

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I knew my Master was up to something. He had that look on his face. A look of joyful anticipation. The look that signaled we were about to do something new. We did new things a lot. Neither of us liked being bored and we both worked hard to make sure that didn't happen.

He smiled at me and said 'I want you to get ready to go out. I want you to be prepared for anything.' I grinned back at him. Anything usually meant things were going to get good.

I went into the bathroom and got ready. I knew exactly what he wanted and I did it. I made sure I was clean inside and out and carefully applied makeup the way he liked. It was a lot sluttier than I would choose on a normal day, but an 'anything' day was far from normal, so the shadow was darker, lashes thicker, lipstick redder.

When I came into the bedroom, clothes were laid out and waiting for me. There was a short black leather skirt, a white silk blouse, a lacy white bra, and black thigh high stockings. At the foot of the bed was a pair of black pumps with spike heels. Not much different here. This was pretty standard when my Master chose my clothes for me.

I wanted to ask where we were going and what we were going to do. I have never been good at waiting. When I'm the one surprising him, I can't completely keep it secret. I drop hints. I almost want him to guess before we ever get there. He has much more self-control than I. No matter how much I asked, he wasn't going to tell.

We got in the car and drove. Occasionally, he would have me turn towards him and spread my thighs so he could see his cunt. He'd teasingly check to make sure that I had shaved in a way that met his approval. He checked to see if I was wet enough. We drove for about an hour, laughing and teasing as we went.

Finally, when I was ready to beg to know what he had planned, he pulled into the drive of a country farmhouse. It looked tidy. Nothing out of the ordinary. He parked and came around to my door, opened it and told me to get out. We walked to the front door and he knocked.

The man who opened the door was one of the scariest looking men I'd ever seen. He was big and bearded and looked like a Dream Dom. I was in awe. They spoke to one another and ignored me. 'Is this your bitch?' he asked 'This is her' my Master answered. I was loving every minute. As we went into the house my Master said 'Do as he tells you. This is what I want.'

The inside of the house was not nearly as tidy as the outside. 'Lived in' would be a charitable way to describe it. I couldn't imagine how my Master knew a man like this. It wasn't his usual sort of acquaintance, but then I noticed the computer on the desk in the corner and smiled.

'What are you smiling about, bitch?' the Dream Dom barked as he slapped me to my knees. I shook my head to clear it and when I opened my eyes his crotch was in front of my face as his hands opened it and pulled out his semi-hard cock.. He grabbed my head with one hand and used the other to rub the head of his cock over my lips. 'Open.' I did. 'Suck' I did that too.

It was a clean cock, not too big, not too small, and as I took it deeper into my mouth, I cut my eyes over to where my Master sat watching, stroking himself lightly through his slacks.

Suddenly, the Dream Dom pulled his cock out of my mouth and walked over to an interior door. He opened it and called 'Come, Satan' Satan?

My stomach clenched as the biggest dog I'd ever seen walked into the room. That dog was huge! He was some kind of Mastiff, big and bulky just like his presumed owner. He also drooled, a lot, which, thankfully, I hadn't noticed his owner doing yet.

I shot a frantic glance at my Master but I'd only said 'Um,' before Dream Dom grabbed me by the back of the neck and flung me over a leather ottoman. He held me down by the neck as his other hand pulled up the back of my skirt and spread my legs apart and said 'Satan, eat!'

Oh, God! We'd talked about this but it was always a safe fantasy. We didn't own a dog! Then I felt something like I'd never felt before. It was the wettest, longest, squirmiest thing I'd ever felt going into my cunt. I was looking over at my Master, feeling the harsh hand pressing my head down into the cool leather, and feeling an incomparable pleasure all at the same time.

My Master rose with a stunned expression on his face and slowly walked towards where I was laid open before this beast. The tongue never stopped. It kept delving in deeper and deeper and I started to cum with my eyes locked on my Master. I heard the dog as he devoured me. I heard Dream Dom as he praised his dog and told him what a good boy he was. I had never imagined how noisy this would be. His hand moved from my neck. He knew I wasn't going anywhere.

I was just starting to recover from the sensory overload when I heard Dream Dom say 'Satan, fuck' and felt the weight of the dog land on my back. Dream Dom's hand moved between my thighs as he guided Satan's cock into me and then he stepped back and let the dog do as he had been trained.

It was hard, and fast, and rough. Satan pounded into me and I just reached down to the legs of the ottoman and held on. My Master and Dream Dom must have stood and watched me get fucked, I heard their comments occasionally but all I could really do was feel. I felt him inside of me, getting bigger, I felt his drool dropping onto my back, and I felt myself cum over and over again.

When Satan stopped pounding into me, he stood behind me, panting, as his huge cock pulsed inside of me. I guess I was panting too.

The men walked around to my face and Dream Dom pulled my head up by the hair and slid his cock back in my mouth. As I lay there impaled on Satan's cock, they took turns fucking my mouth.

The three of them took turns for the rest of the night. It's good that I was prepared for anything. By the time my Master put me in the car for the ride home I was covered in cum and drool and bruises and scratches.

'So?' I asked as we sped towards home, 'just how many new friends have you made on the Internet?'

The End