

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



Oh! Fuck this, thought Rambo. Rain was hitting him like miniature scythes, bouncing off of his head and back, running into his eyes, dripping off his black and white coat, matting his fur into sodden strands that looked like a Rastafarian hair do. A cold wind kept blasting him from any direction it felt like, and it was as much as he could do to keep from shivering to bits.

The weather wasn't the worst of his problems, though. The flock of belligerent, bastard sheep that were as pissed off with the rain and cold as Rambo was, just would not do anything he tried to lead them into.

A limited vocabulary of understanding, after a fashion, can be established between a sheepdog and his charges. He asked them to go through the gate and into the next field as nice as possible. The sheep, or rather one or two of them who always caused trouble, were saying in less than a nice way, fuck off! Leave us alone!

Nothing for it, he decided. He rushed in, and Rambo bit the worst offender on its foreleg. The Ewe jumped, with all four feet in the air, landing on top of Rambo, flattening him. The rest of the flock meekly walked into the next field, laughing their wool off. The bitten ewe had other ideas, because without further ado, she righted herself and ran at Rambo with her head down, intent on battering his ribs in with a well aimed forehead. At the last possible moment, Rambo side-stepped her and watched as the velocity of her rush took her headlong into the very solid looking gatepost.

Rambo stood over the stricken ewe, wondering what to do about it and thinking, serves her right, the miserable bitch. Gary, Rambo's master and sometimes shepherd, walked to the scene. Dreamily, Gary looked down on the sheep and the guilty-looking Rambo, then, as if nothing were there to be seen, he continued to walk into the next field, oblivious of what his eyes were frantically trying to tell his brain. It was very quickly obvious to Rambo that Gary would be as useful as a chocolate ashtray on a motorbike.

It had been the case for two weeks now. Gary's thought processes were someplace else. All through the sheep dipping, Gary had been half-heartedly yelling cum-bye-ere (God only knows what that means) and whistling orders that would have directed the sheep into the nearest ravine had Rambo noticed the botched commands. Gary's thoughts were firmly ensconced in Betty and nowhere near the Yorkshire Dales.

Betty lives on a neighbouring farm, is nineteen, smitten with Ronan Keating, most of the current boy-bands, make up, her slippers, and Gary... in that order. Gary and Betty had known each other since they were in nappies, but both had been away at college. Their minds had been filled with alternative farming, organic crop rotation, and hallucinatory drugs. The drugs were the only thing to stick. But, it was the filling out of bodies that had been the key factor, namely, Gary now sported a nicely grown eight incher, which proudly made itself known to the world every morning like the alien poking out of an astronaut's belly. Betty had grown a nice set of thirty sixes in a 'D' cup size, coupled with a thirty-four inch hip and a twenty-two inch waist. Gary, or more importantly, Todger, his pet name for his pride and constant joy, stood no chance, love or lust or both, hit the neural receptors with a lump hammer. Gary could think of nothing else now, especially as he had almost got her horizontal in her dad's barn. Testosterone ruled all of Gary's basic functions and many higher ones.

Rambo didn't like Betty too much. Sure, she was okay as far as humans went, but her effect on Gary upset his whole equilibrium. The silly bugger couldn't tie his shoe laces without a thought or memory of Betty come rushing in and his little brain cells would go into overdrive and blood start to rush to his loins. Coherent thought left through his ear and an empty, lust-filled body would be the result for the day. Rambo had had enough of watching his master go down the tubes every morning.

Somehow, with no thanks to Gary, they got through the day. Apart from the one mishap with the ewe still concussed and kept calling Rambo love or dear, with a wistful look in her eye, the day went accident-free.

Dinner that evening was a desultory affair. Gary sat mooning at the food on his plate. Sometimes, he actually picked up a fork, but then he would push the potatoes around and shift a few of his sprouts before dropping the fork, forlornly, back onto the stained tablecloth. Ever the optimist, Rambo thought he might have a chance of nabbing the lust-locked youth's dinner, but his Mum soon scotched that when she hit Gary around the ear and scolded him into eating the cold, congealed mess.

Some time later, just after dark, Gary got ready to go and see Betty. It amazed Rambo that this normally scruffy bugger, suddenly started to wash. More amazingly, he scrubbed the area behind his ears, which only got wet when it rained under normal circumstances. Toenails, fingernails, and even nasal hair all got trimmed. Clean clothes came out of the closet, smelling of mothballs and half a size too small, wrapped around Gary's spare frame. Copious amounts of some foul-smelling, alcohol based liquid were tipped from a bottle and splashed liberally under his arms, around his neck, and massaged into Gary's torso. Rambo couldn't read the bottle, one, because the writing was upside down, and two, dogs don't read too well, but an educated guess led Rambo to the entirely correct assumption that Old Spice was the flavour of the month.

At last, Gary, having inspected himself from every conceivable angle, spinning and turning to see if his bum was hanging out the back, was ready. He took the bit of string that served as a dog lead and, with a cheery wave to his beleaguered mother, standing at the kitchen stoop, set off for Betty's farm, dragging Rambo by his neck by the string lead that was getting tighter by the second.

Betty's dad was a better farmer than Gary's old man. The obvious wealth was plain in the quality of the farming equipment that littered an otherwise very tidy yard. The chickens that ranged free had a certain kind of haughtiness in the way they clucked and trotted around. They fetched a better price than those from Gary's farm, probably because the silly sods strutted their stuff with their chests all puffed out, therefore developing better breast muscle tone and therefore, being plumper, more juicier and easier to stuff with sage and onion bread crumbs. Stands to reason, doesn't it?

Betty answered the door, all breathless and eau d cologne-ified. Rambo wasn't sure whether to throw up or sit and grin at her. He chose the latter and got a pat on the head from her as a reward.

"Give me a sec," she asked Gary, all husky and sexily.

She had practiced the Marilyn Monroe sound and pout in front of the bathroom mirror for the last hour, then planted lipstick imprints from imagined kisses to Ronan Keating. God! She would drop her drawers instantly if he were coming round tonight instead of Gary.

The emphasis was on the word give, and it sounded like an invitation to bed in the sad youth's hearing. The desired effect took Gary to a new height of anticipation. With any luck, tonight would be the night they had sex without Gary flooding his pants with sticky goo. He felt sure the double scotch he had downed would help this department. Privately, Rambo had his doubts, knowing his master as he did. He also thought knocking one off the wrist wasn't such a good idea either, but who could tell with these silly sacks of crap.

The evening went reasonably well. Rambo had only had to nip her infuriating pet poodle once to stop it sniffing his bollocks. The poodle, mollified, had scooted back to the farm with her pom-pom med tail stuck up her arse. Inevitably, Gary and Betty ended up in the barn.

All evening, the tension had been building. Rambo was aware, oh so painfully aware, that these two were heading towards a sexual encounter. He could pick up the heightened temperature of their bodies. The pheromones the two were giving off buzzed around his nasal cavity like angry wasps in a jam jar. The hand holding and occasional clinches really gave the game away, though. Each clinch had her cardigan rise slightly higher and one more button undone on her blouse. Rambo couldn't see the problem, if they wanted to fuck each other's brains out, why all the prelude? If it had been him and some horny bitch, he would have shafted her there and then; none of this screwing around, just how do you do and wham, straight up the tubes until he was stuck; good and fast. Fuck all this messing around.

Anyway, they ended up in the barn. Rambo, who by now was getting quite interested in the mating habits of humans, was tied to a post. Much to his disgust, he was unceremoniously tied to a fucking great big oak post, totally out of sight, and very likely, totally out of mind. He had been feeling like something spare at a wedding for some time, but the ignominy of being left alone with only three feet of rope and a bloody great big oak beam to look at was too much for his delicate senses. He did what any self-respecting dog would do. He lay down and went to sleep. That'll show the fuckers, he could be as ignorant as they were.

A little while later, Rambo jerked awake. Had he heard a shout? Or was it a moan or what? His ears perked up, and his senses became alive. Then the sound came again; it was a sob. Jezzzusss, what the fuck is going on in there, he wondered to himself. Betty sobbed again and then whimpered quite loudly, and then plaintively cried help! A word Rambo recognised.

Well, that was enough for Rambo. He jumped up and started to run toward the sorry sound of distress. Three feet of rope run out very quickly. It ran out, and Rambo's feet left the floor as it jerked him backwards. His eyes bugged for a second as the noose-like quality of the rope tightened and almost choked him out of this life. Rambo finally found his feet and trotted back to the post where he was tied. Rescue formed largely on his mind. A good sheep dog is trained to respond to the plaintive cries such as lost lambs and stuck ewes often give out, especially in winter, especially when they have put a foot in a frozen puddle, but being the stupid buggers they are, have left the foot in the puddle too long and got frozen in.

He worried at the knot. It was one of Gary's specials, a badly tied slipknot. It only took him a second or so to undo it. Then, once free, he took up the rescue mission again and ran headlong into the next byre where they were.

The scene that confronted Rambo took a little while to come to terms with; it also defied explanation. It was like one of those 'What happened next' episodes where the most outrageous sequence of events led to some of the most unlikely results. Rambo stood and took it all in.

Gary was lying face up and unconscious a little way away. His trousers were around his ankles and his cock stood rigidly to attention like a guard outside Buckingham Palace, complete with helmet, all shiny and unused in battle. To Rambo's relief, he was alive. At least he was breathing and was still nicely warm, so a logical assumption was that he would most likely survive.

Betty, on the other hand, was in some distress. She was out of her dress and everything else, but her head had gone through two of the wooden struts that formed the open division between two stalls. She was stuck, by the neck and ears, totally naked on all fours with her pink arse up in the air. Her mewling was beginning to grate on Rambo's nerves.

What was he to do? Gary would not be useful in this situation; when was he ever? And she was completely screwed. It needed some thinking, and her constant caterwauling was not helping the

situation. Besides, the pheromones hadn't gone. If anything, the level had reached saturation proportions. It seemed Gary was completely oblivious to them, but Rambo was being driven nuts by the olfactory assault on his sinuses. Betty was in a state of high arousal, probably brought on by her situation in part, but more because she was a woman and these little pheromone buggers affect woman greatly.

Rambo did what a self-respecting sheepdog should do. Had he been Lassie, he would have barked once at the girl, letting her know that he was going for help and that his barking at anyone around would instantly tell them something was wrong in the barn and that people needed help. Not Rambo, he stuck his nose straight up her twat and took a good long sniff of her heightened arousal. The effect was electric.

Betty would have screamed, but just at that moment, a bridle that had become partially dislodged when she had her head thrust between the struts fell, landing on her head and somehow wrapped itself around her and successfully gagged her.

Touch; thought Rambo who by now, had taken to giving the pink pussy a right good old tonguing.

Betty quivered, shook, and screamed in a muffled sort of way. Rightly or wrongly, Rambo took this to mean, carry on, that's nice. He did just that and gave her a really good long lick that started at her little bush and stopped just past her anus.

But even dogs are not immune to fatigue; after many long minutes of lapping her up, his tongue became tired. So without further ado, he jumped her and, after a few abortive attempts, managed to stick his already stiffened cock straight into her well-juiced sex. BINGO!!!

Rambo shagged her, stuck as she was; he shagged her until he thought his balls would drop off. But with control, showing Gary, had he been awake, just how a master should hold on to the point of orgasm until the right moment and then and only then, fill the bitch up with puppy making seed.

Rambo kept up the pace, pushing himself into her even more. His knot was nudging the walls of her pussy, but not quite getting there. This was a little frustrating, and Rambo needed to be fixed if he was to really get off. He pulled out of her and gave the slick lips of her sex the benefit of some good old dog saliva, distributed with care and attention by his now revived tongue.

Lubricated to the point of positively dripping, Rambo went at it again, only this time; he was well off aim and shoved it hard and fast into her pooper. All the same to him and off he went pumping away like a porn star on crack cocaine.

Suddenly, his fist-sized knot slipped into her, and that, as they say, was that. Rambo shot all of the saved-seed he had, plus some hanging around, and a good deal on account into her guts. Ahhh!!! He thought; that's fucking better. Then he thought, Oh Fuck! And then OH FUCK! In capital letters.

Her sphincter had closed around him, and he was more locked in than Hannibal Lecter had ever been. It would take a super-canine effort to get him out of this one. Instinctively, he placed his back feet down and pulled, but to no avail. Then, Rambo noticed two conveniently positioned posts. Bracing his forepaws one on each side of the stricken girl and digging in his hind feet, Rambo gave an almighty shove/pull. The result wasn't quite what he had in mind, but all the same, it had the desired effect.

Her head popped out from between the struts with such force that she and the dog, still locked in carnal knowledge, flew backwards at a rate in a parabolic arc. Gary, who had all this time remained unconscious and erect, just happened to be in their flight path.

Betty's father entered the barn at about that time, or a split second after their unfortunate landing. His eyes wouldn't believe what they were trying to tell him. His brain went on a long holiday somewhere foreign, warm, and safe. His daughter, his beautiful daughter, had a bloody sheepdog, wedged up her ass and she was laughing manically. The dog was in some obvious distress; his cock was bent double and still stuck into his beautiful daughter. But worse, the dog had some ugly looking farm oaf stuck up the dog's back passage; all of the eight inches was rammed into the dogs bum. It was obvious to Betty's father that the oaf had had too much of this carnal depravity and had passed out. His daughter, on the other hand, had been tricked into this situation, and her mental condition had deteriorated as a result of it.

Betty's dad removed the hose and showered them with cold water. He didn't listen when his former daughter screamed at the now wide-awake oaf. He didn't listen as the oaf tried to explain, but he was shocked when his daughter picked up the dog and walked out of the barn, never to be seen again.

She is raising sheepdogs over the other side of the hill and has never married. Purely conjecture, though.

Garry became a monk, Father Gary no less, but the title was honorific. He seems happy enough and talks these days, in an elevated voice, somewhere near falsetto. Scythes can be wickedly sharp implements, but even a blunt one in the practised hands of an enraged Farmer and Dad will remove certain previous objects of pride called Todgers (now lost) quite nicely.

Rambo: Well, he is in heaven, regularly, about twice a week, again, purely conjecture.

*The End*