

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



At Marylou's place, a house with a garden, Peta was expecting the teen Mistress. She was naked in the room design. A big room, full of sunlight and just with a beautiful glass table and a big strange stainless steel padded bench, very modern and ultra-stylish design, probably done by custom order and private purchase, and a modern framed mirror.

Marylou entered the room with a medium size designer brand bag. She was dressed as a summer teen on vacation: the dress had light white flowers stamped over a light red back. Simple but stylish: your beautiful teen next door. She was pleased.

"Well bitch, welcome. I thought you'd run away from this afternoon," said Marylou. "OK, let's begin, bitch. Lie face down on the bench."

Peta looked inside Marylou's eyes and couldn't detect danger yet. She obeyed. Then Marylou took from her bag four pairs of handcuffs and tied each hand and each foot to the designed bench steel bars. Clicked all without too much pressure, but Peta wouldn't be able to move too much; she was still comfortable. She was in fours, and she put her head over the high point of the bench, looking to the mirror, her feet on the lowest, and her hips, pussy, and buttocks were in the air, but her belly was solidly on the bench.

After firmly tying Peta, Marylou approached her face and, talking with her best friend planning the afternoon stroll to find kids (or girls, indeed), she said casually to Peta: "I saw you bitch. I saw you looking at how Amy fucked me with a strap-on. I knew then a strap-on, just one strap-on, won't make now a deep dent in your humiliation and body. It still won't mold you as soon as I want to make the broken, ragged slave doll of you."

Marylou looked into Peta's eyes and began tenderly caressing her face and hair. "So, bitch, since we met, I thought long what could mold you fast and deep into a brainless sexy slave bitch. I guess I found your answer."

Peta began to tremble slightly. She saw Marylou coming finally.

Marylou said so sweetly, so lovingly: "A hammer."

Peta didn't understand.

"So if strap-ons aren't enough to mold you, at least for now this afternoon, maybe a hammer would do the task," said Marylou. "It'll be a special surprise for you." She blindfolded Peta, who couldn't see a thing but blackness, the absence of color of deep terror.

Peta heard Marylou go away, and after a few minutes, she came back. She also heard strange noises.

Suddenly, Peta felt a great weight over her back as Marylou ripped off the blindfold. Peta saw a giant dog's face and snout, and felt fur over her. It was not a furry one.

"Wake up bitch. Meet Hammer, your rapist," Peta hears Marylou, as cold as ice in her heart. "Meet our Great Dane, especially breed to be as BLACK as possible, as your darkest nightmares, you fucking dumb bitch! That's why I told you your name would be Bitch, The Bitch, bitch, and I knew why. Hammer is the reason: You'll be now His bitch!"

Hammer's claws began to rip the skin off Peta's shoulders, but what gave horror to her heart was the strange, strong, large baton she felt between her inner thighs. And, near her, she heard the

dog's intense breath and, in the neck, falling all around, his spit.

All of Peta's body contracted in fear and terror.

"Oh, the bitch is afraid of her Master Hammer. How sweet," said Marylou cheerfully. "But bitch, he's just beginning!"

Then Marylou kneeled beside Peta's hips. With one hand, she opened the crack between Peta's ass and, with the other, put the dog's penis in place but not in her pussy entrance. But in Peta's asshole entry.

"Noooooooooooo, pleaseeeeee, don't let him don't, I beg you. I'll do anything you order me, Mistress Marylou, but don't let a dog fuck me in my ass! Please," Peta yelled and cried.

"But bitch, this is what I want you to do right now precisely. Be fucked by Hammer in your tight ass," answered Marylou, so joyful, so fresh, so young a voice.

Hammer pushed frenetically, and the tip of his dick, guided by Marylou, collided brutally with the last muscle barrier of Peta's asshole. With the next push, the dog entered the forbidden guts.

"Arrggghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh," howled Peta as the dog's penis entered her like a burning dagger cutting her in two as never anything in her life.

The dog sensed the broken asshole's last barrier and, with a maddening frenetic, fast pace, pushed until all his baton was inside her human bitch. Peta's asshole and guts were not the first enjoyed by Hammer, so real name for Him. He has broken several, but Peta's was the tightest he has ever felt, and the dog went crazy as never before. His claws went a little lower, so the eight nails, four with each claw, cut the inner thighs of Peta as if she was whipped with those nails.

"Here, bitchy, bitchy, how does it feel to be fucked by a Big Bad Dog, bitch?" said Marylou in a voice tone as she gave the dearest gift for a beloved girlfriend. "How's your self-esteem? Have you ever tasted or lived such a perverted humiliation as this? Aren't you degraded so low before, bitch? Don't you enjoy your degradation? Come on, bitch. You should thank me for no one, not even wishy-washy Amy, can humiliate you as deep as I can, bitch."

Then Peta sensed something unexpected. She opened her eyes as wide as possible.

"Oh, bitch," said Marylou, really enjoying the moment. "I bet you're feeling Hammer's dick knot grow inside you. Well, isn't that a big surprise, bitch? You won't feel anything like that in your pathetic, meaningless life!"

It was true; Peta had not felt an equal in her life. The knot wasn't something inflated containing air. It was muscle and harder. And, of course, Peta felt ashamed of being submitted to this new sadistic sexual trait because Marylou knew perfectly what'd happen. She was thoroughly enjoying Peta's surprise and anxiety before the unknown.

Meanwhile, the Great Dane Hammer was just that: a killer hammer. With a swift pace, the dog was molding Peta's body and her feelings. The deeper Hammer entered her entrails, the more Peta felt and more debased, humiliated, and ashamed.

'How I come to this?' thought Peta. 'I was just a lesbian girl who liked to look at young girls, at their beauty. Enjoying a face here, some wonderful legs there, feet beyond, great hands with harmonious fingers, and delicate nails. I loved to be bewitched by a girl's kissable lips and now, look at me. How

did I come to this?’

Marylou, with a sixth sense, seems to hear Peta. But she didn’t say anything. Silently, she moved one hand to Peta’s belly. Hammer’s big dog dick beat that. Peta’s abdomen was so kicked by it that a bulge was seen, almost breaking the surface from the inside.

Then Marylou, looking at where the dog’s dick surfaced, calculated where the knot was and pushed the palm of her hand against it. Peta reacted by looking straight at Marylou, and the teen only smiled. Then, Marylou moved the palm of her hand even more toward Hammer’s penis and pressed it harder against it and the penetration rhythm. The dog went madder against this bitch body, and Marylou pushed now openly.

Peta felt horrible and sickened, almost to the verge of puking. Even naïve Peta understood: Marylou was masturbating Hammer, and she was just the glove, flesh and blood glove, ass and guts glove, the “bitch” mitten to do it. A debased tool for the dog’s pleasure and nothing more for Marylou’s sadistic games with her.

Peta felt utterly lost, alone, and corrupted beyond anything she could imagine. In a brief time, she’d fallen from a girl that teased shoes and clothes, salesgirls, to just a depraved puppet used by lesbian dominatrix and their trained pets like Hammer. When she accepted to be a submissive lesbian slave, she never imagined or felt it’d be anything like this.

She’d liked to suck and lick heeled shoes, even to be a lesbian maid turned impotent voyeur of the twisted Mommy-Daughter games between her beloved Mistress Amy and this dark fallen angel Marylou.

But she never thought she’d be tied as a fuck bitch or fuck sow to be the velvet flesh masturbation doll for a Great Dane dog and be profoundly used by a sadist teen like Marylou. Yes, it was all devised to make her a broken doll, a worthless submissive slave, and a pathetic fake bitch. Yes, Peta thought, crying finally, ‘I’m not human anymore. Just a nothingness for anyone else to use.’

And, exactly then, when she felt like the lowest of girls, the Great Dane exploded in the belly, and she felt the hot dog’s cum flooding her, overflowing her. So, as the bitch she was now, she reciprocated Hammer’s semen by cumming too. First, slowly as her lust exploded and took over her body. Then closing her eyes, she came panting and gasping heavily in, undoubtedly, the most perverted orgasm in her brief life. At that exact second, she felt Marylou kissing her, forcefully opening her mouth but not using her tongue. Instead, Marylou was greedily sucking Peta’s breathing. Every single breath of panting and gasping went inside Marylou’s mouth. She was sublimated in heaven, sucking like a lesbian vampire, feeding on Peta’s soul instead of blood.

Peta had multiple orgasms, convulsing as the dog dug his claws into her inner thighs, but she felt no pain, only her distorted, twisted new pleasure: an orgasm not by a girl but a dog, a hammer dog. After the prohibition to come until allowed or ordered, Peta now came freely in an unexpected degrading cumming. When she opened her eyes, she saw Marylou. She had a satisfied glance after kissing her.

Peta couldn’t restrain herself, and feeling drowned in the worst humiliation of her life, she vomited. Her emotions were in turmoil and confusion. Sadness and shame possessed Peta now. How could a cheeky and audacious and teasing girl like Peta have found a new pleasure as being raped by a trained dog at the hand of a sadist teen? Peta couldn’t discern the emotions that clashed in her now ragged soul.

Marylou spoke finally. “Well, well, well. I didn’t know I had such a slut Bitch at hand. You enjoyed

my Hammer. You really did! I don't know a single woman, be she a teen, milf, ham, or granny, that enjoys Hammer's pussy hammering! No one has cum with him except you, Bitch! You're the very first! It's a thing that must be gossiped about at places like our lesbian lodges."

Marylou now helped the Great Dane turn around Peta's body because the knot in her guts was still swollen and couldn't get off yet of her asshole. Then she returned to Peta, cleaned her puked face, and kissed her again after seeing her for a few minutes.

This time Marylou's kiss was exploring Peta. She offered herself, asking for the submissive bitch answer. The beautiful teen was questioning the bitch, and she only knew the emotional query. Long minutes passed through the single extended kiss until both girls heard a single 'plop,' Peta felt the knot going outside her asshole, and some of Hammer's semen came out of her.

Marylou stood up, and she spoke lovingly to the Great Dane. Took him by his collar and affectionately caressed the dog. Hammer became a spoiled puppy as slowly both disappeared, leaving Peta alone.

Peta felt so dirty now. Not only in her body still oozing dog semen, not because she smelled of acrid sweat, not only because she had puked, but because she had been ashamed, humiliated, and debased like never before. And Peta had lustfully liked it all. Maybe every second of it, as she began to accept now. It was a new Peta, and she'll take time to embrace this truth.

Marylou returned with a rough rope in her hand; she was earnest now. The rope was a hanging loop noose. She put on the hanging rope in Peta's neck and pulled until it was tight, but the lesbian slave could still breathe freely.

Marylou's voice was now "matter-of-fact," not cold, not sarcastic, or even dominant. Just talking business. "Well, I've reached a final decision about you, Peta slave (saying Peta's name for the first time since the bitter beginning and not Bitch)."

Peta couldn't believe her ears. Yes, that was her almost forgotten real name, and Marylou said it, not bitch or the Bitch.

"I kissed you," said Marylou as she put a wood stick between the rope and Peta's neck. "I kissed you, slave Peta. I did it very receptively. Now I know!"

"Know what?" said Peta.

Marylou slowly turned the wood stick, and manually it began to turn around the rope, making it bit by bit tight as a tourniquet. Peta immediately felt it choking her neck.

"You're worthless to me, Peta. You're absolutely nothing. You'd be the perfect bitch for Hammer, and he'd cherish you, maybe defending you against me. But that's not the point," said Marylou as she kept turning the rope with the stick.

Peta felt her lungs crying for air now, and suddenly she felt the fear of dying descending on her soul for the first time. She opened her eyes but couldn't say a word, pleading in her defense.

Marylou kept talking almost to herself, a bit only to the slave girl she was slowly suffocating. "The point, Peta, is you kissed me back, and I only felt deep fear of me, animal, like a fawn. Never submissive worship of me as your Mistress and even less in full adoration to me as your goddess. So you're worthless to me as a slave or a worshiper. Nothing in you craves for me to be your Mistress. Nothing that would humiliate you until you're mad craving for a single tender word or touch."

Peta was now asphyxiating, her body began to convulse, and her face reddened noticeably, turning purple each second.

Now Marylou looked straight into Peta's eyes. "But there's a way I'll never forget you. When you die right in seconds, I'll receive your last life breath into my mouth, and I'll know, and I'll taste life in its last expression. That's how I'll remember you forever, Peta."

"Marylou! Marylou! Stop playing with my doll, dear daughter," a third woman's voice sounded.

Marylou's face transfixed in a second. Her visage turned to total, pure, crystalline hate. But Peta saw it wasn't directed to her but totally against the new voice. And then, the face turned to absolute frustration, with a titanic effort into a mask of submission. She released the stick, and the rope loosed, so Peta began to breathe again, life returning into her bones in gasping deep breaths, and her soul came back to her.

"Marylou, I got news for you," said the voice of Mistress Amy, whom Peta finally recognized. "The email from the Great Lesbian Lodge has finally arrived. Good news."

Now in complete control of herself, Marylou turned and faced Amy. "What news, Mommy dearest?"

As Peta kept coughing, regaining her breath, she heard Amy saying: "They want to see you performing as the new sadistic supernova. Your fame goes before you, Marylou. They've invited you and me to live with them for a few days and know you as the sadist pearl you are."

"Yes, Mommy, I won't let you down," said Marylou. What must I do, then?"

Amy was jumping excitedly like a groupie teen. "You must break their submissive superstar, a slut named Karla. They say her submission is the best they've seen in years! A worthy slut for you to transform her into a ragged, broken puppet!"

"Oh, yes, Mommy, I'll make mincemeat of this Karla whore, the poor Bitch," Marylou smiled again.

"Now, put this Peta whore back in the girls' den. We must prepare immediately to depart right now," ordered Amy.

As an afterthought, Amy added. "We'll be back soon, Marylou. You'll end whatever you were doing to this slave before I came with the news! We'll be back soon because we'll bring a Great Lodge's Diplomat Observer named Gabriela. This Mistress Gabriela will observe us but can't interfere in our games. But you'll meet her before because she interacts there with this Karla slut."

"Yes, Mommy," said Marylou. "I'm curious about this bitch Karla (and very interested in this new girl contender, this Mistress Gabriela, fucking bitch)."

And Peta also wanted to know Gabriela. 'How she will be,' she thought before fainting.

The End