

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) by LivvyDS

I'm on my knees. My cheek pressed to the basement floor so that I'm staring at a brick wall. I'm wearing a red lace bra. Only that. That's not how I was dressed when I left the house, in case you're wondering. My arms are behind my back, my forearms tied together, my hands cupping my elbows, pulling my shoulders back uncomfortably. I'm wearing a leather collar with my name etched on that name tag. There's a short chain attached to it. It leads to a metal ring on the floor. My ankles are secured to rings as well, leaving my legs spread and my pussy vulnerable. The room is dimly lit so that any movement causes shadows to flicker against the aged bricks. It's about twice the size of my bedroom, and a wooden stair leads up to the house above. While I can't see it, I know there's a camera in on the corner, focused on me, and I'm assuming that my 'captors' are watching.

What I *can* see is a German Shepard on a chain that is attached to a ring on the wall opposite the one I am. The only difference is, there's a timer on it the lock securing it to his collar. Nick and Alondra explained it to me before leaving me alone with the dog. When the time is up, it will release him to do... whatever he wants. When I asked how long it's set for, Alondra just laughed and told me not to worry about it. Then they left, going back upstairs, shutting the door behind them.

"Don't worry," Alondra told, giving me a gentle kiss on the mouth before securing my collar to the floor. "King knows what to do. He's already gotten a taste of your sweet little cunt. The longer he has to wait for more, the more eager he'll be. Enjoy yourself, Livvy. And remember, you asked me for this."

I met them online. No names, at least not at first. I could pretend that it was just curiosity that drew me to the site, but I'd be lying. It was much more than that. A bestiality site. The kind where you can watch videos of women being fucked by dogs or read their true accounts. Whether or not they were actually true, or simply fantasies didn't really matter to me. I wanted them to be true, and I wanted to experience them for myself. That's all that mattered, and I'd left some comments on my favorites saying exactly that - signing them 'Dog Slut O' - after spending night after night getting off on them. Some evenings, that's all I'd do after dinner. Settle in on my bed and make myself come for hours, reading story after story, learning about myself in the process, discovering that my fantasies revolved around being my choice being taken away from me. It was such a nasty fantasy to have. Being fucked by dogs, so I tried to absolve myself of shame by focusing on scenarios where I wasn't necessarily a willing participant in whatever debauchery I had dreamed up for myself.

Sometimes I'd picture myself tied up or down while I was licked and fucked by a dog, or possibly more. Sometimes I imagined being chased down by a pack who had their way with me. And it wasn't like I'd ever actually do it. That's what I told myself, at least. And then I met Nick and Alondra.

Alondra had contacted me first, simply replying to one of my comments:

If you liked this, I could share more like it.

The hook. In retrospect, I know she was fishing, and, once I bit, it was easy enough for her to reel me in. It was like a game, I suppose. She threw out the bait, and I responded.

Yes, please.

And she did, sending me a link to a story where a girl is drugged and tied to a bench with her ass up in the air and fucked by dogs while being watched by a sexy couple. It was so hot. I ended up climaxing several times while reading it the first time. And I read it more than once.

What did you think? she asked me the next day.

It was the internet, and I was just a random girl with a fascination for fucking dogs named 'Dog Slut O.'

I came. A lot. So hot.

Want some more?

Yes!!!

She sent another link. This time it involved a girl being seduced by a couple. Eventually, she ended up with her hands cuffed over her head, a spreader bar forcing her legs apart while a dog licked her pussy, making her come over and over until she begged for them to let it fuck her. Again, I found myself masturbating like a crazy woman with the biggest dildo I owned, picturing myself as the girl, the dog's nose buried between my thighs, his rough tongue lapping at me mercilessly while I hung there, begging for them to let him fuck me, promising anything and Everything until they finally relented...

Like it?

It was perfect.

Did It make you cum?

Yes. Hard. Do you have more?

Yes. Easier with email. Addy?

I hesitated, but in the end, I gave in and sent it, or at least one that I used for porn sites. A burner address.

She didn't disappoint. Every other night, a new link or sometimes a PDF of the kind of stories I craved. And the following night, she'd ask if I'd liked it and what I had liked about it, and I'd answered honestly, letting my guard down a little at a time, and the emails would get longer and more intimate as I shared more and more about what myself. Not only my bestiality fantasies but little tidbits about me. What I looked like. What else I was into. Fetishes. Sexuality. It was almost always sexual, but over a few months, it took on the form of friendship. I shared my name - not my full name, but in my first name. Oliva. She told me hers and that of her husband. Nick.

Send us a picture, Livvy - I'd told her that, in my fantasies, I was Livvy, not Oliva. Olivia wouldn't dream about fucking dogs. Livvy, however...

Of me? Like a dirty picture?

Your choice. You can even edit out your face if you want. Just curious.

I wanted to. Badly. The idea was intoxicating. It was scary, though. In the end, I sent a photo of me in a short skirt and a form-fitting tee after cropping Everything above my neck, though my hair was long enough that you could tell I was blonde.

HOT! Can I show it to Nick? Please?

Yes, I guess.

Thanks.

I felt better that she asked first. I was beginning to trust her more and more...

He wants to see you naked. LOL. I would like to too. Only if you want to.

I'll think about it.

No pressure.

I thought about it for several days. True to her word, she didn't pressure me. Never asked once. Just kept sending me a new story to masturbate to every other day and asking me what I thought on the days in-between until we had formed something akin to a friendship, although the subject was still almost explicitly about sex....

Finally, with the help of a couple of glasses of wine and several orgasms after reading a particular arousing story about a woman who gets fucked by dogs while blindfolded and tied to a weight bench while her husband and some of his friends watch and then fuck her too, I threw caution to the wind and stood in front of my mirror and took some pictures, post-orgasmic, my pussy gaping slightly and glistening and my nipples still hard. This time I didn't crop my face out of the picture, though I regretted it instantly. For the next half hour or so, I was in a near panic after my indiscretion, at least until Alondra replied.

You're gorgeous. Thank you. Only fair you see us.

She'd sent a picture too. Not as risqué as the one I had, but in a way, it was even more so...

She was gorgeous. Black hair, moon-shaped face, black-framed glasses. From what I could tell, she was either about my height or her husband played professional basketball. She was slender, though her curves were in all the right places. As for him, he was good looking as well. Clean cut and well built without being too muscular for my tastes. He had stylish medium length light brown hair and a couple of days worth of stubble. Alondra had told me he loved the outdoors, and I could easily picture him out in the woods hiking or boating on a lake.

What really caught my attention, though, was the German Shepard sitting in front of Nick, tongue hanging out. She'd never mentioned him, and of course, my curiosity was piqued. Did I think of the best way to mention him - her? - without making it sound salacious. Eventually, I just gave up and just asked.

You guys look amazing. You never mentioned you have a dog. Have you...?

Again, I spent the next hour anxiously waiting for a reply, wondering if I had gone too far with my half asked question, checking my email every 10 minutes or so, my pulse racing when she finally replied.

Glad you like what you see. Have I ever what, Livvy? Don't be shy. Say it.

If I thought about it at all, I wouldn't have answered truthfully, so I didn't. I just typed out a reply as quickly as I could and hit send.

Have you ever had sex with him?

His name is King, Livvy, and no. I have never had sex with him. That doesn't mean he hasn't fucked others.

This time I stewed for a while, not sure how to reply. I pulled up one of my favorite stories from Alondra, suddenly conscious of a reoccurring theme throughout the stories she'd sent me - they all involved a couple watching their dog fuck someone. This time as I read it, I pictured Alondra and Nick in the roles of the couple and King as the dog. By the time I was done, I was spent, having come at least three separate times, each time with such intensity that, the last time, I think I blacked out for a few moments.

After that... I just lay there, re-reading her last message over and over and looking at the photo she'd sent. I was attracted to them. That wasn't even a question. Both of them. All three of them, actually, though it took me a while to admit it to myself. Eventually, I opened up my email again, surprise to find that she'd sent me another message while I was making myself come.

Would you like him to fuck you, Livvy? I know your kinks. I know exactly what you like, what you want, even if you have trouble admitting it. Just like in the stories I've sent, the ones you like best, where she's tied up and helpless, unable to put a stop to it. Nick and I would love to watch you. Think about it.

After that, I couldn't help but think about it. Long story short that was how I ended up on here...

It hadn't happened all at once. I'd agonized about it for weeks while Alondra continued to send me my dog fucking stories. We went from email to messenger to skype, a progression that felt natural as we got to know each other better. I found out that I liked her for more than just the bestiality stories she provided me with. Not only that, but I found myself attracted to her as well. Nick even joined in, sometimes. He was easy-going, although he could be intense at times - they both could. They had that indefinable dominant aura about them, which meshed well with my more submissive personality. It soon became clear that they were in charge while I, more and more, let them take the lead. Not that it was anything overt. Just little suggestions at times of what to wear during our skype get-togethers, or their use of my dog slut name 'Livvy' or my inability to dodge their questions, no matter how embarrassing or humiliating.

The subject of fucking King, or rather, being fucked by him, came up more and more. It came to a point where she always has him with her when in our video chats.

"Say hi to King, Livvy," she tells me, and of course, I'd say hi. "Doesn't he look sexy today? He can't wait to finally meet you in person. He's hard right now, in fact. Do you want to see? Of course, you do. See? Now, It's only fair that he gets to see your pussy now. Show us, Livvy. Show him how wet you are for him."

And I would, and yes, I was wet. It got to the point where I'd play with myself during the entire conversation. Occasionally Alondra would tell me to come while she and King, and sometimes Nick, watched.

"What are you, Livvy?"

"A slut."

"What kind of slut?"

"A dog slut." I'd answer, mortified, knowing that she'd only let me come if I said it out loud to her.

"Good girl. Why don't you come for us? For King and me."

And I would, and afterward, I'd feel ashamed and embarrassed and humiliated, and I couldn't wait

until the next time when I'd do it again...

Eventually, we set up a date.

"What's going to happen?" I'd asked nervously. After all, I'd be traveling to another state to meet people I'd never met in person so that I could have sex with their dog.

"Nothing that you don't want, Livvy," she reassured you. "Don't worry. We're going to take care of Everything, and we're going to take care of you."

They picked me up at the airport. King was with them. He shared the back seat with me. I'd worn a cute little sundress just as Alondra had suggested and spent the next hour or so 'getting to know' King in the back of their SUV while trying to carry on a conversation with his owners at the same time. At first, he was content to simply sniff at me and lick my arm a little. It didn't take long before he decided that I smelled nice or something, and that progressed to him trying to lick my face, my thighs, my shoulder, anywhere he could. At first, I tried to evade him, much to Alondra's amusement.

"You're so cute, Livvy, but really, just give him what you both want."

Blushing deeply, I relented and tried to relax.

"Why don't you scoot over to the middle, Livvy, so we can see better?"

By this time, King had been working at pushing his nose up under the hem of my dress and licking the insides of my thighs as well as my panty covered, drippy wet, pussy, and I was becoming increasingly turned on. Without hesitation, I complied, placing myself directly between the front seats.

"Now spread your legs, hike your dress up like a good girl."

I did Everything they told me too, including forcing myself not to come after I'd taken off my panties and let him lap eagerly at my bare cunt with his rough tongue, even though I wanted to so badly.

By the time we arrived at their house, I was a hot mess, unable to think about anything beyond relief from the craving burning within me.

"Let's get you downstairs, Livvy. That's what you want, isn't it? That's where King fucks all his sluts."

"Yes," I panted, moaning loudly as King pushed his snout between my legs again, this time from the rear, and tasted the juices trickling down the insides of my thighs.

They stripped me first. Then Alondra buckled the collar around my throat while Nick took care of the ankle cuffs.

"Arms behind your back and grab your elbows, slut."

My arms were secured snugly behind my back. It was uncomfortable, though not painful.

"Down on your knees."

Nick helped me, and then they both secured me to rings on the floor so that I was on my knees, thighs spread apart, my ass up in the air, my cheek pressed against the floor.

Nick went back upstairs to get their Shepard while Alondra kept me company, kissing me occasionally and teasing my nipples and clit with her fingers so that I couldn't concentrate on anything but her touch.

When she stopped, suddenly, I let out a bewildered moan, opening my eyes, which I'd squeezed shut, in time to see Nick securing King on a chain on the wall opposite me. That's when she explained the timer to me after which, they'd left, and now...

I have no idea how long it's been. It feels like hours. It's probably a lot less. I'm dripping wet. I can feel the tickle of my juices down the insides of my thighs, or just clinging to my outer lips until gravity finally frees them. I can't help imagine a small puddle forming between my thighs. I'm drooling, too. My pulse has been racing for so long that I feel a little light-headed, and my knees and shoulder are sore. As for King... he looks eager. At first, he was content to just sit on his haunches and watch and wait. After a while, though, he gets restless and started pacing back and forth, his eyes never leaving me, his tongue hanging out, though occasionally he'd pause and lick his lips with it, or let out a soft woof of impatience.

"I know how you feel," I'd tell him, feeling the same impatience, although mine was mixed with fear and anxiety and a deep down hunger that was even more frightening than being taken by a dog.

It was during one of those moments that the timer beeped, freeing King from his bonds. That's all the warning I had. He didn't waste any time, simply rushing over to where I lay, my ass up in the air. I'd wondered what would happen. Would he just rape and ravage me immediately, or...

He started by licking me. My face first, giving me doggie kisses, which, try as I might, I had trouble returning. Then my throat and shoulder, and really, my entire upper body. By the time he discovered my tits and nipples, I was moaning and writhing in place, so much so that he nipped one of my breasts as if to tell me to stay still, which I did, at least for a little while.

God, it felt so good, his rough tongue rasping over overly sensitive swollen nipples while I was chained down, unable to escape. He gave the same treatment to my ribs and hip bones, making me giggle breathlessly until he found my exposed asshole and pussy and settled decided that they were far more intriguing...

I came. Hard. It was almost immediate. Three or four licks and I was writhing and moaning and crying out, unable to stop myself. He just kept licking. I wasn't sure if I came once for a very long time or several times, it was just too intense to make sense of. I tried to pull my legs together so he couldn't get to me, forgetting about the chains securing my ankles. I tried to tell him to stop, but he ignored me, so I came again, waves of ecstasy rolling through me, shivers going up and down my spine as I rocked back and forth, forward and back, his tongue pushing into my wide open pink pussy, feeling as good as any cock, better in fact. He was licking up my juices like they were a treat, lapping at my clit randomly until, instead of coming, I was poised on edge, so close to falling over the edge again, but not quite able to. I wanted to scream with frustration. I started begging him to make me come, to put his tongue in me, into my pussy, my ass, to fuck me. I needed him to make me his bitch and fuck me...

Eventually, either he got the message, or he just decided on his own. I gasped out loud as he suddenly mounted me, his forelegs suddenly around my waist, holding tightly to me he poked at me with his erect cock. I couldn't see it, but I'd seen it before - Alondra had shown him off to me more than a few times. It was thick and red, and it had a weird pointed tip, and it wasn't human. It took him a few tries to get it into me while I did my best to hold still for him. Once it was, he didn't hold back. It felt like a jackhammer inside me. Fast and furious and non-stop, while I could hear him

panting just over my shoulder, saliva drops splattering against my face.

Hard, deep, and inhumanly fast, and there was no way to stop him. I came again and then when I felt his knot starting to swell in my cunt, locking us together, again, calling out Alondra's name, begging her to make it stop, but it fell on deaf ears as far as I knew.

I felt him tense, his front legs tightening around my waist, his claws leaving scratches that would be hard to explain on my belly, I felt him swelling inside of me, stretching me apart painfully, bigger than any cock or anything else I'd ever had inside of me.

I screamed again, unable to hold back, and then came as I felt the first spurt of dog cum pumping violently into me. It felt warm, hot even as it filled me. He flooded me again while I was still in the throes of my climax. And again. I wondered, briefly, where the fuck it was all going, but then I was lost in another orgasm and, by the time that one resided, I was simply sobbing, begging him to stop, even though he already had, his knot embedded firmly inside of me, trapped inside my ruined mess of a fuck hole. I collapsed, spent.

Eventually, Alondra and Nick joined us, just in time for King to free himself, his knot shrining until he was able to pull his cock out of me with a soft plopping sound. I could feel his cum spilling out of my and splashing on the floor and against my legs. One final humiliation, or so I thought. And then, as if to prove me wrong, he started lapping at me again, cleaning his spew from my abused pussy until with a violent shiver I came one last time.

"Let's go upstairs and clean you up, Livvy," Nick said, not unkindly.

"Was it all you wanted?" Alondra asked as they unchained and untied me, allowing me to stretch my sore arms and legs, my gaze shifting between their faces and King, and back again, focusing on Alondra's, finally. Nodding, I managed a smile, my face hot as I met her eyes.

"Everything and more. Maybe tomorrow, you could... we could... again?"

The End