

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



*It has been a while since I have had the time to compose anything. But here is a scenario I have been toying with for a bit. It looks like it has promise but I would welcome any feed back as to whether it is worth continuing.*

Narrator 123

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## Chapter 1

Jake was tingling with anticipation as he waited in arrivals. Would she really come? He hoped the trust they had built up over the last year would be enough and she was for real. God, she might just have been pulling his chain, or be some guy in disguise (there are plenty of those online) or maybe she would chicken out.

Would she find him attractive? The photos he had sent were from 5 years ago. But even now at 35 he felt he retained his youthful appearance. Ok his hair is thinning a little and his waist line is beginning to bulge, but a lot less than other guys his age. At 6ft 2" with sandy hair and clear blue eyes, piercing from his tanned face, in the right clothes package, he could still pull it off.

But this is no 20 something conquest he had made at a club. Jemma is a beautiful petite 16 year old girl from England with a kinky passion they both shared, and it was this that got them chatting on line, leading eventually, 3 days following her birthday celebrations, to her coming to Chicago to visit.

He had sent her the return ticket and some money to organise her passport etc. Her mother believed she was visiting an American pen friend for 2 months to experience life there and to investigate the job market. Jake had told her that instead of indulging her manipulating boyfriend and his friends, he could help her make some serious money out here. Money she intended to use to top up her college fund.

So here he was standing at the arrivals gate scanning the faces as the passengers from the recently landed UK flight were filing out. After endless minutes and just when he was about to give up hope and go home, she came through waving and beaming her beautiful smile in his direction.

His heart missed a beat as his eyes feasted on every inch of her. 5 ft, about 90 pounds, firm braless breasts with nipples pouting through her tight crop top. Her slender hips enclosed in a cotton mini, long enough to easily ensure her modesty, but short enough to display the full effect of her wonderfully shaped legs. There was no mistaking the fact that she wore nothing underneath. Her only luggage was a rather large back pack that hung from her right shoulder.

"Hi Jake! She said, "Sorry it took me so long to come through but the security guys thought I might be carrying drugs or something and insisted on searching my bags and frisking me. Everything is ok now though."

'I bet the dirty perverts did', thought Jake, smiling back at her, 'in fact I am going to do exactly the same at my earliest convenience'.

"Hi Jemma, did you have a good flight? "He enquired, accepting her hug and returning her moist kiss, but not for too long. He did not want to draw attention to himself anywhere this public.

"It was ok, but boring. I hate sitting for too long in one place, it makes me feel claustrophobic. But I slept for quite a bit and dreamt of the cool things we are going to be doing for the next couple of

months. I can't wait!"

Jake could see she meant it. Her unrestrained nipples were blatantly standing to attention and her face was flushed with excitement.

"Feel how wet my pussy is!" she continued, grasping his arm and moving his hand so it hovered between her legs. "God I am just so horny, you could take me right here and I wouldn't care".

Jeff almost took her up on it, but decided that discretion was the better part of valour and redirecting his arm to wrap around her waist guided her to the car park.

Twenty minutes later they are on the freeway and heading to the Carlton hotel where Jeff worked as a senior manager.

Jemma looked so tiny sitting in the front passenger seat of the SUV, that Jeff was almost having second thoughts. 'No way does she look sixteen' he thought, 'But hey she was here and boy was she wrapped in a pretty package'.

He decided there was no point in waiting any longer so he pulled into the next empty lay-by and stopped. He reached across to the glove compartment, making sure to brush her thighs on the way, and removed a pretty pink dog collar decorated with diamante and coloured glass. He put on his most serious face and looked her straight in the eyes.

"Right Jemma you know the score. Are you really sure you still want to go along with this? Once you put this collar on you have no free will until I take it off in two months time when it is time for you to return home. You must do everything I say immediately without question and never ever disclose our arrangement to anyone".

Jemma looked at the collar. She had drooled in anticipation ever since they had planned her visit. But now that she was here was she really going to give this man total control of her body and mind for two months?

'The respectable part of her was totally horrified at the prospect, but the slut part which had dominated her for the last three years was just too powerful. As every nerve end in her body sung and every muscle hummed in synchrony, she returned his gaze and slowly took the collar from his outstretched hand. She could not ignore the delicious wetness she felt as she strapped it around her neck and then relaxing turned to the widely grinning Jeff, "What is your command my Master?"

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## Chapter 2

"Ok Bitch, for the next half hour until we reach the hotel, you will tell me exactly what you have been getting up to back there in the UK, and how the hell someone as young as you can have so much experience!"

"Where shall I start Master?" she asked in her most innocent voice.

"How about your first time, start there and don't leave anything out, or else!" said Jeff, lacing his voice with menace.

Jemma cleared her throat and tried not to hide her disappointment. She was expecting to be performing a blow job by now. But she had promised to obey so.....

"I was around my friend Helen's house just chilling you know, listening to music and chatting about everything and nothing. We were both thirteen and both having periods, so obviously most of the talk was who had done it with who in school and who we would like to give our cherry to and when.

Her parents were away for the weekend and her 19 year old brother Mike was babysitting us. I was totally in love with him, but he barely knew I existed. He would just notice me there and say "Short stuff, bring me a beer from the fridge" or "make me a sandwich!" anything really, in that bossy voice of his. I could never refuse. I used to say to Helen, 'if he told me to fuck him, you know I think I would just do it. And then go all dreamy.

Looking back, I think they both set up this night between them. After a few hours Helen suggested we go down to the living room and see what Mike was up to. Maybe there would be a good film on the TV.

Mike was casually laying on the settee one leg on the floor the other draped over the arm. He was wearing sports shorts and crop T-shirt which showed off his tanned well muscled body to perfection. He looked up and I lost myself in his beautiful emerald eyes. My legs felt weak and I tingled all over. I could not think of a single word to say so I just smiled and sat on the armchair just to his right. There was a football game on the TV and even though I hate it I pretended to be interested.

Helen left us there and went to the kitchen to make some coffees. After a few minutes in which the silence screamed so loudly it was deafening, I turned around to look at Mike. I was a bit shocked to discover he was looking straight at me with a critical look in his eye.

"Have you showered today Jemma?" he asked me, in a really serious voice. I really didn't see as it was any of his business and was about to tell him so when something stopped me and I just meekly answered, "Yes of Course".

"Good!" He proclaimed and continued to stare at me for another five minutes or so, saying nothing. I was starting to blush under his intense gaze and feel very self conscious.

"You are wearing too many clothes for my liking bitch, take off your t-shirt".

He said it in the most matter of fact way as if he just expected to be obeyed. I was frozen not knowing where to look or what to do. I stared at the TV and pretended I hadn't heard.

"This is the last time I will repeat myself Jemma", he said crossly, "get your T-shirt off now!"

I was horrified what was I to do? Helen still hadn't returned with the coffees and the tension in the air was thickening by the second. Suddenly, my body bypassed my mind and I slowly removed my tee-shirt exposing my pink frilly 32B bra. I could feel the moisture between my legs as I folded and placed it on the floor beside my chair, all the while not daring to look at Mike.

Seconds turned to minutes and then he said "Good Girl. I like obedient bitches. I want to see if your panties match your bra, take your jeans off and don't take so long about it this time!"

His tone brooked no refusal and I found myself standing and removing my jeans straight away still not looking at him. I went to sit back down but he ordered me to keep standing. I was so embarrassed now. Mike was the first non family member to ever see me in my underwear. I was also quietly grateful that I had actually matched my underwear that evening, I wasn't always so fastidious.

"Very nice", he said, "you have a great body for a thirteen year old, Jemma. I would like to see some

more of it. "Take your bra off and let me see those lovely pert tits of yours".

I don't know why it surprised me, I guess deep down I knew where this was going. But I still tried to cling to the last vestiges of my self respect. But I was so horny by now I was surprised I didn't cream down my legs there and then.

Looking at him defiantly I reached round my back and unhooked the clasp and let my bra slide down my arms to the floor. Then I quickly put a hand over each breast holding onto my modesty for as long as I could.

"I am getting bored Jemma, get your panties off and let's see the full package" Mike said nonchalantly.

I just did it. There and then I was naked before my best friend's brother, totally humiliated and blushing red as a beetroot. But I could never remember being so aroused in all my life. He made me stand straight with arms by my side and turn around and pose in different ways so he could appreciate me from all different angles.

He called me over, and as I stood there legs spread in front of him, he put his mouth over my pussy and pushed his tongue deep into me. The feeling was electric, and when he found my clit and worried it between his tongue and teeth I knew my cherry was going to be history real soon.

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### **Chapter 3**

I was so wrapped up in sensations driving my whole body crazy that I never noticed Helen returning from the kitchen until I heard her say "OH!"

I looked at her through hazy eyes and at that moment did not care who in the world walked in on my little scene. She was standing with a shocked look on her face and a dish in her hand which held some nuts which were obviously for Blackie the Lab cross at her side.

"Hi sis," Mike said "have you come to see what a little slut your friend is? I bet she is just mad for a nice big cock between her legs right now. What do you say slut?" he asked smacking my bum hard with his hand.

I mumbled something unintelligible, I could not make myself say yes, just like that, with Helen standing there, but I wanted to, oh God how I wanted to!

"I will take that as a yes" he said, "Bend over slut on your hands and knees you only deserve to be taken from behind like a dog".

I did as I was told and waited with anticipation for Mike to stick his hard throbbing cock straight in my pussy and finally make me a woman. I was so ready my thighs were already thick with my juices.

It was then that things took a different turn. I still do not know to this day if it was planned or whether the circumstances gave Mike the idea. He suddenly called Blacky over and the dog stuck his snout in my pussy. His cold nose made me shriek and I went to stand up. This was getting a bit weird for me.

"Stay where you are Jemma you little slut, I didn't give you permission to move", Mike said crossly, and in spite of myself I still needed to obey on a subconscious level and stayed put.

The first lick was tremendous. Blackie's long rough tongue slid all along my slit making continuous contact with my clit. It just blew my mind. I stayed put and waited for the next long, luxurious slurp that lapped up my juices and sent shivers to my very soul. I could not prevent the primeval moan that escaped my lips.

"Look at your bitch friend, Helen. She is such a slut that she is getting off on Blackie's Tongue."

"You are loving this aren't you slut?" he asked, looking directly at me.

I could only mumble my reply as I need my brain to focus only on the millions of pleasure signals rushing from totally stimulated pussy.

Then without warning Blackie stopped licking and within a couple of seconds jumped on my back, and grabbed me tightly around the waist. I was still a bit dazed and I cannot believe I was not expecting what happened next, but in one quick move Blackie shoved his fast expanding cock straight to the hilt in me. My cherry disintegrated as the hot hard pole which I later learned was over 7 inches long started pounding in and out of my tight virgin hole. Every movement of that magnificent flesh brought me to new heights.

I came almost immediately to the background noises of grunting dog, shrieking friend and loudly laughing brother. But what they thought didn't matter to me, I was in my own world of ecstasy. I cannot remember how many times I came, but it was quite a lot. I was really sweating now and the mixture of smells between me and Blackie was very stimulating. I was in all ways a willing bitch and felt like I had found my true home.

Then Blackie stopped and I thought he was getting off me but he only grabbed me tighter and I could feel the base of his cock getting much bigger and wedging inside me. I was really horny then but even so that knot it hurt to high heaven, I screamed "Get him off me, he is splitting me in two!" I was starting to get a bit frightened. Then I felt his hot thick puppy juice filling me up inside and I realised I loved the feel of it.

"You can't get him off until he has finished knotting you", Mike told me. "Just be patient and everything will be alright in about half an hour or so. In the meantime as you have just let our dog take your cherry I am sure anything else will be a step up for you. So be a good girl and take this in your mouth. He shoved his six inch cock right in and I started sucking it and working it with my tongue as we were taught by the older girls in playground sex classes every day. I must have been good because he started moaning almost immediately and began telling me that I was the best personal slut he had ever met. I did not know what he meant then.

As soon as I felt the warmth of his cum in my mouth I swallowed until he had no more to give and then I cleaned him with my tongue as a good bitch should.

"Good doggie" Mike said and I was thinking that it was right Blackie should get some praise too, but then I looked up and realised he was talking to me. I found it so easy to get in role and thinking I was actually a bitch was a real turn on.

Before long Blackie dismounted with a loud plop and I felt the mixture of fluids gush out of me onto the floor.

"You can get up now Jemma", said Mike, "Put some clothes on you have made a great start tonight".

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## Chapter 4

Jake turned the corner into the hotel grounds, still finding it hard to focus. That story made him so horny he was literally trying to burst from his trousers. He continued round to the employee parking area and picked his usual spot.

He looked firmly at Jemma. "Right bitch, get your bag and follow me. Keep one step behind and your head down or I will make you wear your leash"

Jemma did what she was told patiently waiting to see how this would play out and enjoying every second so far.

They went through the maze of corridors usual for 'back of house' in most large hotels and finally Jake led her to his bedroom.

It was actually a small suite having a bedroom with en suite and a living area tastefully furnished with what looked to Jemma like antique stuff. The carpet though old was still plush enough to suggest it cost a packet when new.

Jemma stood in the middle of the room waiting for instructions. Jake could have taken her there and then he was so horny and she looked sweet enough to eat. But he was enjoying the anticipation just as much and there was no hurry. He decided to prolong his delicious agony a bit longer.

"Are you thirsty?" he asked kindly, walking to her and caressed her beautifully curved ass with slow light movements. She leaned into him totally open to his every whim. "I am fine thank you master" she said gasping from the overpowering tension that seemed to electrify the whole room.

"Sit!" He ordered and she left her bag by the comfortable black leather armchair and proceeded to lower herself into it.

"Not there slave, on the floor like the bitch you are. I do not allow animals on the furniture." He could still not believe this was happening. She was easily one of the most beautiful women he had laid his eyes on and here she was ready to respond to his every need. He must have done something seriously good in a previous life.

He sat in the armchair and locked her in his gaze. He waited a few minutes for the tension to rebuild.

"So what happened after that? You got dressed and went home?"

Jemma swallowed the lump in her throat wondering when he was going to get around to fucking her. She hoped it would be soon. This was not how she pictured it would be. He was a little older than she expected but he was fit and still cute and she could see from the bulge in his trousers earlier that he would be well able to satisfy her. Still he was the boss so she complied with his wishes.

She settled into a more comfortable position and took up her story.

I picked up my panties intending to put them on but Mike stopped me. "No underwear for bitches" he said, "give me that bra too. You won't need them again."

He thought for a minute then said "In fact Jemma I have decided that as a good bitch should always be available for fucking and therefore you must wear the appropriate clothes. No more panties, tights, jeans, shorts or anything that bars access to that lovely little pussy of yours and keep it totally

shaved. No Bras but you can wear tops and clothing to keep warm”.

I had come in jeans so as I put on my top I worried about getting home with my lower half bared to the world. I was so much into the whole scenario I never thought to disagree with Mikes order.

But he obviously realised my predicament and turned to Helen. “Give her your skirt sis”.

“What now?” Helen asked looking a bit crestfallen

“Don’t make me tell you again slut!” Mike said angrily.

Then Helen removed her skirt and handed it to me blushing red as she was not wearing panties either. “Are you a bitch too?” I whispered. “No just his sex slave” she whispered back, “Talk in School Tomorrow”.

I put on the skirt which was extremely short and not what I was used to wearing. It made feel really sluttish and cheap and horny. I loved the freedom I felt without my panties on. I was amazed I had never noticed how good it could be before this.

I left the house and walked home slowly, trying to sort out my feelings, and understand how I could behave like such a slut that night. I could not believe that I had just fucked my best friend’s dog while blowing her brother and loved it with an animal abandon. I was wondering if it really happened or if I just imagined it. But the wetness between my thighs as Blackie’s juices drained from me was evidence enough that my memory was correct.

The way I Looked at the world changed forever that night. On my way home that night every dog I saw I checked out his cock and imagined what it would be like to be fucked by him. A couple of doors down from our house they owned a German shepherd called Sam who was always friendly with me. He would normally come to the front gate for a pat and a rub as I passed by.

When he came over this time he obviously smelled dog on me, for his head stuck through the gate and straight under my skirt. I suppressed a squeal as his cold nose pushed against my thighs and I allowed my legs to open so he could investigate fully.

The warm caress of his long rough tongue as he began licking Blackie’s cum from me sent me straight into bitch mode again and I grabbed the gate tightly as I came with incredible force. I resolved then that I was indeed a wanton bitch and would return the favour as soon as possible.

With much difficulty I dragged myself away and got home before my mum finished work. I jumped in the shower and let the soapy wash away the evidence of my night’s adventures.

However I was still high on sexual tension and could not go to bed. I sat naked on the sofa and watched some TV. Then mum rang to say she was working late and would not be home for a couple of hours. That decided me.

I looked out the window and was delighted to confirm that darkness had fallen fully and as we lived in a quiet neighbourhood there was nobody around. I was a bitch in serious heat as I sneaked totally naked out the back door and made my way to the end of our garden which opened onto a communal path that ran behind the other houses.

Panting with desire I crouched low as I passed our neighbours houses in the darkness and climbed the gate into Sam’s garden. It was incredibly risky as I could be caught at any time but I was so far gone Nobody could have stopped me. I got down on all fours and peed like a bitch dog then moved to



dry patch and waited. It didn't take long for Sam to find the intruder in his domain. He came over and sniffed my wee then came and sniffed my hair before moving around to sniff and lick my behind.

His incredible tongue worked its magic once more and I began creaming in anticipation of what was to come. I had to show him what to do this first time by pulling up on my back and positioning my pussy to the tip of his slowly growing cock. But once he knew I was his bitch he grabbed my waist in his strong front legs and rammed his 8 inches straight to my depths in one powerful stroke. He was bigger and stronger than Blackie and he pummelled me with an animal force that matched my desire. It was all I could do not to give voice to the screams of pleasure that tried to escape my lips.

I don't know how long we lasted but there was no way I was getting off his monstrous knot until he decided it was time. I loved the feeling of him making sure his hot delicious seed that filled me would get every chance to fertilise my eggs if I were a real dog. At that moment I wished I were. Under the starlit sky tied to my dog lover it felt like something so perfect in an animalistic primeval way.

Later after my second shower and some antiseptic cream for my scratches I wondered how my life would be now I had unleashed the beast that was bitch Jemma. One thing I knew for certain, I would always be a wanton bitch for any dog who wanted me, and I would be eternally grateful to Mike and Helen for showing me my true nature.