

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Being a widower at the age of 67, Wilhelm Geiger, a wealthy retired stockbroker, had only recently wedded a blonde Greek goddess, a trophy wife, Karen, aged 23. Wilhelm (or "Willy," as Karen affectionately called him) had discovered her as a dancer in a topless and sometimes bottomless bar. Their brief, but whirlwind courtship had seemingly returned a great deal of life to Willy's aging cock and shriveling balls, all of which regularly responded to Karen's almost constant attention. His Jaguar, his mansion, his bank account, and his brokerage account, plus her expectancy of outliving him made Karen willing, really most anxious, to wed with Willy, even if he couldn't get it up more than once or twice a week, and then after only a great deal of sucking on his limp cock.

While eager to possess her sweet pussy for his frequent dining at the "Y" sessions and having her continue to suck his cock, Willy, having endured two very expensive divorces, was most insistent on having an ironclad pre-marital property settlement agreement, which would leave Karen only a nominal sum if they were ever to divorce. In return, Willy agreed to make a will leaving Karen \$50,000,000.00, subject to stated conditions. Although the conditions were not numerous, the will provided that she would receive absolutely nothing if it could ever be proved that she had had any sexual relations whatsoever with any other man following the date of their marriage. Instead of Karen, anyone who could prove a violation of her vow of faithfulness would be the actual recipient of the \$50,000,000.00. Considering their respective life expectancies and that Willy had only recently suffered a mild heart attack, Karen gambled on her being able to be satisfied with only the occasional boring suck and fuck sessions with Willy and the frequent fingering of her pussy. If anything, she figured that she might be able actually to fuck him to an early death, perhaps even the infamous "death in the saddle."

Karen managed well with their infrequent naked sessions for about a year after the wedding. She intentionally wore herself out at the gym at least three times a week, did some jogging, and played tennis with only women partners and women opponents on weekends. Nude before her full-length mirror she was proud of her still youthful figure, her tight ass, and firm breasts. Almost constantly in need of sexual release, she would masturbate before the mirror, occasionally making use of her battery-powered 10" dildo. She was damned if she was going to risk losing \$50,000,000.00 just to get a much-needed cock fuck. Willy's eating of her snatch and his limp cock would have to do for now at least.

It was only then that she happened to read an article about a woman having had sex with an animal. Karen, of course, was familiar with stories about shepherders fucking their furry ewes, but the reversal of roles with animal's actually mounting and cock-fucking women was a revelation to her. The woman writer of the magazine article related apparently satisfying experiences with her mastiff dog and set forth a telephone number for any inquiries. Willy had often mentioned that, for security purposes, they should have one or more guard dogs in the fenced estate. If her lawyer now advised her that having sex with a dog would not jeopardize her inheritance, this could be the solution to her yearning for a more vibrant and frequent cock fucking of her cunt, which was slowly gathering cobwebs from inactivity with old, but loveable Willy.

Still full of great doubt, plus the weirdness of it all, Karen hesitatingly called the listed number and spoke at great length with the woman at the other end. The woman identified herself only as "Helen," and freely talked with Karen about her having satisfactory and frequent sex with her huge dog, "King." Helen said that she was now 67, but still liked to be doggy cock fucked regularly and often, and that King was actually her third stud dog that had been providing her fucking needs regularly since the death of her husband some 15 years ago.

It seems that she had stumbled on her good fortune quite by accident when she noticed that her first

stud dog, a male collie, untrained for the task but animated by nature, had a great interest in sniffing her crotch. Even through her panties, his cold nose had excited her so much that she had taken to doing her daily housework in the nude, at least from the waist down, just to let him sniff her pussy even closer. Poking around in her crotch with his wet nose and lapping her snatch with his rough tongue, he was able to bring her off with successive orgasms. Pussy licking sessions, with Helen sitting on the sofa with her legs spread out wide, then became a regular, almost a daily, happening, so much so that Helen had even shaved her mound smooth for better licking by the eager dog. As he was not particular which woman's crotch he sniffed, for fear of embarrassment, and not wishing to discourage the dog from sniffing and licking her snatch, Helen could no longer permit the dog to be around any of her female guests.

While sniffing and licking her shaven snatch seemed to satisfy the dog, Helen had noticed that this caused the dog's prick to poke out from its furry shield, somewhat thinner, perhaps, but almost to the length of a man's average length cock. Helen, of course, was familiar with the mating habits of dogs, how they mounted their bitch from behind for fucking. Her curiosity became an obsession, and she actually had nighttime dreams about being in the nude on her hands and knees, butt cheeks spread, with the dog sniffing her asshole and licking her cunt from behind, then mounting and fucking her pussy doggie fashion. In her mind, she queried, 'Why not try it.' What was there to lose, certainly not her virginity, and there's no need for a condom. She lived alone, so who would ever know? How could it harm anyone? Certainly, the dog wouldn't complain.

She said, "By God, I'm going to try it and soon... Tonight! It certainly would be nice to have a cock in my cunt after years of widowhood, even it is a dog's cock."

Helen then told Karen that she had stripped naked and then brought the original stud dog, the collie, into her bedroom. While sitting on the edge of the bed the dog had obligingly licked her pussy, giving her fantastic orgasm after orgasm. In the early stages, the dog wasn't much on licking her breasts, but, with great patience, encouragement, and some peanut butter rubbed on her tits, this came later.

Then with hesitation and trepidation, the shame of it all, even thinking of being fucked by a dog. Certainly, no man would ever want to put his manly cock in her again. Helen went to the carpet and got down on her hands and knees sidewise to her full-length mirror, spreading her butt cheeks getting in the exact position she had seen neighborhood dogs in heat, waiting for the joinder of the stud's cock in her pussy. As could have been expected, the collie approached her waiting naked ass and started sniffing about her butt cheeks and bung with his cold, wet nose and tongue. Even if nothing further were to happen, the dog's licking of her asshole made the experiment a resounding success, which she could repeat often. However, Helen's wildest dreams were yet to come. She then felt the dog's paws on her back, inching up on her tender skin toward her shoulders, reminding her to have his toenails clipped if they were ever to do this shameful and shocking thing again. The chagrin of it all, and her with grandchildren, a grandmother about to be fucked by a dog! The dog's cock was now fully extended from its furry shield and looked to be at least 6" long. The view in the mirror, with the collie about to plunge her pussy, was awesome.

It was only then that she felt the rhythmic bucking back and forth of the dog's hindquarters and the tickling of his big cock between her ass cheeks rubbing her bung. Before her full-length mirror, she could see the dog's giant cock about to enter her cunt. There was no turning back now, and the animal's cock fully entered her juicy pussy. With thrust after thrust, the collie's fucking energy produced an immense ejaculate of dog jism, which slowly oozed out of her pussy, and then panic hit! The dog couldn't pull its cock out of her cunt and appeared to be stuck in her love hole.

While enjoyable and the dog's orgasms thrilling, the question now became, 'How do we get

separated?’ Certainly calling 911 was out of the question. However, after a few minutes, the dog’s cock relaxed and slipped out of her pussy.

With discrete inquiry, Helen learned from her veterinarian that, after fucking a bitch dog, the head of a dog’s cock becomes like a mini balloon preventing premature withdrawal and the loss of any of his sperm that he has just deposited in the bitch. This, no doubt, is one of Mother Nature’s ways of preserving the species! Helen had just willingly become her collie dog’s personal bitch.

Helen told her that this was her initial discovery of animals-to-women sex. Although she too had heard of shepherders fucking their sheep, it was beyond her imagination that a dog could give her so much sexual satisfaction. After frequent, sometimes twice daily, fucking her for five years, the collie died, of course, with a smile on his face. Only to be succeeded by a somewhat larger sheepdog with a slightly longer, more satisfying cock, which she had herself patiently trained to fuck her, and now King, that she had purchased from a kennel, which specialized in training dogs to be women’s intimate bedtime and any dull-afternoon companions.

Karen was surprised to know of such specialized dog training schools. Helen said that King had the longest and stoutest cock of the three, one larger than that of her late and lamented husband, and was the ultimate in pussy licking and cunt fucking. Helen said that King was now in the habit of having bedroom privileges, sleeping on her bed almost every night and that he pouted like a baby if he didn’t get to fuck her frequently. If too exhausted to be fucked by King at her age of 67, Helen said that she often jacked him off and that lately, she had even been sucking his large cock for the taste of his delicious doggy cum.

King, with his fucking sessions, hand jobs, and now blowjobs, was certainly one happy canine, in his version of doggie heaven.

By this time, the crotch of Karen’s panties was sopping wet with her cunt juices, and she was anxious to learn of the availability of the type of dogs that Helen was telling her about. This couldn’t be just your average dog, that was for sure; and Karen, in need of some vigorous cock fucking, didn’t have the patience to work with an untrained dog, which might only sniff and lick her snatch. Helen gave her the name of the Abercrombie Dog Training School which had trained Helen’s mastiff, King, and which was located only about an hour’s drive from Willy’s mansion. Willy was to be out of town for a weekend’s business trip and didn’t mind that Karen was going guard dog shopping for the security of his otherwise unguarded property.

Karen’s inquiries at the dog school about dogs having sex with women were totally and even rudely rebuffed — how could she even suggest such a thing? — Until she mentioned that she had been referred by Helen and that Helen was the owner of King, a dog that had been trained at their kennels for just such fucking of women. The topic was then opened for full and frank discussion. Max, the director of the kennel apologized to Karen and explained the necessity of their being very discrete, as their business, if not illegal, was, at least, most private and could be embarrassing to their many wealthy women clients, who would sometimes bring their stud dogs back for refreshers or even advanced training in the art of female satisfaction. Also, it was explained that matching the proper dog to his future mistress and Karen’s proper training before the delivery of the dog was absolutely essential for a satisfactory long-term dog-mistress fucking relationship.

Prices were discussed, and the director told Karen that the cost could be from \$5,000.00 to \$10,000.00, depending upon the age of the stud, the girth and length of his cock, and his estimated remaining lifetime of sexual services to his mistress. In no event would any dog be delivered to her until there had been a satisfactory introduction, and a sufficient number of trial sessions of the dog with her. Now, Max said that they just happened to have five fully trained stud dogs that she could

try out fucking with on their premises to determine compatibility and her personal preference of the dog's unique mating style and the size of its cock. A non-refundable deposit of \$1,000.00 and \$200.00 for each of the five-trial dog fucking would be required. As Karen wanted to try out all five of the canines for their individual cock fits in her cunt and their fucking style but couldn't write a check that Willy might discover, she gave Max \$2,000.00 in hundred dollar bills. She wanted no evidence of the transaction or the trial doggy fucks to be found around the mansion and told him that no receipt would be required.

A private room would be provided for the initial confrontation and the remaining trial dog mating sessions. Karen's first trial stud dog was said to have been in training with the kennel master's wife and their teenage daughter, have been the objects of his sexual drive for the past few weeks. Max said that such training was customary in their business, as rarely but sometimes, they came across a queer dog that had no interest whatsoever in fucking the cunts of bitches, either dogs or women, for that matter. Such dogs were then diverted to their guard dog program. It was also necessary to train the dog in gentleness in mounting a woman's bare back before plunging his big cock into her snatch. Karen was told that any dog that she might purchase from their kennel would have to have frequent toenail clippings on his front paws or, perhaps, be fitted with little booties, to prevent the scratching of the flesh on her back. That it might be necessary for a few days at least after she takes the dog home to muzzle the dog before having him screw her, as a young stud dog can get very excitable during its first few sessions with a fresh pussy in new surroundings...

Karen then met Hilda, the kennel master's wife, and their teenage daughter, Katrina, who had lost her cherry while training one of their dogs. Her doting father and mother were at least thankful that Katrina didn't have to be on the pill to be fucked by the dogs and didn't have to give in to the neighborhood boys for satisfaction, risking disease and pregnancy. The three of them invited Karen to view a videotaped session with the wife and daughter and various of the five stud dogs that were available for purchase at that time.

Karen was greatly impressed with the way that each of the women greeted their dog while fully dressed, petting the animals and hand feeding it with doggie treats. Only then was the dog permitted to nose around and up the skirts that had no panties under them. Both Hilda and Katrina agreed, rather than having hairy mounds, that their smoothly shaven pussies permitted greater satisfaction from the dogs' rough tongues. The women in the video then removed their dresses, slipping them over their heads, and sat on the edge of the bed naked with their legs spread and their smoothly shaven pussies inviting the dogs' attention. A viewer of the video could certainly tell that their orgasms, although numerous, were never faked. Only when the dogs seemed to have had enough pussy licking and went to lie down on the carpet did Hilda and Katrina go to the floor and drop to their hands and knees for the fucking by the dogs that they knew was about to come.

Of great interest to Karen was the close-up video shots showing the length and girth of the dogs' cocks, which were at least the size of most of the cocks of men she had known before marrying Willy. All of them were certainly longer than Willy's limp prick. The video concluded with the dogs having mounted the women's bare backs and having had what surely seemed to be satisfying fucks, that is, satisfying to the women and to the now limp-cocked dogs. Both of the dogs spread out on the carpet and licked the other's cock and balls clean before falling asleep, a friendly canine gesture.

Karen was then told to go to the private room down the hall, strip down naked, and wait for Max and one of the trained dogs to enter the room for her very first training dog fuck. Now naked, Karen was shocked to see the kennel master lead a two-year-old Great Dane of probably 100+ pounds into the room. She was immediately impressed with its monstrous tongue, which was drooling on the carpet. Max said the dog's name was "Bosco" and that she should call it by name, tell him that he is a good boy, pet him and pat him on the head. Bosco came across the room up to her widespread legs and

her still hairy mound, exposing her eager pussy and, while she patted his head and scratched his ears; the dog familiarized itself with the taste of her moist snatch. In the midst of her first doggie orgasm from pussy licking, Karen feigned embarrassment with her being bare naked with Max, a relative stranger, in the room, but he explained that it was her, not the dog that needed training, and that only in this way could she be a thoroughly satisfied client.

Max said, "Our business survives only on discrete referrals from wealthy women, for we obviously can't advertise in newspapers or on the radio" (This was before the internet where one can probably shop for such dogs today at some dot.com). Max continued, "Therefore, we want only satisfied customers. If one of our dogs is ever in need of retraining or of being taught advanced fucking techniques, you can bring it back for a refresher course and for supervised private couplings with your dog on our premises at any time, there is no charge whatsoever."

Only then was she permitted to assume the hands and knees bitch dog posture for the approval of both Max and, more importantly, the dog! Max carefully spread Karen's butt cheeks, fingered some peanut butter over her asshole and led Bosco to mount her back and begin licking and probing her ass and cunt with his man-sized cock. When Bosco continued errantly to poke Karen's asshole with his prick, missing her moist pussy, Max took a gob of peanut butter and rubbed it on the lips of her vagina, then manually guided the dog's 7" cock to the entrance of Karen's cunt.

Karen gasped when Bosco rammed the full length of his prick into her pussy and humped her vigorously in and out for what seemed to be at least ten minutes before finally climaxing and filling her swollen vagina with his doggie jism. As Helen had warned her on the telephone, the head of Bosco's prick then ballooned stretching her vagina and he was unable to withdraw for another two or three minutes after cumming deep inside her love hole, all in all, a very satisfactory mating of Bosco with his to-be new mistress. Max explained that the peanut butter would not be required with any of the dogs after their initial fuck with an unfamiliar pussy, but would be helpful on her nipples if she wanted her breasts licked.

After a few more in-house training sessions, the recommended shaving of her pussy by Max, and the trial sessions with each of the other four available studs, which episodes were all closely and personally supervised by Max, Hilda, or Katrina watching her being fucked. Bosco was the clear-cut favorite of Karen, his purchase was finalized at \$10,000.00, and he went home with Karen and her well-doggy-fucked cunt, of course to Willy as only a guard dog for security purposes. When he wrote the check for his guard dog, Willy thought the price to be outrageous, but, after all, their need for the security of his estate was considerable.

Unfortunately, Willy shortly after that had to be hospitalized because of a relapse of his previous heart attack. Between her frequent fucking sessions in her bedroom with Bosco, who was already sleeping on the carpet at the foot of her bed, but not yet on the bed or under the covers? Karen lovingly visited Willy in the hospital twice daily, between mating sessions with their new guard dog, until things suddenly took a turn for the worse and poor Willy died, leaving Karen her \$50,000,000.00 and, of course, her canine lover, Willy's supposed guard dog, Bosco.

Karen is now in a quandary as to whether to rejoin the dating crowd with her immense wealth for conventional fucking or to remain with Bosco, as a grieving widow, for she and the dog are inseparable. Karen, as Bosco's bitch, has some things yet undone that she is anxious to try out with peanut butter and her wonderful fucking dog mate. Although Bosco seems willing, she has yet to give him either his first jack off or his first blowjob for a drink of his cum, which she has only been able to taste samples of from fingering her fucked cunt. Alone at the mansion, Karen has even been considering another visit to the Abercrombie Dog Training School, naturally for the purchase of another guard dog for more "security."

She fondly remembered a German Shepherd, "Bismarck," one of the four other trial dogs, who, during one of the trial sessions had fucked her missionary fashion, licking her tits, while she lay back on an ottoman in the middle of the room. She was told that this was most unusual for a dog and made him very valuable. Hopefully, he hadn't been sold to someone else. Her telephone call to Max confirmed Bismarck's availability for a mere \$15,000.00. You can appreciate that her security and the need for another guard dog obviously are essential and money, of course, is now no problem. Yet she has not decided where to honeymoon, so to speak, with Bismarck without causing Bosco to become jealous.

Her maid has secretly watched the mating sessions with Karen and Bosco and has herself, in fact, frequently made out with Bosco in her own room on occasions while Karen shopped in town. She has indicated to Karen a willingness to keep Bosco happily sucked off, run off, and fucked while Karen sojourns with her new lover dog, Bismarck. So much for the SPCA, cruelty to dumb animals, and the saying that a dog is a man's best friend!

You ladies, who may be in need of a good fuck and have no ready man around, or some coward who hesitates to eat your pussy, will be happy to know that there is no recorded instance of a trained fucking dog either being "too tired" or "having a headache!" May I recommend the Abercrombie Dog Training School? I understand that they now, for a reasonable price, offer hourly sessions, which permits women customers to have a variety of dog mating sessions without even having to purchase a dog.

Max is now in discussion with venture capitalists with the thought of franchising such operations nation, if not worldwide.

The End