

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Here we are well away from other people. Far away in lovely country... forests, woods, fields, streams, rivers, pools and lakes where we grow vegetables, wheat and breed cattle, sheep, goats and pigs. This and more, so much more.

There are fifteen families, some with kids and others just adults making a close friendly group all spread over a good area. Yes it is remote well away from towns and the crowds. Of course we look after ourselves which is a lot easier and even straightforward than you might think.. Everyone does what they can do best and use their experience and ability.

There's Billy, an engineer; he keeps tractors, farm machines and vehicles going.. Elizabeth, well she used run a building business; you must know what she does now. Her two young daughters set up a laundry business and so took over all the washing allowing the rest of us to get on with what we need to do

My pal, Jack, was a vet surgeon before he arrived here. Now he takes care of all the animals. Dogs, cats, sheep, goats, cows and so on.

Before we three moved here four years ago I'd been senior paramedic. I took over this farm with long bits of the forest area It didn't take long before took charge of health, injuries. Then I had to look after child births, flu' or infections with other nasty things but soon I got help from Lucy - they live just down the track - who had been a hospital nurse. So she assists when needed.

Early on Lucy, Jack and I met up to talk about how best we could help and decided that we had to work fully professionally, making help or worries would be private, totally private and we'd make sure any personal problems are kept secret.

Sarah had fallen over some timber and twisted her ankle. Mac drove her up to my cabin - we use it as a sort of clinic - and waited whilst I wound bandages around her injury. Before they left we sat outside drinking apple juice .for a few minutes.

Now I was late and needed to get over to our sheep for afternoon feeding but as I shut the back door I heard someone arriving through my front door. Looking back I saw Jenny had arrived. Jen lives with her brother and father across the heather moors where that keep bee hives, dozens of them.

"Hello Jen. Didn't expect to see you? Ah, hello dogs!" She - as ever - had Abo and Leo following her.

"Um, yes they do follow me everywhere. But, well, er, sorry if you are busy Andy, but I have a bit of a problem. Wondering if I could talk with you?"

"Eh, well, yes of course. Sit down and tell me!" She did and the dogs lay down next to her.

"It's a bit embarrassing. I got stung two days ago when Rob was sorting out some hives. He shouldn't have done that on a day with heavy clouds and heat looking like a thundery storm would arrive. He knows as do we all, bees can get angry in bad weather. So something landed on my leg,... well I think it did... and must have crawled up my thigh. Suddenly I felt something sharp, almost like a knife or pin. I ran into the van and found three red spots just above my - er, er, thing. They started to swell as I watched, but no real pain at first. Then after an hour I felt almost on fire. We still had some of that ointment, the one with honey and mint. I rubbed into my fleshy bits and it cooled down. Then during the night it began to feel numb, swollen into a dark lump."

By next morning I'd put on more ointment; then it began to weep"

"How long ago and what colour was the fluid that came out?"

"Just three days ago and its pale yellow or clear. Could you have a look, please?"

Jen stood up and dropped her kilt onto the floor. Of course she wore no knickers, not surprisingly in that weather. In fact it was usual not to wear much in summer heat. So we were pretty used to seeing kids and adults naked not least as down in the valley are two streams feeding into the big pool. We call it 'The Lake'. Often in warm afternoons many of us meet up for picnic or barbeque. Anyone wanting a swim just strips off.. Then there's a patch of dark mud and some of our women like to smear their bodies hoping it would be good for skin. In my view, well... maybe!

Jen stayed standing so that I could look at her injury. Like all us, she had fit slim body with strong thighs. On her mons I could see a dark red and blue swollen area. It was in the middle of her pubic hair with two hard spots which were damp and shiny. Couldn't be a bee stings, I decided. They'd have gone away after a day. These looked like more like wasps but even then should have reduced by now. I touched one carefully and Jen gasped and shivered. I could feel the end of one sting sticking out.

"It looks like you've had hornets attacking you; they also get angry in bad weather. I can see one t sting in your bump. They must have up climbed up your thigh, got caught in hair, got frustrated, struggled and s stung you!"

"Oh, well I understand. I thought it might be a wasp but one stung my arm months ago and reduced next morning. Now I feel swollen and my skin is sore and tight. Pulling out the stings would that help?"

"Yes and sooner the better but don't worry. Girls are fatty here, fatty tissue and that why it's swollen so much and is weeping Now do you want to pull it out or shall I?"

"You and soon please"

So I disinfected tweezers. And squeezed her pubic area; then one sting pushed up and pulled out easily. Jen gasped and bit her lip. Now I tried the second one but the sting was quite deep into her flesh. I squeezed again and she wriggled, gasping. But it moved up and I just managed to got it away

"Ouch!!"

"That one was very deep but first came out so easily." I've often used a fishy and herb cream before as it takes down swells quite quickly. I'd originally got hold of it from Jack. Only problem is it can make your patient feel wobbly for an hour or so and should lay down for a couple of hours. It has always worked well. "Where the stings have come out you are wet and weeping again So rub this all over your bump and into the holes."

" OK I'm in no great hurry but I'd like to get this sorted as soon as."

I gave her the box of the cream and she smeared all over her groin. "Ooh, it does smell a bit odd you know. Can I lie down somewhere whilst it works?"

"How about our old boat house over by the pond? There are some chairs and sofas. Be good place to drop off. Ah, but how about the dogs?"

"They'll be OK. They'll lie down next to me and sleep."

She headed off, waddling a bit where she was covered by that cream. It did smell but Jen didn't seem worried at all. After all I think she was relieved to have something done for her painful problem.

I'd forgotten that Steve was going to feed and look after them today. I got back from feeding much sooner than I expected. There was no sign or sound from the boat house so I guessed Jen had fallen asleep. I made coffee and something to eat and thought I should go and make sure if she was OK.

Trying not to wake Jen or the dogs, I walked quietly to the boat shed and looked through the open window. Now I could hear sounds just as if a dog was eating its meal. Despite a curtain covering the other window a shaft of sunlight ran through a crack in the wall and I could see Jen lying on the sofa bed with her legs apart. The noise I heard was one of her dogs with its mouth pushed against her sex lapping hard. Yet she seemed to be happy and not worried at all.

Then I remembered that the cream which had been smeared around her groin smelled quite strongly. Oh no! Of course it was made up fish blood. Well any dog would be attracted making Jen having a problem as both dogs would try to get at her! Clearly they had!

I crept away thinking it best if Jen didn't know what I'd seen. Dog licking human skin is not wrong, dangerous or nasty. After all it's well known around here that if you have a small cut or skin scraped and bleeding then the wet from a dog's tongue helps you to get better soon.

~~~~ JEN ~~~~

That cream smelled strong, a sort of nasty stale fishy scent but already the stings were becoming cooler. I did take on what Andy had said. After all people around here really relied on his advice and help. It was sticky between my legs and I walked slowly and carefully towards the boat house. Abo and Leo followed close behind sniffing at my legs. Once inside I just collapsed on the sofa bed. It was dusty and looked unused for some time. I swiped my kilt over the top and fell flat on my back. Leo climbed up next to me and fell asleep. So did I.

I must have rolled over towards Leo and he got the scent of that cream. Suddenly I woke up feeling something soft and warm around the base of my belly. Pushing up my shoulders I saw that Leo had his nose against my crotch. He'd started licking the cream from my pubic hair and his tongue rubbed over the stings. I was going to push his head away when I realized the slobbering was perhaps getting rid of some of the pain. Yes, that was happening.

I just relaxed and let Leo get on with his tongue. Simply it felt warm and nice. I'd never had a dog lick my sex before, though both showed interest between my legs most mornings, sniffing hard but soon went away.

Leo looked up as I found how bad his breath smelled, dirty and stale but, well, better than the cream! So hey-ho, he was helping me and I laid back again, half asleep and let him carry on. It must have been a only few minutes later when I felt his tongue move down against my labia.. They just opened a bit and he pushed against then quite hard, and his tongue went inside over my clit and into my vagina.

It felt good. No one around so I let him do what he wanted as his pushed further inside my sex. I was getting excited now and when Abo sat up and climbed up beside my legs I sort of expected that he'd join in.

I stretched and moved my thighs wider. Both mouths seemed to want to slobber up my wetness, my fluids. The pain from the hornets had just about gone away, well I thought so but was I more interested and focused on bodily sexual feelings. It was weird. It was exciting. It made me feel alive and ... and involved as I pulled my legs upward and as wide apart as I could, pushing my sex forward and open so that the tongues could get inside. I know my body shuddered as my muscles pulled and relaxed.

Suddenly I sat up thinking I'd heard a van or car arriving, but it was just a tractor driving past up the lane. I looked around and saw that Abo's hot rod was sticking out between his legs. Of course I'd seen it before just like Leo's.

Abo's looked shining, wet and slimy, shining in the faint afternoon late light. I just sat still as he looked hard at my face, almost if he was saying, "Can I?" Of course I knew that girls and women do around the world have sex with animals. I'd often wondered why, or where or even how. I'd never heard of anyone being hurt or damaged, well apart from some woman trying to be fucked by a bull. Really, why would you want to be speared like that?

My dog walked slowly towards me and licked my hand. Then he sniffed several times at my sex and pushing against my hard clit. I knew I had to do it. Let him do it.

I pushed my hips over the corner of the sofa making easier access for a dog. Abo seemed to understand that we both wanted to enjoy ourselves and he climbed up between my thighs and laid his belly on top of me. Already I felt trapped under his weight even though my hips were free.

That warm wet shaft rubbed over my clit as he tried to find away inside whilst his penis squirted fluid over my belly, my sex and arse. After several attempts I put my fingers down and directed between my labia.

I was so wet from my body, the dog fluid and the slimy surface that, once the pointy end was inside, he just drove forward inside my body. Hips moved forward, then stopped pushing inside me. I suppose he was about a quarter in by now and I could feel the heat in his cock as it began to swell stretching my soppy soaking sex.

Yes, both men and women enjoying sex with animals, but - wow - the feelings! Around here we all live quite relaxed and open. Whilst we take everyone's views seriously and respect what they want or like to do. Responsible we have to be.

It is not at all unusual in hot weather to strip down when we are working around field and farms. No one seems to think that odd at all.

So lying there with a heavy dog's body keeping me where he wanted me to be, I didn't really worry; it didn't feel odd or dirty, well no dirtier than cleaning out pigsties with sows or a boar pushing your backside as flies and dust get stuck to your skin.

It was warm and I was sweating under Abo's hot belly. My whole body was fully excited as my nerves tingled with muscles tightening and relaxed. He humped hard against my labia and rubbed over the clit, pushing it back and forward. It was harder than I'd ever known. It felt like electric shocks going all the way from my toes to my head.

The penis surface is quite uneven and that made my cunt - yes 'cunt' - alive and stretched. The strong thrusts rubbed back and forward making me wanting it all harder and deeper as I pushed my hips upward. Then the first orgasm started to grow. Deep in my stomach I had some sort of ache. It seemed to extend and spread down to my hips, my groin and thighs and then pulled together inside

my sex which tightened as Abo just carried on burying himself in my body. It felt so immediate and urgent and I wriggled underneath his body as my pussy tried to explode its feelings. I gasped. I groaned. I moaned and then it all exploded suddenly as I screamed and shuddered for what felt ages.

I'd never felt anything like that before. Nothing at all! And yet the dog carried on and on. Then he stopped with his shaft deep inside and I could feel it throbbing, slightly and slow. He tried to push deeper as I felt something firm against my lips. Abo kept pushing forward and suddenly my cunt stretched and the knot popped into me.

Slowly he turned round until I could see his arsehole as his tail slapped over my stomach. Now his cock shuddered and expanded slightly with warm sperm squirting into me. It kept pumping in big spurts. It went past the cervix beginning to fill me. It felt soft, friendly, warm... almost cozy!

Soon he tried to pull out but my labia had trapped the knot. He pulled again and again and with a sudden painful shock my body released. That pain disappeared quickly and I just lay back thinking about how had this happened and what feelings had been created in my head and body.

Though my body ached everywhere, I now but felt really, really good.

It didn't take long before Leo crawled across the floor towards me, sniffing. Carefully he started to lick my crotch and so I turned over facedown trying to stop him. Of course I'd made it easier and he kept licking into my pussy cunt which was she open. I felt tired out but enjoyed how it felt with that dog cleaning me up. Maybe I'd just given up with any worry and just let the dog do what he wanted. So I must have fallen asleep for some short time?

But then I felt that him climbed up onto my back. Being rather dozy it didn't occur to me that he felt he'd been left out thinking I needed another dog!

Suddenly he was fully over my back pushing up to my shoulders as his warm breath panted over my neck. Already I felt his firm pointy cock rubbing over my sensitive swollen sex. Then I felt him draw back as his front legs clamped around my waist. It all felt so different from how Abo had fucked me. Yes, 'fucked'... that's what had happened.

Now my backside, hips and thighs felt trapped underneath Leo. But now my shoulders, chest and neck felt free even despite his breath spreading over my back. I couldn't have pulled my thighs together. The dog legs kept them wide apart. So I stopped trying and relaxed, still open and wet, allowing Leo to slide easily inside. Just as before, once inside the dog stopped as his penis became harder as it expanded. Not sure but it felt really thicker than before. But then Leo is a bigger hound anyway. He grabbed tighter with his dewclaws pushing into my flesh. The pads began to bounce against my mound and a claw scraped over my clit.

His hips moved down lower between my thighs and he humped forward straight and deep bumping up against my cervix. God wasn't it exciting? I felt stretched even more and so, so full every nerve inside me being alive.

He began, slowly and carefully, or so it felt. Those movements were long, slow, deep, serious and considerable. Well so it felt.

I'd managed to gulp down quite a bit of water and now with pressure on my belly where the dog had crushed me on the sofa, I needed to pee. I tried to stop Leo so I could crawl outside for a wee on the grass. But he wouldn't stop. He wouldn't stop or let me go. I held on for a minute and then it began to dribble out over his bollocks.

Nothing happened apart from the smell all mixed up that from a dog's body, the scent of my pussy with now fresh piss! Yet I was surprised that it didn't worry me or my dog at all. Pissy urine and other wet fluids ran down my thighs and on the dog's legs.

Leo carried on pushing hard and fast at my sex and getting more serious the front legs grabbed tighter pulling my body upwards so that the penis drove straight forward and deep as it could. My pussy was stretched wider now and felt so full fizzing at feelings, electric sharp pins, it seemed to me. I just wriggled my hips against his hairy skin, all soaking wet and mucky dirty but I just did not care.

He stopped pushing and panted and then started again like some sort of emergency as if he needed more feelings faster, serious. I just gasped and panted in short breaths as feelings that I had never imagined before brought me up to a long hard exploding orgasm. I was coming down and relaxing slowly as the dog, my lovely dog Leo shoved harder and spurted in his orgasm. That suddenly provided me with another quick hard second orgasm.

I was still held tightly around my waist as more sticky white stuff squelched and spurted up my vagina and through the cervix. Oh my belly felt swollen and full!

This dog carried on shoving hard and fast up my vaginal tube making me shudder and gasped short every minute. This was so determined and urgent with strong legs clamped tighter around my body so my hips were dragged backwards... upwards... unsupported... pulling my knees off the floor. I had no control below my waist and the dog could do whatever he wanted.

I had no idea of time as sexual feelings ran around my body.

Yet suddenly he stopped and the knot stretched my labia skin and then shot inside quite easily and felt deeper than before. Leo turned round easily and pushed his backside firm against me. Again hot sperm filled me quickly. Slowly the pumping squirting dropped away and Leo just stayed still panting.

Suddenly after five or ten minutes he walked away and the knot pulled down through my labia fast. Oh so quick pain and I clamped my hand over my sex breathing hard. My sex parts had been so extended and stretched by both dogs. Then suddenly that pain went away, but my hand told me how swollen were my lips and my clit felt bigger.

I lay back recovering, still felt excited and amazed at what I'd done with those dogs. Abo and Leo and I must have fallen asleep. And I awoke finding the evening had arrived and it was getting darker. I looked outside and saw just one light in the house.

Could we three get away without letting him - or anyone - know?

~~~~~ **ANDY** ~~~~~

When I got back again, the evening light had almost gone, but I went over to the boat shed wondering if Jen had left for home or was still asleep with her dogs. I opened the side door but clearly they'd left. It smelled of dogs of course but Jen had cleaned up and everything looked tidier that I remembered.

It was ten days later when our local market ran. I'd driven over to buy some vegetables and saw Jen selling honey as usual. When she came free I went over. "How's your problem, now Jen?"

"Oh Andy, yes thanks it all worked well. All gone!"

“Great, wonderful what nature, even odd methods can do!”

Our eyes met and I knew what she knew about what I did know about her experience. I had never worried about any sex actions and enjoyment apart from personal health, injuries or damages. Of course Jen has two cousins both teen girls who would soon join us in our remote area. Would Jen introduce them for her experience with dogs?

In my forest area there are several old buildings which we once a farm. There are two barns partly collapsed. The yard is partly covered with nettles and bushes but there is also a large cottage with windows covered with boards but the sole door can still open and close.

I recall that Jen and her cousin, Roby, often painted good pictures and sell at our markets. So I am going to supply her a key for that cottage so she can use it for painting or – well – anything personal.

~~~~~ **JEN** ~~~~~

Its now actually ten days since my dogs got rid of the pain from insect stings. I was surprised that their saliva worked so well. I did mention to Andy that a bit of sore skin ‘on my arm’ got better once Leo had licked it.

Of course that afternoon with both having sort of raping me, was so surprising enjoyment, so deep, so strong,. By now I know I’ll do it again... simply I have to do it again.

But where? After all I need a place where I’m totally alone. Be good if it’s difficult to get to. No other huts or cabins or homes anywhere nearby. There must be something in those areas where we cannot do actual farming or make products, like honey.

So I was delighted when Andy offered me his unused farm buildings in his forest. I didn’t know they existed. In fact I guess almost no one knows about them and Andy had found them last year.. He knows I’m a part time artist painting country pictures..

Yesterday I struggled through trees and bushes along a winding lane and found several buildings falling down. Behind those wrecks is a cottage which is okay and I can use it... uninterrupted for painting or whatever I want. Andy just wants four jars of our honey to cover the so-called rent.

Of course I’ve kept my experiences in the boathouse to myself, except, and she’s the only person I have told, is my cousin Roby who will be moving from France next month with her two young mastiffs. She is looking forward to meeting my dogs.

I wonder – just wonder – how many pictures I won’t ever get started once Roby and I have sorted out that cottage and with the door locked with our four footed hairy friends?

*The End*