

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



Jilly tested the cuffs that held her down on all-fours, they were secure, of course they were, her husband Bill had snapped them on before walking the half-mile to the village pub. He would be gone for a couple of hours and his last act before setting out, would be to release their three dogs.

Her fantasy of being restrained and then gang-banged was about to come true.

Bill was happy with this arrangement, when he got back from his walk, before releasing his wife, he would kneel down behind her and use her for his own pleasure.

Their sex life had started in a conventional way, and when she had confessed to Bill her desire to be tied down and raped, he had obliged only too well, she found that her best orgasms came when she was in bondage.

She owned a small farm due to her first husband desire to live the rural life, it was fine until an accident had taken his life and ended her idyll. She had moped around for a year or so and then met Bill down at the Fox Inn a half a mile down the lane, three months later she had invited him to move into the farmhouse with her, it was much bigger than the house he owned.

He duly arrived with his three big dogs, two Alsations and a Black Labrador. Of course she knew the big hounds well and was quite content to take them in as part of the deal.

The dogs in turn seemed happy living with a female even if she was human, they seemed to be always trying to sniff her private areas, she would push them away, but not too hastily, she found that their insistence turned her on.

When she mentioned it to Bill, he typically didn't bat an eyelid,  
"Why not get your panties off and let them lick you" he suggested.

So it began, she would strip off and give the big hounds free access to her pussy, jumping on Bill when she was completely aroused, and fucking his brains out as the saying goes.

Of course it escalated from there, one night after a walk down to the Fox with the hounds and rather too much to drink, they had arrived back at the farm. She had poured them both a Brandy that they patently didn't need, and then stripped off all of her clothes. Two dogs moved in on her for some licking, but the Alpha had something more on his mind. He had circled around behind her and seizing her around the waist, had wrestled her down onto all fours. In her befuddled state, she was being violently fucked before she knew what was happening.

In an instant her body responded and she was loving it, Bill settled down on the sofa with his Brandy and enjoyed the show. When all three dogs had made her their bitch, he took his turn, it was by any standards quite an orgy.

Inevitably her need to be restrained for sex even with the dogs had surfaced again, when she mentioned it to Bill, once again he showed his desire to please her at any cost.

"Leave it with me" was all he said.

He ordered some stuff on-line and when it arrived, disappeared out to the barn cautioning her not to come out until he told her. Her birthday was in a couple of days and he said it was to be a present.

Two days later, after he had wine and dined her, (an exquisite Pan-Fried Steak with a mustard,

cream and peppercorn sauce, washed down with an expensive Bordeaux). He led her out to the barn to see what he had built for her pleasure, the dogs tried to follow but he shut the door in their faces.

Bolted to a metal plate which seemed to be cemented to the floor was a padded frame with restraints at each corner. Her arousal was so instant that she nearly came then and there, the anticipation of what was to come, overwhelming her senses.

"Happy Birthday Baby" he said stripping and kissing her at the same time.

When she was completely naked, he helped her down onto his frame and fastened her securely into the leather restraints; finally he slipped a ball gag over her head and tightened it into her mouth.

He pulled it back, lifting her head and fastened it to something behind her, she felt like a show pony and her arousal kept on growing.

This was something new but she wasn't about to complain even if she had been able.

He knelt at her head and whispered quietly to her.

"I'll release the animals and then stroll down to the Fox for a couple, enjoy"

She waited, chained down and helpless, her rump sticking invitingly up, at the mercy of three rampant animals, her arousal climbed off of the scale as she waited.

She didn't have long, the three big dogs bounded in and circled her, Barney, the biggest of the shepherds was the Alpha and claimed first go. She felt a cold tongue on her pussy lips as he tested her readiness to mate, then he was up on her back pounding her for all he was worth.

As she was ready to come, he emptied his seed into her and abruptly dismounted, the dogs had never knotted with her disappointingly, she was just too big in her parts.

It didn't matter however, the second shepherd immediately mounted and took her over the edge, she struggled against her bonds for effect, and erupted like a volcano. Next, he lapped up all the juices running down her thighs arousing her all over again, he was so efficient that when the third dog jumped on to claim his share, she came immediately.

When they had all finished, they romped off out of the door leaving her still chained down, anticipating their return, she mentally thanked Bill for her present, he was a lover in a million, catering to her every need.

Soon the dogs were back, a human female strapped down for their enjoyment apparently too good to resist. She was taken violently again by all three, her orgasm count was up to five.

Then once again they all scooted out of the door, leaving her still restrained and rather sore, tentatively hoping that Bill would get back before the dogs.

Suddenly a shadow fell across the door and there was Brock their pet donkey, somehow he must have gotten out of his field. He strolled across to her and held out his head to be petted, when it didn't happen and the usual kind words that he didn't understand but liked anyway didn't come, he licked the side of her face. He must have liked the salty taste of her sweat, he licked all around her gag, down the side of her neck and onto her shoulders.

Her sides were very sensitive so the teasing tongue tickled her but also aroused her at the same

time.

Lower and lower he went, as her excitement climbed, he reached her exposed rear and finally the big muscular tongue flicked across her clitoris and she was in heaven again, the soreness didn't matter as the long organ methodically worked its way up inside of her. The animal didn't know it but he was fucking her with his tongue.

Just as she was on the verge of yet another orgasm it stopped, next she felt the tongue on her other side, old Brock was completing his circuit, licking as he went. His tongue suddenly ran deliciously over her nipple and her imminent climax was reinstated, unfortunately he moved on up, reappearing in front of her again and licking her face affectionately, then moving on.

She noticed with horror that he was becoming aroused, a foot of thick black hose had descended beneath him and was swinging obscenely between his legs, growing longer by the second.

She panicked, if he mounted her, that fearsome pole would split her wide open. She struggled frantically against her bonds but to no avail, she was trapped and was probably about to get a two foot donkey dick jammed into her pussy.

She lived on a farm and so knew that horses equipment hung slack until the moment of mounting and then suddenly stiffened into a full erection ready for insertion, she could only wait for the inevitable.

Then she felt it, old Brock hadn't even needed to mount her, he had just walked forward until he made contact. She felt the great flared head push against her pussy lips and then slip in a couple of inches, Brock instantly lunged forward burying a good foot inside her and hitting her cervix.

He then drew back and lunged again, it was pleasure and pain at the same time. The enormous head was exciting her as it scraped along the walls of her vagina, then came a jolt of discomfort as it tried to force its way into her uterus. Inevitably, pleasure won out and she came copiously even as her pet fucked her relentlessly. Luckily he came quite quickly, a jet of semen some of which was forced through her cervix erupted deep inside her.

When he pulled out and wandered away, she realised that she would want that again. She had never in her life been so full of cock, Bill would be envious when she told him but knowing him, he would fashion a harness so she could hang beneath old Brock and enjoy a ride on that huge pole.

As she waited, securely locked in position, she realised how sore she had become, what was that phrase 'be careful what you wish for'.

Ten minutes later Bill strolled in followed by the entire menagerie, he was holding a large glass of Brandy, the bastard had been to the house first. She tried to shout that she'd had enough cock for one day but all that came out were muffled grunts. Bill settled on a bale of hay with his drink and watched the animals rape her all over again, even old Brock taking his turn. When they were all done, he knelt behind her and used her for his own pleasure before finally releasing her.

She leant on him for support as the feeling returned to her legs, "Happy Birthday darlin" he said with a smile.

She suddenly realised that Brock didn't escape from his field, Bill had let him out knowing or at least suspecting what might happen. Altogether it was an amazing birthday gift, even if she was walking up to the house bow-legged. As she pondered on it, she began to wonder what other male animals on her farm could be persuaded to mate with a willing human bitch!!!