

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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The world, on the other side of the glass, was suffering; buffeted and sodden. Gales had been lashing for the better part of two days. High winds had whipped the pines into thrashing wands, stripping the remaining pine cones to fall to the ground with little thuds, barely audible above the cacophony of the storm. Black, scudding clouds shrouded the landscape, creating bizarre, moving shadows of dark over dark, blotting out the usual features of the pine forest.

The rain, driven almost horizontally by the fierce gusts, had been falling, well, not falling so much as, sideways pile driving, against the cottage's gable wall, to collect and run in a dirty brown streamlet down the garden path like a snake.

The power was out, meaning that the television could not deliver its constant barrage of bad news and mind-numbing trivia. It was obvious that the weather would have caused trees to fall, floods to lie claim to low lying housing and perhaps, even, for people to lose their lives. It was blatantly obvious that this was severe storm force with damaging consequences, but was it really something that everyone needed to hear every few minutes in updates that really were nothing more than repetitions of the previous update.

Jan sighed and rose from the position she had been in for more than half an hour, kneeling on the seat of the sofa and resting her arms on the back so that she could watch through the patio doors, the havoc the weather was metering out to the surrounding grounds. Time had slipped by unnoticed, so lost in the ferocity of the wind, that the minutes flowed seamlessly into each other, her mind devoid of any real thoughts, at least, none that she would have been able to recall had she been asked.

The fire had consumed the last feeding of fuel so that only embers and the occasional flicker of flame from the residual leavings lit the room. Fortunately, Ray had laid in a supply of logs and coal in preparation, having listened to the reports of bad weather warnings over the last couple of days. The radio had sounded like the harbinger of terrible news, just as the sandwich board man in town, warns that the 'end of the world is nigh', the news bulletins had forewarned of the severity of the impending storm. Ray hadn't figured on the power going down, but would probably not have been able to do much about it in any case before he left to be a hero for the volunteer rescue force. Jan fed a few logs to the fire, watching to see if they would catch and then, pleased as they did, left the sitting room to make some tea in the kitchen.

Jan filled the kettle from the tap and put it on the stove, lighting the gas with a match and then watching the blue conical flames as they spurted from the burner. It was as if she were acting on autopilot. She was thinking about absolutely nothing, mechanically, perfunctorily going through the motions of making a cup of tea.

A stray thought flittered waif like across her mind; she wondered if Ray was alright, knowing him to be in the thick of it, soaked through to the skin, rescuing people from flooded houses or stranded cars. The orange-hulled dirigible boat the rescue squad used, slapping over waves in an effort to offer comfort to the hapless people. The scenes flashed over her mind's eye, of desperate arms, held aloft beseechingly, to saviours arriving in the total darkness, brilliant, searing searchlights flashing through the rain like laser beams cutting through steel.

Jan returned to the sitting room; the logs had caught properly now and were burning fiercely in the grate, throwing dancing shadows around the room and reflecting in the glass of Rays display cabinet. She sat on the rug in front of the fire, cupping her mug of tea close to her chest and folding her legs under her. Jan stared into the flames, conscious of the heat against her exposed throat

where her bathrobe didn't quite meet. The tea, cooling in the mug, was forgotten as she absently put the cup down on the slate hearth. Reflectively, she thought about her marriage to Ray, almost five years now, a time that had seen him work at fever pitch in an effort to get his construction company off the ground and out of the Bank's dept. Jan felt neglected and selfishly so; he should be with her right at this moment, looking after her, not out, risking life and limb to save complete strangers. It was a selfish thought, she knew it, but you can't help the way you feel, she told herself by way of absolution.

He did belong home. He did belong in their bed, where she wouldn't mind being now, curled against him in the after glow of sex. He belonged here; with a baby in his arms, cradling a delicate head as he looked on in wonder at the life they had created.

The vision came to her unbidden and caught her by surprise. She tried to stifle a cry as the pain of her barrenness plucked at her heartstrings in a vicious reminder that they had failed to produce a child. This was really the whole reason for her melancholy, not the foul weather; her body clock was running and time was whizzing by. It wasn't that they hadn't tried, oh no, they had made love in every conceivable position, at any time and thoroughly enjoyed each other's bodies. It just hadn't happened, but neither of them had the courage to go to the Doctor to find out why, fearful of the answer, the discovery that one of them was unable.

The cinema of her mind played the erotica of their honeymoon beside a small stream that eventually ran into the Mediterranean Sea off of the Troodos Mountains in Cyprus. Their holiday apartment was close to a spectacular waterfall where the ice-cold water fell thirty feet in silver, shimmering curtains, to hit the basalt rocks of the riverbed below. The graphic imagery played of the way he had turned to her with a smile, kissed and then, with a thumb under the straps, stripped off her bikini beside the crashing water. Her mind added to the romance of the occasion as he entered her body, thrusting until they both cried out in climax while the spray off the waterfall soaked their heaving bodies. She remembered the scratches the rock face gave to her back, where she had used the wall to lean against as his cock rammed into her willing body, her legs wrapped around his hips, his hands supporting her buttocks, fingers kneading her skin. The scene was hot; it had been one of the first impromptu holiday fucks of many. As the two weeks passed, they found themselves screwing in the sea, on the beach, the shower and of course, bed; but by far, the best had been by the waterfall. It had been the first time they had been able to enjoy each other without the distractions of family, work or other commitments; it was the forging of their bond in a union of bodies.

Her breathing rate increased as the erotic memories flashed across the lids of her closed eyes. Her increasing arousal caused her nipples to harden and scrape slightly, against the terry cloth of her bathrobe. Jan's lips parted to allow her tongue to snake out between her teeth and moisten her lips.

Unconsciously, her hand crept downwards, parting the cloth of her robe to expose her neatly trimmed pubis. Her other hand slipped under the fabric of the robe, to find her nipple, hardened by the eroticism of her daydreaming. Forefinger and thumb trapped the hardened nub, squeezing and pulling it to even greater hardness. She gasped as her aureole puckered in pimples, her fingers producing a delicious tingle through her breast.

Jan lay back, feeling slightly buoyed by the nap of the rug, her robe fell in shrouds to either side of her body, her head rested against the edge of the settee, giving her an elongated view over the contours of her body between the mounds of her breasts.

With fingers of each hand, she pulled her labia apart, pulling open and up so that her clit was fully exposed and pushed out to prominence. A fingertip brushed over her excited nerve centre causing her to breathe in sharply at the electric touch. Her finger slipped further down, passing between her

lips and then into her cunt, hooking hard behind her pubic bone while the finger of her other hand retraced its predecessor, catching against her hard nub of nerve endings forced forward by the finger inside. The combination was devastating; she came hard, wetting her fingers with her cream, slicking her sex with lubricant; all the time, the scene of her and Ray's stand up session played across her memory, fuelling her desire. She calmed, but continued running the almost pornographic scenes in her mind's eye.

Fingers were okay as a quick fix as this had been, but Jan had a greater need, to be filled and fucked into submission; taken to the summit of passion until her body had excreted all that she was able to give in payment for his spend.

Slightly dissatisfied, Jan rolled away from the fire and rose to retrieve her rabbit from its safe haven of the bedside drawer. If she couldn't have Ray's turgid cock pounding into her, then it would be the next best thing.

The shocking pink coloured toy was retrieved from her bedside cabinet, the batteries were still good with enough power to spin the ball bearings and make the end rotate while the whole thing vibrated. Jan smothered the end with some "Glide" lubricant and returned to the warmth of the hearth.

She lay as before, stretched out in front of the fire, on top of the sheepskin rug. She placed the rabbit on the hearth and took a sip of her tea. Her mouth was dry as it usually was at the prospect of sex. Just one of those inexplicable reactions, her saliva would dry up at the mere thought.

With the residue of the lubricant on her fingers, Jan touched her labia, smearing the silicon liquid over her lips and clit. She grabbed her rabbit, turning on the variable dial until it squirmed satisfyingly in her hand.

She held open her lips with first and second fingers, bringing the tip of the pink toy ever closer, teasing herself with a deliberate slowness, building the anticipation of its mechanical touch.

The buzzing tip touched her clit, sending a shock wave through her body. She thrilled to the touch and began imagining Ray doing it to her. Slowly, she pushed the squirming toy into her body, feeling the oscillating tip pass her muscles until it nestled deep inside. The ears of the rabbit, vibrating furiously fell to either side of her clit, exciting her already hardened nub even further.

The combination of oscillating tip, rotating beads and vibrating ears soon her writhing as a devastating climax built in her guts. She took her self over the edge, gripping the toy and fucking it into her, all the while running a mental image of Ray doing her good and hard.

With a cry of Oh my God! Jan came in a rush, her back arching as her come gushed from her body, splashing against her hands, soaking the rabbit and sheepskin all at once. She fell back as little aftershocks rippled through her in diminishing clenches of her stomach muscles.

Jan relaxed, allowing the waves to pass over her. It might not have been Ray, but her rabbit could bring her off quicker than anything. She dozed, bathed in the memory of a shattering climax and the warmth from the fire.

Sometime later, when her breathing had deepened into a light sleep, Jan woke with a start. Subconsciously, she had heard a noise that didn't belong to the howling wind and storm outside. She listened intently, shivered at the coolness of the room where the logs had been consumed and pulled her robe tightly around her as she rose to feed the fire more fuel.

She heard it again, a scratching at the door.

She picked up a poker from the companion set, hefting the weight as she crossed the floor towards the door. Jan peered out of the small diamond shaped window in the centre of the plank door, but couldn't see anything. The glass distorted anything on the other side at the best of times, where it had purposely introduced imperfections and bubbles trapped within its surface.

Jan noiselessly, flipped the cast-iron latch and slowly opened the door, standing to one side in case whatever was on the other side threw its weight at the door and take her out. The wind whipped at her robe, driving leaves and rubbish between the gap of the door and jamb.

She couldn't see anything, so opened the door slightly wider to allow her head and shoulders through. She peered into the darkness and reflected light from the window, but shadows were all that were there to be seen until, a darker shadow from the blackness of the night moved. Suddenly, two luminous eyes fixed Jan in the doorway, staring intently back at her.

The wolf took a step closer, its head coming into the relative light cast by the crack of the door while the rest of its body stayed in the shadows. Even though she could only see a part of the animal, it was obvious that it was in a sorry state, rain dripped from its snout, fur hung limply. The poor thing was completely bedraggled. She instantly felt sorry for the plight of the timber wolf.

Jan stepped back behind the door, holding it open and made clucking noises to encourage the beast to come closer. She didn't know what she could do for it, but perhaps getting out of the weather might help. She knew that it must be in a desperate state, wolves will stay away from humanity as much as possible, fearing them as a threat to their existence, but occasionally, close contact is inevitable in the wilds. On those occasions, a grudging, but wary respect is given.

Cautiously, the wolf took another step forward and then, another until its head was inside looking around the room, checking the place out for danger. Jan stayed where she was, with the reassuring solidity of the door between them. She wanted to help the creature out, but at the same time, was aware of the danger she was putting her self in. This close, she was able to see just how large a timber wolf is; its shoulders were level with her hip.

She gently pushed the door against its sodden flank, forcing the animal to make a decision, whether to come in or go back outside. It chose to enter; she shut the door, closing the howling wind and rain out of her rapidly chilling living room. The wolf turned to face her, three feet between them. They regarded each other silently, each with their own thoughts, wondering what happens next.

It was Jan who broke the silent spell first, feeling chilled; she shivered and slowly moved toward the fire side. The wolf watched her, turning only its head, eyes intently staring, unmoving until she sat on the settee.

The wolf shook its self, throwing rain in every direction, but still it kept a steady gaze on her as if waiting for an invitation to the fire side.

"Come." Jan found her voice and was rewarded by the animal's cocked ears and tilted head. She tapped the floor with her foot, not thinking that fire to a wolf is a mortal enemy, greater than man in some respects.

It seemed to make a choice, because it took several steps toward her and the fire then, sat on its haunches, keeping a space of about three feet between them. Its sheer size surprised her. She had seen several wolves, both in the wild and at a zoo, but never this close or with anything to compare for perspective.

"Hungry?" She asked, not expecting an answer, but needing to make a connection. Jan rose from the

settee, slowly so that she didn't startle the wolf and backed into the kitchen area to see what she could find to feed the animal. The refrigerator had the remains of yesterday's chicken in cling film; she took it out and then found a bowl in a cabinet which she filled with water.

She returned to the living room and then laughed out loud. The wolf was still sitting as before, but now had steam coming off its fur and a pathetic expression on its face. The scene struck her funnily and eased the tension. She relaxed a little, knowing now, that it wouldn't hurt her unless she did something stupid.

She placed the bowl and chicken carcass on the floor in front of the animal and then, backed off to go to the bathroom and fetch a couple of towels.

The chicken, bones and all had gone when she returned a few minutes later. Steam was still rising off of the wolf's pelt, but at least, it didn't look quite so sorry for its self. Jan sat back on the settee, moving slowly, but surely, letting him know she wasn't scared of him. She shuffled forward to be within arms length, a towel in each hand. He looked at the towels nervously, twisting from side to side as she closed on him, but remained otherwise, still, sitting in a pool of rain water.

She started rubbing his shoulders with the towels in circular motions. His eyes closed half way in obvious enjoyment. Gradually, she rubbed more vigorously, fluffing up his matted coat. Jan dried him off until the towels were sodden, covered in mud and the detritus of pine needles and burrs from the animal's fur. During the drying process, she had risen from the settee to kneel alongside the huge canid. All the time, it sat as before, submitting to the pleasure of being dried off, the expression of bliss closing its eyes. Jan reached for another towel from the settee, scooted around so that she was face on, sitting in front and began to rub its neck, cheeks and throat. She kept talking to the animal, reassuring him that she only wanted to help, muttering inconsequence's soothingly.

The animal opened its eyes to regard her. Two grey fathomless irises bore into her own blue eyes as if searching around her head to see who she was. Then, as she sat transfixed, pinioned by the stare, he licked her hand by way of thank you.

"You're welcome". She laughed and ruffled his cheeks one more time.

He stood, then stepped out his front feet to stretch, his still soaked back half erect in the air, spine inverted, ears laid back, he yawned, opening his mouth to show an array of teeth designed to kill, tear and crunch. Jan used the towel to continue drying him off, rubbing his back legs and hips, that she had not been able to get to before.

He turned on all fours to face her once more, then, licked her cheek, his tongue rasping slightly as it passed over her skin. She could smell the chicken on his hot breath, but liked the animal's thank you, throwing an arm companionably around the back of his neck. He licked her throat and her breast bone, exposed by the parted robe.

She shrugged out of the robe, allowing it to slip off of her shoulders to fall around her hips in a show of trust, but also, delight at the feel of his tongue over her skin. Jan sat back; placing her palms flat on the floor behind her while the huge animal stepped closer to her, bending its head slightly to lick her throat again, then her shoulders in long lavish passes of its hot tongue. Jan loved the feel, as saliva dried on her skin, but then the wolf caressed her neck below her ear, wetting the erogenous zone before nibbling with the small teeth between its huge incisors. She felt her wetness suddenly and the familiar knot in her stomach at the promise of intimacy.

As if captive, submissive and with no will of her own, Jan lay back, flat on her back to allow him access to her body. From this position, he stood over her, massive and majestic. He lowered his head

and licked her throat again; she lifted her chin, delighting at his touch, trusting him completely. He licked her breast plate, then the breast nearest to him. Her nipple puckered immediately in excitement, hardening with suffused blood under the slight rasp of his tongue. Jan closed her eyes, relishing the deliciousness of his grooming of her.

He passed his tongue over her flat stomach, causing her to shiver a little. The pressure inside her was mounting, becoming uncomfortable with the need of release. Her nerves tingled; she twitched uncontrollably as thrills of pleasure rippled through her, she was going to come with no more than what he had done with his tongue. Jan had never felt quite so wanton, quite so perverse or quite so excited. Her body was zinging with nervous trills, alive in a sensuous culmination of want, need and pure animal lust.

Then his tongue found her mons, a pass of his tongue slicking the neatly trimmed pubic hair with saliva. Her legs spasmed, jerking up and open as if a switch had been activated. She came at that moment, an orgasm ripping through her, making her back arch off the floor, her muscles contracting in the cramp of her insides.

"Oh!" She moaned as he repeated the exploration of her mons. She rippled again at the touch, the cramp almost painful. But, the next pass of his tongue, passed beyond the small amount of fur, over her rabid clit to her labia, sending her into delirium of pleasure. Her already parted legs, opened further, separating her lips, petal like, so that he could find her treasure between.

The wolf stiffly padded from being beside her to step over her leg and then crouch down with his cold nose brushing against her clit that was by now, ready to burst where it had become so suffused and excited. The touch of his cold snout was like she had been jolted with pure electricity. The shock arriving in her brain a nano-second later in a white hot bolt that made her scream as it registered.

His tongue, hot and dextrous, passed between her lips to plunge into her sex and moved within her, searching out the crevices and undulations of her canal, then was removed to taste her secretions over super-sensitive taste buds that informed him she was very ready to mate. As if needing to reaffirm her condition, he licked at her lips again, tongue boring to her inner body before passing over her clit, driving her almost mental with the pleasure it was imparting.

She was completely helpless; devoid of volition, unable to do anything at all, except lay on her back, arms at her sides. So total was the condition, even her breathing was intermittent, timed with the wolf's tongue, gasping in ragged gulps of air as his tongue left her body, then expelled in a whoosh as he hit the button on his next pass. Her heart rate was through the roof, pummelling her ribcage from the inside; her stomach clenching and unclenching uncontrollably. Her second, third and subsequent climaxes galvanised her, rasping through her body in waves of delirium.

He stood, towering over her, surveying the woman from his vantage between her twitching legs. He pawed at a thigh, hooking his claws into yielding flesh, trying to turn her over. Jan got the message after the pain of his claws at last registered. Somehow, she found the wherewithal to twist her torso over, folding a leg so that it would pass in front of her master with out him having to move. Eventually, she was face down, her hands under her shoulders. She pushed up and brought her knees up into a doggie position, kneeling on her white bathrobe, displaying her sex for his inspection.

His questing tongue almost had her collapse again as it passed over her sphincter from her cunt. She bore the next pass of his tongue a little better, the following licks bringing her to another climax, her heat building once more, her come, puddling between her knees to be soaked up by the terry cloth of her robe.

A forepaw, landed on her back between her shoulder blades. He was pushing her head down so that she had to push out her arms and rest her head against the floor her ass high in the air, but it was uncomfortable, so, she moved her arms around until she was able to grasp her knees while supporting her upper half with the side of her head.

He waited while she sorted her self out then, still with his paws on her back, shuffled forward so that his cock came into contact with her genital region. The sharp pink end twitched, searching out her sex, but only succeeding to rub against her clit and then her anus in its futile search.

Jan let go of her knee and passed her hand between her spread knees to guide him to her desperately willing cunt. When her fingers found him, she had a moment of worry, he was huge in his hardness, but her own wantonness overtook any concerns she had; she positioned his dick at her entrance and pushed back at the same time so his cock pushed passed her outer muscular wall.

Enveloped by the warm wetness of her sex, the wolf shuffled his rear feet forward to get that much nearer then, mercilessly, shoved his whole length into her, satisfyingly feeling it delve into her depths. His initial humping drove him deeper, the pointed end pushing against the back wall of her sex as she adjusted to his girth and length until he was satisfied that he was properly connected inside her. Then, he began the fucking of her life. His humping was furious in its pace, deeper, thicker and harder than she had ever experienced before. It was an assault on her insides, her labia, her senses and desires; Jan gasped, gritted her teeth, came and pushed back on his cock, driving him deeper, filling her cunt and womb with his rock solid cock in a primal need to feel him impregnate her. His knot, gradually swelled, expanding to lock them together. It felt like she had something the size of a tennis ball or a fist banging on the inside of her musculature, creating a lock and a vacuum that felt like her guts were being pulled out of her.

Then his forepaws grasped her around her waist, locking together at her stomach. In this position, he was able to pull her into him, arching his back so that he stood upright with her yanked into his body. His final thrusts were slower, but much deeper than he had managed before. Instinctively, his body knew it was locked into her and signalled the release of his come.

Jan's own body made ready to receive his spend, pausing in anticipation of the flood it knew it was about to take from him. She knew a moment of perfect calm, no sound, no feeling, no anything, her cataclysmic orgasm suspended as her reproductive organs greedily waited.

He raised his head and howled as if at the moon as he shot his red hot sperm into her womb. Pulse after pulse flooded from him, filling her body with copious jets of come, liberally coating the walls of her womb, pushing out her belly from the amount of seed.

Jan's release came with the first spurt of white heat. She wailed; shuddering as her guts exploded in a riot of contractions and cramps that effectively milked his cock, draining his balls in rippling undulations of her muscular tract. It was too much for her to take in. Her mental processes shut down one by one, leaving her body to work on instinct and automotive responses only, supporting the animal's weight while he filled her cunt with even more of his come in a climax that seemed to go on and on with out pause.

She came too a little while later, not knowing how long she had been out. Her ravaged body ached happily, lying on her side. Jan became aware that the wolf was standing guard over her, tall and erect, his cock still infused and exposed was pointing at her from between his front paws. It was the first time she had actually seen it; she marvelled at the size and colour, wondering how she had managed to accommodate it. She became aware of pressure in her bladder and needed to pee suddenly and desperately.



Jan managed to lever herself up, pushing up from the floor with her hands and then managing to kneel. He regarded her impassively as she struggled to get to her feet and remained sitting while she unsteadily, tottered across the sitting room floor towards the bathroom.

She sat on the bowl, relief passing over her as the pressure in her bladder was relieved in a stream of urine. But, there was another pressure, the wolf's come was still washing around inside her, it too needed to be expunged. Jan sat there, collecting her thoughts and returning back to normality until, in a rush, his seed was ejected from her body in a rush, leaving her feeling strangely empty, like a discharged balloon.

She cleaned herself up, washing her face and upper body, completing her return to her senses. But, the memory of what she had done played inside her head. God, but she had never been so fucked before, never quite fully taken as the wolf had taken her; never quite filled or brought to a complete orgasm that was all enveloping and consuming.

She returned to the living room to find the wolf waiting by the door, sitting patiently for it to open and allow it to slip from the human abode, back to the pack and the wild of its home.

Still unsteady, Jan opened the door, patting the vulpine pelt as he quietly slipped past her and into the night. The storm had broken, but in her delirium of sex, had gone unnoticed.

If Ray wondered where her scratches had come from, he never asked. He came back the following morning, exhausted and torn himself. But, when they eventually got around to sex a few days later, was treated to a woman who was like a wild animal in her demands on his body as they rutted in the mussed sheets of their bed.

The wolf visited a few weeks later, hanging back in the shadow of the trees, watching the door, waiting for it to open. Jan saw him a couple of times, but as her pregnancy developed, allowed him to slip into memory as her body prepared to give birth to the new life she and Ray had at last produced.