

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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With a depressed sigh, I closed yet another window of my web browser, disappointed by the lack of real imagination that went into the story I'd read. I sat naked at my desk, the door to my dorm room open a crack, searching for something interesting to masturbate to in hopes of getting caught by my roommate or some other random passerby. After an hour, I had just about lost hope until a story title caught my attention.

"The Camp Slut, huh? Well, I guess I can give it a try," I said out loud to the empty room. As I read through the tale, I could start to feel a new tingling. I wanted to be that girl. I closed my eyes and leaned back in my chair, imagining the feel of the collar and cuffs against my skin, the brush of the tree branches as I walked through the forest. I let my hand drift down between my legs as I imagined being so helpless that anyone or anything could do whatever they wanted to me.

My fingers danced around my clit as I slid two fingers from my other hand into my suddenly aching pussy. I lifted my knees, resting my feet on my desk as I worked my sex as mercilessly as I could, pounding now three fingers deep inside and slapping my clit with the palm. I let my head fall back, my mouth wide open as if I was wearing a ring gag like the girl in the story.

With almost no warning, the orgasm hit me, washing over me like an electric current, my muscles locked and shaking, a strangled cry coming from my throat. I don't know how long I sat there, my eyes closed, body shaking, pussy convulsing around my fingers. I startled enough when someone cleared their throat that the chair almost flipped backwards.

I turned, chair, body, and all, to face the door, which now was wide open and pretty much filled with the other residents in the dorm. As I sat, naked, my hand still shoved up my cunt, my brain still not functioning, they started applauding, cheering and hooting. My roommate worked her way through the crowd, laughing and shooing them out the door.

"All right, you fucking perverts. Show's over. Get out so a girl can get herself back in order." She shook her head as she closed the door on the last of my onlookers, turning back to me with a smile. "Damn, Di. Why didn't you just do that out in the quad? It would have drawn less attention."

I pulled my hand out from between my legs with a shiver, grabbing the towel I had left nearby and started wiping myself up. My brain had started catching up with what had happened. The blush that started building was quickly tamped down by the excitement of what I'd just done. I had gotten caught frigging myself, just like I'd wanted. I smiled as I looked up at Julie. "If I didn't want the attention, I'd have closed the door and put a hanger on it, silly."

That brought on a new round of laughter from both of us.

"What did you find that finally tripped your trigger?" she asked, dropping into my lap and scooting us both over to the computer. She started reading the story on the screen, and I could tell it had caught her interest as well. She started squirming her ass, worming into my hips more. When she finished, she leaned back against me, turning her head to whisper in my ear, "We have to do this."

We spent the next couple of hours scouring the internet for the equipment. The ring gags were easy, and we ordered several sizes to see how big we could go. The cuffs and collars were harder. The story described some pretty specific stuff, but we managed to find some that we could secure and we were sure would handle getting wet without being ruined. We ran down to the big box store to pick up the rest of the odds and ends we would need, while discussing the details of our adventure.

The first thing we had to decide was whether to do it together or to take turns. As much as we both wanted to see the other getting manhandled, it was decided that, for safety's sake, we should go one at a time so that whoever stayed behind could at least point the authorities in the right direction to start with if something went wrong. We both knew going in that we were going to get "raped", but there are worse things that could happen.

The second item to tackle was location. We couldn't just pick some random stretch of road near a campground and send the victim out willy-nilly. Wild animals, dangerous plants, and families with kids could all put a quick end to the adventure. After a couple days of discreet questioning, Julie found out about a section of the national forest near campus that was frequented by some of the rowdier fraternities on weekends. We took a few trips to look around the area so we could find a good drop off point not too far from several of the regular gathering spots.

The last piece of our puzzle was when to do it. We wanted to make sure our "victim" was found, but I had concerns about just how many people would be there during the event. After a few times of Julie calling me a chicken shit, I gave in and decided I'd do it after the next home game. The idea of getting used as a cum rag for a bunch of worked up football players had me wanting to run to the bathroom to get myself off. I ended up spending the rest of the day smelling like sex because of my pussy being so wet that I soaked through my panties and shorts and had juices running down my thighs.

With all of the planning done, Julie and I started practicing. We both started wearing our cuffs and collars regularly. We got some strange looks at first. I would look around self-consciously wondering if anyone was going to say something about the tinkling of the locks against the cuffs and I walked around campus. A few people stopped and asked me if I'd found a Master like in the 50 Shades movies, and I answered that I was just trying things out to see if it was something I wanted to do. After a couple weeks, people stopped seeming to notice, and I stopped hearing the locks even. The cuffs just became comfortable and natural.

We took turns conditioning each other's bodies, as well. One of us would wear a strap on and spend up to an hour fucking the other as hard, fast, and cruelly as we could in each of her holes. After the first few sessions, I started eating more yogurt and protein shakes. Having Julie shove her "cock" down my throat still covered in shit after she pulled it from my ass made me really think about my diet. The first week, we were both hoarse and sore, but I have to say that I don't remember a time before that I felt so relaxed.

We also didn't limit ourselves to the dorms. There were times that I would find myself yanked into the bushes on the way between classes, Julie standing over me with her strap-on sticking out from under her skirt. She would use me until I had to ball my shirt up over my mouth to scream my orgasm, then leave me there, disheveled and shaking, having to straighten myself up as much as I could and still hurry to class. Campus security got called a couple of times, but before long, they would look and see it was us, shake their heads, and walk off chuckling.

Finally, after months of planning, preparing, and generally having a great time with each other, football season was starting to wind down. There were only a few home games left, and Julie and I looked over the schedule to see which one we would each take. I was sitting next to her, sipping my soda, and feeling very tired all of the sudden.

I woke up cold, in the dark. The air smelled wrong. Why did my dorm smell like mulch? What was all over the floor poking me and wet at the same time? I tried to sit up and realized my wrists were locked behind my back. I shook my head, trying to focus and heard tinkling. I had my collar on like normal, but this time it sounded different, like there was something extra. My eyes started to focus

and I looked around. I was shocked when I realized I wasn't in my dorm, but in the woods. After a few moments I recognized the area- I was at our drop off point. I tried calling out for Julie, then it registered that the biggest ring gag I had been able to fit in my mouth was in. I was naked, locked up, gagged. Julie had started my adventure for me.

I took another minute to make sure I had my bearings and was okay to walk, then started heading toward where one of the party sites should have been. Before long, I heard the sounds that sent shivers of both fear and lust through me- people at the party spot. Carefully, I crept closer, trying to stay in the shadows of the tree line until I could get an idea of which frat was there and how many. I counted close to twenty guys, and almost as many girls, but I didn't recognize any of them from campus. Was this a group from a different college or something?

I screamed a little as I felt a hand grab my hair, yanking my head back and almost putting me to my knees. A shiver of pleasure worked its way down my body, and I could feel my juices start running down my thighs. When I could get my eyes to work again, I looked at who had caught me and gasped when I saw it was Julie, a truly wicked smile on her face. She was naked, with only her cuffs and collar on as well, her ring gag hanging loose and ready around her neck. She kissed me hard and deep through my gag, her other hand sliding between my legs, fingers slipping into my very wet pussy.

She broke the kiss as I moaned, my eyes fluttering. When she was sure I could stand, she let go and whispered, "Time to play, Diana. Don't worry about us not getting home eventually. I called some friends to be here for us. They know to take us home." Her smile got bigger, an evil glint in her eyes. "In a few days, anyway."

She laughed quietly as she started to position her gag, then stopped and glanced over at me. "By the way, I swapped out our birth control pills for sugar tablets a few months ago, when we started planning all of this. I hope you're not ovulating." I just stood staring at her stupidly as she finished inserting and securing her gag, then locked her hands behind her back. With a wink, she started walking out toward the gathered group. I followed automatically, unsure of what else to do.

As we cleared the tree line, a few of the group noticed us, calling out. Cat calls, whistles, and not a few really raunchy phrases drifted from the crowd. One of the guys came over, grabbed each of us by the arm, and practically dragged us to the rest of the waiting partygoers. He stopped us in the middle of the group, turned us around so everyone could get a good look, then reached up and grabbed something on the front of my collar.

"If found," he read, "return to CSU campus dorm 350 after using." He laughed, looking at a tag hanging from the front of Julie's collar. "This one says the same thing. I guess we have ourselves a couple of lost bitches, people. Whatever shall we do?"

The crowd cheered and laughed in response. He pushed me in one direction, Julie in the other, and I was handed around the circle of people, hands groping my tits and ass, fingers sliding into my pussy, ass, and mouth. Gus and girls alike turn their turn molesting me as I was passed around. I passed Julie going the other way, seeing the mix of fear and lust in her eyes that I knew had to be in mine, too. It was happening. We were helpless and about to get gang raped. My knees almost gave out as a mini-orgasm hit me at the thought.

When I made it back to the beginning of the circle, the guy who first brought us in forced me to my knees. My back was to the fire, and I couldn't see where Julie was, but there was enough activity in front of me to keep my attention anyway. Men and women alike were stripping out of their clothes, gathering closer to me, seeming to almost line up for their turn at the little cum puppy kneeling in

front of them.

The first guy shoved his dick in my mouth. Even fully erect, my ring gag kept my mouth open wide enough that he could work its length fully into my mouth and down my throat. I used my tongue to apply some pressure to the underside of his cock, pressing him up against the roof of my mouth and lips. He grabbed my head and started fucking my face hard and fast. "That's it, bitch. Use that mouth pussy of yours, you fucking whore." I looked up his body, moaning at the feeling of his cock head going into my throat and his ball sac slapping my chin. I could taste the salt of his precum, see the concentration on his face as he tried to hold back and still keep his rhythm. Before long he groaned, pressed my face tight against his body. His first spurt of cum almost burned as it went down my throat, and I shivered and worked my muscles to swallow him down, milking him for every drop he would give me. Finally, he backed away. "God damn, that little slut is good. I need a second, but I want all three of her holes. If her slut friend is as good, I may not walk tomorrow." Everyone laughed as a girl stood before me.

"Your little whore tongue isn't long enough to satisfy me with that ring in your mouth, but I have had a lot of beer already tonight and need to release some. Since you can't do shit about it, I'm going to piss in your fucking mouth, bitch."

With that, she grabbed a handful of my hair, pulled my head back and pressed my mouth against her body, making a tight seal between my mouth and her pussy. Her head laid back in seeming pleasure as I felt her relax and my mouth filled with the salty tang of urine. I had a choice of swallowing or choking. I swallowed. I drank mouthfuls of her piss, wondering just how long she had held it. I slid my tongue out, licking her clit, and she looked down, surprised, then smiled and pressed me tighter against her. I continued to lick and suck on her as she emptied her bladder into me. Both of us were moaning in pleasure by the time she was done. She pulled me away with enough force that I almost fell, then she bent down and kissed my gaping mouth.

"That's a good girl, whore. Maybe I will let you do that to me again without the ring later." She laughed again and slapped me across the face, my cheek warming where her hand made contact.

The next guy turned me around and pushed my face and chest into the dirt, then shoved his dick into my pussy with one hard stroke. He held onto my hips tight and just fucked me. No words, nothing. He used my pussy to get himself off. I heard him grunt a few times, then he slammed himself deep inside of me. I moaned as I felt the warmth of his cum start filling up my cunt, and a thrill of danger ran through me as I remembered what Julie had said about our birth control. If we got pregnant, there was no way to know which of these guys was the father without a DNA test. That last thought was enough to send me over the edge, my body convulsing as I screamed my orgasm.

The next guy shoved his cock into my pussy long enough to lubricate himself, then rammed it into my ass. The white hot pain flashed for only a moment, and I was suddenly very glad that Julie and I had been so cruel to each other over the last few months. I pushed myself back on him, fucking him as much as I could as he fucked me. Again, I felt him release inside of me, and my body responded in kind.

Every time one person was done with me, another was ready to step in and use me. Man, woman, using any and every combination of my holes. I straddled one guy, his dick in my ass, with another kneeling in front of me working my pussy and holding my body so I could eat out the woman straddling my face. My ring gag came out at some point, and my hands were released, but I didn't try to stop anyone from using me, I didn't cry out except in pleasure. I could hear what I had to assume was Julie screaming and moaning just as much as I was, and hoped she was enjoying this.

I started watching guys fucking the other girls in the group, too, when I could focus enough to notice, and started getting pussies to eat and suck that were filled with fresh cum. Men and women pissed in my mouth, came and pissed on my chest and hair and body. They came inside of me, on me, on each other and made me clean it up. I can't remember just how many people I serviced, or how many times. I was reveling in just being a sex toy for all of these people.

I was down on all fours, licking a clit with a dick pumping the pussy just below it when I felt something different behind me. The body was hairier, the cock that slammed into my already abused pussy was hotter, smoother, and bigger than the others. Then I felt the claws grip my hips, the muzzle of a big dog rest on my shoulder. I screamed against the mound in front of me, my body betraying me in the sheer pleasure of this final degradation. The beast rutted me, bred me. He had no regard for anything but his own satisfaction and the desire to knot and impregnate this new bitch. I moaned, tears and cum dripping down my face as I lapped up the freshly deposited load of human seed from the vagina in front of me. I felt the beast push his knot into me, felt it expand and lock his cock and his cum inside of me. I felt the liquid fire start to fill me as the beast release his load.

I lay there, face and chest in the dirt, the dog firmly embedded inside of me, and I panted, and cried. I was done. There was no more Diana. No more college student doing a dare. I was the slut, the whore, the bitch, the cum rag, the dozens of other names that I had been called over the past who knew how long. I wept, not for what I had lost, but for how long it had taken me to become what I always should have been.

I don't know how long I laid there, my ass in the air. Eventually, the dog's knot relaxed enough for him to slide out, his gush of cum running down my legs and splashing on the ground between my knees. It was quiet after that. No one else came to use me. After a while, I opened my eyes and looked around. I rocked back up onto all fours saw that only the other slut and I were still here.

Other slut... she had a name... Julie... yes... Julie... I had a name, too. Diana. We were friends. This was a game we played. God what a game. I crawled on hands and knees over to her, curling up behind her and holding her close. She was just as dirty, as cum covered, as I was. She was crying softly, hugging herself. I held her close, whispering softly. "it's okay, Jules. You'll be fine. We will both be okay." She quieted before long, her breathing slowing as she fell asleep. She twitched in my arms as she dreamed, whimpering. I smiled, my body shivering from the memories. I drifted off to sleep holding her next to the fire, lying naked and ruined on the dirt.

We made it back to campus almost a week later. Different groups of people would come by the camp site, use us, then leave us there. Sometimes they fed us, sometimes all we had was the piss and cum they forced into our mouths. The last group took Julie with them, because she had started coughing pretty badly and did not seem to be doing well. They took her to the hospital.

I was walking down the road naked and ruined when the police car stopped to pick me up. They asked what happened, and I told them the truth, that Julie and I arranged to be gang banged and used. No, I don't know who any of them were. No I didn't need a rape kit, because I hadn't been raped. No, I didn't want to press charges against anyone or file a report or make a statement. I got exactly what I had wanted out of it.

They dropped me off in front of my dorm with a blanket. I left the blanket in the car and walked proudly up to my room, showered, and slept the rest of the day away. When I woke up, Julie's parents were packing up her things. They said that she had explained what had happened and that she had not taken it well at all. They were taking her home and she was going to be seeing a therapist for a while. She wasn't going to the police either, though, because nothing had happened

that she had not arranged to happen. I laughed at that, thinking back to the number of dogs that had filled my pussy over the last week. I asked them to pass on my love to Jules, and that I hope she recovered. They looked at me a bit strangely, but did not say anything further.

I grabbed my books and my wallet and headed for breakfast before my first class. I had only missed a few classes because of how my schedule had fallen, but I did not want to fall behind just because of my week long sex-battical. I grabbed a couple yogurts and a protein smoothie, and was walking across the quad when I noticed people looking at me oddly. I couldn't understand why, so I blew it off and went about my day.

Throughout the day, staff and students alike would give me strange looks, but no one said anything. I chalked it up to not having Julie by my side like she had always been before, or that some of the story had started circulating about where we had been. Either way, I was determined not to let it bother me.

After all my classes for the day, I walked down to the local bar that happened to serve food, too, and sat down at the bar. The bartender knew me, knew I was over age, but she still gave me the same odd look I'd been getting all day. I ordered a beer and a salad, and finally broke down and asked, "Hey, Barb? What is up? I've been getting weird fucking looks all day, and I don't know why?"

She looked at me like she couldn't tell if I was serious or not. Finally, she leaned close and whispered, "Diana, honey. You're naked."

I stared at her a second, letting the sensations of my body finally register. I had spent the last week wearing nothing but cuffs, collar, cum, and dirt. It didn't feel even a little odd not to be wearing anything else. I looked down at my body and confirmed what I was- and was not- wearing. I looked back up at Barbara and thought about how I felt, having spent the day completely naked. I realized that I was still the most comfortable I can remember being up to that point. More, I was actually looking forward to someone taking advantage of me.

I smiled and shrugged. "Wow. I guess I am. That would explain the looks, then. Can I have my beer now?"

Barb shook her head and laughed, pouring me a beer and putting in my food order.

I was going to have an interesting time at college from here on out.

The End