

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## Chapter One

Kate let out a sigh of relief when spotting the road- sign. It informed travellers of the services two miles ahead; which included Public Lavatories!

“See that Guy! Lavatories; Hoo-rha!”

She chuckled at the use of the Victorian phrase; which back home had long been supplanted by ‘toilets’; but then Grand Bahama was an island steeped in British tradition, making it ideal choice for a campervan tour, as it was the first holiday abroad that Kate Williams and Guy had ever been on.

Kate was from the sleepy English market town of Petersfield, where she was a junior librarian. She was also a committed lesbian; and Guy was her constant canine companion; well in fact, he was her lover. You see, Kate considered herself an up to date activist of her feminist generation. Old feminist kept a cat; young feminist kept a dog; one that earned his keep!

She ran her hand over his head and stroked his neck saying, “Bet your ready for some chow Guy? I know I am!”

‘I’m ready for chow - and randy as hell’ mused Guy.

When Kate had kept an appointment with the feminist approved dog breeder some months ago, she felt Guy had fallen for her as much as she had for him. The breeder held a high reputation of supplying dykes with studs; and Guy’s performance only embellished it over the following weeks! That’s why this trip was as much a romantic one for Kate, as it was adventurous.

On arrival at the island’s airport, she was thrilled at the luxurious campervan that had been allocated for the fortnight; and the weather too; it had been just like the travel broacher indicated; hot tropical sun and blue skies!

Kate found the landscape, its scenery and black natives an exotic wonderland to experience during the day; while the campsites provided her the safety and solitude for blissful dog-sex through the night!

And the fine weather too had remained with her until today, because an impending storm had begun to announce itself by hiding the blue sky with a darkening cloud; and swaying the palm trees?

In fact Kate realised the atmosphere had become clammy, and she was longing for a refreshing shower that would be available at the Camper Services.

Upon reaching the Services and getting parked up, Kate was pleased to see there was a smart Diner with ‘Eats’ on offer but she would need to grab her anorak if she was to reach the Diner without getting soaked from the onset of driving rain!

She ordered up two take-away flame-grilled burgers, which she would take back and share with Guy before taking a shower. But while waiting for her order, the wall-mounted television issued a weather warning that was relevant to everyone present; that Grand Bahama would be engulfed by a big cyclone! It even had a name; Dorian; and the warnings issued were dire!

People began discussing the approaching danger; and anxiety quickly spread.

Kate returned to her vehicle with the burgers and Guy soon wolfed his meal down while she gazed outside wondering what the storm's duration was likely to be? Then she cheerfully turned to Guy,

"Well at least we're in a safe location with facilities on hand Guy!" Then added,

"When I've finished this burger, I'll put you in the pen outside, while I take that shower. Then we'll be all set to cuddle up for the night sweetheart!"

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Guy forlornly watched Kate from his pen as she disappeared into the shower block. He wasn't happy being left alone. Then his sensitive nose picked up the unique aroma of a young bitch; floating on the air! His stud instinct stirred.

Within a few moments he'd leapt from the pen; to forage round the darkened windy campsite.

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Guy sat up, licking his chops and the semi-naked girl emitted an ecstatic moan while her thighs shuddered in orgasm.

He panted with pride now; his snout sticky with her love juice.

Fourteen-year-old Tina, rolled to one side; exhausted from the orgasm he'd given her. Eventually she murmured, "Now you just be a good boy, okay?" Stroking his head, she saw her cum on his snout and shivered at the outrageous licking this dog from nowhere had subjected her to!

"Oh My God!" Tina murmured, her eyes suddenly agog seeing his erect glistening penis! The additional sexual possibilities ran rampant in her mind and she really felt she might faint!

"Oh God, I just gotta tell Becky 'bout this!"

She grabbed her phone; within seconds was connected to Becky's home in Miami.

Tina recognized the voice of Becky's mother, "Hello, Mrs. Laver ... It's Tina! Is Becky there please?"

"Yes Tina, she's here somewhere," Mrs. Laver paused. "How is your holiday in the Bahama's going Tina?"

"Great thank you Mrs Laver." Tina was brimming with excitement, eager to talk to her friend. " Mom is over the Diner, so I thought I'd chat with Becky!"

"That's fine Tina!" Mrs. Laver said. "I'll get hold of Becky."

Tina petted Guy's belly while she waited. Soft jagged breaths emanated from her mouth as she looked at the dog's heavy balls and cock sheath.

"Tina; Hi!" Becky oozed enthusiasm.

"Are you alone?" Tina asked anxiously.

"Why - what's going on?"

"Yes or no?" Tina said.

"Yes! I'm up in my room. Mom's downstairs in the kitchen. Why? What's this shit?"

"You'll never guess." Tina said smugly. "Never in a million years."

"Awww ... So! ... Tell me!"

"I'm naked right now," she said to her best friend. "Naked in bed ... with a D O G!"

"Jesus Christ!"

Becky instantly unsnapped her shorts and wriggled out of them, crushing the phone to her ear with her shoulder. "Hold on! I'm getting undressed, too!"

Tina waited. They had played sex games over the phone before; sitting naked on their beds, trying to get each other hot with sizzling sex fantasies; but this time Tina's story wasn't a fantasy!

"Okay, I'm naked and ready." Becky lay on her bed with the phone against her ear, attentive for Tina to begin, while her fingers worked at her snatch.

"This evening, just after Mom had gone over the Diner, I heard a dog wining outside our campervan! It was this hunky dog; lost in the stormy weather! Well his nametag said 'Guy', and before I knew it, he was laying on my bed!

"Fucking shit! What did you do then?!" squealed Becky.

Not only that but; and this is the truth Becky; he was licking his pink thingy ... his cock!

Becky was beside herself with envy as Tina covered every detail of being sexually seduced by Guy.

"... and now, he's laying on the bed beside me Becky." Tina sighed; ending her story.

"Jesus Christ!" Becky gasped, trembling, "I'm creaming myself just listening! That's the best story ever Tina."

"I didn't make it up," Tina corrected. "It's true ... every word; I swear!"

Becky gulped, her heart racing. "I believe you Tina" she whispered almost reverently. This was the best conversation she ever had with Tina, ever since they started talking dirty on the phone a few months ago.

"Wait a sec," Tina said. "I'm gonna look at his cock while I talk to you."

She caressed him with shaking fingers. She heard Becky's heavy laboured breathing. "His balls are real big, Becky."

"Touch them, Tina! Touch his balls!" Becky was close to insanity. Her cunt spasmed, the juices dripping down the crack of her ass. "Hold his balls, Tina!"

Tina revived herself out of her trance. "I'm holding his balls." she whispered heatedly. "They're real heavy. I'll bet they're full of cum. Wheew!"

"Ohhh, shit!" Becky squealed.

Tina's fingers now skimmed the hairy sheath and felt the hard knot of his prick inside the protective covering,

"I've touched his dick now, Becky!" the teenaged gasped. Her hand was trembling, but still touching the hard knot. "Ohhhh, God!"

"Can you see it? Is it sticking out?" Becky caressed her pussy then swirled around her bloated clit. She brought her fingers to her nose and inhaled the tangy scent. "Oooo, shit, Tina. Can you see his cock?"

"Not yet!" Tina exclaimed, "He's licking my hand. I think he wants me to play with his cock."

"Do it! Do it!" Becky was going out of her mind.

"Okay! I am!" Tina replied, her voice a bit shaky. She paused for a moment, her head swimming. Putting her hand back, she became bolder. Light-fingered and cautious, she pulled the thick skin back, feeling the hard knot growing inside. "Ohhhh, shit, Becky, it's ... it's coming out ... I can really see his cock now!"

"Aaaahhhh," Becky sighed and went into convulsive spasms. She shoved her juice-coated fingers into her mouth and suckled.

"He's cock's red and pointed!" Tina gasped. Her fingers shifted the protective covering up and down, trying to bring out the cock-meat hidden inside!

"Ohhh, God, Becky!" Her fingers moved up and down, gripping his hairy sheath. "This is so fucking sexy Becky!" Tina's eyes widened. The dog's prick was growing right in front of her eyes. "It's getting really big!"

Becky broke out in a cold sweat, shivering as her body turned to fire. "Ohhhh. I wish I was there to touch his cock," Becky moaned. "How big ... how big is it?"

"I don't know yet," Tina replied. Her voice sounded hollow, as if she were under a spell. "It's simply beautiful. His cock is all wet and sticky."

Tina giggled. "He's licking his prick!" she exclaimed joyfully. "Ohhh, shit, Becky, he's licking his prick-right in front of me!"

"Jerk him off!" her friend cried back. "Jerk him off for Christ Sake!"

Guy was twisting on his side, his legs jerking, trying to attain a foothold. His cock jabbed through Tina's slender fingers.

"Don't stop!" Becky commanded. "Make him cum with your hand!" She closed her eyes, envisioning what it would be like to jerk off a dog and get his jism all over her hand. The images in her overactive imagination sent her into ecstasy.

Tina held the base of the dog's prick, one hand near his slapping balls. Her other hand squeezed and slid up and down his thick cock. Suddenly her throat was constricted; she was unable to breath. Her hands flew from the dog up to her throat; and felt the hands that from behind, were strangling her!

"Take your hands off my dog; you little fucking bitch!" Kate snarled!

Her grip around the girl's throat did not loosen until the semi-naked girl slumped to the floor.

The howling wind tore at Kate as she made her way back in the darkness to her campervan; with Guy at her heel.

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## Chapter Two

Before Kate Windsor reached her campervan, the darkness was lit up by a blinding flash; a bolt of lightning! Then came a bone-shuddering clap of thunder! The Diner block had been hit and began to burn! The wind continued to batter the place and Kate was transfixed as she witnessed a part of the diner collapse!

She saw some people coming away from the mess of the building too! She made her way toward a small group of people who had gathered there. One of them was Winston, a tall well-built black native, "Have you any folk still in there Ma'am?" he called to Kate!

"No! No, I don't; I'm here on my own; but is there some folks still in there?"

"Well, I'm not sure Ma'am! But I'm Winston; assistant manager of the Diner; I gotta see people are safe!"

"My name's Kate; can I do anything to help here at all Winston?" yelled Kate.

The big black man smiled at her accent, "Er, you a Limey, Kate?"

Kate stared saying, "Well, a Lesbian ... dose it matter?"

Winston stared back; "Hhu, well, if you can get through to emergencies on your phone, I would really appreciate it Kate; I'm stranded here for now! Ask for any help they can give us; Ok!"

"Shure thing; my phone's in the camper; come-on Guy!"...

Kate had learned from her efforts on the phone that Grand Bemuda was in a state of emergency; that any help would be a long time coming! Some places on the Island were already devastated and more was expected before the storm was finished. The advice she was given boiled down to hunkering down as best as possible and hoping for the best until the hurricane passed on. Kate left Guy in the Van and went out to tell Winston what she'd learned.

The storm had calmed slightly, and she found him near the Diner with a few others who were stood sombrelly round a recovered body of a woman; and now laid out on the ground?

Kate learned from Winston that the woman had been killed by a falling beam when the lightning had struck the Diner, and the group gloomily established she had arrived earlier in the day with her teen daughter; who had not yet been found? Winston wearily thanked Kate for her assistance and she pointed out where she was parked in case her needed her. She was also bushed and returned to her Van to be with Guy.

It had been a hell of a day; what with the storm; oh and strangling that girl! Yet the rocking of the Van due to the wind, had the effect of sending her to sleep; as if in a nursery cradle.

It was the tapping on the door of the Van the following morning which eventually bought Kate from her slumber; to find it was Winston once again needing her help! He looked as stressed as ever; she asked him in and put the coffee on. Inside the Van his big black frame seemed to take up lots of

space.

"I've traced the dead woman's teenage daughter; but I've been sparring having to inform her of her mother's death."

"Oh? How come Winston?"

"Due to the fact that when I got into her Campervan she too was also dead!"

Kate froze... "Dead! Good God; Why?"

"Don't know; but it looked like an overdose situation to me? Nothing else looked out of place? No sign of a struggle or anything; just laying on the floor like she was sleeping. Could be dirty drugs? ... but look; I've reported the deaths on the phone ... they said an inspector would eventually need to delve into it with me, ... and I got to wondering ... if I could count on your support on something?"

"Me Winston? How can I support you?"

"Well ... when I went out looking for a missing daughter, I didn't expect to find a half-naked white teenager lying dead in a campervan."

Winston looked at Kate intently while her mind permutated the jumble of options there were to respond; but she said nothing. So, he continued,

"You see Ma'am, there was no one else to witness things how I found them? White folks are always nervous when a negro is found with an undressed white girl. But if I can say you were with me at the time? Well that would ease things for me ... see Ma'am?"

Kate visualised his logic ... Winston is a black native of Grand Bahama, who runs the diner at a remote campsite; caught in the terrifying path of hurricane 'Dorian'. The accused sees a young white mother killed during the storm at his Diner and learns she has a young teenage daughter who can't be found?

He covertly searches the campsite for his young prey, finding the girl alone in a campervan. Readers can only imagine how terrified the innocent girl had been when he invaded her bedroom and subjected her to his depraved demands, before he strangled her! Kate could see it would make an irresistible tabloid sex story; and it would sell like hot cakes. She put her hand on his arm in friendship, "Look, I prefer you calling me Kate; and yes Winston, I can say we went looking for her together; but I may need you to do me a favour before long! Okay?"

A lot of tension fell from Winston's black brow and with a faint smile he sat wearily on a stool. She realised how the storm must have taxed the man coping all alone on the campsite, and she set about making him some coffee,

"When was the last time you had a meal and got your head down Winston?"

"Well the power is completely out at the Diner and I've heard it's even worse where my own place is! My neighbour there told me on the phone to stay put till they start up a rescue operation and evacuate the Island!

"Okay, well you've got ham, eggs and beans coming up in ten minutes Winston; and in the circumstances you can get some shut-eye in the bed here! I'll be taking Guy for a look round while

you've got your head down; Okay?"

"You're an angel Kate."

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### Chapter Three

Winston, realising just how wacked out he was after enjoying the meal that Kate had rustled up, took up the offer of resting up on the bed in her campervan.

Knowing that she was a lesbian and English, whom his father had held in high esteem, somehow dispelled any gender tension that would have normally been present. She'd left the Van with her dog Guy in tow, saying they both needed exercise, regardless of the storm yet to finish.

Winston stripped down to his underwear; his hands massaging his tired muscular biceps and torso, then he slipped into bed. His mind began reciting a Shakespearean verse his father had taught him long ago, on the plantation:

'In a dream, it did seem-

But alas, dreams do pass As do shadows.

I did walk, I did talk-

With my love, with my love through fair meadows

Still we passed, till at last... '

but then Winston was asleep.

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It was nearly midday when he awoke and as he stretched his limbs, he felt another asleep beside him! His hands ran over the person which suddenly stirred, and Kate's voice murmured,

"Oh; ... Winston, ... hope you don't mind. There wasn't much else for me to do after I got back from roaming around out there; so after a coffee and then staring at the ceiling I thought, fuck it; I'm getting into the sack with that Winston. Well ... I just fell asleep too ... so here I am."

Winston let out a chuckle, "Well don't that beat all little missy; you sure are a cute English cookie ... the way you curse so politely too! You got anything on?"

His hand made a cursory run over her torso. "Nearly naked, huh?"

"Well I thought it would be uncouth to get into bed with my day clothes on."

"Heaven forbid Kate, we cant have uncouthness displayed in front of the native Huh?"

Kate chuckled, "Native my Aunt; what's an educated guy like you serving burgers in this back and beyond Winston?"

"Oh; You know how life can toss one around Kate; I recon you have had to dodge a few curve balls too?"



"Maybe; but I asked first; so give. What big wave washed you up on this excuse for civilisation?"

Winston thought for a while; then told his tale;

"Okay, Yea; I did start off doing well; landed a job with Microsoft as a Creative Programmer. My salary was very good! Then a classy black woman; Delores, took me as her live- in lover ... and there's the rub Kate.

Well, I went astray on the internet while living with her. I found others seeking kinky thrills. Women who wanted to talk on the wild side."

"Mm, sounds intriguing; tell me more Winston!"

"These white women usually wanted to chat about me eating their pussies, while others wanted to give me a BJ with me in bondage! It was all just fantasy! Some even wanted me as their fantasy negro plantation slave; strip me naked; get me tied to a post and whipped!

They all wanted something other than 'vanilla'. Yet it excited me Kate?"

"Well, it dose rather stir the imagination Winston, I will say."

"I got involved with a lady located about 30 miles away. She began giving me advice about how involve my girlfriend Delores in some creative activities; without pushing her too far; light bondage and dirty talk to begin with is what she recommended. I took up her advice; and it worked wonders for our sex-life!

Then this lady, hearing of my progress, suggested joining us for kinky fun; she even gave me her 'phone number! ... But I wasn't ready for that!

Then one day I get home to find that Delores had found the phone number of the internet woman. Now I'd never used that phone number; but the shit hit the fan! Delores believed I was having an affair and that I was forcing her to do sexual things she found perverted! She'd only participated because she was afraid of losing me. But now she saw me differently; she didn't want me anymore!

That night, everything came crashing down around me Kate.

Yet in the loneliness of my rented pad I continued pasting my time on the internet. And while browsing these sites, I found there were couples seeking lone males; especially black males! Well, I just wanted to be needed I guess?"

"I know the feeling Winston." Mur mumbled Kate stroking his arm.

"One couple was a Femdom pair — the woman was dominant over the man; and she especially wanted to see her man, giving a BJ to a black man!"

"Oh, wow ... that dose rather conjure up an erotic scene; I wouldn't turn down the chance of seeing that myself!"

"Yea; it appealed to me; being lonely and blue. So I took the bull by the horns and made contact with them. I found I was dealing exclusively with the female. When we meet up, she had her sub on a collared lead! She sort of interviewed me for the part and a date was fixed for a night in a hotel room. Well ... that's how low I sank; before realising I had to get far far away from ... everything."

Then there was quietness; the two of them lying side by side; thinking about their lives. Their hands ever so gently caressing each other to the soft sound of trickling water? They also felt a slight woozy feeling?

“Is something moving the Van?” asked Kate.

“I don’t know; but I know what you mean – I’ll take a look.” Winston rose from the bed and looked out of the window.

“See anything?”

“Yes! ... I see bloody water! ... It’s fucking water! And we’re floating for fucks sake! I think there’s been a fucking Tsunami Kate!”

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## **Chapter Four**

There had indeed been a Tsunami, affecting the part of Grand Bahama that Winston and Kate were occupying!

The event had been picked up by the TV networks trailing the progress of Dorian, and the viewer ratings for it were high; especially from viewers with folks on Grand Bahama.

One such person was Delores who was aware that Winston was working on the Island at the Camper centre.

She still loved him; still believed he would grow out of his penchant for deviant sex and rediscover the wonderful sexual passion they’d shared in her bed. She knew he still cared, by the occasional phone call she received from him. And realising the peril Winston was now in, seeing the battered scenes from the Island, she longed to hold him close to her breast once more.

The next time he phoned she would beg him to come home to her.

The dramatic pictures of the tsunami also caught the attention of young Becky Laver in Miami.

She’d been unable to get her best friend Tina to answer her phone over the past two days; since the strange and sudden way their conversation had ended!

It had almost sounded as if Tina was chocking to death when the connection had given out!

And now that Tina was at the mercy of a tsunami, Becky wondered what life might be like without her; to share the erotic thrills of adolescence; like that dog Tina had been sexing with!

Becky had found that such a sexy blast and had already began pestering her Mom for a puppy of her own to play with!

Unfortunately, poor Guy had already perished in the wake of the tsunami, since he had been outside in the pen when it had struck.

Not that Kate would be unduly heartbroken; now she had discovered the magnificent power of Winston’s black cock!

Initially she really had tried to resist; to make a stand for her feminist ideals, but the first orgasm

he'd given her had been enough to convert her.

The second and third orgasm's made her a fanatic.

And if they hadn't been so absorbed in their erotic discovery of each other they may; just may have heard the drone of the helicopter hovering above their Campervan; searching for survivors like them.

*The End*