

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



As the cars left the village, the road began to climb. At first, the slope is gentle but after a while the slope steepened and the terrain became harsher; fields giving way to thick woodland. As the road narrowed, and the woods closed in, the cars slowed, their headlights cutting a swathe through the damp and cold night air.

The first car, a large black one, had four male occupants in their mid-thirties, dressed in smartly cut dinner suits and chattered gaily among themselves as they drove. The driver is a heavysset man with a florid complexion, whose thinning hair is already grey at the sides. Unlike his companions who wore traditional black, he wore a red-bowtie and cummerbund. The second car is smaller and carried only three occupants, a grim-faced male in his middle-thirties, who drove, and two women. The woman in the rear seat, who's in her early to mid-thirties, is of the body-type favoured by Rubens. She's what in some circles is known as a BBW - a Big Beautiful Women.

The large woman a brunette whose red, low-cut, ball gown showed a generous amount of cleavage. Her naturally curly hair is worn long, almost to the shoulder, and softly framed her not unattractive face. She chattered cheerfully enough, ignoring the near monosyllabic replies she received to her talk. The last occupant of the car, a tall, well-built woman, occupied the front seat, beside the driver. In her late-twenties, she's a little younger than her companions, but not so much that she's out-of-place. A shapely woman, well-built without being fat. Like her companions, she wore evening dress. In her case, a dark blue, strapless, ball gown with a white edging to the bodice. A rather more discreet cut than the one worn by her companion, but still capable of showing off her assets to their best effect.

Over the top, she wore a short, black, jacket. Her fair hair piled high on her head, secured in position with several clips. Simple earrings glittered at her lobes, and her long, slender, throat adorned by a double ring of pearls. In her hands, she held a prettily patterned handkerchief, which she slowly twisted tight: this way, and then that; a simple action which disclosed the tension she's feeling.

Eventually, the leading car slowed, its brake lights glowing ruby-red in the gloom. Its indicator began to blink and it turned, cautiously, into an even narrower lane that went off at a tangent. Soon, the surface of the lane, which is only one car wide, deteriorated to become almost a track. The cars bounced onwards, slowly, until suddenly a wall appeared, paralleling the track. The leading car slowed further and indicated. A high wall appeared of the type that commonly surrounds farm buildings and their yards; and it's into such a yard that the cars turned a few moments later.

The farmyard looked deserted. The only signs of life were the illuminated, yet curtained, the windows of the farmhouse and a welcoming light by the door. The drivers parked their cars and the occupants dismounted, stretching luxuriously after their long journey, their breath steaming about them in the cold air.

As the party moved towards the door, red-bowtie leading, the women and their driver at the rear; the door opened to reveal a large man who stood framed against the light in his late-forties, with the battered face of a pugilist. He wore dark trousers below a long, brown, warehouse coat. He nodded in greeting, "Welcome," he said. "I am the Games Master. You found us alright, I see. Come in, please come in."

He spoke as if not expecting an answer and held the door wide for his guests, who found themselves in a well-lit long, but wide passageway, with closed doors each side. The newcomers waited quietly in the hall while the Games Master closed the door and bustled around.

"May I take anyone's coat?" He asked.

The woman in blue took-up the offer, slipping her jacket from her shoulders.

"Please come through," said the Games Master, gesturing along the corridor and, stepping to the front, led the way.

At the end of the corridor, the Games Master opened a heavy, low door; so low that the men bobbed their heads to enter. The room they entered looked long and had a high-ceiling, being about twice the height of a normal room. It felt warm though, and had a traditional black-and-white tile floor. Long curtains hung from the ceiling, creating a little entrance vestibule. As they moved through the opening in the curtains, they could see that its width appeared in proportion to its height.

The walls were hung with heavy curtains (to reduce noise transmission - despite one's rural location, one can never be too careful, explained the Games Master), and running along part of one of the long walls were four shallow, wide, steps. On these steps, were a series of leather couches and armchairs, each separated from the other by small tables carrying decanters of whiskey, brandy, and port; glasses and ashtrays.

The principal lighting of the room supplied with small ceiling lights, which had been turned down so the seating looked almost lost in shadow. Best illuminated is the area before them, into which several ceiling-mounted spotlights shone. This area had been covered by a large, cream-coloured, rug and, in the centre, stood a large, square, footstool, covered with red velvet. The whole central area delineated by a low rail, about eighteen inches high, which had two gaps in it, one facing the open area where the newcomers stood next to the door, the other on the opposite side of the circle and facing a high, wide double door which peeked through a chink in the curtain which covered the far wall. The newcomers milled for a few moments, apparently waiting for a lead.

The Games Master supplied it. "Sir," he asked of red-bowtie. "Are you ready to proceed or would you like few minutes to settle in?"

Red-bowtie glanced swiftly around. "I think we'll get ourselves some drinks - I see you're well stocked, and then we'll be ready to go."

The Games Master bowed his acknowledgement. "Then, ladies and gentlemen," he said. "If you would like to help yourselves to drinks and - if desired - cigars and make yourselves comfortable, we'll begin. I'll return in a few moments."

With that, he turned and left by one of the far double doors, which he closed behind him. The bulk of the party made their way over to the steps and poured drinks from the decanters; settling into the seats as they did so. Somebody found a humidior and soon clouds of rich cigar smoke began to drift towards the ceiling.

Left standing by the door was the lady in blue and the man who had driven her. "Lucy," he said. "You don't have to go through with this."

His voice pleading.

"Jack, we've already been through this and through it several times," she said. "A wager is a wager and I lost. The deal was that if I lost, and couldn't pay, then I could pay it off by performing the forfeit. I knew what that forfeit was before I accepted the bet. I lost. I thought I was onto a sure thing and wouldn't have to pay or perform the forfeit. I was wrong. We don't have the money to pay, so I must perform the forfeit. Simple really. Now look, it's not a pleasant forfeit, but it won't kill me.

Women have done it before without any harm.”

She shivered suddenly, despite the warmth of the room. “Now, Jack, be a love, and go sit with the others. Watch what happens, or close your eyes and think of England – whatever you wish.”

Lucy stopped talking and looked firmly down and away. As clear a signal as any that the conversation was over and that her mind is set. Jack stood for a moment, looking as if he were about to try to continue the discussion. Then he grimaced and slowly turned about, walking back to the steps. At his approach, one of the men handed him a part-filled tumbler of whisky. Jack took it without a word and silently strode to a seat in the top-tier, as far from his companions as he could get from his companions. He sat morosely, sipping his whisky and fumbling at his cigarette case.

The Games Master returned and approached Lucy, and asked, “Are you the lady?”

“Yes,” she said, nodding her head slowly.

“Is this your first time?”

Lucy licked her suddenly dry lips and nodded again.

“Ah, I thought so.”

Despite his size and appearance, he had a wonderfully soft voice and enunciated his words very clearly. Lucy had to lean close to hear him.

“There’s nothing to be concerned about. Most ladies are apprehensive about their first time, but all seem to enjoy it,” the Games Master said happily. “Indeed, we have several ladies who’ve returned for further experiences after their first visit.” He paused for a moment. “Now, if you’d like to prepare yourself. You’ll need to be very well lubricated.”

He gestured towards a low bench, which stood in discreetly in the curtained vestibule, out of sight of the audience. “In the cupboard below the bench, you’ll find lubricant and a large dildo, which you may wish to use. It’ll help get the lube deep inside, and maybe, some natural lubricant also. When you’re ready, I’ll brief you on what is to happen next, and how.”

He nodded and stepped away, leaving Lucy to herself. Lucy felt nonplussed. The Games Master had been so matter of fact. He knew what she’s about to do in front of seven other people, yet he seemed so nonplussed about it. She stood a moment, almost frozen to the spot. Her mind whirled. Now that the time had arrived she began to wonder if she could go through with it. She hadn’t been a virgin when she married Jack. She’d had several boyfriends with whom she’d enjoyed an active and varied sex-life. But she’d only had one man at a time before. Today, she’s to strip naked before six men, four of them strangers to her until she’d met them at dinner this evening. For nudity purposes, the woman didn’t matter – Lucy had been naked in the school changing rooms with other the girls often enough.

She thought back to earlier in the evening, when she’d met her audience. That had been part of the forfeit, of course. Red-bowtie is a work colleague and the man whom she’d lost the wager to. The forfeit is to perform the act she’s about to perform, but beforehand, to have dinner with red-bowtie’s invited guests. During the meal, and in her presence, red-bowtie had explained the forfeit to his guests in lascivious detail. Lucy had almost died of shame.

She’d raised her downcast eyes to see the men appraising her, examining her reddening visage and stroking her exposed cleavage with their eyes. No doubt they were wondering how and why such an

attractive woman would consent to such a forfeit, even if she thought herself to be a sure-fire winner of the wager. Only the woman in red had looked in any way sympathetic or understanding to Lucy's situation.

To her left, Lucy heard a glass clink and a man cough. The everyday sounds brought her from her reverie. She remembered what she's there for and swept her hand behind her back, feeling for the zipper tab. Her fingers failed to connect with it. She tried again, fingers fumbling for the tab. Her heart sank. Suddenly, she remembered. She'd always had to have Jack zip her into, and out of, this dress. Her heart sank. She glanced to her left and met the brunette's eyes. The woman - realising Lucy's predicament - hopped from her chair. Lucy - in a girlie moment - smiled her thanks and turned slightly to present the zipper to her before putting her hands on her hips.

She heard the zip slide down and felt cool air on her back. The stiffened bodice of her dress became loose and, under its own weight, slowly folded forward exposing her tits. She's quite a busty woman and her breasts sat high on her chest, long light-brown nipples thrusting forwards and out from small aureole, which were beginning to swell. As the brunette returned to her seat, Lucy slid the dress off her hips and daintily stepped out of it. Below it, she wore a pair of lacy black French knickers and an old-fashioned style of high-heeled boot, which came up to just over her ankle.

As she straightened up from retrieving the dress from the floor, Lucy found the Games Master before her, a dress hanger in hand. She smiled her thanks and relinquished the dress to him, slipping her thumbs into the waistband of her knickers and sliding them down and off her shapely long legs. Naked now save for her shoes and jewellery, Lucy presented her back to the audience and moved unhurriedly to the bench. In the privacy of vestibule, she liberally greased her fingers and pussy lips before sliding her fingers inside, then, taking the dildo, she greased it and, standing straddle-legged, presented it to her pussy.

Gently, she lowered herself to the bench top, using it to drive the dildo in. The Games Master is right, it's a big one. Bigger than her usual sex toys, but she's well lubricated and soon, she had stretched to accommodate the toy. She began to slide it in-and-out, adding more lube to the shaft now-and-again, until she could use it easily. She's as ready now as she would ever be, she decided. Sedately, and without hesitation, she walked to the curtain and stood facing the Games Master.

"Are you ready?" He asked.

She inclined her head.

"Good," he said with a smile. "Please listen carefully. In your own time, when you're ready, please enter the arena. This is the carpeted area delimited by the boundary rail. Please go on all fours as soon as you are through the entry and stay on all fours throughout."

Lucy raised an eyebrow when she heard this. "This is for your own safety," The Games Master said, "and helps to ensure the success of your enterprise here today. You may use any part of the arena and you may use the upholstered foot stool to support yourself if you wish. Are you happy so far?"

Lucy nodded. "Yes, I understand."

"Thank you," he said with a slight bow. "I reiterate, as soon as you go through the gap in the rail, drop to all fours. I'll tell you when it is safe for you to stand upright again. While moving about the arena, please keep your ass high and your knees spread as wide as you can. This not only promotes a stable position, it also fully exposes your pussy and helps ensure success. Do you understand? Do you have any questions?"

Lucy shook her head. "I understand," she said. "I have no questions."

"Thank you," he said, again bowing slightly to her. "I understand you have a task to perform before we start properly. My signal that you're ready will be when you enter the arena. Enjoy your experience."

With that, the Games Master stepped back and bowed slightly. He turned about and strode to the double doors to stand expectantly beside them. Lucy had thought how she would cope with the first part of the forfeit proper and had come to a decision. Red-bowtie had been trying to see her tits for ages, so he had made the most of this golden opportunity. The first part of the forfeit is to display her naked body to him and to the audience. Now that the time had come, she felt incredibly calm as she put her plan into effect.

She stepped through the curtains and into the full view of her audience. The movement drew their attention and against the lights, she could see the pale blobs of their faces turn towards her. She heard faint murmurs of appreciation as the men's gaze fell to her breasts. She stood coyly for a moment, one leg crossed slightly before the other, hiding her pussy from them. Then she straightened, her eyes looking challengingly towards red-bowtie, seated on the second level of the auditorium. She moved her feet apart to almost shoulder width, and threw her arms wide, giving the audience a full-on view of her naked body.

"Nice shaven pussy," observed an unseen speaker.

Lucy thought she recognised the voice as that of the little rat-faced man who had sat beside her at dinner. He'd been attentive enough, filling her glass when needed, but taking every opportunity to inspect her cleavage, even before red-bowtie had explained what she's doing later that evening. Doubtless, they had all known about the forfeit before the dinner, but while the rest of the men waited until red-bowtie had spelled it out, rat-face had started his leering early.

She held the pose for a few moments, giving the men their fill before turning and displaying her heart-shaped buttocks. From behind, she heard the same voice exclaim "What an arse! I'd like to bend her over, have her grasp her ankles, and do 'er here and now."

Lucy stepped slowly to the entrance to the arena. She caught the eye of the Games Master, who nodded approvingly. Lucy paused for a moment before stepping forwards beyond the boundary rail. As her leading foot touched the carpeted area, she gracefully knelt and began to crawl, wide legged across the floor towards the box. As she arrived at it, she circled; showing the audience her reddened labia, her pussy lips glistening with lube under the strong light. Silently, the Games Master slipped from the room.

The view from the gallery is superb. The watchers could see every last detail of the woman's body. The pink, slightly gaping, pussy lips glistening; the sway of her full, hanging titties. To keep her ass high, Lucy crawled head down, taking her weight on her elbows rather than her hands. The lower position caused her engorged teats to drag across the carpet. The rat-faced man's eyes never left Lucy.

"Look at those hangers," he observed loudly to nobody in particular, as he watched the naked woman crawl slowly past.

A movement to their left, at the double-door, drew the audience's attention. The Games Master walked slowly across the room, accompanied now by a large black Labrador dog which he held by a leash which clipped to a full body harness rather than a conventional collar. On its front paws, to protect Lucy from his claws, the dog wore long white-socks, which were taped in the form of a garter

high up its legs. From the grey hairs on its muzzle, it looked an older animal. But it's still a virile dog for all that. Already, its flame red penis semi-erect and starting to extend from the furry sheath below its belly. The dog panted as it walked and it began to tug gently on its lead as it scented the woman's secretions. At the arena entry, the Games Master stopped the dog and swiftly unclipped its leash. He held it for a moment, checking Lucy's position, then released his grip.

The dog trotted into the arena, and sniffed appreciatively at Lucy's exposed pussy. He moved away and nuzzled at her shoulder, before returning to sniff her pussy. His long red tongue came out and he dragged it across her vulva. Lucy shivered at the feel of the dog's rough wet tongue lapping at her slit. With her legs spread wide, not only is she fully exposed to the dog, her vaginal lips had started to part also, exposing her now erect clitoris. She felt the animal's tongue sweep over it, sending waves of pleasure through her body. She rested her head on her folded arms as her canine lover pushed his tongue into her slit, trying to get to the source of her odour. Lucy began to rotate her hips under the stimulation; her breath starting to come in short gasps.

After a few more minutes, the dog ceased eating pussy and walked slowly around the prostrate woman. As the animal's loins passed her, she reached up grasping its sheath and manipulating the dog's engorged penis back between his hind legs. Sperm had already begun to drip from the tip: dogs produce sperm at all times while erect. Lucy looked up at the audience as she brought her mouth to the animal's erection.

"Oh, bravo!" She heard the Games Master say.

Seeking red-bowtie's eye, she licked the length of the engorged penis, before taking it in her mouth and beginning to stimulate it: tasting the salty pre-cum in her mouth. Getting fucked by the dog is the forfeit; there hadn't been any mention of fellating it! Gently, she played her tongue over the pointy end of the doggy cock, teasing the hole in the tip. Her mouth full of doggy pre-cum and it ran out of the sides and down her chin in a near constant stream. The audience could see her swallowing rapidly, as she tried to keep pace with the animal spunk production. When she released the dog's prick, it pulled from her mouth with a distinct "plop," and the audience saw a stream of thin, watery, white doggy fluid dribbling down Lucy's chin and chest.

"Fuck, oh fuck," she heard rat-face exclaim, his voice full of lust.

The dog's cock is now fully erect, an impressive seven inches of hard, red meat swung from its loins. The thick red meat glistened dangerously in the light with a combination of doggy pre-cum and Lucy's saliva.

She looked back over her shoulder, watching the dog circle back towards her pussy, its head down and tongue lolling. She's ready now, she wanted that fat doggy cock in her pussy and she wanted it now. As the dog approached her ass again, she patted her rump. The dog understood immediately, going straight up on its hind legs, his big cock feeling for the hole. Lucy reached between her legs, guiding the tip into her well-greased pussy.

The audience heard her gasp as the animal's cock slid deep into her, sheathing fully in the woman's slick love tube. The entry had been easy due to the lubrication of both the gel and the dog's continuously produced spunk. The animal began to hump immediately, its forelegs folding about Lucy's hips and holding him tight to her in a vice-like grip. Lucy could feel the dog's front paws against her thighs and his hot tongue lapping her neck.

The dog's strokes were short, fast and powerful. The audience could see the flesh of Lucy's buttocks wobbling under the onslaught, her titties swaying in time with the dog's thrusts. The dog's rump

flattened: his long tail thrashing wildly from side-to-side as he tried to force his knot inside the woman.

Lucy could feel hot doggy spunk flowing continuously into her pussy, lubricating her as never before. With the dog's pounding fuck action, some of the thin, watery fluid, seeped past the fat red cock and dribbled from her pussy, forming a large wet stain on the carpet. She could feel the base of the doggy cock starting to expand as the knot formed.

Lucy tried to ease her position and shuffled forwards slightly, still keeping her thighs well spread for the dog. The animal, thinking she's trying to escape, redoubled his efforts; grasping her even more tightly and humping harder. He flattened himself against the woman's back straining towards his orgasm, eyes wild and his ears folding back against his head.

Lucy had been fucked before, by several men - some more vigorously than others, but this is the hardest pounding she'd ever had. It felt as if the animals trying to fuck her brains out.

The audience could see the woman's perineum bowing and bulging as the dog humped wildly; her pussy muscles gripping the dog's mighty organ.

The hump lasted only four or five minutes; the longest, most pleasurable four or five minutes of Lucy's life. Suddenly, she felt deliciously full as the dog's knot - the swollen base of its penis - entered her vagina, lodging in the flexible part of her pussy. Almost immediately, the animal stopped humping instead, keeping a steady pressure on its knot to ensure it really is inside. Lucy could feel the knot still swelling, tying her irrevocably to the animal until their mating had ended. She could feel more and more hot doggy spunk shooting deep into her belly, the quantity increasing with each spurt. The dog kept pumping its seed; Lucy could feel each hot jet splash into her. She could feel it spreading around her belly, kept in by the pressure of the engorged knot.

From the corner of her eye, she could see that several of the men had their erect cocks out and were stroking their shafts. The woman in the red dress had folded the bodice of her dress down and, with her skirts raised fingered her clitoris and pinched her already erect nipples. For the audience, the views magnificent. Now, between the woman's parted thighs, they could see the base of the doggy cock vanishing into her belly. The woman's pussy formed a stretched, white "O" about the dog's cock. Due to the presence of the knot just inside her pussy, Lucy's labia pouted outwards, exposing her engorged clitoris to a greater extent than with any other lover. They could see her fingers fumbling with her love button and hear her moans as each successive orgasm hit her.

Lucy could feel the knot pulsating; unmercifully stimulating her clitoris from the inside for the duration of the tie. As she touched herself, she felt overcome by wave after wave of orgasm, her pussy twitching and squeezing her canine lovers cock uncontrollably.

She could feel the dog licking her face, trying to show its appreciation for allowing him to mate with her. Lucy felt as if she was in heaven, nothing had prepared her for the prolonged sensations that now coursed through her body.

She heard the Games Master's voice as if from far away. "He's knotted with you now," he said softly. "You're tied together until the knot shrinks and he'll continue to cum until then. I selected an older, experienced, animal for you. One that knows how to mate with a human female. He normally knots for between five and fifteen minutes, but can go longer. Just relax and let him finish."

It took fifteen minutes before Lucy felt the dog's spurts get smaller and weaker, but somehow, the ejaculate felt thicker and creamier. She could feel it starting to coagulate at the entrance to her womb, sealing the doggy sperm inside her. A whole new sensation for her, and an exciting one, for

the young woman.

Finally, the dog pulled out. The audience heard the “plop” as the doggy dick pulled out of the woman’s belly. Followed by a gush of spunk which ran down Lucy’s thighs. She felt the dog’s rough tongue against her again, sending her to a new wave of pleasure, as the dog began the canine after-mating ritual.

It lasted only a few moments before the Games Master re-leashed the animal. He spoke gently to it before leading it away toward the door. As he left the arena, he stopped. “Madam,” he said, “the mating is over. You may now stand up.”

Lucy rose unsteadily to her feet. She felt weak and could feel the hot doggy spunk deep in her womb. A thin trickle of thin white spunk ran from her gash and down her thigh. She faced the audience, observing with pleasure the erect cocks still in hand and the other woman leaning over, blowing red-bowtie’s engorged cock, one of his hands on the back of her neck to hold her on. His free hand playing with her big tits. The other woman’s spare hand busy between her thighs, playing with her thickly-bushed pussy.

Lucy stood still, squarely facing them; her legs apart, letting them see her titties, her wet, puffy red labia and the spunk dribbling from her and forming a large, dark, stain on the carpet between her legs.

She addressed red-bowtie. “The forfeit complete,” she said.

Red-bowtie nodded deeply, his eyes fixed on her despite the continuing oral ministrations of the brunette.

Lucy bowed to the audience and, as she turned to go, she heard rat-face exclaim “Oh, well done!” and begin to applaud. Those men who still had hard-ons released them for long enough to join in the warm splatter of applause and cries of appreciation as she turned away.

Half-an-hour later, they mustered in the hallway. It had taken that long for Lucy to dress and for the brunette to finish off red-bowtie and the other men who needed her assistance to obtain their release. The Games Master stood patiently by the door, waiting for their departure. As they filed out towards their cars, Lucy lingered until last.

“Thank you,” she said, offering her hand to the Games Master. “You were right, I enjoyed it.”

As he returned her grasp, Lucy felt a small square of pasteboard press into her hand. “Our telephone number,” he said, “in case you’d consider further experiences.”

Lucy smiled and nodded shyly. Her smile persisted as the door closed softly behind her.

The End