

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Let me start by saying that this is only a story. I don't know much about the webcam/web-girl industry, so forgive me my errors. The idea of this story occurred to me a while back. I didn't want to write it, because I was still tired of writing from the last one, but it wouldn't leave me alone. So, here it is. I hope that you enjoy it.

My name is Cindy, and I live alone in a one bedroom high-rise in the city with my dog Bull. It's a rather ritzy place and most of my neighbor's look down their noses at me. Especially the old bitch that lives across the hall. None of them know anything about me, but it always seems as though rich people have a sort of sixth sense when it comes to sniffing out those of us who come from the other side of the tracts. I haven't inherited any money to afford my nice digs. Nor am I one of the top executives in a major company. I am a cam girl.

That's right. Everyday I log on to the internet and masturbate at the request of strange men while they watch. I used to dance at an exotic club until one of the other girls told me about this line of work. After trying it, I don't know why any girl would choose dancing over this. I make a lot more money, set my own hours, and never have to put up with the groping hands of disgusting men. The only drawback that I am finding is that it is difficult to stay knew. And everyone knows, that men always need "knew".

As I was saying, this work has been great to me. It has allowed me to afford a much better way of life. It has been difficult to manage living in a high-rise with a large dog, but we've managed. We have to. I'm not going to give up living in a nice place, nor would I ever give up Bull. I got him when I used to strip. . . I mean dance, and I needed a protector to help me feel safe. He is a large Rottweiler. He can be a little aggressive with strangers, but I like him that way. I keep him on the balcony while I'm "working" to make sure that he doesn't get in the way. I think that he misses his old yard, and that he likes basking in the sun sometimes.

I know that I'm babbling a little. I'm trying to get around to the story, but it's not easy. I found this website after my experience in the hopes of finding a sympathetic audience. I just don't know where to go from here.

And also like I said, it has been getting difficult lately to maintain the same level of followers that I achieved when I first started. At first it was easy. I have a fantastic body. The only thing that I ever got from my two self-destructive parents. I have long wavy dark brown hair that really makes my bright blue eyes stand out. My smile is wide with full sensuous lips. At five foot two my skinny waist makes my big double D's and my large round ass stand out. One of my followers once told me that I have a body that was "built for sex". My figure enabled me to draw in both the "tit men" and the "ass men". Some of them overflow with complements about how full and high my tits are, or about my large areolas and big puffy nipples. Other men go on and on about my big "squishy" ass. One man even told me that he wanted to eat it like a little kid eating his first cake. I don't know what that meant, or even know how that would look, but I appreciated the compliment just the same.

That is one nice thing about this line of work. Everyone is so nice. If they aren't, then I can block them. So it's nothing but compliments for me. That, and the money. The money is GREAT! The place that I was living in when I was dancing was nice, but this place is awesome. Right downtown within walking distance of shops and restaurants. I never have to worry about being followed home.

I still haven't been able to have much of a dating life, though. It's an occupational hazard in this line of work. Most men don't want their girlfriends doing what I do. But then again, my job does help me relieve a little of that stress also.

Because I do get off on what I do. It feels good to masturbate, and there is a part of me that likes the idea of being watched while I do it. I enjoy my job, and I benefit from it. But, like I keep saying, my subscribers have been falling off.

At first I thought that it was just a fluke. I just tightened my belt so to speak, and didn't eat out as much that month. The next month I didn't eat out at all, and barely made the bills. This month I had to start using my credit cards, something I haven't had to do since I started doing this. If I didn't turn things around quickly, then I would be in dire straights.

So I started doing a little digging on the internet about the cam girl industry. That's when I started finding out about the difficulty of keeping things new and exciting for all the men out there. The same men aren't going to keep logging in to see the same girl do the same thing over and over again. That's also when I started finding out about some of the tricks that the girls use to keep their followers excited.

I know that I'm babbling again, but that's really what leads me to the story of what happened. You see, I learned about the Pizza Challenge.

The Pizza Challenge is where you order a pizza and then when the pizza guy arrives, you answer the door wearing only a towel. Then you "accidentally" drop your towel while you're paying. It's supposed to really create a buzz about you and drive up your subscribers. You lead your current subscribers into it at first by just dropping hints. Things like, "I've been trying to think of something risky to do for all of you." Or, "Have any of you guys out there ever heard of the Pizza Challenge? I don't know much about it, and I'm wondering if it's something any of you would like."

Just talking about it started driving my subscriptions up. At a certain point I started telling all of my subscribers that I would do it, and started asking all of them when the best time would be to do it, so that they could all be logged on to watch. I ended up settling on a time and date that worked for most of them, you can't please everyone, and then made sure that everyone knew. Even telling them that I'd go through with it drove up my subscribers. People were logging on just to watch me masturbate while I talked about it. The money I was making just to promote it was going to be enough to set me up for several months! Not to mention, that I was really getting off each time that I masturbated for them while talking about it. The thought of flashing to my body to some unsuspecting schlep while thousands of men jerked off was really making me hot.

That fateful day when I was to do it came last week.

I woke early. I showered and dressed, then made myself a quick breakfast before taking Bull for his morning walk. I always walk him before my shows, so that he doesn't get antsy and distract my followers or me by making noise from the balcony. I ran into the bitch across the hall as I was going back into my place. She gave me a nasty look, but I paid her no mind. Today was the big day.

With my chores taken care of, I dressed in a loose button down shirt, and some sexy panties. I never start naked. Men like a little tease and lead in to warm them up. I set my laptop up on my dining room table this time, because it had a clear view of the front door. Then I sat down, took a deep breath, and logged on. One by one I saw the number marker crank up as they all began to log on. I constantly ran a hand over my body as I talked to them, teasing them with my touch. I had to keep reassuring them all that today was the day and that I wasn't going to chicken out.

There was no way that I was going to chicken out. For one thing, I needed the new following and wasn't going to betray them and ruin this. For another thing, I really wasn't afraid. I stripped long enough, that getting naked in front of one man held no anxiety for me.

As I talked with them, people began to tip me to take my clothes off, so as the money began to spill in, I started to slowly remove my clothes. I rubbed my pussy for them and wasn't surprised at how wet I was. I pulled a breast up and licked one of my nipples to find that it was already stiff with excitement. I leaned forward and jiggled my breasts from side to side, then turned around and presented my ass. I reached back between my legs to rub my pussy some more and fantasized about someone's face pressed between my cheeks licking me. I was really getting hot. My breathing was getting rough, and I felt the blood rise to the surface of my skin.

When I turned around I saw on the screen that my subscription tracker had reached a number that I'd never dreamed possible. With a thrill of excitement I told them all that it was time. I walked off screen to get the towel, and then let them listen in as I ordered the pizza. Though I did mute the microphone when I told him my address.

Having done that, I grabbed my favorite vibrator and began to work myself to orgasm. Although it was a bit of sweet agony, I stopped each time that I came close to cumming. I began to feel a bit faint and weak in the knees, but I didn't want anyone to have any kind of release too soon.

Just when I thought that I might have to give in, the doorbell rang loudly and I nearly jumped off my seat. Bull began barking ferociously out on the balcony. I hadn't counted on that, but there was nothing that I could do about that now. I called out, "I'll be right there!" then I stood and wrapped my towel around me. I carried the vibrator to front door and sat it on the hallway table next to my wallet. I wanted the deliveryman to know what I'd been doing while I got me wallet. It was something that one of my subscribers had recommended, and before I could say no, the idea had really taken off with everyone.

My hands free, I turned and opened the door wide so that all of my viewers could see his reaction. The deliveryman was an older man, balding with graying hair. He had a weeks worth of stubble and a bit of a paunchy belly. His shock at seeing me was quickly replaced by a sneering smile. I thought that I heard him mumble something to the tune of, "never thought it'd happen to me" but when I asked, "What was that?" he said, "Nothing."

"I've got your pizza ma'am. Large pepperoni right?"

I could still hear Bull barking ferociously on the balcony, but now I could also hear him clawing desperately at the door jam.

"Yes. Thank you." With one hand I took the pizza from him and turned to put it on the hallway table, but between the large vibrator and my wallet, there was no room for it. I knew this would happen beforehand. I said, "oops!" and then made quite a show of bending at the waist and placing the pizza on the floor. I know that the small towel that I was wearing wouldn't be enough to cover my ass and pussy, and I could practically feel his eyes burning a hole into me. As I straightened back up I felt the towel bunch up on top of my ass rather than fall past it. I heard him let out a small sigh behind me.

"Let's see. I've got my wallet right here." And as I reached for my wallet several things happened at once. I exhaled enough to give my already loose towel enough slack to fall from naked body just as I heard him say, "No need to rush." I felt his hand cup my ass at the same time that I heard Bull pry the sliding glass door open and push his way into the living room. I spun to face the man as I heard Bull tearing through my townhouse toward us.

The man's grin had grown even broader and I swatted his groping hand away. Just then I heard Bull turn the corner heading our way. I turned to look at him, grateful for my fierce protector, but as he

neared I saw his nose catch the sent of the pizza.

OH No! Protective though he was, nothing got in the way of his love for pizza. I could almost see his brain switching gears. I turned back to the man hoping that he couldn't sense the change in him. The man had frozen waiting to see what would happen next, and I turned too to watch Bull's approach.

As he came to within a few feet his nose dropped to the floor fallowing the scent. I glanced quickly back to the deliveryman to see his sneer return as he turned to face me, and then I glanced quickly back to Bull as his head suddenly lifted once more. He'd caught a different scent.

He turned up toward me and did a crotch dive right between my ass cheeks. He'd always been a horrible crotch diver, to me and to strangers. It was another reason that I kept him on the balcony during my shows, and also why I always showered before letting him back in.

I let out a yelp of surprise as I turned to push him away. Just then I felt one of the lecher's hands grab one of my boobs. "No!" I yelled out as I spun and swatted his hand away once more. No sooner had his hand left my boob, that I felt Bull between my cheeks again. Only this time I felt a mighty sweep of his big wet tongue across my pussy lips. My poor pussy was already super sensitive from all the teasing I'd just been giving it, and I felt that lick like an electric shock as it jolted straight through my whole body.

I let out another squeak as I turned to push him away again, but suddenly the deliveryman's hands were all over me. I began a frantic battle as I tried desperately to keep them away from all of my private places. Bull was the fastest and was able to dive passed my defenses the most, and so it was that throughout my struggle I was to constantly feel the swipes of his warm rough tongue in and out of my dripping pussy. I could hear my own voice yelling both "No" and grunting from the contact as I fought.

I looked around desperately for help and across the hall I saw that my bitchy neighbor's door was cracked open. Instead of coming to help, though, I just saw one wide eye watching me through the crack. No help there.

Then my frazzled mind remembered the towel lying on the floor. I dove to the ground onto my hands and knees and scrambled for it. From the corner of my eye I saw the deliveryman's knees bend as he dropped to follow me. Suddenly I felt both of Bull's front paws hook me by the waist as he pulled me backward and lunged up onto my back. He was going to try to fuck me!

I tried to flatten out on the ground, but the deliveryman stretched an arm out under my waist and held me up.

I screamed out "Noooooooo!" as I felt Bull's cock plunge past my pussy lips into my well-lubed cunt. "Holy Shit! It's HUGE!" I yelled out, and suddenly Bull was driving his cock into me like a jackhammer. Each forward plunge slammed the pointy head of his dick into my tender cervix stretching me like I never knew possible.

Then I realized that the deliveryman had reached up and grabbed my vibrator. Turning it on he reached around behind me and began rubbing it on my too sensitive clit. My legs and ass began to shake and quiver in ecstasy. Despite my knowledge that this was wrong and disgusting, I'd been without a real dick for too long and had worked myself up too much before this. My body was reacting involuntarily at this point. My breath became ragged and shallow.

I turned my head sideways and saw the fat old bitch across the hall had thrown caution to the wind.

Her door was completely open now and she was leaning up against the wall in her hallway staring down at me open mouthed. She'd hiked up her dress and dropped her granny panties and was rubbing away at her pussy like she was dialing 911 on a rotary phone.

My breath got faster and faster as I neared orgasm. I was no stranger to dog anatomy. I'd seen plenty of dogs stuck together at the park, and knew that increasing pressure that I was feeling in my pussy was his knot swelling up inside me. I felt like my pussy would soon tear from it. But as much as it hurt, it also felt great! His cock was touching every part of my insides, rubbing and squirming everywhere. I tried in vain to wriggle and avoid the pressure that was created on my clit between Bull's knot, and the vibrator but it was no use.

I suddenly cried out loud in my ecstasy as my orgasm slammed through me. "AAAGGGHHH!!!"

That didn't stop Bull's driving though, and in the wake of my orgasm my body quaked in aftershocks. I felt the deliveryman leave my side as he stood and walked around in front of me. I looked up when I heard his zipper just to have him force his cock into my mouth. "That's right. Suck it bitch."

In my shaking, and weak state I wrapped my lips and tongue around his swollen dick and sucked it like I was sucking my thumb. He groaned and jerked his hips, and I reached one hand up to cup his ass and steady him. Evidently that was too much for him because I suddenly felt him tense and shoot his ropy load down my throat. I gagged at first, but he put his hand to the back of my head and wouldn't let me go. Bull was still driving me forward and between the two, I had no choice but to swallow it all.

Suddenly Bull's cock erupted like a geyser inside my pussy. I could feel jet after jet of cum spraying into my cervix and that feeling turned my small quaking orgasms into one gargantuan convulsion of an orgasm. I think that I actually passed out for a few seconds, because I was suddenly aware of the deliveryman putting his softening cock back into his pants, never having remembered him taking it out of my mouth.

I stayed there on my hands and knees panting with Bull still on my back with his huge cock still locked inside my poor pussy. As I tried to catch my breath I hear him say, "That'll be \$12.75 for the pizza ma'am."

My head jerked up in disbelief. "What!"

"I still need \$12.75 for the pizza ma'am. I have to pay my boss, and I don't have any dough on me. You aint got to tip me though. I think you already done that. Here," he said as he reached past me and picked up my wallet. "As you're still a bit tied up, I can get it for you." I watched as he fumbled through my wallet, going through my money. "Well it looks like I'll have to take a \$20, 'cause I aint got change!" With that he put my wallet back on the table and turned to go. As he headed down the hall I heard him call out over his back, "Thanks again!"

I looked up to my neighbor's door once again looking for help, but saw that it was shut. Evidently she'd gotten her fill. Bitch.

That's when I remembered the webcam. I turned and looked toward the camera to see that the light was still on. My shoulders sagged in defeat. There was no hope. I'd worked too hard to be sure that the camera would be at the perfect angle to catch everything. My audience would have had the perfect view of the whole thing. I can only imagine how I'd looked with my big round ass up in the air and my tits flopping back in forth with my nipples dragging on the tile as I was ruthlessly fucked.

I put my face sideways on the cool tile and cried. I don't know how long I was stuck there. It felt like

forever. I couldn't reach the door to shut it. At one point I heard a couple passing my door. I know that it was a couple because it was a women's voice that cried out in alarm when she saw me, and a man's voice that said, "Holy shit!" I think I heard the click of a camera phone before he was drug away.

I didn't care. What did it matter? Thousands of people had seen it on the webcam anyway.

The End