

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## Chapter 1: Thursday

The play area was closed, being prepared for the following night's event, so tonight the bar was packed full. From my place I could see out across the room, the dance floor was busy, but not full, unlike the seating area. The main bar looked like a scene from the storming of the bastille.

The club was one of two that I frequented, easier to access for those who lived in the city, discrete enough, tucked away in the corner of an industrial park. Discretion is everything to those who desire the company of others who share their kink. The club caters exclusively to those who enjoy bestiality. Mostly dogs, those being the most popular and easiest to keep.

Buried at the back of the main room was a small bar with a few alcoves allowed extra privacy or just a quieter place away from the chaos of the main area. My place was at the end of the that bar, quiet enough to enjoy a conversation, yet perfectly placed to see the antics of the other members. People watching is a long enjoyed pleasure of mine.

The girl that approached caught my eye, not so much because of her appearance, though it was pleasing. No. It was her manner, it seemed the closer she came to less confidence she displayed, a certain nervousness seemed to grow as she stepped carefully, navigating around the tables and groups of comfortable chairs that formed the main part of the room.

I sipped from my glass, still people watching, but aware of the girl.

She slowed, body nervous, mind made up. Eventually she reached a spot just with my arms reach. It was as far as her determination could stand.

For a long moment I thought she might turn and flee.

Then she transformed, right there before my eyes. Her body straightened, shoulders drew back, breasts thrust forwards, hips rolled and her head lifted. Eyes burned with a desire as yet unknown, but very obviously fed from a furnace long stoked by need.

Her eyes locked not onto my face, but onto the collar around my neck. Not once did her attention wander, not once did her laser focus drift from their target. It made talking to her a little distanced, not that I minded, she wasn't the first, would not be the last.

"I ... Umm ... I need ... FUCK IT... !! I need a sponsor, they won't let me register without one. Please ... Help me... ??"

The mix of shyness and determination amused me. The request wasn't new, the wording was ... Different.

"Why exactly do you think you need to enter... ??" I always tried to be cold, uncaring, detached."

"I need ... Have to prove..."

"To who... ?" I think I actually succeeded in making my voice crack like a whip.

"To me ... To myself..."

I nodded, not like I couldn't understand her, I had once been her. "You understand the consequences... ?" Of course she didn't, not completely, nobody did, until it was too late.

“Yes ... I ... I memorised all the rules. Honest.”

Now that was funny. There are only really two rules, and they are simple enough for anyone to understand. The rules are simple, it's the consequences that are complicated. I made her wait whilst I studied her. Watching for her body language to reveal its secrets. She never moved, just waited, anxious, yet resigned.

I studied the room, there was nobody watching her, nobody to ensure her obedience. Good. Well, good and bad. Good to know she was not being forced, bad that she'd have no support.

“You have the application... ??” Why is it I can't quite lock the compassion out of my voice... ??

Hands scurried to a back pocket, fumbled with the thin sheaf of papers. Arms reached out, part supplication, part offering. I took the papers, flicked through the forms, application, medical, the usual. Flipping back to the application I laid it on the polished bar top, took a pen from the jar the barmaids kept next to their tip box. I signed, dated. Silently sighed.

The girl transformed again, body almost effervescent, the happiness of the innocent, she took the papers, reached out to embrace, paused, collected herself. Nodded her head slowly, formally.

“That you... !! Thank you SO much... !! I won't ... I mean I will ... Fuck... !! You will be proud, I promise... !!”

“Go, register, then return.” Yes... !! I got the chill back in my voice.

She scooted away like I'd stuck a blowtorch up her ass. Cute ass too, I watched it as she raced to obey, almost dancing around the tables and other patrons. Her antics greeted with smiles at her giddy happiness.

Her return was a study in opposites, exuberance vs respect.

Again her eyes locked upon my collar, arms out, palms flat, offering the drawstring bag to me. I took possession without a word. Again I made her wait. Finally. “Here, that exact spot, tomorrow afternoon, two o'clock. Precisely.”

“Yes ... Mm ... Mis...”

I cut her off, dead. “Save it, follow the instructions and obey.”

Dismissing her was easy, I simply turned away, my expression summoned one of the barmaids. I didn't need to name my poison, I just needed to drink it.

\*

I frequented two clubs, but there were another four whom I could enter without question. The six clubs covered a good part of the country, all were long established, maintained a large and sometimes well positioned membership. Between them they served those who loved their animals literally. Exclusive often means expensive, but the price of admission wasn't particularly high in monetary terms, instead members were carefully vetted and required to validate their desires, on camera. A step that caused a few to withdraw, but ensured each member was genuine.

The other thing the six clubs had in common was a friendly rivalry, not so much between the clubs themselves, but between the members. Especially those drawn to the more extreme side of bestial

lust. That friendly rivalry had born the idea of the competition, an annual event that allowed a few to immerse themselves to a degree usually not possible, and of course it allowed the wider membership to enjoy the spectacle. It was inevitable that bets would be placed, so as the competition evolved, certain rules were set in place, a format agreed, and each club took a turn as host. Less obvious were the measures taken to deal with those who competed, especially those who not only lost, but crashed out in occasionally spectacular fashion.

The number who entered each year varied, all were female, not that men were not active, just that it was recognised that women competitors drew larger audiences, profit is important, not just to cover the cost of the competition, but to add to the coffers of the club holding the competition. There is no such thing as a free dinner bowl, even amongst zoophiles.

~~~~~

## **Chapter 2: Friday**

The girl arrived early but tried to stay out of sight, only moving closer as the clock approached the hour. Obviously she intended to obey precisely. I tried not to care. Actually a part of me wished she had simply not come at all.

“Strip.”

“Err...”

“Strip. Right here, right now. Or go.” Why oh why can’t I just not care... ?? It would be so much easier.

She dropped the sports bag at her side and stripped. I reached out, taking each item from her, my arm moving aside to drop her clothes into the waste bin. It was a kind of tradition.

Naked she actually gained confidence, more so once I had taken the wide leather collar from the drawstring bag and buckled it around her neck. I used one finger to test for tightness, then attached the lock, fit was important because no key was provided. Attaching the leash was more tradition than necessity, but its metallic click and the cool steel links on her flesh added a finality that made her shudder. It made me wet, memories will do that.

The next step was overly dramatic, but traditions have reasons, so I opened the drawstring bag fully, then dropped it over her head. Standing I gave no command, just walked, the sharp tug of the leash pulled her to follow. It was the first step, trusting another. She would need that.

Only the leash guided her, so I had to take care in choosing my route, a short leash was for amateurs unsure and inexperienced. The length had to be long enough to establish distance, to compel the bitch to follow without any indication of her surroundings.

I chose to take the longest route, one that would add to her disorientation. It didn’t really matter as the destination was going to be a surprise regardless. Another tradition, this one between those who sponsor or compete, the ‘backstage’ details are not discussed with others, more silliness, but traditions are often based on trivia, gaining importance only through repetition.

The row of wire travel cages were around half full when we arrived. A few firm pushes, a spank to move her forward and she took her place in the cramped cage, locked in to wait. Comfort wasn’t a concern.

\*

There are two factions that drive the format of the competition. The larger faction want the award to mean something and therefore want the competitors to be challenged. The smaller but louder faction want much more. No member would ever want or allow an animal to be hurt, especially to be harmed intentionally or carelessly, the same does not apply to the human bitches. Watching another suffer is a pleasure hard to explain, even harder to forgive, but it is a part of human nature, maybe less developed nowadays, perhaps less blatant in 'acceptable' society. None the less it exists, in popular TV just as much as in this competition. To be a tough enough test to please both factions without offending the sensibilities of either isn't easy, so over time the competition has changed, evolved. Currently it is probably as challenging as any have ever been.

\*

By the time I returned to her cage, the girl was cramping badly, whimpering softly as she tried constantly to stretch or flex to relieve the strains on her muscles. Other sponsors were pulling their bitches from the cages, just as I was. Few words were used, an occasional command, a sharp smack, a tug on a leash.

One at a time each was led to the scales, the same as you'll see at most vets, except these had hand, knee and toe prints etched in yellow on the black rubber mat that covered the scale's platform. Each bitch was pushed and spanked into position, all six marks covered, thighs vertical. The measuring bar placed outside a knee, the arm lowered until it touched. The height noted along with the weight of the bitch.

The bitches were lined up, leashes clipped to the ring in the floor between their feet. Then left there. Some stood quietly, one shivered incessantly, another was rigid, head turning to track every sound.

Time passed.

Time for the reveal.

The curtains opened and the crowd of members who had been talking quietly suddenly began to cheer and call out, the noise only abating as the compere took his place.

As he began to speak an assistant moved to the first bitch in line. The compare listed her measured height and weight, the club to which she belonged, her sponsor's name. Then he announced a name, always seemingly on a whim, always derogatory, tradition again. The assistant used a large permanent marker to write the given name on the thighs, belly and across the shoulders of the bitch.

One by one each had their details announced, a name allotted, written. Then the betting started. At a signal from the compare the assistant would grab the indicated bitch, force her into whatever position was required, display her, then simply leave her to move to another. Some stayed as they were left, others returned to the standing position, some alternated, unsure. Nobody cared.

Nobody but me. Maybe the other sponsors. A few spectators... ?? Who knew... ??

Finally the curtain closed. The crowd calmed, drinks were ordered, seating arrangements swapped, invitations offered and accepted.

Back stage the lights were dimmed and the drawstring bags removed. Most blinked even in the dim light, a few looked at others, flinched at the crude writing, looked down at themselves. A few just stood quietly. An assistant approached them wearing a backpack sprayer, the wand flicked around,

dousing each with the pheromone scent of a bitch in heat, many bitches actually. He worked until each was soaked in it, hair dripping, bodies glossy with it. Their body heat increased the aroma, the scent strong enough to drive a dog into a mating frenzy. Exactly the effect desired.

Bagged once again, senses now awash with the aroma of aroused bitch, they waited. We sponsors returned to our bitches, took up their leashes and headed to the 'play area'.

\*

The large room was originally a warehouse, actually the entire club was housed in a number of interconnected warehouses. Small by modern standards, but more than big enough to provide ample space for the various facilities. The play area was the club's pride and joy. The huge space with its opaque roofing panels gave a feeling of being outside, or at least a believably pretend outside. Most of it was covered in good quality fake turf which added to the look and provided a durable surface that could be hosed down when necessary. It was to the centre that we sponsors led the bitches. The centre was concrete sprayed with a rubber compound, the thickness allowed a little give. The whole thing one large circle.

Twelve rings were set into the floor, twelve chains awaited, each would allow the attached bitch to move anywhere within the circle allowed by the length of chain. At the inner most point on the circumference of each hung a large shower head, a grating below allowed drainage. On the outer most point of the circumference was an auto filling water bowl and several feed bowls. Surrounding the entire arrangement was a clear plastic wall some six feet high, to separate the arena from the spectators. And there were a great many spectators.

\*

The rings were not assigned, there was no need, no position was better or worse than any other. so I simply headed to the closest vacant one. Picking up the free end of the chain I released the leash from the bitch's collar and simply snapped the lock shut. Only the duty doctor has the keys to release the bitches once chained.

What do you say at such a time... ?? What last words are appropriate to offer when the young woman, the bitch is about to discover the gulf between what she thinks will happen, and the cold hard reality... ?? A soft word... ?? Encouragement... ?? Some awful cliché... ?? I simply ran the tip of one finger the entire length of her spine. I walked away. I left her.

Only fate knew what lay ahead, maybe Karma... ?? Or just blind luck. The reveal was important, the provenance of each bitch was important, the club she represented, her 'breeding' height and body weight, lastly but importantly, the name of her sponsor.

Why so important... ?? Because it was the sponsors responsibility to decide if her bitch was finished and needed to be withdrawn, released, usually into the duty doctors care. Bitches are not considered objective enough, often at the point of withdrawal they are unable, unwilling or unconscious, so the sponsor decides. The twist is that should a bitch be withdrawn, the sponsor immediately takes her place. Rare was the man who sponsored a bitch. Most used a proxy, others let the bitch convince someone to be her sponsor.

Theoretically any member could be a sponsor, in practise only those with sufficient experience, known to be responsible, were ever accepted for registration.

Now, as I walked away to where seating was set aside for the sponsors, I wondered just how twisted

the organisers were this year. We would soon find out. Almost on cue the first buzzer sounded, a three minute warning, enough for everyone to settle, get comfortable, the start was often a frenzy, especially with twelve bitches, impossible as it was to take everything in, most spectators chose to focus on a few bitches closest to them. Every bitch was filmed so all could be reviewed later, the highlights or even live action was repeated on screens behind every bar and in each corner of the club's main seating area.

The second buzzer, handlers at the kennel doors released the first set of dogs, a second would follow, a third, sometimes a wildcard or two.

The first wave of dogs ran in excitedly, some headed directly to a bitch, others bounced from one to another, finally all had chosen, that was the cue for the second wave to be released.

The bitches were free to move, within the range of the chain, or so they thought. The reality is that the dogs decided their movement, position. A nudge with a nose is best obeyed, a bark should get a bitch moving quickly, a nip for those too frightened, distracted or exhausted to move. A bite often follows, but is rarely needed more than once. Bitches soon learn to obey. Doused in pheromones as they are, every dog is by nature eager to breed them.

Some dogs are sufficiently trained or experienced they only care to breed the bitch, others again through training or maybe inexperience will be happy to fill any hole, something the shorter bitches often discover to their painful surprise.

Of course the bitches are not immune, some take a while to succumb, others only do so once broken by the relentless fucking, it matter not. Every bitch will eventually go cock crazy, will try to drive out her demons with a deluge of orgasms and cum. Those bitches are very popular, their performance repeated on the screens, the moment of breaking, the surrender, that gets replayed often. Betting does not stop when the competition begins, it continues as long as someone is prepared to take the bet. Officially or privately.

I had watched the girl, the dog that claimed her was good, took her down to hands and knees in in one fluid powerful move. He entered her smoothly, the bitch was obviously wet, ready. The second wave arrived, a younger dog licked her face playfully, she responded, licking back, smiling. Encouraging. The young dog bounded away, replaced soon enough by a larger, wiser dog. Soon enough the girl was swallowing cock whilst firmly knotted. I relaxed, it was still early, there was a long way to go before a winner was judged.

Friday nights are always mobbed, the spectators looking forward to the weekend competition, the bitches fresh, the dogs rested, eager. It is a long evening, few fade before the early hours, then most drift away. Not the night crew, not the sponsors, though we have places to rest, the bitches get no rest, the dogs that tire are led away, replaced. The action continues throughout the night. Cameras capture it all, a few die-hard spectators remain, drinking coffee, watching avidly as the bitches continue to be mounted, licked, driven beyond experience, endurance isn't optional, a bite will motivate those who think they can't go on, can't take any more. Little do they realise what lies ahead.

It is a long, long night for each bitch.

~~~~~

### **Chapter 3: Saturday (Daytime)**

The girl was a mess. Not that any of the others had faired much better. The almost constant

attention of the dogs throughout the night had taken its toll and her body reflected that. Hair matted, body covered in sweat, cum and drool, flanks criss-crossed with scratches from the claws of the more ardent dogs. Even now she was being used by a large brindle mutt that looked like some kind of mastiff cross who was evidently generously endowed. The girl was in her knees, thighs vertical, body bent forward, trying to cushion her head on her outstretched forearms. Each thrust from the mutt driving a low grunt from her as he rammed her rapidly and repeatedly.

The sound of the handlers filling the food bowls dragged me away from my memories. Both dry food and a meat/vegetable mix was provided in the bowls, the amounts were generous, there might even be some left for the girls, if they could work their way close enough to eat. It had long ago been decided that for the duration of the competition the bitches were dogs and treated as such own all respects, at least until or unless the duty doctor intervened. Even we sponsors could do nothing to change the treatment of the bitches. Our only duty was to watch our charges and if necessary take their place in order to end their ordeal.

The brindle mutt had filled the girl and though still well knotted was obviously hungry as he headed towards the closest food bowl, drawing his bitch along by her aching full cunt. The girl shuffled backwards on all fours, trying hard to keep up whilst doing her best to keep her lower legs spread wide and clear of the dogs hind paws with their claws. He had already marked the backs of her calves in his eagerness to hint his cock and drive his knot into her.

He fed hungrily, then moved aside to the water bowl to lap the coolness. His move allowed the girl to shuffle to the side until she could reach a food bowl. I watched her face as she lowered her head and ate, lips drawn back, teeth seizing the meat mixture, sucking it in, chewing, swallowing, going back down for more. Cheeks and chin smeared with the rich dark juices.

Fed and watered the hound finally pulled free, his knot having softened and shrunk, the girl turned, eager to drink, uncaring if the water was now tainted with the mutt's drool. Part lapping part suckling, the girl gulped water, parched from the long night of hard use.

The brindle had not yet lost interest and although not ready to mount her, he sniffed and licked at her pussy, following her as she crawled across the full width of her circle to reach the shower and floor toilet. Crouching she voided her bowels and pee'd, then shuffled beneath the shower. Cupping at hand to her ass she pushed two fingers inside and did her best to rinse herself. I hoped she didn't try to sluice herself clean completely, washing out all the accumulated cum would deprive her of much needed lubrication.

I nodded to myself as the girl changed hands and repeated her actions, this time opening her sex to douche herself a little before scrubbing herself between her legs to wash away the crusted cum. The mutt had let her alone, but now as another dog approached he moved in, claiming her. It was the only way a bitch could rest. Being claimed kept others away and allowed the bitch to rest a little until her mate decided he was ready to breed her again.

The girl was very obviously tired out, yet clever enough to attend to her mate. First she knelt and reached out to hug the mutt, kissing him as she eased him under the shower, hands busy washing him as tongue pressed against his, sharing spit and breath, dog and bitch bonding as she sluiced his body, pampering him, expending just enough energy to prolong the time before he took her again.

They emerged from the shower dripping wet, side by side. The mutt shook violently, shedding the water from his coat, his actions distracted him from the approaching dogs, so when one growled it was already too late. The brindle backed off, outnumbered, moving away to seek another bitch to breed.



The newcomers were wildcards, added into the mix to challenge the bitches and entertain the members. I'd not seen them before, but by the look of them I knew they must be the two about which certain rumours had spread recently. The two were both big even for their breed, bodies looked like they were on steroids although that was not the case, the muscle bound look was a common trait of the breed. Rumour had it they belonged to a member who whilst averagely endowed, was apparently married to a size queen. He had found these two and then trained them thoroughly and specifically. The breed are well endowed as a rule and these two had bred true. Except in one way, knots that swelled much larger than is usual. Rumour suggested they swelled enough to leave a bitch torn, especially due to their somewhat unusual training.

The girl had heard the low growl and had turned to see what was going on. This brought her face to face with the first dog. He moved in, licking her face with his wide wet tongue repeatedly, his actions blinding her to the second dog's approach. The first stopped licking and lay down then rolled, presenting his emerging cock to the girl who dutifully lowered her head, lips parting, tongue extending to taste him. He allowed her to lick then engulf his cock in her mouth, head bobbing, working to please him. But he wanted more and soon enough he nipped at her thigh to get her attention.

Still on his back, cock now fully exposed, the message was clear enough to any dog girl, especially one more than half way to being cock crazed. The bitch straddled him, impaled herself, aching muscles flexing as she posted on his cock. The weight of the second dog drove her forwards and down, hitting herself even as the second dog speared his way into her ass. Whoever trained them did a very good job. The two dogs worked the bitch hard, both hitting repeatedly until their knots began to swell. Only then did the girl begin to realise what lay in store for her.

My pussy pulsed in sympathy just watching. I knew well the challenge of being double penetrated by two well hung hounds. My sex itched, a phantom itch responding to memories of hairy sheaths tickling my labia and asshole, both stretched tight around pulsing hot flesh, pumping hard even as the knots locked my body in place. The girl whimpered as those two began to stretch her as never before.

The whimpering increased in volume, keeping pace with the still expanding knots. I was holding my breath. Her next sounds were important...

The girl didn't beg for release or plead for mercy, the bitch whined. I had to bite back the urge to answer her with bitch sounds of my own. Sometime in the night the incessant fucking, breeding had changed her. I knew she might not realise it yet but her mind had accepted her place. I knew the feeling, understood the intensity, the irrepressible urge to be bred. Whenever, wherever. No way to fight it, no desire to stop it. Once it infused the mind of a dog girl there was no denying it. Once a bitch, always a bitch.

The girl was writhing, in pain? In pleasure? Intoxicated? She yipped, then barked, a high pitched canine cry of submission, of acceptance. I knew those two would probably tear me up if I was in her place, but that was a price a bitch paid to enter the highest planes of nirvana.

They stretched her so so much, filled her so full, the resultant swell obvious as her body struggled to accommodate them. Locked tightly she was feeling the pressure of the cum they both now pumped into her, filling her bowels and cunt, throbbing cocks pulsing the breeding seed deep. Her body shivering and shuddering, each sensation magnified, mixed, no longer pain and pleasure, transformed with inescapable intensity to something beyond simple fucking, overwhelmed, submissive, owned. The girl wasn't quite human anymore, a part of her was now committed to the

life of a bitch in heat, forever available to any dog that came sniffing around her greedy sex and drippy bitch pussy.

I call it 4C, constant canine carnal craving.

They stayed knotted for a long time. I imagined myself in her place, pumped so full of cum I could taste it on my breath. A comforting thought as I sat watching, dripping, the urge always there in my mind, ever since ... But enough, this is about the girl, not me. Besides, when they finally pulled free I could see red, bright red. They had torn her.

Watching carefully I looked for any sign of a serious bleed, but as closely as I studied her the view wasn't enough to tell. All I did know was that there was nothing obvious enough to involve the doctor. Even if a part of me yearned to call him, to strip off and replace her, to feel those cocks, those knots stretching me ... I fought back the desire to call it. Fuck... !! I needed to get bred, soon.

They took her again, the bitch obediently straddled the second dog, impaling herself upon his shaft, body quivering, nerves screaming, her whimpers reflecting the rawness of torn flesh. She bent forward, arms laid beside her mate's shoulders, mouth open, inviting his tongue, opening up to him, even as the first dog penetrated her asshole, claws marking her, digging in to gain purchase as he began to pound her ass, they owned her now and seemed determined to breed their newest bitch.

Working together they easily maintained ownership of the bitch throughout the day and into the evening, taking her repeatedly. In between they lay with her trapped between them. Not that she showed any sign of trying to escape, not that she seemed able, for she lay apparently unconscious, roused repeatedly whenever they were ready to use her, a nip on a thigh or butt cheek drew her back to consciousness. Obediently she would mound whichever dog was laying ready for her, arms no longer supported her, she simply lay upon her lover and opened herself for the other one to take his pleasure.

The various screens had followed her progress, zoomed in to catch the bright red evidence of tearing, bets were made, odds changed, more bets placed. It took a while before my image appeared on the screens. Now the betting included when I would call a halt, some bets placed by those who still remembered my own competition. A few bet I too would be ripped up before the end. A few members spoke of needless cruelty, of medical judgement being sought. I ignored it all, the screens meant little to me, I sat there watching, my body twitching in sympathy with the bitch out there ... I wanted it so much, could be in her place with just a word.

All that held me back was 'pack', the innate understanding between bitches, we compete for cock but we defend each other, pack is everything, it trumps every individual's needs. I forced myself to deny my own needs in favour of not stealing from her, she had taken both dogs time and again, suffered and bled, she had earned the right to be their bitch as long as she could endure, or until they were done with her.

*Unfortunately incomplete as the author has been inactive since 2019*