

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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It is amazing what the human body is capable of. Given the right set of circumstances, it will adapt to many things. Take Linda, for instance. Who would have thought that she would eventually accommodate a horse's cock? Who would have thought that her slight body would be able to allow something the size of her arm to slip into her body and fuck her until it shot copious amounts of Jizz into her at such force that it filled her womb and made her belly distend? Who would have thought that she would ever be able to take a fully-grown Rottweiler in the arse and then swallow the whole ten inches of him while sucking down his cum without spilling a drop? If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I wouldn't believe it and even now, after watching her do these wondrous feats of human rapaciousness, I still find it difficult to believe.

At eighteen, Linda had been so small in stature. Her tits hadn't begun to fill out much more than pimples that would have looked underdeveloped on a twelve-year-old. Her snatch had the downy fuzz of a young girl, and she was virtually hairless everywhere except her head, which had a shock of carrot-colored and shapeless hair on it. She and I started going out then, but she was so scared of losing her virginity and getting pregnant that it soon fell flat. We split up and went in different directions. I left home for University, studying law, while Linda went to college and further education. She had always had this affinity with animals, so I suppose she naturally decided to go into farming, particularly Animal Husbandry, Whatever that means. So, our spheres of life never crossed. We said our goodbyes and parted friends. That is until we met again.

My career had gone from strength to strength, rising through the ranks at an unprecedented rate. Luck played a major part in my development. Somehow, the right cases landed at my office doorstep. Prestigious affairs, that carried headlines and created citable rules and precedents for future generations of Lawyers, fell regularly into my lap. Money, which had always been a bane as a child because of its scarcity, was now no more than a luxurious hindrance. Money presents problems, but it can also get you out of it. I had married and divorced twice. No children were produced, thankfully. Neither wife managed to get anything from me because I had engineered grounds for divorce, claiming adultery in both cases. The right photo manipulator and a couple of grand can make some pretty damning evidence.

At thirty-four, I was loose and fancy-free. My workload had decreased to a level where I only went to the office once or twice a week, leaving the dross of cases to my employees. I could pick and choose the cases I took on, and the background legwork for each case was left to the foot soldiers.

It was a Monday when it landed on my desk. I was looking at the Thames through my prestigious office windows. Watching the tourist launches ply their trade, stopping at 'The Tower of London' and 'HMS Belfast' so the Japanese could exercise their camera fingers. A knock on my door broke the reverie.

"I have Mrs. Reid at the desk, Sir..." Joanne's voice trickled like running water. She always sounded as if she was smiling, and she usually was. I paid her enough.

"...Says she won't speak to anyone but you. What should I do with her?"

"Do we know her?" I didn't bother with formalities like names and didn't turn.

"Don't think so, but she is pretty persistent and tells me she is an old friend."

I thought momentarily, casting through the Rolodex of my brain to see if I had any Mrs. Reid lurking in there. I couldn't recall any.

“Get rid of her. Tell her I am busy in a meeting.”

“A meeting of one, is it?” A different voice asked of my back.

“Hello, James, been a long time.”

Curiously, I turned on the axis of my heel and observed Joanne trying to hustle out the voice owner. Dark glasses hid the eyes of the newcomer and the clothes she wore didn't help at all in her identity. Raven's black hair framed a thin face, stopping at shoulder length. Her neck and upper arms were bare, supporting a gypsy style blouse that puckered over the tops of her breasts, which were free of a bra. She removed her glasses and stared back at me.

“Linda?” I recognized the eyes.

“Is that you? You look so.... different.” It sounded lame, but the transformation threw me. I had an instant picture of the thin and underdeveloped body that had been Linda the last time I saw her. Clothes hung on the picture like old brown trousers on a scarecrow, but now, Armani and Versace were possibly her ‘Aide de Couture.’ She had filled out in the right places, not in any way large, but in a cultured and sophisticated poise with bearing and confidence as its basis.

“What can I do for you? What are you doing here?” My eyes roamed over her, and she registered the fact.

“James, I need your help.” It was a simple statement but one that conveyed a note of desperation.

“You don't look like you do. Christ! You look so different, amazing!” I became aware of repeating myself.

“You had better come in; please take a seat. Joanne, please bring some refreshments.”

Joanne asked Linda what she would like as she sat in the leather Chesterfield and adjusted her jeans. Tea was arranged.

“So, what do you need my help with?” I sat opposite her, drinking in the shape of her body, which was hardly hidden in the clinging jeans she wore. Her shoes were overtly Gucci. The logo was not too discreet, advertising the make by a small metal tab on the instep. Her makeup was complimentary to her complexion. The glossed black hair added to her demeanor of wealth and well-being.

“It's a long story, James. I would prefer we did this over lunch, but the crux of the matter is I am about to be charged with indecent behavior as well as lewdness and bestiality. I cannot afford the scandal, much less the publicity or even being found guilty.” She blushed prettily as she spoke, but her eyes didn't waver for one second. She held me in her gaze and captivated my interest.

“I heard you were a hotshot Lawyer and didn't have too many options.”

“But these are minor charges...”

“And murder,” She interrupted me.

“I think you had better tell me all about it, Linda. Let's do lunch and see what's what.”

We passed the next hour in my office, chatting about our lives since we had seen each other. I told her of my disasters in the marriage department and gave her a synopsis of my sparkling career.

Linda told me of her college years, then spending several seasons in Rwanda teaching the locals how to farm and care for animals that largely subsisted on a quarter of the water they needed. She had two books under her belt, both of which had done very well in the limited field of her profession. She was now considered to be one of the leading exponents of Animal Husbandry and was consulted on a worldwide scale.

Later, over lunch at Ocean, a popular restaurant on Albemarle Street, she told me of her less-than-public life. I listened to her story and continued listening while we walked in Green Park and later in my little Pied-e-Terre in Chelsea. The story gave me a completely different impression of the woman telling it.

It all started while Linda was in her second year at college.

"I fell in with a group of people studying the same course. We did the usual stuff of parties, drugs, and sex. I changed a lot when I went to college. Somehow, in the middle of all that, we took our finals and I ended up with a degree. I started working with the WWW organization, and things looked fine in so much as I had an assured future. But it all started to go wrong when I married Roger two years ago. He had been on the same course as me, and we had had a thing going for a while."

"Roger and I dated. We did the usual stuff, did the usual haunts, and screwed each other silly. I fell in love with him and thought I would never be able to live without him. How wrong could I have been? Now, he is dead, and I am likely to be charged with his murder. But, I am getting ahead of myself...."

"It was at yet another party that it all happened. As I said, we were in our second year, and things were pretty crazy in those days."

"I had been drinking on and off all day; by the evening, I was well tanked and out of it. Johnny was the host for a change. He had a large flat in Camberwell. The music was loud, it always was and I felt pretty cool. Someone came up with some grass and that was that. I get out of control on Skunk and this was good gear."

"I took off most of my clothes, nothing unusual about that, we all did, and I was getting pretty engrossed with someone. You know, tongues and fondling. I was still very small then, and it was always a joke when someone said, get yer tits out, Oh! You have, I didn't notice. I didn't mind because it was funny, most of the time."

"Anyway, I was getting down and dirty, so to speak. Then, it was time to drag him upstairs. I screwed the guy, can't remember his name, but I screwed him senselessly because he flaked out, and I returned to the party. I remember it was in the middle of a discussion when I entered the living room. The rest that had stayed awake were discussing the aptitude of animals to training. I said getting a dog to do anything if trained or coaxed right was possible. What's more, I would prove it. I ordered someone to find a dog, any old dog, even one off the street."

"A dog was produced, a scruffy street urchin, as I recall. But, I got it to sit and beg and stuff like that. It must have been trained because getting the dog to learn takes time. Then someone suggested we try to get it to lick pussy instead of chasing it up trees. I guess it was a joke but never say never. I had a go."

"I must have smelled of the guy who had fucked me upstairs. Semen was still oozing from me, and the dog latched onto this immediately. A dog will always clean up after it, something that men leave to the woman. He got right at it and licked my pussy until I screamed in pleasure. That tongue took

me to places I had never been, and the audience encouraged the little dog. That went on for some time until I couldn't take any more. I was very hot by then and had experienced several crashing orgasms. At last, I pushed the animal away, but the rest of them said that it was unfair. I got all the pleasure, and he got nothing but a tongue full of me. I guess it was the mixture of wine and grass, but I had that little fellow in my mouth in no time."

"I sucked his little dick, making his balls scrunch up, and his knot expand. He shot a load into my mouth, which I spat out. It didn't taste very good. But that was my initiation to bestiality. I liked it and wanted to do it again, but I didn't get the chance. Until that is, I met Roger. Roger had been at the party and had remembered what I had done in my drug-fuelled exuberance."

"After we had got over the re-introduction stages and had learnt our way around each other's bodies and sensitivities and got married, things changed dramatically. Roger had been promising a weekend away for ages. Had I known what he had planned, I would have stayed home."

"I was taken to a farm somewhere in Buckinghamshire. As soon as I got there, I knew I was in trouble. I was blindfolded until I was grabbed, and a gag was put in my mouth. It had a ball that forced my teeth apart. My clothes were ripped from me, leather manacles were put on my wrists, and my ankles were fettered. They took the blindfold away; someone I couldn't see said I should be able to observe everything happening."

"Two women in leather harnesses took me to a room without windows. They washed me from head to toe, paying particular attention to my breasts and genitals. I can't tell you how bad those girls made me feel. I had dabbled with a woman once before but decided it wasn't for me. Anyway, they scrubbed me and then washed my vagina with a spray, pushing the nozzle into me and then flushing me through. I struggled to get free, but the manacles and gag did their job. Worse was to come. My anus was given the same treatment; a long thin hose was inserted into my rectum, and it seemed to go on forever and must have been all of two feet long. Then the water was turned on. Christ on a stick! It was the most uncomfortable sensation, and there was shit and water all over the place. I remember I cried, but it was no use. They continued until they were satisfied I was truly clean inside and out."

"I was taken to another room. It was to be my room for the duration of my stay. The woman toweled me dry and started to rub some sort of fragrant oil over my body. Again, they spent an inordinate amount of time with my tits and genital area. Their hands and fingers massaged the oil into every crack, and then one of them pushed her fingers into me. I couldn't do anything about it. She pushed harder and harder until she forced me to accept her whole hand. I thought my guts were going to explode. The bitch fist fucked me until my legs gave out."

"They took the gag out of my mouth. I must have said something because the one holding me up slapped me hard across the face. Another gag was found. This one was quite different, in the shape of a phallus. They forced my mouth open and shoved it in. It was long enough to sit at the back of my throat, making me swallow but not gag. They tied it off so that I couldn't do anything. I couldn't breathe at first. The automotive response shut off my airway. But the brain will override when oxygen is needed. Even though I had this long cock shaped thing in my throat, I started to breathe through my nose. I soon became used to it. Just as well because it stayed there for several hours. The two bitches left me alone in the room, hooked up to a pole with the dildo strapped in my mouth."

"Later, another cock shaped strap was shown to me. I had no idea what they would do with it and feared they would shove that into my mouth, but no. It was shoved into my arse, and the strap tied off so it couldn't come out again. It felt huge, and I thought my arse had been split. One of the women said that they would start small. After they tied my wrist manacles to a ring on the wall, they

left me alone again, alone in the room.”

“I lost all sense of time. My body felt ravished, and I was in pain from the fisting and this fucking great big dildo in my arse. My muscles wanted to push it out and tried for a long time, but eventually, I got used to having this thing sitting there.”

“Over a few days, I was treated the same. Every so often, they took out the butt plug, as they called it, allowed me to defecate, and then put a larger one back in. The same with the one in my mouth, but that was in smaller increments. I still cannot believe my body could learn to cope with that. By the time my training, as they called it, had been completed, my anus could accept a rubber dildo with the circumference of my fist without trying to shit it out. I had also learned to swallow a cock shaped dildo of about ten inches. I don’t sound a lot, but you look at it on the tape and then tell me it isn’t. Just try swallowing a banana and see how far you get and all the time, remembering to breathe.”

“The whip was the worst, though. Those two bitches whipped me like they enjoyed it. I have scars on my back from the flying they gave me. It will teach you respect and humility, they said. It taught me all right. It taught me to hate and to plot revenge.”

“Then suddenly, it stopped. The two bitches, as I had named them, came into the room. They untied my hands, took out the butt plug, and removed the gag. They washed me inside and out, then put some clothes on me. I wanted to throttle them, but my muscles had cramped from being immobile for so long. I did manage to kick one of them in her cunt, the bitch.”

“When they had me dressed, a blindfold was shoved over my eyes. They said that if I so much as touched it, they would flail my skin off. I believed them. I was taken from my room and led across the farm courtyard. Mud oozed between my toes, I remember that I enjoyed the coolness of it. One of them knocked at a door and asked to be allowed in so they could present their charge.”

“I was led into a warm room. Several people were in there, and I remember asking to be freed. I also remember the laugh that my pleading produced. Suddenly, new manacles or something were tied to my wrists, and rings were locked onto my ankles without a chain between them. Then, I was forced to kneel, and something was shoved into my guts, making me bend at the waist. My hands were yanked forward and tied to a ring on the floor. My ankles were also attached to the floor, and whatever I was laid upon supported my body. The clothes the bitches had put on me were ripped from my back. I was naked and knew I was being shown to whoever was in the room.”

“Several hands and fingers felt me. Some of them pushed at my groin and explored my pussy. Some of them were shoved up my arse, which was no problem after the way the butt plug had stretched me.”

“I remember screaming at them to let me go. I remember someone whispering into my ear that if I didn’t shut the fuck up, I would be whipped until I bled. I shut up to a whimper.”

“After a while, a large dog was brought into the room. I couldn’t see it, but my sense of smell told me what it was. Something was smeared on my exposed pussy, and the dog licked it off. God help me, but the dog’s tongue felt good, and I soon had a wracking orgasm. Then, it was lifted off of me, only to be placed back again in the traditional doggy fashion. He began to hump at me but was missing the mark by a long way, and I thought, thank fuck for that! But, someone helped the brute out and guided his cock at my soaking pussy. Without any warning, this dog shoved a massive cock right into my abused cunt. He shoved it so far up with force that my body was lifted from whatever I rested on. He kept on shoving at me, driving his cock further and further, fucking me at a rate that only a dog

can. I felt his knot growing and pushing at my cunt, but not quite in me, and again, I thanked God.

“But the combination of his tongue and then being shafted there and back rendered me incapable of any control. My body took over in what is known as an ecstasy throw. I had to have the dog until I would blank out. I trembled; I howled and fucked the dog right back. Then, His knot forced its way past my outer lips and sunk into me. I could feel several things at once. His knot, growing and expanding inside me, and the tip of his cock, finding the neck of my womb and forcing its way into my opening.

“The pain was bad, but at the same time, I needed it. I wanted the dog to fuck my insides out. And then he came. A dog’s temperature is quite a bit higher than ours, so the semen that flooded my womb felt scalding hot. The dog stopped pounding at me and just let him flood me in spasms that I thought wouldn’t stop. I guess we remained tied for fifteen minutes until he pulled out of me. I thought my womb was going to be pulled out through my cunt. The come had created a vacuum.”

“That was the first of three times. I was taken to my room again, cleaned up, and then all the training objects inserted or tied as before.”

“For three days, I was taken to the room and fucked by this dog until it had shot his load deep into me and eventually got free of my cunt.”

“The fourth day was different. It started the same, being blindfolded and tied to the floor over the cushion and the dog giving my pussy a good slavering until I came. But this day, he was pulled off of me. Instead of the dog being guided into my cunt, I was bodily lifted onto something else. My hands and feet were off the floor and tied to something else. I had a sense of being up in the air. Suddenly, a horse’s unmistakable smell and noise came to my awareness. Without so much as a warning, I felt its hooves land on either side of me and, to my horror, the cock of the horse being helped into my arse. Powerful thrusts from the animal drove his cock deep inside of me. My anus allowed his penetration from the training it had received. The animal seemed to thrust forward and drive this huge cock into me, then back off to the point of almost pulling out. A return thrust shoved him straight back, and the process repeated. I was lifted off the cushion from the force of his surging thrusts until, with a final massive push forward, he shot so much semen into me that it squirted backward and onto the floor.”

“I thought this would be the final spectacle, but I was wrong. After the horse was led away, the people in the room flipped me over onto my back and back onto the lower cushion. Someone started to fuck me, but next to the horse’s dick, it felt puny and did nothing for me. Then the dog’s cock was positioned at my mouth, and my head yanked back. I had no choice but to open my lips, at which point the whole of the dog’s cock slipped straight into my throat. He fucked my mouth while others fucked my cunt or arse. The dog’s pointy end was nudging my tonsils, gradually getting further and further with each push until his knot was banging on my lips. I could not open my mouth wide enough for him to get it all in, but it didn’t matter. Someone grasped him, and it must have felt as if he had entered me all the way because he stopped jerking and instead shot so much red-hot come down my throat that I thought I would gag. The training I had received helped me to breathe and not suffocate.”

“I felt the men who had been watching yanking themselves off. Then, their semen was being splashed all over me. It was in my hair, over my tits and belly, in my mouth, but worst of all, in my newly uncovered eyes. Come in, the eyes burn like fuck. But I had seen Roger briefly between the removal of the mask and eyes full of come; that was enough for me.”

“Afterwards, everyone said how well I had done. How well I had responded to the training and how

photogenic I looked on film. The bastards, not content in humiliating and degrading me, had filmed the whole thing.”

“Roger took me home afterward. He seemed pretty pleased with himself and even made some comments about having the ultimate slave who would be so good in servitude. Well, I fixed him.”

“A few days later, the Postman brought a copy of the videotape and a cheque for one hundred thousand pounds. The payee had been left blank, so I took it and banked it in my account; that was a mistake. Roger told me that he was selling copies of the tape over the Internet for two hundred pounds each, and they were going like hotcakes. He had set up an Internet account and was making money so fast he couldn’t believe it.”

“Anyway, one night, soon after we had returned, he thought he would be able to screw me. I let him for a while until he forced his filthy cock into my mouth. My defense will be that it was a nervous reaction or a tic that made me clamp my jaws together. I didn’t mean to swallow the bastard’s dick whole, but it happened. He bled to death within five minutes, and the ambulance arrived in fifteen. Shame that, eh?”

“But it seems that taking the money means I was a willing participant as far as the Police are concerned.”

Her story took most of the afternoon to tell. I have tried to relate it as accurately as possible, but she gave it so much detail and emotion that it is impossible to do it justice here.

Justice was, indeed, what she got. I had won her back and lost my first case. The Judge was a mean old bastard who thought that women should be tied to kitchen sinks and shouldn’t have a life other than procreation and servitude to men. Our appeal brought the conviction down to one of involuntary manslaughter; she only had to serve twelve months with remission.

The film is still making huge amounts of money. Linda has now set up the account in her name and has begun to practice her advice line for African farmers. We have bought a house in Wiltshire with several bedrooms and a few acres of land sitting at the foot of a valley and secluded from the rest of the world. We also have a dog. She tells me it is a Ridgeback, which South African farmers use to herd cattle or hunt lions. He is a big sod and as mean as hell until Linda comes home. I can’t compete with him, but I don’t need to because she can swallow her head, and I like mine attached.

The End