

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



Interspecies sex is as old as the hills. Well almost, but certainly has been happening since man began to domesticate wild animals. Wolves teamed up with humanoid hunters, using the superior brain of the biped to ensure a supply of meat and a security of existence. A partnership made in heaven for both parties. The wolf/dog benefiting from the union with regular meals and little competition, the man using the nose and hearing of his counter-point as well as its stamina to chase down and hunt prey.

In such a close harmonious liaison, bonds will form, especially when far from the comfort of home and the warmth of the hearth or a mate's body. Comfort was often mutually sought between hunter and companion on cold nights under the canopy of stars on the great Steppes. Fur clothing often removed to be replaced with fur, still living and breathing in a union, more for warmth and social bonding, than sexual gratification.

Burr was no different from many other hunters. He was away on a hunt that may take no time, only keep him away from home for a day or two, or it could take a week and the passing of many miles into strange territory where navigation was then only possible by the celestial movements of stars, sun and moon. They had been away from home for three days, covering almost forty miles. Fortune had shone on Burr; he and his two dogs had latched onto the back of a herd of caribou, singling out an older bull, weakened by malnutrition and age. Two stone tipped arrows had lodged in its shoulder, causing a steady loss of blood, but even wounded, the animal had taken off, leaving a trail scent that Burr's partners had little difficulty in following. He would have preferred to persuade the bleeding animal to reverse its course and lessen the miles that he would need to travel back, loaded with the butchered carcass, but the caribou had a fixed compass heading, learned from his mother and the generations preceding his demise even in its panic and pain, the south west direction overtook any other compulsion. Like salmon finding a particular river, the caribou followed a path that took them to lower pastures and away from the worst of the impending winter. It was a trail blazed on its internal compass and completely irrevocable.

But now, it was night, stalking and avoidance ceased when the moon dipped below the horizon and deprived Burr of its wane light. A small fire offered some warmth in the bitter chill winds that whistled over the outcropping he had taken as a vantage point. The dogs and he had shared a ration of dried meat that hardly registered in their gut, but would be enough until the early morning light allowed Burr to once again approach the stragglers of the herd and their particular chosen victim. For now, he was curled up between the heavily furred bodies of the two dogs, his arm slung across the larger and more dominant of the two.

They slept, sated in reaffirmation of their bond, where Burr had slipped his cock into the anal passage of the smaller dog and suckled on the larger, grasping the base of him behind a bulbous knot so that his ejaculation was achieved. Secretions rubbed over each other in scent sharing served as a means of reinforcing the pack ethos. Burr's semen wiped over both of his subordinate, lower ranked team to once again establish his position in the hierarchy.

Burr had now fathered two children, both girls, both likely to live for the foreseeable future. He had taken on the woman, her two year-old son and her mother and father after her previous partner had fallen out of a tree, breaking his leg in several places. Although it may have seemed cruel, she had left him behind to his fate, taking the girls and her aged parents. Her mate would die. The leg would never be the same even if he could give it the necessary time to heal. The bone would never knit properly, but they would starve long before then. He was the sole provider. Her father was too old and arthritic at thirty-five to hunt much more than rabbits or fish and that with intermittent luck. Survival instincts impressed upon her and she sought a new mate with no more thought to her

partner of so many years.

It has long been eschewed that love is a modern concept. In these early days of biped dominance, love had little place in the harshness of existence. Partnerships were formed on the basis of ability and aptitude to provide; both food and protection, as for the male, or children by the woman and therefore, the spread of a particular gene trait through offspring. Choices of partnership were decided subliminally, taking into account, physical attributes and intelligence. Sometimes, but rarely, feelings developed over a long period, usually when the offspring were ready to make their own way. For most though, starvation or childbirth accounted for their demise, adding to the high mortality rate and short life expectancy.

Sexual maturity in early man; was achieved by the age of eight or nine. Complete self dependency came by twelve or thirteen. The male may stay with the family unit, extending the range and adding to the protective force through a collective coalition.

There was less of an investment in the length of dependence compared to modern times. If a child had not been paired off by mid-teens, they were ejected from the enclave and ceased to exist as far as the family group were concerned. Indulgence was far too costly and placed an overwhelming burden on parents that often only had forty years as a life span. The selection process then, naturally followed physical size, speed and musculature. A proven ability to hunt, kill and provide as a distinct advantage. Rights of passage added to the mortality rate of the male and had a significant influence on the disparate numbers of the sexes. Women outnumbered men by at least three or four to one.

A modern day idyll perhaps. Promiscuity was positively encouraged and the taking of many wives was usual rather than the taboo it is in this day and age. The toll however, was the downfall of too many men, bringing about an early grave.

Burr had the good fortune of being quick witted, tall and brawny. His reasoning and wood craft ensured he got to spread his genes far and wide, resulting in unknown bastard offspring in a wide circumference around his home ground. Apart from his obvious stature, perfectly obvious through his general lack of body hair, Burr had blue eyes, a rarity in Neolithic times. By comparison to his contemporaries, and through a union of a foreigner and his mother, he could be considered almost European in his difference. Much more fleet of foot, an improved hand-eye coordination and alertness to his surroundings and still only a teenager with many seasons of providence left in him. To the rather squat women of the Steppes region, he was a highly desirable catch.

The morning, still several hours away, would find them once again, hungry, eager for the coup de grace and following the wounded bull, harrying it until exhaustion eventually brought it down. The weakened animal hadn't travelled far, its trail and stink obvious to a practiced eye and nose. They found it in a clearing of a deciduous forest half a mile away from their overnight camp. He was fading fast; already his haunches had given way to weakness and were not supporting him at all now. Death would be soon as his strength gave out and he succumbed to the inevitable. Burr and his companions would not have to wait very long, but approaching the panting beast was not advisable. Although mortally wounded, he was more dangerous now than at any time previously. They paid him due respect.

Burr set about cutting some saplings with which to construct a travois. He would butcher the animal where it fell, into manageable hunks, offer the gods the still warm heart by burying it in the mother of all creation and covering it over to stop the wolves from digging it up, then pack the meat with dry grass, tie it to the travois and begin the long trek home.

He and the dogs shared the bloody liver, relishing the strength of taste and benefiting from the

vitamins of the organ that had so recently been an essential part of the beast. Blood dripped and coated the three companions, masking their scent and delighting them into a ritualistic dance in celebration of the spirit and thanks to the gods. They fucked each other in exuberance, cavorting in sheer pleasure and communal rapid unions that had nothing at all to do with sex.

Burr spent the next three days, dragging back the butchered carcass that would see his family through the harshest part of the winter. Their larder would need supplementing with whatever small game could be caught, but it was almost assured that they would be there next spring unless sickness struck as it so often did.

His triumphant return instigated a euphoric celebration. His woman met him while he was still at the bottom of the escarpment they had chosen as home, with an embrace that had his cock hard for her warmth. They kissed and hugged, but then shared the work of heaving the meat over the loose shale until they managed to get to the levelled area in front of the cave.

Her son was the first to emerge from the smoking darkness of the cave mouth followed by his partner's parents and then, by his daughters. The old man heavily relying on a crutch he had fashioned from a willow branch. His knees were virtually useless, bowed by the crippling disease of inflamed joints, every step a new excursion of pain.

But, even the old man joined in the shouts of triumph, whooping his praise to the skill of Burr and offering prayers to the sky gods for their provenance. Burr had noticed the slightly distended belly of his partner and realised that he was to be the father of a legitimate child born out of their partnership. His pleasure was complete; he relished the thought of what would come tonight when they fell into their skins, locked together in primal union. Of all the women he had fucked, she was by far the best, skilfully manipulating his prostate, prolonging his ejaculation until they were both sated. She was quite happy to use her mouth, hands and even allowed him to enter her most private area. In a few months, sodomy would be the only safe form of sex with her belly blown out with child.

Love had no part in those dark days, she would leave him if he failed; the protection of her progeny first and foremost in her mind, but there was no reason not to enjoy the time they had together. She had learned the ways of the body and knew how to use it. By her learning, she was providing for her children in keeping her man happy. A sated man will rarely go elsewhere. His daughters were already benefiting from the lessons their step mother was giving them. Burr was a good hunter gatherer with few equals; she knew it and resolved to make sure he never wanted to look abroad.

Unusually for the steppes women, Dak, her given name, was quite happy to include the dogs in the family unit. As part of the unit, they also got to fuck her on occasion, but it was always at her concession and therefore, not a frequent occurrence, reserved only for those days of special significance, like today and the laden return of her mate.

The drying caribou pelt was hung on a stretcher by the front entrance, simultaneously providing a wind break and a sucking vortex that drew out the heavy wood smoke of the constantly fed fire while drying out at the same time. Already she had scraped off the layer of fat under the epidermis with the sharp edge of a piece of flint stone. Later, over a period of days she would treat the skin with fats and oils that would be rubbed in, making it supple and perfect for clothing. This skin was going to be the new child's swaddling cloth first, and then be reused to clothe the infant.

At last, the most part of the meat was either stored in a natural depression that always had ice in it, a left over from the last ice age when the mountains had been scraped out and formed by huge glaciers, or been hung on a drying rack near the fire.

Dak prepared and served Burr with some fish caught from the nearby stream. She had subtly flavoured the delicate flesh with wild herbs. Wild kale surrounded the trout, broiled in the juice of water and animal fat. Her mother had taught her well, it wasn't only her unusual approach to sex that kept her man and made him come back.

The day wore on to dusk; night fell like a smothering blanket over the barren land. Burr had played with the boy who was yet to receive his name, teaching him subliminally, the fundamentals of hunting, stealth and tracking. But, the child had gone to his furs now and slept as only a child can do in blissful ignorance of all the noise around him. The girls were the sole responsibility of Dak; he had little to do with them, barely acknowledging them as his offspring. Girls were a burden for the most part, useful only for work and breeding.

Dak's parents yawned, the old woman who still looked quite able to provide a man some evenings pleasure and not suffer for it, made appropriate noises to her lifelong partner that they should also retire. She helped him up and then gently pushed him towards their sleeping place, but first, she hugged Dak and then kissed Burr, coming in close to smell him and give his cock a playful squeeze. Dak's mother had probably been as hot as Dak is now in her past at thirty summers or so, there was a promise of hidden delight that Burr could not fail to notice. It added to his anticipation of the night's lust.

Eventually, lit only by the red embers of the fire and glowing chunks of charcoal placed to keep the fire alive during the night, burning slowly and retaining the heat, Dak wriggled over to their sleeping furs; Burr followed a few moments later, shucking off his hide parker with the fur on the inside and crawling under the covers of yet more furs to join Dak. She had taken off her own parker to be naked and waiting for him.

Shadows flickered on the walls of the smoke licked cave and reflected in her eyes as they cuddled together. He kissed her deeply, savouring the taste of her lips and tongue. Her nipples hardened and rubbed against his chest. He pulled her close, feeling her rising heat as it matching his own ardour. His calloused hands explored the smoothness of her back and over her buttocks. Love may have no place in such a simple existence, but it made coming home from a successful hunt all the more joyous if the woman looked and felt good as Dak did.

Wriggling down, he took one of her hardening nipples into his mouth as if suckling her. Although she was in the early stages of pregnancy, her teats had grown and darkened. In his mouth, it hardened even more. Her breath shortened as his teeth nipped and teased, her hands grasped the back of his head and pulled him to her breast, squashing him hard against the yielding flesh.

His tough fingers searched for her sex, parting her lips dextrously with fore and index fingers while his middle finger found her nub of nerve endings. She was slick from the anticipation and freely lubricated the hard pad of his intrepid digit. She loved her clit to be massaged in this way and had taught him just how to bring her to readiness. Teaching him the necessary pressure and rhythm guaranteed to bring her off.

She gasped and spread her thighs as much as the covering furs would allow and giving him free access to her. He had learned well and in a few minutes, had her quaking in the throes of a climax that served to lubricate her as well as him. His cock by now was twitching and poking against her stomach. His skin peeled back to expose the purple head and a liberal supply of pre-cum.

She was not yet ready to allow him into her body though. Had he parted her legs and fucked her there and then, it would be over in a matter of a few seconds, only to be repeated later so that they could achieve satisfaction. She was far too tired for an extended session and doubted he would be

capable of the feat, having dragged the carcass of the caribou all the way back.

She grasped his wrist and pulled his fingers away from her sex and placed his hand on her breast. Slowly, she wriggled down while he shuffled up. Her lips found his hairy stomach, registering the hardness of his muscles below the skin. His scent came to her and inflamed her own desires. Skilfully, she encircled his cock with her hand, once again marvelling at his size and sending a silent prayer to the goddess for her fortune in ensnaring Burr. Not only had she got possibly the best hunter in these parts, she had also won a cock larger than the majority of the local men and certain to bring her carnal fulfilment.

His pre-cum moistened her palm, she spread and massaged it into his skin, alternatively grasping him as she pulled forward and squeezed out a few more drops, then releasing him to a gentle stroke that inflamed his tingling nerves.

Then, pulling his cock to her, she opened her mouth and slowly sucked the tip of his head between her teeth, tasting his pre-cum that she had spread over his newly revealed head. The effect was immediate, he gasped and automatically thrust his hips in an upward motion, but she was prepared for his need and tightened her grasp around his shaft, causing him to pull back sharply. Her lips parted further and slowly, she took as much of him into her mouth in a sensuous caress of tongue and the ribbed roof of her palate. Deliberately, she withdrew to the tip of him and then, in a fluidity of motion, took him deeply again, gradually increasing the tempo, bringing him close to orgasm.

She moistened a finger with her saliva and gently pushed it into his anus. He gasped and humped his hips, but all it managed to do was allow her easier entry into him. In a practiced manner, she found his prostate and by carefully massaging, the need to come receded, to be replaced by a need to pass water instead. Dak was skilful and struck a balance between making him come with her mouth and losing his erection in the need to fill her mouth with his piss. She prolonged the act and guaranteed their pleasure.

As a pleasure for him, it was sublime, but there came a point that it becomes unbearable. She recognised the signs and withdrew her finger and mouth to let him recover. Her own desires came to the fore. She straddled his chest and worked her clit against the coarse hair covering his skin. In only a few pelvic thrusts, her juices had coated him and she felt the familiar thrill of an onrushing climax.

His passivity passed, Burr grasped her hips and pulled her sex to his mouth where his tongue slipped across her clit. She shuddered as he found the point unerringly and then lashed the tip of his tongue again and again over the inflamed bud. She came in a short gush, filling his mouth, but he didn't break stroke, he continued until she shuddered again and once more flooded his face with her orgasm while she stifled a cry of release.

The fur covers had by now, been cast aside to allow greater freedom. Their hands covered each other in caresses that registered dimly, adding to the overall overwhelming effect of their lust.

Dak adjusted her position, still astride him, but now she slipped down his chest, over his stomach and then to join hip to hip in a union that would see both of them come in a frenzy of combined need.

He slipped into her as she guided his cock between her lips. Then, she knelt up and sank him into her depths, feeling his hardness fill her body. She craved his seed and in her desperation to feel his climax explode inside her, she bounced up and down on his erectness, driving him into her body and then lifting until only the tip was inside her.

One hand supported her, placed on his chest where her juice was still drying. Her other hand found

her clit and she did what only she could do perfectly, she fingered herself in time with their fucking, increasing, and then decreasing the pressure on her clit as he came close, so that their orgasms would coincide.

Neither of them had heard the dog approach in their abandon. The long lash of a tongue over her puckered ass announced their partner in sex. To her credit, Dak only gasped as the hot tongue slipped over her puckered entry. The dog had been there on occasion before and she knew that, if Burr wanted the dog to join, then it would be more than she dared, to deny him his pleasure. She liked the feel of the dog's cock and got rather more than Burr or the dog did by way of satisfaction from the union.

The dog's tongue was working its magic already. Her soaked cunt creamed in the anticipation of having his massive shaft driving into her until she was fucked insensible by the great brute.

His tongue was exploring her opening, working into her ass and self lubricating her hole in preparation for the invasion of his cock. Burr seemed unaware of the dog's presence and was thrusting into her, getting closer to his completion. For Dak, the mixture of sensations was taking her to another place, one where she loved to go, a place of pure and total release of her body to lust and fulfilment.

The dog, sensing her readiness for his cock, mounted her, scraping a claw across Burr's stomach as he grasped her waist. Burr stopped thrusting and felt for the dog. His cock throbbed in her cunt, twitching and leaking pre-cum, but he had accepted the dog's right of passage, assisting the dog to find her asshole.

With the man's help, the dog's cock was guided into her hot anus, the tip connecting with the first line of muscle, then, in a violent thrust of his hips, the resistance gave way, he buried himself in her depths and began to thrust in rapid strokes that soon had her screaming and trembling. His knot banged against her sphincter in an effort to gain entry and lock, but with Burr's cock in her other opening, he was denied the necessary access, and it mattered little at this preliminary stage though.

The vibration and Dak's response to the violation of her ass was more than Burr could stand. In a feeble attempt to match the sheer ferocity of the dog's piston like thrusts, Burr fucked into her body as if his life depended on it. His hardness became unbearable and release was a desperate need now. The pair fucked her from below and behind in an unequal rhythm, but one sure to bring about Burr's explosion inside her.

The effect on Dak was spectacular. Normal fairly passive in the later stages of love making, her abdomen heaved and thrust in unison with the dog, meeting thrust for thrust. Her pelvis rotated in powerful undulations that milked both cocks in a muscular grip that had them both trapped inside her wanton body.

Burr's climax hit him suddenly, in an explosion of primal lust. His seed blasting into her and spurting back out over his stomach as it was squeezed from her by the thickness of the dog's cock. Burr relaxed after a few seconds, his cock slipping from her body flaccid and spent. With his rivals cock out of the running, the dog was able to drive further into Dak. He took a firmer hold of the woman, gripping her waist in a vice like grip, his forepaws crossed and locked around her middle. Her arms would not support her any longer, to relieve the pressure on her shoulders, she lay her head on Burr's chest, the result of the slight alteration to position gave the dog the perfect admission to her, he took full advantage and drove his knot past her sphincter to lodge in her anal passage and be locked behind the powerful muscle, locking him inside her.



The dog's thrusts became less co-ordinated and rapid, falling into a staccato of smaller shoves as his movements were restricted by her body. It signalled to the dog that he was truly tied and heralded his blast of hot cum that blew into her guts. The dog was complete in his mission and wanted to disconnect, but she held him firm as palpitation after palpitation spurted dog cum into her over and over.

Burr slid out from under Dak, knowing that they would be locked for a little while; he wanted to piss and clean his cock of their combined juices. He shuffled off the soaked furs and made his way outside to the place they made their toilet. A movement in the dark caught his attention as he vented his bladder. Dak's mother was entertaining the smaller dog, sucking his cock. She was laying on her back with the dog standing over her. His cock lost in her throat and firmly held by a free hand.

So intent on her enjoyment, she didn't hear Burr approach until he was virtually next to her. She acknowledged his approach with a nod, but didn't stop her ministrations. Dak slipped his hand under her fur parker and grasped one of her breasts. Her heat radiated through the skin of his calloused hand and seemed to increase when he found her nipple. Hers were much larger than Dak's, it hardened between his fingers with her aureole puckering as if she had goose bumps. His other hand found her sex and her hard clit which he tweaked in a hard nip between thumb and forefinger. The sudden pressures made her jerk, getting more rather more of the dog into her mouth than she was prepared for. It initiated a gag response; she took the dog from her mouth as she sputtered, only to be replaced by Burr's flaccid cock, recently cleaned with broad leaves.

A different mouth soon had Burr hard. She suckled his cock as he fingered her hairy cunt, rubbing her clit and forcing two fingers into her body. She arched her back as his fingers performed a magic she had almost forgotten, it had been so long since she had had the pleasure of a man.

An urgency overtook Burr, instead of spending time preparing her for his manhood, he just parted her legs, pulling up her fur parker as he did so, then with little preamble, clambered between her parted knees and thrust his stiffening cock straight into her. She grunted from the force of his invasion, but in her need, raised her knees and then locked her ankles behind him and then pulled him even deeper into her body.

They rutted in unison of motion, bodies understanding at a subliminal level, the basic need of both of them. Burr was able to last for quite some time, having so recently serviced her daughter, thrusting into her and bringing her to climax before spending himself inside her. There was no embarrassment after the act, a deeper understanding perhaps, but neither of them felt much in the way of emotion. She had felt a need and he had been able to fulfil it. Inadvertently, he had impregnated her; both of the women in the family unit were now carrying his children that would be born a few months apart. Although she was the mother of his partner, at only thirty or so summers old, she was quite able to have children still, a consequence that neither of them had considered.

Burr's life was complete for the next couple of years. Two women who were happy to share him and his dogs, several healthy children and plenty of game to feed them all, he lived until a ripe age, when his sons hunted and fed the family. He would not know it, but Burr's family and the influx of other tribes were the forefathers of the steppes tribes that roam the Russian plains to this day.