

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



During her early, married years, she quelled the fantasy for the most part, only allowing her mind to indulge in those relaxed moments during a long, hot soak in the bath. Her fingers, took the place of an imagined dog's cock, shafting her. Those orgasms, with her fantasy in full flow, were always the better ones and far better than those she sometimes managed with Tom. She had fallen for him after College and gave her body to him after a few months of some very serious petting. During her freshman days, she had learned how to suck a guy to completion. She had even learned how to hold him from cumming in her mouth until she wanted him to. Her expertise was often the talk of the football locker room. Not one of her lovers got beyond that. Her purity, in so much as her hymen or virginity as concerned; stayed in tact, until Tom whisked her off to Europe. Vienna lulled and soothed her into a relaxed and ready state. Tom, for once, hit the right note and they made love on an iron bed that squeaked in protest. It was something of an anti-climax, being nothing like she had imagined her first time to be. Ruth blamed herself, but they soon learned how to exploit and excite each other's body. It became better, but never quite good enough.

So, Ruth was destined to a life of normality, domestic quietitude and a gradual decline into the almost, anonymity of being an everyday housewife.

Two events happened closely together to change that though. The first came after Ruth had been married for three years and was looking as if she would remain childless. Slightly desperate and more than a little harangued by her mother, blaming Tom for being unable to sire a child, she turned to her friends for support. Cindy, who had stayed in touch, invited her to a stud farm to get away for a few days and have some time out. Her latest boyfriend worked there and got them in for a weekend. They found a small motel out of town and paid for two single rooms. The weekend turned out to be a great success. They were treated royally and given the tour of the various areas. The familiar, but almost forgotten itch, resurfaced while she found herself watching both artificial insemination techniques with a guy buried in a mare's vagina, up to the shoulder and natural insemination processes. It was Ruth's first time seeing a stallion in full flow. She was almost overwhelmed by the size of the stallion's cocks, with their mushroom shaped heads and the violence of the act. The stallions would bite the mares, often tearing out chunks of their manes while in the throws of their orgasms.

Ruth's legs nearly gave out a couple of times while the frenzy of copulation unfolded before her eyes. Her sex heated to uncomfortable climes and her breathing shortened. Ruth hoped that it wasn't too noticeable. A sidelong glance at Cindy told her exactly how she must have appeared herself. Beads of perspiration glistened in the harsh light of the overhead fluorescent tubes; Cindy's skin was reddened and suffused; a vein throbbed at the side of her temple. Ruth could almost feel the heat coming from her, could almost smell her wetness and readiness for wild and uninhibited sexual abandon. Her own wantonness was no less than Cindy's. She needed to be fucked and she needed it to be wild.

Friday night, back at the Motel wasn't looking too good. Cindy and her guy left her in the bar early. Their hands had been quivering and the sexual charge between them was almost palpable. Ruth ended up frigging herself into a stupor in the shower and then dreamed her most erotic dream for many years, with her, being impaled on horses and anything phallic shaped. Her bed in the morning was a mess, telling of the thrashing her imagination had produced, but she felt unfulfilled and frustrated.

They were to tour the domestic animal area on Saturday. The stallions had taken Ruth to uncharted places in her mind, but the dog section took her completely off world. Her old fantasy was there in front of her, in full and glorious Technicolor. What was more; she could witness the acts of the

canines without having to hide. It was as much as she could do, to not climb into the insemination cells and let the animals fuck her until she collapsed. Cindy and David, Cindy's guy, wondered off and left her talking to one of the assistants. He was quite informative and explained each of the different techniques they used. Ruth did something she had never before thought about. She casually invited the young guy to dinner at the motel and fully intended to screw the luckless fellow into next week. He accepted, but turned out to be hopeless in the sack; she felt regretful after, beating herself up for her unfaithfulness.

The second event was to be the most devastating to her life up till then.

Ruth returned home, back to the tirade of her mother and her desire to become a granny. In the end, Ruth informed her mother that she wanted nothing to do with children. Spite drove the next words from her mother's mouth. "Is that because you can't have any, because Tom sure can?"

The truth eventually came out. Tom had had a child with some girl in another state. A boy of three or four it transpired. She knew he had had one or two girls before, but this was a secret he had kept; a secret that, he hadn't purposely deigned not to tell her. It didn't matter one whit that it had happened before they became serious. Ruth could hardly distinguish between anger, hurt and betrayal. His having a child was one thing, accidental perhaps, or careless. It was his reluctance to confide in her that hurt the most.

She withdrew into herself after a vitriolic fight with Tom. Ruth couldn't talk to either her mother or mother in law, neither of whom could see the problem. Cindy was too loved up with yet another guy, as she put it. In a desperate search for solace, Ruth spent time on the computer, chatting in rooms, full of people who were basically, searching for sex or had fantasies that might have been better confined to imagination.

Quite by chance, Ruth stumbled on a Zoo site. It started off innocuously enough. Pictures of women in various poses with dogs, horses, donkeys and so on filled the archives. Short clips of film titivated and teased her imagination. Many nights for months, Ruth could be found watching downloaded films and rubbing her cunt until it was sore. The idea of actually doing it came sometime later. In a fit of desperation, she answered an advertisement for a woman to be a bitch to a Doberman. She answered and asked that they chat first. Almost before she had pressed return, the guy answered her post and a chat sequence began that went on for several months.

She felt she had got to know the guy. They exchanged computer-generated digital pictures of each other and spend hours, chatting in real time via their respective modems. It was a logical step to begin talking over the phone and then, to eventually arrange a meeting, initially at a coffee bar in town.

Grant looked nothing like his photograph. In reality, he was much older than he had implied. Quite a bit fatter, with far less hair, but it mattered little to Ruth. Her overwhelming desire was to be filled with dog cock, just as she had witnessed on many occasions now and seen so often, in graphic detail on the net. Her innermost need was to be screwed until she screamed, rammed by a large dog, until they tied ass to ass and her womb filled with dog semen. Grant had the wherewithal and that was good enough for her.

A certain reckless element drove Ruth. Her normal self-control was abandoned. She agreed to meet Helmut that day. She had seen pictures of him in his full glory. His chocolate brown coat gleaming, intelligent eyes staring down an imperious nose set on his noble head. They left the coffee shop,

almost at a run to go to his car, parked down the street. Ruth left more than the shop behind. She left her reason and caution on a rapidly cooling plastic chair, along with the congealing remnant of her latte.

He drove for an hour. Buildings, crowded together, soon gave way to trees and grass verges. Then, in turn, to open farmland and fields of corn; waving in the breeze as if inviting her into oblivion. She noticed little of the outside world. Excitement crowded out any rational thoughts. Her nerve centres buzzed in anticipation and adrenalin coursed through her veins, adding to a heady cocktail of mounting expectancy that grew exponentially as the miles flew past un-noticed. They spoke very little during the drive. Ruth was grateful for that, because her mouth was too dry to raise more than a croak and she was uncertain that anything she said would make sense anyway.

He turned abruptly right, leaving the smooth hardtop to enter onto a dirt track. Two snake-like lines with a raised grass mound between that twisted and turned, soon hiding them behind trees and shrubbery from anyone who might be passing on the road. The corrugated tin shack at the end of the dirt drive surprised Ruth into saying her first words for ages.

“Where are we?”

“Home from home, Darling.” He got out of the car and slammed the door shut harshly; too harshly it seemed to Ruth.

She also got out of the car, shutting the aged door with a little more care and reverence for its age. Her mind was telling her that this was not right, but every other part of her body overruled and she took her first step towards the rundown and rusting heap he called home.

Helmut came barrelling out of the front door, squealing in delight at seeing his master. Grant bent at the waist and made a big fuss of the brown head and shoulders that bounded around him in excited exuberance. The dog took no notice of Ruth, whose eyes lit up at the magnificent animal. At least the pictures of the dog had been accurate

“This way.” He took Ruth’s arm just above her elbow in a strong, but not rough grip and propelled her to the still swinging wooden door that yawned open onto a blackness of an interior that she didn’t want to think about suddenly. His guiding hand helped her up the single timber tread to the porch level and then through the portal. A sudden panicky feeling of leaving the world behind crossed Ruth’s mind, only to flit away in a jumble of disorganised half thoughts.

“Well, this is it.” He announced with an expansive sweep of his free arm. “Welcome to my humble abode.”

Ruth tried to take in the details of the place, but the sudden change of light from the glaring sun to lightless gloom, prevented her from making out much more than the larger pieces of furniture. Her sense of smell told her of the dog’s living here and another cloying smell lay just below her recognition. She didn’t have time to really study the place. With little warning, Grant led her to a chair and sat her down.

Another panic light lit up in her mind and she was feeling quite uncomfortable with the situation. Helmut came to her and checked her out. His nose took her in while his eyes bored into her brain with an unblinking stare. He licked her proffered hand, then seemingly to accept her into his domain.

“He likes you Ruth. Why not take your jacket off and let him get to know you properly?” He had said only her jacket, but Ruth felt he meant all of her clothing and any self-respect along with the

threads.

"I'm not so sure about this Grant. I mean, Helmut is beautiful and all that, but suddenly, I feel a bit too nervous. Perhaps I need to get to know him for a while or something. Perhaps....."

"You should have thought about that before girly." He almost growled at her. His change in attitude and voice confirmed the panic lights that were flashing all the time now. Ruth knew fear for the first time and began to look at her avenues of escape should she need it.

"Grant, I really am not comfortable with this. It's not like I thought it would be I guess. I want to go home, please."

His laugh was short, a sort of Ha; having no mirth to it in the slightest, being more scornful than anything else.

"Jake, get in here now." Grant shouted over his shoulder as he sprang up from a chair he had sat in opposite Ruth. His speed shocked her into immobility except for an involuntary flinch as his claw like hands grasped her jacket.

She caught sight of a previously unnoticed door swinging open and a body coming into the room. Details eluded her where it was only just in her peripheral vision, but strong hands grasped her arms, pinning them back and lifted her from the seat as if she were nothing, into a standing position.

Grant tore her jacket from her shoulders, ripping the sleeves of the body. Her blouse was then grasped by both of his hands and rent apart, popping buttons, to expose her bra-less breasts. She screamed and was rewarded with a fist to the side of her jaw. Mercifully, she lost consciousness for a moment or two, but came round enough to feel her panties being pulled and ripped sideways off of her. Her skirt lay in a fallen halo around her feet. Her arms were still pinned back, but he, who ever Jake was, had now got her in a one handed grip, with the other gripping her right breast painfully.

"Give me her hands." Grant's orders to Jake were clipped, succinct, offering no niceties or room for misunderstanding. Her hands were forced together in front of her body; a plastic cable-tie was looped over her wrists and cruelly yanked them tightly together.

"Now Bitch, you're going to get what you came for." His breath smelled as it escaped from his lips, a few scant millimetres from her ear. Ruth's bladder let go and her urine puddled on the floor between her feet and soaked her skirt. Fear ran amok through her, sense and rational thought became impossible.

She was thrown to the floor, landing on her back and cracking her head on the hard floor. Stars circled and her vision blurred for a few seconds. Her other senses were working overtime though and she felt her legs being pulled apart roughly while her tethered hands were yanked up and over her head.

"Here boy, see what we got for you." Grant hissed to the dog in a loud whisper. Helmut was becoming agitated by the sudden action that seemed to Ruth as if it had gone on for hours already, but had all been done in a few short seconds, with what seemed, a practiced ease as if they did this regularly.

With a few more words of encouragement, the Doberman approached and smelled at Ruth's sex. His breath felt hot, but his nose was electrically cold when it brushed against her vulva.

"No! Please? Don't do this." She pleaded and was slapped stingingly across her face, drawing blood as her cheek squashed against teeth. She almost gagged at the taste of her blood as it filled her

mouth. Grant's order for her to shut the fuck up wasn't necessary.

After backing off when she was slapped, Helmut came at her again and tongued her exposed cunt. He seemed to relish the fear induced piss and began to lap at her in rapid strokes of his hot tongue. Ruth thrashed her head from side to side in terror, but only collected another slap that promised to be a full-blown fist if she didn't shut the fuck up.

Her terror complete, Ruth found a small part of herself, detached and almost idly watching the abuse she was receiving, in amused disdain. She retreated to that place, trying to hold her sanity together.

The dog licked her for a few minutes, before they turned her over and shoved a cushion under her stomach. Helmut started licking her again, in this new position and managed to get his tongue through her labia lips. Her bladder let go again, which only excited the dog further, increasing his tempo in mounting expectation.

Suddenly, she was thrown over onto her back again and sat against a wooden chair that supported her head at the base of her neck.

"Suck him you cunt." Grant was still giving the orders while Jake seemed to know exactly what to do. He grabbed her head between both hands and opened her mouth by pressing against her cheeks, in readiness for the dog's cock. Grant dragged Helmut over her prone body and helped him get into a standing position, where his cock was in line with her open mouth. Ruth's eyes were shut where the fur of the dog brushed against her face, so she didn't see the massive size of the dog's weeping and engorged penis. She didn't see it, but soon felt it as the hard pointed end almost tore her throat apart. She gagged and threw up, but was unable to emit the spew where cock filled her mouth. It came out of her nose and stopped her breathing for a heart stopping second.

Helmut was humping her mouth in rapid and short strokes. She couldn't breathe and was continually gagging. Fortunately for Ruth, in their excitement, they wanted to see the next act quickly, not dwelling on the scenario for long.

She was spun over yet again and something was thrust under her hips, while her head rested on the floor and her knees supported her lower half. Ruth gasped a breath and almost screamed, but managed to check it as she felt the weight of the dog's body drop on her.

Helmut, in a customary position, thrust forwards and stabbed her between her anus and pussy. His next thrust caught her tailbone. The sudden agony caused her to scream, which turned into a howl of pain and anguish as Helmut's next thrust entered her cunt.

"Shut her up Jake for fuck sake will ya?"

Something was shoved into her mouth. She thought it might be the remains of her blouse in that detached place of sanity that was still operating in a corner of her mind.

Helmut was now pumping the whole of his cock deep into her bruised sex. His thrusts came in rapid staccato and getting deeper with each violent and ruthless stab. Ruth screamed around the cloth as his knot passed her outer lips and began to swell inside her, forcing her walls to part and hurting her pelvic joints as they tried to spread. In one sudden thrust, Helmut buried all of his cock inside her, tearing something inside. She felt it go, but had now become, almost inured of the pain and violence, of what was happening to her.

Then the dog bit her neck and shoved against her harder and with more urgency. She knew he was

now filling her with his seed and that she was ruined, possibly forever. The pain had become deep and centred within her. It felt cauterised by the hot dog semen splashing against her womb.

They were tied. Helmut tried to get away, but only succeeded in turning in the manner she had dreamed about so long ago. Ass to ass they stayed for some time until his knot receded enough for them to separate. By now, Ruth was almost senseless, only partially registering the semen of her violators as she spat it out of her ruined mouth.

Ruth was found two days later, dehydrated, wondering naked and mindless in remote fields. Her ruined throat was trying to hum a tune, as she rolled or walked through the corn. Her saviour had been that small, detached place in her mind. It was the only thing that saved her from complete derangement. It took her many months for her body to heal, but she never quite healed in her head.

Helmut, Grant and Jake were not seen again, neither on the site, she had previously been a regular at or the hut, where they had abused her so cruelly. It took Ruth almost too much to tell of her ordeal, but a counsellor helped. The Police tried tracking the computer back through the ISP but never found the owner. Besides, she asked for it, didn't she? So their concern was somewhat lessened; beside, her pictures she had sent over the period of chat where quite erotic.

The moral, if there is one to this story, is that, fantasies are fine. In fact, they have an important and valid place in our sexual practices, but fantasy and fact are two completely different things. Sometimes, we take a risk; again, nothing wrong in that in most cases, but if you are tempted to take your fantasy to another level. Please, I implore you, make sure someone knows where you are going and with whom you are meeting.