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BEASTIALITY STORIES



My name is Stormy; I am a 34-year-old male. I have dark hair and eyes that change color based on my moods. I have been our dog's bitch for many years now. My wife Sara has been supportive. She is not into sex with the dog at all. However, she has helped and watched me countless times with our dog, Oliver. Oliver is a Golden Retriever he is about eighty pounds, he has the most beautiful coat. It's so soft and warm when he is on you or snuggled against you.

Oliver was trained from six months on to have sex with me. As long as we are in the bedroom, all he has to do is push at me with his paws, and I know what he wants. Oliver is your typical horny dog; he wants sex several times a day. Most days, he gets what he wants. Let me describe a typical day at our house. My wife gets up to go to work around 5 am. She lets Oliver out and then takes her morning shower. I get up most days while she is showering (I am retired due to medical issues, so I don't work). I put on a robe and let Oliver in; I checked his food and water. My wife gets dressed and leaves for work. I go into the bedroom to start my morning. Most days, Oliver takes this as his queue.

He comes in and waits for my robe to come off. There are small scratches on my side from his claws. I do not mind them. I call them love scratches. Sara looks at them every night to see if there are new ones. He then jumps up and pushes on my back. I know that command. I get down on my hands and knees. I have learned over time to take my finger and wet it with my saliva and give myself a little finger fuck for lubrication. Oliver starts to prance around a little because he knows that means I am ready. I glance over and can see that eight-inch-long red cock hanging out of its sheath. I want so badly to suck on it. But Oliver doesn't like that.

He is more of let's fuck, I need to cum type dog. He walks behind me, and I can feel him breathing on my thigh and ass. He raises onto my back, and his paws grab at my side. I can feel his claws dig a little. I have learned to like this little bit of pain. It's worth it for his love. His fur is so soft and so warm. I can feel his chest move as he starts to pant a bit. His mouth is just over the back of my neck, and the heat of his breath gives me goosebumps. I can feel him as he starts to prod his cock on my ass, and I can feel some of the sticky wetness of his pre-cum. It takes a moment or two as he finds his mark.

Once Oliver has found my asshole, he pushes in as hard and deep as he can. Even now, after several years of it, I still get my breath caught for a moment at the feeling of being penetrated so suddenly. The feeling of his eight-inch cock ramming into me causes me to close my eyes, and my brain just focuses on the pleasure. Oliver starts to thrust in and out of me as fast as he can. It feels like a hard, smooth rod and expands as he goes. I push back against him without even thinking about it. All I can think of right now is to please him as much as possible. I want to make him cum. I want to feel him squirt his seed into me.

As Oliver nears his release, he starts to drool on the back of my neck. He has always done this. I can feel his heart on my back, his breath on my neck so hot and strong. The knot has started to push against my ass. This used to hurt, but I have gotten so used to it that I can accept him easily now. He pushes his knot into me, and I can feel it expand inside of me. I know he is almost there. My brain screams at me every time I have my orgasm without touching myself. Oliver gives his grow as he does every time. Then I feel his prick start to pulse in me. I can feel him cumming inside of me. Oliver has always had what, to me, is an amazing amount of sperm. I swear to you, it feels like a gallon! I know it's less, but when it's being shot up your ass, it feels huge! I love every moment of it.

When he is done, he turns away, and we must wait for his knot to go down. I can still feel him in there all that time. The floor is already wet from where I have cum, and Oliver exits me with a wet-

sounding plop. I can feel his sperm run down my leg. I love the feeling, and when Sara is in the mood on weekends, she will have me leave it there because she knows I love it. Being alone, however, cup my hand over my ass and get up and into the shower. I get dressed and get on with the day.

When Sara gets home, I cook dinner, watch TV, or surf Facebook at night. Then we head to bed. We both get undressed. This gets Oliver started all over again. Sara will generally watch, sometimes she will lay at the edge of the bed and finger her self-inches from my face. Oliver has made it clear in the past that you don't mess with his bitch while fucking, so I have to wait for sex with her until after he is done. While Sara has never cared to have sex with Oliver for pleasure herself, she does get off watching him fuck me. After he is done with me, she likes to stick her fingers in my ass to keep it open as long as she can. Then she will take her fingers drenched in dog cum and offer them to me. I lick her finger off and relish in the salty flavor of it. Most nights, this leads to some great sex. For years, I have wanted to suck Oliver's dick, but as I said, he doesn't like it. Sara helped me one time to get a mouth full of dog cum. However, that's something for later on down the road.

One Fine Night...

This encounter happened just at our Anniversary. We went out to eat at a local Sushi we enjoyed. I ordered a glass of wine, and Sara ordered a Blue Hawaiian. This was our norm. We ate, and as we did, we just chatted. I only had one drink, as I was the driver. On the other hand, Sara had one drink, then another. She had six Blue Hawaiians and was in the happy, giggly stage. I paid the bill and poured my slightly stumbling wife into the car. By the time we got home, the alcohol had hit her. She was singing aloud and a little stumble. She turns to me in the living room suddenly enough I thought she would fall over.

She said, "Let's go to bed, and you can fuck my brains out."

Three things about my wife and drinking. It makes her happy and giddy, and it makes her horny as hell. God, I love my wife.

Before I could get her in the bedroom, she was already dropping clothes on the floor. First her blouse, followed by a bra, followed by a pair of shorts and pink panties. We went less than twenty feet, and she was stripped naked. She crawled on the bed and looked at me. I started to undress as fast as I could. Once I was naked, Oliver, our Golden Retriever, jumped up with his paws and gave me a push. This was his way of saying he wanted to fuck me. Oliver and I have had sex together for several years. He was taught if I was naked in the bedroom, it was ok.

I looked at my wife, who just chuckled. She said, "Come up here and bring him with you."

This was kind of strange as Oliver was not allowed on the bed during sex. My wife, while very supportive of my relationship with our dog, has said she didn't want that. I have never pushed it or even brought it up after she said it. Therefore, I got on the bed and called Oliver up. He looked at us for a moment. I could see his mind trying to figure out why he wasn't getting sex and if he should listen to the command. It would seem he gave up on the sex and hopped up on the bed. My eyes went to his red member that was hanging down. Sara's eyes went there, too.

She got on all fours, looked at me, and said: "I wanna fuck him tonight."

I was so surprised I was stunned. I couldn't talk or move. Sara patted her ass and called Oliver in a very warm and seductive voice. Oliver responded quickly. I asked my wife, "Are you sure? Here on

our bed?"

She looked at me and responded, "Honey, I am not a bitch or a slut for dogs; I won't get on the floor. That's your job."

This was both humiliating and erotic at the same time.

Oliver walked over to my wife, sniffing, perhaps perplexed at the different sex offered. He mulled behind her for a while, sniffing and trying to figure out what to do. He had never had a woman before. When I thought this was not going to work. Oliver took a lick at her pussy, from the bottom to the top. My wife sucked in a breath. I was sure that she was changing her mind. Oliver, however, didn't care so much about how she felt. He started licking faster. I moved to them on the bed.

She quickly said, "Leave him alone. This is fucking amazing."

I backed off and just watched as Oliver kept licking. My eyes went back and forth between Oliver's lapping of her cunt, his hard-on, and my wife's face. My wife suddenly started to have what I was guessing was her first orgasm.

She mutters, "Oh my God, yes, lick it. That's right, honey, oh yes, there." My dick was raging. I went to grab it to jerk it off, and my wife opened her eyes and said, "No, not yet. You don't get to yet. Help him to fuck me. I want his cock in me."

I didn't have to be told twice. I reached over and pulled Oliver away. I put his paw up on the back of her ass. Oliver got the idea at once. He didn't need much in the way of coaxing. Oliver mounted my wife, and I moved lower to look between them. My wife's pussy was so wet she was almost dripping. Oliver was working hard to find his mark but kept missing. He would bang her clit, slide near her ass. Each time, I could see her breath just a little heavier. My wife reached under herself and just guided him to the opening of her vagina. That was all Oliver needed! He thrust into her as hard as he could, and she was so wet he went in almost all eight inches.

My wife yelled, "Ouch, he's splitting me." I moved forward again to stop it. She screamed, "Leave us alone."

I was like, "Oh shit, OK."

Oliver didn't care about any distress he was causing. He started to fuck her so fast it was like a blur. I moved to watch again. My wife started to moan. She was muttering, "Oh my God, Oh my God. Jesus, this feels so good. Shit, shit, shit..."

Then she let out a moan. I had never heard from her before. I looked over in time to see her eyes roll up. Fuck me, it was so hot to watch. Oliver, oblivious to what was happening under him, just kept going. I saw his knot start to form. I said to Sara, "He's gonna knot you. It's growing fast."

About this time, the knot starts to slap against her pussy lips. Oliver was trying so hard to ram it in there. The knot had grown to the size of a small orange when I watched as, in one push, it went halfway in. My wife cried out in pleasure. Then, in the blink of an eye, they're tied. Oliver continued to fuck her for a few more minutes. My wife was in bliss the whole time. Oliver was drooling on the back of her neck. This was a sure sign that he was about to cum. I watch silently as Oliver stops moving.

My wife suddenly shouted, "Oh my God, he's cumming! He's cumming inside me I can feel his cock throbbing."

She launched to another orgasm. This time all she could do was pant, sucking in the air as fast as she could. I watched Oliver I could tell I was done. He was trying to move. My wife, still not in her right mind, didn't notice. Oliver kicked his leg over, and they were now locked. My wife was in a state of constant orgasms. I could see her face, jaw-dropping, eyes closed so tight. I knew they were stuck like this for ten to twenty minutes. All I could do was watch with a dick that was just dripping precum.

After a while, my wife came back to herself, still with them together. She said, "I can feel him getting smaller," she had a sort of disappointed tone to that. She moved suddenly as I first heard a wet plopping sound, followed quickly by her hand slapping her own pussy hard. She looked at me and said, "Lay down fast."

I didn't even question or think about what she was doing. I just lay on my back. With her hand still tight on her vagina, she straddled my head and squatted down with her pussy just half an inch from my mouth.

"Open your mouth wide," she said.

I did, and she removed her hand. With that stream of dog semen mixed with my wife's cum dripped into my mouth. It was so salty, so runny, and so amazingly good. I felt her hand wrap around my rock-hard dick. Her hand was slick with dog cum. She started to jack me off. I was under her and lapping as much dog cum as I could. I stuck my tongue as far up as I could get. Then I started to orgasm. I was shooting my own sperm everywhere.

My wife got off me and lay down on her side facing me. I approached her, and she wrinkled her nose at me and said, "Babe, your breath stinks. Either stay down there or get behind me."

I cuddled up against her soft pubic hair and lay silently in an afterglow. My wife said, "Well, Oliver wouldn't let you give him a blowjob, how did this work?"

I responded by kissing that soft mound. As we fell asleep with my face in her crotch, I wondered if this was going to be a new chapter in our story or if this was a one-off thing. The last sounds I heard before sleeping were my wife's quiet snore and the dog cleaning himself on the floor.

What a Weekend...

I woke up with my wife's leg draped over my face. It took a moment to orient myself. I had fallen asleep in her crotch last night. She was still asleep and breathing softly. I moved slowly out from under her leg to not wake her. It didn't work at all. She woke up and greeted me as she always does with that smile and good morning. She jumped up to be the first in the bathroom. I waited, and she returned and laid on the bed. I looked over, and Oliver was quietly watching and lying on his blanket.

I lay down facing her. She chuckled at me, saying, "Ugh, sleeping didn't help your breath. Back down you go!"

She pushed me down to her lower abdomen, her hand petting my hair. I could smell the musky odor from her pussy after last night's adventure with Oliver. It was turning me on a little. My wife lay there for a while, silently staring off into space. I didn't bother her. I liked where I was.

After a while, she asked, "Did you enjoy last night?"

Well, there was only one response to that. "You know I did, Hun. It was amazing. I loved the taste of you two so much!"

There was quiet for a short while again, to the point I started to wonder. Sara said, "Well, it was fun, and it's no wonder you like Oliver, that dog can fuck. I feel kind of strange about it, though."

I didn't want to stop her processing, so I asked, "How so?"

Even though I could have told you the answer, Sara took a moment and responded, "I feel almost like it was cheating. But I did enjoy it more than I thought I would."

"Babe, I do it with Oliver all the time; you don't consider me cheating, do you?" I asked.

She said, "No, but then I don't consider myself a dog's bitch either, and you do. It's always been a turn-on for me to watch you get fucked by him."

My wife is seldom so blunt with words. Until the last few days, I could count on one hand the number of times she used the word bitch. She has not called me that once in the last three years, and now it's been twice in twenty-four hours? It was a thrill and humiliating at the same time. Something strange was going on. I just stayed quiet to let her think. Oliver got up and started to prance around. I got up to go let him out.

Sara stood up and asked, "Where are you going, and just what are you doing?"

I said, "Just going to let Oliver out."

She took my arm, stopped me, and pushed on my shoulder. "Nope, I want some quiet time, down on all fours."

We have done this for a while. When Sara wanted quiet time, I would be just another dog to her. She would watch TV, read a book, take a bath, and pet the two of us now and then. Sometimes, she would even play tug with a rope or fetch with a ball; I learned to enjoy it very much. She has to have her downtime. Oliver during those times, if we were in the bedroom, would mount me as often as he could.

Therefore, I said, "OK, let me go to the bathroom first."

She said with a smile and twinkle in her eye, "I will take care of both of you right now. Down... and quiet now." I got down on the floor. She put her robe on, and Oliver was already at the door. She looked down at me and said, "Come..."

Therefore, I followed. She opened the back door. Oliver rushed out. She just looked at me. I quickly got the message. I went outside. We have twelve-foot walls and a green belt behind no second-story houses in the area, so I was assured of my privacy. However, this is the first time I have done this. I was not sure exactly how far we were going. I turned to look at the back door, and Sara was gone. I could hear the cups for the coffee pot, so I guessed what she was doing. The urge to pee was so bad I moved over to the side of the house and just let go.

Pee pooled up and got on my knee as if it flowed downhill, but I was in the middle of going and couldn't stop. My wife walked around and said, "Good girl."

She always calls me a girl when I am on all fours. I was slightly humiliated, as we had never pushed it this far. I finished, and she called Oliver and me in. The grass dried my urine-covered knee. I went

inside. She sat down and started to drink her coffee. Therefore, Oliver and I just messed around for about thirty minutes. Where he went, I followed. So where did he go? The bedroom, of course.

When I'm naked and in the bedroom, Oliver knows he can mount me at his leisure. He has been trained for that over the years. I knew what he had on his mind. Our bedroom has a bed, a small open area in front of the bed, and two chairs set up as a small reading area where Oliver's bed and my bed are. I knew what Oliver had in mind, so I went to bed to put my head down on something comfortable. Oliver was already prancing around, looking for his best direction. I could see his dick already sticking out and getting hard. He jumped on my back and pushed me forward within an inch of a chair. I was sure I was about to be smacked in the head with it.

I must have made a noise because Sara came in just then, coffee still in hand. Oliver was starting to jab at my butt. I could feel him back there. I licked my finger to give myself some lubrication, and suddenly I felt a wet finger up my ass. I DID smack my head on the chair this time. Sara had moistened her finger with warm coffee and pushed it in without warning. She moved it around for a second or two and then removed it. She has NEVER in our whole marriage done something like that. Oliver, with the added lubrication, found his mark. He slammed into me. Already being caught off guard and slightly confused, I wasn't ready!

My ass cinched up, and there was pain that I had not had for a couple of years. It felt good and painful at the same time. The pain was nice; in this case, it felt so good. Sara read my face and just smiled. Oliver was going to town. The pain was going away as my ass went back to normal. Sara sat in the chair before me with her robe slightly open. She took a sip of coffee and watched for a minute as Oliver, as if a piston fucked me as hard as he could.

Sara then put the coffee down and slid down on the chair. She has done this on the edge of the bed now and then. She will stick a few fingers in her pussy and cum while watching me get fucked by the dog. This time, her pussy was right in my face, as I had hit my head on the chair when she fingered me. Her pussy-smelled musky from the dog cum last night, and it smelled a bit like pee as well. Not unpleasant just not normal for my wife.

Sara looked down at me, then with a commanding voice, said, "Lick my pussy, you little bitch."

I didn't even have time to register the words she said as I dove right in. I started licking her pussy lips and parting them. I did full laps from the bottom to the top, as I watched Oliver do last night. When I hit her clit, it was fun to feel her jump under me. My body being rocked back and forth by Oliver's thrusts into me caused my tongue to do an in-and-out motion as it went up and down. She had the strangest taste to her. It didn't stop me or slow me down, however.

Sara smiled and asked, "Taste good?" I couldn't respond between her pussy and Oliver. "I left just a little pee for you. I hear dogs go nuts at the smell or taste of it."

Holy fuck, she was right. I shot a load of cum on the floor right then. Here I was, my face in my wife's cunt, still tasting the remains of cum from the dog and pee from her bathroom this morning. The fact that I just came all over the floor because of my wife's words turned me eighty shades of red. Sara chuckled, and I saw something strange in her eyes. I can feel Oliver's breath on my neck and my ear. He is drooling on me at this point. That tells me he is close.

I could feel the knot of his prick trying to push its way in. After a few years of us fucking, he has no problem with it going in. It starts to expand there, and I feel every movement he makes. I'm licking as hard and fast as I can on Sara's clit. I want her to cum so badly. Oliver stops moving, and I can feel him starting to throb and jerk inside me. I know he is cumming. Sara starts to cum at the same

moment. It's almost like they timed it. I moan into her pussy as I'm overwhelmed by it all. Oliver finishes filling me with cum and raises his leg over me. I know when you are stuck for at least ten minutes or so.

Sara's eyes start to open. She reaches down, "You're such a good girl."

Petting me slowly on the head, I stop licking and lower myself to the floor. Sara sits back up and closes her robe. We all wait for Oliver to shrink down.

As Oliver plops out of me, his cum runs down my leg, and he goes off to clean himself, as always. Sara just smiles. "I'm gonna have a shower now," she said. I start to get up and join her. She turned with a scowl on her face. "Just where are you going, little girl?" I stop; my mind is racing, and I look at the shower. She smiles and says, "Dogs are given baths. You don't get one right now."

Off she went into the shower. Leaving me with a face that smells like urine and dog cum, and dog cum running down the inside of my leg.

I'm left there to ponder what is going on with my wife. What are we doing as a couple? What is this change, and do I like it? It is a bit humiliating. Oliver gets up and starts to head over to me again. It's been five minutes, and he's ready for round two. I put my head down as he hops up. What a weekend this has been.

Something Old, Something New...

This has been a strange weekend for me. Today has been the strangest day in a very long time. I have been on the floor all day, playing with our dog Oliver, and by that, I mean playing tug or running after him as fast as I can. My wife has been binge-watching her Netflix shows, paying no mind to Oliver and me other than to tell us to quiet down now and then.

None of that is overly strange; what is strange is that the dog has screwed me about three times, and my wife wouldn't let me up to shower. Her words were, "Bitches can lick themselves, or someone gives them a bath, but they don't shower."

Well, I can't lick back there! So I have dried dog cum all over my ass, down my legs on my hands (my wife, for the first time, called them paws). Then, when it was dinnertime, she left the house, told us to be good dogs, and warned me, "Don't you even get off that floor, little girl, or I will know."

This is different from my wife. I mean, don't get me wrong. I love every word and every moment, but this woman is different. She came back about what I guess was an hour later. She had canned dog food, bowls, and a new chew toy. Pulling stuff from the bag, she explained, "This is human-grade food. It won't hurt you. I'll give you some of my leftovers so you get what you need for today."

None of what she said registered to me at all.

She walked into the kitchen and started to make herself dinner. She had a salad with some pasta. Once her food was ready, she grabbed the bowls and put them down a few feet from Oliver's. It hit me just then what she had in mind. She opened one can of food and split it between Oliver and me. I looked at the bowl as Oliver woofed down his (pun intended).

Sara looked at me and said, "Eat it, or that's all you're going to get, and you can go without." Then, smiling, she added, "If you don't eat, you will sleep on the cold floor tonight."

That was all it took. I started to eat. It's nearly as bad as you would think. It tasted like those cans of soup you get for a dollar at the store. My wife sat down to eat. I tried to finish my food, but Oliver had other ideas and pushed me out. My wife laughed and said, "Guess you will eat faster next time, won't you?"

I had just gotten a drink, so I went over and laid down next to her chair. She ignored me and ate.

When Sara finished eating, she watched TV for a while longer. Then she walked into the bedroom. I got up and followed thinking I could now shower and go to bed. She took off her clothes and naked as could be. Sara sat down on the same chair she was in this morning. She called me over and then commanded me to sit, which I did without thinking. Sara went to the bathroom. I could hear her peeing. She was in there a while. She flushed and came out and sat down with her butt at the edge of the chair. I knew what was going to happen.

I could see the wet moisture on her pussy. I could smell it from just a few inches away. Sara said, "This time, I left it all for you. Now, come on, girl, lick, come on, good girl."

Patting the top of her mound. My brain processed for about half a second. Then I dived right in. I started to lick anything that had a salty taste to it. I know it's kind of sick to some people. Nevertheless, for me? While it was humiliating at the same time, I couldn't get enough. I wanted more. I wanted her to give me more. Sara was moaning as I would lick her clit on each upswing.

Then I got knocked forward, my entire face buried in her pussy. It's a good thing because it muffled a scream. Oliver had come in at some point, and he wanted to fuck. I would most times try to use some lubrication. I would see him coming and know when he was about to mount. This time, I was so focused on Sara that I didn't even know he was in the room. After the third time today, my ass was already getting sore, and with no lube, when Oliver hit the mark, I let out a yell right into my wife's clit, and I swear I think she had an orgasm. Oliver could be careless of the pain he caused. He just wanted to cum again. He went at me repeatedly as deep as he could go. I couldn't even lift my head. My face was buried, and I was just barely getting enough oxygen. Sara didn't seem to mind at all, either.

Sara stood up and moved the chair a bit backward. She then lay down on her stomach with her ass in my face. She even backed up. I moved my head to the side. Sara looked back and said, "Come now, lick it. Lick my ass and make me cum that way. I told you there would be leftovers for you. I didn't say how you would get them."

OK, unbelievably, I do have some limits, and this was one of them. Sara seemed to know. I was bulking at this. She scooted back even more. Her ass was less than an inch from my face. She said, "Look, it's clean. I pooped in the bathroom and then wiped. Get that fucking tongue in there!"

Wow, my wife is never like that, and when she is. I dived in, and, like Oliver, I started to tongue fuck her ass as hard and fast as I could!

Oliver, in the meantime, had started to drool on me. I could feel his knot forming. My ass was so sore that I was frightened of what he would do. Sara started to talk, "That's it bitch, fuck my ass with your tongue. Taste my shit! You like that, don't you, bitch."

I was so surprised by her that Oliver pushed his knot in without a problem at all. It hurt something bad. However, with that burn and my wife's words, I was so hard my own balls hurt. Oliver stopped moving, and I could feel him squirting inside me. Sara scooted forward, then got on her knees and bent under me. Her lips took the head of my cock.

After being fucked four times today, my wife going crazy, it took me all of two seconds before I shot the biggest load ever into her mouth. She purred, I mean purred. She milked my dick for a while until I had nothing at all left. Oliver pulled out, and some seaman splattered the floor and ran down my leg. Sara took a couple of fingers, wiped some of the dog cum up, and put her fingers to my lips. Then she rubbed them all around my lips and rubbed them on my tongue as I opened my mouth. It was so erotic.

Oliver went to his area and started to clean up. Sara looked at me and said, "You can get up now."

I stood up and stretched my shoulders. "Hun, what's going on this weekend? I mean, don't get me wrong. I love it. But in thirteen years, I have not heard you cuss as much as you have these last two days. And what's with the pee and ass thing? I do have lines, too, you know?" I said.

I went to sit in the other chair next to her. She stopped me. "Get a towel and not on my furniture! You're full of dog cum. Sorry, you wanted to be a bitch. It's just part of being a woman. You have to deal with the mess."

I turned red, got a towel, and sat on the floor. She looked at me with that glint in her eye I knew this would be good.

"Well, first off. You loved every second of everything I asked you to do, didn't you?"

I just nodded and said, "More than you know."

"Good because I was feeling left out. You two have been at this for years, and I want to be apart. I won't let a dog fuck me."

I stopped her, "But you did, and I am sure you liked it... A LOT."

This was her turn to test how many shades of red she could go. "Well, we can talk about that another time. I enjoyed being the boss; I could see you were getting off my words. Expect more of them and more often. Now, you stink, get a shower, and make sure it all comes off. I am going to bed, oh, and brush your teeth. Your mouth smells like shit for some reason."

She got up with a grin and pecked me on the cheek. I got in the shower, washed off, and then stood in the warm water, thinking about the weekend. I can't wait for more.

The End