

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



It was first day of Spring break from my teaching job and I was bored of being cooped up in the house. Since it was a beautiful day, I put my six month baby daughter in the stroller and took a walk for a block, up one side of the street and back the other. I was hoping meet some of the neighbors. We had just moved into the cul de sac seven months ago. With a new baby and long commutes to our jobs, we there wasn't a chance to meet anyone except one of the next door neighbors. I was on the way back to our house when I ran into a man moving boxes into a house five houses down from ours. He was about six feet tall and wearing cut off sweat pants and a loose fitting tank top that made it easy to see the well developed muscles of us chest arms and legs. He said, Hi, I'm James and as you can see I'm new to the neighborhood. I said, Hi, I'm Peggy, and I'm new too. We just moved in a few months ago. James said, Hey, I need a break. Want to come in for a cup of coffee or a cold glass of wine? We can chat out of the hot Sun and get to know each other better. I said, Sure a glass of white wine sounds good.

The baby was asleep so wheeled her into a spare bedroom and shut the door so that our chatting wouldn't disturb her. We went to the family room and I sat on the only piece of furniture in the room, a large sofa. James said, Sorry, the rest of the furniture hasn't arrived yet. Make yourself comfortable while I get the wine.

While he was gone my attention was drawn to three of the large dogs I had ever seen staring at me through the sliding glass door to the patio.

James returned with two very large frosted glasses of white wine. He could see that I was staring at the dogs and said, They're Bull Mastiffs. They belong to a friend of mine from work and I'm taking care of them while he's vacationing in Spain. Enough about my friend's dogs. Tell me about yourself.

So I spent the next forty minutes drinking three large glasses of wine and telling him about my job as a teacher, the long commute, the long hours that my husband was working that left me lonely and bored.

James had just opened the third bottle of wine and was filling my glass, when I said, Enough about me! Tell me about what you do. James said, I work in the porn industry. I'm a porn star. To which I replied, rather disbelieving, Yeah, right. Really, what do you do? James could see that I still didn't believe him. So he rose from the sofa and stripped off his cut-offs revealing the largest human cock I had ever seen - at least fourteen inches long! James said, I am a porn star. My father was Johnny Wadd. He was a porn star too. Do you know who he was? All I could do was one and continue staring at James' huge cock. James said, They say I'm even bigger than my dad and he was known as King of the Cocks. Well, James certainly was large - larger than my husband's puny looking eight inch cock. That's for certain. I furtively reached out to touch it. But, quickly withdrew my hand. I had had too much wine. I was very drunk. I had done more than half the drinking. James noticed my hesitation and said, Go ahead. Touch it. It won't bite you. I slowly reached out as if in a trance. My hand couldn't even encircle its huge girth. I felt the monster start to awaken as it began to become erect. I grabbed my freshly filled glass of wine with my free hand and gulped down its entire contents. I was really, really drunk.

The next thing I remember is that we had moved to the master bedroom and shed all of our clothes. James was licking and kissing my breasts. Then he began to concentrate on my nipples while his hand began gently massaging my pussy. His fingers gently manipulated my labia majora which I felt grow warm and swell exposing my inner lips. In no time they flared open. James moved between my thighs and began licking and sucking on my pussy lips. Then he concentrated on my clitoris by licking and sucking on it. He flicked it with his tongue while sucking on it. I felt the pressure of an

fire urgently building between my legs. I exploded in a huge orgasm while screaming, Oh, James! Oh, James! Oh, James.

James rose and moved so that the head of his cock pressed against my pussy. Then I felt it's huge head parting my pussy lips pushing at the entrance of my vagina. I said, No, James, no! You're too big. James scoffed, Bull shit! A baby came out of there. If a baby came out, my cock can go in. Having said that he pressed his weight into me and the head of the cock and three inches of the shaft pressed pass the entrance.... I was amazed; it felt very tight, but it didn't hurt. I felt stretched to capacity. Filled me like I had never felt before. He withdrew and then pushed deeper. As I relaxed and grew accustomed to the feeling of fullness, it started to feel good really good. In fact, it felt better than any cock that I'd ever felt before. Much better than my husband's cock. Then he pushed his cock deeper into me and the faster he pumped the better it felt. He now had almost his entire length inside me. I began to feel again an urgent, swelling, warmth building between my thighs that spread through my body. All my muscles tensed and I uncontrollably thrust my hips upwards to meet his thrusts as if to get more of his magnificent cock inside of me. Finally, as he began shooting spurt after spurt of his hot cum into me, I exploded into the most glorious orgasm that I have ever had. The combination of my excess cojsumption of wine and the powerful orgasm caused me to pass out.

When I came to, James kissed me and handed another large glass of wine to me which I immediately gulped down. I was drunk out of my mind and had absolutely no self control. My glass was refilled with more wine and I immaculately began drinking it. I soon passed out again.

When I came to, I was still a drunken mess. But, I had a strange feeling that James and I weren't the only two in the bedroom. Then, I faded into unconsciousness. again. Only to be awakened by someone licking my pussy. Without opening my eyes, I said, Oh, James, that feels so good. Don't stop. But, when I opened my eyes, I saw that it was one of the big dogs that was hungrily lapping at my pussy with its giant tongue. I said, Bad doggie. Stop! Don't do that!

James said, Relax. You'll enjoy it. I said, No, it's nasty. Besides, I need to take care of my baby.

James said, Don't worry. One of the film crew is taking care of her. Relax. This is going to be a lot of fun. You'll really enjoy it. Just concentrate on how good his tongue feels.

Film crew? It was then that I realized there were other people in the room operating film equipment. Then, I thought, Uhm, his tongue does feel good. I was drifting back into my drunken haze and mumbled, Yeah, his tongue does feel good. Ummm. I spread my legs wider to give the dog's tongue better access to my pussy.

Then, I said, in slurred speech, Uhmm, Yeah, duz feel guh. Damn guh! Ahh, doan stop, doggy, cuz it feels guh. Jus' feels so damn guh! Oh, fuk, I'm umin'! Holy shit, it feels guh! Oh, don't stop! I never knew a dog's tongue could feel so damn guh! Arrgghhh, I'm cummmmmiiiiinnnggg!

The dog kept lapping at the juices of my pussy. But, he eventually lost interest in licking my pussy and lifted his giant head. It was only then that I could see that they dog's cock was erect and had fully descended from its furry pouch. It was massive. Frightening and yet fascinating, it was shiny and pink in color, covered in red and blue veins that did not bulge like on a man's cock. It didn't have a bulging purple helmet at the end like a man's cock, but, rather, tapered to a point. Near the pouch was a large ball shaped knot. It was definitely bigger than James's cock. I guessed that it was about sixteen inches or seventeen inches long, but not as thick as James. A very intimidating and frightening piece of equipment. The brute began to position his cock so that it was pointed at my still swollen and red pussy lips.

I screamed, James, stop him. He's too big for me. He'll kill me. To which he replied, Relax. You need to have more confidence in yourself. The giant dog was unfettered by our conversation began making stabbing thrusts with his haunches slamming his pointy tipped cock into my thighs. Then after seven unsuccessful attempts, he hit the bull's eye ramming his entire length into me. I could feel the pointed tip throbbing and twitching against my cervix. It felt like nothing I'd ever felt before: it stretched me beyond all imaginable limits, but it didn't hurt. It somehow made me feel fulfilled. It was smoother and warmer than a man's cock and it felt incredible when he started pumping at jackhammer speed. His cock began growing warmer and larger inside of me. I could feel its warm pointed tip bouncing against my cervix with each inward thrust.

The heat of his knot bouncing against my pussy lips caused them to be swollen and in flames with lustful pleasure. He was fucking me better than any man had ever fucked me. I knew at that moment that I would never again be able to be satisfied by a man's cock. I was hooked on bull mastiff cock. I began thrusting my pussy to meet his thrusts. It was impossible to match his speed. I was lost in the lustful pleasure of being super fucked by his magnificent penis. Then, he pushed his cock harder and deeper than before. His knot pushed past the entrance to my vagina and with a tight seal locked us securely together. I could feel his cock get even warmer and larger as surges of hot cum moved along its length to its tip which had pushed past my cervix and was shooting spurts of hot cum directly into my uterus. That was so powerfully pleasurable that it triggered an orgasm that could never be produced by sex with a man. The walls of my vagina began to contract and release in waves against his invading cock as if it was subconsciously trying to pull him deeper and milk every last drop of cum from him. I cried out, Oh, sweet doggy, it feels so good.

So fucking damn good. Your cock is the best that I've ever fucked. Oh, I never want to stop tucking your sweet dog cock. We waited for the swelling of his knot to go down (something that I never wanted to happen because I loved the feeling of his knot and cock inside of me). Finally, it shrank enough that he could withdraw his cock leaving a trail of dog cum behind.

I stumbled to the bathroom to clean up. When I returned to the bedroom, the second of the three huge dogs was there with an erection that was ready to have its turn at my pussy. How could I possibly resist such charms? So the second session of a dog tucking me began. It was accompanied equally massive orgasms. I spent the rest of the morning and afternoon fucking the three dogs repeatedly. All of which was captured on film.

I had become a nympho dog fucking maniac. I also had become a zoo porn star. Each day of the rest of Spring break was spent making more films of me fucking and sucking off James and the beautiful Mastiffs. Other large dogs were brought in for variety, but my favorites were the three Mastiffs. They even brought in a female Mastiff that James fucked while one of the male dogs fucked me. After the dog shot his load, James switched over for a round of sloppy seconds. After James came, he imitated the dogs and began lapping up the mixture of human and dog cum that was leaking from my pussy. That gave me a sadistic kind of pleasure and actually resulted in a small orgasm. After that, James became my human dog slave. We put a dog collar and a leash on him and made him crawl around in all fours and bark. Then, we brought the three male Mastiffs in and they took turns fucking him in the ass. James really seemed to like that because he got an erection while they were boning him and he even ejaculated several times without anyone else's assistance.

This routine went on through spring break and restarted with summer vacation. My husband became suspicious when I was frequently too tired to have sex. I told him that the baby was sapping all my energy, but I had to make an extra effort to see that he got his share of boning me. Even though sex with him was so sub standard and inadequate. After spring break, I was never an real orgasm with him again. I had to continuously fake it.

Things came to an end at the end of summer because film production was being moved to Arizona.

In June, my second daughter, Lauren, was born. I am sure that she is the product of the frequent fucking James and I did during the summer of the previous year. She has James's blue eyes, jet black hair, larger frame and beautifully rounded features. My dullard husband has no clue that she isn't his. As she grew older, she developed a perverse attraction to animals, particularly big dogs. But, I'll tell you about that later.