

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I used to enter contests with a 1,000-word limit. The theme was how your name came about and this was my FICTIONAL explanation. I would like to state for the record that this is NOT how my screen name came about, the real story is much more boring.

“She has agreed to meet,” Shelly panted excitedly down the telephone, “Which means this interview will finally take place.”

At the other end of the phone David Johnson laughed to himself, Shelly Roberts was his best investigative reporter and if anyone could get the Lady of the Shadows to agree to an interview it was her. Shelly was like a dog with a bone when it came to getting close to her chosen subject and she had been trying to get some sit-down time with this mystery woman for a couple of years.

“The only thing I would say is ‘Woman of the Shadows’ is a bit of a mouthful, can you come up with a catchier name for your story? And for heaven’s sake be careful.”

“You worry too much David darling,” Shelly laughed into the speakerphone as she dressed with care. She had finally got a tip that this woman of the shadows was in town, seeing prospective clients for the holiday island she owned.

Making sure her concealed recording devices were secure Shelly picked up her bag containing her notepad & pencil as well as the recording device that she was sure would be confiscated once she revealed she was a reporter. She hoped that the woman who answered to the name of Julie would still agree to the interview. Shelly flicked her long blonde hair over her shoulder and smoothed an imaginary wrinkle from her figure-hugging dress that accentuated her small pert breasts and her tight ass that took regular workouts to keep so tight. Checking the watch was firmly clasped on her wrist she twisted the tiny knob that activated the inbuilt GPS tracker. It drained the battery much faster, but was still good for at least a month and meant that her editor knew where she was at all times.

At 29 Shelly was used to taking a few risks and this was one of them, she hadn’t quite told her editor the truth when she said the woman had agreed to an interview. What she had actually agreed to was a business meeting that Shelly had promised would be worth her while. This interview would propel her to international stardom as the woman in the shadows was famous throughout the world. Allegedly she was behind a variety of places that were notorious for catering to extreme tastes. Shelly couldn’t quite bring herself to say the words, “dog fucking” even in her head and the thought filled her with fear as she was terrified of dogs.

Whistling to herself Shelly walked outside her apartment and to her joy, there was a taxi that had pulled up outside and was dropping off a fare. Jumping inside Shelly leant back against the leather seat and said “Hotel du Pont, Main Street,” before closing her eyes to rehearse her opening lines to try to convince this Julie to agree to the interview.

Shelly woke a few hours later and knew she was no longer in the back of a taxi but was now naked sitting on a hard chair. Shelly squeaked as she realised her hands were fastened to the arms of the chair and even worse her ankles were fastened to the leg of each chair leaving her pussy exposed. Glancing at her wrist she was relieved to see her watch was still there so at least her editor would know where to send the police as this certainly didn’t look like a 5-star hotel.

A soft throaty chuckle came from the shadows opposite and Shelly could just make out the figure of the woman who was laughing. “If you were wondering about your clever little GPS tracker, it has already been removed and placed in a hotel room along with all the other gadgets you bought to our

meeting... along with your clothes, which you won't be needing for a while."

"People often ask what it is that I give and I always tell them that I make their deepest darkest dreams come true, no matter how sordid."

Suddenly a screen on the other side of the room flickered into life, "Once I knew you were looking for me, I started to do some research of my own and my research is very thorough."

The screen showed a video of Shelly at her computer and on the screen was a clear image of a woman being fucked by a large black dog, as the speakers filled the room with the sound of the woman orgasming on the dog's cock.

"Research," blurted out Shelly then bit her lip as the scene continued showing her lifting her feet onto the desk before opening her knees wide and touching herself. The scene didn't stop there as picking up a large dildo the Shelley on the screen started to fuck herself hard and deep with it. Shelly was bright red as she squirmed on the chair, her own voice echoing from the speakers, "Oh yes make me your doggy bitch."

The woman made a soft noise and the dog by her side leapt forward causing Shelly to squeal with fear expecting to be devoured, but instead of tearing the flesh from her bones the dog forced its shaggy head between her thighs and began to lap with enthusiasm. Shelly couldn't help herself as the orgasm ripped through her body and feeling her limbs cut free threw herself to all fours like the women she had watched in the videos.

"Fuck me Mr Doggy, make me the bitch I have always wanted to be," howled Shelley patting the cheek of her ass. The dog was trained and was on her back in an instant, thrusting his cock inside in one swift movement. Panting with pure lust, Shelly pushed back to meet the savage thrusts as she finally fulfilled her dreams.

The woman rose elegantly to leave the room and looking back at Shelly said softly, "I think you will find the title for your piece should be "Shady Lady Julie."