

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



From a room across the patio, Harris Thwaites watches Nari succumb to the effects of the tasteless drug which he had stirred into the hot chocolate. Now, if she turns out to be a good subject for hypnosis as well, the Exclusive dogs will have a new mistress. Harris has already waited too long. The dogs are restless. But it's challenging to find a pretty girl with no family or friends, no one to wonder what happened when she dropped out of sight. Of course, there had been a few. Coarse, plain women that no one wants, no one will miss, but Harris prefers to mix business with pleasure.

Perhaps the dogs don't mind a plain/ugly mistress. Still, Harris finds the training sessions more stimulating when the bitches are attractive. He studied the still figure of the unconscious girl in the lighted window across the patio. *'Yes, she's lovely.'* He smiles in anticipation. This is going to be a pleasant season, he's sure of that.

"I'll get the girl ready," Harris said quietly to his assistant. "You bring your camera equipment and hurry. We don't want the effects of the drug to wear off before we have arranged our insurance."

Without waiting for a reply, Harris hurries from the room. Trent stays by the window a moment longer, staring at the limp figure of the Korean girl. His face is passive. His hands sometimes stray to his crotch to rub the head of the sleeping beast that lies there.

Trent bumps the door open with his knees. His hands are full of light standards, cameras, and a case with lenses. Harris jerks around at the sound of the door, banging against the wall and frowns.

"For God's sake, try to be a little quieter, Trent," Harris growls.

"Hell, boss, she's out like a light," Trent said with a shrug.

"That may be, my friend, but let's not take unnecessary chances, eh?"

There are times when Harris Thwaites would like to have taken the plaited dog whip that hangs in the exercise room and can raise bloody welts each time it lays across the skin, to Trent Cotchin, but he needs him. He needs someone to help, and Trent's perverted sexuality makes him perfect for the job. It takes patience sometimes, like today, when Trent's anticipation overrides his good sense.

Harris smiles to hide his feelings. "In an hour or so, we'll be finished and then..."

Thwaites leaves the sentence hanging, deliciously dangling before Trent's growing desire like a carrot before a hungry donkey. Trent's eyes glitter, and the bulge in his tight pants grows larger and more noticeable. He begins scurrying quietly around the room, setting up the light poles around the center island bed. Harris smiles faintly. The young man has the insatiability of a sailor and the mind of a child. You can lead Trent around by the cock.

Harris shakes his head tolerantly, then begins his own preparations. From the cedar chest at the foot of the bed, he takes a rich blue velvet spread and carefully arranged it on the bed. Harris glances at the motionless girl, at her flawless pale-yellow skin. *'Yes, the color will be perfect,'* he thought. The man goes to the camera, a Canon 1D DSLR, on its sturdy tripod and sights through the viewer. He pursed his lips, peering over the camera, then through the viewfinder once more.

"Trent..."

"Yeah?" Trent asks distractedly, as he's having trouble with the height adjustment on one of the lights.

"Move the first two lights on the other side of the bed. I can see them in the viewer."

"OK, but you won't get good lighting on her butt without any floods behind her," Trent growls.

"You're probably right," Harris agreed reluctantly, "but we don't want the bloody light pole showing in the pictures either."

"How about moving that screen behind the bed," Trent suggests, "then I can put the light poles behind it, and we'd still get the effect?"

"Good, good." Harris sighted through the camera, nodding his head as Trent makes the suggested changes. "There... There, that's it. That's fine." He rises from the camera and grins at his assistant. "And now the girl..."

Nari hasn't moved since the drug took effect. She lies limply relaxed in the big overstuffed easy chair facing the courtyard window. Harris goes quietly over to her and sits on the ottoman at her feet.

He begins talking to her softly. "You are very tired. Very, very tired. You're asleep, Nari Kim, sound asleep. You haven't been able to sleep for days, and now you're sound asleep." His voice drones on, toneless, and void of all inflection. "As you're becoming deeper and deeper asleep, your breathing will become deeper too. Deep, deep from the bottom of your lungs. Breathe deep, Nari, deep, deep."

The sound of her breath is audible in the room now, her chest expanding and contracting with each breath. Harris can hear the air rushing between her lips as she inhales. He glances up at Trent and winks. Trent nods solemnly.

"You must sleep deeply, Nari, and then you'll feel wonderful. You'll feel just wonderful. Deep, Nari, a deep, deep sleep." Harris picked up one limp hand and begins stroking it lightly with his fingers. "Imagine you're in a cave, a deep, dark, quiet cave, Nari. There are steps in this cave, nice, wide, safe, steps carved out of stone, and they go down. Down, down, down into the cool dark cave. It's quiet down there, Nari, peaceful, and quiet. If you can only walk down those steps and into the quiet depths of the cave, Nari, everything will be wonderful again."

Harris glances at the wide-eyed Trent and jerks his head toward the box on the table. Trent nods. Harris continues to stroke her hand softly, regularly.

"We're going down those steps together, Nari, into the quiet, peaceful darkness. You can hear our footsteps as we go deep, deep down into the darkness." He nods to Trent, who stands waiting with a flat piece of marble in one hand and a small rubber headed mallet in the other. At his nod, Trent begins tapping on the marble, holding it lightly by one end so as not to dull the resonant sound of the mallet. "Down, down, down into the cool darkness, Nari, deep, deep, deep into the cave of your mind. Hear the footsteps as we walk down, Nari, deep, deep, deep."

The hand he strokes suddenly becomes even limper. It's like a boneless mass of flesh that wants to melt and slip from his grasp. Harris smiles. He studies the pulse at the base of her throat. It's pulsating with heavy, even throbs. He lifts Nari's hand and drops it onto her lap. There's no reaction. He stares at her from beneath his heavy half-closed lids and smiles. *'This one is a fine subject,'* Harris thought. *'She'll perform well for the cameras, and once her performance is recorded, I will give her to my dogs, my fine canine progeny, my boys.'*

"Shall I get King, boss?" Trent asks impatiently. "Or do ya wanna start with me?"

Harris cocks his head and stares appraisingly at the pretty face of the Korean girl slumped in the chair. He likes to use King first, but sometimes its shock brings a subject out from under before they really have enough insurance to prevent future trouble. If there's any chance of that, Harris uses Trent first. This time, however, he holds her chin in his fingers, then lets it drop abruptly. This time there'll be no trouble. She's an excellent hypnotic study. All he has to do is ensure he uses the proper phrasings.

A person under hypnosis will not do anything violently against their principles. If they have difficulties in dealing with, you never said, *'shoot your husband.'* You said, *'You're frightened of snakes, there's a snake who will bite you, kill it...'* Killing snakes is not against their moral fiber: Bang, the husband's dead. Harris smiles. He's an experienced hand at hypnosis. Consciously this shy Korean refugee girl will rebel at what he has planned for her. Tactfully worded, though, she'll purr like a pussycat in heat.

"Bring King," he said softly to Trent. "There'll be plenty left over for you, my boy, there's plenty for both of you here."

Harris crosses his legs, leans his chin on his hand, and stares at the girl. *'It's a dirty business,'* he thought, *'but such a stimulating one.'* Already he's feeling the first birth pains of a gigantic erection tingling in his loins. He lingers amid the feeling of a painful need for a moment, then puts it out of his mind as the sound of heavy footpads enters the door of Nari's room. He turns to face King.

The big dog is a magnificent beast, a full three and a half feet at the shoulders, with a bull's chest and the proud head of a champion. The dog pulls at the choke chain in Trent's hand, leading the slim man at will, pulling him over to where his master sits on the ottoman. Harris clouts the Great Dane playfully across the muscled rump and pulls at its jowls.

"Hello there, King," Harris said with pride in his voice, "How ya doing, boy?"

The dog rubs against his leg and licks at his hand. Harris wools him once more, then rises and takes the choke chain lead from Trent.

"Here, boy," he said with the tone of command and walks the dog to the side of the bed nearest the camera tripod. "Now, sit. SIT. STAY."

King squats obediently on his great fawn haunches and watches. Harris removes the chain from the dog's thick neck and tosses it to one side. The dog watches it slide on the floor.

"STAY," he commands once more. "STAY."

"You want me to operate the camera this time, boss?" Trent asks.

"Hmmm, yes, I think so, Trent." Harris studies first, the girl, then the bed. "Yes, you do that. I'll tell you when to start and when to stop. Is everything ready?"

"Yeah, it's ready except for the girl. She's not undressed yet." Trent gazes hopefully toward his employer. "You want me to undress her?"

"Not this time," Harris said and smiles thoughtfully, "she's too good a subject to overlook. Let's play this one by ear, shall we?"

Trent grins obscenely. This is gonna be a great night, he can tell. The boss is rarely this wound up over any of the new bitches. *'When he is, however, sooner or later, the girl will wish she'd sewed*

her pussy shut, and she could pee out her ear,' Trent thought. He watches Harris cross over to the girl and begin stroking her forehead gently.

"Deep... Deep... Deep. Nari, do you hear me, Nari?"

The girl stirs and mumbles something.

"You can speak, Nari, but you won't wake. Do you hear me, Nari?"

Her throat works once, twice, then a small distant voice said, "I hear you."

"Good, very good." Harris's voice stays absolutely toneless and unemotional. "Something nice is going to happen to you, Nari, something very nice."

Harris observes the girl's face. There's no expression, no change of manner, or mean. Her breathing is regular and deep. The pulse point in her throat is strong.

"Nari, you have finally found the man you love, a thoughtful, considerate, attractive man who has asked you to marry him. You are Deep... Deep... Deeply in love with this man. You're so happy you cannot help but smile."

Harris watches closely. The girl's face breaks open with a happy smile, her even straight teeth lying like carved ivory upon the soft full red lips. *'Yes, she'll look convincing on video,'* he thought.

"And now, Nari, it's your wedding night. Your new husband sits beside the bed. You're incredibly happy. Deep... Deep... Deeply happy. He asks you to undress for him. He wants to see your beautiful body unclothed for him alone. Will you do this for him, Nari?"

The girl in the chair nods slowly, the happy smile still fresh upon her face as if she can't stop smiling if she wants to because she's so pleased.

"Then get up, Nari. Go to bed and start undressing." Harris nods approvingly to Trent as the girl slowly rises from her chair and goes to the end of the bed. "Action, Trent," Harris said softly, "Action."

"Your new husband thinks you are unbelievably beautiful, Nari. Why don't you look at him and smile to let him know you love him too?"

The girl pauses and gazes toward the side of the bed with a shy smile.

"No, Nari, your husband is on the other side of the bed. That's right, a little lower. He's sitting down, waiting for you to finish. Smile at him, Nari. You love him, smile as if you love him."

Nari turns slowly and stares toward the camera, fixing her eyes in the Great Dane's direction. Her face filled with happiness, eyes bright, her mouth parted and damp.

"Now undress, Nari, keep your eyes on your new husband and undress," Harris coaches tonelessly, careful not to break the spell of the moment.

The Korean woman begins unbuttoning the front of her blue shirtwaist dress, looking toward the Dane with half-closed eyes. A look of anticipation masks her lovely face. The dress drops to the floor, and she let it lie there. Nari reaches slowly behind her back and undoes the clasp of her bra, letting her hands slide forward to cup her breasts and hold them up for his approval.

"Trent," Harris speaks quietly, "pan in on King. He's watching her. He knows what's coming, and he's getting a hard-on."

The camera swivels smoothly on its tripod and aims toward the waiting dog. The animal's eyes are on Nari's every movement, following the motion of her hands, her body. The dog's tongue hangs out and drips saliva.

"Lower, Trent, smoothly now."

The camera swings lower, following the dog's body's muscular lines, then pausing on the long hairy sheath that houses the massive canine penis. Trent zooms a slow close-up, so close Harris knows the sheath, and its partially exposed organ will fill the frame of the picture. King pants in anticipation, each heaving breath causing the pole-hard red cock to poke in and out of its covering.

"Hold it there, Trent," Harris speaks in a whisper, "I'm going to try something."

Behind the camera viewer, Trent's eyes are bright. His crotch heavy with anticipation. Staring at a stud dog's cock doesn't usually do much for the small man. Still, now as he focuses the camera on it at close range, knowing it'll be in the girl's hot wet cunt in a few minutes, the expectation is almost too much. He tries to put the thought from his mind. It isn't easy.

"Stay, King," Harris speaks gently to the dog, "Stay. King, do you want to lick the girl, boy? Lick the girl, King? STAY. Stay."

The dog's near frantic with the promised goal. Its tongue laps hungrily over its beastly jowls, and its cock juts out at full staff length and bobs gently with its own weight.

"Jesus," Trent said softly from behind the camera.

"Now, Trent, bring the camera slowly back to the girl and keep it on her until she's on the bed and ready."

The camera swings on a straight line from the dog's stiff pointed organ to the now nude body of Nari Kim and pauses dutifully on the black hairs of her slit. *'The camera angle is perfect,'* Trent thought. *'GOD, what a video this one will be. The girl is gonna shit her pants when she sees this.'*

"Nari," Harris's voice is toneless, coaching once more. "Nari, your new husband can't wait to make love to you. Is this the first time you've made love to a man?"

"No," the vague answer came.

"Too bad," Harris mutters softly to his associate. "It would have been damned effective to video the losing of her cherry with the blood and all on King's big cock. Oh, well."

"Jesus wept, I guess," Trent said, his eye still on the girl squared in the viewer. "Say, boss, I'd better change the storage card before we start the main event."

"All right. Do we have enough space left to get Nari on the bed with the dog sniffing her pussy?"

"Hmmm, I think so," Trent said, "give it a try."

"Nari, your handsome new husband is so much in love with you. He asks you to lie down on the bed and wait for him." Harris watches critically. She sits on the end of the blue velvet-covered bed and gazes toward the imaginary bridegroom. "That's fine, Nari, now just lie back on the bed and relax."

Deep... Deep... Deeply relax. You're so comfortable, so happy, so incredibly happy that you can't help but smile at your husband when he kneels before you. Look down at him and be happy."

The girl on the bed raises her head and gazes down the length of her naked body, her eyes fascinated by something her mind said she sees there.

"Nari, you are deep... DEEP... Deeply in love with your husband, and he's starting to make love to you. You're a passionate woman. Deep... Deep... A deeply passionate woman and your body is beginning to fill with desire for him. You're so anxious to feel his touch. Your body won't lie. You can't keep it still."

Harris can hear Trent's heavy breathing from the side of the bed. He stares at the girl on the blue spread, writhing and contorting her body, spreading her soft yellow legs until the red crevice slit opens like a sexy smile. Harris gazes longingly at her pussy and wishes he can heave his cock into its depths. But that's for later. After they have this insurance, they know the girl won't reveal the perverted acts he then forces her to do. There will be time, much time, to ease his throbbing loins. He glances toward the panting animal.

"Now, King," he said softly. "Now, boy, lick her clean. Get her, boy."