

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Its three am. She is asleep now but I am still climbing the walls in anger. Worse is the humiliation. Wired, pacing back and forth throughout the house but always ending up, looking at her. Her face so tender and soft in sleep, that sinuous body stretched out over the soiled couch. Her hair is sprawled over a pillow from making love. Breasts are full, falling together as she lays on her side. Nipples are erect, even in sleep. Is she dreaming? Of what, I wonder. I dare not touch. Oh how I missed her. I realize again, as I have all night long, that I am blocking the rest. Back and forth, I pace.

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It was just a few short hours ago when I got the call. After two weeks he had called back. I was so glad.

“Your wife, is OK,” he said. “I told you she wouldn’t be hurt and she wasn’t. You kept the pigs out of this and I held up my end of the bargain. I kept my word.” His voice was calm and measured. It was that confidence that scared me.

The little box on the phone showed a local area code. As I watched it flipped to a west coast number.

He was speaking again, “No, wifey can’t come to the phone right now, she is all tied up. Ha ha ha. And no, I haven’t raped her. You mind your manners or I just might forget that I am a gentleman. Ha ha.” I will never forget that laugh.

I heard myself apologizing to him. Anything to keep him from hurting my little Stacy.

The box was now showing an overseas number. He had scrambled the relay center. I expected nothing less from him. It changed again, this time to my own number.

Now he was all business, giving directions for the ransom. I had to interrupt him, “Did you say one thousand dollars?” That’s all he wanted to get my wife, my lover, my Stacy back. A lousy grand. I had expected a ransom demand and had withdrawn everything we had saved for our first house, over ten thousand. I could have paid more if I had too. Stacy’s father, would have sold one of his car dealerships, anything to get his only daughter back. But he only wanted a thousand. I scribbled furiously. First drop off the money at an airport locker. Then west out of the city, into the Everglades.

I was never more scared than that drive deep into the glades. A tractor path through the sawgrass as high as the car and razor sharp palmetto palms scratching against the windshield. The headlights were too low to be of any real use. In places the road was washed away. With a groan the little van would splash into the blackness. Every time I wondered if it would make it out. But it did.

The trail got narrower and then just ended, the headlights shinning on scraggly bush. Then I saw her, standing, all but her face covered by an old sheet. One hand clutched the sheet tight to her body, her other brushed madly at the insects swarming about her. She danced from foot to foot trying to keep them off her bare feet. I opened the door, intending to go to her when a huge dog, black as night, came between us. The dog stood higher than her waist, his teeth barred, eyes dark as coals. The growl, deep and menacing echoed through the glades. I froze. The dog looked like he was about to lunge at my throat.

“Its OK, boy.” She said those simple words and that monster relaxed. She ran around the front of the van, dropping the sheet in the mud. She slipped into the passenger chair, her body naked in the overhead light. We twisted in our seats and hugged, my mouth seeking hers to say what words could

not. A kiss and she pulled away. I held her, rubbing my hands over what used to be so familiar. Her wide shoulders, down to a tiny waist. Her breasts, they used to belong to me, they felt cool from the night air. Her breasts, her back, her body. A body that I used to play with. A touch, playful and light or firm and demanding, I decided what she would feel. Then she was taken. Some faceless man took her, my woman. He decided when to give pleasure or pain. He decided that her pubic hair should grow out. But she is mine again and I have to know.

“Stacy, honey. Did he? Did anything happen? Are you OK?”

“I am OK. What doesn’t kill you, makes you stronger. Just take me home. This place gives me the creeps.”

I gave her my shirt to cover herself. She wrapped it around her small frame, not bothering with the buttons. The odometer showed twelve miles from the highway. We would have to back up. I concentrated in keeping the van out of the canal as we splashed our way out. I would touch her shoulder every few seconds as we drove in silence. Finally we neared civilization. The street lights were comforting to her. At last, she could relax. I asked her about the ordeal. She told me of how quick the abduction was, how scared she was. About being driven blindfolded to a farm house. Her fear grew when he didn’t even attempt to hide his face. She told of being tied, how she thought the rope marks would never fade. I asked again but she said that he didn’t rape her. When I pressed her about it, she finally admitted that he undressed her. “I had to turn around for him, bend over, slut for him.” I pressed harder and she admitted that “yes he touched me there and there.” But she insisted that the man never penetrated her. She began to tense again so I talked about how I missed her. I was scared too. Scared for her. Then the phone call came, “Don’t even think about calling the cops,” the voice had said. “And she won’t be hurt,” it said. I had no choice but to believe that mysterious voice.

We had driven out of the glades, through the city and were now on familiar streets of our neighborhood. It was over. She had survived. Our marriage had survived. The few dollars of a ransom was a joke. I had my Stacy back in one piece. Even her chastity was preserved, for I knew she was telling the truth. The asshole felt her up and looked her over but the fag never violated her. I could live with that. She was lucky and I was too.

I reached over and pulled her to me. Her frame dissolved into mine. It was just the two of us again. At a traffic light I turned to kiss her, a long passionate kiss. Her mouth opened and it was like old times. Growl! I jumped at the sound. Deep, threatening at my ear, hot breath on my neck. The monster of a dog was a heartbeat from my throat, eyes blood red in the blackness of the van.

“Shit!”

The dog positioned its big head between Stacy and I, still growling at me.

“Why did you bring that dam dog? Its so black I didn’t see it get in. It scared the shit out of me!”

“That’s Luther. He won’t leave my side,” she said, as if that explained everything.

Horns were blowing, the light had changed, I had to drive on.

Our home, a modest duplex was up ahead. We both longed to put this nightmare behind us, to get on with our lives. We dreamed of buying our own place with room for children. In fact Stacy had stopped taking the pill. Soon we will start a family. I parked at the curb. Stacy immediately jumped out, the dog bounding at her heels, always close. The dog was overly protective, that was obvious. Perhaps that was what she needed. I don’t like big dogs. They scare me. But I thought we should

keep him. With a dog like that, she would not have been seized. That guy must have been a psycho. Kidnapping a beautiful woman just to touch and look at her, that joke of a ransom, leaving her in the glades, naked but for a sheet and a dog. A nut case for sure.

Inside, we celebrated with a bottle of wine, some more talk of how I missed her, of her friends, of what I would like to do to that guy. She wanted to drop it. Not to mention it to anyone, especially not the police. She claimed it was too embarrassing. The giant of a dog curled in the middle of the floor. Stacy was talking up a storm, smiling, gesturing with her hands as she did when she was happy. My shirt flashed over her privates as she walked. Luther got up stretching massive front paws. The dog casually looking around before nuzzling its huge head just beneath Stacy's breasts. Stacy froze, the smile fading. The dog nudged her again but she didn't move. A hint of a growl, another nudge harder with teeth bared this time and Stacy took a step backwards, backing up until sprawling backwards on the couch.

I moved to stand. The big dog leapt across the room at me in a single bound. Teeth barred at my throat, that glare. I sank back in my chair. The dog returned to Stacy, glancing occasionally at me, I knew I would not get a second warning. His tongue wide, saliva drooling, lapped up, across Stacy's exposed sex. The tip, curled up, probing, wetting, teasing her vulva. He stepped up, huge front paws tight against Stacy's trembling body, her arms to the outside. The dog stood, back straight, looking down as tears formed in Stacy's eyes. As I watched his cock extended, like a hydraulic ram, straight and pink, networked with veins and still growing. The base a darker pink, throbbed. Moving forward Luther's cock sledge hammered blindly against my wife's defenseless pussy. A woman's sigh long and low of pleasure or pain I couldn't tell, and Stacy raised her knees. Her bare feet, rocked in the air on each side of the animal. Finding her slit, Luther plunged his hips into my wife, his shaft bending as it rammed home against her cervix. She cried out, shrill and high, clearly in pain. The dog raised his head and howled, then lowered that massive neck to tongue at her face. His hips worked in and out, rear paws perched for leverage. I could see white fluid, thinner than mine leaking from Stacy's vagina, but she was still stretching for Luther went deeper and deeper with each stroke. He was howling again, fucking Stacy at a furious pace. Relentless, deep rapid fucking, Stacy crying out, ohh, ohh, ohh, ohh, drool falling in her mouth being sucked in only to be spit out. His cock rigid and swollen, welded into Stacy. They moved as one, her body thrusting back and forth with the dog. Her eyes open wide, pupils glossy and rolled back. She moaned between labored breaths, her body flushed beet red, perspiration beading on her forehead. Indeed her whole body glistened with sweat. Luther howled, his tail arrow straight. He licked her and again howled. The couple next door were pounding on the wall, no doubt afraid of what their young children were hearing. Stacy wrapped her legs around the dog, her calf muscles swelled with the effort. Both her arms latched around his neck. She let her head fall back, her hair falling on a pillow. Only her shoulders rested on the couch. Luther had slowed that furious pace, but was still fucking Stacy back and forth as she clung to his cock. His sperm shoot in spurts from her stuffed womb as he continued to pump her.

Luther was quieter now, fucking gently pausing at times to lick her throat or mouth. He could so easily sink his teeth into her throat, tear it open, but instead he licked it tenderly. Stacy kept her heels lock across his back, being careful to move her body with his. Her breathing became easier, but she continued to moan with a pain that is so satisfying to a woman. Her eyes refocused. She looked around the room, finding me still frozen in my chair.

After a while she whispered, "I can't stop him."

I didn't know what to say.

Several long minutes dragged by in silence. Luther was still rocking Stacy, hanging on to his prick.

His drool was all over her face and chest. Stacy would moan when he shoved into her. She retighten her legs on his back.

"It hurts," she said. "Awful. You see, he has this bulb at the end that swells. Gets real big, real hard. When that happens I fill up, tight and hurting. He could rip me apart unless I move with him." She was looking at the ceiling. "When he knots like this it may be ten or twenty minutes. Sometimes he wants to walk around. That's not good for me."

The watery cum was leaking from her, trailing down her ass. "How could you, Stacy? Fucking a dog!" That was the only thing I could say. His cum was all over my wife and the couch.

"He did it to me. Forced me." Stacy pulled her body up with her legs and shifted her ankles higher on the dog's back. "Gave me to his dogs." She readjusted her arms. For a moment my sweet wife dangled free underneath the dog. "Over and over. Day and night," she said, pausing as Luther licked her mouth. I don't think she realized that she returned a quick kiss. "Then he trained Luther to do me whenever he wanted." Stacy wiped her face on the dogs neck. "Whenever he wants to, the dog rapes me."