

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



If you have read [‘Better off Bred’](#) you know Laura and I. If you have read [‘Deacon’s Tale’](#) then you, dear reader, already know who Patricia is. If you haven’t read them you might get confused soon.

The call had been somewhat cryptic, which is unlike Patricia, that alone peaked my interest, not that Tricia isn’t welcome. She has after all visited us several times, staying a few days usually before heading back to University, until she graduated, then we didn’t see her for nearly a year.

I let Laura and the others know to expect another visit soon, then promptly forgot about it, I had a project going in the workshop and that is where my entire focus was. So when Tricia’s pickup truck pulled into the yard a few days later it caught me by surprise, the hugs were nice, the kiss on the cheek unexpected but not unusual. The eager, tense, hopeful look in her eyes grabbed my attention right away. Tricia is usually fairly laid back, not at Deke’s level, but in the neighbourhood.

It’s not the first time someone has used that begging tone when stating, “I need a favour”. But I’m not used to being hustled into my own workshop, having the door slammed and locked, then held by a shivering young woman begging for my help.

As you know, my social skills are ... Ugly. So I reacted by hugging her tight and since I’m taller by a good bit, leaning and spanking her hard on her cute little butt. That got her attention, she even calmed down a bit.

“So what exactly brings you here needing a favour so desperately?”

I thought it a fair question, Tricia however imitated an explosion in a blushing factory, screamed “Oh my God... !!” And dashed outside. For a second I thought she was going to run right through the door. I followed, but walking.

The back window of her pickup truck was open and filled with the head of the biggest dog I can ever remember seeing, cute as hell too. He was, Tricia explained, an Alaskan Malamute who’s sire had been crossed with a wolf, personally I thought the wolf only contributed to his size, he was a big dog, bigger than a ‘normal’ Alaskan Malamute. He had those ice blue eyes that see into your soul, and was absolutely and obviously devoted to Tricia.

As soon as she let him out of the truck and introduced us, I had an idea of what Tricia wanted from me, turned out I was right and very wrong. What gave me the idea? She named him Alpha.

Seconds later he became the first dog ever allowed into my workshop. By then he had already staked out a piece of my heart. That dog was/is just special. Cute isn’t right, although he is, it’s his obvious devotion to Tricia that sealed the deal. A kind of eagerness combined with watchfulness, hard to explain, easy to see with just a single look at him. He not only commands respect, he earns it.

On her first visit to see us, mostly to see Deke, Tricia had accidentally found out about my belly riding. I was enjoying a particularly intense orgasm and she investigated the screams, one look into the stable was enough. The following evening all five of us were relaxing with post dinner coffee and she told us Deacon’s Tale.

Now she had another tale, hers, and she wanted my help to make her dreams come true. Cum true would be more accurate, just cliché. Until it was ready she didn’t want anyone else to know. Understandable, but impossible, I keep nothing from Laura and little from Mirella or Deke, so she had two choices, either she told them, or explained that we were doing something and asked them to be patient until she was ready to share. Tricia went with option ‘B’.

I don’t have many friends, so when one asks me for something I feel honour bound to do what I can.

Tricia is a friend, so I spent the afternoon clearing the decks in the workshop, that evening over one of Mirella's culinary masterpieces Tricia put option 'B' on the table. Heads nodded, done deal. The following morning we started.

Patricia chose to run with Laura and I that morning, the girl has a body, ok so everyone has a body, that girl is built. Attractive to look at, but that's not it, she is fit, not heavily muscled, but you can see it as she moves, that movement athletes have, sleek, toned, and naked but for well worn running shoes and a collar, it matched the one Alpha wore, just not as big.

I noticed the look in Laura's eyes, my wife is no dummy, she guessed it. Truthfully I'd bet she guessed more than I knew, but my social skills are ... Ugly. Whilst Laura is the Whizz, able to intuit things with a single glance.

Four miles and breakfast later, we ensconced ourselves in the workshop and I reached for paper and pencil. Then Tricia began.

"You know the tale I told you, you know how the girl gave herself to the wolf, surrendered herself to him, I want that, but I want it exactly how I dream it, and for that I need a frame, you are the only one I trust enough to understand and hopefully to build it. I know you design things, invent things, I don't care if you make it your way, just so long as it does what I need."

A quick sketch and then we started taking measurements. Tricia first, I took my time, making sure both that I had every measurement I might need and that each was accurate. That took time and required a lot of contact, some intimate, so by the time I was done Tricia was flushed and very, very wet, not to mention the workshop stunk of aroused girl. Alpha was watching every move, relaxed, but watching, not to mention his nose was very active, seems he likes the aroma of his hot mistress. Next was measuring Alpha, he stood perfectly still, froze in every pose Tricia put him in. Perfect, much better behaved than his still dripping mistress.

After lunch I started the mould making process, that confused Tricia whilst the 'live casting' almost drove her insane. I love my job... !!

That evening a flushed Tricia was late down for dinner, freshly showered and glowing, Mirella got her good, innocently asked her if she needed her sheets changing now, or would Tricia prefer to cum on any areas she might have missed first ... It proved to be a twofer, as Deke nearly choked on his food.

As a side note, Tricia asked if she and Alpha could use the groom's suite in the barn instead of staying in the house, not because of the sheets, she just didn't want to disturb us, especially with Alpha needing out etc. Malamutes are working dogs, they need a great deal of exercise which goes a long way to explain Tricia's level of fitness and stamina, she didn't just do the minimum, that girl loved to be out with her dog, they ran around the entire property, explored every inch, playing, I only kept up with them if I was riding Spirit, and I run four miles a day, every day, I thought I was fit. I AM fit... !!

The following morning Tricia ran with us again, this time with Alpha, and as I'd told her to stay away from the workshop whilst I got busy, she didn't join us for breakfast but instead continued running, heading out across the fields with Alpha bounding along at her side. That girl is not only built, she can run, lope to be accurate. They disappeared in the distance, a pure white tail and a bubble butt, side by side, both moving in unison.

It took a week to complete, admittedly part of that was curing and drying time. By the end of that week Tricia was about ready to explode, a condition aggravated by my sending her off to the city to

collect an order with strict instructions not to ask, peek, or even shake the box she was collecting. That girl was the epitome of a little kid at Christmas, eyes on the tree, trying hard to behave but besides herself with excitement.

In the meantime I had an added bonus, it's not often I can surprise Deke, even rarer make him blush, however he accepted the task and the next day disappeared in his truck on an errand.

Finally, and not soon enough according to little miss bubble butt, I was ready to let Tricia try it out, except that wasn't what she wanted, her first time was important to her, a kind of 'start as you mean to go on' type of thing. That meant inviting the others to watch, if they wanted. Like any of us were going to miss this. Secondly it meant showing Tricia how it worked without her actually using it. I was only part way through explaining when Tricia started dripping on my nice clean workshop floor. Not little tiny drops either, the girl was so aroused she was practically gushing. Alpha liked it, he was up and poised, rather than in his more usual spot, curled up under my draughting table.

Explanation complete, bubble butt wanted to get to it right away. Not going to happen, I reminded her of the rules I set, she had to prepare first. My asking if she wanted to do it herself or would she like help, had her blushing, then an evil grin appeared, "Could Mirella help me?"

Payback is a bitch. (Pun intended)

Mirella was happy to help, but no fool where payback is concerned, she insisted they do so out in the stable wash room, not bathroom, horse washing area. Mirella loudly announced that was the best place to, "wash, flush and grease".

I took Mirella aside and handed over the things she would need, explained their fitting and left them to it. Mirella had an evil grin of her own. Next up was talking to Deke, ever the gentleman, he was going to need a heads up before watching a close relative in the position Tricia was soon going to find herself.

Lastly I went in search of Laura, bubble butt had me in a state the Whizz would enjoy, hot, wet and very ready. She was doing stuff in her office, I didn't want to wait so I just crawled under her desk and started licking, sucking and fingering until Laura grabbed my hair and wrestled me into a sixty-nine. We didn't stop until Mirella came looking for us, she almost came looking at us too. Tricia was waiting for us, little else she could do right then.

I'd copied a few of the features I'd built into the pseudo stallion, mostly for ease, why re-invent the wheel? But also because Tricia was going to use it without anyone, other than Alpha around, and I wanted her safe, so I built in a few features to ensure that.

The 'bed' was double sided, one side moulded to fit Tricia exactly when she lay on it face down, it's shape forced her body into the perfect position to be totally accessible. When flipped over the other side was similar, but moulded to fit whilst she was laying face up. The head rest part of the base was moulded so that her head lay back, giving a straight shot into her mouth and down her throat. As with the pseudo stallion, there were magnetic locks to hold her in place, but not just on the wrist and ankle cuffs, there were two more pairs, for her thighs and upper arms, these matched leather cuffs sized to fit her thighs and arms.

As an emergency release wasn't allowed. Tricia adamantly refused it. I built in a time release and a heart rate monitor, if unattached it would not let the mag locks activate, if removed, or her heart rate was out of limits, they would release, I also designed it so she could flick the sensor off her finger with her thumb, which acted as an emergency release if needed. I'm sure she'd work that out if the need arose.

Patricia is a sweet girl, but make no mistake, under that sweet exterior there is a will of iron, has to be for her to get her body in the state it is, it takes a lot of commitment to build the kind of muscle and stamina she possessed. Her first time was going to really test her desire. She chose to be face up.

I didn't ask Patricia exactly how far she had gone with Alpha, I knew they had not coupled, I did know how long they had been together, how he had picked her, when she was looking for a pup but found herself chosen by a four month old dog. Since then they had been inseparable, staying at her parents farm, learning and training, growing together, bonding much like I had with Spirit.

So, Tricia was locked into the 'frame' is as good a description as any. Laura and I followed Mirella out to the unused stable where the frame was set up. Deke joined us but hung back, watching but keeping in the background. I fetched Alpha and let him loose, the rest was up to him, well, apart from me cheating just a little, Deke's errand had been to visit a friend of his who had a bitch in heat. I had the supplied squeeze bottle which I now used to soak Tricia's bubble butt, ass, pussy and thighs, her face too. Alpha reacted like he'd read Patricia's dream script. He fair bounded to his mistress and started licking and snuffling her face, already 'showing'. Did I mention the gag? It took a while to machine, a custom ring gag, made to measure it held Tricia's mouth wide open, the inner circumference sized to prevent Alpha from knotting with her, because suffocation isn't sexy. He could however enjoy her mouth and throat, without her having any way to stop him.

That is exactly what he did, the snuffling turned to licking, the licking of her face started to include exploring her mouth, all of it, then he sidestepped and mounted, a few misses before his cock found the opening and he was in her mouth, her throat, I knew he was because Tricia came, squirted, gushed is accurate.

Sometimes when a dream comes true you realise the dream is much better than reality, in Tricia's case, like mine, the dream is a poor imitation of the real thing. The girl's body writhed within her bonds, shuddering and shivering as she came repeatedly. She wanted the frame to trap her at Alpha's mercy, masochistic I suppose, submissive, her dreams drove her desire, something I completely understood.

Alpha used her, couldn't tie with her so pulled away and gave her a few cursory licks before moving away, settling down and watching her, ears and eyes focussed on his mistress. I expected a long wait, it wasn't.

He started with her face again, licking all over, in her mouth, then moved to her throat and on to her breasts, oops, I must have accidentally squirted something on them, so sue me. Tricia was responding like she was covered in fire ants, Alpha didn't seem to care, just moved around and zeroed in on her pussy, well not exactly, he pretty much licked everything from tail bone to mons. Well, he could, when I designed it to give complete access, that is exactly what I meant.

I should probably point out another feature designed in, the posts either side, they blocked Alpha from turning and doing the butt to butt thing. Licking wasn't enough so it wasn't long before Alpha mounted his bitch, yes, I know I've been calling her Tricia. But once she is about to get filled with dog cock I think 'bitch' applies, don't you?

Again he took a few thrusts to find his target, and that is a fifty-fifty choice as he or luck decide which he fills, pussy or ass. Once mounted, his front paws naturally rested on the ledges either side of his bitch's body, lower, so he was close, belly to belly almost and in the natural position, this triggered the mechanism and the head rest hinged up, lifting his bitch's head up until they were face to face, perfect kissing position, he could move his head but his bitch had no such choice, she was

available to lick if he wanted, without the gag she could kiss him of course.

The main reason I took such pains designing the moulded bed was to ensure her complete availability, but the point was to ensure as much as possible that they tied every time, the only variable was his desire. Which was exactly what Tricia wanted.

They did indeed tie, his knot was substantial too, because his size combined with her strenuous efforts to clamp down around him kept them locked together for a good half hour. Most of which he spent panting, nuzzling and licking her face, his tongue twisting around inside her mouth as if searching for the last treat in the packet.

Later he mounted her again and took her ass.

We left them overnight. Tricia still locked in place, Alpha free to move around the stable as he wished. I did give Tricia a drink before leaving her. But I resisted kissing her goodnight, after all, she wasn't mine, Alpha owned his bitch now.

The following morning Laura and I let Alpha out, he didn't go, instead waiting his mistress, or bitch. So we released Tricia, who groaned and stretched then insisted on running with us, Alpha at her side, or was it vice-versa?

Later over breakfast Tricia thanked us all profusely, smiling and happy. Then I decided it was time to take a leaf from Laura's playbook, I threw my own spanner in Tricia's works. I was happy with what I had built, it did everything Tricia wanted and more, but it wasn't really what she wanted, so I chose to help her out. I know she inherited money, I didn't want or need it, but...

"You never asked how much it would cost, did you... ??" Four pairs of eyes looked at me intently, five if you count Alpha. Only Laura was smiling.

Tricia did that eyes wide, mouth open, dumbstruck thing. Her voice oddly timid as she spoke, "I'm really, really sorry. How much... ??"

I'm learning from the Whizz, I think. I purposely paused before answering, watching Tricia getting increasingly anxious, as if her new toy might be taken away.

"I don't want your money ... I want to make sure you get what you really want. So ... New rule. When you are on this property, anywhere on it, even just inside the main gate, you will be naked and your status here is Alpha's bitch. You will instantly respond any time he shows the slightest interest, I don't care when, where, or who is here. Understood?"

It took her a moment to understand what I'd said, then, well, I'm certain the light in her eyes was just a reflection of the flames from her clit catching fire.

Of course she was allowed to keep her collar and running shoes, but apart from when a leash was added, linked to Alpha's collar of course, the bitch obeyed the rules, wore nothing else, and absolutely delighted in following the other rules to the letter.

I'd never really thought about a dog as a lover, but seeing those two around the property, hmm...

It wasn't the sex, although their enjoyment was obvious, not to mention the time they took to uncouple afterwards, no, it was something else. A pose they adopted soon afterwards, Tricia kneeling, that bubble butt resting on her heels, knees wide, back arched, arms around her mate, hugging, kissing, lips to muzzle, tongues writhing, both seemingly lost in the moment. What made it

so hot, at least for me, was that it was Alpha who often as not, initiated it. He would sit right in front of Tricia, jab his nose against her mons, and then lick her, just once, from where his nose touched directly up her body as high as he could reach whilst still sitting. At that signal, that command, his bitch melted to her kneeling pose and wrapped her arms around him, mouth opening to accept his tongue. It was ... Special.

We all knew what started Tricia on this path, Deacon's Tale, the notebooks, the drawings, the photographs the girl had taken. All of it combined to capture Tricia's mind, form a desire she didn't want to resist. I could understand her completely because a single story, it's images in my mind, had changed my whole life. But I also understood the dangers. If you've read Deacon's Tale you will have noticed how the girl stopped talking, how her writing style changed over the months, I believe it was intentional, in order to integrate with the pack she needed to emulate them, talking would remind them she was human. In that state, her will focussed so tightly on her research, interwoven with her obvious feeling for the big alpha, I'm not surprised her writing became simpler, I'm actually surprised her notes remained so detailed, her mind still so sharply analytical.

As much as I wanted to give Patricia her dreams, I wasn't going to let her immerse herself that far, talking was required, there were chores, not because we needed the help, we chose them to keep Patricia grounded, human, so she could return to the world outside unharmed.

It took a while but Patricia found a balance in the dichotomy between her two roles, Alpha's mistress and Alpha's bitch. I doubt that big beautiful Malamute needed to adapt at all. He seemed to know the times he was in charge, and when to mind his mistress.

Patricia didn't leave the property for almost a year, not once. She abided by the rules all of that time, still does when she visits. And that is how we ended up with the bitch in the barn.