

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) by CindyBlu

My family's business had evolved a lot since my grandfather had started it, and we were proud of moving with the times. So now we are a leading player in the small business sector of DVD, Blue Ray, and online training modules. We had reduced our cost base, only worked with freelancers, and took cash up front to ensure a continuous positive cash flow, so the business should have been in excellent health, and I thought it was.

At thirty-two, I was a successful director of the family business and was able to fund a luxurious lifestyle. I often partied and occasionally dabbled in recreational drugs - a bit of ecstasy and a snort of cocaine now and then. I have a healthy sex life with no particular guy or gal, but that was never a problem. I saw a personal trainer three times a week and went to the gym independently four times a week. I had a top-of-the-range Audi and company flats in Kensington and France. I was living the life.

My father called a board meeting and dropped the bombshell that a lousy investment had resulted in the company facing bankruptcy. What was left of the business was being sold to an investment company, and we were to hear their plans for us over the next few days.

First was the text, which made redundant me and the rest of my family (Mother, Father, and younger sister). Then the demand for my car and the keys to my flat in France, and a subletting agreement for my Kensington flat. On the face of it, the severance payment was generous, but when you put it against the cost of an apartment in Kensington and the high life, I did not realize how little it was.

I was confident about getting a new job. After all, I knew a lot of people. However, now that I was not paying for everybody's drinks and snort, they soon started to vanish, my bank balance began to decline, and my network had no roles for me.

My years working for one firm and being a family firm weighed against me. It soon became common knowledge amongst my acquaintances that I was falling on hard times, and my family could not bail me out, and no one else was willing to.

Out of the blue, I received a call from one of my former visual media production managers - Julie - asking me for a drink and a chat about a possible opportunity. She was a nice girl, I had slept with her a couple of times, and we had always got on well with or without our clothes, informally, or at work.

We met in a bar in Soho and went through the usual niceties before we got to what we were doing now. After I explained that I was still looking for a job, she started to talk about how she had left the people that had taken over our company and was now really enjoying her new role.

She steadfastly avoided talking about her industry sector or who she was working for. I noticed her hand rested on my knee as she spoke, and I liked the idea that she was hitting on me. Then she dropped the bombshell and said she was now in the porn industry and working for a Dutch company responsible for producing and recruiting talent.

She had never struck me as sleazy or slutty, which is what I associated with the porn industry and looking at her, she was neatly dressed, in an expensive skirt suit, she could pass as any businesswoman. "And that's why I asked to have a drink with you. I was interested in seeing if you would work with us," Julie said.

"I have obviously held management roles in my parent's company, but I don't know too much about

the porn industry other than watching the odd DVD or so," I said.

She smiled and laughed. "We don't need managers."

I looked at her quizzically. "What do you need?"

"Susie, you haven't got any kids, but besides that, you're a MILF, and you would look great on camera. I have told my boss about you, and he would happily chat with you. If you're willing, we could screen to test you."

My chin hit the floor.

"I know you need work, and this can pay well. Believe it or not, it can keep you in the manner you have become accustomed to. Korea and the far east love older women in specialty films," she said.

By specialty, I thought she meant lesbian or interracial porn. Her hand stroked my leg, and it felt nice, but my chin was still on the floor. "You can make a career in the right field. Meet my boss, here is my card. Call me."

I took the card without speaking. As she stood up, her hand ran along my thigh, my stomach over my breasts, and then lifted my chin and kissed me long and hard on the lips. She went to the bar and paid the bill, and left.

I sat there stunned. The barman came to the table with a G&T, which was paid for, presumably to anesthetize the shock. I had expected to go here and maybe talk about management jobs, but the idea of being a porn actress had never crossed my mind.

I threw the card into an empty glass and drank my G&T, I might as well have that to pay for a wasted evening, and I could contemplate my poverty simultaneously. I downed it in one and got up to leave, and then for no reason, I took the card out of the glass and put it in my purse.

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For the next few days, I thought nothing of the meeting. Well, that is a slight lie. I did think of that hand on my knee and thigh, which was nice. Then I opened a letter, and there was an unexpected charge on my flat, an annual maintenance charge of twelve thousand pounds.

There is nothing to focus the mind more than a huge bill when you're earning nothing. I worried overnight, waking at four am. Even an orgasm-inducing fiddle did not help me with the stress. So, in the morning, I decided a phone call would not hurt. After all, I would not be committing to anything more than a meeting.

Having dropped the card in my bag was like finding a needle in a haystack, a deep chasm of darkness. I was never going through with this, but I was panicking at losing the card for some reason. Finally, in desperation, I emptied the bag onto my bed, which was not there. Then I realized I had taken my clutch bag, and it was sitting there waiting for me.

So I made that call the first time, but she did not respond, and I left a message. I decided that I needed to do some research while I waited, went onto the internet, and started watching various porn clips. Ok, there was nothing I had not done except for anal, but never in front of anyone else, and yes, I had thought of gang bangs and stuff, but it was just a fantasy.

When my phone rang, I was pretty excited, and it was agreed that I would meet the company head

the next day at a house in North London, where they were already shooting. Julie suggested I wear a smart business outfit with the added touch of sexiness with nice underwear (I only have nice underwear, so that's not too difficult), hold-ups, and high heels.

I quickly called my beautician and arranged a wax for later in the day. Now, guys, you may be wondering why a girl with no money would go to the expense of a wax job when a razor was available. Trust me, and some of you guys will understand a razor job has nothing on the smoothness and the cleanliness of wax, and a girl will always put beauty before money.

I admit the idea of doing porn turned into a massive turn-on, but I would never go through with it. However, it was worth a few orgasms as my fingers got busy at night.

My appointment was not till one pm, so I had a leisurely morning, culminating in a soak, more finger play, and getting dressed. White lace bra, front clip, white thong, white hold-ups, white silk blouse, four large buttons, black skirt - short but tasteful. A professional-looking Armani jacket and heels, but not so high, it would be like being on stilts. I had minimal and subtle make-up and hair in a French plait.

I looked at myself in the mirror by my front door and said, "Well, you could be the sexiest executive in porn."

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The drive to the designated house was twenty minutes, and the closer we got, the dryer my mouth got and the wetter my pussy got. I'm not going to do this, I said to myself, and my head kept saying it agreed, but my pussy was saying something different.

I guessed the house as I entered the street. It was the only one with all the curtains drawn. I rang the bell, and Julie answered the door, quickly ushering me in. "Hurry, we don't want the neighbors to know what goes on here," she said quietly.

The closest they had got to exposure was a suspicious neighbor reporting the building as a cannabis factory. I could hear some noise upstairs as I was led into the living room. It was sparse, just a big leather settee and a side table. "Here is a glass of wine. Take a seat, and Jake will be with you soon," Julie said, handing me the glass.

I sat on the settee and wished I had worn a longer skirt. As I sat down, I sunk in and back, and the only way to avoid a full view up my dress was to have my hand covering my modesty. Once I had settled and covered, I looked around the room. There were framed pictures on the walls of girls in various stages of undress and different sexual positions. There was even one of Julie, but apart from a deep cleavage and protruding nipples, it was respectable.

I sat there for some time, waiting and listening. I could hear the sounds of sex, occasionally a dog from presumably next door barking, and directions being given.

"No, on your back, take him in your mouth, good girl," a male voice would say. "Now on all fours, good girl."

She seemed to be the only one being instructed, but then I suppose in porn, guys are only there for their cocks, and they know what they should do with them. I'd been there an hour listening to the sounds of sex, imagining how this stud was taking a girl with his huge dong. Yes, I was horny as fuck.

Eventually, Julie brought Jake to the room. Trained as I was when meeting a business associate, I struggled to get up to shake his hand, revealing my panties to him. Did I detect a smirk? Was that settee the infamous casting couch? Jake took my hand and held it. Without moving, it felt like he was caressing me all over. Julie smiled and left the room.

Without letting go, he gestured that I sit down, there was no choice but to sit on the settee, and from where we were standing, I had no choice but to be tight next to his arm. We started with general chit-chat, and as I relaxed and was related by his hand holding mine, I turned towards him as we talked, forgetting that this position would give him a good view down my skirt.

We continued to talk and moved on to the day's theme. Jake asked, "Have you watched porn?"

"Yes!"

"Tell me about it."

As his hands stroked my arm and thigh, it seemed natural to talk to him about lesbian scenes, guys fucking girls, and gang bangs. Which I think is the extent of my knowledge of porn. As I spoke, he stroked my leg, and I was increasingly turning on. As we talked about my experiences, he asked, "Have you ever been down on another woman?"

"Loads," I responded with relish.

"Ganged?"

I thought for a second or two and nodded yes. Why I hesitated, I don't know. "I would, especially with blacks."

"Anal?"

Oh my god, what was I discussing about myself? "No," I said, shaking my head.

"Why not?"

I just shrugged. His hand stroked up to the top of my thigh, and I knew I was swollen and soaked. He leaned forward and kissed my lips, and I opened my mouth. "You're a natural for specialist porn, Susie. I could make you a star and earn you lots of money."

I was breathing hard, my nipples breaking through my bra and blouse. I was never going to do this and said to him, "How?"

He smiled. "I have a six film contract for you and an advance of ten thousand pounds cash. Sign the contract. You get the money tax-free unless you want to declare it. We won't." He placed a package on the table and a document. It was the contract. "One-time offer, sign now, and it's yours," he said with a smile.

I think it was the touches of my hand and arms, his fingers stroking my pussy, the sounds of sex in the background, the pictures on the wall, and my need for money. I picked up a pen and gave the contract a cursory look.

He suddenly stopped my hand holding the pen and looked at me with intense eyes. He said thoughtfully, "Before you sign, Susie, remember you're not a kid. Young talent gets contracts like this because of their ages. But I think you're special and have an inner perv that deserves a contract

like this. You'll need to explore your boundaries, and you'll need to do anal. "

I was turned on so much, and his hand stroked me at the top of my thigh. I hesitated, and I thought for a moment. I picked up the contract. My mouth was dry, my pussy was soaked, and my hand shook. I signed my life into porn.

"Stand up," Jake suddenly ordered. I stood up. "Take off your panties." I slipped them off. "Pull up your skirt."

I stood with my skirt scrunched up around my waist. I was exposed from the tops of my hold-ups to my waist. "Bend forward over the arm of the settee."

Now I was beginning to get worried and hornier. "Now is as good a time as any to lose your anal cherry," Jake said.

I saw him reach down and take a tube from under the table. I heard the squirt as he squeezed lube onto his hand, and then he put his hand between my legs and moved one finger to the entrance of my ass. He slipped it in and then pushed it in and out, easing me open. The lube squirted over the crack of my ass and worked its way down to his finger, which quickly became fingers. Expertly he manipulated my ass open. I lay there enjoying the feel of his fingers inside me, three of them stretching me open, definitely in ways never experienced before.

I groaned, "Mmmmmmm!"

"You're a natural, girl. You should've been doing this a long time ago," Jake said.

I heard his zipper, his fingers left my ass, and seconds later, it was replaced by his cock at the entrance that had never previously been breached from outside. Gently, he eased his cock in. It hurt. His fingers may have made it easier, but it was not pain-free.

Bit by bit, my ass was filled, and slowly he got the root of his cock to meet my butt cheeks. Finally, he was home deep inside me, his hands went to my shoulders, and his thrusts became hard and fast, using me for leverage. My eyes must have been popping out. Once the initial gentleness of his first thrust had taken place, he spared nothing and went deep and fast.

I heard the door to the room and looked up. Julie was watching and taking photos. By now, my blouse had been ripped open, and my breasts were swinging outside my bra.

As my ass was pummelled, Julie came over to kneel in front of me and said, "You're a natural, Susie. We've been filming you, and this will be your first film."

With that, she quickly slipped a manacle over each of my wrists so that I was chained from my wrists to the settee. As my ass continued to pound, she whispered huskily, "This is why you'll be special, and the Far East will pay so much for your videos and live performances."

I followed her gaze as she turned her head. In the doorway stood the biggest fucking Rottweiler I have seen. The penny dropped just as Jake exploded in me. I was going to be a dog slut movie star. "Aaaaaaargh," Jake screamed and thrust forward hard as he emptied his balls inside my forbidden hole.

As I slipped back into enjoying my first anal, my muscles milked every last drop of cum out of him into me. I felt him withdraw, his juice dripping from me, and reality sunk in again. "Err, no... I'm not doing a dog," I said to Julie.

Julie said calmly, "We told you we do special films, and you signed the contract. You took the money, so you're doing the dog."

"Fuck the contract and the money," I growled.

I tried to get up, but the chain from the manacles was too short. I tried rallying against them but, of course, could not free myself. Behind me, Jake grabbed an ankle and manacled it, and then the other, I was spread bending over the arm of the settee, exposed and dripping. Fury and the struggle did not work, so I tried pleading.

They laughed. Two guys and a young girl entered the room with cameras. Handheld cameras and full lighting would enhance the hidden cameras. Then I heard the fearful sound of dog claws on the wooden floor, and I watched as the Rotty passed me, almost grinning. I looked at Julie, pleading. She spoke in sympathetic terms, saying, "Give it a go. You'll love it. All our talent never regrets doing it with dogs."

I whispered, slowly, clearly, "Fuck you!"

She laughed. "No, Susie, you'll be fucked, and often in every hole you have."

I could hear him lapping behind me. Cum from my ass had dripped on the floor, and he was cleaning it up. I made a last futile attempt to free myself from my chains. Unfortunately, the chains rattling diverted his attention from the cum on the floor to the cum dribbling out of my ass and on my butt cheeks.

I felt his cold nose at my buttocks, sniffing, pushing against me, and then his tongue as he licked up the juices, starting on my buttocks, his tongue lingering rough and long and cleaning as I wriggled to escape.

Then, having cleaned my cheeks, I suddenly felt his tongue snake into my sore asshole. There were so many nerves that his tongue was igniting as it was entering and leaving that I could not help but sigh and groan, despite the disgusting nature of the act. While I had rimmed a guy in the past, no one had ever done anything like this to me, and I had never wanted them to. Yet here I am, getting rimmed by a dog. A fucking dog. Shit, it felt nice.

I opened my eyes, and there was a camera on my face, catching every moment. Julie was beside the camera girl directing her every move. His tongue had been swirling around the rim of my ass. Then it plunged deep inside. It felt so good. It felt like he wanted to get his whole snout in here. He was licking and pushing. Jake had already opened me up, and the dog was taking full advantage. I hated every second of the enjoyment it was giving me.

Then it hit me. My muscles began to constrict. I did not know it was possible, but this dog, this beast, is giving me an anal orgasm. I screamed, my legs quivered, and my body exploded. It was the most massive orgasm I ever had. Even the dog withdrew in fright. The room watched and filmed as I came long, loud, and spasmodically.

Jake took the opportunity to wipe a cloth soaked in the juices of a bitch in heat into my pussy, as I lay there exhausted, still bent over the arm of the settee. However, the cum that had been on and in me had been licked off by the dog.

The dog now returned to sniffing and licking me only a little lower as he now sought my pussy. His tongue was rasping from my clit to my ass, and it was good, so good, pushing forward another impending orgasm. By now, I had lost all thought of the camera, the audience or even the

disgustingness of a dog, just the pleasure of a deep orgasm was forthcoming. It was deep inside me, slowly building, building and building.

Then, like the anal orgasm, it hit me again through my body. I was pulling on my chains and screaming through all my muscles. It was so intense. It was so satisfying. It was so exhausting. Again, I collapsed, and a voice said to me, "And that was just his tongue."

I could still hear him behind me. He had given me such a fantastic orgasm; I was deep in that sexual afterglow of satisfaction and wanting more. Wanting the ultimate fulfillment.

A whistle suddenly sounded. "Peep."

A whistle, so quiet I would not have picked it up if my senses had not been so heightened. It was the training the dog had received. I lay there manacled and defenseless, still bent over the settee, but now my pussy is screaming for fulfillment, wet and swollen. He jumped up. I felt his warm fur comfortingly on my back, his weight crushing down on me, his legs holding me around my sides, and his claws digging into my sensitive skin.

*Oh no*, my brain said. *Oh yes*, my pussy said.

*Who gives a fuck*, I'm sure the dog said.

I could feel his spray on my thighs as his cock got closer, as his hips bucked towards his target. He thrust once and missed, twice and missed, and then the third time, his cock tip found my sweet pussy, and his entry began. He was enormous, my pussy is no stranger to cocks, but I had never experienced anything like this. My body was being dominated by his cock. It was taking me over, filling, stretching, and there was a camera in my face and another by my pussy filming it all.

As he penetrated deeper, my muscles were stretched but also accommodated him, and the initial pain was turned to joy and ecstatic acceptance. Nothing had prepared my body for this. A room full of strangers watched as I thrust back, meeting the frenzied attack with my thrusting return. I could hear moans and groans and knew they were coming from my mouth. "Oh god, oh fuck, oh god, oh fuck, oh no, urrrghhhh!"

I screamed in orgasm.

The dog kept thrusting. I knew little about dogs' anatomy, so the feeling of something bulbous growing outside my vagina was confusing. Still, I had little time to contemplate as he seemed determined that whatever it was should be inside me. Thrusting hated, his knot was banging on the lips of my pussy breaking its way in. And finally, it breached, and I screamed, it was in me, and we were locked.

They stopped him from turning as the angle and height of the settee would have resulted in severe vaginal damage, so he kept thrusting, his head on my shoulder, his paws in my ribs, and his cock and knot deep inside me. At this moment, I realized no man, woman, or toy could give me such pleasure. I was lost to dog cock, and as his thrusts speeded up, his seed exploded inside me. I screamed with joy and orgasm. I came again and again as mini eruptions followed the massive explosion. While he stayed locked and his knot pressed against my previously undiscovered g spot.

All good things must come to an end, and never was there a more apt phrase as his knot reduced, and he slipped out to find a corner to lick himself clean, and his seed flowed out of me. The cameras remained on me, taking in my exhaustion, pleasure, and the look on my face. They filmed me manacled and prostrated on the settee.



Eventually, the room emptied. Julie helped me sit up, wrapped a quilt over my shoulders, and wiped me clean before she dressed me. As I sat there stunned, I knew my life had taken an unexpected turn. I was going to fuck dogs for money and would also fuck them for fun. I was hooked. I had become a dog slut, and I loved it.

*The End*