

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) by Eduard

Ann awoke in the large bed, disturbed by the unfamiliar surroundings; she was in the upstairs bedroom of the 'Queen Anne,' a pub named after her namesake, a seventeenth-century monarch of Great Britain.

It was a fine old 'boozer,' substantial stone fireplaces, low exposed oak beams, it reeked of history.

It had sat at this crossroad in the Cotswolds, furnishing travelers with food and drink for over 200 years.

She had been dreaming of sex, a commodity that had been in short supply in her recent life, and realized how wet she was in her arousal; it must have been quite a dream.

She heard faint movement down in the bar. The two big shepherds that guarded the ground floor after closing time was probably as restless as she was. Their beloved mistress and master had abruptly left, and although they knew her well enough, it must have seemed strange to them.

After being on a waiting list for over a year, her friends, Karin, and Jack had taken over the pub and were running it well.

Unfortunately, Karin's mother had been in an accident and was in a bad way. They had made one of the temporary staff managers and prepared to rush to Scotland to see how they could help. They had asked Ann if she would house sit and look after the dogs during closing time. Of course, she readily agreed, anything to help her dearest friends.

It was arranged that she would have the dogs in her own house during opening hours, bringing them back to guard the lower floor at night. She would sleep upstairs, and then, in the morning, she would walk them again and, when the manager turned up to open for the day, take them back to her house.

It worked well. The dogs knew her and seemed to be happy with a familiar face and scent. Now, as she lay awake, something was pulling at her brain; return to sleep became impossible.

Suddenly she had it; she had forgotten to set the alarm. Jack had urged her always to input the code. He explained that the company he paid every month would register the alarm if it was tripped and investigate.

She had protested that the two big dogs would be a more efficient alarm, and Jack had explained that modern burglars would put steaks doped with sedatives through the letterbox and then break in when the dogs were asleep.

She understood and promised never to make that mistake, and now she had. She jumped up, discarded her panties which were soaking; she considered getting a fresh pair out of the drawer and, with a 'fuck it,' headed down with just the vest that she habitually wore to bed covering her body. It wasn't quite long enough to preserve her modesty. She shrugged; the dogs wouldn't care. She padded down the stairs, and the two big hounds came to meet her. That was when the fun started. They seemed to want to sniff at her exposed crotch. She batted them away and sprinted over to the keypad by the door.

As she set the code, she felt a cold nose forced between her cheeks, snuffling then licking at her privates.

She couldn't imagine what had gotten into the hounds. They usually were well behaved and friendly,

now they seemed obsessed with her private parts. It suddenly dawned on her that it was her arousal that had precipitated the change. Dogs have a fantastic sense of smell, and they must have registered something in the air and followed their instincts.

She stepped away from the wall, intending to head back upstairs. The other dog now circled round to the front and started slurping at her pussy, almost knocking her off balance. This was getting serious; she broke away from their attentions and sprinted for the stairs, the big dogs running effortlessly with her. One of them tangled with her legs, and she would have hit the floor hard. Thankfully, her fall was broken by an ancient armchair that had sat in the bar for longer than anyone could remember.

Her hands hit the base of the old chair and forced it down onto the floor. At the same time, one of the dogs landed on her back, and in an instant, she was trapped. The big hound's paws landed alongside her waist, his weight preventing any upward movement, the wide base of the old chair meant that she couldn't tip it; she was well and truly stuck.

Now Ann had never thought about 'bestiality'; she knew what the word meant, of course, but had never given it any consideration. Women were having sex with animals. What the hell was that all about.

Now, suddenly she was forced to confront it head-on. The hound on her back had mounted her and was trying desperately to mate with her. She could feel his penis jabbing away at her rear end, trying to find an entrance. It was horrifying, and she struggled frantically to prevent him from achieving his aim but to no avail. She was held firmly in position, he found her sweet spot, and she was being violently fucked in an instant.

She felt the organ that was being shoved in and out at a blinding pace, growing with each thrust. The tip was suddenly pushing against her cervix, almost as if the bastard wanted to get through her uterus and up into her womb. She gave one last try to free herself but realized that she was pinned like a butterfly in a display case. She hung her head and resigned herself to her fate, raped by a huge dog her friend a couple of hours earlier.

Now here he was using her body to pleasure himself, a sudden spurt of warmth deep inside, her indication that he had achieved his objective.

He pulled out abruptly, but before she could free herself from the ruins of the chair, she felt a tongue wash over her genitals. After the battering, it felt quite pleasant, so she held still and let him clean her up and suddenly realized that her arousal was climbing rapidly.

When it ceased, she found she was mildly disappointed; she started to rise only to be forced back down onto her hands as the weight of the second hound landed on her back. She was once again trapped, a large head rested on her shoulder, two paws held her waist in position, she was about to be raped for a second time.

Then a strange thing happened, as he entered her and began his performance, she found she wanted it this time, the thrusting organ was pushing her remorselessly towards an orgasm. She had an epiphany. She had been too long without sex. Now she had two lovers who wanted only to pleasure her. They had started with their tongues, and she had run away. Christ, what had she been missing? As her climax engulfed her, all she could think of was what sexual adventures she would have with these two big animals before she had to hand them back.

When the second dog had finished and cleaned her up, she stayed where she was examining her feelings and had a blinding revelation. She had come down with her crotch exposed, and they had

reacted accordingly. Could it be that prim and proper Karin was getting down on her knees when Jack was away, allowing her two big pets to service her?

Suddenly, a big muscular tongue washed again across her labia, and she realized she was lost. She held still as he licked her to arousal and then fucked her again, then held still, waiting for the second one. She was their bitch and was loving it,

They wouldn't be able to tell anyone of her depravity, and they wouldn't boast to their friends about having screwed her. They couldn't make her pregnant and would always be available. It was the perfect arrangement.

She moved behind the bar and poured herself a large Brandy. She carried it over to one of the old settles by the stone fireplace and sat down. The dogs came over to her, sated, for now, she stroked and made a fuss of them one at a time, she knew they would want her again eventually, and once they had gotten busy with those tongues, no power on earth could stop her surrendering. They would breed her like the bitch she had become, the thought kick-starting her arousal again.

*The End.*