

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



It started by accident. We aren't exactly a couple of nuns, but neither of us had expected to plumb the depths of depravity we now had.

To use a colloquialism, we were MILFs, my friend Mary and I. We are in our forties, and both are mothers. I am divorced, and Mary is in a loveless and sexless marriage.

We'd met, bonded, and led each other into a sexy lifestyle.

I could tell you about that journey, but that's not why you're here. You want to know how we plumbed those depths I mentioned.

As I said, it started by accident. We were taking sexy photos of each other at a mutual friend's house when her dog came to investigate the shrieks of laughter coming from the lounge. Mary and I had been playing. Do I need to spell out what that entailed? No, I thought not. We were both well wet. Still dressed but with knickers soaked through. The dog picked up the sexy aroma, making a beeline for my crotch. Its head disappeared up my skirt.

Its nose was firmly plugged into the moisture and scent leaking into my knickers. A tongue that wasted no time in lapping at my knickers. I shrieked, and Mary roared with laughter. "Ha. Lucky you. Bet his tongue techniques better than Simon's." Simon was her husband. It was so long ago that they'd last had sexual relations (fucked, to put it bluntly) it surprised me she could remember.

"Best find out then," I replied. It was the alcohol, your honor. I wouldn't have done it if I wasn't a bit tipsy. This may or may not have been true, but the dog's tongue sent libido-inducing messages to my brain even through my knickers. Without much conscious thought, I pulled my knickers aside. Oh my god! The roughness of his tongue against my sensitive lips had an immediate effect. It galvanized my juice-producing department into overdrive. I leaked more. The dog lapped more. If you've never experienced a dog giving your cunt a good lick, I doubt I'll convey the sheer erotic sense.

Erotic tinged with depravity. Tinged! Who am I kidding? The taboo nature of what was happening to me doubled the effect of his tongue. I lost control. My eyes closed. My head went back. I came. An explosion rivaling Vesuvius.

Mary's laughter and giggles had stopped. It had ceased being funny. I was concerned Mary would think what I had just done, allowed to be done, too perverted. I was wrong. Through my post-climax haze, I saw her pull her knickers off and come and sit beside me on the sofa. The dog's appetite for my juice seemed unabated. My climax had not interrupted his gorging on my juices. Oh, that a man would or could lick with such intensity for so long.

Mary was now fingering herself with one hand and stroking the dog with the other, trying to encourage him to pay her pussy some attention. I was fast racing towards another climax. Unbelievable. But Mary needed to experience this before our canine friend was tired of drinking.

I eased him off my dripping cunt, much to his displeasure, and pushed him between Mary's legs. It took no time for him to locate the second honeypot and get plugged in.

My friend's reaction mimicked mine. His first tongue slurp across her lips procured a long, low moan from my friend. His continued lapping produced continual cries. Almost sobs. Her climax was quick, too. I wondered how the dog would react when I realized it was coming. She's a squirter when excessively aroused, and that was the case now. I hoped the dog would enjoy being sprayed as much as I did when in the line of fire.

Mary's hips bucked, and there it was. A torrent sprayed into the dog's face and across the room. He tried to catch it as dogs do, playing with water from a hose, but it seemed to break the spell our crotches had over him. He got down and wandered off. Perhaps for some water to quench his thirst?

Our descent from our highs took a while. We were both shell-shocked by what we'd done.

We have experienced most forms of sex with men and women, including our daughters, but this! This was altogether different. Whether what had happened constituted sexual relations that triggered law-breaking, I didn't know. But I knew it was irrelevant. There was no way I was not going to do it again. To go further. To experience the ultimate. When we were both calmer, we talked about it. Was it depraved? Yes. Perverted? Yes. Taboo? Yes. Would we do it again? Oh yes! Both of the same opinion.

The next time, we decided, we would get serious. And it did.

It took us a while to set it up, to find the right dog. One that was docile enough to accept what we had in mind. We'd agreed that it had to be clear the dog was enjoying it, not that we had any idea how we could coerce a dog into getting a hard-on if it didn't want to.

A friend is a dog sitter, and I volunteered to help her out when she was busy. That provided our next friend.

The thought of where this would lead had us both on edge, desperate for it to happen but nervous.

We stripped naked this time and warmed each other up with our fingers while the dog lay in his basket. Once we were dripping, Mary went over to the dog, squatted down in front of him, legs wide, and put her fingers in front of his nose. Fingers that, until seconds before, had been working hard in my vagina. His head came up and licked them. His tail wagged. Mary moved her hand closer to her pussy. He got up, stepped out of his basket to follow the hand, and found the source of the scent. His tongue started its magical work on my friend. I crouched down next to him and stroked him. First his head, then down his back, then under his chest, and finally around his cock.

That first touch. Deviant. It sent shivers through me. Entering unfamiliar territory. Depraved taboo territory. It was one thing having him lick us.

Naughty but erotic. To encourage him to get hard and then do things with his erect cock was something else. But something we both knew had to happen. We needed this depravity in our lives. Why is it not for this story but that need to overwhelm any concerns about the taboo or illegal nature of what we were about to do?

Touching his sheath (I don't know if that's the right word for a dog. As it is obvious we were new to this.) had the effect we wanted. His cock extended. Bigger than I'd imagined. Not that either of us had ever been this close to a dog's cock before.

Mary had started making noises. Best described as a mewling sound. Her head was back, her eyes closed. We'd not planned the next move. Probably in our hearts, we didn't think we'd get this far, but as my friend appeared content (understatement!) I didn't discuss it. I put my hand out and felt his penis. Shit! I felt as though I'd touched a live wire. My body reacted to the obscenity of what I was doing. There was no feeling of disgust. Quite the reverse. I held the cock in my hand. Wanked it gently.

The dog didn't object. If anything, his licking of my friend's cunt intensified. My touching him was turning him on! Just like a man. I wanted to go further, to suck him at the very least. Still, Mary

needed to experience this too, and I was desperate for his tongue to pleasure me. I didn't want him coming yet. Unlike Mary, who was now in the throes of a gigantic orgasm. Her gushing juices sprayed both the dog and me, and I used the moment to swing the dog's head around to my cunt. Oh, joy. The effect was instantaneous. I wondered how Mary had lasted so long.

His tongue was every bit as good as the other dogs had been. I don't suppose their techniques vary as much as men's oral abilities seem to.

He was excited. His erect penis confirmed that. He wanted to fuck me, scrambling to get his cock nearer my cunt. His claws scratched my legs and torso. The pain increased my pleasure. His licking had stopped, but the effect lingered. Could I let him go all the way?

Mary had calmed enough to see his cock and wanted action. She held his cock, but it was not easy as he tried to get it in her cunt. She began wanking. Too much for our canine friend. He came. I felt the stream of semen on my leg. The sensation was enough to trigger me. I came too. Long and glorious and satisfying.

Our inexperience was clear. We'd have to be more careful next time. And believe me. There will be a next time.

*To Be Continued...?*