

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



When I graduated from Oxford, after spending four years reading eighteenth-century novels in their original languages (French, German, and Russian), my Uncle Frederic asked me to come to his estate on the Scottish coast to hear a proposition.

My Uncle was a bachelor, a somewhat famous writer of critical monographs about last century authors. I knew that he was intensely interested in my studies and knew that they uniquely dovetailed with his interests.

He was the brother of my late mother. While he didn't fulfill the office of a parent, he did function as if I were his ward. All my clothes were made at his tailor and billed to his account, and he similarly absorbed my school expenses.

I took the train up to the nearest town to his estate and completed the journey by coach. "A castle of a fierce man," offered my cabbie.

I could see why he thought so. The main house was dismal gray stone, partially moss-covered, and the part that was not so decorated was obscured with ivy. The ivy sadly needed trimming as it extended over several of the windows.

Uncle's old servant had died, I learned and was replaced by his nephew, a tall, taciturn lad of a sad visage. His name, I learned later, was Patrick. I took him to be about my age, twenty-two. His lankiness fooled me, as he was quite strong, taking all four cases under his arms and heading upstairs. He called over his shoulder, "The master is working in the study. He asked that you wait in the small reception room. There is a good fire there."

I was glad to warm up. Typical Scottish weather of fine rain and chilling temperature made the hearth very welcome. I pushed my bum at the roaring fire, and as my heavy trousers heated up, I had to jump back. As I did, I heard a dry laugh heading my way. It was Uncle Frederic. I hadn't seen him in some years, and I was appalled at how aged he had become. He stooped when he walked, and the upper part of his back had humped out. He now wore a full beard of pure white.

"You roasted your bum, did you?" he asked.

He was never warm and friendly, rather acerbic and given to rough, often cruel remarks toward me. Yet his undoubted devotion to supporting me indicated that he was kind inside.

"Let me look at you. My, you are a pretty fellow. You take after Pamela, my sister. You have the same blond golden hair and clear skin. Yes, your eyes are also violet. Are you a homosexual?"

I was shocked. No doubt Uncle Frederic had become foolish in his old age, but I thought I should respond evenly. "Would that anger you if I were?" I asked.

"Not at all, lad. At my age, I accept everything and everybody."

For the first time, I noticed that a large dog was sitting on his haunches in the doorway. It was a mastiff, I believe. He saw me looking at the dog.

"Pay no attention. He's gentle. I call him Caesar," my Uncle said.

I went over to the dog. Caesar looked up at me and slightly wagged his tail. He really was a beauty. I leaned down and scratched his ear. He seemed to purr like a cat and rub against my hand.

"Don't spoil the mutt. I never pet the dog. It will only make it feminized. Ignoring it makes it a better watchdog," Uncle Frederick growled.

I didn't agree, and I had already thought that he would make a good friend for me in the friendless place. However, I didn't have time to enter into this discussion and Uncle directed me into his study and began to tell me about my duties here. I had no idea that I was to work for him, but in view of his generosity to me I could not refuse. The task he outlined was prodigious. It seemed to me that it would take a lifetime to catalog all his books. He suddenly stopped in his discussion about my duties, which he also directed would begin at eight the next day and continue at that hour every time of the week until completed.

"No church on Sunday?" I asked.

He turned red and furious. "I don't hold with church, religion, and less God. It's foolishness and detraction from real scholarship. I suggest you disabuse yourself of such childish beliefs as long as you are under my roof."

I had never been religious, but the Sunday services at school were a pleasant and uplifting part of the week. I would, however, accede to his wishes. I did have my well-worn Bible, which my mother had bequeathed to me, and I would read it in private.

My Uncle's crackling voice stopped my thoughts. "You better go up to your room, second on the left, take a hot bath. I can't abide odors, especially those of young men. Return at six for sherry, then supper."

I left the room, began to climb the stairs, and felt someone behind me. I turned and there was Caesar patiently following directly behind me, his tail wagging more vigorously, perhaps because he was out of sight of my Uncle. I reached down and petted him, and he nuzzled me again in the friendliest fashion. I continued to my room.

My bags had been completely unpacked and stowed in drawers and the wardrobe. I heard the sound of a bath being drawn and looked in. There stood Patrick, his jacket off and his sleeves rolled up over his elbows. I noticed his arm muscle was well developed. He nodded respectfully at me and asked if I needed assistance in undressing for the bath. I thought, why not? I will play the young lord to the hilt, and this will amuse me, I hoped.

I stood docilely in front of him. He dried his hands that had been testing the water and unbuttoned my shirt. Now, I am a strong fellow, and his eyes opened as my developed chest was revealed. I believe I heard him sigh as he continued. He removed the shirt, bent down, unlaced my boots, and then removed my stockings.

Next, he unbuckled my belt and opened the fly buttons, and my trousers fell to my ankles. He looked at my strong legs, developed from years of riding and bicycling. The blond hair hazed over the muscles and shone in the light from the gas lamps in sconces around the room. My chest also bore a fuzzing of blond hair around the pectorals and on my stomach and led down to my ample prick and balls. As the servant aided me in entering the high side wall of the tube, I felt his hand shaking. I must have been the only young male he had ever seen nude.

"The water temperature is perfect. You are skilled in drawing a bath."

He applied the soap to the cloth and wiped it gently over my back. I lifted slightly and crouched

forward, and he was able to pass it back and forth over my buttocks and the crack between. He was assiduous in that endeavor, and it quite stimulated me so that when I returned to a sitting position, my penis was fully erect. I was not embarrassed as this condition before a servant was not the same as before a peer. He was sweating slightly on his clear forehead as he lifted my sexual organ, retracted the foreskin, and washed it thoroughly. Next, my hanging sac also received his best attention.

“Shall I shampoo your hair?” he asked.

“Good idea. My hair is probably dusty from the trip,” I said.

He soaped up my blond hair and rinsed it several times. “You have beautiful hair, sir.”

I stood, and he helped me out, and I stood on the mat while he dried me carefully. He bent at one point so that his breath played against my nipple, and that quite stiffened up, ready for play. Finally, I donned a heavy cotton robe.

“I have prepared the bed, so you might have a short nap before dressing for dinner.”

I was quite sleepy and the suggestion was well taken. Patrick covered me much like a mother putting her child to bed, dimmed the light, and closed the door quietly. I lay there, somewhat stimulated by her ministrations in the bedroom. I planned at some point to have a go at the boy, but meanwhile, there was time for a quick wank before I was due to dress. I reached for my erect cock and began a slow, luxurious stroke.

Suddenly the bed shook as Caesar jumped on it. I hadn't realized he was in the room. Apparently the dog entered by pushing open the door and secreted himself. I embraced him, and he lay against my naked body, enjoying the warmth. I reached down and, while wanking myself, took hold of the area wherein lay the dog prick. He moved away like a virgin denying my approach, but he returned to lay against me.

I scratched his ears and rubbed his furry belly, and he relaxed and closed his eyes in pleasure. I then took the opportunity to renew my assault on his privates. This time, he permitted a gentle rubbing. Before long, he emitted a long sigh as his red organ began to push through its hairy covering into sight. It quite affected me. I had the strangest desire to lick and suckle it, but my peak was not far from being realized.

The dog seemed to know it, and he got up and pushed his nose into my pubic hair, and his giant tongue found my moist cock head. He began to lick it at a maddeningly measured pace until I cried out a hoarse yell as my cock began spewing heavily. Caesar licked all of my offerings, thereby saving the bedclothes.

Just as I lay panting in recovery, there came a knock on the door. I allowed Patrick to enter. He took in the scene with Caesar in full erection and my cock red and moist from my orgasm. Patrick smiled a moment, and his eyes sparkled. Still, he suppressed the knowledge he gained and bustled about the room, getting my evening clothes ready and bushed. In short order, I was dressed in a stiff shirt, bow tie, and tails and headed downstairs, where I found my Uncle similarly dressed.

We drank excellent sherry. Uncle was an expert on local wines and we had several different glasses with the dinner courses. I hadn't expected such excellent food, but Uncle also had gourmet. The staff included a French chef. He asked me questions plumbing my depth of knowledge about novels of the last two centuries. I attempted to give cogent responses, but I was quite tiddly with wine and laughed inappropriately at times. He noticed it and called Patrick.

"Patrick, please help my nephew upstairs. He needs his rest to begin his day early in the study," my Uncle ordered.

Patrick put his arm around my waist. It felt very companionable and walked me up to my room. Once inside, he sat me on the bed and slowly removed my clothing, hanging each piece carefully in the wardrobe. I sat swaying drunkenly on the bed, totally naked. He returned to me and rubbed my neck as one would a dog, but I loved the feeling and murmured appreciatively. He went on to my warm, smooth back, and soon I was moaning softly with pleasure. He noted that my prick was up and pulsing.

"Young master, do you fancy fucking me?" Patrick asked.

"Oh yes, that would be a fine activity before sleeping," I said.

He fixed my eyes in his luminous blue ones and slowly and seductively undressed. Though his face was mournful, his body was pale, smooth, and pink. He had a lovely bum, rather perky and firm, with a delightful shelf before sloping into his back. He was breathing audibly, and his rather slim penis was curving up against his lean belly.

Without asking, he climbed on the bed and crouched in position, leaning on his elbows and knees, his lean ass cheeks separated by their muscularity and revealing his hairless, pink, puckered anus. My breath was choking in my throat as I draped my body over his warm back and introduced my prick head into his hole. He cried out in pain as I entered, but as I began thrusting and stimulating his prostate, his cries became soft coos.

The boy was no stranger to being fucked, and soon he was pressing backward and pleading for me to fuck him with vigor. The wine delayed my orgasm, and I wore out his nether passage, trying to climax, but it was worth the wait. When I shouted out my cum I felt his asshole clenching as his orgasm was on him. We clung together in desperation as forces beyond held us in their grip. We shook and spewed and cried out in pleasurable agony.

At last, it ended. Frederick got up, bowed formally, and retrieved his clothes. When dressed he produced a warm, wet cloth from the bedroom and wiped my body and dried me with a towel. I was sagging with sleep, and he gently covered my naked body with the bedclothes, and then, with a risky show of familiarity, he kissed my forehead. I hardly noticed as I was deeply asleep in a moment.

I awoke at first brightened of the sky. The clock on the mantle read five-thirty. I stretched luxuriously, enjoying my morning erection and remembering the excellent fuck of the night. Again the bed settled down as Caesar jumped up heavily. His prick was out of its case. My dog friend had also arisen, apparently erect as I was.

He slipped under the covers, and in a moment, he had straddled my hindquarters, pressing his wet red prick against my asshole. It felt exciting, dangerous, and somewhat evil. Almost instinctively, I raised my lower section to make my ass in a better position. He took advantage and pushed his prick deep in me, and began rapid fucking. I was mewling with excitement, and my mouth was open and drooling.

He kept sliding over my male clitoris rapidly over and over, producing delicious waves of electric currents over my whole body. I was crying out in pleasure when the door opened, and Frederick stood by the bed observing us. I lost no time in pulling his breeches open and extracting his rampant price out and leaned forward and enveloped it in my wet, hot mouth.

In a few moments, the boy was cooing with sexual excitement, and his cock was drooling sweetly

into my mouth. He began thrusting saucily and holding my head steady to be fucked. Meanwhile, Caesar was growling softly as his orgasm with about to erupt. Then time seemed to stop as I felt his hot dog sperm bathe my innards, and then dear Patrick cried out that he was about to cum. I swallowed his offering as it spewed and spewed like a fire hose. My penis was hiccuping cum, stream after stream, wetting the fine linen below.

The dog disengaged, his red cock hanging still erected, and he retired to the corner to lick it soulfully. Patrick seemed embarrassed. He closed his trousers. "Sir, I do apologize. I was seized with an insatiable lust I could not deny. But you looked so handsome in your fuck position, I shall never forget it."

So began a six-month stay at Longworth Estate. I finished the cataloging in fast order, as Patrick obtained permission to help with the work. We took several breaks during the day wherein he sucked me or fucked me. Unfortunately, Caesar could not help with the work. Still, at night he amused me by licking me to completion or fucking me into a dreamless sleep.

Alas, all good things must end. Uncle presented me with a handsome endowment that would support me all the rest of my days. I returned to Oxford and became a Don, working with new lads preparing for their degrees. My assistance was legendary in the stories the boys told, but that must remain for another telling from the detailed diary that I kept.

The End