

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



Boyfriend was gone for two weeks and step-children visiting their mom, including this special day: Mother's Day. I was feeling lonely for him or for someone or for...(fill in the blanks because you know what some of us girls need for Mother's Day. ) A special hug, a special feel, and just thinking about what I was missing was arousing me. We had a great sex life and I was missing him.

I went to my veranda and looked in the yard. Several hawks were soaring in the warm air. It was a quiet afternoon and I had been thinking about 'things' all day long. I was in my house dress...and nothing else, except a red hair ribbon. I loved the feelings of nakedness, openness, being ready for spontaneous coupling kinds of sexual "things."

I sat on the swing and began rocking, a gentle, slow back and forth: thinking of our recent vacation South of the Border, what fun we had, and the fun in particular that I had had up on that stage in the "membership only" forbidden café lounge, under the floodlights, with all those fucking couples in the audience (couples who were in some stage of fucking) watching me...which is as I say, fucking couples, which is what some of them were doing watching me having sex with the delicious animals. God did those beasts fuck me to some other place that evening! They fucked me until I was CUMpletely finished.

My boyfriend and I had wanted sexual entertainment and we were desperate to see uninhibited, wild, bodies—hot, deep fucking...unrestrained, CUMplete, CUMING.. We had found this special cabaret and once inside had entered the secret room behind the dark curtain reserved for special guests. We watched the sexy entertainment. I was turned on by the show (and boyfriend's finger-fucking during the animal act) and I was persuaded to go on stage and participate.. The women attending me were a big help, boyfriend taking my hand at first, leading me to the stage, approvingly disrobing me, helping me lie prone, completely naked on a low bench, legs splayed, cunt presented, whispering how pretty I was. The women could see my hesitation but also the lustful longing in my eyes, my dripping and pulsing cunt. While in the audience boyfriend had already fingered me to a white heat. The women were reassuring and ushered to me their parade of animals. First was that handsome shepherd dog who was well-trained that left me panting but wanting.

Then, seeing I was still ready for more, the women presented the small donkey with the huge dangling cock, also well-trained to finish me off. There was an audible gasp from the audience when the donkey appeared. I breathed deeply when I saw the long cock. I wondered where he had been taught how to fuck a prone woman but I had no time to think about things only to enjoy being filled and fucked. The women held me, smoothed my back, the cock inserted then pushing deep. I arched and flexed and the fucking began. My cunt stretched in pleasure. A spasm of cock massaging all of me. I was a creature possessed by lust. There must have been 10 other couples, my boyfriend still holding my hand, most of them in stages of cuming and orgasm, the audience in one massive collection of whispers and sighs at what they witnessed, while I was still aching for more thrusting and groaning, having violently cum on the donkey's thick cock and my body writhing repeatedly as it fucked me to my depths and in plain view.

The donkey, the woman, the cock and cunt, the jointure, male and female grunts and cries...we were copulating beasts in a forest of lust. Finally I had laid there gasping for breath in a state of exhaustion, yet, curiously, in my mind, I wasn't sure where I had been but aching for more...to go to that place again...my dreamlike state.

But I was on the swing now, thinking of those things, my hand down the front of my dress, lifting it up. The air was warm but it was cool on me at my waist only arousing me more and I ran my hands up my thighs to my wet cunt. I fingered and flexed and was building, my mind on that dirty delightful

donkey. I had reached down during the act to feel his moving donkey cock pushing into my body. I shivered on the swing as the first waves splashed up my legs. Now both hands were on myself. I needed a cock and cocking and fucking but I was alone on this special day.

Just then the doorbell rang, breaking the spell. Damn! Pushing down my dress, hands on my face to cool my emotions, I went to the door. It was the FedEx man with a package. I invited him inside while I opened it. My guy had not forgotten Mother's Day, even though his children were my stepchildren, I celebrated, and I opened the package with the handsome, tall FedEx man watching. "You have a nice place," he said. "Thanks." and unwrapped the box he had brought. "OMFG!" (Oh My Fucking God) I exclaimed. It was a very personal gift: A bottle of wine, a sexy Victoria Secrets nighty and...in front of the delivery man...I removed a Dildo that was super sized in the shape of a donkey's cock...what are they thinking of these days?...and the delivery man watching all this, too. I was blushing and hot again looking at it in the presence of this hunk.

Talk about embarrassed. "This is my last delivery," the FedEx man said. I had already gotten myself started on the swing and here was this fine-looking male of the species next to me. His presence wasn't cooling me down any! "I have a boyfriend," I said, "the package was from him." "I would think so," he said pointing at the things in the box.

I already was in such a state of embarrassment and arousal at this point I wasn't thinking. He boldly opened the wine, it was a screw top, how convenient, and we were soon sitting on the swing looking out at the view in my backyard. The wine didn't add to my sense of decorum, nor did his arm around my shoulders, nor his toasting us to the day, not to mention his lips on mine or his hand up my dress. He paused when he touched my bare wet cunt and his fingers easily entered, beginning to stroke its length and depth.

I took his wine glass, putting it next to mine on the table. We were all over each other now, the swing in full sway. He lifted me down on the rug, was between my legs, his pants at his ankles. My eyes were closed, my body in anticipation...I felt under his shirt and then down his hips...his cock was hot, almost donkey size (thank you God) and was stiff and flexing and I was ready. I imagined that audience...me spread open, body and cunt aflame...the onlookers whispering at the sight of my nakedness...my readiness...anticipation...

He started kissing me again, both our tongues at work. I felt guilty now, but only a little. I was guilty and stimulated and would have a new erotic story to tell when boyfriend returned. Those stories meant hot sex! It was too late for guilt anyway. My body had taken charge of things and I was lifting my cunt to feel his "donkey" cock, teasing, provoking it against my cunt lips. I took hold of him and played it against me, stroking my clit, I was losing my breath, he was kissing my ear, licking inside, breathing and whispering dirty words. I shivered and imagined myself impaled on stage again in that sea of fucking. I lifted again, poised and ready and his hips flexed, his hands on my legs, pushing them wide and against my chest. I was so wide open, vulnerable, the air cooling and then he entered me, pausing inside...I squeezed on his cock, arms clutching him.

"Yes," I grunted and breathed, "Do it!...fuck me deep you animal...!" which he did, our wet pubic hairs pressing against each other as every part of him was in me now, this "animal" was fucking me hard, thrusting deep, my cunt, his cock in rhythm, milking my loins... he was very bad, holding me, fucking me in earnest, whispering with every thrust feeling in my throat, I heard our sucking and fucking sounds, like the shepherd dog and, yes! Like the donkey...they were in my mind; and this beast was in my body NOW! "Unh!...UNH!" We were grunting sexing creatures, our heat boiling over us..

He was holding my hands back, fucking, FUCKING, and I started to shake as he pounded and

pounded some more, our bodies joining, our flesh on flesh. My tongue was thick, I opened my legs as widely as I could and then I grabbed him at his waist, pulling him into my body...then, one of my favorites when my orgasm began...(how did he know?) his finger slipped inside my ass and he and I came together and shivered and shook and made noises.

We relaxed on the swing, sipping the last of the wine. I came back down, squeezing his soft dick. "Thank you," I said and then thinking back to the door bell. Thinking: 'There was no delivery truck outside, only a nice car. "Don't you have a delivery truck?" I asked. He started chuckling then leaned in to kiss me. "Well?" I asked. "I didn't need one," he said.

"Why not?" I asked. He whispered: "Because I was part of your Mother's Day gift. I just wasn't the part of it that was wrapped!" I hugged him, thought of my very naughty and thoughtful boyfriend. I would get even, if I could figure a way!! In the meantime I was grateful he hadn't forgotten our special day. Not forgotten it at all! "Maybe we can try out that donkey dildo later on," he said. I hugged him and knew we would. Boyfriend wouldn't return for several days. One more "thank you God!"

The finger in my ass as I was climaxing, the donkey-sized dildo, my sexuality and nakedness, and certainly my aching readiness, willingness...the "FedEx" guy had been fully briefed! And I'd been fully fucked.