

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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I grew up on a dairy farm in the back country of a large metropolitan area. I was raised by my Aunt and Uncle and the animals, and even had some help in the lessons of life from the farmhands. In all that time, I never once considered having sex with any of the animals or with the hired help, even though I witnessed the animals having sex, the help having sex, and even once or twice I stumbled onto the help having sex with the animals. I think I was too busy avoiding my sexuality back then. Other boys were experimenting openly with the farm girls or at least boasting about it. I avoided the topic altogether.

It wasn't until I moved to the city to go to college that I began to explore what feel I had always known. I was different from most other boys. In no time I was putting my legs in the air for other frat, fucking anonymous pickups from seedy downtown bars, and generally having a great time; discovering all those years of pent-up sexual frustration made me one great poke in my post-adolescence.

Well, it wasn't too long (my second year of college) before I began to seek out more than just the vanilla partners I had been screwing around with. As they do with so many young gay men, my possibilities began to expand. I started going in for the rougher trade men or the men who seemed to have something special to offer. I began to frequent the leather bars, the darker baths, the parks — those places where men descended into darkness to exercise their deepest, most secret fetish desires. By the time I come to my time of my story, I had been fisted twice, tortured, enslaved, peed on, been the subject of mass orgies and sex parties full of hard drugs, sex toys and fetish games, and I was so far removed from being the simple farm boy that had moved to the city scarcely less than two years before as to be considered 'worldly' by the standards of most of the men I enjoyed the company of.

However, there was still one taboo I had not broken, although I didn't even realize it at the time, and in the way one peels away the many layers of an onion to get closer to the rich core, I realized that there were parts of my sexuality that I still had not come to terms with.

It was late on a chill spring Wednesday night in May when I got to my favorite local haunt, The Chase. It's your standard leather bar, the kind where the dress code loosely demands leather or denim and most of that can be checked at the door if you so choose. When I entered the bar, the usual rag-tag group of leather-worshippers — rough trade, masters and slaves — was loitering about the place, many enmeshed in a live-fisting sling scene in a dark corner. I quickly surveyed the men as I usually did as soon as I enter a bar to get my bearings, to see what's available. Most men look twice when I walk by, although its deadly in a place like this one to look too needy.

As I ordered myself a beer I spied a man leaning nonchalantly on the far side of the bar, obviously half-interested in watching a guy getting a blow off in the shadows. Now, normally I pick up a man based on what I feel like doing sexually on that occasion. If I want to get fucked, I look for a burly masculine man who can't take his eyes off all the ass that walks by. If I want a hole to fuck, I go for a slighter fellow who can't take his eyes off my basket. But sometimes there are those men who possess that animal magnetism and killer frame that makes me nervous and a little excited. This guy was one of these.

I cruised around some, usually stopping to watch a hot session or chat with someone I knew, but always keeping an eye on that man and letting him know I was interested. He kept brushing his hand by that crotch and letting it linger there while I watched, mesmerized by it. I saw him rebuff several offers from some very goodlooking men. I knew he was in for me.

When I approached him, I locked his gaze. In the cruising game you've got to play it tough or most of these guys will just walk away. I kept his focus and walked right past him, heading for the door. He followed. My heart melted. He caught up with me outside, told me he was John and that we should go to his place, hailing a cab. During the cab ride to his flat, his big palm never left my denim-imprisoned straining cock and I couldn't help myself from licking and sucking on his deeply chiseled and rough jaw line. I swear he was growling in a low bass pitch the whole time, like an animal. I imagine we scared the crap out of the cab driver.

He paid the cabby and we went up to his flat, which wasn't shabby at all and convinced me he was a well-paid professional. He told me to take off my clothes as he went to get us some beers, and excused himself to take care of a few quick and immediate matters. I wasted no time, shucked my gear, sat on a couch and sucked on my beer bottle.

After a few minutes, he returned still clothed, and without a word lifted my legs high and apart in the air, attacking my asshole with his mouth. He slobbered around, tongue-fucking my ass as his roughly shaven face scratched my inner thighs raw. He pulled my ass cheeks wide and dug his tongue in as deep as it could go, making me thrash and moan in ecstasy. After long minutes of rimming me out, his mouth leapt to mine and his tongue was quickly replaced at my asshole by two thick fingers. He was wasting no time, ramming them home, making me yelp into his mouth as he sucked hard on my tongue.

John fingerfucked me relentlessly while his mouth made contact with just about every nook and cranny of my entire body. His fingers repeatedly slammed into my prostate gland and skidded by it deep inside of me. When I tried to reciprocate at all, he firmly pressed me back down into supplication against the couch. He wanted me to know that he was in control. The only places he had not touched me were my throbbing rock hard dick and balls. He moved them out of his way when he had to, but otherwise he ignored them in every other sense. He obviously knew what he was doing; in short order I was aching for some sort of release. Precum drooled continuously out of my cock and dribbled onto my torso. He lapped it up greedily from my stomach, but was careful to never touch the slippery head of my dick with his tongue. Despite my electric sensuality I was beginning to think he had some pretty serious sexual hang-ups.

At some point my whole body was bucking up off the couch to make contact with his body, and John had managed to restrict both my hands behind my back with his one free hand. Before I could protest in any way, I heard a metallic 'click' and then a bit of a jingle as John pulled away from me. He looked down on me from above, his erect cock clearly outlined against the front of his jeans, and as I tried to sit up I realized he had handcuffed my hands behind my back. I flashed a dirty smile.

"You want to play games, huh?" I breathed, loving the kinky turn of events.

"No games," he replied in a husky voice. "I was just getting you good and primed. A good friend of mine here needs you more than me."

Suddenly I was quite scared. It must have shown in my expression because John was the next one to crack a smile. "What the fuck are you talking about?" I asked, surprised and shocked. In a way, I had been in situations like these a dozen times and was only anticipating some more kinky sex. In another way, this seemed different — more sinister. Enough to get me instantly worried. Usually, guys discuss limits or fetishes before a session like this one. Maybe the guy was just being spontaneous.

John made no response. He caught me up in his burly arms despite my kicking and yelling protests and half-carried me to the corner, where he tightly linked me up to a series of chains strewn about

an ordinary wall radiator that I hadn't noticed before. The chains forced me into a crouched kneeling position with my head near the floor and my hands still cuffed behind my back, ass up in the air. I noticed all the scratches and gauges made by the chains in the floor and wall, indicating that other unwilling men had been locked up here before.

When he was sure I was secure, he went over to one of the other rooms and opened the door.

My eyes got real large as a big slick black dog emerged from the open doorway. John and the dog greeted one another like old friends, pawing and fawning at one another, and I noticed as one of John's hands casually moved back to the dog's crotch and began to pull and stroke the dog's sheath. I burst out into tears and protests. I knew what the big dog needed me for immediately. I began to thrash and yank at the chains, but my movements were minimal and fruitless. I was trapped.

I watched reluctantly as John sensually coaxed the dog's long thick pink cock from the sheath. He kept glancing from the dog to me and back, taking in the tension like a drug. John occasionally brought his fingers to his mouth and sucked on them, licking off the coating of dog precum which issued from the tip of the dog's cock in steady spurts. The stuff was dripping and flailing in long strands from the dog's crotch as John continued to jack him. He ignored my begging and pleading — in fact it only seemed to make John himself become more excited.

"This is King," John announced proudly, "my business partner. I'm a security officer and he is my companion and Night Watchman. Canines are far more aggressive and effective in their work unneutered — but that means that from time to time, King needs to get his release too. And like his master, King likes boyhole as much as the next guy."

John led King over to where I was chained on the floor. I defensively huddled up against the radiator. The metal was cold on my bare skin. I couldn't take my eyes off that lengthening stiffening dogcock. It got bigger every second. King began to sniff at me, perhaps getting to know my scent. I'm sure he was smelling all the precum drying on my belly.

"Please — please don't do what I think you're going to do...don't let him!" I pleaded. "I'll do anything..." I jumped a little when I felt a cold nose make contact with the head of my rapidly retreating dick.

John bent very close to my face, looked me in the eye, and said "Well, I'll tell you what... You be a good little whore and suck King off, and he might be satisfied with that. You suck the cum out of him and he'll probably be satisfied. Otherwise, I'll just let my boy have his way with you — how do you feel about that?"

Through tears and sobs I eventually agreed, and John led the dog's cock around to my head. The dog's enormous dick was maybe two inches above my mouth and I was about to take the plunge when it jerked and shot a little spurt all over my face. With my hands secured behind my back there was nothing I could do about it. I instinctively opened my mouth to gasp and John thrust the length of King's cock into my mouth.

I only gagged for a moment from the shock and then the dog began to thrust in and out. I used my lips to hold onto what I could of his length. His cock seemed to inflate in my mouth. It was undoubtedly one of the thickest cocks I had ever sucked. Although he didn't need to, John kept one hand firmly behind my head and the other on his dog's dick to guide it into my mouth.

I began to reason that if I managed to get the dog off, then John would probably let me go and I could be out of this nightmare. I thought of all the guys before me who had gotten out of this and would have never told another soul what had happened to them. And who would? I began to suck in

earnest, to John's encouragements. At times he would pull the dog's dick away and push my mouth to the dog's anus, which I sucked just as eagerly. The taste was surprisingly not what I expected — there was no unpleasantness at all. I would rim King for several minutes, with John slapping my cheeks and face with the dog's dick, and then he would guide King back into my mouth once more. My face was literally soaked in sticky dog cum.

The dog's cock never stopped shooting short bursts of salty cum down my throat. His dick was smooth all over and seemed at times to inflate in girth; I kept on it like a pro and sucked hard. King began to become more and more erratic. Soon his dick was popping in and out of my mouth and he was making whimpering noises as though he was close to coming. So it was a bit of a shock after several minutes of this to have King pulled away.

"Sorry kid," John explained, jacking a little on King's cock again, "afraid King's not going to come that way anytime soon...guess you loose."

I was terrified at the words. I began to thrash and buck more violently, but to no avail. My ass was exposed, open, and up in the air. John led King to mount me. Once in position on my back, King's forepaws gripped my chest and he began the fucking motions, his slimy cock tracing around my buttocks and lower back as he tried to find the goal. The harder he tried, the tighter his claws tore welts across my chest. I was bawling and crying out as much as I could muster. John jammed what must have been a balled up sock in mouth.

When John guided King's cock abruptly home, it stopped my breath short. John guided it in slowly but insistently. After a couple of seconds, when he heard my breathing begin again, John let King go.

I have never experienced as intense a fuck in my life, before or since. King fucked me hard and royally, slamming that big dog cock home, moving it around inside, pulling me to meet his thrusts with his powerfully gripping front legs. His low guttural animal growls, rapid blasts of hot breath on the back of my neck, his constantly self-lubricating fuckpole, and his furious and insistent thrusting drove me right over the edge. In my sexual delirium I watched as the chains that bound me scraped and tore at the hardwood floor finish. King was a powerful creature.

And just when I thought I was going to lose my mind the impossible happened — his knot popped its way inside, past my sphincter. It must have swelled up as King got close to coming because I hadn't noticed it on him before. The pain was intense. Almost in the same heartbeat it squeezed in, King's knot popped out again. John must have noticed my exasperation because I heard him exclaim his assent. And then, as rapidly as the first thrust had been, King managed to squeeze that knot of his past my threshold again. And again, and again — until suddenly King could no longer pull out. The knot had gotten too large to exit again. His dick thrusts got shorter and faster. King whimpered. It felt like someone was working a pool ball up my ass. I shot a huge load onto the floor beneath my belly.

King's monstrous tool exploded embedded up my ass. I explicitly felt the burning jets pelting my insides over and over for several moments. King's whimpers became high-pitched, and he finally toned down the once-feverish assault on my ass. King let his weight slump down on mine, pressing me into an uncomfortable position onto the floor. We lay locked together like that on the floor for a little while, while John cooed soothing words into King's ears seemingly in an effort to get King to calm down.

Eventually King's cock popped out of my ass. Huge dollops of his cum spilled out of my gaping asshole. As soon as we were free, King lumbered off across the room to begin licking his doggie crotch clean.

"You enjoyed that, eh?" John said, taking my hand in his and running it through the pool of cum on the floor. I didn't answer him. I felt his hardness as he pressed it up against my back, and I reached down and guided it into my ass. It was loose at that point that his rather thick but not so long dick slid into my cum-slick fucked hole easily and with no effort. John almost tenderly caressed my back where King's claws has left large welts.

John fucked me there for several minutes, hunching into my slowly, before adding his dump to King's. I followed him, shooting my second load, in a matter of seconds. When he was finished with me, John unlinked the chains and handcuffs and went to get some towels to clean up the mess. I stretched out and stayed put, suddenly not so sure how to react to the nights events. I wasn't sure if I was angry for being so used or if it was the best exercise of my young sexual life.

When John returned, he picked up all my clothes and pulled me to my feet. He kissed me roughly once, filling my raw throat with his tongue, and led me to the front door. I looked at him questioningly only once before he opened the door and threw my clothes out. I knew I would be next in a moment.

Instead I got a better idea. "I noticed you're really thrashing your radiator and the finishing on the floor over there by chaining unwilling guys up all the time." John shrugged, giving me a 'so-the-fuck-what?' kind of look. "Wouldn't it just be easier to get someone to keep coming back?" I asked.