

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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My name is Lesley. It was the summer of 1973; I was twenty-two, size ten, and a good figure in my second year of teaching. My husband, still a student, worked all the hours God sent in the summer holidays. We ran a beat-up convertible, which he slowly restored to pristine glory. I was free all day, having great fun racing around with the hood down all over the town.

At weekends, he regularly visited car breaker yards in search of prized components, and I often went with him. These yards seemed to me then to be a peculiarly masculine environment, full at weekends of chaps in overalls clambering like mountaineers over the dead cars piled high or lying sideways in pools of muddy oil.

He favored one in particular. They seemed to specialize in sports cars, and the two men in the place seemed happy to let him know if something particularly interesting had turned up. In the run-up to the holidays, we had been there almost every weekend and were on good terms with Andy and Jim, who ran the yard.

They would often include Gary and me in a round of tea if they made one, and we would sit around on battered old settees in the Portacabin that was both their office and storeroom, talking cars and football. Not surprisingly, I had little to say in these discussions, but now and then, Jim or Andy would try to broaden the conversation into films or something they thought I could comment on.

Even though Jim was old enough to be my dad and Andy was in his early forties and already bald, I realized they liked me staying for the occasional cup of tea. Now and then, I caught those casting sneaky glances, checking out my legs or my ass or my bust. It amused and flattered me that these "old" chaps should fancy a young girl.

I should not have been surprised; the walls of the cabin were covered in posters, pages of pinups, and worse, from various men's magazines. Gary noticed their attention and laughingly said, "They'll be pleased to see you."

If my skirt was shorter than usual or if my prominent nipples showed through my top.

On Wednesday, Jim called to say that a part Gary had ordered had come in. I volunteered to collect it, and he promised me a cup of tea would be waiting. Smiling, I changed into my shortest black mini, over-the-knee boots, and white vest top without a bra.

I thought I'd give those two dirty old men something to think about, imagining them trying to ogle me without being too obvious.

Parking the car outside the yard, I walked around the cabin's muddier parts. Jim was alone and, to my surprise, gave a low whistle of appreciation when I stepped into the cabin.

"You got a hot date or something?" he joked.

I explained that I had intended to go shopping in town. Jim carried the part to the car for me, and then we returned for the promised tea.

Clearing the car and girlie magazines from the settee, I sat down. It was very low, and it occurred to me that the slightest parting of my knees would offer a good view of my knickers. I had my knees firmly pressed when Jim emerged from the kitchen area behind the office with the tea. Padding

behind him is the biggest dog I'd seen in a long time. Seeing that I was nervous, Jim passed me a mug of tea and advised me to take no notice of him; he was as soft as a kitten. I asked Jim what sort of dog it was, as it didn't look like anything in particular. He said it was a cross between a Great Dane, a Labrador, and a German shepherd. Either way, it looked big or fierce but wasn't.

Timidly, I stroked the thing as it had wandered over to me. It indulgently allowed me to ruffle behind its ears and seemed to like the attention. Then, without warning, it began pushing its nose between my knees. Unbalanced in the low chair with a hot mug of tea in one hand, I was suddenly lying back on the settee with the dog's huge nose in my crotch, trying to push its head away with my free hand.

I knew then that I should have worn tights, but it was summer. In the few seconds, it took Jim to come around the counter and pull him away, the inside of my thighs and the gusset of my knickers were moist with the dog's slobber. The dog was banished to the kitchen, and I stood to dry the insides of my legs with some tissue from a toilet roll on the counter while Jim looked on. Jim apologized, and I indignantly asked why the dog would behave like that.

He laughed at me and said, "You're female, aren't you? He can smell you and thinks it's an invitation to some fun."

"But a dog wouldn't have sex with a woman, would it?" I asked incredulously.

"That dog would," he said. "And he'd give her a good seeing too."

I giggled and said, "I should be going."

"Well, Andy will be sorry to have missed you," said Jim. But I'm sure Heinz (the dog's name is 57 Varieties, haha) enjoyed meeting you. See you soon."

Conscious of my still-damp gusset, I waved and drove off.

I returned to our flat and busied myself with everything one does in a home. I did a bit of washing, tidying, etc., and then I tried a bit of preparatory work for next term. But all the time, the incident with the dog kept invading my thoughts. Like most people, I'd had fantasies and daydreams about various sexual situations, but it had never crossed my mind that one could have sex with an animal. I suppose that in my head, dogs like cats had always been relatively small compared with a person, and other animals like horses, though hugely equipped, were just too big and dangerous.

Later in the afternoon, I closed the bedroom curtains and lay on the bed. Slipping off the now dry knickers, I began to stroke my cunt and work out a fantasy in which I could somehow get Heinz on its own and let him fuck me. Unlike most of my fantasies, which helped me to a powerful orgasm, I did not share this with Gary.

I think I thought he would find it disgusting or ridicule it by pretending to be a dog or something. Over the next couple of weeks, we didn't get down to the yard, but my fantasy became an obsession. As soon as Gary went out to work, I would settle down to a masturbation session fueled by increasingly elaborate scenarios, some of them involving Jim and Andy as well as the dog. Incredibly I didn't even know what the penis of a dog looked like and had only ever seen a couple of small dogs at it in the street.

One Monday morning, as Gary left for work, Gary asked me to go to Jim's yard and ask him for some switch or other. Although I knew my fantasies were just that, I was strangely unsure of myself. I initially readied myself in jeans and a tee shirt almost as a defense against any approach, then, at the last minute, reverted to a short print skirt with a matching top tied across the bust.

Andy was in the yard when he tiptoed through the yard gates on my white platforms. It was not the best choice for a breaker yard, but I knew my two aged admirers would appreciate them. He came over, wiping his hands on his overalls. We exchanged hellos, and I told him the details of the part Gary needed.

"Well, Jim's out, and it's still in a car," he said. "If you can hold the spanner at the dashboard end while I undo the back, you can take it."

I agreed to try, but before we could start, the phone rang. Andy answered it and said he had to go out for an hour or so. He suggested I could return, make tea, and wait. I said I would wait and agreed to answer the phone if he closed the gates so I didn't have to deal with customers.

"The dogs in the back," Andy said as he pulled away. Leave him there if he bothers you."

Closing the door behind me, I entered the cabin and went to the kitchen. Heinz lay asleep on some old carpet at the back and made no move as I filled the kettle and made a cup of tea. My heart was beginning to beat faster as I decided to experiment with my canine fantasy. I put down the mug and stooped to ruffle the head and neck of the big brown dog. He roused, shuffled to his feet, and shook himself.

I continued to stroke him and talk to him. Unlike our previous meeting, he showed no immediate interest in me. Standing right in front of him, I guided his nose between my legs until it was only separated from my cunt by the thin nylon of my knickers. Slowly he began to take an interest, pushing his nose hard against my cunt, trying to force my legs apart. I was a bit scared he would bite me, so I tried to go steady, but he seemed friendly enough, excited, and beginning to dribble his dog drool down my legs.

Breaking away from the dog, I made sure the front door was locked, then slipping off my knickers I knelt with my face and elbows on the settee and my behind in the air. This would be more natural for the dog I thought. After a few minutes, the dog padded over to me and, with a bit of help, found my cunt with its nose. I felt the dog's tongue hot on the entrance to my cunt, making tentative stabs at the crease. Then, with increasing confidence, the dog began to lap at my gash with its rough tongue scouring the sides as though cleaning its dog's bowl.

I felt dirty and great at the same time, the force of his foraging into my rear pushing me into the grubby settee. Despite its enthusiasm, the dog was not quite hitting the spot, so I rolled over so I could guide his head and make sure those rapid strokes of his firm tongue had the maximum effect. He was getting excited, lapping at the juices running from me and panting with expectation.

I knew I was getting close to an orgasm but wanted to see how turned on the dog was by me. With a little effort, I pulled its head out of my crotch and pulled him over me. His cock was poking out from his sheath by several inches and red and veiny. Reaching under him, I took it in my fingers. It was hard and hot, not the biggest I'd felt but big enough!

For a moment, I hesitated while the dog tried to pump my hand, then reverted to my previous kneeling position and waited for the animal to do what should come naturally. The dog briefly sniffed and licked at my now engorged cunt lips before scrabbling up on my back, jabbing at my backside with its dick. Guiding him with one hand between my legs, I got his thing to the entrance, and with a

thrust—he was in.

I could feel his fur against my buttocks as he began to thrust faster than any man I've known. His cock continued to grow as I shuddered into my first orgasm. Then I felt a large hard lump pushing at the entrance to my cunt. I didn't know about the dog's knot. There was no stopping the dog now, even if I wanted to.

The lump forced its way into my cunt like a large orange but harder, and the pace of his fucking seemed to increase. Then he began to jerk, and I realized he was shooting his dog spunk into me. His spasms continued for what seemed like ages, and then he seemed to relax. Expecting him to pull out, I waited, but instead, he pulled his back leg over me, and we remained, I realized, stuck together backside to backside. Try as I did, his knot held me secure.

It was in this situation that I heard the gates squeak open and the sound of Andy's truck pulling into the yard. A few moments later, the door opened, and Andy entered the cabin. His questioning greeting about phone calls died on his lips as he entered the scene. Both the dog and I looked at him simultaneously. The dog starts to move toward him, trying to drag me with it, but my weight stops it.

"Bloody hell!" was all Andy could say. "I thought you might be a randy bitch, but bloody hell, fucking a dog, bloody hell."

Weakly, I asked how long we would be stuck together.

"Fuck knows," Andy replied.

Almost as he replied, the dog pulled away, and a stream of fluid ran from my gaping cunt onto the grubby carpet. The dog began to lap up the juice from the floor as Andy, uttering a string of disbelieving curses, closed the door and locked it. I was still on my knees as he turned back to face me. Heinz was beginning a renewed interest in my cunt.

"I suppose you'll want me to keep this quiet," said Andy. Pushing the dog away, I began to get to my feet. "Don't get up," Andy commanded and moved toward me, unfastening his overall. It was summer, and apart from some slightly grubby underpants, he was naked. He was skinny but muscular. I must have looked nervous, to which he said, pushing his pants down to his ankles. "Come on, a girl who fucks dogs surely won't mind sucking a man's cock?"

He pushed his cock into my face, and I began to suck it. It was about six inches and medium girth, probably about the same as the dogs. He undid my top and began to roll and squeeze my nipples.

"Nice tits," he grunted fucking my face with urgency.

The dog had resumed licking my cunt expertly, and I was beginning to approach another climax. Andy gripped my head tightly and convulsed. Jets of his stuff filled my mouth.

"Swallow that, dog bitch," he laughed. As he held me tight, I had no option. He loosened me and sat back on the settee. "Heinz looks ready for another fuck."

I turned around. Sure enough, the dog's prick was protruding fully from its sheath.

"Let's see you two in action," Andy said, pulling the dog forward and lifting him over my back again.

It was soon probing for my cunt with rapid thrusts. Again, I reached under to guide the dog home. Once in, he commenced in earnest, wrapping his strong forelegs around my waist and pumping like

a machine gun into my cunt. It was fantastic, and I couldn't help but groan out loud in appreciation as the hard knot of the dog's dick forced its way into me for the second time. Andy was shouting encouragement to the dog. Suddenly, I was cumming and shook violently as Heinz continued to plow my cunt. Abruptly, he tensed and again began to jet his dog's spunk into my sopping fanny.

This time, we only remained secure together for a few seconds. The dog seemed to lose interest and pulled away, retreating to the corner to lick himself clean.

"You better get yourself cleaned up," said Andy, as I lay exhausted on the dirty carpet, dog's sperm dribbling down my thighs.

I got up, shuffled naked into the kitchen, and wiped myself down with some paper towels. Putting on my clothes, I asked, "Well, will you keep this to yourself?"

Andy smiled slyly. "It depends. I'll have to tell Jim; it's his dog, but if you want to be fair to us, I think we can keep a secret."

"What do you mean?" I asked cautiously.

"We could do with some help in the yard, answering the phones, etc., and pay you a bit to make it interesting. Though not in the job description, if you get my drift, there'll be some duties."

"Be specific," I demanded.

"Well, we'd want you to dress nicely when you come to work, like when you go out. You know, wear stuff that shows off your figure. We like it, and it will probably bring in some customers." He hesitated. "But you must be happy to suck or fuck Jim and me and the dog anytime we feel like it during working hours."

"And if I don't?"

"Then the story of your little canine copulation may get heard."

At this, he showed me four or five quite poor Polaroid photos, which he had somehow taken while I was fucking the dog the second time.

"What's the pay?"

"I thought three mornings and two afternoons a week until you finish your minimum-wage holidays," replied Andy.

I thought we could do with the cash, and this is on par with what I get per hour anyway; he could have made me do it without pay, and it's a limited time. As it happens, it wasn't an unpleasant experience, and I wouldn't mind being fucked by the dog again.

"OK, when do I start?"

'Tomorrow,' said Andy grinning broadly as he pulled me to him and slipped two fingers into my cunt.'

"See you tomorrow then," he said, pulling them out, sniffing, and licking them.

Later, I told Gary about the job offer but not the 'duties,' he said, "Well, we could do with the money if you don't mind working on your holiday."

The prospect of the next day both made me nervous and excited me. Even now, I couldn't believe I had been fucked twice by a dog and enjoyed it and sucked off a man who I barely knew.

Arriving at the yard at nine the next morning, I found Jim and Andy in the cabin having tea. They seemed surprised.

"Didn't think you would come," Andy said.

"I wasn't aware I had a choice," I said quietly.

"Well," said Jim. "We've chatted and don't want you here under duress. We'd like you to come, but only if you want to."

"But what about the photos?" I asked.

"Here, they're yours," Andy passes them to me.

"So..." said Jim, "do you still want the job?"

"Are the duties the same?" I asked, smiling.

"Yes," confirmed Jim. "The money is solely for office work, but you will be expected to enthusiastically fuck and suck me, Andy, and the dog any time we want during working hours."

"I agree," I heard myself saying as I handed Andy the Polaroid's back. You can keep these as a souvenir."

"Lock the gates, Andy; there'll be no customers for an hour so that we can give our new employee some training," joked Jim.

With that, he came behind me, wrapped his arms around me, and began to kiss my neck. His right hand tugged up my short denim skirt and pushed into my knickers while his left slipped under my T-shirt and began to maul my breasts. Andy came in and began to undo his overall.

"Take her top off. Let's see them lovely tits," Jim whispers.

I helped Jim slip off my top, and turning round, he started sucking my nipples and had two fingers in my cunt.

Andy called out to me, "Come over here."

He was sitting back on the settee, his cock sticking up. I walked over to him and lowered myself onto his cock. It slipped in easily, and I began to fuck him. Jim stood in front of me and dropped his overall around his ankles, thrusting a short but very fat dick into my face.

Opening my mouth as wide as I, I could suck his cock in rhythm with my rise and fall on Andy. I could feel Andy's cock pulsing inside me and knew he was about to come, I tightened my cunt muscles around his cock, and he began to spurt into me. Sensing him cum, I turned round to lick his spunky cock bending over to offer my cunt to Jim. He pushed right into me and bent me down so his belly was resting on my behind as he almost immediately jerked to orgasm.

"Where's Heinz?" I asked. Jim staggered to the kitchen door and opened it.

The dog padded in straight to my cunt, licking the sperm which oozed from it.

"His dicks out!" declared Jim.

"Well, lift him on me then," I instructed.

Jim lifted the dog's front legs until it was positioned over me. I could feel its prick stiff against my arse. For the third time in two days, I reached under my body to guide that canine cock into my well-lubricated cunt. As the dog began its now familiar frantic pounding of my cunt Andy's cock stiffened again in my mouth. The dog's cock knot began to swell at the entrance of my cunt.

Once again, the dogs fucking were bringing me to an orgasm. Concentrating on Andy's meat, I was overwhelmed by a wave of sensation just as the dog jettisoned his spunk into me. Almost passing out, I lost Andy's dick, which shot a great job of spunk into my face and hair. I lay face down in his lap, waiting for the dog's Knot to subside and release me.

"An excellent first-morning work," said Jim laughing.

I worked in the yard over the next couple of weeks, during which all three took full advantage of my agreement. My presence behind the counter certainly boosted trade, and I got a great thrill out of giving the punters a flash of breast or knickers when I leaned over the counter or bent over to pick up a part from the bottom shelf.

Jim and Andy loved to call me into the storeroom when I was serving a customer and bend me over for a very quick fuck or make me give them a rapid blowjob. Either way, when I returned to the counter, I had spunk running down my legs or hair. I always thought someone would notice, but no one ever commented, and I got plenty of comments about everything else.

Best of all, though, was the dog. The dog loved the smell and taste of my cunt. Most days, when it was slack, I would slip out of my knickers and let Heinz out from the kitchen area. After a few curious meanderings around the cabin, he would come and shove his nose up my skirt as I leaned on the counter. Probing and licking my cunt and arse as though they were the sweetest meats. At least twice a day, I let him fuck me to an orgasm.

Once his dick pushed into my ass that he had already penetrated with his tongue, and after the initial shock, I found I liked the feeling and let him have me that way a few times. I took care to stop his knot from getting in there, though. Jim liked watching me have sex with the dog and would sit wanking while the dog thrashed away at me.

Once, after he watched the dog tonguing my cunt within seconds of a climax, he asked me to suck off the dog while he fucked me. I lay on the grubby carpet. Jim got between my legs with his fat cock and began thrusting. Calling the dog over, I took hold of his dick and pulled him to my mouth.

Heinz seemed to understand perfectly and semi-squatted and began his rapid jabs. Holding him in my hand, I could control how much dick was in my mouth and feel his excitement. When he convulsed in the climax, my mouth was awash with his come, and Jim shot his load into me at the sight of my lips dribbling dog's sperm.

During my last week at the yard, Jim asked me if I fancied attending a party. He said he knew this

businessman (a scrap dealer, actually) who had wild parties. "He's got this Great Dane, and I've mentioned I know a good-looking girl who's got a thing about dogs! He wondered if you might go to the party and put on a bit of a show with his dog."

I pretended to be annoyed that he had been discussing me but was intrigued.

"How big is this dog?" I asked.

Jim told me that from what he remembered, he was bigger than Heinz and probably eight or nine stone in weight. I said if I could see the dog, first I'd think about it.

The next morning, Jim drove me to a house near the river at Kew. We went in and met Frank, who organized the parties. He was about thirty, bald and wiry. As we sat in the kitchen, a woman who turned out to be his wife came in with a huge black Great Dane on a lead. He was quite inquisitive but friendly and happily accepted my fussing with him. The woman left the room, and Frank immediately demanded to know if I would like to fuck with his dog. It was strangely embarrassing to be asked so bluntly, and I could feel myself getting hot.

"I think so, but he may not be like Jim's dog, and I can't be sure it will work," I answered.

Jim asked if the wife had left, and she had. He suggested we go into another room where I could test the dog's reaction to me. Sitting on a very posh settee, I called Jake the dog over to me. After pulling up my loose skirt and slipping off my pants, using the dog's collar, I gently guided the dog's nose to my cunt. His head was enormous, and I had to open my thighs as wide as I could. His long rough pink tongue probed tentatively at the folds of my cunt.

I was already wet, excited by the thought of fucking this sleek black animal and that I was again exposing myself to another stranger. As he continued to lick, he became more enthusiastic, pushing his tongue into me and slobbering on my gaping vagina. I couldn't reach the dog's dick to see if it was ready for action, so I asked Jim. He said the dog's prick was protruding from its sheath by five or so inches.

"Pull him off me then so I can turn around."

They did, and he sat there, his cock standing up bigger than any man I'd had veined dark red and twitching. I removed all my clothes, wanting to feel his fur against my back. Kneeling with my head on the settee, I told Jim and Frank to let the dog go. He came over and resumed his probing of my cunt, then, without any help, clambered up over me, his front paws on the settee outside my hands.

The dog began to jab with his cock but could not find the way in. Once again, I had to reach under and place it at the entrance to my hole. The dog's prick felt long and hot in my hand as it strove to push into me. Feeling the tip of its dick just inside the lips of my cunt, I let go of it, and in an instant, it was in me, and his hairy belly was snug against my ass.

With each frantic thrust, my head was driven into the settee, and the dog's knot pushed against the entrance to my cunt. The Dane, with its front legs wrapped around me tightly, is now completely in control as it thrusts faster and faster. Its Knot filled the entrance to my womb, completely grinding my clitoris mercilessly as I groaned to a protracted orgasm.

Weak with sensation, I was aware that the dog had stopped thrusting but that his cock was pulsing inside me, and I could feel the hot jets of his spunk hitting my insides, something I'd never

experienced with any man. As its convulsions concluded, the Dane followed the example of my previous canine lover and turned his back on me. We remained joined, my cunt distorted by his bulbous knot.

Jim and Frank stunned to silence during this session, suddenly came to. Pulling my head out from the settee, they knelt with their trousers around their knees wanking in front of my face. I managed to summon enough energy to pull Frank's cock into my mouth as he began to shoot his load. Jim just jerked off over my face. The dog then pulled away from me, and I remained on all fours, sperm dripping from my face and running from my cunt onto the parquet floor.

A couple of weekends later, I went to one of Frank's parties where, in front of about ten couples, I fucked and sucked off both dogs and then let Frank fuck me up the arse.

A few weeks after that, we moved out of the area, and I've never been back, or god knows what I might have gotten into.

The End