

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



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## Part One

It was a dark and stormy night.

Dark, because slut was blindfolded at my place and stormy, because she was hissing and sputtering that she couldn't see what new sensation was coming at her. No matter, this session is an experiment on her ability to discriminate between differing stimuli.

If you haven't noticed, I like big words, especially when they suit but slut doesn't get big bold words, slut gets delicate words like the slice of a feather across taut nipples, my steaming piss on her clit. My breath caresses her most sensitive areas much like a breeze, moves a wisp of hair across the nape of her neck.

Slut gets stimulated a lot with big and bold, like yesterday's Great Dane and his giant cock, rampant and plunging inside her body until she relaxes enough, he pushes enough, and the giant knot can slip past pliant gates and she can grip him desperately from then on...until he's finished with her that is.

I don't want her to be de-sensitized to those wonderfully subtle other sensations that blend into a complete orgasm when it surfaces. Yes, being boned by a big black burly beastly being is its own reward for her, but, she's slut and occasionally I take my pleasure from her in this way. A big black burly beastly bone comes later.

She is told to stand still in this warm room. I whisper in her ear that I like her nipples tonight and knead, squeeze and caress them so they're pliant and distended in my mouth. "Make fists and hold them hard" and the first of two needles pierces those marvelous nipples. Lest you think this cruel, slut can orgasm just knowing that a visible drip of blood is hers and all precautions are taken with sterile equipment. The second pierces and when I rub her pussy, a pearly string follows my hand.

In this state she tastes wonderfully sweet. My cock is salivating too and the clear ooze is anointed to her slit mixing into a lust shared.

I pull the needles out and the nipples will heal within a couple of days leaving them ready for more fun at another time. Slut's wiring is uncommon, she likes pain, more accurately, and she likes to explore her sexual limits. In this there are many conundrums in that she fantasizes an equine cock of the largest sort but refuses to allow my fist inside her, no reason given. Physically and geographically things are much of a size so I'm puzzled. I've even offered to help her fist me, my first, in a turn-about play session, still she demurs.

Raw nipples are savored; their wounded states are irritated along with rubbing her clit. I'm behind her and she is squeezing my erect cock between her legs and touching her slit. The head is well past her pubic bone with each thrust and I can feel her come without my penetrating her and I follow shortly watching my cock erupt past her while she shivers. I muse that I like her cock.

"You've done well, slut" and dismiss her to clean our play area.

Slut is somewhat nocturnal and walks, watching the working girls ply their trade, she rebuffs the occasional proposition. Another conundrum, she so loves sex that making a living at it might be a natural but nope, she's choosy. I like it that she chooses me, it strokes my ego to no end and for that,

she gets complete freedom, always.

In the morning when slut usually presents herself for me to either fill her mouth or ass, or simply wash her body with my morning toilet, she isn't there. Gone. Vamoosed. No note, nothing.

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## **Part Two**

Eventually, I realized that slut is gone and it appeared to be at the hand of nefarious characters. She led such a quiet life that I was really puzzled as to the "why" of it all.

The girls along the strand, slut's walking route, is where I suspect she was taken, tell the story of a van stopping briefly alongside her and the next moment everyone was gone. The van was described with import/export logo and oriental script underneath. The girls weren't really paying attention and couldn't offer more information, even with the offer of money.

Puzzling through events, about a month ago slut remarked that a gentleman had approached her. The next day she and I were walking together and she was approached again. This time I was offered money for her. Why would he even approach me? Perhaps because slut was leashed on a sterling silver chain as delicate as her beauty and I was seen as her owner. In fact, I simply handle slut, keep her herded (to use a ranchers phrase) in the right direction, keeping her safe and all that.

Though I was intrigued, and she a lowly slut, I'm not into trafficking humans. I politely said no (though she a worthless slut, I am fond of her so our games go) and didn't think anything else of it. In fact, I had put it completely from my mind and only remembered it now. The offer for slut was she be used as a pleasure slave in his private brothel, for his and his friends amusement, become his property. The man asked me how active she was in bed, how vocal, how avid....I answer that she's all of that and more. What I leave out is that she prefers women and dogs, not necessarily in that order, to the exclusion of human men.

If you're wondering about me, I have a girlfriend who knows all and likes slut to lick her pussy clean after I've left a load of my semen inside her. Slut has a twisted mind and my girlfriend is of a like twist but likes men.

A day later, I'm walking and espy a cargo ship being readied for sea. It's the lone ship that has been there for only a short time. I photo the logo and query the working girls and the pieces start to come together.

There is an obsession that if he can't buy then he will take but possession is his goal and that goal is slut. My slut. The American wild, wild west in me rises to the surface and I think we're fixing to have a rodeo shortly and it'll be wild and wooly! But I must be cunning, sly, a little bit bold, a whole lot brave and very, very careful. Well, maybe not too brave, it is only slut after all. But, I think I want her back, my testosterone rising to a level where my dick is a little bit bigger, a little bit fatter and a whole lot more potent than the cowardly kidnappers'.

But first things first and I need to find out exactly where she is, perhaps on the cargo ship?

Looking around, I'm being followed, kept track of and an idea is formed where I lose my trailers then turn about and trail them back hoping they'll lead me to where slut is being kept.

My size will always give me away though, I'm tall, lank, dress funny and literally stand out in a crowd so doing this myself won't work. My buddies, street urchins all, whom I frequently banter with

are feral cats. Slut smiles at and flirts with them freely. They are employed to do this work. We negotiate payment which is odd as they want slut. Of course I say they can watch her any time, but no, they want to participate and I say only if slut agrees, only if. To this condition, they readily agree.

Two hours later, the boys are laughing so hard they can hardly stand, say they've found slut, she is indeed on the cargo ship, is sailing with the midnight tide and they will get me aboard. Their price? One of them wants my boots, buffalo chips and all. Little shitheads knew it all along and were playing me. A little larceny in the soul starts early with those kids.

I liked those boots, they fit. Well, so does slut and another deal made with these good natured highway, er, boys, and I hand them over and walk barefoot back to my place. I see my tails have gone and the boys laugh again that it was too easy to mess with those guys and besides, this was their turf! If anyone was going to get tailed, they should have been the ones. Teenage mafia my aching ass! Still I like these kids and am glad they're on my side.

By twilight I'm poised in my sneakers with backpack. The boys have gotten a dinghy to take me around to aft starboard where a cargo door is open to let fresh air circulate. It's a matter of 10 minutes to get there and I'm aboard this vessel bound for who knows where. All I know is I'm closer to slut, and, the ship is of limited space so I will find her!

Deep in the bowels of the ship, I hear a dogs bark.

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### **Part Three**

The passageway is dimly lit and I can go in either of two directions. The ship smells of a variety of odors giving it a character I file away in my memory. Of fuel oil, of paint, the sea, even burned grease from cooking.

Just now, I want to avoid people, instinctively I think that stealth is my very best friend. The dog barks again and makes my mind up which direction to head. Dogs are a very social animal but in preparation to depart, perhaps the dog has been left alone. I work my way forward.

Today, my luck holds and entering a cargo hole, a series of cages are stacked, some with dogs, some empty. One cage, at the far end is larger and interests me; it's shrouded much like we shroud bird to keep it from singing. Lifting a flap is slut, poor disheveled slut, naked and with a chain to her collar. For a moment I'm taken again by her beauty, a visage of the femme fatale works here, certainly damsel in distress. The oddity is slut likes this so there is no distress that I can see other than she can't choose her fate but the way her mind works, this is only a minor detail.

Psst, I get her attention.

Her eyes go wide then narrow again; with a languid purr, she slinks towards me and I hear a growl from a darkened corner of the cage. Only in Hollywood's version of suspense could a larger dog appear and he's unchained, able to eat poor edible slut. He doesn't bark and slut freezes in place.

She drops her head and spreads her knees, her breasts gently swaying. The dog pads over to her upturned ass and sniffs, and then licks her from her clit to past her ass. Slut shivers then opens herself even more. He doesn't mount her as much as cover her because his height underneath is taller than slut kneeling. She reaches back and helps to guide the monster's appendage into her slimy center, dripping from frequent mating.

He hunches into her and his full length enters her only leaving a slowly swelling knot outside her pussy, to bounce and rebound from their pliant roots. His forelegs are over her shoulders and she holds them and pushes back, when that doesn't work, she reaches back with both hands, spreading herself to her limit to take this monster knot.

Slut whimpers and wiggles in simultaneous agony and ecstasy until the knot enters her body. Her mouth is open, her jaw stretched wide in harmony with her stretched wide pussy. He starts to fuck her in earnest and all slut can do is hang on until the monster is finished with her.

Her belly is starting to distend with each thrust that deposits yet another squirt into her womb, and another. The force of his thrusting is moving their coupling across the cage towards me. Slut grabs a bar stopping their moving. Monster, his new name, is quiet but he licks her shoulder, then neck almost in affection of her favors. Slut does have that effect on people, and now animals too!

He stops and pants, his balls contracting in time, slut's belly is even fuller than before with canine swimmers.

Slut's face is ever more flushed and she shakes in silent orgasm, her legs going straight. Monster grips her and violently keeps his cock ever deeper inside her body, he is relentless! This sends slut into more gyrations around his cock, his knot of great desire. She loves being his bitch. In this moment, she is senseless and would never leave, would never remove that knot, would eat from a bowl and sleep in a cage just to have access to that wonderful cock.

Fireworks are going off in my mind and I realize that to rescue slut, Monster must come too. But can he be trusted to stay with me? Can slut? Slut is dazed; her eyes have rolled up inside her head in ecstatic faint. I've never seen her this turned on.

Semen is escaping, leaking from around the knotted seal and running in rivulets down both legs, a drip is steady from her clit. My cock is the definition of hardness and I free it from the constraints of clothing. It bobs with my breathing, the head is engorged and it's more tumescent than it's ever been. My balls have pulled up tight to my body to keep my own swimmers healthy until they are ejaculated to do their duty. That is how nature intended.

I reach my hand into the cage to undo slut's collar and in standing my cock reaches through too. Immediately monster gives my cock a lick, freezing me in place. He licks again, and again. Meanwhile, slut has come to her senses and is watching this tableau from underneath. She reaches up and fondles my balls, kneading and rubbing them.

She encircles them and gently tugs, stretching them. Her hand is warm, Monsters tongue is wet, I'm turned on and ready to explode and so let it go, forget all control and give myself over to the plethora of sensation and erupt. I'm so turned on that I shoot a good three feet past Monster. Slut is still hung up on his huge knot and I'm straining against the bars as if to gain additional range from my field artillery but the only goal is to ignite the powder, to trigger my balls to force my semen and force it hard.

Spent, I slump down, slut and handler together but separated by iron bars. She giggles and caresses my face, "that was fun" and, "are you ok baby?" she is concerned for me, her earnest but useless, alleged, savior.

I get up and search for keys.

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## Part Four

Finding the key ring proved incredibly simple, they were hanging just outside the cage on a board. The keys to all the cages were there and then one single. I wonder if it's a master key and take that one.

I hurry back to slut's cage and slip under the cover. Monster has turned around so his nuts are in sluts butt crack, still contracting, still filling slut. I look at my watch and it's been some 30 minutes and he's still shooting inside her!

It's time to get out of here but the two creatures don't seem to share my renewed sense of urgency.

Monster is tugging, dragging slut so I kneel down and massage slut's labia in hopes that will help to disengage him from inside slut. "What are you doing?" she asks, "I'm helping you escape!" (Don't you recognize your hero? is tacit) "Well, I'm not leaving without Monster!" As if I hadn't already figured that one out. "And, I want to have his puppies!" She has talked like this before so I'm used to it, she's showing her completely twisted nature with this admission. The chemicals that produce orgasm must be very, very strong to produce this kind of insanity in her.

Slut knows she needs a handler, knows that she could go off the deep end of sanity during extreme sexual stimulation into the abyss of insanity so she trusts me to be the voice of reasoning and stability. Just now though, we have to get her on her feet, literally and figuratively.

Monster pulls none too gently, slut pushes and the knot pops free followed by an immense spray of his semen and her fluids. Even I am impressed with the sheer volume of liquid.

Slut is wobbling on her feet and Monster has lied down on his pallet to lick himself clean. Slut is mesmerized by the tongue and starts to gravitate to him. "No you don't" I command, "we're going to unlock all those cages and set the animals free, and then we're going to jump ship and escape! We'll take Monster with us, Ok?"

And that's what we do!

The cargo hatch is still open and the ship still tied up to the loading dock. Floodlights are bright above deck and the whole of the crew are working to lade the ship with cargo. Behind us, the dogs have become a pack and slut their mistress. Monster is unquestionably in charge and no fights erupt. What is unique is that slut has won over this monster and they are now inseparable, they are each other's and I think it is she saving me, her handler.

Slut and I dive into the water, the darkness covering our retreat. Monster takes one sniff and follows. A moment later, the rest of the pack follows. I'm a strong swimmer, so is slut but we're worried about the pack and we can't go far before we all tire and drown.

A light shines in my eyes and the boys, those lovely, larcenous boys, say "well, well, what will you give us this time?" and help us aboard their (stolen) boat.

But that's a tale for another day!