

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



It was a week after the worst storm the town had seen in a hundred years. The town had seen quite a few out-of-towners set up shop over the years...and none lasted more than a year. The oddity of setting up a new shop, an antique shop, while people were still cleaning up from the storm struck most town people as odd, but they marked it up to out-of-towner "determination" (which really meant stubbornness). Surely the owner did not expect to do any business selling antiques when people were busy reclaiming their lives?

The sign indicated the opening was in one week and that there would be a "welcoming party" which clearly meant the proprietor was going to introduce himself to the neighbors. The sign indicated door prizes would be awarded, which was sufficient to entice most of the town women (and a few males) to attend. Curiosity built while people cleaned and speculated on the time between the grand opening and the grand exit.

The "welcoming party" kicked off with a speech by the proprietor, a man in his late 60's, distinguished, handsome, and charming. If you asked the attendees how they enjoyed the speech, they would reply that it was interesting. If you had been a fly on the wall, you would have seen that after the proprietor's welcome, the room of attendees looked to be in a strange trance. If you were a fly which could understand English, you would understand quite a bit more.

The proprietor's name was Mr. Wright and he suffered the joke "I've been looking for you (wink, wink)" quite a few times that night. Of course, he had suffered it many times before. His dazzling eyes were the cause of many a fluttering heart. Looking into those eyes, it was easy to get lost...very lost. They were the bright blue of a Siberian Husky.

He had set up shop in many towns over the years. In some, he was viewed as an angel, freeing those in the town to experience emotions they had never fathomed. In other towns he was viewed as a demon, introducing sin and lust to good folk. The truth was perhaps somewhere in the middle (truth tends to prefer that spot). He was certainly a class of Being above human, but it would be difficult to determine his actual nature as being evil or benevolent. He was most certainly not "good" in the traditional Christian sense. His main goal was self-satisfaction.

He viewed himself as a chef of sorts. He fed off of emotion. Pleasure was sweet. Lust was spicy. Guilt was bitter. Shame was sour. He enjoyed creating various concoctions by blending these and other emotions in people.

He had learned that most small towns have one or more of the following types of women: the Shy/Timid, the Prudish, the Pious, the Respectable, the Motherly, and the Bitch (oh, he loved the play on words with this type). Of course, there were many other types of women, and we cannot discount the fun he had with men as well, but those types in the list above seemed to bring him the most pleasure. They seemed to have incredible stores of those emotions he craved.

The "welcoming party" was a success by his standards and the following days would bear that out in full bloom. His first evidence of this was the amount of business he saw on his first day. Very little business was transacted (dollar wise), but he had many visitors. Rarely more than one in his establishment at one time, as if they had scheduled appointments.

The town, Riderville, was an out of the way, small town, where most people knew each other, and the connection they shared (all small towns seem to have a bond, which is forged by a shared history, but which transcends that history) was as much a factor in the stable population as anything. They were a religious community, with nearly every town member attending either the

Baptist church or the Catholic church.

As with most “welcoming party” attendees, they could not specify why they thought so highly of Mr. Wright and his shop, but they seemed unconcerned with that fact. They knew they had enjoyed the party and felt “positive feelings” when they thought of Mr. Wright (those bright blue eyes).

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### **Sarah, the Timid**

The first visitor to Mr. Wright’s store was Sarah Langham, the local librarian. She was overweight, but not by too much. A good deal of her weight was stored in her bra. Homely would be an apt description of Sarah. Her outfit was her standard large shirt (to cover the body of which she was ashamed), floral print, and a modest black skirt that went to the floor.

She was a timid lady (fitting the librarian stereotype) with a strong interest in history. She was very interested in Mr. Wright’s collection and came by to peruse the facility. She was curious about his pieces and planned on learning more about their past, as she had seen several intriguing pieces at the “welcoming party.”

“Welcome” Mr. Wright greeted Sarah as she entered the store. Her eyes looked into his, and despite her normal procedure of shying away from eye contact, she stopped in her tracks, transfixed by Mr. Wright’s eyes...that brilliant blue, nearly white...he dark pupils...and the amazing way his face framed them...

“Sarah, isn’t it?”

“uuhh...yes” she blushed, but did not look away from his eyes. She had briefly spoken to him to thank him for his hospitality at the “welcoming party”, but was flabbergasted to think that he remembered her.

“yes, I never forget such a beauty as you. How can I help you today?”

“I...(those eyes)...I was just wanting to look around...and ask about some of the pieces”

“Ahh, yes, feel free. I am happy to provide the story behind any of the pieces I have here. I will not hover over you, but I will be near. Please call if you have any questions.”

“yes, sir, I will” she said in soft, sleepy tones. She continued to stare into his eyes. She felt excited inside...in a small warm circle near her uterus. It was bright and happy, the circle (or was it a ball), but she could not comment on it...she just felt it...and felt like it was fueled by looking into his eyes. She did not want to look away.

“I will step into the back for now, I still have some packages to unpack. Again, please call if you need me. If you finish looking around, feel free to come see my recent unpackings (wink)”

He turned and walked away, and she felt a longing for his eyes. She wanted to stare into those eyes all day. She walked around the store and noted many items she might purchase one day, but felt no real compulsion to purchase anything this morning. Her mind was focused on getting back to looking into Mr. Wright’s eyes. After looking around for a short time, she went toward the back (she felt she had wasted enough time). Mr. Wright looked up and the ball in her stomach returned. She smiled (and blushed) and Mr. Wright stood up.

"Ms. Langham, is there something I can do for (to) you?"

"No (yes, yes, yes, anything you want) thank you, Mr. Wright. You have a lovely store. I am leaving, but I will be back (please, let me come back, please)."

"I have no doubt, and thank you, Sarah. First, I would like to show you something, do you have time?"

"yes"

He smiled and her face went slack. He grabbed her left breast and fondled it. She did not respond. He pinched her nipple and she moaned a lackadaisical moan. His smile widened. He lifted her skirt up and rubbed her clit through her panties. She inhaled and bit her lower lip. He absorbed her shame and pleasure. Delectable.

"Sit down"

She did as she was told, with no emotion.

"I sense a deep longing in you, Sarah"

"Yes"

"You have not been fucked in some time, have you?"

"No"

"Why not?"

"I am fat"

"No you are not"

"That is what the men here think"

"I doubt it, but if they do, then it their loss. Please meet my dog Bruno"

In walked a massive mastiff...Sarah smiled and looked up at the dog.

"Do you like him?"

"Yes, he is beautiful"

"Yes, he is...feel free to pet him"

"Thank you"

She saw her hand reach out and start stroking the dog's back, constantly looking into (lost in) those beautiful blue eyes.

She left the building and could not remember where the time went. She felt great. For the rest of that day, conversation flowed smoothly, and everyone remarked on how she was glowing. She had never had such a wonderful day (at least not in a long time). When she got home, she opened the freezer door and went to grab the remains of her gallon of ice cream (she went through one every

week or two), but paused (those eyes) and put it back. She walked to the bed room, stripped, and grabbed her left breast, squeezed it, pinched her nipple, and rubbed her clit. She did not remember anything after that. She woke up with a strong desire to visit Mr. Wright's shop (Bruno) again.

On her lunch break, she stopped by the shop. Mr. Wright did not even greet her and she did not find it odd. She just walked back with him to the storage area. She felt something like control, but at the same time, it was like watching a movie shot in the first person point of view...she saw her body move forward, she felt herself bend down and put her hands on the floor, she saw Bruno approach and felt her pussy getting wet. It was as if this was choreographed. She felt the warm ball in her uterus.

Bruno walked to her and his dick was already out. He put his paws on her back and his dick was in her face. She saw face moving closer and felt his warmth in her mouth. Bruno fucked her face until his cum was pouring out of her cheeks. She tried to swallow, but it was too much. When Bruno dismounted, she put her head to the floor and licked up all of the cum that had fallen out of her mouth.

When she was finished, she stood up and wiped her face, licking her fingers after she did so.

She looked at Mr. Wright (those eyes) and said "thank you" and walked out. She returned to work with a smile on her face.

"No, no, my dear, thank you" said Mr. Wright.

She returned to work, smiling, talking to everyone she saw. She could not recall feeling this empowered. She was not pulling her shirt down from fear her belly was showing, she was not humped over, face looking down at the ground. She met everyone's eyes as she walked past. She felt beautiful and alive.

Many library regulars had also noticed that she was showing more cleavage. Some (the women) talked about it, others (the men) just admired it. She was well endowed and she seemed more attractive over the past week. Most thought it was a good thing. The talk centered on the cause. None had an answer.

Tim was a homeless man. He was known to be slightly crazy, but harmless. He often stayed at the catholic church in the evening, but spent most of his days at the library. He was often dirty, as he usually worked the mornings at the church cleaning the yard under Bob Johnson's supervision. On this day, he was pretty dirty. In fact, some of the regulars complained and Sarah decided she had better talk with him about it.

"Hey, Tim, how are you?" she asked, leaning over his table so that her breasts were hanging. Her shirt was loose and Tim could see her bra. He looked up quickly to assure her it was unintentional, but Sarah smiled at him. She rubbed her neck seductively.

"Fine, Ms. Sarah."

"Good. Tim, I have been getting some complaints that you are a little dirty, and a lot smelly today. There is a sink in the back. Would you like to come clean up?"

"Ok, Ms. Sarah" Tim said timidly. He felt his cock growing in his pants and tried to think of baseball.

Sarah led him to the bathroom in the back office. She walked in with him and he looked confused.

"Tim, I thought you might need help washing the hard to reach spots. They tend to store the most dirt."

"ummm..."

"Here, let's get these pants off" She leaned down and unzipped his pants while looking up at him. She pulled them down and he stepped out of them.

"There, that's better. Oh, look, your cock is hard. Well, I guess he is raising his hand to be first." She grabbed some soap and ran it under the water. She lathered it up and began by washing his balls. While she did that, she put his cock in her mouth. "mmmmm"...She pulled it out "I am going to clean this special for you. Oh yes, I am going to get this cock good and clean" She put it back in her mouth and sucked while she continued to wash his balls. He came in her mouth and she looked up at him as she swallowed. When he had finished, she took off his shirt. Then she took off her clothes.

"Don't want to get these wet" she said with a wink and a smile.

She washed his entire body, rubbing hers all over his. His cock was hard before the bath was over, but she did not fuck him until she was done. When she was done, she fucked him like an animal. Having known Sarah for some time, Tim was surprised at her extroversion. Happily surprised. She asked him to please fuck her ass and he obliged.

When he finished, his head rested on her back.

"Tim, do you still have Scraggles?"

"My dog?"

"Yes."

"Yes, ma'am"

"Come to my house tonight. You can sleep there. Bring Scraggles."

"Yes, ma'am"

"Here is the key. I will see you when I get off. You and Scraggles, right?"

"Yes, ma'am"

"Very good. Now go" She said as she rubbed his dick.

When Sarah got home, Tim was sitting on the couch reading a book. Scraggles was on the floor.

Scraggles looked up at Sarah. She shut the door and walked straight to Scraggles. She pulled her shirt off and pushed her skirt to the ground. She removed her underwear and bra then sat down with her legs spread. She still had on her stockings (thigh highs) and her high heels. Scraggles got up and walked over to inspect. She slapped her inner thighs and he put his head in her crotch. He licked her and she threw her head back.

Tim was shocked to see this happen, but remained quiet.

"Come here, Tim, and pull your cock out. I want it in my mouth"

He walked up while unzipping his pants and removing his dick. When he was near her, he knelt down so that she had access to his engorged member. She swallowed it and sucked it while moaning. He could tell when she was cumming because the pressure on his dick intensified. Scraggles was a natural and seemed to enjoy licking her ass and pussy.

Tim came in her mouth again, and again she did not miss a drop.

“Suck my tits” Tim complied again while Scraggles continued to lick Sarah.

That night was a round-about of fucking. Sarah fucking Scraggles (riding his cock), Tim fucking Sarah, Scraggles fucking Sarah, Sarah fucking Tim. Tim and Scraggles fucking Sarah. Exhausted they fell asleep on the kitchen floor. Tim noticed the curtains were open. He felt a tingle in his cock...could someone have been watching? He nudged Sarah to see if she wanted the curtains closed.

“No. Hell...I hope someone was watching. In fact, maybe we should tape the next one. Maybe we can post it online and share with the world.” She said sleepily. She grabbed his cock and started stroking it. It seemed she had no purpose or goal in mind...just the act. Tim did not mind.

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Marie, the Respectable

Mr. Wright's second visitor that day was Marie Rengall. She was wearing a flowing light blue dress with a white sweater. Marie was the town socialite. Independently wealthy after the loss of her husband, cultured, and kind, she carried a great deal of social power and wielded it justly. She had funded the construction of the library and led the fund raiser to stock it with books.

She saw Sarah leaving the shop and thought how beautiful she looked (like she just got laid). Marie smiled coyly and proceeded toward the shop. She walked in and Mr. Wright greeted her by name. She, like every other person who met him, was immediately lost in his eyes. Having a good deal of composure at her ready, she was able to maintain some semblance of control, but if he had asked her to give him head, she would have dropped to her knees and sucked his cock until it bust through his trousers, then sucked some more until his seed was safely in her belly. The vision/thought of that shocked her, but she found no ability to deny it (at least not to herself).

Despite spending an hour in the shop (according to her watch anyway) she could not remember much of what went on. Like Sarah, she purchased nothing, but (again like Sarah) she left with a content smile on her face.

Sarah got home and found herself thinking she wanted to buy a dog. She had not been particularly fond of dogs in the past, but she just felt the time was right to purchase a good (big) dog. She looked through the paper to see if there were any ads. As luck would have it, there was a large yellow lab looking for a good home. She called, arranged a meeting, and by six that evening, Holmes was enjoying dinner in the house of the late Mr. Rengall.

By seven, he was enjoying the pleasures of Ms. Rengall in a lovely king size bed.

They had gone to the bedroom after dinner. Sarah found herself feeling slightly out of control of her body. To be clear, she felt she was doing what she wanted, but she felt like the idea to do it came from elsewhere (those eyes).

Sarah walked up to the dog from behind him. Holmes was occupied with a bone she had bought him.

She rested her head on his back and started stroking his sides. The dog looked back at her and she smiled at him. Her hands reached under his belly and started stroking his sheath. She squeezed it as she rubbed it back and forth, caressing his balls lightly on every third or fourth stroke.

The dog turned around and she started kissing him while rubbing his face. She gave him access to her entire mouth. She loved the feeling of his wet soft tongue. The dog sat while kissing her and again she felt her hand moving towards his sheath of its own initiative. She did not mind. She had not touched another cock since her husband died and she found her desire was restored...more than restored, it was back with a vengeance.

Ms. Rengall had found her new love and was surprised to feel very little shame in the thought. Despite the overwhelming sexual desire bursting inside her, she found that feeling of being out of control of her body was pervasive. She wanted to let the dog fuck her, but she found that her movements were slow and sensual.

As the dog's dick made an appearance, she lowered her head and licked it softly. The dog stood up and she moved her head to gain a better position. Her head was below his dick and she was lovingly sucking it. She did that from roughly 7 until midnight. She found that she had no intention of stopping. She would pull away if she felt he was about to cum. "There is just something wonderful about having his dick in my mouth" she thought "mmmmmmmmmm.....unnnnnngghh" she said. She did enjoy the taste of his pre-cum...she considered trying to store it for drinking through out the day.

Mr. Wright was sitting in his chair at his shop. He was smiling. She was such a lovely lady and the depravity was delicious. He was surprised to note that there was no guilt in her enjoyment of Holmes. She had no shame either...that was fine, he enjoyed a desert every once in a while...Marie Rengall would be his dessert in this town. Pure pleasure. Pure sweetness.

Over the next few days, Marie began taking Holmes with her on all of her trips. People noticed the improvement in her skin (she was glowing). Most accounted it to her finally passing the mourning stage for her late husband. "The dog was a good purchase for her...helps remind us that life goes on" were the sentiments conveyed by those who discussed the matter.

Marie's mind was almost constantly on Holmes and her outside engagements became fewer and fewer. Her sessions with Holmes became longer and longer. Some days she would not even bother to put on clothes. She would start the day sucking Holmes' dick and end the day riding it until she came. It was love, unabashed. She loved his dick, she loved cumming, she loved making him cum, she loved the taboo, she loved her love for him. "Holmes, dear, you are the best thing that has ever happened to me."

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### **Sister Mary Francis, the Pious**

It was not until the fourth day that Sister Mary Francis visited the shop. Sister Mary Francis was in her early 50's. She was in good shape. She was the head of the catholic school in town and many a young altar boy had fantasized about losing their virginity to her.

"Dear Sister Mary Francis" said Mr. Wright walking to greet her.

Sister Mary Francis looked into his eyes and was not even able to respond.

She did not even remember how she found herself in the back room, mouth sucking Mr. Wright's cock, still fully dressed in her uniform, with a strange feeling in her pussy (vagina...why would I



think pussy?)...she found herself unable to stop. She moaned while she slid away from the rug her ass was pressed against...feeling that thick, warm rod in her pussy (vagina)... and toward that warm (slightly less warm) thick rod in her mouth.

As she pulled away, she could feel a huge ball in her pussy, near the base...it prevented her from pulling too far forward, the sensation was heavenly. She could actually feel the entire shape of the cock in her pussy. It was so big, it filled her completely. She moved her ass in little circles. She felt fur (yes, that is fur) rubbing on her hamstrings...and were those paws on her thighs.... She wanted to stop and reassess the situation, but could not. She pushed her throat further down on Mr. Wright's cock and rubbed her ass in faster circles. She started to gag, but pulled back in time to prevent it...then shoved it down her throat again. She saw a mirror to her left and could see this event playing out. She came instantly.

A large mastiff was fucking her from behind. Her skirt was pushed up over her ass, and her ass was exposed to the beast. He was fucking her ravenously while she sucked Mr. Wright's cock. When her eyes moved to her face, with that cock coming out of it, she closed her eyes and started sucking him harder...faster.

When she opened her eyes again, he was looking at her in the mirror, smiling a peaceful smile, and she started moaning again and pushing Mr. Wright's cock as deep as she could in her mouth. She was tormented. There was her self watching this happen and trying to comprehend it and there was her body craving...lusting for Mr. Wright's cock (his cum, I want his cum) and the mastiff (Bruno...how do I know that?)...lusting for the mastiff's cock (fuck me, cum in me, never pull out)...

"The dog is stuck (knotted) with me...how will I go to church like this?" she thought.

She envisioned herself on the altar, Bruno fucking her hard with the entire congregation watching...masturbating. Wives were sucking the neighbor's cock while husbands fingered them. All eyes were on Sister Mary Francis while she screamed in pleasure. Bruno seemed to be smiling, Mr. Wright was clearly smiling.

Mary Francis would later tell a parishioner how she had enjoyed a riveting conversation with Mr. Wright (and that was how she remembered it). She would describe how lovely he was (those eyes) and how he had treated her with such care.

In fact, she was telling Ms. Davis, the church secretary, when Cody came into the office. Cody was 19, he had been held back 2 years in second grade. Many viewed him as mildly retarded, but he was functional. He would probably end up working at his father's garage in town, but his dad felt his son should finish high school.

Sister Mary Francis called Cody back to her office. She locked the door after he walked in. Cody was nervous. He had been caught cheating on a test. It was stupid, he knew, but he wanted to get a good grade to impress his dad.

"Cody, do you want to tell me why you did what you did?"

Cody blushed and looked at the ground. Sister Mary Francis walked around her desk and knelt down next to him.

"Cody, it's ok, I just want to talk with you about why it is wrong."

"I just wanted my dad to be happy with me..." he started to cry.

She stood up and brought his head to her breast. "Its ok, Cody..." her nipples hardened with his head near them (those eyes) She turned her body so that her nipple rubbed against his face. She enjoyed feeling her nipple rub against his lips. Cody's tears seemed to subside. He was looking at her nipple. She moved it back again and again. After a few times he opened his mouth...he felt her nipple brush his open lip and he closed it. She did not pull away and he started sucking it.

She pushed his head into her breast "yes, Cody...that's a good boy"

She reached down and grabbed his erection. "Cody, do you know what to do with this?" he looked up and she was smiling at him...but her eyes seemed blank somehow...

"I think so..." he said timidly.

"Well, let's test you" she said as she unbuttoned her blouse. She sat on her desk and pulled down her panties...she pulled her dress up.

"Fuck me, Cody"

Cody was in shock.

"Cody, fuck me, now...take me"

Cody stood up and she grabbed his cock through his pants. She pulled him to her and unzipped his pants. His cock shot through the opening of his boxer shorts and his zipper. She pulled him into her and began fucking his cock like it was a dildo. He quickly got into the motion and they were fucking (like animals she thought and came) on her desk. She stared into his eyes while he came in her. She continued to hump his dick as it went limp.

"Lick me"

She pushed his head down and he started licking her. He could see his cum seeping out of her pussy. "You better lick that up too, I don't want a mess" she said, smiling, but it seemed cruel and she felt ashamed, but unable to stop herself (those eyes). She pushed his head back down and he started licking her again. Mr. Wright smiled, absorbing the shame and the satisfaction.

When she came she squeezed his head with her legs. Then she got up. "Cody, if you tell anyone about this, I will make sure you don't live to regret it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sister"

When he stood up, his cock was hard again...

Sister Mary Francis spit in her hand and started stroking it. She turned around and shoved her pussy on top of his cock. This time, he fucked her. He fucked her hard. She pushed her mouth on her arm and stifled her screams.

Mr. Wright saw the entire episode unfold as he sat in his chair. He felt the sustenance of their emotions fill his being. Oh, this town was ripe.

"I will take care of the cheating issue. You can come back here on tomorrow and be prepared to fuck me again. Next time, we will have the appropriate privacy." Sister Marie told Cody as she pulled buttoned her blouse.

"Yes, sister"

“Good boy”

When Sister Mary Francis got a call from Nancy, Cody’s mother, saying Cody was ill, she was very dubious. She made no effort to hide this on the phone, “But, Nancy, I saw Cody yesterday afternoon, he was in the peak of health. I am unsure how you know he will be out all week.”

“Well, he is sick, I am just saying he might be out all week. We will see...but for now, expect him out all week. (bitch)” replied Nancy.

Sister Mary Francis felt some concern that Cody had revealed their activity, she decided she should find out. She told Ms. Davis she would be leaving early today and she left for Cody’s house. She was not expecting what happened, but she was very glad it did happen.

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Mandy, the Bitch

Mandy Basely’s visit was less eventful, but nearly as productive for Mr. Wright. Having immediately pegged her as the town bitch, Mr. Wright did what he always did to the bitches. A bitch was a dog in heat, so he gave her the mild suggestion that she was in heat and unable to satisfy her desire. She would cum alright, but it would never be sufficient.

Mandy did not leave with the same glow as the other women, but that night, her husband Bart noticed she seemed distracted. He was used to her yelling or bitching about this or that. She seemed indifferent. She seemed almost drugged. He did not mind much, but was a little disturbed...it seemed she had lost some of her fire...what he did not know is that it was just kindling somewhere else. In her pussy.

“Anything wrong, honey?” he asked timidly

“No” she said distractedly. “I am going to take a shower” she said and walked out.

She had been in the shower for sometime, and given her previous behavior, he decided to check on her.

When he found her with a cucumber almost complete in her pussy while she was standing in the shower with one leg on the base of the tub, he found himself moving forward. He felt fear, lust, shame, trepidation, and compulsion. He undressed as he did. Mandy was looking at him while he walked forward, but still shoving that cucumber in and out of her pussy. She stared at him in the eyes...her face looked tortured. It was like she wanted to stop, but could not. He felt the same way.

He stepped into the shower, his cock at full erection. She bent over, but kept the cucumber’s steady motion. She presented her ass to him “FUCK ME NOW....I NEED TO CUM...FUCK MY ASS” she grabbed his dick and shoved her ass on top of it. She fucked him in rhythm with the cucumber. He could feel the cucumber through her inside. It felt nice rubbing against his cock.

“This is not like Mandy” he thought but his thoughts did not seem to hold much sway right now...he was like a tool being used for someone’s (something’s) pleasure...and why did he keep seeing Mr. Wright’s eyes? He had only met him at the “Welcoming Party”, but now, he could not stop thinking of his eyes.

Mandy fucked him until she was raw. She had cum many times, but her insatiable need persisted Bart was long past soft, but he was fingering her ass with two fingers and licking water off her

breasts, legs, and pussy.

Mr. Wright enjoyed the mix of lust, confusion, and pleasure. He could sense their desire to stop and enjoyed the helpless feeling (it was laced with fear) that they had when their bodies would not stop fucking. The confusion and fear that was a particularly nice accent to their pleasure..."I must include that element more often, fear mixes well with confusion and pleasure...in the right dose of course" he told Bruno as he stroked his head.

After they stopped, they both felt confused. Mandy looked at Bart, disgusted. She stepped out of the shower and grabbed a towel. She dried off and walked to bed. Bart did not get out of the shower for a while. When he did, he found a blanket, pillows, and sheets for the couch on the floor. Mandy was in bed, sleeping (trying to sleep, her mind could only visualize large cocks). He grabbed the blanket and pillows and went to the couch. While on the couch, he started rubbing his cock. He wanted to stop, but could not...he kept thinking of those eyes...and her insatiable need to cum...he felt scared and lustful. Mr. Wright thought of it as a delightful snack.

Later that night, Bart heard a noise outside. He went out and saw a light on in the stable.

He walked to the stable with his shotgun. When he got there, he saw Mandy on her knees with Brownie's huge cock in her mouth. She was stroking it violently with her hands. She looked up, but did not regard Bart in any way. She just closed her eyes and started again. Brownie was their stallion and his dick was growing fast. Bart again found himself unable to resist his bodily urges.

Mandy's mind was solely on the taste of Brownie's cum - she wanted it in the worst way. She could not sleep and could not stop the craving for cum. She walked into the living room and considered sucking Bart, but she knew he was not enough. In her dream, she had seen a huge cock, 20" or more, she immediately thought of Brownie. She wanted her cheeks to be puffed out with cock. She had an animal urge and Brownie was going to fill it.

She went outside, intent on sucking his cock until his cum covered her body. She had a singular focus and all other things were interruptions. When Bart joined her, she initially wanted to send him away, but she could not take her focus away from Brownie. She felt like a marionette...but the strings were some internal desire she could not control.

When Brownie did cum, he came all over her. She stood up and led Bart to the Blackie's stable. Blackie was their mare. She led Blackie out and started licking her pussy. Her face was buried in Blackie's hindside as Bart just watched. When she moved her face out, it was slick with Blackie's juice. Bart walked behind Blackie and started fucking her. Mandy watched and masturbated while he did.

"Fuck that horse, Bart...ooohhhh, that's good...mmmmm..." She rubbed her pussy with Brownie's cock. She had coaxed it back out and it was soft, but sufficient to create that wonderful tingle in her pussy.

Bart came in the house and looked at Mandy. She smiled. He did too. The confusion was gone...now was only lust, guilt, shame, and pleasure. He thought they would be doing a lot of this. In fact, he felt the need to call in sick tomorrow. Mr. Wright approved.

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## **Nancy, the Mother**

Nancy Hargrave's visit to Mr. Wright's store was par for the course. She found herself unable to

resist her sexual urges since the visit, but did not associate the two. Her son, Cody (the mildly retarded boy who had recently lost his virginity to Sister Mary Francis), had noticed that his mother was spending an inordinate amount of time in her room...usually with Buster, their black lab.

Knocking..."Mom?"

"WHAT?"

"When's dinner?"

"Fix your own dinner, Cody"

"ok"

Nancy was in her bed, with Buster's cock fully locked in her pussy. Buster was fucking her missionary style and she was holding his neck. She pushed her hips upward to create the motion in her pussy. If she had her druthers, she would not leave this room...hell, if she could work it out, Buster's cock would not leave her pussy.

"Mom?"

"WHAT, CODY?"

"Do you want dinner?"

"NO, NOW GO AWAY"

After Buster finished and his cock was re-sheathed, she walked out of the room...looking like she had been fucking for a few hours. Cody was on the couch watching TV. She sat down next to him. Buster was at her side. She petted Buster's head and did not say anything.

Cody got up to put his dishes away, and while he was washing them, she opened her legs and looked at Buster. Buster licked at her pussy and she closed her eyes. She did not see Cody walk in and Cody did not make a noise as he watched his mother being licked by his pet. His dick grew and he started stroking it through his pants.

Nancy looked up and saw him. He recognized that empty look in her eyes. She seemed unable to stop, despite obvious signs in her face that she recognized the inappropriateness of her actions.

She kept looking at him while Buster licked her pussy. She did not speak, but instead signaled for him to come over. He moved forward and was standing next to her. She unzipped his pants and pulled his cock out. She swallowed it and sucked him off while staring into his eyes. She felt shame, lust, guilt, and pleasure. He came in her mouth and she continued sucking until his cock was soft again. The shame she felt was intense and it definitely outweighed the pleasure...but she was compelled to continue her indiscretions just the same.

Cody knelt down and started licking his mother's pussy with Buster. He felt compelled to keep going. He enjoyed fucking and made no distinction that he was fucking his mother. His cock felt good and that made him feel good. He liked that she liked it. He liked that he was pleasing his mother. She stroked his head while he liked her. She stroked Buster's head too.

Mr. Wright was delighted at the turn of events. Cody had not been at the "welcoming party" but he had already made two very erotic appearances in Mr. Wright's plan. Fucking the nun and his

mother..."oh, I must have Cody by the store...perhaps he can be my minion" he thought.

Suddenly, Nancy grabbed Cody's head and pulled him up. The shame had been overwhelmed by pure desire. The shame was still there, it just held no sway over her actions. It had served as a flood gate of sorts, and now the flood gate was under water.

She kissed him and told him that they could not discuss this with his father...but that she planned on doing a lot of this. He was a good boy, with a big cock, and she wanted to fuck him as much as she could...when she was not fucking Buster, of course...but maybe she could suck his dick while she fucked Buster.

She started stroking his cock. He was standing next to her and she was rubbing it with both hands...caressing it may be more precise. While he came on her face, she told him she wanted him to go to Mr. Wright's store. She was not sure why she wanted him to do that, but she was compelled to do it nonetheless.

He was unsure why she would want that, but he followed directions well.

When Cody returned from the store, he walked into his mom's room. His eyes had that familiar blank stare, but she did not notice. He walked over to her bed, where she was rubbing her pussy with a large vibrator. She pulled him down and wrestled with him until his cock was hard, then she got on top of him and fucked him, her hands in her hair, moaning while her son's cock was hitting the walls of her pussy. He held her stomach while she moved back and forth on him. She put her hands on his chest and started slamming her ass down on his cock. He put her breast in his mouth and started sucking it. She cradled his head with one hand. They came at the same time and he kissed her intensely.

Cody then got up and walked out of the room. He returned with Bruno and Nancy face lit up. Bruno walked over to the bed and she put her feet on the floor. Bruno put his front paws on the bed and thrust his huge cock into her. She looked at Cody and mouthed the words "thank you" just before her eyes rolled back in her head and she received the most fulfilling fuck of her life (at least so far). He was a magnificent beast and she loved feeling his strong body underneath his fur. He powerful thrusts pushing her entire body upward. She moved her feet from the floor and wrapped her legs around his body. She hugged his body with her legs and enjoyed rubbing her feet on his furry back. Cody watched and smiled. So did Mr. Wright.

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Cody, the Surprise

Mr. Wright greeted Cody. Cody found Mr. Wright's eyes enchanting. When he left, he did not remember the visit in the slightest.

"Good evening, Cody" Mr. Wright said as Cody walked in the door.

"Good evening" Cody responded.

"I have a job for you, son" Mr. Wright said with a sly smile.

"Yessir, Ma sent me down here, I don't know what she wanted."

"Son, I have seen you with the Nun and with your Mother"

Cody looked shocked for a second, but looking into Mr. Wright's eyes was calming to say the least.

"I like watching you fuck, boy. Hell, your cock is a good size. More than that, I like the way you make people feel when you are fucking them. They feel a special kind of shame, knowing that you are a little slow in the head. I want more of that. Did you like fucking your mom with Buster?"

"Yes" Cody said in a dreamy voice.

"Good, I want you to take my dog Bruno. He is a good dog, and he likes to fuck. I want the two of you to fuck as many women in this town as possible. I want you to start with the married women first. I have a list of everyone who attended my 'welcoming party' and if you stick to this list, you will not be refused. Do you understand?"

"Yes" Cody said, a silly (but disturbing) smile was on his face.

"Good boy. Ok now, get to work"

Cody left with Bruno. When he showed up at home, Nancy, his mother, was in her room. After she fucked Cody, he brought Bruno in. Nancy felt a gratitude for her son from that moment on. Bruno fucked her better than she had ever been fucked before. Her orgasm was so intense that she decided she would be willing to serve as a sex slave to her son...so long as she could continue to fuck Bruno.

John, Cody's dad, would leave for work early tomorrow and Nancy was already planning on calling up Sister Mary Francis to inform her that Cody was ill and would likely be out of school for the rest of the week.

She did not foresee Sister Mary Francis' objection to Cody's absence or her visit to check on Cody. Neither did she foresee Cody's (and most unfortunately Bruno's) eventual absence from home, but by that time, her and Sister Mary Francis were so busy fucking each other and Buster that it really did not matter.

John left for work and Nancy snuck into Cody's room. Bruno was lying on the floor, she looked at his huge sheath and walked over to him. She was wearing a silk gown which showed her displayed her lovely breast well. Cody was still asleep and she decided she wanted Bruno anyway. She put her head on Bruno's stomach and put her face directly in front of his sheath. It was a strange angle to be looking at his sheath...so close up. She started stroking it and his cock made its first appearance. She devoured it and rejoiced as it grew in her mouth. She decided on a slow rhythmic motion, back and forth on a slightly downward arc.

Cody's alarm clock went off and he hit the snooze button. He rolled over and saw his mom with Bruno's cock in her mouth. He could still see about 5 inches or more of Bruno's cock, plus the base at the end. When Nancy removed the cock from her mouth, he saw she had at least 7 inches of that huge cock in her mouth. He started stroking his dick.

After Bruno (and Cody, and Nancy) came, Nancy called Sister Mary Francis to inform her of Cody's unfortunate illness...7 day flu very likely.

"But, Nancy, I saw Cody yesterday afternoon, he was in the peak of health. I am unsure how you know he will be out all week." said Sister Mary Francis.

"Well, he is sick, I am just saying he might be out all week. We will see...but for now, expect him out all week. (bitch)" replied Nancy.

Sister Mary Francis showed up at their house a little after noon. She knocked and did not get an answer. She could hear something in the house, but it was muffled. She tried the door. It was open.

She walked in and followed the sounds (is that moaning...maybe Cody is sick) to the bedroom. There she saw something that immediately struck her as evil...and exciting.

Cody was standing, his cock was in his mother's mouth. A large Mastiff (Bruno, how do I know that?) was fucking Nancy from behind. Sister Mary Francis was paralyzed for a moment. Her sensibility told her to condemn Nancy and take Cody out of the house. Her lust (the strings of the marionette) led her to walk to the bed and sit on it. She pulled her skirt up and pulled her panties down. She started rubbing Cody's ass as his mother swallowed his cock.

Nancy looked at Sister Mary and pulled her head away from Cody's cock. "Cody, let the Sister move in front of me" Cody moved to the side and Sister Mary Francis slid in front of Nancy. Nancy immediately buried her face in Sister Mary Francis pussy. Sister Mary Francis moaned as she came and then pulled Cody's cock into her mouth.

After Cody, Bruno, Nancy, and Sister Mary Francis came enough to cause a rupture, they rested. Cody woke up first and took Bruno. He had a list, and did not intend to disappoint Mr. Wright (those eyes).

When Nancy and Sister Mary Francis woke up in each others arms, they started kissing. They seemed not to notice Cody and Bruno being gone, or maybe they did not care. Nancy called Buster in and Sister Mary Francis again felt the pleasure of a dog cock in her pussy. When Buster knotted her, ("oh god, yes"...she thought) she again had a feeling she had done this several times before, but it did not matter. What mattered was that she liked it.

Cody arrived at Susan Barligan's house. Her husband was at work and she was home alone. She had been masturbating ritualistically since the "welcoming party" but felt unable to satisfy her craving. Her husband, Rick, had been fucking her in the evenings, but he was unable to satisfy her as well. Cody did not knock. He walked in and found Susan with a huge dildo hanging out of her pussy, a vibrating ball on her clit, and a piece of sausage in her throat. He led Bruno through the door and she let the dildo fall out completely. She kept the vibrator on her clit, but offered the sausage to Bruno. He ate it quickly and was done before Susan put Cody's cock in her mouth.

Bruno waited patiently until Susan was satisfied enough to get into position. She leaned over a kitchen chair and Bruno mounted her. She sucked Cody's dick through the slats in the back of the chair. Cody did not realize until later that there was a camera sitting on the kitchen counter. It was recording everything. He did not mind...in fact, he found it erotic.

After Susan he followed the names on his list (from Barligan to Yancy). It took a few days, but each stop was rife with raunchy sex. Bruno had fucked every married female in town. Cody had fucked most of them, but his cock had been in all of their mouths. Cody found he liked the idea of being filmed so much that he took Susan's camera and used it at each stop. The wives either did not care or did not notice. When he left, the wives clamored for his return, and soon. Some even expressed a willingness to forsake their husbands and children, if only he would fuck them and let Bruno fuck them.

Cody felt only obligation to Mr. Wright and having completed his mission, he returned for his next assignment.

Mr. Wright thanked Cody for what he had done. Mr. Wright especially liked it when the wives were forsaking their lives in order to fulfill their sexual desires.

"My time here is nearly done. I have gorged myself on the delicious emotion of your town and I am nearly full. However, before I go, we have one more step to take. Are you ready for the next step?"

"Yessir"

"Good, Cody"

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## **The Picnic**

Mr. Wright arranged for a town picnic, purportedly to drum up business. As most of the town's women were under his control, it was easy enough to ensure a big crowd.

The picnic started nicely, it was an evening picnic for adults only. The plan was to have a nice dinner, then Mr. Wright would play a movie onto the outside wall of his shop. He had taken care to paint the side so that it would reflect the image as well as possible. The dinners were nice and most people shared, creating a pot-luck atmosphere. The town felt especially close. Many couples brought their pets to the picnic and the Hargraves actually rode their horses to the event. The dogs played with each other when they were not scrounging for food. Many of the women with dogs exchanged knowing smiles. The men were seemingly oblivious.

After the sun had set (it was a lovely sunset) the projector started. It was a film of Mr. Wright (those eyes). Dear people of Ryderville, the image said, I am sad to announce that I will be leaving your town soon. Alas, you have been more than generous to me, but I see now that my timing was bad and beyond that, I find I get itchy feet if I stay anyplace too long. I would have liked to stay longer here, as I do enjoy all of you, but I must leave. But fret not. I am leaving my dear dog Bruno in the charge of Cody." The women smiled and breathed a little easier. "and I will be watching over all of you" the men thought it odd, but disregarded it as sentiment.

"Now, I ask you to enjoy the show"

The screen went blank, then Ms. Barligan was in the center of it, with a dildo in her pussy, a vibrator on her clit, and a sausage in her throat. She was obviously getting much pleasure out of the act. The crowd was silent (the men shocked, the women feeling the rise of uncontrollable lust). Rick Barligan was frozen, his embarrassment was tremendous. Mr. Wright inhaled it.

On the screen, Susan looked towards her door and the dildo dropped from her pussy. Bruno and Cody came into focus. She fed the sausage to Bruno and Cody began fucking her. The scene then cut to Bruno fucking her while she sucked Cody's dick through the slats in the chair.

Rick looked up and saw Susan masturbating in what appeared to be a shameless manner (although, she did feel shame). He looked around and saw the other women (and some of the men) masturbating as well. Some women were stroking their dogs dicks.

Back on the screen, there was a montage of each housewife fucking or sucking Bruno and Cody. Beth Lesertan looked into the camera "I love this dog's cock, more than I love my husband, more than I love anything...ohhhh, and Cody's cock is great too....mmmmm....anybody else who wants to fuck me, feel free...ohhhh, thank you, Mr. Wright..."

At the picnic, Beth was being fucked from behind by her neighbor Mr. Helmsly and she was sucking her husband's cock. She was fingering Mr. Helmsly's wife with one hand.

The climatic scene was Sister Mary Francis. She had the camera and she was in the confessional.

"Forgive me father, for I have sinned"

"Please, Sister, confess your sins"

"Father, I have been having lustful thoughts"

"That is normal sister, we have a duty to rise above those thoughts. Please, go on"

"I keep having thoughts of huge, luscious cocks. I have visions of the cock, I can feel it in my mouth, I can taste the cock and the cum that seeps out of it. I can't help looking at men's crotches. I had Cody in my office yesterday and I envisioned him fucking me on my desk. When he left, I could not get it out of my mind. I rubbed my pussy, Father, I rubbed it longer than I should have. But father, that is not the worst part. I had a dream, at least I think it was a dream, I was fucking a dog. Well, I guess it is more apt to say he was fucking me. While he was fucking me I was sucking a huge cock. I could feel the dog's cock filling me. I loved it, Father. I loved the dog's cock in my pussy, and the man's cock in my mouth. I felt like there was a fire in me and it would take the man's cum and the dog's cum together to put it out. Only I did not want it put out either...I just liked working toward that end, without reaching it. I loved being filled by those cocks, Father."

She quietly opened the door to the confessional and walked towards the other door, where the priest was. She opened it and saw Father Martin rubbing his cock through his pants. He looked up surprised and she stepped in and closed the door. She was holding the camera and the audience could see a look of concern on Father Martin's face. She placed the camera on a ledge, so that she could be seen. She unzipped his pants and put his large black cock in her mouth. She sucked him until he came. She swallowed every drop, then looked up at him. "mmmmm, the fire is subsided, but not out...I think I will be coming to see you fairly often to help me with this, is that ok?"

"Yes....sister...that's...fine" he was exhausted, both emotionally and physically.

To look around the picnic area was to look in on an orgy. Dogs were fucking women who were sucking neighbors who were licking the bodies of their friends wives, who were sucking dogs. Father Martin fucked 20 members of his congregation that night alone, and nearly everyone woman there got a chance to put his dick in their mouths.

Brownie (the Basely's stallion) was fucking Mandy Basely while Bart fucked Blackie (their mare). Women were lining up to get a shot at Brownie...while waiting they were licking each other's pussy or rubbing each other.

Nancy Hargrave and Sister Marie Francis were face deep in each other's pussy. Sarah Langham was sucking off two husbands while riding a third. She had never felt so beautiful, so desired. Holmes was fucking Marie Rengall while she watched the hedonistic events unfold before her.

A young wife, 23, named Lisa was sucking Scraggles dick while Tim was fucking her in the ass. Her husband was watching and stroking his dick. Cody was fucking Ms. Lowe, who was 63. Ms. Lowe was begging for him to cum on her face...to fuck her until he was almost done, then to shove his big cock on her face and cover it in cum.

The orgy went on all night. This was to be known as the inaugural Wright Day Picnic and it was the beginning of many annual Wright Day Picnics.

**The end**