

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) by SSC

Our house sat on a quiet street in a small town about twenty miles north of Birmingham, at that time our nearest neighbour is about a ten-minute walk away. Of course now the area is filled with subdivisions and yuppies, but at that time it is a peaceful quiet place to grow up. We had a low fence surrounding our backyard just to keep the animals from tearing up the place, but not high enough to keep anyone from getting in.

Of course, since our house is essentially surrounded by about forty miles of forest there were no worries about burglars. My parents made a good living running a law firm, dad is the senior partner and mum worked as the office manager. This is the early eighties, so even though she's probably smarter than him and also had a law degree that's the only job she was offered. I had been attending a girls only private high school called 'Merritt Girl's College' for the last several years and would graduate in the spring, and hopefully get accepted at University after that.

It is a fairly warm day in late fall, school is out for a teacher workday and my parents were both going to be at work for the next several hours. I wasn't supposed to use the pool without someone around to watch me. My parents are very strict and even as an eighteen year old they treated me like a child - I really hate it and couldn't wait for the freedom of University. However, since no one could conceivably catch me in the pool, I changed into my swimsuit and went outside to swim anyway. As I walked across the grass, feeling it tickle my toes, I thought about my homework for that night and paid no attention to anything going on around me.

As I said, it is a late fall day, but still fairly warm yet and the birds had yet to fly further south, nor had the squirrels gone into hibernation. But I don't remember really noticing any of this as I walked out to the pool that day, removed the cover, and slipped into the water.

I remember wanting to get a tan, but the sun is partly covered that afternoon, so instead I just swam around in the pool. It is at least two hours before the sun came out strong enough, at which time I climbed out of the pool, spread out a towel and lay down on it. I lay there for a while, reading a book when I began to feel somewhat drowsy so I put the book aside and lay down to nap.

At this point I guess I should tell you that I'm an eighteen year old virgin. Having no boys nearby to play doctor with and going to an all-girl school, I had never even been kissed by a boy other than a quick one on a dare when I was in kindergarten. I had a general idea of what sex only because the books I read often mentioned it in passing usually when two characters 'gave in to their passions'.

I had also heard a little about it in church, where the pastor told us that it is an evil thing and that if we participated in it we would go to hell. Looking back, I'm not sure if I ever took it seriously or not, I had reached puberty and is beginning to get my period (I'm on my period when this happened) but sex just isn't something that seemed very interesting, inviting, or even accessible so I just didn't think about it.

I, of course, don't remember falling asleep, but I do remember being awoken abruptly to a noise outside the fence. I couldn't have been asleep that long because the sun really hadn't moved that far. The noise sounded very different from the normal ambient background noise I'm used to around the house. Normally out by the pool you can hear the leaves and sometimes branches falling to the ground, the squirrels running around looking for nuts, and the occasional possum or deer also hunting for food through the leaves. This sound is similar to those, I could hear the leaves and branches rustling, but the animal itself sounded bigger than I is used to.

I got up and walked over to the fence holding my towel around me and gazed out into the forest. I

couldn't see very far in because of the closeness of the trees and bushes, but I didn't see anything moving, nor could I hear anything anymore. Thinking it was probably a deer I walked back over beside the pool and lay down. I had almost drifted off again when I heard a thump from behind me and the sound of feet. I jumped up from the blanket and looked around, but no one is there. As I turned around to lay back down I heard a growl and that's when I saw him.

Standing on all four legs, watching me from about ten feet away is a dog. I had always wanted a dog and my parents had bought me several books with pictures so that I could pick out the one I wanted, but they never did buy it for me. The one in front of me must have been a mutt because it looked like a combination of a pit bull and a golden retriever. It stood there staring at me with its yellow eyes, watching my every move. Not knowing what to do, I decide to stand up and calmly walk away, but as I began to get to my feet the dog suddenly moved closer and began growling again. I paused for a moment, trying to figure out what to do.

When the dog just stood there I started to stand again, he jumped forward bared his teeth and started barking. He is less than a foot from me and I could smell his breath in the air as he looked at me. I'm so scared I couldn't even think straight, but I knew that if I got up and tried to run he would probably catch me and hurt me. So I slowly lay back down on the blanket, keeping my eyes on him. When I'm prone on the ground again, he moved forward slowly and stuck his snout in my face and barked, this scared me so bad I started to cry. He began wandering around me, sniffing at me and every once in a while he would scratch at me, leaving small red marks on my arm. Maybe I should try talking to him I thought.

"Good dog, Good dog," I said. "Can I pet you, good doggie?"

I kept trying this tactic, but he ignored me and kept up his inspection. He had made almost two full trips around me when he finally stopped on my left side and began concentrating on my butt. I started to squirm a little when he stuck his nose right between my legs, when I moved he began to growl again. I'm wearing a one-piece swimsuit, which covered my ass completely (why wear a two piece, no one could see it?). I'm looking back watching him; he kept nudging my butt with his snout and then looking up at me.

I had no idea what he wanted, if I had I would have run and because I is going to get hurt either way. He waited for a minute or so for me to do something and when I didn't he moved over behind me and sat on my legs. He isn't a large dog overall, but very heavy and I found that I had trouble even moving my legs. That is when he started making his move. He reached up with his forelegs and began digging at my ass with his claws scratching long, bloody marks through the suit and on my tender skin. I began screaming and crying, but he didn't care, he just kept at it as fast as he could until the bottom of the suit tore off and fell beside us.

Completely in shock, I just lay there with him sitting on me, tears running down my eyes, blood running down my exposed and brutalized ass. Turning to look behind me, I could see the dog looking down at my butt, then he bent over and began to lick the blood off of me. Then he slowly moved his tongue down into my crotch. When he ran its rough surface over my vagina I jumped involuntarily, at which point he started growling again. When he is satisfied I'm not going to move anymore, he resumed his inspection of me. I couldn't stop crying, I had never hated anything more! No one had ever touched me there sexually including me and now this disgusting dog is licking at me!

This continued on for several minutes and I eventually stopped crying. Then I began to get truly afraid, what is this dog going to do? Is he going to kill me or hurt when he finished doing whatever he is doing? What if my parents came home and caught me? Thinking back now this actually felt good, but I'm too scared to appreciate it. The dog continued licking me, his long tongue exploring

into my special place.

I don't know how long this went on but when he is finally finished and stood up, my crotch is wet with blood, dog saliva, and my own juices. He got up on all fours and began barking at me. I turned around to look at him, having no idea what he wanted. He kept staring at me, and barking, then he put his head down on my ass and gave me a little push. I still didn't move because I'm afraid he would hurt me again. He barked and pushed again. When I still didn't move he bit me.

To this day I can still feel his teeth sinking into my tiny thigh and squeezing it. I don't remember ever feeling such pain before or since and I screamed as loud as I could while trying to pull my legs up under my body in an effort to get them away from him. Unfortunately for me, that's just what he wanted.

I'm sitting there with my head on the ground, my legs pulled up under my body, in the perfect position for him to get exactly what he is after. He jumped up and rested his legs over my shoulders; I could feel the fur of his belly rubbing on my back. His erect penis rubbed against my ass for a few seconds before he hunched his body and drove it straight into my bloody virgin pussy! Since I was already wet from saliva, blood, and my own juices the insertion didn't hurt much but it is an amazing shock!

I had never had anything in me before, not even my own fingers and the newness of it surprised me enough that I stopped struggling for a few seconds, giving the dog time to anchor himself on my body and then thrust his swollen cock even further into my pussy. Here he met resistance when the head of his cock hit my hymen. He paused briefly, and pulled most of his length back and then shoved it back in again as hard as he could - breaking my hymen - sending waves of pleasure and pain through my body.

I must have screamed again because he started barking. Panicked, I began to try and scamper away on my hands and knees, but he is much stronger than I is and held on to me, although my efforts did make him stop fucking me. I managed to go about four feet towards the house when I felt his teeth on my shoulder and his jaws clamp down hard enough to hurt but not break the skin, I froze in place. When I stopped moving he relaxed again, gave a short bark, and then resumed his violation of my body.

There is nothing I can do. I could scream for help but no one would hear me, I couldn't run or fight because he would probably kill me, so reluctantly I slowly put my head to the ground and took it. He took this as a sign of acceptance and barked, then began moving his body around until he finally had the position he wanted. His body started moving back and forth as fast as he could, shoving his cock deep into my tiny pussy.

From my vantage point I could look under my body and see it happening, see his purple cock shaft penetrating me over and over, blood and juice leaking out of me from the pressure. He pushed it in and out of me, its smooth surface sliding inside my body and with every thrust it felt better and better. I feel humiliated and embarrassed by what is happening to me, and I couldn't stop crying, but a part of me is secretly enjoying it. Every thrust produced a low moan of pleasure from my body and fresh tears of shame from my eyes.

As his thrusting came faster and faster I could hear him over my shoulder, breathing heavy and drooling on my back from his open mouth. The sensations of pleasure at his actions were flooding my body and overriding the pain he had caused me, my body responded on its own pushing back against him in time with his humping. This just excited him more and he started even faster filling me up inside.

I know I moaned in heat, I'm enjoying it, and wanted it to last forever. Then I felt him spasm and a new sensation in my pussy like it is filling up with a liquid, he is cumming in me! Right then, my first orgasm hit and it drove me to the ground! My whole body is on fire with ecstasy and light! Then just as suddenly it is over and he removed himself from me.

I lay there on the ground leaking blood and mixed cum all over the grass when the realization of what I had done, what had just happened to me came flooding back. A filthy animal had raped me, a stray dog in my own backyard. And worse, I had on some level enjoyed it. It took me a minute or so to compose myself, after which I began to crawl towards the house, not looking back because I is afraid of seeing him looking at me. I didn't get far when I heard another growl, and felt him push on my ass again with his head.

"Oh god," I said out loud "Oh god, please no... Don't... Good doggie, please go away... Please..."

But of course he didn't understand a word I'm saying, all he knew is that I is still there and he isn't done yet. I thought for a moment about running for the house, making him work for raping me. However, before I could, I felt his jaws close on the thigh he had bitten earlier with just enough pressure to make his intentions clear. He is going to have me again, I'm his bitch, whether I liked it or not.

Looking back with twenty years of knowledge I now realize how little I really understood at the time. Words and concepts like cock, pussy, fucking, and cum were things I didn't understand. All I knew was he wanted to stick his 'thing' inside me again and that if I didn't let him, he would only hurt me more. So again, I put my head on the grass, wiggled my ass higher in the air, and accepted what's going to happen. He jumped up and mounted me again, this time his cock went in very easier and even deeper. I shifted around to give him a better position and he drove it in so hard I is surprised he didn't break my back, as it is he shoved me into the ground so hard my neck began to hurt.

This time instead of resisting I started humping back from the beginning, I told myself at the time it is to get the whole experience over quicker, but now I know I want it as bad as him. He kept fucking me, driving me forward into the ground over and over as I moan and begged to God to make him stop. His cock is thrusting in and out of me sending waves of dog cum and my cum out onto the ground where it started to soak my knees. Finally, we both came together and I screamed so loud when the orgasm crashed through me that I is sure someone would hear. But no one came to help me.

Exhausted, I collapsed back to the grass and slowly drifted off to sleep. I awoke a short time later to find him licking my face. When he saw my eyes open he barked once and then immediately ran around behind be and began nudging me with his head.

"Again? Please, no more doggie, please, no more," I begged.

Reaching around behind me, I tried to pat him in the hope that it would satisfy but he just bit my hand and nudged me again. So again, I pushed my ass up and he mounted me. We did it three more times before the sun went down, each time more degrading and painful than the last. After the first two times I couldn't feel the pleasure anymore, only the grating and searing pain that came with every thrust.

I'm bleeding from my vagina now, the virgin skin inside is unable to take the strain it is being put up to, and the scratches on my butt and leg cracked open and bleed each time we began again. When it is just getting too dark to really see anything he suddenly stopped, barked twice, and then ran off

towards the woods. I collapsed on the ground and watched him run over to the fence and jump over it like it isn't even there, then disappear into the woods. I had always trusted that fence to protect me; it is embarrassing to see my doggy-rapist get over it so easily.

Standing up I gathered the remains of my suit to me, then picked up my towel and shoes. It hurt to walk so I limped over to pick up the pile containing my towel, blanket, shoes, and book. I took these to the house and saw the clock over the mantle read five-forty pm.

"Mum and Dad will be home any minute, I cannot let them see me like this!" I said to myself as tears welled up in my eyes.

I quickly threw on a robe, went out and covered up the pool. I wanted to find a way to cover the bloody/cummy spots on the grass, but I couldn't think of a way fast enough. I limped back inside and hopped in the shower to rinse the fluids and stains off of me. After showering, I gingerly rubbed some lotion/medicine and bandages on the wounds that I could reach and then changed into gym sweats and a t-shirt that I hoped would cover the evidence. My ruined swimsuit I hid between the mattresses on my bed and decided I would get rid of it just as soon as I could. I had just finished when my parents came in the front door.

"Muffin, were home," my mother called out from the living room, even though she knows I hate to be called Muffin. "What do you want for dinner?"

I sat on my bed and picked up my book so that they wouldn't see me limping. My dad stuck his head around the door. "Hello my girl, what did you do today?" He asked while coming into the room and ruffling my wet hair. "Your hair's wet. You didn't disobey me and use the pool did you?"

"No dad, I just took a shower because I'm hot. I've been reading all day."

"Good girl. Hey, how about we have steak for dinner?"

"OK, dad, that's fine."

When he finally left the room, I breathed a sigh of relief that he had accepted my lie. That night after dinner and some TV I went to bed. As I lay there in the dark I reflected on my experiences of the day, and cried myself to sleep.

Getting up the next morning is extremely difficult not only physically, but mentally as well. My wounds had begun to heal somewhat overnight and they were stiff, worst of all is my crotch area, which is red and swollen from the abuse. My mind is racing all through breakfast and my stomach churned with tension. I feel ashamed and depressed about my actions, but another thought weighed even heavier on my mind. What if mum and dad found out?

I knew that I had covered up the pool and hidden the swimsuit, but I'm very worried about the spots on the lawn. Since today is a school day I wouldn't have time to check them or cover them up so I had to hope that neither mum nor dad would go out there before I got home from school.

After eating I got in the car with mum and dad and rode with them to the bus stop just like every morning. They would drop me off here and I could catch the bus, then at the end of the day the bus would drop me off here and I would walk the two miles home.

I never worried about anything happening to me before, there just isn't anything to worry about. But

after yesterday I began to dread that walk.

I limped through school that day and had a hard time sitting still in my seat. The cotton panties I'm wearing kept rubbing against my bare swollen vagina and irritating it further, plus the hard wooden chair hurt the scratches on my ass. When recess came I just sat around watching everyone else play dodge ball, told the teacher my stomach hurt. My friends Melinda and Terry came by to talk to me after they were knocked out of the game.

"Are you OK, Sara?" Terry asked, sitting down next to me with Melinda on the other side "You look kinda funny and you're not wearing any eye shadow."

We had just learned how to wear makeup and it is a source of pride to us, I must have been too spaced out to put any on. Without waiting for an answer Melinda started talking.

"I saw the best lipstick yesterday at the Dollar store, it is cherry red and is supposed to taste like cherries too! The package said that boys just love it! I wanted to get some, but my mum said it would make me look bad," she said sourly.

She kept on this track of conversation for several minutes before either Terry or I could speak again. "Sara, did you hear me? Are you sick?" Terry asked again.

Terry, Melinda, and I had been friends since our first day of kindergarten when we meet in the lunch line. They were sisters by birth, but you couldn't tell by looking at them. Melinda is short and chubby or "big-boned" as her mother called it. She had the misfortune of being the first girl in our class to develop and boy did she ever.

The other girls, however, did notice and teased her constantly about them, which made her very embarrassed. Terry on the other hand had absolutely no body what so ever. She's actually a year older than us, nineteen, but in the same class. Terry is extremely skinny and tall; it seemed no matter how much she ate, she never gained weight so the girls called her 'beanpole' or 'ribs' because sometimes in gym class you could see her ribs.

Neither girl is well liked at school for these reasons, which made us natural friends because no one liked me either. I lived so far out in the woods that the other girls thought I'm 'dirty and inbred', so the three of us banded together. Terry and Melinda were also the closet girls to me, living only about nine miles or so away.

"It's that time of the month and I'm having some bad cramps, Terry," I said.

"Say no more," Melinda said with a knowing smile. "We'll be playing ball, so if you change our mind, come join us. We're still having the slumber party at your place on Saturday, right?"

"Yeah, Saturday at eight," I said with a smile.

Both girls then went off to play in the new game that is just starting. I knew they would be back soon because all the other girls would target them first. Sitting there in the sand with my back to the school wall I don't think I is ever more depressed before or since. I simply could not get over the shame of what had happened to me, or the fear that I would be caught. I also knew that I could never go into the back yard alone again!

I sat there for most of recess, and then went inside early before the bell rang, to use the restroom. The remainder of the day went by slowly but without incident and I took the bus towards home. When I got off the bus I checked my little watch, two-thirty pm, and it would take me about thirty

minutes to walk home, which meant I should have time to clean the grass before mum and dad got home. All I had to do is get home safely which, considering what happened the day before is a very daunting prospect.

So instead of walking I ran. At this point in my life, my body is closer to Melinda's than it is to Terry's. I didn't have Melinda's weight or breasts, but I', heavier and bustier than most girls in the class. I'm also totally unused to regular physical activity. I managed to run most of the first mile home, but then I simply could not go a step further. A couple of cars passed me on the road, but none stopped to help me.

Once I reached the point of exhaustion, I'm just leaving the main road and heading out onto my street, it is at least another mile to my house. I stopped here to rest, there's a small tree which had fallen over during the last big storm, so I sat my book bag on the ground and hopped on the tree to rest.

The main road runs straight on through the forest (the same one as at my house) and my street which branches off of it just goes deeper into the forest. The place where the two roads meet is really just a clearing with thick vine covered trees and bushes all around it.

I feel very nervous about being so close to the woods, but couldn't see any place else to sit until I is rested. I had not been sitting there more than a minute or so when an old brown pickup truck drove down the main road from the direction I had come, and turned off onto my street. The truck is more rust than actual metal and the engine backfired several times as it came to a stop. The driver's door, which is on the opposite side from me, opened and a head appeared.

I started to panic, as I had no idea who this is, but I didn't want to run to the woods. That is the last place I wanted to go. The man came around the front of the truck and suddenly I recognized him, it is Mr. McGraw, who lived two miles further down the road. There were two houses along the street between his house, and ours, which is at the very end of the road.

"Sara, honey, is that you?" Mr. McGraw asked loudly adjusting his glasses and peering at me.

I knew the McGraw's pretty well because my parents often invited them over to the house for dinner when I is younger. My dad and Mr. McGraw also used to go fishing quite often. But Mrs. McGraw had died almost a year ago; he and dad hadn't done much fishing since then. I heard mum talking about him a few weeks ago on the phone to one of her friends. They were trying to get him to go out on a date with another woman but Mr. McGraw insisted that at fifty-five he is too old to date, mum seemed to think it was a silly reason.

"Yes, Mr. McGraw, it's me. Just taking a break on my way home from school," I said.

"Well, hon, I hardly recognize you! You must have grown five feet since I last saw you! Come over here and let me get a good look at you. And call me Sam, none of this Mr. McGraw stuff out of you anymore."

I hopped off the fallen log, grabbed my bag, and went over towards the truck. Mr. McGraw is wearing a pair of old dirt stained coveralls, a plaid shirt, and a pair of boots. He had a pair of gloves stuck in one of the pockets, what looked like a roll of tape in another, and a large bowie knife dangling from a chain attached to his belt. He leaned against the truck as I came up and fished in his pocket eventually pulling out a cigarette and lighter. As I crossed onto the road and stood in front of him, he lit the cigarette and put the lighter back in his pocket.

"Why you have grown at least three feet," he remarked. "What has your mother has been feeding

you?" He said smiling at me. "I always knew you would be a very pretty girl and it looks like I was right."

"Thank you," I muttered, not knowing what else to say.

"Why don't you hop in the truck and I'll take you the rest of the way home, you look extremely tired, you must have been running."

I probably should have been nervous, my mother had told me never to get into a car with anyone except her or dad, but Mr. McGraw is a close friend and had always been nice to me so once he finished his smoke, we both got in the old truck and drove off.

We headed down the bumpy dirt street for a minute or so when Mr. McGraw turned to me and said, "Sara, I need some help with something in my house. I got a wrench stuck behind my clothes drier and I cannot reach it because my hands are too big. Since you have such small hands would you mind coming to my house and helping me get it?"

"No, Mr. McGraw, I don't guess so."

"Sara," he said very sternly. "I told you before to call me Sam. You're going to have to learn how to follow directions girl."

He smiled, but the tone in his voice made it sound less like a joke and more like a command.

"Yes, sir, I mean, Sam."

"Sir is fine, girl, Sam is fine, there are other things that are fine too, but we can get into that later. For now just don't call me Mr. McGraw."

His expression changed when he said this, but it is not a facial expression I had seen before. I assumed I had made him mad, so I sat quietly as we passed my house and continued on down the road. We pulled into his driveway and up to his house, a sprawling two-story ranch style, which is surrounded on all sides by a very high wooden fence topped with barbed wire.

I didn't remember it being there the last time I was here, and it looked as if he had just put it up over the last year or so. The forest itself stopped only about ten feet from the fence, and some of the taller trees, even leaned over into the yard inside. Sam got out and opened the padlock on the two double doors, swung them open then got back in the truck and drove us in. He stopped the car, and went back outside the fence.

I turned around in the seat to watch, and is surprised to see him close the large gates and then enter back into the yard through a smaller doorway, which he padlocked behind him. That's when I began to get scared. After what had happened yesterday, this seemed extremely odd and I almost demanded that he take me home instead and ask my dad for help later, but before I could say anything he started walking towards the house and motioned me inside with a wave of his arm. I got down from the truck, leaving my bag inside, and walked into the house. I distinctly remember looking back over my shoulder at those locked gates and thinking that it is very odd. If only I had been smarter.

Inside the house is dark and very smelly. The smell isn't bad necessarily; it is just very unusual and very strong. I just assumed Sam hadn't cleaned much since his wife died and that the place is simply a little dirtier than I is used to. The house is essentially undecorated, there were very few pictures or paintings on the wall, the furniture is bland and sparse, and the lighting is poor. Even with most of

the lights on in the hallway, I had trouble seeing in great detail.

To my right is what looked like the living room with a couch and two plush chairs facing an odd looking TV. There is a coffee table in the middle of the room with boxes on it, and an old faded rug underneath the table. In front of me is a long hallway with closed doors every few feet and through the open door in the end, I could see the fridge, so I assumed that was the kitchen. The stairs to the second floor were on my left and they curved up out of sight.

"Go and sit on the couch, hon, be with you in just a minute," Sam said pointing into the room on the right.

"Ok," I said.

The room is fairly plain, just the rug and a painted box that looked like a large doghouse. Sitting down on the couch, I reached out to the coffee table and picked up one of the boxes. It is black and seemed to be made of plastic; it had a little hinge at the end that looked like it should flip up. On top of the box were two clear plastic windows and inside is what looked like tape on spools. This looked a lot like the tapes that mum and dad recorded when working at home, except for those were much smaller. On one of the sides there is a label, which reads: *Kelly, nineteen, unedited, twelfth of March, nineteen-eighty-four*.

I put the box down and picked up one or two of the others, they had similar labels one of which reads: *Margaret, forty-two, twenty-third of March, nineteen-eighty-two*. I noticed that one in particular because Margaret is the name Sam's now dead wife. I sat there for quite a while looking at the boxes before Mr. McGraw finally came back. When he entered the room, he is carrying another one of the boxes and without saying a word he walked over to the odd looking TV. The TV is kinda weird because it had a machine with blinking lights sitting on top of it. The machine looked as if it's hooked to the TV and had a slot in the front where Sam pushed the box into before turning to face me.

"Do you know what this is?" He asked while bending over to turn on the TV. Without waiting for me to answer, he spoke again. "This is called a VCR. It stands for 'Video Cassette Recorder' and it's quite expensive. With it, I can play tapes like the one you hold in your hand there that have video on them, just like TV. I also have two cameras for making the tapes, one downstairs that's very heavy, but excellent quality, and another that's portable but doesn't film quite as well. I want to show you a tape I made yesterday."

He pushed a button on the tape machine and walked across the room to sit next to me. The static on the screen soon disappeared and is replaced by a picture of a man walking through the woods. You could see his steps and hear them very clearly and it looked like he is trying to be quiet. Then the camera moved up to show a house with a large yard. In the yard is a pool, and in the pool is a girl - ME. I felt so shocked I nearly fell off the couch. Before I could do anything Sam reached over and grasped my hands pulling me toward him. He grabbed me around the shoulders with one arm, and the used his other hand to force my face toward the screen.

He is too strong for me to fight. On the screen the camera zoomed in on me getting out of the water and lying down on the blanket to read. I watched myself eventually put the book down and then drift off to sleep. The camera moved around for a few minutes until it is no more than about twenty feet from me, but still in the woods peering over the fence.

Then I heard a voice come from the TV say, "Ok, Razor, there she's. Go fuck the little whore."

The voice is Sam's. Suddenly the camera swung down to show a dog as it ran through the woods and

jumped the fence. I recognized it immediately; it is burned into my brain. It is the one that raped me the day before. The dog leaped the fence, then circled around the pool to approach my prone body from up front. Then it began.

The sniffing, the scratching, and eventually the licking. I sat there on Sam's lap and we watched it together, me in shocked silence while he talked about what is happening. I could feel his penis through his overalls; it is erect and hard the whole way through the tape.

We watched as the dog, Razor ripped off my suit and began licking my pussy. We watched as he bit my leg and then pushed me into position, as he mounted me and took my virginity. I sat there on Sam's lap with his cock straining through his overalls against my ass watching his dog repeatedly rape me.

When the first time is over while the dog and I rested, Sam said, "Well, Sara honey, that sure is some performance you put on there. I really enjoyed it. As a matter of fact, I enjoyed it so much I have a hard on. I think the least you can do, since it's your fault I have it, is to help me get rid of it."

With those words he stood me up, holding my arm with one hand he undid his pants and freed his cock. It looked very long and it is kind of shiny on the end with a little bit of cum oozing out the top. I tried to pull away, but he held me fast, and then yanked me down to my knees in front of him. He pulled so hard I thought for a moment he had broken my arm.

"Take your little mouth, and swallow my cock you little scuzzy whore, or I'm going to make sure an anonymous person mails a copy of that tape to your parents along with a machine to view it." When I still hesitated, he yelled "SUCK IT NOW!"

He put one of his hands behind my hand and forced my mouth down onto his crotch. As he did I looked up into his face, expecting that maybe this is a joke, maybe it is some kind of dream, but the smile he had made me sure that what is happening is real.

My heart sank from the shame and misery of the moment as his dick touched my lips and the pressure of his hand forced his cock into my moist mouth. He kept pushing until I nearly choked, I could feel the head of his cock actually going down my throat and I started to gag. That's when he first kicked me, putting the heel of his boot into my side, leaving a bruise and making me start to cry.

"Don't choke on it, whore. Suck it! Move your head up and down like this."

His hand changed positions grabbing and a handful of my hair and pulling my head up which dragged my mouth along his cock. His penis isn't old and wrinkled like the rest of him, but fairly smooth with some thick veins running along it. "Now you go back down on me, keep sucking as you do."

This went on for several minutes, he alternately dragging my young mouth up and down his cock while instructing me on the proper techniques for pleasing him. He taught me how to roll my tongue around the tip of his penis and how to use my hands to play with his balls. On the television behind me the sounds of my bestial rape played out through the room.

I could hear my cries for help and the dogs barking as he cruelly penetrated my virgin body. The tape also featured the sounds of Sam masturbating while filming all the while urging on the dog quietly. But as I sat there on the floor with his hard cock in my mouth, I started crying again every time I heard myself scream on the tape, because I realized that at least half the screams weren't of pain, but of pleasure.

It isn't long before Sam came in my mouth, the first time I had ever tasted human cum. Some of it flowed down my throat and into my stomach, the rest spilled from my tiny mouth and out onto my chest. As he finished, I sat on the floor, resting on my knees and looked up at this man whom I had once trusted, now a man I hated for the pain and shame he had put me through.

"Good girl," he said, resting his head back on the couch and gazing down at me "Now isn't that fun? No? Well, it will be, once you get used to it. See now that I have you, I don't think I'm ever going to let you go. Oh, I mean you'll still live with your parents, and still be their little darling girl most of the time. But in reality you'll be nothing more than my playing thing, to do with as I please. And if you ever disobey me or try to tell anyone, I guess I'll just have to send out this videotape, or one of the others we will soon make, and that'll ruin your miserable life."

I sat there on the floor in shock. I had hoped that once he is done cumming that he would let me go, and it slowly dawned on me that it wouldn't ever happen.

He continued, "Yeah, we're going to make some more tapes you, me, Razor, and some of his friends, of course. Probably some of my friends too once you learn how to fuck properly. Now you remember how I told you to call me Sam before?"

I nodded.

"I didn't mean it. I want you to call me Daddy. And I think I'll call you Bitch. Just like a dog. Won't that be fun?"

The End