

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## Chapter One - Junior Sport Club

### Part One

For years I've been running sports clubs with junior sections bringing in young people with talent and ability from local schools.

I avoid coaching simply because I am not very good at it. However I organise the clubs and finance and look after welfare and safety and all kids and parents have no concerns about us after eighteen years of success!

Often there are more girls than boys and we develop ability, aiming some to become county players or even better.

On a Saturday afternoon years ago and I was locking up the pavilion and cafe when Mrs Ramone telephoned saying that her daughter had left a kit-bag with school books and rackets in the in changing room and she needed them urgently for home-work.

Kids often left things lying around, worrying parents. We put everything in a box in the cafe and hoping that in the end someone would show up and claim. Members had their own lockers but it was not at all unusual to get calls hours after the end of play to open up and let someone in, to 'collect urgently' whatever they'd left.

So there I was kicking my heels as I waited for Mrs Ramones's daughter, Layla, a talented young woman who our coaches valued so she would go far not least as she was confident with her strong determined personality

So I waited and waited until a car arrived. The Ramones were a rather disorganised artistic family with four daughters. The mother was a successful artist and ran a group of shops selling stationery and art supplies, prints and pictures.

Layla, however was different in that she just loved exercise and sport and well organised and olds for hers years, as they say. Fourteen going on eighteen... maybe twenty, I suppose

"Sorry about this. Back shortly!" She drove off leaving Layla with me in the car park.

It is of course not right for an adult and a young person to meet with no one else around. But we were both in a hurry so it seemed to be no problem.

"You want your kit bag?"

"Yep... school books; it must be in my locker," and she hobbled away to the pavilion, still wearing her sports kit.

"Okay, I'll unlock. Why didn't you change?"

"Didn't have time and I'll need a shower ... we're going to the theatre tonight."

Well, there I was all alone with a fifteen year old girl. Although it was a bit of a risk, we'd be there for only a few minutes and her mother knew where her daughter was and confident with how we ran this club.

Just as coaches and staff do, I keep a space between any adult and kid making sure that everyone felt safe. We stood in front of Layla's locker and then apparently she'd forgotten to bring her keys.

“Twit!”... I’ll get my keys and open up for you.”

When I got back, she was leaning against the wall and fiddling with her trainers. “I need to get these off. I’ve got a blister under one of my toes,” she said, “and the laces all knotted up!”

I opened the locker and her bag tumbled out with books on the floor; Layla collected them and pushed them into her bag.

“I’ve another pair of trainers here so I think I’ll change them now.” she rummaged in her locker. “I can’t get these bloody things off... oops sorry... didn’t mean to swear... could you undo the laces, please? Mum won’t be happy if I cut or snap them.”

I knelt down and picked at the knots. “They’re much too tight. How did you manage to play like this? You’ll have to go home like that and get your Mum to sort it out.”

“I just put them back on without socks to get back here. I did it in a rush. How about if I take the weight off and sit on the bench... can you have another go, please, please?”

And then it started; something I never imagined... the sort of event you want to avoid, totally. Something exciting, worrying, frightening... certainly needing mind control.

Layla sat across the bench with her right foot on the top and I picked at the knots. “Put your foot flat on the top so it doesn’t move.”

She lifted her knee up so that her foot rested flat on the bench. She leaned back against a cabinet and put her hands behind her. The hem of her skirt had risen and then she brought her left foot up next to her right. Her knees parted. The skirt rode up on her thighs.

“Any luck?”

“Maybe,” and I looked up to see that she had removed her knickers. A few inches away from my face was a pussy, naked and bare and exposed. She must have started to change when she had realised that her books and kit had been left at the pavilion, surely?

What was I to do? I dragged my eyes away. It had been a hot afternoon with hard games and everyone had been melting with sweat. Struggling with knots and I picked up the scent of her body, warm sweat mixed a faint smell of dry urine.

Her knees opened further as I continued with the knots. Even then she pulled her hips forward as her knees opened further so that her crotch was closer to my face and I just had to pretend that I hadn’t noticed... anything else and my reputation would be ruined with the clubs damaged just as would this young girl’s life. Surely Layla had forgotten that she removed any clothing?

I just focused on the knots even though I knew that her bits were so near my face.

She sat there as I pulled at the knots and she said nothing. I had to pretend that I had seen nothing, ignoring her body focusing on the knots. In the end I managed to loosen knots and both trainers ended up on the floor. She slid off the bench, picked up the kit-bag and walked barefoot out to the car. As she got in she said, “Thanks that was great; you did just what was needed!”

How glad I was that I did not touch her, something I am sure she did not want. When I got home I took my dogs out for a walk. I kept wondering why such a happy and well behaved girl had decided to expose herself to a man she knew well and trusted. For Layla it was either an accident or a weird

mix of risky excitement.

Next week she talked about a tournament she had entered and how much she had enjoyed the theatre night. But the “knots on her laces”... was forgotten... or so it seemed.

~~~~~

## **Chapter One - Junior Sport Club**

### **Part Two**

Some four and a half years later we ran a three day tournament for our ex-members and friends from others clubs.

Players began to arrive. Layla Ramone walked through the door now looking like a young adult. She seemed delighted to see us and with a giggle pecked me on the cheek. Later that afternoon she and her partner easily won the ladies doubles.

Most players stayed overnight meeting up with friends and families over days of tournament; Layla was staying in one of our local inns.

Second evening we all met up chatting about sport and other things and then Layla pulled at my sleeve asking if we could talk. Thinking it might be about finding a sponsor for her, we moved into the garden for bit of privacy and found a couple of seats over by the river bank. We talked for a few minutes and then she said there was something personal that she wanted to explain.

“Do you recall at all that time when I’d left books in the club and you tried to undo the laces?”

“Well, er, yes I do.”

“I think I need to apologise now. I didn’t really know what I was up to, despite being sure that there was no real risk... and of course I was right! You’ll know that my parents are sort of hippie and we kids were used to running around with no clothes in warm weather just like father and mother and our cousins and their parents. It made us very confident not least about bodies.”

With that shoe knot problem, I felt safe. You made me feel safe, even if it was silly, almost stupid on my part. Anyway something rather sexual has happened and I need to talk about”

“Okay, but me... why not your parents? I hope something dangerous or criminal has not happened to you?”

“Heck... no problems... not criminal but some would feel I was dirty, ignorant, irresponsible. Perhaps selfish? Anyway I started my Sports Psychology course which fits in with my other activities. I’ve been interested in what make people tick or believe in things ever since I was thirteen or so. I found a book of my grandad’s, he was a psychiatrist, and I started reading about what people do and particularly why they do it. It was fascinating... just couldn’t put it down and read it several times

“I’ve discussed that afternoon knots with one of our lecturers. Surprisingly she had just written a paper, not yet published, covering the start of fetishes in early teen years. It turns out that I have a taste for physical bodily feelings not just sexual. It’s a mix of olfacto and saliro and it seems one can experience= in different ways. For example if you have been running or had a hard game of football, you gasp with effort and start to sweat. Nerves and your skin become excited and thoughts about looking cool and “pretty” become unimportant, disappear. Sometimes it is described as ‘wallowing in bodily products’.”

"I recognise much of that in me, some sort of minor perversion, a 'fetish'. It grows in the mind of imaginative and creative people who also enjoy the effort of physical activities. It is very personal and secretive and will increase enjoyment. Just as many women have this fetish as do men, though the male may not worry about keeping it to themselves. Huh, just consider the visible effects of testosterone!"

"So I have such feelings. I've taken them on board happily, unconcerned. In relation to this some events over a couple of weeks, well, it was an experience to say the least. It important that I talk to someone who could understand and comment, even criticise seriously."

"So if you are ok with this, I'd like to start, explain. You'll be surprised, amazed perhaps, but I hope you won't be disgusted about my experiences?"

~~~~~

## **Chapter Two - Family Holiday**

I grew up quickly liking active sport making me tingle and feel alive. Still does so. When I'm sticky wet with sweat my body fizzes with life and energy, almost like electric shocks. It is deeply enjoyable, sensitive and exciting!

Sometimes it is a problem, depending where I am or who I'm with. It is natural, but of course it is different for some party or reception; then I am ready all clean, smelling sweet and so on. So this fetish depends on where and what I am doing.

Last year we spent some time in Sweden with my two aunts. One weekend we all went off to the local naturist club. I'd been there pretty often and I was used to walking about naked.

I met up with Astrid... friends since I was eight. Like me she enjoys sport and talked about what effect it had on her body and slowly it became obvious that she has similar feelings. She enjoyed dinghy sailing particularly in hot summer weather. She told me she liked wearing rough loose clothing with no underwear, and how it felt to be flying over the surface of the lake with water splashing over her, soaking her clothes. She felt it was back to nature and she always wore the same top and shorts which were never washed simply because it felt so good wearing old dirty clothing next to her body.

Astrid suggested we went off for a walking holiday around the hills and forests. We'd take everything with us and sleep wherever we wanted. Though she knew paths and tracks into remote areas we'd follow a map and compass to go wherever we wanted. No mobiles and no contacts, cutting ourselves off from everything. Of course we'd take her dogs with us and most food. Just that!

Then twelve hours before we were due to set out and Astrid damaged her right foot. It was clear that she could neither walk, let alone carry loads of kit. Though her father offered to deliver clothing and food to us each night, she was so sore that she just couldn't walk more than a few yards.

On Friday morning I set out alone with my kit and the dogs. It didn't take long before I left the town behind as I followed the map along a clear track. I kept the dogs on leads until I had fed them a couple of times. They were well trained and covered the miles easily and happily.

I planned to spend that first night in a walkers' hut some way off the main track.

A sunny breezy warm day and as soon as we got to the proper country, I went behind some bushes and emptied my bladder. Then I took off my underwear, stuffed it in my rucksack and set out again

wearing just loose shorts and a shirt. It all felt great, really free with my skin reacting as it rubbed lightly rubbing from the seams in the clothing and where the belts from the rucksack ran over my shoulders and between my tits and around my waist. I tightened that belt trying to make walking easier but it pressed against my belly and pulled a seam in my shorts up against my crotch.

~~~~

### **Chapter Three - The Cabin**

The dogs ran ahead as I followed the track up to the flat hill top. It was hot under clear blue skies. The dogs were panting and sweat soaked my shirt under the rucksack.

It was later than I expected when we at last found the cabin, almost hidden in the trees. It was faint path rough and overgrown. I found it at last and struggled to push the door open.

Clearly no one had been here for months, even longer. It smelled stale and stuffy, but the dogs ran inside and sniffing around the walls and floor. I followed and could see bits of furniture and a large fireplace.

Soon I had a fire roaring up the chimney clearing the stale air as I swept dust out of the door. Then exhausted I just collapsed on the dirty bed.

I needed fresh water but unpacked food, gave the dogs their supper which they gobbled down and then laid on the floor watching me.

An old stone tank beside the door was full of rainwater with a slimy green surface. My map showed a pool and stream quite near and, being pretty sure that I was alone, I stripped off everything except my boots. The warm evening air stroked me as I set out with bottles and a rather rusty bucket. I heard water running but couldn't see where it was. I pushed forward through undergrowth with branches and twigs scratching my skin and suddenly there was a small pool with water running in from a pile of large rocks.

I dropped the bucket, jumped in and splashed about for several minutes... it was freezing cold so I crawled out, filled up and headed back on a path of sorts, it was longer but an easier walk in my sloppy damp boots. I'd given my socks a bit of a wash and they hung over my shoulders, dripping as I walked.

I went outside to eat. Two pairs of eyes watched closely hoping for a snack.

As I was to be alone almost all of the five days and nights I'd brought something to read and slid off the log and started on the book. Both dogs lay down against to my legs and fell asleep. Their bodies were warm and the soft hair felt nice against my skin. I stroked their heads. Two big males and both looked like wolf hounds, friendly and capable of going for miles and miles.

The light faded as I got ready for bed. I'd found a box of candles and three gave me enough light to see what I was doing. I was sitting on the edge of the bench when I remembered that I had scratched my legs as I tried to find a way to the water; the scratches were getting a bit sore and then I recalled that if a dog licked a cut or scratch it helped to make it better.

I called Raz and pointed out the first scratch. He licked at it at once, that firm rough tongue pushing against my injuries. It went on for a while and then he started on a rough sore area at the top of my thigh. It was quite close to my groin. I lay back and opened my legs wider and almost immediately I found the feeling of that firm warm tongue on my skin was so relaxing!

Whiskers tickled my skin and in places where they shouldn't. I was weary and tired after such a long walk and should have pushed him away but I just couldn't.. So I just let him get on with it and then his nose moved quietly to my sex... pussy lips. One strong sniff and the point of nose parted me snuffling for a minute before his tongue starting lapping.

"Oh heck... What is happening?" I asked myself with feelings I had never known before. Of course it was wrong, disgusting and filthy but exciting. I should have stopped him somehow... except... well, I was the only person who knew what was going on and the warm slobber running down my thighs just felt nice.

I knew I had to stop it. My brain couldn't deal with the feelings and my reactions; I just managed to push his head away. I pulled myself up and sat wondering why I was enjoying this. I shut my eyes and closed my knees tight together trying to decide what to do. I stood up and ran outside and stood under the evening's warm breeze trying to sort out my thoughts.

Both dogs came over to me and sat down looking up to my face. Were they wondering why this human type bitch didn't just allow itself to enjoy their actions? I looked down and realised that both must think that they'd been nice, why had I walked away... when could they start again? I bent over and stroked their heads telling them how good they were. If I and my feelings were disorganised, so must have been theirs... after for them all it was just normal and quite natural.

I gave them water to drink and then I gulped down a lot as well. In the end I collapsed on the bed and fell asleep imagining being licked all over by hot firm wet tongues.

~~~~~

#### **Chapter Four - An Old Cottage**

I woke up early and let the dogs out. Then breakfast and got going again for what was to be another long walk. The main part of our route for that second day was across the open moors. There were low hills ahead with little cover apart from a small wood and the occasional trees and shrubs making good places to stop and rest.

I was wearing the same clothing as yesterday; as I'd dressed I noticed a faint musky smell coming up from my crotch. It didn't worry me as I knew I'd get hot again once we'd left the forest. Now we walking on wide easy track in the early morning breezes and dappled sunshine. I felt very sexy, alive, vital and energetic, foxy and feral with my dirty loose clothing. Now I was one with the dogs. The whole world had just one girl and two big hounds... nothing else and no one else.

Time for a break for the dogs and me. I opened a pack of biscuits but when I stood up Bale suddenly shoved his nose hard against sex, and sniffed "Oh God, here it goes again!" But I just stood still with my legs slightly apart and wondering how far it would go as he shoved his nose harder and his tongue slipped under my shorts and tickled at my pussy. I was aroused and nervous about what might happen later.

After a minute or two I pushed his head away. I was damp with his slobber, sweat and my fluids starting to run. Nevertheless we set off again with Bale trotting close to my right leg ... Raz close to my left. "Are they trying to control me?" I wondered.

The route took us over a low hill and I saw the village, a small group of cottages and an inn, down in the valley. We had made good time and so this was a chance for a break and to top up supplies. We raced down the path, both dogs running ahead but I called them back as we approached the first cottages. Attached to the inn was a small shop. Both dogs sat waiting outside while I bought some

packs of food. I sat on the bench filling up with a mug of tea and a couple of cakes.

An old man at the next table. He leaned over to me and sniffed. "You've had a hard morning, girl, I guess; must have been busy or walking fast?" He sniffed again, "Nice to find a real country girl... working with animals?" It wasn't good English but I think that was what he said.

Stupidly I guessed he might be interested in me. I grabbed my rucksack, and hurried away. Leaving the village, I turned off the main road to a narrow path to the top of the hill to the moors.

It was an hour of fast walking before we got to a small wood that I'd seen on the map.

Beneath the trees air was better so I stopped for only a few minutes and I took the chance to change my clothes. Under cover of the trees I stripped off my shirt and put on a thin waterproof coat. And set off again as fast as we could. But changing had been a mistake; the coat couldn't breathe and I'd gone only a short distance before sweat was dripping down my body. No one was in sight so off came the waterproof and my smelly dirty shirt replaced it, again. It must have been more than eight miles before the cottage. The route was flat and easy. I made good time trying to miss the rain that the clouds showed.

The sun disappeared and it got darker as heavy drops of rain started to fall; within minutes it was pouring down. I couldn't see very far ahead, but the track seemed clear with a few bushes and rocks each side. I was soaked to the skin and the poor dogs looked miserable as they splashed along behind me. Then the sun broke through, the rain stopped suddenly and the sky cleared.

The ground steamed and my shorts and shirt dried as I walked. Both my doggy pals shook hard with water flying from their coats and steamed dry.

We hurried on avoiding most of the damp muddy puddles, but nevertheless my legs, just like those of dogs, were filthy.

I was pretty tired and looking forward to a meal and a long sleep.

\*

The cottage for tonight was stone and timber. Well hidden and to get to it I followed a sketch showing tree marks. I found the key and let myself in. Better furniture than last night with a table, several chairs and a large bench to lay out my bedding and I collapsed on a chair and both dogs lay down and fell asleep.

Two cracked windows let in fresh air. I stretched, stood up and looked around to see what my home for the night offered. Another fireplace with logs stacked beside it, a cupboard with several tins of tea, coffee, dried milk and several cooking pots. No sugar but a tin which I opened to find several packets of biscuits. There was a small sink with a tap. The sign told me that it was fresh rainwater depending on how much rain had fallen and one should boil it before drinking.

I got the fire going with a kettle on the boil. I feed the dogs whilst my supper was heating up and my clothing hung to dry. Again I was alone and naked, totally naked. I felt cleaner after all that rain but still some sort of natural girl. All I did was brush my hair.

Outside was a pool which didn't look very clean but I washed my face.

Now I was neither dirty nor clean; the rain had washed my clothing but I knew I would eventually have to have a proper bath. I checked myself ; a faint fresh smell of sweat and when I sniffed at my



hand after I'd rubbed my pussy, I picked up sweat and - still - some smell of dog mixed with pee... very animalistic, thought! I couldn't do much about it and really was quite happy out here alone again. After all animals prefer natural smells, I knew... this was just my scent, musky and feral.

Seated on the edge of the bed I ate my supper as both dogs watched, hoping for a snack.

I lay face down reading by light from my torch. Yet I couldn't concentrate and kept thinking about the day... how that old man had sniffed and sniggered, Bale stuck his nose between my legs and then Raz had licked at me last night and I just kept thinking how my unwashed body was how attractive to dogs and the nervous amazing excitement it gave me... and that I was the only person on Earth who knew about it!

Soon my eyelids began to close and I gave up, killed the candles and switched off the torch. The two broken panes let in enough fresh air and I locked the door and lay down to sleep on top of the bed.

I felt safe and secure here in the strong hut and two dogs so I expected a long easy sleep. As I was beginning to drop off I was still thinking how excited I'd been with that tongue inside my shorts.

And then I felt a paw on my back.

In the dark one dog - Raz I think - had climbed onto the bed next to me. I was half awake as I rolled over to push him off the bed but almost at once I felt Bale's tongue in my sex, and I mean 'into'. Both dogs have long pointed nose so it was easy for them to find their targets.

I was a dozy, half asleep and just didn't have the energy to keep pushing it away and I didn't mind at all. In some sort of dream I just lay there with a dog on one side whilst the other pushed his tongue up inside me and I couldn't stop myself as my legs slipped apart and I felt my juices beginning to run. The dog on the bed began to lick my armpits and my nipples and woke me up a bit and in between the little shocks I was getting between my legs I began to worry how much I liked it so much; I was really turned on, excited now.

I wasn't worried. I was being dirty and filthy and nasty and odd... well many would think that! Should I be disgusted at the idea of a girl letting a dog play with her sex?

What would people think about a dog licking sex? I knew it was wrong; sex with animals? I'd never heard anything about that. And yet the feelings were so strong and vital; oh yes, my body felt alright. After all I was the only girl in the world who wondered if - maybe - Layla did really enjoy or love having her naked body licked by dogs. No one at all knew about it, nor would they unless, I told them... and most would not believe me ... a secret, just something between the two hounds and me. Both dogs smelled warm and 'doggy'. When a penis came near to my face it just smelled fresh and a bit fishy. I began to think it would be exciting to have that rubbing over my sex!

It all went round and round in my mind, the thoughts, the feelings. I liked the smell of the dogs and the dogs liked my smell. It was a warm evening with no moon. I could hear animals moving around outside as leaves crunched and twigs snapped. I was alone in this world of beasts. Then total silence with no breeze; it was still, so still!

I was more awake and I stretched with my arms above my head and wondered what to do now. Should I avoid it and tie both dogs outside so I could sleep or could I sleep with it going round and round in my mind a growing need to be doing something dirty even though I had no idea just what.

I went outside, squatted and pee'd. Steam rose as I moved away and again I realised that I had not been able to wash for two days. The only washing was in my own sweat and being soaked in the hard

rain. I knew that my body smelled and that a dog's tongue had added to it. I thought that had I been fresh and clean then no animal would give me a second thought. I put a finger between my legs and sniffed. The mix of my body juices and the dog's saliva made a strange scent. It was musky, feral and sexual... dirty if you like and now I began to think it was awful but that made it all more attractive and no one would ever find out how much I liked the physical feelings.

I was miles away from homes and villages and safe in my loneliness and I could enjoy my feelings for as long and as I wished. I'd be locked in; it was pitch dark outside and it was then I decided I could not avoid the needs of my body any longer. I knew I was going to let them get on with it and I wouldn't interfere, just let them do to me, with me what they liked

\*\*\*\*

I put both bolts across the door. Only faint star light came through the broken windows. I found my way over to the bed. Both dogs were beside me, sitting waiting for something. I saw their shapes in the shadows. It came to me that it was be physical with no love or hate or thoughts about the future. I felt sure that both would do what each wanted with no It concern about me.

My back hit the top of the bed. Dogs reacted. My legs hung apart over the end. My sex was then freely available. Two noses were struggling to get at my sex. Dark and I couldn't see what was happening but I could feel! Feelings were focused inside my sex. One was licking at my clit. Urgent and hard .

One tongue had moved to my arse. I shuddered. It made me shuddered as it sorted of tickled more like electric shocks.

One went to my tits again and licked urgently at my nipples which stood up rigidly hard.

Those feelings were the strongest that I had known, much stronger than when anything physical that I had ever known before.

I was wriggling now in response and suddenly the licking between my legs stopped and the dog climbed on top of my belly. It was easy with my thighs spread open and I guessed he was heading toward my tits or face.

I was wrong!

His body was so heavy , laid flat on top of my belly so I just didn't move at all. I was getting hot and pouring with sweat under this hairy body pressed on my skin. Now I was covered by him feeling really naked probably because I knew I couldn't do anything about it... I was trapped!

Suddenly I realised that something awful and even filthier was going to happen. Something hot and firm and wet was pressing against my public hair; it had to be a penis. I had no chance to think about this; now it was happening. It was very, very warm, damp, slippery. I could smell it, that musky fishy scent. And even then something more amazing happened. The penis was pushed against my sex and I suddenly realised what was going to happen. I was scared and excited and just wanted it to happen to me... inside me. I couldn't, wouldn't try to get away in my sexual arousal and fear.

This dog put it paws over my shoulders, sliding over my chest and belly trying to push up into my vagina; it took several attempts but then went between my lips, my labia easily once it had found its way in. My body was anticipating it now and it slipped inside quite easily. I was relaxed, my body was wet with sweat, the penis was slippery and firm, I was been turned on by all that licking which I

had permitted and wanted.

Then it just stopped with the cock just inside me. I was shaking, shivering in fear and want. It kept panting with its mouth close me face. And then it sighed and began to push further inside slow but certain keeping going. Oh heck, it felt amazing as this dirty disgusting thing travelled up into my wetness almost as far as my stomach, well, so it felt; could it go further? I wondered if it would ever stop and finally it did and stayed deep inside. It was hot, much hotter than I expected and I felt it grow and swell pushing against the inside of me stretching me and I could feel the surface details, the bulge and little lumps pushing and stretching my inside. I gasped with the physical feeling focused there but spreading around my body.

My whole body was alive; the inside of my thighs, my stomach, my neck, my backside. I rolled my head back and pushed my stomach up against the dog's belly. Then it began to move slowly as if making sure everything was fine. Even then I was heading to an orgasm which suddenly exploded as I moaned and gasped at my feelings.

But the dog seemed to ignore me; it was concerned only about what it was doing... and began fucking me, the only way to describe what was happening. It just moved backwards and forward seriously and deep. It almost fell out but then slipped deep and held it there.

Suddenly it speeded up crushing my clitoris sending shocks through me as it was rubbed or touched. I spread my legs wider still exposing - even more - my labia and clit to the wet hot hair on the sleeve of the penis slamming against me, faster and more urgently. I forgot everything except being fucked and my feelings.

My mind was a mess. I didn't know where I was; I had no concerns about the noise we were making, well , my noises as I moaned and gasped and screamed as another orgasm exploded, made worse by the dog carrying on driving faster and deeper inside my sex, humping hard against my crotch. It possessed me and I knew I could do nothing to stop it or escape and that realisation made me want this foul filthy act to go on and on, deeper and faster and harder.

A third - well I think it was a third - orgasm grew quickly as it when it pushed strongly against me Sperm squirted into me and kept on going so that it felt as if my inside was being filled with hot exciting fluid . I came. The lump or knot was hard against my lips, crushing them again trying to get it inside me.

Yet suddenly it gave up and just stayed still as more sperm squelched inside me. And then it pulled out and walked away, ignoring me.

I felt used. I liked being used.

I lay there feeling exhausted. Yes, exhausted, filthy, dirty, smelly.

The mess was coming out dripping onto the floor. I managed to stand and it almost poured out, the sperm mixed up with his slime and my fluids. It smelled dirty but not really nasty, much like it does in a stable with the horses with clean hay on a cold winters da, feral but warm and cosy.

I waddled outside leaving a wet trail as I went. I grabbed handfuls of grass wiping at my crotch. It was prickly and scratchy so I gave up and just sat down on the ground and let it drain. I rubbed and pressed my stomach and more came out now in soft slippery globs which splashed as they landed on the ground.

Back inside and I managed to find a dry part on the bed and within seconds I was asleep.

\*\*\*\*

I awoke late next morning and let the dogs out, then sorted out breakfast. The dogs' food disappeared so fast of course.

It took some time to clean up clearing away the remaining damp and smells.. My next problem was cleaning my skin; not much spare water using a little to wash my face and hair not worrying about any other areas. Between my thighs hair was stuck together with stuff still oozing.

We needed to get going for another nineteen miles. The air was clear but getting hot so I didn't want underwear So I put on a thin loose-fitting dress, just that. But something had to be done about the bits of sperm still leaking.

There was an old sheet or curtain stuck in a hole in one of the windows. It wasn't very clean but then neither was I so I thought it would soak up the mess as I walked and then I could throw it away. I shook out dust. Insects and moths fell out or fluttered away. I ripped in into a sort of bandage wrapped around my waist and between my legs. It felt a bit rough at first but pulling it up tight against my crotch making better and comfortable. Off we went, energetic and quick.

I just kept thinking about my experiences from last night, secret enjoyment and such good sleep. We walked fast for an hour slightly uphill over heaths and fields before the track ran down to a stream which according to the map ran into a small lake. I was hoping for a chance to splash around with the dogs but when we got there, all that remained of the stream was sticky mud. I took off my boots and squelched through. Now both dogs and I had mud well up our legs. I scrapped away as much as I could.

We came to an area with low trees and bushes and I decided to take a quick rest. I let out a long piss. Dogs sniffed and licked at it and covered with their own. Got going again to the track over the high moor. The track became a narrow path but clear ahead over the flat land and we still made good speed despite growing heat. The dogs' tongues were panting as they trotted along. Sweat ran down my body soaking into my temporary "underwear" which became itchy sticking to my skin. It got more noticeable as I walked and I just scratched at my backside and mound between my legs. I saw a group of trees and undergrowth some way off the track to my right. We made our way over the bracken and I sat down in the shade.

Now I stripped off under the trees and let the warm breeze flow around me. By now that bit of sheet had done its job and had soaked up most of the mess. It had stuck to my skin. As I peeled it carefully away it left dark smears on my thighs and sex. As it came away I saw that I had not got rid of all the insects before I'd put it around my waist. . Half a dozen little beetles crawled in my hair. They had caused itching!

I guessed they had been feeding on the slimy remains of my mucky stiff and bits of sperm which had turned into a sticky paste.

I was about to swat them away when I realised they'd been cleaning me up. So for a few minutes I let them carry on. Their little claws moved over my sensitive skin picking up bits of mess. I felt a little shock and saw that one was trying to get under the hood over my clit; there must have been something tasty there so I let it do it; it felt exciting having something moving inside the hood and touching my clit.

Eventually they seemed to have had their fill. Two dropped off and disappeared but two more crawled into my hair and seemed to go sleep. I wasn't too sure about walking with them there, even though I had come to no harm; yet another weird experience.

I left the bit of sheet in the bushes. It had done its job despite leaving me with sticky dirt which for now I couldn't get rid of. Had it been used to wipe up grease or oil some time before and once it became damp, dust and greasy dirt stuck to me. It wasn't a problem; it would wash off - somewhere - before we headed home.

The warm breeze blew harder and I felt it up the skirt. I was very aware of how my skin and body felt. Sensitive and alive, continually excited. Of course I was dirty and must have smelled bad, nasty, to anyone else. That worried me not at all. It had been two dogs and me for days and miles. I'd met no one at all today... I could easily have walked naked with dogs to take care of me. I was sure that liked the way I was, looking feral and basic, wild... yes just like a beast. I was sure be dirty and smelling like this could make me sexually attractive to an animal, well most animals.

~~~~~

## **Chapter Five - Off Route**

Looking at the map I noticed a shorter route to tonight's shelter. We might arrive quite a bit earlier.

I found it easily, but all that was left was a pile of burned timber and branches; the damage didn't look recent as grass and brambles were all over it.

What to do? Could we sleep outdoors, if the weather stayed warm and dry and decided to carry on for an hour or so. It got darker the further we went into the trees. Very soon sun light showed ahead. That cheered me thinking maybe I could build something out of branches which would do for the night. I had seen that there was another small lake some way ahead in the forest and maybe we get there before long?

Clear light away to my left so we left the trail and pushed our way through the undergrowth and bushes as the trees thinned out. But it wasn't the lake; it was an old quarry or open mine. It couldn't have been worked for many years; tall trees and bushes everywhere but I saw water shining away in the centre. I found a deep track running downwards.

I had already seen a group of sheds and made my way around holes and piles of waste, trees and bushes. The sheds sat on a large concrete area. I counted six, none looking in good state, very rusty. Any paint must have gone years ago. Most had no doors and the roofs had holes or had fallen in. Clearly there was no chance of using one overnight.

I headed over to the water glittering in the sun light. It was big pool, dark and deep. Both dogs appeared next to me, stared at the surface and then started drinking. I sat down and splashed some icy cold water over my head and face.

I looked around but couldn't see any other buildings. So I lay down on the warm stones and wondered what to do. I wasn't worried; I could sleep outdoors if I had to but it would be good to have some sort of shelter.

I sat up suddenly; I must have dropped off asleep for half an hour or more. By now the sun had moved around and the shadows lengthened. I could see far over at the other side of water, a dark hole in the side of the quarry. I scrambled up and hurried around the pool. My - our - luck was in. A wide hole had been cut into the wall and it looked as if it might have been used as a workshop or garage. Now it was empty apart from three old benches, a cupboard and several large logs; no door but I it would surely make a good safe shelter for our last night?

No one had been here for ages. The dogs and I must have been the first visitors for many years.

I took off my dress and stretched. I felt dirty and smelly and happy. I unpacked and set out some food for us, we three animals! I started a small fire and cooked lamb on this last night together. I tasted the water which seemed fresh and good and made coffee. I ate well and the dogs both had bones to chew. So I washed up in that dark cold water before setting out to explore. I washed my hands and face but left my body just as it was.

Around the pool it was, mainly bare stone making walking easy. The dogs ran ahead into to bushes and trees. There really wasn't much to see. There were other holes into the side of the quarry and I pushed through the undergrowth and looked inside but none were useful; I'd already found the best place.

There were bits of machinery that I guessed had been used when the quarry was working but that was so rusty and falling apart that you couldn't see what that had once been.

The whole place looked abandoned and forgotten about. The only tracks were on bare rock and it was clear no one had been here for years. Although I and dogs had been alone for days now, this place was something different. There were no roads, tacks or trails leading to this quarry and I'd only found it by accident.

It was if it was on another planet! It was a warm evening with sun shining into the cave leaving the other side in dark shadow. No sounds other than the dog's panting, my breath and birds twittering now and then.

I suddenly realised that I was naked; I taken off when I arrived. I pushed through the broken door off one shed. It must have been an office. One the back wall was a broken mirror. I stood in front looking at a naked girl. Fuzzy un-brushed hair. Her full body was very tanned brown looking as if she'd been outdoors for some time. Her belly and sex mound was stained with dirt and pubic hair stuck to full mound. Down there were dark patches and lines, the results of a dirty old sheet she'd pulled up against her sex. More dirt on her thighs, but when she pulled her labia open it all looked swollen and still wet. At least she looked happily alive, bright and almost excited!

Later in the silence my mind went over the days and nights since we left the town. The dogs were showing a bit interest in me, including food. My mind ran on what they and I had done together. Had I imagined it... had it really happened? Thinking of strong body feelings. Was I now in love with two male dogs? Did they love me? Clearly they liked me and I liked them but when we had sex together it was totally physical, and hard enjoyable body feeling.

I asked if I would want to do it again. Not often perhaps but how and where?

\*\*\*\*

This place must be in the middle of nowhere, almost on another planet! I could stay here for ages and no-one would think of looking here. My physical sensations were growing. I told myself, if I had sex with both dogs here and now the dogs can deal with me as they wanted. My groin and my body, well, I could offer it for a full sexual experience, dirty and foul and filthy and feral. No one would see, know how much excited enjoyment for me and so zero comments.

Raz stood up, moved over and licked my face and started whining; he was surely telling me he wanted something. I stroked his head and he jumped up and down, tail wagging.

"What do you want, boy?" and he ran around getting more excited and whining. He stuck his long nose under my side as if trying to turn me over. Then he nipped at my side but didn't break the skin and again tried to turn me over; so I let him and lay face down on the warm rock. At once his front

paws landed on my back, pushing me flatter as he started licking at my neck.

Then he turned to my backside and with a paw tried to move my legs apart. I didn't move at once so he shoved his nose against my bum and licked at it, hard and urgent, and so my legs parted and at once his tongue was on my sex. My body was responding quickly to his licking into my labia.

I was sure that I'd have sex with Raz because I was alone and safe from anyone else. Whatever I did was ever a secret... my secret. It was so easy, so simple, so straightforward to relax, forget about anything else and enjoy being fucked by an energetic dog. By now it was 'cunt', not 'pussy' and 'fuck' described my excited enjoyment of totally physical feelings. It could go on for as long as I wanted, if the dog wanted it as well.

I was flat face-down on the warm rocks my body already responding, I moaned and groaned, sweating again. After the last two nights I smelled down there of dog sex. A dog would know that much better than did I, but I could see Bale sitting with his head to one side, almost as if he wondered if I'd let him have a go at me first.

Silly question and it didn't take long.

But Raz moved his nose in line with my lips and he pushed his nose hard and my sex parted. He licked and rubbed and pushed for ages. I was so relaxed, wetter and wetter. He stopped and pushed at my backside. He stood back and barked and pushed again. I was so far away with sensations that I didn't worry and let him do whatever he wanted. He scraped my bum with a paw and barked again.

He nipped at my back trying to push his nose underneath me. He was trying to get me to roll over! I was to be to be a bitch and act like one, not some silly human. I knelt down on my knees with my elbows resting on the stone surface and immediately he climbed on my back and started humping. His hot shaft seemed to hit everything except where he and I wanted it. It smeared slime over my arse and down my thighs. It rubbed over my mound. That felt great but he just couldn't find my labia so he climbed off looking, to me, frustrated.

I needed to get my sex easier for the dog. My bum needed to be pushed up.

I remembered the logs. I stood up and walked over to the nearest which lay on a grassy surface, Raz and I would not slip and slide here.

I lay face down over a thick branch that stuck out about the right height for Raz, I hoped. He followed and climbed onto my back. My cunt was now pushed upwards and my legs spread more open and available, exposed and easy to get at. He found his way in. I was so wet and his cock was hard and slippery and it went inside with no effort. Raz wriggled about a bit and it slipped out but went inside again, deeper. He stayed still as felt him moving his body around on my backside, trying to find a good purchase on the ground. His front legs and paws had gripped my hips tightly and his pads and claws scraped at my mound and caught some of my hair.

He got going; serious and fast and deep. Surely deeper than before as he slammed against my labia crushing them at each movement. He used his front legs to hold me hips tight and a claw kept rubbing my clitoris which hardened.

My first explosion arrived suddenly and strongly, but the dog ignored it and kept up this fast speed.

By now my whole body was alive with feelings. My muscles tensioned and my back arched as I pushed my hips up and outwards with a strong need to get every sense in my cunt with my hips and thighs burning totally alive. It pulled me back and I pushed myself as far as I could or even further.

My second explosion erupted suddenly but just went on and on as I screamed. It felt as every muscle and nerve was tensing, shaking, strained and then relaxed as I panted and gasped

Perhaps I'd been trained over the previous nights, but this was something different. It was disgusting and dirty, unnatural and filthy, foul, stinking. I knew of course, but knowing it made the whole thing so enjoyable. It was what I wanted, to be filthy, smelly, feral and debauched. If a dog felt I was probably "a good fuck", at that moment I was pleased and proud. It was for me; just me and no one else... at all.

Raz kept ramming his filthy sliming shaft into my filthy soaking cunt and I came again twice, well so I think. It suddenly stopped, seeming to catch his breath and slowly pushed forward as far as he could and stayed still, and the knot was hard against me. I wondered if I could take it. Would I stretch to let it enter me? I was still very wet what with fluids mixed up together. Then he dropped down slightly and gave a sudden urgent shove. My sex opened as the knot slipped inside closing around it.

Humping started again, short thrusts and sperm spurted into me for ages and I wondered how much my body could take. Suddenly it stopped and the dog slid off my back so that we were arse to arse, with the knot locked inside me. More sperm spurted as he moved about pulling and stretching my vagina. He shoved back against me with the point pushing at my cervix.

Now I felt stretched full and unable to move as the evening breeze blew over me, cooling my sweat.

I was exhausted and needed to drink. A gallon of that cold water seemed so attractive. Suddenly the knot relaxed and popped out easily. Raz walked away, ignoring me; I was expecting to be licked clean, but nothing happened. But Bale looking at me with his head down and tongue hanging out, hungry and angry. I stood up, spread my wobbly legs and let mess drain out. I waddled about for ages leaving a trail like some sort of snail!

I splashed cold water around my backside, crotch and thighs; but it just kept dripping as the warm evening breeze dried my skin. I sat down on leaning back against one of the big logs and shut my eyes.

I couldn't rest for long. I felt a warm breath on my neck and Bale laid his big hairy head on my shoulder. He started panting and licking my ear. Obviously Bale felt he had "missed out" and wanted his - er - chance!

~~~~

## **Chapter Six - Again?**

Could I put up with it i? Would my body - especially my sex - be able to put up with another dog shoving its shaft in me? Never mind that I was a bit tired after Raz's urgent strong fucking and so much muck inside, still running out. I was amazed that I was starting to be turned on again... yet again!

Bale was not worried; he was getting excited using his front paws to push me over. I sort of gave up as I fell on my right side. Bale stuck his nose under my hips which made push my hip upwards and so I had my face and tits flat on the grass. No support from logs or branches this time and to keep my balance my knees were quite wide apart which of course exposed parts which Bale wanted to use.

He kept sniffing around me for a few minutes and then found my lips, still swollen and alive. Despite the quick cold wash, I must have smelled down there quite strongly to any animal and so he got to



work licking and cleaning me very seriously which meant that the end of his tongue went inside so easily.

Of course I felt a bit tired but my mind a body told me ready and keen for more . I felt I'd like Bale to get on with it. But it teased me, stopped his licking and lapping and walked away. He had a couple of scratches to deal with and then a long piss against one of the logs. Eventually he shook himself and then tail and high trotted over, thinking, or so it seemed to me, "Now I'm ready; so watch out!"

No more lapping and he jumped onto my back. For a minute or two his front legs stood on my back whilst his hips moved about trying to find the way inside, and it seemed to take ages as the warm slimy shaft rubbed between the cheeks of my arse and the over my messy mound. It was frustrating as I was ready for him and I was aching to get him to enter my lips and vagina. In the end he managed it but once I was parted, he again stood still panting, so I arched my back and pushed my hips up higher and then he pushed forward and slipped easily into my wet canal!

He again stopped moving deep inside me and that dirty coloured shaft started to swell and got warmer as it extended to stretch me so that each bit of his penis rubbed against every part of my inside, my cunt. And it kept growing larger than Raz's parts, thus pushing against my internal skin and muscle. As it grew and "warmed up" it made nerves very sensitive.

Before he really got going he clamped, and I do mean 'clamped', my hips so strongly that I just couldn't move at all below my waist. The dew claws pricked and scraped my skin, scratching but didn't break through. The pads helped him to hold me up and pushed against my belly just on my pubic patch where his claws caught and bounced around on my clit.

\*

Of course all this made every bit of my sex parts highly alive, sensitive and responsive.

Of course I was tired or exhausted after some much energetic fucking from Raz but being held by Bale was different and new. He was heavier than Raz which made kit is easier for him to hold me still.

He starting slamming against my lips which were still swollen after Raz but I was wet very quickly just as was Bale with his swollen slimy shaft. Bale made hard shorter movement which made his hairy hips grind against this inside of my hips and backside and of course it stirred up my fluids with his juices each and every time he hit against me.

I kept running my cunt fluids and the dog was panting and grunting making me come fast and strong after only a few minutes. Of course that dog ignored anything I might want, hoped for, maybe rejected or even hated... not that I did.

It moved its back feet making itself more comfortable, I guess. But it still held my hips firm as it dragged me wherever it wanted. I could just about wriggle my body above my waist and move my head and shoulders easily even though my face and body were crushed into the grass, it was extremely sexual. As I struggled and gasped the feelings in my groin just grew even stronger. My mind focused there and I think I told it to, "... Fuck my stinky cunt even harder!"

I was getting some much feeling around and inside my sex and belly telling myself that my body and crotch must be totally attractive to any animal. This made me explode long and hard as Bale drove his shaft and hips deep and fast. My muscles tightened hard and I screamed and shouted for two or three minutes before I could relax at all. I know I kept moaning and gasping and suddenly I came yet again, a quick strong explosion of feelings running up my spine and my neck and around my belly

and tits, causing me to push my hips up a further as I tried to open my sex wider for his slimy hairy and hot shaft to drive a bit harder and faster and deeper.

I must have been sort of wallowing in all this!

I felt another strong long orgasm working up as it suddenly stopped moving. It grabbed my hips even tighter as the knot pushed against me. He kept the pressure on quite light and suddenly my labia stretched as it slipped inside and I sort-of-closed around it.

Of course the point was deeper now and rubbed my cervix as Bale began humping and sperm squirted into me. This was so much stronger than Raz and I felt bits inside the cunt being hit with hot fluid as I simply filled up and my stomach began to swell. It stopped and the dog turned round so that we were arse to arse. Yet the knot and the shaft throbbed inside my swollen stretched canal.

It began to walk over to the edge of the pool, dragging me via my sex behind him. The knot was still firm and inside and I knew I just had to wait until it was ready to slip out. In fact it popped out like a cork from a bottle making a very similar noise. Good time so I wasn't into the water!

My 'body bottle' with my belly rather swollen was full again with slimy slippery sperm running out. I was exhausted with body aching. I nearly collapsed and fell to sleep on the dirty grass. e. Finally I managed to stand and look at my swollen belly. There was mud and dirt and bits of grass smeared over my tits, belly hips thighs and legs; first I just had to get rid of the stuff inside me. I just stood where I was with my legs spread and pushed against my belly. It felt full, stretched and uncomfortable pressuring my bladder. I peed first of all and broke wind long and loud which made me laugh and relax. It began to run out of me. My insides must have relaxed as well as the drips turned into slimy lumps which plopped onto the grass and a wet white pool grew around my feet and between my toes. I moved away to a dry greener area and more drained out of my body like bits of badly mixed batter. Eventually the flow slowed and I grabbed at some grassed and wiped away the mess from my legs and thighs.

Feeling more relaxed now and drinking a hot black coffee, I giggled to myself at what I had been doing, why and how I'd abandoned my body and my mind to selfish personal enjoyment I felt happy that I experienced so weird physical enjoyment - an understatement to be honest - such unnatural and feral experiences. Five days previously I could never have thought about having sex with an animal!

I had been totally alone with Raz and Bale... away from everyone. For both dogs it was of course a physical act and they would never worried or been concerned about their bitch, me!

For me as well it was just physical body feelings. I liked both dogs and they have been good companions but I wasn't 'in love'... nor were they. So both the male animal and the female human focused solely on sex and body.. Just that... just sex!

\*\*\*\*

Not much later it came to me than within twenty four hours I would be back with my family and friends. By then I would have to be fully cleaned up and smelling 'nicely' to them. Also my doggy friends would be washed. So as the sun disappeared behind the walls of the quarry. I'd managed to heat up some water and washed my body using for this first time in five days, I used my soap. I didn't do a great job but almost at once I was asleep.

I awoke with the sun was shining brightly into my face. It was just past 6.15 and I lay back thinking again what I had done. God wasn't I happy about my experiences and that I had got away with no

one knowing.

I had to be at the rail station just past two o'clock, so I had time to wash my body again and bathing Raz and Bale. But breakfast first and I got my fire going with water boiling. Biscuits for dogs... eggs for me with hot black coffee.

By nine we were on our way again and made our journey so quickly that we walked into the station just before noon. I saw an inn across the square; so we sat outside whilst I ate and the dogs drank water with their biscuits and then I hired a room for an hour.

So there was a teen girl who had enjoyed a shower and dressed for travel (not for walking) with two dogs sitting beside her as the train rolled in.

\*\*\*\*

I said nothing. Just went back to the bar and bought another round of drinks for her and me. I sat down. "Wow what a good story. How did you imagine such, well, experiences?"

"Em, well it is what actually happened. Of course I can never tell anyone about this, except you. **Just** because I trust you. Should you write it down, please change, you just must change, names at least."

It was three years later when I met her again in a food market. She looked fine and happy and told me she was a partner in a physiotherapy business and had a small farm breeding dogs and ponies."

Well, was she carrying on? I just could not ask.

**-Finis-**