

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



© 2024 by Santa from Baku (Azerbaijan)

My wife Marina was a 45-year-old Russian woman, 165 centimeters, slim, sexy build with small breasts with very pretty, normally hard nipples. We have been together for almost 20 years, living in different countries, with me working for an international energy company.

We have a good relationship. However, due to my work, we were often not together, and our sex life was a bit on the slow side. I find pleasure in watching Marina when we go out to clubs. She was a dancer, and I loved seeing her dance alone or with other men. She knows how to dress to make me happy.

I have always been fascinated by the thought of Marina having sex with dogs. Earlier, I had seen her French kiss a dachshund, and I almost went crazy watching his tongue deep in Marina's mouth. I often had fantasies of Marina fucking dogs, but somehow, I did not dare to propose this happen in real life.

Marina knew about my fantasies. Sometimes, when having wine, I would mention how interesting she was. She would normally just smile, and we never got to discuss this in detail, so I gave up on this ever becoming a reality! Marina loves dogs. However, due to us traveling a lot, we could not really have dogs in our home.

Often, we would go out wherever we were traveling having drinks, and I would enjoy watching her dance, always in very sexy outfits. A sexy minidress always low cut with her G-string pulled high so all could see the bit above her skirt and her bare butt. She would wear a transparent see-through top to make her slutty outfit complete. Some of our best evenings, funnily, were always in Muslim countries like Azerbaijan and Türkiye in clubs practically only visited by horny old guys clearly really enjoying her dancing and skimpy outfits.

My sixtieth birthday was coming up, and without me knowing, Marina had decided to give me a special gift that I would never forget.

She suggested I have my birthday party in Moscow, where we keep an apartment. Marina often stayed here when I was traveling for business. I was often gone for weeks, and she has friends in Moscow, which makes it a good place for her to hang out. She always sends me a live video of her clubbing trips when I am away, and I love watching her dance and exposing her G-string to the guys in the bars and clubs. I prefer the bars with older guys, as all the attention was on her. It was clear she liked it, and the guys loved to watch her dancing.

The day came, I had arrived in Moscow, and I was ready. I could smell fresh coffee, and Marina had prepared a nice breakfast. She came to the bedroom, and my heart almost stopped. Her outfit was a brilliant micro skirt, a very high-rise G-string, and a red, tight, short crop top with long black stiletto boots. She had red lipstick, heavy blue makeup, a big smile, and a long new silver chain on her neck with two large live cockroaches attached, crawling around her belly and breasts. She smiled as she saw my face staring at the creatures crawling on her sexy body.

She told me to relax and enjoy my morning as she had to prepare for our party. Later, I would be picked up and brought to the venue, where she would meet me. I knew the party would be a nice one as I could see my credit card had been reduced by at least thirty grand.

The evening came, and a nice Mercedes picked me up. We drove for an hour and arrived at a hotel outside town. I noticed three large buses parked outside. I was met and brought into a large room with around twenty large tables with a round stage sitting high up to ensure a pleasant view from all the tables. I estimate at least two hundred were there—all men—seated, music playing, and plenty of

drinks and caviar snacks being served. All seemed in a good mood applauding me on my birthday.

I sit down, have a drink, and wonder what will happen next. I feel happy that my lovely wife has arranged such a setting for my birthday. I expected a dance troupe or a band. I was a bit surprised that only men were present, but they all were in an excellent mood, and I was sure Marina would soon turn up.

I should be proven right on that one very soon.

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## **THE SHOW CAN START...**

The lights were dimmed slightly, and spotlights were now on the stage.

Music started, and to my surprise, a woman in a hijab entered the stage. Not what I expected. Several guys in their seventies slowly walk on stage in clown costumes, one on each side of the woman in hijab. They together pull the hijab off the girl, and to my pleasant surprise, I see Marina smiling at me in thigh-high black boots and a skimpy tight black bikini. Fantastic. Her new chained cockroaches were now placed around her slim belly giving them access to her tits and pussy. Makeup, bright red lips, and blue eyes. The crowd was cheering as she slowly started moving her hips as only she could in a sexy dance.

'Nothing Else Matters' by Metallica plays loudly, and Marina moved her hips to the rhythms while the audience cheered with more shots of vodka! One of the clowns removed her bra, her nipples hard, and chains on each nipple. Marina lifted her arms and let the clowns touch her while she was slowly moving her hips. The cockroaches walk on her tits. She gently pushed them down inside the little black G-string and moaned as she felt them on her pussy.

The two old guys dressed as clowns removed their trousers and exposed each a giant hard cock, with large hairy old warts covering the cocks. The cockheads were shiny and dripping black-blue, also full of spots and warts, still dancing. She French kissed each, rubbing their hard, ugly cocks.

The clowns were touching her legs and tits and now pulling off her G-string. With the cockroaches sitting on her pussy lips, they carefully spread her pussy lips and pushed the cockroaches inside her cunt. Marina moaned and moved her hips, now feeling the bugs move inside her cunt and the crowd now cheering loudly. Marina likes the attention!

The clowns helped Marina lie down on the table in the middle of the stage. The stage is now slowly rotating, ensuring all get a pleasant view! I was losing my breath. This was beyond making my dreams come true. Clowns were now spraying something on Marina's legs, pussy, stomach, and tits. I was not sure what this was for. I soon found out as they brought a large glass container that was alive inside. They emptied it at the end of the table, and I now see these were exceptionally large ants!

The ants were slowly following the trail, which I expect will be sweet honey, and then open another container. Now wearing metal gloves, they pull out two exceptionally large, very slimy EELS. The crowd was going crazy. Marina smiled as she released the cockroaches from her wet cunt.

The gloves were designed with small needles allowing a firm grip on the slimy eels, and the guys at the same time push them into her beautiful shaven pussy and her tight ass. The ants moved up her legs at the same time. The eels were wiggling wildly as they were forced into her ass and cunt—deeper and deeper. Marina moaned loudly, now moving her hips from side to side. Some of

the guys watching now start to jerk off watching the show.

It was a crazy show.

Marina was in ecstasy, ants crawled all over her pussy and tits. Eels wriggled wildly inside her asshole and cunt, now deep, just their tails sticking out a couple of inches. It was clear Marina had her first wild orgasm. I was sure not the last one tonight.

She carefully (with the help of the clowns) stood up from the table with the eels wiggling inside her body. The ants were on her tits. Somehow, she managed to get back into her sensual dancing for the crowd, still moving her hips. The clowns very gently pulled out the wiggling eels, and she moaned with every inch they moved.

The lights came up, and more drinks were served to an excited chatter. The manager came to my table. "Well, Claus, I hope you enjoy the show. We have certainly never had an event like this before. The crowd loves it. Your wife was very pretty and incredibly special."

Soon, the lights dimmed again, and after a couple of minutes in the dark, spotlights were back on Marina on stage in ridiculously small tight shorts. As always, with a G-string worn high over the pants in white with pink stones and a transparent crop top so her chained tits were showing. This time, her hair was tied in ponytails, black lipstick and makeup. There was rock music blaring, and Marina was back, moving her hips and smiling at the cheering crowd.

The clowns came back on stage, each with three Great Danes on leashes. I was impressed. Marina never did it halfway. These dogs were huge, and I knew what was up. I was impressed and a little worried. Marina did not look worried at all. She was all smiles as she had the dogs kiss her eagerly, opening her mouth for the deep French kiss. Moving her hips to the music, she asked the crowd, "Do you want to see me fuck them all?"

The crowd was cheering and started chanting, "Fuck her...Fuck her...Fuck her."

Marina smiled. "Dear husband, was this what you want?"

I smiled at her and gave a thumbs up. "Hell yeah, I want them all to fuck you."

Marina took off her top, then her shorts, her G-string, and eventually just in boots, a nipple chain, and a cockroach chain. The clown came and started to spread oil all over her body, deeply into her pussy and her asshole. She was ready.

The table on stage was adjusted to the correct height, and Marina got on all fours, the perfect position for fucking dogs. The dogs were brought to her, and immediately one dog licked her gaping mouth, one her ass, and one her pussy. The other two wherever they could find a place—her back, tits, legs. Drool was dripping all over her, and she was already moaning from pleasure. One of the clowns inserts two fingers into her cunt, one more, then one more, slowly getting his fist inside. He was preparing Marina for the giant dog cocks. The guy had only three fingers in her. His hand was deformed and covered in warts and spots. He eventually began fisting her deeply, and she was so happy.

I could not believe how deeply he fisted her. She would do all right with the dogs, I was sure.

The clown pulled out his fist and assisted the first Great Dane. He was well-trained and quickly found her pussy. The crowd was now quiet as he rammed his giant red cock into her fine pussy. Marina moaned as he forced that cock deep. It was giant. Fifteen inches and thick like a horse. The

dog fucked her wildly and hard. His drool drips on Marina's back and head. She quickly turned around open her mouth so he could put his dripping tongue in her mouth. The clowns brought a second dog in front of Marina's face so she could suck his dripping cock. Soon he started fucking her mouth while the first fucked her cunt. The crowd was going crazy.

The dog in her pussy came. Now cum was dripping out from her pussy, and the clowns got ready to capture it all. Same in her mouth. The dog fucking her mouth was cumming too. He pulled out and cums on her face and tits, so much of it. Marina did what she could to capture it in her mouth. She looked at me to make sure I was enjoying this, and I was. The first dog pulled out of her cunt, and the clown captured the cum running out of Marina and from the dog's cock. There was so much of it that looked like a half-liter or so. Some from the dog she sucked off was in there too.

The second dog jumped her, and its cock was even bigger. Marina yelled, "My God," as he pushed that red cock deep into her cunt.

She cried, now cumming as the dog shot his load again. The clowns made sure they captured the warm cum as the dogs kept fucking her without mercy. Soon all five Great Danes had fucked her deeply. Marina was all smiles as she again stood up, managing to get back into dance rhythms as dog cum was dripping from her face and body.

She asked me to pour more dog cum on her, and I did this with a smile, slowly dripping it on her face, in her mouth, and on her tits. She took one of the buckets and slowly walked to each table, dripping the cum on herself while slowly moving her hips to the music.

Now this was a fucking birthday present. The afterparty will be in the following report.

*To Be Continued...?*