

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



My twin sister and I had only each other for companionship, other than our mother. She come twice a day to take us from our cage to feed and walk us in behind the tents and carnival rides. Being born with canine epidemiology syndrome made most people think we were half dog, half human, but we were just normal kids that had features like a canine. Mother always put cotton balls in our ears because the people who came into our tent said many mean things. But we could see their faces, the shock or the amusement when they'd look through the glass at us. It was always funny for us when a man would pass out. Women did it quite often. Men hardly ever. We always liked it when either a man or woman would toss their cookies, as my sister would say. That'd make us roll on our backs and howl, tears running down our identical faces. Mother didn't like it because the other visitors would hurry out and stop gawking at us, giving her less time to pick their pockets and purses.

We were very special, especially once the German SS stopped our caravan and we met Dr Josef. He was such a nice man. He took us and mother away from the carnival to his estate in Germany. Instead of food scraps, we ate only the finest of foods. Instead of a kennel cage or glassed box we had an entire enclosure to play in. Dr. Josef or one of his friends taught us wonderful things from books, and nobody ever laughed or cursed us, tossed their cookies, or passed out. Well, a new nurse would occasionally, but she'd never come to see us again. Dr Josef was so intrigued by how we talked to each other. We had our own language, growling, yapping, yipping verbally, and our nonverbal body language. We'd always talked to each other that way since we could remember. I enjoyed hunting day each week. That's the one day our leashes were removed, and we were free to sniff out and track whatever we found.

Usually, it was a rabbit, but sometimes it'd be a deer. Dr Josef loved riding along behind us, watching us sniff out our dinner, then watching us stretch our legs as we gave chase. He especially enjoyed how we killed. My sister loved the intestines, so she always preferred grabbing the soft underbelly. I preferred the fresh blood that poured from a good neck bite. Dr Josef brought in small pigs or boar for our hunts. Then bigger ones. We loved it, even when Mother quit visiting. But it wasn't all fun. Wearing clothes was dreadfully cumbersome to us. Our tailor and shoemaker hated us as much as we hated him. We'd both bit him many times and finally, Dr. Josef shot him. Our new tailor, a woman, got along with us better. Having long tails didn't go well with wearing pants or dresses, so Dr Josef talked us into getting bobs, quite fashionable.

Not that I cared. I just liked the idea of a fox hunt that he bribed me with so I'd get a bob. I missed chasing my tail or swishing a fly away, but the fox hunt was worth it. It turned out to be a bitch in season, and I had my first arousal. Even though my sis and I killed it, I had my first breeding with it. Dr Josef brought my sister a suitor on occasion, but she was so picky and ended up fighting with each one. She talked Dr Josef into allowing a nice young night guardsman that she liked to breed with her. She got impregnated, and we'd both been so happy. But alas, she miscarried. Dr Josef began bringing in bitches for me to mate with, and I loved it. At first, I hated breeding a human, woman or man, but Dr. Josef said a man named Adolf, who paid for all our beautiful estate and all our possessions, insisted on the films.

I got to enjoying them, especially the man or woman that cried and screamed when they saw me. I impregnated a few women that I bred and became a father before my sister became a mother. My babies had more human looks. Her first litter had more canine looks. My offspring were taken away. Not that I cared. Crying human babies hurt my ears, now cropped instead of floppy. Another one of Dr. Josef's improvements. I got to hunt and kill a prisoner of war on the estate grounds. Josef said his friend Adolf greatly enjoyed that film. My sister's pups were quite bright and healthy. Three boys and three bitches. Dr Josef insisted I help raise them till they were weaned. I taught them how to track, to hunt, and to fight. Mock fight. Their first kill was a rabbit. I was so proud. Then something

happened. Bombings, loud gunfire, and more soldiers.

My sister and I saw Dr Josef and his assistants going from room to room with the soldiers, hearing the other twins and their babies crying out for mercy before they shot them. We broke through a window and ran, hearing them shoot her babies and then at us. We dug under a fence on the backside of the estate and swam the river, dodging both German and Allied troops. Mother had taught us both to read in German and English. And with our sensitive canine hearing, we could hear the radio broadcast coming from the soldier's and doctors' quarters. We'd been ready to flee, but the suddenness of the approaching Allied troops and the sudden killings by Dr Josef of the other estate guests had caught us off guard. We'd been prohibited from mingling with the other twins, but we still did, mostly at night.

My sister and I had secret lovers Dr. Josef or the staff never knew about. But that was behind us now. We traveled by night, moving towards the Alps. We hunted in the forest or stole from farms for our food. Traveling on all fours with our canine legs was far faster than trying to walk, so we never kept any weapons. A wolf pack was our worst encounter. I was mating my sister and the pack had surprised us. Fortunately, I still hadn't knotted, and we were able to separate and fight off their first attack. Their alpha, smelling my twin's sex and heat, made the mistake of thinking her an easy target, and she'd failed submission as I gutted him from the side. The others were half-hearted after that, so we drove them off easily. It must have been the adrenaline rush that finally bred as humans.

Dr Josef had been very harsh with other twins about vaginal sex, and we'd obeyed. But that night, we made love the forbidden way. We made it across the mountains to Switzerland and found clothes to travel the main roads, found a retreating group of German SS, and stole their truck. It was full of confiscated goods, and we found a deserted warehouse to shelter in and decide our next move. With no travel papers and no documentation, we couldn't make it much further. My sister's sudden morning sickness told us we were to be parents again. After a week, the food on the truck was dwindling, and more traffic along the road kept us constantly worried about being discovered.

Her belly bump grew bigger, and she felt like they were in her canine womb. And with that knowledge, we took our clothes off and went back into the hills, away from civilization. We settled in a woodland paradise, high up and miles away from any farmland or roads. The cave was spacious, and wildlife was abundant. She gave birth to another litter of six. One male and five bitches. They were more canine-like than either of us, thankfully. Their future litters I and my new son would sire would hopefully be less human with each generation. We lost one of our girls to a hunter, but her brother and sisters killed him. I tacked his body to a tree with a sign warning others to stay away. The closest farmer, a former SS officer now in hiding, became our friend. He found a lover in Germany who went and found our hidden truck with the art and valuables.

He sold the art and brought the jewelry with him to join our farmer. They bought our mountain and the adjoining two, so we live comfortably and in peace. I breed the younger man on occasion, although my sister says I'm a disgusting pig. No, a very disgusting pig for doing so. She's sleeping and breeding with my firstborn son now, so I just do as I please. I'm still the alpha, so my daughters keep me busy anyway. Sometimes, I lay on a bluff with one of my daughters or granddaughters, overlooking our farmer's house and lands, thinking of Dr Josef and all he did for me and my sister. I heard on the farmer's radio that he'd been caught and hung, but I knew he was too clever. He had his twin in a cage at his estate, after all. Dr Josef was on an island, drinking his nasty mixed drinks and probably continuing his research by now. My date whined impatiently, so I better get busy.

Oh, this is the life!

*The End*