

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I looked up from the book I was reading as the raucous sounds of some noisy birds being disturbed, broke the silence outside. Then before it had died away there was a timid knock on my door, which was strange, to say the least. Glancing at the clock I saw that it was half-past eight and as it was nearly four miles into the village, I wondered who would be passing at this time of night.

Opening the door, I was greeted by the sight of a petite young girl in a tight pair of ripped denim jeans and a thin fleece with the hood pulled up. The light was still good enough to see her features quite clearly and her large green eyes shone brightly as she smiled at me as she swept away the hood to reveal straight jet-black hair that was tucked into the body of her top.

"Mrs MacLeod?... I've come about the room," she said looking at me hopefully. It took me a moment to recall that I had indeed put an advert in the local shop a few days ago offering a room, hoping to raise a little bit of extra cash.

"Come in, come in," I said opening the door wide and inviting her into my small lounge with its pair of overstuffed chairs on either side of the fireplace, which wasn't lit as it was still warm in the evenings. I had lived on the Isle of Skye, in this very cottage for nearly 30 years since I moved here at 21 when Finn and I got married. A lovely but isolated spot overlooking Loch Dhughail, halfway between Achnacloich in the west and Kilbeg in the east. Beautiful it was, but freezing most of the time situated on the barren hillside with little protection against the freezing winds which meant there were just a few limited months where there wasn't the need for a blazing fire.

As the young lass went to enter Duff appeared at my side and looked at her intently before starting to growl at the possible intruder. Duff was my 5-year-old Scottish deerhound, imagine if you will a shaggy and stockier version of a greyhound. Before I could chide Duff to be welcoming to strangers; the girl spoke in a language that I didn't know, but at the same time sounded vaguely familiar.

The change that came over Duff was amazing. Although not an aggressive dog Duff was always wary and aloof of strangers and it took a while to get him to warm to you. At her melodic words, Duff started to pant and jumped at her, licking at her face and then dropping down and nuzzling at her hand for affection. Looking quizzically at her I said, "well now there's a turn up for the books, seems you have made a lifelong friend which is rare for Duff. What on earth did you say to him and what was that language?"

The girl smiled as she ruffled Duff's shaggy head, "I just told him in Gaelic I was to be his friend and I can see why he is called Duff."

"Why?" I said curiously as Finn had called him Duff from the day he bought him home as a young pup.

"Because Duff means dark or black in Gaelic and this fine fellow is a wonderful example," smiled Isla as she muttered words to him in Gaelic.

"Let me put the kettle on and we can talk further," I said leaving her to sit and continue to make a fuss of Duff.

Handing her the mug of tea she smiled as Duff settled at her feet and she spoke in the soft accent of a true Highlander, "How rude of me, my name is Isla Macbeth and I am studying Arts & Culture at the Sabhal Mòr Ostaig UHI in Sleat." The SMO was quite famous on the Island as being the only Gaelic medium college in the world.

"Would you not have been better off staying in Kilmore or Ferrindonald, where there was perhaps little more life and closer to the university than stuck up here in the wilds," I said.

"I love the view of Loch; it's only 4 miles to the university and all downhill," said Isla with a twinkling smile.

"But uphill on the way back," I laughed, "and when it comes to Gaelic then you have me at a disadvantage, my child. My knowledge of Gaelic is very limited to almost non-existent as I wasn't born here," then lowering my voice to a theatrical whisper went on "in fact, I am almost English."

A look of what almost seemed like concern or worry flashed across Isla's face as she blurted out, "but you are Heather MacLeod aren't you?"

I nodded, "yes; that is the name I have had the pleasure of having for nearly 30 years since I married Finn," then looking at her face went on, "but sadly Finn has been gone these past five years."

"How did he pass?" said Isla quietly.

"It was five years ago just gone and Duff there was just a pup. A family was visiting from Ireland and the youngest girl fell into the loch. My Finn saw it and dived in; he managed to get her to safety but was pulled under and drowned."

"Did you know the name of the family?" asked Isla without looking up from Duff.

"Kaleleach or Caillache," I said, "or something like that."

Isla smiled as she said "Cailleach... it means a witch in Gaelic you know." she paused before she went on "and your Finn was he a man of fair hair by any chance?"

I looked at her in shock as Finn was blonde which was rare in these parts but before I could question as to how she knew her small face broke into a broad grin, "Finn means fair in Gaelic so it was a wild guess."

"Phew," I laughed, "I thought perhaps for a moment you were a witch with psychic powers."

I explained the rules of the house to Isla which were quite simple in that I didn't allow strong drink or men in the house unless I was present and took a dim view of swearing.

Isla was happy to pay the £50 per week which included her food and washing. She was an ideal house guest, as like me she seemed to prefer to spend the evenings with her head in books; the lack of television or internet didn't seem to worry her at all.

She and Duff became firm friends and would often go out fell running at weekends and some afternoons when she didn't have a lecture. Although they would both often return covered in mud from their adventures, she was careful to clean Duff off in the wet room at the back and there was never a spot of mud from either of them when they walked through the house. There was one thing that I did find a little disconcerting is that she would often walk from the wet area in the back to her room totally naked.

When I challenged her on it, she stood in front of me, her lithe naked body perfectly toned, the nipples on her small 32b breasts standing proud. Without any shame looked me in the eye and said, "But Mrs M, we are just girls together and I am sure there is nothing you haven't seen before."

That night I lay in bed picturing her in my mind as I felt myself getting damp. What I never told her,

or in fact anyone on the Island, was that before I met Finn I had dabbled in same-sex relationships. I am not being totally truthful when I say dabbled, as for a couple of years I was a fully-fledged card-holding lesbian and although no steady relationships, slept with most of the women that way inclined in university.

Pulling up my nightdress I started to think of the women I had slept with but every time I pictured their faces it seemed to change into Isla's face. It was her head in my dreams that I pushed between my thighs, her tongue rather than my fingers that were gently strumming me towards an orgasm. I was biting my bottom lip to stay silent when I heard the noise coming through the walls of the cottage from Isla's bedroom next to mine. Her moans were quite clear; as whatever she was doing, was bringing her closer and closer to an orgasm. I could hear her thrashing about on the bed and the distinct moan told me that she had cum, but the moans that followed told me she hadn't stopped cumming. Twisting around I bit down onto the pillow as my orgasm tore through my body like a hurricane.

The next morning as I cooked Isla's breakfast, I avoided her face as I felt the guilt of last night's secret dreams flashback into my head. Here was I, a 50-year-old woman; a respectable widow, having lascivious thoughts about a slip of a girl who was more than half my age.

Isla's words snapped me out of my thoughts, "What do you miss most about him?"

It took me a moment to register that Isla was talking about Finn; and without much rational thought, the image of seeing Finn naked for the first time popped into my head. I felt my knees go a little weak as I remember the snake that hung down between Finn's legs. It was as thick as a baby's arm which twitched as I watched before it started to grow and rise until it was pointing at my face. I measured it later in our married life and found from base to the tip of the head it was 10 inches and almost the same in circumference. From that night onwards I never looked at another man or woman; as not only was Finn's cock a magnificent beast, he knew how to use it.

Knowing my face must be bright red, I shook my head to clear my thoughts as I stammered, "His sense of humour."

Isla tried to hide her sly smile as she must have read my mind and nodded repeating, "his sense of humour, of course, the Scots are renowned for it."

A few nights later I waved a cheery goodbye to Isla as she said, "I am off to the village for the evening, but I should be back by ten. Will you be alright on your own?"

"Of course, Mrs M," laughed Isla, "I have lots of studying to do and Duff will keep me safe, not that anyone comes up here anyway."

Thirty minutes later I was cursing under my breath as I trudged back up the path to the cottage from the land rover I had abandoned halfway to the village after it had run out of diesel. Muttering to myself I was sure I had put the full jerrycan on the back a few days before, but when I had checked, it was empty and it was quicker to walk back to the cottage than it was to walk to town.

I avoided entering the cottage from the front so as not to disturb Isla whom I had left studying a ½ hour before and moved to the barn to collect the jerrycan of diesel. It was then that the chill air had bought about a need to pee before I made the walk back to the land rover; so I let myself in silently

via the back door.

To my surprise, I could hear noises coming from the front room which was annoying as I recalled quite clearly that one of my rules was that Isla could not bring any guests back without my approval. Saying that I listened at the door as I could hear the sounds of passion that immediately made me think that Isla had sneaked back a boy. Smiling to myself I decided to have a naughty wee peek and pushing the door open a little, I heard Isla's voice moaning, "Oh yes that's wonderful, fuck me hard," followed by grunting and panting as the couple consumed their lovemaking.

The sight that greeted me was not the pounding ass of a local lad but in fact the hairy hips of Duff. I felt my jaw drop as I stood in silence watching from behind as Duff slammed into Isla, his front paws pulling her onto his cock as she moaned and thrashed in ecstasy. I wanted to run screaming from the sight yet at the same time found myself craning to get a better view. I could see Duff's cock was huge and an angry red colour as it rapidly moved back and forward in Isla's pussy, her lips puffy around it.

The heavy balls were swinging in time with the movement of Duff's fucking and I could see that in front was a bulge that he was trying to force into Isla. Before my eyes, Duff finally managed to succeed as he drove the bulge home. Isla's pussy opened to receive it, before clamping around it and at the same time her loud moan of sheer pleasure filled the cottage.

Still, in total shock, I backed away from the door and closed it silently before leaving the cottage and stumbling down the path to my car. The sounds of Isla's multiple orgasms rang in my ears. As I walked in the gloom all I could see in my mind was that vision of Isla's naked white ass pushing back to Duff's thrusts and the noise of her cries of passion. Even after I had poured the diesel into the tank I sat in the darkness until finally I felt composed enough to drive into the village.

The next morning, I lay in bed and listened to the sounds of Isla getting ready and departing for the day. Glancing at the clock I saw that it was still early and then I recalled that she had mentioned she would be out for most of the day and at least it saved me the embarrassment of facing her after last night.

Closing my eyes for a moment I recalled last night's events and the vision of Duff fucking young Isla sprang into my head. I found myself remembering the moans of passion and Duff slammed into her; before I knew it my hand had wandered to my groin and I was stroking my pussy as I replayed the scene. As I touched myself; the vision of Duff's cock became clearer & clearer in my mind, I found myself aching as it had been so long since anything had filled the void between my legs.

Moving my hands away at such guilty thoughts I stood and grabbed my robe, wrapping it tightly around me before heading downstairs to cook my breakfast. Entering the kitchen, I saw Duff lying on his side, half asleep next to the Aga enjoying the radiating warmth. I couldn't help myself as my gaze was drawn to his crotch and I could see a tiny red tip just emerging from the hairy sheath. I had never looked on Duff in this way and part of me wanted to drag my gaze away but the other half seemed to urge me on. Kneeling next to him I timidly touched the small red tip and almost squealed like a schoolgirl as it started to emerge just a little. It seemed hard to imagine that from this small beginning the fiery red monster I had witnessed last night would emerge.

Duff opened one eye and looked at me with a look that seemed to speak volumes. It was like he knew what my thoughts were and what I desired, but also knew he must be patient and wait his time and allow me to develop things at my pace. I started to work the cock a little more as it grew and with

each touch, it seemed to get bigger and bigger as it swelled.

It had started to drip a clear fluid onto my hand and this lubricated my palm as I worked him to hardness. My mind was whirling at what was happening, part of me desired to be as Isla was last night, to have that void between my legs filled, yet part of me was horrified by what I knew I was about to do. Duff seemed to have sensed that I had made my decision as he rolled onto his feet and stood patiently allowing me to work his cock with my hand, as I marvelled at the heat emanating from it as it pulsed.

My mind was made up as I stood and threw off my robe, almost tearing the nightgown until I stood naked in my kitchen. Then dropping to all fours, I presented myself to Duff, ready to take him as my new lover. As I rested my head against the tiled floor, I thought for a moment how perhaps Duff was the connection between myself and my poor departed Finn. Duff was his puppy that had comforted me with love after Finn was taken from me; now Duff would take his place as my lover.

The tongue that rasped along my pussy lips was like nothing I had ever felt before in that area. In the past, I have had my pussy licked by the smooth cheeks of my female lovers and also the stubbly cheeks of Finn, but this was something new. I had felt Duff's tongue lick my hand a thousand times over the years, its roughness lapping with affection, but when applied to my clit, pussy and ass it sent a thrill through me that had no equal. Groaning with pleasure I arched backwards to Duff, urging him to lick more and as he did the first orgasm shuddered through me.

I whimpered, almost with sadness as his tongue stopped, but my dismay was short-lived as I felt him rise up and grip my ample waist with his paws. His back legs were scrambling for purchase on the floor and I could hear the click of his claws on the tiles as he thrust frantically at me. His warm belly hair caressed my back and ass like the softest covering and his cock felt like a hot steel rod seeking its perfect place. Then in a flash, I felt the tip enter my pussy briefly and at that moment my whole life changed forever. With a yelp, Duff thrust himself forward and buried his cock fully inside me; before I had even had the chance for it to register, he began to fuck me with a frantic urgency.

He wasn't as big as I remembered Finn, but the memory was so long ago perhaps he was, whatever slight difference in size there might have been nothing compared with the ferocity and speed of Duff's fucking. It took me a moment to realise that the words filling the air were spewing forth from my mouth as I pleaded with Duff to fuck me harder and never stop. Duff needed no encouragement as he drove in and out in short savage thrusts and I could feel the bulge at the base of his cock slamming against my pussy lips. As he thrust, I knew that he wanted to force that inside me and taking a deep breath I pushed back and nearly passed out as it entered in me.

I could feel it swell inside every further, filling me as I had never been filled before, even by Finn's mighty weapon. Then as Duff slowed to almost a stop it started to throb deep inside and then exploded in a gush of hot fluid that seemed to spray inside forever. Orgasm after orgasm tore through my body as I knew that this would be the first of many times that Duff would fuck me.

EPILOGUE

Isla smiled to herself as she watched through the window and could see into the kitchen where Heather and Duff were still locked in passion. She could see Heather arch herself up to Duff, imploring him to fuck her harder and faster, the smell of her sex filling the air and her noises of pleasure and ecstasy catching in the breeze. Isla moved silently to the front of the house and went to her bedroom, her movements accompanied by the noises from the kitchen filling the cottage as

Heather orgasmed yet again. Isla checked the room one more time to make sure that no trace of her remained and quietly moved back down the stairs and out through the front door. She paused on the threshold of the cottage, as she held two fingers to her lips in a kiss before transferring it to the doorframe and said softly to the wind, "our debt is paid Finn MacLeod, your wife is cared for, though perhaps not how you expected, she is happy all the same. Thank you again for the life of my little sister and just so you know she doesn't swim in lochs anymore." With that Isla dissolved into a puff of black smoke that whirled for a moment before forming into a black raven that flapped away in the wind.