum starting to dribble from her distended pussy.

But she could also feel his seed deep inside, along with that wonderful throbbing she could always feel after sex with, in reality, the only man she had ever slept with, her Martin.

"Please, don't be late," Kelly said to him, as he tucked himself away and grabbed his car keys and headed towards the door, waving his goodbye.

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A few hours later, Kelly was fussing around the bedroom and, when she stopped and coughed, she giggled as she felt some on Martin's seed that had been lodged deep inside trickle past her pussy lips. She was naked apart from the hold-up fishnet stockings she had put on.

"Don't you give me that stupid look," Kelly said laughing as she saw Thanos turn his head on one side as he watched her laying out a variety of items on the bed. Thanos was a 2-year-old thoroughbred Fawn Neapolitan mastiff and although still not yet fully grown topped the scales at 150lbs, with the promise of more to come. He still had the bit of the puppy in him and loved nothing more than to slobber over whichever of his owners showed him the least encouragement. His wrinkly face furrowed even deeper and his look almost seemed to be saying, "Uh oh! It looks like they are gonna be wrestling on the bed again tonight, so it's the TV room for me!"

Giggling at Thanos's look, Kelly continued to lay out all the things she had been carefully preparing over the last few weeks since the lockdown had started. Finally, her plans would hopefully come to fruition tonight and she would be able to give her husband what he had hinted at more than once - a helpless, bound woman, trussed, and in just the position he favoured, kneeling before him, her legs spread and ready for whatever he wanted to do, to use her as he wished, as though he were a lord and she a captive taken in war. She smiled as she said out loud, "If totally helpless is what you want, then totally helpless is what you shall have!"

The concept she had come up with was that she would be totally helpless by being bound, blindfolded and gagged for him to use as his sex toy. The challenge was how to achieve this without him doing the binding. The fantasy was that she had been left like that by a stranger as a present for him to find. She would be ravished and used. She shivered in anticipation as she thought about Martin finding her in such a helpless position and knew he would play along with the role and play it with relish!

Thanos could smell a faint whiff of a special scent in the air as he watched his Mistress but restrained himself as he recalled the last time he had acted on the scent. At the same moment Kelly saw Thanos sniff the air, she remembered the incident that had happened a few months earlier.

It wasn't long after Christmas and she was sitting at her desk reading a lurid story on her laptop about dog sex. She found herself repulsed, yes, but excited all at the same time. She was angry that she could even contemplate such a vile act, one that would never even consider 'normal'. That's when Thanos tried to push her legs apart as he had done on occasions before. At the time, she was dressed in nothing but her slippers and a loose robe, but otherwise naked. The robe had fallen open and was draped to each side of the chair, her knees were slightly parted with one finger of her right hand lightly caressing her clit. Her feet were crossed at the ankles and here was Thanos, trying to push his nose between her knees to get closer to the source of the smell of an 'excited' Kelly.

Enough was enough and, in that case, too much! Instead of just pushing him away with a soft scolding, she saw red and Thanos saw the other side of his Mistress. She came out of the chair, wielding a rolled-up notebook that she kept next to the laptop to make notes on things she found interesting in her research and started beating poor Thanos about the head and shoulders. Still yelling like a madwoman, she chased him out of the room and was screaming so loud that Martin came bursting into the room as he thought Thanos had attacked her.

Thanos, meanwhile, had precipitously retreated down the stairs and was cowering in the TV room, which was directly off the kitchen, in his bed, whimpering. Kelly explained to Martin what had happened, and they had a rather long discussion about getting Thanos 'fixed'. In the end, they decided that it wouldn't be right, though they needed to keep an eye on him.

Seeing that look on Thanos's face, Kelly shivered, half in fear, but with a touch of remembered thoughts of the pictures on the laptop screen, as it was at times like this that she realised just how powerful he was. Not yet fully grown, he still outweighed her by quite a few pounds and, often it was not so much 'her walking him' but, in fact, her being towed behind him as he pursued whatever path he wanted. Luckily, he was usually responsive to verbal commands and would stop on a sixpence if ordered, but again, when out walking, Kelly often had to try to summon up the breath to shout "Stop!". rather than a wheezing command which meant absolutely nothing to this huge dog.

"Basket," said Kelly in a firm voice and, although a look of disappointment was etched on Thanos's face he obediently, if somewhat reluctantly, left the room and padded downstairs to his bed.

Glancing at the clock Kelly cursed as she was running out of time to get everything ready to execute her plan, for Martin would soon be home. She had already left a note on the hallway table where he put his car keys. "There's a poor, helpless girl upstairs, just waiting for you to do whatever you wish with her. Consider her a 'gift' from your 'neighbourhood slut' - the same one you enjoyed this afternoon, for she will fulfil your deepest fantasies!" it read.

First, she looped the end of two strong leather dog leads to each of the middle legs of their antique iron bed, the bed a gift to her and Martin from her Nan, then she fastened a stout cat collar to each ankle. These items she had bought specially for this occasion. Next, she clipped the snap-fastening

of the leads to the rings of the collars. As she knelt there, she felt the cool air brush against her pussy lips, her legs being pulled apart by the length of the leads and exposing her fully.

It was at this point, she cursed softly as she realized that, should Martin exert downward pressure when he mounted her, as he surely would, she would collapse onto her front. Quickly undoing the snaps, she ran naked, apart from the grip top of those fishnet stockings to the airing cupboard, and after some huffing and puffing, returned with her arms full of spare pillows which she piled in front of her.

Satisfied that, bent over the pillows on her knees and with her legs open and fastened, she would neither be able to pull away or collapse under his weight, Kelly turned her attention to her hands. The two pairs of handcuffs she had ordered seemed much flimsier in the pictures from the merchant than they did now that she had one end of each clipped to her wrists, the other end open and dangling. Leaving the key prominently on top of the nightstand, she returned to the bed and started to finish her preparations.

With each ankle firmly fastened, she placed a ball gag in her mouth and fastened it around her head. She could feel her jaws aching much as they did when she gave Martin a particularly long oral session. The thought of doing that only served to raise her excitement at what was to come to an even higher level, as she so loved to take his cock in her mouth! With that, she slipped the blindfold over her head. Now in total darkness, she leaned forward and, by feel, clicked each set of handcuffs to the lowest rung on the iron headboard, her arms now far enough apart to mean she had to rest her breasts on the bed with her hips resting on the pillows, her ass in the air, totally open, the very picture of a bound, helpless, blindfolded captive ready to be used by whoever found her. She positively shivered in anticipation!

The world seemed strange without light, and time seemed to move slowly as she tried to remember how close to seven o'clock it was. She recalled that at the moment she had plunged herself into darkness, the digital bedside clock had shown 18:56, so Martin should be home shortly. Kelly could hear her own breath as she strained her hearing for the sound of the key in the lock. Only silence greeted her. Suddenly the house phone shrilled into life.

After the five rings, to her horror, she heard Martin's voice on the Answerphone.

"Hey honey! I guess you are in the shower or out walking Thanos. Sorry to ring so late but I was hoping to get away when disaster struck. One of the servers has blown completely and needs replacing so I'll be here for at least another four hours. Looks like you will have to make do with Thanos for company. Love you and don't be too mad at me, please?"

Sheer panic was rushing through Kelly's brain as she started to struggle against her restraints and quickly realised that she had done her job far too well! There was no escape. Relaxing and trying to get comfortable, she settled down to wait, praying that she wouldn't need a pee in the next few hours.

She felt the air change slightly in the room and realised that the door was being pushed open, causing a cool draught to play across her exposed pussy and ass. Of course, she couldn't see, but it had to be that Thanos who had heard his master's voice and his own name being said, now come to investigate.

'I suppose at least he can't laugh out loud at my predicament,' she thought to herself, as she strained her hearing to try to work out what Thanos was doing.

Kelly started to panic and struggle as she felt the weight on the bed as Thanos jumped onto the

mattress and was searching for the point where the smell that was assailing his nostrils was coming from. She was screaming into the ball gag, telling him to "STOP!", but all that came out was a muffled 'UGHH', which certainly didn't sound like "STOP!" to Thanos, who advanced towards the source of that wonderful smell, sniffing and probing with his cold wet nose, a nose that caused her to yelp when it made contact with her wide open pussy!

This faded to an inconsequential event when Thanos decided to taste the source of this amazing scent, his tongue snaking out and delivering a lick that started at her clit and ended at her anal rosebud. If Martin's tongue was like a sniper's rifle with its skilled precision of prods and pokes that sent her wild, then Thanos's tongue was like a shotgun that blasted her into orbit, as he repeatedly licked along her clit, over her widely spread pussy lips and across her sensitive anal star.

An involuntary moan escaped her lips which caused Thanos to pause for a moment, fearful of the rolled-up journal, but, to his joy, that never came. Renewing his efforts, he now began to lap deeply, trying to worm and poke his tongue into the wriggling wet slit that was Kelly's pussy.

The poor helpless girl was in a huge moral dilemma, as part of her tried to scream round the ball gag that she had put in place, but another part, deep down inside, was willing her to surrender to the pleasure that was coursing through her body. 'No! This can't be happening!' Kelly's brain was screaming, as Thanos's relentless licking continued, driving her closer and closer to orgasm and making the flow of fluids from her invaded pussy increase by the second. Despite her horror and revulsion at what was happening, her body was betraying her as she got wetter and wetter, closer and closer to cumming on Thanos' tongue.

Meanwhile, Thanos was in heaven! The taste on his tongue seemed to get better and better the more he licked and the more he licked, the more there was! Since his Mistress wasn't saying anything, he took her assorted grunts and moans to be sounds of encouragement. Although he had never been with a bitch, nature started to take its course and his long red cock started to emerge from its furry sheath. Had Kelly been able to watch, she would have been shocked to see it grow and grow until it was nearly 10 inches in length and dripping watery fluid as it moved towards its full hardness.

Thanos's brain was demanding he take action, though what action he should take he wasn't totally sure. However, surrendering to instinct, he rose and plonked himself down on his Mistress's back and began to jab with his hips. Kelly was sobbing and pleading into the gag as she felt the weight press down on her, his soft belly fur rubbing against her ass and back. The cock felt slimy and she could feel it slide across her buttocks as Thanos danced around on his hind legs trying to achieve penetration. She desperately tried to move away from his thrusts, hoping he would become bored and dismount before the law of averages took over and he got one of those forward jabs at just the right angle to find the prize he sought.

Then, to her relief, Thanos dismounted in frustration. She breathed a huge sigh of relief at having this respite and the thought that at least she hadn't been raped by her own dog. He resumed his licking and Kelly moaned as she felt her body betray her yet again for once more, she started to build towards orgasm, her sexual fluid now pouring out of her and wetting her thighs. This increased flow was driving Thanos on to even greater efforts. It was then that he stopped his licking and she prayed that he had become bored and was going to leave her alone, 'Perhaps he is too young to breed,' she thought, hopefully, to herself, for she was not quite ready to be mated by her dog!

However, her prayers were not answered as she felt his weight on her back again, as he tried for a second time, to mount and hit the target that she was so desperately trying to move away from him. In one of his frantic movement behind her, he stood on her calf and she yelped into the ball gag, pausing her own movements for just second. That pause coincided with his thrust, and that thrust

both found his mark and drove half his cock into her body. The air escaped around the ball gag with a 'whoosh' as she felt his cock enter her, and before she had a chance to fully register its size, Thanos thrust again. This time, with nothing to stop him, the full length of his cock slammed home to the knot which didn't quite enter her body.

Now fully embedded, Thanos set off at a pace that made Kelly's brain vibrate in her head. No matter how excited Martin had become, even when they spent a night on Viagra and dope had he ever been this fast or this savage. Thanos jackhammered into her bound, gagged, blindfolded, defenceless body. He powered in and out with fast, deep thrusts, his cock filling her as she had never been filled before. She could feel her orgasm build and she wept inside the blindfold, trying not to cum and was on the very brink when suddenly she felt Thanos stop, his cock lodged deep inside her body. It was like someone had turned on a warm tap inside a tap inside of her, a tap that squirted a hot fluid, like a deep douche, as Thanos spurted jet after jet of his seed inside her pussy.

As quick as he was finished, he dismounted, as unbeknownst to her he hadn't knotted and therefore hadn't become locked. Kelly was shaking but clung to the small crumb of comfort that at least her ordeal was over and now she just had to wait for Martin to get home.

She had yet to realise just how wrong she was and a sudden reminder of this flashed through her body as, first she felt Thanos' cold, wet nose, then his long, rough tongue drag through her pussy lips sending shockwaves through her body. Again, as Thanos licked she could feel her orgasm building and building, and she knew it wouldn't be long before she suffered the shame of orgasming on a dog's tongue. This was to be denied her, for, to her amazement, Thanos moved away giving her momentary respite before he rose again and mounted her, pressing her down into the pillows, trapping her motionless. 'Surely he can't have recovered already,' thought Kelly to herself. But her fear was realised as Thanos drove his rapidly hardening cock into her yet again. The feeling of 10 inches of hot cock slamming in drove Kelly over the top and to her humiliation, yet undeniable pleasure, she screamed into the ball gag as a huge orgasm rushed through her body like a dam bursting.

Kelly was now like a rag doll under Thanos as he fucked her mercilessly driving his cock in and out of her pussy. She was now too far gone to worry about how ashamed she was as she writhed and bucked as orgasm after orgasm thundered through her. She yelped as she felt a brief pain in her pussy as Thanos forced his knot inside and she found herself panting like a bitch in heat as his knot swelled and started to throb. She had read about this and dismissed it as over-exaggeration but experiencing it for herself, she now understood what she had read. Her brain felt like it had exploded into a thousand pieces as every nerve ending in her body tingled and screamed as the now locked dog ceased his movement. The knot lodged in her cunt pulsed against her g-spot, as he filled her for a second time. Although Thanos's thrusting had all but ceased the pulsing throb of his knot locked inside her body caused Kelly to orgasm over and over, leaving her exhausted and limp and now locked to the massive dog.

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Four hours later Kelly hardly had the energy to lift her head from the bed as she heard the front door open and close. She was exhausted and ached all over from the repeated fucking from Thanos. Four times after the initial mating he had returned after a brief rest to mount his new bitch and each time he filled her with his hot seed, the remains of which was now slowly dripping from her swollen and puffy pussy, forming a pool on the sheets between her wide-open thighs. She could hear Martin downstairs greeting Thanos, who was clearly very pleased with himself by the exciting sounds he was making.

"Are you pleased to see me?" said Martin, ruffling Thanos's large wrinkly head and, at the same time wondering where Kelly was. At that point, he spotted the note. Reading it quickly he laughed and said to Thanos as he divested himself of his clothing, "Your master has a date upstairs, so its the basket for you, my boy," and went to move to the stairs. To his surprise, Thanos pushed past him and bounded up the stairs towards their bedroom.

Martin stood in the doorway, taking in the scene before him, his beautiful petite wife was on her knees on the bed, bent over a pile of pillows, her beautiful ass in the air, bound and helpless. He had a very direct view of her pussy, which was oozing a huge stream of cum. Before he had time to register that thought and speculate who's cum it was, Thanos supplied the answer by jumping onto the bed started to lick at Kelly's pussy.

She was in shock; she had heard Martin arrive home and expected to be released any second now, her ordeal over, but instead, she felt Thanos's rough tongue rasp across her sensitive wide-open folds. She couldn't help but moan into the gag and then groan with shame as she felt Thanos rise up for the what would be the sixth time he had mounted her! Without any pause, he plunged his cock home, deep into her gooey, dripping pussy. Kelly didn't even try to struggle but just allowed Thanos to thrust at a pace that was, incredibly, not much reduced in its vigour.

She felt a hand stroke her hair and realised that Martin must be standing by the bed, not only witnessing her being taken by their dog, but allowing it to happen, and actually encouraging it!

"Oh baby, this is a wonderful surprise," Martin enthused as he watched Thanos drive his angry red meat in and out of his wife's body. The room was filled with the sounds of Thanos's cock squelching in her already full to overflowing pussy. "Ever since I caught my Mum with Titan, I had always hoped that one day you would be like this, and today my wish has been fulfilled. Thank you."

'Oh my god,' thought Kelly to herself as she pictured the Great Dane in its younger days that Martin's family used to have before it passed last year, on top of her husband's mother, that judgemental bitch that made her life so miserable whenever they were together. 'My mother-in-law is a dog fucker!'

The blindfold was gently removed from her eyes and, after blinking against the light, Kelly found herself staring into the rapturous eyes of her husband, eyes alight with lust. As he went to unfasten the gag Thanos took that moment to drive his knot home so that her loud moan filled the room.

"That's it, baby," Martin cooed, "Enjoy that knot."

To her shock, Martin slid his hand under her abdomen and started to manipulate her clit as Thanos throbbed and pulsed inside her. Kelly opened her mouth and roared in the biggest orgasm she had that night and when she could focus, found Martin's cock in front of her face. Without thought, she began to devour it, sucking him as deep into her throat as she could, slurping and gagging as she took his entire length.

As Thanos finished and pulled away with ease from her now stretched pussy, Martin knew he needed to cum and wanted to do more than just shoot his load in his wife's willing and eager mouth. pulling his cock from her sucking mouth, he moved around the bed, so he could see her sopping pussy. He decided that was not where he wanted to sink himself, so he scooped two fingers inside and, taking a large dollop of Thanos's still warm seed, he smeared it across her anal star, while pushing two fingers in to open her up back there. Standing on the bed behind her he leaned forward placing the head of his cock on his wife's seed covered anal rosebud. "I love you, baby," he shouted as he plunged his cock deep into her bowel's, causing her to writhe with both pain and pleasure.



Martin felt like an animal as he drove in and out of his wife's ass, with just Thanos's cum as lube. From the sounds, his wife was making she was loving it as much as he was. Then Martin felt something warm and rough touch his swinging balls and there was Thanos's head against his ass. As he fucked his wife's ass, Thanos was licking her pussy and sometimes hitting his balls, sending feelings he had never known before rushing through him. He felt his cum boiling in his sack, rushing up to the length of his embedded cock, and then, with a loud yell that caused Thanos to pause his ministrations for a moment, he emptied himself deep into Kelly's ass.

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The next morning Kelly lay exhausted still curled in Martin's arms and wondered for a brief moment if last night was all a dream.

"Morning precious," said Martin looking down with a huge grin on his face, "thank you for the best present ever last night."

Kelly snuggled into her husband's chest and murmured, "a gift that will keep on giving as well," then silently added to herself "and I need to see about your Mum soon."

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