

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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She had to get out of the maze somehow. Crystal was sure she was almost there, but her pursuers had caught up with her and now she had the Great Dane's cock down her throat for the viewing public's pleasure while his twin had her clasped in locked forepaws while he buried his cock up to his balls in her stretched cunt.

His short spiky fur rubbed on the tip of her nose as he bucked his hips to drive his twitching cock as far down her throat as possible. She had had the sense to grasp his swollen knot before that too was forced between her parted lips, but even so, his length was rasping her deep. She had long ago ceased to gag on his weapon and the urge to throw up over the dog had passed. Now it was a question of getting the dog to shoot his load as quickly as possible and then try to find the exit from the maze and freedom beyond.

"Don't just wank him with your tongue bitch, he likes it sucked good and hard. Dontcha boy?"

The dog took no notice of his trainer who was holding the heavy leather leash, his sole purpose at this time was to fuck this woman into next week and complete the process by cumming deep within her.

Crystal grasped his scrotum a little tighter, acting like the muscles of a bitch's cunt. She pumped her hold on him in a palpitating rhythm, hoping that it would get the brute off. Her efforts were rewarded as with a mighty shove, the dog thrust his hips forward and shot a huge and continuous wad of dog sperm into her stomach. The volume of the thin, watery and very hot semen was a little too much for her to handle, it leaked from the side of her mouth. The floating drone camera picked up the scene as it dribbled down her chin and relayed it to the screens for those in the audience who wanted a close up.

Satisfied, the dog pulled away from her grasp and began to clean his dick that even now, was fully extended in a purple and angry looking spike of torture.

Crystal now knew what it was that was filling her cunt in such a brutal pounding. She relaxed her muscles and instead of fighting the intrusion and the bruising it engendered, allowed the brute his reward. It was enough for the dog's knot to pass her outer lips and then, with the next vicious thrust, blast into her, passing all resistance and lodging inside her. It swelled and his thrusting ceased. Thinking it to be over, Crystal hung her head in exhaustion, but she was mistaken. With a few final heaves that felt as if she would split asunder, the dog shot his red-hot cum deep inside her, splashing against the walls of her womb and filling her belly with air and dog semen. The sudden rush of heat from his cum brought her to a shuddering and debilitating orgasm that was totally unwanted.

She was so loose from the pounding that he managed to pull out of her fairly quickly, his knot popping out with a loud squelch. Crystal fanny farted the forced air and sprayed dog cum all over the wall behind her. It produced a roar of laughter from the audience.

The tannoy hissed and a disembodied voice announced "One minute Crystal." It was her cue to prepare for another headlong dash to find the exit before she was fucked into submission by whatever the producers wanted to throw at her or gain her freedom from the games, as they called the weekly spectacle, and a new life outside of the biosphere.

At twenty five, Crystal had to either make the winning post or be assimilated into the living plasma screen that protected the mini-biocosm that had been her world since her inception from the glass birthing tubes. Her component parts added to the flux of living fluids that covered the growing fields that fed the populace. At twenty-five, she could only make twenty-six outside. In this age of post war,

perfection was the key to survival. A small birthmark had sentenced her to a life in servitude to the biosphere and its produce that fed the freemen. That small birthmark on her shoulder was likely to be her doom.

“GO!” The tannoy screamed at her and Crystal took off nakedly at top speed in the direction she had been following before she was caught by the trainer and his charges. The rejects, those babies rejected by the donor parents, had been allowed to watch the thousands of escape attempts in the past. Harrowing scenes of young men and women who were trying to do exactly as she was now, being caught by the trainers. Some of them were lucky and got caught by a trainer with one of the large cats. Tigers were the best because the killing stroke or bite was almost instantaneous and the runner wouldn’t suffer for much longer than a scream. The dog and horse handlers caught those less fortunate. The dogs were not so bad, usually a quick fuck or suck and the runner was off again, although weakened by the experience, but the horses were bad. The human body is not designed to accommodate something as long as half a metre, but the horse wasn’t about to be careful and no restraints were used. Many, too many runners, found them selves bent over a hobbyhorse and fucked to death by the monstrous beasts while the galleries of freemen howled their appreciation for the blood and gore.

Crystal’s legs pumped, her feet flying over the packed earth of the maze. The assembled crowd cheered or jeered as their allegiances lay, but she hardly heard them. It might have seemed like a headlong and random dash, but Crystal had studied the maze, watching hundreds of hours of re-runs, the dogs had been a small miscalculation, but it wasn’t a critical one. Two more lefts and then a series of rights should bring her to the fabled terminal and safety. Nobody had ever come back to tell them what was there and no contact had ever been made with a runner after they got out.

A piercing scream rent the air followed by a roar from the baying audience. Crystal guessed that her co-runner had run into an abrupt conclusion to his bid for freedom. She redoubled her efforts and skidded around the next right and aimed for the right afterwards. It was a right turn too many. Suddenly, a trainer confronted her, with a huge brown bear on the other end of a chain lead.

Several things happened in the space of a heartbeat or two. Crystal, realising her mistake, tried to stop and her heels dug in as she threw her body into a backward lean. The huge bear, sensing some excitement, reared onto his hindquarters, standing more than head and shoulders above his trainer. The audience, anticipated a short and bloody end, hushed and held their breaths. The trainer urged the beast forward to attack the girl.

Crystal began to back up, keeping her eyes upon the massive shaggy bear until her back came up against the wall. Only a few feet separated her from her nemesis and her retreat was blocked. Somehow, she must have twisted and missed the corner.

A moment of perfect quietitude followed. Her breathing stopped, as it seemed, did the breath of the bear, the trainer and the entire audience. Utter silence ensued only to be shattered by a roar from the deep chest of the bear, in a challenge to her. A shout from the trainer galvanised the bear into action and in a deceptively shambling gait covered the space between them in a few strides.

A massive paw, armed with wickedly curved claws swung at her head, aiming to snap her neck in a single blow, but Crystal was not there. Instead of standing frozen to the spot, she had rushed in a low crouch and at the last second, fell backwards in a slide across the packed earth, that took her between the bear’s legs. She kicked up and out and the heel of her foot connected with the bear’s testicles. In a scream of rage, the bear swung again, but missed her by some margin, but the arc of the swing threw the bear of balance and continued beyond the intention, stopping only when the cruel claws met resistance as they buried themselves into the trainers chest, knocking him flat on

his back. In total shock, the trainer sat up immediately and then, almost comically, looked at the damage to his ribcage, before blood bubbled up from deep and foamed at his mouth as he slide sideways and the light left his eyes.

Crystal didn't wait to see what would happen next, she sprang up and ran for the turn she had miscalculated, the bear didn't follow. She took what should have been a left before her mistake and then angled right and then right again. The screaming from the audience told her she was very close now. Some shouted encouragement, while others, outraged at the death of the bear handler, screamed for her blood. Crystal came to a tee-junction and, faced with a fifty fifty option; chose the left hand path which opened up to the space in the centre and the red claxon button mounted on a black stone plinth in the middle. For her to win her freedom, Crystal was to hit that button, but the creators of the maze had decided that in case the runners did actually manage to find the centre before meeting a bloody demise, they would put one last obstacle in the way.

The cruel smirk of the Stallion's handler didn't change as his lasso flicked out and encircled her, pinning her arms to her sides. His companion threw, with perfect accuracy, a bolero with metal balls on a short rope. These wrapped around her ankles and brought her down face first in the dust. Her breath was driven out and her nose took the brunt of the fall, flattening it.

They dragged her to a hobbyhorse and tied her ankles to the base, forcing her to bend over the bench and then tying her wrists to the stays on the far side. Blood poured from Crystal's nose and her cries of frustration at being so close went unobserved.

The stallion sensed that he was to have a warm cunt to bury his huge cock in. Almost within seconds; his cock grew and hung from his belly like a child's arm. In his arousal, he was brought to the hobbyhorse and the helpless Crystal. With practiced ease, her reared and thumped his fore hooves down on a purpose made ledge on either side of the prone girl.

His cock waved and searched for her cunt, missing on many occasions until, the handler grasped the mushroom-headed weapon and aimed it at her fuck hole for the beast. With a huge shove, he forced his cock deep into Crystal and then shoved again, bending the wicked tool almost in half in his desperate attempt to fuck her.

Crystal gasped, as her cunt walls were forced apart with the massive cock filling her up to more than capacity. Each thrust drove the air from her lungs and forced him in deeper. Then she did something that saved her life. In a concentrated effort, she clamped her vaginal muscles as hard as she could, pushing the horse cock out to a manageable depth. The stallion humped again and again, but wasn't able to pass the wall of muscle, it didn't matter, because he suddenly reared higher and screamed his climax.

Her muscles prevented the horse from getting too deep, but they could not stop the sudden flood of horse spunk as it shot, under force, into her guts. It seemed as if he was unloading gallons of his seed into her. Her lower abdomen bloated under the onslaught and swelled from the sheer volume. The horse pulled out of her and his cum shot out of her, spilling over the floor and pooling around her tethered ankles. The release from her body caused Crystal to shudder and her own climax took her suddenly and surprisingly. She was not even aware of arousal until she came.

True to the rules of the game, Crystal was untied and the tannoy announced shrilly, "one minute."

Crystal was exhausted and lay immobile across the hobbyhorse while she drew her breath and last dregs of strength together for the final act.

"Go!"

Wearily and tottering, Crystal managed two steps towards the plinth and her goal, but her legs buckled under her and refused to work. Somehow, she crawled and dragged herself across the packed earth floor, red dust mingled with the trail of horse and woman cum in a slick that marked her progress. The audience were going wild, some screaming for her to make it and others wanting her very dead.

Eventually, she reached the base of the plinth and with the last of her fast dwindling strength, managed to haul her torso into an upright position, but she was still a metre away from the big red domed button.

A warning growl sounded uncomfortably close to her ear. Crystal froze in sheer panic. Then, collecting her wits a little, she turned to face the owner of the growl.

A Doberman stood a few feet away, his array of ripping canine teeth exposed in a threatening posture and his hackles rose in a dark streak down between his shoulders towards his tail.

Slowly, he crouched and readied to pounce on her, all the while, staring at her and gauging the distance. Then, in a sudden release of pent energy, he surged forward with all four feet off the ground. Crystal grabbed a handful of the dust and flung it at the snarling face of the dog. He was too slow to close his eyes and became temporarily blinded and landed in a whimpering heap past her shoulder. It was all she needed, at the expense of her remaining strength; she clambered up, using the plinth as support, and brought her hand down flat on the button. An ear splitting siren sounded and Crystal won her freedom to a tumultuous cheer from her new found supporters.

Life outside the biosphere was rather better than could be imagined. In the years since the last, devastating war that laid waste to nine tenths of the world's surface, the earth's crust had absorbed the radiation of man's destruction, and foliage had begun the long process of reclaiming the soil. Small bands of survivors lived from the vegetation and the small herds of goats they kept.

At aged eighty, Crystal died, happy and the grandmother to six, free children. She died and then, in her burial, passed into the continuing recovery of the planet, adding to the richness of the fertile earth.