

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Alice sipped on her Malbec and stared out at the garden she had planned with 'him.'

A beautiful lawn, flower beds, and a patch of woodland right at the bottom.

She had purchased it outright with a win on the lottery, her partner at the time had moved in with her, and together they had turned it into their ideal home.

Now here she was five years later, all alone and drinking far too much red wine.

She had been born into a wealthy family in a small village North-East of Winchester in Hampshire. Having excelled at school and college, she relocated to Oxford to read History, a subject that had always fascinated her. Daddy had sponsored a flat not much bigger than a shoebox but living away from her demanding family meant that it was paradise.

Neil had become, in short order, her classmate, then her boyfriend, and then her lover. She was happy, she had found her soulmate, and all was well with the world.

Then her lottery windfall had dropped unexpectedly into her lap. Together they had found a perfect place West of the city on the edge of the Cotswold's. The rolling hills reminded her of her family home amid the chalk hills of The South Downs National Park.

She invested the balance of the money in providing an income for them both, and together they worked tirelessly on renovating the property.

Now he was gone. He had at first become distant, then had packed up his stuff and walked out, never to return.

She had half expected a court case to fight over the house, but in the event, had never heard from him again. A friend had spotted him in Marbella a few years later with a bikini'd 17-year-old on his arm. It had then become clear. He had traded her for a younger model, one of the world's oldest stories.

She wanted to start over but couldn't find the motivation. It would involve dating strangers and even sleeping with some of them. She yearned for romance and sex, especially the sex, but instead sat around her house drinking red wine and weeping at classic old movies.

She still had her girlfriends, but these days they mostly conversed on social media, occasionally she would meet up with one or two of them, but the gossip always spun around to her current single state.

She hated it when all the advice came pouring in about how to start over.

One thing, however, rang true, a suggestion that she get herself a big dog. She lived alone in an isolated house, a sizable dog they said would be company as well as protecting her if it ever became necessary.

She got home and opened her customary bottle of Malbec, and considered her options. A big dog around the house would certainly make her feel safer, and the companionship would be most welcome.

She was a sad bitch now, but a dog wouldn't judge. He would be loyal and supportive. She warmed

to the idea. The next day she would drive down to Oxford and search the city's dog homes for a lonely dog to become her friend and confidant. She sat at her computer, opened a browser, and printed a street plan of the 'City of Dreaming Spires.'

A search revealed three likely places, and she marked their location with a pencil on her newly minted map.

The first two sites had a couple of possible candidates, but at the third one, she struck gold.

She had explained to the attractive blonde receptionist that she needed a large dog to help her feel safe out in the country where she lived. She explained that she lived alone in a big house with hills all around.

The woman smiled and said she thought she had the perfect solution.

She led her through to the kennels, past all the smaller animals to a large cage at the end.

The biggest Alsatian she had ever seen had climbed to his feet as they approached.

"Had him a while now, cost a fortune to feed and all that. We don't have his name, so that would be up to you."

The big dog made eye contact with her, and she felt a strange shiver down her spine and wondered at it, then made a snap decision.

"Well, I can certainly afford to feed him, and as I work from home, he would never be left on his own. Can I take him?"

The rest was simple. She got the impression that the woman was pleased to pass on responsibility for the upkeep of her huge charge. She filled in the required paperwork and was soon walking across to her car with her enormous companion on a leash.

The enterprising woman had sold it to her along with a collar, plastic feeding and water bowls, a wire brush, some pet shampoo, and a sack of all-in-one biscuits. She had even helped her carry it all out to her car before returning for the hound.

She stopped, turned, and crouched down in front of him. He sat back on his haunches and once again made eye contact. She decided on the spot to call him 'Wolf,' although he was larger than any wolf she had ever seen in the nature programs that she loved. She stroked his head and shaggy mane.

"Well, Wolfie, you want to come and live with me."

The big dog's response was to lick her across the face. Once again, she felt that strange shiver down her spine. What on earth was that all about. She stood and opened the door to her car. The big dog jumped nimbly in and flopped down. He was probably just glad to be out of that cage.

When they were clear of the city, she pulled into a small car park that gave access to some public woodland. She let the big dog out to attend to his needs and was delighted when he came straight back to check that she was still there.

They walked a little way down a track, Wolfie wandering here and there to investigate each new scent. She called him frequently to get him used to his new name. He always ran back at the sound

of her voice. It was quite wonderful. She knew she was adopting him but felt that, in some ways, he was also adopting her.

A month slipped by, and they fell into a routine, walks in the hills in the morning, back for the chores, then he would lie on the grass and watch her as she pottered in her beloved garden. In the evening, he would come to her for some soft words and affection. He was never disappointed. Looking into those beautiful, expressive brown eyes, she realized she had fallen in love with this wonderful animal.

She concluded that her friends had been right. She had always felt slightly vulnerable being so isolated. Now anyone wishing her harm would first have to get past the giant creature that shared her home.

She had considered getting a gate for the stairs to limit him to the ground floor, but in the end, decided he could have the run of the house.

He would trail her out to the kitchen, follow her upstairs to flop down while she showered, and at night would always be close by guarding her.

Attached to the house was what had once been a garage. When they eventually opened it after moving in, they found it full of junk left by the previous owners.

They ignored it while they worked on the rest of the property but eventually, Neil attacked it. He took a load of stuff to the tip and gave anything remotely saleable to Oxfam.

When he walked out, it was still half full of stuff. The door had simply been locked and left.

Alice decided to finish clearing it. She had the funds to turn it into a fully equipped home gym.

As she pulled stuff out, she came upon a curious contraption made of tubular steel.

It had Velcro straps on each side and what appeared to be restraints on the other end.

She found a piece of rag and wiped off the layers of dust and was surprised to find it seemed brand new. As she examined it, the penny dropped. It had to be some kind of bondage frame. Presumably, a woman would be secured on all fours, and the man would kneel and take her from behind.

She realized she was sexist. Of course, a gay man could just as easily use it. His partner would have him in just the right position.

It had a lever on one side, and when she tried it, the whole thing lifted to reveal four small wheels. The damned thing was portable. She pushed it out onto the forecourt to examine it.

It had an oblong base sitting on the bogie. At each corner were stanchions to which the various restraints were attached. Halfway up across what she perceived to be the front of it was a wide cross strut with a hole in the middle. She could see it was, in reality, two pieces with a hinge at one end.

Once again, the penny dropped. The captive, be it male or female, would have their head through the gap, holding them in the right position, unable to move as their partner fucked them.

Alice, since her teenage years, had always fantasized about bondage but had lacked the courage to ask any of her lovers to tie her down for sex. This strange contraption, however, fascinated her. Of

course, she would need a man to use it, but hey, you never know.

She wheeled it through to her lounge, and after carefully laying it on a couple of large towels, finished cleaning it up.

Wolf, of course, tracked her all the way, sniffed at the new gadget, and then lost interest.

“Well, thanks for the help, big fellah,” she said, puffing from her exertions.

The big dog replied with a lick across her cheek. She didn't mind. It was his unique way of showing affection.

She fed him, and together they wandered down to the woodland, content in each other's company. It was moments like this that she cherished.

When they got back to the house, inevitably, she opened a bottle of her favorite tippie. It was a Malbec from Argentina called 'Waxed Bat.'

She turned the TV on but found her attention kept turning to the bondage frame across the room. She realized that she longed to be secured in that thing and royally fucked by an oversized male. The problem was she was out here with just her faithful hound for company. As the wine kicked in, she vowed to get out more, then maybe she had a chance of meeting someone who could rock her boat.

She found her glass was empty and refilled it with the last of the bottle, God where had that gone so quickly.

As she sat back down, disaster, she splashed most of the glass into her lap. With a loud 'Fuck' she jumped up and rushed through to the kitchen, where she pulled off her shorts and panties. She immersed them in cold water to soak them and was thankful that her favorite T-shirt hadn't caught any of it.

She considered going upstairs for some fresh clothes then, with another loud, "Fuck it," opened the second bottle of red.

She carried it through carefully along with a towel which she spread to sit on and stared once again at the exotic bondage frame.

After two more glasses of scarlet nectar, she decided she wanted to try it. She would have to be careful not to trap herself. She just wanted to see how it felt. She would strap her legs into the Velcro and put her head through the frame. She would not use the restraints at the front. That way, she could free herself at any time.

She realized that she was quite aroused by what she was doing if only there was a man around to take advantage of her.

She examined the locking mechanism of the neck restraint and found it quite simple.

A small Allen key with a loop of cord attached was slotted into a metal lock, and she imagined that you closed the lower section then turned the key to secure it.

Kneeling into position, she carefully fastened the Velcro around her ankles and knees, then falling forward onto her hands, she put her neck up under the top half of the cross beam, discovering it to be padded with foam.

'For your comfort whilst you are fucked,' she thought and chuckled at her own humor.

The lower half she pulled up from below, trapping her neck in a kind of old-fashioned stocks, she reached up intending to turn the key but contrived to dislodge it, one bounce, and it skittered away out of reach. She supposed she would have to retrieve it but strangely found that the stocks had locked anyway. She frantically pawed at the latch but found no way to open it.

She tried to withdraw her head, but it was too snug a fit, not chance there. She strained against the Velcro with the same result. The reality of her predicament now sank in.

Nobody would be coming by to check on her. Friends that phoned would get her voicemail, 'God, what had she done this time? She should never have opened that second bottle.'

She screamed and wrestled impotently with her restraints, then gave up, resumed the only position available to her, all fours, hung her head, and wept.

Wolf, obviously alarmed by her shriek, appeared in her line of vision. He came right up and, as was his way, licked her face in reassurance. He must have liked the saltiness of her tears until a hand across his muzzle discouraged him.

He disappeared from her view, and almost immediately, she felt a cold nose push up between her cheeks. There was a blast of air as he sampled the scent of her fading arousal, then a long muscular tongue washed right across her genitalia.

Alice was disgusted. Ever since she had got him, he had been trying to sniff at her crotch, and she actively discouraged this with both voice and an occasional slap. She desperately needed some sex but letting an animal lick her was just simply depraved, and she would never be that desperate.

Now it dawned on her the reality of her predicament, Wolf was going to lick her, and she would just have to kneel here on her hands and knees and take it.

The big hound had obviously tasted something he liked. The huge tongue was suddenly very busy, and he cleaned up the outside, stimulating her clitoris as he did so, then found her entrance and, in his quest for more nectar, started fucking her with his tongue.

Alice was mortified. She felt her body responding to the onslaught and realized with horror that the long muscular tongue would inevitably force her to come.

Sure, enough she soon felt the familiar welling up of feeling followed by an entirely unexpected monster ejaculation. Wolfie, finding more liquid forthcoming, licked even faster, prolonging her release as never before.

The big tongue finally withdrew and left her panting. None of the males she had slept with had rocked her world like that.

Suddenly she felt grabbed around the waist by two powerful paws. At the same time, something pointed started to jab at her nether regions. She steeled herself as she realized she was in for the final perversion; the bloody animal was going to fuck her.

She tried again to break free but found herself held firmly in position and then entered. The long thin bone immediately began to swell, even as the big dog stepped up close and began to hammer her.

He found his rhythm, speeding up as he went, and took her effortlessly over the top into a truly monumental orgasm. She felt that every nerve ending in her body was responding to the urgent thrusts of her big dog.

Somewhere in the middle of her own ejaculation, as the dog slowed and was busy filling her uterus with his seed, she had an epiphany. It was no longer rape. Her hound that she adored was making love to her, and the bondage just added more spice to the act.

She realized that when she got free if she ever did, she would become Wolfie's bitch. He could have her whenever he was in the mood.

'God, I hope it's often.'

As these thoughts aroused her again, Wolfie tried to dismount but seemed to be stuck.

In the final stages, he had forced a lump into her, and it had expanded until she could feel it, like a tennis ball, wedged behind her pubic bone.

His efforts to disengage, although slightly uncomfortable, were pushing some buttons she didn't know she had. Every small movement was amplified against her erogenous zones, and she felt that she would soon come again.

Fifteen minutes and two orgasms later, he abruptly pulled out and then delighted her by turning and cleaning up her labia, arousing her further as he did so.

She tested her bonds again, but with the same result, she wasn't going anywhere. She put her hands back to the floor and reflected on the best sex she had ever had.

Another fifteen minutes passed, and suddenly she was mounted again. Wolfie had seemingly just wandered over, licked her to arousal, and then climbed on for a repeat performance. Her helpless position, coupled with the athletic lovemaking of the big dog, had her creaming herself over and over again.

'It didn't get any better than this.'

In the middle of it all, there was a loud click from the lock that held her, and the lower portion fell away from her neck. She later discovered that it had a spring-loaded mechanism. Closing it wound it up, and when it eventually wound down an hour later, the lock sprang open. She thought she understood. If you had a partner, he could turn the key and lock you in. If you wanted to try it alone, maybe with a vibrator set up,

you could leave your hands free and still trap yourself for an hour, very ingenious.

She was free but remained on her hands and knees, soaking up the pleasure her four-legged lover was giving her with his enormous swollen bone.

When it was all over, she gingerly stood up, her body ached from the battering, but she had a sense of satisfaction that only good sex can bring. Wolfie, despite having used and abused her on all fours, seemed glad to have her up and about. He danced around his bitch, followed her up to the shower, and flopped down to wait.

As the cascade of warm water soothed her, she discovered some scratches around her sides where his dew claws had been. She resolved to do something about that the next time they mated.

'Next time they mated' the thought was intoxicating to her, and she started to become aroused again. My God, her giant pet had turned her into a sex-hungry bitch. She dried herself, put on some clean gear, and took him down to the woods.

When they got back, against her better judgment, she fancied another drink, she surveyed her liquor cabinet and found a bottle of 'Makers Mark' skulking at the back, and it had been Neil's favorite bourbon.

She poured a liberal amount, added a handful of ice from her freezer, and sat down to contemplate her new reality. Wolfie, as was his way, came over and sat on his haunches in front of her, his massive sheath hung beneath him, and a red tip partially emerged.

It must have been on display on previous occasions. She hadn't noticed, now her eyes were drawn to it, and she felt the first stirrings of arousal. Blood was flowing down to her labia and into her nipples. At the same time, the lubrication that was designed to aid penetration began to flow.

She couldn't stop herself; she stood and quickly removed the clean clothes she had just put on. She sat back down, shamelessly opening her legs, craving that big tongue on her clit.

However, what Wolfie did next drove her temporarily insane with lust. The massive beast jumped up, his forepaws pushed her back into the cushions, and he buried himself in her up to the hilt.

Her legs went instinctively around his back, and in a flash, they were copulating violently. She rose to meet each thrust wanting more of him inside her, and as his knot formed, he duly obliged.

Once again, they were welded together as his hot sperm bathed her insides. Once again, she experienced another orgasm with every small movement either of them made.

As she lay there feeling his fur against her naked body, her vagina stretched by the enormous package he had somehow forced inside her, she realized.

This was no accident, and the big dog had fucked a human female before her. He was too well drilled for it to have been otherwise.

She imagined his previous owner training him to pleasure her, and she had certainly done a good job.

Perhaps the reason he was in the cage at the dog's home was a husband coming home unexpectedly and finding his pet balls deep in his wife.

It all came clear. Wolfie snuffling at her crotch was his attempt to get her started. He knew from experience that if he could just once get his tongue around her labia, she would be lost.

He must have been delighted when she trapped herself in the perfect position, and he had slipped effortlessly into his routine, first the licking, then the mounting.

The bloody dog was a sex-machine. She realized that he would always be available to her and looked forward to multiple orgasms whenever either one of them was in the mood.

She had been on the verge of going down to the nearest town and trawling the pubs until she was picked up. All the time, the solution was sitting on his haunches, red tip ready for action, waiting for her to get her kit off.



*The End*