

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



It all started when I placed a personal ad online. How many times have you heard that now? My ad read: Male, 39, attractive, athletic, 6'0", 180 lbs, and so on. I got a few answers, but mostly from older women. So after about 2 weeks, I went on the offensive and answered a few ads myself.

After exchanging emails with a few attractive women, I finally settled on one who seemed very promising. We saw each other's pictures and talked on the phone before finally agreeing to meet. The only thing I found troublesome about her was that she had three dogs, and I also found her laugh a little annoying. I told myself that I was being too picky and decided that the meeting we set for Sunday evening in a nearby park would be worth a try.

When I first saw her I was very excited. I thought that I had finally found the girl I had been looking for! She was thin and well-toned from working out 5 days a week and had a great ass and legs. Her straight black hair hung around her cute face, and her smile melted me to the point that I was almost stuttering over my words. After the initial shock of how lucky I was, I noticed she had brought her dogs... of course, that was the point of meeting in the park. She said that she brought them there often and she let them loose to run around. One of the dogs was a huge mastiff named Brute, the other a medium-sized, short, and fat dog named Chunks, and the third was a small lap dog. I don't remember its name. I joked about the sizes of the dogs and asked if they were allowed to run free like that in the park.

She said no, but acted as if her dogs were too cute and friendly, so the rules didn't apply to her. I found this behavior strange (and somewhat rude), and her dogs would periodically run up to people, scaring them, especially the Mastiff.

We engaged in small talk for about an hour, and although there were several things I liked about her, there were also some things that made me think a relationship would never work. One was her laugh ...it made me cringe. Another was the fact that she had only been with one other man her whole life and admitted she was a bit "inexperienced." I'm a little kinky, and the thought of breaking in someone new just didn't appeal to me at that time. I called her a couple of times over the next week, but I knew it was useless. Finally, I told her that I didn't think it would work out. She asked why, and I told her that the dogs were too much, that her diet (which consisted mostly of fish and vegetables) was too strict, and finally that I thought we wouldn't match up sexually.

She sounded disappointed but by no means crushed. We said goodbye, and that was that, until I accidentally emailed her one Friday afternoon. She wrote back, and after some friendly comments and jokes, she finally convinced me to admit what I was looking for sexually.

I told her that I like aggressive women, one that leaned towards being a Dominatrix. The other end of the phone was quiet, then after what seemed like a long pause, she said, "Oh, is that all? I got a set of black leather boots."

I was stunned but intrigued. After a bit of prodding, she invited me over to her house to take a look. A bit apprehensive, perhaps, but more curious, I went. I arrived at Wendy's house around 7:30 pm, and she answered the door in regular street clothes — jeans and a t-shirt.

"Come in," she said, smiling. "Care for a glass of wine?"

Even though I was disappointed, she still looked fantastic! We talked over a glass of wine, and the conversation slowly turned sexual.

"So what is it...you don't think I'm wild enough for you?" she asked.

"Well, I'm starting to wonder if I was wrong, but yes, something like that," I answered.

She looked at me slyly and then, grabbing my hand, told me to follow her into the bedroom.

Her bedroom looked normal enough. Nicely furnished with a nice large overstuffed chair and ottoman in one corner. She told me to have a seat and disappeared into the bathroom. When she came back into the bedroom, she was wearing the black leather boots she had mentioned and a thick bathrobe. "If you want to see what I have under this robe, you must do exactly as I say," she said.

Of course, I agreed, eager to see what she was hiding.

"First of all, take off all your clothes," she instructed.

I smiled and started to comply.

"Next, you'll call me 'Mistress Wendy.'"

"Yes, Mistress Wendy," I said, thinking to myself that I had underestimated this girl and was happy I had accidentally emailed her that afternoon.

Once naked and my cock sticking straight out in front of me, Wendy walked up to me and caressed its length while kissing me deeply. I kept my hands to my sides, knowing not to touch without being told, and enjoyed her firm grip on my cock.

"Hmmm," she said, pleased with either my kiss or the size of my hard cock, "now go kneel in front of the ottoman, facing the chair."

Once in position, she pushed me down so my chest was on top of the ottoman, and she tied my hands to the thick bun feet. I didn't think too much about her actions, she was probably going to sit in the chair in front of me and have me eat her pussy...which I was more than willing to do! She then got another length of rope and tied my knees to the remaining two ottoman feet, so I was totally helpless.

"Well, don't you look nice all tied up?" she said with a laugh... her first laugh since I had arrived. Somehow, it didn't seem so annoying anymore; it was actually kind of menacing, and it sent a shiver down my spine.

As expected, she dropped her robe and sat in the chair, her legs spread wide, a leather-clad boot on the outside of each of my tied arms. The first thing I noticed looking up was a huge strap-on cock just inches in front to my face! I hadn't expected this, and by my shocked look, she was pleased I hadn't. Besides the boots and the strap-on Wendy's only other clothing was a leather bustier that pushed her firm tits up nicely.

"What's wrong? I'm I too kinky for you now?" she inquired and laughed again. She moved closer and before I could protest, grabbed the back of my head and forced her cock into my mouth.

"Suck my cock!" she demanded, "How dare you dump me after just one meeting because of my dogs and my healthy diet?!"

She worked her cock into my mouth deeper and deeper, laughing when I gagged and told me to do better or I'd suck it all night! Finally she stopped pumping her cock into my throat and rotating her hips...pulled her harness to one side and told me to eat her pussy.

Being better at this chore, I dove in and started tonguing her wet pussy until she was quickly reaching her first orgasm. As she came, she pressed so hard against my face that the back of my neck was hurting and I was fighting to get a breath as she smeared my face with her cum.

"Ohhh Yeah! That's better bitch!" Wendy said, still cumming, but over the climax, "Guess you're a better pussy eater than cock sucker!"

She then got up from the chair and moved around me. Hoping that she had had enough, I waited for her to untie my bonds. That didn't happen. Turning my head, I could barely see her go into her closet and retrieve a camera and tripod. She set it up on my side and clicked the "Rec" button.

"I want to get our first time on tape, honey!" she laughed, making me cringe.

"No way! Please turn it off. Do what you want, but no camera! I pleaded.

"Oh, be quiet, or I'm going to have to gag you!" she informed me.

She then got some gel and lubed her thick cock and moved behind me. Her toned, lean body tensed as she got into position and started pushing the head of her cock against my ass.

"Please, No!" I begged, and she stopped.

Thank Goodness, I thought, relieved, and then all of a sudden...I was gagged.

"That should keep you quiet!" she said and continued where she left off. As she forced the head of her cock past my opening and into my ass, I screamed into the gag. My muffled cries for mercy went unheeded as she continued to slide more and more of her cock into me.

Within a few minutes she started picking up the tempo and before long was pumping my ass with a regular rhythm.

"Take my cock you bitch! You wanted a Dominatrix? Well how do you like this!" she said, pounding her cock into me, smacking against my ass cheeks with her thighs.

My ass soon loosened up and despite myself I was enjoying being raped. I could feel my cock growing hard pushing against the ottoman as she plowed into me and I found I wanted it more, and that I wanted to cum with her fucking me.

She seemed to know I liked it and looked down and saw my erect cock.

"Oh, look! I think you like me fucking your ass!" she said, and pulled my cock back to show the camera I was indeed not being raped.

After a short pause to apply some more lube, she again picked up the pace. Her quick thrust made sloppy fucking noises and before long her rhythm became uneven as she started to cum again.

"I'm cumming in your ass bitch!" she screamed, tensing and grabbing my hips hard and pushing forward.

She collapsed momentarily on my back, seeming to forget me below her. Then she pushed herself up and with a squishy noise pulled her forever-hard cock out of my ass.

"That was great!" she said, winking at the camera. "Now to clean my cock off."

She sat back on the chair and front of me and scooted up, and started to take my gag off. But before the gag was removed, I heard the bedroom door squeak open and sensed an interruption.

"Oh, Hi, Brute! Come here, boy!" she called, patting the top of her thigh.

The huge dog looked at me strangely as he passed by, and she patted his head and scratched his chin before telling him to get out. He started to leave, but on his way, he stopped and sniffed behind me. He moved closer and then I jumped as I felt a cold nose between my ass cheeks.

"Oh my, I think he likes you!" Wendy laughed.

Then the unthinkable happened and he gave my ass a big lick.

"Oh yes, I really think he likes you!"

I began shaking my head from side to side and yelled "No!" into my gag. I tried to struggle loose, but I was tied too tight.

My ass just being fucked so hard was wide open and the dog's tongue worked its way in. He continued licking with more enthusiasm as Wendy urged him on.

"Oh, look! His doggy cock is coming out!" Wendy screamed with delight. "I think he wants some of my bitch too!" She got up, went to the dog and started stroking his cock until it was out about 9 inches and hardening, dripping pre-cum.

"Come on, boy, get up! Get your front paws up on the ottoman." Wendy helped the dog up and waited to see what would happen.

Brute tried to find my ass, but he kept missing. Wendy guided the tip of his cock to my hole and the dog thrust it fully in with one quick stroke!

"Wow! Look at that! He's fucking your ass!" Wendy was so excited she forgot she was wearing a strap-on and as she went to rub her pussy, she seemed shocked to see her rubber cock hanging there, and shrugging, grabbed it and began pumping it obscenely.

"Fuck him! Yeah fuck him hard! He doesn't like dogs, you know! "Well, at least he didn't before!" she laughed again.

Brute didn't need any encouragement, and he fucked my ass with wild abandon. His cock grew bigger and thicker, and was soon even larger than Wendy's strap-on. My ass was being torn apart and just when I thought it couldn't get worse, I felt something different pushing against my asshole.

"Holy Shit!" Wendy yelled, "Oh, he'll never get that in there!"

The dog's knot had swollen at the base of his cock as he neared shooting his cum in my ass. He pushed hard against me, but I clenched my asshole around the dog's cock so the tennis ball size knot would not go in.

Wendy seeing what was happening reached under me and started stroking my hard cock. I don't know why I was hard, but I was, and I started pumping into Wendy's hand. It was a mistake, but I couldn't help it. I wanted to cum and the only way was to pump her hand, but by doing that I opened myself up to Brute's knot.

I felt the beginning of the knot make its way into my ass, but it wasn't even close to halfway so I

thought no way it would go in. I let go and fucked Wendy's hand and stopped worrying about the dog's knot. The dog must have felt my ass go loose around his cock and he seized the opportunity and pushed with surprising force and his knot entered my ass! I screamed into the gag and forgot about Wendy and my orgasm!

"Oh My God!" Wendy said, "He got it in!" Pleased that her technique had fooled me and had worked.

Brute was now locked in me and pumped even harder than before, except when he pulled back his knot just stretched the inside of my asshole and then he would bury it back in with a forward thrust. His knot seemed to grow even more and he growled and I felt his hot doggy cum fill my ass!

Wendy had moved her strap-on to the side and was furiously rubbing her clit and came just as Brute exploded in my ass. After she finished her orgasm and Brute finished his, I guess she felt sorry for me and stroked me to an orgasm. She was careful though and as one last punishment, caught my cum in her hand and smeared it over her cock and removing my gag, made me clean it off.

"So, what do you think now?" Wendy asked, "Maybe a little too kinky for you after all?"

I tried to say something, but her cock was deep in my mouth.

"Well, it doesn't matter, you're going to be tied to Brute for a while, so I'm going to go mail this video tape to a safe place. When I get back, I'll let you loose, and then you can go. If I ever hear from you again, I'll send copies of the tape to everyone you know. Got that bitch!?"

She pulled her cock out of my mouth so I could answer. "Yes, Mistress," I meekly replied, although somehow I knew she'd contact me for more punishment now that she had that tape.

The End