

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



So here I was, finished at work on the other side of the country a few hours ahead of time; I'd managed to sweet talk the girl behind the check-in desk at the airport and organized to get myself on an earlier flight. 'Great,' I thought; I'd be able to land and get a cab home before my wife even thought about getting in her car and coming to pick me up. It would all-time in perfectly. I even had time to get the cab driver to pull over and pick up a bouquet of roses on my way. I was going to be raking in the brownny points.

We pull up at the curb near my letterbox; I pay the cabbie, grab my bag from the back, and start walking up my driveway. I let myself in and sneak up the stairs to surprise Sarah. I tip-toed the last few steps and came out of the hallway, thinking she'd be in the lounge watching TV, but she wasn't there. I dropped my bag and walked through the living room toward the back of the house, and then I heard her, the familiar moans, they were coming from our bedroom. I assumed Sarah was in her toy box. When I'm away, she often sets a camera up and takes photos of her playing with her various dildos, dongs, vibrators, and other goodies to keep me amused, so I just assumed this was what she was doing. I approached slowly, and the door was slightly ajar; I crept up and peeked inside.

Imagine my shock when there before me was my wife laying spread eagle with her parent's fluffy white Maltese cross lap dog's head buried in her pussy. I was stunned.

It shouldn't have come as such a shock, I suppose. Thinking back, whenever we dog-sat Max, as soon as Sarah went for a shower, he'd run in and steal her undies and run under the bed with them. Apparently, he did the same to Sarah's mother, Sasha, and whenever he was horny, he'd always jump at Sarah or her mother's arm, and they'd always just let him hump away till he was finished. Once, we even took him to the beach with our dogs. I took my two boys out in the surf, and I looked back and saw a couple of 10-year-olds pointing and laughing; I looked over and saw Max pumping Sarah's arm in full view of the public. When I got out of the water she told me it must've been the seaweed that got him all riled up. Sarah didn't seem to mind, and as Max was her first dog, she just liked him to be happy and let him do whatever he wanted. I always thought it was weird, but I never thought much more. It did get me doing some out-of-character Google searches, though. And to tell you the truth, it was a bit of a turn-on seeing some of the pictures on these sites, with the women on all fours and a large dog on their back, giving a whole new meaning to doggy-style.

Looking through the open door, I thought nothing of disgust or betrayal. I suppose I was just thinking of Max as another one of her toys. I was mesmerized, watching her clutch handfuls of the sheets as her dog lapped at her slit. I reached into my pants and took hold of my growing pole. I could see he had her filled with slobber; she looked so good with the cocktail of dog saliva and her juices slowly leaking out onto our bed. I watched as she brought her knees up to her chest to open herself up more for him. I saw the tell-tale shudder signaling her orgasm was imminent. After a few more flicks of his tongue, Sarah was raising her hips gently, moaning and squeezing her eyes tight before her body tensed up, and she flooded Max's snout with her sweet lady nectar.

She let her legs fall back to the mattress and called Max up to her; he was on the other side of her, so as she rolled to pat him and tell him how good he was, she had her back to me. Her strokes soon moved towards his belly; his little red rocket was already half hanging out. She took hold of the base and pulled his sheath back, exposing his whole cock. Now as I'm sure you're aware, Maltese are quite a small breed of dog, so I was quite shocked when I watched his cock grow to around 5 inches; it wasn't very thick, but for his small stature, I was impressed at his shaft extending halfway up his chest.

Max rolled onto his side as well, raising his upper paws, giving her good access to his crotch. I

sensed this wasn't their first time. Sarah jerked him off for a little while before giving him a little kiss on the nose, which he reciprocated with a lick on her nose; then she moved down, parted her lips, and took him all in in one motion, she started bobbing her head into his lap, and Max started fucking her mouth. I stood in the doorway, still hidden, slowly licking my lips while I stroked my tool.

I knew just how good Sarah was at working cock with her tongue. After only a minute, she pulled back, picked Max up, and positioned him back between her legs. I realized the quick blow job was just to lube him up, not that he would've needed it; her pussy was still oozing onto the bed. Still holding Max up, she positioned him so his cock was lined up with her hole; still hanging from her hands, he started to thrust, his pecker sliding all over her puffed-up pussy lips. It was like she was teasing him, which she also often enjoyed doing to me. Then she dropped his front paws onto her abdomen and reached back, and pushed his little doggy ass into her.

He started humping away madly with such even repetition; Sarah was meeting each thrust, bucking her hips and lifting poor Max off the bed; he didn't seem phased, though, and just held on and kept pumping. I could see little welts forming on Sarah's belly where he'd scratched her; I don't think she even noticed. She was writhing around, enjoying the sensation. Only a few minutes had passed, and Sarah was coming again. After the wave of orgasm had ebbed, she just relaxed on the bed, leaving Max to finish himself. She had her feet pulled up, supporting his bum and pushing him into her sweet folds.

I couldn't take it anymore. While Sarah still had her eyes closed, I dropped my clothes to the floor, slowly opened the door, and stepped softly to the edge of the bed. Max saw me and just grinned back at me, not breaking stride. I stopped with my cock hovering just above her face. I reached down and took her left breast in my hand. As soon as I touched her, she flinched, opened her eyes, and just lay there wide-eyed and frozen. "You having fun, Darlin'?" I asked her. "How long have you been here?" she spat out. "Long enough," I said, I said with a smirk. "It's alright; I liked watching you enjoy yourself; I just couldn't keep watching."

With that, she just reached up and took my cock in her hand, bending it down till she could pop the head in her mouth and suck it like a lollipop without lifting her head from the pillow. While she circled my cock with her sweet mouth, I looked down at her dog, thrusting himself into her, his tongue hanging out the side of his mouth, smiling from ear to ear. How lucky could a dog get? For that matter, how lucky could I get? I was getting my cock sucked with a front-row seat to this spectacle.

Max's tempo quickened, and Sarah let out a moan. Max was getting closer; I knew from the websites I'd seen that his knot must grow inside her. She pulled her mouth away from my dick and lay back, "He's cumming in me, Baby," she almost whispered. Her hand was still jerking my cock as Max put in the final few strokes, and I came as well, all over Sarah's tits. She scooped up the semen on her chest and licked it off her fingers. Max withdrew from Sarah's pussy with a sucking plop sort of noise and immediately buried his head back between her legs to inspect his handy work and lick his seed, which was trickling down Sarah's ass crack onto the bed. She wriggled over just enough, and I sat down on the bed next to her; she leaned over and cleaned up the last few drops of semen leaking from the tip of my penis, then rested her head on my thigh.

"So, how long has this been going on?" I asked. "Well, I kind of walked in on Mum doing it, and I thought I'd give it a try; I only did it the first time when I brought him home yesterday," She replied. "I didn't know you'd be home so early. I would've picked you up." "And then I probably would never have known." I smiled back at her and put my arm around her reassuringly. "You know, if Jet and Mango find out about this, they're going to get jealous," I said jokingly. "I've already thought about that; I think it'd be fun having a bigger dog humping me, Max is fun, but he only gets in so deep,"

she said. Hearing his name, Max stopped cleaning himself and looked around at Sarah, looking offended as though he knew exactly what she had just said, before turning away and continuing to lick himself. We both laughed and fell back on the bed and fell asleep.

The End