

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Susan glanced at the rearview mirror to check her appearance. A young wife and mother, she was still beautiful. She had kept herself in shape, running and dieting. She had an attractive figure with large breasts that were very firm and had no sag. That was why her husband, David, wanted to meet her at a secluded Bed and Breakfast. He had said that he had a little afternoon excitement planned for her. Even after ten years of marriage, he always wanted to do something daring.

Generally, she would not take off from work for this sort of thing, but she was feeling very sexy today. No, she was feeling rather horny. Because of half a dozen reasons, she and David hadn't made love in three days. So when David called, her nipples tingled with excitement, and she could feel the moisture between her legs in anticipation of what was to come.

She smoothed her skirt and again looked in the mirror. Her hair was pulled behind her ears; she had applied a little extra makeup for effect, including the lipstick that David liked so well. Even though she had been at work, she felt she looked great in the tan, A-line skirt, white blouse, and jacket. Professional, but with the white thong, sheer bra, and thigh-high hose underneath, sexy enough to send a clear message to her husband, 'I want you.'

Susan was unsure about the directions. She had thought David had said to turn right at the last roundabout, but now as her car winded down the secluded highway, she was unsure.

He had said it would only take an hour from town, and it had already been well over that. Unsure, Susan tried to call David on her cell phone, but she was so far out in the countryside that there was no service. She decided to stop at a pay phone and searched for a place to call David and clarify how to get to where he was. She saw a restaurant up ahead, the first sign of life she had come across in the past twenty minutes, and hoped they would have a phone she could use.

Already late as she pulled into the gravel parking lot, Susan, in a hurry, did not notice the line of Motorcycles parked just to the side of the building. She rushed through the door, spotted the pay phone near the restrooms, and ran to call David at the number he had given her for the B & B. After several rings, she received a message that the number was not in service. 'Damn,' she thought. 'I must have written it down wrong.'

She was startled as she turned and saw two men blocking her path to the door. One was over six feet tall with a scruffy beard and tattoos up and down both arms. The other was not as tall but fat, with a huge beer belly and greased stained shirt and jeans.

She mumbled an, "Excuse me," and tried to move past the two men. She winced as the larger one grabbed her arm and pulled her behind him.

She protested loudly and was forced to follow him toward another man sitting at the bar. Susan then became aware of her surroundings. There must have been at least 40 men and ten women in the restaurant, all with various tattoos, chains, grease-stained jeans, and lustful looks in their eyes.

Susan began to beg the man with the tight grip on her arm to let her go, that her husband was waiting for her. The man said nothing as he pulled her face to face with Joshua, the man at the bar. She quickly decided he must be the leader, as he demanded to know who had given her permission to enter the lair of Satan's Pets. She quickly explained her situation of being lost and the need to use the phone and was promptly backhanded across the face by the leader. As the ringing cleared her ears, she could hear the roar of approval in the background. Susan was told to keep quiet and that a 'duty' must be paid for trespassing.

Susan quickly opened her wallet and took out all her money, almost 300 GBP, and handed it to Joshua. She looked in horror as he laughed and informed her that 300 GBP was not even close and that she needed to pay more to leave. She offered credit cards and foolishly a check for any amount to be allowed to go, but Joshua just continued to laugh. He asked the crowd that had now gathered around her—what he should do. As she heard the vile, sexual acts demanded as payment, her cunt began to throb. Finally, Joshua held up his hand, and the crowd fell silent.

Susan awaited her fate, fear gripping her to the point of tears. She protested when she heard the verdict, 'sell her clothes.' She was grabbed by strong hands and pulled to a small area used for a dance floor. She tried to hold onto her jacket as it was pulled over her arms, then the bidding on her blouse became furious. It was quickly gone, as was her skirt, leaving her standing in thongs and bra. Susan tried to sprint toward the door but was quickly pulled back and her bra pulled from her leaving her large breasts cool in the air, nipples erect from the fear and excitement of her fate.

The crowd cheered and chanted for her thong. She tried to cover her breast but was hoisted over the shoulder of the large man who first grabbed her. This left her arse and cunt in the thong exposed to the crowd as the bidding reached a fever pitch. Finally, someone had won, and Susan struggled as she felt someone tugging at her thong's waistband, and with one pull, they were gone. She sank to the floor and tried to cover her breasts and cunt. She now wished she had not kept it shaved for David as this seemed to spur the crowd into more of a frenzy. She shuddered as the vile suggestions continued. Joshua poked at her on the floor with his boot and explained that she had not raised enough money to pay her 'duty' for trespassing.

Susan's protests turned into whimpers as she was pulled to her feet and her hands tied together. While terrified at the situation she found herself in, she couldn't remember when she had ever been so sexually excited, her nipples were positively throbbing, and her cunt was leaking. However, no one else seemed to notice.

She struggled with little effect as a rope then pulled her arms over her head, pulling her into the air until her feet barely touched the floor. Then a rope was attached to each leg, pulling them wide apart. As she hung, naked, suspended in the air, her breast rising and falling as she sobbed in fear, her cunt betrayed her and squirted pussy juice all over the floor. The crowd thought she was pissing herself in fear and laughed. She could feel the cool air on her naked cunt and arse and her juices running down her thighs. Her situation seemed desperate as the men and women gathered around her.

She hung her head as Joshua announced the price for her cunt, double for her arse, and the tits were free.

£10 for her cunt and £20 for her arsehole. The men began to line up in front and back. She felt her cunt stabbed first as her tits were grabbed and pulled. She was thankful that her juices had paved the way. Dirty hands pulled her hard onto the cock and, at the same time, painfully spread her arse cheeks to allow double penetration. Susan screamed as she felt the first cock enter her arse. It was huge. It made her think of the time a woman had fisted her and made her bleed so severely she had never wanted to be fisted again. She thought she would be split in half as she could feel the two cocks touching, separated by just a thin layer of tissue.

They brutally started to thrust into their holes, and Susan was swept in shame as she climaxed. As both cocks emptied into her hole, cum spilling into her, she remembered that she was unprotected. Her 'cap' was still in her handbag!

Before she could get her thoughts straight, another pair of cocks entered her pussy and anus, and a

more flaccid cock was thrust into her mouth. At once, she knew it was the guy that had been up her arse; she knew that soiled taste. This time she climaxed silently. Expecting resistance, the guy had rammed his cock into her mouth. Now he felt her tongue working on his cock and relaxed. In moments he was hard again and Cumming down her throat.

By the third pair of cocks, her arse was well lubed with spunk, as was her cunt. Now the crowd saw that she was more than placidly accepting her fate and was actively sucking the cocks given to her mouth and thrusting her hips to the cocks fucking her.

In addition to the fucking countless hands were fondling her breast and pinching her nipples until she moaned in protest. After the fifteenth or sixteenth doubling fucking and numerous climaxes, Susan faded into unconsciousness.

When she awoke, the restaurant was almost empty. She was tied and sat upright to a column by rope. She could feel a throbbing pain in her arse and cunt, and it seemed that endless buckets of cum and blood were still dripping from both. She couldn't understand the throbbing pain she felt. After all, her gang bang hadn't been that bad, she had achieved multiple climaxes, and her arse and cunt were so lubed by spunk that towards the end, the guys had difficulty staying in.

Her mouth felt like shit. How many cum dumps had landed in her mouth or over her face, she didn't know. Some of the cocks hadn't been washed in a year, or so it seemed. Some had been in her pussy or arse first. Some tasted of other women's pussy juice. Towards the end, they had started with the piss showers; at their bidding, Susan had opened her mouth and drank copious amounts down as commanded. The rest soaked her hair, her face, everywhere. She remembers gaining a bit of consciousness a few hours back when someone had dragged her outside and turned a very cold water hose on her. She was dragged back in and collapsed on the table.

Feeling intense pain in her nipples, she looked down at her ravaged body and began to sob as she saw heavy rings in both nipples and through her cunt lips. Her body had never before been permanently pierced and ringed. Now she remembers in the thick fog that was her brain that morning, at one point, giving her rest from the cock pounding gang fuck, they had held her arms behind her. Then one of the bigger guys had quite calmly put against her left nipple what could only be described as a butcher's skewer; he had slowly driven it right through her nipple, near the base. Susan remembered she had watched him almost as if he was doing it to someone else, only the pain was flooding her mind, but it was giving her a sexual kick.

She didn't understand. He had pushed the skewer right through her left nipple and aligned it with her right. As he broke the skin, Susan felt her body rock to a climax. The guy took it as just a shudder of pain. The skewers were pushed completely through her nipples and out to cheers from the crowd. Quickly nipple rings were pushed through the bleeding holes.

In the same red mist of time, she remembered she was pulled onto her back and her long, lithe legs pulled apart almost into the splits. The same guy had used the skewer to piece her labia lips in two places and now account for the four rings hanging from those swollen and abused lips.

She was awake now; all in all, she was pretty proud of herself. The gang fuck was maybe 2 or 3 guys too many, but the context of smelly hairy bikers was a fantasy of hers, previously unrealized apart from her masturbatory sessions. She couldn't complain that she didn't climax. And now the piercing, something that she had contemplated but with anesthetics applied in the cold light of day, but her mind recalled the thrill of that second nipple being pierced. 'Way to go, girl,' she thought.

Joshua walked up to her and slowly stubbed a lit cigarette butt on her right nipple. She didn't

scream, just a groan and a sob as the pain danced through her breast to her brain and made her cunt twitch in sexual response. Her response didn't go unnoticed by Joshua. Suddenly he regretted his decision to load her off so quickly. This was one hot chick, and everything they'd done to her, she'd taken, and it seemed she was into pain. He felt her cunt. Yes, there was juice there from her. The spunk had dripped out of her hours before. He relit his cigarette and repeated the stubbing on her other nipple, this time with his finger in her cunt. Sure enough, her pussy gripped his finger, and it got wet, and she just groaned. In those few moments, her nipples had become engorged, erect, and swollen.

As Joshua told her that she did not make enough money and that, with some regret, he had sold her to a rival motorcycle gang. Just then, Susan saw a large black man paying another man and walking toward her. She twisted against the ropes and realized that perhaps the worst was yet to come.

Susan began begging, "Please, please, no more," as the giant black man approached her. "Let me go, and my husband will pay you any ransom you demand."

How could she have been foolish to enter the bar without noticing the motorcycles? Now she hung, naked with her nipples and cunt pierced with rings, trembling as he approached. Her mind could not comprehend that she had just been sold to the black man, just like a piece of meat. Susan's arse and cunt ached from the savage fucking they had received from all the gang members. She had lost track of time after she passed out. She could dimly see the light outside a window and knew it must be morning.

The black man slapped her hard and ordered her to wake up. Susan looked at him through her tears. He was at least six feet, eight inches tall, with massive arms that hung at his side. He wore leather pants and just a vest that revealed a muscular chest. She flinched to escape his touch as he reached for her.

This resulted in another slap across her face. He informed her his name was Vic and that she was his 'property' now. Vic produced a dog collar about an inch thick, quickly placed it around Susan's neck, and clamped it shut. As final security, he placed a lock through the clamped to ensure she could not remove it. She hung, lifeless, defeated, while Vic applied the collar and attached a leather leash to the end of it. Vic jerked the leash, bringing Susan to life. Before she could jerk away, Vic tightened his grip on the leash so that Susan was immobilized between her arms and the leash.

She had not realized that he had a riding crop in his other hand until she felt the sting across her thighs.

Vic began to hit her across her thighs, repeatedly raising whelps. She danced on her toes, trying to escape the lashes and begging him to stop. Vic frequently asked Susan if she would continue to resist or do as she was told. She finally relented and screamed she would do anything he asked to stop the beating. Vic stopped the lashing as quickly as he started, then released Susan's arms and ordered her on all fours telling her she was his 'Bitch' and that she was to act like one.

Susan was not naïve and realized that he wanted her to act like a dog. With the leash attached to the collar, she crawled behind Vic, sobbing as he led her outside to a waiting van. Susan's breasts swayed with each step, and the pain in her nipples reminded her of the rings. She could also feel between her thighs the rings in her cunt lips.

Susan's mind whirled as she tried to block out what was happening to her. She was in a dazed state as Vic pulled her into the van and told her to start earning her keep by servicing his friends. She looked around and saw four other big black men sitting in the van, pants unzipped with their long fat

hard cocks waving in the air. They shouted numerous lewd comments to Susan, each wanting to be the first to have their cock sucked by the subdued white woman. Despite the pain in her cunt, arse, and tits, Susan's pussy started tingling with excitement once again when she saw the erect cocks.

The one closest to Susan grabbed her by the rings in her tits and pulled her to her knees. He then forced her head down to his cock. Knowing resistance was futile, Susan yielded as the tip pressed against her lips, and intense pressure on the nipple rings and a threat of pulling her nipples off convinced her to do as she was ordered. She opened her mouth and, stretching wide, took the hard cock into it. She had never before performed oral sex on a cock near as big. It was indeed a jawbreaker.

As Susan lowered her mouth, she felt a hand on the back of her head, shoving her entirely down. The hard cock went down the back of her throat, and she struggled to breathe as her head was grabbed on both sides and her mouth forced up and down the entire length of his cock.

Finally, she felt his cock grow yet larger in her mouth. She knew what was happening; David would pull out of her throat when he was about to come, but not this tormentor. He rammed his cock back down her throat and began to shoot buckets of cum down her gullet. As his cock spurted spunk down her throat, she screamed an intense orgasm around the meat log ravaging her tonsils. She choked and coughed but quickly swallowed all of his cum as her nipple rings were pulled tightly. Before Susan could catch her breath, she was pulled to the next 'friend,' and the same process repeated.

As they drove, Susan sucked each of the four men, plus the driver, at least twice. When they were completely spent, Vic pulled her leash to the front of the van where he sat and made her take his cock out and service him. She had not eaten in over 24 hours. She was naked, her cunt and arse sore, and her mouth dry and cracked at the corners from the abuse she had received. She had no fight left as she slowly pulled Vic's giant cock from his pants and began to suck the entire length waiting for him to use her mouth as a cunt like the others, and with that anticipation, her pussy continued throbbing and dribbling juice down her thighs.

She had been allowed to rest on the van floor after she finished Vic. She awoke when the van stopped.

She could not tell where she was as Vic pulled her leash and led her from the van, again crawling. It was like a carnival atmosphere with several tents and 'booths' set up. Vic told Susan that it was a sex carnival, that they had a booth, and that she was the star attraction. Susan hung her head to hide her face and was led to a tent.

Vic held the riding crop in front of her and reminded Susan of her predicament. He struck her across both tits to emphasize his point, raising a red mark. She only flinched as she became accustomed to the abuse. Vic quickly attached chains to the rings in Susan's nipples and tied the other ends to stakes driven into the ground. He also attached a similar chain to the ring in her cunt and secured it to the ground. Now Susan was immobilized on all fours with her arse and cunt aimed toward the front of the tent. The chains pulled at her tits and cunt if she tried to move.

Despite, or maybe because of, her predicament, Susan realized that she was still highly aroused. She'd sucked the black cocks without reciprocal behavior, unlike the bikers, who'd fucked her well. Her situation was again one of those fantasies that had been unfulfilled till now. Pussy juice trickled down her thighs.

She heard Vic saying there was 'white pussy and arse for ten bucks' to the carnival goers. She

stiffened as she felt the first cock enter her dry arse. She could only brace herself to keep the chains from tearing her nipples and cunt lips as the intruder pounded her arse. Susan could feel her intestine warm as his cum flowed into her arse and he relaxed and pulled out. She just hung her head and continued to try to brace herself as her cunt was immediately filled.

On her knees, like she was, Susan had to remain conscious as the assault of her arse and cunt continued for hours. She had lost count of how many times she had been fucked in both her holes and how many times she had climaxed. Later in the ordeal, they had also begun to use her mouth. Susan's cunt and arse had been used with such vigor that they now just gaped open, and the cum dripped out of both forming a puddle on the ground. Her lips were cracked and dry and blood crusted in the corners of her mouth as she swallowed another load of cum from an unseen and unknown assailant.

A few men had taken the opportunity to piss down her throat. The first one held her head tight against his crutch, flaccid cock down her throat, letting a stream of his hot salty piss rip. Susan drank it; it was the first drink except for cum she'd had in nearly 12 hours. He must have passed this on to some of his friends, as she was sure Vic didn't realize what was happening.

As darkness fell, the line of men dwindled until the last one to take Susan's arse wanted his money back because she was so 'loose.' Vic had refused and told Susan that if she didn't satisfy the guy, he'd whip her tits and arse till they bleed freely. Susan eyed the guy, a huge fat man in his thirties, maybe 20 stone or more, telling him to lie on the floor in front of her with his legs apart, she started to lick and suck on the complainer's sweaty cock and balls, but his cock remained almost flaccid. Not surprisingly, Susan recognized him as a guy who'd already 'cum off' twice in the past 2 hours, having been blown once after a prolonged release of piss and later fucked her arse.

Pulling his arse cheeks apart, he ordered her to lick his arsehole. Seeing her hesitate, Vic laid a vicious swipe across her abused bum cheeks. The tip stroked her pussy lips and stung like crazy. Susan dipped her face into the guy's hairy nether region. His hole stank, and the crinkled ring was thick with his dried excreta... Her tongue delved into his anal hole. She knew this guy was regularly using a dildo on his arse or being buggered regularly. He was loose, and her tongue went in further than she intended. The guy groaned as he felt the lovely woman tongue his arse like a two-penny whore.

Vic watching Susan attend to her task, with another flick of his whip, walked off to attend to other business. Susan hardly felt the whip's sting on her pussy lips, so engrossed was she with her task. As she had thrust her tongue into the guy's rectum, she'd immediately encountered his soft shit there, waiting. Now his cock was a ramrod. For Susan, this was not how she'd imagined her first time, not like this, but she couldn't deny that her body was betraying the humiliation she felt, and the pain had receded as her sexual arousal at her dirty deed rose higher than ever.

The first turd almost shot from his arse, and with her mouth locked over his rectum, it filled her mouth. He wasn't sure she was going to take it. It didn't matter to him by then anyway. His cock had splattered his cum onto his belly. Taken almost by the surprise of its arrival Susan swallowed the first one straight down. The second one, softer and greasier, filled her mouth, and her tongue tasted his lardy shit as she shook with an undeniable climax. The guy thought she was shuddering at receiving his revolting offering. Susan rolled the shit around her mouth, reveling in her depraved act, as her pussy dripped juice. Her mouth and tongue delved into his arse again. This time the guy realized she wanted it! The realization brought his cock hard again.

For ten minutes of insatiable lust, Susan sought out every crevice in his rectum, and he pushed and strained as much as any man could. Then he was too sore for her to continue, and his cock wanted

attention. Before he moved, he pulled her lips across his belly, licking up the spattered cum on his stomach and chest. Then he rounded to her cunt and plunged in. Susan came like a train! she screamed in pleasure release. He emptied his balls again.

Vic hearing her two tents away, thinking the guy was slapping her about, laughed.

Finally, the man dragged his worn cock away from her pussy, and Susan told him to come around the front of her again. Taking his flaccid cock in her mouth, she finally sucked him off for free.

She thought her ordeal was finally over as Vic released her and allowed her to use a portable toilet to relieve her bladder and bowels. But as she emerged, he again ordered her on all fours, attached the leash, and led her to another tent.

Inside this tent, people were standing in line to be tattooed. Vic said something to the tattoo artist and pulled Susan around so that her arse was exposed. She jumped at the first touch of the tattoo needle, and Vic quickly slapped her and ordered her to remain still.

Beads of sweat broke out of Susan's forehead as the tattoo continued, the pain almost unbearable. When he finished, he ordered Susan to turn and look at the word "SLUT" tattooed on her right arse cheek in 2-inch letters. If she were ever to escape and return home, she knew David would be distraught that she was ringed and tattooed. She feared that life, as she knew it before, was over.

She resolved to be Vic's bitch and followed him on all fours as he led her to a large open arena.

She saw at least 100 people sitting in a makeshift outdoor arena as Vic led her to a barrel in the center. Vic pulled Susan over the barrel and attached her nipple rings to rings already in the barrel. He did the same with the cunt rings. Once again, Susan was immobilized with her arse and cunt exposed to all these people. This time Susan did not care; she had resolved herself to a life of humiliation and fucking.

She just turned her head to the side and waited for it to arrive. But this time, Vic had something different in store for her.

She tried to look around when she heard dogs barking. Behind her were eight German Shepherds pulling at their leashes towards Susan. At the sight of the big dogs, her pussy again started squirting juice on the ground beneath her crotch. She feared she would be attacked when the dogs were released. The first dog reached Susan and began to sniff her well-used cunt and arse, lapping at her drooling cunt. She tried to move her arse but found the cunt ring too securely anchored to her. She shuddered with lust as she felt the dog crawl up her back and begin humping her until he found his mark in her arsehole. She screamed out at the tightness as the dog's knot passed into her expanding her sore anus to new widths. As the knot slipped into her rectum, Susan screamed again, but this time in the throes of a climax induced by the mix of pleasure and pain.

She heard the crowd applauding and realized she was the entertainment for the night. The eight horny dogs had their way with her, to the audience's delight, for many hours.

She did not know how she had been deposited on her doorstep. Her last memory was the tearing she had experienced in her arse when the previous and most giant dog took her.

She woke up naked, covered in an old blanket, the nipple and cunt rings still in place. She felt the tattoo on her arse and began to weep at the thought that her beautiful body had been disfigured forever. She struggled to stand and, finding the door open, entered her home. She was relieved and happy that her ordeal was over but did not know what David's reaction would be.

She called out, but there was no answer. She wondered if David was out searching for her. She made her way to the bathroom and climbed into the shower. The water burned as it pelted the scrapes and cuts on her body. She could not stop weeping as she fingered the heavy nipple rings and felt her ringed and swollen cunt lips.

As she patted herself dry, she heard someone enter the house.

She called out and was relieved to hear David's voice. She heard him enter the bedroom and slowly opened the bathroom door. David was staring at her, a grin across his face, Vic's riding crop in his hand. Her eyes widened as she suddenly realized that she had been duped. She could not tell if the sensation rushing her body was rage or joy.

"You?" she asked.

David nodded, a huge grin on his face. He knew his wife so well.

Susan broke into a laugh. "That was fantastic; I can hardly wait for my birthday present next year."

A sudden realization dawned on her brain. "Oh my God! The fat guy," she exclaimed. "I knew I recognized him from somewhere. He's the guy that cleans my office!"

The End