

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



Sally had left school and was looking for a job. The town she lived in was relatively small, and employment opportunities were tough to find. Both her parents worked full time, but they insisted Sally find work. She applied for a job in the next town and got it, but she needed a car to get there. She found a car. It was \$2,500. She had \$1,500 in the bank. Her parents said they couldn't help her as their money barely covered daily expenses. She had heard that Mr. Collins, the local Estate Agent, gave loans, so she decided to talk to him.

Sally went to Mr. Collin's office. He was a guy in his 40s, and it seemed he was wealthy, but no one knew how as there weren't many houses changing hands. "Good morning," he said, looking at Sally lustfully. "What can I do for you?"

"I need a loan, Mr. Collins," she said.

"Oh yes, and how much do you need?" he replied.

"I need \$1,000 to buy a car," said Sally.

"\$1,000, eh," he said. "How old are you?"

"I am 18," Sally said, "and I need a car for my job."

Mr. Collins opened a drawer and took out a form. "Well, I can loan you the \$1,000, young lady," he said. "Just sign here, and I will give you cash right now." Sally signed the form without even reading it. She was so happy. Mr. Collins went to his safe and handed Sally \$1,000. "There you are," he said, still leering at her. "You can repay in installments."

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Sally rushed home overjoyed. "I got a loan from Mr. Collins," she said.

Her mother was less than pleased. She had heard about Mr. Collins and his shady dealings. But Sally had her car and a job. That would help the family. But problems were on the horizon. Two weeks later, Sally's mother, Doris, lost her job. The company was scaling back, and she was retrenched. Then the refrigerator packed it in, and they had to buy a new one. Sally's salary was quickly being eaten up. When it became time for the first installment on Sally's loan, there was no money. She went to see Mr. Collins and explained the situation. He seemed pretty calm and said he would give Sally another week to pay, but she said it wouldn't help. She needed at least a month before she could pay.

"Well, maybe we can arrange something," he said, smirking. "Come back tonight, and we will talk about an alternative."

Sally didn't say anything to her parents. She didn't want to worry them. She went back to Mr. Collins' office at 6 pm. He welcomed her with a grin. "Come in, my dear," he said. "Let's talk about your little problem."

Sally sat down in the back office. Mr. Collins came into the room with a large dog.

"This is Hector," he said. "He is a Labrador and loves to assist ladies who cannot pay their loans."

Sally stared at the dog with no idea of what he meant.

"I see you are confused," he said. "Let me explain. You will give yourself to my dog, which means I

will deduct \$100 from your loan.”

Sally suddenly realized what he was saying. “My God. You want your dog to have sex with me?”

“Exactly, my dear,” said Mr. Collins, his lustful look growing even more lascivious.

Sally screamed, “No way, you pervert. No way ever,” and rushed out of the office.

Collins didn’t stop her because he knew he had her in his trap. A trap several women in the town were already caught up in. “Yes, run, my lovely,” he said. “But I will have my way with you for sure.”

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Sally sat on her bed sobbing. Her mother walked past her room and heard her. She walked into the room. “What is wrong?” she asked.

Sally was reluctant to tell her mother but then blurted out what Mr. Collins had said and what he wanted her to do.

“The bastard,” her mother said. “The sleazy bastard. Don’t worry, sweetheart. I will go and sort him out. It will be fine.”

Sally tried to smile, but with tears rolling down her cheeks, the smile was a struggle. “How can you help,” wailing Sally. “How can anyone help?”

Her mother sat beside her, and they hugged. “It will be fine, darling. Don’t you worry?”

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It was pretty late when Mr. Collins heard a bang on his front door. He opened it. “Well, hello, Marg,” he chirped. “What brings you here?”

“You do, Arthur, you bastard,” shouted Marg, Sally’s mother, and she stormed into the house.

Arthur followed her into the lounge room. “I didn’t expect you, Marg,” he said. “How have you been. It has been a while, honey.”

“Don’t honey me, you lowlife,” snapped Marjorie. “I know your little games.”

Arthur laughed. “Yes, Marg,” he replied. “I know your little games too. Does your husband know about us? How we were an item before you married. Do you still like sucking cock?”

Marjorie’s face went red with both rage and embarrassment. “I want you to give my daughter extra time to pay you,” Marjorie said, “and forget that disgusting thing you told her.”

Arthur smiled. “I am sorry, Marg,” he responded. “No can do. Maybe you would like to help her out. I am quite sure Hector won’t mind.”

Marjory stared at Arthur. He was right. They had been an item back in the day. Now he was proposing she act as a stand-in for her daughter. Arthur noted Marjorie’s change and quickly set her straight. “The loan was \$1,000,” he began, “and, of course, there is the interest of 20% per month. That is what she signed. A session with Hector is \$100.”

Marjorie did a quick calculation. “\$100 a session does not even cover the interest each month,” she

said, "you bloody crook. That loan will keep growing."

Arthur laughed. "Yes, Marg," he said. "That is true. But we can take another \$100 off if you agree to give me oral sex. You were always so good at that, my love."

Marjorie realized he held all the aces. Sally had been so keen to get a car she had not even read what she signed.

Marjorie sat on the couch. Her shoulders slumped as she realized what she had to do. To save her daughter from the clutches of Arthur Collins, she would have to submit to his every command. The first command, of course, was to give herself to Arthur's dog Hector. "You really are an evil bastard," she said. "Let's get this over with. Where is your bloody dog?"

Arthur walked to the double door in the lounge and called Hector. He came into the room, tail wagging, and looked at Marjorie. Padding up to her, he immediately stuck his head under her dress and zoned in on her crotch. Marjorie shook with rage and disgust. It was obvious that he did this often. "How many other women were used by Arthur and his mute" she wondered. "What now," she said through clenched teeth.

"It is straightforward, Marg," said Arthur licking his lips. "Slip your knickers off, get on your hands and knees, and Hector will do the rest."

With no chance of escape Marjorie followed instructions. Slipped off her panties, she glared at Arthur and fell to the floor. "Take her, Hector," Arthur said, and Hector, acting on Arthur's instruction, mounted this new bitch.

He wrapped his front legs around her waist and moved forward. His cock was already beginning to show. Squirting pre-cum as a lubricant, he found Marjorie's opening and thrust forward. Marjorie screamed as she felt him penetrate her. "Oh God," she yelled as Hector began humping her furiously. She squealed as his cock grew larger. Penetrating further than any man had. "Stop," she cried, but with Hector fully extended, there was no way he could be stopped.

Realizing she had no escape, Marjorie submitted totally to what was happening. Then she felt something rubbing against her clit. It was Hector's knot.

"Fuck, what is that?" she yelled and then screamed again as Hector forced the knot into her.

Despite her disgust at what was happening, she orgasmed. Arthur chuckled. He had seen it all before. A woman is forced to take Hector but still climaxing. Hector, having knotted with Marjorie, stopped moving. Marjorie lifted her head. Arthur was sitting opposite, his pants around his ankles and slowly stroking his cock.

"You bastard," Marjorie moaned as she felt Hector filling up her vaginal canal with his doggy juice.

She lowered her head again and moaned. But her humiliation was not over. It was several minutes before Hector was able to withdraw. Marjorie yelped as he pulled his shrinking knot and cock from her.

"Over here now," said Arthur. "My cock needs some attention." Marjorie's humiliation was complete as she crawled across the floor and began to suck on Arthur's rock-hard erection. His head tilted back, and he groaned. "Oh, Marg," he gasped, "that is just like old times, sweetheart. You haven't lost the knack. Suck it, baby, and make me cum."

Only a couple of minutes later, he groaned and shot his sperm into Marjorie's mouth.

"Oh, fuck, yes," he cried. "Every drop, honey. Suck me dry."

Marjorie swallowed several times and then pulled away. Arthur sat there, his cock going limp, but the smile on his face stretched from ear to ear.

Arthur looked down at a bedraggled Marjorie. "That wasn't too bad now, was it, honey?" he said.

Marjorie glared at him.

"Well, I know you came, my dear," he said, a satisfied smile telling the story. "Hector is quite a pussy-full, isn't he?"

Marjorie shook her head. More in muted compliance rather than agreement. "So, that is this month's interest paid," he said. "Of course, it hasn't reduced the \$1,000, but I have a suggestion. If you get naked, take Hector and then me. We will call it \$300, which, monthly, wipes off \$100 from the balance."

Marjorie did a quick calculation. "That will take months to pay it off," she said.

"Exactly," replied Arthur. "But if you do what you did today, you will never pay it off. Take your pick, my love."

Marjorie had no option.

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Marjorie returned home and spoke to Sally out of earshot of her husband. "I have arranged with Mr. Collins," she said, not giving details.

"How mum?" asked Sally.

"Never mind, darling," Marjorie replied. "I am taking care of everything."

So Marjorie would go to Arthur Collins' house each month, strip naked and be a bitch to Hector, his dog, and then give herself to Arthur. As the months passed, she grew to enjoy her monthly tryst. When the \$1,000 was finally paid, she continued to submit to Arthur's weird obsession. It had become her obsession as well.

*The End*