

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

I was a normal girl growing up in Sydney, Australia. I grew up in a modest home in the suburbs with both parents and a brother. I wanted to save myself for marriage so I had one or two boyfriends but didn't have sex with them. Just a lot of kissing and heavy petting. Nobody ever pressed the issue because they knew it was important to me. So I finished high school as a relatively good virgin student.

I started working in an office in the city at the start of Oxford Street when I was 18. For those that don't know, Oxford Street back in the late 90's had a bad reputation. There was a lot of gay and kinky sex, strip clubs etc. When I was barely 14, I was in the city for a cousins Christening when I was approached by a bouncer outside a strip club to come dance! There weren't many limits. I used to go out with the guys from work on occasion and had my eyes opened in a big way. But still I remained a virgin.

When I was 22 my mother dropped the bombshell that my father wasn't my real dad. It was a huge shock and set me going into a bit of a rebellion. I met a guy from America on the internet and on the first date, he had me pressed against the outside of my car in the open with his hand in my panties fingering me to orgasm. I loved it! He liked to press the limits and make me play in public. We would be at Lady Macquarie's Chair which is a popular lookout point right on the harbor and he'd practically undress me and try to make me get past my fear of being caught by overriding my inhibitions. And it felt so great that I'd let him. Little did I know that he was sort of training me to enjoy being an exhibitionist.

My first time was in his apartment at Woolloomooloo. I'd gone to his place when work sent me home with a fever from the flu. One thing led to another and before I realized it, he was inside me. It wasn't the best experience and I was so out of it that I don't remember it all. I remember the second time though and it was great but he wasn't very big. Still he knew how to get me going and I got off a several times. He also liked to finger me while I was driving through the city or open my shirt so people could see my naked tits. He was into lingerie and sex toys and I learned to like them too. But a few weeks after that was September 11 and he went back to America and I never saw him again.

I started searching online for something to fill the space. I finally met a woman who wanted to teach me and make me kind of like her mini-me. I was nervous because I'd never even fantasied about a woman before but still we met at a local fast food restaurant car park to chat. I agreed to go for a ride in her van and she parked somewhere and again, before I knew it, I had my first experience of a woman eating me out. Her tongue and fingers were very very talented and didn't take long before I was shaking, moaning and cumming in her mouth.

That was when I figured out that I must be a natural submissive. I realized that although I hadn't planned to do anything with anyone, it was like I would blackout and the gap between the first time I meet someone to when I let them touch me was a matter of hours.

I would go to her house often and the first time we had sex in her bed, she waited until I had just finished cumming and was catching my breath before she opened the bedroom door to let her husband in. He was a short slimy looking man with an orange moustache who stood next to the bed staring at me with so much undisguised lust, I got nervous. I honestly didn't want him touching me but she climbed back into bed with me and sucked my nipple into her mouth while stroking my clit and just said "you don't mind do you" but it was more of a statement than a question so I shook my head. So then he joined us. He spent hours that night licking me and sucking my clit to the point of

pain but I never stopped him. His moustache gave me a burn on my thighs. He encouraged me to go down on his wife and maneuvered me into position like I was a doll and held my head to taste my first pussy. I didn't know what I was doing but I let my tongue sneak out and tentatively lick her clit. The taste wasn't too bad and I liked the smell. She instructed me on the best ways to please her and I tried to learn quickly. That of course left my pussy in the perfect position for her husband to piston into me. He was bigger than my first partner and liked to push hard. He would reach under me and pinch my nipples on each stroke. It started to feel good and she liked it when I moaned into her pussy. He lightly spanked my ass and she would laugh each time I squealed into her. They both seemed to cum at about the same time but I wasn't finished so I became their smorgasbord and they feasted on me for hours. It all melded into this long pleasure orgasm that left me writhing over their bed and covered in sweat. After we finished, I realized that it was dawn.

They both knew that I was submissive and it wasn't long before I had a steady Friday/Saturday night with some of their "friends". To this day, I don't know if they were actually friends or people they just met but I never protested and did whatever I was asked to do. To this day, I don't even know the names of some of those men. They loved that I was shy and willing to please so I wasn't ever mistreated. One time she said we're going for a girl's night out and took me to another friends house where I learned to suck cock. They discovered after a while that I didn't have a very pronounced gag reflex and kept training me to try to take his cock in my throat. I managed a few times but it hurt my throat trying so hard so we stopped. I don't know if I can do it now but I'm willing to try.

Now don't get me wrong, I don't feel like I was raped or anything like that. I enjoyed it and got off on it many times each session. I also knew that I could say no at anytime. They took photos of me but none of my face so I felt secure. I knew what I was and liked the feeling of being wanted and desired.

After a couple of months, their marriage was strained and they fought a lot and I didn't want to be involved so I left.

That left me again with a hole to fill so to speak. I spent a lot of time on the internet having cyber sex and got my own phone line so I could have phone sex. The longest was a 12 hour (yes not a word of a lie) phone call with a man named Corey in Canada. He paid for the call and I masturbated so hard, I had cramps in my stomach. I learned later that was called uterine contractions from severe orgasms.

Here's where things started to get a little more... depraved.

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## **Chapter Two**

It all started so innocently. Pure accident.

In all of my internet searches and conversations, I accidentally clicked on the wrong link. The website opened to a picture of a woman being dominated by a big black dog, another picture was of a woman sucking a huge stallion. At first I was completely disgusted and shut the page in anger. I was horrified women would do this and remembered from church in my younger years that it was a massive sin and completely taboo.

I went back to my original search. The only problem was that while my eyes feasted on women being taken by men or many men, my mind started to drift back to what I had seen. I would literally shake my head to try to remove the images that seemed to be burned into my brain. I tried concentrating more on the other images but the slow slide back to the beasts seemed to keep happening.

That night I was in bed masturbating with my favourite toy thinking about being taken by a huge black man doggy style. I was rubbing my clit furiously thinking about his beautiful black skin against my very white skin then I imagined I could feel his chest hair on my back. But somewhere in the middle, the chest hair morphed into fur and hands to paws and doggy style became the true meaning of the word. I tried to stop but I was too far gone and had a massive orgasm, which left me panting and shaking. On the way down, I felt so ashamed about it. I thought there was something wrong with me.

However, the next time I was online, I found myself searching for more images. I would open the pictures and look, then feel bad and close them. This happened so regularly but the looking at the pictures became longer and the closing was harder to do. Then I discovered stories. I always was a big reader and reasoned in my head that I knew I was reading fiction so it wasn't the same as looking at the pictures. But it turned out to be a huge trap. The stories played in my mind in more detail than the simple picture did. I learned about the heat and shape of dog cock, I learned about precum and the amount of juices a dog can spill, I learned about the roughness of a dogs tongue and how deep it could go in you. These thoughts played in my mind on the train, in the shower, at dinner with my family. I couldn't escape.

My first act came when we went up the coast to visit my uncle. He had this small dog, really not big at all but he would hump anything that moved. He had a teddy that he would hump in the lounge room in front of everyone and nobody thought it was bad. I told my parents I wanted to read my book so I went to one of the bedrooms in the back of the house... and secretly took the dog with me. I sat on the floor just patting him at first. Size wise he was probably only as long as my hip to my knee. He rolled on his back next to me and let me rub his belly. I rubbed gently and lower each time. I never touched his sheath but the patting must have been working because I saw a tiny pink thing begin to come out. I knew what it was and what I was doing so I touched it. He made a whine so I did it again and put my fingers around it watching it grow. It wasn't big but this was like a science experiment to me. I felt it move between my fingers and smiled when he made little humping movements. I thought that while it wasn't as hot as the porn told me that could have been because he was little. It was bigger than I expected a small dogs to be though. I felt a little ball near the base and leaned in close to see. It was his knot. I can't tell you how wet I was then. I wanted to taste it and feel him come but I just couldn't. Then he ruined the moment by jumping up and running around the room. I was terrified he was going to bark and I'd be found out so I opened the door to let him out and closed it behind him. I was so hot I knew I had to cum. I tore down my panties and lifted my dress and laid down. I paused because the hand I always use was the one I used on him. I knew it was wrong but I did it anyway. I let my fingers touch my clit and then slide inside me. I knew that I had some dog precum inside me and that was it! I went over the edge and had to scream into a pillow while my fingers plowed into my pussy with so much force, I thought I'd hurt myself.

After that, I was hooked. I joined websites and read as much as I could get my hands on. All the sites say it started with a lick and I wanted that so bad, it hurt. My father had bought a Jack Russell home a few years earlier and on one of my weakest moments, I let Jack (original) into the house. He knew he wasn't allowed in there but I led him to the couch. I had laid an old sheet over it and already had myself naked from the waist down. Today was the day I was going to feel that tongue. I climbed onto the couch on my back and laid down. One leg was over the couch on the floor, the other against the back. I called Jack up. He jumped up nervously. He didn't know what he was doing. I patted my pussy a few times and he jumped off the couch. I didn't know how to get him to lick so I pushed a few fingers into myself and sat up to let him sniff them. He licked them so I put them back inside and did it again. He licked again. So then I put them inside my pussy again and left a trail down my thigh. I called him back up and put my fingers on the end of the trail. He picked up the scent. I was panting by this time and whispering good boy and encouraging him. He slowly (way too slowly for

me) followed the trail and then the first touch happened without warning. It was like I'd been tasered in my pussy, I jumped so much. Jack got scared and backed off. I almost sobbed in agony and called him back patting my pussy begging him to do it again. He did a few more times then his tongue went inside. It was only a couple of licks but that was enough and I came hard shaking and moaning. He licked a few more times then jumped off the couch humping the air. I didn't know that desexed dogs could do that. I felt bad about using him and wanted to help but then someone came home so I threw him out and quickly dressed before they could see me. He was always happy to see me after that although we never did it again.

I wanted more. The fantasies got worse and I didn't know how to stop. So this is where the line between reality and my fantasies start to blur...

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Chapter Three

I found myself checking out the forums and reading experiences from other people whether real or not. Stories get me going more because my imagination is so active that I can put myself in the place of the woman and imagine these things are happening to me. My favourites always start with the woman in a vulnerable position, whether blackmailed or pressured or abducted and being forced by someone more dominate to doing what they want, begging for mercy then submitting and becoming a willing slut slave. What happens next is what I dreamt about last night.

I was out with friends for dinner. It was a Friday night after a long hard week. It was just a normal girl's night out. We were out at a steak house having a few laughs and catching up. I could feel someone's eyes on me and looked up to see a man at the bar staring at me with an intense look. Startled, I quickly looked away and joined my friends but I wasn't focused. I could still feel his eyes drilling into me trying to drag my attention back to him. As much as I didn't want to, I would look back on occasion only to find his gaze had not wavered at all. It was unsettling and I thought about telling someone, maybe one of the girls or a waiter or something. We finished dinner and were sorting out the tab when I looked again to find him gone. I looked around the room but he was nowhere to be seen. I felt very relieved. I didn't want to walk passed him on the way out. I smiled so carefree and relaxed immediately.

Even though the tab was paid, we stayed to finish our drinks and finish up. We all lived in different areas so each of us just met at the restaurant. As we walked through the parking garage each of us would drift off to our cars as we passed them. Lots of hugs and "lets do this again soon's" would ring out until there was just two of us left. My car was in the underground section with lots of lights but my friends was outside which wasn't so bright and she was nervous so I walked with her arm in arm calling her a wuss. We giggled like school girls as we got to her car. A hug and a kiss later, she was gone and I strolled the short distance to my car. I got in and started it up and left the garage. I was smiling remembering the night and how good it was to catch up. The man with the stare came to mind and I shook my head thinking of how silly I was to be worried.

I had stopped at the edge of the driveway to merge into traffic when the door flew open and he dove in. I opened my mouth to scream but he slapped his hand over my mouth and leaned in close and menacing. He growled in my ear that he knew who I was and what I wanted. He had read my stories online and knew I was not the girl I appeared to be. I tried to struggle but he put a photo in front of my face of me with my family at a picnic laughing. I froze in terror. He did know who I was. He said he would send my stories to my family and my boss if I gave him any trouble. He shook my head violently and asked if I understood. I slightly nodded that I did. He removed his hand and told me to drive. I was shaking like leaf and crying so hard I couldn't see the road. He didn't like that and

threatened to put me in my boot. I swallowed a few times trying to control myself.

He took me to a deserted industrial area and I pulled over in a factory carpark. The factory had a 'For Lease' sign out the front so I knew that even if I was lucky enough to escape, nobody would be there to help me. He sat back and stared at me. Not moving. Not speaking. Just staring that intense stare that set me on edge in the beginning. I was fidgeting and could feel myself starting to freak out again. He said "Stop". I don't know why but when he said that in that commanding tone, like he knew I would obey the command instantly, I did. I don't know why I did but I just did.

He said "You will call home. You will tell your mother that you all decided to go to one of the girls place for the weekend and you won't be home until Sunday night. You will not cry. You will not warn her. If you do, you'll be dead the next time she sees you. Understood?"

What could I say? What could I do? I was trapped in the car with a menacing stranger who threatened my life. I wanted to be one of those people who fought but my mother couldn't lose me. She wouldn't handle it. I nodded as a tear rolled down my cheek. I took a deep breath and cleared my throat as he handed my phone to me. It took me a few tries of repeating the action before I knew I could talk convincingly. I called home and told my Mum what he said. She was thrilled to know that our catch up was going well and told me to have a great weekend. After we hung up he took my phone while I cried like a baby. I didn't see it coming but the next second my face was on fire and I was against the window. He had slapped me.

"I said you will not cry."

I was too stunned to cry anyway so I stopped.

"The rules are very simple. I will tell you what to do. You will do what you're told. I already know what kind of fantasies you have and your desire to make them come true. They will ALL come true before Sunday. You will not be hurt if you obey. From what I know about you will probably enjoy it."

I highly doubted that but I just sat there quietly against the wall and waited. The quiet staring was getting on my nerves. He just sat there! It was terrifying.

"Get out of the car." I got out of the car on very unsteady legs. I held the door and waited while he walked around to me. The way he walked was like the way a lion stalks his prey. I knew I was that prey.

The closer he got to me the more I shrank against the door. He smiled when he saw that. He ran a finger down my puffy cheek as I whimpered. He leaned in close and whispered "You want this. You know you do. Your words begged me to teach you and give you your desires." I tried to beg him to let me go but he just smiled and kissed my cheek. I was surprised by the tenderness and almost felt myself relax. Almost.

"Now take off all your clothes." I froze. This couldn't be happening. This happened on the internet stories but not in real life right? He stepped back and gave me the 'go ahead' motion with his hand. I took off my jacket with slow shaky movements. Then my skirt and top followed leaving me in my boots and underwear. He took each piece of clothing as I took it off and folded it neatly. I paused trying to decide which was better to remove. My bra would reveal my tits to his gaze but my panties would reveal my trimmed pussy. Which was worse? I decided the bra would be first. I took it off then paused with my hands on my hips in the elastic of my panties. A raised eyebrow was all it took to get me moving. I slipped them down my legs and over the boots to step out of them. He took them and folded them while I stood there covering whatever I could. He placed my clothes in my trunk and came back to me.

He threw his body against mine on the car so suddenly and forced his hand between my legs fingering me while kissing me and pinching my nipples. I struggled and pushed against him. He whispered in my ear, "This is how you started isn't it. First date with your boyfriend." He kept tweaking my clit and pumping my pussy. As scared as I was, I was horrified to feel myself getting very wet on his hand. My body started to flush and my screams changed to clipped moans. He knew and kissed me passionately. My legs spread and my hands on his shoulders stopped pushing and held on. It was uncontrollable the feelings poured through me and pooled low in my belly. I knew it wouldn't be long before I was cumming in his hand. He knew and increased the pressure. I came hard and shuddered in his arms with sweat pouring off me. He kept whispering 'good girl' over and over in my ear like I was a puppy he was praising. It was strange but it kept the orgasm going and I actually felt good about pleasing him. It took me a while to get to my senses again as he kept stroking me and I kept shuddering with mini orgasms.

While I was recovering, he turned me around and tied my hands behind my back then pushed me in the back seat before tying my ankles. I don't even know where the ropes came from. I looked back at him surprised.

"There's a good girl. You stay like that until we get home."

It made absolutely no sense whatsoever but I relaxed. There was something about the way he spoke to me and talked to me in that way that somehow connected. I relaxed when I should be fighting. I didn't understand. I kept trying to figure it out while he climbed into my car and started driving.

I had no idea what would happen next.

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## **Chapter Four**

The drive seemed to take a long time. I kept seeing the street lights passing overhead. The roads seemed smooth for a long time then the speed increased like we were flying. Finally we slowed down and the road was rough and bumpy. I had to grab hold of the seat to avoid rolling off.

When we stopped, he looked back at me and said "We're here. From now on, do as you're told and you'll be home in 2 days. If not..." I nodded and he smiled. I realized he had a nice smile and sort of half smiled back. He got out of the car and opened my door. It took a bit of wiggling but I made it to the edge and he helped me stand. I still had my boots on so he untied my ankles and we started walking. We were on a driveway surrounded by tall green trees. I couldn't see anything just trees on a driveway that curved around a bend. We walked between the trees for a time before coming to a clearing. It looked to be a farm house surrounded by plots of various fruit trees and a huge barn. I was confused. This place was stunning. I didn't expect stunning. But then I didn't know what to expect.

It was then I remembered I was naked. I had completely forgotten about that. We walked down a path passed a pond towards the house. My captor was explaining what I was seeing but I wasn't taking it in. By now we had arrived at the house. He sat me on the coffee table before removing my boots and untying my hands. The table was cold against my bare pussy. I realized that now I was here, I had to play it out. This was my only choice so I submitted as he moved me around and tied me spreadeagle to the table. He pulled me to the edge of the table and opened my legs as wide as they go before tying them open at the thigh and ankle. Once inside he stopped speaking. His focus changed from being a gracious host to all business. I was completely at his mercy.

He spread my pussy lips with his fingers and squeezed my clit. I moaned slightly. He inserted one



finger feeling around inside me before adding another finger then one more. His thumb was rubbing my clit while he wiggled his fingers spreading them slightly. I moaned and writhed on his hand I had no idea what he was doing to me but when he added the fourth finger, plowing them into me, I came bearing down on his hand. I couldn't move much but it was enough to continue the friction. He removed the fingers from deep inside me and roughly jerked my pussy repeatedly to extend my orgasm. I was screaming as the orgasm was ripped through me and he kept up the rough fingering. Then I did something I'd never done before. I squirted. I squirted all over his hand and up his arm. I came hard and saw stars and spots behind my eyelids. He knew exactly what he was doing. It took a bit to stop as he kept stimulating me. When he stepped back, I was a mess. Cum was dripping from my pussy, down over my puckered ass hole before dripping onto the table and floor. My captor had pussy juice sprayed up to his elbow and on his pants and shirt.

He looked pleased but still remained silent. A shrill whistle made me jump. I heard claws clicking on the ground and I knew what fantasies he was going to make me live out. He must have found me by my stories and I knew what he wanted. My stomach fluttered and heat poured through my body. As much as I wanted to protest, my body was betraying me with anticipation. He watched my face as a large dog walked into the room. I don't know breeds but he looked like a German Shepherd and was big. My eyes opened wide as I watched him. My captor let the dog sniff and lick my juices off his arm. When clean the dog looked at me. He looked intelligent and very predatory. We watched each other for a minute before a single finger snap launched him into action. He jumped between my legs and licked the dripping juices. I shook my head not wanting this but lifting my pussy to his snout at the same time. He licked around my pussy mound cleaning me before making direct contact on my engorged clit. A shock pulsed through my body and I gasped. His tongue was so rough and wide. It covered the whole clit and the sensitive flesh around it. His tongue found my vagina and he dove in, fucking me with his tongue. I couldn't speak. I was in another world as his tongue wormed in and out of me, his hot breath steaming my clit and rubbing with each thrust. I was so close again. So close. Then in the back of my mind I heard two finger snaps and he was gone. I screamed in frustration.

I raised my head to look at what happened and was met with a smile and that steely gaze again. "What do you want?" he asked.

I was ashamed but I still answered. "I want to cum. He was so good. Please I want to cum." I begged.

"Tell me what you want."

"I want... his tongue. I want to cum. Please let him make me cum. I want to feel... that... tongue deep in me. Please!" I almost sobbed begging. It was so so close and I needed it.

"Where?"

"In me. In... my pussy. Please. In my..." I took a deep breath. "I want him to lick my cunt and make me cum!" I screamed.

\*Snap\*

Then he was back. It was like an electric charge as he dove into my pussy with vengeance. Deep and long. It was exactly what I needed. I bore down on him and writhed on that amazing tongue. I whispered words of encouragement that I can't remember and felt the pressure build again. I panted as I flew up the mountain of lust knowing that I was almost at the top. Just before I lost it again, his nose hit my clit and that was it. I convulsed and shuddered screaming in pleasure. It was like my



pussy had exploded and the waves rolled through my body in aftershocks. Even after I felt myself wanting to come down, the monster tongue wouldn't stop. I kept shaking and if not for my legs being tied down I would have slid off the table to the floor.

I sighed in relief when he drew back knowing it was over. But it wasn't. He jumped up and suddenly a huge dog head was in my field of vision.

"Wha... Wait! I didn't ask for this. I'm not ready."

I could feel his fur across my belly and something hard and hot poking my pubic mound. He stabbed my clit and words became harder to make. Then he stepped closer and after a couple more stabs, he found his mark and sank about 2 inches into me. One more stab slammed the rest of his cock deep inside me causing my back to arch off the table and my mouth to open in shock. He was MASSIVE! I'd never felt anything so big and hot in my life. He started his rhythm and jackhammered into my open cunt making me his bitch. None of my fantasies ever came close to this. None of my research had ever prepared me for this. The size alone took my breath away but the force behind the thrusts of those powerful hips. His force pushed me from the edge of the table back as far as the ropes would allow.

My panting attracted his attention and he lowered his head to lick my face. That wasn't so fun. Turning my head didn't help as he followed my movements.

"Submit to your master, Slave. Let him kiss you or suffer the consequences."

My brain was hazy because of the action in my pussy from the pulsing cock that seemed like it was still growing. I turned my head away again trying to understand the words. My head flew back to look at him once they registered. I looked back at the huge drooling head above me and opened my mouth. His tongue snaked inside licking everything he could. I could taste myself on that massive tongue. Lust tore through me and I found myself sucking on his tongue and lifting my head to meet his 'kiss'. My tongue snaked out of my mouth to lick his and I kissed his snout.

Something started battering my opening and I knew he was trying to force his knot into me. I had gone this far and never wanted anything as much as I wanted this. I tried to slam myself back down on that cock to get that massive ball inside of me. I wanted to be locked tight. I wanted the seal and to feel that hose soak my insides. One more kiss and powerful thrust later and he was in. The massive cock had battered my cervix and peeked inside the opening. I screamed as the orgasm tore through me throwing me into a writhing mess on the table. I felt myself cumming from my fingertips to my toes. It was unbelievable. I'd never been so full. I kissed my lover in appreciation. His hips made short, powerful thrusts before I felt him start to cum. Cum is a strange word for what he did. It was like a fire hose had been shoved inside me and hot liquid was spraying my insides. I felt it pouring into my stomach and leaking out of the seal of the knot and dribble down over my ass.

Every little movement he made gave me shuddering orgasms. When he adjusted his stance and pulled slightly at the tie, I convulsed again. He licked my face again and I kissed him long and deep in thanks for his gift.

\*Snap\*

My lover moved suddenly and turned around. I knew what happened here from reading. My lover started pulling at the seal trying to release his cock. The movements were a mixture of pleasure and pain. Pleasure for the mini orgasms it caused and pain from trying to pull something too big out of my tiny hole. He kept moving and I slid in the mixture of sweat and cum to the edge of the table. The bonds on my wrists were pulled tight as I begged him to stay still. He jerked a bit and must have

shrunk enough because a loud pop sounded in the quiet room before mixed cum sprayed out of my sappy pussy. I collapsed on the table trying to recover.

My captor pushed something inside me and strapped it to my thighs. It felt like a long odd shaped dildo and kept my pussy stretched wide around it. He pushed a button and it hummed and vibrated with increasing intervals. I didn't understand.

"Goodnight Slave. Sleep well".

That was the last I heard before the lights turned off leaving me in the dark with a pulsating vibrator stimulating my pussy long into the night.