

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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I turned eighteen two months ago, and I left my home in Florida to go backpacking. I flew to London and spent a month there.

Then I flew to Amsterdam. I loved it! To be away from my parents, my siblings, my friends and my hometown. I had never feel so free! Oh, I didn't do crazy things, it's not like I went to orgies, did drugs or slept with every man I met, far from it. My father had raised a good Christian girl. Hell, he used his belt on me whenever he thought that the skirt I am wearing is too short. Just the feeling of being away from his ever watchful eyes and those of the rest of the inhabitants of the small town I grew up in is bliss. It allowed me to do whatever I wanted to do. I went to parties, went on dates and even made out some.

I'm still a virgin though. I had been raised with the notion that sex before marriage is one of the biggest sins a girl could commit. The feeling of freedom, the parties, talking with lots of different people with lots of different ideas and the occasional couple of glasses of wine slowly eroded my parental instilled ideas until one night after a party and a glass of wine too many I let this Dutch boy take my virginity. The next day when I woke up, he had already left and I am alone in the small single room I rented in a backpackers hostel. As I lay in bed, I tried to figure out how I feel, and concluded that I am actually relieved the boy is already gone. For the life of me, I couldn't remember his name. The guy not being here probably saved us both from a very awkward situation.

The next couple of days were great, I feel like a real woman and I am sure everybody could see that I am not a virgin anymore. Silly, I know. But I still feel great. I bought a couple of new and very sexy outfits, short latex skirts and tops! Now I sure as hell don't look like a virgin anymore!

It is summer, the weather is great, I lunched at sidewalk cafés, sat in the Vondel Park drinking wine, and had dinner in nice little restaurants. Either alone or with someone I had just met. It is great meeting all these new people, new ideas.

Then a dark cloud appeared in my blue sky. I am running out of money, soon I would have to fly back to Florida and back to my old life. Just the thought made me cramp up. I couldn't go back to that place, to the girl I had been. I decided to look for a job, but it is harder than I thought, I had no work experience whatsoever. After two weeks of fruitless job hunting I am pretty desperate. My money would run out in a couple of days' time. By now I had also used the money that I had reserved for my return ticket so flying home isn't an option anymore either.

Oh, I could text my dear old daddy and he would pay for a return ticket, but I'd never hear the end of it.

That evening as I am enjoying a pizza in a small Italian restaurant this young man slipped into the chair across the table from me. I am wearing my short latex skirt with a matching top, it looked great with my long blonde hair.

"I really, really, want to spend the night with you," he said.

I just looked at him, not really knowing how to respond. It is a bit too direct.

"I'll make it worth your while. How about 200 Euro?" He asked.

He is good looking too, nice smile, didn't look like any scary creep.

"All night, 400 Euro," I heard myself say.

Done!" He said.

Oh fuck, what had I done now? I had just become a prostitute!

My appetite suddenly left me, I downed my wine.

Shit, shit, shit, I am thinking, now what?

"Eager to get going?" He asked, as he put eight 50 euro bills in my hand.

I smiled at him and got up. He took me by the hand and led me out of the restaurant, slipping the waiter a 50 euro bill, thus paying for my meal. Shit, did he print these himself? We didn't have far to go. He opened the door to a monumental building on one of the canals. We climbed the stairs to the second floor. He opened another door and we entered a very luxurious apartment. He quickly poured us glasses of wine and then led me to his bedroom. The bedroom is dominated by a very large bed which is completely circular.

He proceeded to kiss me, slowly undressing me. Then he licked my pussy until I came, which really didn't take very long, he is quite skilled with his tongue.

Then he kissed me again and I tasted my own pussy on his tongue. I slowly kissed my way down his chest until I reached his dick. In my very limited experience it is quite big, certainly way bigger than the dick of the boy who had taken my virginity not too long ago. It is at least 9 inches. I slowly took the throbbing, purple head in my mouth and stroked it with my tongue. This is my first blowjob and the taboo nature of the act, at least in my upbringing, really made me feel slutty. According to my father sex is for procreation, not for fun.

And now here I am, a prostitute, a whore, giving a stranger a blowjob and planning on letting him fuck me all night long if he wanted to, all for 400 Euro. It made my cheeks glow with shame, and gave me a strange feeling in my belly I couldn't divine. It also made me horny as hell. Not having had to deal much with temptation and feeling horny back in Hicksville, I am completely overwhelmed with all these new feelings surging through my body and mind. I feel like a complete slut when he, hell, I didn't even know his name yet, again came in my mouth and face. I feel used and degraded but I had accepted 400 euros and there is no way back.

I lay on my back as he entered my sopping wet pussy and slowly started fucking me. He lazily stroked away as I feel his cum drying on my face. He bit my nipple hard as he shot my pussy full of his cum. It hurt, but it also pushed me over the edge and I had my first ever orgasm.

"Uuuooohhhmmmmmyesssss," I moaned.

Hell. That's the best feeling ever!

As I lay basking in the afterglow he poured us some more wine. We talked. I told him my name is Nathalie and he said he is Dirk. We talked for hours until we finally drifted off to sleep. In the morning I awoke to the smell of fresh coffee.

Dirk looked at me, and said, "Good morning, princess. Coffee?"

"I'd love some," I replied.

Then he shocked me. He told me he had just App'd a picture of me sleeping to his best friend, a guy called Liam, and Liam has insisted we have a threesome that evening.

First of all, how dare he send a picture of me to his friend without asking me? And second, a threesome? What the fuck! I've only had sex twice! The first time I didn't even have an orgasm, did that even count?

"He's willing to pay 1000 euro for that trio," Dirk said.

Well, that stopped my mental chatter.

"Hmm, okay," I whispered.

Shitpissfuck, I have really become a whore, I thought.

I walked back to my backpacker's in a daze. I showered. I had lunch and drank a couple of glasses of wine. I dressed in the same outfit I had worn yesterday and made my way back to Dirk's apartment. Dirk opened the door and let me in. I walked ahead of him into the living room. Liam is already there. Naked. With a ten inch erection.

Shit. How is I going to take that monster inside of me?

He got up and walked up to me and took my face in both his hands and kissed me. Really kissed me. Wow! Then both my hands were grabbed by Dirk, who had come up behind me, now also naked by the feel of his erect cock against my backside. Together they led me into the bedroom, nibbling, kissing and biting me wherever they could get their wet mouths on my naked skin. I'm not wearing panties and they had my pussy juices running down my legs in under a minute.

They undressed me, standing at the foot of the big circular bed. When I am naked they led me onto the bed and proceeded to lick, bite, nibble and kiss me, all over my naked body. Then Liam started to eat my pussy while Dirk is kissing me and twisting my nipples. Liam licked my pussy, then slid one, two, three fingers inside while he softly nibbled on my clit. Then he slid one of his with my pussy juice lubricated fingers into my virgin asshole.

I lost control completely then and orgasmed for the second time in my life.

"AAAUUUNNNGGHHYEESSSSSSSI'MCOMINGGGGG," I screamed.

They just kept working though and I kept coming. I think my orgasm lasted two minutes, until they finally gave me some rest and the spasms slowly subsided.

"Wow, that was awesome," I said.

"You just wait honey, that's only the warm up", Liam replied.

After a short rest in which we had some cool drinks to revive us, well mostly me. Liam had me straddle Dirk, taking his nine inch cock in my pussy. He pushed me forward until I am lying on Dirk's chest, my face inches from his. Dirk slowly fucked me while Liam started licking my ass and worked first one, then two and then three fingers into my tight asshole. He took his time, giving me time to get used to the feeling and my asshole time to relax. They had obviously worked together like this before.

Then he sat up and I feel him push his big cock against my anus. He must have put lubricant on because he slipped inside quite easily. Slowly, ever so slowly he worked his cock into my ass, inch by

inch. Then he started to slowly fuck my ass, in the same rhythm that Dirk is fucking my pussy. It is the most exquisite feeling, to be fucked in both my holes simultaneously.

All that is missing is another big cock in my mouth. As that thought ran through my mind, I realized I'm fast becoming a major slut. Quickly following that thought is the realization I had actually already gone beyond being a slut.

I'm a prostitute, a whore, doing two guys at once for money.

I had always been told that, together with junkies, whores were the lowest form of life. Now I'm a whore myself. The feeling of shame hit me hard as I wondered what my family and friends would think of me if they could see me now.

Then I orgasmed again and Dirk and Liam took that as a sign to pick up the pace, which had me coming harder and harder, panting and moaning and screaming. They managed to come simultaneously and the feeling of both of them shooting their cum inside of me is indescribable. Liam slid out of me and lay down on the bed. I just collapsed onto Dirk. After a couple of minutes when my breathing had returned to somewhat more normal, I rolled off Dirk. I lay on my back, wondering where this life had taken me, and where it is going to take me in the near future. Little did I know! Liam had gone to the bathroom to wash up, I spooned Dirk and drifted off to sleep. In the morning I woke up in the arms of Liam who informed me that Dirk had left as he had some business to attend to.

Over breakfast Liam told me that he wanted me to come to his place that evening, that he wanted me to be his slave for one night. I am extremely hesitant, but he managed to convince me when he explained that we would use a 'safe word', and that if I used the safe word he would stop anything and everything he might be doing to me.

Oh, and the 5000 euros he gave me up front helped too.

That evening I made my way to the address Liam had given me. I am wearing thigh high 'fuck me' boots, black leather hot pants and a black leather bra with metal studs and a black leather collar, with the word 'WHORE' on it in silver letters. I had bought it this afternoon in one of the many sex shops. Liam wanted me to get into the feel of things. It is working, pretty much everybody stared at me as I walked down one street after another. My cheeks flamed red with the shame and I had a fire burning in my belly. Some men even pointed their mobile phones at me to take pictures.

But who am I to complain? It's what my collar said: a whore.

I finally reached the address Liam had given me and rang the bell. The door opened and Liam's voice came down the stairs

"Come on up!"

I climbed up the stairs, Liam lived on the first floor. His apartment is barely furnished, there is a couch, a desk with a laptop and a bed. There were also chains hanging from the ceiling and from nails on the wall hung a variety of whips, riding crops, leather belts and other restraints and other stuff that I didn't know what the hell it is....

"Strip", he told me, "but keep the boots and the collar on".

I removed the bra and the hot pants, which had zipper's down each side just so you could easily remove them. Just the thing for a whore like me, I thought. Liam put a leather blindfold over my eyes and fastened leather cuffs around my wrists. I heard something click and then a whirring sound. My arms were pulled up, apparently the cuffs had been fastened to one of the chains hanging from the ceiling.

I feel Liam put a restraint around my right ankle, then he pulled my legs wide and fastened another restraint around my left ankle. A bar between my legs made sure I kept them spread wide, exposing my cunt and ass. More of the whirring sound and my arms were pulled up a bit more, 'till I could just stand on my toes, with my legs spread.

I am a little scared. What the hell had I gotten myself into?? I am blindfolded, couldn't see a damn thing and I'm thoroughly restrained. Completely defenseless, I am at Liam's mercy. I'm also the wettest I had ever been, my juices were running down my legs.

I'm a whore, a slut who got sopping wet just from being restrained and blindfolded by a guy I didn't even really know.

This caused me to feel very ashamed of myself, I knew I shouldn't get horny from submitting like this... Hell, according to my dear old daddy, I shouldn't get horny at all. Nice girls shouldn't get horny. But I am a slut, a whore who had kinky sex for money and who got sopping wet from her submissive feelings.

SWIISHHH, SMACK.

"UUNGHH!", I gasped as the whip bit into my ass.

SWIISHHH, SMACK. SWIISHH, SMACK.

"UUNNGHH!" I grunted each time the whip hit home.

It hurt like fuck all, Liam isn't taking it easy on me. I wanted to scream the safe word, but the 5000 euros promised to me if I didn't, made me clench my teeth together and endure the pain. After ten minutes or so, it seemed much longer to me, my ass is a burning furnace of pain and I am panting in shock, but also from lust. I had almost come, just from being blindfolded, restrained and whipped.

Something clicked and I feel a sharp pain in my left nipple, I gasped, another click, the same sharp pain in my right nipple, at least it took my attention off the pain in my ass. Suddenly a weight is attached to the clamp on my left nipple, then another weight to my right nipple.

Something wet and cold is squirted between my buttocks. I feel Liam push his cock, that big ten inch monster, against my anus. I tried to relax, I knew he would fit, he had fucked my ass before. Inch by slow inch he pushed his cock all the way into my sphincter. Then he started fucking me, slowly at first, but then faster and harder. With each thrust the weighted nipple clamps made my tits swing back and forth. It hurt, but also increased my lust. My ass still glowed, my tits were pulled this way and that by the weighted clamps in the rhythm of Liam's thrusting cock up my ass.

I couldn't help it. Even though I'd been taught all my life that everything I'm letting Liam do to me is completely wrong, sinful and unforgivable, I moaned. "UUUOOHHHMMMM!!!!!"

"You like that, huh, you dirty whore?" Liam asked.

"UUUUUOOHHHMMM!" Is my only answer.

"Say it," Liam said, "Tell me you're a dirty sub-whore and you like being fucked up the ass by me!"

"I like to feel your big cock in my ass because I'm a dirty sub-whore. I can't help it," I moaned.

Liam responded by increasing the power and speed of his thrusts. After a couple of minutes he started grunting.

"I'm gonna shoot cum into your dirty slut ass!"

I moaned. "Yes, yes, cum in my ass, shoot your cum into my fucking whore-ass!"

With that Liam shouted and I feel him shoot his hot cum deep into my ass. That pushed me over the edge as well and I came too.

"UUUUOOOHHMMM, yes, yes, fuck me, shoot cum in my ass," I moaned.

After a couple more thrusts Liam pulled out and I feel his slimy cum run down my thighs.

More of the whirring sound and my arms came down. Liam released the cuffs from the chain and pushed me down on my knees. He removed the blindfold. I am looking at his big cock just inches away from my face. He is still hard. He also had my shit all over his cock.

"You know, I've had some very kinky ideas. You might just get a 25,000 euro bonus if I get to do them all without you using the safe word," he said.

I looked up into his eyes.

"You can start by licking your shit off my cock, whore", he said.

I immediately feel my cheeks glowing red and my stomach twisted itself into a 100 knots. He had just called me a whore and told me to lick the shit off his cock.

I'm a whore, of course, but licking shit off his cock? Even if it's my own? But 25,000 euros! And who would ever know? Just this once.

I tentatively took a first lick. Then a second. My shit tasted bitter. I licked some more. Liam moaned. I took his shit smeared cock into my mouth and sucked, I let my tongue twist around the shaft and swallowed. The forbidden nature of what I am doing had me glowing from head to toe. I just knew my cheeks were bright red. At the same time that same feeling made me even hornier than I had already been and I wondered if there is anything I wouldn't do for the right amount of money.

"You fucking dirty shit-eating whore", Liam grunted.

My shame-filled gut told me that he's right, that's what I am, a dirty shit-eating whore.

When his cock is clean Liam led me to a leather couch and sat me down on it. He fastened my wrist cuffs to a ring in the wall above the couch. He removed the bar from between my ankles and fastened my ankle cuffs to the corners of the couch. There I sat, my legs spread wide, my cunt wide open, just waiting for what would happen next.

I didn't have to wait long. Liam took a whip from the wall. It had a handle shaped like a big cock and many thin leather straps attached to it.

SWWIIP, SMACK! SWWIIP, SMACK! He started whipping my still clamped tits.

He isn't holding back and it hurt like hell. I clenched my teeth and thought of all the money I'll make if I don't use the safe word. He kept whipping my tits for about 15 minutes 'till they were both bright red and glowing like they were on fire. He then started using that same whip on my spread open cunt.

"Oh God," I yelled.

He just smiled and kept whipping my cunt. I yelled each time the whip hit home. After the seventh strike my orgasm hit and I yelled, moaned and screamed. I couldn't move much so I just sat there, a quivering mass of 18 year old girl. Liam hit my cunt a couple more times for good measure, while I writhed and moaned.

Then he threw the whip aside and walked to a door at the far end of the room. When he reached it, he turned around and looked at me.

"Remember, 25,000 euros, on top of the 5000 I already paid you," he said.

I looked at the door, wondering what the fuck is behind it.

Liam opened the door. The biggest Rottweiler I had ever laid eyes on ran into the room and ran straight at me. My mouth opened in a silent scream, shock prevented me from producing a sound though. The Rottweiler started licking my wide open and sopping wet cunt without a moment's hesitation. I gasped. His tongue feels cold after the intense orgasm I had just had, but it feels hot, soft and rough at the same time.

This is the worst thing I have ever done! I had never even thought about having sex with a dog, it is just so wrong.

But at the same time it feels so good! His big tongue reached way inside my cunt and had me cumming within 30 seconds.

"UUUOOOHHMMYESSSSLICKMYCUNTUUUOOHHMYESI'MCOMINGUUNNGGHHFUCKYESSS!" I moaned.

At the same time. *What's the fucking safe word*, is going through my head? I already knew I wouldn't use it, it just feels too good. I keep cumming and cumming and the more I came the more enthusiastically the dog licked.

Liam reached over and removed the nipple clamps, one after the other. My tits were on fire as the blood flowed back into my nipples. Luckily the dog kept my attention on my orgasming cunt for the most part. The dog stopped licking and jumped up, placing his front legs on either side of my chest. I feel him thrusting against my cunt and feel his cock poking into my thighs and buttocks, him not immediately finding a hole to bury it in.

Freedom, the safe word is freedom, screamed through my head.

Apart from my moans I didn't hear a sound though. And I knew it wasn't just the money. I knew I was just a dirty submissive whore, curious what it would be like to be fucked by this huge, powerful dog. My lust had completely taken control of me. Even through my feelings of shame and red hot glowing cheeks, I knew I wanted to feel that big strong animal cock inside of me. And I knew that once I did there is no going back. No one would ever know of course. Well, Liam would, but other than that it would be my big secret. Still, I knew I would be an animal whore the rest of my life,

I would have had sex with a dog because somebody paid me 25,000 euros to do, and because I'm a fucking whore who's horny and curious what it would be like.

The dog hit the bull's eye and rammed his big cock all the way into my wide open cunt.

"UUUNNNGGHHH!!!!" I grunted.

The dog started fucking me at train wreck speed and had me coming in under a minute. I gasped and moaned. I had never even imagined anything as intense as this. The physical feeling of being pounded by this powerful dog coupled with the mental feeling of shame, of how wrong it is to submit my body to an animal is the most intense feeling I could ever have imagined.

The Rottweiler licked my face, my mouth. Overcome by lust I opened my mouth and stuck out my tongue. The dog kept licking, my tongue, inside my mouth. I just kept cumming, moaning and grunting while the dog kept pounding away and licking my open mouth and stuck out tongue. I am nothing but a writhing, moaning sub-whore. I looked into Liam's eyes and the feeling of intense shame hit me anew as I realized he is watching me being fucked by a dog, watching me French kissing a dog, all voluntarily. After all, I could have used the safe word.

The dog howled as he came and shot all his slimy cum into my cunt. After a couple more thrusts he pulled out and I am left feeling empty, still in the after throws of my orgasms, quivering and moaning. Liam released me from my restraints and I just slid off the couch, I couldn't control my body enough to stay in a sitting position. The dog sat next to me, licking his big red, still erect cock. I looked at it, never having really looked at a dog's cock. That big red pointy cock had just shot me full of cum! Once more the red hot glow of shame spread through my body as I realized what I had just done.

"Suck his cock, whore!" Liam ordered.

I looked him in the eyes. I knew I would obey. I crawled over to the dog and took his big slimy cock in my hand. I had crossed over completely and didn't hesitate. I took that slimy cock in my mouth and started sucking and licking, really giving it my full attention. Precum filled my mouth and I used the dog's cock to spread it over my face. Then I continued sucking and licking that big red dog cock. Within a couple of minutes the Rottweiler came and started to shoot his slimy cum into my mouth. I let his cum run out of my mouth and down my chin and then let him shoot the rest of his hot cum into my face. Then I looked up at Liam and licked my lips, like the dirty dog whore that I am

Liam fisted his hand in my hair and pulled me along as he walked to a door somewhere halfway across the room. I crawled after him, not having much choice. He opened the door. It is a bathroom. He pushed me into the shower cubicle and started to piss on my face. I just let it happen. I am too far gone to object.

"Open your mouth, whore!" Liam grunted.

I opened my mouth and tasted his piss as he directed the warm yellow stream into my mouth. By now I am a completely submissive slut, not even thinking about what I am doing. I just obeyed every order Liam gave me, he had effectively become my Master and I his slave. When he has finished pissing, I swallowed the last mouthful of piss and closed my mouth.

"Get up", Liam grunted.

He walked out of the bathroom and I followed him. Once inside, he pointed to the discarded hot pants and bra.

"Get dressed, slut!" He ordered.

Dutifully, I obeyed and pulled the hot pants around my waist and zippered up. Then I put on the bra. I am wet and slimy, cum coating the inside of the hot pants and bra and making my flesh slide around in them. Dog cum and piss is drying on my face and in my hair. Liam walked towards the door and opened it. When I reached him he stopped me, showed me his cell phone as he transferred 25,000 euros into my account and spat in my face, once, twice. He kept spitting 'till he ran out of spit and his spit is running down my face.

"Time for you to leave, bitch!" He said.

I feel empty and discarded as I walked down the stairs, the feeling of intense shame hitting harder than at any time the past couple of hours. The lust is wearing off and the realization of what I had done, what I had become is dawning fully in my mind. People looked at me in disgust as I walked down the back streets towards my hostel. I knew what I looked like, dressed in my whore outfit, cum and piss and spit drying on my face and in my hair. Everyone could see that I had just been used and abused, that I had cum drying and piss drying on my face and in my hair. I kept my eyes straight and looked as far ahead as possible, trying not to see the looks on the faces of the people I passed.

When I reached my hostel I rushed up the stairs and into my room. I undressed, pulled a towel around me and made my way to the shower. I showered for 50 minutes, 'till I am pretty sure all the dog cum, piss and spit had been washed off my body.

I knew I would never feel clean again inside, though. The memory of this evening would haunt me for the rest of my life.

I dressed, packed, checked my bank account on my cell phone and saw that Liam's money is added, the money shortage problem would be gone for a good while. I exited my hostel and took the train to Schiphol, time to leave Amsterdam and that damn Liam and never come back. At Schiphol I went to the EasyJet counter and bought a ticket to Marrakech, Morocco.

The End