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L.Randall Charpentier, III and his wife, the former Marianne deLamade Matraille, were traveling unwontedly by car. Their personal Lear Jet had developed severe engine trouble while on the ground at a small Tennessee airport well to the southwest of Columbia and L. Randall was urgently wanted back at his New York Office. No plane was available for rent or lease - not even for sale - nor would L. Randall trust any pilot but his own James Louis, who just happened to be a native of Tennessee.

Louis had found them a strangely incongruous Lincoln Town Car with a native Tennessee driver (no Tennessean would be caught dead as a "chauffeur," so Sanford Adams had informed Mrs Charpentier, III) who said he could get them to Nashville in three or four hours, "dependin' on the weyther."

"And just what does he mean, 'depending on the weather,' Ranny?" asked the exasperated Marianne.

"Well, Louis?" asked her puzzled husband, passing on such questions, as usual, to his assistant and pilot.

"It's possible to have a 'guster," a real gully-washer, that's to say, a real hard rain come up really quickly in these hills, this time of year, ma'am."

Louis did not like Marianne and was certain that she had little use for him. For a "no'thener," she was sure set against people of color, he knew. Luckily her husband, perhaps disguising as ingrained a prejudice, was too smart a businessman to forego the services of an ex-Air Force fighter pilot and recognized ace as his personal pilot. Occasionally, James Louis recalled bitterly, L. Randall exhibited a bit of his wife's far more obvious bias and his tones quite often were more brusque than necessary when he addressed his pilot.

James and Sanford exchanged surreptitious winks as they loaded the baggage into the Lincoln.

"He okay to wuhk foh?" murmured the driver, Sanford Adams, parodying a "slave" accent.

"Surely. Say, you're from down near Pulaski, aren't you?"

"Howdja know thet, suh?" smiled Sanford, continuing the joke.

"I'm from near there, myself."

"Y'are?" Sanford's face lit up in a great grin. "You're Jamie Louis, aren't you? Ohio U, fighter pilot. Man, I read about... ' "

"You two get a move on, We haven't all day to conduct old home weeks." That was Marianne, her face almost pink under her make-up, a sign of anger..

"Yes, Mrs Charpentier," said James, looking her straight in the eyes as a distinguished ex-serviceman, albeit a servant to her husband, should. "We were just remarking that we came from the same neck of the woods."

"Well, we need to be out of this damn' neck of the woods as soon as possible," chimed in Randall, but he wore a deprecating grin as he stood back of his angry wife.

"Well, tell the 'driver' to hurry it up, then, Ranny." was Mrs Charpentier's comment on that

exchange. James and Sanford could hear the “n” word in the way she emphasized “driver.” She obviously knew better than to cast any slur at James, except by association.

Sanford rolled his eyes at James in a parody of the “yes massa” slave answer and then walked in a dignified manner around to the rear door of the car, which he opened and held as the beautiful but thoroughly spoiled Mrs L. Randall Charpentier, III inserted herself.

“James, would you please return to the airport and see what you can do to get the plane fixed? We’re going to Nashville and get a plane there for New York. All right? Have enough money?”

“Yes, Mr Charpentier, I do. I’ll do my best to get the plane fixed and be in New York as soon as I can. I’ll call you at your New York office, shall I?”

“Yes. Thanks, James.” With the impatient Marianne fuming beside him in the back of the Lincoln, “Ranny” murmured politely to Sanford,

“If you please, Sanford. Let’s be on our way.”

“Surely, suh.” Sanford, back in “po’ sharecropper” mode, put the car in gear and drove carefully over the slightly bumpy tarmac of the airport road to the “highway” which wound in two-lane narrowness over the adjacent hills.

About two hours later . . .

“My God, Ranny, can’t this lousy nig. . . driver get us to Nashville any faster?” This from Marianne after agonizing swoops over steep and short hills, twisting roads and almost constant swaying side to side for those in the back. Marianne was convinced that Sanford was trying his best to make their rode as uncomfortable as possible.

“Marianne, Sanford is doing his best to get us to the highway.

“Sanford, what seems to be the trouble. Shouldn’t we be on the Interstate by now?”

“Why, yes sir. I thought I knew these hill roads an’ I was gettin’ you to the Interstate as fas’ as I could, sir, but I can’t seem to find the right turns.”

“Damn, dumb ni. . . oaf,” muttered Marianne, once again barely concealing her distaste for dark skinned people.

“Sir, Mr Charpentier, we got a storm comin’ on, too. Lookat those black clouds. That’s a cloudburst, for sure.”

“Well, we can still drive through rain, can’t we, Sanford?”

“I hope so, sir, do my best.” Sanford was a good driver, careful on these roads, a demon on the Interstate. He dearly would have loved to reach that superhighway long ago, nor could he understand why the hill roads with which he was familiar seemed to turn at the wrong places and keep him from the interchange he wanted to reach.

As the Lincoln ascended yet another steep hill, the heavens burst above them and within four or five seconds the visibility was less than a car length before the streaming windshield. Sanford slowed and carefully navigated the next bend in the road, this one bringing the car, its driver and passengers under a sheer bluff of what looked like rock to Randall in the short glimpse he had of it

before there was a tearing roar and the bluff's unstable conglomerate of loam and medium-sized rocks descended upon the car.

The weight of the bluff came down upon one side of the car and although Sanford managed at the very last second to floor the accelerator, the car was swept sideways and forward, breasting the net slight rise and slowly, almost reluctantly, leaving the road and sliding gracefully into the rapidly flooding stream at the bottom of the gully beside the road.

"Come out, folks," yelled Sanford, his forehead bleeding where he had hit the mirror. He was pulling at the back door of the Lincoln, now totaled as far as he could tell in the pouring rain. Luckily the rear doors worked, although Sanford had had to crawl hastily out of the flooding front seat through the right side window.

Randall was somehow stuck in the back seat, but he managed to hand Marianne over himself into Sanford's waiting grasp. Marianne was for once so shaken that she didn't even think to resent Sanford's hands on her body. The car gave a lurch downward and Marianne screamed, barely heard over the pounding of the water descending in a real gully-washer.

Sanford quickly deposited the struggling woman on the bank well up from the stream and turned back to see what was still holding Charpentier in the car. Randall was struggling with one leg, caught on or impaled by a piece of steel which protruded from the floor of car.

"What the hell is that?" muttered Sanford as he tried to lift Charpentier's leg off the steel spur which seemed to have barbs.

"That's impossible," Sanford muttered as he finally got a heavily bleeding leg unhooked for what looked now like a bloody fish-hook.

"Oh, God, that hurts," said Randall quietly, apparently trying not to upset his unseen wife, ten feet above him but completely invisible in the pouring rain.

"Randall," screamed Marianne suddenly, making both men jump and hurting Randall sufficiently to make him slump to the sopping ground, unconscious.

"Please be easy, Mrs Charpentier, I'm tending to your husband, he'll be all right."

"What the hell do you know about helping anyone?"

"Ma'am, I was a corpsman in 'Nam. Put together a lotta Marines, ma'am. I got the bleeding stopped, I think. But we gotta get to higher ground, ma'am. Scooch on up the hill, if you can, an' I'll bring Mr Charpentier."

Sanford could hear Marianne's barely repressed mutter about "uppity blacks", but he paid it no attention as he lifted Randall and with extreme effort made it up the hill. He had gotten some purchase against the slippery turf and did not - could not - stop to help Marianne as he plunged with her husband in his arms to the flat surface which he thought was the road. Laying Randall down easily, he turned to help Marianne. Unfortunately, as he reached for her hand, his foot slipped on the greasy grass and he slid into her, his feet knocking her down on top of him. He could feel her breasts and her sopping dress molded itself to her body so closely that her outflung legs presented her mound to his crotch as they slammed into each other.

"Get away from me, you black bastard!" yelled Marianne, and Sanford tried his best to get out from under her, his face as impassive as he could keep it, his mind raging in anger at her slur. What a

bitch!

Sanford managed to stand up and as Marianne struggled to regain her feet he raised a hand to help her, but her mud-smearred, furious gaze deterred any further thought of help. The woman struggled to the flat road, or what was left of the road and lay down beside her husband.

"Make it stop, make it stop," she moaned, as though the man she had just insulted and whom she detested could, or, had she thought a little, would, stop the storm.

At that moment, although the rain slackened a bit, the scene seemed to darken even more. Through the darkness came a gleam of light, a strong beam which played over the three soaked travelers.

"Hoo, dawggie! Yo're in raht bayad shape, ain't ye? Car wrecked? Yep, gotta ton or so dirt an all on it. Kin thet man walk? No? Aw right, gotta wheely heah. You, whut's yore name? Sanford? Okay, Sanford, take 'im by the shoulders, real easy like, an' we'll jus' poot 'im soft like on the wheely. Thet's raht. Tie 'im down snug. Kin the woman walk? Good, you hol' onta the side an' me 'n' Sanford'll wheel this thingy along. Easy does it, now, kinda rough. Thank the Lord the rain's lettin' up some."

"Mister, I don' know who you are, but I thank the Lord you found us. I think we mighta drowned from the stream or the rain if you hadn' come along," said Sanford, pushing easily on the kind of stretcher he recognized, a collapsible, wheeled stretcher like some of those he'd seen used in 'Nam.

"Oh, ah run these hyer hills, mos'ly. Had a feelin' there was trouble at the branch when ah heerd the suckin' noise a landslide meks. Sound's lahk a plumber's helper, it does. Mah house is raht hyer."

The rain had slackened sufficiently that Sanford, Marianne and the now conscious Randall could appreciate the extent of what looked to be a mansion, half-buried in the hillside. Sanford gulped a great breath of relief as he saw lights come on and other figures hurrying to help.

What is this? Some kind of hospital . . . I never knew of a hospital in these hills? Sanford was puzzled. Then he thought Well, hell, I'm not from here, anyway, but I sure thought I knew these hills.

Within minutes the three bedraggled travelers were warmer, dryer and thankfully ingesting a cup apiece of well-laced tea.

"Thet hits the spot, eh?" queried their rescuer.

"Sure does," grinned Sanford. "Say, what hospital is this, anyway?"

"Hospital? Oh, yeah, does look like one. It's a research station," commented a man who was dressed in a white coat, had a stethoscope around his neck, and acted and looked like a doctor. He had just risen from inspecting Randall's leg. Marianne and Randall had remained speechless since the loud-spoken man with the "wheely" had arrived on the scene of their smash-up.

"You're a doctor, then?" asked Randall, weakly; he had lost a quantity of blood.

"Yes. Doctor Emile Charrette, at your service."

"And what do you research here, then, doctor?"

"That is a long and involved story, but I think you will be staying with us for awhile, sir, and I can explain better as you recover. I fear that leg will not be much better for some time - but then, we

may have a way of facilitating your ability to move, after all.”

“I would be grateful for anything you can do, doctor. I am well able to recompense ou for our services.”

“Ah, sir. Your name?”

“Randall Charpentier. I have offices in New York.”

“Ah, hum. Charpentier Consortia, are you connected with that, by any chance?”

“Yes, I am the CEO of the Consortia.”

“And the lady . . .”

“My wife, Marianne. Marianne, this is Doctor Charrette . . . at our service, so he has said.”

“Ah, yes. I already know that this is Sanford Adams, he introduced himself after we got you inside.”

Marianne grunted. She was really in shock, but she need not have been quite so unpleasant to everyone as she continued to be in the days that followed.

Several weeks of idleness ensued, Randall’s leg not seeming to benefit from the care which Doctor Charrette appeared to lavish upon it. At the same time, Marianne noticed that Sanford had “faded” and was no longer at their meals now present during their idle times in the large lounge of this “research facility.” She made no mention of this to Randall, who seemed not to notice Sanford’s absence. He, too, had begun to be grumpy. For various, more and more obviously evasive, reasons, he was unable to contact his offices in New York. The telephone service, he was told, was very chancy and there were no radios nor computers available. Randall did ask, desultorily, where Sanford, his “chauffeur” might be, but received no answer and subsequently put all thoughts of Sanford our of his mind.

Sanford Adams had been a little too nosy. He discovered that the man who had rescued them from the gully was a ‘Nam veteran, too, and by coincidence had been an Army medic. It came to Sanford as a flash of inspiration that two medics should have something enough in common that Sanford could discover just what this place actually was doing.

“We-yull, naow, I kin see that you’re the silent type, eh? ‘F’you’ll come along o’ me, ah’ll show you some o’ what we do hyer.”

The large man led Sanford down a dark corridor and as they entered a dark room, he whirled and slammed a short, stout needle into Sanford’s arm, so shocking the recipient that he could make no sound for the crucial several seconds it took the injection to work. Then he slumped to the floor.

When Sanford awoke, he was lying supine on an inclined plane, a padded table which was tilted at about thirty degrees. He felt no desire to move, only his eyes following the movements of the man he had come to know as Charrette

Charrette turned and grinned at him. “Awake and s-o-o limp, eh? That’s all right, you will not need to worry too long. . . ,

“You ask Brandy Turner what we do here, eh? Not wise, but I will tell you, anyway, as you will not be able to tell anyone else.

“Have you ever heard, read maybe, a fairy story?”

Sanford found he could move his head, but nothing else. He nodded.

“So. Have you perhaps read about what is called ‘transference?’ Some stories call it ‘borrowing,’ but we do more than borrow, yes indeed.

“There are two things we have discovered here at this lab. We can place the mind of a man, considerably modified it is true, in an animal; moreover, we can make the mind of a person who remains in a human body, almost that of an animal. Your arrival with your companions was fortuitous, the storm was fortuitous, it was luck that Brandy found you, that he could remove you from the scene of your unfortunate deaths and that we can now hold you here incommunicado. No, don’t try to move, you cannot. Shortly you will be far more obedient. As a matter of fact, you may enjoy your new life a great deal more than your present one.”

Charrette placed an air injector against Sanford’s arm and Sanford passed quietly into a dream. There were many adventures in the dream, many suggestions, which if he followed made him feel very good. Some suggestions brought him to rigid attention and his subsequent obedience to commands relieved his pent-up manhood – or, as his mind migrated to another site, his malehood – and he was grateful and more fully obedient as the commands became easier to obey. His mind did come to realise that he must obey certain natural instincts as well as his master.

When he awoke finally, he was a but groggy, but he accepted that he walked now on four legs, had a tail that he could wag enthusiastically at his master’s voice, was a very large dog of a vaguely Afghan type, with long, silky hair save for under his belly around and forward of his penis and testicles, which was covered with even softer, silkier and shorter hair.. He had vague memories of being human, but they did not bother him, for all he cared for was the man who had inhabited most of those wonderful dreams and who had promised him so much fulfillment and joy in this new life. He believed that implicitly and discovered that he could understand anything spoken. The few commands he received he obeyed at once, joyfully.

Meanwhile, Randall had been finally convinced that his leg would never heal and that he would never walk without crutches. This upset him greatly, for the doctor told him he could never ride horseback again and Randall had been a keen horseman.

“However,” smiled Doctor Charrette. “there is a way I can assure you of being able to walk normally again, using that leg as well as you could use that leg before the accident. Would you like to try it?”

Of course, Randall was ecstatic that he might be able to walk normally again, he willingly submitted as Charrette injected him and sank peacefully into a dream similar to that which Sanford had dreamt.

His dream was full of obedience, joy at fulfilling commands, relief that he had no longer to worry about certain things, promises of the better life and an induced devotion to Charrette, which Randall though muzzily was perfectly natural.

When he awoke, he had little but that devotion to the doctor who had made him all but whole again. He did not miss the two dangle that would have been between his hind legs had he not been castrated in his sleep. Ran, as his name now was, was perfectly happy, having not realised that he had once been a male. Charrette had taken from him that portion of his memory.

While the men had been changed, or actually, their modified minds introduced to a dog’s life, Marianne, initially so nasty-tempered and resentful, was slowly brought to a better temper by her

diet and surreptitious introduction of “diet pills” into her routine.

Some time after Ran was happily occupying his kennel alongside Sanford, the by now incurious Marianne was asked to accompany the doctor to his lab. The “diet pills” had worked sufficiently on her mind that she found nothing outlandish about walking, quite nude, after the doctor to his “examining room.”

“Now, Marianne, how do you feel?” asked Charrette pleasantly.

“Quite . . . well, I . . . think, doctor. I seem. . . to be . . . sleepy a good . . . deal of . . . the time.”

“Yes, Marianne. You know, from what we have learned about you, that you are, to put it nastily but succinctly, a bitch? Yes? I think you are becoming one on fact as well as in temperament, Marianne. By the way, I will call you Mari from now on, Marianne is too affected a name for a bitch – don’t you agree?”

Mari’s sluggish thoughts slowly sifted through this long statement. She felt that she was, yes, she was a bitch, that was what she was, all right, but where was a dog? She felt heat and wetness between her legs, her tongue began to protrude from her mouth and she felt the need to pant. Her strangled “yes” to Charrette’s last question was hardly heard. She panted, feeling the heat, the wetness and a new scent as her body slowly writhed.

“You are slightly altered, Mari, so yo can be serviced properly by a friend you once knew. You have no need to be superior to this friend, whom you will see in a new shape, a shape pertaining to your desperate need, eh, Mari?”

Yes, oh, yes, she had a need. She had need of a dog, a big dog with a nice, long member to scratch the itch which had sprung into being between her legs with the heat and the wetness.

“D’you remember someone named ‘Sanford,’ Mari? A black man, you called him ‘nigger,’ didn’t you, yet he’s – he was – hardly more tanned of skin than you after your Florida sojourns. We-ell, Mari, I think you’ll want, you’ll need and like Sanny very much in a little while.”

“Wazz matter my husban”, doc’or?” Mari retained some slight thought, although she was now not certain what she meant by “husband.”

“Husband? Ah, yes . . . Randall. Your ‘Ranny’ met with a loss of parts on his way to dogdom, Mari. I fear he would not want you, nor could he be of any service to you. Sorry, bitch, but Sanny will have to do.”

Mari lay against the inclined surface where she had wakened, still panting and trying not to think about her streaming vagina and the heat and itch there. Try as she might, she could not touch herself to relieve some of the desire, but it kept building until she was almost ready to scream in anguish. Her legs flailed against the smooth surface of the tilted table, her arms moving in aimless sweeps across the same surfaces.

A scrabbling near the floor brought her full attention to a dog, a large, tail-wagging dog, which had been led into the room by Charrette.

“You two can become acquainted, Mari, Good luck.”

The dog, Must be Sanny she thought desperately, nosed at her crotch and she spread her legs wider as she tuned so that her back was to the tilted table.

That's not right, she realised.

Again the dog nuzzled her labia and she moaned. Slowly, still holding onto the table as she slipped downward, she saw that the dog had a long, pink penis protruding a long way out of its sheath and she instantly knew that she wanted that thing buried inside her, scratching the itch and filling her with dog seed. She must satisfy the dog, tough, before she satisfied herself.

She turned as her knees hit the floor and moved slightly away from the tilted table so that she could spread her legs widely and lay her chest on the warm floor, opening herself to the dog's sniffs and his tongue as he began to taste her heated exudations. Each lick sent a chill through her, making her belly contract and curving her backbone first up then down to open herself even more.

Sanny's ind was aware of what he was doing, but slightly puzzled that he was doing this in a strange way. He could feel his long penis throbbing with the desire for this bitch, her heat making his chops drool, but at the same time Sanny vaguely recognized that this was a woman, not a bitch-dog - his dog-mind knew that the way she presented was different, but what remained of his Sanford mind knew that as a dog he should mount her hard from the way she was spread and waiting.

He humped his front over her ass and wrapped his front legs around her waist, then slid back to her hips as he bent his back to slide his penis into the hot, slippery and anxious opening under him. To Mari his member felt like a burning brand as the dog entered her, but it was certainly scratching her itch, as the dog began pounding at her rear.

Somewhere in Sanny's mind there surfaced Why am I fucking this bitch so hard? I'm not a rabbit! But his canine instincts required him to tickle and irritate his plunging penis sufficiently quickly to raise the knots at its base so that he could climax. His penis tip rubbed repeatedly against Mari's cervix, providing just enough stimulus to enlarge those knots.

Mari could feel them as they grew and she duly registered the need, through the exciting and very stimulating feelings inside her, that she must enfold and hold that bulging knot within her while she and her dog spasmed in a great climax. Her clit was just sufficiently engaged to make her belly contract in ecstasy, her back bend into a curve that made Sanny elongate as she pulled at him while, as she straightened her back and pushed out her belly after a particularly ecstatic stretch, his now huge knots slid inside the muscles of her vagina, locking them together as they climaxed.

Mari yowled like a hound as she felt Sanny's seed spurt, spurt again and flood her vagina, so much ejaculated that it flowed in tickling streams down her inner thighs. Sanny wanted very much to decouple, he was beginning to hurt, but her muscles, still over-excited by her climax, would not relax. The thinking part of Sanny's mind finally took over and he allowed his own muscles, which had been straining to project his penis to its fullest length, to slacken. After several minutes, Mari tried to loosen her vaginal muscles, but the decoupling process was continually interrupted by their mutual and sudden spastic reactions to a stray tickle or a muscle spasm, so that it was another ten minutes before Sanny's penis left Mari's vagina with a small "pop."

Mari found herself petting the head of a handsome, large dog with silky hair. She badly needed to do something more for the dog, and, seeing his still visible penis, now somewhat withdrawn from its full length, but still hard, she licked at it, cleaning it of the seed and vaginal juices with which it was festooned. Mari felt complete; Sanny felt tired, but there was no recognition by either of their former relationship. Sanny licked Mari's nose and raised himself to his four feet as Mari went to sleep on the floor..

Doctor Charrette had looked on with glee, tempered by his scientific interest in the results of his

experiment in human-animal mental transfer and induced animalistic behavior. Would it be possible, he mused . . . ?