

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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It took Jon nearly a year to arrange it, but now his careful planning and meticulous timing were coming to fruition. Having passed the wrought iron gates and driven down the grass-covered gravel drive, the end game was now in full swing—like a runaway juggernaut, it was unstoppable.

He could picture when it all started, the re-run going through his mind's eye as he drove towards destiny.

It seemed one of those days when anything and everything that could go wrong did. The car had stopped for some inexplicable reason, probably electrical. He had driven just over a mile from his home towards the office before it broke down.

His Mobile cell phone was on the blink. He was waiting, almost patiently, for a replacement handset, which, chances were, was sitting on his desk at that very moment.

So he walked back home to call the breakdown people and let them know at work that he would possibly not make it in today and to cancel his appointments.

To add to the electrical component conspiracy, it rained a frequent April shower that had more than a touch of December about the icy coldness of the giant raindrops that pounded his hatless head.

Therefore, some hour and fifteen minutes after leaving his house for the office, a very bedraggled and unhappy Jon turned the key to the front entrance door.

The noises coming from the day room first aroused his curiosity. A sort of moan and grunt, mixed, told him that someone was in the room behind the closed door. A sound he didn't expect. Alice was supposed to be playing Golf at the country club today.

Slowly and quietly, he turned the polished brass doorknob and opened the door. The scene that greeted him astounded him and left him temporarily bereft of comprehension.

April was lying face up, half on and half off one of the Chesterfield leather settees. She was naked, her pert breasts pointing at the ceiling, bathed in sweat and grunting like a pig around its food trough. Her trembling legs parted with her feet flat on the floor. Between her knees, a chocolate-spotted Springer. His rear firmly pressed into her groin while he stood motionless.

The two, woman and dog, held together by the canine cock—knotted, tied. Although locked in a primeval impregnation, Jon couldn't quite work out just how they had managed to lock in this particular position.

The dog first noticed him. It looked at Jon and whimpered a little as it looked at him piteously. Jon was shocked at the sight, but he almost laughed aloud when April noticed him and, in her shock, shoved herself backward, expelling the dog's cock and fluids with a loud pop and gush that missed the prepared towel, lay on the floor.

The dog, now free of the woman, scuttled away to hide behind the other settee, his paws skittering over the polished beech flooring to gain traction. April instinctively tried to cover her mons with one hand and her breast with the other. A frozen moment passed between them. Frightened eyes looked into confused eyes, communication was lost, and all the shared history crashed to the bottom of a widening ravine that separated them.

"The car broke down," he said with a blush.

The only thing he could think of to say. It came out apologetically, and feeling as if he had intruded, Jon left April to clean up while he changed from his wet clothes and called in. His working day was a ruin now, so a couple of hours delay before the auto rescue people could recover his car wasn't the major catastrophe it would normally have been.

An hour had passed since his return to the house to find April in her compromising position before he saw her again. She had dressed in slacks and a loose blouse. Not her golf attire, Jon thought.

"Want some lunch?" she yelled from the kitchen. "Got some very nice turkey ham in the fridge, a bit of salad?"

He answered negatively but accepted a glass of white wine, which he sipped as his wife of twenty years gabbled on about any subject she could think of to fill the silent void.

At last, when he could stand no more of her prattle, he asked the first question of a series of questions that might help him understand what he had witnessed.

"Whose dog?" he asked, matter of fact.

"Dog?" she said as if the subject surprised her. "Oh, you mean Cadbury; he belongs to Tom and Francine. They are away in Toulouse for the weekend. I always look after him when they go off."

"I've never seen him before?"

"He usually stays in the barn at night, so you wouldn't have I suppose."

"I see."

"Cadbury is a champion," April said, desperately trying to fill the cold void again with useless information.

"A champion what?" he asks with a raised eyebrow.

She wasn't sure if he was ironic or sarcastic but ignored it.

"He got a first at Crufts. Best in breed, no less," she said. "He's worth a fortune at stud."

It was Jon's turn to ignore the obvious. "Is he better than a man?"

The question slipped out before he thought. He dreaded the response and waited for the ax to fall. It didn't; if it did, it didn't come down with any cutting force.

"A dog is very different from a man," she said softly. "It isn't a question of whether he is better, just completely different. You must only compare the anatomy to see that it will never be the same."

"Somehow, I missed the anatomical differences in Biology. I must have been away that day."

His hurt was evident to her now, but she carried on blithely. "I've been looking after Cadbury for a couple of years now. We never had a dog, and he is so friendly."

"So I saw."

"We haven't been doing that for all that time, only a couple of months, perhaps since last summer when they went to the Algarve."

"About the same time as we stopped having sex, right?" Jon asks coldly.

He looked at her and remembered the young woman she once was, with auburn hair in flowing tresses and a cheery smile constantly plastered across her face. Where did the time go, he wonders?

Has it been that long, she thought? She tried to remember when they had last been intimate and failed. I think so, she thought and sighed. He changed the subject slightly to avoid the pain that waited for him along that particular road.

"Do you and he do this often?"

"Hmm, yes, well, every time he is over. Jon, it makes no difference to us. I love you just the same as I always have."

Jon stayed quiet and thought about her statement. Did she love him? On the other hand, was she used to the comforts success brought? The jury was out on that one. They sat silently for a while, contemplating the state of affairs now that it was out in the open and what the future would be.

Jon broke the silence. "I would like to record the two of you, just for myself, you understand. It might help me to come to terms with it if you don't mind too much."

She didn't answer his suggestion, wanting to think about performing in front of a camera for a moment or two. They finished lunch, or she finished her lunch, and Jon drained his glass. The Automobile Rescue called to say his car would be in the shop for several days. Jon arranged for a courtesy car to cover the period, and that afternoon, April and Cadbury were the starring couples in a video.

Jon, tight-lipped, operated the camera as April took the dog into her mouth, sucking on the huge red and purple-veined shaft and getting as much as she could into her before gagging. As an introduction to the anatomy of a canine, it was a lesson like no other for Jon.

She made sucking noises, pulling in the air around the rim of the dog's cock; it vibrated and sent the hound wild. The dog humped her face, but she controlled its depth with a free hand, preventing the animal from stabbing her throat too deeply. When the dog's climax was imminent, she stopped sucking and pushed the dog away. It was the first time Jon saw the dog fully exposed and his knot unsheathed. Fascinated, he closed in on the throbbing weapon. April lay on the edge of the Chesterfield with her legs spread and feet on the floor as Jon had found her earlier.

"I get better control this way," she explained, patting her stomach to attract Cadbury's attention.

He jumped up and placed a paw on either side of her waist with a practiced ease. He started to hump air while adjusting his position, ever getting closer to her, waiting for sex. Eventually, they coupled, his sharp tip penetrating her with her guidance.

Cadbury shifted and scrabbled until she was deep inside her and furiously fucking her cunt in a blur of motion. Jon lay on the floor and pointed the camera up so that he could get to see the depth of this dog's cock in her pussy. When Cadbury's knot passes April's outer pussy lips and disappears into her body, Jon gets his reward.

His humping slowed, and cum leaked from around the side of his cock. April raised her knees and crossed her ankles, locking the dog and pulling him further into her. She could hardly breathe quickly enough; the oxygen demand was so great, causing her to gasp in ragged sobs of ecstasy. Jon got up from his vantage point and panned out, capturing his wife and her deep-seated lover as they

finalized the act.

Cadbury tried to disengage, but all he succeeded in doing was turning. Once again, Jon was privy to how they had come to be in the position he had found them earlier.

After a while, they separated and went to their respective places to clean up. April to a shower, Cadbury to the barn where he had a bed laid out for him. In the meantime, Jon carefully copied the film and put the original in the safe.

He and April watched the video later that evening and then fucked each other's brains out, as they hadn't done since college days. She even sucked him to completion, holding his cum in her mouth before making a show of swallowing it all. It occurred to Jon, even as his semen slides into her stomach, that April had turned into something of a slut. Her propensity for sexual digression was nothing like he had ever found in her before. She was up for anything, with no holds barred.

That was a year ago.

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Now they sat in the Daimler, traveling, to his surprise, for her. The grass-covered track twisted and turned until it opened into a wide semi-circular drive in front of a shambling mock Tudor house. David Grey, the property owner, came out of the front entrance immediately as if waiting for them to arrive at the door on the latch. Jon parked to one side of the drive and shook hands.

"You found it then?" he said with a smile.

His clothing matched the house's condition, and it was obvious he hadn't seen a razor for a few days. Perfect, thought Jon. April also exited the car. Her flower-print cotton dress fluttered in the breeze and ruffled her hair. She brushed it back and offered her hand to David. They shook, and he then took her, to her surprise.

Around the side of the house and to the rear was an enclosed space with ivy-covered walls surrounding wire mesh enclosures. The pens were homes to an unfamiliar breed of dog: African Ridgebacks. They are all purebred and herd cattle. They can be mean bastards, but these are all right.

"Why not make your acquaintance?" David said.

April walked up to the first pen and put her hand against the rigid mesh for the occupant to sniff and lick. The dogs were up to waist height, with large heads and a darker-colored streak down their backs, where the fur ran opposite to the rest of the body. The name was an obvious conclusion. She turned to Jon, looking quizzical, wondering if he would relent and buy her a dog after all these years.

"Go ahead, April, make your choice," her husband said,

Jon encouraged her to go from cage to cage, checking out the dogs that looked identical. Little nuances of temperament helped her make a choice, and the cage door opened. April gingerly entered the dog's home, not wanting to appear threatening until the dog accepted her into its domain. She needn't have worried; he was pleased to meet her and showered her with licks of a huge, rasping tongue.

The gate clanged shut, and an audible click announced that she was locked inside. April's apprehension dawned, and in panic, she turned to see what Jon and David were doing. They stood

nonchalantly, watching her, with no discernible expression on their faces. She calmed immediately and returned her attention to the dog.

“We will leave you two to get friendly. I’ll be back in a minute or two.” Jon’s voice sounded reasonable and didn’t arouse any suspicion in April.

Her new companion was getting a little boisterous, a little too much so, but she thought she could handle him okay and probably would have done. Suddenly, through an interconnecting gate, another of the ridgebacks entered the cage, and then another. April became frightened and backed away from the three dogs. Soundlessly, they approached her and, almost indifferently, ripped her dress off her and then her panties.

Her cries for help went unheeded. She tried to crawl to the gate, but one of the powerful dogs grasped her neck in a firm and insistent bite. It was just hard enough to let her know that her neck could be snapped so easily. She froze, and then incredulity overcame her as the first dog mounted her. The canine’s initial thrusts were missing her cunt, but a shift in position had the beast filling her with more dog cock than she had ever felt before.

His knot smashed against her labia several times before being forced into her body in a relentless shove. She couldn’t move, didn’t dare to move. These dogs were working together, she realized and meant to fuck her in turn. The dog shot his seed deep into her belly in a scalding torrent that seemed to burn her from the inside out.

They only tied for a short while and separated, his sperm leaking from her bruised lips. The respite was short-lived. Another of the brutes clambered onto her back and shoved his cock straight into her wide-open cunt. There was nothing gentle about the violent thrusting of his member as it passed her lubricated lips, and his knot thumped into her.

However, April’s body began to betray her, and her hips thrust backward, burying him deeper into her and accepting his sharp cock end into her womb. Her neck released. To her amazement, the dog holding her in place then mounted her from the opposite end, presenting his cock to her mouth. She sucked on him while being shafted from the other end.

At this point, Jon and David returned to observe the proceedings. They watched in silence until both dogs had satisfied themselves, cumming simultaneously, one filling her stomach while the other filling her throat, forcing her to swallow his seed.

“April, this is for you,” Jon waved a folded paper. “I shall leave it here to read when you are done with the dogs.”

“What is it?” she shouts, a feeling she already knew.

“Divorce proceedings,” he answered. “I divorce thee. I divorce thee. I divorce thee.” It was an ancient custom where saying the phrase three times was a final cut of the marital tie. “I trust you will not be contesting it. I am citing unreasonable behavior; the evidence is on video, and I’m sure you won’t want it publicized.”

“What is to become of me?” she wailed.

“David has been paid to feed you, bitch,” Jon said with a sneer. “You’re where you belong. In with the dogs, it’s your level and serves you right. See you around.” He spun on his heels and stalked off with the parting shot. “Be happy.”

Strangely enough, April is happy and stays that way for several months until David relents and sets her free from the cage.

Jon moved to the Seychelles and never returned to England.

April remained with David, or more importantly, his African Ridgebacks. David's dogs were even happier having a regular bitch to fuck and not having to wait until she was in season. They fucked her every day.

*The End*