

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



I met Stan at a Christmas party given by a friend. He had seemed nice, the quiet and unassuming type. We had talked about the party, the movies we had seen recently and about chatting online, which we both seemed to enjoy. He told me he has this really close friend in Spain that he chatted with twice a week, they had been doing this for 3 years. That was a long time for an internet friendship and it told me heaps about Stan's commitment to people.

The party wound up and Stan came over to ask if I needed a lift home. I said no, but that I would need a lift to a movie the following Wednesday if he cared to join me. He smiled and said delighted. We swapped phone numbers then went our separate ways.

Stan had turned up on time and whisked me away to the latest release. After, we grabbed a coffee and discussed a critical analysis of Roger De Lune's works, the director of the movie. Stan made me laugh with his witty comments, and intrigued me with some of his comparisons. He took me home and we agreed to do this again the next week.

We had a regular date for a movie on Wednesday nights then began adding picnics, parties and dinners on other nights. It didn't take long before we were an official couple and I realised I was in love with Stan. I was overjoyed when Stan revealed his love for me and not much later we made wedding plans.

Marriage to Stan was bliss. He was a considerate lover and friend. All my wants, needs, desired were fulfilled in him. My joy would have been complete if only I had a child, but after 3 years of trying and various tests, we discovered I was infertile. This caused great grief to me, but Stan was wonderful and soon enough I had overcome this sadness and life went on pretty much as usual.

One day, Stan came to me with an interesting idea. He wanted to explore a new club in town. He had heard about it from a friend and wanted to take me there. I agreed, so the next Saturday we ended up at Brimstone nightclub. As soon as I walked in I realised this was no ordinary club. There were women dressed in what appeared to be thick black rubber bands and nothing else.

Later, I learned this was latex. I saw men and women being led around by dog leads and people in all manner of erotic poses. Stan seemed right at home and I have to admit I kind of liked what I saw. Later on at home, Stan sat me down to talk about the experience. He explained to me I had been to a BDSM club. He patiently explained that BDSM was all about exploring sexual kinks and fetishes and for some it was a way of life.

They had relationships based on one person having all the control and power over the other's life. The idea interested me. I had never seen this side of Stan before, but I felt we were both so loving and open-minded, that a little kinky slap and tickle couldn't hurt. Then Stan dropped the bombshell.

He explained that his internet friendship was actually with a submissive woman in Spain. She was his submissive. She had fulfilled needs in him, but now he was beginning to want to explore them in real life. I was blown away. How could my sweet, gentle Stan want to actually hurt anyone? Then he revealed he wanted to hurt me!

It had taken some convincing, but I finally found myself tied spread eagle to the bed, with a ball gag in my mouth and a fluffy blindfold over my eyes. I had no idea what Stan was going to do, but what I felt was amazing. There was a mix of him slapping me, hitting me with what he called a flogger and tickling me. It ended with him using the biggest vibrating dildo on me I had ever felt, and slapping my breasts quite hard with a paddle.

Afterward, he untied me and we cuddled. We had the wildest sex that night we had ever had in our 4 and a half years together. We discussed what he called the session and I agreed to experience more.

It only took Stan 6 months to turn me into a fully trained submissive. I had never realised there was this part in me. I loved it. I gave up working so I could stay at home, naked with a metal collar around my neck, and a thick chain padlocked around my waist. He also liked to insert a butt plug into my arse, a 7 inch dildo into my pussy then padlock a chastity belt onto my waist chain, so I was constantly full and aroused.

He trained me so that I only needed to empty my bowels in the morning and evening, so there was no fear of needing to do this during the day. Some days Stan would go to work and would padlock a gag in my mouth, so I was unable to talk all day. Once he also put ear plugs in me so I couldn't hear as well. That was amazing. There is this experience that submissive's have called subspace and I think I was in it all that day!

Stan began to bring his friends home and have me service them orally as well. At first I felt shame in doing this, but I kind of enjoyed it as well. Stan gave me such praise and told me how much more he loved me because I could pleasure his friends, that I began to really enjoy these times and even ask when he would bring his mates home again. It didn't take long before he organised a gang bang for me with 10 of his mates.

He loved to sit back and watch them all fucking me, sticking cocks in my mouth and pussy at once. After they had all been sated this way, he would put a blow up butt plug in me, slowly pumping it up over the next hour or so they needed to recover, then remove it and they would all take turns fucking my arse. I was always sore as hell, but blissful after these encounters.

Not long after starting the gang bangs, Stan began to make me sleep on the floor by the bed, with a mat under me and a blanket on top and nothing else. He would chain my ankle to the bedpost so I could not get up to use the bathroom in the middle of the night. He wouldn't let me sit on any furniture at all and he also started making me eat my food out of a dog bowl, on all fours on the ground. I was so well trained that when Stan went to work, I would serve my own lunch in the dog bowl, and then get down on all fours to eat it.

Stan loved to watch me do this on weekends. He came up to me one day telling me that I just wasn't 'right', and then he inserted a thick butt plug in my arse. He stood back and smiled and when I looked around I saw a pretty authentic looking dog tail sticking out of my arse. I wiggled my butt and it wobbled around just like a real one. This made Stan laugh, rub my head and praise me. I woofed in delight.

From then on, Stan would insert the dog tail in me each morning after I'd been to the toilet and order me to stay on all fours all day. He still locked the gag on to get me used to not talking. When he came home he would remove it and sit on the couch with me sitting on the floor beside him.

He would have a beer in a can on the table next to him and would lean over and rub my head while he watched the news. It was only natural when he starting saying 'good girl' to praise me, telling me what a good doggy I was. I have to admit, I really liked this.

One day, Stan sat me down to tell me he was getting married. I was stunned. But we were married, how could he marry someone else without divorcing me first? He informed me that the marriage had never been finalised. He had deliberately hired someone to pose as a celebrant so that it would never be legal. He then had a mate of his drawer up a fake certificate so I would never know.

He explained he was going to marry his Spanish submissive, that he wanted her as his wife, and

wanted me as his dog. This news had stunned me and it took me a while to get used to, but I have to admit that deep down, I like the idea of always being his dog.

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Three months later, Stan brought home Carletta. She was a very talk, dark Spanish woman with the full bust and curvy hips of the typical Latin in the movies. She had waist length dark curly hair and deep, deep bedroom eyes. She was decorated in lots of tinkly gold jewellery and when she laughed it was a deep, belly laugh. As soon as Stan shut the door, he grabbed her, giving he tits a squeeze and kissing her passionately on the mouth.

I felt a pang of jealousy to see them, but could do nothing about this. Stan took delight in fucking her in front of me in as many positions as he could think of. She would always thrash about and scream when she came and I realised why he loved her so much. I too began to fall in love with her.

When Stan was at work, Carletta would swan around the house naked. I couldn't take my eyes of her beautifully waxed mound. Her breasts were large and heavy and would bob when she walked, but her mound was what mesmerised me.

"What? Doggy? You want some of Carlitta's pussy? The doggy wants to chase the pussy, ey?" She asked and threw her head back and laughed. I sat there and nodded my head, long ago having given up the desire to speak outside of yaps. Carletta sat herself down in a chair, spreading her luscious lips and fingering her clit. I began to whimper with the arousal building in my own pussy.

"Well come and taste it then doggy." She said and I quickly scurried over on all fours, sticking my mouth in her pussy and lapping up her pooling juices. She threw her head back and moaned loudly, just as she did for Stan. I was driven on in a frenzy to please this woman, like I had never known before. It had been months since Stan had fucked me, he seemed not interested in fucking his dog, now that he had this gorgeous creature as his real wife. Suddenly Carletta screamed as she came and pushed me away.

That night when Stan came home, she told him all about what had happened. He grinned and called me over. "Did my doggy please her mistress did she." he rubbed my head. "Good doggy. You should always obey your mistress and please her."

Until then, I hadn't realised that Carletta was my mistress, but it made sense. She had taken over giving me my lunch during the week, and taken care of bathing me when I needed it - usually once a week. Stan ordered Carletta to sit on the couch and me to please her. I did this with gusto. After she screamed her cum, he threw her on the floor and fucked her like a wild, rutting pig.

Later that night, when they were in bed and I was chained at the foot as usual, they fucked again, just as vigorously. After, Carletta looked at me and turned to Stan. "You know, the doggy here, she hasn't had a good fucking for long time, not since before I come here marry you. We should get fucking for her. After all, a doggy needs that to be happy."

Stan looked at me and smiled.

There had been excitement building in the house for the past week. I knew something was about to happen, when finally Saturday rolled around. It was the early afternoon, when Stan and Carletta arrived home from their outing. With them they brought a large German Shepherd, about 2 years old.

"Come here girl" said Stan and I trotted over and sat by his feet. "This is Buster. He is the newest

member of our household. Since he is a male dog and you are a female dog, he will be the master of you as well. He is also your mate, so you never have to do without sex again. He has been fully trained to fuck human doggies, so have no fear, he knows how to please you. Whenever he wants you girl, you will fuck him. Do you understand?"

I looked at Stan, Carletta, Buster and back at Stan. In my wildest dreams I had never thought of ever fucking a dog. I had assumed that eventually, Stan would want to fuck me again and I was content to wait until then. Bringing Buster home made me realise he never would fuck me again. He belonged to Carletta now, he was her legal husband after all, and her Master.

He had successfully turned me into his dog, and what man would fuck his dog? Not when he had the gorgeous Carletta to poke. I realigned myself to this and nodded my head. Stan led Buster through the lounge room, into the kitchen for a feed. Carletta followed, bending down first to whisper in my ear, "don't worry, you can still eat my pussy every day too." and then she disappeared.

Later that night, I was chained to the foot of the bed as usual and Buster was brought in. I was on all fours and he was brought over to 'meet' me, his new mate. He was lead to my crotch and his nose stuck right up between my legs. He gave a small lick, then suddenly I felt his tongue disappear up my snatch. It felt amazing, it had been so long since anyone had touched me there, the fact this was dog's tongue didn't bother me at all.

Suddenly, I realised how horny I had been all this time. Buster explored every crevice and every inch of my new wet pussy. His tongue would work its way from my arsehole to my cunt, working right inside, deeper than any man had ever been. God, but it felt good. I gave a moan out of sheer joy. Suddenly, I felt Buster leap up onto my back. I put my shoulders down and pushed my arse up, so I was arched as much as possible. He stabbed at me a few times, then I felt Stan's hand guiding Buster's cock into me.

In no time at all Buster was thrusting into me like an animal possessed. It was as if he had been denied sex for as long as I had. He thrust, pushing my across the floor, until the chain was stretches as far as it would go. I could feel a pressure on my pussy lips and some big lump explode passed them and into me. I felt as if I had been plugged up, then I felt a whooshing of liquid as though a tap had been turned on. I moaned loudly, not caring who could hear me or that it was a dog fucking me. It just felt so damn good! Buster humped me hard and fast.

I came for the first time with a dog, which was followed by two more cums. After 20 minutes or so, which felt like an hour, he stopped. He slumped on top of me and rested there for ages. I could feel the lump inside me begin to shrink and he pulled his cock out of me. Liquid spilled out as I flopped my head to the floor. It had been amazing. Then I felt Buster's tongue at me again as he cleaned me up. As he did this I cam yet again, for the fourth time.

Later that night, Stan fucked Carletta wildly in bed, in the doggy position. Buster who was beside me at the foot of the bed, heard the sex sounds and could smell their juices in the air. He got up and nosed my pussy, pushing my legs apart with his snout. I got up into position and he mounted me. It was like some crazy orgy, with me moaning loudly to being fucked by a dog, and Stan being driven crazy by the sounds of me, fucking Carletta, making her scream in pleasure.

After they finished, they both laid there, listening to me being fucked 4 more times that night by Buster. They commented about how nice it was to hear their dog having such a wonderful time with her new mate. Stan said he couldn't wait to have a party, where his mates all got to see his randy new dog fucking me, then they could all have turns with me if they wanted. It seems I wasn't to be completely free of human cock, just his. They soon fell asleep, and Buster continued to fuck me 3

more times that night, but they slept soundly through it.

It became my life to be at the beck and call of a randy dog, 12 times a day and to also be used by Carletta several times to pleasure her snatch. She never pleased mine, but that didn't matter, Buster did a good enough job anyway.

Then at night, I would be chained to the bed and he would lay beside me. Stan and Carletta would fuck away while Buster fucked me, then they would lay there and listen to him taking me again and again until they slept. Saturday nights were reserved for his mates to come around and watch me being fucked by Buster, then they would all have a go at me.

On one of these occasions, when everyone was really pissed, someone came up with an idea. He whispered it to Stan who laughed and agreed. He went away and brought back some chains and a gag. I was positioned on all fours and my wrists were chained to the legs of the couch. My ankles were then chained to the legs of two chairs, which have been spread out and were sat on by two of the bigger men, so I could not move. The gag was put on me and locked on as usual. Then a vibrator was produced. I was played with until I was moaning and dripping juices everywhere.

Buster was brought over and allowed to taste me. I came quickly, then he was pulled away and a huge dildo was shoved into my pussy. Buster was then allowed back. I couldn't understand how he was supposed to fuck me. I quickly found out. He had gotten really excited and jumped up onto my back. I could feel his cock prodding for its bitch's hole, but it kept bumping up against the dildo. This would thrust it painfully into me and I would groan. The men would laugh and continue watching.

This went on for several minutes, then I felt someone's hand reach around and grab Buster's dick. Instead of leading it away, it was pushed up against my arsehole. I suddenly realised they wanted him to anally mate with me. This had never happened. I had never taken a cock that big up my arse before, and certainly not the knot. I felt panic rise in me as the cock was thrust in hard and fast by Buster. I felt a hot pain rush through me.

Buster has pushed his cock into me and was humping like his usual wild self. I knew he wouldn't be happy until that lump was in me. I turned to see Stan watching and smiling. He could see the panic in my eyes and only nodded as he stroked himself. He wanted me to be knotted up the arse.

Buster continued to thrust widely. He was trying to push his knot into me, but no matter how hard he tried, I was just too small. The panic began to ease and I found myself enjoying the feeling of Buster's big cock in my arse. I relaxed and began to thrust back onto his cock. The men all cheered as they saw me begin to enjoy this and a hand reached around and began to stock my clit.

I was being driven wild with lust. I began to buck back in a frenzy of lust. I wanted that cock inside my arse as far as it would go, then suddenly the knot pushed into my small hole. I screamed into the gag as the pain of my arse being ripped by that tennis-ball sized lump invaded me, but I didn't care, I was in the throws of ecstasy and couldn't stop even if I wanted to. Now the knot was in Buster really let loose on me.

He humped me like there was no tomorrow and I humped right on back. I was screaming again, but this time in pleasure. The hand at my clit didn't stop and I was having orgasm after orgasm. I felt the usual whoosh of liquid spilling into my arse and then Buster when still. I knew he had cum and all I had to do was wait for the knot to shrink.

It wasn't much longer and Buster was off me. I thought I would be released, but instead all the men lined up to fuck me anally as well. I was in so much pain as their cocks thrust into me. I cried and this seemed to only make them randier. Here I was being brutally taken up the arse by his mates,

and Stan and Carletta just stood by and watched, smiling.

It made Stan horny as hell to see this happen and I knew Carletta would get some really hot fucking action tonight. After all the men had finished and gone off to do whatever, Carletta came up to me. I had been left chained and gagged. She sat on the couch, positioning herself so my head was between her legs. She stroked my hair and looked at me smiling. In a very soft voice she said. "You did well little doggy girl. You really enjoyed feeling Buster's cock inside you arse, didn't you little doggy?" I nodded slowly, feeling tiredness wash over me.

"Good. Stan and I had discussion and we decided tonight we leave that dildo in your pussy and Buster can have his bitch up the arse every time he wants to fuck with her. You should get used to this, because Stan, he really like the way you fucked your doggy mate when taken up there. Stan wants to see you taken that way all the time. No more will Buster know his bitch's little pussy. He will only know her arse and it won't take long to train him to always aim for that."

She smiled as she kept rubbing my head. "From now on, that Buster's cock, is for me pussy. Only for you arse."

I looked at her, knowing she meant to have my dog Master for her lover too. She leaned down and kissed me passionately on the lips and I felt myself sinking into her kiss. I knew I could do nothing to change things. I would have to get used to be Buster's arse fuck for the rest of my life, and you know, the idea didn't really upset me all that much.

*The End*