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BEASTIALITY STORIES



A PRETTY GIRL GETS DRAGGED INTO HER EMPLOYER'S CRIMINALITY

"So what's all this about and why are we here?"

"Ah well, I look after Torney's accounts. If a guy - or women - lets him down, he'll do whatever he wishes to ensure that his '... contract goes ahead and is completed!' He puts hard pressure on, his decision, believe you me."

"This guy - Ivan - is lazy, a late payer and now has become a thief. The clock has stopped ticking, if yer know what I mean? Torney makes sure all this well known so that others understand."

"They've picked up that girl. She'll suffer, embarrassed at least. It will be filmed and photo'd. Ivan gets the very first copy to, well, change his mind. If he does a runner, hoping to get away, the film goes to collectors - first - and then porn sites and that brings in money at least. No response from our Ivan and we keep going at her."

Waiting to be paid for last month Sofia gave up and left the club. Walking along the dark alley and four guys grabbed hold of her, truly professional and were experienced at they were doing. Cloth over mouth, bag over the head, arms and legs tied tight. They shoved the captive into their van and drove quietly away. No one noticed!

Three days later when she awoke in a small room with one window behind steel bars. The view from there was just a brick wall! No floor covering, just planks or boards and a bed; no other furniture at all.

Her long dark hair had been tied in bunches and she realised she was stark naked. Pulling the sheet off the bed, she wrapped it around her fine body and banged on the door. Nothing happened for ages and then a short fat woman with a grey moustached face arrived and placing a tray of food on the floor. Sofia asked for what reason she was there and what was happening, but that woman stared back and sniffed.

Hours later and the door smacked open. Two men came in. She ran at them shouting and trying to scratch their faces but one guy punched hard on her chest so she fell back onto the planks. He put a boot on her belly and pushed down hard making it difficult for her to breathe.

"Yer need to listen, really listen. Yer 'ere to pay off a bad debt, one way or anover. Yer may be no debtor y'self... its youse goin' to pay. Yer won't be killed unless yer become er difficult. It's goin' t' hurt, yet the injuries won't stay; understood? Well, the Boss and a few friends all be watching to make records of what happens!"

"Why me... what have I done?"

"Best you blame your guy, Ivan!"

The older fat guy dressed in a dirty shirt and torn shorts. "Ha! Yer gonna be a film actor and photo model!"

Despite her struggles he picked her up easily and carried her away into a large room, empty except a big box placed in the middle, sides and top in clear plastic with holes and straps and a bench fixed

through one side. "What the fuck is going on?" and she screamed again

They poured something down her throat and covered her mouth making her swallowing whatever it was. She kept struggling and kicking at them, those guys. Then she started to feel odd, wobbling with her legs collapsing under her, some strange effect making her lazy and sleepy. She giggled and couldn't stop.

They sat her down on the bench and opened the top sliding her body forward. Her feet went through two holes on the opposite side and the lid was lowered so that she was held tight around her waist, laid flat with her knees wide apart. Elastic aprons pulled tight around the holes sealing Sophia's waist and ankles. Her legs were well apart with her groin exposed to view.

She struggled for a while.

Straps around her waist and her shoulders were supported on the end of bench. She wriggled her hips and shoulders but any other movement was just impossible.

Sophia sweated in fear and embarrassment, but no one seemed to be taking notice.

Every light went out for a long time and Sophia shuddered in total darkness, worrying what was going to happen. At last a bright lamp came on high up shining directly onto Sophia's naked body. A guy - well, maybe a woman - dressed in white coat with face mask and rubber gloves lifted up a hatch above her and fitted a tube over her clitoris.

She set up mirror just past Sofia's feet. Now she could see the plastic tube with a small black box at the top open end. A candle was held underneath it, warming it up. She heard something buzzing, an angry buzzing. Two wasps slipped down and landed on her clitoris. They tickled her for a few seconds before she was stung. It felt as if a razor had cut her sex. Then the other wasp stung her and Sophia screamed and screamed. The tube was pulled away and both insects went with it having done what was needed.

In agony Sophia struggled against the straps. Her thighs and muscles just stretched and pulled in her pain. As her eyes cleared she saw that her clit was swollen and erect with dark angry spots where those awful insects had attacked.

But this was just the start, the first thing for her. The lamp clicked off and three faint red lights came on around the walls. Again the hatch clicked open and Sophia tried to twist and move away from whatever was going to happen yet all her efforts made just red lines around her waist where the straps rubbed as her muscles twitched and tremored.

She, that woman in white was torturing her. She held an old bucket and brushed a thick fluid, cool and damp over belly and down between her legs. It felt thick, slippery and with little bits of something and smelling stale, fishy, sickly sweet. At least this made her clit feel better though still stiff and erect.

The lights dimmed as she waited wondering what was going to happen next. She sniffed and the fluid, now warmed by her skin smelled foul, stale and almost rotten. After what seemed ages 'she' came back with small round barrel which he held next her face. She heard things moving. The woman in white knelt down and fitted the barrel to base of the box just below her right foot. The bench seat under her bottom began to rise stretching her crotch even high and open. A thin cord was tied to her toes and tightened it rotating her thighs, even though her ankles were held tight by the aprons.

Another bag over her head, so that she could hear but not see what was happening. Her fears grew. The hatch opened again and more smelly stuff was painted onto that swollen clit and something soft and slimy was pushed up inside her vagina. They'd fixed something, some sort of drip into her right arm. She reacted fast and again started giggling as the brush ran over her crotch, tickling her.

Sofia felt funny and happy giggling, again, and laughed.

Unable to see properly she shouted as something started to crawl under her feet and legs. Then bright lights came on around the box.

After a minute, what felt like a bug landed just below her belly button and stayed still; then things began crawling up the inside of her thigh... was it two or three or ...? The scarping feelings on her skin started to excite her and wanting more

The bag was removed and she saw that the mirror had been moved so that she could see her legs, thighs, groin and belly.

Five beetles were trying to invade her belly navel. Some of the sticky fluid had got inside so they struggled to get at it, pushing and pulling to get skin apart with little sharp claws digging their firm noses into her. It felt strange, odd, weird but nice and her belly muscles moved in enjoyment

Now further down a group of black flies landed on her left thigh with their feet moving, scraping on her skin. More came out of that box. A cloud of flies buzzed around her body and began to land on the thin hair on her mound and moved around while others walked over her labia and clitoris.

Yet even more landed on her thighs trying to push into her sex. The claws and little feet struggled over her labia trying to part them and get at whatever had been pushed inside with that smelly fluid on her sex and belly and arse, slowly draining down between her inner thigh and labia

Whatever was going into her bloodstream and the continual tickling and scarping over her skin made Sofia struggle... odd feelings with all those insects and flies and bugs. She felt strange but happy as she giggled with some many fine and small sensitizes. Her muscles and flesh felt hard reacting to all this

By now she couldn't see her clitoris. The sticky stuff had attracted so many flies and they climbed all over it and pushing under the hood and lips. Fly mouths and little clawed feet scraping urgently trying to get at what they wanted to eat. More were still pushing deep as into her navel, pulling it apart scraping her skin. It felt strange and weird but didn't hurt.

A bright light came down nearer towards the box. Clouds of flies buzzed around, took off and landed on her belly, mound, thighs, sex and arse, all over her. In the mirror she saw her mound covered in a mass of little bodies, hundreds, maybe thousands of little feet crawling all over her. Every movement affected her nerves so that she kept shuddering and gasping.

Her flesh and skin fizzed as her body reacted making her sex wet. That felt as if she was leaking or fluid dripping down her crotch. Yet the mix of her own fluids with that smelly sticky messy stuff seemed to be even more attractive to loads more flies.

It went on and on and Sofia gasped and groaned as they moved and crawled inside getting at the stuff inside her vagina. There were more flies now, so many flies, black, red or with green legs or blue bodies. Some had hard noses or long legs like bluebottles and green bottles.

Sofia in the mirror flies and beetles moving, all sucking up or nibbling at the messy smelly stuff

which was made wetter with her own juices. Loads walked around her belly, clit, thighs and any bare skin picking up what had been brushed over her body. As she watched even more appeared and landed all way down to her arse so she was fully covered with a moving carpet of insects struggling to get at what they wanted.

This continual movement over her skin stimulated and excited, had further opened her sex making it easier for those shell-like bodies to enter. The small hard feet, some with little hooks, scraped and grabbed at the skin. It was awful. It was foul, disgusting, revolting, but exciting, so exciting, as they struggled over her most sensitive areas. She struggled pulling and stretching against the strap and the aprons no longer trying to escape but just resulting from every insect movement, whenever, wherever

A sudden sharp pinch on the inside of her left thigh and looking carefully Sofia realised that this was another sort of fly, black and small and it flew fast. They stayed where they landed and didn't move. Several arrived on her clit and bit, drawing, sucking out blood. That didn't hurt at all but felt like a needle tickling and sticking into the surface.

They stayed still sucking her blood and then whizzed away leaving little leaking red spots. Suddenly she knew that the pain from the wasps had gone. She gasped and giggled; she was pleased as those small flies drank her blood with the poison, holding still with the little sharp hooks on their feet which grabbed into her skin.

Flies kept moving around on her labia. As they picked up bits of mess all over her damp skin, she realised that most didn't bite her skin or flesh; rather they scraped over her picking up dirty stuff or bits of dried sweat or anything that was not her flesh. They were cleaning her!

With these weird exciting feelings her vagina became relaxed and more flies and bugs tried to struggle inside hoping it seemed to get at more of her own wetness and that soft messy stuff inside her.

She wriggled her hips as much as possible, but nothing could stop those black hairy things with scraping claws hooking on her skin as they pulled inside her. Then more followed, pushing between her labia and wriggling into her body. It felt as if hundred of "things" were struggling around filling her vagina.

Sofia exploded in a strong orgasm, tightening her muscles and gasping for minutes and minutes before she could relax.

Yet the bugs in her cunt (that's what she decided her sex was now) just kept struggling a moving and she wondered just how long her nerves could put up with it.

It was awful of course but everywhere claws and feet and rough hair rubbed over her sex and thighs and belly, it just never stopped, creating a weird fizzy, almost electric, feeling.

She realised that her nerves were reacting making feelings build and then her belly contracted and stretched with another exploding orgasm. She screamed and shouted, but yet no one seemed to know or worry. Relaxing Sofia looked down at that mirror and saw that her mound, her labia and all way down to her arsehole was a moving carpet of bugs, flies and beetles, struggling around to pick up bits from that messy smelly fluid and sucking up her vaginal wetness. Hundreds of insects kept pushing and struggling against her sensitive skin stretching it.

She knew that she'd never be able to explain that her emotions... disgust, filth, awful but so exciting and impossible to control; but again it all began to grow and her muscles and belly stretched hard

and another orgasm erupted.

Tired out and exhausted she looked again at the mirror as the flies and beetles started crawling and flying away.

Others seemed to walk onto the inside of her stretched thighs and then stopped moving

Suddenly she felt something hard and large moving over her piss hole trying to push inside. They got to the vagina and nipped at the surface of her inner lips. Several large beetles pinched her very sensitive skin. The sharp pain where they'd bitten disappeared almost at once.

With flies struggling and pushing inside and beetles moving around her labia a sudden and hard orgasm arose, not lasting last so long now.

Her body was aching and her thighs were sore, with her labia puffy and swollen looking red with dark spots where she had been nipped, pinched, scraped all over her sexual parts so, so sensitive... so vey alive.

Suddenly everything changed. The overhead lamp went out leaving her in total darkness. Then water came down sloshing all over her, a heavy warm spray and Sofia felt the insects running or washed away. It stopped and all she could hear was the sound of dripping water and then lights around clicked on. The mirror was still clear and she could see that the insects and flies had gone leaving her with a swollen cunt and clit and sore skin, even though it didn't feel sore, despite so many red sports where things have sucked at her body fluids

The white woman pulled out the drip. Two big guys dragged her out of that box, draping a thick sheet around her shoulders and another bag back over her head, dragging her away.

They pushed into some room. It was quiet but was she was all alone again. Dragging the bag off her head she saw the old woman, holding a needle which she jabbed into Sofia's right arm. She felt nothing and just fell asleep.

It was an hour later when she woke to find herself lying on a soft carpet. She sat up and looked around. This was a very different room. It had a large bed and outside she found a small court with flowers and high walls. There was a bath with warm water waiting for her.

She lay in it for ages soaking her sore sex and waist and thighs. She was red and swollen and still her vagina felt as if something was inside. She stood up and went to look at her body in a long mirror and watched as a dark blue fly struggled out of her body, shook itself and flew away. Now she felt more moving and as she pulled her labia apart a lump of several dead bugs fell onto the floor. She pushed her fingers up inside and pulled out more. Feeling sick, she gagged into the toilet and got back into the bath trying to wash her labia and crotch.

Finally she got out and dried her tired sore skin. Someone had set out a table with a bottle of wine and a meal. Still naked, exhausted and sore, she sat down carefully and devoured everything.

Then she slept.

It was probably late afternoon when she awoke. She sat up struggling to understand what had happened and why. Had it all been a dirty dream?

It was early evening when the door opened. A large man, his face half-covered with a mask and wearing a quality silk suit sat down on the bed.

"Well... he has still not paid up at all. So the pictures and films will be sent out, but nice guy as I am, I've given him another five days to make me happy!" And he laughed.

"In case you didn't understand, you have to stay with us whilst I wait for my money. Further delays much and, well, you may have to go through another experience. I haven't given much thought what that might be; we'll see, but then you did get some - er - enjoyment!" He patted her hair, sniggered and left, locking behind him.