

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Grace's Curiosity

Grace had always been told not to go into the library's basement. The university had been around for over a hundred years, and there is no telling what was growing down there. Grace was feeling adventurous, though, and even though she was normally a stickler for the rules, she had not seen any written rule saying don't go down to the basement. The door was locked, but Grace had found the key while she was working in the library over the summer. She knew the big cast iron key was for the basement because that was the only old-fashioned lock in the building.

She waited near the door for a couple of minutes, making sure nobody was around. The door was made of solid oak panels, which wasn't too unusual for the campus, but these seemed different. She put the key into the lock and gave it a turn. The mechanism moved effortlessly, and the door creaked open.

Grace felt for the light switch but couldn't find one. She turned on the flashlight on her phone, and sure enough, there weren't any switches or buttons. Looking up, she realized there weren't even any light fixtures. She kept her phone out and slowly descended. The space smelt of moldy books and Grace became aware that she might have made a big mistake and that if she got the slightest cough, she'd go straight to the infirmary.

When she got to the bottom of the steps, she was surprised at how many books were down there. Especially surprising was how old they all looked. The university prided itself on its ancient collection, so why were these books getting moldy in some basement instead of properly preserved up above.

As Grace walked the stacks, she became aware of a weird feeling. It was hard for her to tell exactly what it was. It started in her stomach, and she began to think of Timothy, the tall Junior in the choir who always had that great welcoming smile. She snapped out of it right before her hand touched her crotch. Grace shook her head in disbelief, she'd come so close to sinning, and she didn't think she'd be able to bring herself to confess to something as corrupt as masturbating. Father Ryan was always telling her how pure and chaste she was and how great that was. Grace had made it nineteen years with intact maidenhood. She could make it a few more until she found a husband.

The feeling in her gut didn't go away, though, and as she walked deeper into the stacks, she felt like something was tugging on her clitoris and nipples. She looked down, and sure enough, her nipples were hard and visible through her sweater. She told herself she should leave, but she kept walking deeper until she came to a stack that had a chain and wooden sign in front of it. The sign read, "Dangerous Books No Unchaperoned Entry." Grace chuckled at the sign and moved the chain aside.

The feeling was getting more intense, and even though Grace wasn't touching herself at all, it felt as if her nipples were being squeezed and her clit was being rubbed. Her breathing quickened, and she knew she was nearing an orgasm. Grace reached out and braced herself against the bookcase in front of her. Just like that, the sensation was gone, and Grace was looking at an old leather-bound tome.

Absent-mindedly, Grace pulled in from the shelf. The locked clasp on the front had mostly rusted away, and she quite easily opened the book. A new feeling rushed over her like she wasn't alone. Grace turned her head, but nothing happened. She tried to move her hands, but they just stayed there.

Grace began to panic, but her heart wasn't racing. She was actually quite surprised at how calm and

relaxed her body felt. This made it only the more disturbing to her that her hand was now moving down to her vagina. She tried to stop her hands, but they just pulled up the front of her skirt and pulled down her plain white panties.

Grace was facing her hairy pubic mound and delicately began tracing around her clitoris. All the feelings from before rushed back into her. Her body was still, but she felt like she was violently trembling. All of a sudden, she felt a huge feeling of relief, and she was filled with a warmth she'd never felt before.

As the feeling dissipated, she heard a husky feminine voice whisper in her head, "Such a pretty pure flower, I can't tell you how excited I am to ruin you. I'm a little weak from being cooped up here all these years, so I'll have to make this quick, but don't worry, I'll leave my mark."

Grace tried to cry out, but nothing happened. Her body picked up her panties from the floor and walked out of the bookshelf. She closed the chain with its warning sign and draped her panties on it. Before Grace knew it, she was back out in the late summer air. It was already getting dark as her body walked to the bike rack. Grace was confused but a little relieved that she'd paused. Maybe this was the end, and there was nothing more to her nightmare. "Found the spot, little one. It took me a minute since your town is such a nice little place."

Grace walked to her bike and got on it. She shifted her body until she was once again rubbing her clit. Grace didn't know where they were riding, but soon she was leaving the University campus and then the town itself. She was almost to the expressway when she pulled into what she could only guess was a biker bar. It was a little after five on a Tuesday afternoon, and the place was almost deserted.

Grace parked her bicycle and saw how wet her seat was. She'd blush if she could. Before she could reflect anymore, she turned and walked into the bar. The bartender and the three patrons stared at Grace in her beige ankle-length skirt and robin's egg blue sweater. The bartender didn't want any trouble with the town or cops and quickly piped up, "I'm sorry, ma'am, but you're lost. Can I call you a cab or something?" The patrons were all licking their lips at sweet little Grace.

"If there are cocks that need sucking, then I think I'm in the right place." She quickly moved forward and walked behind the bar. Grace dropped to her knees in front of the bartender and didn't pause for a moment as she undid his pants. Grace had never seen a penis in person and had only gotten a good look at one in an anatomy book. She didn't know what to think about the five inches of musky flesh that was now staring her in the face.

"Jesus Christ! You all saw how this happened! I ain't stopping it, but god damn, she clearly wants it!" All four guys stared in disbelief. Grace was fighting as hard as she could, and nothing was happening.

The voice in her head was now distinctly feminine, "Just relax, you little whore. No matter what you do, every hole in your body is going to get fucked today. If you make me, I'll give you an especially painful surprise, and you'll need to see a doctor to get it corrected." Grace tried to calm herself as her hands reached up and grasped the bartender's cock. Her tongue ran up and down the length of his member, giving Grace the experience of tasting an unwashed dick. It hardened in her hands and was soon a solid eight inches long.

Almost like she'd been doing this for ages, Grace placed one hand at the base of his cock and worked the shaft with her other as she lowered her mouth around him. Soon she had released the hand working his dick and just began to bob up and down on him, working the cock deeper and deeper

down her throat. Now that her hand was free, she lowered it back to her clit and began rubbing herself into another orgasm.

Grace lost track of time but was brought back in as she climaxed once again. This was followed by the bartender gripping the back of her head and jamming his cock into her a few final thrusts before releasing. Grace held the cum in her mouth for a minute, making sure she tasted it before she swallowed it down. She got to her feet and turned to face the three patrons. "Who here has popped the fewest cherries?"

After some arguing, it was clear that the youngest and fattest of the three was the only one who hadn't taken a girl's virginity. Grace stripped down and walked back to the front of the bar. As an adult, she had never been naked in front of another person, and now she was trouncing around in front of four strangers. Grace was pretty plain, and she was also just a little too thick to be called skinny, but her B cup breasts were perkier than anything these guys had seen.

Grace took the guy by the hand and led him to a table that she sat down on. The table was pretty small, and with a little work, Grace had her head leaning over one side and her ass and pussy over the other. "While porky here is porking me, one of you other boys could shut me up with your fat cock!" Grace couldn't believe the words leaving her mouth. One of the men came over to her face and dropped his pants, as porky dropped his and lined up with Grace's pussy.

Grace had been saving this for someone special, for marriage, for god. Porky pressed his cock up against Grace's virgin lips and pushed in. Both of them were a little surprised when he felt resistance, and Grace tried to fight as hard as she could. Porky pulled a little bit out and rammed in, painfully deflowering Grace. "Hot damn, this little tart was a virgin, good god, she's tight." Grace was so focused on trying to stop herself from losing her virginity it hardly registered that she was getting throat fucked again.

As her focus shifted, she realized her breasts were in pain, and she saw that the guy fucking her mouth was pulling her nipples away from her body. In painful silent horror, she watched as her B cups were stretched to their limit, something she couldn't have imagined seeing. The guys were hooting and hollering as they both eventually finished in her tight little body. The guy that was throat fucking her pulled out, and Grace obediently swallowed. As porky pulled out, all four of them were commenting on how much Grace had bled. Grace rolled off the table and got on her knees in front of the guy who had just taken her maidenhood. She knew the words before they left her mouth and tried to stop them, "Hey big boy, let me clean that off for you." Before he could respond, Grace was licking her own blood from his cock. The guys could hardly believe their eyes, but there wasn't a soft dick in the room.

When the dick was clean, Grace got up and walked to the one guy who hadn't fucked her yet. "You've been awfully patient. If there's some lube in the place, you can take my anal virginity. She flashed him her best doe-eyed look. In a flash, a small jar of petroleum jelly was produced, and Grace was being bent over a bar stool. Grace was tired of fighting whatever was happening to her.

She felt her ass get slapped hard and heard her say something about how they could do worse. After a few more slaps, she felt what was probably a finger push into her asshole. She knew women did this, but she never thought she'd be one of them. She was losing focus on her surroundings as she felt immense pain and a weird feeling in her ass. It was like she needed to shit but couldn't. She knew she was getting fucked hard but was too out of it to care anymore.

When he was done, everyone had another go at Grace. A little over an hour after she'd walked into the place, she was walking out in a stained skirt and a sweater with no bra. As the cool wind hit her

face, Grace came back a bit. Her body was sore, and she was leaking fluid from her pussy and ass. She was just happy to be getting on her bike. The voice in her head spoke up again. "I hope that was as special as you had always dreamed it would be." Grace would cry if she could, "Either way, I want to remind you that I told you what would happen if you resisted."

Grace had unlocked her bike and was holding herself a foot over the seat. She looked back, and the bartender was holding two bottles. He worked the heads of both into Grace's two holes, and Grace slowly lowered onto them, "Thanks, hun, you have a good night now." Grace blew him a kiss and sat down hard on the bottles. It didn't take long before the bottles had sunk all the way into her.

She biked back to the library and used her keys to get in. Going back to the basement, she found the cursed tome and brought it up to the main floors. She tucked it back with some old books on witchcraft and went back outside. The bottle in her pussy wasn't staying in, so she took it out and threw it away. The one in her ass wasn't budging, and she knew she'd need a doctor. "Well, doll, this was fun, but I have to be going now."

In a daze, Grace realized she had control of her body again, and she biked back to her dorm and took a long shower. The next day she went back to find and destroy the wicked book, but it was nowhere to be found. Reluctantly she called her doctor and tried to think of how she'd explain the beer bottle.

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## **Vivian's Curse**

"Why does she even work here? She's such a judgmental prude!" Vivian was venting to her friend about her coworker Katie. "I mean, it's a god damn lingerie store, and I'm pretty sure she's a virgin." Vivian went on for a little longer before her friend finally had a chance to pipe in.

"Sydney and I found this book that has a bunch of spells in it. Halloween's in a couple of weeks maybe put a curse on her and freak her out." It was kinda a throwaway idea, but some of the girls at the university were not just very Christian but very superstitious and afraid of the occult. Jess knew Vivian was at least hesitant about that stuff but hoped she'd at least try it.

"I don't know. I don't want to kill some small animal just to get Katie to stop being such a stuck-up bitch." After a little back and forth, Vivian was convinced and headed to Jess's dorm. By the time she got there, Sydney and Vivian had a mat out with a bunch of symbols on it. The room was lit by only candlelight, and an old book was sitting on the mat. Vivian was clearly nervous but went along with it. After some mixing of ingredients in a pouch, some chanting and reading something in Latin from the book Vivian was handed a little leather pouch.

"So what does the curse even do?" Vivian inspected the pouch a little closer.

"Supposedly, it's supposed to, like, make the victim experience one of their greatest fears." Vivian was taken aback by how harsh that sounded but went with it. Soon she was headed back to her dorm.

Vivian looked at the leather pouch and laughed. Katie was going to freak her shit about this, but couldn't Vivian have just told Katie she'd cursed her? Why'd she go through all this work? Either way, tomorrow night would be the perfect time to spook Katie.

Katie and Vivian worked the last half of the day together that Thursday night. Katie had been complaining all day because the store had decided to start carrying men's undergarments too, so now there were several mannequins with bulging crotches in the back. Vivian waited patiently and

counted down the time till closing. Once the doors were locked and the blinds closed, she was going to spook Katie and hopefully get her to quit or something.

The two girls were done with the front of the house when Vivian walked up to Katie and handed her the pouch. "May it be as it was written." Vivian chanted quickly.

Katie dropped the pouch, "What was that. What in the lord's name are you trying to pull here?"

"You'll now face one of your deepest held fears!" Vivian tried to give a menacing laugh, but she knew she wasn't selling it.

"I'm going to talk to the manager tomorrow and get you fired for harassing me based on my Christian beliefs, and then...." She stopped talking as they both heard a noise from the back. Katie looked pissed but was surprised that Vivian was finally giving a convincing performance of being scared. Katie cleared her throat, "I know that's some of those dumb friends of yours who pretend to bedevil worshippers or whatever, but I'm not scared."

Vivian didn't move, but Katie confidently walked toward the back of the house. A second after she walked through the door, Vivian heard a shriek. Vivian didn't know why but she ran in to try to help Katie with whatever was happening.

The scene she saw made no sense. Katie was the only person in the room, but she seemed to be struggling with one of the male mannequins. Vivian took a step closer and was about to help when her arm was grabbed. She yelled and turned to face another of the mannequins. It had a grip on her arm that she couldn't break, and to her horror, soon another one was grabbing her other arm.

In short order, Vivian's arms were pinned behind her back, and she was turned to face Katie. With one of the possessed dolls leaving Vivian, Katie now had the attention of three of them. Vivian felt it before she saw it, but all the mannequins' bulges were turning into very large, very erect dicks. The one pressing into Vivian's back was alarming, but she knew she wasn't their target.

Katie was flailing about crying out that she didn't want to get raped, and there was nothing either of them could do about it. Vivian watched as Katie's arms were pinned behind her back. In several harsh movements, her sweater was ripped to shreds exposing her ample breast in a surprising seductive bra. Katie's makeup was smeared across her face as the mannequins worked her khakis from her kicking legs. Low and behold, but her underwear matched her bra, and once the chase outside was removed, Katie looked like quite the slut.

This was enough, though, and Vivian knew she needed to do something. She tried kicking the mannequin behind her to no avail. She had enough movement in her hands that she could reach the thing's penis, so she grabbed it as hard as she could and tried to break it off. It didn't budge, but the mannequins turned their focus to her.

In seconds she was stripped completely naked. She hadn't been wearing a bra or underwear, but still, it all happened faster than she'd imagined.

Her horror didn't stop there. The two mannequins who had left Katie picked Vivian up and pushed her against the third's torso. She was slid up its body until she felt the tip of his massive cock at the entrance to her asshole. Katie squeezed her eyes shut as Vivian was forced halfway down the dick. Without some form of lube, she wouldn't move another inch, but now her feet couldn't touch the ground, and the mannequin was still holding her arms. Vivian was defeated. All she could do was pray that this would all be over before her anus was too badly damaged.

As the mannequins left, Vivian was hanging from the cock they returned to Katie, who was shaking uncontrollably. In a daze, Vivian watched as Katie's remaining garments were pulled from her body, and she too was lifted up and placed on a cock.

Katie didn't sink at all, and Vivian realized that she really was a tight ass. She cried at her own pain as she chuckled at her dumb joke. Katie was lifted back up, and the mannequin holding her arms reached under her and, judging by the kicking, began fingering Katie's asshole. After a couple of minutes of this, they lowered her back down, and this time she shrieked and sank a good three inches down the thing's ten-inch cock.

With Katie mounted on the dick, the two mannequins stepped back. One of them moved to Katie facing her. Vivian could only see the mannequin's back, but she watched as it caught Katie's legs and forced them into a split, and held them there as it stepped up to her. Vivian saw it begin to thrust, and then she heard the screams.

It had only been a minute when the free mannequin approached Vivian. Vivian kicked her legs, but they were eventually caught, and strain as she could, she couldn't keep her legs together. She had struggled all she could and had sunk almost to the base of the cock in her ass. The dick in front of her was even more terrifying than she could have previously imagined.

She watched as the inhuman object was thrust violently at her open lips. It didn't take long for it to find its mark and then be relentlessly driven in. As it pounded into her, she thought she could feel it vibrating against her g spot. It was violent but immensely pleasurable at the same time. She had to catch herself to stop moaning.

Sure enough, she began to hear Katie cry out in passion. Knowing that Katie too had cum, Vivian relaxed and let it happen to her. It was hard to put the horrible pain in her bowels out of her mind, but the cock in her pussy was literally magical, and she was going to cum.

When the waves hit her, she blacked out a bit. It was weird to look up and see Katie in a similar state. Vivian saw a look in Katie's eyes. It was unbridled lust mixed with deep self-hatred. The thing that Katie was afraid of that Vivian had cursed her with was to get gang-raped and to love it. Vivian laughed aloud at this realization, "Fuck us again. Please fuck us again." The mannequins complied.

Several rounds later, both women were sore and torn in ways they'd never imagined. In a daze, they realized they weren't being held up anymore. Looking around, the mannequins were back to their normal selves, except for the blood, shit, and pussy juice coating their bulges.

Vivian got up and took them off the best she could. When she was done, she went over to Katie and helped her up. They dressed the best they could in clothes from the store and left in silence. Vivian never saw Katie again. She heard Katie moved back home to a farm in Ohio.

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Jess's Mistake

"You know this book works. Vivian wanted to get rid of that girl at work. Next thing you know, she's moving back home to be with her family." Jess really wanted to get Sydney and Bethany onboard but knew they were both a little worried about how well things had gone for Vivian. They didn't know the details but knew it had, in fact, worked.

"Ok, so we use the book on Halloween. What do we do with it?" Sydney had a good question, but Jess was prepared.

"This whole book, it turns out, is about a demon of pleasure. She helps or curses or leads people to lives of unbridled pleasure. That's why the church tries to hide this stuff. I want to summon this demon and become a disciple of pleasure." Jess looked at her friends.

"It might be the weed talking, but I don't mind the sound of that. I mean, we all know that Vivian fucks now. Ever since she cursed Katie, she's been fucking a new guy every night." Bethany was the only one of her friends who was chubby, and she knew she could use any leg up she could get.

"I mean, if you two are in, I'll follow you down this rabbit hole." With Sydney's buy-in, Jess laid out the plan.

They'd go out and enjoy Halloween. Around ten at night, they would meet up in the secret basement of the library and summon the demon.

Jess knew the other two girls would be hitting some early parties, but she wanted everything to be prepared for the ritual, so she showed up in the basement a little early. She'd always seen the door, but then a couple of weeks ago, she found the key left in it and had been visiting it ever since.

She had brought a ton of candles as well as a couple of blankets since most of the ritual would be spent on their knees. There was an area in the back of the basement that had some tables and desks that Jess had moved out of the way in preparation. She finished her work with a bit of time to spare. Jess laid on her back on one of the blankets. She hiked up her short black skirt exposing her bare little cunt. Using an unlit candle, she slowly began fucking herself. She loved how her legs looked in her black and orange thigh highs, leading up to her sex. Of her three friends, she considered herself the hot one. Bethany was too fat, Sydney was too skinny, Jess felt that she was just right.

Working the candle in and out of her and rubbing her clit, Jess thought about what they were doing tonight. Best case, they'd have a she-demon overlord who would get them all the sex they wanted, worst case, nothing would happen, and Jess would improvise that the last part of the ritual was a lesbian orgy. Either way, it was a win.

Jess heard the others coming as she hit her orgasm. She tidied up her skirt and stood up as they walked in. They had all agreed to dress as sexy witches, and they were all pulling it off to some degree.

They talked briefly about the parties and then got down to business. Jess was running the show and knew that they probably had half an hour of ritual before anything would happen, and she didn't want the others to sober up. To help on that front, she started off with a "witches brew" she poured out of a thermos. It was just sweetened grain alcohol and a tiny microdose of LSD. Jess didn't think they'd even come close to feeling it. She just wanted them to be open-minded.

After they each had two drinks, the ritual started. Jess led them through a lot of calls and responses from the book, burned some incense, and then for the grand finale, took out a small knife. The other two girls looked on in confusion as Jess pricked her finger and let a drop of her blood hit the incense. With a hiss, all the candles in the room went out.

Before anyone could even exclaim, the candles relit but with blue flame. In unison, the three girls gasped as a beautiful figure appeared before them. In their minds, they heard her voice, "Thank you for summoning me to your realm. I've taken quite a liking to your time and am happy you've given me the strength to return. What do you wish for your reward?"

The girls looked to each other, but before they responded, the demon answered, "So be it, you all wish for your lust to be fulfilled, so I will fulfill it." The figure snapped her fingers and was gone. The

girls were surprised but didn't understand what the demon had meant. Jess was looking at Sydney when she saw something move. Before Jess could cry out, she was pinned to the blanket. She was still looking at Sydney in horror as she saw several creatures who had green skin and couldn't be more than four feet tall pinning her. Jess could barely turn her head, but out of the corner of her eye, she could see Bethany was in the same situation. Jess tried to cry out, but no noise came from her throat.

The girls heard cackling in their heads, "You lustful little sluts, you think I would help the likes of you? If I was vindictive, I'd have my goblins decorate the grounds with your innards. However, that is not my style. Instead, I'll let them fuck you till first light. I'll enjoy the show."

The goblins made quick work of flipping over a couple of tables and then tying each girl up, spread eagle. They couldn't see each other, but the demon soon fixed that. "I don't want you to miss a minute of each other's unbridled lust. A curved mirror appeared over them, giving them all a view of themselves and each other. Jess noticed, per her recommendation none of them were wearing underwear tonight.

Jess thought there was an optical illusion with the goblins. Although they looked short, their cocks were gigantic. Frantically looking around, she saw one of the naked beasts' up close and was briefly relieved. The cocks were big but not as big as they looked in the mirrors. That being said, they were easily ten to fourteen inches each and covered in veins and warts. Jess was grateful that she'd gotten off minutes before. She knew the other girls were in for a rougher ride

She was right that being warmed up would help, but as the first cock hammered into her pussy she didn't feel like it was easier. As Jess tried to scream out in horror and pain, another dick was jammed down her open throat. This was not how Jess had imagined her first college spit roasts.

Bethany was squeezing her eyes shut and trying to wake herself up from this nightmare. The cock pounding into her chubby cunt was one of the better ones she'd had, but the taste of the one in her mouth was absolutely terrible. If the weird musk coming from the creature wasn't enough, the precum tasted like rancid beer and had a bite to it that was making Bethany gag. She kept squeezing her eyes shut as she felt her juicy tits get pulled from her top. She opened her eyes to try to see what was happening, but her view was filled with the balls of the goblin who was face fucking her.

She could distinctly feel two small hands on either tit, squeezing to a painful degree. When she'd thought it couldn't get worse, both her nipples were bitten simultaneously. Bethany bucked in pain, but as the biting turned to sucking, she relaxed a little. As the pain subsided, she felt the creature fucking her pussy, tense up and release its evil seed in her. Bethany was shocked by how hot the cum was, but the sticky heat was sort of relieving after the somewhat dry fucking.

As soon as the cock pulled out of her hole, another one took its place. This was a very different experience than the first dick. Now her pussy was slick with an enormous load, the goblin's member slid right into her. Bethany was ashamed as she felt an orgasm building. The popping veins and warts that felt disgusting on the cock in her mouth felt amazing in her pussy. As the cock pounded in and out of her pussy she squeezed down on it with her snatch trying to feel every ridge of the member.

She was brought back to reality as the goblin in her mouth released. Its cum was definitely hotter than any load Bethany had taken before. Its taste rivaled that of the precum, but Bethany found herself swallowing it down. As a new cock entered her mouth Bethany started to have her first orgasm of the night. She clamped her pussy down hard as her body twitched, and she only released as the last wave crashed over her.

Sydney was the least lucky of the girls. She had watched in the mirrors as her friends got fucked but wondered why they hadn't started on her yet. She finally saw one of the ones near her step forward. He was larger than the rest but had a smaller dick, and she guessed only eight or so inches. Still bigger than most men she had taken, but not unmanageable.

The monster approached Sydney's spread holes and pushed the head of his cock against her pussy. Sydney tensed up and squeezed her hole shut. The goblin let out a chuckle and lowered his cock to Sydney's asshole. Sydney immediately started to squirm, which only excited the goblins more. He pushed harder and harder against her rosebud until she finally caved.

Sydney had only let one guy fuck her in the ass before, and it was a painful experience she'd decided never to repeat. This was orders of magnitude worse. Tears ran down her face as the beast worked his way into her inch by inch. The pain was so immense she hardly noticed she had started to get face fucked.

It felt like an eternity before she felt the goblin tense up and release his vile cum in her ass. As he pulled his cock from her ruined hole Sydney knew she was permanently damaged. A cheer went out from the goblins near her, and she felt the cock in her mouth pull out. The goblin who had just reamed her out moved to her face and, while holding her mouth open, stuck his mostly limp cock into her. Sydney tasted the awful mixture of blood, shit, and something even worse. When he was satisfied that his cock was clean enough, he pulled out, and Sydney was set upon. She didn't even try to resist as a cock drove into her dry pussy. As painful as it was, at least it was better than what had just happened to her asshole. She barely registered the new cock pounding into her face as she lay there defeated. To her horror, she felt a familiar feeling building in her as she approached an orgasm.

Jess didn't know how many times she'd been fucked, but she was well aware of the three orgasms she'd had so far. Her fourth one was building in her when she heard a voice in the back of her head, "If you accept staying here and continuing your torment, I will release the others."

The cock in Jess' mouth released its load. Jess swallowed and yelled out, "Yes, keep fucking me!" She was surprised when she heard similar words come from Sydney and Bethany. Jess came for the fourth time as the goblin in her pussy released his nut. For the first time in an hour and a half, she didn't have a dick in her.

The voice in her head returned, "You are all free to leave now." The goblins began untying the girls, "but if you don't leave immediately, this will continue till I am satisfied." The girls sat up and looked at each other. They were all covered in cum, their makeup was smeared, and their pussy's and assholes gaped. None of them got up. "So be it, you little sluts. I knew you loved being fuck dolls."

With the girls now free to move, the goblins continued fucking. Jess knew she was in full control of her body and couldn't believe she was mounting one of these beasts. She easily lowered herself onto his massive cock and began to ride him. She felt another member poking at her asshole, so she leaned forward, giving him better access. As she leaned, her face was grabbed, and a fluid-covered cock was thrust into her mouth. Jess hated the taste but loved the act with all her being. She came quickly as all of her holes were stuffed with monstrous members.

The rest of the night was a blur, but after several hours the fucking stopped once more. "Leave whores. Go back to where you sleep and remember tonight. But know that you can never return to this room."

The girls gathered their things and stumbled out, leaking cum from every hole. The demon chuckled

to herself as one of the goblins delivered the key to the room and the dark tome to her. With a snap of her fingers, the door to the basement slammed shut and locked. "I wonder who'll find their way in next."

The End.