

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



The diaries of Sir Lionel de Courscheval were uncovered in the late 1800s in the archives of the family mansion, nearly 700 years after his untimely death from syphilis. His diaries chronicled his travels around Britain and the diverse and strange sexual mores of the time.

If his curiously over elaborate account is to be believed it is interesting to note some of the more carnal origins of our ancient customs and practices. What follows are translated excerpts from his manuscripts of the unusually clement summer of 1171 AD.

'What a strange and diverse performance country people have of punishing errant wives and doxies. Venturing further the same day I found on my path another woman, older this time, bound naked over a rough stone. Her legs were well parted and her cunny gleamed from the attention of hounds that pressed to mount her. Kicking the dogs away I asked her how she came thus.

She said she was a whore found out and that the people of that village bound unchaste women over the boundary stone that they may whip them at their leisure. "We are left here a day and a night at the mercy of any man or beast that wants us!" Said she.

Thinking it strange to punish unchastity by forcing further sins upon the discovered strumpet I determined to put it, nonetheless, to good use. I hastily mounted her and thrust deep into her warm cunt, she, being much practiced, moved excitedly beneath me, crying all the time that we must hurry. "They are all coming to whip me." She said.

It was short and sweet. But even then I had barely had time to hide before I heard the approach of a drunken rabble. They came in a bunch, both men and women. Reaching my sweet fuckstress they untied her feet and proceeded to beat her with fine stripped sticks.

Her kicking legs and cries excited them wonderfully, for many fell upon each other as stripe after red stripe impressed her voluptuous flesh. One, so heated he had to use her mouth, was swiped around the ear by his peers who still concentrated on her writhing hindquarters before them. The whipping done they entered her in turn, the women twisting her nipples and gleefully stinging her ample breasts with nettles.

They having finally gone I approached her, full of sympathy, to find that her one wish was that I should fuck her again. This I did, and untying her, found in her abandoned movements great pleasure. She insisted that I should tie her again before I left, 'For' she said 'she would not be able to enter the village again if it was found out she had skipped her punishment.'

Later, coming into the village of Upper Fatbottom on May Day, I beheld a fair maiden all dressed in white. Flowers graced her hair. She was the most perfect Queen of the May. Wondering at her beauty I followed her procession down to the green.

On the green was set up the most curious Maypole. It was formed of a hollow tree upon which was set a wheel, horizontally placed and free to turn. From the wheel hung a cloud of many coloured ribbons. Protruding through the centre of the wheel was a short thick pole, smooth and well greased. I wondered what use this pole might have.

I was not left long to cogitate. The maiden stripped herself of her robe and completely naked, she, by means of a ladder, climbed up onto the wheel. Once there she knelt and lowered herself onto the greased pole, slowly moving her hips until a trickle of blood proved it had taken her first sweets.

Then a shout went up and the populace caught up the ribbons and danced around the wheel, turning the maiden upon her greased pole. Faster and faster they went, faster until her cries of joy rang throughout the square. At which point all fell to fucking in the usual manner.

These scenes of joyous celebration were to be repeated throughout my travels, the festival of fertility a most potent force for licentious activity and their unbridled lusts.'

It seems the punishment of errant women was rife with a multitude of diverse means to effect this. Lionel Coursheval goes on to describe the origin of the 'cucking stool', or fucking stool, as, it seems, was its original purpose. Rarely, it seems, was it ever used to duck the punished women in water, for as Sir Lionel sagely observed, 'Wherein lies the joy in punishing a comely wench so?'

On several occasions I was to see in different villages a most curious contraption. Much of the design was at variance but the essence of the machine was simply a counterbalanced pole, with stops to limit how far the ends would move up and down. At one end sacks of sand or pebbles were usually employed, the other some kind of chair or other means to secure the punished wench. The upside down cross seems to be one of the most favoured devices, holding the errant wife in a perfect position to have her punishment witnessed by the customary audience, providing a most delightful public display of the unfaithful strumpet's splendidly splayed womanhood during her punishment.

In the village square of Hexbrook I finally witnessed such a contraption put to good use. Outside the Village Inn was set up the more common upside down cross arrangement and I was able to witness how this was employed. They brought out a most beautiful young, dark haired girl, the recently married wife of the blacksmith I was told, and having stripped her of her robes and underthings the men of the village held her down, naked upon the cross with her legs pulled back and spread wide apart, while others secured her to it with wide straps made of fine, supple leather.

Her arms were bound above her head and her legs strapped to the cross arms at the knees, she, all the while hopelessly protesting her innocence, beseeching the angry-looking blacksmith who was directing the affair not to punish her so. From what I overheard amongst the excited crowd gathering to witness her impending punishment, the girl had thrice been unfaithful to her husband with a cocky young scoundrel from a travelling fair and that, as is the custom, she was to be punished before the whole village, that all should bear witness to her shame.

Despite what she was accused of, the girl looked so young and innocent, but here too it seemed that she had sinned, guilty of her unbridled lustfulness with the passing traveller. Curiously, all of the luxuriant forest betwixt her shapely legs had been diligently removed, painstakingly plucked, so said, to further expose and so humiliate her, a custom I found most alluring. She was gloriously well formed down there, and with the last vestiges of her modesty removed, her wide splayed legs did most delightfully reveal the protruding meaty pink lips of her cunny, still sweetly engorged and dripping, no doubt from her recently discovered licentious activity.

Despite her pleas, once strapped to this device the cross was attached to the beam of the fucking stool by means of a stout rope and she was hoisted aloft, still yelling for mercy. It soon became apparent why she cried thus, for soon, placed below her was an oaken phallus of such gargantuan proportions to surely make any woman fear for her life! The smoothly polished wooden pole, roughly hewn into the shape of a man's cock, was smeared with some kind of thick unguent to ease its passage into the poor wenches reluctant snatch.

In the position she was held, she was lined up perfectly for this terrible impalement. The crowd moved in closer, as did I, eager to witness the disgraced young strumpet's punishment, only to see a thick drool of her lustfulness elongate and bridge the gap between herself and the huge blunt head of the waiting phallus! 'What manner of woman is this?' Thought I.

Some of the sacks of pebbles on the other end of the affair were removed until she was in perfect

balance and, with the errant wife struggling and begging for mercy, she was slowly lowered onto the hideously large well-oiled phallus.

So tremendous was this horrendous wooden weapon I much feared her cunt would surely be torn to shreds. But the cuckolded husband was in no mood to show her mercy, directing the huge head of the thing into her flinching cunny. I watched as her large, slippery wet lips spread about it and the fearsome blunt tip of the weapon was wedged inside her, the angry husband thence grabbing her around her slender waist, thus bearing her down upon it.

Her panic stricken face grimaced with the pain and shock, and tears welled up in her eyes as he used his weight to repeatedly bear her down on it. It took some time, the assembled villagers observing the cruel spectacle in fascination as the giant fake cock slowly invaded her, each small incursion weakening her womanhoods defenses until suddenly she gave out an ear piercing shriek as her tortured cunny completely capitulated.

To my amazement she had finally succumbed to the unyielding thickness of the wood and valiantly took the thing inside her, slowly sliding down upon her slippery pole, a look of shock upon her face that it had impaled her a full half cubit; as far as the stops would allow. She shuddered and struggled, her legs kicking wonderfully, but there was nothing she could do; the massive unnatural phallus was completely inside her, painfully expanding her reluctant young body. Her breathing came in great gasps, such was the exertion of taking it.

Her dimensions doubtless sorely tested, mercifully she had managed to take the monstrous wooden cock inside her without harm, panting, anxiously awaiting her ignominious punishment. Now safely ensconced within her there could be no impediment to her just and rightful punishment upon it, for no man should afford his wife such latitude. Besides, thought I, the penalty for her betrayal must surely have been known to her with the ubiquity of these contraptions?

Stretched out upon the cross, she conjured an image of some beautiful, exotic butterfly in a collection, but a living, breathing specimen, spread wide and hopelessly impaled upon the tool of her torture for the assembled village folk to admire. The blacksmith had presented her nakedness to everyone, lewdly exposing her most intimate parts, completely hairless, splayed wide around the pole, before the whole village.

The crowd yelled their appreciation as she hung there panting and moaning, bobbing up and down slightly upon the slippery pole, the plump, luscious wet petals of her wonderfully widened womanhood clinging to her unwelcome guest in a gloriously tight embrace. The massive wooden pole had taken possession of her as her young lover had, the horror of the invasion all too plain on her pretty young face, as she looked to the unsolicitous crowd for mercy. The poor wench looked shocked that the thing was actually inside her, incredulous, as I, that her expansive young cunny had managed to be quite so accommodating.

Perhaps as portend, in truth, she looked more surprised than in pain. Regardless, it was plain to see why any man would have his head turned by her for she truly was quite bewitching, a rare beauty, tall and lithe, with beautiful firm round breasts, heaving wonderfully with the exertions of taking the wooden phallus so deep inside her. Her slim young body and innocent face in such contrast with the fearsome thickness of the pole she now contained within her body, a juxtaposition that curiously added to the delightfulness of her charms.

As was the custom, it seemed, some of the assembled villagers mauled her, eagerly grasping at her firm young arse and titties, roughly tugging at her stiffly erect nipple's and eagerly inspecting the juncture of the massive phallus as it entered her slender body, all, it seems, with her husband's

approval. Taking it upon myself to more closely inspect her delightful body it became apparent that the very nub of her pleasure was unusually exposed; popped out and bulging from beneath its tiny hood, no doubt forced out by the pressure of the pole inside her!

It was here that one of the young village girls applied her attention, devilishly manipulating the rudely exposed, turgid wet nub of the unfaithful young wench, smiling at us in delight with the way the wayward wife whimpered and squirmed so helplessly upon her pole. The girl expertly stimulated her oversensitive, newly exposed and protruding nub such that her hips began writhing and her straining cunny muscles clamped down fiercely upon the massive pole, involuntarily milking the inanimate lover within her, she shuddering uncontrollably with the wonderful, unbidden pleasure of it.

Before long her heavy set husband moved behind her, and, firmly grasping her hips, he began sliding her up and down on her giant phallus, burying it deep within her body, thus presenting her to the crowd to witness her fucking on this most bizarre and diabolical see-saw.

"Look at her!" He addressed the villagers, angrily, "Look at the unfaithful little whore! See that huge cock going inside her? Fucking her? This is what the cheating bitch has been doing behind my back! Fucking other men! Well let's see how her greedy little cunt likes sliding up and down this cock!"

With wet sucking sounds accompanying her steady progress up and down the shiny wet shaft she moaned loudly, the crowd laughing and taunting her, yelling out how unfaithful wives like her deserved such punishment, evidently enjoying her total humiliation. The poor thing could only endure it as her husband began sliding her up and down with ever increasing vigour, angrily fucking her with that torturous pole as she panted and moaned aloud. Moving in close, the angry husband spoke to her as she was fucked by it, words I could not hear, but, by his demeanor I imagined, a harshly spoken chastisement.

Bravely riding up and down upon her pole, she bore her punishment, humiliatingly taken by the huge phallus before us all.

Her wonderful little titties jiggled and bounced lewdly, he was working her up and down so fast, the design of the contraption proving an excellent device to punish her thus.

Despite the huge girth of the phallus, before long it became obvious that far from her milking it, the phallus was milking her!

Her bald cunny began to dribble, milky drools of her could be seen escaping the tight embrace of her cunny about the pole, the copious slimey exudations soon coursing down the glistening wet shaft and saturating the earth. Each time she slid down it was obvious that her exposed nub of pleasure was being greatly stimulated as it rubbed firmly against the slippery pole. She quivered and moaned with the unexpected pleasure of it. His hands on her hips, the blacksmith crouched down behind her, still driving her up and down on it, peering up between the cheeks of her glorious arse, intrigued at how much of her milky fluids leaked from her cunny!

He grew ever more irate when she soon began to cry out loud, mercifully no longer in pain, but now with the obvious signs of her wanton lustfulness. She cried out with delight, despite the dreadful dilation of her cunny around the pole, grunting and gasping with the force of her fucking, her face showing all the signs of her womanly rapture. More and more of her creamy fluids were milked from her by the pole as she was forcibly fucked upon it.

The harsh words her husband spoke did nothing to quell the torrent of juices that flowed freely from her. Soon, spinning her around, such that she then faced him, he presented her rear to the crowd, showing us the wonderful sight of her arse with her huge pole repeatedly disappearing right up inside her! Each time it reappeared the luscious wet lips of her womanhood, unwilling to relinquish

her wooden lover, gripped it tightly, a tube formed of her clinging cunny lips, stretched from her body like a fleshy scabbard for this bluntest of swords. Such was the elongation of her womanly flesh each time she was raised upward upon the pole, it seemed she wouldst surely be turned inside out by it!

The whole of the phallus and ground below became ever more saturated, thus exposing her lewd and traitorous nature as she took her pleasure, even upon this huge inanimate phallus. Faster and faster he worked her up and down, her long tresses flying, her eyes turned to the heavens, her mouth open in silent supplication as she became totally lost to her inordinate carnal passions.

At this, a hush descended upon the crowd, the village square silent, save for the rhythmic creaking of the contraption and the loud squelching sounds of her voracious and welcoming cunt upon the wooden shaft. She convulsed, once, twice, three times, more- paroxysms of pure pleasure as a primal, guttural, barely human sound, an unbidden groan was forced from deep inside her, escaping her lips like a roar!

What glorious sight was she to behold, as she writhed about helplessly in her ecstasies upon her fake phallus, the abandoned jerking of her hips and greedily clenching cunny vainly milking this most wonderful wooden weapon as doubtless she had her young lover.

The crowd cheered loudly at this, for the fine and wonderful spectacle, her complete possession by the pole, I was told, was a sight rarely seen. Assuming this to be the end of it I felt a tinge of sadness that it was all over so soon. My heart leapt when I realised my assumption was premature as her irate husband afforded her no quarter, not even during the most intense throes of her passion did he even pause, driving that diabolically thick phallus deep inside her evidently rather too willing cunt!

Despite this harsh and cruel treatment of her I felt a tinge of sorrow for her husband, for even this most terrifying phallus was no match for her lustful femininity, her greedy cunt now wantonly taking her womanly pleasure upon it. 'How could he ever hope to satisfy her?' Thought I, observing her glide so easily, so very wetly up and down her wooden cock. Like the mouth of a starving woman, her gluttonous cunny consumed the substantial and evidently agreeable repast, repeatedly engulfing it inside herself with inordinate relish.

Time and time again she cried out like that, the blacksmith working her robustly up and down upon her pole, her eagerly accepting cunt relishing the vast thickness and, despite herself, readily making her reach the climax of her passion over and over again until, eventually satiated, she was begging her heartless husband to stop.

It truly was a marvelously erotic sight to behold and when the blacksmith, exhausted and sweating from his efforts, had done, other ready volunteers took up the mantle and, despite her desperate pleas for mercy, her bizarre punishment continued. The stout menfolk took turns fucking her upon her pole, faster and faster, the girl madly riding up and down as if on a runaway steed, noisily succumbing to her unbidden passions all the while.

Alarmingly, her pole was causing such extraordinary passions in her such that I feared how much more she could withstand. Despite herself, her body cruelly betrayed her; taking it's pleasure time and time again throughout the afternoon until the unfortunate girl was so exhausted it seemed she was barely conscious.

Still showing her no mercy, the girl now hanging limply, they still bounced her vigorously up and down on her pole, the huge shaft, still slippery from her copious womanly juices, repeatedly buried deep inside her magnificently hospitable young body. But for her heavy panting and the loud, passionate cries and convulsions of her womanly passion, repeatedly wrenched from her reluctant young body, otherwise it seemed she was in a dead faint.

Finally, with the fading light, and after her countless rides to heaven, it seemed her punishment was done and she was left alone with her pole still buried deep inside her. For many minutes still, her body kept twitching and jerking, involuntary spasms racking her body, her hips writhing as if still seeking pleasure upon her mock phallus.

Then, much excited by the afternoon's proceedings, the village folk hurried away, as usual, to slake their lusts upon one another.

I retired to the Inn and secured lodgings for the night before sampling the fine ales of the establishment in the company of the friendly village folk. Much merriment ensued and my day ended in good spirits and the services of a sweet, buxom young lady by the name of Gwendolyn, who took me outside before we retired. She, being much excited by the day's spectacle, said she wished for a final glimpse of the errant wife. In the darkness that had fallen we found the girl whimpering and moaning and as my eyes grew accustomed to the dark, the source of her utterings became apparent.

Still inescapably mounted upon the deeply ensconced phallus, yet more indignity was bestowed upon the luckless girl. With her legs kicking in her hopeless struggles, several village hounds excitedly licked the slimy exudations from her hairless cunt and still protruding nub, the juice of her lust evidently most agreeable to the excited dog's. Gwendolyn bade me watch as she approached the girl, who, in the faint light from the Inn I could see, looked at her beseechingly. "Please?" Said she. "Help me?"

Gwendolyn, smiling wickedly, turned to face me and, grabbing her waist, began to slide the guilty girl up and down her pole again. Slowly she did it, so slowly that the dog's were undeterred from their attention to her gooey cunny, soft cries escaping her lips. As my Gwendolyn worked her up and down, I caught a most wicked glint in her eyes as she whispered softly in the mischievous girl's ear, such that I could not catch what was said. Whatever it was it did not take long before, once again, the girl cried out helplessly from the tireless ministrations of the many hounds and another healthy ride to heaven upon her sturdy wooden phallus!

My curiosity much piqued, I asked what she had said to the girl. She smiled and said "I told her that she was a dirty little whore for taking her pleasure on that huge wooden cock! But what made her lose control of herself again was telling her that I was going to keep telling her husband that she'd been unfaithful to him so she'd be mounted on the pole whenever I so choose! I think she likes my idea!"

"What a wonderfully wicked girl you are Gwendolyn!" I mockingly chided, intrigued at the thought of her repeatedly having the girl fucked upon the pole for all to see.

At this we made haste to my room and we, passions inflamed at what she had done, fell upon me and urged me to fuck her hard and fast till our lust was sated.

The following morning I woke early and went out to the green, half expecting to find the wayward blacksmith's wife still atop her pole. I was much pleased to see that she had been released from the contraption, for, had she remained upon it much longer, such would be the expansion of her womanhood that no man could find pleasure there again. Curious, I inspected the still slimy phallus that she had spent so much time bravely accommodating. A ragged ring of her thick, congealed cunny juice revealed just how deep the thing had been inside her, a full half cubit down the shaft, shocking me again that she had found such pleasure upon its immense dimensions!

Being in no hurry, I stayed another few days at the Inn, with Gwendolyn lustfully keeping me company in and out of the bedroom. When I had determined I must continue my travels, the next morning I arose, refreshed and ready to continue the journey. After a hearty breakfast I packed my bag and bade my sweet fuckstress farewell.

Upon reaching the end of the village, to my great surprise, there stood the young blacksmith's wife,

dressed in a long blue gown, talking to another young woman, looking a little weary but otherwise little the worse for her ordeal. Sadly for him, such was her appetite, I much feared her public disgrace had done little to cool her ardour. She smiled sweetly at me, with a wicked glint in her eye, and blushing slightly she quickly scuttled past me. One could only hope, for his sake, duly chastened by her ignominious impalement upon that enormous wooden cock. But, for my part I harboured a hope that Gwendolyn might carry out her threat, that she should be made to suffer the indignity of it again! Along with most of the village I cogitated, for both men and women had seemed curiously eager to bear witness to her delightful punishment!

Sadly I was not to witness this particular punishment of her again, but passing through the village later that year I learned that the jealous blacksmith would frequently decide that his beautiful wife had been unfaithful and would have her thus most rightly punished again. Upon meeting up with her, I was told by Gwendolyn, that she was to be punished in a different way and she urged me to make haste for, said she excitedly "You wouldn't want to miss it."

Making our way to the village square, the preparations were well under way and we found the pretty young wife already being securely fastened to a wooden frame that held her down on her hands and knees, with her legs spread very wide apart, her jealous husband directing the proceedings. Her glorious cunny was again perfectly plucked and glistening wet in the sunlight, the luscious pink lips peeled open with the spread of her legs. Sweet Gwendolyn, bidding me to take a closer look, took my hand and guided me through the milling throng around in front of the hapless girl. This time she seemed curiously resigned to whatever punishment her husband was about to administer, looking up with a slightly embarrassed smile as we approached.

Gwendolyn asked the girl what she was supposed to have done this time, she explaining that her husband, insanely jealous, had once again accused her of betraying him once more. "But, I shall bear it," said she, smiling "for it is my husband's duty to mete out punishment to me should I dare to sin." Gwendolyn smiled knowingly at the girl and led me by the hand to an excellent vantage point at her right flank.

Soon the blacksmith arrived with a bucket of unguent, setting it down between her feet. Once again he regaled the gathered villagers with tales of her infidelities. It almost seemed, as if a much rehearsed speech, this time with no emotion or angst. She too offered no counter to his accusations; simply accepting her fate.

Gwendolyn told me that the girl had become so enamored with her public fuckings that she would oftentimes falsely 'confess' to the blacksmith such that he would be thus compelled to have her punished again! Such was her lustful appetite, it seems, only by such means could her inordinate womanly lust be satisfied!

To further convey the scene, an excellent woodcarving by Sir Coursheval portrayed the contraption being put to such use, complete with the massive phallus entering the greedy young wench.

Continuing my journeys I followed the route to find them meeting out a similar tonic to the previously discovered village whore. In a forest clearing I came upon another raucous, drunken crowd, gathered about the loveliest of creatures, a sweet young thing of fifteen years. Here, she was strapped, completely naked, to a strange contraption, a fine and sturdy ancient wooden frame, on her elbows and knees with her long slim legs spread very wide apart, presenting her enticing young hindquarters, like a bitch in heat, to the villagers amorous hounds, one of which was noisily feasting upon her thus rudely exposed cunny. A wide bowl was placed between her legs, perplexing me as to its purpose.

Soon the dog was pulled from the whimpering girl, and from where I stood and the position she was

bound it appeared that, here too, her glistening wet mound of Venus was similarly unadorned with her natural womanly fleece. Upon enquiry, I gleaned from one of the crowd that here it was done for very different reasons to the punished wife; "It is the custom to pluck out all the cunny hair first, for" said he "it is the sign of her sacrifice. She will henceforth keep herself free of that womanly adornment until she is betrothed, proud to be seen naked at every opportunity and display the mark of her sacrifice."

Pondering upon this I resolved to further my comprehension, as any worthy scholar should. Upon closer scrutiny, I found her velvety smooth, pink wet cunny a most enticing sight, she being completely without her natural curls, thus delightfully revealing her inner sanctum to us all. Without so much as the slightest wisp to obscure, the essence of her femininity could clearly be seen, welling up and steadily dripping into the bowl from her thus lewdly displayed honeypot, the little tight hole and glistening wet lips a most stimulating and enchanting sight to behold.

The assembled crowd then allowed a succession of clamouring hounds to mount the helpless girl, laughing at her useless cries of distress, and later, the lascivious writhing of her hips as she was repeatedly brought close, almost to the climax of her union with each beast in turn. Such exquisite beauty surely seemed wasted on the beast's but nonetheless they too were captivated by her feminine charms, for not one of the eager animals needed the slightest encouragement to mount her.

After watching awhile I was minded to set her free but she refused, saying that her kin were amongst the mob, "And" said she, gasping breathlessly, "it is the fifteenth celebration of the day of my birth, so I must be given to the village hounds in sacrifice; the first born girl of each family must be put to the dog's upon reaching womanhood, that we may bestow fertility upon our village."

Wondering at this acceptance it seemed this strange trial was not proving too undue sacrifice for her. But it would seem to be a successful ritual, for 9 months after each of these sacrifices I was told a new crop of children invariably arrived. Although one can't help but cogitate that the debauchery that followed these sacrifices may have had more to do with it!

The pretty young girl soon seemed under some kind of an enchantment such was her besottedness with these inhuman couplings. Selflessly sacrificing herself, each animal would mount and tie with her, pumping its seed inside her all the while, until finally she was released from its knot. A thin stream of its seed would pour into the bowl from her pretty little honeypot while she waited excitedly for the next of her canine paramours, eagerly now accepting these unnatural copulations with her.

After she had already been put to at least 8 of these beasts, a hush fell upon the crowd, and into the clearing appeared a stout weasley-looking fellow. It was all but he could do to contain the massive hound that accompanied him, for it tugged impatiently at its leash, growling and slathering at the mouth, in its eagerness to get at her.

The poor young girl looked around, shuddering in terror as the huge, fearsome beast approached her hopelessly exposed hindquarters, crying out in fear, "No! no! please? Papa?" She beseeched her father, but to no avail and the obvious amusement of the drunken rabble. No match for her, either in species or size, the beast was obviously much too large for her; more than twice her weight, at least 2cwt of solid canine flesh and bone.

The monstrous hound knew what was required of him and with her legs held so very wide apart there was nothing she could do to stop the impending copulation with her. The sturdy wooden frame did an excellent job of securely holding her in place for it, far safer for her, I cogitated, than being injured in her desperation to thwart the rampant beast. Still she struggled in panic but the straps

held fast; there was nothing she could do about it. Within seconds he was upon her, the huge rapacious hound desperate to plant its seed inside her with its massive fearsome appendage. She screamed; once, twice, three times and the great beast, too large though it was, took possession of her completely; the poor young thing had been impaled by the grotesque thickness of its ugly great weapon!

Wishing to gain a better view I moved in closer and could see that the bright red extremely thick shaft, glistening with her wetness, was being buried to the swollen knot as the animal strove to complete the bestial coupling. Less than half a cubit long, it was the massive thickness of the weapon that would surely test her more than its length. The tiny lips of her cunny already seemed as stretched as far as possible.

The beast was pounding itself inside the poor sacrificial lamb when suddenly, it gave an extra jump and the fearsome knot at the base of its extraordinary weapon, easily half a cubit about, was forced inside her. She yelped out loud as he completed his bestial occupation of her, then fell silent save for her breathless gasps for air, fully impaled upon its massive appendage!

As with the blacksmith's wife I marveled at the astonishing capacity of their womanhoods to accommodate such enormous weapons inside their seemingly delicate young bodies. What a delightfully obscene sight she was to behold with the beast now completely within her!

"T'will get bigger yet!" Slurred the excited, drunken woman crouching beside me, holding the hounds tail aside such that we might better see her cunny bulge as the huge knot continued to further expand once completely buried inside her.

It was plain for all to see that her cunny could no longer stretch wide enough to allow it out; she was inescapably stuck upon his huge member for as long as it took.

"No! No! No!" She cried out desperately, "Please get it out of me?" much to the amusement of the crowd, as the beast, gripping her tightly around her tiny waist, then set about her with gusto. Her little titties jiggled wildly back and forth with the violent pounding of the hound, battering her slim young body in its vile attempts to impregnate her, the poor young girl crying out all the while in shock and anguish. Despite her protests, the tiny teats of her jiggling breasts were stiffly erect, much like her leaking cunny, her body intent on betraying her undeniable wantonness!

"No! I can't take it, please?" She begged hopelessly. I couldn't help but wonder what kind of foul beast she would bear from this bestial union should their congress be fruitful.

I found myself rooted to the spot, bearing witness to this most public, bestial rape of the lovely young girl. Whilst minded again to help her, I was transfixed, mesmerised at the sight of her thus. Contrasted by the ugliness of the beast inside her, the exquisite beauty of her was emphasised all the more. I knew too, that knotted and impaled upon its giant cock as she was, there was nothing more to be done for her; the huge hound would surely have it's way with her no matter what.

"See how he's milking her?" Observed the woman, "She likes it! His huge cock is really making her cream!" It was true, for despite her protestations, her milky juices were streaming from her, a mixture of her juices and the beasts semen gathering in the bowl between her legs..

I know not how they came to have their daughters sacrificed thus, but they seemed to take much delight in her suffering this most bizarre and unorthodox of sacrifices, many of them cheering her, revelling in seeing the look upon her face with that disgusting, most terrible weapon pummeling away inside her! I could only hope that her sacrifice was one worth making.

Entranced as I was by the most glorious view of her writhing hindquarters, I eventually walked around so that I could see her sweet, innocent young face, dwarfed by the ugly great head of the

wild eyed beast beside hers. Her countenance was a picture of beauty despite the look of panic as the loathsome great beast drove itself powerfully back and forth inside her.

She seemed to look straight at me imploringly, as if in shock, desperately crying out "No! No! No! Please?" But I surely knew there was no saving her; she was to be completely possessed by the huge, merciless animal. I held her gaze as she looked me in the eyes with the dog's immense pizzle inside her. Never before had I witnessed such a moment of utterly erotic beauty, to see the look in her eyes as she was fucked by the hound!

There was nothing I could do but watch her as her pleas fell upon many deaf ears, not least mine. But, much impressed at her fortitude, bravely she struggled to withstand the terrible trial, her beautiful, innocent young face contorted in anguish from her ordeal upon the beast's hideous great weapon.

For many minutes, unheeding of her cries, this spectacle amused the excited bunch until, never noticing it happen, her song changed; the tune of her cries no longer those of her distress. The longer it went on it became plain to see that all control of her body had forsaken her; she was now completely defeated. It seemed she had completely surrendered herself to the beast, panting and moaning splendidly in her rapture with that huge great thing up inside her. Now driven inexorably towards the crescendo of her rapture, her eyes widened in fear that her feminine passions would completely overwhelm her. Helplessly she was taken to the brink by the furiously fucking hound, he, heedless of her impending crisis, until she finally succumbed to the beast, repeatedly crying out at the pinnacle of her pleasure, the sweet cries of her womanly delight ringing loudly throughout the glade.

The beast, undeterred by her loud cries and uncontrollable shudders of delight, kept on at her; a look of absolute shock and surprise upon her face at what had just happened. It seems, we had all just witnessed the very moment she had first reached the height of her womanly passion as she was put to the huge hound. Her countenance did little to hide her shock that such extraordinary pleasure could be imposed upon her by such a beast as it continued to pump itself into her with rapid, forceful thrusts.

Her gaze met mine again, a curious, rapturous pleading with her eyes, burning into my soul. Was this her shame? Knowing that we had all seen her having her very first womanly ecstasy? Knowing that it had been taken so easily from her; publicly given to the rapacious hound as its enormous appendage was being driven mercilessly back and forth inside her. Was her sacred and ultimate surrender to her true love given away so lightly to the beast? Was it just part of the sacrifice she was to bear?

With no respite from its thrusting monster of a cock, she had little time to prepare for the next magnificent shock of womanly ecstasy, the paradoxically, now strangely pleasurable sacrifice quickly consuming her yet again. Wondering at the rapture upon her face I cogitated what miracle of nature had overtaken her so. From the desperate cries of distress to the sweet cries of ecstasy, she was transported by the beast. With her features a blur, such was the pace of the animal, her eyes opened, and, as if in a trance, she looked right at me. Inexplicably, her eyes were drawn to me, gazing with burning passion, never leaving mine, even as she cried and shuddered each and every time she was consumed with her passions upon the fleshy canine monstrosity within her.

Soon, the man who had brought the beast to her, knelt before her and she, jerking with the thrusting of the monster inside her, turned her eyes to him.

"Feel it Lily! Feel him taking you to heaven upon his huge great thing?" He said.

"Oh Papa, he's making me do it again, I can't stop myself!" She cried, in the throes of her passion.

“Yes Lily, that means your womanhood is doing what it’s designed to; there will be no stopping it! You must endure your feminine ecstasies till he’s done!” He said, evidently most excited at seeing her thus enraptured by the hound.

As I watched her gaze into this man’s eyes I realised that he was her father, the very one who was having her put to the rapacious beast! Her father was evidently much delighted that his daughter was afforded such extraordinary womanly pleasure from the wildly copulating hound.

“Oh Papa, I can’t! I can’t! Oh no! Aaaghhh!” She cried out as she was convulsed again with her passions.

This was to happen many more times as she desperately cried out with these unbidden paroxysms of womanly passion, such violent shocks of intense pleasure jolted her body so alarmingly I began to gravely concern for her, and, knowing there was no stopping the wildly copulating hound, I feared how much more the poor young thing could bear.

For the second time in as many days I witnessed this curiously fascinating phenomenon; the ability to relieve them of all control over their womanly passions. It was truly a wondrous spectacle to witness, the complete incapability of these young women to resist their feminine rapture, their bodies betraying them time and time again while inescapably mounted upon their enormous phalluses.

What sweet agony this must be for her, thought I, to be consumed with such pleasure upon the huge pizzle of the hound, and knowing not whence it might end. For unlike the other hounds, this beast was blessed, not only with it’s huge member but prodigious stamina and endurance, no doubt to the dismay of the poor young girl and my heartfelt pity for her.

Untrammelled by such solicitude the crowd all watched, enthralled, the beast tirelessly fucking her, on and on until, to the evident amusement of the crowd, she desperately cried out,

“Oh please? No more! Please Papa, help me? I can’t take any more... Oh no, he’s making me do it again! I can’t...Aaaagh! Aaaagh!”

Evidently her fucking by the hound’s massive pizzle was inordinately agreeable to her inexperienced young body if not her mind, as it violently consumed her against her will once again! It seemed that having experienced her first journey to heaven her body had taken over, intent upon affording her as much of this unaccustomed pleasure as possible, regardless of what she wanted!

“Hush now child, your passions will do you no harm, and besides” said her father, “remember, there is no stopping this until he has seeded you. The sacrifice only requires that you receive the life force from his mighty pizzle, your raptures are of no concern, you must simply bear it till he’s done, no matter how many times he makes you!”

His words only seemed to make it worse for her, to be told, while in the most intense throes of her passion, that her pleasure was of no consequence either way! Her father was telling her that no matter how many times she was to be consumed she would simply have to endure it!

With that realisation she gazed at him with dismay, but this knowledge only seemed to further fuel the fire of her body’s betrayal, with the most vivid display of her womanly passion yet, as it once again overwhelmed her.

“No please Papa, I can’t do it, I can’t! Aaaghhh! Ohhhh!” She cried out as this most acute, unstoppable crisis just went on and on, much longer than I have ever seen before. “No! Oh please stop! Oh God, please help me?”

And so it continued, the longer the beast fucked her, her visits to heaven grew ever more protracted.

From a few seconds at the start she was now lost in her ecstasy for nearly a minute at a time, writhing, convulsing and groaning in her ecstasy upon her fleshy sacrificial sword until it was over and she returned, ever more breathless and exhausted, desperately trying to recover from the overwhelming shocks of her womanly pleasure before she was taken yet again.

Each time her passion overwhelmed her like this she begged for mercy but the beast, consumed by its own needs, took her to heaven regardless. Her body thus betrayed her, far too many times to count until, finally, mercifully he too reached his peak. Her countenance was picture as the beast finally ceased his thrusting and began to sow its seed inside her, for it was plain to all that she could feel it, filling her cunny to bursting, for not a single drop escaped her.

Once it had finished pumping the first of its seed inside her it was only too apparent that it was unable to release her from its giant knot, she being tied to the beast for nearly half an hour in this most bizarre and bestial union. The panting beast waited patiently, covering her completely with its huge body, its massive appendage stuck inside her and spurting its canine ejaculate into her womb all the while. The beast almost looked proud, wearing the winsome young woman upon his magnificent member like some strange conquestorial trophy. She was forced to accept more and more of its seed inside her until I feared she must surely burst.

After some time the beast began to grow impatient, trying to extricate itself from her little cunny. It cocked its leg over her and turned around, facing away from her, the thick and sinewy root of the shaft pulling upon the knot inside her. The poor thing cried out in pain as it tried to pull out, her cunny becoming ever more distended as the huge veiny knot began to appear.

"No! No! Please? Leave him inside me, I can't..

Ow! Ow! Ow!" She cried as the massive red knot stretched her ever wider, her cunny bulging out terribly until she must surely have feared for her life. Slowly but inexorably it came out, the knot of the thing, easily the size of a man's clenched fist, grossly distending the ever widening hole twixt her slender, trembling thighs. Suddenly, with a weak cry, she finally opened wide enough to allow it to pass from her body.

In that instant great spurts of its canine essence issued forth under great pressure. Several of the onlookers, eager to witness the spectacle of the massive knot coming out of her, were sprayed in the face with its semen! The rest of the enormous, engorged weapon slid out, with a loud sucking sound and finally unplugged her sorely distended cunny with one last weakened cry from her. She remained there panting and moaning, with tears in her eyes, as more and more of its seed bubbled and dribbled out of her, a large pool of every one of the hounds semen collected in the waiting bowl.

The hounds' massive veiny appendage hung down, still fully engorged. So large was it that I could only stare in disbelief, truly astonished that she had managed to take the whole of it inside her slender young body. A loud cheer rang out amongst the crowd at the completion of her trial, the drunken mob clapping in appreciation of her sacrifice. Marvelling at God's design, I found it odd that this, curiously most fitting test of her womanhood was on her hands and knees upon the mighty pizzle of this enormous dog.

With the unholy coupling now complete, the satisfied hound was led away by its master. Satisfied that the girl had released as much of the canine ejaculate as she was going to, the woman took the bowl from between her legs, poured the watery seed into a fancy cup and presented it to the girl that she must imbibe all of the canine essence.

With the crowd cheering, she, wide eyed, reluctantly opened her mouth as the woman fed it to her! There was a hush as we all watched her gulp once, twice, three times and the cup was emptied.

Barely a drop had escaped her, for what hadn't been consumed by her, hopefully fertile, young cunny she had bravely swallowed. And with that, she promptly puked it all up again, the sticky mess quickly swallowed up by the earth. The assembled villagers cheered again, as the huge dog was soon brought back to her, for it was to transpire that failing to imbibe all of its seed she was to be put to the creature again!

"No, no, no!" Cried she, as the quickly recovering hound was set free and hastily mounted her again, his ever expanding pizzle finding her delightfully expansive young cunny with practiced ease and impaled her to the root! The sight of her thus still enthralled the crowd as she gasped and moaned with the vigorous fucking by the hound. Only this time, she was fully aware of the beast's prodigious stamina and the incessant ecstasy she knew she was simply unable to prevent! I cogitated that having planted his seed in her already the beast would surely take longer still this time?

I was not proven mistaken, for the beast went at her with equal gusto much longer than before, with the crowd taking turns to view her rear end, discussing her plight as the beast drove his enormous pizzle back and forth inside her. Soon she cried out in ecstasy again, her flight to heaven spurred on, I'm sure, by the words of the villagers, taking great pleasure in informing her that they'd witnessed this dog before and that she'd be stuck on his cock for nearly an hour before he would release her! The girl obviously knew what that meant for her and, despite herself, it tipped her over the edge, further cries of womanly ecstasy escaping her lips. On and on she was fucked like that, with countless peaks of ecstasy throughout the afternoon. So long did her trial continue that she was in a state of delirium when the hound finally finished planting his seed again and she knelt there, panting in exhaustion for over half an hour for the hound to finally release her from its giant pizzle. With the spectacle finally over, the crowd slowly dispersed.

Only when the excitable woman that had enlightened me about the hounds knot and the girl's father remained did I realise that the drunken woman was actually her mother! They seemed in no great rush to release their daughter, her mother casually observing the gathering flies upon her slimy wet cunny, the hole still gaping open from the girth of the hound. She watched in fascination as several flies made their way inside her as the panting girl shuddered but waited patiently. Her mother flicked away the flies and carefully inspected the girl's dripping hole before releasing her, as if this bizarre spectacle was an everyday occurrence.

Her father cheerfully conversed with me whilst she was released from her bonds. He told me, with inordinate enthusiasm, that the village elders had insisted that Lily, for that was her given name, his only daughter, be the first of his village to be put to the newly acquired hound. "For" said he excitedly, "they say, 'Tis of scant sacrifice when half the village girls are discovered in the woods, freely coupling with the hounds', and" he continued proudly "It is said that this hound is a most befitting sacrifice as it's fearsome pizzle will prove a most arduous test for any woman. Young Lily has made us very proud!"

Evidently, his fair daughter was not the first to have been put to the giant hound, and judging by the specially made frame, this strange, sacrificial coupling with the beasts, a common practice in the district.

The mother, having untrussed the girl, helped her to stand, copious amounts of the beast's fluids coursing from her and splattering noisily on the earth as she turned, stretching her stiff limbs like a dancer, to face her father and I. Standing naked before us, still breathing heavily and trembling, exhausted from her exertions, I could see she was still dripping the watery seed. She followed my gaze to the growing puddle between her feet and a shy, slightly embarrassed smile broke upon her delightful face as I caught her eye again.

Still marveling at the girl's extraordinary capabilities I remarked to her father upon the size of the hounds weapon; "That thing must have been the size of a man's fist! How did she take that inside her?" Said I. His face broke into a slow toothy smile and he turned to look at her..

"Let's see, shall we?" said he, bidding her to kneel back on the frame again. She, curious, did as she was told, watching as he placed her legs on the padded leather in the same position as before and fastened the straps around her legs. Her mother went to her front and strapped her arms back in position. "Not much longer now Lily, your father has an idea." said she, before returning to watch her husband.

Using the dregs of the slime in the bowl he wetted his hand, pressed his fingers together and pushed his fingers and thumb into her!

Ideally positioned for it, her well prepared, slimy wet cunny accepted ever more of his sizable hand.

"Ah! Ah! No more papa? Please?" She cried, her delicious hindquarters wriggling from side to side, vainly trying to dislodge him.

"Refuse me not girl- take it! Open your cunny like a grown woman; take it, let me in!"

"Oh no! Ooh! Aghh!" She cried, eventually swallowing his entire hand to the wrist!

"S'Good girl Lily, good girl!" Slurred her intoxicated mother. "Look down betwixt your legs, see how you've taken Papa's fist inside you!"

Bravely the girl looked down at the juncture where her father's thick, hairy wrist could be seen entering into her small, delicate young body.

With one hand on her widespread arse cheeks her father steadied himself, pulling his hand back before pressing it back inside her, slowly fucking her with his clenched fist. She craned her head further down, watching and whimpering as he pulled his fist further and further out, her hairless little cunny bulging obscenely, the lips stretched tight around the girth of his clenched fist. He held it there with her straining cunny at full stretch so she could see just how wide he'd stretched her, then plunged it back inside her, then out, fucking her with his fully clenched fist, opening her wide every time it passed in and out of her body. Globes of her creamy fluids began to gather in a ring around his wrist and splattered from her pussy as his daughter once again succumbed to her womanly passion.

I marvelled at the glorious sight of her being fucked so. Her sacrifice had truly turned her into a woman; a woman with a child bearing cunny!

Entrancing as this view of her rear was, I again moved to her head, where she remained, looking between her legs, transfixed at the sight of her father's large hairy fist, dripping with her juices, being plunged in and out of her. Interrupting her, I bade her look at me, whereupon her eyes met mine, smouldering with such passion that I knew it was only a matter of time before she was to be rendered helpless to her womanly passions once again. I watched the tiny flicker of her eyelids, she wincing slightly in discomfort as she was dilated by the passing in and out of her body by his bulky fist. But soon, despite this, her eyes glazed as she stared deep into my eyes.

"Oh God! Please? I can't .. I can't stop it! Ohhhhh! Aaagh!" She cried in ecstasy, again repeatedly lost to her passions for nearly half an hour with her father's hand inside her, whimpering and moaning with her inordinate womanly pleasure. Watching her, spread out helpless upon her hands and knees with her own father ravaging her like this, her mother's eyes focused on her widespread cunt, I thought to myself this bizarre copulation was as strange as that with the dog's!

Her still mercifully abundant feminine fluids flowed from her, the slimy secretion amply lubricating his fists passage and making loud slurping, sucking sounds. I knew from her time with the hound

that she was utterly helpless; completely at the mercy of what or whoever was fucking her. She would be sent to heaven, over and over for as long as it took!

Her father delighted in pleasing her thus, gleefully exchanging glances with me whenever he caught my eye. Eventually, his arm no doubt tired, he finally withdrew his fist from her dripping cunny and her mother, who'd been watching her pussy in fascination, finally moved to release her young daughter again. She was so exhausted that she needed a little help to stand after the hours she'd been on her knees.

I drank in the utterly alluring sight of her slender form, her small pert titties, the little pointed teats still fiercely erect, her narrow waist and shapely womanly hips. She seemed to glow; her whole body shiny, her dark curly locks damp with the labours of her bestial trials. She was quite beautiful despite the slimy fluids glistening on her belly and running down her thighs.

Even the red scratch marks around her hips from their claw's were strangely appealing, for curiously, the fact that she'd been put to the dogs only served to enhance her feminine appeal; she seemed all the more beautiful for it.

Despite the lack of hair betwixt her legs, the mark of her sacrifice, I opined that it would be a most fortunate man that would be her betrothed, for her wide hips and gloriously flexible cunny would no doubt bear him a wealth of healthy children.

Cogitating upon her father's words, a befitting sacrifice or no, I couldn't help but think that young Lily's sacrifice may not have been quite the tribulation intended! For, despite her pleas and distress at the very start of their congress, there was no disguising the fact that it had afforded her great pleasure with the amount of times it had brought her to such peaks of rapture, the likes of which I have never witnessed before. From never having experienced her womanly rapture before, we were all witness to her being sent to heaven more times that afternoon than most women do in a year! And, save for a few claw scratches and a little embarrassment, her sacrifice seemed to have left her none the worse for the ordeal. Eschewing the proffered robe, the girl chattered excitedly to her parents as she walked naked and unashamed from the clearing with them, happy, nay proud, it seemed for everyone to know that she had sacrificed herself so.

I was minded to follow them further but this business with the hound's seemed unholy so I left them to their strange customs. Strange or not, here too, Lionel made sure his text was illustrated with a detailed woodcut of this 'Unholy bestiality.'

Sir Lionel went on to write 'I was later to discover that this weird custom had come about by a strange translation error within the scrolls of that district, with the true exhortation for the sacrifice being to put the first born girls to death upon reaching womanhood. By mistake or design, somehow the word 'death' was mistaken for 'dogs', with countless young girls' lives, it seems, saved by the errant, if somewhat perverse translator.'

The End.