

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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I have decided this year to write about certain things that have happened in my life for two reasons. Firstly to reconcile things with myself and secondly as a cathartic exercise to try to understand my true feelings.

First let me introduce myself; my name is Rachel and I am a white English girl, yes a bit like the 'English rose' type, I am well educated and have always been a free spirit, which may well have been partly to blame for all of this. I am a brunette, quite attractive with a bubbly personality and I generally get on well with people. I know men find me attractive, women know these things. I am now 34 but these things happened to me when I was 24-26.

It was a long hot summer in Suffolk, it had not rained for weeks, it was hard to sleep at night and there seemed little air in the sultry depths of the countryside where we lived then. 'We' was me and James my partner...we spit soon after this story I am telling. It was a smallish village with the usual village people, local farmer, vicar, schoolteacher and the 'pub' crowd of which we were part.

The local farmer was a strange sort of man who frightened me a little, one moment he was laughing and joking... the next he was not. He would stare at me sometimes and I could feel his eyes ripping the clothes off me and he knew I could feel it and that it made me feel uncomfortable... so he did it even more. He was about 40-ish I would guess and his wife Sue was younger, pretty and flirty. I would guess she was 30-ish.

One Sunday we were invited to Sunday lunch at the farmhouse, which was ...and still is quite a grand house. The meal was nice... drinks first... a few too many actually and Norman (the farmer) was pretty polite to me... quite unexpected as I thought some personal comments about me would be coming. After the meal, during which Sue flirted abominably with James in front of me. James lapping it up too, which vexed me; we were seated in the large comfortable sitting room, when suddenly there was a terrible screaming sound from somewhere outside. Norman leaped out of his chair and disappeared through to the kitchen and thence to the farm office which faced onto the farmyard.

We heard him shout and swear as we filed out to see what was going on. We stood in the office and through the window we could see two dogs fighting, both large and very angry looking...one had the other by the loose skin at the side of the neck and was not letting go. The one held like this was doing the screaming, but the big black dog was bigger and was now starting to shake the other, pulling the poor thing back and forth by the neck.

"Do something!" I said looking at Norman.

"Not likely," he replied laughing..."anyway he will let go in a minute when Charlie gives in."

He was right, Charlie cowed and was quiet and the black dog let go, snarling and warning Charlie to get lost, which he did.

"It's her fault," Norman said, nodding his head at another dog the other side of the yard. "She's on heat and Blackie wants her."

As Blackie wandered slowly over to the bitch, I heard Sue saying for us to go back to the sitting room...and she and James left. I stood there, the desk between me and the window watching fascinated as the two dogs approached each other, then I became aware of Norman looking at me and in my innocence asked, "What is he going to do?"

Norman laughed and I went red... thinking what a stupid question it was. I was about to turn and leave when Blackie, after sniffing about her turned sideways on, I saw his huge erection hanging down... all red and inflamed.

"Oh," I said quietly.

"Big, isn't it?" Norman said. It wasn't really a question.

I swallowed, feeling a tightness in my throat as Norman moved nearer to me... our arms touched as he stood there, I could feel the heat from his body. Perhaps this is what the bitch felt too, the parallel was not lost on me... or Norman.

"You're a strange girl," he said quietly.

"I don't think so," I replied defensively.

"You always seem so"...he stopped, thinking of the right word, "Naive... a sort of girlish innocence."

I did not look at him, I just watched the courtship out in the yard... such as it was. Blackie was wanting to mount the bitch, but she warned him off... he looked almost disappointed.

"She's not ready yet boy," Norman said as if to himself... or was it to me? I ignored him, my eyes were now fixed on Blackie's erection, it was huge and nearly touched the ground. I felt a wave of heat go through me and also felt my face burning hot. I must have been the colour of a beetroot. I looked quickly at Norman, hoping he hadn't noticed, but he had, my heart sank as I felt him move behind me and prayed that he was going to leave and join the others, who now could be heard laughing in the other end of the house.

I felt his breath on my neck...I was trembling, but I didn't move... I couldn't really with the desk in front of me. His breath smelt of whiskey and I could feel his sideburns on my ear.

"Look at that Girl," he whispered in my ear. "What would you do with a cock like that?"

I did look at it...I couldn't take my eyes off it. She seemed to dip her back a little and he immediately mounted her...his loins thrusting as he jabbed it at her. I felt a hand on my belly and looked down to see his hand there, the thick powerful farm fingers lifting up my summer dress...the coarse skin on my soft belly and then they disappeared into the top of my panties ...feeling and exploring as they found me...investigating my hairs and my inner depths. I still looked out at the two across the yard, I saw him enter her like a piston...his balls were all that could be seen.

"My God girl," he whispered. "This is turning you on ...isn't it... seeing that cock go in there."

Again it wasn't a question... my wetness and his thrusting finger gave me away, as did my shortening breath... for he knew how to touch me... filling me and masturbating at the same time. My knees trembled and I came on his hand just as the image of Blackie's cock appeared before me when he pulled out of the bitch, all wet and absolutely huge... his loins still pumping, the great red lump jerking still, and then I came, holding onto the desk edge for dear life, his finger was the cock in my mind... all in my mind... like a dreadful dream.

For days I still saw the images...I actually masturbated over them...I imagined them when James fucked me from behind...but the animal lust was missing...I wanted that lust.

About a fortnight later I was walking up the hill at the back of the village. It was my walk... where I

went when I needed peace and room to think. My relationship with James was now a routine, he worked in London and stayed over some nights... so I was lonely too and I knew that it would not be long until we both moved on. I sat on the hill looking down on the village and watched the clouds start to pile up on the horizon.

It had not rained for ages and today it seemed it was going to make up for lost time. I hurriedly started back for home...all I wore was a summer dress, undies and trainers. As I hurried I realized that I wasn't going to make it before the rain and swore under my breath. Suddenly I heard a car coming. It wasn't a car exactly but Norman in his Land Rover. He slowed and when he saw it was me he pulled up sharply on the loose gravel.

"Hop in...give you a lift home," he shouted over the noise of the engine.

"It's ok," I replied... the reluctance showing in my voice.

"Don't be daft... you will get soaked," he said as the first heavy drops of summer rain started to fall... like a slow drum roll on the bonnet. I bit my lip and hopped up onto the seat beside him and off we whizzed. He said nothing.

We went past the farm on the way and he said he had to do something or the other before Sue got home, so as we came to the entrance he turned in and parked in the farmyard.

"Tea?" he asked.

"No thanks," I replied looking apprehensively up at the rain, even heavier now.

"Oh go on... I am making one anyway and Sue will be back any time, no need to be frightened," he said mockingly.

I followed him into the office and from there into the kitchen. A large room with a huge old fashioned dresser and kitchen table to sit about twelve people. He put the kettle on and looked at me with a smile... why did I always feel at a disadvantage with him...and after I let him finger me who wouldn't I supposed to myself. I became aware of other eyes on me too and on turning I saw the big black dog sitting in a basket in the corner... Blackie.

"Remember him?" he asked, leering at me. I felt the blush again.

I sat on one of the chairs and waited for tea, wondering now whether Sue was due home soon, or was that a lie.

The dog came wandering over to me and just looked at me... then at him... then sat down in front of me.

"He's reasonably respectable today, he rolled in some cow shit the other day and had to have a bath, so for once he is clean," he said...the dog looked back at him, his tail wagged, ears flattened.

"Have you thought anymore about him?" he asked nodding at the dog. For a moment I didn't realize he was talking to me... then the penny dropped...what could I say? Yes I have thought about him fucking me... thought about his huge cock in me.

"What do you mean?" I stuttered, feeling the colour rise in me yet again.

"You haven't?" he asked, his head on one side. "Thought about it... all swollen in you... all that

energy he has, making you come and come?"

"Stop it," I wanted to shout, but it came out as a unconvincing rejection.

I stood up as I suddenly felt at a disadvantage sitting on the chair... to my surprise my sudden action made the dog growl. I looked at him looking up at me...the thought of the snarling and biting in the farmyard that day came flooding back in my mind. I looked apprehensively down at him.

"There you have upset Blackie," Norman said teasingly as he moved round to my side of the table. He took my arm... not gently but not roughly... firmly... Blackie was now standing in front of me, looking at Norman... waiting. I looked at Norman and then the dog and then to my surprise Norman lifted the front of my dress, exposing my panties and made a signal to Blackie.

"Oh please... no you mustn't," I protested moving back as far as I could until the table edge was at my bottom, but the dog had my scent now and was gently sniffing at my mound. I just stood and watched as the nose pushed at me...taking in my scent.

"Oh God!" I exclaimed as I felt Norman's hand at my rear pulling my panties down. I looked as the hem in the front slowly exposed my hairy mound and winced as the cold nose touched my thigh. He started to lick me. I felt my moistness start...watched as my lips were parted by the inquisitive tongue. I felt my legs go weak at the knees. Norman's hand was pushing the panties further down as he felt under me, his finger gently feeling at my anus, teasing and coaxing it to relax... it did, and the insertion at the back with the licking at the front was just all too much.

"Sit in the chair."

I sat as the panties were eased over my ankles, my legs were pulled further out so that my bottom was barely on the chair, my legs were spread and Blackie started to lick me in earnest. His strong tongue found both holes and it entered as if licking the marrow from a juicy bone. I started to writhe in ecstasy...and then a massive orgasm overcame me...like nothing ever before...great spasms deep inside just made me groan and whimper like a demented thing looked at Norman and saw his face was intense too looking at me.

"You sexy fucking bitch," he said, then he pulled me from the chair onto my knees. I was too exhausted to fight back and just knelt there but when I looked sideways at Blackie who was standing alongside me my heart leaped at the sight of his cock. It hung long and thick as it had done in the yard, jerking every now and then.

"Go on... feel it," I was told and I complied, feeling it gently, it looked wet but it felt dry except for the occasional squirt of colourless fluid from the tip. It filled my hand and I stroked it for him, his back arched and dipped as he thrust into my hand. There was a huge swelling at the base and when I held it above the swelling he became very excited and it must have been at least a foot long, long.

I then felt something warm at my vaginal entrance and without waiting Norman slid his affair into me, it wasn't long, but reasonably thick and pleasurable... for a short time... perhaps a minute then he ejaculated inside me with a grunt. He pulled out and dragged the dog round and I felt him licking Norman's semen from me and without much ado he mounted me. I felt his monster jabbing at me, first my back hole then at my proper entrance, he found the mark and he shoved it in filling my pussy, making me gasp.

He thrust and pounded like a mad thing and I had to push back to stop being physically moved across the floor, then he attempted to get the swelling in too. I was pretty well lubricated what with Norman and the licking and he succeeded, making me bite my lip as it stretched me, then he just

hung onto me, motionless... pumping load after load of stuff into me. Norman became excited again and pushed his affair into my face... I took it and tasted his semen, choking as he pushed it into my throat. I think Norman thought that I found this very exciting because I was beside myself with lust but it wasn't Norman that did it, it was Blackie.

I felt great spasms of movement from the giant meat that was inside me and every time it pumped and throbbed. I had another orgasm...and felt his semen squirt. I was exhausted as his whole weight was on my back now...he just sort of rested there while his cock did its thing and then he started to move and slipped sideways on me pulling me with him.

"Oh God...oh God!" I gasped as I felt my pussy being pulled with him...his knot firmly fixed inside me still and then slowly it started to slip out...I felt that I was giving birth to it and then with a loud plopping noise it came out and I collapsed on the floor, the semen pouring out of me. There to my left side was Blackie, standing still, his enormous cock hanging down, jerking still.

"That is the sexiest thing I ever saw," Norman said quietly.

I looked at him sitting in the chair... feeling himself... his erection obvious. I said nothing as I rested on the floor.

"You have the most amazing bottom too... and legs...in fact your so sexy it isn't true."

The tone of his voice surprised me... perhaps I was hearing and feeling a softer side to this man... he knows what we all are underneath. I didn't feel ashamed or dirty or all the things you might expect me to feel as you read this...it all felt unreal or surreal... who knows.

I left the village that week... left James too... I felt a chapter in my book of life was over and that I needed to turn the page of fate and move on. I shall write more later but I hope you enjoyed this recollection and if you are female and have experienced similar or want to experience similar I most sincerely hope it will be of some use to you.

Rachel