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My former neighbor couldn't keep her legs closed on a good day. Then she went after my husband. After her husband found out about her string of affairs, he punished her. And after he was done, karma bit her in the ass.

This is a true story about a neighbor I used to have. First off, Marie and I hate each other. We were both military spouses, but she was in active service. This story is about how she, her husband, and three of her husband's friends were court marshaled. Names have been changed to protect the children of the parents. And the star of the show: Charlie.

And all of this drama had to do with a dog.

Now Marie and Nathan met in basic where seven months after basic concluded, they announced they were expecting their first. For those not aware, getting pregnant in basic with one of the other privates is frowned upon. And the military, especially the wives, are very, very judgey. Hell, even I judged them for that. You're there to do a job. Wait a few more weeks rather than rub dirt into your orifices during an exercise. So these two stayed together, stayed in, and eventually moved into the duplex next to me and my spouse. We don't have kids. I prefer to have cats and dogs, so naturally, I tried to make friends with our new neighbors and used their adorable pit bull, Charlie, as the bonding point.

Things were going fine until Marie tried to suggest to my husband, an officer in a different trade than her, that they should have an affair. Anyone who has met my husband would know immediately that he is the sort of person to file a sexual harassment complaint before you could blink, which he did. He's more than a decade older than this girl, and my only response was, "I appreciate you turning down her daddy issues."

Now, wives in the military are vicious. Absolutely backstabbing, cutthroat, high school-trained catty cunts. And every once in a while, I will sink to that level when appropriately crossed. I did not, however, sink to that level when Marie propositioned my husband. No. He handled it professionally and perfectly. I didn't need to get involved. But I did stop helping her with Charlie's training. And walking him with my dogs. And babysitting her children (they were up to two at this point). This is when the domestic issues at their home started.

Since she was being investigated, her duties were reduced, and she was home a lot more than usual. Marie and Nathan did not get along very well. Especially if they weren't having lots and lots of sex. Hey, the walls were thin. We could hear EVERYTHING. So when he goes on a deployment, I get to listen to the steady stream of fuck buddies coming through the house. For almost a full year. And that girl had some pipes on her. I did voice concerns about her subjecting the children to this environment, but I was advised to keep my nose out of it. I had bigger concerns. Charlie was no longer getting the enrichment, exercise, or care he had previously received. As a result, he would scream. All. Day. Long. It would set off my two dogs and drive me crazy since I work from home.

What do I do? I'm a full-time writer, so telling stories and communicating when something is happening is my job. And erotica. I do love erotica. And this story has some juicy bits. Trust me, I'm getting there.

So a year goes by, Charlie is neglected, and Marie is whoring herself out. In contrast, her husband is gone, and she was charged with sexual harassment by my partner AND her commanding officer. So thin ice was the only thing holding up her career.

Nathan comes home from the deployment a few days early, and I guess Marie had a "friend" over. I

enjoyed watching the fistfight on the front lawn with a glass of Merlot. My husband, of course, broke up the fight, jacked them up, and sent them on their way. It was a few hours later than our story truly begins. No one wants a 6'3 marine kicking their ass on their front lawn. Just saying.

I'm settling the animals down for the night when the music starts blaring from next door. Marie and Nathan had been fighting all evening but had quieted down, and I didn't suspect anything was up. They loved to play loud music to drown out their sex. My spouse and I agreed that they both had a rough day, and they deserved some infidelity makeup sex. Who knows, maybe cuckolding can be their new kink. We were being intimate ourselves when Marie started shrieking. Not happy orgasmic cries. Shrieks of pain and terror. Nope. I don't care what kind of person you are. I won't stand by and let domestic violence happen. I may write about it in a story or erotica, but never, ever will I permit it in reality.

So I'm next door, letting myself into their house with the key they gave me, wearing a nightgown and a kimono. I was very, very lucky my husband was on my heels because the three drunk men standing naked in the living room had all looked at me like I was a party favor.

All the furniture had been pushed to the sides of the room, except the coffee table, which had been dragged forward and had a screaming and crying Marie zipped tied on her belly to it. Once I got past the three hard-ons, I was able to take in the rest of the scene. A fourth man was on his knees, forcing his meat into Marie's face with such enthusiasm I could hear the shrieks turn into painful gags. It was when I saw Charlie and my spouse come barreling into my back did I connect all the details of the scene.

Nathan had taken Marie, zipped, tied her five-foot frame to the coffee table, and cut her clothes away. I could see bits of fabric shredded and torn between her and the coffee table in between the violent thrusts from the hairy-ass man in front of me. I don't know how they got the sweet, energetic dog to do it. Still, Charlie was enthusiastically humping at Marie's backside. That would explain the terror level of shrieking from moments before.

Not even paying attention to the orders my spouse was barking at the other three, I was moving towards Marie to help free her from the dilemma. I have spent a lot of time with dogs. My best friend Mick breeds them. If he hadn't knotted her yet, I could probably convince him to get off of her. Or get bitten in the process. It was fifty-fifty. The hairy idiot was in the middle of cutting off Marie's air supply when I tapped him on the shoulder.

"Party's over." I was pointing at my very pissed-off spouse as he was jacking up the three others, observing as they found pants. I could hear the sirens coming, so I'm guessing he was already on the phone to the MPs. I hadn't thought past the concept of getting the dog out of this situation before someone shot him. Hairy pulled his dick out, a thick trail of saliva trailing from Marie's gaping mouth to the bulbous head.

"Kitty! Thank you!" Marie was crying in between grunts as Charlie continued to thrust against her.

"Shut up, Marie," I was clipped. I needed to remain calm to help her and the dog before someone with a gun showed up to quote, "Help."

"He's in my pussy, it hurts," she panted, "get him out!" Looking around, I found a knife, the one likely used to cut her clothes off, and started reaching for the zip tie on one of her arms. I froze when I heard Charlie growl. Looking up, I was met with a crazed expression in his eyes. I took another moment to look at Marie.

There were puncture wounds on her neck, not deep, but would have probably been caused by

Charlie trying to keep her in one place. Her sides were badly scratched from his nails. I had repeatedly told her that if she didn't keep them trimmed, she was going to learn the hard way that they could do damage. I guess the lesson is at hand. I moved around the coffee table to see how her legs were bound and saw that Charlie wasn't just in her. He was fully knotted and still trusting like a maniac. I may not breed dogs, but I know enough that after a male ejaculates, he tends to calm down a bit.

"Hang on Marie, I need to make a phone call," as my phone is out and I'm dialing Mick, who also rescues dogs and only lives a few hours out. I'm waving my husband and one of the MPs back out the door, "There's something wrong with Charlie. Don't get close."

Normally, civilians have absolutely zero clout with MPs; they treat us politely, but in military housing situations, their word outranks mine any day.

"I'm sorry, ma'am, I need to cut her free," I just look at him as Mick's phone connects.

"Hang on, Mick," hitting speaker phone, I level a look at the MP, "A dog is raping a woman, and you want to get involved? And if the dog bites you? Or her? Charlie is not thinking about anything other than breeding his bitch," I look back to the phone, "Mick, he's an 85-pound pit bull and knotted in the shrieker you hear. And he's still going full steam ahead. Any advice?" Mick paused for a moment and started laughing.

"Wait for the knot and give him twenty minutes, he'll get off her on his own," Mick was already relaying the story to Dee-Dee, his wife.

"No, Mick, you missed part of that: he's already knotted." Silence spoke volumes from the speaker of my phone.

"He's knotted and still rutting?" Mick's voice was an eerie calm.

"Yes, and he's aggressive about his bitch."

Mick bred dogs, rescued dogs, and ran a training facility nearby. I had two of his rescues. Who else was I going to call after midnight on a Friday? A vet? I began texting Marie's best friend to come get the kids, but to come through the back door. The entire base was probably already aware something was happening, but the kids didn't need to be a part of this.

"Keep him calm and hydrated. I'll be there in two hours. Did They give him anything? Drugs? Caffeine? What has the dog had in the last six hours?"

I look up at my spouse and the MP before popping outside. Three men in combat pants, loosely done up, were standing handcuffed in the front yard with half a dozen MPs.

"Did you assholes give the dog anything other than food and water?" I'm snapping because I gave up my orgasm for this shit.

"Yeah," Nathan looked down as an MP glared at him, "we all popped a little blue aid before getting started. I gave the dog one too."

I gaped at him for half a moment, took two steps, and punched him in the face. Mick was already screaming on speakerphone. "You fucking moron! You gave human drugs to an animal! Are you trying to kill him?"

My spouse was pulling me away and calming me down. A five-foot-four woman punching a man who outweighs her by almost a hundred pounds might be amusing for some, but my spouse is not a fan of that. Meanwhile, Mick has calmed down and is giving instructions.

“You’re not getting that dog off of her, not without someone getting bitten. I’ll grab an IV, and I’ll be there in two hours. Keep it quiet and dark, and for the love of fuck, don’t force him off of her.”

I looked at the MP, and he nodded. “Mick is the best, and you’re not going to get anyone out here at this time of night,” I sighed, hanging up the phone. “I’ll sit with her if you want to take the kids through the back door.”

As I kiss my spouse, leave him to ensure the MPs have everything else handled. I walk back into the living room and settle into an armchair facing Marie, giving a nod of a head of tousled blonde hair in the kitchen. The children were being hustled out the back door for a sleepover at their Auntie Beth’s. Beth just gave me a look of amused horror as the door slammed behind her. I started smiling at this point.

“Are you going to untie me?” She snarls at me, apparently upset that I had left her.

“Nope,” I grin at this point, “the expert said to leave you as is until he gets here. Unless you are in medical distress, you have to stay put.” I lean forward at her shocked expression.

“You tried to seduce my husband. You slandered me when, in fact, he was the one who reported you,” my grin turned feral, “I’m going to sit here and enjoy witnessing your karma firsthand until Mick arrives,” I mockingly pretended to look at my watch. “In, oh, about two hours. You should enjoy yourself, Marie, you like cock. And Charlie is enjoying giving you what you like.”

She started shrieking and shouting about all the things she was going to do to me when Charlie decided to pick up the pace. Ever watched a woman get reamed by a dog on drugs? It’s not a pretty sight. Charlie had come three times by the time Mick showed up. The first time, I thought Marie was in genuine distress, but when I went to check, I could see the bulge of his knot breaking through the edge of her cunt. A few minutes later, he started his jackhammer pace again. This time, I sat on the couch so I could watch the show better. When my spouse came to check on me, I told him that I was watching for serious medical issues for Marie.

“You lying bitch! You’re sitting there getting off on this!”

I turned and gave her a sweet smile. “Oh Marie, why would I take such pleasure in your pain and humiliation? Do you really think I’m that petty?”

I sashayed forward and leaned down so I could look at her, giving my spouse a full view of my naked pussy when my nightgown rode up my ass.

“If I wanted to humiliate you, I would have asked your best friend to take the kids because your husband decided to tie you down and have the dog rape you while he circled-jerked with his buddies.” I stood up with a gasp. “Oops!”

I was still giggling when my husband left, and I was back on the couch. After another twenty minutes of Charlie rutting with his bitch, he started to whimper and whine. I started to comfort him, all while Marie bitched and cried. After Charlie calmed down, I settled in for the fun part of the evening. Reading the conversation taking place in the wife’s group. Nothing gets a pack of military wives out of bed faster than juicy gossip.

I took great pleasure in reading the conversation to her in real-time. Whenever she asked me to stop, I would pause, console the dog, then start again. She may not have deserved the rape, but she did deserve the humiliation. Flirting with my husband was one thing, but trying to solicit him into a relationship behind my back? Fuck you bitch. You deserve what the wives are saying. Every. Single. Word.

Mick arrived a little over two hours after he had said he would, "I had trouble at the gates. Needed to call the MPs to verify why I was here."

He pulled out his phone, snapped a few pictures, and got to work giving Charlie a sedative and hooking him to an IV.

"It's not going to kill him, but he's going to be dehydrated and sore. I'll be able to treat him when I get home." He looked down at Marie, "You can start untying her. There's an MP in the driveway waiting for her."

"What do you mean, you get home with him? Where are you taking my dog?" Marie started flailing.

"Well, miss, your dog was used in a rape case. Suppose he's not surrendered to a registered rescue organization. In that case, he'll be put down." Mick was petting Charlie, who was already starting to feel the effects of the sedative. "And I could never let that happen to such a sweet boy." Mick gave me a wink.

"Sorry Marie, the dog is gone. And you have other things to worry about," I said and pulled out my phone and showed her the hundreds of messages about her being a dog fucker on the wife's chat. "And apparently, your best friend can't keep a secret."

The look of horror and realization on her face was worth a thousand words.

"Good boy, Charlie," Mick cooed.

I could hear the squelch of the overused dog cock falling out of Marie. Looking over, I saw the streams of semen already falling out of her, dripping down her thighs. Instead of cutting her free, I helped Mick carry Charlie out the door, ignoring her screams the whole way.

"Hey, guys..." I leaned towards the open window of the MP's car. "She's all yours. She was pretty threatening toward us when we told her we were taking the dog, so you'll have to cut her free."

I saw a matching pair of perverted grins as Mick moved us to his van.

"So, are you and your other half coming out for the long weekend? We can have a BBQ, and you can see Charlie," Mick said, hugging me. "And DeeDee loves the photo you sent. We're probably going to keep Charlie. She can't wait to train him properly."

I kissed Mick on the cheek.

"I will see you and your puppy pack in two weeks," I said and waved as I walked to my waiting spouse. "And you can tell Dee she's my favorite bitch."

I knew that Charlie was going to be okay. DeeDee would take very good care of him. The others? Well, by morning, it was all over base. By dinner, gag orders were issued. And I never had to listen to the nightmares next door again.

The End