

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## Part 1 - Confronted

"Hello Pete, hello Carol. How was the drive?" I said, as I opened the door to the rented hotel room and stepped aside, allowing the first guests of the evening entrance.

"The same as usual, long" Pete replied, stepping into the room, Carol in quiet tow.

No surprise there, Carol is a really shy person, until the show gets started at least. Pete and Carol drive in to my monthly events from just a little under three hours away. It is well worth the drive and the cost. I will receive two more couples and a new comer to the show this evening. Ally and Dave live relatively close. They help me coordinate my shows and keep everyone involved safe. They will be attending tonight as per usual, as well as introducing the newest addition, Chris, to our tight little circle. There are others who come to my shows as well, but not every show. With a \$1000 cover charge per person, even at once a month it can be difficult to make them all. Richard and Vincent, a gay couple from the next county over who absolutely adore what I do, will eventually round out tonight's group. Just before I got the door closed behind Carol a foot appeared at the bottom of the door, stopping it from closing.

"Hey, it's me." I recognize Dave's voice immediately.

So once again, I'm stepping aside to allow access to the room that is tonight's theater. As part of keeping things safer Dave suggested we rotate where we meet. I'm not fully sure why, but that is his department. Dave steps through, ignoring my inquiry about my message and instantly begins his flirtations with Carol. Ally answers me by handing me the blanket. I'd forgotten mine in such a rush to get Dean and myself out of the house, so I sent Dave a message asking if they could bring one. They brought me a big, thick flannel blanket. I couldn't help immediately picturing the feel against my face as Dean rips into me for all present to witness. Ally pulls me from my thoughts.

"This is our friend, Chris. He's really excited to see your show," she tells me.

But as I look into the eyes of our newest addition I no longer feel the excitement that had me leave Dean's blanket at home. No, what I feel at this moment I cannot explain. Dread, fear, shock, disbelief none of these even come close. I think Ally is saying something, but she seems kind of distant to me as I'm focused on Chris. Those few seconds seemed like an eternity. Then, grabbing Chris's hand and pulling him across the room towards the bathroom, I uttered a few simple words that put a stop to everyone's chatting.

"I know him."

Sitting on the bathroom floor, looking deeply into the man sitting on the toilet in front of me, I find the words.

"Do you know what kind of show you're here to see?" I ask.

To which he slowly nods his head yes. Of course he does. It's occurring to me now that Chris is likely as shocked as I am.

"Are you okay?" I ask him.

"Just a little well, I just didn't expect to see you here. I mean, I know you can be kind of kinky at times, but I never would have thought you would enjoy seeing a show like this one," he finally says to me after another excruciating silence.

Oh god, he still doesn't know. It hasn't dawned on him yet. I must have had a look on my face or something, because Chris started to look puzzled, as if he were working on his income taxes in his head.

"Wait a sec was that Dean I saw out there when we were, you're not, OH, MY, GOD!" Chris says to me as I start to slowly nod yes and smile just a little. "You and Dean are the show!?"

I'm in knots, no pun intended, when I answer him, "Yes Chris, we are."

What is he going to think of me? Will he feel differently? He is here too after all, can he judge me then? Is he going to tell anyone? No, he'd have to admit to being here too. How can this go wrong that I'm not thinking of? This silence is getting to me.

I finally bark at him, "Say something!"

He slowly raises his eyes back up to meet mine. Locked in this moment, in this swirling of emotion at

his silence, in the questioning of the very strength of our relationship, I see a slight smile curling up at his mouth and he says, "When does the show start?"

After stepping out to explain to everyone, Richard and Vincent included, who Chris was thus explaining why I reacted that way, I returned to the privacy of the bathroom to make sure Chris was truly alright with staying. He said that he was and I couldn't help but believe him. Chris then joined the others in the main area of the room while I went to the task of preparing for our performance. It wasn't long and I was back out, nude, freshly "cleaned," and laying the blanket out on the floor. Dean was being occupied by Ally's magnificent hands. But when the blanket hits the floor, Dean always knows that it is show time, and this time is no different. He starts running around, sniffing at everyone, looking for that warmth he knows he will find soon. I get down on the blanket, lying on my belly. Dean isn't long to find my asshole with his tongue, and therefore everyone else their seats around the flannel stage. As I let out my first moan of pleasure from Dean's long luxurious licks with his rough tongue, I become embarrassingly aware that I'm being watched by Chris. My thoughts are racing. I can't believe it, it's like I almost forgot he was here. God, can I go through with this in front of him?

"Oh shit, that feels good Dean, yeah, right there," I say as I wiggle my bottom at his lapping.

He does so love the taste of my ass. He's a good boy, and I let him know it all the time. This flannel does feel good against my face. Christ, is Chris watching? Of course he is, who wouldn't be, right? I need to know, I'm scared but I need to know. I lift my head to look for Chris. I want to know, no I need to know what he's thinking. I look to my left, not there. Then I look right, not there. He's right behind me. I mean US! He's got the best view of this person he thought he knew so well. He can see me at my most depraved. I have never felt so vulnerable. Of course, the constant licking my ass and balls are receiving from this monster of a sex partner isn't hurting me any. As good as my Huskies licking feels, I have to know. I slowly turn over to give Dean's tongue access to my package. Good show for all but it also will give me a chance to see what kind of experience this is for Chris. With a trembling heart I find his face amongst the small group. He's smiling. Thank you, lord. I don't think I could have handled a negative response from him. But when he gave me that nod, like encouraging me, my heart felt the weight lift. I wasn't as scared. He gave me the strength I needed to take the next step in this show. I smiled back at him, mouthed the words thank you, and then rolled over to rest on all fours. I made sure to keep my backside in such a way to afford Chris the best view. He earned it after all. Showing such understanding the way he-

"Mmm, good boy," I said, feeling Dean's widespread tongue on my widespread butthole once more and breaking my thoughts.

Dean licked away at my hole for several minutes, pacing periodically before Ally said his cock was starting to show. At this I called my pretty boy over to me. He did just like he knows, standing in front of me so that his cock is right there for me. I closed my eyes and leaned under him, slowly taking the pink tip of his cock into my mouth. He began growing in my mouth right away. I could taste his pre-cum, tingles the throat. I moved my lips up and down his growing length while massaging his massive testicles with one hand. Dean began to hump my mouth. I could hear moans of pleasure from all around me. Couples generally masturbate or have sex while my show is going on, but they don't touch me or Dean while we perform. It's safest because Dean gets rough and tough when he's fucking me. I belong to him and he may attack if he doesn't want you near his bitch. Sucking away I can see his cock is getting the purple hue it does when he's just about fully erect. Although at eight thick inches, I really don't need a color cue to know when my alpha is ready to go. I let his cock slip from my lips, spilling the pre-cum he's filled my mouth with, all down the front of me. I reach back with the hand that was massaging his nuts and slap my ass cheek. My blue-eyed pup runs straight to my ass and starts licking again. I take my hand and gather as much of his juices off of my face and chin as I can. After smearing his cum all over and into my pulsing asshole, I slap my ass again. He's up and at in no time. Front paws grasped around my waist, pulling me towards his jabbing cock. Searching for my aching hole, he misses twice poking my hard on either side of my o-ring. But that third jab hits home. His flesh is hot! Just a little goes in. Maybe an inch or two, but

he found the target. He pulls back slightly and then tightens his grip with his front paws. This pulls me into him as he thrusts his lower half forward, send all eight inches straight in. No stops, no easy little bit at a time kind of stuff. Eight fat veined inches all the way. My insides felt like they exploded. His cock was so hot and so deep so fast. I came immediately from the sensations flowing through me. Dean just started in, pounding as fast and hard as he could. I was at his mercy now. I am being stretched and ripped and it feels so good. The moaning from my audience has increased. Good, they are enjoying themselves. I wish I could see Chris' face, but I don't want him to miss anything Dean is doing to me. I can feel his knot starting to swell. It gets to the size of an orange sometimes. He fills me with it completely. It hurts in such a fantastic way. His cock and knot touch and stimulate ever nerve inside of me. I can feel him starting to cum. It's like fire inside of me. I'm stuffed to the gills with dog cock and now he's adding what feels like a gallon of cum to my organs. I know my moaning has gotten deafening to those around me. This is one of the things they enjoy most. The sounds that both Dean and I make while performing. I can feel his knot starting to move inside of me and I know what coming next. I can feel Dean's teeth take hold of my neck. He has an iron grip. It hurts but he doesn't really hurt me. But I can't move when he does that, or he will tighten. I sit as still as possible as he gives his last several squirts of cum and thrusts as hard as he can while doing it. As he releases his grip, I feel a little trickle run down my neck, then drop on the blanket. That drop was red. I immediately shot another load at that realization. Dean dropped off one side of me and turned around. He wasn't going anywhere, he knew we were tied. So there we waited. Then Chris appeared in front of me. Now here I am, stuck full of dog cock, looking him in the face. All those fears and doubts came rushing back. What had I just shown him? I was shocked at myself. How could I allow this?

"How are you?" He asked me.

"Ummm-full." I smiled at him.

"Too full?" He said back. I could hear Dave saying he was cumming.

"What do you mean?" I asked, honestly puzzled.

He knelt down in front of me, unzipped his pants to reveal to me, a very nice looking cock. "Too full?" He asked again.

I started to say "Are you serious?", but all I got out was half of the word you before shoved his cock in my throat. What's a guy to do when he's got an ass full of dog dick and a nice cock in his mouth? I sucked for all I had left in me. Dean will tire the strongest of marathon fuckers, but I gave that man the best blowjob I could manage in my current position. I couldn't believe I was doing this. He grabbed my head and fucked my mouth when I couldn't move anymore. I could feel Dean beginning to slip out of my ass. The flood was coming. As his knot popped from my rectum, leaving a gaping hole behind, all my muscles tensed. This included my throat muscles, which caused Chris to shoot his load straight into my throat, coating my insides from both ends now. He shuddered in orgasm as cum drenched my ass, legs, and the blanket. We collapsed into a heap in the floor, breathing heavily and giggling. Dean was off a little licking himself clean. One by one my guests finished up, said thank you, left their fee and departed. All the while Chris and I lay there, staring at each other smiling.

Ally was the last to leave. She handed me an extra \$300. Then, as she closed the door, with smile she said, "I really enjoyed the show, might be you're best yet. But you boys best not let your mother find out about this."

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## **Part 2 - Initiated**

Surreal. That's what it is, surreal. A tawdry hotel room, several thousand dollars on the table and a few hundred crumpled next to me, my husky off to one side licking himself, and me on a blanket on the floor. My body aches, but it's in that good way. I can still feel Dean's semen oozing ever so slowly

out of my recently used backdoor. I have the remnants of Chris and Dean's combined flavors in my mouth and throat. And then of course there is Chris, the newest guest to the show, curled up behind me with his arm draped over my side. He is fiddling with my cock much like a teenage girl would twirl her hair around her fingers, causing it to flop this way and that. As hard as I came, it will likely be a bit before I can get another erection. But he doesn't seem to mind and honestly, neither do I. I can't believe he is actually here doing this. I can't believe we just did what we just did. I've wanted him for so long but never thought it possible. I mean, he's my big brother for crying out loud.

Then as if on cue, he breaks through my thoughts saying, "I've wanted to do that for a long time." As if my head and stomach weren't spinning enough already.

I gently shift to my other side, bringing my eyes up slowly to meet his impassioned gaze. In a soft voice I ask, "What?" I'm sure he's referring to the show he just watched and participated in. Many people dream and fantasize of seeing this kind of thing a long time before they actually pursue the reality of it. Maybe being with another man. That's likely what it is, as I've never known Chris to have any "tendencies" towards guys. Or even just performing in front of a group. That's an accomplishment too.

"Stuff my cock down your throat," he says just as gently. His arm is still wrapped around me and he tightens his grip pulling me closer. I know I've been attracted to Chris since I was at least 14 or so, maybe younger. I would go unannounced into his room. I would purposely need to use the bathroom while he showered. I even tried to convince him to skinny dip in our pool a few times. All in the hopes of getting to see his cock and always to no avail. But now lying here, looking into him, being held, I know I wasn't alone.

"Why didn't you ever..." I begin.

"Mom," he interjects, "would have lost her sanity. And you know she caught us everytime we did something wrong. I was scared. By the time I would have had the nerve, you had already gotten married and I was in a serious relationship. I kind of figured it was just teenage hormones for you." His voice held a tone that assured me of his sincerity. "But I had a pretty good feeling you wanted me in some way too. At least back then. And considering current events..."

"Why would you say that? Current events aside." I ask, while poorly fighting back a chuckle.

"Oh c'mon. The way you followed me everywhere. Barging in on me unexpectedly. Always wanting to wrestle, knowing I'd pin you, face down, EVERYTIME! I even saw you staring at my crotch on several occasions. But it was the trip to Florida that really let me know," he finishes.

"The trip to Flori...Oh my god, the ride back!" I exclaim. His smile tells me I am right. He was next to me in the back seat, asleep. I was 15, which made him 17 at the time. Thinking I had a chance to get a peek, I tried raising the leg on his shorts some. He shifted and I got scared and gave up. "But you were sleeping." I add.

"You thought I was asleep," he responds. Then quickly adding, "but I'm up now," he plants his lips perfectly and sensually onto mine. A long kiss is shared and my world is still spinning, but I feel his arm pulling me in, and I feel safe. His lips are soft yet firm, much like the embrace I am enjoying. He sucks on my bottom lip and his touch is shooting electricity through my body. I don't believe it but my cock is stirring. I can feel his is too. I don't want to but I need to. I separate from the kiss.

With both love and lust in my eyes I beg of him, "Is there anything else you've wanted to do for a long time?"

He rolls me over onto my belly. He places a hand on either side of me and positions himself above me, his body perfectly in line with my own and I can feel the tip of that longed for hardness at the entrance to my tender backside. "This...for starters," he whispers into my ear as he slowly sinks his cock into me. I haven't truly recovered from the love I received from my alpha, but Chris' cock is still thick enough for me to feel myself being stretched again. His movements are so unlike that of Dean. Chris is taking his time, savoring every bit of texture my ass has to offer. I am savoring the sensations too. Even with him making love to me this way, the liquid sounds of my puppy's juices squishing inside of me are very audible. This is what must have gotten Dean's attention. The telltale sounds must have brought him from his self-cleaning. He noticed us, but we didn't notice him noticing us. Chris was on one of his slow in-strokes when it happened. He leaned in close to kiss my neck where the dog had bit down, and then he felt the paws on his hips.

"Dean is trying to fuck me," he says. His voice sounding a little shocked and a lot concerned. Trying to calm him, I let him know that he only needs to be concerned if my alpha gets his paws around his waist. That once the husky reaches that point there is no stopping him, but until then he can be called off. "His paws are there," he says nervously. All the while still buried deep inside of me, but not moving, pinning me to the floor.

"Well, you better strap in and enjoy the ride Chris, he's in it now." I tell him this while smiling, knowing he is about to experience something special. Chris tenses up dramatically and I can feel the motions of Dean's humping vibrating through my brother into me. "Chris...Chris," I call out, turning my head from one side to the other looking for his face. "You have to relax as best you can." But before he can even react to try to relax, Dean finds my brother's warm, soft center. Chris lurches forward as my alpha begins his anal assault, driving his own cock further into me, causing me to cry out in ecstasy. Hearing that just gets Dean to slam himself inside Chris even faster. Before too long my brother finds his rhythm and is pistoning himself between my hole and the dog's massive sexual tool. I admit to being a little jealous of his lucky position in the middle. The pure physical pleasure he must be feeling. Then with a long, loud howl that amazing pooch trumpets in his own orgasm. His seed filling what I would later find out up until that point was a virgin asshole. Being stuffed in such a way was too much for Chris to handle any longer, his own cum shooting against my insides. What a sight we three must have been, slumped in a heap, dripping with juices, all woozy with delight. A few minutes later, a loud PLOP, and Dean is once again free to move about and clean himself. Chris and I collapse the rest of the distance to the floor, panting heavily, and thanking our K9 companion for his efforts. We fall asleep there, freshly covered in cum, clutching one another.

We awoke a few hours later, realizing we needed to get our stuff together and get ourselves home. While attempting to accomplish this task, I see Chris keeps rubbing his ass, another indication Dean did a good job.

"Sore?" I ask him.

"Yeah," he replies, "is he always that...intense?"

I feel for him. "Yeah, sorry about that, Chris."

"No need. I guess no matter how well trained, when a dog has a bone he has to bury it somewhere, right?" He says as much as asks.

"Not really," I admit, trying to put on my best mischievous face. "I could have called him off at any time."

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### Part 3 - Home-cumming

Thankfully, Chris and I managed to get ourselves cleaned up and everything loaded into my van before I would have had to pay more on the hotel room. We stood there talking for a bit, reminiscing over it all. Laughing about how silly our approaches towards one another were, giggling over what mom would think, smiling about those just passed moments in the hotel room, and lamenting the “oh so many” missed opportunities for fooling around when we were growing up. I believe it was the latter that inspired Chris next.

“I’m not ready to go home,” Chris said flatly. Then a few breaths and, “I’m not ready to let THIS go,” his eyes moving towards the hotel room then back to me.

His face had gone a little pale and his eyes moist and pleading. Of course, none of this was actually necessary, I didn’t need cues like these, I could tell how he felt in that room, I knew, I know! And I know how I felt.

So, I lifted his chin slightly, kissed him gently, and whispered, “I love you Chris and I’m not ready either. Come home with me.” Then I turned to get in the van. He didn’t move immediately, but by the time the van was warm and I was shifting out of park, he was buckling in beside me. We were both smiling.

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The forty five minute drive back to my house was interesting to say the least. It wasn’t all that bad, but quiet time in a vehicle tends to let the mind travel, and Chris came up with a lot of questions. After giving up on being with someone I loved all those years before and having it thrust back upon me like that, I didn’t want to lie to him, so I answered all of his questions. I explained how when we lost our business that doing these shows with Dean was how I was going to financially supplement. It wasn’t intended to turn into what it had the over the past few months. It was supposed to be just me and Dean, doing a couple shows, to make ends meet. I told him how now these shows had become our full means of income. I mean it, every bill was paid with money from these sex shows. Mortgage, utilities, groceries, even the damn insurances and college funds were covered this way. Not that I minded. It is a great way to make a living if you can manage it. Being satisfied, at least for the moment, about how this had gotten started and such, he struck again.

“So, what are you going to tell Noelle? You know, about why I’m staying over? Or how we even crossed paths tonight?” He asked.

I honestly thought his head was going to implode as he tried to grasp at what I had told him.

“That’s all very easily answered,” I said. “The truth.”

My wife, Noelle, had known about my sexual feelings for my big brother for quite some time. I told her about all the things I did as a kid to get a peek at Chris’ goods. She knew all about the emotional ups and downs I experienced just for feeling that way about my own kin. She never judged me. She took it in stride like I was telling her what I got at the grocery store that day. She is amazing my Noelle, I love her very dearly. Truth is, she may have been just as happy about this whole thing with Chris as I was. Of course, I wouldn’t tell Chris that; let him sweat it out. And I could tell he was too. The closer we got to my home, the more uneasy he seemed. He had started chewing his bottom lip and was continually shifting in his seat.

“It’ll be ok,” I said. “She’ll be fine with it.” I could see the inner turmoil going on written plainly on his face. “I promise.” The weight on him seemed too heavy to continue teasing.

"Ok," was all the reply he gave.

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It was a little after one in the morning when we arrived at my home. My wife already had the garage door opening as we pulled up the driveway. She was standing in the garage near the door to the house, wearing nothing. Chris' mouth dropped wide open when he caught sight of her there. She looks fantastic in whatever she wears, but nothing is her best outfit any day. And he clearly appreciated the look she had on that night, the bulge growing in his pants gave that away.

"Feeling better?" I asked him as I pulled into the garage. He just looked at me.

The look on Noelle's face when she realized Dean and I were not alone in the vehicle was priceless. She half started to dash inside, then stopped, realizing she has already been clearly visible anyhow, smiled, saw it was Chris and waved. At seeing him, all thoughts of modesty must have just completely flown from her mind. She skipped around to the passenger side to greet him, immediately bypassing my usual welcome home kiss. I don't mind though, I had plans for the night ahead.

"He was the new guest at the show tonight," I told her. "Pretty wild, huh?"

"Yes it is," she said with a tone that tells me she's a little bit more than a little intrigued.

"Let me get Dean out and into his bed, then I'll come explain what happened tonight." I say, motioning with my head for them both to go on inside. Chris' cock is straining against his pants, begging to be freed, while my Noelle just goes into the usual small talk one would have with family. She's on about how are you and how's so and so, and poor Chris just can't take his eyes from her perfectly trimmed little landing strip. It was almost comical. As they passed me to go into the house, Noelle leaned to give me my kiss.

"Sorry sweetie," she said. "How much tonight?"

"A little over 6k," I replied, "I couldn't take Chris', didn't feel right." She just smiled.

I spent the next ten minutes or so getting Dean settled back in. He had a big night himself and I wanted to make sure he was feeling good. Plenty of water, check, fluffy bed, check, treats, check, and some down time with dad, check. After spending a few non-sexual moments with Dean, I headed towards the living room. I had spent some of that time with my puppy trying to figure out how suggest the idea that we could all have some real fun that night, That wasn't at all necessary.

As I approached the large sofa in our living room I could see Chris sitting there. My entrance from the dog's area had me coming up from behind, so he didn't see me. I noticed my wife wasn't anywhere to be seen and at just about the same time I started to hear the sounds coming from the sitting area. My heart began to race a little, I know those sounds, I've heard them often enough. I almost don't want to let myself believe I was going to see what I thought I was, as I get close enough to look over Chris' shoulder. I almost didn't want to look for fear I was somehow mistaken. I moved slowly, but never stopped. I was going to look of course, but I was savoring the torture I gave myself by slowing down confirmation of my thoughts, whichever way it would have gone.

"Dear sweet god in heaven," I barely said aloud. It was audible enough that Chris heard me though. He jumped a little, startled I suppose by my sudden appearance. That was when Noelle looked up, popped Chris' cock head from her mouth, and smiled that smile I love so much.



"Hi Honey!" She said cheerfully. Hi indeed.

"Don't let me interrupt," I said, looking at Noelle. "I was just admiring, didn't mean to scare anyone," I said to Chris.

Noelle immediately goes back to work on Chris' cock. He looks at me for a few seconds, nothing was said, but it felt like a lot of information was relayed between us. Looking back now, I know that was one of the deepest emotional moments I ever shared with my brother. I believe it would have lasted even longer had the head of his cock not found it's way into my wife's throat. When I looked back at her, his cock was buried deep in her mouth. Her lips were wrapped around the base, with her nose pressing into his belly. She swallowed him whole. There were delicious amounts of saliva pooling up on his pelvis and running down his thighs. With tears streaming down her cheeks she slowly lifted her head, revealing inch after inch of cock that was so thoroughly hidden from view less than a minute ago. She backs him all the way out, which leaves a strong, thick strand of spit connecting the two of them. Her lips to his cock. My brother's cock to my wife's lips. Like a pounding in my head, heart, and loins. I heard it again, louder, MY WIFE'S LIPS to MY BROTHER'S COCK. Then it stopped and I knew I needed to get in there. I couldn't take it, my hormones were going insane at that point. Both of them watching me as I went, I circled around the sofa, stripping along the way, and knelt behind my wife. She went back to sucking on Chris as I started to rub the head of my dick up and down her already sopping wet pussy. It didn't take long to lubricate myself with her juices and start sliding inside of her. She always feels so good and this time was no different. And watching her suck my brother like a pro while I pounded at her doggystyle? The sloppy, moist sucking sounds coming from her mouth and throat? The hard, wet slapping sound I was creating? I don't know how him or I managed to not cum right then, but we held on. Maybe we knew she deserved it for being so understanding and accepting, maybe neither one of us wanted it to end, or maybe it was just all the fucking we had done earlier. Whatever it was, we all knew we were just getting started. We repositioned with Noelle on her back on the floor, me kneeling next to her face, and Chris lining himself up to feel the inside of my wife for the very first time. A sensation he would later tell me he'd fantasized about for years. Glad I could help big brother. I breathed in deeply as she took me into her mouth and the head of his cock touched her labia. He pushed forward slowly, allowing me to clearly see how far apart his cock was spreading her lips, which was further than my own would. Watching all of his manhood disappear inside of her was awesome. Feeling her enjoyment of it through the vibrations in her moaning was amazing. But watching his cock on his first outstroke, I'll never forget that. His cock came out so slowly and was glistening the whole way down with her juices. Her pussy lips clung to him, as if trying to stop him exiting her, dragging the entire length of him all the way to the crown. He fucked her like this for several minutes, aware that her and I were both enjoying it. He eventually increased his speed, slowly picking up the pace, until he was pounding into her. Hard and fast enough that she couldn't manage to keep me in her mouth anymore. I knew if he kept it up he would cum, and even if she was ok with it, I wasn't ready for that yet. So, I thought to distract him. I stood and put a foot on either side of my wife's waste, facing towards Chris. In this position he had to slow his stroke down in order to take my cock in his mouth. This worked to prevent him from cumming but now put me in the danger zone. With just a slight lean to one side or the other, I now had a perfect view of my brother blowing me and fucking my wife simultaneously. It took all I had to not cum. Then of course, it happened. I felt my ass cheeks being pulled apart, then my wife's tounge licking my butthole.

"Oh my god," I belted out.

It was just too much. All in a good way, but too much. Her lips and tongue in and on my asshole. His mouth and throat doing wonders on my already aching cock. And the sight of him sliding in and out of Noelle. It was too much. I let loose without warning, dumping my load inside Chris' mouth. With all the credit it deserves, he didn't lose a drop. Backing away, panting, my softening cock slipping

from his mouth, I watched him lick his lips just to make sure he didn't miss any. Having spent my load, I went back to the sofa and plopped down to watch them finish. With me out of the way, so to speak, Chris was quickly pounding away at her again. From the pitch of her screams I could tell she was nearing a big orgasm. She was grabbing at the carpet, her head was back, her muscles all tensing up, she was going to blow. Then Chris stiffened up, let out a loud sigh, and twitched uncontrollably as he emptied his balls into the mother of my children. He kissed her on the mouth and she could taste me on him. They lay there for a few minutes, staring at each other, sharing in that moment together. The first time they were together sexually. I don't know which of us found it more romantic.

As Chris began pulling out of her, I snapped to, knowing what I had to do. The instant he was out of her, I was there, staring at her oozing, obviously recently fucked vagina. I love seeing it this way, all messy and used. I dove in with my mouth wide open. Licking and sucking from her outer lips to the farthest interior pussy wall my tongue could reach. I did my very best to get it all and even got her closer to that orgasm that started building in her just before my brother came. Noelle knew what she needed though. With me spent and Chris worn out, there was only one cock left in the house that could satisfy her. So, off I went to see if Dean was "up" for it.

I found him awake and more than ready to play with the adults again. The sounds and smells of sex must have gotten to him because his penis was half out of its sheath already. I pet him a bit, tugged on his sheath a little, felt him get even harder, and knew for sure I was right. He wanted to play. As I led Dean into the living room, I saw Noelle putting the flannel blanket from the hotel down on the floor. I could see the spots we had made earlier and so did she. She just smiled at me as she laid down on them. Dean, as is the general case with him, needed very little encouragement. He gave Chris' crotch a courtesy sniff and lick and then was quick to lapping at my still beautiful bride's slit. Since Dean and my wife had been fucking longer than Dean and I, they really knew each other well. It didn't take long before he had those preciously sweet juices flowing from her into his waiting, hungry mouth. But she didn't want to cum that way, not this time. She wanted to show off for Chris a little. She flipped over onto all fours and Dean was on her pussy in a flash. Licking away, more urgently, his cock extending further. She reached back, slapped her own ass, and my pup responded appropriately. He hopped up, hooking his paws perfectly around her shapely hips and began his thrusting motion, seeking out her cave of wonders. Inward he plunged as Chris and I sat back and watch the theatrics unfolding before us. The heat of his cock never seems to fail to shock you and true to that she jumped and moaned as she felt it. His pace quickened when he realized he hit his mark. Then hyper-drive kicked in and he was slamming her with wild abandon. The sloshing of their mixing juices had become audible. Wet slapping and shouts of extreme pleasure could be heard throughout the entire house, I'm sure of it.

"His knot is swelling up now," I said to Chris. "You remember what that felt like, right?"

"Yeah," he said. "How could I forget?"

"Watch then," I tell him. "You're going to love this."

Sitting where we were afforded us an excellent view of Dean penetrating my wife with his massive purple cock. Watching as his knot got bigger and bigger. Slipping in and out of Noelle with ease. I could see her relaxing, using the techniques we worked on, controlling her breathing. Dean has a good 3 1/2-4 inch knot, all of which was steadily sliding fully in and then back out of my wife. Chris' jaw dropped again as he realized what he was watching. Dean didn't tie with my wife like he does with me, or like he had with Chris earlier. Noelle can relax enough to allow herself to be able to get fucked with his knot. It's an amazing thing to witness. His knot stretched her to ridiculous widths. The sound is slightly different at this point as well. It takes on more of a deeper, suction like sound.

Loud and highly erotic, I could see it having its affect on Chris, he was glued to the scene. Juices and doggy pre-cum leaked out of her, amidst the popping and sloshing sounds, running down her legs to puddle on the blanket. Hers screams had reached the point of attaining the ability to breath life back into the recently deceased. Then in a blast of hurried pumping, Dean let out his "I'm cumming" howl. Having cum almost non-stop from his intial entrance into her pink folds, Noelle collapsed to the floor, trying to catch her breath.

Chris slowly turned to me. "Wow," was all he could manage.

"I knew you would like that," I replied.

"H-how did she do that? His...thing is....so big?" he stammered.

"Training my dear brother, training." I said back. He raised an eyebrow in need of further explanation. So I added, "You think mine was something? You need to see one of her shows!"