

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## Chapter One: Marina's arrival

The car drew up alongside the curb and slowly ground to a halt. The rain, which had been constant for the last two hours, ran in rivulets down the windows and screen, creating patterns of reflected light from the neon signs that advertised the shops from which they hung.

Marina stared through the distortion the water caused. She did not know this area of London. The back streets always seemed to contain a brooding darkness that hid a promise of malevolence, barely concealed below the wet surface. She feigned indifference and sniffed, as if she had no care in the world. But inside, she quivered, her uncertainty boiled and gave her little respite. Nerve ends jangled and her heart thudded in her breast as if trying to hammer its way out from the prison of her rib cage.

Trembling fingers undid the top three buttons of her silk blouse. Marina wanted to flinch, she wanted to draw away from the cool touch of the callused fingers, but she knew to show any weakness now would be fatal. Carefully, the questing fingers parted the open fabric and exposed her left breast. The cold damp of the night air woke the skin of her nipples, drawing blood to the area and stiffened the raised bud of dark pink.

His fingers found the hardening nib and slowly manipulated and squeezed until it became almost painful. Marina wanted even more, to pull away, to escape the attentions of his hand, to open the door and run for her very life. Instead, she shifted to a more comfortable position and continued to study the rain-soaked pavements as if she had no feelings or interest in his ministrations of her flesh.

The black glass that separated the driver from the passengers slid noiselessly down. George, who had been chauffeuring them around since early this afternoon, turned and impassively looked at Marina. She felt a wave of self-consciousness. Countless times, she had been bare breasted in public, but that had always been on a beach in the company of thousands of other sun bathers where nudity was almost a necessity or a requirement to be part of the club.

"We are here sir," George looked dispassionately at Marina's discomfort, then without another word or visual emotion, he closed the sliding pane of oh so black glass, leaving Marina, once again, in the company of her partner who continued to inflame her tortured nipple without pause.

Her husband, David spoke.

"Give me your hands." The command was delivered with a gentle voice that compelled her to his will and left no quarter. What if she disobeyed? What would be the outcome? She complied without rancor and watched the steel of the cuffs encircle her and snap locked.

"You will say nothing. Do you understand?" Marina nodded, her uncertainty was making her teeth chatter and she knew her voice would betray her nervousness if she spoke. "Lift your ass." Marina braced her feet against a ridge of the chassis. Her shoulders sank into the soft leather of the seat back, she arched her back and lifted her bottom so that only her shoulders and feet were in contact with the car. He slid her woolen skirt up over her thighs and hooked thumb into the waist band of her panties.

A stiletto knife sliced through the delicate fabric, in two touches of the blade, the garment was cut from her. Marina's sex was exposed, the mound of downy hair concealed her inner lips. His hands raised her skirt so that it was behind her back and a gentle, but insistent push on her stomach

brought her bare ass in contact with the cooling leather of the seat. A small shock rippled through her causing goose bumps to raise.

"I shall leave you now. When you are collected, you are to follow who ever comes or you. Do not speak only listen and obey each and every command. Marina, this is your last chance to pull out of this. Once I have left, there will be no going back and events will happen of which you will have no control. Is it your wish to continue, or we can drive away now."

Marina wanted to tell him it should stop, she wanted him to take her back to the security of the hotel, back to the comfort of laying in his arms, secure in the knowledge of their love. But, she did not say any of those things, she wanted just as much, to know the thrill of the unknown and the unknown gave her a delicious shiver which flared briefly in her loins. She had been waiting for this day ever since they had answered the advert in the Times Newspaper.

"Kiss me David." Her breathing rasped in her throat. "Kiss me and then leave me, but remember, I love you and only you."

"I know my heart, I know. And I know why you are here at this time. I know why you are going through with this and I thank you with all of my heart." David kissed her lips. His tongue caressed her top lip and then he was gone. Out into the cold and wet night. The cool draught as the door opened and closed, renewed the goose bumps again and a small sob of loss escaped her.

As soon as the door closed and thumped into place, Marina felt the car begin to glide away from the curb. Her bare ass felt the vibration of the powerful engine through the seat. Not for the first time, Marina wondered what the next two weeks held in store for her. She was dimly aware of passing between tall wrought iron gates. The crunch of gravel sounded loud. Tall trees lined the drive, standing like sentinels and shielded the car from the worst of the howling wind that drove the rain to curtain sheets of seemingly impenetrable haze.

Eventually, she could see the lights from a monolithic grey house that stood at the end of the sweeping drive. Music drifted on the wind as well as the sound of laughter and the unmistakable clink of glasses. Marina thought that perhaps it was a ball that was happening, or at least, a large party.

The car slowly passed the steps that led to the huge front marbled portico. Lanterns blazed a welcome, but it was not for Marina they shone, because the car continued and then slewed left and down the side of the building. The car stopped and George slid the glass panel halfway down.

"Wait here please Miss. Someone will come and take you inside."

She felt the car jounce as George got out. The sudden pressure of air on her eardrums was almost painful as his door thudded shut. Silence surrounded her like a cloak. The wind had no effect and the music from the house was lost, borne away from her and the solitude she felt alone in the rapidly cooling car. Time passed, it could have been a minute, it could have been an hour, she didn't know. The almost total darkness and silence enveloped her in a shroud which precluded all senses.

Then the door opened and a hand grasped her arm. Ginger hairs of a bare forearm seemed to be disembodied. She could not see the owner of the arm. "This way miss." A bass voice, just as disembodied as the arm announced. "Follow me."

Her arm released, Marina slid across the seat and emerged into the stinging rain. A vague shape in front of her moved toward the house and an open door. Warm light flooded the gravel path but did little to highlight her guide.

Warmth radiated from the door as she passed through it into a corridor bereft of any adornments. Hospital green painted walls lined a linoleum covered floor. Single lamp bulbs hung down from the ceiling at regular intervals with white shades that directed the lamplight downward, forming pools of light on the floor. The door closed behind her and Marina turned to see her guide for the first time.

He was quite short, only about five foot five she guessed. His bare arms hung listlessly from a black leather jerkin cinched at the waist with a wide tan coloured leather belt. A great mop of unruly ginger hair framed a face that in no way could have been called hansom. The most notable feature of his face was a bulbous nose that had broken vessels under the skin and gave a purple hue which contrasted his hair.

"I am Rene," he announced. "I shall be looking after you while you stay with us." His voice seemed to come from his diaphragm were it was so low. "Shortly, you will be taken to your room where you will be bathed and made ready. You are required to silence at all times. Failure to comply with this will be dealt with harshly. You will obey all commands. You will eat when told to, sleep when you are told to and you will submit to the Masters. These are the only rules, break anyone of them and your punishment will be severe. Do you understand? You may nod your agreement, but do not speak." Marina's nerves almost gave way then, but she nodded.

"While you are here, you will have no name. You may be called any one of a hundred names, but your previous name and life are behind you now. You have no identity. Take off your clothes, more will be provided." He released her hands from the wrist cuffs and stepped back to watch her.

Marina hesitated for a fraction. Taking off her clothes felt like she was removing armour just as she was going into battle, it felt just as foolhardy. Not that the cloth could protect her from anything other than the cold, but nakedness in this corridor would leave her vulnerable and exposed.

"We have many things in abundance in this place, but patience is not one of them. When given an order, you will and must comply without hesitation, failure will result in the same punishment as for any other transgression. Is that clear?"

Marina nodded again and quickly stripped her clothes off. She tried to cover her nakedness from his appraising look with her hands. He didn't seem to mind too much. Her clothes were taken from her and put into a basket that she hadn't seen. "This way."

Rene walked towards a door at the end of the sterile corridor. A key was fished out of his pocket and the door opened onto a white stone stairway which he began to climb. He didn't look back to see if she followed. The stairs went up in a spiral to a landing that might have been two floors up.

Marina could only guess this because there were no doors or windows to mark her ascent. At the top, a single door that was also locked, opened out onto a tiled courtyard with cloistered boarders. A fish pool with a small fountain was the centre piece of a well tended garden. Gravel paths were laid in concentric patterns with low bedding plants in between.

Rene opened another door that revealed a small room. Carpets and furnishings lent a warmth to the room which was augmented by a log fire burning in a grate. A bed covered with a colourful duvet over it. She was ushered into the room, but didn't have time to take in her surroundings because Rene took her shoulders and told her to kneel on the floor.

"This is to be your cell," he informed her as he released his cock from behind a flap in his leather pants. "You will not be allowed to lock this door and you may not alter in any way, this room or the furnishing. Take my cock in your mouth and suck me off." He told her almost conversationally as if it

were an everyday occurrence.

Marina, naked and knelt on the floor didn't feel she could have resisted. Her mouth opened and accepted him, her tongue began to work behind the fold of skin that was all that was left of his foreskin. She preferred men with circumcised dicks, it seemed cleaner. Soon his flaccidity was replaced by engorged and hardened flesh. His breathing became less steady and before she had begun to get into a rhythm, He came in her mouth with no thought for her satisfaction.

"You will be attended to. Remember, do not speak."

Then he left her, still kneeling on the floor as if nothing had happened. Marina wiped away the cum from her lips, spitting out what she could.

After she had cleaned herself up at the small washstand in a corner of the room. Marina explored the cell. There was very little to find. A drawer in a small bedside table had a Gideon bible, but nothing else. The wardrobe was completely empty except for a few hangers. She found soap and washing things in a small cabinet by the washstand, but that was it. The room was devoid of any other items.

Unsure of what to do, Marina laid on the bed and was just drifting off into a light sleep when a soft knock sounded on the door. Marina crossed the room and opened the door to two tall women whose arms carried clothing and some coloured bottles that contained what she knew. The two, almost identical women said nothing to Marina, but beckoned for her to follow them.

She closed the door and ran to catch up with the retreating backs. She was able to observe them and the strange clothing they wore. Heavy brocade skirts covered their legs, but the backs of the garments had been cut away to expose their bare cheeks and calves. A simple leather harness that started from a circlet around their throats and then between breasts to a ring. Straps lifted their pert tits and a strap was clasped at the back, holding the whole thing together. Their hair was pulled up off faces and was cinched by another leather thong into a pony tail. Both of them had dark brown hair, that, if released would have been to mid-shoulder length. Their feet were bare and neither of them wore panties.

They led Marina to a door on the opposite of the square courtyard. Open, she could see a huge sunken bath, full of water that steamed gently and infused the air with a fragrance that she could not place. Marina was led to the bath side. Still nothing had been said, instructions given had been by gestures or pushes. The two women pulled their skirts open. They had been held only with Velcro. The leather harnesses came off leaving the two as naked as Marina. She was guided into the sunken bath and the two followed her.

She was made to kneel so that the deliciously warm water came to her breasts. Her hair was dampened with water cupped in hands. Then a fragrant shampoo was massaged into her scalp and hair after which they two women rinsed her blond hair with cupped handfuls of water.

They gently grasped her elbows when they were satisfied with her hair and lifted her to a standing position. Scented oil was massaged over her shoulders. This was from the coloured bottles the two had carried. They massaged the oil all over her body, spending time to rub it into her breasts and stomach area. Then they washed her from top to bottom, spreading her legs so they could wash and clean her most intimate parts.

A finger gently opened her private lips and made sure that the scented water cleaned her from the inside. Then another finger was gently, but insistently, inserted into her anus and the cleaning was made thorough. The attention that she was being subjected to had Marina panting and trembling.

Their expert hands were giving her a working over that threatened to bring her to a climax. Marina had always been curious about same gender sex and if this was anything to go by, she had missed a wonderful experience.

The bath over, the girls guided her out of the bath where they pat dried her, beginning with her hair, then her body. Another bottle was unstopped and another oil poured into the hands of the two women. Marina identified the fragrance of jasmine as it too, was massaged into her skin. Once she had been liberally massaged, the two girls led Marina to a low bench where she was made to sit. One of the girls put a finger to her lips to show Marina that she was not to speak, then whispered in her ear.

"I am Grace and she is Olivia. We will get you ready for the Masters. We will make your face up and attend to any of your needs. But, first, we are going to fuck you."

Both pairs of hands explored her body. Her breasts and sex were invaded and abused. Her anus was invaded again, but instead of the insertion just entering her, a whole finger spread her delicate sphincter and began to rhythmically pump her orgasm to explosion. They kissed her. Mouths exploring mouths lips exploring lips and a sudden nip of teeth on her clit left her breathless and quivering, panting for more and on the verge of a second shuddering orgasm.

An hour later, Marina was led back to her cell and left to herself. While she had been away, a light lunch of cold meat and a marinated salad had been left for her. A glass of white wine accompanied the meal which she ate with an appetite that she had been unaware of until she started eating.

Soon after, Rene returned. He inspected the harness that Grace and Olivia had put on her and seemed satisfied with the fit and the way it separated her breasts and parted the lips of her sex. The skirt they had provided was of the same heavy brocade and scratched a little. He touched her body, running his hands over her smooth skin, over her breasts, causing her nipples to spring into readiness. Over the smooth skin of her backside. His appreciative looks told her she was quite acceptable.

"You are ready," he informed her. "The masters are waiting for your appearance, best we don't keep them waiting too long." He turned and opened the door, but turned back with his hand on the door knob. "Is there anything you want to ask? You may speak."

"What is to happen to me Rene? Is there anything I should expect?"

"What happens to you is yet to be decided and really depends on your reactions. As for what to expect, best you not worry about that, just be prepared for anything. Your submission will be complete. You have no rights now until we release you back to your Husband."

His eyes softened and his look seemed almost sympathetic. "Marina, you are to be subjected to some of the most debasing things. Each event is to be borne with silence. If you even whimper, you will be mercilessly whipped. Some of our guests have very vivid imaginations and I could not even begin to guess their intent. Just remember, they will not harm you in any permanent way."

He turned back to the door and led Marina across the square towards her immediate future that would change her for life.

Chapter Two takes Marina into the depths and highs of total Submission.

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## Chapter Two: Rene

Rene gestured for Marina to follow him. He held the door open after himself so that she could walk through. They crossed the courtyard to the cloister facing. Marina could see three painted white doors, all of which were shut. Rene led her to the right hand door, gestured for her to stand and wait, then knocked once. The door was opened after a short while, Marina couldn't see the person inside, it was dark on the other side of the door and the opener had stepped back into the shadow.

Apprehension flooded her. The doorway looked like a dark hole to oblivion. Nothing of sound or vision came out of the open door and Marina had a feeling that, if she walked over the threshold, she would be swallowed, never to emerge again. Her hesitancy must have showed because Rene grabbed her arm in a tight grip and roughly pulled her into the darkened room.

What little light there was coming from the still open door, showed a large room. Several large cushions of some heavy and dark material had been thrown around the outer edges, leaving a space in the middle of the room. This area had a leather-covered stool and five large steel rings set into the floor, which was tiled.

Rene dragged her by her arm into the centre of the room, she could hear that there were some other people with them, but the shadows hid them from her eyes, which had not yet adjusted to the darkness.

"Bind her." A disembodied voice ordered.

Rene attached a leather bracelet to each of her ankles. A short chain attached it to one of the rings in the floor. The leather cushioned stool was put in front of her and Rene pushed her down so that she laid belly down on the stool. The coldness of the leather made her start and a small gasp escaped her lips. Two more bracelets were buckled to her wrists, the chain that secured them to the floor was pulled tight and locked off with a padlock. She was spread eagled over the stool. Legs and arms secured by the tight chains and her arse in the air.

"Thank you Rene, you may go now." The disembodied voice told him.

Marina was on the verge of panic; her only contact was to be leaving her to whatever the fates decreed. The door closed behind him with a soft click. She felt so vulnerable, and almost screamed for Rene to come back. With no warning, fingers caressed her back, tracing the straps of the harness where it bit into her shoulder and followed the contours of her spine. She shivered at the touch. The heave brocade skirt was lifted off of her arse, exposing the firm, milky white flesh to anyone who wanted to see.

"Apply the gag." The voice ordered from the back of the room.

"Open your mouth." A woman whispered into her ear. "Do it now."

Marina opened her mouth and squeezed her eyes tight shut. Something like a rubber ball was put between her parted lips and was secured by some sort of strap that went around her head. The gag forced her teeth apart and affectively stopped any chance of her making any protest at the treatment.

"That is good. Leave us now". The owner of the commanding voice was still in shadow. It was becoming harder for Marina to keep her head up; the muscles of her neck were beginning to cramp from trying to hold her head in this unnatural position.

Her imagination was running riot. A visual picture of what she looked like with her arse in the air, exposed to the view of who knew who was in the room. She was feeling a mixture of emotions simultaneously, Vulnerability, fear of the unexpected, shame at her wantonness, excitement at the adventure she was to endure, pride that she should be so trusted by her husband David and love for him.

A slight worry also imposed a need for thought, what if she was not up to the task? What if she hated training that she was there for? What if she lost herself in it? Her normal calm demeanour was rattled and the fear of the unexpected was the most prevalent and strongest thought.

She lost track of time, it seemed like she had been left there half naked, for hours, although it was probably only minutes. No sound gave her any clue who or how many people were in the room, or if there was anyone in there with her. Curiosity and the lack of action were just getting the better of her.

She was about to lift her head to look around to take in the surroundings when a raking sharp sting across her naked shoulders shocked her into a n involuntary gasp. It had come with no warning, a swish of the whip warned of the next blow which felt like it had taken skin off her bare buttocks.

“Just in case you were getting bored”. A voice whispered into her ear. “Now you will begin the training you have been brought here for. Let him loose.”

Marina wanted to cry from the sudden sting of the whip and also from the shock of her being beaten. Suddenly, something cold and wet touched the bud of her anus. She could not guess at what it was, but again, an involuntary gasp escaped her lips. The cold and wet something was starting to lick in languid strokes, separating her cheeks to get at the most intimate centre of her desires.

“Do you like this?” His voice whispered close to her. “Jasper is our star, he has fucked more women than I have and I lost count many years ago. Open up to him, let him invade your beautiful body. I command it.”

The gag prevented Marina from answering, but even if she had not the gag, voicing anything intelligible would have been hard because what ever was questing at her womanhood was hitting the right places. A wave of pleasure was building up from her stomach. Fires of desire were being stoked from the attention her cunt was getting. It must be a tongue she thought, but what a tongue! It travelled from her clit, over her labia and straight up to her puckered arse.

She started to pant from the exertion of trying to keep her head up and suffer the ministrations of this glorious tongue. The combination of knowing she was being watched and the deliciously intense climax were bringing her to a swift orgasm that she could no more control than she could talk. It took so little time. Her body wracked to the hilt and her cum flooded from her in a projected stream like piss. With no control, she cried out around the gag as her fluids covered the floor between her knees.

“You enjoyed that didn’t you?” The unidentified voice asked needlessly. Marina nodded her agreement. “Would you like more?” Again, she nodded her agreement and prepared for another tonguing like the last, but it didn’t come. Suddenly, a weight was placed on her back. It felt hairy and the legs that landed either side of her waist confirmed that the owner of the tongue was not human. Oh fucking hell! She thought, I am being given to an animal and I fucking well enjoyed it.

Any further thoughts though were quickly driven from her mind when her cunt was suddenly filled with something so big, she wondered if she had been split. The dog’s cock had entered her vagina and was pushing the walls wider than she had ever been before. It had to be a dog she thought. Oh



God! What are these sick bastards going to have me do? But, even these thoughts left her as its cock rammed into her and pushed against her cervix.

Fucking hell, how big is this fucking dog, I can't take anymore of him, she was wrong. With a huge lunge, the dog's cock travelled completely into her cunt, nosed open her cervix and entered her womb. Once there, the dog fucked her so hard, never leaving the neck of her womb, just screwing her into the leather kneeling cushion and forcing its huge cock far into her. A rapid rhythm soon had her struggling to breathe. Soon had her gushing her own cum and fast got her to the point where she would pass out from the sheer pleasure her nervous synapses were relaying to her brain.

The dog's knot began to grow. Marina had got to the point of crying unashamedly, but the dog still had not finished with her. His knot felt like it would open her cunt wide enough to allow a car to drive straight in without touching the sides. She became aware of the immense size of the base of his cock and that he was firmly stuck inside her. Her vaginal muscles had relaxed to accommodate the knot, but her labia could not release enough to allow the dog to escape her. Suddenly, she knew he had reached his orgasm.

White-hot canine sperm flooded her womb. Not one drop could leak out where he was so tightly stuck inside her. The dog tried to pull out of her and it felt like her insides would come out with him. She was dragged, by her cunt, off the leather support and onto the floor. The dog squealed in pain, but stayed still and waited for his erection to diminish. Marina could not think of anything less dignified than her current position and shame of her readiness to fuck a dog in front of complete strangers almost made her cry.

A few minutes past until the dog was able to get away from her. But, instead of leaving her to the floor, he nosed between her legs and cleaned her off. Marina whimpered, in pain and shame. She could still not see very well in the darkened room, but was aware of several men sitting around the edges of the room on settees. Drinks in glasses on low tables were the only other things she could see.

"That was good wasn't it Marina? Jasper can really do the job and that tongue of his will bring you off every time. You may rest now, but be ready for your orders. Rene will take you back to your quarters." The whisperer had been beside her all through the ordeal, but had stayed quiet.

Marina could only nod her agreement and make a grunting noise, which turned into a squeal of shock as the whip lashed her bare arse. She hadn't even heard the swish only the white hot heat of leather on skin, her skin. Another lash took her across the shoulder blades, then yet another set fire to her lower back.

Rene grasped her arm a few moments later and assisted her. Marina's knees almost gave way where they shook so much from the exertions of supporting her. Back and neck were worse though; it was as much as she could do to remain upright and walk across the room to the door and bright light of the courtyard on the other side. Rene opened her door and shoved her inside following after.

"You have done well this day Marina. See that you do the same when you are called again." The skirt was undone from behind and allowed to fall on the floor. The harness too, was undone and joined the skirt on the floor.

Rene took her wrists in his large hands and tied them with a thin binding that felt like it was cutting into her and cutting off the flow of blood. Rene pulled her toward a ring set into the wall and passed the thong through it fastening her to the ring. She was sat on a stool with her arms held above her. Rene took the gag from her mouth and asked her in a harsh voice.

"Did you like that dog's cock inside you? Did it feel nice? You may speak."

"Yes, it was wonderful," Marina answered in a flat voice, not wanting to give too much away.

"How much did you enjoy it?" Rene asked her, his voice gruff and without waiting for an answer, he brought the whip sharply around and lightly smacked her shoulders.

He pulled out his thick cock from his trousers and grabbed her head, shoving it into her mouth. I will ask again, How much did you enjoy it?"

"Marina gasped as the whip smarted on her shoulder again and almost gagged on her tormentor's dick as it threatened to choke her.

"Oh!!" Was all she could manage around his cock.

"How much". And he whipped her again, but harder this time.

Marina swallowed him, sticking out her tongue so that she could get all of him in and down her gullet. She fucked his cock with her mouth, feeling him expand and twitch while keeping time with the whip. Suddenly, his cock exploded in her throat, cum trickled down which she had to swallow or throw up. Rene made sure she had received all of his seed before pulling out of her mouth.

"Tomorrow will be even better Marina. Be prepared and do a good job of it."

"I shall do my best Master if it pleases you."

Rene left her after untying her wrists. Marina showered and fell gratefully into bed and slept as she had never done before, still with the taste of Rene in her mouth and on her breath.