

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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It happened the first time when I was eighteen. I was on the cheer leading squad and thought I was pretty hot stuff. I worked hard to keep myself in shape and it really bugged me to see these other girls who were out of shape. I guess I was kind of mean to some of the other girls in college who didn't have a body like mine. It was Saturday. We had just won the homecoming game the night before, and many of us were going to take the floats apart. I guess I had a slight touch of PMS and I got a little bitchy with some of the other girls who were helping. I could see some of them talking amongst themselves but paid no attention.

Finally, Tiffany came over to me and asked me to come over to her house. She said that her brother Adam was home and her parents were gone. He was in his third year of college, and he was a major hunk. I accepted her offer. I wasn't so bitchy after that. I was too busy daydreaming of Adam.

We finished taking the float apart and I stopped at home to freshen up to look my best for Adam. I drove over to Tiffany's house and almost skipped up the walk to her front door. But, instead, she invited me in and offered me a beer. Knowing her parents weren't home, I took it. I asked where Adam was, and she told me he was upstairs getting ready for me.

I was almost finished with my beer when she said, "I wonder what's keeping him. Let's go check on him."

We went upstairs, and she knocked on the door and just walked in, pulling me in behind her. Before I could react, someone grabbed my arms and pulled them behind me. I let out a scream that could've woke the dead. A second later, there was a scarf or something pulled into my mouth, and I was shoved onto the bed, face down. My arms were pulled over my head, and ropes were tied to my wrists. I fought with everything I had, but they were just too strong. A few seconds later, they tied my legs.

I was now kneeling on the floor, tied face down on the bed with my arms stretched to toward the opposite corners of the bed, my knees on the floor being held apart by ropes around my thighs also tied to the bedposts. I struggled to see who my captors were. They made it easy by standing on the opposite side of the bed. It was Tiffany and three other girls from the float committee. I tried to ask what was going on but couldn't talk with the scarf gagging me.

They all laughed at my predicament and started talking about what they should do with 'the bitch.' I felt my face turning red, but I wasn't sure if it was from embarrassment or anger.

Jessica finally talked directly to me, "Well, Stacy, it seems you've been quite bitchy lately, and you've been taking it out on all of us." I tried screaming obscenities at her but to no avail. Finally, I tried to follow her with my eyes as she walked around the bed behind me. I lost sight of her halfway around the bed but felt her raise my skirt.

SMACK She slapped my ass hard. I tried screaming at her again.

SMACK She did it again — harder. Tears were now streaming down my face, but I refused to give in to her. Instead, I kept trying to scream through the gag.

SMACK *sob*

SMACK *whimper*

SMACK

My face was now just buried in the bedcovers. Finally, someone untied the gag, and I lifted my head.

Kelly pointed the finger at my face, "No more noise, or we'll gag you again."

I knew she meant it.

Jessica pulled my panties aside, and I fought the urge to yell again. "She's dripping wet! She gets off on being spanked."

I wanted to scream at her, but I calmly told her it was because I was thinking about Tiffany's brother.

"Are you going to be nice to us from now on?" Kelly glared at me.

"Yes. Please untie me."

"Oh no. You are going to have to prove how nice you're going to be to us and you can start by being nice to me." Kelly sneered. I didn't know what she meant until she crawled up onto the bed and sat in front of my face. She spread her legs apart, and I saw she wasn't wearing panties.

"No, Kelly. Please don't do this." I whined.

She grabbed my hair and scooted her butt forward until her pussy hairs were tickling my nose, "You owe me, bitch. You're so fucking full of yourself and you think you're better than the rest of us. Lick!" I started crying. I was so humiliated. My tongue flicked out and tasted the heat of Kelly's slit. Still crying, I didn't see Tiffany's dog Bear come into the room. Instead, I felt the hairs on his muzzle touch my butt as his nose zeroed in on my dripping pussy. I panicked when I realized what was happening. I had seen Bear before. He was huge — a Newfoundland. His name fits him well because he looked as ominous as a bear.

Sara laughed and pointed at the dog, "Look, even Bear thinks Stacy's a bitch."

I cried harder, "Please make him stop."

"Oh, but I think he likes you." Tiffany sneered.

Suddenly I felt his huge, rough tongue slide between my open thighs and into my slit. My butt wiggled when I felt this violation. He kept licking and licking. Then he stopped. I was relieved until I felt his hairy weight on my back. I could feel his powerful body thrusting forward and soon felt his pointed cock poking my thighs.

He was missing his mark, and I was glad. Then Tiffany took his cock and guided it right between my swollen pussy lips. He thrust in a little and as soon as he realized he was inside, he thrust forward with enormous force. I yelped at the sudden intrusion. I tried to block out the perversion of this act by imagining it was my last boyfriend. It was no use. I'd never had a boyfriend that fucked so hard and fast as this.

He kept pummeling my vagina for a few minutes, and then I felt him tense up, and he just pushed forward with little strokes. The next thing I felt was the entrance to my vagina being stretched. I knew about dogs getting tied to each other and realized that was going to happen to me. I was sobbing, "Please stop. Make him stop." over and over.

As his knot grew, the pressure on my clitoris increased. That and his continued rocking in and out

drove my body to a powerful orgasm. My face contorted with the mixture of pain and pleasure. Suddenly I saw a flash of light and another. Tiffany was taking Polaroid snapshots of me being fucked by her dog.

Tiffany took several pictures of me with her dog hunched over my back while the dog's enormous cock pulsed inside me. As the pictures developed, she held them up in front of my face, one by one. I couldn't see them very well for the tears I had in my eyes, but she described what she saw in each one. Her descriptions only made me cry harder as she used the word 'bitch' at every opportunity. Next, she handed one snapshot to each of the other girls, keeping a few for herself. Tiffany looked down at me and laughed, "You won't need a picture to remember this. It'll be burned into your memory forever."

I just sobbed. Bear was still locked inside me. But at least he wasn't pounding into me anymore.

Finally, the swelling in his penis went down, and he pulled it out of me. As soon as it popped out, my panties slipped over my abused slit, catching the flood of dog cum that rushed out of my stretched hole. Now my panties were completely soaked, and the cum started running down the insides of my thighs.

As Tiffany untied me, she said, "I hope your attitude toward the rest of us is going to be better from now on. We wouldn't want anyone to find out that you enjoy fucking dogs so much, now would we?"

I hung my head and shook it back and forth.

"From now on, I own you, and you'll do whatever I say, won't you?"

I looked up to protest but saw her holding one of the pictures. So I whispered, "Yes."

"I didn't hear you," she said in a condescending tone. The other girls giggled.

"Yes. I'll do what you say." I said a little louder.

"You'll do whatever anyone here wants from now on. We all own you."

I started crying again, "Yes."

I was back in college again on Monday. I know it was just my imagination, but it seemed like everyone knew what I had done. I had trouble concentrating on my work, but I made it through the day alright. Tuesday came, and things seemed a little better. Wednesday was pretty uneventful. Then it happened. After college, Tiffany stopped me by my locker, "So Stacy. How would you like to come over to my house this Saturday night?"

"I'm swamped this weekend, Tiffany."

"Let me rephrase that - Come over to my house Saturday night at six. Don't be late." She made a motion with her hands by her face like she was taking a picture.

My heart sunk, "Okay, Tiffany. I'll be there. Who else is going to be there?"

"Just you and me... and Bear." she giggled. "Please, Tiffany."

"Don't be late." she quipped.

Saturday seemed to drag on forever. I must've checked the clock a thousand times. Finally, I left in

time to arrive at Tiffany's house by six o'clock. I rang the doorbell.

Tiffany answered the door, "Oh, Stacy! What a nice surprise. Please come in."

She got me a Pepsi and told me to follow her up to her room. When we got up there, she closed the door and said she wanted me to see how well Bear was trained.

She made him sit, shake hands, roll over, speak, play dead. Finally, she left him lying on his back, playing dead and said, "You know, he gets awfully frustrated not having any way to relieve his pent-up sexual energy. I think you could help him."

"How?"

"Come over here." she crouched down next to Bear.

I walked over to her.

"Come on. Down here."

I knelt beside her.

"He likes to have his belly rubbed. Go ahead." she coaxed. I gently touched his belly and rubbed his thick coat.

"Rub him lower."

I stroked his belly lower, carefully avoiding the hairy sheath.

"Touch it, Stacy."

I brushed my fingertips against the loose skin.

"Rub his cock through the sheath."

I touched my fingers gently to it. Then curled them slightly and began stroking them. I could feel the thin hard shaft inside. Each time I slid the sheath up and down the length of it, it got a little bigger and stuck out of the sheath a little more. I watched the pointed tip appear on each downstroke and vanish on each upstroke. Bear started making little grunting noises. His cock was growing larger now - thicker and longer, and a little bit of fluid was oozing out of the end of it. I stared at it, amazed by the spectacle of it. I was so engrossed in it that I was startled by Tiffany's voice. "Suck it, Stacy."

I could feel tears welling up in my eyes as I shook my head 'no.' "Remember the pictures."

I didn't have to look at her face to know the expression she displayed.

I bent forward with tears running down my cheeks. I lay my face on Bear's belly and inched my mouth forward until the point of his red hardness touched my lips. It was so hot compared to the guys I'd been with. I touched it with my tongue and tasted the thin liquid now squirting out in little jets. The taste wasn't all that bad. I wrapped my lips around the end of it and bobbed my head up and down on it, my tongue and lips caressing the length of it. His cock kept swelling. I could feel the knot growing inside his sheath. I slid it down, and the knot popped out.

My fingers wrapped around the knot, and it swelled more, pulsing in my hand. I noticed the flavor of the fluid changing. It was saltier than before. His body was hunching now, trying to push his cock

further into my mouth. His knot swelled up to about the size of my fist and rock hard. His cum sprayed the back of my throat and threatened to overflow my mouth. I kept swallowing as the salty fluid continued to jet into my mouth. Each squirt was a little smaller now until finally, it seemed to stop. I pulled away from him and sat up, wiping my mouth with the back of my hand.

Tiffany smiled, "Good girl. I'll see you next week in college."

The next three weeks were uneventful. I was on my best behavior at college whenever I was around the girls who knew my secret, and they didn't say anything. So I thought maybe it was all behind me until I saw Tiffany after the football game on Friday night...

We were in the locker room changing back into our regular clothes when Tiffany asked me, "Do you wanna come over to my place tomorrow night?"

"I'm really kinda busy this weekend." I protested.

"Don't tell me we have to go through this again." she sighed, "Besides, Adam is going to be home this weekend, and my parents are going to be gone again."

"I remember what happened last time you said that," I muttered.

"Come over about two tomorrow afternoon." Then she added, "Don't be late."

I nodded, gritting my teeth.

On the off chance that Adam would be there, I decided to dress in a cute skirt with a low-cut top. I walked up to Tiffany's house and rang the doorbell. She promptly answered it and let me in. Seeing Adam there made me smile.

I walked in and said hi to Adam. We chatted for a while - well, he mostly talked about college and parties and stuff like that. I didn't say all that much, and Tiffany just sat there listening. I'd almost forgotten she was there.

"So Adam, why don't you ask Stacy about the pictures I showed you?" Tiffany's words were like a dagger through my heart.

"No, Tiffany. Please." I knew I was whining, "You said you wouldn't show them to anybody if I were good. So I've held up my end of the bargain."

"Yeah. You have been pretty good lately. I'll tell you what. I'll give the pictures to Adam, and he can decide what to do with them."

I looked at her, then at Adam with a hopeful look in my eyes.

When Adam had the pictures in his hands, he looked at me a little strangely, "Stacy, you can have the pictures if you do one thing for me."

I was very excited about being able to put this all behind me, "Anything Adam finally. What do you want?"

I watched his face and saw something devious. "C'mon upstairs."

I followed him up the stairs again, back to the same room where this ordeal began.

He stepped in front of me, looking down the front of my top. He reached up with one finger and hooked it between my breasts, "Take it off."

"No. Please, Adam."

"You said anything. Do you want the pictures?"

I could feel my chin quivering, and I took off my top. He brushed his fingers over my bra, causing my nipples to harden, "Take off your bra, too."

I reached behind my back and unhooked it, then pulled each of the straps down off my shoulders. Finally, I pulled it forward, exposing my breasts to him.

He made a humming sound while rubbing his thumbs over my nipples, then pinching them.

I winced.

"Now the skirt. Take it off."

I undid my belt and slipped my skirt down my legs, and stepped out of it.

"The panties too," he smirked.

I wiggled out of them and tossed them on top of my skirt. "Bend over."

I bent forward and rested my hands on the bed. He rubbed his hand over my butt, "Mmmmm, so nice. I want to see a live performance. Here Bear. C'mon boy." Adam called the dog over to us. He pulled my legs apart a little and encouraged the dog to sniff between them. The big dog's rough tongue sent a shiver through me as it rasped over my sensitive flesh.

My body betrayed me by lubricating my vagina. This encouraged the dog even more, and before long, I felt his heavy body on top of my back. His powerful front legs wrapped around my waist, and he started humping at me. Adam was watching closely and reached up to guide the red shaft inside me. A second after it made contact between my labia, the dog thrust forward, driving himself deep inside me. His thrusting was frantic, like a jackhammer. It didn't take long before Bear's cock began to swell at the base. He forced his enormous rod deep inside and held it there while the knot grew inside me.

I was close to cumming from the pressure on my clit and the pulsing knot just inside the entrance to my vagina. Adam climbed up on the bed and knelt in front of me, displaying his hard cock, "Suck it bitch."

I opened my mouth and let him push his cock in. He held my head in his hands and literally fucked my mouth. I nearly gagged each time he hit the back of my throat. I was plugged at both ends, close to cumming and hoping Adam wouldn't cum at the same time as me, or I might inhale some of his semen. My body kept tensing, the pressure building higher and higher, little ripples racing through me, building into bigger waves. Finally, the big waves were washing over me. I was screaming as best I could with a mouthful of cock...

Adam pulled himself out of my mouth and shot his white sticky cum all over my face and into my hair. When he finished cumming, he held his still-hard cock in my face and told me to clean it off. I licked it as clean as I could. Then, Adam got back up and walked around behind me to check on the status of my tie with Bear. I'm sure he could see the dog's knot still bulging inside me.

He threw the pictures on the bed in front of me and left the room.

The End