

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) by Diane Ashfield

At the college I attended. I attended a private college, Miss Muriel's School for Refined Young Ladies and Boys. The place sounded snooty enough, and appealed to the social conscious class I belonged to. Every mother in our set wanted to say that her daughter or son attended the very exclusive Miss Muriel's college. Of course, that was a bunch of shit. The college was a hotbed of sex. Indeed, it was actually a meeting place for the guys and gals of our set to get a fucking partner. Even seventy-year-old Miss Muriel picked out her studs from the most virile and youngest pupils. However, I had no idea that anyone knew anything about animal sex. That bit of information came to me when I got accepted as a recruit for a sophomore girl society. As part of the initiation, I had to fuck an animal.

Of course, I was surprised, but I must have sounded shocked, too. "Fuck an animal?" I echoed after they told me the initiation rites.

My classmate Cynthia who had sponsored me into the society nodded excitedly. "Oh, you'll love it. Ever since my initiation, I've only been screwing animals. They're much better than the spoiled, self-centered, selfish brats who attend this college. Miss Muriel can have them. I'd rather fuck an animal any, old time of day. They know how to make a girl happy. And can they ever get a stiff boner."

From the light in her eyes, I knew that Cynthia was getting laid and often, and with much satisfaction.

"It does sound kind of thrilling," I admitted. "Of course, I'll go through with it. I won't let you down. But..."

Cynthia read my mind. "What animal do you get to fuck? Leave that to me. As president of this sorority, it's my job to take care of such details. I've got an entire menu worked up for you."

"Menu?" I chortled, and this time I really was surprised. "You expect me to screw more than one?"

Cynthia laughed. "Of course. One fuck will never satisfy you. Besides, after you've been initiated, the rest of us girls will join you. And so, I have to arrange for a variety of four-legged fuckers to service not only you but us," she actually burred. "We'll all have a ball!"

"I'm getting a hot-cunt already," I admitted. "And I agree with you. The spoiled rotten boys at this college are lousy fucks. Miss Muriel can let them lap her cunt for all I care. I'll take something that's really stiff and hard."

"The initiation is set for eight this evening," Cynthia informed me. "Prepare yourself ahead of time by getting really hot."

"I'm hot already," I informed her. "But just to make certain, I'll finger my cunt just before I leave the house." I asked, "Where will the initiation rites be held?"

"At my place," she said. "My folks are touring Europe, and there's no one home, but me and the housekeeper and I've given her the weekend off. You know," she advised me, "we've got quite a menagerie in back of my house. A horse, goat, dog, rabbits, and..."

"Rabbits?" I asked and could feel the muscles of my vaginal walls constrict.

Secretly, I have always had a thing about rabbits. I knew they had a tremendous reputation for being fucking fools, and they're so soft and cuddly.

"Maybe," I suggested, "I... I could fuck a couple of them at the same time. I mean, they're so small, their adorable dicks wouldn't fit into my snatch. Nevertheless, a couple of rabbits fucking me at the same time—Ooh!"

I almost swooned.

Cynthia's face blushed. Now I knew her secret. Getting rabbit reamed was an old story with her, and she admitted the truth. "Yes, dear," she informed me. "You can't beat getting rabbit reamed. It's... the greatest," she blurted out. "Except, I'll be jealous as hell to watch my bunny sweethearts treating your cunt instead of mine." Nevertheless, she straightened. "That's life. It's your initiation, and it's your night to have fun. Of course, after you have been initiated, me and the rest of the girls will get fucked, and I do mean cunt-reamed. I've got a terrific program worked out."

"I'm so hot I could jack off," I cooed.

"Don't," Cynthia advised. "Play with yourself, and tantalize the pussy. But don't cum. Save every drippy drop of sex serum until tonight. Then, you'll want to cum time after time."

"I can hardly wait," I told her and meant it.

That night all of the girls in the sorority met at Cynthia's house, it was one of those big rambling affairs stretching out for a couple of acres. In back, there were stables for horses and a variety of animals. Cynthia's old man was loaded. About ten girls belonged to our sorority, and every one of them looked horny and ready for sex. They loved to watch online porn and be watched on webcam masturbating. Later, I discovered almost every one of my sorority sisters had my experience. They had fucked a boy from Miss Muriel's High School and found him undesirable as a sex partner. They were vain, selfish and spoiled. Most of them were lapping Miss Muriel's cunt, and she spoiled them rotten. We didn't want any part of them. All of the girls had discovered in her way and in her time, the joys of animal sex. The cock of an animal was the common bond in our sorority.

But that night, I was the center of attention. Standing in the cavernous living room of the mansion, I disrobed, and the sorority sisters all applauded my good sportsmanship. Despite my tender years, my body was quite well developed, or showed promise of what was to come. My tits were beginning to reach maturity and swayed back and forth as I walked around to show the girls how well stacked I was. That was part of the initiation. I had to stand naked in the center of a circle. The lights in the room are dim, and one girl trained a lamp on a certain part of my anatomy that I was showing off. First, I took hold of each tit and pulled on it as if the flesh was made of baker's dough. The nipples, long, red and juicy looking pointed straight out like a couple of aroused pricks.

With the light on my boobs, I walked around the center of the circle and gave each girl a good look at my top-heavy equipment. Enthusiastic applause reverberated around the room. Then, the light from the spot lamp accented the cuntal area. Reaching down, I pulled aside the lips and flicked out the clit. The applause was thunderous. Then, playfully, I gave myself a few teasing jabs of the finger inside the snatch slot. I was showing my sorority sisters how I jacked off. Since all of them were skilled masturbators, they appreciated this bit of play and shouted obscene remarks of an encouraging nature.

"Fuck yourself, sweetheart," one of them cried out.

The others had similar remarks to make regarding the expertise I demonstrated with a finger up my cunt. After a few minutes of this masturbatory exercise, the spotlight shifted from the area between

my legs to my rear end. This excited me since I was so goddamned sensitive in the ass regions. A lot of the girls must' have been sensitive in the rectal layers, too. The accent on my ass really brought out the applause.

One cried out. "Bend over and spread those cheeks. We want to look inside."

Gladly, I obliged. It excited me to know that others were peering curiously and excitedly up my asshole and finding that particular shit spot desirable. The thought of an animal sucking in that region, or shooting his dick in the shit slot really moistened up my cunt. I was glad the spotlight wasn't accenting my pussy. I didn't want to give the impression that I had such strong anal desires.

To make certain, the spotlight wasn't trained back on my slobberingly wet cunt, I cried out, "Hurry and bring me an animal to fuck. I've gotta have an animal cock. Don't keep me waiting. I'm hot and horny and ready to give you all the show of your lives."

This brought down the house as they say in show business. All of the girls were ready for a hot sight to watch. Most of them were playing with themselves by now, and one girl had produced a carrot and was ramming it in and out of her mouth-like cunt hole. Another girl, an anal lover like myself, had reached back and started to stick a finger deep in her asshole. Once she managed to work it in deep enough, she commenced a finger-fucking asshole type of movement that made her eyes bulge and roll crazily around. Bits of foamy spittle flew from her lips. She too urged for me to commence the animal show. But it wasn't up to me. Cynthia was president of this sorority, and this was her house. She was in complete charge.

"It's up to President Cynthia," someone shouted.

I shouted back, "I'm ready. Ready, willing and eager to get animal fucked," I almost screamed. "What's the delay?"

I demanded to know and to emphasize my readiness, I increased my finger diddling activities and rolled my hips around like the stripper in a burlesque show. From the corner of my eyes, I watched the effect on Cynthia. The little, black-haired girl with the round, erotic face looked as though she was going to explode. She had purposely let the action get hot to make certain all of the girls were properly aroused before the animal fucking show commenced. Now, she knew she couldn't wait any longer.

"Hold on," she cried out, and her voice was filled with heat and horniness. "I'll bring them in. Your lover, I mean..." she corrected, "Your lovers!"

"Lovers?" the girls echoed amazed.

However, I wasn't dismayed. I knew Cynthia meant rabbits in the plural and not the singular. The darling girl knew I had always wanted to screw several bunnies at the same time.

Returning from the stable area, the girl was holding three rabbits. All were male, on the large side, pink-eyed and furry. Cynthia held them aloft to show all that the dears already had boners. The keen-smelling fuckers had picked up the scent of my heated cunt before they even entered the room. A rabbit's cock isn't particularly long, but it tapers to a sharp point and resembles a carrot. A white, hard, cone-shaped carrot. In contrast to the rather short rabbit cock, the balls are on the large side. They're very soft and resemble cream puffs.

The sight of the elongated pricks and the adorably soft nuts almost drove me out of my mind. The lips of my cunt began twitching back and forth, and my clit became even more blood-filled.

“Hurry,” I moaned. “Got to... Got to...”

However, in my haste, and emotional state of mind, I hadn't thought through the mechanics of getting rabbit fucked. How did a girl go about handling three rabbits at the same time? The revelation would have to come to me when I had the soft creatures in my arms. Now, all I wanted to do was feel their bodies, stroke their cocks, and play with them. Yet, I knew my fellow sorority sisters wouldn't let me get away with that sort of play for very long. They were on fire to watch the real thing. And the real thing meant fucking.”

Cynthia handed over her bunnies with the greatest of reluctance. Pouting she said, “I must let you fuck them. But remember, they belong to me. Don't get too attached to their pricks and balls.”

Paying no attention to her, I gathered up the loved ones in my arms and started hugging and kissing them. I gave them long, tonguing, horny kisses and all the while softly stroked their cocks. As I had earlier reasoned, this sort of preliminary play didn't long suffice.

“Fuck,” the cry arose. “Fuck, or we won't accept you into our sorority.”

Turning to Cynthia to make certain I knew the rules. “At the same time?” I asked. “Do I have to screw them all at once, or one at a time?”

“All at once,” the president informed me.

The rest of the girls strengthened this explanation. “A three-way fuck,” they explained gleefully. Apparently, a three-way fuck show really turned them on.

My mind raced wildly. How was I going to take care of three horny rabbits all at the same time? Well, I thought, there couldn't be any doubt about one of them. One cock had to be inserted into my well-lubricated cunt. That took care of the first rabbit reamer. However, there were two others to think about. Then, necessity struck me with inspiration. Picking up one lover, I squatted down with spread legs as though I was going to take a piss. The cuntal lips widened, and I pulled one rabbit against my crotch area. On his hind legs, his long bone knew what to do. Thrusting his hindquarters back and forth, his needlepoint cock peppered up against the flesh around the slot.

Reaching down, I grabbed hold of the carrot carved cock and guided it between the lips and into the hole. The touch of the hot bone of a rabbit almost made me orgasm, immediately. Never before in my entire life had I felt anything so sensitive, so acutely fine and precious. Closing my eyes, I had to restrain myself from really letting go. Every instinct within me cried out to throw the rabbit the wildest and most uninhibited fuck I'd ever given out or even imagined in my most erotic fantasies. However, clenching my fists, I restrained myself since I knew that I had a duty and obligation to my fellow sorority sisters. They wouldn't be satisfied with just one rabbit fuck. They all had blazing cunts at the thought of the three-way deal. However, my problems were solved by at least one-third. One rabbit was banging away at my hole. There were two others to be attended to as well.

Picking up Bunny Number Two, I placed him behind me and raised up on my heels to such an extent that my asshole was bared. Since I wasn't double-jointed, it was impossible to make certain he knew his duty. I was hoping he'd naturally smell my asshole, and instinctively stick his cock into the rectum. Once encased in the tight-walled hole, the rabbit would throw me his anal fuck. The shape of a rabbit's cock when elongated was made for rectal reaming. The needlepoint head could easily penetrate the tiny entrance. And once the penetration was accomplished, the rabbit possessed enough strength and endurance to shove it in the rest of the way. Once surrounded by the wall of a female hole, I felt certain the rabbit would know enough to fuck.

At first Rabbit Bunny, Number Two didn't know what to do in back of me. Naturally, the rectum doesn't throw out the same kind of odor a cunt does, and anal fucking wasn't common in the rabbit family. He was going to have to be trained to service me in the rear end. Nevertheless, I was under a disadvantage. There were no mirrors around for me to guide his rear end movements. After several aborted attempts to make him screw my anal cavity, I almost gave up in frustration. Then, I drew strength from an inner source and made up my mind I wouldn't blow my initiation rites. I really wanted to become a member of Cynthia's sorority. And too, I really wanted to get fucked three ways by three different rabbits. Inspiration struck me.

Reaching back with one hand, I grabbed the fumbling rabbit by the head and dragged him close until his sniffing nostrils were deeply embedded up my asshole. Perhaps, I thought, there was just enough female hormones to give him the right idea. I had read enough in biology class to know female hormones were in abundance in certain specified areas in a female body. The presence of the female hormone made the male get hot for cunt. That was Nature's way. Of course, the cuntal regions were filled with female hormones. There's no problem in that spot. But the asshole might or might not have female hormones. Everyone is different, and although I had always been sensitive in that area, that was no indication the hormones were also located there. I knew I had many nerve endings in the rectum, but I couldn't help remembering that dismal experience with the boy who almost got sick when I wanted him to smell and suck my ass. At any rate, at the moment, I was desperate. At least, I could try.

As I told you, I grabbed hold of the rear end bunny and forced his snout up my ass. At first, he put up a struggle. Perhaps, I was holding him too tightly. Yet, I couldn't take the chance of letting him loose. That would really blow my initiation. The feel of his furry face between the cheeks of my ass really heated me up, and I detected that he ceased his struggles. Instead, he burrowed his nose deeper into my hole, and I felt the nostrils distending and coming closer together. He was at least sniffing the remnants of a recent bowel movement. In Biology class, the teacher had told us that feces or shit does contain hormones. Perhaps, the odor of shit and hormones would be strong enough to fill him with the urge to give me the anal fuck.

And that's what happened. Finally, the delightful creature stopped all struggles. Sniffing with deep, compulsive gasps, the animal saturated himself with the odor of my asshole, and also the remnants of my female hormones which were floating through my asshole. Nature took over. Lust-filled by sniffing my hormone-packed asshole, the bunny became galvanized with the urge to fuck me in the rear end. Once he became the slave of that anal urge, my worries ceased. Nature told him how to stick his bursting cock into my asshole. And once the meat was deeply embedded in that tight-walled purse, he threw his rabbit fuck.

My success with Bunny Number Two made every girl in the room cheer and applaud. They marveled at my ingenuity and technique and praised me as a natural fucker. Yet, I wasn't home free, yet. There was Bunny Number Three to contend with. The smell of hot cunt and the sight of his two brothers banging their pricks into my two holes, fore and aft had almost maddened him with lust. Holding him up, his hindquarters began to flail back and forth as though screwing some invisible cunt. However, I only had two holes for a cock to fuck. What to do with him?

My sorority sisters were getting impatient again. They were counting on a three-way fuck. "Hurry it up," they began to clap. "Three-way. Three-way," they chanted in unison.

I had only one choice. Oral play. In my fantasies, I had often sucked off the cock of a hot dog. Now, in real life, I was going to have to play out that fantasy but with the cock of a bunny instead of a canine. Picking up my third would-be lover, I examined his throbbing penis. The joint tapered to an almost needle-like head. Would the sharp point hurt my mouth? But this was no time for timidity. I

had to go through with it despite certain qualms and reservations. The skin in my mouth was extremely tender and prone to bleed at the slightest irritation. Sucking off one rabbit had not been in my original plans.

“Suck him off,” the girls took up the chant. “Swallow his rabbit goo.”

Closing my eyes, I pulled the bunny close to my face, opened my mouth and let the carrot-shaped cock spill between my lips. Hesitantly, I clamped down my lips, and for the first time in my entire life tasted a rabbit cock. I was shocked. However, not from revulsion, or distaste. The cock tasted sweeter than honey. It was sheer ecstasy to suck on such a beautiful bone. My eyes flew open, and my jaws began to work back and forth as though, in reality, I was eating his cock and had every intention of swallowing it.

Again, my audience applauded, and now that I had skillfully accepted three cocks and all at the same time, the question arose: who was going to blow off first?

It didn't make any difference to me what bunny shot his load into me first. However, the girls began to make bets.

“Betcha the cunt fucker makes it first,” one girl piped up.

Her round, glazed eyes were following the antics of the front rabbit as though she, herself, was being treated to his rabbit cock.

Another girl disagreed. “The asshole banger will blow first. Look at his face. He's turned on by the strong smell of her asshole.”

From the repeated thrusts of the rear admiral's cock, I had to agree. The anal lover had increased the tempo of his fuck to such a degree that I felt certain he was enlarging my asshole to a considerable extent. Bets were hastily taken on the race of the front and rear end fuckers. However, a good many girls disagreed. They strongly believed that the bunny that was getting his cock sucked would make it first.

“Look at his face,” one girl observed. “The way it's all tightened up tells me he's about to shoot his load into her mouth.”

In a way, I was inclined to agree. The bunny with his cock in my mouth looked enraptured, and although I had a firm hold of his body, he kept thrusting his rear quarters back and forth as though he was, in reality, throwing a fuck into a cunt. He was using my pussy as a cunt. I tightened my lips to such an extent, the pressure would be similar to that felt by a penis sliding back and forth in a real pussy parlor. Also, as he humped back and forth, I squeezed his nuts, which certainly hastened the race along.

As for my own cunt, I knew that I could cum at any time. Several hard thrusts had made me teeter on edge. It was only by the greatest self-control that I had managed to prevent an outpouring of effluent. I didn't want to ruin the show for my sorority sisters. And too, my motives were selfish. The ecstasy was so great, so keenly felt by every cuntal pore that I wanted to prolong the sensation of the three-way fuck as long as possible. There were times when I thought the pricks entering my body from the front and rear would meet. By some uncanny sense of timing, the banging bunnies were able to synchronize their movements. As the asshole lover pulled back, the rabbit in charge of my cunt did likewise.

As one pulled back, the other did the same. In this manner, the in and out thrusts, the backward and

forward movements were in perfect timing. And once I realized this pace, I was able to synchronize the dick of my mouth lover. He, too, thrust his cock in and out of my mouth as the other two dicks were moving along the same tempo of thrust. Consequently, it was entirely possible to realize a three-way orgasm. Or to be more precise, a four-way climax, I, too, was going to cum my love pussy as my three animals reached the emission point.

My audience quickly realized the possibilities. Their experienced eyes quickly picked up the synchronization between the three pricks and my cunt, asshole, and mouth. And they knew that I'd explode, too.

The chant commenced. "Four-way," they burred and chirped. "Four-way fuck. Four-way blow. The only way to go," and they kept up this line of horny and erotic chanting until my vision blurred, and tornado-like forces seized hold of my sexual organs.

The walls of my vagina began to sputter and flutter, and I felt the roaring river of cunt-cum leap into the exit through the lips of my cunt. My eyes rolled crazily around with only the whites showing, and when I tried to babble, the only sound that dropped from my Ups was hoarse and unintelligible. Spittle slobbered down my chin, and the cheeks of my ass waggled back and forth as they were about to climax, too.

The rabbit reamers sensed my distress from the dramatic rise in temperature of my body, and especially from the regions of my cunt, ass, and mouth. I knew that they, too, we're going to hit the jackpot, and all at the same time.

The voices of the audience grew almost hysterical. "Blow... Blow... Blow," they all .chanted in unison, and as they chanted a lot of them were playing with themselves.

Skirts were hastily raised up, and stiffened fingers were jabbed into already moistened cunts. One enterprising and unusually horny girl started to finger-fuck herself in the front and rear as well.

Then we exploded. "Going," I warned one and all. "Cumming—Cum—ming—Eeenng," my voice stretched out to a whining screech. "Cunt's on fire. On firrrreeee," and before I could cough out any more warnings, it happened.

Cunt juices splattered through the lips of my slit in such a heavy flow I thought I was taking a piss. I wasn't. The oily secretions were pure sex serum. This flow was aided and abetted by the hot, delicious, almost velvety feel of the cock-creaming rabbits. Each one was shooting its cock off at the same time.

My knees almost buckled, and I spread my legs even farther apart to accommodate the gusher of cream that was sloshing into the pussy parlor. The sweetheart who was fucking my mouth let loose a blast that reached the intensity of an activated fire hose. Puddles of the rich, white syrup of sex sloshed down my face and over my chin. My ever-active tongue waggled out to lick up as much as possible. However, as the last drop of juice leaped out of my cunt, I toppled backward, completely exhausted, worn-out, deadly tired.

The four-way blow was the happiest and richest experience of my life. I had learned so much from my rabbit lovers and experienced so much pleasure that I knew my heart would be forever in their debt. And there was no longer any doubt. An animal fucker is much more satisfactory than the human male kind. There isn't even a contest.

The End