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Occasionally, just occasionally, role play in the bedroom takes on a whole new intensity and, instead of role playing; the person becomes the role and is taken to another dimension. Occasionally, what starts out as a fantasy, stitched into a session of sex, soon becomes a situation, where anything becomes possible. Where inhibitions are left behind and the participants are removed from the real world of stresses and strife to a place, totally overtaken by the acts of present and future, lust and promise of fulfilment. The following is one such event; where the players become the played and all plans become secondary to the unfolding events, where the scene is the lasting real part of a fictional beginning.

Our lovemaking has always been adventurous. Taboos, like our bodies, were fair game. The one life we are given should not be restricted by misgivings. If it can be thought, then why not experience it, even if it is to say; "that is not for me." We have but the one life, no rehearsal, so why deny ourselves the experience?

Time is usually the governing factor, but when it is not a major contributor of boundaries and nothing else is there to prevent total immersion, anything can, and often does happen. On those occasions, we may start out with a role playing fantasy only to finish in another place entirely; a place bourn on the winds of spontaneity and imagination.

I was to be the subservient one. This is a rarity because I prefer to be in control under normal circumstances. Jenni had bound my wrists and tied them to the struts of the bedstead. My feet were bound together up to my knees with cling film. (Try it, especially around a woman's body with her breasts thrust upward). I had been lightly whipped with a tassel on a silken rope. It becomes unbearable for me after only a short while. This time though, Jenni had her own agenda to run to and instead of stopping when I nodded, she switched to my genitals. The pain of the many strings of the tassel, whipping my cock and balls soon had me whimpering. I pleaded with my eyes for her to stop, but she had taken control for tonight and I was to be subjected to her whims.

The pain became something else. Instead of registering each lash as a fire in my brain, I started to look forward to each stroke, anticipating the brief flare of stabbing ache into a step upwards from what I would normally be able to bare. Perhaps the threshold had been crossed, I am not sure, but each flick took me to a new high. I was on fire and ached for the release of a climax. I was not to be so easily taken down.

Jenni sat astride my face and with a few chosen words, made me suck her labia and lick her clit. All the while, she continued to lash my cock and balls with the tasselled silken rope. Each stroke caused me to moan into her cunt and the vibration of my moans soon had her reach a small orgasm, just enough to fill my mouth with her scented juices. I would not be able to hold on too much longer. I could feel the tension build up and twitch my swollen gland. She must have realised it for she stopped the onslaught of the rope and not a moment too soon.

She raised herself, turned around and then lowered her beautiful mound back on my mouth. My tongue snaked out and lapped at her shaven lips; travelling between and up to her button. Jenni began to move and as she got nearer to her own release, began to grind her already moist cunt on my mouth and catching my nose on her quim. She exploded for a second time and gushed into my mouth. I had to swallow her juices or drown.

Without preamble, Jenni got up from my mouth. She must have spent a little time in preparation, because she reached over to the nightstand and grabbed one of her silk scarves. She blindfolded me with it and left the bedroom. It seemed like she was gone for ages, which gave me time to mentally

check out how I was feeling. My feet felt a little restricted from the cling film, but okay. My balls and cock were alive. I could feel the twitches as the head of my cock lightly landed on my lower abdomen. The rest of my body felt a little cool from perspiration and my wrist felt quite bound together.

I could hear her return. The blind fold effectively stopping any sight I had to rely on my other senses to tell me what was happening.

Something cool and sticky was smeared onto my genitals. Softly, her hands massaged whatever it was around the base of my cock and balls. "What is that?" I asked only to be told to keep quiet or suffer the consequences. I didn't ask again.

Her mouth enveloped my throbbing organ, but only briefly. I felt her move off the bed again and reposition herself on my face. I heard a click of fingers and a depression on the bed at the lower end. I set to on her cunt with my tongue and quickly became immersed in bringing her to a climax. It took me a little while to realise that I was being licked myself. I felt a rasping tongue cleaning whatever it was Jenni had spread over me off.

"My God, it's the bloody Dog!!" I couldn't do or say anything; Jenni had made sure of that by placing her cunt right over my mouth. What could I do, but suffer the administrations of Chester's tongue. What did I want to do in any case? I was the slave here and I would do whatever my Mistress told me to do. This was a totally new concept for me, never having been the subservient one before.

Chester I guess had licked off all of whatever it was she had put on there. I felt him jump down off the bed. Jenni got up and spoke. "Turn over." She ordered. I couldn't actually comply. I tried by rocking from side to side, but couldn't quite get all the way over. "TURN OVER I SAID." She had shouted at me and it took a few seconds for the enormity of that to sink in.

"I can't, I need help."

She roughly turned me over and walked around the bed to the other side. Suddenly, she whipped my bare buttocks, probably with the tassel again. I yelped involuntarily. She growled at me to shut up and punctuated each syllable with another swipe from the rope. Jenni untied my crossed feet and told me to crouch with my head down and my knees brought up to my chest. She hit me again and ordered me to comply with her wishes quicker. I hurried but was clumsy, so I got another lash across my shoulders.

Then with out warning, Jenni covered my rear with that cool sticky stuff. I heard the click of her fingers and directly after felt Chester's tongue licking it off from between my cheeks. I whimpered again, only to feel the sharp pain of the whip across my shoulders and hear her tell me once again to be quiet.

We had had the dog join us before in sex, but not to me. He had fucked and sucked Jenni on a couple of occasions. I had always been the instigator rather than the victim. More of the cool stuff that I thought might be honey was smeared over me. Then suddenly, Jenni slipped a finger into my anus and worked me from inside. The pain soon subsided to a pleasurable feeling as she manipulated first one finger, then two while she stroked my hanging cock with her other hand.

"You have done this to me many times." She whispered in my ear, "Now it is your turn."

The build up of pleasure waves threatened to overcome me. The twin sensations going on served to confuse my brain and instead of concentrating on the feelings, gave up to the total use of my body. Chester must have either got his instructions from Jenni, or took it into his own head. He mounted

me from behind and began to thrust his cock between my cheeks missing my anus, but rubbing himself against my tail bone. He didn't last too long and a stream of hot liquid splashed over my lower back. I felt used and dirty, but thrilled to have been almost fucked by my dog. He cleaned his sperm from me, licking it up with his rasping tongue.

Jenni untied my hands and instructed me to get on the floor. She had put down the sheepskin rug and made me kneel on it. I was not fast enough to do her bidding and received another four lashes for my transgressions.

She lay on her back in front of me. I couldn't see what she was doing, but knew she wanted me to suck her off again. My pleasure I thought and soon was buried into that fantastic centre of love. I didn't take too long again for her to flood me with her cum, her hips thrusting upwards to meet my tongue. She grasped my hair and roughly pulled me into her while she ground herself against me.

I think that was all Chester needed to see because he did what any self-respecting dog would do. He mounted me again, only this time, he found home and drove his huge cock deep into my arse. The pain took me by surprise and I gasped only to gasp again as his next thrust drove him deeper filling me until I thought I would split. Jenni must have been able to see what was happening, because she gripped my head even harder and fucked my mouth almost disjointing my nose.

Hot semen flooded into me as the dog bucked and rammed himself into my upturned anus. He obligingly cleaned first himself then me. Jenni sighed in pleasure and relaxed as she came down from her last orgasm. I stayed in a kneeling position hoping that it might be my turn to climax. God knows I had been through enough to have deserved it.

"Next time, you will suck him off until he cums in your mouth". Her tone of voice said that this was a certainty, not a threat.

"What about me?" I pleaded, "Don't I get to come?"

"Not now, you have a way to go yet and I want to be fucked by you until I can't take any more." Her voice again, told me that I had better do as she wanted or receive more of the same treatment.

We spent several hours after that doing whatever she wanted. I became for that night, completely submissive and wanted nothing more than to pleasure her. Chester and I took turns in trying to do just that, although I did get to suck him off and compared his taste to mine. A dog is less salty and is not quite so musky in taste. I could not believe how quickly he could recover. It seemed that almost as soon as he had climaxed, then he was ready to go again. Exhaustion finally put paid to the evening and the three of us slept together in our love and trust of our bond.

What surprised me the most was just how easily I slipped into being a complete submissive and just how deeply I had sunk into the part. It had become more than a role-playing experience and turned into a total take over of my will. I have not quite achieved it since, but live in hope.