

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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My wife Sandra is a slut. There's no other word for it. We call a spade a spade in our family, and Sandra is, quite frankly, a cock-loving whore. She's always been open about it, and our sex life has benefited from accepting that fact. She's always on the prowl for a fat cock to fill her up.

One of our (many) outlets was dogging. Sandra loved the opportunity for a good fucking. I loved the thrill of watching other men take my wife and sometimes joining in.

There was a small forested area just outside town that was a well-known dogging haunt. We had to be careful—we had the odd copper parking up now and again—but as long as someone kept their eyes open, we could slip away in time. I lived for the day I could watch a policeman slip my wife his truncheon.

So here we were, in the middle of a warm August night, in our usual forest clearing. The moon was out, but the headlights of a half-dozen vehicles still lighted us. Dogging traditionally happened in cars, and that's certainly where we started. Still, we usually ended up on a blanket on the ground. Occasionally Sandra liked to shake things up by getting fucked over the bonnet of the car or up against a tree. I wasn't fussed. Anywhere I could watch her spread her legs.

Sandra was sitting in the back seat of the car, facing out, and I was standing in front of her. I had my hands in her greying brown hair as she sucked my 7-inch cock. I was good for one, maybe two orgasms in an evening, so I was always careful to find the optimum moment to pop my load.

"That's it," Tony, one of my regular dogging 'friends,' whispered as Sandra slathered her tongue over my cock, "Fuck her mouth. Give it to her." He had his dick out and was slowly stroking, keeping himself hard until Sandra decided it was his turn.

I snapped my hips forward and buried my cock in her throat. Sandra made a choked noise but didn't pull off. Instead, she pulled her skirt up around her waist, showing us her pussy. Sandra kept it shaved. She was already wet and raring to go.

I felt her resistance and let her move back. "Shove over, Derek," she said. "I want Tony's cock."

I stepped aside and let the other man move into position. She sucked him into her mouth. Beyond the circle of lights, other men watched, wanking and plucking up the courage to join in. It was a massive fucking turn-on.

Sandra pulled off Tony's dick with a wet slurp, then turned and climbed onto the seat, showing us her bare, meaty arse. She had a full figure. I loved the sound a man's balls made as they fucked her from behind.

"Someone stick their cock in me," she growled, wriggling her bum.

Tony—already in place—lined the head of his cock up with her glistening pussy lips and slowly pushed home. Sandra let out a grunt of pleasure that quickly turned to moans as he railed her. I stroked my cock.

"Evening, gents."

Tony—still fucking away—ignored the newcomer. I turned to give him a nod.

"Nice night for it," I said with a foolish grin, still tugging my cock. I didn't recognize him, but the

fact that he wasn't reacting to the sight and sound of a woman getting fucked in public meant he was here for pussy.

"Open for a third?" he asked hopefully.

I looked him up and down. He was taller than me, heavier, with a bigger gut. But the shape of his erection through his tracksuit bottoms was all I needed to see.

"Absolutely."

"Is she open for any old cock?"

"If it's big enough. If you've got a small dick, though, she'll still let you suck her cunt."

If my dick was the smallest of the evening—which it often was—I got the privilege of licking cum out of her swollen snatch.

"What about him?" He nodded down.

For the first time, I noticed a dog at his side. Something big and hairy, maybe a mastiff-type crossed with an Alsatian.

"You dirty bastard," I said, stroking my cock harder. "What's your name?"

"Keith."

"Alright. Let me ask."

We'd talked about dog sex. Looked at a few sites. I'd finger-fucked Sandra while she watched them, and in turn, she'd slurped over my cock like the bitch she was pretending to be. Up until now, it had just been a fantasy.

I went around to the other side of the car and opened the door, bending down to speak with Sandra. Her face was red and sweaty. Her whole body shook from the force of Tony's pounding.

"There's a man outside with a dog," I said. "You game?"

"The man or the dog? Oh fuck me—fuck me harder!" she squealed and slumped against the rear seat.

"Either. Both."

"Fuck yes," she hissed. "Is he big?"

I grinned. "The man's cock? Or the dog's?"

"Either!"

"Come find out."

I slapped Tony on the shoulder. "Back up. We're moving onto the blanket."

He slowed his frenetic pace and pulled out, shaking his cock a few times. "I was close to cumming," he grumbled.

“Save it. I’ll suck it out of Sandra later.”

He grinned and went to stand around the back of the car.

I fished out a thick blanket and spread it out on the ground. Sandra—the front of her dress pulled down to reveal her huge, creamy tits—slid out of the car and dropped to all fours, then flipped her skirt around her waist again.

The dog (clearly recognizing a human bitch when he saw one) pranced over and immediately sniffed her arse and pussy. His long, pink tongue worked over her slick folds, making her twitch and moan.

His cock was coming out of its thick, furry sheath. And out. And out. Christ, his cock was enormous, nine inches at least. The head was wedge-shaped and thick, the shaft a little thinner, thickening again toward the base. Massive, furry balls hung between his back legs as he moved into place.

“Oh shit, look at his cock!”

Sandra wriggled her arse again. The dog mounted her and hooking his paws around her hips. His hips jerked, making a few false starts, before he drove his cock home.

Sandra yelped and threw her head back. The dog fucked her with rough, furious strokes. My wife’s moans turned to whimpers, part pleasure, part pain.

“What the fuck is that?” she shouted a minute or two later, looking back over her shoulder.

“His knot,” Keith said with a wicked grin. “Hope you weren’t planning on going anywhere soon, love.”

“Someone hold him!” she yelped.

My dick had never been so hard. The dog was clearly cumming inside her, muscles around his tail twitching as he shot his load. Dogs tied for a while. Time enough to have a little fun.

We took it in turns keeping the dog still. That left Sandra’s mouth free for a fucking. Keith went first, then me, then Tony.

“Don’t cum in her mouth,” I ordered. “Save it for her greedy cunt. I want to lick it all out.”

“Even the dog cum?” Tony asked as he grunted away in front of her.

I licked my lips. “Especially the dog cum.”

We were all edging ourselves by the time the dog finally pulled out. The dog’s knot popped free with a wet squelch. The dog trotted away and licked its dick, then sat down and stayed there at Keith’s command.

Tony fucked my wife first. I watched as he coated his cock in dog spunk—thinner than ours, but there was so fucking much it dripped out of her snatch—and fucked her raw. She was soon screaming through yet another orgasm. He dumped his load and pulled out.

While she was sucking his cock clean, Keith rammed his cock inside her. She yelled around Tony’s dick but made no other objection, taking his rough fucking. He came with a muffled shout and pulled out.

Not just sloppy seconds for me, but fourths. I slid my dick home with a moan, enjoying the intense heat from Sandra's cunt. I fucked her as she sucked Keith's cock clean, raising my hand to give her arse several hard slaps. I shot deep inside her, slumping forward over her body.

She licked my cock just as she had the others. Tony stuffed his limp dick back in his trousers and fucked off. Keith and his dog left, leaving us alone apart from the other watchers furiously wanking in their cars.

Sandra rolled onto her back, squeezing her heavy tits and pinching her nipples. I crawled between her spread legs and buried my face in her pussy, drilling my tongue deep inside her. She was sopping with cum. I sucked it all down, knowing my wife loved watching me eat creampie. The fact that some of the slop on my tongue belonged to a dog was an extra turn-on.

I sucked and licked all the cum out of her, then settled down to work on her clit. She shuddered through one last massive orgasm—her body arching off the ground, almost crushing my head between her thighs, squirting in my sweaty face—before slumping back down.

I wiped her juices off my face, leaned in, and kissed her.

Some fucker from one of the cars applauded. I looked at my wife, who looked back at me, and we laughed.

The End