

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



A magazine article about dogs being trained to sniff out medical problems, inspired this

5.30pm Thursday 25th May 2017

Near Durham, UK

Claire got Daisy back from the medical centre, the bitch very pleased to see her Labrador, pissed off they had kept her so long, depriving them both of their daily love-ins. Theodore Melrose the manager of the Dog Medical Detection Training establishment, was also pleased to see Claire, the CEO of the centre, who at age fifty three was the same age as he and both of them divorced twice. He was nursing an absolutely impossible to curb desire for the slender, straggly smokey blonde haired, fierce, he loved that - character who was driving the project forward. She wasn't pretty, bit of a long face, thin lipped, moon jawed, hook nose and a strident voice.

"Mrs Guest, You can be mine " he snickered, she didn't. "Daisy has been as usual a charming resident," Theo gushed. "And made some new friends, who adore her. I, of course, would have her all by myself if I could, but she was desired by so many here, I couldn't avail myself of her unbelievable skills and expertise. Many people cannot understand how clever animals can be ... beyond what they deem the usual things, you know."

Have her all by myself ... I bet you would you horrid man, thought Claire. Must check her out when we get home to see if she's OK. Her vagina is precious, just like mine. Having endured Melrose's admittedly huge - the biggest she'd encountered, cock several times to gain his trust and funding from his father's bequest, to enable her to further her project, Daisy didn't seem to have suffered in the previous internment at his centre. But check she would, during the session Daisy and Claire would enjoy later.

Claire drove away on the road to West Auckland, Daisy curled up in her rug behind the tailgate of the top of the range silver Range Rover, Theo stroking his unkempt, clean, shaggy, salt and pepper toned beard. He watched both tight arses, in vastly different sight lines, wiggle away across the car park. His naturally over cast sad eyes, wistfully desiring more of their visits. If he could have given Daisy pups, that would have been the icing on the creamy surround of her pink, puckered cake of a canine cunt.

On the way to Col, her son's, dog play area, PartyPoochPlays - not a kennels please! - Claire wondered what surprises he would have in store for her today. He would canvas support from his clients, the people who paid minimum £20 a day, food extra, to leave their pets at his farm, to suggest certain animals were suitable for the specialised training in which Claire was the leading British expert. She had taken various Terriers, Bloodhounds, Spaniels and in one case a St Bernard through her course and they were now established across the land, providing their own unique canine expertise. They could detect cancer, prostate and urine diseases, purely on the odours created and was quite a unique and growing established method of detection.

She recalled how the whole thing had developed from such a basic thing, reading Beast Forum web page's Q&A section, displayed on a computer monitor mounted independently at eye level, while Daisy and Rosie, her Border Terrier had greedily lapped at Claire's very very open pussy. She and the bitches always ended the day in a private, quiet, warm room, enjoying what could be termed a lesbianine threesome although the canines didn't complain about being unfulfilled. The breakthrough was when Brian her ex-husband, the last one, a gynaecologist had noticed Daisy's particular attention to the left side of Claire's saggy tit, where he and she knew there was a lump, which she denied and refused to discuss with him.

At that point in their fractious marriage, the row had broken out, he the supreme professional, she -

the self centred, never wrong, high born bitch. Marriage vows broken, the split half and half as per pre-nuptials, she decided to get the lump checked and malignant it was. Tit off, pride hurt, future relationships with men dismissed and Daisy installed as the woman of the house. Stardom awaited and achieved.

Arriving at her son's house and business, Daisy was taken for a walk, by the hired help, with about thirty other canines as part of the routine within the business Col and his fat wife Katt had fashioned.

"Naannnnneee!" screeched the excited twins in unison as she pulled up at Col's. They swamped her as always, showing her new animals, which were their favourites, their learning projects. Claire always saw them off to bed as a special treat and how special it was. Col and Katt were grateful for Claire's visits and attention and well aware of the happening above their heads, being exhausted, happy and wealthy and always well pissed on copious drams of Jamesons.

Upstairs the bed sheet bobbed up and down, while Dog, the lad, for that's how he was named, found Claire's tit and suckled greedily as he had from an early age, after Katt had emptied her bosoms in him and his twin sister Bitch. He would sit on Claire's lap and dig into her clothing, finding breasts, then a solitary breast that wanted nothing more than pleasure and a thrill that accompanied the lips that devoured her labia, surrounding a vulva that produced mega amounts of cunt liquids. His sister Bitch, so named because it was obvious, she was so like her Grand Mother, lapped it up - as they do.

The twins had been brought up in a free spirited, bestial, incestual, home educated environment, Col meeting Katt at a Dog is For Life Seminar, where mock marriages to the animals could be celebrated. The whole experience of animal welfare, husbandry - not wifery funnily - hygiene, veterinary and love were equally taught and experienced. Katt was from County Cork in Ireland and had lived on the road in what had been a horse drawn van, later a twin axle monster luxurious caravan.

The following morning

"We love having you here mother," declared Col, in the morning. Dog and Bitch had eaten their breakfast and Katt was giving them reading matter to study.

"And I love cumming son," answered Claire with a knowing grin. "Anything new?"

No messing, straight to the point.

He opened a door, whistled and in trotted a very narrow dog.

"This is Cliona Clíodhna as she's registered, you say it klee-un-ah but Katt calls her Clitty," Col giggled, "Cute eh, isn't she sweet. a real darling and just look at her cunt. In season too, got to keep her separate of course, in fact don't usually take them in heat, but ... you know. When Dog's finished his lessons he will be doing her."

The tiny whippet was straight onto Col's lap and he trailed his finger over the mottled grey white bitch's sloppy pink vagina, licking the oozing discharge off as Claire did the same, reaching across and adding some honey before licking hers.

"Not much of a sniffer ... you know whippets, for my purposes son, but cute yes."

"Her owner leaves her Monday to Friday." Col leaned forward in a conspirational manner and snickered. "He's been a circus dwarf, on telly a lot. We charge him fifty a day ... plus food."

"Oh think I've seen him, but they're rumoured to be little men with big dicks..." she answered, wondering if she could shag the midget.

"He has - can't imagine it up here," Col laughed, pointing at Clitty's cunt. "I looked over the urinals and saw it, but of course we can't say every dog owner's doing it can we."

"Are some Dog play area bosses doing it...?" she queried cheekily, an eyebrow raised and hitching her skirt.

"Fuck yes, over here Mother," he chuckled, shoving clear some mugs and plates on the huge refectory table. "I didn't know you shaved your pussy, since when?" he queried, stuffing her skirt up round her hips, there were no pants, not surprising him, splaying her legs, crouching and peering intensely up at her bald quim.

"Oh I let one of the RSPCA directors shag me a month or so ago. Spent the weekend with him and his wife and because she waxed her pussy regularly, he likes it, so they both shaved me on the second night. Had them both heh heh! Bit sore really, but so what, for a fuck. Last one up there was a gorgeous Red Setter at Theo's place. Last night Bitch told me how nice it tasted," she gasped as her son rammed his cock up her fanny.

"Yeah, reckon I can smell it," he murmured.

"Bitch so loves it."

"Yeah, I think Katt has a nice very posh Shi-Tzu dog due in later today and Bitch says she's ... going to have fun," he gestured, arms raised, twitching his fingers, his mother seeing his reflection in the shiny surface of an enormous chrome plated American fridge freezer. "Finding where it's tool is ... amongst all that hair..." Col chuckled, panting as he watched his cock penetrating her capacious snatch, amazed at his middle aged mother's capacity for a quick shag.

Claire managed to finish her toast and tea without spilling any, even though Col's energetic ramming was making much of the breakfast things rattle. Not taking offence with her 'have you finished yet' attitude, he shed his load up her mothering fanny, patted her bare, thin rump, whistled for Clitty and went outside, telling her to pop out and find him later. Claire lay on the table for a while, letting their juices dribble down her legs, straightened her skirt, tidied the kitchen and loaded the dishwasher, hearing the sticky squelch of her upper thighs.

The business had taken a lot of planning and investment and Claire nurtured a huge sense of pride in her son's enterprise backed with her cash. She walked through various brightly coloured indoor places and rooms, then the outside play areas, sections split for large, medium and small pooches. Three full time female staff were employed, two were out with the walkies Daisy being in on it. A movement caught her eye and she glanced up at the main house to see the twins waving to her from their educational quarters. She waved back as she entered the main barn and food store.

Col had locked Clitty away and was in a corner, shafting a black and white Border Collie, stood on a hay bale, as it's near identical partner trotted around them, sniffing Col's bare arse as he bent over the seemingly docile bitch, whose rear end was held in his hands to give him height and purchase. He grinned back at his mother.

"This is Posy and that's Butch. Katt thinks he'll be good for your training, subject to his owner Mrs

Lightbody, that's a laugh, wait till you see the old biddy, agreeing. He'll do you nicely mother ... that's if you're in the mood. Katt had him earlier."

"In the mood? How very dare you," she giggled, beckoning Butch.

"Use those rugs if the hay and straw doesn't suit," he added.

Claire sorted the rugs and stripped off her skirt, she hadn't worn knickers for days, Butch already sniffing keenly round her crotch and trying to mount as she bent and stooped. She knew she would be ripe 'down below' after the Red Setter and Col's cock juice cocktail and not as easily as she used to, the fifty three year old, feeling her arthritis nagging, highly decorated academic got onto her knees, grabbed the Collie's forelegs and pulled him close. Her son grinned down at her, noticing her expertise in locating Butch's red raw penis accurately through her legs into her minge. The dog thrust energetically, as they do, his rear legs off the ground and shaking violently with his fast shunts and she didn't need to do any more but enjoy the pure bestial sensation, accompanied by her son's finishing strokes in Posy.

"Going to knot him?" asked Col, letting Posy slink away to nuzzle Butch's arse hole and rollicking balls. Claire nodded, not bothering to answer such a stupid question. Katt and the twins arrived with great interest and at the same time the staff had returned, out in the yard with most of the Pooches. Katt went out to supervise the correct placements in sizes, and returned to deposit Daisy and Clitty, then leaving. The whippet had been in an isolated enclosure because of her condition. Dog immediately called the whippet and removed his shorts and soon got stuck into the lean, wiry bitch's vagina. Claire managed to keep Butch involved as he had scented the on-heat canine cunt in his presence, by keeping his knot tight in her mott, not easy as she was so slack.

Bitch had asked her grandmother if it was OK to let Daisy go to work, getting the usual be my guest approval. She stripped off too, her Grandma spotting the burgeoning growth of breasts and teased Daisy letting the Labrador smell her, keeping her hands clamped on her lightly haired pudenda, but not letting her lick until the bitch got impatient and started to look around for interesting twats of any species.

"Katt's a long time," said Claire shuffling round on her hands and knees in a classic tie after Butch had shed his load.

"Mummy said she was going down the paddock to see if the donkey was fed," gasped Bitch, Daisy working well on her tiny clit, while she lounged on a sack of feed pellets.

"Donkey ... since when?" asked Claire, still attached rear to rear with Butch...

"We had a client who wanted to get rid of it, in fact initially he asked if we knew where it could be put down," grunted Col, pulling out of Posy's vagina. The bitch turned and started to lick his flaccid tool which he enjoyed sitting on a sack next to his young daughter who was enjoying the canine action between her legs. "Fancy wanting to put a perfectly healthy good looking three year old animal to death ... unbelievable."

"So daddy and mummy got him, he's called Ned, Oooo ... he's looo ... ovv ... verrrrly," sighed Bitch, Daisy raising the level of the girl's sensations. "Oh yes that's the best orgasm I've had for ages, you clever thing Daisy."

Claire beamed with pride, adding "Be my guest sweetie," and called her bitch over patting and smooching her. She let the hound lick her face and savoured the young one's cunt smell.

"Can I show Nanny Ned daddy?" Bitch pleaded in her not yet fully grammar proof way and getting a firm no, Col explaining that there was more school related stuff, just because Grandma was visiting, it wasn't a break from learning. The girl trotted off obediently promising to call Dog for lessons.

"Well I want to see him," announced Claire firmly as Butch got his knot free and trotted off to lay down and lick.

"We'll pop down together," said Col. They tidied up, sorted where the animals should go with the staff and opened a wicket gate to cross the lush grass field.

Katt was leaning against a fence next to the pretty grey tan mix beast and greeted them happily.

"I didn't realise he is so beautiful," said Claire, entering the paddock with Col who shut the gate.

"He's a cross Parlag, that's a Hungarian and a Catalan," Col told his mum.

"That line all the way down his spine seems as if he's split in two." She patted the donkey who seemed docile, it's thick, short, upright punkish mane quite black. It snorted. "Is he a ... no, gelded I see, and he's not in two," she stated bending low and inspecting the donkey's genitals. She always felt sad when a male had to lose it's credentials. Experimentally she smoothed her hand over it's sheath, loving the soft velvety texture and wondering how big a cock it would have.

"Mother, you can't be thinking..." Col asked, getting a shake of her head.

"Must admit I wondered," snickered Katt, who was a fat, short, raven haired woman, joining her mother-in-law handling the sheath.

To their amazement the donkey started to drop, two inches or so of a two inch diameter penis appeared. The ladies grinned, Col rolled his eyes, smiling and shaking his head.

"Honestly - you two, getting Ned randy like that. Never thought I'd see it ... you know - him being excited by just a bit of feeling around ... look!"

A further four inches dropped, pale pink and grey/black markings, culminating round a black smeggy cock head flange. Claire felt closer into Ned's sheath, Katt had stepped back as Col was rummaging round her rump, clad in a black flared cheesecloth skirt. He told them they were in view of the house and buildings if they wanted to continue playing. Katt made the decision and led Ned through a fence, into a lower part of the field, knowing it was safe from prying eyes. Col and Claire followed, snickering and admiring Ned's ever growing cock as it swung beneath him.

"Christ it must be two feet long, magnificent," Claire gasped, at the same time Katt squatted and fell over backwards because of her weight and lack of muscle power.

"Bloody hell luv..." giggled Col. "You've got no panties on."

"Da da!" his wife proclaimed, remaining sat on the grass, waving her knickers, fished out of her pale blue 48EE brassiere, under a voluminous silk, blouse. "Just an idea, thought of it when our famous animal lover arrived," she nodded at Claire. "Be prepared," she chuckled, flourishing the girl guide salute. She flung the black pants to Col who caught them deftly, sniffing them with relish, making his mother and wife shake their heads in disgust, before stuffing them in a pocket. She told them to make sure Ned was held firm and shuffled her fat arse under the animal, holding her dress tight under her.

The fat Irish woman, grabbed Ned's swinging penis, it's tip was amongst the six inch deep grass and spread her legs. She shuffled again, Ned not moving and rubbed his flaccid flare in her pubes and over her gash, her husband and mother-in-law stunned, amazed and enjoying thoughts provoked by the act below them.

"If I had some sort of support, like a bench or something, I would love to try and get him inside," she chortled, her clitoris enjoying the velvety texture being applied.

"It's getting complicated now darling," said Col. "You're talking about something I'll have to knock up and keep from the girls..."

"At least she won't be knocked up if that happened," guffawed Claire, the others joining in. Ned fidgeted at the noise and Katt decided he was right, but a little play like this would be nice. "Best wash your pussy off Katt, might put off a dog you know."

The donkey was led back to it's usual haunt as Col took a phone call and hurried off to the office. Katt decided a shower would be the thing and Claire agreed she would too, knowing she would be ripe between the legs and aimed to leave soon. In their separate bathrooms she senior female members of the family stripped off, Daisy in with Katt then wandering back to Claire and back to Katt. On that second visit she started to sniff in more detail round Katt's black haired minge and knowing the bitches reputation, she worried.

"Claire, are you there?" she called, getting a muffled yes as she grabbed a hand mirror.

"Can you come in here please?" she called, with a note of urgency getting an OK.

When her mother-in-law arrived with cream towels wrapped both round her hair and damp body, Katt had moved through to her bed and was laying naked, her legs apart and examining her crotch through the mirror. Daisy tried to get in and was ordered away.

"Sorry Claire, not trying to scare you with this..." she waved at her forested twat. "S'not a pretty sight, but Daisy was showing a lot of attention, you know, like she does, but different somehow, down there," said Katt indicating the left side of her groin.

"Let's have a look, love, don't worry doesn't scare me, it's quite ni..." Claire stopped herself. "Can I ... er touch..."

She got a nod and she did, all to one side of Katt's prominent bulging pudenda. Her daughter-in-law watched her face closely, seeking signs of concern on the professional face. There were none but the feelings were pleasant and her mind was pleasant as Claire told her in her opinion there was nothing, but best get checked by a gynaecologist. Katt watching her matted pubic hairs remaining flattened, said she knew of one and would do so. Claire got up from the bed and stood, her robe dropping to the floor.

"You're a baldy down there," remarked a stunned Katt.

Claire chuckled and told her the same as she'd explained to Col during his shag at the breakfast table.

"He says he likes me hairy," getting up and peering between her legs as she told Claire who was gathering her robe.

"Well it takes all sorts," chuckled Claire philosophically. "I mean men are not much in my life these

days ... you know..." she had noticed a spot on her smooth pubic mound about two inches above her cunt. She pinched it and again with her index fingers, finally deciding it was a zit and deal with it later.

"Well Col gave you one this morning didn't he?"

"Oh yes, but that's family, I mean ... different," Claire snickered, tying her robe and leaving after checking there was nothing else with Katt. "Here babe," she called for Daisy. "Home time."

Ideas formulated, farewells said, Ms Guest left.

The End