

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



It was midsummer 2018 in Victoria Park, Stratford Road, Salisbury, UK. Yin Kim Chow sat reading a book under a beech tree, enjoying the partly dapple-shaded heat. It was nothing like her hometown of Hong Kong, but hot. Her large, floppy white hat shadowed her white-shrouded shoulders, chest, and much of her white cheesecloth ankle-length skirt. She wore simple yellow slip-on shoes.

Two British infantry soldiers of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders marched past and politely tipped their bonnets, returning a pleasant acknowledgment smile. The 58-year-old Yin admired the dress uniform of one of them, his heavy tartan kilt swaying, his very hairy legs visible over his thick socks. She guessed he was attending a military ceremony that afternoon in the cathedral city in Wiltshire. She crossed her bare, skinny legs after parting them from a tightly knit formation to allow the slight breeze to permeate her sweaty upper limbs.

Fifty Shades of Grey was an intriguing and erotic book for the 58-year-old Chinese spinster. Echoes of her young life in HK filtered through her mild-mannered, conservative, well-educated brain, thinking about how her father treated her, her four siblings, and her mother. BDSM, torture, and abuse had been rife in the Chow dynasty of restaurateurs, with the staff treated abominably, even considering how the family had been managed. Yin was distracted momentarily by a loudly barking Greyhound dog chasing and winning against a shrilly yapping pure white miniature Poodle. She feared for the tiny fluffy animal until the rangy grey and white racing hound caught it, bundled it over, and the two canines played happily, then chased off again. Their two owners giggled and shouted, ruining the tranquil atmosphere of the ancient green space.

One of the military men marched back, his green and dark blue box pleated kilt swaying in time to his brisk steps. She hadn't noticed previously, their pace so swift, but his white socks had a red and white patterned upper cuff. He tipped his bonnet again. During her nod back, she wondered if it was true that she'd heard he would not have been wearing underpants...how odd, but in this heat, it was very comforting to know, yet thinking how nice it would be. But she wouldn't dare. Yin was uncomfortable and allowed the breeze to roam around her thighs, putting the book down with its carefully placed marker on page 69. Yin wandered home to her cute little terrace house in Devizes Road.

She got up and took a shortcut across the grass, and within ten meters, she tripped over a hidden tree root and sprawled helplessly, landing on her knees not far from the tree's massive trunk. No one was around to help, but she didn't need any. Yin was never athletic but easily scrambled to her feet and sorted her clothes smoothly, disappointed at the grass stains and a dirty one in her flowing skirt, knowing it would be a struggle to wash out. Her main worry was that she could have fallen in some dog feces, but there was no sign of that. She collected her book and the small clutch bag, which had dropped somewhat apart, made sure the page marker was intact, adjusted her wide-brimmed hat, and strolled onwards, fearful of the many roots ahead of her.

A thin-colored mongrel dog, across two paths and a hundred meters of green space, stuck its shiny black nose in the air and sniffed, rotating as if an antenna found the right signal strength. On Yin's route was Mohammed's corner shop and she picked some fresh fruit and vegetables, putting them in bags old Mo provided. She felt a brush of something around her feet and saw a brown dog with a few black marks sniffing at her shoes. She ignored it and went inside, the dog following. Mohammed Chaudry was serving a customer and frowned at what he took to be Yin's dog in his pristine shop.

Ms. Chow was a valuable and regular local customer, and he didn't know she had acquired a pet. He shouted for his son Mohammed to help while weighing loose mustard seeds. The burly, swarthy, pockmarked man appeared.

"Now, Ms. Yin, how can I help you? Nice puppy," he grinned.

"Oh, it's not mine," she deferred politely, secretly trying to kick the irritating pooch away from sniffing her legs and shoes.

After plopping down the fairly heavy bags of fresh produce, she held her clutch bag and book. Yin had another go at the dog and nearly lost her balance, her sandal having snagged on a nail head on the floor.

The book went one way, the clutch the other, and she sprawled to collect them. The tawny mutt had his moment and stuck his snout eagerly in the folds of her skirt. Yin yelped as young Mo came round, picked up the book, kicked the dog away, and helped Yin vertical. She thanked him, smoothed her skirt, and realized he had put his hand on a very creased and damp patch that smelled peculiar.

"Hmmm! Bit doggy," he muttered a little too loudly.

Her big floppy hat was straightened while he placed the book on top of the counter, not before noticing that the bookmark exposed the 69-page section.

"There you are, Ms. Yin, OK, now. Thank you... Good book?" he smiled, taking her cash and giving change, thinking he had better wash his hands before dealing with any produce.

Old Mo held the dog and checked for a contact number on its lead.

"Yes, it is, thank you, Mohammed, a little bit naughty, you know," she smiled demurely. "That dog has followed me from Victoria Park. He's friendly enough, just a bit of a nuisance, you know.....sort of jumping at me. Any clues, Mr. Mo?"

She got a shake of his white head.

The pesky dog followed Yin all the way home, not causing problems to traffic, walkers, or other dogs, just to Yin, by constantly sniffing her heels and jumping at her skirt. Reaching her small abode, she wondered what to do about it and thought it best to take it in, tie the lead in the garden, and advertise with some hastily copied text and photo on lamp posts and the like. The dog was secured in the garden, and she sorted out her shopping and booted her computer. Composing the text was easy for a senior lecturer in Mandarin and Chinese Art at the college, saving it.

Yin changed her dress upstairs after leaving her shoes inside the back door. Examining the grass stains, she grimaced, thinking it smelled a bit queer, and thought she would pop it straight to the dry cleaners on the next road before the spell of gardening she had planned. Wearing a sloppy white T-shirt with Wiltshire College Netball across the back and the inevitable big floppy hat, she took her Canon Powershot to the garden. The mongrel was excited to see her, but more the point, she noticed, to smell her. Her bare legs, feet, and the cheesecloth dress bundle attracted all of his nose, and being so busy, it was difficult to take a decent photo of it. She finally managed after sitting on the reclining swing chair and letting the dog lick her feet, which provided a good angle, distracting him for a shot of its face. She saw it was indeed a male dog, the way its penis had emerged about an inch as it furiously lapped anything below her knees.

She went to a corner shop around the corner on Queen Alexander Road that dealt with key cutting, shoe repairs, and dry cleaning, the mongrel, following, still animated around her shoes and ankles. The dark Asian girl assistant took in the garment and studied the grass stain, commented, filled a receipt, then sniffed the material, remarking it smelt a bit sort of doggy. Yin told her the mongrel outside had been jumping up at her but didn't know why

Yin returned home, the mongrel almost behaving like it knew where he was, and went inside the

kitchen to find her gardening socks, which she kept in a cupboard. She pulled on a pair of knee-length woolly Bath rugby socks, bought at a neighborhood bring-and-buy sale in Devizes Road, stepped into a pair of ancient Dutch clogs, and approached the shrubs and plants for a seasonal trim armed with secateurs. The dog whined and tugged at its tether until giving up to lay watching her work.

She strolled past the mongrel several times to get a drink or pick a tool from a small shed, patting its panting snout and refurbishing the water bowl she'd placed for it. It was forever jumping up at her. After about an hour, getting tired and noting the shade her house was providing over part of the garden, Yin called it a day, stored her tools away, made a cup of Lapsang Souchong tea, and lounged on the chair with her book, the tied mongrel fretting, near but out of reach. Interesting 'naughty' sections in the unusual, much-publicized book stimulated senses in the diminutive Chinese spinster lady, and several times, she reached down to push the crotch of her big white knickers into the damp patch that was spreading over her groin. Hmmm! It was getting a little soggy down there, not a usual occurrence.

Several scenes described by the author, E.L. James, reminded her of erotic Chinese images she had to display and discuss with students. While perfectly normal to her cultural background, they always raised an element of titillation among her teenage students. She often wondered if they were present to learn the history of art or develop their knowledge in sexual positions, some very, very extreme. Not ever having had a cock in her cunt, Yin nevertheless understood her body and recognized the sensations it could arouse. She glanced at the sky and decided to shift the chair into the last remnants of sunshine for the afternoon.

In its new place, she reclined and thought that the mongrel, now very close, was lazy and sleepy enough not to bother her. It had gone quiet apart from raising its head. She stretched her legs out on the grass and immersed her brain in the book to suddenly find the dog had mounted one of her woolly-socked legs and was rutting, as if mating, energetically, its tongue hanging four inches over its chops.

"Oh, get off, you dirty dog," Yin gasped, trying to push him off.

The canine pest gamely clung to her leg, front paws clinging around the sock. It snapped at her when she tried again, so she altered the angle of her leg, forcing it to release its grip. It sort of fell away, and Yin saw the long bright wet red length of its penis wobbling beneath his furry undercarriage.

Already spurred by some element of sexual arousal, as the mongrel attempted another mount, Yin fiddled her hand under her shirt and rubbed her pudenda, stretching her long, slender labia.

The cotton was sopping wet, and her slender fingers easily filtered below the material, and she lurched with the light touch on her clitoris. She fiddled with her vagina infrequently, having to be seriously aroused, and it seemed this was one of those times. She grinned at the mongrel frenziedly, stabbing his rump at the sock, feeling the power through her leg even in such a small animal. She knocked her book off her lap and stopped the bookmark from sliding out. Suddenly, her Chinese culture kicked in, seeing the bookmark reminder printed on it that it was 2018, The Year of the Dog.

Well, yes, it was, she mused. The dog must be worshipped and feted. Who the dog belonged to was a mystery, but until she found out, the animal needed to be revered and treated like a god. It desired sex at this moment had all the time he'd been trying to mount the sock. But real sex, Yin considered, couldn't be achieved on a sock. He needed a vagina.

Her practical, unusual for a scholar, mind kicked in. She had the very thing, not used and certainly never with an animal, but hadn't one of the great Oriental artists Xuancunghoa she had shown two weeks previous depicted a grotesque octopus eating a woman's vagina? She thought back to her dog encounter and the repercussions. Her fall, the grass stains, nearly banging her head on the tree trunk, the hard, dirt ground, but she hadn't fallen into any dog poo, the mongrel finding her and his incessant sni.....ah so! Both young Mo and the dry cleaning assistant had commented.....bit doggy! Yin had picked up bitch odors from the grass and under the tree on her limbs, shoes, and clothes. That is what it was. How strange it should happen in the year of the dog.

Reverence was needed, or she would suffer many fates and misfortunes, notwithstanding the shame.

"OK, my little brown friend," she chuckled, standing and making the mongrel very excited by her talking to it for the first time.

She pulled down her big white sensible pants and waved them at him, causing him to leap up, trying to snatch the pungent sweaty cunt stained underwear, but Yin was prepared and too quick jerking it away. Being a planner and a caring person, she had to work out how to satisfy the pooch to give him the best possible treat this special year. She had seen dogs mating and deemed that if she could reciprocate the same circumstances or position, that would be best. All the time, the little dog was going mad trying to stick his snout into the forest of very long, black, uncared-for pubic hair in her crotch.

Yin knelt, the hound leaping, prancing, climbing, jumping, yelling, and slavering, so she gave up trying to be the perfectionist she was. The dog didn't need perfection, just a fucking hole, and as he mounted her skinny rump, she was alarmed he was stabbing his good hard pointed cock at her anus. She altered her height and raised it slightly and felt it was trying to enter the right hole. It was using the backs of her lower limbs to stand on, but it was a frantic whirl of activity and scratching. It was only the back of her calf muscles, so she ignored it. The inexperienced beast lover reached around and grabbed its flanks, pulling it onto her rump until suddenly it gained ingress, and she lurched with the quickfire thrust and a strange feeling of something long and hot ramming her private parts.

Something inside her sprung to life, and she quivered with its extra thrill as Yin reached and felt the hairy extremities around her gash. A strange ball-like lump was very close to her labia, much larger than the rod she could wrap her fingers around. The mongrel was pounding at her hairy twat hammer and tongs, and she realized how wet she had spouted since her decision to pleasure the sacred animal. She had thought about stripping completely and, in the haste and urgency, had forgotten and was happy she'd left the floppy T-shirt on, feeling the rasp of the mongrel's dewclaws at the side.

Yin tried to glance behind and caught sight of its hind legs thrashing wildly as if it was trying to get higher and gain height then she shrieked. The pain was incredible but contained around her vagina, and the dog stopped its energetic action and rested. Yin breathed a sigh of relief, part tired and part thankful the bestial plowing of her nether regions had ceased. She felt a wash of heat inside and something running down her thighs. She hadn't felt the signs, but so much was happening inside her. Surely, she hadn't wet herself. She knew it might happen the older she got, but the usual signals hadn't occurred.

The little dog was strangely still. Its breathing had calmed, its frantic legwork had stopped, and the flooding heat was exciting - not knowing what it was, high in her vagina. She thought it was cute the way it was holding her, little forelegs tight around her waist as if she couldn't go...just yet. Yin felt the dog stirring, then with a little plop, it exited her snatch and wandered around, having the occasional sniff and lick at the weeping, runny opening it had caused. Yin watched as it wandered

away, its cock waning as he licked it, then to lie down, continually licking himself.

She assumed the dog was satisfied and it was time to end the sacred happening. She filled its water bowl and put some Rich Tea biscuits on the grass for him, grabbed her knickers, and stuffed them into her crotch to soak up the mess, frightened at what she would see until she reached the bathroom and displayed herself to the full-length mirror. Nothing...apart from a clear, runny liquid. Naked, she checked her thin, bony body, thankful there were no scratch marks on her upper torso, and the ones on her lower legs were slight, and anyway, she could conceal them with long skirts. Her nipples, naturally and normally very dark and knobbly, were highly erect, set in the wide circles of areolae on the slightest bumps she called her breasts.

For years, she had wondered why they were so small considering the big breasts many of her Western students sported, and she jumped up and down, but no, they didn't jiggle, although there was the slightest quiver. A hand brushed over the long, black, straggly curls at the base of her stomach. She tentatively felt her minge finding no pain and soreness. She stuck her middle finger inside, just like she knew a tampon would be inserted, but had never tried, using an industrial pack of sanitary pads. It wasn't sore or anything where it shouldn't have been...hmmm! Good.

Leaning out of the window at an awkward angle Yin could just see the mongrel scoffing biscuits and not seeming to be bothered, so she took a shower. Later, she printed the photos, added them to the text, and printed some A4 sheets of paper to pin to lamp posts. In a quandary about the animal, as she was due to leave in two days to attend a symposium at Kings College, she located and called an animal welfare center and came to collect it. She said a fond farewell and sorted her packing for her trip to Cambridge. The dog was soon forgotten, and Yin never repeated the incident.

*The End*