

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part I

I cannot understand how and why this had happened to me. How did anyone decide I was suitable for what they needed... where did that happen and how did I get here?

It started and I would have hated the idea of what I was going to experience, but then there are gaps in my memory. All I can recall was leaving the offices on a sunny evening and then finding myself in what I thought was a farm building.

I will remember for ever what happened at that farm, if it was a farm. But it must have been a farm because every time I now drive past farm buildings and I get those smells and turned on once again.

I wake up slowly and find myself on a bench of some sort. It is pretty dark here but comfortably warm, well, very warm. I can smell something... the country? Ah, a farm yard? Yes it must be something like this... because I can hear animals moving about.

I try to stand up but find that my ankles and wrists are held by straps. I can move around a bit but impossible to sit up or stand; then I find I am naked, totally naked. I wriggle my arse and move my head but I cannot see or hear anyone.

"Who's there?" I call but no one answers. It is so quiet and silent and I worry that I'll just be left here. So I try again but nothing except those animals moving about. I tug at straps that hold me but they are strong and just tight enough. Then my face hits some sort of tubing; it smells clean and sweet and something drips into my mouth. Maybe it is for me to drink and I suck at it. Orange and it squirts down my throat and I keep going because I am thirsty even though I didn't realise it.

I feel myself dropping off to sleep. How long I don't know but my bladder wakes me and I have to pee. So I call out but no one replies and so I hold on for as long as I can but eventually it squirts out all over my legs and thighs and my belly and under my arse. It smells! I smell!

It must be an hour or more before I hear a door opening and a faint light way up in the roof comes on and now I can see that now I am in a large room or a hall, maybe a barn.

Two people... are they men or women? They are covered, totally head to foot.

I ask them very politely and nicely simply why I am here, what am I doing here, where am I, how did I get there, what do you want me for? So many questions, but no answers. Then they untie me and I spring up and grab at them but they are strong and push me and my nakedness away. I am allowed to walk around and I can see that there are pens with animals inside. Soon they grab hold of me and tie me up against a post so tight that I cannot move. I can hear them moving the bench and they bring in some sort of table with a cage over it; then they push me back on the bench and strap me down tight this time with my knees pulled apart and my waist so tight that I gasp and pant. I am very exposed and feel it.

I hear them moving some sort of machinery towards the bench... it is a trolley and the wheels squeak as it moves. There are tubes and pipes and wires coiled up and around its frame and I start to wonder what the heck is going on. What on earth are they going to do to me?

I have not experienced much sex so far. I had ridden horses bare-back at Uncle George's farm. I would have been about twelve years old and at first it hurt me and I bled. Yet three weeks later and I had very different feelings between my thighs. I liked it so much that I did it time and again on

various horses, donkeys and cattle whenever I had the chance, and each ride was different from the last one.

I don't know if that made my sex develop more but by the time I was fifteen I could see in my bedroom mirror a clit pushing out between my lips which were quite fat by then. Not surprising then that I had experienced orgasms time and again on those animals' bare backs when I tried with nothing under my dresses! My skin against rough hairy warm flesh.

So these two guys are looking closely at my sex as they stand between my legs and it must suit them as one is pulling at my lips. Dirty bastard... yet It doesn't hurt but I'm a bit concerned. He lets go and pulls the trolley nearer, flicks a switch and a motor starts up.

He is holding two cup shaped things, sort of banana shaped and with tubes fitted to them The other guy wipes my sex with something sticky and slippery; it makes me tingle but they fix both the cups onto my labia, one left... one right; they throw a switch and the cups are pulled down tight and begin to pull, with a faint sucking noise.

Now they have another tube which they push it over my clit which is sticking up a bit anyway. Again that sucks down onto me but still it doesn't hurt and is quite enjoyable and I am getting a bit wet already. Then one of them turns a knob quite slowly and the vacuum grows and I am being pulled harder. I can really feel this now, a mix of pain and excitement and I can feel my labium growing just as my clit extends to three times its normal length.

Oh... blood is filling up my sex as I sweat in this warm air and I get wetter inside as the feelings grow and I gasp, feelings that just now I truly do not want... not at all... no.

They keep looking at me for a few minutes. Then they turn way and leave me at the mercy of the sucking machine and there is nothing I can do except shut my eyes and moan and put up with it.

There must be some sort of timer as for a few minutes the vacuum increases and any enjoyment turns into pain and - hell — it hurts and I can wriggle about but the cups and tubes hold firm as my sexual bits are pulled and stretched. Ouch, fuck! Now it has relaxed and everything is vibrating faster and faster and my belly and my thighs and my arse are fizzing with the feelings.

It has stopped and both assistants, if that's what they are, are taking away the trolley with the cups and tubes. My sex relaxes, even though it all feels swollen, tender and sensitive between my thighs, not all uncomfortable, and I realise that any smell of dried piss has gone away.

I am lying back still held in place, wondering what is next but, well another trolley is arriving ... but , really... there is now a lovely smell of warm food. They've release my arms and I can start on the pie and vegetables and, eh, a glass of wine and I realise how hungry I am so I eat fast and enjoy, yes, I do enjoy. I am amazed at this meal and drink. It just doesn't fit really with what has happened to my body! Are the mucking about with my mind?

I must have slept for... well I have no idea, how long.

Suddenly I'm awake and up through a gap in the roof come shafts of bright sunlight. Still no one around and no trolleys now but my hands are tied up again, but I feel that I must empty myself and so I shout for help. One of the assistants arrives and unties me and directs me to a small room where I do what I must do.

I finish. He gives me milk to drink and then pulls my arms back over my head and ties me up again. I have been trussed and it is useless to resist, so I don't. I lie here wondering how long all this might go on. I can hear someone feeding those animals and I start to wonder what animals they are and again just why I am in a farm barn anyway.

I ask myself are they short of storage. I giggle. Oh no what was in the milk? I'm worried

They are changing the bottle with the other drink running down a tube but it doesn't seem quite the same when I lick but, well, it is wet. Hours pass and the sun goes away and I can hear movement up above the animals. Oh, there are faint lights up there behind dark glass windows and I can see shadows moving about!

Now they switch on some strong lights all facing towards me and so it is impossible to see just about anything else. Someone walks towards me and throws a bucket of smelly warm water over me. Now he is painting my sex with something feeling damp and greasy even though I can't see.

A door, far away it seems, opens but nothing happens. I can hear more sounds of movement, peoples' feet perhaps up above the pens. I can only hear, can't see. And yes, those are the feet of an animal, no shoes or boots and yes more than one near to me and a tongue is licking my face and I see that it is a dog. It's tall, taller than where I lie on the bench for sure. Its breath smells and with its pointy ears I think it is a perhaps a Doberman. It puts a pad on my chest and sniffs around.

There is a second one another dog. It decides to find something it likes and is licking at whatever they have painted on my sex. They're both at it now and a tongue has gone inside. I am shocked and disgusted at the very idea. A dog is licking at my most private parts... but, oh yes, it feels good although I should want it to stop.

One tongue wiggling about inside and the other at my clit and mound with hot breath and snuffling.

I forget where I am and so excited as I try to push my thighs further apart but strain against the straps instead, as I gasp and groan and pant.

Suddenly the dogs are dragged away, leaving me up in the air, very excited, turned on hot and bothered... disturbed, but needing something more. Nothing is happening and I manage to calm down and relax a bit. Up other above the pens in the dark there must be some people, an audience, watching me and what happens to me and I wonder, surely, something awful will start or go on.

They've let in another dog and I can see its head, black and white patches just before it buries its face between my legs. It is more energetic, tougher, rougher than before as it shoves its mouth hard against my sex and its nose pushes my labia wider.

I am slippery and wet and slimy down there. Well so would anyone after what I've put up with

Front pads are on my belly and it reaches forward to my face but now licks my left tit dragging a rough tongue over the erect nipple. Ugh! It's so hard it hurts. And now again something warm up against and sliding over my labia and before I realise its penis is searching for my opening. I struggle to stop this and nearly throw up at the thought of being fucked by an animal, any animal, but this dog has other ideas and is pushing forward, and I find there is nothing, tied as I am with my body exposed, to stop all this.

My brain says, "No" but my body says, "Oh yes... now!" I am disgusted. I am ashamed at the very idea of having sex with this or any animal; it is revolting, foul, un-natural, filthy.

Yet down there I am all wet and relaxed after the licking and after its first two efforts I am certainly warm and slimy... um, as well my own wetness. Its cock is hot and the slime is warmer and thicker than my wetness.

It enters easily not very far inside and then pulls out again. I am disappointed as by now my body has taken over and my mind has forgotten about anything else.

It tries again and pushes harder and I open up and accept this hot dirty messy thing. It goes on further and further... deeper and its weird uneven surface I feel, God, I really feel, as it makes me so excited. I didn't notice - I was elsewhere when they released my ankles.

I feel different, able to enjoy myself as the weight and the heat of the dog's body crushes my tits, holding me still but my hips are free to rise and my labia are squashed as its thrusts into me.

Now suddenly my legs rise around the dog and hold him tight onto my sweating body.

It carries on slamming fast and thrusting with its hot smelly slimy slippery shaft into my welcoming body. Again, Oh AGAIN!!!

It stops suddenly and is panting with hot breath; now it begins again, slower and tries to drive further into me as I push up my hips. Oh God I am filled and spread and stretched and it feels so warm inside my extended vagina as its belly rolls around on top of me, holding my body down with so much weight and I realise the feel of it belly and its rough hair on my own skin is just a further bit of my excitement with my clit and lips roughed up and rubbed and crushed. Now I am just where it wants me. It can use my sex just as it wishes and thrusts hard and harder and faster almost trying to push itself up into my throat!

I feel the penis swelling and reducing, pulsing just like a pump. Of course it starts to pump, squirt and spurt strongly with sperm going up through my cervix. I feel it well up inside and love those feelings. It stops moving again and suddenly pushes hard against those swollen stretched labiae which pop, sort of pop, as the knot enters amazingly easy Oh yes, it hurts, a bit of a sudden shock And now my feelings increase even more as my body holds it in place as it spurts harder.

It's a strange mix of feeling being stretched even torn while my nerves are focused; just like electric sparks... that's how they feel. Pain and enjoy. Enjoy, love those feelings. It's as if everything is focused around the entrance to my sex, so that the rest of my body doesn't matter. So strong that I can't move my thighs or feet or toes or hands. I have to wriggle, to move my hips and my arse so that I can put up with feelings exploding in my groin and up my spine. Of course my head falls back as I scream and shout.

The penis starts "fucking" me again, slower now whilst even more cum shoots into me. After yet another spurt it pushes deep and I feel the skin, hair and balls hard against my body. Yeah, its fucking my cunt whilst the knot blocks my lips. I'm even more out of control

Suddenly it's over. This beast, this dirty smelly dog pants and gasps. It's exhausted I suppose but its sex is still inside me as it turns around with its arse against me and it tries to drag me around the floor just like any hound would with its bitch, but with my swollen sex covered in my wetness and slime, it tugs and tugs pulling my body stretching my still strapped arms and wrists. I gasp and scream as if I am being torn, but then the knot shoots out and the dog collapses panting... after all it had done to me!

All I can do is lay there staring up into the darkness. My body is very alive with strong feelings focused around my sex. I can't relax. I ache. I'm bruised, used.

I gasp and notice a smell. Something strong, sort of steamy and dirty. . Me, I know it's me. I've been sweating, dripping with it, under the hot body of that animal as it enjoyed me. It has got a scent of urine mixed in. After a minute or so I work out that I stink. It's my own body fluids from my sex and from my skin all with those from the dog's sex and body.

I must lie here until I'm released, stinking of animal sex experience. I giggle at the very idea. I am filthy all over, I smell filthy all over, I smell as if I been fucked or raped by an animal. Yet I know, I realise that the fumes coming from me are simply the result of sexual enjoyment

At the start I was disgusted, scared, revolted at the very idea of any animal having sex with a human, let alone me. It never really occurred to me that any animal would be interested in a woman's sex, even less would any human expect to enjoy sex with an animal Yet once the dog had taken charge I could do nothing other than shout and scream and make any noises I had to. Fear and disgust had turned into strong pleasure so quickly that I couldn't understand how I had reacted. It took months for that one.

My mind was messed up but suddenly it hit me that, never mind having cum five or more times, I was still exited and so to my shame and embarrassment I knew that I would welcome that dog back again!

I've been flat on my back for ages. Now one of the staff frees me and pulls me on the edge of the bench. He fits ropes around my neck and shoulders. He ties tight across my breasts, crushing nipples. I can't move my arms but can wriggle my arse and hips. It's still so slippery and I almost fall off as slimy sticky white stuff runs out of me and pools on the floor. He sees this and throws a bucket of warm water over me. It isn't fresh, more like something out of a dried up pond, but washes over my dirty skin taking away some of the mess that keeps dripping out between my thighs.

It takes ages for most of the sperm and mess to trickle out of me onto the floor.

The lights are dimmed, fainter. I can hear something's moving towards me. I can't see anything.

Now there is another dog, bigger, hairier, heavier and stronger than before. It was sniffs around on the floor. It must know, realise that sex has happened here. Is that going to turn it on? Can a dog be jealous?

Then it sticks k its nose into, and I mean into, my pussy pushing it open and snuffling.. I try to stop it ... shove it away. But I'm still tied and can't get away even though I can move my hips.

Whatever I do its head follows, pushing against my extended swollen clit upwards bending it backwards and the shocking feelings make me gasp once more.

It sniffs and snorts at my face, my body and between my thighs. It knows what do, must have done it before. Taking control of a woman, a human, driving its shaft inside, swelling, heating up. Must have had some experience, I suppose.

Paws are on my shoulders and we are face to face. Hot breath in my mouth. I'm flat on my back on

the narrow bench top. It climbs over me... on top of me. I see the penis... long, pointed with lumps half along. Thicker, dangerous with dark blue and red and white spots and wetness glistening in the faint light.

I knew I stink with sweat from the first dog and from me all mixed up with my milky fluids and its sperm creating a scent like some over-cooked fish soup! Awful to any person but I must make my sex and me be attractive to a dog, perhaps any old animal, I think.

Yes, foul and awful. Awful to me usually but I'm in a different universe here.

The chest lies on my belly, heavier than before... more weighty than my first experience. The paws over my shoulders and it pulls itself forward; the elbows crush and push apart my tits and catching my nipples which stand up hard.

It's so heavy that I am pushed down on to the surface of the bench, squashed as I struggle to breathe. This is a different feeling, all this hairy heavy body trapping mine so that I can't move... thighs and legs pushed apart so what the dog was looking for was exposed, yet again.

Its cock is firm, rubbery rigid and the sheath rubs over my lips and my arsehole. I so seriously excited, as my body reacts having such a warm slimy hairy, rough hairy, thing against my sensitive sex. I try to stretch and push my hips up higher so it can access my wet stinky cunt.

I am embarrassed or ashamed for a minute as my mind tells me it is so, so wrong. Now excitement, even hope, takes over and I wallow in this dirt.

I gasp and hold my breath as I feel it pushing, ever inwards deeper as it hits the cervix. The lumps rub on my most sensitive parts as it goes deep, so deep. My thighs are held wide as wide exposing every bit of my sex and the rough belly rubs over my clitoris. And that feels sore but seems to need more, oh, more! So I wriggle my hips just to encourage.

Suddenly I put both legs over its back and lock my feet together so I pull it down onto my body whilst pushing upward against it. That's good, so good. We are one - I'm part of the dog. My tube fits to its shaft.

I am so physical. My muscles stretch and relax. My eyes closed, screwed up. I take only short breaths. Between them I hold my breath as my muscles contract and relax.

I say something in the dog's ear. "Oh fuck me, now!" So it does, not fast initially. It pushes in, holds still and pulls out but not completely. Now it drives in faster, more seriously as my vagina extends and tightens as the penis moves. I breathe in time with the dog, deep breaths and hold as the penis moved outwards, humping. Now I breathe out as it slides inwards, oh so far and it becomes harder, firm, thicker and hotter almost as if my body and fluids feel good to it. I'm boiling inside.

I am dirty, filthy, grimy, depraved. I smelled bad... I must smell stronger, worse now. I don't mind... I don't care. Foul and disgusting of course but tied up with hard high sexual feelings, not just between my legs but all over me...head to toe, side to side, in me, oh yes really in me. I grunt.

I know now that the state I am in must be attractive to just any animal. That's how it is and I love being like that, simply because I come again and again and the physical feelings around and inside my body are things I must have! The orgasms are almost regular involving every part of my body from my toes through my belly, my spine all the way to the top of my head

It is what I want. What I get. What I need, must have. This big hound moves faster and faster with

urgency and energy. Pushing my body around I feel my labia being bashed and crushed. My clit is dragged back and forward by the dog's belly. Now it lowers its hips so it can push deeper, directly into my cunt. It succeeds, it is easy as the pointed end pushes into my cervix. It's humping me pulling my hips upwards off the bench

Eyes shut, mouth open as I moan and groan and gasp and sigh. Short breaths and scream at the sensual feelings which again explode into an orgasm. The dog tries harder and harder to bury its hot shaft as far as possible or even further.

My cunt is alive, fizzing and stretched by the size and surface of this cock. I come again quickly and then again as sperm squirts inside me. Suddenly the knot is against me pushing hard and I spread wider so this one can enter. It does. It hurts. I am stretched and my flesh feels as if it may rip.

It doesn't but I can feel it. My flesh and skin and muscles stretch - and hold - to the very limit. Physical feelings of pain and enjoyment just focused down there. Again I wrap my legs around the hairy body and pull my belly up tight against its hot damp belly.

I can't do anything. I am totally under its control! Use me as it will, as it wants.

It must have more and different sperm than the first hound. It feels thicker, squidgy and hotter as it spurts urgently shooting through my cervix from its hard point. Another orgasm deeper and longer inside me.

This knot is big, pulling my lips wide with a sort of pinching feeling. Its inside my sex for ages and spurting shots of sperm into my body throbbing at each eruption.

I am exhausted and feel I'm am dropping off to sleep but a sudden shock. I am pulled off the bench onto the floor. It's trying to pull me around with its knot inside me. But please, I can't move ... I'm tied with rope. My body is being stretched. Now there is a sudden shock again and it's gone. I feel a floppy open gap between my legs. All damp and wet down there.

But suddenly I fall asleep...

Oh! The lights way up in the ceiling have gone out and I'm untied, free at last with the rope dangling from my arms and no longer fixed to the walls. I roll on the floor, a floor covered with straw and hay smelling of animals.

I try to stand but collapse against the wall. Carefully I make my way around the sides of this barn. A door and I push it open ... bright lights in my face. I walk in trying to see what is going on but no one is there.

Different with nice, so nice, fresh clean hay under my bare feet. So this must be a stable cleaned up with cream coloured paint? There's a table set out with fresh food and drinks, a fresh clean dress - not my style - hangs next to a long mirror at the far end. Tired and hungry and I sit and eat.

I stink. I smell of animals, urine, sperm, stale sweat. It's nasty and would make you sick but here and now it reminds me, as if I needed reminding, of what I've done. No, no, no ... what has been done to me. And, er, how I felt. Oh did I feel!

There's clean water, cold but wet cloths and a towel and I wash my hands and face

Standing in front of the mirror I don't recognise this girl Greasy looking messy hair , a body bruised or is it dirt; bits of dog hair sticking to her tits and belly.

Exhausted but bright-eyed and alive even if the crotch looks red, swollen, and sore. The clit sticks out, swollen, legs smeared with dry slime

I giggle and snigger, having been fucked- it really its 'fucked' – hard and by two dogs, No way was I to be clean!

How had I enjoyed my relationship with these animals, both determined to use my sex for their own needs and pleasure. I was attractive to them. To me I stank... to them I smelled nice.

I lay down on the bed I slept and dreamed of nothing.

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## **Part II**

I was never to see that room again. I remember very clearly eating and drinking before I slept. There was no way I could have washed myself to get rid of the filth and smells but it didn't worry me much. I guess I was expecting – perhaps hoping – for another time in another place with some animals.

But for some reason whoever had set up those dogs and that place, clearly did it for their own reasons never wondering if it would damage me But then they decided that I was of no further use and decided to get rid of me.

My next memory was waking up in a soft clean bed. I couldn't understand where I was and, again, how I had got there. A large room with the sun shining through the windows and I could hear water running and birds singing.

I lay there looking up at a blue ceiling with my mind struggling to believe what had happened or had I imagined it; maybe I had dreamed the whole thing. Yet here I was in this bed in the clean room with sunlight coming through the curtains

I go up and stretched. I was clean with a long silk shirt, and so different to yesterday, if it was yesterday. I got up and opened the door to find in front of me a lake with boats away in the distance. Edge of the water was a small quay but nothing floating. I noticed high fence all around as if privacy was necessary. Just outside the door I saw a small box with label my name; inside was a letter.

*"We are sorry that it was you that we picked up for our canine actors. It should have been another girl who did know what was to be viewed. Nevertheless it became clear that you did enjoy even in part and we are pretty sure that you have not real problems then, now or in the future.*

*For sure no others will know what happened; that's between us and you. It is vital that this remains secret!*

*Wait for a day or so to get home; everything for your journey is already paid."*

So it was no dream, no imagination; just totally true. Two days later I was drooped at the Montpelier train station. The taxi driver, who had said nothing at all, took out two cases labelled with my name and left me there with travel paper work and tickets

When I got back to work, everyone was concerned that my uncle was getting better. Of course I told them he was improving even though I had no idea that I had ever had an uncle.

Soon I changed my job to farm feed business. I became involved in research for new types of chemicals and roughage. Of course I had to visit farms around Europe to talk to producers and take examples of urine and blood... here I was again, close to animals!

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It was months later when someone phoned me. The voice said " You'll receive a letter with an interesting offer." Just that.

When it arrived I saw that someone knew what had happened. On the last line it said, "... offer for a well-paid film."

Of course I understood, but could I? Would I? I recalled my enjoyments and considered.

The End