

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) by cindykennelluver

This story is true to the best of my memory. It is from my perspective alone. Certain details might be filled in from information I learned after-the-fact by the persons who were also involved. Please forgive my writing style, I am not a writer. I wrote it not to excite, but more to explain myself.

I'm married and my husband's kink was watching black men fuck me. He started by having his best friend, who is black, seduce me. He never told me his plan. He never gave me any hint that this is what he wanted. I'm not sure how I would have reacted if he did tell me his desires. In my little world, I was just trying to be a devoted, faithful wife and was for about 5 years before this all came into being. By the way, my husband at the time was also in the army.

Well, after the deed was done, and I have to say it did take him about 6 months to finally get into my panties and I started putting out for him. The same night he took me, willingly is the same night I discovered that it was my husband's plan all the long. To my amazement it wasn't a one time thing, but he wanted me to continue to have a relationship with his best friend.

At first they had me in a threesome which I rather like a lot. It seems like they competed with themselves to see who could make me cum louder, harder and more often (I am a multi orgasmic girl). I didn't care because I was getting the fucking of a lifetime. Then hubby began to enjoy watching and jacking off more and more and of course his friend was more than happy to do most of the fucking. I don't claim to understand it all, but hubby was happy, his friend was very happy and I was still getting fucked silly so I was happy.

All good things must come to an end or so they say. Our happy threesome ended when my hubby's friend got transferred overseas. Hubby became depressed because he was quite addicted to my performances, which by the way were mostly just "normal" sex, nothing really kinky.

Hating to see hubby like that, I started dating other black men as long as they didn't have problems with hubby watching. I quickly found that a lot of them wanted me to divorce my husband and marry them. I wasn't in it for romance just sex. I had found my husband and wasn't looking for another. So I would only date a guy for a few weeks to a month depending. This helped a bit.

Then one night at an office party, I met Robert. I didn't know it at the time, but Robert was a natural-born dominate and he was very black. I will not go into detail on our meeting for although it is an important point in my life, it is not the point of the story I'm telling.

At first my husband was delighted with Robert and how he took charge of me so quickly. But just as quickly he began to lose the control he had over me and Robert took up that control with enthusiasm. Within a month of meeting me for the first time, Robert had me collared and leashed and he became my Master.

This shocked both my husband and even more me since I never thought of myself as being submissive to anyone or anything. Robert told me later that he knew I was a natural-born submissive from the second he saw me. He said it radiated from me like a magnet. I can only agree now, with one exception. I am only submissive to those I both respect and trust completely. I can tell within minutes if a person is truly dominate or just a "want-a-be" dominate.

To keep hubby complacent Robert let my hubby watch him fuck me. Then later he would have a couple of his buddies fuck me regularly. But it was always on Robert's terms and timetables. Hubby had no idea that Robert was having me fucked by ALL his friends which were a lot. Not all at once of course, but in groups of 3's, 4's and such with the largest being 9 at one time for as long as there

was a stiff cock in the group. And all this was done with my total coöperation and willingness... and eagerness.

Robert was in the mean time also training me for black cock service as well as opening my life to the world of BDSM. First off, with bondage which I really found myself enjoying and would cum so hard I would pass out from time to time. He then added pain, but always mixed it with incredible pleasure to the point of begging for more. I remember him smirking when he first discovered that deep inside me was a pain slut begging to come out.

Robert never abused me. No black eyes, not broken bones. He always kept his friends in line and always made sure that they were always clean and healthy and knew my limits. In fact, one day, one of his friends got over enthusiastic and slapped my face really hard and then punched me in the stomach. Seconds later, Robert had him flat on his back and out cold when he began kicking his face and groin area and calling him all sorts of names.

Robert and some of his friends took the guy away and I never saw him again. Robert treated me like a china doll princess for days. He took me to doctor to make sure I was ok. He was sweet and finally, after about 5 days of it, I told him to, "Stop it! I am NOT a china doll! This is not what I want or need from him".

After looking into my eyes, he smiled and said, "Fuck slut you were, and fuck slut you are," and went back to treating me the way I was happier being treated.

Shortly after that he established set rules for me:

I was never allowed into his house wearing clothes of any type unless told differently. I had to strip naked on his porch which his neighbour could see but never once made a fuss about. Once in, the only things I was allowed wear were collar, leather cuffs for my wrist, elbows, knees, ankles and my engagement and wedding rings. If I were going to be on my knees a long time I was permitted to wear knee pads.

I was required to service anyone at this place on command and without hesitation and anyway they wanted. I never questioned these rules. I liked them. They allowed me to become who I really was and suited me to a tee. I was always called to come over or told ahead of time when to come. There was a strict rule against just showing up without being called for. Punishment could be anything from having doors slammed in my face to spankings with or without nipple/pussy clamps.

There were times I violated the rules with full knowledge of what would happen. This was about the time I realized that I also was getting off on humiliation and craved it. This was how things came to be and the start of me becoming cindy kennel lover. I showed up on his doorstep one Friday afternoon with the intent to be royally fucked silly or at the least get punished. I needed attention. I was so horny that I stripped even before knocking on his door. I knocked and waited several minutes before he opened it. Seeing me he instantly was upset. He was about to slam the door in my face when I said in a small voice "Please Master".

He looked at me and said without a tract of emotion, "What do you want?"

I answer back in the same small voice, head down, "I need a good fucking, Master."

He said, "I did not call you, did I!"

I lowered my head more and whispered, "No Sir."

He said, "You realize that you will be punished for this?"

I answered back with a bit of hope in my voice "YES Master and I will accepted it happily."

He asked, "Any punishment I choose?"

I dropped to my knees still looking at his feet and said, "ANY punishment you want Master."

He told me to get up and go into the living room. As I passed him he smacked my ass hard enough to leave a red palm print. I saw it when I went pass one of the mirrors he had.

He reached into a box he kept and started to toss me my collar and cuffs... all of them and instructed me to put them on tight. When completed I had my collar on and leather cuffs on both wrists, just above both elbows, just above my knees and my ankles. Looking satisfied, he went on with getting the rest of the things ready for me. He pulled out a funny looking leather padded foot stool that was higher on one end and lower on the other. He instructed me to kneel and lay across the stool with my hips at the higher end. I did what he said and was in an elbow and knees position that felt very comfortable. I noticed that there were round cut outs where my tits hung down, which separated and made both of them very accessible which made me shiver with lust.

He made me spread my knees wider and then went about securing me to the stool and the floor. Yes, he had heavy-duty I-bolts to make sure every inch of me was tightly tied into place even my collar was attached so I couldn't raise my head or move it too much from side to side. In my arms, he pulled back and attached ropes connecting my wrist to my knees and tightly tied both elbows. I was trussed up like a Thanksgiving Day turkey ready for stuffing and couldn't move no matter what.

I was now his willing prisoner.

He got up and left for a moment and when he came back, he had a ping-pong paddle which he proceeded to redden my butt with. With a really hard smack I yelled and he took that opportunity to shove my panties into my mouth. That was where he had gone. Helpless now and my pussy was already leaking juices down my thighs.

Then he turned and I thought maybe he was calling some of his buddies over to help with "Punishing me" or at least I was hoping he would. Instead, I heard loud ticking sounds coming quickly towards me. The sounds were both familiar and foreign to me.

When I felt the shock of the first cold nose bury itself into my pussy I jump but of course couldn't move. Now the noise made sense... dogs. He had brought his 2 German shepherd dogs into the house. I screamed, but it was absolutely muffled and barely understandable. A second cold nose and I felt my ass being assaulted with it. Then tongues started licking and if it weren't for the ropes I would have jumped through the roof.

Then the dogs were sniffing and licking and nipping at everything, every part of my vulnerable body open to them. My face, my tits and they nipped at those. Finally, I heard Robert order them "Sit" and they did as he said. He came around to look me in my eyes and said, "You said ANY punishment I wanted. Well darling fuck slut here is your punishment, although I am sure by morning it won't be as much punishment as it seems now. You should be more careful about writing blank checks."

I tried to scream, "You bastard," but it was muffled and it just made him chuckle which made me even more angry.

How dare him. This was too much over the line. This was indecent, obscene, perverted. He was going to degrade me with his dogs. I hated him that second and then I felt one dog mount me and with little effort his cock found my hole. That's when I realize the purpose of the stool. It put my body in the perfect "bitch" position to be used by the dogs.

I struggled and screamed and tried to break loose, but none of my effort did anything more than tire me out. I felt the dog's paw encircle my waist and I felt his claws scrape my bare flesh. Not a lot, but enough to keep me aware of what was happening. Enough to focus on the fact I was being taken against my will by dogs.

I hated Robert.

I hated his dogs.

I swore that I would see him in jail and the dogs put to sleep. But then I realized what court would judge them. I came to him. I stripped naked and begged to be fucked and happily accepted punishment for that crime. I'm more than sure his neighbours could and would willingly testify to my willingness to be used.

Now if I made any complaints it would only ruin my other life with my husband or maybe ruined my marriage completely once my husband found out I've was fucked by dogs and by groups of his friends. I would have nowhere to go. I would be alone and have to live with what I've done.

Then slowly, steadily my first orgasm happened. My mind and body and exploded with all the power of a 4th of July fireworks. At the same time I felt something large being forced into me with the power of a jackhammer. The pain and the pleasure of my orgasm sent me over the edge again and again. I felt my blood pounding in my ears and my throat felt sore with what I was told later from screaming. The object that I later would learn was his dog's knot. That beautifully obscene and magnificently wonderful thing that sets dogs cocks apart from men cocks.

I felt taken. I felt owned. This wonderful dog has made me his bitch. My brain exploded with anger again, but not at Robert or the dogs but at myself. I let a dog, an animal use me. I allowed myself to orgasm from this thing. I found myself cursing myself, my body for betraying me. And what made it worse is when the dog tried to retreat from me... he was stuck. But that's not what bothered me, what made me sick to my stomach. What did was that I didn't want him to pull out. In fact I felt my cunt clench tight, straining to hold onto him.

When he did finally pull out, and don't ask how long he was stuck I couldn't see any clocks and I was way too busy at the time to care. But I remember sobbing not from pain or embarrassment. Not for any normal reactions. I was sobbing because I missed the feeling of that cock inside me. But to my relief the 2nd dog was more than ready for his turn at me, and I was ready for him. I could barely move, but I strained to push back at him as he jacks hammered into me.

Let me say now, dogs don't make love to you... they fuck you and you know it. And they don't last as long, but in my mind time had no meaning and it seems to last deviously long. Their cum is not thick like guys cum and smell and taste is certainly different, but not hard to adjust to and fall in love with. Their cocks expand inside you like a balloon being pumped up. To witness one freshly pulled out of you is a wonder to behold. To this day seeing one makes me drool with lust.

So after the 2nd dog had finished with me and pulled out it felt like my heart was going to explode. But my mind had stopped it damned condemnation. I was exhausted and my muscles ached, but not in a terribly bad way. I felt a hand on my head patting me like a dog and I heard my Master saying "Good girl. Good girl." My body flushed with embarrassment, but also with pride. Damn mind wish I

could just turn it off at times.

My Master then knelt and asked if I was thirsty and I shook my head yes. He left and came back with a bowl of water and placed it under my face, which was close enough for me to lick up. He started to pull my panties from my mouth and then stopped. He gave my butt a hard smack and warned me not to scream when he removed them or he would just shove them back in. I nodded my understanding.

With my panties removed I lowered my head and licked at the clear water. Again a pat on my head and a "Good girl!" and I found myself stopping long enough to hoarsely say, "Thank you Master" and I meant it.

He let me drink my fill and then took my panties and went to put them back in my mouth but I said, "Please Master". He stopped and waited. I quickly told him I had to pee.

I heard him say, "Of course, I'll take care of that. Now open up". I did and my panties were back in my mouth.

What he did was get a sort of absorbent pad and a pot and placed it between my legs and fasten it so it wouldn't spill or get in the way of the dogs. Then I heard him say "All set, which should do nicely to keep from making a big mess. Wouldn't matter to the dogs much, but I don't want to spend a lot of time cleaning up". He patted my butt and told me to enjoy he could come check on me from time to time before he headed to bed.

I realized that I was going to stay exactly as I was until at least morning. I had a long night ahead of me. Now the dogs didn't fuck me continuously throughout the night... saying so would be silly and impossible. But I was fucked with regularity throughout the night, one then the other then rests. I actually welcomed their visits eagerly waking almost by the sense that they were coming.

Those dead times when they were resting, drinking or what have you my brain would kick in and would call myself all sorts of names and how terrible I was. I was sick; I was perverted as they were. The turmoil inside me wouldn't quit. In fact at times I thought I had gone insane, maybe I had.

Morning came and Master reappeared. He came in with a cup of coffee and looked down at me and said "Have you gotten fucked enough?" I shook my head yes and he put his coffee down and took the dogs and put them outside. He then untied me and instead offering to let me shower or even have a cup of coffee, he leads me to his door and gently pushed me outside... panties still in my mouth.

He looked at me and said, "This was your punishment. You can leave and never come back or if you do come back you will be servicing my dogs... any dogs I choose from now on."

Without waiting for an answer he shut the door and locked it.

I quietly dressed and drove home. I was pulling into my garage when I realized that I still had my panties in my mouth. I shut the door of the garage, but didn't turn the car off.... didn't take the panties out of my mouth. I cried.

I'm not sure if I meant to commit suicide or whether I just wasn't thinking, but I barely realized what was happening when I push the button on the door remote and the door went up and the fresh air came in. I pulled the panties from my mouth and coughed and began to cry again. Was I a coward and just plain stupid? I was a mess. The one thing I was grateful for was my brain had stopped attacking me. It was surprising calm and strangely at peace with myself.

I looked down between my legs and saw what a big mess the dogs had made of my pussy. Red, puffy,

swollen, and leaking lots of cum. My car seat had a plastic cover on it because I've come home with cum before, but never dog cum and never so much.

I watched my hand go down between my legs and it scoop up a glob of it. I brought it to my nose and sniffed it. I closed my eyes and then sniffed again and powerful images and feelings came back instantly. I could smell the dogs scent on me the smell of dog cum and I could see in my mind the dog cocks that came from my pussy and my orgasm. My hand went to my mouth to quiet my scream, but ended up in my mouth instead. I was sucking on my fingers tasting the dogs I scooped more and then more until there wasn't anything left to scoop.

My legs were like jelly and I could barely make it to the bathroom and took a shower, then a bath. When I got out I threw my clothes into the washer and went to clean my car seat of any evident spraying everything from car to garage to house with air freshener. I put antibiotic cream on my scratches and put on a big fluffy long robe. I had dinner already for my husband and when he came in I told him that I was feeling sick and would sleep in the guest room just in case so I didn't pass whatever I had on him.

I can't really say that I thought much about what happened during the next couple of days. I just did things by autopilot. Hubby wrote it off as me having the flu or something. I can't really say a lot about it... shock, fear, excitement I don't know, but exactly 3 days from the day I left my Master porch I was back. I was naked and I knocked on his door with my head bowed and my eyes on the floor before me.

Master answered the door without a word. He stepped back and let me in. I walked to the living room and saw the funny little footstool; no longer so funny to me... it was more practical. I was still looking at the ground and nothing else. Robert said nothing, he wasn't going to make this easy for me, and for some reason I understood why.

I dropped to my knees and whispered, "I'm sorry, Master for breaking your rules. I'm sorry for being a disobedient fuck slut."

He answered back in almost the same whisper, "At this moment I am not sure if I want to be your Master!"

That shocked me.

I glanced up for just a second and then quickly lowered my eyes back to his feet. "Please Robert. I want you to be my Master. I want you to own me, to use me, to teach me!"

He said, "I set you free days ago. I told you that you could leave and never come back. I told you that if you did it was your own choice and not mind. I told you..."

I cut in, "That I would be your dog's bitch. I would be their fuck toy bitch."

He said, "Your words not mine. And I said not only my dogs, but ALL dogs!"

I answered back, "Yes Robert, I remember and I accept that as long as you say you will be my Master"

He turned and started walking to the door when I screamed out, "Master, I am a dog slut. I am a fuck bitch for all dogs. Your dogs made me that the first time they made me cum. Thank you for showing me what I really am. Please Robert.... Master, please!"

He walked back to me and I felt him run his hand through my hair, stroking my head and I swear I started purring.

His voice was calm, not so cold now. "Please what, my fuck slut?"

I felt my heart almost explode with happiness and I became to babble, "Please may I service you dogs Master. May I be their bitch?"

He chuckled and he said, "Their bitch in heat?"

"Yes, yes, yes their bitch in heat. That is what I am." I cried out as I scrambled for the stool draping myself over it like I was before. Master patted my butt and asked if I wanted to be tied down and I told him "NO. I was willing to accept my new life."

And so he lets his dogs in and once again we mated and we mated many, many more times. By the end of the day, I was sucking their cocks and swallowing their cum greedily. By the end of one month I was taking their cocks and knots in my ass. I haven't looked back since nor have I regretted what he did to bring me to this level.

I don't pretend to always understand why I do things that I do or say. I know many times my pussy takes over and does the thinking for me. Sometimes this is when I end up getting into more trouble than I want. And don't think that I have a super memory just because I remember these events so clearly. But there are times when something happens to you that makes such an impact that every detail is burned into my memory, or at least every detail you perceive to happen.

I hope you that like it or at least entertained you somewhat.

The End