

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Brenda had followed the rising path as it hooked to the right. It progressed over a series of small knolls where the trail was bordered by wooded lots that were carpeted with knee-high berry bushes. The trees were placed sparsely at this section of the mountain and they were mere saplings, which offered no concealment for a changing of clothes. There was an unusual stillness in the woods today and she knew that it wasn't resulting from heavy human activity. She sensed a vacated population of indigenous fauna. Even the cicadas, which had serenaded her two years earlier, were absent.

The silence, the ample yet untouched browse on bushes and the abandoned game trails all testified to Brenda's keen senses that a decimation of small animal life had occurred. She couldn't yet pinpoint the root cause and didn't know if it was annihilation or exodus that depopulated this section of the forest, but it sent a feeling of edgy discomfort upon her spirit. Maybe when she reached the denser cover that was ahead, she would change into her spare shorts and go home.

Brenda had arrived at the point in the trail where two large men had accosted her the summer before last. Memories of their profanity and their persistent pursuit surfaced in her thoughts. If they had been lurking here today, she would have been done for. Although Brenda was remarkably fit and toned for her age, she was fifty-two years old.

The last two years had taken their toll on Brenda, and this was the first hike that she had taken since her last morning with the Old Man of the Woods. The pack she carried today, with its sloshing cargo of drinking water, was much heavier the one that Brenda had carried when the two would-be rapists had chased her up the mountain. It held several changes of clothing, a few cooking utensils and a small tent among other things. Looking down upon the ruined lap of her dungaree cut-off shorts, she was very relieved to be spared any additional troubles to face on that morning.

At the twin boulders, where the men had been waiting that morning, Brenda had weighed stopping for a rest. Her torn T-shirt was soaking through with perspiration and her back was developing a dull ache from the load of the backpack. Remembering the sound of the vehicle as it entered the parking area reminded Brenda that she needed to get to better cover and repair her attire. Although she knew that she had a good lead, the newcomers might be young people, and if so, they soon would be overtaking her.

Pressing on, Brenda ascended the first steep incline in the mountain's path. At this point of the trail, it skirted a rising ridge and the right side bank fell away to wooded valleys and brush that was fairly open. The left side of the trail was a steeply inclined wall that was carpeted with lush moss and spotted with clumps of small berry bushes. While striding uphill, Brenda's mind wandered. The petite woman inventoried the information that had brought her there that day. She rehashed her encounters there two years past, and her self-revelations since.

Brenda had hoped to explore the excitement and arousal she had felt when held in the bosom of the quagmire. A search of the Internet had provided much information and she concluded that she had a sincere quicksand fetish. Brenda learned that mudlarking was a far more widespread pass-time than she ever would have imagined it to be. The element of danger coupled with the intense physical contact made Brenda tremble at the thought. In her masturbatory fantasies with the Swamp Maple, she had always envisioned herself as trapped in the clutches of the slimy bog.

Whether today was to be a one way final trip or not was yet to be determined by Brenda and the grim earth. Either way, she had selected a special outfit for the occasion with all the preparation of a ceremonial costuming.

As the path leveled out and hooked into a second hill Brenda heard a shuffling of leaves to her right on the downhill side of the lane. The trail leveled out for thirty yards here and curious hiker moved toward the right shoulder to survey the downhill brush for the author of the disturbance.

It may have been a squirrel, but Brenda knew that a deer will sound like a squirrel at times and seeing any life in these woods would serve to balm her blue mood. Peering into the undergrowth, the searching siren saw a flash of movement as a large creature wove through the brush. The creature's bulk appeared slightly taller than Brenda's navel and covered with a flopping tangle of grayish hair. With a start, she recognized it to be the huge mutt who had so brazenly forced himself upon her earlier. The beast was stalking parallel to the pathway and the fretful female wondered if their paths had crossed by mischance, or had he actually been trailing her.

Brenda looked about the immediate area with a frown born of urgency and finally saw what she needed. A fallen branch lay on the trailside ahead. It was almost ten feet in length and three inches thick at the butt end. Brenda hurried forward to gain the wooden weapon. If that dog came at her again, she would try to beat the daylight out of him. When she picked stick up, Brenda knew instantly that it was too far along in decomposition to work well as a club for her. Its heft was far too light to have real strength left in it. Yet she stood there, shapely legs braced and ready as the sound of the routing hound told her that he was ever working his way closer to the trail.

When the large mixed-breed did come onto the path, it was twenty yards up the trail from where Brenda stood. He seemed to solidify out of thin air. His wraith-like entry unnerved Brenda, who had forgotten his imposing stature. He was turned broadside to the trail, and facing the steep mossy rampart. Brenda stood tense and frozen as he posed that way for twenty seconds. Maybe he will just pass by, she prayed. The shaggy mutt then dipped his snout to the trail and began to sniff.

The heavy snorting of the hound's investigation grew louder as he swung his muzzle downhill towards where Brenda stood defensively. Rivulets of sweat laced across the hunted female's swelling bosom as she struggled to keep her breathing hushed. It was to no avail. The powerful pooch raised his head from his sniffing search and upon seeing Brenda, sprung backward, as if in surprise.

Brenda, feeling encouraged by his retreating movement, raised her stick threateningly. "Go home!" she commanded. "Go home! Go! Shoo!"

The unkempt mongrel tilted his head and cocked one floppy ear as if comically trying to understand her. He lowered the front part of his body and his raised rump. The pink flesh of his tongue feathered over his lower jowl in panting tempo while he flagged his bushy tail disarmingly.

Feeling defied and exasperated, Brenda took an exaggerated stomp forward. The mutt sprang backward again, but this time he bounded back forward and closed the distance between them to fifteen yards. He stood firmly braced and glowered at her insolently. With a chill, Brenda realized that the cunning cur had been sizing up her capability of defending herself from him.

"Go home," Brenda spat at him again, hoping he could not sense any of her fear in her tone.

Raising the stick overhead, Brenda swung it down hard on the path as she took another stomping step toward him. "GO! Shoo!" the petite female ordered.

Brenda tried to appear as menacing as she could possibly be. The branch completed its sailing arc with a loud snap. The stick had shattered upon impact with the ground. Once again the dog retreated backward, but this time he dashed forward again and stopped only a dozen feet away. Brenda was feeling awkwardly vulnerable as she gripped the remaining fourteen inches of branch in her white-knuckled hands. The mutt seemed to surmise her predicament and sense her dismay. A

twinkle of triumph glistened from behind his unkempt bangs as he boldly advanced to six feet from where the daunted damsel had made her stand.

The formidable mixed-breed no longer bothered to consider meeting her gaze, as his stare was riveted to the tattered results of his earlier foray. Brenda was embarrassingly aware of the focus of his attention and she also knew that the large mutt was waxing excited with his want as he regarded her nakedness. The brute nonchalantly twisted to nip at his rear flank and she saw that his swelling cock protruded almost four inches from its matted sheath.

As Brenda prudently began to inch backward, the mutt spun and darted in and wedged its snorting muzzle into her crotch. With determined jaw pressure that held her groin and rump nestled in its familiar grip, the capturing cur trudged forward while shaking his brawny neck.

“No-o-o!” Brenda cried out, as she tried to turn away from his bulldozing attack.

The bold beast pressed ruthlessly onward and Brenda was driven back in a series of twisting and stumbling steps. Her reeling retreat came to an abrupt end as she was slammed up against the steep embankment. A blanket of cool lichens cradled Brenda from hurtful impact, but the big canine held her helplessly pinned to the trail side wall. The hound’s jowls greedily gaped while he worried the resistant fabric of Brenda’s shorts. Holding the short stick by both its ends, the cornered beauty tried to force the belligerent brute’s snout away from her by pressing the branch end crossways between her lap and his upper snout.

The abrasive chafe of the demonic dog’s upper teeth telegraphed their motion through Brenda’s crude lever as it came to bear on them. With a burn of contempt his eyes seared into hers and he shifted his wide head with amazing speed. The aroused canine instantly snapped at the small baton with a grinding rend that she could feel almost to her shoulders and splintered the center of her last humble defense into shards that resembled exploding matchwood.

Brenda instinctively released her grip, hauling her hands high and spread to her sides to land palms-down on the soft turf wall behind her. She appeared to be crucified to the mossy carpet of the slope. Before the slivered wood could fall past the panting prisoner’s knees, the forceful mongrel returned to his emphatic efforts to the junction of Brenda’s thighs. The cool soil surrounded her fingers as she dug them into its rich depths and searched from side to side for some overlooked avenue of escape.

The shredding sounds of denim echoed in the stilled woods as Brenda lay bound by her backpack, which was planted, into the soft hillside. She feared trying to hold the devilish dog at bay by the fur on his cheeks as she had done earlier in the parking lot. He must have been on guarded behavior when he had been so close to civilization, she realized in stunned horror. Out here, alone, the horrendous hound practiced no such pretense. Alone in the woods, he knew that he was in charge. The remains of her makeshift weapon littering the ground at her feet served as a grim reminder of what his anger could swiftly bring.

The crafty canine was methodical in his assault on Brenda’s garment. He would catch a hole in the fabric with one of his long incisors and worry it a little larger with shakes of his powerful neck until his tooth pulled free of the tattered garment. Several times he clenched a fold in the material and nipped a new hole. Brenda pressed her flanks into the yielding soil behind her to avoid getting pinched in his terrible jaws as they did their savage work.

In a daze of hopelessness, Brenda looked down across the swell of her buxom cleavage at the frenzied invasion. The oddly pleasing touch of the marauding mongrel’s cold nose coupled with the hot, short blasts of his breath played upon the small blonde’s ever more exposed flesh. Dog drool

saturated the failing fabric of her scant shorts and she felt its warm, lubricious wetness spreading across her lap. A fog of resignation was descending upon Brenda. There is no rescue and there is no escape, 'he is really going to get his way this time,' she thought.

A particularly loud resounding tear signaled the dismemberment of her zipper as it fell in a useless flap over his snout. The lustful pooch brought his long tongue to play on Brenda's exposed womanhood with long and firm upward strokes. Its velvety touch was exciting and its drool-drenched massage made her wonder if the dampness between her legs was provided entirely by the hound's saliva.

Gazing down at the forbidden cunnilingus was having an arousing effect upon Brenda that complimented the physical stimulation being imparted to her. Her breathing was becoming deeper and her pelvis was beginning to roll lightly into the mutt's caresses. She felt alarmed by the sight of her body's fickle surrender. Brenda tried to turn her head away, but her eyes kept returning to the coaxing cur's carousal. Although the gasping blonde could not hope to physically remove the heinous hound from his carnal repast, she felt compelled to shield her eyes from the spectacle. Easing her fingers from the lichen covered loam, the restrained woman carefully moved her hands down her sides until the touch of shirt clothe turned to flesh at her waist.

Brenda clasped the lower hem of her T-shirt from either side and tented it to conceal the mix-breed's lewd lapping. With a flashing snap of his toothsome jowls, the hound tore a large hunk out of the tented T-shirt. The shirt was laid open to Brenda's sternum in one brief, almost schizophrenic attack. Then, as if it nothing had ever happened, the brute returned to his arduous flickering and nothing but a trail of dribble laced across panting woman's navel gave sign of his wrathful raid.

'He is making me watch him,' she thought. 'He knows how it turns me on, and he knows that I resent the way it excites me.'

The dog cupped Brenda's engorged clitoris in his velvety clapper and rolled her tortured flesh with just enough force to cause the small woman's pelvis to shudder and jut with natural anticipation. Brenda raised her hands back to the safety of shoulder height and returned them to their braced spread. She drove her fingers back into the soft soil and clenched her hands into fists. Curly blonde tresses tickled her cheeks and jaws as harrowed nymph submitted to the irresistible force that made her watch the beast at work.

The crafty cur continued to apply slow, rolling pressure as it licked swirls around the Brenda's excited button. Her betraying body had begun to climax with incremental intensity from each of the enervating stimulations that it received. Brenda bit down on her lower lip as she struggled to stifle the burgeoning impulse to cry aloud with her sexual desire.

A score of passionate tremors later, the mutt lowered his lolling tongue. Slithering it between the puckered lips of Brenda's vagina, he hoisted the dew slickened organ upward again. The slavering muscle rejoined her love-bud where it summoned another quiver; and this time, a moan.

He is stealing away my spirit, Brenda realized, then he will take my body and I will come to be only his bitch. While she held the concept in her thought, the panting prisoner rolled her head back in the pillow of moss and looked at the tree-framed sky through the veil of her eyelashes. Her squirming buttocks felt the cool tickle of the embankment as she shifted her feet for better anchorage.

A dozen more applications of the mutt's roving caress were each rewarded with a stronger response. On the final tour of Brenda's pussy, she cried out in hoarsely in her lust and purposely thrust her pelvis forward to meet his approaching stroke with her own hunger. The mutt arose and planted its

large paws deeply into the bank several inches above Brenda's shoulders. He lowered the weight onto his forelegs and pinned her deltoids into the sod of the trail's wall.

A mist of desire whirled across her almost closed eyes as she felt the mongrel's hairy hocks shifting widely for support between her parted calves. Brenda couldn't recall spreading her legs so far apart and wondered how long ago she had shifted to her present position of invitation. She could feel hot, slippery dog flesh on her thighs and the beast's pumping haunches caused his tool to rub on her flesh in its growing stiffness. The humping hound's hirsute tummy scrubbed against her own bare stomach and his organ had risen in its excitement to once again be prodding upon Brenda's crotch.

It had been almost two years since Brenda had felt so deliciously out of control to what was happening to her. The first time for her was when she was gripped in the quagmire. Later, she had put herself at the mercy of the Old Man of the Woods. Now she found herself on the brink of intimate surrender to this shaggy, feral mammal.

A large, lustful animal was forcing her into an act of forbidden fornication and Brenda could not hope to oppose his might and savagery. He would take her for his pleasures as he would take any heated slit. In the stilled woods, without fear of discovery and scorn, she found his brutish mastery to be very arousing.

The despoiling canine whined in his urgent effort to find Brenda's creamy cleft and a strand of dog drool dripped from his slobbering jowls to her shuddering chest. She tilted her hips ever so slightly; and the tip of his slimy prick poked its way into her inviting softness.

'He's, oh God, he's inside me,' Brenda thought with an inaudibly guarded sigh. 'I didn't do...' she hastily started to rationalize.

The large mongrel pumped his haunches and walked in to her as his fat cock reached a couple of inches into her heated dampness. "Yyyesssss," she rasped in a thick whisper and leaned her head forward to brush her cheek along his matted chest.

The canine began to thrust his loins again and Brenda could feel his thick meat continue sliding up into her. It felt hot and made her insides prickle. She drove her own hips forward and flared her pelvic bones to meet the hound in his pistoning insertion. The devilish dog's own pelvis was almost in contact with Brenda as the wisps of tummy hair played and danced teasingly on her shaved mons.

The masterful mutt's strokes were short and much more rapid than a man could ever muster, but his member was constantly growing longer and thicker inside of Brenda. She was sure that what started out as four fat inches had grown inside of her to become almost eight. The carnal captive was experiencing no discomfort as her own slick juices welled forward and she bucked her hips spasmodically into the waltz of their lustful union. Heavy testicles began to spank a tattoo upon the bottom of Brenda's buttocks as the slurping cadence of their melding resounded in the hushed woods.

A thickness began moving along the big brute's prick and Brenda could feel the walls of her labial duct being stretched to allow the advancing bulge into her. The pumping pooch's knot seemed too big and her flesh felt too spread. Brenda slowly raised her right leg and slid her ankle along the mongrel's flexing haunch. With a feeling of anxiety she hooked it over his hammering stern and drew herself into him and around his engorged cock.

The next instant brought relief as the advancing mass became locked inside of Brenda. The swelling continued to move deeper into her. Brenda felt its bulk sliding up her cervix and nudging her wonderful place. As the knot put pressure against her G-spot, she twisted and pitched her hips with

reckless abandon. The blonde's curvaceous gam fell from the canine's hairy backside and lay limply at the foot of the mossy bank. A rising wave of release coursed through her and Brenda buried her face in the mongrel's thick thatch to muffle her tearful whimpers and her legs twitched convulsively with the force of her orgasm.

A second surge followed on the heels of the first spasm and she looked up at his muzzle to see that he was looking away, and toward the parking lot. Her second discharge caused Brenda to cum real hard and as she settled into a post-coital respite, she felt hot little spurts begin to pump deeply into her.

The dog's motion became more rousing as the amounts of the surging secretions increased in volume. Spent from her own pleasures, Brenda halfheartedly ground her ass in response to the milk-warm fluid being pumped into her womb. The mutt suddenly howled and a copious volume of dog spunk flooded out of him. It welled up within her like a heated reservoir before its heated stickiness gushed out across her upper thighs.

Almost immediately the mutt's member shrank dramatically and he lost all interest in copulation. As he withdrew his shrunken phallus, thick mongrel magma bubbled onto her upper thighs. The hound dropped, returning to all four feet and drank noisily at Brenda's seeping pussy. His tongue still had the sweet touch and Brenda found herself twisting her hips to help him find the special places. The shuffling rattle of small stones caught the mutt's attention and he turned his muzzle downhill to regard something on the trail.

Brenda had heard it too and suddenly remembered the vehicle that was entering the parking area as she had left it. 'Oh my God,' she thought, 'what will they think of me?'

"HEY! Hey you! What's you doin'!" resounded a deep male voice.

The End