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BEASTIALITY STORIES



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“Hi, I’m Jenny. I’m 26, and I had recently come into some money when a relative died, and I had decided to set up a dog farm providing trained security dogs.”

I had originally intended to have a career in cybernetics. I had worked with a girl called sue at uni, where we developed a chip to monitor brain waves in animals and humans. It was a variation on the biochip that most pets are implanted with. We incorporated the chip into a small titanium ring that could pick up small nerve currents. The titanium was engineered to allow the body’s repair mechanisms to incorporate it into the spine cells. So unlike most biochips, it wouldn’t move from where it was put.

I had put one of the coils in my neck. To allow me to monitor my brainwaves as a test sample. I had got hold of some spray anesthetic and sprayed my neck thoroughly but inserting the chip with the implant gun hurt like buggery. I maneuvered it into the best position so it wouldn’t chafe on my clothes. I fiddled with it and adjusted it for a couple of days before it finally grew into my flesh.

We had developed a collar that had several coils wired into it so that the signals from the loop could be fed into an amplifier in the collar and then on to a computer. In the final year at college, Sue decided that the only way it would work was to implant a powered chip into the body. Then I heard that she had gone to work for some rich guy working on just such a chip. I had kept in touch on and off, and she seemed to be progressing well. Then she dropped off the radar.

No emails or texts. She had dropped off social media altogether. I hoped she was OK.

I looked around for jobs in the same field, but they were nearly all working for the military or companies that wanted to weaponize the tech. So when I came into the money, I decided to set up a dog breeding farm and use what I knew to train high-end guard dogs.

It was quite simple to program a small chip to send specific signals to the implant to make them do specific tasks they had been trained to do. The tasks they required were quite simple. Patrol, Rest, Eat, Return to the kennel and be submissive to allow the kennel staff to feed them. So if you had three dogs guarding a property, one could always be resting or eating while the others patrolled. It meant you didn’t have to have a highly paid guard watching the dogs all day.

Then the larger customers wanted more control. I started working on what else could be done. I tried to train them to fetch specific colored balls, which was fine, but they didn’t understand blue, and if you said to bring the red one, they would bring the green. I was starting to think that Sue was right.

As I added more controls to the male dogs, they went off breeding. Not something you need when you are breeding dogs. All the new brain signals were scrambling their primal functions.

I brought two male dogs into the lab, cleared the program in their collars, and just set it to transmit and receive to and from a female’s collar. I then went and brought in a female who was on heat. I chained her collar to a cage in the middle of the room. I switched all the collars on and connected them to the computer.

I could see that they were all communicating, but there was no interest whatsoever.

I reached down into the box of collars and hooked out a female one. I plugged it into the computer

then put it around my neck, careful to hold onto the key to release it. I reached for the control box on the handle end of the lead and switched it to monitor only. There was almost no traffic on the network at all. Everyone seemed to be in standby mode. I set my controller to transmit and went on the computer and searched for dog sex, thinking it would bring up images or videos of dogs mating.

But images of dogs having sex with girls started popping up. I was in a panic. I had images and videos all over the screen. I tried shutting them down, but others would pop up as soon as I shut one down. I thought I would get into trouble from my ISP. I was in a blind panic. There was a notice on the screen saying the FBI is watching me and I would be fined.

Then all of a sudden, I was knocked back on my armchair by one of the dogs forcing himself between my legs. The force knocked the key from my hand. The dog easily outweighed me. I couldn't think how to fight him. Then I could feel his cock ramming at my crotch. I put my hand up to grab his collar and push him away, but he clamped his teeth around my wrist. As his teeth started to press into the skin, I felt a sudden surge as the amplified nerve signals connected from the saliva on his teeth to my nerves.

He was sending a primal signal to me to stop struggling. This must be from the days when they used to hunt their food. Making their prey stop struggling while they ripped bits off it. The primal signals were hardwired into them and were far more powerful than our thought-driven processes. I found myself almost paralyzed, unable to fight or move as he rammed against my crotch. Then I felt my knickers starting to rip. I made a frantic effort to escape when the other dog clamped his jaw around my other wrist. I got the sense from them that I had lost the fight and should give up and let them do what they want. Then I felt my knickers rip completely, and he was pushing inside me.

Then I felt an overbearing feeling of victory from him as he impaled himself in me. The pleasure from him was far more than I had ever felt, and I started to orgasm out of control. Then I could feel the delight from the dog impaled in me as he felt my orgasm. As I convulsed during my orgasm, he would pull on the chain and thrust into me in time with my convulsions. When I recovered, he was still pumping away, and pretty soon, I was coming again. I must have come four times before he had finished.

Then he lay knotted on top of me. Then I felt his semen flooding inside me. He must have laid there for a few minutes before he pulled out. Then I felt his semen dripping out of me and down the chair. I looked around and saw a wooden chair near me and thought if I could get to that, I could fend them off while I escaped. The dogs must have understood what I thought as the other dog went and sat by the chair. The dog that had been on top of me clamped his jaw around my wrist even tighter and held me in place. He was just trying to maintain control as the other dog came back over and mounted me. He slid in easily with all the semen leaking from me.

Oh my god, how long will they keep this up?

Then he was pumping inside me. I was soaking wet down there with semen, which meant we were conducting to each other through the moisture. Pretty soon, I was orgasming again and then another three times before he was done. Their joy, for want of a better word, was overpowering all my normal senses. I thought that when he was done, I will dash the door. The first dog grabbed hold of the chain that was attached to my collar as if to say. You are not going anywhere.

He must have caught the submissive button as suddenly, I felt really powerless and stopped struggling completely. I tried to see if I could reach the buttons, but he pulled the box out the way. The chain was wrapped around my neck, and as he bit down onto the chain, I could feel his commands going straight into the chip in my neck. I was completely paralyzed. They would probably

end up fucking me to death.

Then the second dog knotted in me, flooding even more semen inside me. When he had done and pulled out, I made another effort to escape, but none of my commands would overpower the signal into my neck. After they had rested, the dog with the chain dragged me over to the far side of the room, away from the door. How could they work this out? They must be using my thoughts to defeat everything I think of. The room used to be a gym, and there were a couple of exercise machines and a sit-up bench in that corner, and they dragged me across the floor on my hands and knees. And pulled my face down over the sit-up bench. Then I don't know how but they tangled the loop on the chain onto something, and my head was pulled tight onto the bench. I tried to reach the hook on the lead to undo it from the collar, but one of the dogs bit into my hand and dragged it behind my back, and gave the signal not to struggle.

Using my hand as leverage, he straddled me and pulled himself astride me. Then I felt his dick nudging into me again. Then he let go of my hand and grabbed the chain in his teeth. He must have worked out that this improved his control over me. Using the chain as leverage, he rammed himself inside me again. I was now connected to him at both ends. The signals were overpowering me, and I started to orgasm straight away. I could feel his pleasure at having me under their control. Then the other dog saw me reaching for the chain again and grabbed my wrist. Now I was completely in their control, and all I could do was lay there and let them do whatever they wanted. Having had me a few minutes earlier, I knew he would be fucking me for some time. In the end, I had another four orgasms before he knotted in me again. As he lay on top of me, I felt him nibbling at the back of my neck.

I think he realized that was where the signals seemed strongest. He was licking the small lump in my neck where the chip was. Then I felt him grip my neck and started to sink a tooth into the lump. There was a sudden jolt as he connected, and I orgasmed again. He was getting ready to pull out, but I knew I could not think of what I would do as they would immediately block me. I would have to hope to act quicker than they can. He finally pulled out and came round to the side of the bench and clamped my neck in his jaws with his teeth planted on either side of the chip. The command not to struggle was now so overpowering I couldn't move. I had hoped to undo the chain while they swapped over.

God help me. If I survived, I was going to be covered in bites at this rate.

Then I felt the other dog straddle me. He copied what the other dog had done and gripped the chain in his teeth, and started to ram into me. But he was probing at my anus.

Not there, please, I thought. I had never done anal it wasn't something I fancied.

He could feel my thoughts and carry on pressing even harder. He was proving that he owned me and would do anything he wanted to me. Then I felt him opening me up. I thought I was going to split. This made him more determined, and pretty soon, his head was inside me, and he continued ramming until he was impaled up to the hilt. The pain was unbearable. He sensed this, and his pleasure was so strong I started orgasming again. He must have pumped away for a good fifteen or twenty minutes. Then I could feel him trying to ram his knot into me. I tried not to think of the pain, as this only made him worse.

I was sure I was bleeding from the rough way he had been ramming in me. Then I felt him grab the chain tight and pull back. Then he rammed his knot all the way into me. The pain was indescribable then I felt his semen flooding into me. He must have laid on top of me for another fifteen minutes before he could pull out. While he was distracted, I had managed to unclip the lead, and the other

dog had let go of my neck so that he could have another go.

Suddenly, I jumped up and jumped off the bench onto the climbing frame on the wall. Obviously, the dogs hadn't thought of me being able to climb. And just thought, if they can keep me corralled in this corner, I would not be able to escape. I climbed to the top of the frame, where I could reach the windows. I opened one and climbed through, and jumped down outside. I hadn't locked the house as I had not planned on going out.

The first thing I did was find the spare collar keys and took my collar off. I then went straight upstairs and showered. I washed as much semen out as I could and washed my bum. There was a little blood but not as much as I expected. Once I had got rid of the semen, I went and got a bottle of vodka and soaked in a bath for nearly an hour, and got drunk. I checked all my bites, they weren't too bad, but I'm sure I would have bruises in the morning.

The dogs could stay where they were tonight, and perhaps they would see who is the master when they have no food.

Having unwound with half a bottle of vodka, I went to bed. I couldn't sleep. All I could think of was the amazing, satisfying sex. If it hadn't been for the fear and terror, I would have still been in there with the dogs now. I knew there and then that this would not be the last time I would have sex with the dogs.

I would just have to work out a way of doing it safely. But strangely, I didn't want it to be too safe. I wanted them to dominate me. Having eventually got off to sleep, I woke in the morning with a hangover. I got up, and after breakfast and a couple of strong coffees, I went to see the dogs. I took a control box, a couple of leads, and some dog food. I slowly opened the door and pushed two bowls of food in. As the dogs came running, I set them submissive, and then I let them eat. I chained one of them, took him to his kennel, and locked him in. Then I came back and did the same with the other. Then I realized the female dog was in here somewhere. I found her cowering in the corner. It looks like the males found a substitute for me and had their fun with her. I took her and put her in her kennel, and gave her some food.

I cleaned the lab up and found the computer on the floor where I dropped it. The battery was flat, so I put it on charge. I opened up the browser, and all the images and videos were still there. I shut the computer down and restarted it, and checked the search history. I searched to see if watching animal porn was illegal. It seems it's not in this country. I opened up each page individually, noting the ones that caused pop-ups, and deleted them. Eventually, I had about a dozen bestiality sites that seemed safe. I started going through them and bookmarked the videos that showed various positions for sex with dogs. Then I found some videos of girls sucking dogs' cocks. I found them quite compelling, but I didn't know if I wanted to do that, but I bookmarked them anyway.

Then I modified the collar so that I could undo it without a key. I removed the chain, found an all-steel choker chain, and put a small padlock on it to not pull too tight. I tried it around my neck and adjusted it to fit. I modified two collars and put the control buttons on the collars. I modified mine with three buttons, one for transmit to send what I was watching. One for submissive and one for off. I programmed the chip always to receive whoever was connected. I knew that if I set the collar to submissive, they could do anything they wanted to me. I think I was turning into a complete dog slut.

I could do some shopping but dare not go into town covered in bites, so I lay in the garden and enjoyed the sun the rest of the day going through in my mind if I had covered everything. Later that day, I phoned the kennel girl to get me some shopping. I told her I wasn't well and would transfer some money to her account. The following morning she arrived and dropped the shopping off and

went to feed the animals. I must admit to wondering if I could train her up as a dog bitch.

When she had finished her work and gone, I locked the house and hid the key and went to the lab, and set my chair up facing the laptop on the table. I made sure the collars were all charged up and fitted my collar and my chain to my neck. Then I went and brought the first dog in, put his collar on, put him in a cage, and locked it. Then I went and got the other dog and put his collar on and put him on a long lead so that he could only go where I wanted him to go. Then I locked the lab door from the inside. I wasn't expecting anyone, but you never know. Then I removed my jeans and knickers.

In the end, I decided to strip completely naked. My heart was pounding. This was my last chance to stop. I turned my collar on to transmit and receive, and I put the dog to transmit and receive only with no control. I put on the porn and started watching. The dog was straight over, forcing himself between my legs. I took my chain and placed it between his teeth. There was a sudden flash as we connected, but he wasn't happy and grabbed the section of chain around my neck. It was already a good fit, and he started pulling it tight. He pushed my head back into the chair and used the chain as leverage to force himself inside me. He was quickly embedded inside me, and just as quickly, I was orgasming. He continued to fuck me until I had orgasmed three times.

He didn't seem to be forcing me not to struggle as I was letting him do what he wanted. I started to think I enjoyed being overpowered and would probably have to struggle more. When he had done, he pulled out and just laid on the floor. I started watching the porn again with girls in doggy positions. He pricked his ears up and came over to me. He took my wrist in his mouth and sent the signal not to struggle.

He pulled me out of the chair and then dragged me around and lay my face down on the chair. Then he grabbed the chain in his jaws and dragged me back towards him as he thrust into me.

Oh god, no, this was the one who had anal sex with me, and he was intent on doing the same again. He could feel I didn't want it, but this made him more excited, and pretty soon, he was stretching my hole to its limit again. And pretty soon, I was orgasming from his joy. He must have lasted at least fifteen minutes before he pulled back and used the chain around my neck to ram his knot inside me again. He lay quietly on top of me for quite some time. He was licking and nibbling my neck, and I could feel his joy at me being powerless. He knew I would be his bitch from now on.

Then I could feel him trying to pull out, but he wasn't moving. Then he grabbed the chain around my neck and started to pull me off the chair. He was half riding me and half pushing me. I could have collapsed on the floor, and he would be powerless to move me, but I wanted to see what he was planning. He was trying to drag me to the caged dog, but just before we reached him, his lead pulled tight. I could sense he was annoyed. I thought he might do that. That's why I had brought both dogs in. I needed to show them that they could only do as much as I wanted them to. Then he turned me around and rode me over to the sit-up bench again. He started dragging me onto the bench when I felt the chain going tight.

It had snagged on the base somewhere. He thought I was fighting him, which made him drag me harder. He was trying to wedge my shoulders between the leg stirrups, and the chain was strangling me. I managed to hook the chain over the lower stirrup, which gave me a bit more slack, but it forced my face down on the bench as he continued to push. Then when he had me in place, he tried again to pull free. As he dragged me back, I got a bit more slack, and after a couple of tugs, he was free. It hurt as much coming out as going in. Then as he walked away, I started to pull up the bench to get the chain free.

Then he was stood back over me, biting my neck, making me stop struggling. You have been beaten.

It felt like a grown-up patting a child's head when they have lost a game. I knew I had to turn on my back. I couldn't bear to have his dick in my arse again; I was already in agony. I managed to turn over, but my shoulders were wedged between the leg stirrups, and the chain pulled my head back. I think I was in a worse position now than before.

Not sure how long I had laid there, but every time I tried to move, he would come over and bite at my neck and command me to stay still. I started to remember the images of the girls being fucked by dogs and started to try to get free. He was straight over, straddling the bench forcing his way between my thighs. As much as I could, I tried to struggle against him. I couldn't get my hands to him as I was wedged, but I could wriggle my hips. I wasn't trying to stop him. I just wanted him to overpower me. He leaned forward and closed his mouth around the top of my shoulder near my neck.

Then I felt his command to lay still. I did as he commanded, but as soon as he let go, I struggled again. I can't believe I was making him rape me. Then I started to orgasm again, and the pleasure he felt as he pounded me in time with my convulsions and at defeating me and making me his bitch made me continue to orgasm for longer than I thought possible. He must have made me come three more times before he finished. While he lay there knotted, he was nibbling at my neck. He seemed very pleased with me. When he finally pulled free, he went over to his cage for some food.

I now managed to crawl up the bench, roll off the end, free the chain, and remove it. I also removed the collar. I suddenly felt very alone, not having the connection. I went over to his cage, removed his collar, and hugged him to let him know he hadn't done anything wrong. I took the pair of them back to their kennels and locked them up for the night. Then I went and showered, had some food, and started browsing some more dog porn for inspiration. After a few beers, I had an early night. I hadn't felt this satisfied in ages.

I woke late after a strange night's sleep and some very bizarre dreams. I had some breakfast and decided to walk down to the kennels to see how the kennel maid was doing. As I walked down the cages, I heard some unusual noises, and as I approached one of the kennels, the kennel maid lay across the dog's sleeping shelf being fucked by one of the males. I stood there for a while and took out my phone, and filmed her. She was facing away from me and was oblivious to me. When she had done, she stood up and turned around and saw me there.

He was raping me. Miss help me.

It looked like you were enjoying it. How often have you been doing it?

Just this once

Are you sure we can soon check the security tapes?

About four weeks, sometimes two or three times a day.

Well, that explains why the dogs have gone off mating. You have fucked them to a standstill.

Are you going to sack me, miss?

No, on the contrary, I think you need to move into the spare room. We can probably do the small building up as a bedsit flat if you want.

Or I could share it with you if you like.

Are you coming on to me? Are you into girls?

And dogs, it would seem.

I showed her my bites. You're not the only one.