

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## Part One

I woke up to sun in my eyes and the sound of dogs barking.

It took a while, my head banging like I'd been drinking all weekend, but eventually I came to. There was soft grass under my cheek, and warm fur against one leg. My other leg hurt like crazy, and when I was finally able to sit up, I saw it wrapped in a clean white cast. I tried hopping to my good leg, but my head hit a wooden roof about four feet from the ground. Taking a better look around I realized I was in some kind of shed, or, due to the friendly yellow lab looking up at me with interest, a dog house.

I fell exhausted back to the ground and only then realized I was also completely naked. I decided to close my eyes for a bit while my head settled and the nausea passed. The lab took this as an invitation to snuffle around my neck and lick my cheek and I turned my head away, vainly pushing at him with arms weak as a newborn's.

When I woke up again, it was to the smell of bacon, and for a confused moment I thought I was back in my parents house. But that wasn't right, I had been driving back to college, and the night had been so dark, not a star in the sky, until my headlights had lit up the eyes of a buck in the middle of the road, and its eyes shone like suns and then-

The bacon smell was making my stomach cramp with hunger, I don't think I'd even been more hungry in my life. I rolled over, the yellow lab gone, and saw a girl on her hands and knees, long brown hair hiding her face as she ate directly from a big metal bowl on the ground. She was just as naked as me, and the dim light coming in through the wrought iron bars in front of her striped over a large hanging belly. She was pregnant, really pregnant.

"Hey," I croaked. I cleared my throat and started crawling towards her. "Hey, where are we?"

She stopped eating, sitting up to look at me. She was very pretty, though she wasn't wearing a stitch of makeup, and her breasts were sitting large and swollen over her distended baby bump. She cocked her head to the side, like a curious puppy. The leather collar around her neck was cream-colored.

"Do you speak english? ¿Habla usted Inglés?" I asked. But she just looked at me, and then to her bowl and then back to me. The bowl looked delicious, despite being half-eaten. Garden tomatoes, avocado, spinach, sprouts, hummus, chopped chicken, and lots of bacon. What I would pay \$15 for at a market cafe and she's eating it from a dog bowl.

She saw my eyes inspecting her dinner and her puppy-like expression morphed into a snarl. I could only huddle there naked in shock while she hunched over the bowl again, eating faster and growling deep in her throat.

"What. The fuck." I said outloud, and went ignored.

So I instead half-crawled, half-dragged myself to the bars at the front of the shed and had a look around.

The shed was facing a small pond, inscrutably lovely with a broad lawn and willow trees and flower beds artfully arranged around the water. The sun setting on the rocky creek that fed it was stunning. The shed itself was actually part of a large semicircle of enclosures, well-made from stained wood

and wrought iron. The back of the enclosure had bars for the top half of the wall too, but a dark forest swept up behind the semicircle, melting to a dense green.

There was a door on the bars, but it was latched and locked. Looking around the enclosures I could see other shapes of people, or maybe dogs, it was too dark to tell. I could, however, see perfectly well that no other door was closed.

But there, beyond the pond and over a small rise, was a building, like a large ranch house maybe, at least from what I could see of the roof. And more importantly, the glow of lights and the faint, far-away sound of men's voices.

"Hey!" I yelled. "Hey! Let me out of here! Hey! Someone, anyone, I want out!" I rattled the door and surprised faces started popping up around the semicircle. Two naked people, a young man and woman, even crawled out on their hands and knees to inspect the racket, their hands up like curious springer spaniel paws. The pregnant girl beside me kept eating and growling, clearly annoyed by my antics but not alarmed.

"Heeeeeeeey! Help me! HEY!!!!" I screamed, and kept at it until finally the sound of a porch door echoed across the pond and three men came marching across the grass. Even in the dim light they looked normal: heavyset Pennsylvanians in denim and plaid, two with beards and one with glasses. Mid-forties maybe, and not looking at all like they were rushing to let me out.

As they got closer I moved away from the bars and did my best to cover my breasts and between my legs, hunkered under the low roof with a broken leg and a headache like a sledgehammer on my skull.

"Hey, that's enough, quiet down," the first guy said. He had kind eyes but was frowning like someone would at a child or- or at a bad dog.

"What's going on? How did I get here, where are my clothes, and why am I locked in this shed?" I demanded.

"Quiet down. Qui-et."

"What? What the fuck is this?" I yelled, growing more hoarse. But the guy shook his head in exasperation.

"She's going to need a lot of training," he said to the other two guys, who nodded. I noticed the guy with glasses was a little younger, a little chunkier, and had a lot more compassion in his expression than the other dudes.

"Please," I tried, talking directly to him. "Please, please let me out. I don't know what's going on. I think I was in a car accident, my name is Lisa Paulson, I go to Penn, I-"

"QUIET," the first bearded man snapped.

"Yappy little thing," the other bearded man muttered. "I don't think we should leave Daisy in there with her."

"You're right. Daise, you all done, girl? Let's go, sweetheart," beard one said to the pregnant girl, and to my astonishment, she perked up from licking the last of the avocado from her dish and practically pranced on her hands and knees to the door.

"No, wait, please, let me out," I cried, trying to pull myself back to the door, modesty forgotten. But I was still too slow and dizzy and the latch locked again, leaving me alone in the enclosure.

The bearded men were already walking away, Daisy happily following on the soft grass. Glasses was still looking at me with his big sad eyes and I tried again.

"Please, what is happening, why is that girl acting like a fucking dog, and why are you keeping me here?"

Glasses reached out like he was going to pet my hand wrapped around the bars and then shook his head.

"You'll settle in, it only takes time. You're a good girl, I can tell."

For a second I thought he was talking to me like a human, but then I realised he was using the same voice someone uses to sooth a scared dog.

"Please, please, you don't seem batshit insane, please don't act like it."

"Get some sleep, girl. You'll see in the morning, it's going to be alright and you'll love it here. This is your forever home now."

"Jesus fucking CHRIST are you kidding me?" I tried to scream, but my voice was just about shot. I was so tired. And hungry. And thirsty like nothing else.

"Can I please at least have some water?"

This, of all things, made Glasses start.

"What? There's water right behind you, girl."

Sure enough there was a spout in the shadow of the side wall, with a narrow stone basin. I looked for a tap, even tried waving my hands like maybe there was a sensor.

Glasses eventually took pity on me and whispered, "Look down, there's a pedal."

The crisp water almost tasted as good as being talked to like a human felt. But by the time I was done gulping, Glasses was already halfway back to the pond, leaving me to hunker down in the corner of the enclosure, my pain and exhaustion pushing my fear and anger far enough away to sleep in the warm, cricket-loud night.

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The soft clang of the latch woke me up the next morning and I saw Glasses squatting down in front of my enclosure. He had exchanged Daisy's dirty dinner bowl for an identical one filled with oatmeal and stewed berries, a glaze of melted brown sugar floating on top. I dragged my sore body and lame leg over to it and looked up at Glasses.

"Spoon?" I asked with little hope.

He just watched me, as though taking in my features in the daylight.

"No napkin either, I suppose."

I decided eating was going to get me to the next step of escape, so I took the bowl and turned away from Glasses, trying to hide as much of my nakedness as possible.

The oatmeal was ambrosia, but I figured it was the hunger bias. After washing my hands and face under the tap, I turned back to Glasses, who had settled in, leaning back on his hands.

“Is there a bathroom in this nightmare?”

Glasses pursed his lips and looked over his shoulder quickly, but the pond and surrounding area was quiet.

“There,” he whispered, pointing. At the other end of the enclosure from the tap was a hollowed out stone depression with a drain and a bidet-like device over it, with another pedal. There was definitely no privacy, and Glasses wasn’t looking like he was moving anytime soon. I did my business quickly, Glasses watching me admiringly.

“Good girl, pretty girl,” he said softly.

I looked away to swallow my anger. It was obvious that at some point, my enclosure door might stand open too. While I was locked in a shed, recovering from a car crash, and reliant on my jailors to feed me, it was time to play along now and run like hell later.

“Come here,” Glasses crooned, and I hesitantly dragged myself over to the bars. Glasses snaked a hand through the bars and gently stroked my shoulder blade. I barely managed to not flinch away.

“Pretty girl, so good, that’s good,” Glasses murmured. I relaxed by degrees when his hand didn’t stray from my back, and slumped a little against the bars.

“So good, that’s very nice.” He scratched softly along my spine and I couldn’t help leaning into the touch a little. I almost fell back asleep in the morning sun until Glasses idly asked himself,

“What are we going to call you, pretty girl?”

“Lisa, my name is Lisa Paulson,” I told him, sitting up straight.

Glasses tsked sharply and took his hand away. He looked so disappointed in me I almost felt ashamed before remembering, oh yeah, I was a kidnapping victim and he’s a crazy person.

“That’s bad, no whining. Bad girl,” he told me severely, standing up and brushing the grass off the seat of his jeans.

Let me go! I wanted to scream, but settled for hanging my head to hide my glare.

I shot daggers at his back as he walked to the ranch house, not looking back at me.

As he walked by the pond, he passed by three naked people- dogs, I supposed, in collars, lounging in the shade by the pond.

Two young women, one with black hair, the other dark at the roots, with blond at the very tips, like a record of how long it had been since her last dye job. The third was a skinny young man, who wasn’t completely naked, and had what looked like a leather cage around his cock and balls, held on by a leather jockstrap.

This guy- dog- got a passing hair ruffle from Glasses and actually lolled his tongue in pleasure.

As soon as Glasses was over the rise, another man came over, barefoot and in a robe, a handsome-looking dalmatian at his heels. He wasn't one of the guys I'd seen last night, and so I shouted to him.

"Hey! Hey you! Robe guy! Let me out of here!"

I gave up when it was obvious he was perfectly happy ignoring me and watched in fascination as he untied his robe, revealing a huge erection. With little ceremony he kneeled down behind the black-haired girl-dog and pulled her up by her hips, thumbing at her pussy. I couldn't see the girl's face but she didn't seem to mind at all, actually pumping her hips when robe guy held open her pussy for the dalmatian to tongue at excitedly.

I finally tore my eyes away when robe guy started fucking into her, pushing his huge dick into a grateful, wet, ready cunt. The other two dog-people didn't seem to be watching at all, lying contentedly by the pond like it was the most natural thing in the world. I shuffled to the back of my enclosure and tried to ignore the grunts and dog-like yips of pleasure floating back across the grounds.

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## **Part Two**

I spent the day studying the other "dogs" as they frolicked in and around the pond. I counted 14 others: 12 girls, and two boys. All around my age, and all attractive in their own way. Including Daisy, three of the girls were noticeably pregnant. Scattered among them were a dozen big dogs, all different breeds. At first I couldn't tell what was odd about them until it became apparent that none of the real dogs were fixed.

The largest dog, a big grey and white great dane, had a ball sack like two tennis balls and the shiny, pointed end of his pink dink protruded as he sniffed around the ass of one of the girls. She helpfully got on her hands and knees, spreading her legs and arching her back. From my enclosure I could see her pussy was shaved bare, and swollen with arousal. The great dane mounted her with only a few missed tries and then his haunches were jerking like a jackhammer, the girl, smaller than him, shaking and yipping too.

It didn't take long until the great dane slowed and then popped out of her in a drench of dog come. His dink was enormous, red and pink and veiny with a giant knot at the base. I didn't know how she was taking it in the first place, so large it looked like it might stab her chest from the inside. But she looked contented, collapsed on the grass, and a black lab and a german shepard eagerly licked up the mess from between her legs.

The great dane had hunched over to clean himself, but left off when two other girl-dogs knelt beside him, their heads moving with enthusiasm as they cleaned him up too.

I tried talking to the "dogs" whenever one of them got near my enclosure but aside from confused looks and a few growls, no one responded. Like an episode of the Twilight Zone, I could only watch.

By the time my stomach was growling for lunch, men had started trickling down from the ranch house. Some looked like they had just come off the golf course, some in robes, and two guys were even wearing suits, like they had come over on their lunch break.

They chatted amongst themselves while they hand-fed all the dogs pieces of meat and cheese and fruit from big trays set up under a small pavilion by the bearded guys. It was like a company picnic except with a lot more naked women on their hands and knees, begging like dogs for carrot sticks.

One guy held a piece of watermelon so Daisy sat up, panting and waving her hands like paws in the air, exposing her big belly and swollen breasts. Another man started tugging at her right nipple, pulling expertly so it spurted milk in a messy spray. Daisy only yipped excitedly, her tongue out to sloppily lick another man's fat dick, pulled just out of his khakis and starting to harden.

From there, I could hardly keep track of the orgy that ensued. Three men took turns with the black-haired girl, fucking her roughly and leaving big globs of white come dripping from her pussy to be licked up by the dalmation. Several men had moved a ways off around the pond to lounge in the grass while girls licked at their erections, and one of the other pregnant girls had her head buried in a man's ass, busily eating out between his hairy cheeks.

Two guys were fingering one of the boy-dogs hard, using a supplied bottle of oil to get it really messy, their whole hands nearly disappearing into the boy's gaping asshole. But the boy just looked blissed out, doing his best to respond to their distracted pets and compliments, rocking his hips, his cock and balls straining against their cage.

Another man was feeding the german shepard's erection into the mouth of a flat-chested girl, jerking himself as he crooned at her. Two other men were laughing as they tried to double-penetrate an excited blonde girl, who was too busy wriggling and licking the man underneath her like a puppy. A brown-haired girl looked up with adoring, obedient eyes as a man gently fitted a muzzle with a teeth guard around her head and then fucked into her open mouth in long, tender thrusts, constantly petting her head and ears.

Despite my pain and fear and anger at being locked up as a dog whore, I was aroused. Not a single "dog" looked anything less than delighted at the attention they were receiving and most vocalized with little yips and barks. I went to the back of my enclosure and turned away: I wasn't going to get distracted from my escape planning.

Eventually the men finished and trickled back to the ranch house. When they were done, the bearded guys led the "dogs" in a crawling line to a building I couldn't see from my enclosure.

It was getting hot out and I was bored and longing for a dip in the pond when Glasses appeared, holding a leash with a choke chain attached to it.

"Now, good dogs, dogs who behave and don't struggle, they get lunch." He said out loud, as through talking to a dog.

"Really?" I replied. Glasses continued as though I hadn't spoken.

"And good dogs also get toothbrushes."

I immediately sat up as I'd seen the other "dogs" do, giving up covering my breasts, hands curled like paws on my thighs. I would suffer many more indignities for a toothbrush at this point.

I let Glasses come into the enclosure and he slowly put the choke chain over my head, moving my hair out of the way. I then crawled slowly after him across the sunny lawn, careful of my cast and trying to get a better look around.

Glasses led me into what had once been a barn but was now a giant dog grooming studio. The other "dogs" were up on tables, getting their hair brushed and genitals gently hosed down by men in scrubs. There was a general atmosphere of cheerful business with the techs talking to each other about the dogs, stopping occasionally to give them pets and compliments.

The tiled floor was just starting to hurt my knees when two techs swooped down to pick me right up.

“Hey, wait-” I said, starting to struggle but one of the techs snapped, “Quiet!” and had me in an exam chair with my wrists and legs firmly strapped down before I could get my bearings.

Glasses held my head and jaw with strong hands and shushed in my ear while one of the techs efficiently flossed my teeth and brushed them, as though I was at the dentist getting a cleaning, no big deal. Glasses let go of my head so I could spit and I tried biting his hand when it went back to my jaw.

“Fuck!” I shouted in frustration, and the tech laughed.

“Whoa, Sam, this one is fiesty. Have your work cut out for you, huh?” the tech said, and Glasses - Sam - just grunted in reply.

They washed me down with quick, efficient swipes, even my privates, but the tech’s hand was impersonal, like a doctor’s. Cleaned under my nails, scrubbed my knees, and inspected my cast, like I was truly a dog at a groomers. Sam’s hand was less impersonal as he brushed out my shoulder-length hair, and he kept up a steady one-sided dialog of, “Shuuush, good girl, I know you’re a good girl.”

When the tech was done and most of the other dogs cleared out, I heard the snapping of a lid behind me and Sam came around the chair with an open bottle of honey. He maneuvered the legs of the exam chair wide, and I shivered at the chill up my privates. Sam was looking at my exposed pussy like a proud father.

“Sam,” I tested out his name. He looked up, frowning. “Sam, please, I don’t want this. Don’t touch me, please.”

“Sssssh, there’s a good girl. Be quiet now. You just need to relax. You’ll see, you’re going to love it.”

I yelped as he spurted the bottle right over top of my naked, wide pussy, the cool honey dripping down over my slit, pooling on the chair seat below me. I struggled against the straps holding me down my ass making a mess of the honey. Sam watched, mouth open and tongue wet on his lip as he drizzled the honey up my torso, over my belly and globbed two spurts on my hard nipples too. His breathing was getting ragged and I could see a bulge in his jeans under his gut. He got close to my left nipple, big and hard and straining with my own panicked breaths, as though he was going to lick the honey right off the tip.

But then he backed away quickly, giving a practiced whistle. Immediately five of the real dogs came running into the barn. He snapped his fingers and they all sat, looking up at him expectantly.

“Jimmy, here,” he said to the yellow lab, and pointed to my honey-drenched pussy.

Jimmy didn’t have to be told twice, and there was a big, hot, strong tongue digging between my pussy lips, lapping up honey and making me shake and cry out. I faintly heard Sam whistle again and all the dogs were jumping around the chair, licking up my belly and breasts like a buffet.

It was nothing I’d ever felt before, paws and tongues and noses and warm clean fur between my legs. And at the burning center of it all, Jimmy’s paddle of a tongue searching between every fold and dip and hole I had, making me come so hard over and over again I would have bruises under the straps.



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### Part Three

After the constellation of scrapes across my body faded and my leg came out of its cast, the handlers' patience dried up.

Speaking like a human to a handler, a "dog", or a guest meant missing my next meal. Standing like a human meant the next twenty four hours in a hobble, locked straps measured from my neck to my knees so standing was impossible. Tugging on my leash, biting hands, not coming out of my enclosure when commanded to, making eye contact, using my hands to eat, even rolling my eyes meant an immediate sharp pinch to my ass or arm.

Other than this, I took well to a life of imprisoned leisure. Though meals were served in dog bowls, the food was always healthful, plentiful, and delicious. I got very used to having my nails done regularly, and someone else flossing for me cinched the habit.

And every day, my grooming would conclude with Sam liberally splashing my spread genitals and tits with something for the dogs to enjoy.

As the techs were finishing up, washing my feet and brushing out my hair, my belly would tighten with anticipation. Looking down my own body, my nipples huge and hard, had me gasping and quaking, knowing that Jimmy's cold nose would soon be jammed in my cunt, licking determinedly for honey or peanut butter or maple syrup. His long wet tongue would be busy, but his eyes would always be looking adoringly up at Sam, who in turn watched the dogs on me, his hand idly cradling the swell of his erection through his pants.

It was obvious that Sam was my ticket out of here. While the owners, Ken and Smithy, were sick of my stubbornness, Sam was patience incarnate, never punishing me as hard, and never letting the opportunity pass to gently pet my head and call me a good girl. To be honest, I'd never received more attention or more positive reinforcement in my life. If I could secure Sam's loyalty, I knew he could be manipulated.

I waiting until the techs had cleared away, until Sam had spread the legs of the exam chair, my thighs already taunt with arousal. He had the honey bottle in his hands when I cleared my throat.

"Sam," I whispered. "Why don't you have a taste today? I would like that a lot."

Sam startled like I'd stuck him with a cattle prod.

"No, that's bad!" he scolded me, and gave my calf a light smack. "Be quiet!"

He looked horrified and disappointed in equal measures, and shut the cap of the honey bottle with his thumb. To my astonishment, he put the honey bottle away and walked out of my line of sight. It was a while before two techs came to unstrap me, and I struggled a little when they put the choke chain on, giving it a good yank to get me to settle down, something Sam had never resorted to.

So I was returned to my enclosure, pussy wet and aching. By my count it had been a full two months of daily pleasure, the only thing I had to look forward to after a day of boredom and watching the other dogs get spoiled and fucked silly, enjoying their freedom around the pond and ranch house.

I'd only been in the house once, when a storm made it too cold and wet to keep the dogs outside. The other dogs had been piled into a big rec room with no furniture, just dog beds and pillows. I'd

been manhandled into a crate barely large enough to crouch in to watch Ken and Smithy fuck themselves hoarse on the other dogs, Sam loyally sitting by my crate, whispering assurances to me with Jimmy's head in his lap and thunder rattling the windows.

I watched, fidgeting, as some evening clients came in to wile away the twilight, drinking beers with their robes open, Charlie and Molly licking eagerly at the clients' cocks. Dozer, the great dane, was on his favourite bitch Lola, breeding her and panting roughly.

Jimmy came over for a sneak of my dinner as he usually did, and I gave him a piece of my beef and broccoli, awkwardly spitting it out between the bars in case anyone was watching. He gobbled it up and whined, sticking his snout into the enclosure to lick my face. I imagined it was an apology for not tonguing me blind for the first time in months.

Jimmy whined again and licked my cheek, my neck, my arm. It was nothing to shuffle around, sticking my legs between the bars, backing up so my pussy was right up against the bars, framed and presented for my favourite dog.

But Jimmy wasn't tempted. He licked at my ass, and snuffled around a little, but my slippery arousal, so dripping I could smell it on the cool night air, wasn't enough.

I was about to back away from the bars and pout myself to sleep when I heard footsteps on the grass. It was Sam, a crate in his hands, watching the gape of my presented hole with pure lust.

My first instinct was to flinch away, embarrassed at being caught so desperate. But Sam made a little choking noise, putting down the crate and making a silent stay command.

Sam was the ticket to my escape, but I would have to buy that ticket with obedience, I knew that now.

I tried out a plaintive little whine and lifted my ass, flexing against the bars and putting my head down between my arms, fully submissive.

Sam blew out a huge breath and scrambled for something in the crate.

"Good girl, such a good girl," he whispered, and I heard the sound of a package opening and then Sam's trembling fingers tentatively scooping something cold onto the stretch of my taint.

I helpfully wriggled up into the slickness, butter by by the feel and smell of it, and whined again, deep and low.

"Aw, shit yes," Sam growled, and generously slimed my whole aching pussy. His thick fingers slipped into my cunt, probed at the suck of my asshole, and rubbed the butter greedily into my asscheeks and upper thighs.

It didn't take much to play along; Sam's fingers were thorough and loving. He had never seen me anything but naked, but this seemed to be his chance to map out every curve and crease, to slap lightly at the swell of my pussy lips, to finger at the hood of my clit. But it wasn't enough.

I nearly broke and cried when he whistled for Jimmy, who was now satisfied with my offering and got busy cleaning me up, his tongue gorgeously greedy for the butter up inside me. Sam's hand stayed possessive on my lower back, the other petting my heavy hanging breast, slowly rubbing and clutching at my distended nipple in wonder.

I whined my release into the night, jerking my hips desperately against the bars, attracting more wet tongues. Sam dutifully filled my aching cunt again, chuckling with delight, scratching at my spine and groping my swinging breasts some more in reward.

*Unfortunately unfinished due to the closure of the Beastforum...*