

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



One evening, we were sitting, relaxing after Emma had finally decided to go to sleep. Penny had wrapped herself around me on the sofa, and I was resisting the temptation to turn the moment into a groping session. I was reflecting that in what I now thought of as our previous existence, we had had two disconnected ways of relating to each other. Our sex life had been intense, and our intellectual discussions had given both of us pleasure and satisfaction, but that was pretty much it. Simply receiving and giving real love and affection was something I was still getting used to but enjoyed thoroughly. Then Penny sat up and straddled me.

She said: "Would you like me to tell you about the months I was away?"

"I was waiting for you to raise the subject," I said. "Of course, I'm interested if you want to tell."

"I told you I was angry, and I wanted to hurt you, and so on, but the money I took was because I was totally unsure of where to go. I didn't want to go back to the US. I think I feel more at home in Europe now. Besides, even in a country that size, I thought it would be just my luck to bump into someone I knew."

"That could just as easily have happened here," I said.

"Agreed. And so I looked for somewhere I could get lost until my baby was born, and I could decide what I wanted to happen after that."

"So, where did you go?"

"I tried London, but I'm not a big city girl anymore, I discovered. Then, a couple of other places, but eventually, I ended up in the middle of nowhere in Lincolnshire. I rented a cottage from a strange English lady, miles from even the smallest village."

"What was strange about her?" I asked.

"Well, her name, for a start. She was called Diane Something-or-other O'Houlihan-Smythe. She spoke with a cut-glass accent like the Queen of England. Her cottage walls were papered with rosettes from show-jumping competitions and dog-training competitions and oil paintings of what she called her ancestral home in Ireland. Still, she dressed like a down-and-out most of the time, and battered anoraks teamed with old running shorts or corduroy trousers held up with twine, depending on the weather."

"How old was she?"

"Certainly older than me. Maybe forties, early fifties, even, but it was hard to tell. Never any makeup, hair like a bird's nest. You get the picture?" she asked.

"I do," I said.

"Her clothes made her look as if she ought to be filthy, but she always smelled of lavender soap."

"Nice. You say this was in the middle of nowhere. Weren't you scared to be so isolated?"

Penny laughed. "It was the first thing that occurred to me when I saw how remote the cottage was. When I said so to Diane, she stuck her fingers in her mouth and whistled. A dog came pounding across the grass. He was an absolutely huge Great Dane. I'm not joking, Pete. His shoulders came up

to my waist. Diane said, "Intruders, Rex!" and the snarl he gave petrified me. Then he began barking, and the cottage windows shook!"

"Impressive!"

"Fortunately, Diane had him well-trained, but he only took notice of her. If I told him to do something, he either ignored me or ostentatiously started to lick his balls as a sort of canine middle finger to me. Anyway, I settled down there. It was a pair of cottages; Diane had one, and I had the other. They were in the middle of a vast garden surrounded by a high hedge. I soon realized why Diane looked and dressed as she did. She was out working in the garden all day, pretty much every day, in all weather. She was virtually self-sufficient as far as food was concerned. I ate lots of healthy food, did an awful lot of reading, and worked on my dissertation that I'd never gotten around to finishing at uni. It's done now. I haven't presented it yet, but I will."

"You didn't say. Congratulations!" I said.

"My belly was getting fatter and fatter, and the days got hotter and hotter," Penny continued. "Very un-English weather. I was sleeping badly, and I couldn't bear more than the lightest of clothes. I was telling Diane this one day, and she said: 'With these hedges, nobody can see you, so if you want to be in your nightie all day, go ahead.' So I did. I was over eight months gone by then and good for nothing. I used to spend all day collapsed in a deckchair out on the lawn. Sometimes, I thought about taking the nightie off, too, but I wasn't sure how Diane would react."

"You think she was lesbian?" I asked.

"I couldn't be sure either way at that point, and I didn't want to complicate matters by suddenly appearing naked, especially with my huge bump," Penny said. "Then, early one morning, Diane got out her bicycle and said she had to go to Market Deeping, the nearest town. You should have seen her outfit, Pete. She appeared round the corner of my cottage in a flimsy little cotton miniskirt almost hidden by one of those heavy white sweaters like the cricketers wear and the oldest pair of canvas trainers I have ever seen, and she was wheeling a man's racing bike.

"She said she'd be several hours. As soon as I was sure she'd gone, I stripped off, slathered on the sun cream, and spread a towel on my deckchair. By then, with my bump, there was only one comfortable position for me, so I sprawled on the deckchair with my legs wide apart and dangling on either side of the chair. Not very elegant, I know. It was boiling. I half-dozed for quite some time, I think, then heaved myself up, went to get a drink of water, and went back to my dozing again. Except this time, I really went to sleep."

"And?"

"All the time I was pregnant, I had the most vivid erotic dreams. You were in most of them, but so were all sorts of other people. If you want me to tell you more about that, I will, but that's for another time. That day, I was dreaming that you were licking me. You know how I love when you do that."

"My pleasure," I said.

"The dream became more and more intense. Somehow, it seemed as if my sex was open and very wet. At first, you licked me normally, but then it felt as if your tongue was much longer than I thought possible. I told you to be careful because of the baby, and that woke me up. That was when I discovered that Rex had his nose between my legs, and it was his tongue that I could feel, actually deep inside my cunt!"

I gasped. "The dog! That must have been a shock,"

"It was, but the awful thing was that until I knew it was a dog, I'd been getting really close to cumming," Penny said.

"You weren't to know, so it's not as if you'd done it deliberately."

"But for just a split second, I wasn't sure I wanted him to stop. Is that disgraceful?" she asked.

"It was an accident, and you were excited, so not really." I kept my voice calm but uncomfortable. This part of Penny's story was making me hard.

"I put my knees together as best I could, but he kept nuzzling at me," Penny said with a shiver. "I wanted to get up, but the only way I could get up at that stage was to roll off the deckchair sideways and get onto my hands and knees, then stand up from there. I was scared if he saw me with my bum in the air, he'd assume I was a bitch. I was pretty sure he would be too strong for me to stop him. He was totally erect. I could see his long, pink pointy penis. I was lying there, pushing him away and trying to work out how to escape, when Diane suddenly appeared.

"'You haven't been teasing Rex, have you?' she demanded. She looked and sounded almost angry. 'No! Not at all,' I told her. 'I was asleep, and when I woke up, there he was, licking at me.' 'Look at the state of him,' Diane said, pointing at Rex. He was sitting up, looking hopeful, if a dog can do that. His bright pink erection was sticking out under his belly. It looked so long! Diane sighed. 'Poor boy. Doesn't he look magnificent, though? We can't have that, can we, Rex?'

"What happened next blew my mind. She reached under her skirt and pulled down the most ancient pair of granny knickers I think I've ever seen, and then got onto her hands and knees and flipped up her skirt. Rex was obviously used to this, and he leaped on her back and mounted her!"

"Mmm," I said. "So, not a lesbian after all."

Penny went on, "Diane looked over at me and said I could watch or not. She didn't care. It was disgusting and disturbing and bestial, but I have to admit it excited me to watch Diane's dog as he began to try to fuck her. I'd never given it any thought. There was a girl at high school who worked vacations at a dog rescue place, and the rumor was she did it with dogs there, but I never knew whether it was true or not. What I was watching was far more complicated than you might imagine.

"When you take me in the doggy position, you can see where you're aiming. A dog can't, so Rex kept missing. He was keen, and Diane was willing, but she had to use her hand to guide him into her. Rex was a big, heavy dog and Diane was struggling to hold his weight once he'd climbed onto her back. When her arms gave way, I thought it was over. But she crawled over to the deckchair, still impaled on Rex, and braced herself against its frame so my weight could hold the whole performance steady.

"Her head was resting on my knees. Rex had wrapped his forepaws around under her breasts, and he just humped and humped her. Diane was whimpering, almost sobbing by then, in time with Rex's thrusts. Her tits were being hammered against my knees. It looked painful, so I went back to my usual position with my legs apart. Diane shunted forward so her tits were resting on the deckchair, between my thighs," Penny said.

"So her face was where?" I interrupted, although I had guessed the answer.

"Right up in my pussy. Then, in her most aristocratic tones, she said, 'I'm so sorry. I do hope you don't mind,' and started gobbling my pussy. Rex was still in full flow, and Diane's face was trapped

against me. I couldn't have got away if I'd tried. I'm sorry, Pete, but I didn't want to try," Penny confessed.

"Nothing to be sorry about," I said. Now, I was getting seriously turned on by this bizarre story.

She continued, "Then Rex got one leg over Diane and twisted himself round to face away from her, but they were still stuck together. She shouted something about a knot. I asked her, 'Are you all right, Diane?'

"Diane gasped. 'It's the knot,' she moaned. 'He's got it inside me, and it's huge. When that happens, I have to wait for it to go down before he releases me. I can't stop him. I could be like this for an hour. I trained him for this, but he doesn't usually last so long. Oh, my goodness! Here I go again.'

"Diane's whole body shook as what must have been another huge orgasm hit her. An hour? An hour of having your cunt battered like that? It shattered me just to think of it. Rex turned back round and went back to banging at her really fast, like a piston engine. Diane was licking at me, and I cum once and then again. She was worse off than I was. Every couple of minutes, she would quiver, then convulse and cum. I couldn't do anything but watch them at it. To be honest, I was mesmerized, and I couldn't tear my eyes away," Penny said and blushed.

"There was something else?" I asked.

She nodded and said, "Rex had been banging away at Diane non-stop for what felt like ages. The sun was beating down, and she was bright red in the face and sweating buckets. She cum yet again. I'd lost count of her orgasms. She came up for air and begged me to take off her sweater. I managed to pull it off over her head. It took time because if her movements spoiled Rex's rhythm, he snarled at me.

"So now Diane was nude, except for the scrap of cotton that was hanging like a belt around her waist. But I couldn't help thinking how sexy she looked. And Pete, she had such a terrific body! Big firm tits between my thighs and a really tight muscled bum. No fat at all, all the gardening and cycling, I imagine. I remember thinking that if it hadn't been for my vast belly, I could easily have seen myself in bed with her. That must have been when I realized I was ready to try anything to get the buzz we shared."

Penny paused. Her face was bright pink.

"You didn't ask if you could take your turn with the dog?" I teased.

"No way!" Penny exclaimed and aimed a playful punch at me.

"And, of course, you didn't think about it, either?"

Penny's face went a deeper shade of red. She nodded, then buried her face in my chest.

"Go on," I encouraged.

"I couldn't help wondering what Diane was feeling. Is that disgusting?" Penny murmured. "Do I disgust you?"

I said evenly, "Objectively speaking, it's probably pretty obscene, but how you felt is understandable under the circumstances. And no, you don't disgust me, Penny, not at all, not ever. So, what happened then?"

"Rex's knot subsided after only about twenty minutes, by which time Diane was weeping with exhaustion," Penny said. "She dragged herself away from me and lay on the grass, curled up, while Rex's sperm poured out of her pussy. There was so much! The dog wandered off. Diane was murmuring about having trained him too well. I needed desperately to pee. I struggled to my feet, and as I did so, I felt a gush down my legs. My waters had broken."

My eyes bulged. "Wow."

"Within a minute or so, I felt the first contraction. It felt as if I was being ripped apart. I howled in pain and sat down on the grass with a thump," Penny said. "Diane immediately took control. She took off that ridiculous little skirt and wiped herself down with it. 'I have lambed hundreds of ewes,' she said, suddenly all cool and efficient. 'Shall I deal with this for you, or would you like me to call an ambulance?'"

"When the next contraction had subsided enough to let me speak, I told her I trusted her to see me through it. My faith in her wavered a bit, though, when she went into her cottage and re-emerged with a bucket of soapy water in one hand and what looked like a medieval instrument of torture in the other. 'Sheep shears,' she said when she saw the look of panic in my eyes. 'Been in my family for over a hundred years. Lethally sharp, so lie back and hold still.'

"Still? I was too petrified even to twitch! She clipped away for a minute or so. It was all the more unnerving because, with my huge bump, I couldn't see what she was doing, and I kept picturing her snipping off my poor, defenseless bits! She washed me down, and then as if the shears hadn't been scary enough, she produced a straight razor, a cut-throat! She used it to shave off what was left. 'Done,' she said.

"I put my hand down to feel. The only time I've felt so bare was when Lucie waxed me. It was much smoother than when I shaved it all off for the nude photos. I'd never have believed that two pieces of technology that looked so primitive could do such a delicate job. It gave me a lot more respect for our ancestors.

"We spent the rest of the afternoon out in the garden, both of us naked, while I lay on the grass in the sunshine and suffered...not in silence. I don't know whether the orgasms helped, but I know I was lucky because only maybe four hours later, I was squatting over a towel while I squeezed a baby out of me. That bit was beyond excruciating, but I was well past caring by then. I just wanted it over.

"Diane took one look at the baby and said: 'Good afternoon, young woman. You're obviously an Emma.' And that was that, as far as the name was concerned. Diane dealt with the afterbirth and the cord (the sheep shears again!), tucked Emma and me up in bed, and cared for me better than any expensive nursing home."

"And the business with the dog and Diane?" I asked.

"Nothing," Penny said. "She acted as if the earlier part of that day had never happened. It was hard for me because I couldn't stop thinking about her tongue lapping at my open pussy."

"No sex, then?" I asked.

Penny squeaked and rolled her eyes. "Do you have any idea of how demanding a new-born baby is, Pete? Or of the state that your vagina is in after an eight-pound baby has been pushed through it?"

I grimaced. "Point taken."

Even with two of us, looking after Emma could not be classified as a rest cure. The other bit I preferred not to imagine. I'm a coward, I know.

Penny said, "Then, just a couple of weeks before I called you, she came into my cottage and said: 'Time for you to sort your life out, girl,' She never used my name. She called me girl all the time, except she pronounced it 'gel.'"

"Rather brutal, no?"

"But necessary," Penny said. "I was very conscious I was procrastinating. Can you imagine, though, after everything that had happened between us that day, when the taxi came for me, there were no hugs, no kisses? She stuck her hand out like a man and wished me luck, so we shook hands, and off I went."

"English aristocracy. Even the women are jolly good chaps," I joked.

Penny laughed in agreement. "So now you know everything," she said.

Maybe it's just as well. Emma will never know what was going on immediately before she entered the world. What a trio! One confused pregnant American woman, the lady of the manor, and her dog!

The End