

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



**Or**  
**Adela at last found excitement with dogs and rams**

**Chapter One - A Rural Delight**

It is just over a mile from an old village with than seventy people, and it is quite a distance from Plavistea the main local market town.

Traast, our village, is quite beautiful and unspoilt. Around here we are thick woods and forests, a few narrow winding lanes, occasional old cottages and to the east are vast grasslands which are will soon produce more wheat. oats, barley and vegetables.

The only way to get here is by a steep uneven track made difficult with its potholes; so you'll understand that visitors are few and far between. When stock needs to be delivered, I must take them by tractor and trailer down to the main lane where the carrier's lorry waits.

Behind the fields at the back of the farmhouse the forest begins and goes on for miles. Generally it's a real mess with fallen trees and holes in the ground. The timber has not been cut for years and so few footpaths and tracks remain and those that do are seriously overgrown with bushes, nettles and vast brambles.

So you see, we are truly remote despite being not far from a village!

Four years ago I was required to take over from the old man who had been here most of his life. Our country's agriculture industry is in a terrible state and the need to produce food is important, to say the least. The farm buildings are old and need regular repairs. Anyway they do for my animals and the storage of hay and straw over the winter months. The rent to the local council is low and it all suits me as I needed a place where I could get on with writing whilst breeding sheep and pigs, which many farmers must do as part of the national plan to feed our population!

It was going well but a sudden real problem arrived when after eighteen months my unhappy wife told me that she could not put up with, "... living so far out in the sticks..." and walked out. That did mean I might lose this farm and so I offered to produce cattle, goats and sheep to supply other farmers for breeding. It was quickly approved, providing I delivered animals to local butchers as well. Of course that meant even more work for me; I really struggled to keep up and was trying to get some local help.

Then my sister-in-law, Irini with her three daughters suddenly turned up hoping to spend a long summer holiday here. They enjoyed the warm weather out here in the country with no interruptions. The oldest girl, Adela, aged fifteen, happily took to working with my animals. Since then she has arrived on the first day of each school holiday or half term, always ready to get stuck into the farm work. She enjoys herself and is now officially released from the student teams who work in the so-called collective farms.

Adela always enjoyed working hard with my animals for longer hours than I would have wished. In her old clothing she never worried about getting mucky.

Then last year I had to make one of my rare visits to Parazrd to deliver my annual farm report. So I had to leave Adela in charge and she certainly looked after everything so well.

I came back in that warm summer evening and I found her asleep on a bale of hay. She was dressed in her dirty torn overalls; little else, I guess. Some buttons were undone and the front had fallen

open; a single cup-cake breast was going red in the sunlight! I left her to sleep whilst I went off to feed the pigs, but of course, it was job that she had already done!

Last Easter I expected to see Adela for at least two weeks, but there was no sign of her at all. She had always been so very reliable, I wondered what had happened

Hoping everything was okay, I drove to their home, knocked on the door... no answers. As far as I could see there was no one there, all locked up! Then a neighbour told me that Irini had taken them to Odessa to stay with friends. Irini had said that some money had arrived and she wanted to give her girls a break whilst she could.

Seems odd, I thought that neither Irini nor Adela had been in touch, but I looked forward and waited for the next school holidays.

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## **Chapter Two - She started to tell**

Six weeks later with a dark thundery morning with the rain holding off, and Irini dropped Adela down at the end of the track, leaving her to trudge uphill to the farm. She was to stay for just over three weeks and I was looking forward for her help; I was very busy having some problems with breeding my sheep which was taking far too much time.

Of course I was pleased to see her even though I had heard nothing about why she had not been with me last time. I 'd been thinking she might be tired of farming and had found other more important interests, the sort of things many girls approaching eighteen might want to do.

Or was it a family problem? Her parents had parted some while ago. Her father had some dangerous friends, criminals probably from the USSR, and Irini told me he had been involved with the Ioanid Gang before. He was certainly known as a heavy drinker with a short temper but usually had loads of cash, something which he found unnecessary to explain.

Adela changed into her loose-fitting and torn ancient overalls and her boots; she went outside and just got on with work saying little.

In the evening I cooked supper and we sat down to talk. She still hadn't said much all day and now I hoped she would tell me the reasons for her quietness and why I had not seen her around Easter time. She seemed very worried and I wondered what had gone wrong; but it took ages before she spoke and by then I was sure whatever it was, it must be serious... something had happened... was she was pregnant... been kicked out of school which would have been bad news as she was near to her eighteenth birthday ?

So we just sat in total silence; there was an elephant in my kitchen that evening for nearly an hour before finally she blurted out, "I need to tell you something, something awful, amazing, that happened to me... but first you must promise never to tell anyone else?"

"Even your Mother?"

"Especially Mother... she would be the last person; she'll never understand. It was nasty and has worried me since last since Easter"

"Ok, I do promise... you are certain it will not affect Ludita or Silvia or Mother? "

"No, no, no; it's all due to father's problems, and that's another reason why Mother can't be involved at all. She must never, ever know."

"It all happened over the Easter holiday. I was scared at the time but I've managed to deal with it, got over it and understand how it affected me, now. Sometimes it makes me think that I must be a very strange girl, but I must tell someone and now you are the only person I feel that I can trust."

"Go on."

"Well, Mother took us to Odessa. We had an invitation from Beatrix and Dad had suddenly turned up with some money so Mother decided on a long holiday for us. But I had to come home after four days as I had loads of school work waiting to be done."

"My first day back was a Saturday; in the morning I went out to the local shops and then on the way back it began to rain. I was still about a mile from home when this small van, which I think I recognised, drew up next to me and a young boy leaned out of the window and called my name saying, 'Your mum said we should give you a lift home any time we saw you. Jump in and keep dry!' and he opened the door."

"I thought it a bit odd but the driver mentioned Mother's Christian name and seemed to know where we lived. The rain was coming down hard. I'd left my coat at home so I climbed in and off we went quite fast."

"'I've got some stuff to drop off on the way so we'll need to take a bit more time before you get home. You don't mind do you?'" said the driver. We went out into the country and after an hour came into Ratalou. I wasn't sure exactly where we were going but at last he drove into a yard which I think is probably next to those boat builders down by Lacul Radiv."

"The boy and the driver got out. 'You'll have to get out as well. There's some stuff under the seats,'" and I stood beside the van for a minute or two. Then a cloth or handkerchief was clamped over my face. I smelled a chemical but can't remember anything more; I must have fainted."

"When I woke up, I was tied to a wooden frame. I looked round but saw very little. It must have been a pretty big building and in the dim light I couldn't see walls or even a roof. It was warm with damp smelly air, stale. I could feel that tape was stuck over my mouth. There was no sign of the boy or the driver, but after a few minutes a small light came on, high up in the roof and I saw a woman and two men all staring hard straight at me."

"She seemed to be in charge and said to me, 'We have taken you because someone who you know has upset and caused problems for us. He's stolen things, our property and owes us money. But he tells us that he can't pay and has tried to hide from us. Of course it was useless as our business covers many, many countries so it was easy to find him.' Her voice didn't sound local at all and I wonder if she was from Ukraine or perhaps Russia."

"She smiled. 'Now this problem is very close to you. Of course we are so nice and helpful, he's been given a bit more time to pay up... just a bit. But we do need something to make certain that he knows, as if he didn't already, how serious we are and that we will get our money back... and soon. We'll keep up the pressure and you're going to help us.'"

She laughed. "' Anyway after today he'll in debt to you as well!' And everyone laughed as well. Everyone except me!"

"Obviously she was talking about my father. He had walked out three years ago upsetting Mother

badly. But I do miss him s and so does Ludita. Mother and Silvia don't see things the same way at all. I am sure that Mother would be pleased if she never saw him again... it all causes arguments! Well, I knew that I must do something to help Dad, even though I had no idea what or actually why he was in trouble."

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### Chapter Three

"They grabbed and twisted my right arm and then jabbed a needle into it. The old, well older, man said that it would help me to relax and keep happy. He was right and soon I began to feel light headed and weak at the knees. They untied me and I struggled to stand. I was so unsteady that I collapsed on the floor. It felt rough against my skin. Then the woman told me to take off my clothes and I did so without thinking what I was doing until I got to my pants. I refused to remove them and so they tied my hands again, this time in front of me and one of the men grabbed the side of my pants and ripped them away. It hurt and I stood naked in front of them all, trying to cover myself with my tied hands."

"Then she stood close to me. The garlic on her breath hit me in the face. 'Right, we will get going quickly. We are making a sixteen millimetre film; much, much better than the old eight millimetres stuff. You'll become our star and once it copied we'll send your father a copy just to remind him, in case he might think we are not serious. He won't be going to the police, never mind the Securotita, or anywhere else. Then if he's still slow or tries to get away with it all, we may decide to use other options... things like copying the film for sale to our customers... customers that your father knows very well. Then the film might go to your friends, family or perhaps your school. Of course if you decide not to work with us here, we'll have to sort out something else but he will know what his future will be."

"I am telling you this because you and us have been put in this situation by someone else even though you may have been ignorant of the reasons. It was easy for us to find out a lot about you including that you are good with animals. That's really good and the dogs here will be good with you. In fact they are all quite experienced and fervently energetic actors!"

"You won't know but I've produced other films, hundreds by now - films that have made good money for us - the girls I chose are those that act well and should at least get some fun out of it. We pay them well ... that's how we get the right ones!"

"And that made them all laugh. I couldn't think what was so amusing even though I wasn't worried., I think now I must still have been well drugged up. 'None of this is your fault so we'll make sure you are not damaged or really hurt. She pushed her face closed to me again. 'At first it's frightening... it's dirty...it can be painful at the start and some girls get exhausted quite soon, but you'll come to no real harm. '"

"What do you mean?"

"She slapped me hard on my face. 'You are still drugged you but please don't be stupid, Adela, both dogs are going to have sex with you; they are going to fuck you!', and at that I started to scream so again they taped my mouth shut."

"That odd old man laughed and shouted, "Good looking cunt. Dogs find it easy to use it well!"

'I heard the woman slapping his face and told him to go away...NOW!!'

“You youngster can shut up, stoop making noise and listen. Some, actually most, of our girls enjoy what you will now do. They always come back for more of this work. In the end perhaps you also will. You’ll hate it at first, maybe, the idea if not the actions, so I am going to help you. Your body is already relaxed. You won’t have thought about it yet but even then the first time a dog penetrates your sex it can hurt, so we have ensured that you will stretch easily. There’ll be some creamy liquid as well, to make your insides nice and slippery and attractive to an animal.”

“The men lifted me off the floor and laid me back down on a table. I kept struggling so they re-tied my wrists together over my head, then fitted cuffs around each ankle tying them to the edge of the table. Beneath my backside they pushed a firm cushion or bag. They did it fast and there I was with my knees pulled apart, my hips pushed upwards and my hands held tight above my head. I was naked and exposed; my limbs and muscles felt tight and strained. I wasn’t uncomfortable, more embarrassed at the exposure, but then I started to realise that I was going to be raped - or something like - by an animal, a dirty animal, and I began to weep a bit.”

Adela stopped for a minute and took a drink of fruit juice before saying, “You don’t mind me telling you this, do you?”

“No, er, no not at all,” I gasped. I was amazed at what she was saying but more so because she seemed so calm and matter-of-fact.

“Good. It is helping me to talk to someone who can understand and not criticise me.”

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#### **Chapter Four - No Way Back**

“My eyes were getting used to the faint light and now, laid flat and spread wide on the table top, I could see part of the roof way up above. I heard things being moved about and they pushed the table forward tilting it so that my head was now higher than my hips.”

“I could see them setting up a camera and lights. It hit me again that this was real and serious; even if I still couldn’t believe that I’d be forced have sex with a dog... or, I wondered was that just a threat? I was just over seventeen but were they really going to have me raped by an animal. I liked animals but this was going to be disgusting... an animal on top of my bare skin and its dirty, slimy shaft pushed up inside me. I did know this sort of thing happened to some girls and women... but me?”

Adela went on to tell me how the woman wiped the top of her thighs and over her mound with a cream. “She wrinkled her nose as she opened the bottle. The smell was musky and fishy and made my flesh tingle.”

“She lifted up my head so I drink something sweet and fruity; by now I’d got very dry and thirsty and gulped it down; then she gave me another drink... water this time. Almost at once I started to feel quite ‘electrified and light headed almost quite energised, if you know what I mean”.

“And then another injection, this time at top of my thigh, so near to my pussy.. It really stung and pulling the needle out, some of my hair was caught and torn away with it. This had a quick effect and I felt my muscles loosening... relaxed. With that and the shock at pulling out my pubic hair, everything between my legs was now very, very sensitive, though I couldn’t see, but it felt as if my lips were swollen... expanded... puffed up. I was relaxed and started to giggle; really now comfortable and warm whilst my skin and muscles were sensitive, alive. Whatever was going to start soon, it would be disgustingly filthy, foul and squalid. But at the same time I felt that if I didn’t get

hurt, I might be able to put up with it.”

“Of course by then I had little idea as to what effect an animal might have on my body’s feelings.”

Adela looked very worried and dithering, carrying on telling me. They brought in a dog. It looked much like a Rottweiler but more hairy. It was tall and stood over her with its tongue hanging out. It was strong and muscular and walked up to her and sniffing her face and her nipples and then between her legs. She said that she was very used to dogs pushing their heads into people’s crotches but this was the first time she had been naked and a wet nose and slobbery mouth had touched her bare skin.

That first touch shocked her and she tried to pull away but quickly relaxed as she could hardly move at all. Very soon she began to find it enjoyable. Her sex was highly sensitive with the drugs. The dog pushed its mouth against her labia and tried to part them. Its tongue licked over her labia and between her buttocks. Each movement made her jump or wriggle - as far as she could. Then she felt its teeth; it was trying to get inside her, to open her up and use its tongue, shoving hard and trying to push her apart; after a couple of minutes worrying at her sex, it managed to get the tip of its tongue inside snuffling and snorting.

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“That tongue was firm with a roughy surface; I felt it more each time it pulled back and dragged over my insides. It kept trying to push in further and deeper. I had never imagined anything like this. It seemed to have made its tongue round rather than flat making it easier to push deeper. I felt the tip moving around inside me as if it was trying to taste every little bit of me. By now I was suddenly very excited now and even though I was aware how awful and foul all this was, my body let me down and just then I needed it to go on forever and ever.”

“My eyes were closed tight. I was biting my tongue to sort out the feelings. The woman said, ‘Never mind, but he’s been in the lake so he’s still rather wet and muddy... smells more than usual; quite a lot actually,’ and she patted the dog’s head and then patted me on my shoulder. ‘We need to get going now; otherwise he could have had a bath.’”

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## **Chapter Five - Crushed**

“Doesn’t matter really if we don’t wash him; you’ll soon be as dirty and smelly yourself just about all over, inside and out. Ah, well!” And all of them found it funny and laughed

The slobber from its mouth spread over her belly and down between her legs. It carried on for some time whilst her body kept reacting; her vagina relaxed and was wetter with her own juices. “It didn’t hurt at all despite the rough surface as it pushed me open and got deeper inside. Stupidly I wondered if a snake would feel like that as my physical feelings began to flood my mind. It seemed that I could do nothing at all to stop all this, but I was still quite disgusted that I was being forced to do these filthy things.”

“It was slobbery warm feeling; but as the tongue and nose rubbed over my clit, I relaxed allowing the tongue to invade even deeper. I began to pant... short breaths. My eyes closed and my stomach moved up and down as the tendons in my thighs and backside tensed and relaxed. It seemed to go on and on but suddenly it withdrew the tongue and walked around to my side. It put its right paw on my stomach and started licking again, belly button and tits. Then the tongue ran down between my thighs and up over my hairy mound.”

“With everything that had happened since I was picked up on my way home, I’d no chance to pee and when a foot pressed down on my bladder and with the tongue inflaming the front of my crotch and I just could not hold on any more; pee leaked out and dribbled down between my lips and backside. That got the dog more excited and it licked up urine as fast as I let it out.”

“The hood over my clit was getting most attention... my sex was fizzing. I wondered if something would explode!”

“They had bright lights on directly above me and I could feel the heat on my legs. And heard them setting up a camera. The woman pulled the dog away and for a minute my sex seemed open and empty; I felt a bit lost! She moved the dog back between my thighs and then lifted its front legs up on top of me and pushed it forward.”

In fact all that licking had meant nothing to her or those men, other than ‘to get her going’. The film was to be purely to about a young girl being raped by a dog and with no hope of controlling it at all.

“The camera started running when the dog pressed down on my stomach and got my piss dribbling again!”

Adela stood up and walked away staring out of the window. “I guess almost anyone would feel ashamed and have to keep this completely secret. But I cannot pretend that despite the basic idea of a girl having sex with an animal is so wrong, so filthy and so on, once it all got going, my bodily feelings over-ruled all such worries. I had no choice at all. I suppose having no way to stop what was happening to me and made it rather easier. After all I’m sure I did just put up with it all! Yes, to put up with it. I was hot and sweating even before the dog had pushed itself into me. That penis was hot; so was its body... I mean really hot. Everything was wet and slimy, certainly dirty... all over me, all made worse by lake mud and slime in its hair. It’s hair had quite dried but now was soaking wet again and smeared my thighs, my belly and tits, but I just didn’t care.”

“In fact I began to enjoy the foul stinks; my mind told me if my body crotch smelled so bad, I would get seriously strong and deep fucking by an animal. With a smelly sex, a dog or any animal would be so keen to drive its shaft fast, frenziedly and deep, making me feel so excited. Well of course It was the drugs of course, but I knew that I would have no option but to lie down and let it do to me whatever it wished.”

“You know, I can’t forget that link between the stench and my feelings, even now. I think it is going to be with me for life. My brain even now links strong some strong smells with sexual feelings.”

“Eh sorry but I need a break for a few minutes,” and she went outside and leaned over the fence staring away across the forest to the dark hills. I left her alone with her thoughts whilst I make another drink.

Twenty minutes and then she came back, sat down again.

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## **Chapter Six - Losing your mind**

“They must have thought about me being injured at all as the dew claws had been covered over but its hard rough pads were bare and rubbed over my breasts and nipples like sandpaper; it put pressure on me as it pulled itself forward. Then collapsed on top of me and I struggled to breathe. My body felt trapped and couldn’t move much more than my shoulders.”



"The woman had guided it into my sex and it felt hot. The dog had relaxed onto my stomach and a smelly breath blasted into my face. Its feet flopped over my shoulders and pulled on them as it dragged itself forward again, sliding its hairy belly over mine. They had released the straps from my ankles but even now I couldn't close my legs. With the weight on top of me, the feet pulling on my shoulders and the strength and width of its hips keeping my thighs apart, I was under its control. Even with its body being wet and with my sweat, I could barely wriggle my hips; if this beast wanted to move my body it was free to do so."

"I had seen its cock sticking out in the woman's hand . It didn't look clean and had a thin ridge or bulge just behind the pointed end; dark blue with red lines, some silvery grey patches and black spots. Even then it was shining and dripping wet. It was only about half way out of the sheath when I noticed something like yellow cream. This was quite close to my face and the smell was strong and pungent; I knew where it would end up!"

"The dog sighed and took a slow deep breath. It arched its back and then, oh then... that hot and slimy shaft moved easily forward and deep inside me. I may have been fairly tight but I still stretched around it; just as well because it became even hotter as it started to expand."

"Then that my body really started to respond or react... and I gasped, thinking, 'Wow how much further... how stronger can this affect my sensitive nerve ends?'"

"It lowered its hips and pulled hard on my shoulders and drove straight into me. But then it held still. The shaft felt as if it was inside my stomach and I felt it pulsing, throbbing. So slowly it then pulled itself out of me and I felt my labia closing around the pointed tip; then another thrust as far in as it could get it and I felt its hairy balls bashing my lips. It seemed at last as if it had made sure it could and would move as it wished...still I had to put up with it; could I do anything to stop it?"

"I am strong and fit, as you must know, but this dog was much stronger and heavier than me. I was certainly trapped and the only things movable were hands, feet and my head... just those... nothing else."

"I was bathed in sweat. It trickled down my armpits and round my neck; my hair was soaked and sticking to my head and shoulders. Where my backside was crushed onto the table I was in a pool of nasty fluids."

"I felt hot; really, really hot, but the injections and drinks had made my mind so fuzzy that I just didn't worry about what was happening; I was now totally fully involved in my feelings, and then the dog decided to speed up; to get on with sorting me out, perhaps?"

"It pushed even deeper into me. I gasped but not with pain; rather it was the feelings inside as my vagina stretched just enough to accept that penis... and then it seriously began to fuck me, I mean really fuck me so urgently, so voraciously, and my whole body was moving up and down the table top at the same time."

"My vagina was extending and contracting around the penis as it moved up and down. The surface of its cock was in permanent contact with my vagina. It pulled hard on my shoulders and my belly rose up. I was being crushed between its crotch and front feet just as if it wanted to pull me further over its shaft... to bury itself deeper and deeper. My boobs were crushed and rubbed by the dog's hair."

"I was gasping and panting and groaning in time with the dog's thrusting. I don't know how to describe or explain how strong those feelings were inside my sexual parts... so strong I just forgot anything else. Yes, anything at all."

"I hated those people watching... but I couldn't do anything it as my first orgasm soon took over; the muscles and tendons in my thighs, my stomach and backside tensed as I exploded. But no effect on the dog; it just carried on!" And Adela giggled.

"My arms hung down at my sides and my body rocked back and forward in time with the dog. Its back legs were firm pushing apart my thighs ... spread wide as the rough hair rubbed over my sensitive skin, and the front pads still pulled tighter on my shoulders. I think the dog realised it could simply do to me whatever it wished... in any way it wished. I had no option but to live with it all just as long as it wanted."

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## **Chapter Seven - It will never stop**

"I turned my face away from the dog's smelly breath, just as the woman again poured something into my open mouth; I gulped it down."

"As its crotch slammed against my labia I felt the rough hairy foreskin, now fully rolled back, rubbing against me. Short thick hairs stuck out from the leathery skin (or so it felt) and crushed over my clit and rubbed across in time with the dog's thrusts. It was just like a soft scrubbing brush!"

"I am quite a big girl down there and I couldn't have avoided that rubbing even if I had wanted to, another reason I suppose why the thrills just became heavier inside me. My body was on fire, spread almost flat under that beast. Every nerve was alive. I writhed around as best I could under its weight. I managed to open my legs even further and pushed my hips up toward that awful shaft that was penetrating me so perfectly. Doing that made its hair rub at the top of the inside of my thighs and even that made my crotch more sensitive. "

"I was panting and groaning in time with the dog as it drove into me uninterrupted. I forgot that I was being watched and filmed. My mouth hung open as I licked my lips and not just to keep them moist. I was panting and more water dripped into my open mouth."

"I knew how filthy, dirty, debased all this made me, but I was being used and had no control as I wallowed, just like some disgusting smelly bitch. I lay with my legs shoved wide apart, trapped under a beast which cared nothing about me, except that I was capable of being fucked. "

"Again I pushed my hips upwards so my sex was exposed as much as it could be to the filthy thing that pounded hard and fast into it. I felt the heat and wetness inside and around me. Being bathed in my own sweat for some time now, I was soaking wet all around my crotch and now with the smell from my own body mixed up with the pissy, fishy cream, the dog's dirty body from the lake and those from its bollocks and the penis, a hot feral stink just hung around me. I was just an animal. The more I smelled, how dangerously attractive I must be to any animal I came across. Simply I was wallowing in the filth."

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## **Chapter Eight - For ever...?**

"My goodness," I said, "how on earth were you able to put up with that? I know, I understand of course that you had no choice or options at all; but even then?"

Adela just shook her head.

"I mean, well, really. I know you were just helping your dad which any good daughter would do, I suppose. But this was so nasty and something that you at your age had never seen or heard about before." I did not fully understand and struggled for words, the right words. It seemed to me that Adela was initially frightened but once body sexual feeling began and became stronger, perhaps took over her mind and very sensitive nerves

"Well, actually," she said, "about two years ago Silvia found several boxes of magazines in Dad's shed. There were loads of them and we started to look through them. There many of pictures of naked people and we just giggled at them. Then we found three copies of 'Zoo Time'. Well you can guess what these were about. There were colour pictures of a woman having sex with a horse, but we couldn't understand how a horse and woman could fit together. Silvia giggled and said it would come out of her mouth if it pushed too hard!"

~Of course I now realise that my Dad was selling books and magazines for this gang!"

"Anyway other pictures were mainly of girls having sex with dogs or goats and those seemed much more possible. On one page there was a girl who looked about our age. She seemed happy and was grinning; she was on her back with an Alsatian was on top of her. We both kept looking at it but strangely neither of us thought it dangerous or really dirty, not then at least. Silvia wondered if it felt exciting or was it dangerous or both. So you see, as soon as I realised what that women was forcing me to do, I already had some idea of what might happen to me. Of course I had no appreciation of how it could feel and if someone had already explained, I wouldn't have believed them."

"All stuff, yes, that Dad used to sell... probably still will, now that I have sorted out his problems!"

"Of course I got so wet underneath.... juices from inside me and slimy stuff around the dog's sex, plenty of both I guess...that I could wriggle my hips a little to make minor changes of the fast ramming against my labia; again it was trying to do it harder and deeper just as if it wanted that pointed end to be rubbed harder. And it did, as I felt it entering my cervix which stretched to accept it; I guess the dog got the result it wanted! Still every few minutes its efforts seemed faster, harder, more urgent. Then it slowed down as if it wanted to make sure that its bitch was still under control... and of course she was!"

"The the short rough hairs on the foreskin kept rubbing over my clit, which had been hard and erect for some time by now and I began to wonder how much more it could take."

"I was saying to myself, 'Just do it, do it... go on... do it... mate with me! My mind could deal with sex and nothing else. I just wanted it to fuck me voraciously, harder, faster and more cruelly!'"

She had told me that her vagina stretched and clenched around the penis's uneven sizes each and every time it moved in and out, despite the energetic and urgent speed that the dog had fucked her. So the penis was never lose inside her; rather it fitted "neatly", whilst the dog just kept battering deep into Adela. It must have gone on for more than an hour before it suddenly stopped and then pushed its knot against her. But it was a huge knot and her pussy could not stretch any further, partly I guess, as her lips were swollen and firm; they just couldn't distend further. Nevertheless, the shaft remained buried inside her as far as it would go. Pumping and squirting sperm until she was so full that there was no room for the knot.

"Anyway it ejaculated and I felt sperm kept squirting into my belly. Again it smacked the knot hard against me, rubbing side to side trying to open up my labia even more, but it just would not go inside."

Weeks later we talked and she mentioned again the knot. She was sure that this stretching and clenching around the penis, was the main reason she had such hard and strong feelings in her sex. It was clear that her physical feelings grew so quickly and were so strong that they took over her mind, making it easy to ignore or forget the situation that she was in.

Later on I looked up some details of muscle relaxation drugs as it was clear that the gang which had taken her were experienced and knew exactly how to use those chemicals, including the stuff that had been wiped over her sex. The injections had relaxed her muscles and her genitalia generally whilst increasing sensitivity. However this was not the only reason for the opening and closing of her vagina around the dog's penis; that also must have been due her healthy, strong, and energetic body.

Then there were the drugs in the drink affecting her mind. The injections intensified the feelings of heat or cold, tastes, sounds, scents but mainly focused on body's feelings. At that time in this part of Europe it was not difficult to find drugs. During the war a chemical research centre was built just twenty miles away. It have never been demolished or cleared away, so if anyone wanted drugs it was simply a case of 'Help Yourself!' Simply you just needed to push a hole in a rotten fence!

Adela is a truly physical young lady. She plays several sports at middle to high level and her body shows it; she is a bit taller than most girls of her age. She is slim, not skinny, but has a strong body. She ever has plenty of energy and enjoys the hard work at the farm. Always happy, imaginative and bright minded and if one takes all this into consideration, it is easier to understand how she managed to get through those experiences and, happily, getting enjoyment out of it. Clearly she is simply seriously honest with herself!

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## **Chapter Nine - A sudden break**

Suddenly that woman put her arms around its neck and pulled the dog away. It came out Adela's pussy with a sucking noise and loud pop. Sperm spurted out from her and splashed down her legs. The penis was still squirting sperm which sprayed all over her body and face. "That," she said, "I did not like!"

They wiped her down and washed her thighs but did nothing to clean her insides. They left her alone to sit up and then stand.

"You can walk around for a bit but you've no chance of getting away. All doors are locked and you are, well, naked!"

"So I stretched and rubbed my stomach and my legs. In places my skin was red from where the dog had lain on top of me; my nipples still stood up hard, sore and sensitive. Sperm and juices still dribbled down my legs as my vagina spasmed. The atmosphere coming up to my nose was that feral musky scent of dog and my own stale sweat. In my pubic hair the greasy paste was still stuck, creamy yellow and its smelled worst of all; yet a little came away as I scraped at it with my finger nails."

"They gave me a wet towel and I cleaned up my face and hair but before I started on my body, one of the men grabbed the towel and pulled it away. 'No, no, no! Leave that alone. Much better if it stays like that, 'cos you must know, animals love smells and the next dog will get its tongue all over and clean you up for its own needs; just wait and see', and he laughed and slapped my arse."

"I thought we'd finished?" I shouted but no one replied."

“They gave me some sort of balm or ointment and I rubbed it over my sore tits, my belly and inside my thighs. Actually It was good stuff and cooled my skin. ‘You’ll be going through it again just to make certain that he knows that we will get the money back from him.’”

“This may be bit a different experience and easier now you have done it once!’ That woman smiled. ‘Now just sit down now and wait.’ And she gave me some sweet biscuits and a bottle of milk. I hadn’t realised how hungry I was but it all disappeared quickly.”

“My belly was rather swollen with all the sperm that the dog had left inside. Just before she had pulled it out, it had ejaculated time and again and I began to think that I had missed out with only three orgasms. But then I began to feel a bit sorry for the dog and the way she had stopped it after so much effort and before it had finished with me. Then I began to wonder if I could put up with being crushed again by another huge one.”

Adela looked directly at my eyes. “You do understand all this... what was going through my mind, I hope?”

I nodded but wondered at how calm and honest about these experiences she seemed to be.

Suddenly I remembered something from report in a local paper earlier that year.

During May at the Diverata Cinema in Plavistea, two horror films were being shown, “The Bride of the Monster” and “The Thing from Another World”. Of course the audience were mainly teens or adults. About twenty minutes into the second film, everything stopped and the screen went blank. Then another film started up for around half a minute. Seeing it, the audience began to shout and scream; several women fainted.

What they’d seen was a dog climbing onto the back of a naked young woman kneeling over a bench and nibbling at her neck.

The screen went blank again, but when the staff got up to the projection room, they found the projectionist laid out flat on the floor. One machine was open and spools of film thrown around on the floor. Of the short ‘dog-and-women’ film there was no sign, but one empty 16mm spool was spinning.

“Ah, yes,” Adela said. “I saw that report. Of course I knew what was going on. It was soon after I was abducted. Dad likes those horror films and often went to the Diverata. Um... they must have known that he’d be there, I wonder.”

“The paper said you couldn’t tell where or when it was made and the girl was facing away from the camera. Well, it can only be me and the second dog. There is no other reason to show that bit in the cinema!”

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## **Chapter Ten - Under Pressure... again**

“Well,” Adela said, “I suppose I should tell you the rest. I wanted to get it all out, just as on that evening I did get a load of other stuff out of me,” and she grinned. “With you just listening, it really does help me!”

She took a deep sighing breath and began once again.

"By now I was pretty tired. My skin with bit sore parts. My front bruised. It felt like I'd been beaten up. I think I smelled pretty bad of course; it was a mix of my sweat, urine (both mine and the dog's I suppose) all mixed up with the sperm, and of course the hot stale atmosphere in that shed all made stronger because the mud and slime from the lake and those from the dog's body. They didn't let me clean myself any further and that younger man had said, 'What women like as scents is very different to what dogs and most animals find interesting. I won't stand too close... you may be attractive to animals, but I'll pass if you don't mind!'" Another stupid joke!

"Oh God," I thought, "It's as if I'm some sort of female animal as far as everyone here and their own animals think. I'm set up so that any dog sniffing the air will run over to fuck me as fast as it could... and I must just fall down and let it get on with it!"

"That nasty woman came over to me, not too close or fully face to face. She seemed to be rather worried and angry. Had I done something to upset her? I began to snivel and tears ran down my cheeks and suddenly felt ashamed about how naked I was in front of those three adults and with my smelly, dirty, smeared body and that dog sperm running down my legs."

"See, it wasn't really so bad after all?' and she stroked my hair. She led me to a table and chair where a large bowl of hot soup and bread was laid out, for two. Again I was so hungry and I gulped down the soup; it was just wonderful to eat! Then little cakes with tea to drink, but I tasted it carefully thinking it might be dosed with more drugs. Well, it seemed okay so I drank and she refilled the cup whilst the cakes disappeared."

"Just sit there for a minute; I need to sort out this useless camera guy; I think he may have let down my most talented actress!"

She gave more some sort of ointment or cream and I began to smooth it carefully over my tits and other sore areas.

She came back.

'Open your legs and lay back." She took the cream and carefully rubbed it over my stomach and backside. She was really gentle which surprised me after the rough stuff with that dirty dog. 'We'll leave your cunt alone. It's been so slimy and wet down there that you're are not damaged at all, just a bit red and swollen but believe me, it's because your lips - both sets of course - are still full of blood. You know if you were a man, you'd have an erection! So by tomorrow it will all go down.'"

"You smell just the same as any girl who has been sorted out by a big dog. You look untidy and grubby. But in the end you'll get clean quite quickly!"

"Was she right? I wondered."

Adela looked at me for a long, long minute and grinned. "Well if I am honest... yes, I'm afraid she was. Dirty bitch aren't I in every sense?"

I didn't answer quickly. "No; not dirty in anyway. I think you are just a very physical and sensual girl; someone who gets the most out of feelings, tastes, smells, art, music and similar things."

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## **Chapter Eleven - The Better Camera Work**

"So, can I clean up before I leave?" I asked hopefully. Whilst drinking the soup, I had begun to

think we were finished; after all they seemed to think I had made a “good star “for their dirty film and that it would sort out their problems with my father.”

“It did seem strange, this soft careful treatment from a woman who was responsible for a dog raping a girl. I knew I had got something out of it of course, not that I had much choice... none in fact. I just couldn’t believe how much I’d enjoyed that awful experience, and now it was going to start all over again. I’d certainly come several times, I think, enjoying body physical feelings inside my sex, my backside and my stomach.”

“But then my hopes were broken. ‘Well, you’re going to be with us a little longer. I did say dogs and I meant two. And I am not sure just how good our camera work was this morning, so we need another go. This one’s a rare breed... one you probably don’t know. He is not fierce; in fact he is very friendly but does a good fuck. He’s so experienced we call him The Professional, so look forward to it, why don’t you?’”

“‘Afterward you wonderful zooish acting’... and she sniggered... ‘there’ll be time for you to clean up, and then we’ll make sure you get home okay. Ain’t we nice to you?’”

“‘ Of course you did not want to do such, er, acting before today. Then we could recruit you and pay. Well, pay once that guy sorts out his problems!’”

“‘Haven’t you got enough out of my body? I can’t take any more. I just want to clean up and get home or are you going to keep me as a prisoner?’ I had to say it even though I had a feeling that my body, my mind, my imagination might enjoy it all again. Perhaps in the back of my mind I was looking forward... I don’t know. I was wondering if in fact they were going to keep me a prisoner for some time and just use me any time they needed to film a girl with an animal... any animal.”

“She laughed and pinched my right nipple twisting it hard. She held on until I was down on the floor on my backside.”

“‘Now understand this, girl. We make loads of sex films and pictures for our customers in all over the world and believe me, and as I’ve already told you, we do pay good money because our actors, all of them, are good and our camera work is the best. Your Father does the deliveries and picks up the money. But now he has let us down so that’s why you are here, remember?’”

“She let go of my nipple, put her foot between my red boobs and pushed so that I was flat on my back on those grimy greasy floor boards for a minute or so before one of the men came over and picked me up by my right arm. He led me carefully to a different table; it was lower, more like a wide bench. I sat on it waiting for the straps and the ropes.”

“‘Well kid,’ he said, ‘this is going to be quite different and should be better, easier for you. Now lay face down on your stomach.’ And I just did it. He grabbed my ankles and pulled me backwards until my hips and backside hung just over the edge. My knees now rested on a narrow shelf and that gave my hips some support. I guessed that this must have been made especially for dog sex as just below the rear edge two thick pegs fitted under my thighs and held them apart. Lower down on the shelf my knees were kept apart, wide apart by timber blocks lined with some sort of thick cloth. I was spread wide open - again - and immobile but with no cuffs or straps, making me available for just about anything. Even though I was quite comfortable, I shivered at the thought at what I knew was going to happen.”

“With the front of the bench dropping away I was now head down so that my arse was pushed upwards; my sex was fully exposed and stretched open, or so it felt. The top of the bench was covered with rough rubber or plastic which made any movement difficult. So there I was fixed

immobile just as if I had been tied down.”

“Here I was set up for another dog rape. I was thinking that of course it was rape but perhaps once started it could mean more deep enjoyment if, of course my body took over. So even though I was tired, somehow I wasn’t quite as worried as before.”

“ Strangely I then realised that this gang or group were quite used to help making pictures and films for the sex porn business and always just carried on almost ignoring naked girls and women.”

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## **Chapter Twelve - Bored Out**

“The woman knelt down next to my face. She spoke very quietly. ‘You should know by now what a dog will do, so if a girl works with him it will be easier for both. Anyway he’ll always carry on with his own needs and feelings. He’ll never do anything to help his bitch; you’re not really important to him except that your sex suits his sex. If he thinks everything is fine he’ll get on with it. Best thing, only thing really, is to lie there, make the best of it and hopefully enjoy yourself.’”

“‘Oh and I’ve sorted out the camera. You’ll be facing away from it this time so the focus is mainly on your cunt, your arse... the penis and the fucking. Now I’ll wipe you again so that your lover gets interested quickly!’ And she sniggered and wiped more of that fishy stuff over my sex. It reminded me strongly of the first dog and despite the nasty smell, I was getting excited almost at once.”

“As soon as they brought the next dog in, it ran towards me, and started licking my face and my body; surprisingly its breath smelled of mint. It wasn’t as tall but seemed very solid on shorter legs, perhaps not as heavy as the first dog. It was covered in wool, something like a sheep and its body smelled like a sheep, greasy, oily. It wasn’t aggressive at all and I could see its tail wagging. It was pleased to see me and I hoped it would like me far too much for sex, but I was wrong of course. Obviously it saw me as another nice dirty, sexy-smelling bitch all suitable, ready for a real good fuck!”

“It licked around my face and then under my armpits. It wandered around to my legs and stuck its hairy lips over my sex. It snuffled and sniffed and snorted and began licking. The tongue felt quite thick and firm and of course it easily pushed inside me. It wriggled about and I shut my eyes and bit my tongue with the sensations growing so fast again. Then it turned its attention to the outside of my pussy and licked across my mound. It went back to my vagina and pushed against it. The nose was hard against my arsehole and I could feel the teeth scraping over my lips and clit. It didn’t bite but after that first dog, those actions got me going.”

“This dog must have experienced quite a lot good sex - well god for a hound I guess - with many girls and women before; it was perhaps some sort expert!”

“After only five minutes, it went back to my body, my armpits, around the edges of my already crushed tits, then along my arms, the inside of my legs and thighs. Actually when its rough tongue was at top of the inside my thighs it was so close, but not touching my sex, it felt like some sort of electrical tickling which made my muscles twitching.”

“Perhaps it was cleaning me up, and preparing me for its own needs. Soon it carefully climbed gently onto my back and, like the first one, put its front pads on the middle of my back. Its weight was now firmly on me whilst it arched its own back and pushed forward across my arse and sex. It stayed still like that for minutes. I wondered if it was considering the best methods to use on me.”



“Then it barked several times. Perhaps it was shouting to other animals something like, ‘Oh yeah! I got a good one here for my cock!!!’

“The body was flat over my back so that the hairy woolly belly rubbed my spine. With my hips tipped upwards the cheeks of my backside parted allowing it to grab me tighter with its front legs low around my waist and my thighs. The front feet held firmly around my stomach below my belly button. The rough pads pushed hard against my belly and my mound. Wherever its body touched mine the hair felt thick and soft, a bit slippery... almost greasy but nicer than the rough hair which had earlier rubbed over my stomach!”

“Oh well, again I was held by an animal fully under control. Those front paws met tight around my body just below my hips. Its claws tickled my mound and caught at my clitoris. I was held so firmly that it could move my body around just as it wished.”

“The pegs and blocks had withdrawn as soon as the dog was on top of me and that released my legs. Of course even then I was held apart by the dog’s own hips and thighs. It pulled me up and backwards, pushing its own body hard against my backside whilst my face and tits were dragged back over the rubber surface, already slippery wet with my own sweat. I was being possessed by this dog. The cock was fully out of its sheath struggling to find the way into me; it pushed against my arse... it had slipped between the cheeks of my bum very easily and then rubbed over my mound. Suddenly it drew back and pushed forward finding what it sought and sighed as it pulled me back, the penis parted my inner lips.”

“It stopped and stayed still for ages; I could feel the cock throbbing as it swelled getting warmer and warmer and then steadily the dog drove forward and the shaft slid deep into me; that sliding movement seemed to go on and on forever and I felt every movement as my vagina extended around the pointed head until I thought that it must come out of my mouth! Finally the foreskin pushed against my sex, and again it stopped moving. My sex passage was stretched firmly around the shaft and I felt totally full, even more so than earlier. This cock had swollen and felt thicker but had fewer lumps and other bits.”

“Having filled me it stopped again perhaps wondering how it could go deeper down into this odd bitch.”

“But my sex was stuffed full by this greasy animal’s shaft which had swollen more than the first one had; this was just as hot and harder, firmer. As it went as deep as it could my pelvis, my tendons and muscles spasmed in response to my feelings, as if my sex had a post or something, shoved up it so far that I couldn’t move my limbs or body. I was spiked on it!”

“My nose found an odd smell which seemed to come from my groin area.. It smelled musky stale and like rotting food. I guess now that was created by my vagina fluid juices mixed up with the yellow slime on the dog’s penis. Strangely it did not worry me or make me sick. Rather by then such dirty warm scents were just parts of sex enjoyable actions!”

“Then the serious fucking began. Being face down, the dog could use me just like a bitch... and it did. Its thrusts were straight, back and forward not like in the morning when the movements seemed to go up and down as well. This thrusting was not quite as fast but more rhythmic, and the cock seemed to drive its full length into me each time. I felt a growing electrical buzz as it thrust in and out, urgently. It seemed serious, as if this beast really meant it.”

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**Chapter Thirteen - Oh, never mind!**

"It pulled on my hips again and the pads squeezed at the base of my belly, whilst the claws scratched my clit. It felt as if all that pressure was opening me wider for the penis and with my backside spread open I felt the greasy hairy wool rubbing across my arsehole. It pulled my hips hard and upwards trying, or so it felt, to drag my sex further over its shaft. Either way my lips were seriously crushed against its rough hairy crotch at every thrust inside me."

"That fast energetic rhythm went on for ages and ages and I could do nothing to stop it. I was totally unable to resist; my face and chest pressed flat against the table top and my hips held tight up against the dog's belly as it distorted my sex, trying to drive ever deeper and harder. The harder it slammed into me, the tighter it gripped me and my whole body rocked and rolled in time with the thrusting. In fact the rough hairs on the foreskin were brushing over my inner lips and my clit... over my now-swollen clit so rough, so firm, so hard!"

"The sweat was running off and around me. My tits and belly were crushed on the bench. My armpits dripped; my hair stuck to my face. My backside ran with moisture. The dog grunted and again pulled me up still trying to push ever deeper into me."

"I felt debased and decadent as intense feelings grew inside my sex and up into my stomach spreading around my body."

"My mind was numb as the adrenaline flowed and all my senses focused on the area between my legs. I could do nothing and would have done nothing even if I were able. My feelings were just about the penetration of my sex. I had lost any sense of where I was or why I was there. I forgot that it was a dog was inside me as I felt another orgasm growing and wanted the thrusting to grow faster and more urgent until I exploded and screamed and shouted."

"So it just plunged back and forth within me and quickly another orgasm arrived like a jet engine as it exploded on and on throughout me. Yet still I felt the need for it to fuck me faster, harder, deeper, making me more ever filthy, as I rocked my hips in time with the thrusts. Foul, stinking, pungent, sweaty, slimy; I stank of dog and the dog stank of me. It dominated me; it and we became one single stinking hot item."

"At each climax, my body tried to wriggle, to thrash around. It did; well at least my legs from the knees down and my body from the waist upwards could move a bit. I curled my toes, tossed my head around, made noises. Yet the centre of my body - my hips, my backside and of course my genitalia were held both inside and out as if in a vice. I could move those parts only in sympathy with the dog!"

"But still this experience was much, much more extraordinary and deeply, physically sensitive, though of course I only fully understood, - no, appreciated - it later. My experiences earlier that day and with the remains of the drugs still in me and being relaxed after the bowl of soup, gave me that deep enjoyment so quickly this second time."

"I waited as each enormous orgasm approached but of course the dog took no notice and carried on at the same fast rhythm as it propelled that genital shaft into me. I guess that I must have come at least six times that afternoon."

"I must have been about ready to pass out when it suddenly stopped with its cock buried inside me. Slowly, and with care, it pulled back and stopped again so that it was almost outside me; the pointed top was against my very hard clit. Suddenly it shot hard and fast inside and I felt its knot hit my lips. It pushed that hard against them and held as pressure grew. Suddenly my sex stretched wide open and the knot entered. It hurt like hell for a minute and I thought that I had been split open but when

I groped back with my hand, I found no blood; just slimy wetness and a pair of dog nuts!"

"Suddenly thrusting began again in shorter movements before I felt an explosion of wetness deep inside me, its sperm. Several more explosions followed as thrusting continued and I climaxed once again. Finally it stopped and lay panting on my back and relaxed its grip on me, but I was so exhausted that I couldn't move. We were tied together for ages before I was free of the dog. Eventually the knot became smaller though the cock was still deep in me. It moved its paws onto my back and easily pulled that bulge out of my sex. It was strange to lose it and I felt empty and vacant, but it just walked away and lay down licking its cock slowly and lazily. All interest in me gone, and I just laid there panting with fluids running down my legs. My cunt was still stretched open whilst sperm dribbled out of me."

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## **Chapter Fourteen - Worn Out**

"My God!" I said. "So that was the end of you with dog, well, dogs? Then how did you in the end, get away?" I was struggling to understand how such a nice girl was able to deal with all this so clearly and honestly and to explain to me, her uncle after all.

Adela stretched and lay back in the chair. "Well nothing happened for some while. The dog disappeared. I slipped off that table thing and lay on the floorboards panting and gasping. I could hear that group taking down lights and the camera ignoring me totally. I guess I been used as they wanted and now had forgotten about me. Of course I was naked, dirty... messed up everywhere and after a while I began to think, having got what they wanted, I was going to be abandoned in that vast unlighted room. I'd have to get out as best I could... naked, filthy, smelly, damaged body and with no clothes. I'd have to make my way home from here, and even then I wasn't sure where I was. At worst, I thought I could wait until late in the night or early morning. Maybe I'd find my own clothes or something to cover me. "

"I could hear a car or van driving away; it sounded like the one they had used when they snatched me. So I stood up and found I was rather unsteady and a bit bowed legged; after all I'd had two dogs holding my thighs apart for most of that day; but I didn't feel so bad , more used, almost as if I'd been doing some sort of hard sport for far, far too long, or even beaten up and kicked around like a football, if you know what I mean?"

"Anyway that woman was still there. She offered me water, clear water this time, and I drank loads of it, which caused an urgent need to pee. She directed to dark corner which was certainly a toilet as my now experienced nose told me... no door and it smelled just as bad as me, But needs being, so and I sat on the dirty seat. Then sperm started to slop out of me and I pressed my hands on the base of my belly and sort of pumped it for quite a while. Some flies were buzzing around; they must have sensed a feed as several landed on me and sought out tasty bits of moisture. I was so worn out that I just let them get on with it, until they found their way down between my legs. I thought two dogs were enough for one day without a swarm of flies joining in!"

"Hanging on a nail was a pretty mucky towel. I pulled it down; at least it was dry, so I managed to wipe myself before I walked back and sat down on a bench. the woman took my hand and led me over to a mirror leaning against the wall."

"I looked. In front of me stood a slim young woman who was grubby and filthy everywhere that I just didn't recognise her. There were bits of dirt, dog hair and river mud caught in her matted head hair, beneath armpits, under her chin, between her thighs. I wasn't sure if she was naked as I could see

no clean skin on that body. Over her pubes and up her belly it seemed that some stale cream was smeared whilst the belly, the breasts and chest had been roughly scrubbed and were so very red and sore, yet not broken or bleeding despite many scratches. Her nipples stood erect on swollen boobs. Then down her sides were thin lines of dried green slime."

"I couldn't understand how a woman could be such a filthy mess. How had she got into this awful state?"

"I moved back from that mirror and that girl did the same; yet I still didn't recognise she was me. I suppose I was exhausted and still affected by the drugs, but then after a few minutes I began to see just what those dogs had done, yes, done to me. It was that woman and my stupid father had put me in that situation, where I'd lost all control and had no choice but to put up with animals' desires."

"I started to cry and then became angry at what I had been put through. 'Oh my God,' I screamed at her. "You've made me so awful; I'll never get rid of it; never get over it... never get clean again."

"Well, blame your father. It's his fault. None of this would be needed if he had just done his job, instead of trying to be cleverer than us."

'I did tell you that should have found the second dog a bit better; he was very pleased to have a feral-type girl... and you at that moment were really are feral. I know it will take a lot of sweat and soap to clean you up, but you'll have plenty of time before your family returns home'".

"You'll remember for the rest of your life just what it feels like to experience the strength and energy of an animal's sexual actions. You certainly did get a lot of excitement this morning... and more this afternoon. Oh I do know. People can understand this fully only if they have done it themselves."

"She gave me a bucket of warm water and a towel, this one nearly clean. 'Get a move on. You've seen was a mess you are in so you've a few minutes to clean yourself up a bit!' And I did what I could."

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## **Chapter Fifteen - Away and free again, but the cost!**

"Time to leave... now!. You'll come to no harm but I have to make certain that you won't know where we are; even if you did no recalls of this day will remain... apart from the film of course."

"She gave me a heavy coat and a pair of boots. 'They're a bit big for you but they'll cover you up. Put them on and we'll get out of here and send you on your way home.' Then she put a hood over my head. She tied my wrists and ankles quite loosely so I could hobble. "

"I was too tired, exhausted and didn't resist as she led me outside into a warm fresh breeze with fine rain blowing around before she pushed me into the back seat of a car. The hood wasn't tight but still I could see nothing."

"Whilst we were alone the guy - who I think was the driver - spoke to me quietly. "You won't know this, but we think you've have been one of the best actresses we've ever seen. You could earn lots of money doing this, you know."

"I don't think so!' I was feeling better now."

“Well you might hear from Janna later on. I expect she’ll offer loads of money and you’d be worth it.”

“I do not think so!”

“Anyway, a tip for you; getting clean is not easy; one hot bath won’t do it, as you’ll find out. You may not believe it but mud cleans skin better than anything. You should try it; you’d be surprised.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, use a bucket of wet mud and smooth it over you, rub it gently in; leave it for a couple of minutes, then wash it off. It’s good for the skin anyway; that’s why many Georgian women like mud baths. Anyway it’s the quickest way of getting rid of muck and smells.”

“The woman sat on my right and a man on my left so tight I couldn’t have moved even if I wanted to. They drove around for about half an hour or so, probably in circles. No one said much, and finally the car slowed and came to a stop; someone got out. I was dragged out and landed on a hard surface. I lay there for some minutes whilst the car drove away. Oh. It was so quiet, silent. I felt free!”

“I lay still listening to make sure that I was really alone; all I could hear was the rain, now coming down heavier and getting through the coat. I struggled up and tugged at the cord around my wrists. It didn’t take me long to get my hands and feet free and threw the hood away.”

“I looked around. I was in some sort of business estate. It was darker now and the temperature was dropping. I shivered and knew I must get moving. Behind the factories or workshops away to my right I could see street lights and heard the faint sound of traffic.”

“I was wondering how I could to get home, dressed like a tramp and smelling like an old dog kennel”

“I had only the boots and coat, which fitted badly and hung loose around me. I pulled the cord tight around my waist before carefully making my way out towards what I guessed was the road. As I walked sperm still trickled down my legs and into the boots... but I was so tired, I just let it happen.”

“I just kept going towards the sounds of the traffic and suddenly found myself in front of the Holstak Bakers’ factory. Mother had worked there! So at last I knew where I was and for a minute I felt excited and hurried on as best I could towards the brightness of the lights.”

“It took perhaps twenty five minutes before I got home. The house was dark but on the front door step was a small case. My door key lay on top. I looked around but couldn’t see anyone watching so I unlocked the door. I switched on the lights and looked at the case. It was brand new brown leather with heavy locks; I had never seen a quality case like this. It must have cost a fortune and I saw that it had been made in England!”

“Inside were my clothes, newly washed, folded and packed with care. There was an envelope addressed to “THE STAR”. I ripped it open.”

“Read me... Burn me!” and then below. “A. You have been an excellent girl today. Be sure that no one will see the film if “he” learns his lesson and behaves. Being slow might cause a need, something to focus his mind. But you do know that we are serious!”

“I didn’t get rid of that note; I hid it under my floor boards. Now I’ve brought it to show you so that you know my story is true.” And she gave me a small folded envelope.

"I ran a bath but the water was cold. So I sat in the kitchen with an electric fire on and tried to sweat. I just had to get rid of those smells before the weekend was over. I sat on the coat and I drank loads of water and just kept peeing and sweating until about midnight when I remembered what that driver had told me about using mud. At the back of our house is a long garden where Mother grows vegetables."

"In the dark I found a large bucket and shovelled some earth into it. I poured hot water in and stirred it about until it became sloppy. Just outside the back door I dropped the old coat. In moonlight I picked up some of the mud and smeared it over my legs. It felt okay and after a few minutes washed it off. Amazingly my legs looked almost clean; skin shone and so I carried on. I rubbed it carefully over my body, behind my ears, into my hair, over my face, my tits, under my arms, under my chin, between my legs. I stood there in the cool night air cleaning away the evidence. And, you know, it worked, it really did work!"

"My skin was clear apart from a few small patches which I had missed, but I felt fresh and cleaner than I could ever remember. It left a pool of mud in our back yard. I did clean it away the next day of course. Now I went indoors and dried off. Then I ran a bath and lay in it for ages."

"It was getting light when finally I went off to bed and slept for ten hours. I felt I had recovered pretty well. Nothing was running out of me now. I was much rested and my skin felt good after all that cleaning.... but still the faintest scent of dog rose from between my legs."

"I spent the next day cleaning up the house and the yard. Then this e so-called actress had another hot bath which I followed up with a huge late breakfast. I washed my bedding and burned that coat and boots. Late in the afternoon I dressed in my best clothes and went out to see some of my friends. When they asked, I told them I had been catching up on school work but I didn't, couldn't, mention what had really happened only a day before."

Sometimes I do get a reminder. There it is; a faint scent of damp dog hair, stale pee, and stale fish. It still comes back every so often, just as if to remind me, least I should ever forget the feeling of an animal's penis inside me. I can't wash it away so it must be in my flesh!"

We didn't say anything for quite a while and then Adela asked, "You do believe all this, don't you?"

"To be honest, if anyone else had told me this, I would have thought it a good story and no more. But I know you and have a good idea of what your father does, or does not. I know what an imaginative girl you are and how hard you work. I think very few others could have got through such an experience."

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## **Chapter Sixteen - Gratitude**

She smiled. "Thanks. I am pleased I decided to trust you. Of course I often wonder how I managed to put up with it, come to terms with it and to understand myself. I knew I had to tell someone who might understand and would keep this story just between ourselves. It had to be you and never anyone else. Of course I must admit that parts were really exciting and very enjoyable. It was when I got so - er - involved and forgot where I was and then with that second hound, I can at times feel those physical sensations which ran right through me... indescribable. I was on a different planet and forgot everything. Realising that makes it easier for me, probably because I am a pretty realistic girl."

"Since then, I've been out with a few students, who I think you may have met and also with a thirty

eight year old guy. Simply, sex with them was nice but not very exciting. Sometimes I found myself imagining being with a dog. Later things may turn out fine, but so far it just does not work for me.”

I stared at Adela. “That’s awful for you. Have you tried to get any help at all?”

“Yes. Over the last four hours and that has done me a lot of good,” and she grinned.

She sat quiet whilst I brewed more coffee. I could see she was lost in her thoughts and again we sat staring into the fire.

“I keep wondering if I would ever do it again and I suppose the answer is, ‘Yes, in the right place, in the right time and when it felt right for me. It is truly physical rather than emotional and focuses just between my legs. Everything happens in and around there and it fires other feelings around the body and brain. For the dog, its total concern is for its own needs with no worries once inside and then in control.”

Adela sighed, stood up and stretched. She leaned over the back of her chair and stared straight at me.

“Anyway, look you’ve listened so carefully. You’ve not criticised me and that now has made me feel much more relaxed and realistic about that day whilst my family was away. I trust you to keep it between just you and me.”

“Anyway, I’ve had an idea that may help the farm.”

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## **Chapter Seventeen - A New Idea**

Early next morning the skies were clear and sunny with temperature rising. So Adela and me had our breakfast out on the lawn at the rear of the house. She seemed happy, bright and ready for work in her usual farm kit.

“So, I’ve had an idea, a suggestion for you,” she said quietly as she finished eating.

“And what would that be?”

She looked straight at me and chewed her right lower lip. “Well - er - you did tell you’ve had some difficulties with getting that new lot of sheep to breed? We’ve both seen that the rams are young and energetic but seem to find the ewes rather unattractive. Last season you had less than half of them having lambs. Perhaps there may be a way I can help. Suppose I can get the sperm out of the boys and you get into the ewes?”

“Eh, no sure what you mean?” but my brain was running fast! “I guess anything’s worth a try. I certainly need to increase the numbers of lambs this year. So how would we go about that?”

We were now moving onto farming, or so I thought, an easier subject. But you’ll understand my amazement and despite the story I had just heard, when Adela sat forward, her elbows on her knees and looked straight at me and said, “I think I might be able to get those boys to spray their sperm into me. It could drain out, be collected and saved for injection into the ewes. It’s worth a try, surely; I would certainly give it a go. After all I owe you a lot for just listening to my story yesterday with no criticisms.”

"Really... are you sure? You do honestly owe me absolutely nothing. But don't forget how mucky those rams can be. You know... the oily woolly hair. Mind you a ram's cock is thin but long with a knob on the end. I just don't know; you say you got some serious enjoyment; if it was the same with a ram, it could just be alright for you -hopefully more so - but anything that helps with the ewes would be wonderful."

A little later Adela was leaning over the fence and scratching several rams on their heads and backs. She turned round and said, "If okay for you, I'll try it later today but I would prefer to use the barn. I'll set it up and let you know when I am ready. To collect the sperm from each so we'll need at least eight clean jars or pots so we can keep each one separate."

So two hours later we started. Between two bales of straw Adela had set out a timber pole covered with sacks and a bit of carpet. "It's a bit rough but it should stop any chance of me falling forwards and like this I can keep my backside upwards which should stop sperm from running out before we are ready."

She seemed happy and relaxed and very well organised and ready to start. The bar was set at about the same height as a ewe. She had six rams in the stall. They looked young and reasonably clean; all were sound asleep. On a table stood eight glass bowls. Next to these stood a jar with a thick green fluid

"So," said Adela. "I've pushed the straw bales close together so the rams can't run around. I need each to jump on board quick and easy. With my backside up in the air they won't have much choice! I've sorted out something to attract their noses and to make it easy for them slip into me. It smells a bit odd but all these boys licked off my finger it up very quickly."

She took off her long brown coat and hung it on a nail. She wore long sleeved leather jacket which covered her back down to her waist. "I did cut this old thing down to protect my skin from their front hooves."

Below that she was naked. "Pass me the jar, please and that paint brush with it."

She dipped the brush into the jar and painted the fluid over her sex and up onto her belly. Then she pushed the brush just up inside her sex and wiggled it about. The rams had picked up the smell and were standing up looking interested. She brought out the first ram the stall.

"Please hold him whilst I get into position," and she laid face down over pole with her face resting on the floor. "Ok, let him go!"

For a moment the ram stood still sniffing the air and then trotted over to her backside. He stuck his nose on her sex and snorted. He licked under her belly for a short while and butted her which made her squeal and raise her hips even higher to the ram, which seemed to encouraged him to climb on to Adela's back. He pushed around for several minutes trying to find the right way in. The rest of his pointed penis appeared and slipped easily inside; he grabbed her around her ribs with his front hooves pushing his hips forward as his dripping penis disappeared inside Adela.

Adela quietly grunted and gasped as she pushed back against him; that encouraged the ram and he speeded up his thrusts. It took just a few minutes before he ejaculated and with no real knot, unlike a dog, pulled out of her with a sudden sucking noise. Adela stayed very still where she was. I saw her sex quite clearly; it was only slightly open but running with juices which I guessed were a mixture from the ram, from her and the fluid that she had wiped over herself before it all got going.

"Quick, I can't hold my stomach tight for long."



She stood up carefully with legs together. "I am holding my stomach muscles so get that first bowl; put it on that stool... please!"

That bowl was now on the top of the stool, only an inch or two below Adela's crotch. She walked slowly and carefully over to it opened her knees and the sperm ran down into the bowl collecting. about a cup full. She looked at it and said, "Not much really ... dogs fill you up! But I guess it is enough to get a ewe started." And I poured the contents of bowl into a jar and placed it carefully in the barn's cold chest whilst Adela started again. Over the next hour four more rams banged into her pussy and each time it delivered a usual bowl of sperm.

Before she lay last time over the post, she said, "This boy is a bit older and might need some more encouragement." By now the skin around her thighs and backside was smeared with dirt from the rams and little bits of wool stuck to the hair on her mound and in the creases around her arse, but surprisingly that did encourage that ram.

She was sweating and her sex looked rather swollen, red but very wet. It was my first view of Adela's sexual parts. She had a bulging mound: it ran into her lips which were full and mid brown, if not totally red. The hood over her clit was quite fat and her clit just showed a little. Then I looked away, embarrassed at staring at her, after she had placed her full trust in me.

She had always played energetic sports like tennis and hockey and that had made body strong, slim and sinewy rather than muscular. She wasn't skinny nor was there any spare flesh on Adela!

"I'd like to get on!" she said and lay down even lower with her face and chest flat on the floor ready for the biggest four years old ram on the farm. He smelled like a male and walked around Lilly's legs and tried to push the bales apart. He also stuck his nose under Lilly and bashed her mound pushing her hips again. His penis was out. It was darker and thicker with a definite bulge at the front. He climbed, rather than jumped onto her back and pushed his belly forward against her backside. He pushed inside her with little effort and then kept driving against her body until ten minutes later both Adela and the ram exploded.

The ram left her with her crotch looking as if it had been spanked; it was redder now and dripping with a dirty yellow juice. She squatted over the bowl and the final lot of sperm squirted out of her. Whatever she had done for that final ram, he seemed to have done his own part and the bowl was nearly overflowing.

"Phew," she said. "I think it has worked. As least we can inject the ewes with this lot. I'm going to clean up."

Over the next few days between us we impregnated fifty one ewes. At midday we stopped for a drink and some food and Adela began giggling. She said that it was much easier collecting "spunk" than giving it away to the ewes.

Well, it worked and in the spring my flock produced many more lambs.

A year later at the area meeting, I was given an award for such successful production of lambs. Later in the canteen other sheep farmers kept pressing me to tell the secret of my success!

Just before Christmas, Adela and I sat in my kitchen and I tried to thank her for what she had put herself through, but she would accept nothing. "You must understand that when I was trapped by that gang and forced with the dogs, I got something out of it... quite a lot if I am honest. Looking back I wasn't totally frightened or damaged at all. If the first dog was rape of a sort, the second wasn't and thus made it pretty easy to sort out the rams."

"If I ever do all that again, knowing that the dirt and filth, the mix of foul smells encourage the depth of feeling both physically and mentally would not be a worry at all... anything but. That second dog; I felt as if I was so much under its control as it certainly held my hips and pulled me upwards so its cock went in further. I couldn't stop that so I stopped worrying and just gave in to my feelings. I really had no way of changing that. A dog seems to be much stronger during sex. Where it held my hips so tight, I was trapped against it, couldn't pull away even though I could wriggle my arms and legs and shoulders; but doing that made me feel that my hips were held so firmly that they were just like a hinge or pivot whilst the dog used me just as it wished."

About a month later we still weren't sure if the rams and ewes could sort it out for themselves this year and so we organised another session with my six rams and stored the results with care.

In late spring a couple of neighbours had come round hoping I would help them increase production. They wanted to know the secret of my success. So a week later two lorries arrived and eighteen rather bored looking rams were driven up the lane. Over the next few nights Adela and I produced the jars of sperm, all neatly labelled for collection a few days later.

When the owners arrived to pick up their animals and the jars, the rams seemed to have a new lease of life and charged up the ramp into the back of the lorries.

Since then during autumn and up to Christmas I get farmers pestering me to sort out their rams... and a bull, but I couldn't help with that even if I wanted to. Now Adela is at college and studying animal husbandry... husband? ... of all things to study.

Adela could lecture in it!

Of course it nice to have job, even better if you enjoy it!

Next year I may start on goat milk... but that's another story.

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## **Postscript**

Six months after Adela had started her college course, early one morning a small package landed on the door mat at her home. Her mother was out and Adela picked it up. The label read, "FOR YOUR EYES ONLY". It felt like a reel of film so she hid it and as soon as she had a free day, brought it over to me. She asked if I wanted to view it, but then we decided it better to use a small can of paraffin and a match.

Then she heard that her father had experienced a bad accident in Hungary. He was in hospital for months.

Some weeks later she was walking home from college late at night. A car drew up next to her and she was bundled in. There were big men in the rear seats and one held her arms tight. Of course Adela recognised the woman in the front seat; she turned and spoke quietly to her. She told her that the debts had never been paid and so two hundred and fifty three copies of the film had been sold to private collectors in the America and the USSR. Just before she was pushed out of the car, a thick envelope was pushed down the top of her blouse.

"We made a decent profit in the end and I think we need to show some appreciation to our star. You won't hear from me again except of course if you would like to earn some more. Just put a picture of a dog in an upstairs window and wait to hear from us. You would certainly become really well off!"

Adela tells me she found that payment really amusing, partly as her father is out of hospital and has moved to New Zealand. She still has that money, American dollars; five thousand of them.

*The End*