

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) 2019 by unknown

[Back to first Part](#)

Richard and Conan, one Human and one Canine, both with a desire to make women their bitches

Richard felt exhilarated, he was out on the open road, heading South, with the whole of America to aim at. Behind him, his giant Shepherd sat, enjoying the breeze from the open window, he didn't care where they were going, he was happy just being with this wonderful human who had sprung him from a cage in Northern Maine. Richard, as he drove, reflected on how he had ended up on the East coast of the USA, with the biggest dog in America on his back seat, about to cross the border into West Virginia.

He was born in West Harting in Sussex, into a military family, his grandfather had retired as a General, his father reached his Majority, and it was hoped that he would follow the family tradition. They had put him through the public school system, and to his surprise he had loved it. He was by now six foot plus, and on the playing fields of Eton, he had tackled furiously at rugby, excelled at archery, and had even made the boat race crew.

Rather than disappoint the family, he had taken a commission organised by his Grandfather into the Royal Marines. There he had excelled, he soaked up the discipline, became a ferocious hand-to-hand fighter, a deadly shot with whatever weapon they put into his hands.

He was dragged unceremoniously out of his reverie by a lunatic passing on a blind bend, a lorry loaded with timber had almost taken out the chancer, if it had, he would surely have gone too.

He glanced around to see if Conan was alright, to find him totally unconcerned, of course he was, nothing seemed to unsettle the big hound. His mind returned to his reminiscences and to how he had acquired his enormous companion.

After his five-year commission finished, he refused the offered promotion, and quietly exited stage left, he had spent too many months sitting in aeroplanes or ditches with hard faced men who were as quiet as they were lethal. He needed to get completely away from anything military, and decided to take a look at America.

Before he left England, he purchased a house in a tiny village called Brook on the edge of the New Forest in Hampshire, it had two nice pubs in the Green Dragon and The Bell, a golf course, and more importantly he could step out of his cottage and straight into woodland.

He figured he would need a place to call home, when he had finished his travelling.

He had flown to Boston, then up to Bangor, Maine, where he had rented a car, a chance conversation with a bellboy, had led him across the road to an animal shelter. He had walked in, explained to the pretty girl behind the desk that he planned to do the USA state by state, and did she have a dog that might want to go with him.

She asked a few leading questions, trying to ascertain what he was looking for, "I don't care much for small dogs" he had stated bluntly,
"They look like well-fed rats"

"A big guy with some meat on his bones would be better"

"Well" she had said hesitantly, "There is a rather large Shepherd here, nobody wants him because of his size, cost a fortune to feed and all that"

She took him through to the kennels and immediately a cacophony of noise started up, on either side of the aisle were dogs of all shapes and breeds, some barking, some whining, most of them agitated.

Richard's attention was drawn to the cage right down at the end, the dog in it was absolutely massive, and could only be the Shepherd she had mentioned, strangely he didn't join in with the choir, he simply stood and stared at Richard, "Please get me out of this madhouse" his look seemed to say, Richard was sold.

"I'll take the Alsatian off of your hands" he said, deliberately using the English name of the breed.

"Well it's not quite that simple" said the assistant huffily,

"We have to introduce you to the animal to see if you are compatible"

She took the big canine out of his cage, and let him go to see what would happen, he stretched, then stood a moment, his mane framed a classic face, his brown eyes were bright, intelligent, and quietly assessing him. Richard crouched down instinctively, wanting to be less threatening, he needn't have bothered, the big hound wandered over to him, licked the side of his face, and the bond was sealed.

He had filled in some required paperwork, walked back to his car with an enormous German Shepherd that he knew nothing about trotting behind him. He didn't have a name so after thinking for a few minutes, Richard decided to call him Conan, after the barbarian created by Robert E Howard in Weird Tales magazine, and brought graphically to life on the big screen by Arnold Schwarzenegger, he was certainly big enough to fit the bill.

He crouched once again, "Well, big fellah, you want to go see America with me"

The response was another lick across the face, it seemed the big dog was ready to go anywhere with him, he was enchanted, he opened the back door, the dog leapt nimbly in, and they were off on their adventures.

His mind was once again wrenched back to the present, as another Kamikaze driver tried to end his American odyssey. The trick in the USA was to drive aggressively, but some of them took it to the limit, he settled back to his sedate cruise, and his mind drifted back to Maria.

Conan, with a helping hand from him, had rocked her world; where had he learned all that stuff, had some woman trained him well, and then gotten caught in the act, perhaps on her hands and knees hopelessly knotted as her partner had walked in on them. He had no idea why the big fellah had been in his cage, or where he had come from, he knew only that they had bonded completely, and where he went from now on, Conan was going with him. When he returned eventually to England, then Conan would have to fret in quarantine for 6 long weeks, it would be worth it when he had the freedom of The New Forest to roam in with his friend and master.

They had headed South through Maine, then crossed into Vermont, skirting west of the White Mountains, where the blizzard had caught up with them, imprisoning them if that was the right word, with the delightful Maria.

He had picked up on her affinity with Conan, right from the start, even if she hadn't recognised it. He had drawn on his experiences with another girl back in the UK, Helen who had a golden retriever, and who had insisted on a threesome with her animal. It had been quite a night as he recalled, at one point the dog had even mounted him, he had been too sexually aroused to care.

He had sensed that if he could just get Maria started, then she would never look back, and so it had

turned out. By the time they had left her, she had been orchestrating moves he hadn't thought of, all them involving both himself and his massive canine.

In Albany, which was in the eastern edge of New York State, he had handed in the hire car, and rented a big white RV, it would give them more flexibility, especially when the words 'sorry we don't take animals' were uttered. It had a boiler producing gallons of hot water, a small galley complete with a hob, as well as a micro-wave oven, it was a home from home.

He passed a sign informing him he was entering West Virginia, how had John Denver put it, 'Mountain momma, stranger to blue water'.

A half hour later, he was paralleling a river, he could see the current was running strong, obviously the melting snow was swelling the volume. Up ahead a sign indicated a car park, so he pulled in, a walk along the river and a chance to stretch their legs, would do them both good.

He climbed out, and Conan unable to wait, leapt over into the front and exploded out into the park. It was what Richard loved most about this big hound, his sheer exuberance, he loved life, whether he was in snow, on grass, or charging around in a pond, he did it all up to the hilt. It was no accident that they had become such inseparable friends; Conan was Richard on four legs.

A short way down the track, he saw a woman strolling towards them, a pretty young blonde girl maybe five or six running ahead of her. He reached for the lead and called Conan to him, he was a gentle dog, but the family approaching didn't know that, they would be more comfortable if he was leashed.

Before he could clip on the lead, disaster struck, the little girl had run too close to the edge, her foot had slipped on patch of mud, and in an instant, she was tobogganing down the steep slope towards the torrent below.

Richard's prided himself in his reactions, in hand-to-hand combat training he was lightning personified, but he was way too slow. Conan exploded away from him in a blur, he raced down the path until he was level with the girl, he then plunged diagonally down the slope at breakneck speed, just when it seemed that he must injure himself, he took off in a prodigious leap, hitting the water right in front of her. Richard had time to see her gratefully clutch him around the neck before they were swept out of sight around the bend.

He set off in a sprint down the track, flashing past the frantic mother, who stood rooted to the spot.

He ran at Olympic speed for maybe five minutes fearing the worse, but then spotted them, the current had shunted them into a cove, there was nowhere for the dog to scramble out, but he was making a heroic effort to keep his tiny passenger afloat. Richard flung himself down on the rocks, and at full stretch, managed to get a hold of the little girl, he dragged her to safety, but when he had spun back, Conan had been whisked away by the river.

He scooped up the girl, the poor mite was freezing cold, and whimpering quietly.

Carrying her effortlessly, he ran back up the path to meet the mother, cutting short her thanks, he handed her the keys to his RV, "The big white thing in the car park, hot water, towels, get her dry and warm, I have to find my dog"

With that he turned and sprinted back down the path, he must have run nearly a mile, and was beginning to fear the worst, when he spotted Conan, he had found a shallow spot, and was hauling himself out of the river. He flopped down as Richard approached, the poor guy seemed exhausted from his efforts.

"You did good big fellah, you did good" said Richard, petting him gently on his heaving flank.

Richard received the customary lick on the side of his face, and after resting for ten minutes, Conan stood up, apparently no worse from his ordeal, together they walked back up the track towards the RV. Inside the vehicle the mother sat, cuddling her daughter who was swathed in an enormous bath towel, and appeared to be asleep.

"You guys OK" asked Richard

"Thanks to you and that wonderful dog" came the response,

"Where is he anyway?"

Richard reached for a towel, "I have to dry him before he's allowed in" he said

"Back in a min"

When Conan was dry, they both entered to vehicle, the mother seemed a little intimidated by the sheer size of the big dog. Conan, as was his way, sorted it out, wandering over to her and licking her hand in a friendly way, and then sitting in front of her.

She reached out and stroked him, and in an instant they were friends, Richard could only marvel at his pet's technique, he really was a charmer.

"Alice seems to be unharmed, but I'd like to get her home and make sure, we live nearby, perhaps I could offer you dinner and a chance to warm up".

A home cooked meal sounded just the ticket, and Richard said as much; so with the woman, whose name turned out to be Bridget, guiding him, he eased the RV through country lanes, turning eventually into the drive of a large detached house with a couple of acres of well-maintained lawn around it.

Alice awoke as they arrived, and was soon dressed in dry clothes, charging around the garden with Conan, the big dog was incredibly gentle with her, allowing her to clutch at his mane, and hang around his neck. Bridget worried, and kept calling to her to stop pestering him, of course she ignored her mother, she was not the least bit intimidated by this massive animal, after all, hadn't he just saved her life.

As Richard watched his gentle giant, he realised that the dog didn't have a nasty bone in his body.

"He would never harm her" he said to Bridget, "and he would never allow anyone else to harm her, she is probably as safe with him as it is possible to be in this crazy world"

The mother relaxed, her instincts were telling her the same thing, "I'll open a bottle of wine, and we can chat while I cook, Red or White?"

He chose Red so she handed him a bottle and a corkscrew.

Telling her daughter where to play so that she could be seen, they repaired to the kitchen, wine was duly opened, and a big picture window allowed them to observe the fun and games outside.

Richard offered to help, and was handed a large glass of Merlot and a knife.

"If you would slice some onions, shallots, and then dice the mushrooms, I'll whip us up a nice

Risotto" she said, getting some pans ready.

It was strange how relaxed they were together, an observer would never believe that they had met just an hour earlier. Richard broached the subject of husbands, or boyfriends, he didn't want an irate male demanding an explanation, and then wanting to shake his hand or hug him when he heard the story.

"None" came the reply, "Just me and Alice, living 'La Vida Loca' out here in the boonies"

"How about you, what's an English gentleman and his somewhat large hound, doing in rural West Virginia, don't you know we're all hillbillies out here, and interbreed like rabbits"

He smiled across at her, and before he answered took stock, she was a tall blonde in the Natasha Henstridge mould, her hair carelessly pulled back into a ponytail. Faded blue jeans, an old college sweatshirt hinting at womanly curves beneath. The face was chiselled Nordic, probably some Swedish ancestry, little make-up; a face that beautiful didn't need any.

She became aware of the scrutiny, "See anything you fancy sailor" ? she joked.

"I see a stunningly beautiful woman, and apologise for staring" he replied.

She became embarrassed, and spun around to attend to the food. To answer her question, he sketched out his life so far, the military, leaving out the bit about the SAS. The trip so far, omitting the bit where he and Conan had taken turns to make Maria moan in ecstasy.

"So here we are" he said "To ships that pass in the night" and raised his glass in a toast.

Bridget carried her glass over and pinged it against his, she leaned forward and kissed him lightly on the mouth.

"Thanks again for my daughter's life" she said, a twinkle in her eye.

He knew then that anything was possible; the kiss had just told him so.

He fetched Conan's bowl and a sack of all-in-one biscuit from the RV and when his meal was ready, Alice insisted that she be the one to give it to him. Conan as ever, waited politely for her to set it down, before falling upon it with relish. Alice danced around laughing at the speed with which he demolished his meal.

They sat around the kitchen table and ate theirs; Alice of course was slipping morsels to Conan under the table. Her mother couldn't fail to see, but was so pleased to have her daughter in one piece, she chose to ignore the subterfuge.

Eventually it was time for the little one to retire, she put up a fight, but was clearly worn out by her ordeal in the icy water. She wanted Conan to sleep in her room, but Bridget stood firm,

"He'll be outside on the landing, where he can guard us all" she had said, and the explanation was reluctantly accepted.

A couple of hours and two bottles of wine later, they were both feeling very mellow, they had discussed politics, religion and the ozone layer, and although Richard could carry his booze, Bridget seemed the worse for wear. Well, why not, he thought, she had seen her daughter snatched away by an icy torrent, the adrenaline that must have flooded into her system, was only now starting to

dissipate; he had seen it in the forces, a sudden reaction to an event that had happened some time before.

She stood and walked over to where he sat on the divan, "Let's go to bed" she mumbled, pulling him to his feet and over towards the stairs.

Conan followed but then settled down on the landing, somehow the big hound knew that he wasn't part of this scenario. In the bedroom, Bridget had instantly shed all her clothes, climbed into the big bed, and before he joined her, was fast asleep.

Richard smiled to himself, there was no hurry, he recognised her symptoms, in a war it would have been called 'battle fatigue' in this context it was just a mother's response to nearly losing her only child. He cuddled against her, and in an instant was as dead to the world as she was.

He awoke some time later, and as was his way was instantly alert, in some places he had been, it was the difference between life and death. The other side of the bed was empty, and he found he needed the toilet, he expected Bridget to be in there, as it was both she and Conan were conspicuously absent; surely not.

He crept down the stairs, his training with both the Marines and the SAS had given him the stealth of a Ninja.

Bridget was on all fours on the lounge carpet, thankfully facing away from him, and on top of her, giving her his best effort was Conan. Judging by her quiet groaning, she was loving every minute of it, he had thought that he was going to get the reward for Conan's daring rescue, and had felt slightly embarrassed about it, but it seemed his canine friend had claimed his due and was thoroughly enjoying it.

He retreated as silently as he had come, he didn't want to embarrass Bridget, he had no way of knowing why she would come down in the middle of the night to be taken by his giant dog, maybe it was something she had always craved, the morning might throw up some answers, if it didn't, then it was her business alone.

He climbed back into bed, but sleep wouldn't come, the image of Conan servicing a beautiful woman was just too potent.

Eventually he heard Bridget pad up the stairs, and feigned sleep so she would not suspect anything, she snuggled into bed next to him, and to his surprise started to kiss his neck and cheek.

He pretended to wake up slowly, turned over and in an instant she was on him. She kissed him passionately on the mouth, while her hand slid down over his stomach and found his half inflated shaft.

"Dreaming of sex were we" she muttered even as his arousal flowered into a full blown erection under her hand. She swung a leg over and mounted him, the ease with which she slid down on his pole gave evidence to her recent activities, she was as wet as could be, but he wasn't about to complain.

It suddenly dawned on him what this was all about, after he had mated, it was Conan's habit to clean up all the juices mixed with his own semen. As this usually involved him shoving his tongue so far up inside his human mate that he was licking her cervix, it seemed that he had aroused her all over again, and then gone over to the corner to lick himself clean.

Bridget, having been taken to the heights, had come looking elsewhere for satisfaction.

Well, he didn't mind, she was now riding him like a Brahma bull, and it felt pretty good, that he was taking Conan's 'sloppy seconds' didn't bother him in the least.

The image of what Conan had been doing to her was still strong in his mind, he came very quickly, Bridget who was also 'hot to trot' following close behind him.

*

They stayed with Bridget and Alice for nearly a month, long walks in the woods, great food as they took it in turns to cook, and some pretty spectacular sex as she made up for the lean months.

He learned that her ex-husband was a high flier in Washington financial circles, and that he had begun to come home less and less, eventually not coming home at all.

She got the house, and a large cheque each month, and said she wasn't complaining, Richard could see the pain in her eyes as she told the story, though she didn't say it there was obviously another woman involved. They never had a threesome with Conan although he suspected that the big dog was getting his fair share in the middle of the night.

Bridget would wake him for sex, all hot and bothered and wet as can be, no prizes for guessing where she had been. For his part, he put it out of his mind and slept like a baby, if Conan was ringing her bell, then more power to his elbow, he wasn't in competition with him.

Eventually, as he knew it would, the road called to him, it was time to continue their adventure.

Bridget took it well, she also had expected this day to come, poor little Alice however was heartbroken. She wanted Richard to leave Conan with them and collect him on the way home, he had to explain that the big canine was his 'Wingman' and that he would be totally lost without him.

Only when Bridget promised her a Shepherd puppy all of her own did she cheer up, and after cuddles all round, he was driving off down the lane, watching the enchanting little girl waving in his mirror.

He had studied a map of the area, and spotted a road called the Blue Ridge Parkway, it appeared to run the length of Virginia, and then on to The Great Smokey Mountains on the Carolina-Tennessee border.

It snaked all over the place, but all the time heading south, it was perfect for him.

[Go to next Part](#)