

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## Part One

My name is Alex, a 38-year-old man living in a quiet suburban neighborhood. I'm a blend of charisma and casual style, with sharp features and a confident demeanor that often catches the eye of those around me. I keep myself in good shape, balancing my professional life with a passion for fitness. My wardrobe reflects my laid-back yet meticulous nature, often opting for stylish yet comfortable clothing.

My life is comfortable, yet there's an undercurrent of restlessness. I'm constantly seeking excitement and new experiences to break the monotony of everyday life. This yearning often draws me towards the unknown and the forbidden, where the thrill of the taboo offers a tantalizing escape from the mundane.

I share my home with Buddy, my large and friendly golden retriever. Buddy is a playful, affectionate dog with a shiny coat and expressive eyes. He's a neighborhood favorite, often seen wagging his tail enthusiastically as he greets everyone he meets. His loyalty and affection are constants in my life, providing companionship and joy.

Next door to me live the Millers, a couple in their late 30s to early 40s. John Miller is a well-groomed man in his early 40s with a professional demeanor. His frequent business trips often leave his wife, Anna, alone at home. John's focus on his career creates a distance in their marriage, leaving Anna feeling neglected and lonely.

Anna Miller is a striking woman with a well-maintained figure and exceptionally large, pendulous breasts that hang down to her waist. Despite this, she maintains a slender waist and an attractive silhouette. Her long, flowing hair and playful eyes add to her allure. Anna often wears form-fitting clothes that accentuate her curves, moving with a seductive grace that is hard to ignore. Her charm and flirtatious nature draw the attention of many, masking a deep dissatisfaction with her marriage and a longing for excitement and intimacy.

Anna and I share a complex relationship marked by intense sexual chemistry and forbidden desire. Her playful and seductive behavior often finds its way towards me, creating an underlying tension that simmers just below the surface. Our interactions are a volatile mix of casual friendship and raw, unspoken attraction, a dance on the edge of temptation.

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One brisk Monday morning, I was in my kitchen, sipping my first cup of coffee and mentally preparing for the day ahead. The usual hum of suburban life was beginning to pick up outside, but my attention was drawn to the familiar sound of a car engine starting next door. Peering through my window, I saw John Miller loading his suitcase into the trunk of his sleek black sedan. Dressed in his usual business attire, he moved with the practiced efficiency of someone who had done this routine countless times before.

John glanced up and saw me watching. He offered a quick wave, which I returned with a polite nod. Moments later, he was behind the wheel, backing out of the driveway and heading off to another business trip. As his car disappeared down the street, I couldn't help but feel a twinge of anticipation. John's departures had become a regular occurrence, each one marking the beginning of a period where his wife, Anna, would be left alone.

Just as I was about to turn away, I caught sight of Anna standing at their front door, watching her

husband leave. She was dressed casually in a snug-fitting tank top and shorts, her hair cascading over her shoulders in loose waves. Her expression was a mixture of sadness and resignation, but as she noticed me looking, her lips curved into a playful smile.

“Good morning, Alex!” she called out, her voice bright and cheerful despite the early hour.

“Morning, Anna,” I replied, stepping out onto my porch with Buddy at my side. The golden retriever wagged his tail eagerly, sensing the friendly interaction.

Anna walked over to the fence that separated our yards, her hips swaying with each step. As she approached, Buddy bounded over, nuzzling against her leg. She laughed and bent down to pet him, her movements graceful and deliberate.

“John’s off on another trip, I see,” I remarked, trying to keep my tone casual.

“Yep, another week of conferences and meetings,” she sighed, her hand lingering on Buddy’s head as she straightened up. “It gets pretty lonely around here without him.”

There was a hint of something deeper in her eyes, a flicker of longing that she didn’t bother to hide. Our gazes locked, and for a moment, the unspoken tension between us felt almost palpable.

“If you ever need anything, you know I’m right here,” I offered, my voice steady despite the racing of my heart.

“Thanks, Alex. I might just take you up on that,” she replied, her smile widening. “Buddy certainly enjoys the company.”

With that, she gave Buddy one last pat and turned to head back inside, her movements fluid and enticing. I watched her go, my mind racing with possibilities. The days when John was away had always been charged with a different energy, a sense of opportunities waiting to be seized.

Later that day, as I worked from home, I found my thoughts drifting back to Anna. Her flirtatious demeanor and the way she looked at me had always hinted at something more than just neighborly friendliness. Now, with her husband gone, the barriers between us seemed thinner than ever. Each interaction with her felt like a game of cat and mouse, with unspoken desires simmering just beneath the surface.

As evening approached, I decided to take Buddy for a walk around the neighborhood. We had barely made it past the driveway when I saw Anna in her front yard, tending to her garden. She was wearing a sundress that clung to her curves, the light fabric swaying gently in the breeze. When she saw me, her face lit up with a smile that sent a jolt of electricity through me.

“Hey, Alex! Going for a walk?” she asked, straightening up and wiping her hands on a cloth.

“Yeah, Buddy needs his exercise,” I replied, trying to keep my tone casual.

“Mind if I join you? I could use the fresh air,” she said, her eyes sparkling with a mischievous glint.

“Not at all. We’d love the company,” I answered, my heart quickening at the prospect.

We set off together, Buddy trotting happily between us. As we walked, the conversation flowed easily, a mix of lighthearted banter and subtle flirtation. Anna’s laughter was infectious, and the way she looked at me, her eyes filled with a mix of curiosity and desire, was impossible to ignore.

Our walk eventually led us to a quiet park, where we found a secluded bench under a large oak tree. We sat down, and as Buddy explored the area, Anna turned to me, her expression more serious now.

"It's nice to have someone to talk to," she said softly. "Being alone all the time... it gets to you."

I nodded, understanding the loneliness she felt. "I can imagine. You know, you're always welcome to come over if you need some company."

"Thank you, Alex," she replied, her voice barely above a whisper. "I might just take you up on that."

There was a long pause as we looked at each other, the air between us thick with unspoken tension. Finally, Anna broke the silence, her tone lightening once more.

"Come on, let's head back before it gets too dark," she said, standing up and brushing off her dress.

We walked back to our houses, the silence between us comfortable yet charged with anticipation. As we reached our driveways, Anna turned to me with a smile that sent a thrill through me.

"Thanks for the walk, Alex. It was exactly what I needed."

"Anytime, Anna. You know where to find me," I replied, watching as she headed inside.

I stood there for a moment, the day's events replaying in my mind. With John gone, the boundaries between Anna and me seemed more flexible, the possibilities more tantalizing. The anticipation of what might come next was thrilling, and as I headed inside with Buddy, I couldn't help but feel a sense of excitement for the days ahead.

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The days following John's departure unfolded with a heightened sense of anticipation. Anna's presence was impossible to ignore, her flirtatious behavior and subtle provocations becoming a tantalizing part of my daily routine. Each interaction with her felt like a dance, a careful balance of innuendo and restraint that left me yearning for more.

One warm afternoon, I was in my backyard, finishing up some gardening when I heard the familiar sound of Anna's laughter. I looked up to see her standing at the fence, wearing a form-fitting sundress that clung to her curves. The dress accentuated her slender waist and emphasized her ample bosom, which swayed gently as she moved.

"Hey, Alex," she called out, her voice bright and inviting. "Need any help over there?"

"Sure, if you don't mind getting your hands dirty," I replied, wiping sweat from my brow.

Anna sauntered over, her movements graceful and deliberate. She crouched down beside me, her dress riding up slightly to reveal her toned legs. As we worked side by side, her shoulder brushed against mine, sending a jolt of electricity through me. Her proximity was intoxicating, her playful smiles and light touches leaving me both exhilarated and frustrated.

At one point, she reached for a trowel, her arm brushing against my chest. She paused, her hand lingering for just a moment longer than necessary, her eyes meeting mine with a mischievous glint.

"You're pretty handy with this stuff," she remarked, her voice low and teasing. "I might have to borrow you for some gardening tips."

"Anytime," I replied, my voice steadier than I felt.

As the afternoon wore on, the sun dipped lower in the sky, casting a warm, golden glow over the yard. We took a break, sitting side by side on the porch steps. Anna leaned back, stretching her arms above her head in a way that made her dress tighten across her chest, emphasizing her ample cleavage.

"You know, it's nice having someone to spend time with," she said, her tone casual but her eyes full of unspoken meaning.

"It's nice for me too," I replied, unable to tear my gaze away from her.

Our conversations were filled with lighthearted banter, yet beneath the surface, there was always an undercurrent of desire. Each laugh, each touch, each lingering look felt like a step closer to something neither of us could deny.

The next day, I was working from home when there was a knock at my door. I opened it to find Anna standing there, holding a plate of freshly baked cookies. She was dressed in a low-cut blouse and shorts, her outfit chosen with deliberate care.

"I thought you might like a little treat," she said, handing me the plate with a smile that was both innocent and suggestive.

"Thanks, Anna. These look great," I replied, taking the plate and inviting her in.

As we sat in my living room, chatting and eating cookies, Anna's flirtatious behavior continued. She leaned forward slightly, giving me a glimpse down her blouse, her eyes twinkling with mischief. Her leg brushed against mine, the contact sending a shiver down my spine.

"You're such a good neighbor, Alex," she said softly, her voice taking on a more intimate tone. "I don't know what I'd do without you."

"I'm happy to help," I replied, my heart pounding in my chest.

Later that week, I was in my backyard again when I heard music coming from Anna's house. Curious, I looked over the fence to see her lounging by the pool in a tiny bikini. The swimsuit left little to the imagination, her large breasts barely contained by the fabric, and her toned body glistening in the sunlight.

"Care to join me?" she called out, her voice playful and inviting.

I hesitated for a moment, the sight of her nearly overwhelming. "Why not?" I finally replied, stripping off my shirt and walking over to her yard.

As I approached, Anna stood up, her body dripping with water. She walked towards me, her movements slow and deliberate, her eyes locked onto mine. When she was just inches away, she reached out and placed a hand on my chest, her touch sending a wave of heat through me.

"It's nice to have some company," she said, her voice low and seductive. "I get so lonely out here by myself."

We spent the afternoon swimming and lounging by the pool, our conversations filled with flirtatious banter and lingering touches. At one point, Anna climbed out of the pool and stood in front of me,

water dripping down her body. She bent over to adjust her towel, giving me an unobstructed view of her cleavage and the curve of her ass.

“Oops,” she said with a coy smile, noticing my gaze. “I seem to have dropped my towel.”

As she straightened up, she gave me a look that left no doubt about her intentions. The air between us was thick with tension, the boundaries between us growing more and more blurred with each passing moment.

That evening, as I sat on my porch reflecting on the day, Anna appeared once again. This time, she was wearing a sheer nightgown that left little to the imagination. She walked over to the fence, her movements slow and deliberate, her eyes locked onto mine.

“Good night, Alex,” she said softly, her voice full of promise.

“Good night, Anna,” I replied, my heart racing.

As she walked back to her house, her hips swaying with each step, I knew that the boundaries between us had been pushed to their limits. The tension between us was almost unbearable, the unspoken desires simmering just beneath the surface, waiting to be unleashed.

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The flirtation between Anna and me reached new heights in the days that followed. Her teasing glances, subtle touches, and provocative attire had become a constant, tantalizing presence in my life. Each interaction left me craving more, the unspoken tension between us building to an almost unbearable intensity.

One evening, as I was finishing up dinner, my phone buzzed with a text message. It was from Anna.

Hey Alex, could you come over for a bit? I need some help with something.

I stared at the message for a moment, my mind racing with possibilities. The casual tone of her request did little to mask the underlying invitation. With a mixture of anticipation and excitement, I replied.

Sure, I'll be right over.

I made my way next door, the cool evening air doing little to calm the heat building inside me. When Anna opened the door, she was dressed in a loose-fitting blouse and tight jeans, her hair cascading over her shoulders in soft waves. She greeted me with a warm smile that sent a jolt of electricity through me.

“Thanks for coming, Alex,” she said, stepping aside to let me in. “I need a little help with some things around the house.”

“No problem,” I replied, my voice steady despite the racing of my heart. “What do you need help with?”

She led me to the living room, where a large box sat in the middle of the floor. “I was trying to put this new bookshelf together, but I could use an extra pair of hands.”

I nodded, rolling up my sleeves. “Let's get to it then.”

As we worked together, the air between us was thick with unspoken tension. Anna moved close to me, her body brushing against mine as we assembled the pieces. Her touch was electric, sending shivers down my spine every time our skin made contact. She leaned over to hand me a tool, her blouse gaping open to reveal a tantalizing glimpse of her cleavage.

"Oops," she said with a coy smile, noticing my gaze. "I seem to be a bit clumsy today."

I swallowed hard, trying to focus on the task at hand. "No worries. I think we're almost done here."

As we finished assembling the bookshelf, Anna stepped back to admire our handiwork. "Looks perfect," she said, her eyes locking onto mine. "Thank you so much, Alex. I don't know what I'd do without you."

"Happy to help," I replied, my voice a little husky. The charged atmosphere between us was almost palpable, the boundaries of our relationship pushed to their limits.

Anna moved closer, her eyes dark with unspoken desire. "You know," she said softly, her voice barely above a whisper, "there's one more thing I could use some help with."

"What's that?" I asked, my heart pounding in my chest.

Instead of answering, she reached out and placed a hand on my chest, her touch sending a wave of heat through me. She stepped even closer, her body pressed against mine, her breath warm on my neck.

"I think you know," she murmured, her lips brushing against my ear.

In that moment, the tension between us snapped. I wrapped my arms around her, pulling her close as our lips met in a searing kiss. Anna responded eagerly, her hands roaming over my back as she pressed herself against me. The kiss deepened, our tongues exploring each other's mouths with a hunger that had been building for weeks.

We stumbled back onto the couch, our bodies entwined as we tore at each other's clothes. Anna's blouse slipped off her shoulders, revealing the smooth expanse of her skin and the curves of her enormous breasts. They swung heavily, almost hypnotically, with each movement. I kissed my way down her neck, my hands exploring her body as she moaned softly in my ear.

She arched her back, pressing her body against mine as she whispered, "I've wanted this for so long, Alex."

"Me too," I replied, my voice thick with desire.

Anna's hands were on my belt, her fingers deftly unbuckling it as she pulled me closer. I helped her, our movements frantic and urgent as we shed the last of our clothes. Her massive tits bounced and swayed with every motion, each swing more arousing than the last.

I slid my fingers down her stomach, feeling her shiver as I reached the waistband of her jeans. She gasped as I unbuttoned them, her hips lifting to help me slide them off. She wasn't wearing any panties, and the sight of her wet pussy made my cock throb with anticipation.

"Fuck, Anna," I groaned, running my fingers over her slick folds. "You're so wet."

"Only for you, Alex," she moaned, spreading her legs wider. "I need you inside me. Now."

I didn't need any more encouragement. I freed my cock from my pants, positioning myself between her thighs. I could feel the heat radiating from her pussy, her arousal coating my fingers as I teased her entrance.

"Please, Alex," she begged, her voice desperate. "Fuck me."

With a low growl, I thrust into her, burying myself to the hilt. Anna cried out, her nails digging into my back as I started to move, each stroke deep and hard. Her pussy clenched around me, her wetness making it easy to slide in and out.

"Yes, just like that," she panted, her hips meeting mine with every thrust. "Fuck me harder."

I obliged, increasing my pace. The sound of our bodies slapping together filled the room, accompanied by Anna's moans and gasps of pleasure. Her enormous tits bounced wildly with each movement, swinging and swaying as I pounded into her.

"God, you feel so good," I groaned, moving to her other breast. "So fucking tight."

Anna arched her back, lifting her hips to meet my thrusts. I reached down, grabbing her thighs and lifting her legs onto my shoulders, changing the angle and driving deeper into her. She gasped at the new sensation, her hands gripping the couch cushions for support.

"Fuck, Alex," she whimpered, her voice breathy. "I love it when you go deep."

I increased my pace, the new angle allowing me to hit her sweet spot with every thrust. Her moans grew louder, her body trembling with the intensity of her pleasure. I could feel my own orgasm building, the tightness of her pussy driving me closer to the edge.

"I'm going to come, Anna," I warned, my voice strained.

"Me too," she gasped, her eyes squeezed shut. "Come inside me, Alex. Fill me up."

With a final, deep thrust, I came, spilling inside her. The feeling of my release triggered her own orgasm, her body shuddering as she cried out my name. We stayed like that for a moment, both of us breathing heavily, bodies still connected.

When I finally pulled out, we collapsed onto the couch, her head resting on my chest. "That was fucking incredible," she whispered, her voice soft and satisfied.

My heart still pounding. "You were amazing."

Anna lifted her head, her eyes meeting mine with a mixture of affection and desire. "I don't want this to end, Alex. I need more of this, more of you."

I ran my fingers through her hair, gently brushing it away from her face. "I'm not going anywhere, Anna. We can have this whenever you want."

She smiled, a look of pure contentment on her face. "Good. Because I think we're just getting started."

As we lay there together, the boundaries between us had been completely erased, replaced by an intense connection that neither of us could deny. The future was uncertain, but in that moment, all that mattered was the undeniable bond we shared, a bond that promised to bring us even closer in the days to come.



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The next morning, I woke up with a lingering sense of satisfaction. The memory of the night before with Anna was fresh in my mind, and the thought of her still made my heart race. After a quick shower and breakfast, I heard a knock at the door. It was Anna, standing there with a mischievous smile.

“Good morning, Alex,” she greeted, her eyes twinkling with anticipation. “I thought Buddy could use some company. And maybe... you could help me with something else.”

Her suggestive tone was impossible to miss, and the mere sight of her standing there, with her long hair cascading over her shoulders and her tight tank top and shorts hugging her curves, sent a jolt of desire through me.

“Come in,” I said, stepping aside to let her in. Buddy trotted happily, his tail wagging, completely oblivious to the charged atmosphere between Anna and me.

As soon as the door closed, Anna pressed herself against me, her lips seeking mine in a heated kiss. I responded eagerly, my hands sliding down her back to grasp her ass, pulling her closer. Her moan vibrated against my lips, sending a shiver down my spine.

“I couldn’t stop thinking about last night,” she whispered between kisses, her hands slipping under my shirt to caress my chest. “I need more, Alex. I need you.”

We stumbled our way to the living room, our bodies entwined as we shed our clothes along the way. By the time we reached the couch, we were both naked, our skin tingling with anticipation. Anna pushed me down onto the couch, her eyes dark with desire as she straddled my lap.

She grabbed my cock, stroking it slowly, her eyes locked onto mine. “You like that, don’t you?” she purred, her voice dripping with seduction.

“Fuck, yes,” I groaned, my hips bucking up into her hand. “I want you so bad, Anna.”

She smirked, positioning herself over my cock, her wet pussy teasing the tip. “Then take me,” she whispered, lowering herself onto me, inch by inch. The sensation of her tight, wet heat enveloping me was almost too much to bear.

Anna began to ride me, her movements slow and deliberate at first, her massive tits bouncing with each motion. I reached up, grabbing her breasts, feeling their weight in my hands. They swung heavily with each thrust, the sight of them driving me wild with lust.

“Harder,” I growled, my fingers digging into her hips as I urged her to move faster.

She obliged, her pace quickening, the sound of our bodies slapping together filling the room. Her moans grew louder, her nails digging into my shoulders as she rode me with increasing urgency.

“Oh God, yes,” she panted, her head thrown back in ecstasy. “Fuck me, Alex. Fuck me harder.”

I flipped us over, pinning her beneath me on the couch. Her legs wrapped around my waist as I thrust into her, each stroke deep and hard. Her pussy was so wet, her juices coating my cock as I pounded into her.

“You’re so fucking tight,” I groaned, my hands gripping her hips as I drove into her with abandon.

"Don't stop," she cried, her body arching beneath me. "I'm so close."

I could feel her body tensing, her pussy tightening around my cock as she approached her climax. I leaned down, taking one of her nipples into my mouth and sucking hard. The change in sensation pushed her over the edge, and with a scream of my name, Anna came, her body shuddering as her orgasm washed over her.

I continued thrusting, my own orgasm building as I watched her writhe beneath me. With a few more hard strokes, I came too, spilling inside her. We stayed like that for a moment, both of us breathing heavily, bodies still connected. When I finally pulled out, we collapsed onto the couch, her head resting on my chest.

Anna looked at me, her eyes filled with a mixture of satisfaction and curiosity. "That was amazing, Alex," she whispered, her voice filled with a newfound wonder.

"It was," I agreed, feeling a sense of deep connection with her. "I never want this to end."

She smiled, then glanced at Buddy, who was lying contentedly beside us. "You know," she said softly, "I've always wondered what it would be like with him."

I raised an eyebrow, my pulse quickening. "With Buddy?"

Anna nodded, her eyes dark with desire. "I want to try it. Will you let me?"

The idea was shocking, but the thought of Anna exploring her darkest fantasies was incredibly arousing. I nodded slowly, my heart racing with a mixture of excitement and trepidation.

Anna stood up, her naked body gleaming in the morning light. She knelt on the floor, her ass in the air as she beckoned Buddy over. The dog approached her eagerly, his tail wagging, completely unaware of what was about to happen.

"Good boy," Anna murmured, guiding Buddy's head between her legs. "Lick me, Buddy. Lick my pussy."

Buddy complied, his tongue lapping at Anna's wet folds. She moaned loudly, her back arching as she pushed her hips back against his face.

"Oh God, yes," she panted, her fingers digging into the carpet. "That feels so fucking good."

I watched, my cock hardening again at the sight of Anna being pleased by my dog. The taboo nature of the act only heightened my arousal, and I stroked myself slowly, my eyes never leaving Anna's writhing form.

Buddy's tongue worked her clit with surprising skill, his rough licks making her moan and shudder with pleasure. Her juices coated his muzzle, and she cried out as he pushed his tongue inside her, fucking her with it.

"Fuck, Buddy," she gasped, her body trembling. "Don't stop. Don't ever stop."

I moved closer, unable to resist the sight of Anna being pleased in such a forbidden way. I knelt beside her, my hand joining Buddy's tongue as I rubbed her clit, making her moan even louder.

She turned her head to look at me, her eyes glazed with lust. "Alex," she panted, her voice desperate. "Fuck me while he licks me. I need you both."

I positioned myself behind her, my cock throbbing with need. I pushed into her slick, wet pussy, groaning at the tightness. Buddy continued to lick her clit, and Anna's moans became screams of pleasure as we both pleased her.

The sight of Buddy's tongue on her clit and the feel of her pussy clenching around my cock drove me wild. I thrust into her harder, faster, each stroke making her cry out with pleasure.

"Yes, Alex," she screamed, her body shaking with the force of her orgasm. "Fuck me! Fuck me harder!"

I pounded into her, my hands gripping her hips as I drove into her with all my strength. Her pussy tightened around me, and I could feel her body tensing, ready to come again.

"Come for me, Anna," I growled, my own orgasm building. "Come all over my cock."

With a final, shuddering scream, Anna came, her body convulsing as her orgasm ripped through her. The sight and feel of her release pushed me over the edge, and with a few more thrusts, I came too, filling her with my seed.

We collapsed onto the floor, our bodies trembling with the aftershocks of our pleasure. Buddy lay down beside us, his tail wagging, completely satisfied with his part in our forbidden encounter.

Anna looked at me, her eyes filled with a mixture of exhaustion and satisfaction. "That was... incredible," she whispered, her voice barely audible.

"Yeah," I agreed, my heart still pounding. "It was."

She smiled, a look of pure contentment on her face. "Good. Because I have a feeling this is just the beginning."

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Days turned into a blur of secret meetings and passionate encounters. Each stolen moment with Anna was filled with an intensity that left us both breathless, our desires pushing us to new heights. Buddy became a silent accomplice in our trysts, his presence adding an unexpected thrill to our forbidden games.

The day John was scheduled to return finally arrived. I spent most of the day restless, wondering how things would change with him back. Late in the afternoon, I heard the familiar sound of John's car pulling into their driveway. My pulse quickened with a mix of anxiety and anticipation.

A few hours later, I was in my kitchen when my phone buzzed with a message from Anna.

Hey Alex, can you come over? I need to see you.

I quickly replied, On my way.

I made my way next door, my heart pounding. Anna opened the door almost immediately, her eyes meeting mine with an intensity that sent a jolt of electricity through me. She was dressed casually in a loose dress, her hair flowing freely over her shoulders.

"Hey, Alex," she greeted softly. "Come in."

I stepped inside, and she closed the door behind me. The house felt different with John back, but the

charged atmosphere between Anna and me was unmistakable.

We walked into the living room where John was sitting on the couch, looking relaxed after his trip. He looked up and smiled when he saw me.

"Hey, Alex!" he said warmly. "Good to see you, man. Thanks for keeping an eye on things while I was gone."

"No problem, John," I replied, forcing a casual tone. "Glad to help."

Anna sat down beside John, her hand resting on his thigh in a way that seemed almost possessive. I couldn't help but notice the way her eyes flicked towards me, filled with a hidden intensity.

"How was the trip?" I asked, trying to keep the conversation light.

"Exhausting, but productive," John replied, leaning back. "I'm glad to be home."

We chatted for a while, the conversation easy and familiar. But beneath the surface, the tension between Anna and me simmered, waiting for an opportunity to boil over.

After a few minutes, John stood up, stretching. "I think I'll take a quick shower. It's been a long day."

"Sure, honey," Anna said, her voice sweet. "We'll be here."

As John left the room, the atmosphere between Anna and me shifted. She stood up, moving closer to me, her eyes dark with desire.

"I need to talk to you," she said softly, her voice barely above a whisper.

I followed her to the kitchen, my heart pounding. As soon as we were out of earshot, she turned to me, her expression intense.

"I can't wait for him to leave again," she whispered, her eyes locked onto mine. "I need you, Alex. These past few days have been amazing, and I don't want it to stop."

I felt a surge of desire at her words, my body reacting to the intensity in her gaze. "I feel the same way, Anna. I want more too."

She stepped closer, her hand resting on my chest. "I miss you already. I want you so badly, Alex."

Before I could respond, she pressed her lips to mine in a heated kiss. The taste of her was intoxicating, her body pressing against mine in a way that made it hard to think straight.

"Fuck, Anna," I murmured against her lips. "We have to be careful."

"I know," she whispered back, her breath hot against my skin. "But I can't help it. I need you."

The sound of the shower running upstairs reminded us of the reality of our situation. Reluctantly, we pulled apart, our breathing heavy.

"When John leaves again, we'll pick up right where we left off," she promised, her eyes filled with a mix of longing and determination.

"I'll be counting the days," I replied, my voice thick with desire.

Anna gave me a final, lingering kiss before stepping back. "We'd better go back before he gets suspicious."

I nodded, taking a deep breath to steady myself. As we walked back to the living room, I couldn't help but feel a thrill of anticipation for what was to come. The forbidden nature of our relationship only seemed to make it more intense, more addictive.

John came down a few minutes later, looking refreshed and oblivious to the charged atmosphere between his wife and me. We spent the rest of the evening chatting, but my mind was already racing ahead, planning our next encounter.

As I left their house that night, Anna walked me to the door. She leaned in close, her lips brushing against my ear as she whispered, "I can't wait for him to leave again. And next time... I want to go further with Buddy."

Her words sent a shiver down my spine, a mix of shock and arousal flooding through me. "You mean...?"

She nodded, her eyes dark with desire. "Yes. I want to explore everything with you, Alex. I trust you."

I nodded slowly, my pulse quickening. "Neither can I."

As I walked back to my house, I knew that this was just the beginning of our forbidden desires. The anticipation of our next encounter already had me counting the days until John's next trip. The thrill of the forbidden, the intensity of our connection, and the promise of more to come kept me on edge, eagerly waiting for the moment when we could be together again.

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## **Part Two**

John's business trips had become a regular event, leaving Anna alone and restless once again. As his car pulled away, I watched from my window as Anna stood in the driveway, her eyes following her husband's departure. She turned her gaze towards my house, a spark of anticipation lighting up within her. I could already feel the familiar stirrings of desire as she made her way over, her steps quickening with every moment.

I opened the door to find Anna standing there, dressed in a tight, low-cut blouse and a short skirt that barely covered her thighs. Her playful smile spoke volumes about her intentions.

"Hey, Alex," she purred, stepping inside without waiting for an invitation. "John's away again."

"Come in," I replied, my voice thick with desire. I could already feel the tension building between us, a palpable electric charge that made my heart race.

Anna wasted no time, pressing her body against mine as soon as the door closed. Our lips met in a heated kiss, hands wandering eagerly over each other's bodies. The taste of her lips drove me wild with longing, and I could feel my cock hardening against her.

After several minutes of intense kissing, Anna pulled back slightly, her eyes filled with mischief and lust. "I've been thinking about Buddy," she whispered. "I want to feel him again."

A surge of arousal shot through me at her words. I called Buddy over, the golden retriever wagging his tail eagerly. Anna knelt down, her skirt riding up to reveal her bare ass. She spread her legs wide, guiding Buddy's head between her thighs. The dog's rough tongue made contact with her wet folds, and she gasped, her body trembling with pleasure.

"Oh, fuck," Anna moaned, her voice quivering. Buddy's tongue lapped at her clit, sending waves of ecstasy through her. I watched, my cock throbbing with need at the sight of Anna being pleased by my dog.

"Does that feel good?" I asked, my voice low and husky, as I unzipped my pants and began stroking myself.

"Yes," Anna gasped, her eyes fluttering shut. "So fucking good."

Buddy continued to lick her with increasing fervor, his tongue exploring every inch of her pussy. Anna's moans grew louder, her hips grinding against Buddy's face. I couldn't resist any longer. I knelt beside them, my fingers joining Buddy's tongue as I rubbed her clit, making her cry out in pleasure.

"You're so wet for him," I murmured, slipping a finger inside her. "You love this, don't you?"

Anna nodded frantically, her breath coming in short gasps. "Yes, I love it," she moaned. "I love being licked by Buddy."

Anna's body was on fire, her arousal reaching new heights. She turned to look at me, her eyes glazed with lust. "I want more," she panted. "I want to feel him inside me."

I guided Buddy into position. Anna got on all fours, her ass high in the air, presenting herself to Buddy. The dog mounted her eagerly, his cock slipping between her wet folds. Anna moaned loudly as Buddy's cock filled her, his movements quick and eager.

"Fuck, Buddy, you're so deep," she cried out, her body shaking with each thrust. "Fill me up."

Buddy's thrusts became more urgent, his knot beginning to swell inside her pussy. The sensation was intense, the pressure almost too much to bear, but Anna's cries soon turned to moans of ecstasy as her body adjusted. The pain mingled with a shocking pleasure that left her breathless. I watched her intently, every movement driving me wild with desire.

"You're taking him so well," I said, feeling my own arousal peak. "How does it feel?"

"It's amazing," she gasped, her fingers clenching the carpet. "I can feel every inch of him."

Buddy's knot continued to swell, stretching her tight pussy. The pressure and fullness were overwhelming, pushing Anna to the brink of orgasm.

"God, he's so big," Anna moaned. "I'm so close."

With one final thrust, Buddy's knot swelled to its maximum size, locking them together. Anna screamed in pleasure, her body convulsing as she came hard around Buddy's knot.

As Buddy's thrusts slowed, Anna gently pulled away from him, her body still trembling from the intense orgasm. She turned to look at me, a mischievous glint in her eye.

"I want to taste him," she whispered.

I watched as Anna knelt in front of Buddy, taking his slick cock into her mouth. She sucked eagerly, her tongue swirling around his length, cleaning her own juices off him. The sight was incredibly erotic, and I could feel my own arousal building as I watched.

Anna moaned around Buddy's cock, her head bobbing up and down as she took him deeper into her throat. Buddy's tail wagged enthusiastically, his hips thrusting slightly as he enjoyed her attention.

"Fuck, Anna, you look so hot sucking him off," I murmured, unable to take my eyes off her.

She looked up at me, her eyes filled with lust as she continued to suck Buddy's cock. Her lips glided up and down his shaft, her tongue working expertly. Buddy's cock twitched in her mouth, and I could tell he was getting close to coming.

Anna didn't stop, her pace increasing as she sucked him harder. Buddy's hips bucked, and with a low growl, he came in her mouth. Anna moaned around his cock, swallowing his cum eagerly. She continued to suck, milking him for every last drop, her tongue working over his sensitive flesh.

As Anna finished sucking Buddy, she sat back, catching her breath. But Buddy wasn't done yet. With surprising speed, he mounted her again, this time his cock slipping into her ass unexpectedly.

Anna gasped in surprise, a mix of pain and pleasure washing over her. "Oh, fuck," she whimpered. "Not there!"

Buddy's knot was still swollen, stretching her tight hole even more than before. The sensation was intense, the pressure almost unbearable, but Anna's cries soon turned to moans of ecstasy as her body adjusted. She tried to move away, but Buddy held her firmly in place, his thrusts becoming more urgent.

"Alex, help me," she gasped, her fingers clawing at the carpet. "I can't take it!"

I moved closer, trying to soothe her. "Just relax," I whispered. "Let your body adjust."

Anna's moans grew louder, her body shaking with pleasure. Buddy's knot continued to swell, stretching her even further. The fullness and pressure were overwhelming, pushing Anna to the brink of another orgasm.

"Fuck, it's so intense," she gasped. "I can't believe how big he is."

Buddy's thrusts became more frantic, his knot fully locked inside her. The pressure and fullness were too much, driving Anna to another explosive climax. She screamed in pleasure, her body convulsing as she came hard around Buddy's knot.

Buddy held her tight, the pressure building until, with a loud, wet pop, he pulled out, leaving her gasping and trembling on the floor.

As Buddy's thrusts slowed, Anna pulled away gently, her body quivering with the aftershocks of her intense experience. She turned to me, her eyes filled with desire and satisfaction. "I need you now," she whispered.

I helped her to her feet, leading her to the couch. I sat down, my cock hard and ready. Anna knelt between my legs, taking me into her mouth without hesitation. Her tongue swirled around my tip, her lips sliding down my length, taking me deeper and deeper with each bob of her head.

"Oh, fuck, Anna," I groaned, my hands tangling in her hair. "That feels so fucking good."

Anna sucked eagerly, her head bobbing up and down as she took me deeper into her throat. Her eyes locked onto mine, the connection between us electrifying. I could feel the pressure building, but I wanted to savor the moment.

"Don't stop," I panted, thrusting my hips gently. "Suck me harder."

Anna obeyed, her lips tightening around my shaft as she sucked with more intensity. The combination of her skillful mouth and the memory of our earlier encounter with Buddy drove me wild. I could feel my orgasm building, my body tensing with anticipation.

"I'm going to come," I warned, my voice strained. "Swallow every drop."

With a final, deep thrust, I exploded in her mouth. Anna moaned around my cock, swallowing my cum eagerly. She continued to suck, milking me for every last drop, her tongue working over my sensitive flesh.

Exhausted and satisfied, I pulled Anna up to lie beside me on the couch. We lay there, our bodies entwined, basking in the afterglow of our intense session.

"That was incredible," Anna murmured, her head resting on my chest.

"You're amazing," I replied, kissing her forehead.

Anna smiled, a look of pure contentment on her face. "I can't wait for next time."

I chuckled, my fingers tracing lazy circles on her back. "Neither can I."

As we lay there, the anticipation for future encounters simmered between us. The boundaries of our desires had been pushed even further, and the promise of more intense experiences hung in the air.