

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) by Alex

Robert and Sharon returned home from dinner at around 9:30. The sky was rapidly darkening since the sun had not long before set, and it radiated a lovely cobalt blue color. Mid-June in Virginia is a beautiful time of year, the days are long and the evenings warm. Sharon was smiling contentedly, it had been a beautiful birthday dinner, and she was listening to Robert talk about some news item of the day.

She loved to hear Robert talk about something that had piqued his interest, he always became animated, and she quietly chuckled at his passionate and often silly interpretation of how the world worked. She leaned back in the seat of the car and reached over to hold Robert's hand. This was her second birthday with him, and they still were as happy as the day they began seeing each other.

After about a 20-minute ride they turned into the drive of their simple country cottage. Robert stopped in front of the attached garage but did not press the remote to open the overhead door. This was odd, but when Sharon looked over in inquiry, Robert nonchalantly told her that he still had some gardening tools and the lawnmower in the garage.

He had left work early that day and piddled around the yard all afternoon while Sharon was at work. He had picked her up at her office, and they had gone straight out to celebrate Sharon's birthday.

Sharon opened her car door, stepped out onto the driveway, and heard the remote release switch click as the trunk lid slowly rose. Robert quickly shut his door and circled to the back of the vehicle, retrieving a gift bag before slamming the trunk and joining Sharon to walk hand in hand to the front door.

Sharon smiled broadly, and her heart sang; Robert was always creative in his choice of gifts, and she wondered if it would be something pretty, comical or naughty. It could go any of those ways. Robert opened the door and followed Sharon into the softly lit home. Candles were burning in several places in the living room, and Robert softly grabbed Sharon around the waist and kissed her deeply on the lips.

As always happened Sharon reacted to the kiss by feeling herself becoming damp and could feel Robert stiffening through his jeans. They kissed for a couple more minutes before Robert pulled away and handed Sharon the gift bag with a mischievous, sparkling smile. Sharon sat down on the sofa and pulled aside the colored tissue decorating the package to claim her birthday present.

She pulled a set of silk lingerie from the bag. There was a light pink camisole and matching panties trimmed in a darker rose shade. She felt the smooth texture of the silk material and smiled an accusing grin at Robert that spoke volumes without needing any words. Was this gift truly intended for her or him? Who would benefit most, the wearer or the observer?

Guessing her thoughts, Robert quietly laughed, kissed her softly on the lips and whispered a suggestion that she go and try it on. With her face alight, Sharon told him to allow her a little time to run through the shower. Robert nodded agreement and said he would get them a couple glasses of wine while he waited. They entered the hallway and then split directions, he heads to the kitchen and her to the bathroom in the master bedroom.

Sharon closed the bedroom door, flipped on a light and softly laid the lingerie on the bed before removing her work attire and underclothing. She deposited the laundry in the hamper in the bathroom before adjusting the shower to a hot, tingly spray. The spray of water intensified her sexual excitement that had begun with a kiss earlier in the living room. The stream relaxed her as well and she slowly lathered up and stroked over her sex with her long thin fingers.

She felt some residual stubble around her pussy and used a small razor from the shower basket to shave herself to smooth perfection. She completed her cleansing and, careful not to wet her hair, stood in the artificial rainstorm of the shower to rinse her body. She turned off the water, dried herself with an oversized towel and wrapped it around her body like a soft cotton robe.

Sharon returned to the bedroom and sat on a chair by her dresser. As she brushed out her long white-blonde hair, she could hear the clink of glasses and footsteps from the kitchen as Robert prepared their after dinner bottle of wine. Smiling at her reflection in the mirror, she finished brushing her hair and slipped out of the towel to go and inspect her new outfit.

Sharon was tall, around 5'9", and slender without being too thin. Her skin was evenly bronzed from regular visits to the 'fake and bake' tanning beds that she used for relaxation. Her long legs led up to a fine behind and firm body that made her look nowhere near her early 40's age. She had small firm breasts with straight poker nipples and a small, wonderfully shaped pussy that would look at home on a teenage girl.

She slipped on the camisole and enjoyed the sensation of the silk slipping over her erect nipples. She picked up the matching panties and looked a little perplexed: they were the boy short type that she was unaccustomed to wearing. It was then she noticed the extra hem at the middle of the legs. She giggled aloud. They were crotchless. Maybe this gift really was intended more for Robert than her. She sat on the edge of the bed and slipped her tanned legs through the openings before standing up and pulling them the rest of the way up to her waist.

Sharon walked over to the full-length mirror on the back of the bathroom door and checked out the gift she had just received. It looked great on her. The light color contrasted perfectly with her darkened skin and the opening on the panties flawlessly outlined her beautiful sex.

She left the bedroom and walked down the hall to the candlelit living room. Robert turned when he heard her footsteps, and his jaw dropped, and he hissed in a breath upon seeing her outfit. Two glasses of white wine sat on the coffee table, and a bottle sat in an ice bucket on a corner table. Sharon noticed that he had moved the coffee table so that it was a right angle to the couch, leaving the front completely open to the living room carpet.

Robert stood up and met Sharon at the junction of the hallway and living room. He had already taken off his shoes, socks and dress shirt and remained only in an undershirt and dress slacks. He grabbed Sharon forcefully around the waist and kissed her passionately on the lips. He pushed her up against the wall and continued his deep kisses. Sharon reached out, unzipped Robert's pants, and let them slip to the floor. Robert kicked them off and began exploring under Sharon's silk camisole. She gasped as he pinched her nipple.

In retaliation, Sharon squeezed his cock, almost causing his knees to buckle from under him. Robert's hand slid down and cupped over her exposed sex before suddenly raising her upward violently. They both were now breathing hard with hands roaming over each other hurriedly.

Sharon was losing herself in the moment and expected to be fucked right there against the wall when Robert abruptly stopped and stepped back. Surprise and disappointment filled her eyes as Robert led her to the couch and handed her a glass of wine. He motioned for her to sit down and remained standing, looking down at her perplexed face. She was ready, fired up and did not understand the delay.

Seeing her frustration, Robert smiled down at her and explained that he had another gift that he wanted to give her before things went any further. He told her to relax and enjoy her wine while he

retrieved it. He walked back into the kitchen and Sharon downed the entire glass of wine before refilling it from the nearby bottle.

She heard Robert open the door to the garage and a couple of minutes later heard the door shut and his footsteps approaching her through the kitchen. She also heard a strange cadenced clicking sound that she could not quite recognize. The identity of the sound occurred to her at the same moment that Robert turned the corner followed by a gorgeous dog. Claws treading across the ceramic tile floor of the kitchen made the clicks.

When Sharon saw the muscular Doberman that Robert led in on a leash, she looked confused. They really did not need a dog. Besides, would it not have been better to get a puppy rather than a full-grown animal? The evil grin on Robert's face confused her even more.

In his usual storytelling style, Robert recounted an evening sometime back when, after a few drinks, Sharon had confessed to a deep fantasy about having fun with an animal. She was listening and nodding as he systematically told her how he had researched the subject and using the internet had found someone with a trained animal. He had arranged to borrow the dog, whose name was Rocky, for an evening.

Sharon was stuck somewhere between shock and exhilaration. Her body, already aroused from their earlier play, was getting warm and butterflies filled her stomach. Her pussy was drenched. Robert released Rocky from his leash, and the animal happily bounded across the room and sat in front of Sharon. He playfully placed his paw on her bare leg. Rocky was a beautiful specimen, all muscle, and shiny coat. Intelligent brown eyes stared up into Sharon's widely opened green eyes.

Sharon protested that she could not do this, that the fantasy was just that: a fantasy. Robert laughed and told her that the entire thing was up to her. He had only set the stage. If the play was to go on, it was entirely her decision. Sharon was still stunned but had begun to absentmindedly scratch Rocky's ears. He responded by laying his head on her leg. The scent of a clean animal reached her nose and enhanced her arousal.

An unbidden thought entered her mind: when would anything like this ever occur again? She had a trained animal, it would always be confidential, and she was with someone who would not judge her. In fact, from the look on Robert's face combined with the obvious effort he had put into this, he wanted to see her experience her wildest wish. Two pairs of eyes, one human and one animal, both sparkling with desire, awaited her decision.

The combination of her deep fantasy and the warmth of the wine in her veins lowered her inhibitions, and she slid off the sofa onto the floor next to the gorgeous beast. In her mind, she knew she could always just go so far, and if necessary, stop. Sitting on the floor next to Rocky, she began to stroke his flanks and stomach.

Robert walked over and sat on the sofa for a better view. His erection pressed against his snug underwear. Sharon smiled up at him and grasped his cock in her hands, giving it a powerful squeeze. Robert moaned in response, and his eyes rolled up in his head shortly. Sharon released him, and he went back to watching her and Rocky.

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Rocky was very well trained. He reacted to Sharon's touch, but he did not jump on her or become too aggressive. Sharon continued her caresses and Rocky began sniffing her legs in apparent enjoyment of her scent. Sharon shifted around until she sat with her back to the front of the sofa with her legs stretched out in front of her.

Rocky wasted no time pushing his snout along the inside of her thigh until he reached her wet sex. Sharon had forgotten all about the crotchless nature of the panties she was wearing and instinctively spread her legs. She was soon reminded of the missing section of fabric when Rocky's tongue hit the outer lips of her pussy. She gasped and tried to snap her legs closed, but the big dog would have none of that. His strength was obvious as he pushed further and began to use his tongue to lap up Sharon's juice.

Sharon's gasps turned to moans as the long tongue filled her tight pussy and its slightly rough surface stroked her clitoris. She always was quick to orgasm, and within seconds, her sex began rhythmically constricting around the invading tongue. She shouted out, and her hips bounced up and down as Rocky continued his oral massage.

The erotic scene was taking its toll on Robert as well. He was rubbing his cock through his underwear and watching intently. A wet spot appeared at the head of his dick, soaking through his shorts.

After several minutes of pure ecstasy, Sharon came back to her senses and managed to push Rocky away from her pussy. As she gasped to regain control of her breathing, Rocky stood up and moved back slightly. He stood patiently but clearly keyed up and wanting to be satisfied. Sharon looked at Rocky and saw his cock slightly extended from its sheath. She turned her head and saw Robert was also lost in the moment. Curiosity and lust combined in her mind to push her over the edge.

Sharon raised herself up on her knees, slipped off the delicate camisole, and tossed it next to Robert on the sofa. She turned to face the couch and laid her torso over it, leaving her knees on the floor and brazenly spreading her legs wide while pushing her pussy, swollen from the tongue-lashing it had received, into the air invitingly behind her. It filled out the opening of the crotchless panties, and her juices glistened in the soft candlelight.

Rocky's training told him what this pose meant, and he paced up behind Sharon and gave her a couple more swipes with his tongue. She moaned and lifted her behind further into the air. Rocky jumped up and placed his paws on either side of Sharon on the sofa. Sharon felt his pointed cock jabbing around her waiting pussy. Just as she was about to reach back to guide him, Rocky found her entrance.

His cock slipped easily into her slick pussy. The erotic nature of what she was doing made Sharon immediately begin to cum. Rocky began pumping furiously into the tight sex that awaited him. Sharon loved being slammed hard, and this was by far the hardest pounding she had ever experienced. She pushed back against the beast and constricted down on his expanding dick. Rocky responded by pumping harder and faster. His knot expanded and pushed tightly against Sharon's slim opening.

With a forceful thrust, Rocky jammed his knot past Sharon's pussy lips, and she screamed out as the bulge locked the two of them together. She shook all over as the beast began spraying his hot semen deep inside her. Wave after wave of spasms racked her pussy. Rocky finally stopped his brutal assault and stood over Sharon with his rock hard knot sealing her pussy as he filled her with cum.

Robert was so entranced by the scene that he had taken his cock free from his shorts and was jacking off openly. Sharon looked up, saw him panting, and near to orgasm. She slid over slightly, took his dick from his hand, and slipped it into her mouth. She sucked hard several times and received a mouth full of cum as Robert exploded and fell back onto the couch.

It was several minutes before Rocky shrank enough to extract himself from Sharon. Their combined

juices ran down her leg as Rocky wandered over to a corner and licked himself clean. Sharon looked up at Robert, who was practically unconscious and still purring softly. A bit of guilt entered her mind as she calmed down from the wild experience.

Just as she thought she might begin to become emotional or even cry, she glanced up to see Robert's eyes looking at her with loving sparkles and a huge grin. His smile always was contagious to her, and her face lit up, and any thoughts of guilt washed away.

"Happy Birthday, my love," Robert said with sincere meaning apparent in his voice.

She raised herself up on her elbows on the sofa cushion, and Robert leaned down for a long kiss on the lips. She had just laid her head on the couch with her knees still on the floor when the unexpected sensation of a rough tongue traced her entire pussy. She yelped and looked back over her shoulder to see Rocky starting to play again.

It seems that one of the evening's gifts intended to be received more than once.

The End