

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



As she walked out of the shop I knew I had seen her before. Manchester is a big place but if you watch carefully – and I like to watch – you can see many things. Loitering near the car park at the Arnedale centre was an easy place to stalk my prey and she would be no different. She looked different with her clothes on but there was no mistaking her ‘Carol the cunt’ or ‘Cunt Carol’ or ‘Daddys’ it made no difference what name you used, it was the same woman that I had seen on Wifeposter for the past few months. I preferred her usual pose – tits out, legs spread – to the slightly mummsy, nonde woman that was picking her way through the crowd towards her car. I walked a few paces behind her until she reached her destination and noted her registration number as she fumbled with her keys amid the jumble of her shopping and handbag.

Fifteen minutes after arriving home I had found her name, address, date of birth, passport number, medical records...the internet is a powerful tool if you know how to use it. I even found some pictures on flicker, similar to those posted . I smiled to myself and reached down and patted Devil, my coal black Great Dane ‘What do you think old fella, shall we have some fun with this slut? Been a while since we had someone to play with hasn’t it?’ Chuckling to myself I began to plan my next move.....

The advantage of a dog is that most people don’t look at you, they look at the dog. If it’s clean, quiet, healthy looking and on a lead they seem to trust you more than if you were on your own, it’s almost as if they think ‘He loves his dog, he must be ok’..If only they knew! That’s probably what cunt Carol – as she had already become to me – thought when she saw me on her street a couple of days later. I was kneeling down with Devil not far from the driver’s side door of her car as if I was putting on or taking off the collar. I didn’t look up as she walked past me but I swear I could almost feel her smile at the big black dog as she reached into her handbag for her keys.

A quick look behind me assured me that we were alone and as she fitted the key into the lock I stood upright and took a long step towards her with the dog’s lead held taught between my hands. In an instant it was around her neck, my strong arms pulling it tight, forearms braced against her shoulder blade as I used as much pressure as I dared. The shock and the pain paralyzed her for a few moments but as I pulled harder, my knee in the small of her back she began to react, head tossing from side to side, arms reaching for the leather cutting off her breath.

“Carol baby, if you don’t want to die here and now then put your hands down and keep still. Do as I say and you will live, disobey me and you will die.” I applied a little more pressure and her hands waved ineffectually around her neck before dropping to her side. I pushed her firmly towards the back of my nonde Mondeo with it’s ‘I love dogs’ sticker in the window. The boot was unlocked and a nudge with my knee made the door glide upwards, exposing the empty dark space inside. She began to struggle as she realised what I intended so I pushed her head firmly down into the duvet I had placed there earlier. My left hand held her head down as I pulled the ball gag out of my pocket with my right. I moved my hand from the side of her head and gripped her nose, causing her head to jerk back and her mouth to open. I roughly stuffed the gag into her mouth and pulled the wide Velcro strap tight. In the gloom I could see the white of her eye get bigger as she began to realize there was no escape and the shock of my assault wore off to be replaced by fear and dread. Her hands were easily secured behind her back with a nylon cable tie and once I had tipped her half into the boot – her skirt riding up tantalisingly – I did the same to her ankles.

I slipped the black velvet drawstring bag that served as a hood over her head and wondered if she could smell the stale perfume and make up from the others that had been in her position; the thought making my cock lurch that extra notch to it’s hardest. What had the last one been called? Teresa. That was it. She was tall, slim and athletic, her struggles and my retribution now a sweet

memory.

Pulling the duvet around her I slammed the boot shut before opening the two driver's side doors. Devil jumped in and immediately began sniffing at the back seat as I quickly started the engine and drove carefully out of the car park. I was soon following the signs for the airport and shortly afterwards pulled into the long drive that leads to the old cottage in Knutsford my parents left me. What the cottage lacked in creature comforts – central heating for instance – it made up for it with that most precious of commodities, privacy. I parked the car at the side of the house and opened the back door before opening the boot and cutting the tie holding her legs. She didn't struggle as I pulled her out of the boot and onto her feet. Her head was hanging forward and I could hear rasping sobs coming from inside the hood as fear and the lack of oxygen combined to subdue her.

I gripped the back of her jacket and pushed her into the kitchen, locking the door behind me. I started to push her through the kitchen and up to the stairs but she was difficult to control, bumping into the table and then the door frame as she started to resist. I turned her towards me and swiftly punched her in the solar plexus, not too hard, just enough to knock the breath out of her. As she slumped forward from the blow I hooked my shoulder into her waist and lifted her in a fireman's lift before carrying her up the stairs and into what I laughingly called the guest bedroom. My guests have not always appreciated the time and trouble I have taken to make their stay with me memorable but I think of it as part of the service. The solid oak door has been altered to take a five point lock, the window has tight fitting internal shutters, the floor and walls have been covered with acoustic underlay to deaden the sound but it's the bed I'm most proud of. Made from scaffold poles it is bolted to the floor with the 'headboard' extending to the ceiling both for stability and to provide a variety of fixing points for the shackles that I provide for the 'comfort and security' of my guests. Spotlights focus on the bed as do two cameras linked to the pc for recording that can be played through the tv downstairs.

Throwing her down onto the bed I was able to look at her properly for the first time. She was smallish, 5'2" but had a reasonable figure. Her pleasing bust was an outstanding feature but I was sure there would be plenty more to enjoy. She was dressed for business in a smart grey suit, black blouse, tights and flat black shoes. I wondered what she did? Maybe a receptionist or something, meeting and greeting people with a warming smile, all the time wondering if her next guest would be someone that had wanked over pictures of her naked body on a website at the weekend. Turning her onto her stomach I cut the tie holding her wrists together and pulled off the short grey jacket off her shoulders. She started to struggle so I put my knee onto the small of her back while I undid the button and zip on the back of her skirt. Once the zip was open I just gripped each side and pulled hard, ripping the skirt in two and leaving her in just her tights, underwear and blouse. I rolled her over onto her back and grabbed her left wrist. Attached to the bed were two chains with wrist bands at the end and I fixed one firmly around her wrist, doing the buckles up as tight as possible. Moving around the other side I did the same with her right wrist before pulling off the velvet bag from her head.

Her eyes were bulging out of her head, tears were streaming down her face and she looked terrified. Looking at the situation I really could not see why. She clearly wasn't a virgin, I'd seen her on the internet advertising herself as a cunt for fucking, what was wrong with me? I gave a little sigh and pulled out my lock knife. Opening the blade caused more whimpering and struggling against the chains and I was tempted to give her a slap to quieten her down. Instead I opted for the reasonably approach and just started to talk to her calmly "Carol, I'm not going to harm you. Not at all. In fact I hope we enjoy our time together. I only have the knife to that I can make you more comfortable. You don't normally go to bed fully clothed do you?" I reached forward and took hold of the waistband of her tights before cutting then, letting the knife slip through the material so that it parted before pulling the shreds of material down and off her legs along with her shoes.

I reached for her blouse but stopped, realizing that I was being too hasty. "Be right back" I said, patting her cheek in a reassuring way before running down the stairs. I paused in the lounge to switch on the pc and the cameras so I could enjoy the action again afterwards before going and getting Devil out of the car. When I got back to the bedroom it was obvious that she had been moving around testing her bounds as her blouse was now twisted to one side, displaying a glimpse of a black bra that matched the tiny lace knickers she was wearing. "Sorry to keep you." I said as I grabbed hold of her ankles and pulled her down the bed, stretching her out again. I pulled her blouse down so it hung neatly before climbing onto the bed and straddling her hips. I looked around and saw to my satisfaction that Devil was sitting on his haunches in the corner of the room taking a keen interest in what was going on. If anything she looked even more terrified as I pulled off my sweatshirt and tossed it into the corner of the room. I knew that the lights and the thin sheen of sweat would combine to make me look even more powerful than I actually was and I enjoyed the deepening look of fear that I could see in her eyes.

Now it was time to unwrap my present. I ran my hands up her flanks and onto her shoulders before lightly dragging my palms down her breast, feeling the firm swell of her flesh and the lace of her bra. Mmmmm, she felt good, her tits filling my big hands as I rolled and squeezed them, mashing them against her chest and pushing them together. Without warning I slid the fingers of my hands between the two sides and ripped the blouse open, buttons flying across the room, the sound causing her to flinch. I carried on mauling her tits through her bra, roughly pulling and squeezing them for another few minuets before reaching behind me into my pocket and pulling out my knife. I opened the blade and touched the point to her forehead, the only pressure being caused by its own weight as I gently ran it down her nose, lips, chin and throat before hooking it under the mid point of her bra and pulling sharply upwards, cutting it in two. I cut the shoulder straps and pulled the shredded bra off her. I paused to look at the label, noting the 36C size before throwing the remains towards Devil who started sniffing and chewing it.

I love tits and hers were great. Big but floppy, a real handful. I squeezed and squashed them in my hands, marvelling at the weight and elasticity, watching them move beneath my touch. I rubbed my thumbs over the nipples and felt them respond so I rubbed harder and then plucked at them between two fingers, feeling them stiffen and grow..the rougher I was the greater the response so I began twisting and pulling, feeling them swell beneath my touch..I put both hands on her right breast and squeezed it, forcing the rock hard nipple upwards...I bent my head down and sucked it deep into my mouth, loving the hard rubbery feeling as my tongue lashed at it. I sucked as hard as I could and felt her arch her back towards me as if undecided between pleasure and pain. I did the same with the left one and then crushed them together, sucking both nipples into my mouth before gently biting down, grinding my teeth together with the hard flesh trapped between them. I looked up and saw a tear forming in the corner of her eye so I relented and sat back up, flicking each one alternately with my strong fingers.

My cock was now bursting so I climbed off her and, with my back to her, stripped the rest of my clothes off. A couple of quick rubs had me at my full size and I looked her straight in the eye when I turned round. Her face was a mixture of shock/horror/fear/revulsion/excitement as she saw my cock for the first time. There is always a debate about black guys being bigger or not but god didn't leave me short I'm pleased to say. At almost ten inches long and thick enough to make most women wince I could see that she was shocked at my size. She knew I was going to fuck her, now she knew what with and she wasn't looking forward to it. First, I decided to take the heat out of the situation. Rubbing myself lewdly I climbed back on top of her and lowered my cock between her tits, wrapping the soft flesh around me I began to gently fuck the smooth valley.....boy did it feel good!

I pulled them apart and spat down onto her tits and my cock, the saliva combining with the sweat to give me some lubrication as I wrapped her flesh tightly around me and began to fuck those babies in

earnest. I could see it was hurting her and that made me more excited as I roughly ploughed into her...I soon felt the familiar tightening in my balls and I pinched her nipples hard as I pumped my thick sticky spunk all over her face, neck and tits. She had closed her eyes tightly as I was fucking her tits about now she started to open them, only to have some spunk run into her left eye. "Don't worry baby." I said "I'll soon have you cleaned up" Climbing off her I clicked my fingers at Devil and pointed at her. The big black dog jumped onto the bed and started licking my spunk off her, which was the last thing she expected. It was as if she had received an electric shock, she twisted and turned as if having a convulsion, desperate to get the dog's big wet tongue off her. I just stood there laughing. "He loves the taste of spunk. Sometimes I think he's gay. OK boy, that's enough, down you get." I said, pointing to the corner again.

Tears were flowing down her cheeks now as she her imagination ran riot trying to guess what my happen next. She couldn't in her wildest nightmares have considered that an hour after leaving her safe little house she would be chained naked to a bed with me and my dog for company. "Well then Carol" I said 'Lets get to the main event, you keep talking about your cunt so it's time to see what the fuss is about' as I took hold of the waist band of her tiny lace pants. I pulled them roughly with my hands, tearing the thin sides, ripping them to shreds before using them to wipe her face and neck of the slobber from Devil and the remains of my spunk. I tossed sodden scrap of lace to the dog who quickly started chewing it before grabbing her ankles and spreading her legs wide, then pushing back so they bent at the knee so she was wide open before me.

Her pussy was perfectly shaven and not as tight looking as some. It looked from the stretch marks that she had had kids but I also thought about all that internet stuff and guessed that she spent most nights in front of the computer with her legs spread, fingers buried deep inside her slutty hole. As I slipped my thick forefinger down her slit I couldn't help thinking that being slightly stretched would help her take my cock. Despite her struggles and tears I could feel some moisture in her pussy as I worked my finger deep inside her, twisting as I forced it all the way in before pulling it out and then back in again, working slowly before adding another on to it. I loved the sight of her cunt opening up before me, my thick brown fingers stretching the pink flesh. I pushed my thumb forward and began to slowly rub her clit in little circles, moving my fingers deep inside her at the same time. Despite her predicament - chained to a bed, ball gag keeping her silent and about to be fucked by a black stranger with a big cock - I felt her start to respond, felt her cunt relaxing and become moister, her juices beginning to flow as her body started to react to my insistent probing. My fingers were really deep now, my knuckles banging hard against her with every thrust of my arm and I could feel that she was trying not to thrust her cunt back against me. I looked up and grinned at her "Don't fight it baby, take your pleasure where you can, I know I do." I started twisting my hand as I banged my long thick fingers deep inside her, turning my finger as I sought her 'g'spot. She was jerking her hips towards my every thrust now and making some very strange noises as she struggled for breath against the ball gag and the rising tide of her orgasm....as I pulled my fingers to the edge of her cunt I added another one, shoving three of my rough fingers deep inside her. She arched her back with the shock and no doubt the pain but by the time I had buried them up to my knuckles her legs were shaking and she was turning red from lack of oxygen as she shook through her orgasm.

I didn't wait. I climbed on the bed and knelt between her legs, stroking my cock to maximum hardness. Pushing her legs wide I rubbed my knob over her clit, coating it with her juices before slipping through her lips to the entrance to her tunnel. Despite my rough fingering there was still a lot of resistance as I pushed my knob firmly into her. Tears once more formed in her eyes as I buried the head of my cock deep inside her, thrusting firmly I soon forced my knob all the way in, pausing to adjust my position I grabbed a big fat tit with each hand and squeezed as I inched my cock all the way up her. She was tossing her head from side to side as I kept pushing without a pause, stretching her wide as I violated her. It's funny, if I spent time chatting online, flattering and teasing her she

would have been begging me to fuck her slutty cunt with my big black cock, now that I was fucking her on my terms she would call it rape. No matter, the end result was the same, my powerful hips had buried my cock balls deep in her and now she was going to get fucked. She was really tight at first, the first thirty or forty strokes from my dick meeting some resistance but gradually she began to loosen up and I was soon gliding fairly easily in and out of her. She had the most magnificent boobs, I was so distracted by squeezing and pulling at them, twisting her nipples hard that I almost didn't notice her cumming again, I just felt the wetness spread all over my balls.

She looked fantastic chained and gagged and even for someone with my control I could feel myself getting closer. I let go of her tits and pulled out of her while I moved her legs onto my shoulders, keeping her wide I bent her almost double before spearing her cunt again with my big cock. In this position I could look down onto her face as I raped her, enjoy the fear in her eyes as I pounded her pussy hard, both of us knowing there was no escape, that I could keep her here as long as I wanted to and fuck her as often as I wanted. I pulled my lips back over my teeth in a grimace, silently nodding to confirm our shared knowledge as I felt my cock swell even bigger before I came with a gasp, pumping what felt like pints of my scalding spunk deep inside her. I collapsed on top of her, my full weight pinning her down as I lay with sweat dripping off the end of my nose onto her, gently biting the soft flesh of her neck.

My cock began to soften and slip out of her so I rolled off, leaving her with her legs spread, pussy gaping and spunk dripping out of her. Standing at the side of the bed I motioned to Devil with my hand and he needed no second bidding to jump on the bed start licking my spunk out of her. She struggled less this time, either she was numb from the fucking and fingering or she had already guessed that it would happen. I could see the dog's cock standing proud between his legs as he was becoming excited by the taste of my spunk and her juice, his tail wagging madly. "Down boy" I said, pointing to the corner.

If she had looked Carol would have noticed a 'H' shape in slightly smaller scaffold tubes leaning against the wall, the centre bar heavily padded. I picked it up and fitted it into its place at the end of the bed, the down tubes slotting snugly into the bed frame. From the storage box in the corner I pulled out a heavy studded dog collar with a length of chain attached and buckled it around her neck. The other end of the chain I clipped to the headboard before unfastening her arm chains. She immediately pulled her arms down to her sides to release the tension in her shoulders. I scooped her up in my arms and carried her around to the end of the bed before putting her down in her very unsteady legs. The chain between the collar and the bed was just long enough but pulled her back slightly, making those impressive breasts stick out enticingly. I ran my hands over them gleefully before turning her around and bending her over the bar., the padding fitting neatly against her waist. She supported herself on her forearms as I quickly re-attached the chains on her arms to the side of the bed. From my box of tricks I took out a couple of heavy duty Velcro straps and bound her ankles to the bed frame.

She now presented a very exciting sight, her arse in the air and her legs apart, the ravaged lips of her pussy hanging open at the perfect angle for my cock and fingers. I stroked and patted her arse, pulling the cheeks apart to expose her puckered hole, it too showing signs of recent action. Dirty bitch I thought as I gave her a slap, loving the red mark my hand made. Looking at my storage box I saw the perfect way to enhance that attractive arse. It wasn't a professional cat o' nine tails but I knew from experience that it was capable of producing a nasty sting. The first couple were quite gentle but still made her head jerk back in shock at the pain. I could feel myself getting harder as I brought it down more firmly against her pale flesh, the tails leaving red lines across her arse and the back of her legs. I really had to struggle to control myself as I gave her a few more strokes, the temptation to put all my force and weight behind it was seductive but I didn't want to draw blood, not this time at least anyway!

Putting the cat down I ran my hands over her now bright red arse, enjoying the heat my whipping had produced. Her puckered hole looked up at me so I pushed the tip of my finger inside, opening it out a little before replacing it with my much larger thumb. Pushing my thumb deep inside her arse I curled my fingers into her cunt, feeling my hand almost connect; only held apart by the thin membrane. I was willing to bet that she had been DP'd plenty of times, or at the very least had experimented with a big toy up her arse as she rubbed her clit.

The next things I pulled out of my storage box caused great excitement. Not for me, not for Carol but Devil knew what they meant and was immediately eager. The little leather boots that covered his paws had been hand made for me in a fetish shop to my specification, I hadn't said what they were for and they hadn't asked, there was just a knowing look when I placed the order and collected it a week later. Devil's cock was at full extent as he held his paw up for me to fit the little boot. I'd decided that they were necessary after he scratched one poor girl half to death, her distress didn't bother me, I was just pissed off with getting covered in blood every time I fucked her afterwards. Once the boots were fitted I left Devil sitting in the corner licking his cock while I went and stood by Carol. My fingers slipped easily into her cunt and I worked them around, pleased to find she was still fairly wet from my spunk dripping out of her. "Now Carol" I said "You may have thought you were a daring little cock loving slut, fucking and sucking your way through the area and having the time of your life. Bet you thought you had tried everything didn't you? Well, maybe this is the one thing you hadn't considered. It's Devil's turn now!"

With that I clicked my fingers and the dog bounded up to her and barely pausing to sniff her he was soon up on his hind legs, his front paws on her shoulders and his long cock searching for her cunt. She thrashed her head and shoulders about but with her legs tied and her head pulled forward there was very little she could do. Devil is a big dog and must weigh almost 10 stone and he crushed her to the bed. I deftly flicked his cock into position and he was soon pumping his long red cock deeper and deeper into her. I moved to the head of the bed and looked into her eyes. They seemed full of shame, the tears streaming down her face and the ropes of saliva running down her chin telling their own tale of her degradation. As I watched I saw Devil tense as he pumped some spunk deep inside her, her eyes flashing wider as she felt the hot liquid flooding her. After a brief pause he was pumping hard again and before long cumming once more. Dogs are amazing, he must have cum six times before her started to slow down and I moved around behind her for a closer look. I could see that his knot was now lodged in her cunt and after he tensed and shuddered for the seventh time he tried to pull out but the knot was caught, causing her to be dragged painfully backwards as he finally slipped out.

Devil sat in the corner once more licking his cock clean while I inspected the steady stream of watery dog spunk running down her legs. Her body was racked with sobs and her back was matted with a combination of sweat and dog hair. Her pussy was gaping open, lips covered with the same combination of hair, sweat and spunk. You could say that she looked revolting but for me, seeing the big dog fucking her had been fantastically exciting and my own cock was once more standing proud from my body. I walked around her, rubbing my huge erection, determined that she should be able to see it, make her know that I wasn't finished yet. I picked up the remains of her blouse and wiped her back down before positioning myself between her wide spread legs. Although I'll do most things I didn't fancy sticking my cock in the same place that the dog had just been so I pressed my fingers into her arse once more before spitting down into her rectum, hoping to add some more lubrication to the sweat and spunk already gathered there.

As I pushed my cock into her arse I seriously doubted that it would fit but with a little persistence I managed to get my knob in and the thick shaft soon followed. I love this position; standing behind one of my victims just banging away always feels good to me, I love to watch my cock as it drags their flesh inside out, my strong fingers digging into their hips as I pull them deeper and deeper. As I

started to fuck her faster and faster I thought of the other ones I had had in that position, Teresa the skinny little cry baby, Jane the older slut who had somehow seemed to enjoy it, she actually looked disappointed when I dragged Devil off her! The memories and the feeling of power were enough to send me into heaven; I was lost in a world of lust as began to fuck her arse faster and faster, my breathing becoming a staccato rasp as I began to chant 'cunt,cunt,cunt' in time to my thrusts before with a roar I filled her arse with a load of my spunk.

Staggering back I was almost knocked out of the way by a rejuvenated Devil and there was little I could do as he managed to find her arse with his now hard again cock, his frantic shafting in stark contrast to the more measured pounding she had received from me. As I watched the big black dog fucking her arse I thought of the fun we would have for the next few weeks before it was time to sell her on to a biker gang I knew. Before then she'd be used for my entertainment, kept around for any of my friends to use, made to fuck or suck anyone or anything that I wanted - dogs, donkeys, horses, other women, the only limit being my depraved imagination. Once passed on the bike boys they would take her around the bike rally's all summer, gang raping her every night. She would soon look back on her time with me with affection I thought as I patted Devil on the back, "Go on boy, fuck her good, she's just a cunt after all, cunt Carol....'