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After leaving the Suffolk village as I did rather hurriedly, I was totally unaware of the goings on there afterwards. Sue left Norman to go to live in London with James... and Norman set about trying to trace where I had disappeared to. As I was not in hiding in any way it didn't take him long to locate me and I had in fact not gone that far... only to Southwold. I managed to get a position as a typist and sort of unofficial PA to a solicitor's office....a father and son business, just the two of them, but it kept me busy. Imagine my total surprise when Norman appeared one day as I was working in the front office, to say the least I was lost for words.

"Hey you, how you doi'n girl?" he asked in his gruff Suffolk accent.

The surprise was evident on my face but he was probably totally unaware of the sheer horror that filled me.

"Oh, it's you," I managed to say with my throat dry and voice cracking.

He looked me up and down as he usually did, eyes lingering on my breasts and legs... he mentally undressed all the women he met, 'damn him' I thought.

"Meet me for lunch, eh?" he said in a way that made it sound more like a request than an invitation. I opened my mouth to reply but just then Graham senior came out of his office, Looked at Norman, then at me, probably assuming Norman was a client, but then realising that he was not and that he was intruding on something private...all I wanted then was to get rid of Norman.

"Perhaps when you are ready Miss Greer, some letters to write," Graham said charmingly.

I nodded and then turned to Norman.

"I'm off at 12.30 and I'll meet you in the Crown, ok?"

To my relief he smiled and left after agreeing to meet me. I found it hard to concentrate on taking notes with Graham senior, my mind going back to that afternoon earlier in the year when I had succumbed to Norman's insistence to perform with him and Blackie. That same sort of overbearing personality showed itself today and I seemed unable to cope with it. It wasn't out of weakness or lack of character on my part, but something that was much deeper in my psyche.

At length lunchtime came, It was but a short walk up the high street to the Crown. Norman was already there, sitting at a corner table facing the door so as not to miss me. After the usual pleasantries of sitting me down, getting me a drink and ordering some sandwiches, we sat opposite each other. He hadn't changed, the same florid face and rough hands, but he had made an effort to smarten himself up a bit. Between gulps of his beer he told me what had transpired after I left and he was pretty matter of fact about it, it seemed that he was now living in that large house on his own... then there was a awkward silence as I looked down at my drink and he played with a beer mat.

"I can't get you out of my bloody head," he suddenly said loudly... I was aware of people turning round to look at us. I shifted in my seat as he leaned forward at me..."You know what I mean," he said at normal volume.

His eyes were fixed on mine and I had to look away over his shoulder, he was facing me with memories and feelings that I did not understand, it's as if he understood them more than I did.

"You fucking loved it didn't you?" he said as if it were an accusation rather than a statement of fact or a question, he then leaned back in his chair almost with a look of satisfaction on his face, then leaned forward to make another point. "'cos I know I did!" he almost yelled again, more people turned to look at us. I now felt I needed to say something, anything.... as I could tell he was getting worked up.

"Look Norman," I said quietly, trying to keep my voice level, "It happened... ok? I rather wish it had not but..." I didn't get to finish the sentence.

"Liar," he said quietly, looking now about the room to make sure no one could hear, "Who do you think you are kidding, eh? Why aren't you honest girl? Don't tell me you haven't thought about it since and fucked yourself over it."

"You are rude Norman," I said trying to fend him off but he was absolutely right and I was never a good liar. "So what do you want then?" I asked.

"What do you think I want?" he asked incredulously. "Girls like you are few and far between. Look, let's meet and just see what happens, I promise it won't be like last time... I won't push you, ok?"

I looked at him now and he seemed sincere, but he was the sort of man that could get carried away, could he contain himself? What was I doing thinking this way? It was then that I realised the temptation he put before me was appealing, he was right, he had made me come to terms with it.

"Where?" I asked looking into my glass again.

There was a pause as he realised what I had agreed to, "Where ever you feel most comfortable," he replied.

"My place then... Friday evening about 9 pm... I live just..."

"I know where you live," he said.

I looked at my watch, my lunch time was over and I got up. We left together without saying much and parted with few words. I am not sure who was more surprised by the outcome of events, he or I. All that afternoon I thought about Blackie and Norman and sometimes got lost in a freaky world of heightened sexuality and fear, and perhaps those two are the essential ingredients for me.

Friday seemed to come around quickly and the day flew past, it always being busy at the end of the week. When I arrived home there was a message on my answering machine to remind me of the meeting, as if I would have forgotten I thought and laughed to myself. I ate early and decided to have a bath and try to relax, also a few gin and tonics... more than I should have had too. I lay in the bath thinking and drinking for probably an hour, and by the time I emerged I was very relaxed...I looked in the mirror at myself and then decided to dress sexy... why not? Not for Norman or the dog, but for me.

I wanted and needed to feel good. Black suited me well, and black underwear with black stockings seemed to fit the bill topped by a slinky black number and black patent heels. And so I relaxed with some soft jazz until the door bell rang at exactly 9 pm. I bet he's been waiting outside in the car I thought to myself.

I stepped aside as they entered, Blackie looking about at this strange new environment, as did Norman, I led them through to the lounge, which was a large open room with plenty of floor space. Blackie trotted about as Norman sat, looking at me in his usual way as I asked him for a drink and

then we sat together on the large sofa.

"God, you look good," he said quietly.

"Thank you," I replied. "I feel good too."

"Here boy!" he called to Blackie, the dog came over obediently and sat before Norman, who stroked his face.

"He's had a bath... didn't enjoy it... but needed it... covered in cow shit again."

I thought that information to be quite off-putting really but it was Norman's way, he was no diplomat. He roughly pulled the dog over so he was in front of me...and I gave him a pat, he licked my hand, perhaps he remembered me. Then I smiled at such a stupid notion. Norman ran the palm of his hand along my stockinged thigh, the rough skin dragging on the fine deniere, he turned up my dress in the front so that my stocking tops, thighs and pantie covered pubes showed.

"I've dreamed of this," he said not looking at me.

"I need to say something Norman," I said in a level voice, the alcohol giving me the courage to confront him, I casually pulled my dress down again.

"C'mon girl, let's hear it then."

"Well it's like this. I want to experience the dog on my own...I'm happy for you to stay, and help if necessary, but I don't want it like last time...ok?"

He sat looking into his drink for a while and I thought that he might throw a wobbly.

"What about me then?" he asked looking and sounding almost hurt. "I want to fuck you too."

"You really know how to woo a girl don't you Norman," I said sarcastically.

He looked at me with fury in his eyes... a frightening look.

"Well," he said, looking into his glass again. "I see it this way girl, you want the dog, I know that... I'm the price you pay for that pleasure."

My heart sank, this was not going the way I had planned, but I was stupid to think that Norman had any finer feelings because he didn't. He looked at me and saw the reticence in my face and knew that he had won.

"C'mon girl, don't be miserable," he said moving nearer and putting his hand on my thigh, squeezing it none too gently. I leaned back to put my glass down and his hand slid unceremoniously under my dress and felt up my thigh, reaching the bareness past the stocking top. I leaned back, watching like a spectator as he renewed his memory of me. I lifted my hips as he drew down my panties, exposing my dark mass of curly pubes. My heels raised my knees from the edge of the seat so it was easy to just open them for him and Blackie, who now showed some interest in the procedure. Norman gently slipped a finger into me and then withdrew it, offering it to the sensitive nose, it was sniffed gently, then licked.

"Move yourself to the edge of the seat girl," he said quietly.

I did so, my buttocks right on the edge, my pubes overhanging. Norman parted me and Blackie's

nose followed the scent... I bit my lower lip as I felt his tongue going to work. I had forgotten how good this felt. I lay back with the dogs head between my open thighs as Norman fondled and removed both my breasts from their cups, pulling and sucking at the nipples which responded as they always did. I felt almost like a woman being seen to by two men.

I couldn't see Blackie of course but I could feel him getting more and more enthralled with reaching my marrow, perhaps he saw it as a bone... he certainly treated my entrance as one. I was moaning now as Blackie started to bring me to a heightened state of arousal, at which stage Norman decided to expose himself and drag me over so that I was sitting on him, facing Blackie. Blackie was not to be denied and as Norman slid into me, Blackie proceeded to lick my front and I guess Normans balls too.

The more he lifted me up and down the more juices were there for Blackie to lick and with the stimulation of Blackie's tongue on my clit and Norman's bone in me, I started to reach an orgasm quickly. I could see Blackie's mounting excitement too, he was darting about, with his tongue fixed to me, I caught a glimpse of his huge erection every now and then, then I was being pushed forward, with Norman still in me.

I knew what he now wanted so I dropped to my knees, as soon as Blackie saw me on my knees he mounted, not at the rear because Norman was still there grunting and pulling at my hips, but he mounted at the front and side, like he was desperate to hump at something, his huge hanging affair was pushed into my face a couple of times and I felt a couple of squirts from his cock on my face.

Suddenly it was there under my nose and I managed to grasp it with one hand, only just able to support my weight with the other... he stopped as if frozen at this, my hand cupping his huge knot... and to my own surprise I started to kiss and lick it, and gradually I took it in and sucked it, a strange steely taste engulfed my mouth, not unpleasant but he soon started to fill it with short squirts, I let it dribble out.

I was with this new interest unaware of Norman's withdrawal until his head appeared next to mine, his eyes wide looking at me fellating his dog with enthusiasm. Blackie saw his opportunity then and he pulled away, making for my rear, he licked at me, I guess at what Norman had left there for him and I like a proper bitch dipped my back and exposed all I had, he nuzzled into my sex at first licking deliciously.

Then he mounted me, already jabbing at the target two, three maybe four times before he found it... then he was in with a huge thrust... I wanted it all as I rested my head on my folded arms waiting for the huge know to be forced in... it didn't take much... two thrusts and it started to slide through the opening... I cried out as it stretched... then it was inside...

Blackie rested on top of me and the pleasure began, a swelling followed by a spasm over and over... orgasm followed orgasm, it was totally overwhelming... all consuming... like nothing I ever felt before.

I just moaned and moaned with it. Norman tried to make me suck him while this happened but I didn't want it, he looked cheated, for at least twenty minutes I moaned and felt as if I was in heaven.

When at last Blackie had finished with me... his affair came out with a huge plop, followed by a stream of semen... then I felt Norman there helping himself to what was left... his efforts could have gone unnoticed after Blackie's but it satisfied him and he pulled out and sprayed over me. Now I had fully experienced the wonder of sex with a dog. I determined that it would be without the help of another man next time... but then many plans go wrong or fail for various reasons which I will go

into later.

The End