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Richards Story

For the tenth time in as many minutes Richard cursed his decision, he could have been back at the friendly lodge, in front of a warm log fire, a glass of single malt in his hand.

Instead, because he had chanced reaching a town before the forecast blizzard closed in, here he was driving through a blinding snowstorm on a country road he didn't know. Conan, the huge shepherd in the back wasn't bothered, he trusted his master implicitly, somehow that made things worse.

They were travelling south through New England, stopping wherever they wanted, if a guest house or inn said they didn't take dogs, they simply moved on to the next one.

This morning when they had set out, the skies looked reasonably clear. The owner of the inn however had cautioned him. The sky out of his right hand window had grown steadily greyer and angrier as he drove, and he slowly began to regret his decision. The first flakes fell, big fat ones, quickly blanketing everything in a soft white shroud.

Peering through his windscreen as his wipers struggled with the snow, he glimpsed a sign suggesting that Hamble was 25 miles ahead, he relaxed, he could surely do that before the snow blocked the road completely.

He thought of Hamble back home in Hampshire, England, a quiet little hamlet on a river of the same name, they didn't get too many blizzards in that part of the world.

He had covered maybe 10 miles when disaster struck, the snow had gotten so heavy that he momentarily lost track of the road, his right wheel found a ditch and he was over on his side, sliding into the passenger seat. Luckily the blinding snow had slowed him down so much, that no harm was done, but with the vehicle at 45 degrees, he certainly wasn't going any further.

He spun around to check on Conan, "Sorry buddy, I made a bad call"

The big dog was unharmed, and licked the side of his face, his master, as always would sort things out. He climbed back up to the driver's side, and forced the door upward and open, then carefully scrambled out, sliding down into the soft snow. Conan would have tried to follow him, so he cautioned the dog to stay where he was as he took stock.

To his right the woods were dark and impenetrable, to his left the land dropped away, but all he could see was curtains of snow, the impression was of a valley, but he couldn't see far enough to know for sure. He looked ahead, and joy of joys, a lone house sat on a slope, lights showing at the window.

He would walk down and see if they could pull him out, or knew someone with a tractor that wanted to earn some easy money.

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## **Maria's Story**

Maria drained her glass of red wine, made a face, and then poured another.

Christ, what was she doing out here on her own two days before Christmas, she had family scattered

all across the country, and had received several invitations for the holiday. Somehow, she felt she couldn't stand to see them all so happy with their partners while she was so patently, and obviously all alone. She could hear their commiserations, the syrupy sympathy, the muttering behind her back, no she decided to pass; she would be alright on her own thank you very much.

Her husband Don, had left abruptly, and she knew for sure it was her fault.

Her inability to relax in the bedroom and do all of the things he apparently craved, had in the end, driven him into the arms of another. She was a passionate woman, her Latin ancestry had seen to that, it was just her mother's strict Catholic upbringing, had somehow hamstrung her from the beginning.

Don had wanted her to put her mouth around his cock, she found herself unable to do it, and when he had wanted to give her some oral, again she found herself incapable of allowing it.

The sex had become less and less, and then one day he had simply packed a suitcase, and was suddenly missing from her life. Fortunately they had no children to complicate matters, and as he had walked away and left her the house, at least she had a roof over her head. She heard later that he had moved down to Florida, and assumed he was gone for good.

Her reverie was interrupted by her doorbell, she stood for a second paralysed, her nearest neighbour was a couple of miles down the lane, who on earth could it be.

She approached the front door, quickly fixed the security chain, and opened the door a crack. The snow was now falling heavily, some of it tried immediately to squeeze into her home, on her step was a man covered in snow, and shivering from the cold.

"I'm sorry to bother you, I've run into a ditch just over there" he pointed, "I wondered if you know someone with a tractor who could pull me out"

She glanced where he was pointing, and sure enough, at the top of the hill was a snow covered lump that was probably a vehicle. She saw a movement inside, and then a tail, he had a dog in the car. Her old caution kicked in, she couldn't allow a complete stranger into her house, but knew nobody with a tracked vehicle, and told him so.

"Well, is there a guest house or hotel I could walk to from here" came the response.

She told him it was fifteen miles to accommodation; he would never make it in this storm. He looked at her for a minute as if expecting her to say something else, then turned to leave.

"OK Ma'am, thank you for your trouble"

She closed the door, then walked to the window to watch. He struggled back up the hill in the strengthening snowstorm, he opened a tailgate in what was now just a white blob, and out burst the biggest German Shepherd she had ever seen.

He seemed to love the snow, and charged around like a lunatic, snapping at flakes as they fell, and ploughing up the drifts with his snout. She laughed to see such exuberance, it was quite wonderful. Eventually, when he had taken care of his needs, they both climbed back into the vehicle and all was still. She could see some steam from the exhaust, he was running the engine to keep warm.

She made a snap decision, she couldn't in conscience, leave the man and his big hound out in the cold all night, he had sounded English at the door, how harmful could a tourist be, she had to do

something. She quickly pulled on her parka, slipped her feet into wellington boots, and headed off up the hill.

The snow was even heavier now, and by the time she reached the car it was deeply covered, a couple more hours and it would be buried completely.

She rapped on the side and immediately a bass booming from the dog began, the window wound down and a pair of twinkling blue eyes regarded her seriously, "Can I help you" he said, at the same time hushing the dog to silence.

"I'm sorry, I was being overly cautious" she said.

"Would you and your enormous hound care to warm yourself at my hearth"

"Madam" he replied,

"You are an angel of mercy, and don't worry about Conan, he loves people"

With that he clambered back out of the vehicle, he let Conan exit through the tailgate, and holding each other up whilst fighting the now almost horizontal blizzard, with the big hound leaping about in front of them, they made it safely down to the house. Inside, Conan immediately made friends with her, the big dog seemed to know she would be intimidated by his size, and set out to put her at ease. He nuzzled her leg, then sat and allowed her to pet him, licking her hands in a most charming way. When they had shed their coats and were warming in front of her log fire, he introduced himself.

"Richard, and this is Conan, as you have probably already gathered, I'm from England"

"Well, Richard from England, I'm Maria, let me get you a drink, my husband, before he left me, collected 'single malts', can I tempt you with a tot"

He smiled, a pleasant crooked grin that lit up his face.

"I love the Highland Malts, so as long as you're offering, an Aberlour after my ordeal in the ditch would surely warm the cockles of my heart"

She poured him a large one, recharged her wine which somehow had been emptied again, and they sat in front of her fire. A moments awkwardness ensued, where neither of them could think of words, Conan typically sorted it out, sitting in front of Maria in a blatant bid for some more affection.

It worked, and in an instant he was being stroked, scratched under the ears, and spoken to in a soft murmur that he couldn't understand, but loved anyway. It occurred to her that she liked the tactile feel of his fur under her hands, and to her horror, she also realised that she was being turned on by the presence of this large male animal. His enormous furry sheath hung out between his hind legs, she speculated that if it was in proportion, he was a very big boy indeed.

To cover her embarrassment, she went to check on the stew bubbling in the pot, "Hope you guys like venison" she said over her shoulder as she breezed out to the kitchen.

Once in the kitchen, she fussed around, lifting lids and stirring things, what in the hell was going on. The Englishman was quite simply hot, so why was his big dog also making her tremble like a love-struck virgin. She had been without sex for quite a while now, she was absolutely ready to get laid, and this tall Englishman who had accidentally landed in her life, fitted the bill to a tee.

So why, did his enormous muscled shepherd make her go weak at the knees, it was a puzzle. The food could do with a few more minutes so she returned to the lounge and chatted for a while. She outlined her life in a few short sentences, born in a small town just outside Boston, married her school sweetheart who subsequently inherited the house from his Grandfather, said husband had duly departed to points unknown.

So here she was, about to be snowed in with a complete stranger, and the biggest dog in New England. He smiled at the reference to Conan, "No longer strangers" he said, grinning that lop-sided grin.

"We've been formally introduced, and what's more I am a gentleman, you have nothing to fear from me, and Conan, now that you're his friend, would give his life to protect you"

She looked across at Conan, whose head had come up at the mention of his name. Their eyes met and she felt that same ripple of arousal, she wanted to stroke him again, feel the fur and powerful muscles underneath. God, what on earth was the matter with her, she reached for her wine, took a good slug, and then once again escaped into the kitchen.

This time Conan followed, he trotted over, sat in front of her and looked up, his intelligent brown eyes locked with hers, obviously expecting to be petted.

Even sitting his head was level with her waist, he really was a monster, she reached out and fondled his ears and mane, again whispering endearments. The huge dog loved it, he licked the back of her hand, sending a thrill around her body, she crouched down and to her delight he licked her across the mouth, she didn't pull back, and had an urge to open her mouth to that amazing tongue.

Abruptly she stood back up, what was she doing, for a moment there she realised that had she been alone in the house with this magnificent animal, she would have thrown caution to the winds, opened her mouth and accepted his 'French kiss', and then what. She really had no idea, only that this beautiful Alsatian had her under his spell. She hadn't looked deliberately, but couldn't help but noticing again the huge sheath extending at right-angles from between his hind legs, a red tip had appeared, and then slid partway out.

She felt she was blushing, and hustled around dishing up food, the familiar clatter of plates and cutlery calming her down somewhat.

She called Richard through and they ate at the kitchen table, crusty country bread and a bowl of delicious stew, he accepted a glass of her red to wash it down. Conan had a bowl of the same, including a large bone, he siphoned up his stew with indecent haste, then carried the bone over into the corner, he would be happy there for an hour or so.

Richard offered to help with the washing up, but she opened what he thought was a cabinet, and inside was a dish-washer, these Americans loved their gadgets. He handed her the dishes for stacking and then they took their drinks back into the lounge, they were both nearly empty, so she opened another bottle, bringing in the Aberlour as she did so.

"Just help yourself" she said and settled back for some more conversation.

She realised that she had quite a buzz on, better slow down on the red wine she cautioned herself. He had told her he came from an area of southern England called the New Forest. William the Conqueror, who most people think was French, but in fact was descended from Scandinavians who had settled in what is now Normandy, North West France, after seizing the English throne, had set up his Capital in Winchester, just north of Southampton. The area to the south west he designated as

his forest, literally 'Kings hunting ground' in his Norman tongue, so The Kings new hunting ground or The New Forest it became and had remained so for over nine hundred years.

Since March 2005 it had an amended title, The New Forest National Park.

They had talked for an hour or so before, under the influence of the booze, the conversation had turned to sex, she started out explaining the collapse of her marriage, and as the alcohol loosened her tongue, told him of her sexually hang-ups.

"It's not that I don't like sex" she said,

"More that I panic at anything remotely out of the ordinary"

He reached over and put a hand on her thigh,

"You are a stunningly beautiful woman, and any man would be lucky to have you, hang-ups or not"

She covered his hand with her own, leaned forward to be kissed, God it had been far too long. Their passions were now running out of control, they both stood and tore off their clothes, he sat back down first, his huge erection evident, she then surprised herself by throwing a leg over and mounting him where he sat, groaning with pleasure as she bottomed out on his massive tool.

"Sexually repressed my ass" he said and made them both laugh.

The divan was well sprung so she bounced up and down on him, and almost immediately had a mammoth orgasm. She clutched him around the neck as her movements became very slow and sensual; she was literally pleasuring herself on his pole.

When she came back to earth, she found he was still as hard as a rock, well she would have to do something about that.

Before she could think of what to try, Richard turned her around, just like that he lifted her off of his erection, spun her around, and sat her back on it. Again she groaned as she took the entire length into her well lubricated passage. Now she was sitting on his lap, legs dangling as she wondered what he was planning.

She noticed that Conan, having finished his bone, was back in the room, staring intently at them. He locked eyes with her, his intensity unsettling, the arousal she had felt before came back and without taking her eyes off of the dog, she started easing herself up and down on Richard.

Suddenly his arms came up and linked behind her neck, it was a wrestling hold known as a 'full nelson', at the same time his legs came out between hers then wrapped back around the outside, she found she couldn't move, or close her legs.

He called out to the big dog, who arose and came over, his nose questing for her pussy, "No Richard" she pleaded, please don't make me do this.

"Relax, I saw how Conan was turning you on, you can thank me later"

With that it began, at the first swipe of that tongue across her engorged clitoris, she had another massive orgasm, screaming at the pleasure it was causing. When she had finished Richard relinquished his hold and lifted her off of his shaft, this gave Conan full access, and in an instant his tongue was lapping right up inside her and another orgasm was imminent. She wasn't struggling or

protesting now, the taboo had been well and truly broken she sat on Richards lap, legs splayed and let the dog lick her to another wonderful climax.

When this one finished, she pushed Conan's head away, her clit was becoming hyper-sensitive, what he did next however took her breath away.

Jumping up he grabbed both bodies with his paws and with unerring aim shoved his full package into her. Before she had time to react, she was being taken violently from the front, his shaft seemingly swelling inside her with each thrust.

Suddenly, as if a bubble had burst, she wanted this, all her past fears melted away, she knew with certainty that she had wanted both this man and his enormous hound right from the start.

Now here she was in the perfect sandwich, the big dog up to his balls inside her, life would never be the same again. Richard was doing his part too, he had his hands on her nipples, and was kissing her neck, ears, anything he could reach. As yet another orgasm racked her body, she realised that the block was gone. In the next few days, while they were snowed in together, she would be making love to both Richard and his big hound on a regular basis, the thought was intoxicating, eventually they would be moving on, but by then she would be a different person, all due to a very long tongue, and a Brit who saw just what was needed.

Early next morning, with the first light of dawn showing through the blinds, she left Richard sleeping soundly and, stark naked, padded down to the lounge where Conan had slept. His head came up as she approached, and she felt that same instant jolt of arousal, God how she loved this animal and his Master. She had brought a pair of socks and a couple of elastic bands with her, Richard had cautioned her that if she assumed the doggie position, his dew claws would cut up her sides, and advised her what to do to prevent it.

She lay down next to him and began to stroke his head, he responded by licking her face. This time she opened her mouth, allowing that huge flexible organ to explore her. After a few minutes, during which she became incredibly aroused, he moved off down her body, obviously enjoying the salty sweat on her skin. When he reached her breasts and lapped across her swollen nipples, she nearly came. He moved on down and in an instant he was fucking her with his tongue and this time her orgasm would not be denied, she lay back on the carpet, legs apart and surrendered to her animal lust.

The big hound ceased his licking and started to paw at her; a day ago she wouldn't have had a clue, but she had been converted now, he wanted her on her hands and knees.

She called him to her, commanded him to sit, and reached for the socks. Conan very obligingly, held out first one paw and then the other to assist, this was something he had done many times. As she busied herself fastening the bands, she wondered just how many human bitches had this massive wolf of a creature serviced, how many women had been persuaded by the tongue to submit, and gone on to multiple orgasms, ending up changed forever.

She was conscious of his massive sheath right in front of her, his red bone protruding out, giving evidence of his readiness to breed her. She quickly assumed the position, and was immediately mounted; she felt powerful paws around her waist, and groaned as she felt him slide inside her. He adjusted his back feet, and then began a violent coupling that took her breath away. What had she been missing all these years, even as a second orgasm broke over her like a Pacific roller, she knew she would be buying a couple of Shepherds very soon.

She awoke before Richard, and stretched luxuriously, was it only yesterday she was drinking wine

alone, feeling sorry for herself and dreaming of getting laid. She felt like the cat that had got the cream, a feeling reinforced when Conan, who's keen hearing had heard her stir, wandered into the bedroom. He came up to her side of the bed, sat tidily, a red tip showing that he expected some action.

"Oh Conan, I'm much too comfortable" she protested, leaning forward to at least pet him.

He stood up and licked her across the face, it seemed to be his technique to get the ladies started. She returned his kiss, opened her mouth, and once again his tongue slid in. Suddenly a pair of human hands grabbed her hips, and she was entered from behind,

"Good morning" he said, and proceeded to fuck her as she lay on her side swapping saliva with his big hound.

She hadn't thought that she had another orgasm left in her, but the attentions of the two males soon convinced her otherwise. When Richard had come deep inside her, she supposed she would have to leave this comfortable bed and satisfy Conan again.

"It's a dirty old job, but someone has to do it" she thought, and then laughed out loud at her own humour.

She climbed out of bed and drew the curtains back to be confronted by a winter wonderland, the storm must have dumped tons of snow on the area, you couldn't make out exactly where the road was. As for the car, it had disappeared completely, she made a mental note to phone the county engineers and report it, the 30 ton industrial grader that doubled as a snow plough, would shove the car into the woods, without even noticing the bump.

The three days passed in a haze of sex, booze, and walks in the wood, stumbling through the drifts while Conan pranced around like a mad thing. Eventually, as they had known it would, it came to a bitter-sweet end.

The big grader roared up the hill, then stopped and pulled Richard's car back on to the highway, then down onto Maria's drive. The driver gave a cheerful wave from his position high atop his behemoth, then roared off over the hill and was gone.

Richard cleared the snow from his vehicle, tentatively tried the ignition, and wonder of wonder it started. He stopped it again and walked up to the house where Maria stood looking forlorn.

"Shall I spend one more night, and get an early start tomorrow" he enquired.

She threw herself into his arms, "Yes please" she responded

It was only a temporary reprieve, but a welcome one, after another intense night of sex with the two big males, she would have to let them go.

It was not a total bust however, because she would be driving down into Boston in the next couple of days, they had a lot of animal shelters, surely somewhere was a big hound who would enjoy the country and the sexual attentions of a human female. She could train him to lick her, and hopefully then nature would take its course, the dog, whoever he was, would think he had died and gone to heaven.

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