

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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To a casual observer, the unusual aspects of the gathering was not that it was attended only by men over fifty, or that I was the youngest man present, other than the ten waiters-no, rather it was that everyone was clothed except me. I was the only nude person there. Oh, one more thing, I also had a constant hard on. But my nudity was not to be the most noteworthy or I should say memorable aspect of the party for me and for those in attendance, but it did contribute to the incident that made the festivities unforgettable-resulting in a change of employment and lovers.

This all started when I was hired by two friends of the billionaire Jaap Van Honden to be the surprise party favour at his 55th birthday party. They first drew my attention when I noticed them in the cafeteria of the student union of the college I attended. It was not that they were exceptionally well-dressed older men, which necessarily drew my attention - OK, maybe the handsomer and well-proportioned of the two did - it was that they were trying to covertly examine young male students from one corner of the cafeteria, an activity I was also doing while finishing up eating my dinner.

After checking one out from their vantage point they would have a short discussion then shift their attention onto the next. Several in the cafeteria, met the criteria of ultimate male studs in my opinion, but even they seemed not to satisfy them until they looked over in my area of the cafeteria. Looking at me, they had a short hushed conversation, which seemed to result in a mutually positive agreement between them.

They approached my table and the hunky and fit one I noticed asked, "We were wondering if we could speak with you. May we sit?"

Looking up and seeing his captivating good looks close up, I could not help but say, "Yes, why not."

They both sat opposite me and he began to speak, "My name is Robert Sampson and this is George Little."

George nodded his head. I surmised that Robert was the dominant one of the relationship. I liked that.

"My name is Ryan Manly," I said, smiling at him. I offered my hand and he took it. I squeezed his tightly as we shook, looking him in the eyes. I shook George's hand as an afterthought.

Robert continued, "Nice to meet you Ryan. We have a proposition for you, but hinges on several additional criteria you need to pass-you will understand when we tell you what we want."

This intrigued me. "Yes?"

Robert looked at me seriously, leaning in toward me so he would not be overheard. He said in a low voice, "Would \$10,000 interest you in doing a gig this coming weekend?"

"Hell, yes," I loudly interjected.

My current part time job was doing pearl diving at the student union cafeteria. The pay did not cut it in regards to providing enough to cover the bills. To supplement my income I had a self-employment occupation the taxman did not know about that had a much better hourly rate. Still, the \$10,000 they offered was nothing to sniff at and would be a very much welcome addition to my income. The free dinner provided by the cafeteria cook was the only good thing going for the "legal" job. She was

sweet on me and told me when I was hired I was so much like her son.

The stolen glances I caught her casting at a certain part of my anatomy as I worked washing dishes and trays did indicate her interest in me lay more in line with what I carried between my legs. I did not want to think too much about her relationship with her son. Nevertheless, I would prefer him to her, but I was not going to let her in on the secret or tell her to stop looking at me in a sexual way-plus, I don't cook. Anyway, back to Robert.

Continuing to whisper, he said, "Maybe before you decide to agree, you should find out what it entails."

I nodded. "OK."

"We'd like to hire you for a birthday party," he said. "But we need to know if it'd bother you to mingle in the nude amongst the party guests while sporting a constant hard-on. By the way, we'll give you something to help with that. Oh, additionally you'd start out the evening by popping out of a large birthday cake, and proceed to slowly undress accompanied by music. We'll provide a uniform for the undressing part."

The offer blew me out of the water. I was more than willing to do a striptease and mingle with an all-male party crowd in my 'birthday suit' for a couple hours, or better still all day if necessary. I loved being an exhibitionist, showing off my well-muscled, dare say, handsome body, and doing it in the nude in front of males was an extra boner, err, bonus. Hey, I would have done it for free, but I decided not to tell them that. The money would be nice to help pay for the overpriced college tuition I owed.

"Robert, I'm your man! I'll have no problem being nude in front of other men, I'll rather enjoy it since I prefer males," I said giving him a wink.

"All right Ryan, that makes things even better. But first, before we agree, we need to see your body, your penis-that is your erect penis length-and balls. We need to know if you measure up to our expectations before we hire you."

"Of course, I understand. Well guys, I happen to be going to the library. I know an isolated lavatory there where we can do that. It has a nice roomy handicap stall, I know well."
George, looked appalled, but Robert, looked intrigued by the suggestion.

"Not quite what we were planning. We were going to take you to our house, but I think I like your suggestion," Robert said.

Before I could answer, George chimed in, "Robert, what are you thinking!"

"I'm thinking we're two sticks in the mud that occasionally need to expand our horizons a bit. Maybe he's willing to help us with that," he said to George. "Ryan?"

"Oh, yes, love to," I said seductively.

"OK," said Robert.

I stood up, saying, "Let's go."

Both got up, George, more reluctant than Robert, I noticed. I led them out of the student union cafeteria and headed towards the library. After a short walk across the quad we entered the library.

I headed to the elevators with both men following behind. Reaching the entrance to the elevator, I pressed the button for the sixth floor.

Turning to Robert, I said, "It's on the top floor."

As we waited for the elevator, I noticed that Robert's well-tailored pants were a little extra tight as it confined his growing erection. He seemed to be getting hyped up for the experience. George, on the other hand was completely flaccid and he was obviously unhappy and displeased, but especially when he noticed Robert's lump.

"We should not be doing this," he hissed.

"Nonsense, George. If you don't want to help conduct the examination, you can stay down here or come with us upstairs.

"This is so wrong," he hissed again.

"If you're so adamant against this, maybe you should catch a cab ride home. I'll join you later."

George fumed silently, knowing he could not persuade Robert from doing otherwise. But when the elevator arrived, he surprised me by joining us inside. Once we reached the sixth floor I led the two men out of the elevator. Pointing left, I said, "This way, it's in an isolated corner of the library."

Along the way, waiting in a study cubicle I noticed Johnny, one of the football players who I occasionally 'tutored' at the library. He was the reason I was headed to the library in the first place, before I met Robert and George. He saw me and I nodded my head, but surreptitiously pointed behind me. His eyebrows went up when he noticed the well-dressed gentlemen following me. Saying nothing, he remained in the cubicle.

Reaching the restroom, I said, "Well, gentlemen, here it is. Let me go in and see if anyone is present." Pushing the door open I saw that the lights were off. Turning to Robert, I said, "All clear."

Robert looked at George, "Do you want to join us?"

"No, I still think this is a bad idea," he said petulantly.

"Well, we're here, and I think we should proceed. You might as well wait in one of the cubicles until we're through," Robert said, exasperated.

Eyeing me with hostility and jealousy, he acquiesces and went and sat in a nearby cubicle.

Turning the lights on, I held the bathroom door open so Robert could go in. I followed as he headed for the handicap stall and opened the door and walked inside. Feeling bold because George was not with us, I closed the stall door behind us, grabbed and whipped Robert around and started kissing him, forcing my tongue down his throat as I felt his erect package and ass with my hands.

Pushing me away, Robert, breathing heavily said, "Whoa, boy. How about you start by undressing for me. I want to see if you measure up. Then we see how far we go from there."

I started by removing my pants, quickly.

Robert had departed the restroom, his seminal deposits dripped from my ass into the bowl of the throne I sat on naked. George, as he sat in the cubicle outside the toilet, probably could not help but hear the slapping of our nude bodies as Robert pounded my ass-moans and gasps escaping from us,

especially when we mutually experienced our orgasmic releases. Not only did Robert's servicing of me, make me happy, but also because he told me that I was hired. He was more than satisfied with me. He would not reveal whose birthday I was going to be a surprise at, but he said I would find out the day of the party.

I sat waiting on the toilet, knowing he would come when he saw Robert and George leave. I studied the sheet that Robert had given me. On it was typed instructions on what they wanted me to do for the striptease act. It also had the address and phone number for their tailor, so I could make arrangements to be measured for a uniform. The sheet also included the date and time I was to arrive at the party, but not the address. Robert said he would send a car to my place to pick me up to take me to the party. He also included his contact number at the bottom of the page, writing below it, 'Call me. Love another round soon.' I could not wait for the day of the party. *Maybe I would see Robert... before then.*

My thoughts were interrupted as I heard the bathroom door creak open. A second later the stall door crashed aside. It was Johnny, his line-backer bulk totally blocked the entrance to the stall. I stood and Robert's semen ran down my leg. Impatient due to the delay of our rendezvous, I could see longing and lust in his eyes as he takes in my nudity.

Smiling up at the towering Johnny, I asked, "I presume you're willing to do a sloppy second?"

Releasing the stall door, he allowed it to slam shut behind him as he lumbered in. Pulling money out of his shirt pocket, he stuffed it into the pocket of my pants hung over the wall of the stall. Johnny is all action, on the football field or in the privacy of a John, not a noted conversationalist. So this, as I had expected, was as much of an answer as I would get from this John.

Laying the sheet of paper I had been reading on top of the tank of the toilet, I turned and assumed the position he liked, placing my hands on the wall and spreading my legs out. I heard him unbuckle his belt and allow his pants and underwear drop to the floor. I prepared, knowing he liked to make a rough hard entrance. My God, how I loved being serviced by big college studs.

The birthday party was held in the backyard of Jaap Van Honden's mansion. I had recognized the place upon my arrival in the car that had come to pick me up. I understood now why Robert had kept it a secret from me. My "handlers" had made sure I would be erect the entire evening by giving me Viagra, likely used by George, since Robert, had proven at the library and once again later at his house, much to my enjoyment, he could get and hold an erection easily up my ass. So I would be fully erect in time, the pills were given me thirty minutes before I had popped out of the cake in front of the birthday boy.

For Mr. Van Honden and his guests, I performed a slow strip tease from a skimpy uniform that George, had handed to me—similar to those tailored for the ten waiters. It included a silly hat, a tight shirt that showed off my muscles with a low V-cut that exposed my nipples and navel and tight shorts that showed my ass and the erect bulge to great effect, soon all to be fully exposed for viewing.

Before the party had begun, George had handed me the uniform to put on. As I was squeezing into it, I noticed that the crotch and butt area of the shorts seemed to be a little damp and gave off a very faint odour of urine, like it had been spilled on it and then allowed to partially dry out. I thought it odd, and asked him about it.

He grinned, and said, "Sorry, as you know there are no other uniform available, so wear it!"

So he wants to play a little revenge game, I thought. I told him, "Wearing a urine damp uniform is nothing to me. I've experienced golden showers all over my body and enjoyed it thoroughly. Anyway, I'll soon remove it. Hope you're watching when I do."

Still grinning, he said, "I think this damp uniform will soon be the least of your worries."

He walked off, leaving me wondering what he meant by that. I did not like the implied threat, but as they say, the show must go on and I had an act to complete.

By the time I started doing the striptease after emerging from the cake, I had totally forgotten what George had said to me. They had me do it on a raised stage, erected for this purpose, while some old time rock music I did not recognize throbbed in the background. Much to my amusement and delight the crowd of older men yelled out, egging me on as I threw the ridiculous hat at them, one of the partygoers snatched it out the air. I gyrated my body to the music as I slid slowly out of the shirt, arm by arm, leaving it hanging around my neck as I felt my chest and nipples with my hands. Finally pulling it over my head, I twirled it in the air above me.

The crowd roaring their approval, it was obvious that they wanted more exposed. I did not want to hurry things, so I held off on the shorts—using the shirt like a towel I rubbed my back seductively with it. Then I moved it to the front of me and employed it as a shield over the shorts as I began to shimmy out of them. The first sign the crowd had that the shorts were sliding down was when my Viagra erect penis, released from its tight confines, popped up and tented the shirt. The crowd went wild, calling for me to drop both the shirt and shorts. I only allowed the shorts to slide down from my waist to my feet, continuing to hold the shirt in front of me. I kicked the pants to Mr. Van Honden, who caught it and smiled up at me. The spectators started to chant, "Lose the shirt... Lose the shirt... Lose the shirt!"

I turned around and wiggled my butt at them. Bending over, I spread my legs so they could see my balls and anus. They went wild. Turning back, I dropped the shirt to the ground and kicked it away, exposing myself to the approving crowd.

Taken away by the moment, my nudity in front of so many men strongly sexually aroused me. Grabbing my balls, I manipulated them, and then moving up to my erect cock, I began to manually stimulate it rapidly up and down, while rubbing my chest and pinching my nipples with my other hand. As I continued to manually manipulate my Viagra erect penis at a faster rate, I began to thrust with my hips—the feeling of approaching orgasm started to grow. The crowd began to roar, "Do it, do it, do it..." some, I noticed, rushed forward to the front of the stage, anticipating that they could catch my spunk in their mouth or get it on themselves. This was just too much for me. With one final thrust of my hips, sperm jetted into the air strongly multiple times from my penis onto them.

Looking up as my intense orgasm subsided, I could see Robert, but no George in the audience. He was standing near Mr. Van Honden with a look of shocked surprise at my very explicit sexual act. We had not agreed upon this action beforehand. If he had only known what was to come, he would have thought this tame in comparison. Mr. Van Honden, however, looked on with approval and smiled. I was glad my performance had made the birthday boy happy.

Afterwards, Robert introduced me to Mr. Van Honden. He told him they had found me at the student union cafeteria of the college I attended. While I was having a conversation with the birthday boy, who was staring at my penis and balls, his attention on them was diverted when he heard gasps from the people behind us. His eyes suddenly became very much larger in surprise as he saw something behind me.

“What the hell!” He said.

Guests near us began to back pedal away quickly in fear, opening up a free space around us, creating easy access to me, which was to prove my downfall, so to speak. I was about to turn when I felt something wet and cold bump my rear end, sniff and lick my crack deeply. Then large tan paws grabbed my waist and a heavy body rammed against my back, knocking me to the grass in front of Mr. Van Honden and Robert. As I hit the ground I had the air knocked out of me as I bore the full 200lb weight of a huge furry warm body on top of me. Recovering, I realized it was a big dog on me. I struggled upward managing to get up on all fours, lifting him up on my back. This gave the dog the opportunity he was looking for, to screw my ass.

The canine quickly held tightly to my waist with his front legs not allowing me to regain my feet as I felt him thrusting his bone painfully against my ass as he searched for my hole. As he was doing this I tried to crawl away from him. Not liking my attempts at escape, he snapped his teeth near my neck and growled. Stopping my escape, the dog, now able to tighten his grip on me, thrust harder.

Seeing his dog trying to mate me, I heard Mr. Van Honden, yell in a horrified voice, “How did he get here? Max, get off him, stop it!” At that moment I painfully felt the bony penis enter my ass, causing me to yell out.

Completely ignoring his owner, Max growled in triumph as lust totally overtook him upon finding my nice warm hole for his penis. The dog, who is huge in many ways, commenced to ram it with machine gun rapidity that caused me to moan from both the pain and pleasure that his very large-now quadruple enlarged penis gave me as it hit my prostate, causing me to drip copious amounts of precum from my dick. Feeling the fur, weight and warmth of the heavily muscular stud dog against the skin of my naked body as his hips rapidly slapped my ass to piston his penis into my rectum was indescribable.

I felt completely dominated by him as he tightly gripped me with his large paws-his claws scrabbling at my waist. His rapid warm breaths on my neck and drool dripping on my back added that much more to the mating. The spectacle, I imagined we presented to the guests was the ultimate sexual turn on for me. This performance was much better than walking around nude with a hard on or doing a striptease ending with an ejaculation on stage. I decided I wanted him to knot me and I was going to give the guests the bestiality show they have ever seen.

I spread my legs further apart and arched my back upward, allowing the dog easier access to my hole and told Max “Fuck me harder, boy. Give it to me!”

The dog complied with my request by ramming his knot hard several times till it pushed past my sphincter deeply into my ass, tying me to his penis as I pushed back against his thrusts. I opened my mouth in surprise, but I could not make a sound because the knot hurt so bad blowing by my sphincter at the same time it felt so good being pushed deeply inside me, sliding past my prostate.

Despite tying with me the dog continued ramming his knot into the further depths of my bowls, his large low hung balls colliding with mine as they swung from the impact of his very-solid body against mine. I felt his knot growing to an incredible size until it seemed like a grapefruit was tightly stuck inside me. The tight fit allowed Max to only do the smallest strokes of his large knot across my prostate. This produced even more pleasurable sensations, causing me to moan in ecstasy, taking me right to the edge of a stupendous orgasm.

Giving up on what I thought were passive attempts to dislodge the dog off my back, I vaguely heard Mr. Van Honden say, “Damn it, they’re tied now.”

His dog stopped thrusting and began whining as I felt the first blast of warm cum jetting deep inside me. I heard the murmurs of some of the party guests behind us as they realized the dog was ejaculating inside me. His flagging cropped tail allowed an excellent view of the dog's rhythmically tightening ass hole with each spurt of his canine sperm. If that was not a good enough indicator of what was happening, they also had a great view of his balls as they quivered from the first few and strongest ejaculations into me. But, I think the dog semen leaking from my ass, running down to my balls and dripping on the ground, clinched it, so to speak.

Feeling his hot dog jism spraying inside brought me to the climax of my orgasm and I began to ejaculate, yelling out, "Oh fuck, boy!"

My penis spurted strongly and more times than I can ever remember doing before, coating both my face and Mr. Van Honden's shoes, as he stood next to us, leaving a large puddle of my sperm on and around them. The agony of the climax felt so pleasurable, I collapsed to the ground as I nearly blacked out from the intensity of it, my ass held up by Max's knot.

Max remained over my body, his warm underside and hips against my back and ass where we were tightly connected by his penal knot. Finally, after several minutes he stepped over my exhausted prostrate body, repositioning himself so we would be facing away from each other, arse to arse. As he did this, his knot rotated inside me, causing me to moan, as it further stimulated my now overly sensitive prostate, sending me into another proxy of an orgasm.

As the haze of the second orgasm with the dog cleared, I could see George was now in the audience, looking elated as he watches Max mate with me. At that moment I knew he was responsible for this happening, and I was happy he had done it. It was the best fuck I had ever experienced in my life and I wanted more.

For over an hour I lay, spent, waiting for Max's knot to diminish. I could feel his penis spray his seed into me about every second or so the entire time we were joined, his movements causing me to moan contentedly as his knot rubbed my prostate. Mr. Van Honden's butler held Max's head so he would not drag me around. The guests had left the party that had ended in tatters. Robert and George remained behind. They conducted an intense conversation with Mr. Van Honden some distance from me, so I could not hear what was said. However, it was obvious that Jaap had found out what George had done, soaking my uniform in urine from one of his female dogs in heat so Max would find me when released into the backyard. But, Jaap did not seem upset at George as he looked at Max and me.

Several weeks after the party finds me in a kennel, once again with Max. The dog stops to sniff the heavily semen stained new mat I place on the ground in preparation. The handsome brute resumes circling me in anticipation, seeing that I have stripped off all my clothes. I'm there because Jaap employs me as his junior dog handler for his twenty South African Boerboel Mastiffs that he shows and breeds. He had asked, after Max had freed me from his tie, if I wanted to take care of his six male dogs by relieving their tension in between breeding seasons. I could hardly refuse his offer.

Jaap looks on as I get down on all fours on the crusty mat in the kennel, as I prepare for Max's rough hard entrance. Good God, how I love having him watch while I am serviced by his huge Boerboel stud dogs...

The End