

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



My introduction to bestiality came about purely accidentally. As these things often happen, until it occurred, I had never given a thought to including an animal in sex play. Still, when it presented itself, the result was to be life-changing.

We had been married for some time. Two children were the result of some inept sexual excursions with my wife. We had only really discovered the pleasure of each other's bodies once the kids were born, and we decided that two was enough. Suddenly, without the fear of pregnancy (vasectomy), we began to experiment and explore the wants and needs of our bodies. We were a bit like school children again, giggling and fumbling our way to discoveries and developing a mutual knowledge of each other on a very regular basis. I suppose that once procreation was not an issue, our lovemaking had another, entirely different function, being entertainment and reaffirmation of our love.

It was on one of those nights; the children were well and truly asleep, and the parents were at play. We had no set pattern or order, rather just allowing whatever came into our heads to be the driving force. Spontaneity released any inhibitions and often led to some wild events and explosive climaxes. I remember that I was paying particular attention to Jen's nipples. She loved, and still does, her nipples being given a hard time. Her response was the usual mixture of moans and body thrusts that signified her pleasure. Quite unexpectedly, she arched her back and nearly screamed. I thought that this was through my ministrations and set to with further gusto; she relaxed somewhat and reverted to her more usual moans and hip thrusts. This mystified me a little, but I carried on and added to the action, some kissing around her neck and shoulders. This usually had a direct result, too.

Again, she arched her back and bit her hand, trying not to make too much noise. I was thrilled at the response she was showing and continued to apply fingers and teeth. She became more and more excited; it was then that I noticed the dog. Chester, our Collie, had decided to investigate the noise we were making. He had become adept at opening doors and had crept into the bedroom. I guess he found the smell of Jenni's sex too alluring to pass up and was lapping away quite contentedly on her beautifully shaved mound. So much for my efforts at raising her temperature. I was being cuckolded by the bloody dog.

I stopped to watch as his tongue slid over her lips and up to and over her extended clit. I don't think she even noticed that I was not paying her tits any attention at all. The dog continued licking away and was shuffling forward to get closer to the action. Jenni was, by now, completely lost to the intense feeling she was receiving and thrashed her head from side to side with the back of her hand still in her mouth. The sight just blew me away. There was my wife, the woman that I loved so deeply, being sucked to oblivion by my second love after the kids. Already excited, I almost lost my load there and then but continued to watch, fascinated.

Jenni exploded; her cum shot out of her and all over the dog's muzzle. He didn't seem to mind too much and, after a short pause to lick his mouth and nose dry, continued to apply himself to her snatch. I knew she would not want this so soon after her orgasm. She always liked to let things subside a little before starting again, so I pushed the dog off the bed and caressed her quivering body until she calmed down.

We rarely spoke during our love play, saving breath for the action, but this time, Jenni said that it was my turn and promptly turned half over to take me in her mouth. We both enjoy this when the time is right and often finish our sessions in this manner with my seminal fluids dribbling down her chin or throat, depending on her mood. She shifted position and knelt astride me, taking my manhood deep to the back of her throat.

I forgot about the dog. It seemed that Jenni hadn't seen him or was aware that it had been him giving her the shattering climax. She started to suck me in earnest, taking me all the way and then lifting off till only the tip was between her lips. I love this and was getting quite into it, letting myself relax so that I could enjoy the sensations without losing it too quickly.

I guess Chester decided that he liked her taste. Although I couldn't see what happened, Jenni suddenly took me deeper than she had ever done before. Her movements drove me deeper and deeper into her throat. At the same time, she made a guttural sound that was very different and produced a vibration on my cock that was almost too much to bear. She suddenly stopped sucking me off and turned to see what was happening. We both looked and saw Chester lapping away at her upturned and exposed pussy.

I wasn't sure what she would do or say. I waited for her reaction. Chester, having no concerns other than getting as much of her juice into his mouth as possible, carried on licking. To my immense relief, Jenni bent down further to allow the dog better access and then buried her mouth on my cock once more. I couldn't take too much of that. I didn't want to session to end. I slid out from under her and watched as Chester brought her to another shuddering climax. He was getting quite excited himself. This was obvious from the pink tip of his penis poking through the hairy sheath that normally covered it.

He needed no encouragement and reacted instinctively to a ready cunt once he had satisfied himself that she was a ready and willing partner. He mounted Jenni and tried to fuck her, but it was obvious that their body shapes would make this difficult. However, Chester was doing his damndest to make it happen. I told Jenni to spread her knees to allow him to get closer and also to push herself back onto him. The adjustment helped, but his aim wasn't so good. Taking matters in hand, I grabbed his cock gently and guided it into her moist canal. Jenni gasped and thrust backward, almost knocking the dog off the bed. Chester fucked her, and Jenni screamed and signaled for me to enter her mouth again.

Neither the dog nor I could last long. Chester was pumping into her rapidly with his front legs firmly around her waist; she pushed back on him and sucked me at the same time. Suddenly, Jenni gasped around my cock and then gasped again. Chester had entered her all the way, and although I couldn't see it, I guessed that his knot had passed her entrance, and he was buried all the way into her. His thrusts became more pronounced until a final spasm took him, and he filled her with his seed. I had reached that point as well; my own fluids spurted into her throat.

It took a while for the dog to relax enough before they could disengage, and he left the bedroom to us. This had been an unplanned experience, and we spoke about it afterward. Jenni admitted that she had never felt so turned on, and her orgasm was the most powerful she had ever experienced. We thought we would do this on other occasions, but Chester had other ideas. It only ever happened once or twice more despite all the encouragement we gave him. He would lick Jenni anytime we wanted, but he never wanted to mount her again.

He died a few years ago, and we thought about getting another dog but haven't up to now. Our kids are all grown and have children of their own. Perhaps we may get another dog, but we don't know what to buy.

*The End*