

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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This is the story of how dangerous it is meeting people you only know through contact on the internet. You will hear how I meet Robin and he takes me deep into the forest to meet his merry men, where because I was not a willing participant, they made Marion.

I get myself dressed in a sensible long burgundy skirt, and a black jumper with a vee neck that showed off just a little cleavage. The last thing I want to do is to look tarty or cheap. One last look in the mirror. Yes I'll do. My brother was sat in the lounge of the mobile home we shared and as I came out, "Not bad for a big sis. Are you sure you don't want me to come with you?"

"No thanks. I'm sure I'll be ok. I'm a big girl now."

I pat my cat on the head.

"Bye Jessie."

As I leave our drive through the big iron gates, I wonder what this man will be like.

I'm a school teacher, and I look after twenty-eight small children in a little school. As my little red Corsa makes its way through the windy roads of the Mendips, I begin to question my decision to meet this man on my own. He was a guy I'd met on the internet, a couple of years younger than me, but we'd hit it off talking on MSN. I was nervous; of course I always was when I met someone for the first time, especially alone. But he gave me all the signs of being genuine and we were meeting in a pub. So there was no real cause to be afraid.

Well too late now, here's the Black Boar, and I'm rolling into the car-park. God! That must be him; it's the only red FreeLander in the car park. He is sitting up there so high, and god is he handsome. Now he's recognised my car, and he's getting out. Now he's at floor level, he's smaller than I'd expected, which is good, as I'm not tall myself. He's only slightly built, with short hair. Well this is it, I open my door, and he is walking towards me.

"Hi. You have to be Marion. Boy this feels strange."

"Yes that's me, so I guess you're Robin. But why strange?"

"Meeting you in the flesh, well not exactly in the flesh, but face to face at last. And I was right; you do have such a pretty face."

"Ok enough with the flattery, we're not talking on MSN now."

"Sorry, but even though this is our first meeting, I feel like I know you."

"That's ok, but don't take that as a signal that you can get too familiar."

"Ok, I'll behave myself. It's obvious you're a school teacher; you know how to put someone in their place. Well can I treat you to a meal?"

"I'm not sure, but I could definitely use a drink."

We go inside and his conversation is light and frivolous, with no sense of urgency or pressure. This, and the two drinks I've just downed, give me the confidence to take this meeting to its next level. After all, I've been talking about sexual acts with this man for some weeks now, and the idea of this meeting was to satisfy my aching pussy.

“Ok you smooth talking bastard, I think you’d better get me back to your den of iniquity before I have too much to drink. More to the point I want to see if you can live up to your late night promises.”

“Well if you’re sure you want to go through with this, I’m ready when you are.”

So minutes later, we’re both in his big 4 x 4 bowling our way around the narrow country lanes. We are travelling away from my native territory, and soon I’m travelling down roads that I don’t recognise. But I feel confident that he knows where he’s going. Then we turn-off the tarmac roads, and start bouncing our way along a very narrow bumpy cart track.

“Where the hell do you live? In the middle of a forest?”

“Yes.”

“Really? This isn’t just a short cut to somewhere?”

“No. My house is at least five miles as the crow flies from any other building. And the tracks through this forest confuse the most ardent of walkers, with their stupid little ordnance survey maps. We get them wandering around lost all the time.”

Jokingly I said, “So I guess once you’ve got me to your place, there’ll be no point in me trying to escape?”

“None at all. What with the marshes and quick sand around here, you’d be lucky to be alive tomorrow morning.”

Well at the time I thought I was joking, but as the old saying goes, ‘Many a true word spoken in jest.’

I gave a half hearted laugh. “Ha Ha. You are joking I hope?”

“No not really. But you’ve no need to worry, I’ll take you back as soon as I’ve got that little pussy of yours purring.”

I blushed, but let his remark go without comment.

“Is it much further?”

“Well not in miles, but the path gets trickier ahead, so it’ll take us about another ten minutes.”

“Jesus! It gets worse than this?”

Just then we came to what looked like a small clearing, with two more tracks leading from it. But we took off into what looked like blind trees. There was a track, but it was so overgrown, branches lashed against the sides of his Land Rover. The ground below us was just a quagmire of muddy water.

“Ok so you were right. Don’t tell me you have to use this track every day to go to work and back?”

“Don’t be silly, I don’t live out here. This is an old hunting lodge; I use it with some friends of mine when we go shooting.”

“So why aren’t we going to your house?”

"Well somehow, I don't think my wife would get on to well with you."

"WIFE? You told me you were single."

"I told you lots of things, but that doesn't mean they were true."

I instinctively reached for the door handle, but it had no effect. There must be some master control he'd switched off. But even if I'd been able to open the door and get out, how or where would I run to?

"You Bastard!"

"What's wrong?"

"You lied to me."

"Fucking hell, don't tell me you've been honest about everything you've told me?"

"I've never lied to you."

"So that means you're coming here to be fucked?"

I blushed again.

"Well yes."

"So what's changed, you didn't expect me to commit to getting married to you first did you?"

"No but..."

"But nothing. We'll have a good time, and then I'll take you back to the pub. Where's the problem?"

I didn't reply, I just sat there feeling somehow cheated, but he was right, what difference did it make him being married? Now ahead I saw a clearing, but there were five big 4 x 4's of various makes parked around in front of a wooden lodge. The smoke was billowing from the chimney, and the lights were burning bright from all the windows.

"That's good, they've got the fire already lit for us, and it'll be nice and warm in there."

"THEY? WHO THE HELL ARE THEY? THIS ISN'T WHAT I AGREED TO."

"Don't get your knickers in a twist, nobody's gonna harm you."

We pulled to a stop, and both doors opened, he jump from his side, and I climbed down from mine. He walked around to the front, and stood holding his hand out to me. I stood there looking back at the deep rutted muddy quagmire or a track that we just arrived by. All around were marsh and scrub land, and I thought about the quicksand he mentioned. I wanted to run, but I knew it was impossible.

"Well are you going to try your luck, or are you coming in to meet my friends?"

"You're lying bastard, and I'd never have left the pub if I'd known."

"Don't get so worked up, I'm only going to make one of your fantasies come to life for you, you should be grateful."

"One of my fantasies? What do you mean?"

"Come-on inside, you don't want to spoil the surprise. Come-on we won't hurt you."

"Ok, but remember I know who you are, and I told my brother who I was meeting."

"Well you know one of my identities. But anyway, you've got nothing to worry about, you'll be back home tomorrow night, with nothing more than a sore pussy and arse, and you can get your brother to rub them both with some cream."

"Pack that in. I won't have you saying things like that."

"I've had enough of what you will or won't have; you're the one taking orders from now on. So get your fucking arse in that cabin before I get the hunting dogs out here to round you up. And if you're thinking of running, they'll have you surrounded before you get fifty yards. Now fucking move it."

The tone of his voice was intimidating, and I immediately started making my way towards him. As soon as I was near, his arm went around my shoulder, and he was calm and pleasant again.

"That's better; you know we're just going to have fun with you."

He walked me up to the big front door, and in we went.

"Whoa!"

The door opened into a large room, with a big log fire blazing away in a stone fireplace. Sat around on old armchairs and sofas were seven men. Not all young, the oldest one must have been getting on for my dad's age. They all had drinks in their hands, and as the door opened, they all turned to face us.

"Ok guys, the main attraction has arrived, and I don't think she's quite as confident as she used to be on the net."

The door was shut behind me, and I was walked to the area in front of the fire place. There were various remarks being made about my personal appearance, mostly complimentary, even if crude and cheeky.

"Well Marion my little sex bomb, I hope you're on the pill."

"Look, I told you I'd only agree to sex, if you're wearing a condom."

"But as I've just told you, you're the one taking orders from now on. And if you think we're pissing around with rubber wellies (rubber hunting boots) on our dicks, then you're very much mistaken."

"But that was what we'd agreed. And it was supposed to be just us two; there was never any mention of any more men getting involved."

"You're not very bright for a school teacher, hasn't it sunk in yet? What you agreed has nothing to do with what you're gonna get. Over the past few months, we've took it in turns to talk to you on line. Sometimes on our own, sometimes, with up to five of us on line with you at the same time. So we know all your little fantasies, even the things that you are curious about, but say you're not sure you'd dare to try.

Well tonight Marion, is your night, your going to try everything you've ever mentioned, and maybe a

few more ideas, that you've never even heard of. So its up to you whether you resist, or go with the flow, either way, makes no difference to us. You can't escape. You can make as much noise as you want. And you haven't got a fucking clue where you are, or who you're with. So if you're stupid enough to visit a police station after we've finished with you, all you'll succeed in doing is letting a load of hairy arsed PC plods spread your legs for you, and gaup at the cum running from your cunt and arse. So my dear, are you stripping off for us? Or do we have to strip you?"

"Look Robin, I thought you were my friend."

"I'm not Robin, that was a name we made-up between all of us. And I am your friend. All I want is a friendly fuck."

"Please, I know you've got me trapped, and I was stupid to come with you, but if I go along with letting you all fuck me, will you at least wear condoms? I've got some with me, so long as you don't all want too many goes at me."

"Ok then, we're all reasonable guys. You get stripped off, and start by giving us all a blow job?"

After what he had been suggesting, this seemed like I'd got through to him, and he was human after all, so I jumped at the chance before he changed his mind.

"Oh yes! I'll blow all of you, and while I'm blowing one, the rest can play with me or finger me wherever they want."

"What do you say lads, are we ok with that?"

To my relief there was a general round of approval from the men.

"Ok Marion, looks like they're happy to let you strip off for them, shall I put some music on for you to get down to?"

"You can, but don't expect a professional striptease."

He put the CD player on, and I began taking off my clothes, moving as I went, but I was so nervous, I don't think I made a very good job of it. Gradually as bare flesh became visible, the hands began reaching towards me, and I felt their fingers stroking my skin. Now I was down to my bra and knickers, I had maybe four men, stood-up forming a tight circle around me. Their hands were exploring every part of my body.

As my bra came off, I had two mouths clamping like limpets to my nipples, sucking and nibbling. I couldn't get my knickers down past my waist, as I was unable to stoop with the men so close to me. But my knickers came down all the same, one of the men made sure of that.

Now I was naked, my legs were pulled open, and fingers probed both my arse and pussy. Still being fingered, I was pulled across to where a man was seated, and as I was taken down to my knees, bringing my mouth to his dick, I could now see he was naked. Most of the men were stripping themselves as they fumbled with my body.

I took this semi-hard dick to my lips, and soon had a rampant throbbing monster pulsing in my mouth. Fingers were ramming both my pussy and arse, and my nipples were on fire with the nibbling and tweaking they were getting. My pussy had started throbbing, and the earlier fear had subsided. Gradually I began to enjoy the overload of attention my body was receiving.

My head was pulled from the first mans dick, and an already hard member was thrust into my mouth. Which one I had was immaterial to me, and I just kept sucking and massaging the new shaft I'd been given. I could feel the pulsing in my pussy getting stronger, and I began to think an orgasm can't be far away. Then the fingers pulled out, and my pussy was in a kind of limbo, like a dog panting after it has retrieved and dropped its stick for its master, and is waiting for it to be thrown again. My pussy panted and waited to be satisfied by the next fingers.

Then I felt the big bell-end of a dick, and as it touched my lips, they parted, welcoming it in.

"Agg agg agg agg."

I tried in vain to shout back asking if he'd got a condom on, but my head was firmly held onto the other mans dick. So now the man behind me was up my pussy thrusting for all he was worth. And although I somehow knew he hadn't got a condom on, I was powerless to stop him. But worse was that I was powerless to stop my pussy from giving him the impression that I was enjoying it!

My body was being worked from every conceivable angle, and I knew an orgasm was inevitable, and it would be upon me pretty soon. Oh no, he's coming to his vinegar strokes, and I can't stop myself. Oh yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Ah god! Fucking hell was that good. He pumped every last drop of his cum deep up inside me, and my pussy exploded, flooding juice everywhere. Oh god was that good; never mind what my sensible head was thinking, my pussy really needed that fucking.

The man in my mouth withdrew his dick, and I expected my head to be pulled to another man, but no, I was now manoeuvred across the floor. One of them was already on his back, and I was led across, and positioned astride him. I didn't resist as they lowered me down, and my pussy slid onto his mighty shaft. Then I had a dick pushed to my mouth, and as he started fucking my face, I settled down for another fucking session.

But someone was fingering my arse, and not just with one finger! As his fingers pulled out I could feel his dick pushing hard at my bottom. The fingering had lubricated my hole, and it didn't take much force by this big dick, to open it back up, and allow it to ease its way in.

Now I've been fucked in the pussy loads of times, and fucked in the arse just a few, but never before at the same time. I've obviously seen it on porno, and mused with the idea of having a go, but I'd always expected it to be on my own terms, and done gently. Not being forced to take three big dicks at the same time, and all delivered as though there wasn't a moment to lose.

So even though I was by now well and truly turned on, this rough pounding was still unnerving me. But as they fucked relentlessly on, without a care as to my feelings, my tension and anger melted, and my pussy started to work its magic. I'd got three dicks, two mouths on my nipples, and I don't know how many hands everywhere around my naked body.

How could I possibly not start working towards another orgasm? But now to my disappointment, the man in my pussy and the one in my arse, both started cuming within seconds of each other. But I'd only just got over my anger, at being forced into this situation, so my orgasm was only just like storm clouds on the horizon.

The man got up off my back, and I was pulled up off the man on the floor, but only to be lowered back down onto the man whose dick I'd just been sucking. This time, I was expecting the dick to start probing my arse, and sure enough, he was there, pumping his big hard length deep into me. Another man had given me his dick to suck on, and the action recommenced. But this time I was resigned to my fate, and already partially worked up. So before they were ready to cum, my pussy was reaching meltdown, and although I had already had several minor flutters, I was struggling to

hold my major explosion until I detected them on their final approach.

Well I succeeded, and as I felt the man up my arse quicken his pace, I let my senses go wild. My pussy was in spasms, clamping the dick as it was on it's withdraw stroke, squeezing the cum from his mighty shaft. And the tightening of my pussy automatically drew the flesh, giving the dick up my arse the same treatment. Without realising, I'd also begun sucking the dick in my mouth, like my life depended on it. Well to say that was a great fuck would be an understatement; it was like no fuck I've ever known. And judging by the three men, I don't think any of them would disagree.

So as they all slumped down exhausted, was I allowed to rest for giving such an exceptional performance? What do you think? There were three more men pumping their dicks in and out before my pussy had stopped pulsing. And my body had started working its way to another climax, but this one did not prove to be so outstanding, though never the less pleasant.

This kind of treatment went on without any pause, well not for me anyway, for over an hour and a half! When they did eventually tell me I could have a breather, I just slumped down on the sofa, totally naked, not attempting to cover up at all. I had spunk dribbling from both my pussy and arse, and streaks of it all over my body. I'd swallowed god knows how much, and how much was still in my womb looking for eggs to fertilise I have no idea.

Someone brought me a drink, and I took a swig, then about had a coughing fit, as I was not used to whisky.

"Cough! Cough! Cough! Cough! Oh god! I didn't realise it was whisky. No thanks. I never drink spirits."

"Get it down you; you'll need a bit of Dutch courage soon."

"What do you mean? I thought you'd finished with me."

"What ever gave you that idea? The night is still young, and we haven't seen the limits that pussy of yours will go to yet."

"No please, no more. I've let you all fuck me in what ever way you wanted, please take me back now."

"Do you want this drink? If not we might as well get you started on your next fantasy."

"No. I won't do it what ever it is you've got planned."

Then two men carried a low wooden table, maybe 30 cm high & wide, and about a metre long, and placed it in the middle of the floor, about where we'd just been fucking.

"Ok, but I'm sure a few glasses of this would make it easier for you."

"I'm not doing it. I'm not. I'll fucking scratch and kick like a wild animal."

"Don't be silly. If you don't get yourself over to that table, and get yourself spread out face down along it, then we'll get the bull-whips, and thrash your fucking hide, until you can't stand-up. So you'll end-up going home, with marks you'll have to try and explain to your mom and dad. But you'll still have given us our little performance. So come-on now, be sensible."

"Sob! Sob! Sob! Sob! Sob! Sob! Sob! Sob! Please don't make me. Sob! Sob! Sob! Sob! Sob! Sob!



Sob! Sob!”

“Dry your eyes, and drink a few of these down.”

“Sob! Sob! Sob! Sob! Sob! Sob! Sob! Sob! I-I don’t want a drink.”

“Ok, then let’s have you on the table.”

He stood there holding out his hand towards me. I got to my feet, and he led me to the table, like a lamb to the slaughter. I was laid face down, and men either side took hold of my arms and legs. I was bound to the legs of this low wooden table in the kneeling position on my hands and knees.

Before I’d heard the dogs being brought in, I’d already guessed that was what I was being prepared for. Now running into the room came two big German Shepard dogs, both with long tongues hanging out and panting away. They wasted no time at all in finding my pussy, and they were both soon lapping away with those big long tongues. Well I suppose I have to admit that sex with dogs is one of my fantasies, I’ve seen loads of pictures, and a few videos. It fascinated me for a long while, and I’ve talked to guys on the net about it. But it was one thing, which I never would have had the courage to try.

Well now it was happening, and not in private, but in front of a room full of perverted bastards who’d tricked me out to their hunting lodge. So as with the double fucking, this session started with me being on edge, and not really in the mood to try this out. But also like the double fucking I’d just been given, it didn’t take these dogs long to melt away my resistance. Their tongues were so forceful, and also so long, this was a licking like no other licking I’d ever been given.

Although I was bound to the table, at this point it would not have been necessary, as I had now resigned myself to taking my first dog fucking. And in fact, the licking I was getting had got me to the point where I couldn’t wait for one of the dogs to mount me.

But before either of them started to climb aboard, I had one of the men kneeling himself down in front of my face, with his big hard dick pointing to my mouth. I opened my mouth, but as my hands were tied, I could only suck him, and he was stroking his own shaft. The introduction of his dick into my mouth distracted me momentarily. Because, as he was entering my throat, I now had to concentrate on my breathing.

Then without warning, I felt the big heavy weight land on my back, and the front legs tucking themselves around my waist. Now his pointy dick was stabbing wildly around the tops of my legs. That’s it, he’s found his mark, and up it goes. I have to say, it’s a little disappointing, because it is so little. I’d expected something a lot bigger, going by pictures I’d seen. Shit he’s slipped out, and now he’s dismounted.

He runs around to where the man is thrusting hard, and starts licking around my mouth, while the man fucks away at my face. But wait, the other dog is mounting me; he lands his weight much more gently, and is up me with his second stab. Then he was thrusting wildly, and although his dick was only small as it slid up the first time, it rapidly began swelling, until it was now not only very long, but big and fat, stretching my pussy.

He rammed me hard and fast, and I was sure I could feel the infamous ‘Knot’ that everybody talks about with dog fucking. It was somehow different to being fucked by a man, as when a man’s dick is fully in, their body and balls slap against you. But this dog, had a massive swelling like a tennis ball in his dick, and as it reached my pussy, it forced itself just a little further in each time. It was almost like my pussy was opening up wider and wider, with every push. I now knew it wouldn’t be long

before he'd be knotted firmly to me. Oh god, that was almost in. Oh YES!

Oh my god, I've just been double fucked by a gang of brutal bastards, but they never even got close to this! His knot was now securely inside me, and my belly was swollen like I don't know what! But still his shaft continues to thrust deep into me, pumping like crazy. Oh yes he's cumming, I can feel it warm inside me. But he just keeps cumming, and it squirting out of my pussy alongside the ramming dick.

At last he stops, and instantly dismounts from my back.

So although he is facing the other way, his dick is still firmly locked into my pussy, by the huge knot. Everybody thinks this very amusing, and in some way I'm glad I'm tied to the table. I've heard stories of girls being dragged around stuck to the back end of the dog that has just fucked them; at least I'm anchored firmly in one place.

The other dog is trying to mount, but he can't get access, until the first dog yields his position. And the man fucking my face is now about to cum. He pulls out, and starts shooting his cum in my face and hair.

The first dog mounts me again, pushing the intruding dog aside, and ramming me wildly again. This time, I'm already a long way towards being aroused, so when he starts to fuck, I'm humping with him. The second dog is now licking the spunk from my face and hair. All sense of shame or humiliation are gone, and I take the dog like I'm being fucked by my master. I now know the telltale signs of his impending spunk, and I bring my pussy to a crescendo to coincide with his. Oh fucking yessssssss. Yes. Yes. Oh God Yes.

Boy was that some fuck, my pussy is pulsing wildly even though he is lifting himself off. Oh god, his dicks just slipped out, big fat knot and all. Ugg. The second dog lands on my back like a sack of potatoes. His dick stabs, and he's found my hole. Oh yes, he's bigger this time, he must have been getting worked-up while he was watching. Now his knot is pushing at my hole. Oh yes, that's it. He's in! No problem this time.

Now like the first dog, his dick and knot are stretching my pussy, and he's ramming relentlessly. I begin to think my best plan is to try to get as aroused as I can, as quickly as possible. But as my hands are tied, all I have at my disposal is my imagination. So as he humps, I visualise the men all around me, like they were earlier. I feel my orgasm building, and I know it will only take a signal from the dog, to make my pussy once again explode.

Now the dog begins his jerking action, and I feel his spunk squirting inside me. My pussy begins pulsing, and flooding juices from around his pumping dick. He pumps spunk for what seems an eternity. But eventually, he is spent out, and drops himself to the floor. I'm pleased to find my plan of getting myself as aroused as possible has worked, and as he turns away from me, his big swollen dick, knot and all, pull out with an audible, "Plop."

I half expected they'd let the first dog re-mount me, but I was pleasantly surprised to hear,

"Ok boys, I think that will do for tonight's entertainment."

And with that they began to untie me. I was helped to my feet, and then allowed to dress. Within minutes, I was being thrown from side to side as the big 4 x 4 made its way back along the rough track through the forest. We travelled in silence, and the journey took for ever. But eventually we stopped, and Robin turned to me,

“Ok girl. Hope you’re ok. I don’t think we hurt you. Your car is over there. I’ll look for you on line, but I’ll understand if you don’t want to talk to me. No hard feelings?”

I gave him the most menacing look I could muster,

“Fuck-off you bastard, if I thought it would do any good, I’d phone the police.”

And with that I slammed the door as hard as I could; I’m surprised the door glass didn’t break. There was a scrubbing noise of tyres, and the wheels spun on the loose gravel surface as he sped away.