

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



When I was alone, I began to explore my own body.

In my late teens, I was beginning to develop breasts, a change in my body had taken place, and all in all, I was feeling new sensations I had never felt before. My new breasts and nipples were exciting to rub and play with. I found out if I pinched my new nipples, the pain seemed to go directly between my legs.

Rubbing between my legs, sending a finger, the handle of a hairbrush, and the long handle of a bathroom utility, it was not long before I enjoyed my first orgasm, scaring me, making me lay on my bed, wondering what had just happened.

Everything seemed so confusing, but on my way home one evening from school, someone had thrown out a trash novel involving rape, captivity ending in the young lady being fucked by the captor's pet dog. It took me over three weeks to read all of it, having to stop every few pages, pound my fingers in and out of me, finally ending up in a screaming climax, then sleep. During this time period, my fingers were replaced by some fruit, then the end of a handle my parents had thrown out. I took the handle with my dad's saw, cut off a good length, then used it to push up inside me, making it easier to bring on a quick explosion.

By the time I was in high school, the dream had become an obsession, capturing every waking moment. I fell asleep at night dreaming of being captured, woke in the morning same dreams. During my long walks to and from school, same dreams – someone would grab me, tease my tits, which were now really big, put me in captivity, and ravish me, maybe even letting an animal lick me.

During all this time, my dad got a new job, better pay, more benefits, and so on, but it required us to move. Our new home was still walking distance from a local university I had been accepted to attend. Still, different from the past ones, this path took me past huge homes, located on large amounts of ground, one particular one that always caught my attention, and my imagination was one setting all by itself at the bottom of a ravine, the sign said it was a special dog kennel catering to females only.

I had all sorts of thoughts about this place with my imagination, so when one afternoon, on my way back home, the owner was out by the road, repairing the mail and delivery boxes. As I approached, I noticed how good-looking he was when he saw me approach, a big smile forms on his face.

"So I've seen you were walking by each morning and evening. I assume you're attending the university, my name is Mark, and I own this place."

Stopping to talk to him, telling him my name, I asked him about the dogs he raised. We talked more. Then he told me he had one dog that was about to give birth to a few pups. When they were born, would I like to see them? I was so excited to see them when they arrived, I without thinking said I'd love to see them when they arrived.

I had not planned on some things. First, I seldom saw any cars on the road when I was walking it, especially when I got down to Mark's home. I also didn't know anything about him, only that he was handsome and had dogs.

I had developed by this time into a rather good-looking young lady, with large D-cup breasts, bronzed skin, cute figure. All in all, I was becoming a sexual creature that only dreamed of sexual experiences I had never thought was possible.

One afternoon, as I passed his ranch on my way home, a note was pinned to the mailbox. 'Nikki,

good news. The puppies have been born. Come on up when you see this. I'll be out the back. Just come on around the back, you'll see me. Mark'

I was so excited. I didn't think anything about it being dangerous, jogging up the long driveway, around the back. Just when I was out of sight from the street, a dart hit my bare leg. Looking down, suddenly realizing a big mistake I had made, but in moments the drug took effect, making me slowly sink to my knees, then down on my side, my eyes slowly closing. What had I done?

I have no idea how long I was out, but when I slowly began to wake, I was nude, secured to an exam type of table with my wrists and ankles tied to the bench, my whole body shaking with fear. Mark was sitting in a chair, looking at me, and panicked.

"What have you done to me? What did you shoot me with? How long have I been out? Please don't fuck me or hurt me. My parents will be worried about me. If you let me go, I won't tell anyone," I said.

Holding up his hand, he said, "Oh, please relax and slow down. I shot you with a tranquilizer, you've been out for a little over 6 hours, your parents and police have been looking for you, they've even been here, and I told them I hadn't met you. Your clothes, backpack, telephone, everything you had has been dropped down a 200 plus foot hole. There is a rapid stream running through it. When we have worn out little girls like you, we toss their bodies down the shaft. The body eventually shows up in a lake far from here."

He moves to my side, holding a syringe with a greenish, pinkish liquid, no needle, just the large syringe.

"I have four male employees working for me. I'm going to put this liquid inside your pussy. It is such a perfect drug. Within a short time, you'll be begging us to fuck you, kind of like the old Spanish Fly, but this one works. When one of us empties his cum inside you, your whole mind will be floating in a sexual haze. During that time, we'll fill you up again."

Then he laughed.

"You'll be begging us to fuck you again. This will go on. By tomorrow we'll take off your restraints. In a couple of days, we won't need the drug. You'll be begging to take you. Then we'll move to the next stage of training our dogs."

He moved to my side, pushing the syringe inside me, plunging the liquid inside me.

Patting my tummy, he said, "Call me or one of us when you need us."

Then he left.

I lay there, wondering why I had dreamed all these years of this happening to me. I was lying there for a short time when a funny itch began to build up inside me. Twisting my bottom from side to side, trying to rub my legs together, but nothing was happening. The longer I lay there. The more intense the itch was becoming. Opening and closing my eyes, screaming, yelling - my head rolling back and forth - but the itch just continued, becoming stronger and stronger every moment.

Finally, when I knew I was about to pass out, he came back in, smiling, asking if he could help me. I begged him to fuck me, unzipping the specially built table I was on, opened, separating my legs, leaving my pussy wide open, pushing in me, pounding me as fast and hard as he could, in no time, he emptied his seed deep inside me. I have never experienced anything like the erotic high it took me

on.

By the time the feeling had washed over me, a new load of the drug was already in me, and he was gone. Each time, just when I thought I'd lose my mind, someone would come in, fuck me, then leave after emptying a syringe full of the drug in me. A couple of days and I was allowed to wander the home and adjacent building, where the dogs were kept. I saw two girls on their hands and knees being used by the dogs. It wasn't hard to know that would soon be me.

Spending my next few days finding one of the guys, begging them to fuck me, was not only degrading but so embarrassing, but my body had to have it done. This lasted until one day. I no longer was receiving the drug. I just needed to be fucked regularly.

That was when I was taken by force to the kennels. A new dark black color of substance in a syringe was pushed inside my pussy and emptied. Mark was the one who did it.

"This new drug is a 24 hour a day drug. Like the previous one, it will excite you, but more importantly, it will make you smell like you are in heat. The dogs will pick up on the smell and fuck you. The more they get used to being sexual with women, the more valuable they will be to our clients. When they have pulled out of you, it will take some time, but the drug will repeat the process, usually three or four times a day. Eventually, your body will produce the scent automatically, and we won't need the drug any longer. Now enjoy."

Two young ladies were sitting in a corner at the far end, on all fours, being fucked by two big dogs. The other four were resting, looking at me but not approaching. I knew the drug would kick in soon, so all I could do was wait to experience being taken by a dog.

It was not long before a familiar itch began to build up inside my pussy. At almost the same time, the lounging dogs perked up, sniffing the air. One large black lab was the first to stand, moving my way. Watching him approaching me, I was more than surprised to feel how fast this drug was working. By the time he was in front of me, my pussy was more than tingling. I needed, really needed to be fucked. Being nude, moving to all fours, he sniffed then licked me. I dropped my head. Just as he jumped up on me, I pushed back. It felt so wonderful to have him slide into me.

The speed he began to pump in, and out of me, the first orgasm with a dog happened, causing me to moan, so happy I had been given this chance. These dogs had been trained to keep fucking, longer than normal before they allowed their knot to get involved. He was pumping so hard and fast, the second wave of pleasure washed over me, leaving me so exhausted that the knot slipped in easily, plugging me, so none of their seed escaped me.

His cum was so warm, and I had no idea. It contained sexually enhancing drugs that soaked into my body, turning me even more aroused than I had been since I had been captured. He kept in me, pumping more and more in me, spiking me higher and higher. It seemed like such a long time. I was tied to him when he finally pulled out of me. I have never been so satisfied or exhausted, collapsing me on the ground, my breathing labored and strained, not sure when I'd be ready again, I slipped into a deep sleep.

The tingling in my body woke me up again. A huge white dog of some kind stood over me, sniffing my bottom. Feeling the need to have him in me, slowly I got back up on all fours, and like before, he was in me.

Later on, that day, I got something to eat instead of sleeping. Throughout the night, this pace kept up, 24 hours a day. I worked out a routine, showering, eating, and quick naps between were all worked in, still able to satisfy my Masters.

The two young girls I started with were eventually replaced by two more. When the drugs were no longer given to me, I started to remember who I was, how I had been captured and raped, the drugs used on me, and how much I missed my parents.

That was about the time Mark showed up one morning, injecting me in the arm. "I am so sorry, Nikki, you have been a good trainer, but we realize you are either getting all of your memory back or part of it. We can't take the chance of you putting us in jail. So, we have no choice but to toss you down the well, eventually surfacing in the lake."

The drug he had given me was a body relaxer, made it so even though I was scared, there was nothing I could do but lay in the back of a Side by Side while he drove to the dumpsite. When he reached the area, he took a heavy lid off the opening. I could hear water rushing below. Then I was picked up and dumped down the long shaft, splashing in the cold water.

When I was in grade school, my parents had enrolled me in a swim class, then kept me swimming competitively for a couple of years. The cold water released some of the drugs, enabling me to stay above the water and not hit my head on the rocks. Eventually, surfacing in the lake, swimming to the side, waving to a couple who live on the lakefront, they got me help.

Telling my story solved so many unsolved women who showed up in the lake, I was asked to go with them to make the arrests.

One memory that came back to me was when I had been in a room on the exam type of table and dosed with the first drugs. One of them had come in, slid open a secret panel, I saw what looked like ledgers and a Mountain Smith backpack that looked full. I had the same one.

Filling it with paper, I escorted the police to the home. They had three girls. All had been kidnapped, in the dog kennels - the drugs were all illegal, so while they were gathering up the evidence, I slipped in the one room, sliding the panels away, the backpack was full of money, the ledgers had bank accounts to a foreign account and a list of all the women they had drugged and killed, the people they had sold dogs to and so on, I took the money and the account ledger, turning over the people one to the police.

The five dogs they had at that time were all placed in a special kennel. I purchased a nice home, not far away, but had lots of property and a private kennel in the back. It was easy to get all five dogs. Transferring money to my accounts was also easy.

Now I spend each morning on all fours, enjoying my pets who love playing with me.

Giggling, I say, "Dreams do come true."

The End.