

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I came from an affluent family, so even though I was born with a killer body, at the age of sixteen, mom contracted with a plastic surgeon practicing in France to have a full-body work-over.

My boobs went from a nice D cup to double F's, my waist was thinned down, my nose straightened, my pussy was fine, but with some shots of something, they became puffy and so sensitive to the touch that I ended up never wearing any panties. Dark black hair, added to my olive skin, when he was done, I was a man's wet dream just waiting to be touched. I also think he gave me some sort of sex enhancer, although mom denied it, sexually it seemed I was always aroused - to the point on the flight back, I fucked the guy next to me on the plane, in the first-class restroom. Mom had to stop into her office, so I took a separate cab home, the driver was kind of cute, so I did him. Then brought in the pool boy and did him before the day was over.

Just after arriving at the university, I had been accepted to attend. I was in the library one evening, looking up some references for a paper I had to present the following week in one of my classes. A cute guy came up, taking the seat across from me.

We had been across from each other for over an hour when he looked at me, "I know from the way you look, you never have any problems willing to meet you. Are you happy with that arrangement?"

He was really cute, tall, dark. When he sat down, the outline in his shorts told me, he'd more than make me happy if I let him, stopping and closing my reference book, "Mmm you know, a guy or girl picks me up, we have sex - usually, it is good sex then I'm back to studying. It looks like to me you are in the same boat, same question back to you?"

He stopped, looked me over, "There is one thing I'd like to do, find a hot girl, kidnaps her, takes her to a special room I have in my condo designed for sex and torture, then has her begging me to fuck her before I let her go. Hope that doesn't shock you?"

Smiling, "So, do you actually have a bondage sex room in your place?"

A grin came over his face, "Oh, believe me, I do have one with lots and lots of toys, and maybe even some drugs."

This was the first time in a long time when I could feel how wet my pussy was. My nipples had hardened, making it easy for him to see how excited he was making me, "Then I guess I'd better prepare myself for being kidnapped sometime soon?"

He didn't say anything, just stood, looked at his watch, smiled, and left. I was confused by his response, brushing it off as maybe I scared him, then went back to my research.

By the time I took my last final that semester, the tall good looking guy in the library had long since been forgotten. I usually park my Camaro out away from everyone, so the finals are complete, keys in hand. I was just a few feet away from my car when I felt a sharp pain in my upper thigh. Stopping, looking at a dart stuck in my leg, then my world started spinning, the last thing I remember was crashing down to the ground.

Waking slowly, I could feel I was nude, restrained on some sort of a strange table, some kind of nipple clamps had been put on me, they were vibrating, then pinching down hard, sending shots for pain all over my body, making me writhe as best as I could to try and lessen the pain. I had a blindfold over my eyes, preventing me from seeing anything at all. When a single finger stroked circles on my bare tummy, I jumped, "What have you done to me? Let me go immediately. We can call this just a misunderstanding, but please let me go whoever you are."

The response brought from my captor was an electric wand, touching my puffy pussy lips, making me not only jump, but the sexual surge that spiked me to an all-time high made me moan. "You are a slut, just like you try to act like one, you really are one, but I'll have you begging me to fuck you before I give you any satisfaction at all."

Swabbing my pussy, it felt cold, "Wait a minute are you going to give me a shot of some kind, not please, no drugs, please I'll do whatever you want me to do, but no drugs please."

I was turning and twisting my hips as much as I could, but it was no use. I felt a sharp pinch-like pain in the one side of my pussy, then the same in the other one, swabbing the area again, "I promise in a few minutes you'll be thanking me; your pussy will never feel like it will in a few minutes. Now just relax and enjoy the fun games we're playing."

His hand rested comfortably on my tummy, moving his index finger in circles, just waiting. It started as an itch, a small one, up inside my vaginal walls. In a few minutes, I'd have given anything to have been able to push my finger up there and massage that area, but in my present state, that was impossible. A few minutes later, there were spots all inside me that needed to be rubbed or itched or something. I didn't want to give him or her the satisfaction that I needed help, but at the same time, I knew I was in trouble. Less than a minute passed, the irritation could no longer be identified as a specific area.

Instead, my whole vaginal area was on fire and getting worse. The need to scratch our itch, rub or do something inside there was way beyond anything I'd ever experienced, I had never heard of anything like this, but I desperately needed something inside me to try and calm this feeling that was only intensifying each moment it was unattended with.

When he spoke, I was in a frantic state of mind, not able to utter a word, only moan and writhe on the table. Pushing his finger up inside me, pumping it in and out, "It looks to me like you need something inside you, but you've waited too long to beg for me. I'm so sorry, maybe given time, it will pass."

I knew it wouldn't pass, but I couldn't beg him, couldn't even talk to him, my body was wreathing, my hips bouncing up and down, I needed something in me, needed the relief, not soon, but ten minutes ago. He watched me suffer for a few more minutes, then pulling down his zipper, rubbing his cock back and forth between my legs, feeling it there, knowing soon he would push it inside me. When he pushed all the way in, it felt so good. My whole body just relaxed, drifting off into a zone where I floated for some time.

When I woke, I was still nude, but the itch had disappeared, then. To my surprise, the cute guy in the library was sitting in a chair, looking at me. "Did you enjoy being kidnapped; I had a lot of fun?"

Suddenly remembering, I burst into laughter, running, jumping into his lap, kissing him, reaching down between us, stroking his cock, then sliding it into me, slowly enjoying what was to become a permanent thing between us. s

I moved in with him two weeks later, selling my place, then one day in the park, a couple had a litter of Bernese Mountain Dogs. I fell in love with a beautiful male, immediately naming him Edward.

That was how it started. The two of us decided it was fun to watch a porn video, then live out the scene we had just watched.

Eddie grew up in a few months. He became the third member of our family going everywhere with us, except on some of our playdates.

Then when graduation arrived, he received an offer no one could have refused, but it meant him leaving for two months for training. We both agreed it was the best, and then we'd have a future with what looked like a perfect life.

Eddie joined me each evening to look at a few porn movies, accidentally one evening stumbling on a bestiality movie. I was fascinated at how the dog licked the naked girl's pussy and how it looked like she liked it. I looked at Eddie, then at the movie, at Eddie, then the movie, my pussy was becoming wet, but I knew there might be a line there I shouldn't cross.

The next morning, I was online looking at ways to get your best friend interested in licking a girl's pussy. One way that kept coming up, again and again, was smearing something on me like peanut butter, or regular butter, or some other thing that would get them interested in me. One of his favorites thins was honey butter. He seemed to love it. So taking a shower, spreading lots and lots of honey butter between my legs, then getting down on all fours, calling him into the family room, he came running, as usual, stopping short, looking at me.

It was almost like he sensed a line was going to be crossed. Sniffing the air, he moved to my backside, again just looking at me. Reaching back, pulling his head between my legs, his tongue licked the entire length of my pussy. I guess he decided the line was not that hard to cross.

The effects of that licking shot me to an erotic high that before this was never known about. The width of his tongue covered every bit of my pussy. The second one separated my lips, pressing down inside me. As near as I can remember, two or three more licks and I exploded, something so much quicker than ever expected.

He sensed this was over when he finished cleaning up the cum. I had discharged all over my pussy and legs.

A few hours later, we were at it again, then one more time that evening, I was now truly enjoying this new exciting sexual experience.

When I woke the following morning, Eddie was licking between my legs, without anything being put on me. This one was more intense, more deliberate, sending me over the edge much faster than ever before.

Eddie seemed to like what he had found out was available to him, and he seemed to love my juices when I went over the edge, so much so that for the next week or so, he would only let me rest for a few hours, before being between my legs again. I had decided I was enjoying this so much, I remained nude, except for going out to get something we needed. Otherwise, my body was available for him to use as he saw fit.

Then one day, he had used me multiple times by midafternoon. I was exhausted, so when he nudged me in front of our oversized ottoman, I dropped down on my knees, leaning my body over the soft surface. This was the first time he licked me, then jumped up on my back. I had watched multiple clips of this happening, eventually turning the lady into the dogs bitch, something I did not want to happen, but him weighing just over a hundred pounds, the surface of the ottoman so wide, I had nowhere to put my arms and try to roll away, in the end, it wouldn't have mattered.

My legs were already wide apart, so ready for him to lick me. One small jump in that position, I could feel the size of his cock hit my bottom. It felt huge. The next small hop had him zero in on a perfect shot. It pushed up inside me so quickly, and with such force, all I could do was gasp. Turning, "No Eddie, bad dog, no, get off now. Bad dog, Eddie."

But he wasn't listening. He was inside me. An additional small hop put him in position to slam all the way deep inside me, enough for him to start pounding in and out with suck speed. My whole body exploded quickly. I guess he had put me in such a frenzy since the licking began. I had become ready to enjoy an orgasm anytime he did anything to me.

Just when I started to feel the afterglow of that climax coming to an end, his knot pressed up against my opening, immediately telling me I did not want that thing in me, but trying to twist my bottom, drew a low growl from him, something I'd never heard before and something that scared me. Two or three pumps, and it slid in. The pain was instant but only lasted for few seconds, the knot landed on top of my sensitive G spot, causing me to gasp, and the second climax was covering my body.

As soon as it was in place, he started to empty the warm seed, the extremely warm seed inside me. It felt so good. I dropped my head on the soft surface, knowing in my heart I was now his bitch to do as he pleased with me, also worried what I would tell my lover when he came home.

When he pulled out of me, a large amount of cum emptied on the floor, then reaching between my legs, getting two fingers soaked in his and my cum combined, tasting it, really enjoying how good it does taste.

Later on, still tasting how good his cum was, I dropped down on all fours, reaching under Eddie, taking hold of his cock, stroking it until it was long and hard, then leaning under him, licking his cock. It tasted so good, pumping my head up and down beneath him, it wasn't long before he emptied his load into my mouth, He filled me up, I swallowed, he filled again and swallowed, until my tummy was bloated, then laying back on the carpet, rubbing my tummy, my boobs and between my legs, until I drifted off to sleep.

From then until my lover was due to come home, Eddie was using me when he felt like it. I was regularly giving him blowjobs, staying nude all day was a norm now, then picking up my lover at the airport, he turned to me, "So what has been happening with you and Eddie since I left?"

Not looking directly at him, "Well, I accidentally watched a zoophilia porn clip, and now Eddie is licking my pussy. When we get home, you have to let him lick you. I know you'll love it."

I could tell he was more than excited. The outline in his pants was obvious. When we got home, I explained the honey butter thing, then spreading it all over his bottom, moving to the large ottoman, where he had taken me so easily. Holding his arms in front of him, watching when Eddie came up behind him, I watched his eyes go wide, then flutter open and closed.

A few more licks than expected, Eddie jumped up on his back. I could see the resistance in his face when he realized what was about to happen. Eddie had been doing me so many times, that one jump, and he was all the way in. Pumping in and out of his ass in no time, his eyes rolled up in his head. I could tell Eddie was about to add him to his group of bitches.

As soon as the seed filled him up, it was a physical thing, and the K9 had broken him. I let go of his wrists, watching him. A slow grin spread over his face, "OMG, that was amazing, I had no idea."

Running my hands through his hair, "When you have rested, I need to show you how to give him a blowjob. I know you'll love it."

The End