

READBEAST

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Well, for this story I'll call myself Bridget, which is of course not my real name. Neither are other names mentioned here.

Except for that, most of what is described here is a description of the real world.

I am a longtime "doggie queen". Which means that I from an early age have had access to lots of dogs. And, since my sex drive always has been turned up to 11, well, you get the picture...

I've had boyfriends, experimented some with chicks and finally got married and settled. Now I'm a happy soccer mom, which I understand is a somewhat rare phenomenon, considering how most women are making their own lives quite miserable.

I don't smoke, drink, take drugs, eat excessively and so on. My only vice is that I'm really into dicks.

So one could say that I'm standing in the "normal" camp with one leg and in the "odd" camp with the other. This though has never felt as a contradiction for me.

It's an obvious reality of life that you can't show your poker hand in most situations you find yourself in. Particularly when that poker hand contains a strong interest in getting plowed by lots of dogs, a passion for sucking dog dicks and not least, joyfully taking dog dicks up the ass.

My doggy hotel business has allowed me to wallow in those type of activities for years. So all things good then?

Yeah, kinda.

Good practice is of course to not fix one's life if it ain't broken. But sometimes something happens outside of you and then things can go either way, good or bad.

This story is about how I experienced something that came my way, a horse and his big dick, even though I never really thought much about that kind of fun. As a very happy dog fucker I had no reason expanding into other sexual activities.

My husband is never denied sex by me and not just the regular missionary position. He's a boss at work and he's fed up with bossing when at home. He enjoys stuff like me sitting on his face, him serving me multiple orgasms, him licking my asshole and even me pissing into his mouth. Which makes a balance between his boss role at work and his submissive role in the bedroom.

There's a lesser known Greek deity called Kairos, the god of the right moment. This story is about one such Kairos moment.

1. The Visit

My friend Frida's husband Rick was a knowledgeable and enthusiastic car mechanic. Every time I needed to fix my car I turned to him. Cheaper and better than turning to the commercial garages. Every time Rick interacted with me, without his wife around, he joked about me paying him "in natura". If you don't understand Latin, that means paying with my pussy. A very interesting offer that I'd accept were it not for my longtime friendship with Frida.

Rick and Frida lived on a farm with various animals and two children. They seemed to have a good

relationship and a good family life. They had a big dog as well, and I had been thinking naughty thoughts about that dog, but the situation wasn't allowing for any action.

I had offered myself to take care of their farm should they want to take a break for a weekend or so, but they haven't yet.

The standard procedure for my car repair visits was that I gave Rick the keys and then spent the next hour or two chatting with Frida. This time Frida had an appointment with her dentist, which meant one hour driving TO, one hour driving FROM and at least 30 minutes at the dentist. She'd do some shopping as well, so that would take at least 30 minutes, most probably an hour and a half. Their kids were of course in school.

Even though I had no real plans for it, my slutty mind immediately went to the possibility of finally paying Rick with my pussy. The mere thought made me moist. I thought to myself:

-Stop! No slutty behaviour with Rick! Frida is your friend! Get a grip!

Then the Jezebel in me replied:

-How then about that dog? While Rick would be working on the car, I could be working on that dog. The farm has plenty of places one could hide in...

The slut in me was strong that day. The prospect of a dick was all that was needed for me to start thinking in a certain direction. I replied to myself:

-Shut up you whore! In a couple of hours you'll be home again and then you can fuck to your hearts desire. You have a whole kennel to pleasure yourself with.

Jezebel wouldn't give up that easy:

-OK. How about I just suck the boy off? That could be done discreetly...

Again my sensible self replied:

-Not a chance! Have you ever sucked off a dog without it ending up with a sperm drenched face and hair? Not to speak about the shirt. No. Dog. Sex. Of. Any. Kind. That's my final word.

Jezebel backed off. The idea of sneakily sucking the dog off was of course stupid and too risky.

When I arrived at the farm Frida was stressed:

-Sorry Bridget, I'm late. Got to run right now. Rick's in the stable. Make your own coffee and take whatever you want if you're hungry.

With that she drove away. I wasn't hungry. Also I had no idea how long the car repair would take, so no point in slacking. I went to the stable.

2. In The Stable

Coming into the stable, the first thing I noticed was the wonderfully huge and round balls of the stallion Rick was tending to. So lean and with thick veins breaking the smoothness. My pussy immediately reacted by moisturising up. What's the matter with me? It's a freakin' HORSE. You can't

get turned on by a horse, can you?

I greeted Rick and asked him about my business, but he didn't pay attention and looked beside me.

I followed his gaze and immediately noted the impressive hard-on the stallion had developed in just a few seconds. Jesus H Christ! Now THERE's an erection. My pussy was now flooding and I almost came, then and there.

Rick seemed to have read the room, or really the stable, and said casually:

-He's ready for you.

I felt like I was in another dimension. So horny, so shaking with anticipation, so wet. Rick continued:

-Are you ready for him?

All I could bring myself to was to nod. Rick said:

-I'll help you.

I was like transfixed. My excitement made me hear my own pulse. Like a bass drum in my ears. I bent forward. Rick lifted my skirt, pulled down my undies and felt me up with his fingers. He said something about my wetness but I didn't care. I just said meekly:

-I want it...

Next thing I felt was the horse dick "knocking" at my door. Probing for the entrance. God did I want to have him in me!

The biggest dick I've had in me up until that moment was a well endowed St Bernard. Like a beer can. And with a knot that simply wasn't possible for any woman to take. It wasn't possible to fit that dick into my mouth either, just the tip. Anal was absolutely out of the question. Not that I didn't want to. I love all sizes of dick in all my holes. Big, small and all in between. Right now I was to be penetrated by a true goliath, a horse.

Jezebel had me in her claws, but a small part of my sensible self was still present somewhere in there. I stuck my hand in my pocket and handed Rick the tube containing the silicon based lubricant I always carried on me. An anal fucking enthusiast like me can never leave home without it.

Rick said nothing but used the lubricant on both the horse dick and in my pussy. Thanks to the lubricant he could slid his whole hand inside me. He then told me to place my hands on my butt cheeks and to pull them apart in order to open my pussy. To of course make it easier for the stallion to enter me. I did what he said.

The horse dick entered me in one single well aimed push. It was great. He fucked me for a short while and that powerful maxi-dick made me come violently.

Fucked by a horse! Half of my orgasm must have come from that mental kick. Certainly a new and significant milestone in my sexual career. Another part of my excitement and release came from the fact that I had exposed myself and my "darkest" desires to Rick. Although the day wasn't warm, Rick was sweating profusely from the excitement.

I wasn't really aware of it at the time, but according to what Rick told me later I was screaming "like an Indian" when I came.

The stallion was lagging in his climaxing, but not by much. His entire body tensioned and his dick grew even more inside me. In a final attempt to get as deep into me as possible he pushed the whole of me forward, at the same time pumping his flood of seed into me.

His glans had already filled up the entirety of my vagina, so all that sperm gushed out of me. Powerfully squirting out of my pussy and running down my legs, making a huge mess. It was all over in 20-30 seconds.

What a great feeling! Thank you Mr Horse!

My cheeks red, my vagina severely ran through, my loins drenched in horse sperm, I felt some kind of pride in achievement. I was not only a habitual and enthusiastic dog fucker, even to the extent to be deemed a "doggie queen". I had now also achieved something way rarer, I've been fucked by a horse! How many women can boast that?

Horsefucker. Horsefucker. Horsefucker.

I was a horsefucker and definitely proud of it.

3.

Rick was in a state of dissolution. His jeans bulged seriously, threatening to explode. I couldn't watch that calmly. Rick was now my hero. He helped me make it happen. I laid on a hay bale and opened my legs for him. He understood. I said:

-Will you fuck me in the ass?

Rick nodded and picked up that I had pointed to the lubricant tube with my glance. Quickly he lubricated his dick and hurriedly went to penetrate my back door. I said:

-Relax, don't hurry. We have time.

Rick took a deep breath and calmed down some. He slid in rather easily and gave me his whole length of dick, "to the hilt". It felt good. I said:

-Fuck me slowly first.

He did. After a while he increased his tempo and in a short while he pressed his dick as deep as possible into me. I could actually feel his sperm hitting the walls of my anal cavity. His squirting was that strong. This was good. Rick was even more wet, from sweat, than I was from horniness. Rick panted:

-God! That was the best fuck ever!

-For the horse or for you?

We both laughed. Rick exclaimed:

-For the both of us! Of course!

-Did it turn you on that I got fucked by the horse?

-You bet it did!

-What's your position on dogs?

Rick was stunned. One could almost SEE his brain thinking. Finally he got it:

-Oh my God! You mean...?

I nodded. He said:

-Stay put. Don't move. I'll get him.

I nevertheless moved. Into the doggie style position. Soon he was back with the farm dog, who immediately started licking me. I said:

-Get him up on me!

Rick did so. The dog was obviously not used to this kind of thing and neither was Rick. I added:

-Place his sheath against my pussy. Wank him some.

I could immediately feel the tip of the dog's dick against my pussy lips. Aah, great! Very soon his dick protruded even more and he was in. He fucked me hard and good, furiously even.

This was my home territory, being taken by a well endowed dog. I was like a fish in water.

The accumulated stimulation from the horse dick, the orgasm from it, then Rick buttfucking me and now the dog fucking me hard made me come again.

I know, I know, a woman is supposed to be difficult to climax, even impossible. But I'm not. I come easily and I come hard. I have no idea why. Genes? My daily dog habits?

Whatever it is, it has thankfully saved me from other vices. When I feel down or depressed I have me a dog. When I feel sad and lonely I have me a couple of dogs. When I can't sleep I have me a train of dogs. In all holes. It's the best soother ever. Yes, I'm an addict.

The farm dog had by now plugged me with his knot and was pumping all his supply of doggie sperm into my vagina. It was warm and it felt so good.

Epilogue

Driving back home, my mind was swirling from all the new experiences. One side of me was feeling just a little pinch of shame and guilt, the other side of me told me that "Hey, forget about that guilt shit. Who have you hurt? What did you steal?".

I had not only enjoyed myself at the time, but right now I felt like a princess, singing along with the songs on the radio. Like a thoroughly fucked woman does.

The three males who emptied themselves into me at the farm were for sure happy campers as well.

When you're a woman, you constantly need to fend off the negativity in your mind. Simply refuse to invite it in your reality. But there was something that gnawed at me. What?

As you know, I'm an ordinarily guilt free person. I will certainly not apologize for my sexuality,

whatever it may be. I'm of course fully aware of the norms in the social surroundings I dwell in. But social norms change all the time.

In biblical times women were stoned for sexual transgressions. Homosexuals too.

I soon realized that I went into too much "thinking" during my car ride. That "thinking" has never helped me much. Rather the opposite. Empty your mind Bridget! Stop thinking.

It took less than a minute of not thinking when it came to me. Frida! It was Frida and my relation to her that bothered me. I've fucked her man. Right now his sperm was still tickling my bowels.

When saying goodbye to Rick he enthusiastically talked about how we could meet next time. To be honest, I was thinking about the same thing. I didn't mind the horse and dog fucking, but fucking Rick?

One thought was that I'd like to repeat the glorious three dick experience just a couple of times, because it was so good. And then quit. Problem being that the same idea worked very poorly when it came to chocolate, another pleasure of mine.

Also, Frida was no idiot. Rick should be lucky to not be disclosed this one time. Hopefully he'd be working hard the entire day, else Frida will for sure note the difference of spirit in his behaviour. Not to speak of her noticing it even easier if there were to be repeat "offenses" in the future.

Well, no need to ponder on it right now. I was starting to get horny again and soon I'd be at home again. Where a whole kennel was waiting for me. It suddenly struck me that I had only used two of my holes at the farm. Shame on you Bridget! What kind of slut are you? For punishment, there will be sucking off two doggies before you're allowed a dick in pussy. And in ass, of course.

So many dogs, so little time.

The End