

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I have written this story for a very nice guy called 'Wheels' who I chatted to online one evening. The reason why he is called 'Wheels' is that he is confined to a wheelchair. From our conversation, we sketched out a fantasy of his and I have tried to bring it to life. I accept I have taken a few artistic licences here and there but what I have described is perfectly possible as the following quote shows.

Erections are the number one issue after paralysis. ... The nerves that control a man's ability to have a reflex erection are located in the sacral area (S2-S4) of the spinal cord. Most paralyzed men are able to have a reflex erection with physical stimulation unless the S2-S4 pathway is damaged - The Reeve Foundation

I hope I have done your fantasy justice Wheels and I hope I have not offended any mobility-challenged people out there.

Rosie sat with her feet up on the balcony rail looking out over the swimming pool and the carefully manicured gardens and said out loud to herself, 'life has treated me OK I guess.' Today was her 40th birthday, not that she had told anyone, and when she first arrived in America from England just under ten years ago, she would never have expected to be here looking out over a millionaire's landscaped gardens, in a luxurious suite, sipping a cocktail. 'OK' she thought to herself, 'it may not be mine but I get full use of it, the pay is good and the work is not hard at all, so mustn't grumble.' and with that Rosie drained the cocktail and removed her clothes ready for bed. Before she put her nightie on, she happened to glance in the full-length mirror and she twisted from side to side as she appraised her body thoughtfully reasonably happy with what she saw. She knew at 120lb she could do to shed a few pounds from her 4' 11" diminutive frame but it wasn't bad for a woman of her age. She weighed each of her breasts in her hands jiggling them at her reflection happy the sag wasn't that great for her 34C breasts, and finally looking over her shoulder patted her ass cheeks with a murmur to herself, "need to get on that treadmill girl." Poking a tongue out at the reflection of the elfin face with short straight brown hair and twinkling green eyes that looked back at her.

Rosie was a full-time occupational therapist employed by Chuck and Lynsey Thomas and had been with them for the last ten years looking after Jeff their only son. Jeff was turning 30 in a few weeks and was a handsome young man with a great personality and a smile that would turn many heads. The main challenge that Jeff faced in life was that following a car accident over 20 years ago he was paralysed and had lost the use of his legs and was confined to a wheelchair. Coupled with that damage to his neural system also meant that from time to time his hands went into spasms making fine motor control difficult, if not impossible on occasions He was as sharp as a pin mentally and many times Rosie would find herself marvelling at his powers of thought and laughing at his fast cracking humour, often self-deprecating.

Rosie was a perfect fit for the Thomas's as she had worked in a spinal injury rehabilitation unit in England before moving to America, coupled with that experience she had excellent references and more than sufficient qualifications for the role. Her duties weren't onerous as all she had to do was care for Jeff and make his life as comfortable as possible, the cooking and cleaning was done by other staff who the Thomas's employed in their large sprawling mansion.

Saturday night was his special night as this was when he would have a bed bath with his favourite special soap he had bought online and of course not being able to use his hands for intricate manoeuvres it meant Rosie would have to wash him everywhere including his genitals. Rosie didn't mind really and Jeff would act non-fussed as she would make sure there was a good lather on his balls and cock as she worked it up and down, and often he had a raging hard on when she left. She would often wonder to herself what happened after she had gone in respect of being able to grip, but

Jeff never complained, in fact he always seemed relaxed and happy on Sunday mornings. The soap itself was a bit strange as it wasn't so much a bar of soap but more like the tub of thick cream that is sometimes used in place of hard soap. To her nose, it smelt funny but Jeff always insisted on it, saying it helped his nerve endings and Ben seemed to love the smell as well as he was always sniffing at Rosie as she left the room.

Ben was Jeff's ever close companion for the last 5 years, a massive black Labrador that must have weighed over 80lb and had a head that was bigger than a bowling ball. He had the most wonderful deep brown eyes and would often just lay there as Rosie entered the room would open one eye, observe her and then go back to sleep. The only time the dog's demeanour changed was on Saturday night when he would dance around like a puppy and more than once get so agitated, that he would barge into Rosie as he cavorted around the room with his tongue hanging out, panting and sniffing.

Saturday evening came around as normal and Rosie went to Jeff's room to undertake their weekly ritual bed bath. Jeff was already lying on the bed as she entered and before she could speak he said, "Really sorry Rosie my arms are playing up awful again," trying to look sheepish as he laid back with a contended look on his face. Rosie idly wondered to herself whether she should give Jeff a 'Happy Ending' as it was so amusingly referred to in films and books, though he had never asked for it or even hinted that he was interested. Rosie was pretty sure he wasn't gay as she had seen glimpses of some of the pictures and videos he had stored on his computer, some of which were of great interest to Rosie, though she hid it well.

What no one in the Thomas family knew was exactly why she had moved to America, sure they knew she had got divorced and it was acrimonious but she had always closed the subject down and said her husband wasn't very understanding. As she got the towel and water ready, she still remembered her husband Robert's face when he had walked in unexpectedly to their marital bedroom to see her being double penetrated by two very well-endowed black men, with the third doing his level best to choke her with his equally as large cock. What came out later was that it wasn't just those three that caused the problem, it was the fact that it was a different three well-endowed black men every week when Robert went to his local golf club. The scandal would have been terrible had the story got out and to hush things up Robert's family had paid her well provided the divorce was quick, quiet and she moved out of the country, never to be heard of again.

It was Robert's family who had got her the introduction to the Thomas's and the non-disclosure agreement she had signed in return for the very generous settlement was as water tight as it could be. Provided she kept her mouth shut and didn't get married she would get a monthly income for the rest of her life, which meant when added to her generous salary she was very comfortable. Once a year she would take a vacation to one of the Caribbean islands, while Jeff went away with his parents and a local agency nurse. There Rosie would spend two weeks being fucked senseless by as many large black cocks as she could find.

Washing Jeff thoroughly as he chattered, Rosie started to work on his cock and balls bringing him to a full erection and Rosie found her mind wandering. Whilst not as big as what she normally enjoyed, at eight inches Jeff was impressive enough to give Rosie the odd improper thought. Just as she was wondering if she should treat him Ben decided to get in on the act and jumped up at Rosie and knocked her to the ground tipping the bowl of water everywhere in the process, though most of it went over Rosie. "Ben stop it now," Rosie squealed as she tried to push the heavy dog away and eventually managed to stand but her clothes were slightly ripped and soaked through.

"Oh gawd, I am so sorry," Jeff said and looked almost close to tears, "please don't tell my parents I

will pay for your clothes.”

“Don’t worry about it,” said Rosie composing herself, “it’s only a uniform which your parents pay for anyway, but I need to get changed and I think we are about done here anyway.”

When Rosie got back to her suite she stripped off her soaking uniform and went to wrap herself in a large white towelling robe, ready to have a bath, when seeing her reflection in the mirror she let out a little squeak and her hand flew to her throat in horror. Instead of seeing the small silver heart-shaped locket that normally nestled there, a 21st birthday present from her departed parents, there was just bare flesh. Pulling the robe on quickly Rosie started to retrace her steps back to Jeff’s room scanning the floor for any sign of it. When she got to Jeff’s bedroom door, convinced it would be inside somewhere no doubt pulled off when that big clumsy dog that had barged into her, she paused pressing her ear against the door not wanting to catch Jeff in a compromising situation.

“Oh yes that feels good,” she heard Jeff moan and Rosie had to stifle a giggle and then seeing the door was slightly ajar decided to have a peek before she knocked. Through the gap in the door, she could see Jeff’s reflection in the mirror and he had moved back to his chair and was sitting in it naked. What was strange was that Ben’s big shaggy head was buried in his lap and Jeff was patting his head as he murmured words of encouragement.

Jeff’s eyes were closed as he stroked Ben’s shaggy head and the dog licked his cock and balls, the rough tongue sending him wild as it slurped along his raging hard-on. Jeff had been sceptical when he had first read about the soap but knew from experience that Ben went wild for the taste and smell which is why he got Rosie to use it. The tongue was pushing Jeff towards a climax as Ben licked harder, not sucking just licking, and Jeff tried to lift himself and lean back a little to allow Ben access to his balls. With difficulty he got himself to a position which allowed the dog to lick his balls as he worked his cock with his hand, his actions getting faster and faster, though gripping wasn’t always easy. Then with an almighty groan, he spurted cum up and onto his hand and cock, the seed dribbling down his balls to be eagerly licked off by Ben to the contented moans from Jeff.

Rosie could hardly breathe as she watched the scene, the robe had fallen open and her nipples were as hard as chapel hat pegs. With one hand twisting a nipple and the other rubbing her moist pussy Rosie’s gaze was transfixed. Not on Jeff’s exploding cock but on the huge angry red cock that was hanging down under Ben like a blunt veiny salami. Rosie found herself wondering what the watery pre-cum would actually taste like as it dripped onto the floor and to her surprise, she found herself licking her lips. Reaching with her hand further Rosie inserted three fingers into her aching pussy but the action of leaning forward caused her to brush against the door resulting in it swinging slowly open, leaving Rosie & Jeff staring at each other.

“Oh my God sorry,” blurted Rosie removing her fingers and pulling her robe round herself quickly ready to run back to her room and try to act like it never happened.

“You have seen, so come in... NOW!” said Jeff, the last word issued as a command.

Something clicked in Rosie’s brain and she obediently stepped into the and opened her mouth to apologise again but Jeff simply held up his hand and said, “Silence.”

Rosie stood there trembling not sure what to do or say and when Jeff spoke again quietly, “Remove the robe.”

“What?” blurted Rosie as she stood frozen to the spot as her brain reeled trying to check that she had heard him correctly.

Jeff stared intently at Rosie, locking eyes with her in a battle of wills as he repeated more slowly and firmly, "remove... your... robe... so Ben... can fuck you."

Jeff's heart was pounding inside his chest and he hoped none of the nervousness he felt inside had shown in his voice. He knew at the moment he had seen Rosie's face revealed at the door, catching him in the act with his dog, he had to bluff it out. There was silence in the room and even Ben had stopped and was sitting patiently by his master's feet, his angry red cock twitching and leaking as they both watched Rosie.

Jeff stifled the sigh of relief as Rosie shrugged the robe from her shoulders and let it fall to a puddle at her feet standing naked in the middle of the room, trembling slightly though Jeff couldn't tell if it was from fear or anticipation. "On all fours... quickly," Jeff said sharply and to his joy Rosie dropped obediently and presented her ass in the air.

Ben padded over curiously and started to sniff wondering if Rosie wanted to play wrestle but she remained still so he contented himself with sniffing as she smelt different. As he moved slowly round her Jeff shuffled in the drawer before bringing out the soap and wheeled his way across the room to behind Rosie. Unscrewing the top with a little difficulty, he took a generous dollop and smeared it across her ass cheeks and made sure he covered from her anal star down to her pussy lips. Ben was poking his nose in as he got a whiff of his favourite smell and once Jeff had refastened the lid he followed his nose to where the smell was strongest.

"Oh... my... fucking... God," Rosie blurted out as Ben's long rough tongue started lapping at her crack, delving deep into her pussy and dragging along her anal star, "that feels amazing." As Ben continued to lick deeply along Rosie's pussy and ass, she found herself pushing back to his tongue making small sounds in the back of her throat as the sensations coursed through her body.

Jeff watched from his chair, every so often moving around a little to get a better view of the action. He had retrieved his phone from its carry pouch on his chair and after a little bit of fumbling, managed to get the video working. Even though he had recently cum he could feel his cock starting to twitch and with a dry mouth he croaked, "Let him fuck you." Coughing to clear his throat and get some moistness in his throat, he said a little more loudly, "I said let him fuck you."

Rosie looked up at the sound, her eyes glazed over with lust as she focused on Jeff's semi-erect cock and crawling over, followed by Ben, she took Jeff's cock into her hand and licked at the head collecting the pre-cum on her tongue. "Yes Ben, fuck me hard," Rosie moaned, "I want to feel your big doggie cock in me." Her words made Jeff's cock twitch more and Rosie carried on, her voice laden with emotion, "use me, I want to cum on your cock like a bitch in heat," and then Rosie swallowed Ben's cock as deep as she could into her warm wet mouth.

Ben could feel Rosie working on his cock and her words were still ringing in his ears as he said, "OK Ben this is your moment, fuck her." Ben ignored Jeff at first and carried on licking tasting the last of the soap along with Rosie's juices that were now flowing freely. The taste and the smell triggered something deep in Ben's subconscious and he rose up and mounted Rosie.

Rosie let out a whoosh of air round Jeff's cock as she felt the weight of Ben up on her back and the soft rub of his warm fur as he jabbed his slippery cock purely by instinct. Not sure what to do, Rosie continued to suck on Jeff's now hard cock, bracing herself against the thrusts. Then it happened, Ben's red tip found Rosie's soft wet pussy lips and with an almighty thrust, he buried his cock deep into Rosie.

"OH YESSSSssssss," Rosie half shouted, half moaning as she felt Ben's cock open her up. Deeper

and deeper he went until Rosie could feel something pressing against her pussy lips stopping it from going further. It wasn't the longest cock she had ever had inside her but it ranked as one of the thickest Rosie thought to herself but then all rational thought was driven from her brain as Ben started to fuck her. Never had she been fucked so hard and so intensely in such a short space of time. Ben pistoned into her like a machine, his cock slamming back and forward sending Rosie into raptures of orgasms as she experienced the most intense fucking of her life. Rosie was in heaven and didn't think it could get any better when she felt something bigger trying to get into her, before she could register what was happening, a blinding flash of pain shot through her brain as Ben pushed his knot inside her. By instinct her pussy closed over the knot, trapping Ben inside and to ensure he remained tied in Ben's knot started to swell even further.

Jeff was still holding the phone and was switching between shots of Rosie sucking his cock to trying to capture Ben knotting with Rosie. From the moans emanating from Rosie's throat, he guessed that Ben was pumping her full of cum and this thought made him shoot his second load of the evening into Rosie's mouth.

Rosie nearly choked as Jeff squirted into her throat and at the same time, she could feel Ben spurting deep inside her pussy, spraying her with warm seed. Rosie yelped as Ben suddenly turned and stood ass to ass with her but the throbbing knot inside her didn't stop as Rosie felt yet more cum spurt into her.

Jeff had finished and had managed to capture the scene if the two of them turned and locked, so he moved to get the camera close to Rosie's face to capture for the future, her look of pure contentment and joy.

Rosie looked up and saw her locket was under the bed and made a mental note to collect it once she was free., and then turning her attention to Jeff she giggled into the camera as she said, "you won't need your camera as you will be able to watch this live every week from now on."