

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



(c) by Bullied Victim

Guess what. I'm a dog fucker. Yes. That's true. I know you probably think that sounds unbelievable. Who in their right mind would spread their legs and offer their cunt to a dog? Okay, so maybe I'm not entirely sane. I can explain, though. At least I can try. I can make an effort to tell you how I became this shameless bitch in heat.

Have you ever been bullied? I mean, really bullied? I'm not talking about the occasional teasing that most kids experience from time to time. I went through something entirely different, like every day since first grade. I'm talking about being beaten up and harassed for no good reason.

Peter was always the worst one and the kid I feared the most. I'd do anything to avoid him, whether in school or on my way to and from. He was four years my senior. I don't know why he chose me to pick on. I have no idea whatsoever. Maybe it was my glasses, or my clothes weren't the latest fashion. But, he had a certain way to get everyone to join in. I remember once when I was nine or ten. They hunted me down in a small grove, not far from where we used to live. Then they tied me to a tree and tore all my clothes off, leaving me naked. To this day, I can still remember the sound of their laughter as they gathered around me to point and ridicule my nakedness.

I don't know. Maybe that incident did something to me. Maybe it did something to him. But, I had no idea that it was a forbearing of what was to come at that time. All I know is that I lost whatever was left of my dignity and will to escape on that day.

I got so used to all of this that I can't remember any other traumatic incidents until I was fifteen, even though I know that not a day went by without them harassing me in one way or another. I hardly noticed, I guess.

The day everything changed started like that movie, you know: Carrie, by Stephen King. Peter confronted me one day, and I was scared out of my wits, but all he wanted was to apologize for his earlier behavior. He said he was sorry and that there was no excuse for everything he'd done to me. And then he said that he liked me. And would I consider coming to his place next Friday? We could hang out, he said. Or catch a movie.

Just like Carrie in the movie, I was skeptical. I was convinced that it was just another trap. How did he manage to persuade me in the end? I don't know. Maybe I just wanted to believe that all the pain was finally ending and that I'd be accepted for who I was. Anyway, I turned up at his place that Friday, wearing the best clothes I could find.

He let me in and hugged me. I couldn't believe it. Then he took me by the hand and led me into the living room. He offered me wine, and I accepted, even though I knew I was too young to drink. Hell, I was only fifteen for chrissake! I suppose I drank too fast and too much because it didn't take that long before everything became a blur. That's when he tied my arms behind my back and started to take off my clothes again, just like that time in the woods.

I tried to tell him to stop, but he just laughed. "I want to look at your cunt," he said. "I know you have one, and I bet it's soaking wet. Isn't it, you little prudish slut?"

The worst part of it was that it was! I was so ashamed when he started sliding his fingers down there, only to hold them up before my face and make me sniff my own 'whore juices,' as he called them. He even made me lick it off his fingers. That was when the doorbell rang. I cringed. But he told me not to worry.

"It's only people you know from before," he said.

Sure enough, the gang paraded into the living room. Oh, they laughed and screamed when they saw me lying naked and crying on the sofa. Some of them had brought cameras. And one guy, his name was Cliff, had a dog on a leash. I was sobbing like crazy.

"Don't worry," Peter said. "We're not going to rape you if that's what you think. Did you think we'd stick our dicks into that stinking, teen whore hole of yours? Did you? No! Hell, no! Geez, get over yourself and get a grip, will you? We want you to be our little girlfriend. Would you like that? We like you so much that we all like to go steady. And the first thing we want you to do for us is suck our dicks. You can manage that, can't you? Or would you rather that we fuck you?"

Guess what. I did what they asked me to. I did it because otherwise, I thought they would fuck me, which could get me pregnant. I was willing to go along with anything, so long as they didn't fuck me. Peter had a thick, black marker. He wrote on my belly first, with big, crude letters. WHORE! Then he wrote 'fuck hole 1' and 'fuck whole 2' near my pussy and ass and made arrows to point at them. He wrote on my cheeks too: 'Fuck whole 3,' with arrows to my mouth.

The letters were soaked in my tears.

I started to suck dicks, while I tried not to think about what was happening. I tried to shut out that they were taking pictures of the scene. I tried not to listen to their chanting and laughter. Then, one after another, they came. Some sprayed their cum in my face. Others forced it into my mouth and made me swallow. They were like crazy. After I had sucked all eight of them, Peter and his friend Gary sat down on each side of me on the sofa and forced my legs apart, exposing my almost hairless cunt.

"You've been very clever," said Peter. "So I think you deserve a little reward. Don't you?"

I shook my head, but I wasn't able to say much. He took that as acceptance. That's when they brought the dog forward. The German Shepard started to lick me. I cried out, but Peter looked very stern and told me not to make such a fuss.

"Relax, he said. Trust me on this. It'll be good. You'll like it. I promise you."

Somehow his calm voice made me shut up.

"That's a clever girl," he said. "Isn't it wonderful? You see, the dog likes to lick a whore cunt."

He kept stroking my hair, and he behaved almost as if he cared for me. It was so odd. It made me calm down and coöperate. It made me go along with what was happening. And even though I hated every second, I heard myself starting to pant. This, of course, made the boys go into a frenzy.

I don't know how it was possible, but I climaxed. There was no mistaking. They all saw it. Some even took pictures. Others were busy wanking. I passed out after that and didn't notice much until the dog started climbing on top of me. His paws were rough against my naked, scribbled skin.

"Good," said Peter. "You're very clever. You're the best damn dog whore, I've ever seen. So now spread your legs even more, and let that nice doggy fuck your cunt. You know it's what you want, don't you? You're so soaking wet that you're making stains on the couch. And after all, it's the least you can give him, after what he gave you."

I don't know. Maybe I was beyond caring. But I didn't put up much of a fight. First, Peter helped the dog by taking the animal cock and aiming it inside me. Then, I started to cry again because it hurt so much. But I had Peters's calm, soothing voice in my ear all the time, and it confused me and drained

me of will.

"Good bitch," he said. "You're such a lovely bitch, Trudy. I'm so proud of you. I knew you would go along with anything just to get fucked. I knew it. You have whore written all over you."

That statement made some of the guys laugh. After all, it was true!

They kept me there for the rest of that night and made me do countless shameless deeds to them and the dog. Finally, when Peter's friends left, I was exhausted. Peter took me into the bathroom and pissed in my face. Then he showered me with ice-cold water and wrapped a blanket around me.

I guess that's when the real change happened. He kissed me! It was my first kiss, and it is odd to think about all the other things he made me do before I was kissed. "Thank you, cunt," he said. "You were everything I hoped you would be. From now on, you're mine. You belong to me, cunt. Do you understand?"

I nodded.

"You won't be my girlfriend or anything. I hope you understand that. You'll be my little cunt, that's all. And I'll love you like that. You'll fuck anyone and anything I say, right?"

I nodded again. I was fifteen years old, and I knew that my life would change for the better. I was loved. I was Peter's little cunt.

It's been five years, and I still see Peter from time to time. But he has never fucked the hole that he says belongs to the dogs to this day. Instead, he fucks my ass and mouth, that's all. And he watches with great pleasure every time he ties me down and lets his dog rape me.

Everyone at school knows what I did. The pictures were spread all over. And even though they cut away my face, the rumors were spread fast. Peter has a sweet girlfriend who knows about me and treats me very nicely, but I don't mind.

I've long since learned what I am and my purpose in life.

*The End.*