

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



It was a very pleasant if unexpected surprise when Lady Trisha ordered me to report to her country home. To my knowledge, none but her personal slaves had ever been asked to join her there. What made the invitation even more puzzling was her order to refrain from bathing or otherwise cleaning myself up for two days prior to my appointment. As we all know, it is not a slave's place to question his orders, so it was with great pleasure (and smelly body) that I presented myself at her front door on Friday afternoon.

Lady Trisha's country home was on a large secluded plot of land well off the beaten path. Very few cars would pass her house on the one-lane gravel road that led past her home to the main highway several miles away. Only the occasional neighbor or lost driver would pass her home, and none would notice or be at all concerned when they passed her home and saw an unfamiliar car in the driveway. Lady Trisha even thought of this as she ordered me to drive my car around to the back of her home into a secluded clearing surrounded on three (3) sides by heavy undergrowth. It would take a concerted effort to find my car once it was parked at the back of her home.

From her back door, Lady Trisha ordered me to take off all of my clothes and lock them in the trunk of my car and bring the keys to meet her in the shed some 50 yards from my car. I did as ordered and somewhat gingerly and timidly crossed the open expanse of ground between the clearing and the shed. When I arrived at the shed, I found the door open, so I slipped inside. Once inside, I groped around for a light switch by the door. When the light came on, I was amazed to find a fully equipped dungeon, including a St. Andrew's cross on the back wall, a large waist level cage in one corner, and what looked like a combination spanking bench and rack along the opposite wall. A video camera sat on a tripod by the door as if waiting for us. A canvas bag sat on the floor beside it.

As my Mistress expects, I immediately knelt in the middle of the room, facing the throne adjacent to the door and waited for her pleasure. My knees had grown very sore, and my lower legs had started to lose feeling when Lady Trisha opened the door and entered her domain some 30 minutes later. Instead of the usual fetish wear, Lady Trisha was dressed in a tight pair of jeans over the fleshy yet perfectly formed cheeks of her ass, a pullover top that barely covered her 38DD breasts and what looked like hiking boots covering what was undoubtedly her perfectly pedicured feet.

Lady Trisha didn't waste any time in ordering me to pick up the camera with a tripod and the canvas bag on the floor beside it and follow her. Without waiting for a response, she spun around and left through the door. She had just entered. While stunned, I still had the presence of mind to grab the camera and bag and follow her through the door.

Once outside of the shed, she turned to the right away from the house. I was confused. Where was she leading me? We took a narrow and somewhat overgrown path through the undergrowth at the back of the shed. It was extremely difficult and painful to keep up with her as I was carrying the camera and bag and had no shoes or clothes of any type on. It took several minutes of hiking through the undergrowth to arrive at what looked like a large clearing in the woods.

It was surrounded on all four sides by heavy undergrowth with small paths leading to and from the clearing from many points disappearing into the undergrowth beyond. As it was mid-spring, the trees were in full bloom, providing an impenetrable canopy covering the clearing. In the center of the clearing lay a large dead tree trunk on its side spanning from one side of the clearing to the other.

At this point, Lady Trisha sat Herself down to rest on the trunk and ordered me to drop the canvas bag where I stood and to set up the camera and tripod to one side of the clearing away from any of

the paths entering or exiting the clearing. Once I had set up the camera and tripod where she had ordered me to, Lady Trisha got up and ordered me to take her place on the tree trunk. Once I was seated, she opened and emptied the contents of the canvass bag near my feet. Inside was a coarse wool blanket, a plastic milk jug, several lengths of rope, a large funnel with an attached hose, some wrist and ankle cuffs, a collar, a large ring gag, and a padded blindfold as well as a large plastic container labeled as 'lard' and a small plastic tube. I couldn't read the label on the small tube from where I sat.

While I was surveying the contents of the canvass bag, Lady Trisha said, "Before we get started, slave. I've been saving something special for you. Get down on the ground on your back."

I promptly did as she ordered. While I was getting into position, Lady Trisha pulled her jeans and panties down to her ankles. She picked up the large funnel with an attached hose and dropped the loose end of the hose into my waiting mouth. As soon as than I had closed my mouth around the hose, Lady Trisha held the funnel to her fountain and started a deliciously warm and steady flow of her golden liquid. It was all I could do to keep up as fast as she was releasing her bladder's contents. Some leaked out around the hose and ran over my face into my ears. The flow continued gulp after gulp until I thought I could hold no more. It was only then that the steady flow slowed to a trickle and stopped.

It was my mistake in thinking that she was done, however. As soon her flow stopped, she cleaned Herself off with a tissue from her jeans pocket and stuffed it into her toilet's open mouth. She dropped the funnel on top of me and pulled up her panties and jeans. As soon as she was once again comfortably dressed, she walked over and picked up the plastic milk jug. She walked toward me with the plastic milk jug she said, "I bet you thought you were done. Well, you were wrong, as usual."

She once again picked up the large funnel and made sure that the hose was in place in her toilet's mouth. Once all was secure and ready, she opened the plastic milk jug and started pouring its contents into the funnel she poured. She revealed her secret saying, "I told you that I had been saving it for you."

The contents of the plastic milk jug turned out to be urine that she had saved for a day or more. Its smell and taste were stronger and riper than urine straight from the source. The longer she saved it, the riper it got. This was ripe, indeed.

"You know how much I hate using a regular toilet when I have a warm, soft toilet like you around," she continued smiling as she poured out a gallon of collected piss into the funnel.

I should say she tried to pour out a gallon of collected piss. Her toilet started to back up, letting still more of her collected piss pour over his face into his ears and the dirt of the clearing below. As the flow continued, I clearly thought how much I liked the way that Lady Trisha marked her territory. When she saw it leaking out from around my mouth, she poured the rest of the contents over the exposed surfaces of my body. It was suddenly very cold in the clearing.

When she had finished, Lady Trisha ordered me to get up and put on each of the wrist and ankle cuffs as well as the collar. The collar was studded with rings inset on four (4) sides. When I was done, she checked them to make sure that they were secure. After she determined that I was not getting out of the cuffs or collar, she ordered me to lay face down across the tree trunk near the end that elevated somewhat higher than my waist. Once I was in place, she used several lengths of rope along with the wrist and ankle cuffs to secure me in place, straddling the tree trunk with my feet several inches off of the ground.

My face was on one side of the tree trunk with my ass raised into the air on the other side. Lady Trisha then placed the ring gag in my mouth and the padded blindfold over my eyes. She used a ring at the back to tie the blindfold off to the ring at the back of my collar. She pulled the rope connecting them so tight that my head was forced back into a somewhat awkward position.

In this position, my mouth and ass were both three (3) to four (4) feet off of the ground and facing in opposite directions. Lady Trisha then placed the heavy wool blanket on my back, covering me from just below the neck to just above the waist with several inches of blanket extending along the tree trunk on either side of my now immobile body.

I could only sense what was going on from this point as I was immobilized and blindfolded. I heard her walk off in the direction of the camera and tripod. She was actually humming as she apparently was positioning and focusing the camera on getting the best angle and views of what she had planned for me. As for me, I was helpless and without a clue as to what she had planned. Shortly, I heard her move from the direction of the camera to the spot next to me, where she had dumped the canvas bag on the ground.

To my recollection, the only items remaining were the plastic container of 'lard' and the unknown tube. I heard her bend down and pick up something. It seemed like I heard her struggling to put on a pair of plastic gloves which she must have been carrying in her pocket. After getting the gloves on, I heard the pop of the plastic container lid and felt a liberal amount of lard being worked into my ass and asshole. When it seemed like my ass could hold no more, she stepped over the tree trunk and applied a liberal amount on my face and mouth. The taste was not very appealing, but I knew better than to spit it out in her presence. When it seemed like I could hold no more lard in either orifice, she stopped.

I heard her placing the plastic container of 'lard' on the tree trunk beside me. I also heard her unscrewing the cap of the unknown tube I had seen fall to the ground when she dumped the contents of the canvas bag. I felt a little pressure as she squeezed some of the contents onto my ass and asshole. It seemed to sting a little, but that was probably due to the stretching of my asshole when she applied the lard. After a short period of time, she once again climbed over the tree trunk and squeezed more of the tube's contents onto my face. It smelled like urine but had an oily feel on my lips. It would take some getting used to the smell, but I knew that my Mistress had a reason for this activity, and a slave never questions the actions of his Mistress.

When she was done squeezing the contents of the tube, I heard her walking around the clearing, picking up things. She was apparently policing the area and placing everything that was not in use back into the canvas bag. When she was done, she sat on the tree trunk beside me to take a much-needed rest. While resting, she decided to let me in on what was going to happen next. With a note of glee in her voice, she told me that she was about to leave me.

She told me not to worry, however, as she was sure I would not be alone for long. The plastic tube she had squirted onto my asshole and mouth contained a deer lure, which was a mixture of deer urine and hormones from a doe (a female deer). She had asked me to avoid taking a shower or otherwise cleaning myself for two (2) days so that the normal scents of man would be gone from my body. She didn't want anything to scare off her guests. The camera was set up to record what she was sure was going to be an unforgettable experience for me.

Having said that, I felt her get off of the tree trunk. I heard her footsteps retreating back in the same direction from which we had come until there was nothing but the sounds of nature to entertain me. I was all alone in the wilderness with nothing but my thoughts and nature to keep me comfortable. It was very little comfort.

It had only been minutes since Lady Trisha had left me to nature, but it seemed like hours. Every little sound was magnified in my mind. I felt small insects crawling along my arms and up the inside of my legs. Every little sound was amplified in my mind. I was sure that the imminent attack was only moments away. I could hear the sound of a small brook or stream running in the distance to my left and behind me. It was from that direction that the first sounds of twigs snapping came.

I heard something stop by the stream as silence fell. Then, it was on the move again. I heard more twigs snapping and the rustling of the brush as it was pushed aside. The sounds seemed to be inching closer through the brush as something big seemed to be approaching my clearing slowly from behind. I squirmed while trying to free myself from the perch that Lady Trisha had set me on. In the back of my mind, I knew that I would pay for trying to escape when Lady Trisha had a chance to view the tape.

Little did I know that through the wonders of modern telecommunication, she was watching my predicament through the camera's eye from the relative safety and comfort of her living room. She could hear the sounds approaching and saw me beginning to squirm in an effort to escape the inevitable. From her vantage point, she was the first one to see the buck break from cover on the edge of my clearing. It was hard to tell through the camera lens, but it seemed to stand almost 8 feet tall with 8 or 10 points. It stood on the edge of the clearing with its head raised high as if trying to identify a scent wafting through the air.

Even if the sounds had not come from behind me, I could see nothing because of the blindfold. I knew that whatever it was had stopped moving, however, as silence once again fell over my clearing. After what seemed like hours of painful silence, I heard the first tell-tale signs of the beast advancing on me from behind. I tried to turn my head to the left to catch some glimpse of what was approaching, but Lady Trisha knew her ropes well and had secured the blindfold so that not even light could filter in.

My face and mouth were permanently affixed in a forward stare that I could not break or squirm free of. The footfalls continued to gingerly move towards me as my heartbeat loudly in my ears. It was then that I noticed the scent of the beast. It was a strong musky odor with a hint of urine and another pungent yet unidentifiable odor. The sounds seemed to sway slowly from my left to right side and back as the beast moved cautiously forward.

I was startled when the animal first touched the inside of my left leg. The touch was soft, but whatever was touching me was prickly like the bristles of a hairbrush. Then something slimy reached out and stroked the inside of my leg from just above my knee to halfway up my thigh. The touches became bolder and bolder as the slimy strokes slowly moved their way up my leg to my asshole.

I heard what sounded like pawing or scuffing at the ground behind me as the slimy stroking of what I know now was the animal's tongue was intermittently broken by sudden and loud snorts. Then and without warning, the tongue disappeared amid a loud and prolonged snort that raised in both pitch and height behind me, followed immediately by a heavyweight dropping onto the wool blanket on my back. The weight forced the air out of my lungs as if I had been punched in the stomach.

As I struggled to get air back into my lungs, the heavyweight on my back was moving furiously around as the beast tried to regain his balance. The weight eased up as the animal found his footing on the blanket extending over the solid tree trunk that now supported us both. The only weight remaining was on the area from the small of my back down to my legs. Despite the wool blanket separating us, I still felt the animal squirming around as it seemed to push itself higher on the log. It was then that I felt something new brushing the cheeks of my ass.

It was slimy and felt like a small rubber ball being rubbed over my ass cheeks. It seemed to squirm around aimlessly as the animal continued pulling itself onto the tree trunk. It seemed to find its target at my asshole as the animal squirmed still further forward. At that point, the pressure on my asshole started to build. What had felt like a small rubber ball rubbing the cheeks of my ass seemed to grow in size to a baseball, softball, and bowling ball as the pressure built.

The pressure gave way in a searing moment of pain as the animal's hard hairy cock entered my asshole. It felt like the large end of a baseball bat being forced into a hole that was ill-equipped to handle the demands. The pain surged up my spine and out my mouth with a grunted scream that did nothing to halt the fervor with which the animal was pumping. With time (5 or 10 minutes), the pain began to ease. I'd like to say it was replaced by numbness or even a pleasant sensation as the animal's cock rubbed my prostate, but the animal was not done.

It seemed that the baseball bat was deceptively long. It was turning out to be more like a telephone pole being extended deeper into the depths of my bowels. As the animal finally found the bottom, there was still one more surprise to come. As my ass adjusted to the forces being applied, the telephone pole seemed to blossom at one end, splaying out like an umbrella opening to stop the rain.

I had only read about how an animal knots as it nears the moment of release. At this point, it felt more like someone was inflating a very large and hard balloon deep in my bowels. The feeling was eerily unpleasant but bearable. Here I lay tied securely to a tree in a small clearing with heavy yet bearable weight bearing down on me from above and a sharper yet equally bearable pain pounding into me from behind. Time seemed to tick by very slowly as the animal drove itself repeatedly into my overstuffed and very sore ass. All of a sudden, all movement stopped as I felt like I had sprung a leak inside.

Humorously, I was reminded at this moment of a scene from the Woody Allen film 'Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Sex.' In one scene, a large number of characters dressed in white suits with tails stream single file towards an exit screaming, "Let's go make babies."

One of them had previously expressed concern about the possibility of them streaming to their death as they each in order stuck the stretched rubber barrier of a condom. This animal had no condom, but the inside of my large intestine stretched as it was acted like a trampoline as his seed struck deep into my bowels and trickled around the side. There would be no babies today.

It took some time for the animal's knot to abate enough for his deflated cock to slowly dribble out of my ass. As it did, a steady stream ran out with it. It must have made quite a large puddle on the ground under my ass. Just like every man in a similar position, the animal now sated quickly returned to its previous activities as his sounds trailed off into the woods behind me. In her living room, my Mistress was also coming down from what had been her 5th orgasm in the last half hour. She clearly enjoyed seeing her slave debased in this manner. Suspecting there might be a short respite before the next animal appeared, she got up to tend to other important matters.

What she did not know was that the sounds and scents of copulation had attracted others. As the retreating sounds of my first date moved off into the wilderness, they were replaced by similar sounds approaching the clearing from the opposite direction.

Had my Mistress remained to watch her slave's further debasement, she would have witnessed the entrance of another buck. This time it was clearly a younger buck standing approximately 6 feet tall with 6 or 8 points. As with my first date, this buck approached his partner slowly and cautiously with his head held high to watch for danger. As the animal approached from the front, the sounds seemed louder in my ears. This probably arose from the animal's approach to my head and not my ass. As

before, the first touch was a soft yet bristly brush of my left cheek.

This time it was the cheek on my face and not my ass. As the stroking continued, I experienced a growing fear of being choked by the invasion of this animal's cock into my throat. What if it knotted while wedged deeply in my throat? I would certainly choke to death. With Lady Trisha no longer watching from the comfort of her living room, this was certainly a very real possibility. Somehow, I managed to keep my sense of humor, however, as I clearly remembering thinking, 'this gives a whole new meaning to turning the other cheek.'

The End