

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) 2015 by Gill Byrd

This was the best job in the world. No long weary hours spent in the office any more, apart from picking up her leads any way. These days Jill was an outdoor girl. As animal feed sales rep for the South Midlands division of a large agrochemical firm she was free to drive out in the countryside every day. And today was a truly glorious summers day.

Today she had a morning call to a farm in the middle of the Cotswolds. Although she had not visited it before, she knew it was in a lovely part of the country. Even its name was pretty, "Sunnyside Farm".

Although the farm was in a remote spot it was easy to find, using the map her firm provided, and at ten a.m. she was driving through the gates and up the rough track.

She stopped the car outside the house in a clean and well-swept yard, bordered by whitewashed farm buildings. The house itself was built in stone with a thatched roof. She spent a few moments making sure she looked her best, straightening her pleated skirt and checking her white blouse was properly tucked in. Her high-heeled black sandals were clean.

Jill wasn't surprised when there was no answer to the doorbell; farmers were busy people and some were offended that visitors thought they spent time in the house! She decided to try some of the outbuildings. There were no sounds to help her so she went to the nearest and pushed open the door. She was puzzled to find herself in a large, brightly lit empty room. The floor was of wooden boards and the walls were whitewashed plaster. As she walked further inside Jill had the unsettling feeling of being on a stage. The lighting came from spotlights situated on a gantry all over the ceiling, making the room quite hot. Jill decided there was no point staying here.

As she turned to leave she was startled to see a large dog sitting between her and the door. It was a mixed breed, with the face of the dog from Turner and Hooch, and a lean body covered with light coloured scratchy hair. Although Jill was not afraid of many animals she was glad to see the dog was wagging his stubby docked tail.

"Nice doggy" she called in quiet but assertive voice. "What's your name?" The dog stood up and came towards her; she could see the pink tip of his penis protruding from its sheath. "Oh, naughty boy!" she admonished him gently, "you mustn't show me that!" Laughing, she tried to walk around him, but he growled and dashed to block her path.

Jill was becoming a little alarmed. "No, be a good boy!" She spoke sternly to him, hoping she could take control. She decided to walk quickly past him and get out of the door. As she passed him she felt a blow to her back, which knocked her off balance. Before she could recover, the dog had jumped onto her back and she fell to her knees.

The dog was growling very nastily now and she was becoming afraid. She felt him scrabble to get firmly on top of her and then he clamped his jaws firmly on her right shoulder. The pain was awful! The dog began to shake her violently, making her cry out. She felt him banging his penis against her bottom. "Get off me you crazy dog!" she screamed out. The stupid animal was trying to fuck her! But, this wasn't a lap dog rubbing against her ankle; this was a powerful beast!

The hapless woman struggled to free herself by trying to crawl to the door carrying the heavy animal on her back, but when he saw what she was doing he gripped her more tightly and shook her into submission. Jill was becoming exhausted; she was going to collapse to the floor. She decided to do just that, and then he would not be able to get near her bottom. When he felt her move towards the floor he became enraged, clamping his teeth so hard into her that her blouse was torn. The pain was

excruciating and she pushed herself back into her previous position. She screamed out for help.

The horrible dog was determined to subdue her. He was salivating through his teeth, soaking the collar of her blouse. No one was coming to answer her calls. Jill was horrified to realise that she must submit to the dog's desire. Taking her weight on one arm, she reached around behind and, finding the hem of her skirt, pulled it up until it was above her waist, she also had to ruck up her underskirt. The material was slimy from the animal's precum. The dog seemed to recognise her cooperation and eased off his jaws mighty grip. He kept hammering his hips against her rump and she could feel the head of his cock through the thin cotton of her panties.

Oh no! Surely she wasn't going to have to go all the way? He was becoming frustrated again and his jaws started to increase their pressure; she couldn't stand that again. Also he began to scratch her buttock with his hind leg as if at an itch but it was really trying to get her panties out of the way. She was going to have to try and make him think she was going to let him have his way but somehow find an opportunity to escape.

"Good boy," speaking softly and soothingly, "let Jilly help you. That's right, I need to get my panties off. Yes, good boy. Let Jill reach behind again and I will tug them out of the way." The voice seemed to work, the dog whined softly into her ear and eased off his thrusting and let go of her shoulder. She pulled at the elastic top of her panties and slid them over her hips and down her thighs. If she was going to make a sudden run for the door she would have to take them off completely, or free off one leg at least. She didn't want to be tripped or encumbered by them. Murmuring sweet nothings to her beastly lover, "good doggy, nice doggy," she managed to remove them altogether. The dog howled in delight as he felt her take hold of his erect penis.

Should she attempt to disable him, she wondered? If she grabbed his balls and twisted hard would he be disabled long enough for her to escape? Jill decided it was worth a try. She moved her hand back along the unexpectedly long, slippery cock, until she found the hair-covered testicles. As she gingerly grasped them the dog became suddenly suspicious, he grabbed her close to the neck and shook her mercilessly. "Owwhhh! She cried, "I'm sorry, please don't hurt me! Please let go. Ohh!"

She let go immediately. She had been mastered and at last she knew it. Again taking his cock in her hand she directed its tip to cunt lips. She wanted to hold her lips apart to make its entry easier, but it was awkward try to do it all one handed. In any case it didn't matter; the pointy tip of the dog dick slid between her lips easily and went in fully up to the hairy balls she had been contemplating damaging.

"Ugghhh!" she grunted, as the breath was knocked from her lungs. "Oh no, please don't let this be happening!" she thought. At least the awful biting on her neck ceased now the dog was getting what he wanted. As he fucked her vigorously he howled a victory call, announcing his subjugation of another bitch. Jill knew it was true; she was his bitch, and he was her master!

The fucking continued under the hot lights and Jill began to sweat. By lowering her shoulders to the floor and placing her face sideways onto her hands she was able to be a bit more comfortable.

It was an even more undignified position as it made her bottom higher than her head, but she needed a rest. Jill had to take her blouse off; it stank and she was so hot! With some difficulty she removed it. Yet there was still something wrong. What was it? Oh! It was her clitoris! It had always been very sensitive to any touch, and it was becoming erect under the rubbing of the dick inside her. She had to try to not to get turned on; it would be too shaming to enjoy any of this rape! She tried to distract her mind from her ordeal but the big wet cock sliding in and out of her belly would not be ignored. The warm tingle grew and spread up her body. She couldn't help herself; anyway she was a

prisoner, why fight it any longer?

She was a bitch, only a bitch! The words swung around her mind. She was being mated to a farmyard dog! "Okay, if I'm a bitch fuck me you flea bitten mutt!" she screamed. The dog growled into her ear and launched a furious assault on her cunt, his hips moving faster than ever. Jill responded, pushing her arse back against him to obtain the deepest possible penetration.

The strangeness of the situation, the surreal nature of her rape brought her climax near sooner than ever before and she felt her orgasm rising through her. "Oh doggy! Oh doggy fuck Jill, fuck Jill," she repeated over and over again. Her nipples were swelling inside her bra and it had become insufferably tight. She simply pulled it up over her breasts, and then lifted herself up onto her elbows to allow them to swing freely.

And then, she came! Moaning and shaking all over. Crying and laughing and muttering loving words to the idiotic animal abusing her cunt; she had finished but the animal hadn't. She thought he was resting, with his cock shoved deep inside her, but he was actually forming a knot. When she tried to gently ease herself free of the cock she found it was anchored by a large swelling at its root. The dog now seemed to be getting off her back, pushing with his fore legs. But all he did was turn himself around so his bottom was against hers in the natural way of all dogs. The twisting of his penis in her cunt caused her pain but her discomfort meant nothing to him, she was just a used bitch; when his ejaculation had finished he would be released from her tight cunt.

He had lost interest in her now, but she was still joined to her master. He dragged her around the room as he sniffed in interesting corners and she had to shuffle in a backward crawl to follow him. Jill was crying with shame when the knot suddenly relaxed and with a gush of stinking cum the cock finally flopped out. Jill collapsed into a heap on the floor, tired enough to sleep. She knew she had to get as far from this place as possible, and quick. The dog might start feeling randy again! As she lifted herself painfully the dog, sauntering past, lifted his leg and pissed over her face and chest. Jill spluttered the piss from her mouth and scabbled to her feet, grabbing her blouse and bra. She ran to the door and out into the sunshine. The dog took no notice of her.

Outside she ran to her car. She grabbed her jacket and put it on over her bare skin. She threw the bra and blouse into the back seat. Inside the car she found a box of tissues and wiped her face in the rear view mirror.

Sobbing, she started up the car and drove back down the track. At the gate a tractor was blocking the way. "Oh no!" she thought, "not more trouble".

The driver was an old man in his sixties. "Hello my dear. You must be the rep I should have met. I'm sorry, but I got held up in the top meadow. Could you come back some time soon and I promise to give you a good chance to get an order?"

Jill just wanted to get home right away. "Yes," she said, "I'll phone in a day or two for another appointment."

The man moved the tractor and she drove off, hurriedly.

As he watched her car disappear down the lane the man thought about the pretty young woman. Yes, she would be visiting again soon, he was sure. If Max had done the business and the clever electronic video gear had worked properly, she would have to come back if she didn't want the world to see her being fucked by his dog. Of course she would have to perform for him many times before he would give her the tapes. There was that new boar he had just bought, and that colt was becoming mature enough to be trained to fuck a woman. Yes, she was going to be busy!

The End?