

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Intro

Professional researcher, Eric Samer was looking through old documents for a film during Cromwell's Commonwealth Days. He came across thin papers inside a dusty old book in a private library. At least eight pages had ways to deal with minor criminals, poor and lazy-behaved staff or peasants in rural or remote areas. Thieving, late starting work on time, lazy or damaging things they would be punished locally..

Outside of larger towns and cities prison were rare. Back then there was no police force; so problems were dealt with by local magistrates, or the squire handing out penalties quickly. Decision was made there and then.

These scraps of paper appeared written by a maid, sometimes called a "Betty". She had been involved in stealing silver serving spoons. It was not her plan but nevertheless some spoons were found under her bed and so she had the option of a penalty or losing her place in the castle.

Several pages were missing but, nevertheless, she tells us that she was locked up with male dogs using her as their bitch.

and I were felled down after the floor the in the
land did crack upon my back. For he did
grasp himself over my side before striking
me on the back of the head with his own
stick & salt.
that there most painful to me
but then I did of some enjoyment
within me, even with the dog after
that floor on my great back.
I were five right of day above
I could leave after many
arguing with hounds.
My body

GLOSSARY (Titles and names relate to those of rural England in the 17th Century)

BUNS - Breast	DAMPY TUBBLE - Vagina
GLOVO - Foreskin	BUSHY HILL /GRASSY MOUND -
LEAFS- External labia	DUSTY HOLE - Navel
QUENNEY - girl's sex, general	PETALS - Labia external
SHAFT - Penis	SLEEVE - Dog's penis foreskin
TURNIP -Knot on dog male penis	BETTY - A maid
PEG - Clitoris (soft or erect)	REEVE -Estate Manager
NOCKLE - Breast Nipple, normally erect	

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## Chapter One

Caught Out!

"So where are those serving spoons now?"

"My Lady, I am quite sure that at the feast with Earl Drammer and his family, every spoon was on the table for service. I will get Taylor Wart, the groom who was assisting, to come to you."

"Best you do it now, Mrs Whittle!" And ten minutes later Wart stood before Lady Cammell.

"I didn't count 'em... just took everythin' away with them plates and dishes. Far as I know each dish had a spoon as they went to kitchens. Them lot didn't want me to help with that cleaning and washing and so I went to shut up the stables."

Later than summer evening, Lord and Lady Cammell talked to their Reeve and the Housekeeper.

"Lady Cammell is most upset. What is missing has been with this family for over a century now. To be clear you two must find out who may have stolen those beautiful spoons and thus get them back. Do you understand how important this is? Your duty to Lady Cammell is to find those spoons and bring the culprit before us!"

Anna had gone to Castle Trent Manor on her twelfth birthday to become a maid. That date her mother had said was her birthday but her father thought she 'd been born some months earlier. That caused arguments even though no one was sure or worried.

She'd earned a good name since then, by working hard and helping others. She was a cheerful young woman, probably fifteen years old now. Mrs Whittle, who had taken her on at the Castle, had been the Housekeeper for eleven years working her way up from a kitchen maid; now she was important and valued by her Ladyship.

Anna had come looking for Mrs. Whittle to see if there was a job for her; she expected to become a 'Betty', a maid of all work. She wanted to earn as her parents had lost their farm in the bad winter of a year ago and ended up living in a hovel on the edge of the forest making her mother weak and ill; her father found work only now and then doing whatever he could find. So Anna needed to make a good impression and had held on to her new position for nearly three years

So now Lady Cammell was amazed seeing this particular Betty standing in front of her between Mrs Thorpe and George, the Reeve.

"Are you certain?" asked Lady Cammell.

"No doubt about, m'lady," said George. "We found a couple of 'em under 'er bed."

"And where might be the other ten, then?" Her ladyship was trying to keep calm. She turned towards Mrs Thorpe.

"This other girl in that bedroom is, or was, Gully Scott, m'lady, the scullery maid and she had all the others. So now I've got every spoon back where it belongs. Anyways I've got rid of her, soon as we did find the spoons. Doesn't much matter much; she were lazy most of the time. Useless girl; she'd have gone soon anyway."

Lady Cammell sighed. She was relieved to hear the spoons were found. "So what are we to do with this Betty? Mrs Thorpe hasn't got rid of you, Anna, so far and I suppose she must think that you are worth keeping on once you learned your lesson."

Mrs Thorpe nodded her head.

"Staff needing to be punished are not paid for a week when they are taught a lesson." George scratched his nose. "I can take care of it if you want me to m'lady."

"So Betty, you understand do you not, that Mrs Thorpe thinks you should stay on with us and get back your good name?"

Anna was snivelling but now she dried her eyes and wiped her nose on her apron. "Yes M'lady, I does want to stay here. I like the work and me mother needs the money; she's not that well."

"I am aware of course; you want to stay with us, but you may be able to do so only because Mrs Thorpe thinks you should. But you, just like anyone here who misbehaves, must take whatever punishment is decided upon. It can take a whole week and then I will see you again to decide if I agree with Mrs Thorpe"

"Thank you m'lady," and Anna curtsied having no idea what George had in mind for her.

That evening sitting on the straw in an unused pigsty as she chewed on a stale crust and a bit of stringy, tough beef, she had time to wonder what the punishment might be. But soon she fell asleep whilst rats picked up the remains of her so-called meal.

George, a serious minded man, had been the Reeve for years. He had to make sure that foresters, farm workers, hunt staff and others always earned their pay. Most thought he was hard, short-tempered but fair, straightforward and truly honest.

Later that evening and George's belly was full; he was into his second lot of ale. George shared an estate cottage with Tom Hadcock who was in charge of the horses and the hunt kennels, the fox hounds and the deer hounds, ninety four of them in all.

It was a warm spring evening so their fire was small. They had kicked off their boots and George had removed his wig and his uniform coat. Tom stretched his legs and arms; he yawned. "What do you want to do with her, then?"

"Well, Thorpey wants to keep her and so does her ladyship, but only if she takes a punishment."

"Spanking then or some whipping?"

"Could do, but that lasts for an hour or so... any longer and we might damage her for ever or maybe end up killing her. Both lose our own job... suspect you don't want a rope around your neck any more than I do? She's a nice happy doxy anyway. So I've been looking through some old books back

from the fifteenth century. Seems ordinary execution was not much liked during Henry VII's time, so they tried all sorts of punishment, except for the lords and ladies, that is. They'd get their heads chopped off!" And he laughed.

"Otherwise it was real hard torture and maybe slow death. But some ways was easier, if you can call it that, for estate staff and villagers, if they done something not too bad but needed to be corrected and sort of suffering but kept in line."

"Of course, if not beheaded, they'd throw murderers off cliffs... burned witches after the wrack. You might be naked and pulled through the town behind a horse whilst they threw rubbish at you. They used that for bad behaviour or just because you had tried to be dishonest. Didn't matter who you were or what age. Kids, old women, a Knight or a beggar, all were treated the same for that one! Seem s like a good way of sorting out someone who been found to be a liar or unfaithful."

"They hung highwaymen, just like they do nowadays; to make sure everyone knows a result, if you understand. Thieves and villains lost a couple of fingers at least... bit of whipping or being put to the beasts."

"What's that then?"

"Well... seems it was a long punishment, even longer than a ducking stool though that was for witches and scolds. But 'the beasting' as it was called, was different, after it then yer you were clear away. Could be tied up in the forest to see if you survived the wolves and the boars. Spent a time in with a young stallion. If you didn't get kicked dead... well you were free. Then they would use the hounds in several ways. Could be tied up with them in the kennels and shit and eat just like them. Maybe chased through the woods; if the dogs liked 'em."

"There's always the pillory or the stocks."

"Yes, but her ladyship won't want a maid serving if she's been seen like that by everyone!"

"I found things about unfaithful lasses. Might be put in a shed with a number of male hounds for three days. Have 'er meals and water with 'em and only a sheet or old smock. The door be locked and she's left to get on with it. Seems just three days did the job alright and changed an attitude! But some worry that a girl might produce pups if a dog had got at her thinking she was some sort of bitch."

"Never did happen as far as I can see, even though one woman was in town square with a boar on top of her. Look, here's a drawing of it," and he opened a leather-covered book where he had placed a bit of cloth as a marker.

Tom stared at it for a minute; he scratched his chin and laughed. "Well ... don't look very unhappy. But she must have stunk after that and heavens above, looks scruffy and mucky already. But no piglets you say?"

"No reports of pups or piglets as far as I can see." They both couldn't stop laughing as ale drained down their throats!

"Laughing and coughing Tom asked , "... is this for our Betty?"

"Well, I see her as a feisty, tasty bit. I don't want to hurt her much, so no whips or the like. I had considered putting her into the pool of eels to see if they much nibbled her bits but I think his Lordship might not be pleased. So I'm for the dogs in a shed. It takes a nice time and gets her

ashamed, all that eating and behaving like an animal whilst not being much harmed."

Tom scratched his chin. "The deer hounds are energetic and might give her a hard time, but the fox hounds are a filthy lot and produce pups with no worries. You could have her put in with one lot and change them over if you want. What do yer think?"

George considered for some time and Tom thought he'd drooped off asleep. He reached over and shook his hand.

"So start with fox hounds or the deer hounds?"

"Well I been wondering but it does look like a good plan, the deer hounds first, then. She'll learn her lesson... be ashamed for a good while, I guess?. Not sure what to do about cleaning her up afterwards though. Still as his Lordship might say, 'We'll cross that jolly old bridge when we get there.'"

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Chapter Two - The Smock

Anna awoke as the early morning light broke through the doorway and the planks of the walls. Walter, the old groom brought her a dish of cold sausage and bread and she gulped it down as he watched.

"Eat up, lass. Ya won't like yer meals much now. So up you get now and I'm to take 'ee to the kennels."

George the Reeve sat on an upturned tub and Anna stood in front of him. "Look me in face, girl. I'm to punish your dishonesty but also stupidity! Her Ladyship says you are to suffer but not to be much hurt or injured. So I am going to put you in with the dogs... know what I mean."

Anna shook her head but said nothing; she began to feel less worried as she liked dogs. They were friendly animals and she had no fear of them.

"Now go and change yer clothing. There's an old smock hanging behind the tac room door; put it over yer head and then come back here."

Again she stood in front of The Reeve. "Take off those sandals. I said just the smock and I meant it. Yer don't have anything underneath do you?" Betty shook her head again and smiled to herself. The heat of the day was growing and having bare feet was quite usual to her whilst the floppy loose smock allowed some air around her body.

George stood up and took her by her right arm. "Where am I to work, sir?"

"Yer'll not be working. Your to live as dog for the next days, eat and drink with 'em and shit and pis like a hound and if that don't teach 'ee, there'll be more days like it. Now pick up those pails and the bucket of water. That's for the dogs and for you. Before yer run short there's more to be placed under a hatch in the door."

Well away from the kennels and the stables stood an old shed. It had been a breeding kennel but was now used just for storage of hay and straw. At this time of year it was almost empty. George had given it a look over; it would be just perfect for this type of punishment. The little yard outside would allow dogs somewhere to empty themselves and he smiled to himself thinking of the Betty

having to use it as well.

"In yer go and make the best of it. When the hounds arrive, you're to feed 'em, but make sure to get some for y'self!" He slammed the door shut behind her and jammed a bar across it.

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### **Chapter Three - A TRAMP and ROSS**

Anna stood still whilst her eyes got used to the poor light. She looked around that old shed not much used nowadays but obviously was once a stable or kennel.

A long shelf at chin height ran along the back wall, underneath stood a heavy bench and rough table. She put the pails on it. At the back was a collapsed pile of old hay bales. Apart from that there was nothing but loose hay, dust and spiders' webs.

She sat down on the hard earth floor wondering what would happen next. After what seemed an age the door opened and four deer hounds bounded in. They'd just returned from the morning hunt and were still excited after a good chase. They charged around sniffing and licking at everything as steam rose, water dripping from their bodies and mud falling from their legs and feet. She wasn't surprised; she and her brother had often followed hunts since they were really young. But now the whole place stank of dirty dog. Perhaps she was meant to give them a wash a bit later?.

It was getting warm and stuffy and Anna's smock stuck to her back with sweat.

Soon two hounds noticed Anna for the first time and began licking at her face.

She didn't much mind despite bad breath but with their weight, Anna was pushed flat back against the hay. Still it didn't worry her until she felt something hot and wet sliding along the inside of her thigh. Struggling to move she pushed her knees together but they were parted at once and something hot and wet was pressed hard against her quoinny and a rough firm tongue slobbered over her most private parts.

She couldn't do much about that with two heavy bodies lying across her chest as their tongues slobbered over her face and neck. She couldn't close her legs as the dog's head held them apart.

Of course the hounds were stronger!

Anna was no virgin. Her first experience had been when she was just over eleven years old with breasts growing, a bit of dark hair between her legs. She was tall for age.

As she walked home from the village one autumn evening a tramp grabbed her and pulled her into some bushes. Feeling randy he saw his chance and pushed her back onto the grassy bank.

She wore no draws of course and his hands had easy access to her quoinny. His dirty nails tickled her and she found it funny when his cock flopped out of his long shirt. A finger nail scratched at her sexy parts and the peg. . She knew that her peg, as she called it, was quite long for a young girl. The children from the village were used to swimming and bathing in the the lake ever since she could remember, so people's bits were never much of a surprise..

She has lost the evidence of her virginity when she was just ten years old. She was bringing back one of the horses, Motty, for her father after a day of ploughing. With legs spread over Motty's wide back, she was surprised when he decided to canter. She bounced up and down and suddenly felt as

if something was torn or split with a really sharp painful feeling, almost as if a wasp had tried to climb inside her quinine and sting. Motty came to a stop and she slipped off his back. She felt herself and found blood on her fingers and a small l patch on Motty's back.

Later she looked through a book about breeding on farms. There was a chapter comparing humans and animals and soon she learned what a hymen was though for her it was a case of "wasn't with me anymore".

As this tramp was struggled with the ties on his shirt front, Anna grabbed hold of his cock and twisted hard. He collapsed holding his manhood as she ran away up the bank. She turned around, pulled up her dress and spread her knees to show him what he had missed and then disappeared into the trees, laughing as she ran. A little later in the barn she pulled up her skirts and looked at herself. She was damp between her legs making her think about bodily feelings.

She'd had other experiences. One afternoon about a year later her parents were away at the market, and two boys came over to the farm. Excited, they all stripped naked and ran around the barn tickling each other with straw. Soon the younger brother, Adam, was standing up and Anna tried to get him inside her. However as soon as he touched her quiney he spurted over himself and her legs.

Then, Thomas, two years was very happy to try his luck. Anna lay back with her thighs wide apart as he pushed himself inside her. It wasn't an easy fit at the start, but she felt her quinine tube stretching to allow his shaft. Little Adam had gone outside and left them to it. Simply the longer it went on the better it felt. Of course being country kids they knew how animals bred and so Thomas pulled himself out before his cream squirted.

From that day onward neither Thomas or Anna mentioned that afternoon, nor did Little Adam, even if he knew about that.

She'd attended the village school since she was six and enjoyed learning history. Quickly she began reading almost anything she could find.

But of course every afternoon was for farm duties. She took care of the three pigs feeding them before she left for school and early evenings. Though she mucked out styes and yards, smells and the dirt never worried her being used to it all since she started to walk.

The farm was quite large for those times, , needing the two large horses for ploughing and pulling carts to market. There were thirty hens and two cows which all made money and helped with her mother's cooking. Anna did all the milking and dairy work at weekends.

At her ninth birthday, she was given a puppy. Actually he was a one year old young dog, the result of one of the fox hound bitches being on heat and meeting up with a sheep dog. Anna decided to call him "Rostill", a name she had picked out of one of her school books.

Like a dogs - lap-dogs for ladies apart - Ross lived outdoors. His kennel next to the yard door where each morning he sat waiting for Anna, followed her to school, lay down waiting and ran home with her

An early winter January, she was left alone on the farm. Her parents had gone to market with thick snow on the tracks and fields. By mid-day it was much deeper and Anna realised her parents would not return that day. So she decided to take charge, feeding animals and milking the cows. Then she went indoors and built up the fire in the kitchen. After she had eaten she heard something scraping at the door. Outside she found Ross looking unhappy with a kennel full of snow.



So Anna broke the rules. Ross ran into the kitchen and she fed him some of the stew she had been eating.

Later she banked up the stove and made ready for bed. She had been wondering what to do with Ross. She couldn't put him outside again, so she left him in front of the stove.

Snuggling between the blankets, she was pleased when Ross jumped up and lay down next to her. After a few minutes he pushed his way under the blankets. The heat of his body was very welcome and she put her arms around him. Before long he had burrowed down further and his head lay on Anna's belly. She was just dropping off to sleep when she realised that he was sniffing at her quinine. She pushed his head away and turned her back towards him, but that offered Rostill better access and he pushed his nose between her buttocks. His tongue made contact at once with the lips quinine.

It was a nice warm wet feeling for her as she began to fall asleep. She thought she must be dreaming and did nothing to stop what felt so cosy and nice.

But after a few minutes she rolled onto her back and woke up. Ross was now licking at her front making her feelings so strange and strong. She knew she ought to stop Ross but the sensations just made her want him to carry on and she spread her legs wider. She pushed her feet together opened her knees leaving her more open to Ross's tongue. After all she told herself it was seriously cold and she - and Rostill - were totally alone. No one would ever know.

He moved round and his nose rubbed against her peg. It got firm as he pushed his tongue just inside. Anna relaxed feeling happy to let the dog do whatever he wanted.. The thrills were now so strong that she could not stop her body reacting and for the first time in her life, an orgasm burst inside her. It frightened Anna wondering just what had happened

When dawn broke through the window, Rostill was curled up asleep next to her. She wondered if it had really happened, but her nightshirt was pushed up and when she felt her sex it was still sticky and slimy from the dog's tongue.

Anna had no chance of washing; just about every bit of water was solid, but she did find enough for the animals. Later she boiled water for breakfast but couldn't make herself strip for washing. Anyway, she thought, that tongue had probably cleaned her up even if her hair was sticking to her belly mound.

By mid morning she had finished all the feeding and dairy work. She went into the barn to tidy up the hay. and Rostill followed her. Betty looked down at him and wondered if it had really been a dream. She sat on a bale and looked at Rostill who was looking at her with his head on one side. After a minute she suddenly pulled up her skirt and opened her legs, just a bit, to see what would happen, if anything might happen.

Rostill immediately put his head between her thighs. Anna was amazed, excited and nervous. So it was no dream. The tongue again slid over her quinine. She lay back and opened her legs wider so that Rostill could get to her. He didn't hesitate; having had the experience last night, he knew exactly what he wanted and attacked her with energy. His nose rubbed hard on her peg which reacted and became hard. His tongue was inside her and she felt the rough surface as it rubbed up and down, round and round inside her. This time Betty was fully awake and when the orgasm arrived she had time to feel it building before she exploded with it.

She lay back panting and gasping. Rostill climbed up and put his feet on her chest. She could feel something else rubbing over her sex just as she heard horses. Her parents were back!

Anna jumped up, pushed the dog away and went outside to greet her parents and find out what they had brought back from market.

She had no more opportunities to try out Ross's tongue until the early spring but she often wondered if, just as her parents came back, he was trying to push inside her. She thought about it over the summer months and late in the autumn she watched with more interest as they brought in a bull for the cows.

Next day the billy goat was busy with the nannies. It was a very smelly operation but necessary and she watched as he entered and saw the reaction of the nannies.

The same happened with the rams and the sheep and then her father found a bitch hiding underneath one of the straw stacks. He brought her out and fed her but next morning Anna watched Rostill frigging the bitch which seemed to enjoy it very much.

"If she does, would I?" Betty asked herself remembering that cold night in the winter.

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Chapter Four - Locked Away

It was really hot and stuffy. The sun, outside, was fierce shining through the cracks and gaps in the shed walls while dust created a faint haze. Insects buzzed and settled on Anna's arms and face just as with the dogs; she flicked away until they landed again.

She pushed the dogs away from her face and the head between her knees. Her throat was dry. She thought if she was very thirsty, so were hounds. She poured water into a bowl and it was lapped up. There was no cup or anything for her so she poured more into another bowl and drank deeply.

Well, they said that she must live as a dog for several days.

Three dogs had gone outside and Anna crawled though the hatch into the yard. She could see where they had pissed and so she pulled up her smock and piddled in the same place. Now there was nasty smell; so she crawled back inside.

With nothing to wipe her privates she was dripping and some ran down the inside of her right legs a bit but one of the hounds licked her leg and then his tongue went all the way up. Betty spread her legs a little open and the nose and tongue cleaned her up.... and up.... and up... and Anna closed her eyes recalling Rostill's tongue.

She sat down on the hay and laid back. Now her knees were much further apart and so it was easy for this first hound to get his nose up against her quiney. He snuffled and she felt the teeth rubbing against her peg which was already getting harder.

One of the other hounds joined in and that pushed her thighs even further apart. She felt the warm hairy bodies rubbing against her thighs as both tongues attacked her. She was really wet; it was the slob from the dogs' mouths joined in with her own juices.

"No one can see; they left me all alone to live as a dog!" she thought. "Them dogs won't say a thing so I will enjoy it if I want to." And she closed her eyes, licked her lips, laid back on the hay pile sighing as a tongue found its way into her snatch and pushed it open as it went in further. After a while Anna sort of fell asleep moaning quietly at what the dirty hounds were doing to her.

A bang on the door woke her..

"Open up! Early mornIn' and I got more water and grub for you dogs... ha, ha, ha!" Anna pulled down the hem of the smock and pushed at the door,

"Here ... hurry up., We's out hoeing taters. So this is the lot till t'morrer!" Old Walter gave her two pails of fresh meat. "You look pretty mucky and scruffy, but dogs only get a bath now and then. You fit in nicely, then!"

The day got even hotter and Anna looked through one of the cracks in the shed's wall. She could hear and see no one. They'd forgotten about her and no one could get in or out unless she undid the latch on the door and Walter or someone turned up unlocking outside.

She stood and rubbed her dirty hands through her hair. Her sweat was trickling down her back and between the cheeks of her butt; her armpits felt wet with it and it ran down between her taters. She pulled up the smock, dragged it over her head and she felt really naked and a little cooler.

Four of the hounds were outside sunning themselves; the others lay on their bellies watching her. Anna sat on the dusty earth floor and tickled them behind their ears.

She wondered if they'd have a go at her with the tongues again and remembered how it had felt yesterday. Happy to be so alone for now she felt safe and hoped.... She did have long to wait. First one hound slithered along o its belly and pushed its nose between her thighs. As it pushed her thighs apart, Anna lay back with her hands behind her head. She was naked - she felt naked - and was sure that the hounds knew she was excited. A second hound stood up; It came over to her and licked her face. Then it sniffed her left armpit and licked at it before finding her buns. First it licked her sweat and then at her peg again swelled and firm.

The others sensed what was happening and came in from the yard. Suddenly she was surrounded by hounds whose tongues seemed to find anything of interest on every part of her body. She gave up and lay flat on her back on in the dust. She spread her arms and her legs wide. She closed her eyes.

She licked her lips, gasping, moaing at the tongues all over her. She gave herself over to the hounds. They licked her ears and her face, between her toes, in her belly button, over her buns, around her neck, on her legs, her arms, under her armpits.

After a while a nose got underneath and turned her over so it could lick her booty, as two tongues fought against each other to get inside quinnery.. She was pushed about by dog heads and wriggled about in response to the licking and the dirt from the floor stuck to her slobbery sweaty skin. Face down and she stretched her body with her arms over her head. She was rolled over so that she was face down in the dirt but again her thighs were apart and those tongues still energetically pushed into her quinnery and booty.

And then things changed for her. One of the hounds climbed onto her back, She was so involved with the deep feelings created by all that licking that she didn't immediately understand what was about to happen. But the hound knew what it wanted to do and was going to do it.

Its front legs clamped around Anna's waist, wriggling about for a short time on her spine and then Anna felt something hot and wet rubbing over her belly and the her booty.

Yet still she wasn't fully awake to what the hound was doing when the pointed end of its shaft pushed between the leaves of her quinnery. Her clit was already swollen and firm whilst her posty tube was wet and relaxed, wet and open. The dog's point went inside so easily. The hound held still as if making sure everything was just right. Slowly it dropped its hips and shoved forward sliding

further inside easily.

It felt big. It felt hot... oh so hot. Her inside stretched just enough to make its penis safe and welcome as it buried deep inside her, and then it grew and expanded making a tighter fit in that young woman.

"Oh, heavens! At last I'll find how it feels to be a bitch. Why, oh why did I never let my Rostill..."

It was something she had never quite felt before. Though she'd imagined doing "it" with Rostill an opportunity had never come.

Anna's body, pressed down in the hay, was held still by this was a big hound. Recovered from the hard chase of the day before and this morning, now had the wish, desire and energy. At first it pushed in and out slowly, carefully. Then it stopped, growled and started shagging deeply but slowly with serious energy. Anna's body rocked back and forward on that bale of hay as the hound pulled her hips upwards pushing her face and buns downwards.

Anna soaked in sweat. It was a fully hot day with sun baking the shed's boards. The air was stuffy smelling of her sweat and un-washed dogs. Her mind and her body totally focused on what the hound was doing to her. The cock pistoned back and forth at an increasing speed seeming to go deeper and deeper and she felt the point opening something further inside her.

The hound's hairy skinny envelope was rolled far back and rubbed her leaves and against her peg. Her head was swimming. She had forgotten where she was. It was just and totally the feelings growing inside her barrel. She felt stretched. It was stretched but she was so excited wanting it to extend further making feelings even stronger as she pushed her hips back against this animal and her quentye opened even more

The hound was grunting and panting with hot smelly breath around her neck with efforts while Anna also panted and moaned as the shaft went as far inside as it could. It stopped and panted but kept still. Her quinye felt stretched and full with the penis. But still she wanted more.

She didn't have to wait. Suddenly it moved its hips and started humping hard and fast just as if it wanted to drive deeper than sex allowed.

And then suddenly her very first explosion arrived... and she screamed, but the hound just ignored; it just pounded on her as urgently as ever. Her muscles stretched and contracted under her spasms as she shuddered with sensuality in her whole body.

Suddenly the hound gripped harder around her waist, dragging backwards with her face and breasts slamming onto the dirty dust floor. The weight of its body still was in control of her. . Suddenly she felt it giving her backside and hips a strong upward lift making it easier to drive deep as it could. She could hardly breathe or gasp or groan as the hound then responded by bashing her petals even harder.

Her whole body now felt full of animal sex inside and tried to spread her legs and knees wider so the hound could rub hard its hips and sleeve against her skin. It kept trying to go further inside her and rubbed the rolled sleeve and the hairy skin inside its hips against her petals.

Her explosions came quick and hard. After the third orgasm she was panting with eyes closed; suddenly the hound slowed down and rubbed against the petals. There was something which felt hard and like a small turnip against her. The hound pushed again and her quinye opened further. The turnip thing slid slowly inside her. It hurt. It had ripped her quinye and petals. She tried to

get away but as she moved the hound and its turnip came with her. They were locked together and she wondered if she would be tied with this hound forever.

She stayed still... the hound stood still, panting. It released her hips and placed its paws on her back for several minutes. The feelings inside were different now with the shaft massaging her tube carefully. Then it shot cream into her... and again... and again... and yet again. It felt as if she was being filled up with hot milk or melted butter. At first it was sloshing around and, as more spurted, her belly extended. Betty was wondering how much more her insides could take when the dog turned around. For some time its arse was pushed against hers before the turnip relaxed, became smaller and slipped out of her.

The hound walked away ignoring Betty, lay down and licked its shaft.

She'd collapsed flat on the floor hoping, trying to get back a bit of energy and her breath. Even then two other hounds were taking interest and again a tongue was cleaning up wetness between her legs. She was exhausted and amazed how much she had enjoyed this filthy experience. Anna just did not care. She laid back in the dust and bits of hay sticking to her dirty dusty body and with her hair smeared over her face. She pushed a dog's face away from her groin and rubbed her sex. She smelled her fingers. They stank, but, well, not really so bad. It was a funny feral smell with the dog's fluids and her own soaking wetness. She giggled, thinking it was just a real sex stench. By now clearly any dog, maybe any animal would like it... and wanted to have sex with her, even though she was sopping with messy stuff running out and pooling around her backside.

Still draining out of her and another hound licked her. She reached out to a bale of straw and pulled herself up. She struggled over to the pail of water and drank deeply. That reminded her that she just had to piss, so she crawled into the yard and her piss and the hound's cream ran out and made a small pool between her dirty feet.

Back inside she sat down on the hay trying to get back some energy. Opening her eyes she saw three hounds close to her, starring at her. They stood very still with their heads down but their eyes were on Anna.

She knew what they wanted. Thinking for a minute she decided that she was now so weak there was very little she could do to stop them. And then she thought, "Well if they are sure and if I don't mind, let's get on with it." Her quinney was very relaxed still open and very damp... still. She had no injuries and was quite certain that whatever happened only she... and the hounds... would ever know.

There was dust stuck to the buttons on her buns and between her legs. That was more than enough. She thought for a minute and remembered Rostill with his bitch having her quinney and hips upwards almost as if she was making certain that Rostill would get deep as he could. But these hounds are bigger weighing a lot more. Could she take more now

She looked around but all she could see was stacks of bales of straw and hay.

Then she heard someone walking near to the doors. A hand knocked. "Open up, maid. There's food and water pails for you and your friends!" Anna heard two voices sniggering. "Come on, get moving you Betty!"

She wiped her face with stale warm water and put the long shirt over her head before removing the timber bar and pushing the door open.

"Yer's in a right muck, ain't yer?"

"I'll leave it all 'ere and youse take in, them," and they both walked away, laughing.

There was a new pie for her a loaf and, for her hairy friends, buckets of meat. Luckily there were four big pails of water.

The dogs eat meat as if they'd never been fed for weeks; Anna started on her pie and poured water down her throat. Looking around she saw a board high up, just right to store the rest of her food.

All hounds, being full of meat, lost interest in her, crawled outside, pissed and fell asleep.

Anna also was full of the pie and bread. Through the wall she saw the sun had gone down and decided to sleep as well.. Behind the hay was an old table and three timber boxes. There was a pile of potato sacks. She shook them out, lay down on her rough bed and fell asleep

Anna was woken up by thunder, lightning and heavy rain thundering on the shed roof. She stretched her dirty body and looked around for her hounds which looked worried and frightened at the storm.. Suddenly Anna knew she had the chance to get clean. She crawled out. Rain splashed on the yard in this early warm morning. She picked up lumps of muddy earth and smeared it over her breasts, belly and legs, knowing it would clean her skin. Then she smeared her backside and her groin and her face and her hair and the filth just drained down her naked skin leaving a bright white body except where the sun had burn her. She crawled back inside.

The hounds stood up, stretching and looking at Anna as if they didn't know this girl or was she a new bitch for them? She fed them more meat and rubbed their heads.

A sudden hard knock at the door. So she pulled the smock over her body as another kick on the door. "Pails of water 'ere now. Be back late arter-noon then, with grub for all you!" And she heard feet running away.

Guessing no one else was around after yesterday's field work, she removed the smock, folded it and went outside, followed by the hounds. Full of food, they laid down falling asleep. By mid morning all were walking around and again, suddenly, they shoved noses between her thighs. It didn't take long before she was turned on and the hounds knew. Her crotch told them of course!

She gave up being already excited and crawled inside, pulled up a bale of hay, a nice firm bale so that she was able to lay her body flat. The hay scratched and tickled her breasts and belly but her hips were just supported when two noses again decided to push between her leaves and into her tube.

At once she got so excited and ready and now couldn't wait to see which one would shove into her soon, oh so soon!

Her juices run so much that they dripped down the inside of her thighs and the hounds lapped energetically.

Face down with her butt and legs spread over one side whilst her arms and face were free over the other end as comfortable as she had hoped.

She turned her head around to see what was happening. Two hounds were sitting watching with

their tongues hanging out. The third had its face on her quinnery. She turned away thinking, "I'll just let him get on with it when he wants to. She pushed her thighs so far apart waiting.

This second hound must have watched what the first had done yesterday and growled pushing aside the others and climbed on her back quickly, urgently.. It seemed to understand where the shaft would go. The nose also told him that this funny looking bitch was ready and it put front paws on her back, then pushed hips forward slipping easily into her body. She let out a deep gasp as it went deep, seeming even hotter this time and swelled and expanded quickly. Anna felt full and stretched.

The hound stayed still as it grew and then collapsed onto her back with its legs and paws each side of the bale. Its weight pushed her body down into the bale

Movements began, slower and seriously as if to be certain that each thrust would go as deep inside as it could. Yet after a short time it became confident of his efforts and began to pound against her swollen petals and her peg. Anna pushed back and forwards on the hay, making every bit easier. Soon she was sweating - less this time - panting, groaning and gasping as her senses contracted into her sex and thighs. She exploded fast and hard while the hound kept thrusting ignoring the sounds its bitch was making.

Four times she came and each one seemed to last longer than before. Suddenly it stooped and Anna felt the turnip pushing up between her petals. And it did go... much easier. It seemed a bit smaller but she knew she was extended this time with it further in.

It was ages before the turnip relaxed and was pulled out of her quinnery. Its hips were hard against her petals, crushing her peg. With that turnip stretching her, the shaft felt loose but hard, shrinking and swelling as it pumped and spurted into her sex and belly. Again slimy cream ran down her legs but just couldn't move.

That suited the other two hounds who had been watching quietly with much interest and hope. The smaller one jumped onto Anna before she had a chance to get away. It poked around for a minute or so but that shaft was firm and ready and it quickly slid into her so easily getting hot as it swelled. That hound started urgent thrusting at her. She exploded so soon and then again after a few minutes. The whole thing was fast, urgent and in some ways almost selfish. She thought this dog would drive himself into anything that looked useful and, after all her quinnery was there and ready.

It came to a sudden stop quite soon when the turnip pushed in between her petals now easily. The hound tried to turn round but couldn't get one of the right leg over Anna's back. It just stood there panting and half turned round squelching hot cream into her as the shaft throbbed. That was another new experience for her; the throbbing was stronger just as were his spurts.

The turnip came out just like all the others. The hound walked away and ignored her laying down and licking its shaft.

Anna struggled out of the pressed hay hole, standing up quickly before another hound could get to her. She crawled outside and pissed with more cream making another puddle. The first lot, she noticed, had dried up in the sunlight. She stood up looking down at her mucky body with cream drying on her belly and legs and bits of hay and dust over her buns and other parts. She felt her hair and again her hand came away with dust and hay. She shook her head and brushed away what little she could before crawling back inside, lest anyone should see her.

She found the water but by now it was warm. She managed to swallow quite a lot before sitting down on the floor. She fell asleep for some time and when she awoke the heat had dropped and the sun showed it was mid afternoon.

Someone was banging on the door and she heard Walter call out, "I got some more water and meat. Open up!" Anna found the smock, pulled it over her head, opened the door and picked up the pails.

"Phew! Yer looks a right mess, young Bet. Been very hot for thee in there I should think. I'll make sure to tell Mr George that you is being a hound, ha, ha!"

"My misses has put a pie and a bottle of ale for thee in bottom of that second pail. Keep quiet or I'll get in the neck. So best yer eat up nice and fast then! Nighty night." And he slammed the door shut.

So the girl and her hound lovers had a real feast that evening.

But even then it wasn't over for her.

After she finished the ale she sat on the hay and lay back against the wall and closed her eyes. There were crumbs from the pie sticking to her smock and one of the hounds came over to nibble at them. It laid his head in her lap and looked into Anna's eyes. She patted the head and it growled and grumbled very softly.

She looked at its face thinking that this must be the oldest hound and the first one which had tried to breed with her.

Betty lay on her side on the hay and listened to the snoring. This old hound lay down on the floor beside her. When she rolled over on to her back he sat up. He put his paws on the hay next to her and licked her face.

"Oh go away yer big lump!"

Just before the sun went down she crawled outside and peed for ages, so it seemed. Then she looked down at her naked body. Her nipples were sticking up hard and brown. Between her breasts, her buns, the skin was red as was her stomach. Between her legs her peg was swollen sticking out but softer now. Her petals looked red and swollen. She touched them and found them firm and very sensitive; she splashed more water over them just as the cream again began to trickle out of her. She put a hand over her crotch and struggled over to a dark corner. She straddled over a pile of old stale straw and as she took her hand away it began to run out over her in a stream. She crushed her belly in and out as cream came out in lumps and clods and splashing onto the straw. Eventually it began to slow but then dripped down her thighs and she scrubbed it away with hay.

It was getting cooler as the night arrived and she looked in the bucket of meat, meant for the dogs. Again there was the package for her. Another pie, apple this time, but it was crushed and broken. So she picked up a bit of red raw beef and began to chew at that. This attracted the hounds and she threw bits of meat around; they picked them up and seemed content

After the food, Anna felt happy and relaxed in the warm summer evening. She guessed there would be no one around and crawled through the hatch. She emptied herself in a corner of the yard just as the hounds did and stood up stretching in the bright moonlight. The dirt and dust, bits of hay and dog hair stuck to her skin. The sticky creamy stuff had dried on her thighs and around her crotch and although she was used to the general smells of humans and animals, her nose wrinkled at the stale fishy scents that rose from her crotch and her belly.

She was so tired and water in the pails was getting low. So she slid the smock over her head and fell deep asleep at once on her bed.

The early morning light and Betty awoke. For a minute she wondered where she was but the memories of those hounds came back so quickly.

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## **Chapter Five - Change of Staff**

It was quiet and still and she wondered where the hounds were.

Someone was banging on the door. Anna dragged the door open. There was clean cool water, new bread and loads of meat.

Old Walter gave her a dish with blackberries and apples. "The misses sent these for yer. You've been in her two days m'dear and already don't smell too sweet.... bit of a mess as well. Is yer all right?"

"Oh yes Mr Walter. I'm tired just now and it's blooming hot in this hut... I get very thirsty most hours."

She scratched her head and rubbed her dirty sticky hair. "Where are those hounds then?"

"They're out hunting and I'm told will not get back here now. But the fox hounds... ten they say... will be with yer soon. Whilst they are all way I'll bring over a large pail of water and yer can wash your hair, legs as well perhaps"

Walter left the door open but Betty just sat on the ground. No reason to try to get away. They'd find her and do something else to punish. She grinned and remembered how the hounds had introduced her to pain with serious enjoyable feelings.

"Wonder if those fox hounds are also like that?" Anna wondered to herself

The pail arrived and she stuck her head into that deep clean cool water and scrubbed her face and rubbed a cloth over her face. Walter had left to fetch more food and water for her and the fox hounds. Betty pulled up the smock. She turned towards the sun and looked at her belly, her legs, her petals and her hairy hump. Dirt was smeared everywhere but her shin was dry. The fishy smell had gone but stale sweaty scent rose as she lifted her arms. There were red patches and her peg and petals though swollen were not really sore,

She stood in the pail and washed her feet as Walter came back with a barrow. It had fresh meat all chopped up. But this time he gave her three pasties.

"These is for yer. Look after 'em as there won't be more for a while. I'm away at the other farms for a week or so, but young Billy will bring food and water for you and the foxy dogs. So best yer get back inside now," and he pushed her inside and slammed the door shut.

The first pasty was fresh and warm from the estate's bakery. Stuffed full of apples and plums, the pastry was thick and flaky. It disappeared quickly and Betty washed it down with the new water.

She crawled out into yard and pissed in the same smelly place before finding an almost clean corner where she sat down in the warm sunlight. She was soon asleep.

When she awoke the sun had moved past noon making it a bit cooler. Yet her mouth was dry so she crawled back inside and drank again.

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The fox hounds arrived. This time someone put them into the yard and suddenly all eight raced through the hatchway sniffing and barking. Three came up to Betty and sniffed at her but really they were looking for their evening meal so she threw lump of meat around and all she could hear was meat being chewed and gulped down.

They seemed tired. Anna knew that they had been out for exercise running with the horses.

Most went out to the yard and lay down; but three stayed inside and fell asleep in front of her. She climbed up onto her bed and fell asleep at once

Early dawn and Anna feed them once again They had recovered from yesterday's exercise running for miles and now were sniffing around the yard and the shed. Four found the corner where Betty had drained the creamy out of herself. The dogs were scratching a sniffing for ages until one came over to Anna sniffing at her legs. She knew that she would still smell strongly from all her times with the deerhounds and two others joined in.

She knew what would soon happen and began to wondered how these smaller hounds might be different in some ways.

She was very nervous, after all ten of them were male fox hounds smelling strongly. It was a mix of raw meat, mud and sweat of sorts. As the morning warmed up the shed became stuffy.

Anna bent over and patted two heads. Both rolled over wanting her to scratch their bellies.

And then it stated again.

Bent over, it was simple for one to jump onto her back and push her over. It didn't try to mount her but its lips was fast between her thighs, pushing her petals apart. as the tongue sloped over her hairy hump. Her body reacted suddenly as the tongue pushed up inside. She was still swollen from yesterday but her sex relaxed and received the dog easily. Again her peg was getting hard and she could feel it much more than yesterday.

Pulling smock over her shoulders she was naked and exposed to all ten foxhounds. Within minutes her petals were soaked with her own juices and dog slobber. She was moaning as her own feeling grew and the pushed her arse upwards and spread her legs so that her petals were open and ready.

She was so excited that neither the dusty or and the prickly hay rubbing over her buns and her face nor the strong smell of the dogs worried her at all and she pushed back as the first hound climbed onto her back. It struggled as its slimy cock smacked around her arse and thighs but she reached back and guided the tip between her petals.

"Just get on with it, " she moaned to herself. And it did as she felt this thing pushing inside her. It felt hot. It felt fat as the foxhound started slamming inside her fast and urgently. Already it felt as if it was trying to bury itself as deep as it could into her body whilst she moaned and groaned.

*The End*