

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) by Maxijohndoe

Queer, Fruit, Sissy, and Faggot. I'd been called them all as part of growing up gay in a small southern town. But never had those words been as hurtful as shouted by that hypocrite Daryl Moss as he sped away in his Pickup, waving my shorts out the window. I had gone with Daryl and his buddies "fishing" and they had spent a boozy weekend drinking and having me suck them off, or they'd take turns fucking my arse.

I'd kept promising myself that one day I'd find myself a man who'd love me for me, but who am I kidding! I also love being mauled by rough hicks and fucked by their fat cocks. I guess I'm just a total slut!

Of course they weren't 'gay', they were good old Christian boys! It's just that they liked to put a queer like me in his place by fucking his arse once in a while. Daryl was giving me a lift back to town when he demanded that I get my pants off. I thought he just wanted "one for the road" but the prick pushed me out of his truck and left me here in the middle of nowhere.

Pah!

No doubt he was on his way to his gal Cindy-Lou, with her preposterously sized fake tits. Gossip around the town pondered if she'd ever make enough in tips at the Diner to pay for those slabs of silicone. So far all they'd brought her was Daryl, and he had preferred to spend the weekend with his cock somewhere else.

Well, it was a long walk home unless someone else came by on this back road. All I had for privacy was my flannel shirt. Why didn't I wear my boxers? Oh, that's right, I hadn't worn boxers because I knew I'd be coming home with an arse full of redneck cum. Even now my anus would occasionally twitch and a drop would ooze out and fall to the dusty road. Perhaps next time I should pack a butt plug!

Fuck it, time to start walking.

I had gone maybe a mile when I heard the baying of dogs. Lots of farmers kept dogs in these parts and many of them were vicious brutes. Perhaps someone was out hunting 'coons? No one seemed to be around, however, so I just kept on walking.

The first inkling of trouble was the sounds of paws clicking down the gravel road behind me. I turned to see four mean-looking dogs casually trotting down the road in my general direction. Every now and then they'd stop to sniff at the road. While they didn't seem an immediate threat, I didn't feel like saying 'hi', so I increased my pace. Looking over my shoulder the dogs were slowly falling behind, then they were gone.

Finally, I reached the Jackson Bridge. I found a way down the bank through the tangle of undergrowth, stripped off and took a cooling dip in the creek. I felt better. It was getting late in the afternoon, so I scrambled up the bank and crawled out through the bushes.

Waiting for me were the four dogs.

I must admit that I am not much of a dog man, as my Persian Kitty-cat Felix could attest. But I felt I should show these hounds that I was friendly.

"Good doggies," I said to them in a calm voice.

Their snarls made me jerk my hand back. It seemed they weren't good doggies at all.

I was at a loss what to do here. I was tempted to crawl back through the scrub, but that would leave my manhood hanging as a bite-sized doggy snack. So I held my nerve and started backing up. Suddenly, one of the dogs lunged at me, I screamed like a girl, turned, and crawled on my hands and knees through the brush towards the possible safety of the creek. I don't know why, but I thought that maybe if I got in the water they'd lose my scent or something.

I had gone a short distance when strong jaws grabbed the tail of my shirt and dragged me back into the bushes. I was alone and at the mercy of these four brutes. All I could do was cry and beg for mercy.

Suddenly, a rasp-like tongue lashed between my legs, lapping my balls before zeroing in on my arse. The shock stopped my blubbling. My well-used anus could offer little resistance as that tongue pushed its way into my sphincter. Soon other tongues joined the first, and I found myself trapped between fear and arousal. It seemed these dogs liked the taste of redneck cum and they worked me over until not a drop was left.

Finally, the dogs drew back and I collapsed on my butt to protect my twitching arsehole. The four dogs stood around me in silent canine menace. From my position I could see between their legs and realised that all four dogs were male. No farmer would pay an unnecessary vet bill so these boys weren't neutered. I looked into those brown eyes and saw a look I had seen before: these dogs were going to fuck me, and it was up to me just how bad it would be.

A gnat bit my leg, and my movement to swat it triggered off my canine rape. Instantly the four dogs were on me, and even if I'd had the courage to fight them they could easily overpower me. It was obvious that they wanted me on all fours, so I tried to hug the ground with my belly. Jaws tore at my shirt trying to force me up until only shreds remained. Finally, the dogs had enough. One grabbed my neck in its strong jaws and jerked me upward. I felt teeth on my balls and the fear of castration was greater than the fear of rape. Sobbing, I raised myself up onto all fours.

A weight landed on my back and sharp claws dug in the sides of my abdomen before gripping my hips. That pain distracted me from the sharp poking around my arsehole. Something hot touched my anus and then the dog drove its cock in to the hilt with one savage thrust. Over the years I had taken a lot of cocks and a lot of toys in there, but this monster was ripping me apart. I couldn't relax and my sphincter kept clamping down in an effort to force the intruder out. The dog was having none of that and reamed my arse until my muscles surrendered.

As the dog fucked me, I remembered the first time I had been taken by force. I'd always had a reputation as a queer at school, and after graduation had landed a job as 'assistant manager' with the town's football team. What the job entailed was filling in paperwork for the jocks, making sure there were drinks on the sideline, and collecting and washing the team jerseys. I often came into the change room after a match 'by mistake' to collect the dirty jerseys and grab a peak at the hunky guys and their big cocks.

Then one day, I entered after I thought the team had gone home and was confronted by Buck, the team captain, and two other players who were still in the showers. Buck was a huge black guy who always had a thing against faggots. So after much name calling, it was a surprise when Buck ordered me into the shower to suck his cock. Soon I was kneeling down in my soaked clothes sucking on three big cocks while their owners called me fag, sissy and queer. Buck even grabbed the back of my head and forced his cock down my throat, making me vomit. Then these three fine heterosexual males had ripped off my track pants and fucked my arse raw. I begged and cried and had enjoyed

every minute of it.

The sensation of something huge swelling in my arse brought my attention back to the present. The dog seemed to be getting larger and larger and I whimpered in pain. Suddenly, the dog gave its cock several hard tugs as though it was trying to pull out, and when that failed, flooded my arse with hot cum.

Whatever the dog's cock was doing in there, the pressure in my arse had made my own little prick rock hard. I tried to reach down to stroke myself, but a warning growl from the dog gripping my neck stopped me. The dog in my arse was becoming restless now and suddenly a paw dragged itself painfully across my back. I thought the dog had finished with me, but instead it stood butt-to-butt while its cock kept twitching and filling me with cum. We stayed like this for what seemed like an eternity. The other dogs running around us in excitement.

Eventually, the first dog had enough and it dragged its still swollen cock from my arse. I could feel the air inside and cum running down my legs as my anus struggled to close. It never had the chance to as the second dog threw itself on my back. My anus offered no resistance as the dog drove it home and began to hump like crazy. Finally the dog holding my neck let go, and the instant I touched my prick cum splatted across my hand and belly before dripping to the ground.

The first dog walked past my face and I was horrified to see the size of its angry red vein-covered cock. The monster had to be over ten-inches long and as thick as my limp wrist. But at its base was a lump the size of a baseball. That had been in my arse, and the dog slumped down to lick it clean. The dog fucking me jerked to a stop, and fresh cum flooded my bowels. I expected this dog to turn around like the first, but instead it tore itself free with a sudden wrench. It really hurt and I screamed in pain, but that didn't stop the third dog jumping on my back and taking me like the simpering little bitch I was.

This time something clicked and I began to fuck back on this dog like the whore I was. My arse felt like it was burning, but I needed to take every inch. Secretly, I had always wanted to be dominated and these dogs were treating me like a worthless fuck toy. My little prick flailed around dripping cum as the dog reamed my raw arse. Suddenly, I felt the soothing warmth of another load of dog cum and desperately tried to hold the dog in by clamping my sphincter. But I was too stretched and the dog tore itself free with such force I was knocked sideways to the ground.

My fingers gingerly probed my anus and came back with blood on them. The fourth dog was becoming increasingly irate, and I realised with horror that this dog had the biggest cock of the lot. Desperate to protect my damaged arsehole I crawled over and began to suck on that huge prick. The dog growled when it felt my desperate lips, but soon it was humping against my face. But as the cock swelled till it resembled a baseball bat, it became impossible to fit it between my lips. The dog stuck its face in front of mine and snarled. I knew now that this dog was going to fuck me and possibly destroy my arse, but I had no say in the matter.

Slowly, I got back on all fours. The fourth dog jumped on my back and hauled me up into position for its massive cock. Dry it is unlikely that the huge cockhead could have fitted inside me, but thanks to the other dogs my stretched and torn anus meekly gave way as the throbbing monster forced its way in. The dog humped hard and drove in inch after hot inch and it felt like my organs were being pushed aside to make room for it. My whole body shuddered as I alternated between orgasm and agony. Then I felt the lump at the base of the dog's cock start hammering against my anus like a giant's fist pounding on the gates of doom. There was no way that coconut-sized blob of flesh could get inside me.

When I regained consciousness, I was lying face down on the ground with my arse high in the air locked on the massive dog cock that still jerked and squirted in my ruined arse. The dog had me butt-to-butt and I had no idea what the time was or how long I had been here. The other dogs were lying in the shade napping.

Suddenly, I heard a man's voice calling, "Buster, Jake, Duke, Killer."

The dogs' ears pricked up, and then they were in motion. I was dragged through the bushes and up the bank by my arsehole to the gravel road in the dying afternoon sun.

I was in a daze, and I heard a concerned voice say, "Mister, are ya ok? Christ, Duke, what ya gone a' dun? Wait here, Mister."

Where the hell was I going to go exactly, with Dukes cock locked in my arse? My rear was suddenly drenched with freezing water. The shock made Duke pull himself free, and the last thing I recalled was being placed gently on the seat of a pickup truck.

I woke up lying on a dirt floor. I was so disoriented that I tried to crawl toward what looked like a door, only to be brought up short. Finally, I became aware of my surroundings. I was on a dirt-floored shed. I was now completely naked except for a collar around my neck that was held closed by a padlock. A chain attached the collar to a heavy metal pipe that ran down the wall.

Where the hell was I?

Suddenly the door opened almost blinding me with the light. I found myself looking up at the weather-beaten face of a man I'd never seen before. "I sowed ya arse up, mister, to stop the bleedin'," he said.

I pulled on the chain. "Why are you holding me like this?"

"Well... Ma dogs ripped ya up real bad see, and yawl get me in bad with the law, or sue me an' try an' take my farm fur what they did to ya!"

I tried to explain that it was an accident, and I promised not to tell a soul.

"I wanna believe ya, mister, but I ain't gonna take a shot on ya word. Sides, it gits lonesome, round here!" With that the hillbilly unbuttoned the front of his overalls and a fat cock flopped out. "You be suckin' me now, mister."

What choice did I have? As I began to work that dirty cock with my mouth and one hand, I reached down the other and began to tug hard on my own small cock. Suddenly, there was loud barking outside the shed. The hillbilly shouted, "Ya boys all gotta wait ya turn now."

In the back of my mind was the question, was I in heaven or hell?

The End