

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Packed earth crunched beneath her hands and knees. Her torn and ravaged body shuddered and continued to leak the cumulative essences of hers and the horse's sexual organs. She stayed quite still, head hanging down and reeling, waiting for the strength to return enough so that she could once again stand, once again look up and study the faces of the crowd.

Her lover was being led away by his halter. The animal had no more interest in her now that he had fulfilled his need. All that remained of the grey stallion was the semen that trickled from between her ruined lips and the puddle that formed on the floor and soaked into the bare earth. His discarded cock ring had rolled to the edge of the arena and rested against the low barrier between her and the audience.

After what seemed forever, Giselle raised her head and slowly observed the crowd that circled the ring of earth where she had been the primary performer. Hushed as they were, she could still hear their murmurs, she could almost hear them express the incredulity of what they had witnessed. Their collective silence was deafening in its solidity.

Blank faces stared back at her, some concern was shown as if to wonder how it felt to have so much of the beast inside her, forcing her body to accept his massive cock and then the copious seed. Mostly though, it was shock that registered on the men and women who had paid so much to be entertained.

A flunky brought Giselle a towel and a plain shift to wear so that her nakedness could be cleaned and covered. What did it matter? These strangers had seen Giselle in minute detail, they had watched as she went through the repertoire for the evening. Her skin was of no concern to them now. Neither was her well being, other than to see she survived the onslaught.

The rain started with a copper coin that landed with a small puff of dusty earth in front of her. Then a steady stream of silver coins and bills followed, fluttering like ticker tape or drops of silver rain. Giselle was to get her money after all. She would be able to buy her freedom and get back to the states. She collected her accolades and tributes clutching it all to her chest and running to the exit of the makeshift theatre. The crowd cheered when she stood, it was probably in disbelief that a human body could actually come through a fucking as she had.

Later that night, Giselle had time to reflect on her recent fortunes and misfortunes. She, and part of her company, had been captured by enemy soldiers while out on a recon sortie. Her Sergeant had warned them all that capture was going to cost their lives, rescue would not be possible and Uncle Sam would deny all knowledge of them. It was an acceptable risk and just part of the job.

Intelligence, even in modern warfare, was paramount and someone had to get it. Giselle and three others had been picked and been unlucky to have been discovered, despite their special training. She had not seen or heard of the others since her capture. She didn't believe they were alive. She was free now, liberated from the enemy and going back to the US of A at last.

She lay in her cot, looking up at the mosquitoes that ringed the single hurricane lamp that was her only source of heat and light. She had eaten sparingly, not wanting to fill her stomach after the pounding she had taken. Light-headedness was the result. Her mind played back the scenes of her captivity, providing first hand visual images that played, non-stop behind her eyes.

The Charlies treatment of her had been rough. From her capture and joke trial, Giselle had had to submit to countless rapings. Many men had violated her body, using her, as a receptacle for their filthy cum. Getting fucked in her arse, cunt or mouth had become such a commonplace event, and

her mind had shut it all away. But, a small voice always held faith that she would, one day, get away from the little yellow men.

That voice prayed that she would be able to remain disease free while her throat accepted yet another wad of Charlie dribble or her anus accommodated a filthy cock. She had been either very lucky not to have contracted something or had developed an immunity to the disease making microorganisms. Either way, apart from the almost constant dysentery, she had stayed healthy, no thanks to her captors.

She remembered the first rape. Three officers had dragged her out of the bamboo cage she had been forced to squat in. It was day two of her capture and Giselle had lost her sense of bearings. Half starved, totally naked and weak from little water, she was hardly aware of them pulling her out of the prison. The officers gave her water and sat her in a folding chair opposite the door and facing the imperious, silent stares of the three men. The cool water revived her a little, enough for her to observe the radio equipment and maps that covered the only other piece of furniture.

A sharp slap to her cheek shocked her into attention. Her hands were grasped and tied behind her through the wooden slats of the chair. They began shouting at her, firing questions and pacing around her, but she understood nothing of their interrogation. Giselle had not had time to learn the local language. She could read some of the hieroglyphs that formed their written words, but the spoken word had eluded her apart from the usual good morning, thank yous and so on.

The interrogation soon became farcical. She repeated her name, rank and number again and again, even when a twig switch was lashed across her bare breasts or back. Giselle could not have given them any information, even if she wanted to or knew anything, they simply could not understand her or she them. The three men raped her in turn, egging each other on. They all ejaculated in her mouth and slapped her for spitting their seed out. This was the first of many attempts to get her to talk.

Inevitably, she would be stripped of any clothing she had found, fingered and fucked by the three of them. At first her mind screamed out at the violations, but after a few days, she became accustomed to the rhythm of their sessions and hardly felt their degrading attempts at screwing her. The only time her brain recoiled during this period was when the General fucked her anally and then forced his cock in her mouth to finish. The smell of him and her made her wretch and throw up all over his genitals. She nearly died from the beating he administered.

After two weeks, she was unceremoniously dragged from the cage and forced to march for several days, only stopping for meals and drink breaks. Beyond the point of exhaustion, she arrived in a new camp and was thrown into a rush hut and chained to a link in the floor. Her body and mind gave up at that point. She later found out that she had slept, semi-comatose, for three whole days.

The interrogations at the new camp took on a new slant; the officers spoke English and had specific questions about the usual things, numbers of troops, movement, deployment and infrastructure. Giselle held out for a while, but a combination of drugs and beatings broke her in the end. She had nothing to tell them that they didn't already know. She was given over to the soldiers for entertainment.

Giselle suffered thousands of rapes during the next few months. As many as thirty of the little shit eaters would take advantage of her every day. The muscles of her anus became slack from the constant abuse; she learned to control her bowels from a place much further inside than normal. Semen swallowing lost its horror and her cunt hardly responded to the ministrations of fingers, cocks or bottles. Her periods ceased. But, still that little voice kept her sane and Giselle just knew

she would survive.

Eventually, the Vietcong broke camp and departed, melting into the jungle as if they had never been there. Giselle was left with the poor peasants who had suffered almost as much as she during their occupation. These people had been the recipients of severe treatment. Their recent captors were little better than the officers of the Khmer-rouge who killed for no more reason than a casual glance.

Giselle began making plans for the long trek back to friendly territory. It took time to accumulate the bare necessities for an extended hike through hostile jungle. At last, her meagre possessions were gathered and Giselle was ready to go. Fate had plans for her though.

The head villager sold her. He sold her without telling her to a Turk called Sake, who travelled unmolested through the territories of hostile and friendly camps. Taking with him, his travelling circus of freaks and horrors of the war. Burned and disfigured children, amputees and curios formed his retinue, all of whom had to perform or be left to starve. Both sides looked forward to his visits and welcomed him into their midst. Giselle was worth two goats.

The first two weeks hadn't been bad. Giselle was left to fend for the less able bodied. Feed and cloth them, look after their needs and generally recuperate from her ordeals. She found that regular meals had started to fill her emaciated body out with flesh. Her pallor returned and she became quite fit again. Sake, the Turk Circus boss, had noticed her return to health and set his mind to appraising her worth and usefulness.

His limited English was only a little barrier when he explained that she would have to earn her keep. He was singularly unimpressed when she told him about the needs of the others. His dismissive reply was that if they died or whatever, he could just replace them, wasn't as if there was any shortage of human carnage around. She became the troupe's whore. When they stopped at a village, a tent would be erected slightly separate from the main one. Giselle was to entertain a never-ending stream of visitors, both male and female. Her reward was a continued existence.

Screwing seemed to be the local popular pastime. Apart from running away or fighting the enemy, the little fuckers screwed the day away it seemed to her. Giselle became just another cunt and the men soon lost the added interest that she was a westerner. They argued about the price, eventually, they stopped coming to the tent. Sake decided that Giselle had to do something else to earn her passage. He hit upon a brilliant idea. From some place, he had acquired a military message dog.

He suggested that Giselle should fuck the dog as an entertainment for his patrons. She received a harsh beating at her refusal. The beating Giselle could take, but the denial of food was a much more serious affair. She held out for a week, stealing titbits from some of the others, but she soon started to become weak.

Eventually, it was either fuck the dog or die. That was her choice and she could take or leave the offer. Her hatred for the Turk grew to know no bounds. She had to do it.

Magnanimously, Sake allowed her a few days to recover from her enforced starvation. He remarked that she should get to know the dog while she had some time. Giselle had owned a dog before she joined up, but this brute was a completely different proposition.

He was what is popularly known as a Heinz fifty-seven. Made up of many breeds and interbreeds. His ancestry would never have made the, whose who, of canine sires. Although not a large dog, he had a squat strength that belied his size coupled with a meanness and belligerent personality. It took a few days for Giselle to get anywhere near him and a few more to convince the dog that she wasn't there to take his food or beat him. Eventually, she gained his trust.

At the next village, she and Brute, her name for him, were to be the star turns. The audience turned up desperate for some relief from the war and filled the tent in anticipation. They jeered and catcalled at the usual places. Screaming out insults to the various turns. All too soon, it was Giselle and Brute's spot in the centre. The crowd brayed and sneered as she entered the arena. Missiles of rice and other foods rained down on them until Sake announced their turn with a brief description of what they were about to witness.

Neither Giselle nor Brute knew how to start. She stripped and called the dog to her, trying to get him to lick her nakedness. He seemed bemused and wanted to escape the spotlight.

Eventually, after much coaxing, he gave her a perfunctory lick. The crowd gasped in unison and Brute stepped away, intimidated by the audience. It was like teasing them. Brute would step up to her and give her a sniff or a lick, then move away, but each time spending a little more time as he became less worried about the people. Giselle lay on a table draped with a cloth and got the dog to give her a thorough tongue-lashing. The audience went wild and cheered.

That was it really; Giselle's first attempt at bestiality was only Brute, lashing her cunt with his tongue. Neither of them got any pleasure from the experience, but the spectators loved every second of the spectacle. Their fame preceded them and subsequent stops at villages brought out just about everyone, including the kids and mothers. Sake was pleased at his increased revenue, but, as with many people, he got greedy and wanted more. Secretly, Giselle thought it gave him a thrill to watch. He never seemed to get involved with women or show any interest in them.

Sake was becoming a rich man on the earnings of Giselle and Brute's shows. But, as so often is the case, it wasn't enough. He wanted more and wouldn't be satisfied until he got it. I want the dog to fuck you, he announced one day between shows. I want him to fuck you, in front of the audience. Imagine their reaction, it will be great. Giselle thought about her answer before she replied. She had long since given up about caring what people saw of her.

Her abuse at the hands of these people had driven any feelings of decorum from her. It had got to the stage almost, that she thought of herself as, just so much meat, and worth nothing and only good for entertainment, either as a spectacle or a fuck hole for anyone who wanted her. Her primary concern was to survive, first and foremost, then to escape back to life, her ultimate goal.

Her answer, when it came, was the first step to freedom, but neither of them saw it that way. I will do it, but on one condition. Sake wasn't used to his subjects exacting conditions of performance, but went along with it to see what she would say. I want a share of the profits. He was stunned. Then, he laughed aloud and held on to his guts as if they were about to drop out. You want what? A share? Are you off your head?

Her icy reply shut him up. If I do not get a share, then I will refuse to participate in any further shows. His equally icy reply was spat in her face. Then, you will die. You will die of starvation because your pay is the food I give you. Giselle shrugged and walked away from him.

For the next two weeks, she lived off of scraps the other performers saved for her. True to his word, Sake provided nothing for her. But, he had a problem. His audience wanted to see the white girl being used by the dog. Without that little fillet to the show, they soon dwindled in numbers. Seeing people who carried the scars of warfare were an everyday occurrence to them. They didn't really want to be reminded of the horrors that were on the other side of the canvas.

Eventually, Sake had to give in, but felt some satisfaction with the deal that was struck. She was to get a very small proportion of the takings, while he was going to increase in stature. Giselle needed

to recoup some of her health first. The deprivation of food had taken a toll on her, but it would be a temporary thing.

Then it was the first night. It hadn't been announced, just in case the dog refused. The show started with the usual acts performing feats of almost super-human agility given that they were so badly disfigured or injured. Then, it was Giselle's turn. Brute came to her readily enough and gave the audience the benefit of seeing his huge tongue lap Giselle's cunt.

Their applause and gasps turned to shouts of encouragement when Giselle turned over and presented Brute with her rear. It took some coaxing, but he got the idea after a while and, in a halfhearted attempt, mounted her. As a sex act, it was a long way from successful, but the crowd didn't know that. All they could see was this white girl getting fucked by the dog and they loved every second of the performance.

And so the troupe went on and the shows continued. Brute got better at doing the girl, but somehow, didn't get his cock inside Giselle, it just looked as if her did and Giselle made it seem all the more real with her screams and head thrashing.

They came to a remote village and set up. The audience turned up as usual and seated themselves in a circle to wait for the show to begin. Giselle did her thing with Brute's tongue going at her, and then spun over for the finale. Brute climbed on her back and started to hump her, but one of the villagers decided to give the dog a helping hand. He rushed into the centre and before either Giselle or Sake could respond, he had grabbed the dog's hips and shoved Brute glistening cock, straight into Giselle's waiting cunt.

The effect on Brute was immediate. For the first time, he had actually connected with her and he fucked Giselle as if she was his bitch in heat. His hips pistoned into her in a blur of movement. Driving his cock deep into her body until the dog climaxed with a howl of triumph. Giselle was left on her hands and knees, dog semen dripping from her and her own come down after an orgasm that had shocked her into submission.

She could not believe what had happened. She was shocked that her body had wanted and enjoyed the fucking it had taken from the dog. She was both ashamed and elated and wanted to crawl from the arena. The crowd went nuts and screamed for more, but Giselle had had enough for one night.

Sake was delirious with happiness. He paid Giselle a little extra for the performance and gave her an additional helping of rice and vegetables. She needed the sustenance.

Her nightly performances took a new turn. Brute had become adept at aiming his thick cock and scored almost every time. As they became more used to each other, their performances took on an added intensity. Giselle would thrust her self back on the dog's cock and fuck the dog as he fucked her.

It had to happen one night though. They locked. Giselle's body allowed Brute to slip his knot into her and the dog went frantic in his efforts to impregnate what he thought of as his bitch. It took twenty minutes for them to relax enough to let go of each other. Giselle wasn't sure why, but the scene took Sake over the edge and he fucked her as she knelt.

The show ran for six months. Giselle got fucked nearly every night by the dog. Her savings were carefully hoarded and squirreled away under a board in one of the wagons that Sake used to transport the circus. Brute died. He chased a small animal into the scrub and stepped on a land mine. It was a serious blow to the troupe. No other dogs were around to take Brute's position.

Giselle wanted her freedom and began to badger Sake. She had developed a new gig with a snake. It wasn't quite as successful as it had been with the dog, but it kept her and the circus on the road.

But, she was badgering Sake for her freedom and asked how much he wanted from her as payment. His answers were always vague until one day, when she forced him into submission. She had an idea, but would only do it if he gave his word that she could gain her freedom in return.

So it was agreed, Giselle would fuck a horse, giving the performance of her life. In return Sake would let her go and make more money in one night, than he had in all the years he had been running his freak show. She suggested that they stop and advertise the event. She advised Sake, Let them come to us, but make sure everyone hears about it.

They set a date and began to prepare the show. Brush and scrub was cut away in a circle. The earth that was to be the performance arena was compacted by stamping and beating with a heavy log and a low barrier of thorn was erected to keep the audience from stampeding into the arena. Giselle made a leather cock ring to fit the horse. She wanted to be certain that she received no internal injury.

The day arrived and so did the audience. Each face had an air of expectancy. They spoke in excited whispers while patiently waiting for the show to begin.

Giselle had chosen the small grey stallion that pulled the water cart. His disposition was calm and he and her had always got on well.

While the cast prepared the horse, Giselle started her act with a snake. She inserted the reptile into her cunt and pretended to fuck herself with it. The crowd liked what they saw, but had come to see something else. The applause was only half-hearted when she feigned an orgasm and pulled the snake from her body. One of the other performers came and took the almost dead snake away.

The horse was brought into the arena. Although it was used to people, it wasn't used to being the centre of attention. Its eyes rolled and fear showed in the nervous hesitancy as it was led into the arena. Giselle rose from the elevated dais she had been performing on with the snake and went to horse to calm him. She blew gently into his nostrils and whispered while she stroked his powerful neck.

And now, ladies and Gentlemen, announced Sake, the main event, the one you have all waited for, we proudly present Giselle and Hero. What you are about to witness is the pinnacle of human and beast love. For your enjoyment, please remain seated at all times and please be quiet. This is a dangerous feat, one that requires complete silence and concentration. Giselle and Hero.

The audience clapped and then settled to watch what had been billed as the ultimate experience.

Giselle brought the stallion to the centre ring and continued to whisper and calm him. Her hands stroked and soothed the animal until he overcame his trepidation of the silent crowd.

Giselle lay on the dais and clicked her tongue in encouragement. Hero walked forward enough for her to grasp his halter and pull his nose down to her naked mound. The scene had an erotic effect, but was really done by way of familiarisation. By offering her scent, the horse would feel less intimidated. He lowered his nostrils and took her aroma in. To Giselle's amazement, he licked her mound with a tongue that she would have died for in another life. He was completely settled now and oblivious of the audience.

Giselle arose and began to stroke the animal from his shoulders downwards, working towards his

flanks and under belly. Gradually, she travelled to his sheathed cock, taking care all the time to talk to the animal to keep him calm. Giselle grasped his cock and gently massaged the length until it began to grow and emerge from its protective haven. Hero seemed to like the sensation of her hands stimulating his cock and quite soon had a raging hard-on. The mushroom shaped head was now fully extended and ready for whatever was to happen.

Giselle knelt to one side of the horse and opened her mouth. The audience took a collective breath in anticipation while Giselle took a breath and then, slowly and seductively, took Hero's cock head into her waiting mouth. She could manage only an inch or two, but as far as the audience were concerned, it may as well have been all of his eighteen inches. They gasped in unison at the sight of this white woman swallowing a horse's dick.

Giselle wanted to give them a performance they would never forget, one that would induce them to throw money down so that she could at last, escape from this nightmare she had been living in for so long. She sucked and worked on Hero's cock, making the horse shudder and begin to fuck her face, getting ever nearer to his climax. It was going to take some careful timing; she wanted the horse to give her some of his seed, but not enough for the animal to be spent.

Giselle took him from her mouth and tongue tipped the end, paying special attention to the opening that pretty soon would shoot horse cum in her mouth and then later, in her cunt. Hero settled back from his impending climax, but the veins in his shaft were standing out and his whole length was throbbing. It was quite a feat to keep him from humping to a finish.

She reached under the dais and took out a cock ring she had made especially for this occasion. The purpose was to prevent the animal from forcing himself too far into her and causing physical damage. Giselle estimated that her body would accommodate no more than twelve inches before she was in danger of internal injury. The leather sheath slipped over Hero's cock head and nestled snugly at the base. The raised flange would protect her and also give her something to be able to control him with.

Giselle went back to work with her mouth, intent on getting him to shoot a little of his juice. She sucked him and massaged his cock at the same time, feeling the horse's climax near. The cock ring had an added bonus; his cock became so engorged with blood that the ring started to constrict. It effectively delayed the stallion's climax and gave Giselle the freedom to be able to put on the show of a lifetime.

At last, Hero could stand the ministrations no longer. She felt him begin to buck In the final throes of climax. She took his head from her mouth and held to end just above her waiting mouth. As she had planned, a thick, hot stream of cum shot from the distended cock head and into her throat. The audience gasped again and lent forward as one, to better see what she was doing. Giselle made a show of swallowing some of his juice and then, letting the rest dribble down her milk white throat and over her breasts.

The crowd made no sound. Giselle knew she had then enthralled and were in the palm of her hand. It was time for the finale. Although Hero had cum, it wasn't a full release of his seed. Giselle had timed it perfectly and allowed only a partial climax. She gabbed his cock again and began to work him off, getting him to the point and ready to fuck properly. When she judged that he was ready, she turned her body and placed herself under him in the classic doggy position.

By holding Hero's cock and gradually stepping forward, she was able to rest her body on the raised dais. Hero reared and found purchase for his front feet on the dais. Now he was in the right position and began to buck his hips in earnest. Giselle had to be careful that he didn't lose it too soon; she

wanted the horse cock inside her. She had to help him find her cunt entrance by guiding him, but once he was positioned, he did the rest himself and slid all that the cock ring would allow into her body.

He bucked and lifted Giselle off the floor. Then again and again, he fucked her, lifting her off the floor, the flange of the cock ring banged against her cunt lips and slapped her clit mercilessly. Giselle felt herself begin to reach her own climax. She had almost forgotten what it felt like. Sexual pleasure had been so long ago and was, she thought, lost to her after the treatment she had experienced at the hands of her captives.

Hero's thrusts were becoming regular and insistent. She could feel his cock stiffening inside her body; she could feel the suction caused by the mushroom shaped head as it worked its way in and out of her; she could feel the rising heat of her sex and then, she orgasmed in an explosion of carnal lust. Wave upon wave of pleasure ripped through her. Giselle fucked back on Hero's rigid tool until she screamed her second climax.

Hero kept thrusting, becoming more urgent as he neared the culmination of the act. Giselle managed to work her hand between her legs and found her clit. The effect of her fingertips and the leather flange slapping against her, took her into another orgasm that ripped through her body.

Hero gave an almighty thrust, which took her off her feet completely. He screamed and shot his white-hot seed deep into Giselle. He thrust again and forced his cum into her belly, which became distended from the amount of fluid that was being pumped into her.

Finally, it was over. Hero dismounted and his cock slid from her, but not before he had pulled her bodily from the dais and onto the floor while they were still connected. The ring slid from his penis and rolled to the edge of the arena. One of the serving flunkies entered the hushed arena and grasped Hero's halter and led him away.

The fluids of their bodies ran down her legs and pooled at her knees. She was exhausted and hardly had the strength to remain kneeling in the packed earth. The crowd sat stunned at the spectacle, then a few copper coins rained down around her, followed by notes. She eventually reclaimed enough strength back and bowed to the audience. They went wild and threw even more money into the pit.

Giselle made enough from the thrown gratuities to buy her freedom. There wasn't a lot left, but this she gave to one or two of the others who had been kind to her while she had been with them. Giselle didn't need the money to get back to friendly lines and safety.

She was given a guide who had been at the performance. He politely didn't comment on what she had done. But helped her to concoct a plausible story for her de-brief while he led her through the jungle. Giselle left the Army as soon as she was able and disappeared from society. The villagers still talk about the white woman who fucks horses. There was some talk of an American woman who had set up somewhere in the delta, but nothing was really known of her.

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