

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Dear SSS,

When I joined the local chapter of the Tri-Pi Greek House, I'd been warned that the girls were only into having fun. I'll confess that I've always had an urge to be a little more wild, a bit more outgoing than I usually am. People would ask me all the time why I didn't go out more and party with my friends. They always invited me, but I always said no. I graduated with the dubious honor of being labeled the prettiest virgin in high school.

Many girls would be proud of that, I know, but believe me...I left for college wishing I'd let loose just once in my life.

Oddly enough, being a beautiful eighteen-year-old virgin turned out to be my ticket into the Tri-Pi Sorority. I wasn't confident enough to rush a Greek house, but my new roommate had brought my name to the attention of the Tri-Pi membership committee. Without telling me, she'd told them my deepest secrets, that I was a virgin and almost desperate to take a little walk on the wild side and shed my meek reputation. Not completely, you know, I didn't want to become the campus slut or anything. I just wanted to be normal, whatever that is, and have fun like my friends.

Of course, people did wonder, "How tough can that be? Just find a party, get a little drunk, and the boys will take care of the rest." Even ugly girls can have a good time at a kegger, and I was far from ugly! I simply didn't go to keggers. I didn't drink or smoke. I didn't stay out late or flirt with boys. I didn't do anything! I had to be the most boring girl on the planet and I hated it, but at the same time I truly felt helpless to do anything about it. Like a zebra changing its stripes, I couldn't change my personality. I imagined myself ending up in with a boring man, in a boring marriage, and growing old wondering why I'd never done a spontaneous thing in my life.

The Tri-Pi Sisterhood changed that, however, and if I couldn't summon the courage to rush them, well...They rushed me!

Literally! In the middle of the night, while I slept peacefully, my roommate let a half dozen of the upperclassmen into our room. I awoke with a pair of panties stuffed in my mouth and a pillowcase over my head. They bundled me up in my own blanket, rolling me like a carpet and carrying my kicking form out of the dorms and down the street. Anyone who saw six giggling girls carrying a seventh put it down to a college prank. Nobody came to my rescue and I soon found myself in the Tri-Pi Inner Sanctum.

There were a dozen of us, eleven girls who had applied and been accepted for membership and myself. We all struggled, although none of the others quite so much as me, but in the end we were all kneeling in a large circle around a pentagram burned into the carpet. We were gagged with various objects. I'd had something shaped like a short, very fat penis pushed into my mouth and strapped around my head. Our hands were bound with silk cords behind our backs, but our legs were bound to each other at the knees and ankles. Our legs were spread wide - and we were all quite naked - and we couldn't close them against the resistance of the girls to our right and left.

Our captors, those same six girls plus several more, I honestly couldn't keep track, were dressed in red robes with hood, like monks. Their faces were hidden at times, but revealed at others as they moved around the candle lit room. They were all students, all of them juniors or seniors at the exclusive college, and very attractive. Every girl in there, all of us kneeling, were decidedly beautiful and I suspect that physical appearance had been a determining factor in who the sorority accepted and who was refused.

The young woman in charge stood in the center of the circle, on the pentagram holding what

appeared to be a very real sword to my eyes. A rapier, I suppose, with a jeweled hilt and guard and a long, silvery blade that frightened me as it cut the air. Another of the sisters stood near a small, round table with a brass urn upon it. She would reach into it and withdraw her hand holding a small silver disk. Our names were ceremoniously entered in thick book with a quill and red ink and the disk attached to a leather collar, one for each of us. The leader would announce our new names, obscene and crude, pricking each of us in turn with the point of the sword while the collars were fitted around our throats.

“Assfucker. Cunt Lapper. Fistfucker. Strap-on. Dogfucker. Piss Whore.” She went around the circle and pricked my breast. “Size Queen.”

I blinked back tears of confusion, protesting uselessly against my gag as they buckled the collar into place. They continued around the circle until all of us were named and collared. I had no idea what it meant, but I would soon find out. This was our introduction to Hell Week and that their intention was to break us immediately soon became obvious as a rather large dog was brought into the room. What sort he might have been, I couldn't say. He had dark, short fur that seemed to ripple across a muscular body that wasn't much smaller than any of us, and larger than the more petite girls.

Dogfucker was such a girl. A small redhead with large breasts and narrow hips. One of the sister's pushed her down from behind and the leader had already given her sword to someone else so she could grab Dogfucker's shoulders firmly in her hands and pin the helpless girl to the carpet.

“Meet your new boyfriend, Dogfucker,” the leader said to the giggling delight of the Sisterhood. “His name is Lucifer.”

I stared with growing horror as the beast was induced to mount the girl, his cock already swollen from his sheath and dripping thin, watery fluid. Lucifer had done this before, I realized, and he wrapped his powerful forelegs around her waist and hunched forward with his hips.

The girl's muffled screams filled the room and all around the Tri-Pi sisterhood laughed and talked excitedly, watching as the dog's huge penis split Dogfucker's labia and speared into the depths of her unprepared sex. The rest of us, the Pledges bound and together and gagged, could only look at each other with wide eyes and shiver at the possibility that any one of us could be next. Dogfucker jerked wildly, bucking against the animal as he overpowered her easily. The leader wasn't even holder her down anymore; she couldn't get away as Lucifer's cock pummeled her sex at a frantic pace.

When she took the knot, which I could only dimly see from my vantage point, Dogfucker gave up entirely. She surrendered with muffled sobs and a pitiable whimpering sound that only amused the sisters. It terrified me, however, and I wanted to close my eyes. I didn't. I kept watching and Dogfucker's cries of pain and humiliation became something else. She shivered, panting through her nose and lifted her head with an expression of ecstasy. The girl was cumming!

She hunched herself against the animal's cock as it filled her small cunt completely. Lucifer himself had pushed himself off her and now stood patiently with his butt to hers. The knot of muscle had locked them together, the dog's flesh expanding as his bestial semen poured into her womb. Dogfucker wouldn't stop moving, however; she couldn't stop. We watched as she rolled her hips and rocked her ass like a bitch in heat. Her flushed body would tense with sharp contractions of pleasure and she must have been rubbing her swollen nipples raw on the carpet in her desperation.

While that happened, the sisters had already begun Cunt Lapper's initiation. The leader sat on the floor in front of the girl, a tawny blonde with a lean, athletic body. She spread her long legs, pulling

up her scarlet robe to expose her glistening sex, clean shaven and pierced with a small gold ring through the hood of her clitoris. Once again a sister pushed from behind while the leader pulled Cunt Lapper's face between her thighs.

"Pledges are not allowed to speak in this room," the leader said as the sister removed Cunt Lapper's gag. "Lick my pussy until I tell you to stop."

"N-No..." Cunt Lapper breathed, shaking her head and trying to jerk away.

SLAP!!

A long wooden paddle met Cunt Lapper's vulnerable ass with a sharp spanking sound that made us all jump.

"Ah!" Cunt Lapper gasped.

SLAP!!

She was spanked again, the sister holding the paddle using both hands and swinging it like a baseball bat against Cunt Lapper's soft flesh.

SLAP!!

And she began licking noisily, weeping into the leader's cunt as she split the woman's labia with her tongue. We were forced to watch, by shock as much as curiosity, and while the leader stroked Cunt Lapper's hair and whispered encouraging instructions on how to properly make oral love to a vagina, one of the sisters applied a sweet smelling ointment to the girl's tender ass. She'd only been spanked three times, but I imagined I could feel the heat pouring from Cunt Lapper's blistered skin.

"Yeah," the leader whispered. "Suck my clit. Like that. Good girl. Push your tongue inside. Uh-huh. Mmmm...Like that. Good Cunt Lapper."

Dogfucker offered us a weak moan and then a loud, muffled grunt as Lucifer pulled his cock loose of the girl's sex. His immense prick seemed to fall out of her with a flood of juices and he was immediately brought to Cunt Lapper. At first I thought they meant to mount her on his prick as well, but no; the sisters coaxed the animal into using his tongue on her, licking her pussy while she continued to service the leader.

It took only a few minutes before the dog's long, rough tongue had the girl squirming with pleasure. She shuddered and wagged her ass invitingly, begging for more. At the same, Cunt Lapper had obviously grown less reluctant in her own efforts to please the cunt beneath her. She kissed and licked the leader's pussy with a fervor, filling the room with the wet, sloppy sounds of oral sex.

"Hmmm...See?" the leader breathed from beneath her hood. "If you give into your desires, you'll be rewarded. All of you. Don't fight what feels good."

Cunt Lapper seemed well rewarded as we watched her orgasm repeatedly on Lucifer's tongue. I found the idea of having any sort of sex with an animal vaguely repulsive, but I could see Dogfucker bent over a puddle of ripe fuck juice, hers as well as the dogs. Her eyes were lidded and I had little doubt that if she hadn't worn the gag, she would have been smiling. She'd been cumming for fifteen minutes at least, the whole time she'd been locked up with Lucifer's knot. Now it was Cunt Lapper's turn and the smell of female cum filled my senses.

After another ten minutes or so, perhaps more, the leader finally found her own orgasm in Cunt Lapper's hungry mouth. She held fistfuls of blonde hair and lifted her ass off the floor, grinding her pussy on the Pledge's tongue. When she'd had enough, the leader pushed herself away, breathing hard and smiling as she rose on shaky legs. Another sister pushed through the circle and took the leader's place, yanking up her robes and giving Cunt Lapper no rest as she pulled the girl's wet face to her clean shaven snatch.

"Size Queen," the leader whispered, pointing at me and I blinked rapidly and shook my head.

She stepped closer and I winced as she reached for my shoulders the same time someone pushed from behind. I tried to resist, but they soon had me in the same humiliating position as the other two girls. I knelt with my ass in the air and my tits pressed against the carpet. The leader had knelt with me and I could smell her recent orgasm and sweaty skin. She held me down and I didn't know what to expect. I trembled with fear and something else besides. Excitement and even something like lust, but why and for what I didn't know.

"By the end of the week you'll be fucking this!" she told me as one of the sisters dropped the biggest dildo I'd never imagined on the floor beside me.

It must have been two feet long and as big around as a plastic liter of soda, perhaps even more. It looked obscene and the idea that any woman could take such a thing struck me as ridiculous. I almost laughed, but for my gag and the terribly realization that she wasn't teasing me. Tried to speak, to tell her I was a virgin. I'd never fucked anything in my life, not even my own fingers. I'd saved my hymen intact for eighteen years and while I might have dreamt of losing it, even yearned to be loosed from whatever repressed desire I suffered...They couldn't do this to me!

"Don't worry," the leader continued, giving my shoulders a gentle squeeze even as she held me firmly in place. "We'll start you out small."

I didn't see the dildo that took my innocence, but I felt it. I gasped into my gag and tried to get away from the sudden pressure and sharp, terrifying pain. Without warning, one of the sisters had pushed a dildo between my labia and torn my hymen, but that pain seemed minor compared to the outrage of my tender vagina. The soft muscles inside me resisted as they were pushed and bent out of shape. I shivered and bucked my hips, but I couldn't be rid of the invader and a second later I felt it vibrating and heard the thrum like an electric razor.

It wasn't just a dildo, obviously, but a vibrator and the sensation confused me. I felt outraged and humiliated, my body burning with embarrassment as everyone watched me lose my virginity to a toy. The sister fucked me with it, in and out steadily, and I railed against the pleasure it gave me. My mind refused to surrender, but my body could only respond to the stimulation. She'd pull the wicked device from my pussy and work it across my clitoris until I had to jerk my hips to get away from it. I became too sensitive, my clit screaming as it grew stiff with excitement. She'd push the vibrator back into my pussy then, stroking the walls of my cunt with deliberate slowness while I shivered and wept with frustration.

The leader had left in me in the care of the nameless sister behind me, moving to another girl, the one named Assfucker. She was soon being fucked in the ass with a vibrator of her own, being sodomized while the sister doing it massaged Assfucker's pussy with her fingers. The idea was plainly to make us all cum, whether we wanted to or not and I couldn't stop myself. The first orgasm of my life felt like nothing I'd ever experienced before. I'd played with my cunt before, but only carefully and I'd thought I'd cum, but now I learned the truth. I had multiple orgasms and if I hadn't been gagged, I would have begged the sister to stop just so I could rest.

She didn't stop, but only switched to a larger vibrator, making me gasp and relive the experience all over again.

Around me, each of the pledge's went through her own ordeal. What exactly happened to each of them, I can't say, but they lived up to their names. Lucifer mounted Dogfucker at least twice more that first night. Cunt Lapper ate each of the sister's to orgasm. Assfucker spent her time like me, riding a vibrator and cumming endlessly. It turned out that Fistfucker had been a virgin as well. She looked almost elfin, being unbearably cute and the smallest of the pledges, but she lost her virginity to one of the sister's fingers and then to the woman's hand. All of the sister's fisted her cunt before the sun rose, just as Piss Whore had to drink their urine and lick them clean.

"You'll wear this at all times," one of the sisters told me before I left. "Don't remove it for any reason. We'll be checking on you."

She meant the collar of course and we had to go to our classes and walk around campus wearing them with the tags in plain sight. That wasn't the only thing I had to wear, however; I found myself with a fat dildo stretching my cunt, held in place by nylon straps and a pair of panties that were pulled snug against my vulva. I couldn't remove the dildo either, the sisters checked me often during the day, dragging me into the nearest restroom to ensure it remained deeply buried in my tender sex.

That night we again met at the Inner Sanctum. Our collars remained around our necks, but we were once again bound hand and foot as we'd been previously. The metal disks were removed and dropped into the brass urn which was then shaken. As they were drawn out one by one, we were given new names and new experiences to endure and learn to appreciate. This was the way of our initiation and by the end of it we were all full fledged sister in the Tri-Pi Sorority. As a reward, we were allowed to choose our secret names, our permanent names by which we'd be known to our sisters from that moment on.

Perhaps it isn't so odd that many of us chose the names we were given on that first night. I'd been known as Dogfucker and Cunt Lapper, Piss Whore and Assfucker during the week, but I held a certain fondness for my role as Size Queen. I think because it's the name I'd worn when I finally broke out of my shell and joined my friends in a celebration of life. Or maybe it's just because that first real orgasm of my life had been the best as well.

Regards,
Size Queen
USC San Diego