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It was as if my whole world had collapsed from under me. I had gone from being a happy 18-year-old girl loved and cared for by her parents, to being alone in the world. I replay that moment in my mind from when I heard that loud knock at the front door, and I open it to see two Police Officers standing there with a solemn look on their faces.

“Are you Miss Tanya Stratton?” the male officer asks

“Yes, I am, officer, is there a problem,” I said.

“May we come in Miss?” the female officer asks

“Yes, yes, come in.”

I step to one side, glancing at the Police car parked outside the house before closing the door behind the two officers.

“Please, sit down, Miss Stratton,” the male officer gestures to the settee. “I’m afraid I have some bad news regarding your parents.”

My heart stopped beating, I stopped breathing, and the world stopped spinning for what seemed like forever. Tears welled up in my eyes as I looked up to hear what he had to say.

“I’m sorry to inform you, but your parents were involved in a fatal accident involving a lorry on the motorway tonight. Both of them and the lorry driver were killed instantly.”

“We are so sorry for your loss,” said the female officer, her hand resting on my leg as she says this. “Is there anyone who could be with you or you could stay with?”

My mind had shut down; my body was working purely on reflex, as I felt detached from reality. Cold salty tears run down my cheeks as wave after wave of emotion wracks through my body, and I cry uncontrollably. The woman officer puts her arm around me to provide some comfort. The male officer passes me some tissues and I manage a choked “Thank you” as I wiped my eyes. Both of the officers patiently wait until my sobbing subsides and then she asks the question again.

“I’m sorry, Miss Stratton, but we’d feel it better if you were with someone tonight, is there anyone who can be with you or you can stay with?” she asks with a controlled calmness in her voice.

As my mind clears slightly, the only person who comes to mind is my Uncle Alan who has a small farm about fifty miles away. I tell her this and she asks for his phone number, I point to my mother’s phone book by the telephone. The male officer walks over and thumbs through the book and soon finds the phone number, he picks up the phone and dials. The other officer is still comforting me as he quietly explains to my Uncle Alan what has happened. After a few minutes of them talking and writing down something in his notebook, he puts down the receiver.

“If you pack a few overnight things, Miss Stratton, we will take you over to your Uncles tonight. He’s happy for you to stay with him while everything is sorted.”

I had not seen my Uncle Alan for quite a few years, now he was the only family I had. The last I heard, he and my father had a big falling out and had not spoken to each other since. I had subsequently stopped asking my father why we didn’t see his brother anymore, as all he would say was, “I did not agree with his lifestyle.”

As a young girl, I took it as my father did not approve of farming or rural life, as in contrast, he was a Manager in an office.

Like a small child, I soon fell asleep in the back of the police car, temporarily freeing my mind of the bad news and the trauma I had just experienced. I had no idea how long I had been sleeping, but I woke by the sound of the tires going through gravel and dogs barking.

"We are here, Miss Stratton," the female police officer tells me as she gets out opening my door.

I grab my overnight bag and get out of the car, the cold damp air filling my lungs and the smell of a working farm flooding my senses. Uncle Alan was waiting for me outside the front door of the farmhouse, the driveway lit by two floodlights throwing shadows behind us. Standing beside him is a large muscular black Rottweiler who is carefully looking towards its late-night visitors. Uncle Alan walks towards me and wraps his big muscular arms around me, my head rests on his shoulder and I start to cry again.

"I'm so sorry, Tanya. I cannot believe what's happened. Are you ok?" he asks

"No," I say in between sobs

The Police officer said, "If you don't mind, sir, we need to be getting back, are you happy to take charge of Miss Stratton now?"

"Yes," Uncle Alan replies.

"Then we shall be off." He then looked at me and said, "Please accept our condolences, Miss Stratton."

The female officer smiles weakly, nods then gets into the car.

With his arm around me, Uncle Alan then steers me through the front door into the warmth of the house. The Rottweiler follows us in keeping close to Uncle Alan as we walk into the house and head toward the kitchen where the heat from the AGA warms me up instantly. Uncle Alan guides me to a well-worn armchair, and I sink into its welcoming cushions.

"I'm as shocked as you are, Tanya. I cannot imagine for a moment how you feel, but rest assured you're family and are more than welcome to stay with us for as long as you want."

"Thank you, Uncle Alan. I appreciate you looking after me."

"It's the least I could do, Tanya. Do you want some tea?" he asks.

"Please," I say.

During our conversation, his dog had just sat there watching me intently, its dark eyes unblinking, and a little unnerving.

"What's his name?" I ask.

"Oh, that's Charlie, he's one of three dogs I have. All of them have to work for a living...don't you

boy," Uncle Alan says as he scratches the dog's head.

His tail wags in appreciation of the attention.

"He stays in the house at night to make sure we don't have any intruders. This is the only problem living in the middle of nowhere. It does leave us open for the criminal element. Charlie and the other dogs are good deterrents."

Looking at Charlie, I say, "Well, I wouldn't wanna get on the wrong side of him, that's for certain." Uncle Alan passes me a steaming mug of tea. "Thanks, Uncle Alan, for everything. I don't think I could've coped on my own"

Uncle Alan didn't say anything. He just placed a large reassuring hand on my shoulder. Charlie seeing this, took this as his Master acknowledging a friend and not an intruder gets up sits by my side and places a large, heavy paw on my leg.

"Looks like old Charlie wants to look after you as well."

I smile and reach out and scratch Charlie's head when I do this, he ceases to look like a guard dog and more like a docile domestic dog as he takes his paw off me and tilts his head towards me to maximize his pleasure. As I go to put my cup on the table, I glance down and notice Charlie's enjoyment has had another effect as the large red tip of his doggy cock had started to poke out from his belly.

Uncle Alan notices me looking and says, "Sorry, Tanya, our Charlie here tends to get amorous at the drop of a hat. Mind you, the other two dogs on this farm are like that, there must be something in the water." He laughs.

I yawn, trying to hide it.

"You look shattered, I think you should get to bed, young lady. Come on, let's get you to bed."

As I stand, I can't help in having another look at the underside of Charlie, and my eyes cannot believe what they see. His cock is almost three inches out, wet, and very, very big!

As I stand, Charlie licks my hand to show his appreciation and then follows us up the stairs as Uncle Alan shows me to the guest room. Uncle Alan puts my bag on the bed and tells me where the bathroom is on the landing. Once again, this muscular man envelops me as he gives me another hug, it is like a big bear hugging me, but it's very welcome as I hug him back, my arms not even going around his body.

"See you in the morning," he says as he turns and leaves with Charlie once again by his side.

"OK," I say, "See you in the morning."

Charlie looks around and his tail wags as if to say goodnight as well. Uncle Alan shuts the door leaving me to get ready for bed and sleep.

As I woke, I could sense I was not alone. At the bottom of the bed, Charlie was sitting there, motionless and staring at me.

"Charlie, what are you doing in the bedroom, boy?" I ask the dog.

He doesn't move apart from slightly tilting his head to let me know he heard me. I pull the covers off and step out of bed, my short nightdress rides up as I get up, I quickly pull it down to cover my modesty. As I look back up, Charlie had quietly come round to my side of the bed and is now sitting by my legs. He's still watching me with those piercing dark eyes. He is that close I can feel the heat radiating from his body, and I can smell his musky dog smell. I move to let him out of the bedroom, I do not get far as he stands up and puts himself side on in front of me blocking my path. I step to one side to try to go around him but once again, he blocks me with his strong muscular body.

"Charlie...Bad dog," I scold him.

Charlie growls a deep rumbling growl I back off feeling frightened. As he turns towards me, I get on the bed putting some distance between us, I crawl on all fours to the top of the bed. He jumps on the bed before I get there he has put his big heavy paw on my back, stopping me from moving any further. I try to get up to escape him. All that happens is his paw sliding to one side of my body and the other one taking its place on the other side. I'm now pinned by this mass of muscle and bone. Charlie then shuffles up a bit, still pinning me down as I wriggle underneath him, this was my mistake, this wriggling under his body only served to encourage and excite him as I was about to find out. As he shuffled forward, a bit more, I feel something warm hard and wet touch my pussy.

"I turn my head towards his, "NO," I shout, "Charlie, NO!"

Charlie's chest resonated on my back as he growls in my ear. I stop shouting; it's only to be replaced with a very loud groan from my mouth as his cock is pushed into the entrance of my pussy. The slick pre-cum from his cock makes its progress really easy with each of his primal thrusts. I'm helpless as this dog proceeds to breed me, his cock getting bigger and harder, making me feel like my belly will explode. The pain I'm feeling, as my pussy is forced open, is nothing compared to what is to follow.

After what seems like forever, he slows, I breathe a sigh of relief, this is short-lived as my scream replaces the sigh when his cock seals inside of me by his growing knot. My pussy is at a splitting point as I'm tied to him, then I feel his semen shooting deep inside of me. In fact, I think the head of his cock has passed my cervix, and he's filling my womb with all of his doggy semen. His thrusts stop and his weight pushed my body down, I cannot escape, and we're tied. I pass out.

I try to get away, Charlie is all over my body, and I panic.

I then wake from my nightmare with my bedsheets wrapped around me, stopping me from moving, sweat pouring off my body as I fight my way free. I look around the room is empty, it was all a dream. My pussy is very wet though.

The End