

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



If you are familiar with my work, you will know that I am in the middle of a series called Ghost. You will also know from my work that one of my favourite genres is bestiality. Whilst writing a recent chapter of the Ghost series the idea popped into my head for a 'side chapter'. It uses the same main character (Sally) but is a completely stand-alone story, (I'll bet you can guess the genre.) This is also why it doesn't have a chapter number. If you aren't familiar with the Ghost series the only things you really need to know is the main character is a ghost and that ghosts love sex with other ghosts.

The cries of, "Piss off Sally," and, "A frigid ghost, who would have guessed?" were ringing in my ears as I stomped off from the ghost orgy. It was like when I was alive, some days I didn't feel like eating, now as a ghost I just didn't feel like sex. Normally I would have never turned down an orgy with 10 or 11 lusty cocks on offer, between just us three women, but today it simply wasn't doing it for me. I could have sought out Emma, my 17th-century lesbian friend and she would of happily organised a lesbian orgy, but the thought of half a dozen pussies for some reason, wasn't doing it for me either. As I walked along the streets of London the one thought that kept running through my head was, "What was wrong with me?" I couldn't put my finger on it, but I just knew I wanted something else, something different.

I must have walked for hours as one of the great things about being a ghost is that you don't get tired and your feet never hurt. My train of thought was broken when I heard dogs barking in the distance and looking up I saw the sign, 'Battersea Dogs Home.' Like a flash of lightning, a vision popped into my head of a movie clip I had seen years ago when I was still alive. In that clip a short haired young woman was bent over a chair and a very large black and white Great Dane was fucking her. The main thing that was imprinted in my mind was how huge the angry red dog's cock was. At the time I dismissed the whole thing as something that only existed in porn movies but now my mind was thinking, "Why on earth not?"

Even though the place was locked up tight to keep people out and more importantly the residents in, entry is always pretty easy when you can walk through walls. I wandered around the cages looking at the dogs and it came as a bit of a shock that many of them were following my movements. They say that dogs can sense the dead so maybe that was what was happening. My excitement grew on more than a sexual level as my head started to spin with the idea that perhaps dogs could be the bridge between the living and the dead.

I entered the pen of one of the dogs and although there was no way of determining its breed, I could see from its heavy balls that it was still intact. Lifting up my skirt I spread my legs slightly and arched my hips towards it, offering my pussy for inspection. The dog seemed confused as it could clearly sense I was there but when it sniffed the air it couldn't catch my scent. I thought my luck had changed when it walked towards me, sniffing madly but to my disappointment, it just walked straight through me. At that moment the air was split with a shrill scream and I found myself staring at a young girl, dressed in the dog home uniform overall coat with a look of terror on her face.

"It walked through you," she stammered, "you must be the same as me, a ghost."

"You guessed right," I laughed, holding out my hand, "the name's Sally."

"Lisa," the girl blurted out grabbing my hand and touching it all over like she couldn't believe it was solid to her touch.

"I thought you were one of those women, the ones that come here sometimes to fuck the dogs."

"Well I was hoping to try dog sex," I said quietly, "but don't think that's going to happen."

"We will have to wait until five," Lisa said, "that's when they put them down so maybe you will get lucky then."

She must have seen the confusion on my face so she explained that at five o'clock every evening they had to 'balance the books'. This meant that if more dogs had been taken in than had gone out to new owners, then a number of dogs would be put down to keep the net food figure the same. There was a calculation done based on a dog's size, its age, its health and its desirability to a potential new owner. When I questioned size she explained that a large dog ate twice as much as a small dog so two little could sometimes be saved by sacrificing a large one.

"You seem to know a lot about how this all works, how come?"

"I used to work here and I died here."

"What happened?" I asked, "did a dog kill you?"

"Well, it all started when I was just 16 and got my first, last and only job right here."

Lisa stood nervously in front of the man who was peering at her over his glasses and then looking at the notes on his clipboard. She was paranoid that the man hated her but she was desperate to do any work with animals. She knew she could never get the qualifications to be a veterinary nurse let alone a vet, but her love of animals made her determined to do something.

"My name is Harry Bure but you will address me as Mr. Bure at all times. If you are late you will get your one warning, late a second time you will be dismissed." The man sucked the end of his pencil and stared sternly at Lisa, "If you are caught mistreating the animals in any..."

Before he could finish the sentence Lisa interjected, "That will never happen Mr. Bure I love dogs far too much and will do anything to keep this job."

Harry studied the young girl and glanced at the form, and could see he was nearly three times her age. "Sweet sixteen and never been kissed," he thought to himself. He had to avoid licking his lips as he pictured her on her knees sucking his cock. He felt his member start twitching as he pictured her not just sucking his cock but being fucked by a dog at the same time.

He had a nice little sideline going where wealthy women would pay him to allow them to have sex with the dogs. They all thought they were doing it in total secrecy when in fact he was taping each session. These tapes were then very safely and securely locked away as part of his retirement blackmail plan. He had little doubt the women would pay well to keep the tapes unseen, and if they didn't, then there was a thriving underground market for that sort of material.

Returning back to the girl he set her to work cleaning out the dog pens to see how she coped with hard work. He had to admit that she did seem to have a way with the dogs as even the most boisterous ones within a few minutes would be eating out of her hand. She was always early, waiting for him by his desk with a hot cup of tea when he arrived. When it was time to put a dog down she would help, sometimes pleading a dog's case to save him from the needle. Once it was decided she would feed the dog it's last meal, which was laced with sedatives to make it docile. Then after Harry had given the injection she would stroke the dog's head as it fell into a sleep from which it would never awaken. She would always shed a tear for the departed but never protested at the selection.

Most of the time she wore the shapeless blue overall coat supplied by the dog's home but when

cleaning the floor she always complained it restricted her movements. Her breasts were so tiny she never wore a bra under her tight top and the exertion of the scrubbing would make her chaffed nipples stand out like the eraser on the top of a pencil. Her skirt barely covered her white cotton panties and her legs seemed to go on forever. She had been there a month and Harry stood watching her one day on her hands and knees scrubbing the floor. He studied her pert young ass twitching from side to side and he knew that the time to have her was soon. He could feel his cock leaking in his underpants as the plan formed in his head.

"We have some very important and wealthy donors who visit here and without their support, many more dogs would need to be put down," Harry said sternly one afternoon. Lisa just nodded meekly as he went on, "Lord and Lady Forbes will be here at seven so make sure you have left by six as they expect the place to themselves." He didn't add that the reason for the visit was so that Lady Forbes could be fucked by a number of dogs while gagging on her husband's cock. After the dogs had finished Lord Forbes would dive between her legs to lick the multiple loads from his wife's well-used cunt.

Much of what Harry had said was almost the truth. The money from the rich donors went into his pocket, but it did allow him to bribe the officials who decided the dogs home budget. The other major lie was that although Lord and Lady Forbes were visiting, they were arriving at six, not seven, so Lisa and them should meet. He chuckled to himself as this was the first part of his master plan.

Things happened exactly as planned and after reassuring the Forbes he would handle the situation, he promised them a guarantee of Lisa's silence. They would be supplied with actual evidence whereas the girl would just have her word about seeing them in a dog home. "Remember of course you are valued patrons here," Harry oozed down the telephone as he watched the silent tape of Lady Forbes taking her second dog of the night.

The next morning Harry called Lisa into his office and shut the door behind her. As she sat nervously in the chair Harry said sternly, "I'm sorry Lisa but I am going to have to let you go." Harry watched the girl crumble and start sobbing before he added, "The Forbes are worried you may have witnessed their debauchery." Harry waited for a moment, delighting in the confusion on the young girl's face before he continued, "She fucks dogs."

He paused as the enormity of what he had just said sank in and after a few moments she blurted out, "But I never saw anything... honest."

"It doesn't matter what you saw, now you know." Harry waited for a moment and then almost like he had only just thought of it added, "Perhaps if we could give them something in exchange to reassure them, then maybe you could keep your job."

"Anything, please Mr. Bure, I beg you," Lisa said wringing her hands in her lap.

"You will suck my cock while I video it..." Harry saw her look of horror and then continued, "...and while a dog fucks you."

"But I am a virgin," Lisa sobbed, "I have never even touched a cock."

Harry was so excited he was worried he would cream his jeans before he got started. He knew he needed to act quickly as once she had done it the first time, things would be easy thereafter. "Go and get dog 437...NOW." Harry had already picked out the dog that was going to deflower this sweet little thing and he smiled when she returned with the pit bull who was straining at the leash. This was the same pit bull that pounded Lady Forbes on a weekly basis. Harry dropped his trousers letting his cock spring free as he issued a gruff command, "Suck it slut."

Lisa let go of the dog and knelt before Harry, cautiously holding his cock, but Harry was far too aroused to take things slowly and grabbing Lisa's head drove his cock into her mouth.

The dog in the meantime sensed the tension in the air and knew instinctively what was required of him. Normally the bitch was naked but it didn't really matter to the dog as he stuck his head under her coat and skirt. He found the way to his desire blocked by some material and gripping it with his teeth, tore it away. He gave Lisa's pussy a few licks before rising up and jabbing with his cock. It only took a couple of attempts before he entered though he found he had to put considerable effort in to drive in fully. Once fully home, he grabbed the bitch's hips with his front paws and started to fuck her like the end of the world was nigh.

Harry could hardly contain himself as he watched the dog's hips piston its long cock deep into Lisa's body. "Fucking hell," he thought to himself, "the dog was raping her." The young girl had gone past the point of objecting and was cumming on the dog's cock over and over. "I knew you would be a dog whore," Harry exclaimed triumphantly grabbing a bigger handful of her hair and forcing his cock even deeper into her throat. As the dog relentlessly pounded Lisa he felt his balls banging against her chin and her nose pressed against his belly.

He decided that once he had recovered he was going to fuck her ass and then let the dog do the same. He laughed as he knew that the recording would have given the Forbes the guarantees they wanted but he was going to sell this tape for a fortune instead. He ignored her feeble flapping hands, instead relishing the feeling of her throat around his cock. As she spluttered and gagged he decided that the time was ripe for the Forbes to set him up in a business of his own.

Lisa was confused as to what was happening. There was the initial shock of seeing a cock close up before it was pushed into her mouth. Then the savagery of the dog as it tore her panties off. She hardly had the time for the amazing licks of the tongue to register before the dog was on and in her. The pain was blinding as she felt the dog rupture her hymen but that pain turned to the most amazing pleasure as she was fucked for the first time in her life. She experienced the most mind-blowing orgasm that seemed to roll on and on before panic started to set in. She couldn't breathe and as much as she tried to pull away the ferocity of the dog forced her back onto the cock. She tried frantically to scream but no sound came out. She beat at Mr. Bure with her hands but she became weaker and weaker, the whole world going black, until finally nothing.

"Fuck," was all I could say for a moment as I tried to process what Lisa had just told me. There were a thousand questions in my brain and I slowly sorted them out as I wrapped my arms around her and hugged her tightly. I think she was shocked at my reaction and touched her hand to my cheek to wipe away my tears.

"It hasn't turned out that bad Sally so please don't cry."

"What happened next?" I said ignoring her comment.

"Well I found myself standing there, looking at myself which was a bit weird, and I could see Harry was white as a sheet and panicking. The dog had forced its knot in and was happily filling me up, totally non-plussed that I was dead. Then Harry called the Forbes who issued some orders. After the call, the dog pulled away and to my surprise, Harry took a fair amount of fluid from my pussy and smeared it on my lips."

I looked at her as she calmly went on telling me how he had phoned the police saying he had discovered her in that position with the dog. Harry denied all knowledge of Lisa's perversion and

Lisa watched as he planted the seed in other employee's minds about how over-friendly Lisa was with the dogs. The police interviewed everyone and although Harry was under suspicion of collusion, in the end, they drew the conclusion that Lisa had been choked by the dog in some perverted sexual act.

"What happened to Harry after that?" I said hoping that the bastard was burning in the pits of hell.

"Well he left under a bit of a suspicious cloud, but from what I heard he set up dog kennels in the country somewhere with the help of the Forbes."

"Please don't tell me that cunt is doing well," I spat out venomously.

Lisa laughed, "No from what I heard the others whispering he must have upset the wrong person as he was found floating in a river with a bullet hole in his head."

"So have you stayed here ever since?"

"Ten years. Why would I want to go anywhere else? I didn't even know there was anyone else like me until today. I always assumed it was just the dogs that became ghosts for a while. It's not always all of them but I have fucked every one of them that has stayed for a while."

"What do you mean, a while?"

"When a dog dies it either passes or comes back for a short time. When they come back it's so beautiful as they are in their prime..." Lisa giggled before she added, "And as randy as fuck. It can be for a few days or just a few hours but we will get as much enjoyment in as we can."

She must have seen the look on my face, "Yes I know my first, and last fuck, alive was pretty much rape but it opened my eyes and left me with a craving that is always there. I have always loved dogs, now I can love them in all ways." There was almost a religious fervour in her eyes that in some ways was wonderful and in other ways very scary. Then she looked at the clock and declared, "It's almost five o'clock let's go."

The first dog they led in was a German Shepherd that snarled and snapped through the muzzle despite the sedatives it had been fed.

"Spine I think," said Lisa knowingly, "he will soon be at rest."

The vet gave his injection and the dog slowly closed its eyes, at peace and free from pain at last. I waited with bated breath but nothing happened. "Sometimes they just pass," Lisa said sagely.

Then it happened, the handler led in a black and white Great Dane. I would have sworn it was the very same dog as the one I had seen in the clip, though I doubt it was. It wobbled on its feet, its muzzle flecked with grey, its eyes rheumy and weeping. The vet injected it almost lovingly knowing that it was the right time for the dog as it slowly closed its eyes.

I was never religious when I was alive, but at that moment I prayed as hard as I could, wanting this to be the dog for me. For a few moments, nothing happened and then a fog started to form above the dog and then a spiral of smoke to the floor. At first, it was a vague misty shape but that gradually started to solidify until finally there stood a magnificent Great Dane. Gone was the frailty of old age and its place the proud arrogance of a beast at its prime. It looked around the room, not in fear, but to familiarise itself with its surroundings. When its gaze came to rest on me, it stared at me a look that screamed, "You will be my next bitch."

I could hear Lisa panting next to me and I could feel myself getting wet. The scent of two ghost bitches, prime for breeding, hit its nostrils and it inhaled deeply. The effect was instantaneous as from the hairy sheath under its body the dog's red cock began to appear, like a giant red lipstick, growing rapidly in length and girth. As it grew in size it began to drip pre-cum that increased in volume as the shaft expanded.

"Magnificent," Lisa breathed, "remember the clock is ticking so if you don't have him, I certainly will."

"You can be second," I laughed letting my skirt hit the floor leaving me naked from the waist down. Just like the girl in the video clip I bent forward from my middle, legs slightly apart and gripped the chair. Then I pushed my ass in the air as I waited for the dog's next move.

I felt its cold nose press against my behind making me giggle as it sniffed at my wetness. Then it licked me. Oh my fucking God it licked me. I enjoyed oral when I was alive when my boyfriend could be bothered. Emma, my lesbian ghost friend, got me even more into oral with her talented tongue, but this was on another level. Its tongue went from my clit, along and through my pussy lips and over my tight rosebud making me shriek with pleasure. The dog ignored my noises and repeated the actions faster and more eagerly as it enjoyed the copious juices of its next bitch.

I felt the joyous rush of an orgasm burst through my body sending a flood of fluid onto the dog's tongue, who after lapping them up eagerly suddenly paused its oral assault. I was wondering what was going to happen next when I felt the paws of the dog hit my upper back and I sagged as I took its weight. I could feel its hips jabbing and its cock sliding over my ass cheeks as it tried to enter me. Then one of its attempts was successful and a few inches of its cock entered me. There was a clicking of claws as it almost danced into position followed by a thrust that took my breath away.

I have been fucked by a lot of different cocks since becoming a ghost, some small, some big and even a couple of huge ones, but this was amazing. I could feel the warmth inside as it fucked me with a speed I didn't think was possible. It seemed to go deeper and deeper with each thrust, almost like it was trying to get its whole body inside me, cock first. The tip was hitting my cervix making me gasp in pain and pleasure mixed into a heady cocktail. I started to orgasm over and over, my moans of ecstasy becoming shouts of joy.

Just when I thought things couldn't get any better, I felt the knot starting to bang against my pussy lips. It felt huge and at first, I thought it must be nature's way of putting a stop to ensure the dog didn't go too deep. Then the knot entered me, making me almost faint as it opened me wider than a fist. The momentary pain passed into relief as my pussy clamped around the knot sealing it inside. To assist in this joining it started to swell to an even greater size, pressing against my G-spot as it began to throb. I felt the first pulse then moments later there was a strong jet of hot seed shooting deep inside my body. The pulse and spurt pattern continued, sending me into orgasm after orgasm as the dog remained still, breeding its new bitch.

As the strength of the jets got weaker, I started to become aware of my surroundings. We hadn't moved from the room where the dog had died but its body had been removed and that of a large tan dog had taken its place. I have no idea what breed it was, but a noise alerted me to the fact it had returned. The noise was Lisa groaning in pleasure as she crouched on the floor on all fours with the dog slamming into her.

After a while, it became obvious that her partner had knotted with her and was happily pumping his seed into her. The pair were locked together as the Dane was still locked in me.

“So what do you think?” Lisa said with a contented expression.

“Fucking amazing,” I said and then moaned as I felt another pulse inside.

“Well don’t get any ideas about hanging around,” she laughed but at the same time, I could sense an undertone of firmness. “Once your boy has finished and recovered, I want him in me. Two dogs in one night is a blessing, but I always wonder how long they will stay.”

Almost like the Gods had heard her, they sent their answer as the dog on her back slowly disappeared. I could see the anxious look on her face as the Dane disengaged from me and she rushed under to start to suck his dripping cock.

Leaving them to it I walked a few paces and as always my skirt reappeared and the copious fluids the dog had pumped in me were now a pleasant memory. As I made my way out of the building I could hear Lisa’s yells of joy as the Great Dane must have mounted her.

“Oi Missus, fancy a fuck?”

I turned to the voice and found myself looking at a young lad dressed in the rags of a Victorian street urchin with a cheeky grin on his face.

“Are you sure you are old enough to know what to do?” I laughed.

“Only one way to find out,” he said as he hooked his braces over his shoulders.

With a broad smile, I dropped my skirt as I said, “Now ain’t that the truth.”