

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Part One

Before I tell you the part of the story that you most likely really want to hear, I should warn you that the guy I set up to take the fall for this got into a hell of a lot of trouble. It would probably not be a good idea for you to try it yourself.

Anyhow, I was walking along at night, right down main street of the little Loserville town I live in. I wasn't really planning on doing anything, until I saw the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. She was about 5'11, with long, black hair, and the softest, most inviting curves I had ever seen.

She apparently thought that she was alone on the street, because every few seconds, she would slip her hand down the front of her jeans, and feel herself. After a while of this, me just keeping to the shadows behind her, watching, she started staggering, and moaning softly. I imagined that she was cumming.

When her moans died away, she sat down on a park bench to recuperate. When she closed her eyes for a moment, I decided to try my luck. I walked up to her, and asked, "Can I buy you a soda from that machine up there?"

"Fuck you, asshole!" was her somewhat garbled reply. I decided then that this drunken bitch was going to be mine. I walked away for the time being, seething like a madman. She didn't move a muscle, just lay there where she had collapsed on the bench.

"I'll be back, you stupid whore," I muttered to myself, as I made for my car, and the equipment that is in the trunk. I grabbed my duffel bag, and then, on my way back to where the whore still slept, picked up a couple of sodas from the machine. These I placed carefully in the bag. When I arrived at her bench, a street wino was hassling her, trying to get his usual bed for the night. I asked the man "Do you need any help with this bitch?"

"Nah, mano, I just wants me bed back. I'm gonna get me bed back if I have to kill her."

"No need for that, pops," I said. "I'll handle her for you." And so I did. I brought a .357 Magnum revolver out of my coat, and clubbed her several times with the butt end. Then, I gagged her with a chloroformed rag, and hauled her off to my van.

Once we were on our way, I started wondering how I could control her once she was awake, and sober. I finally hit on an idea. I knew that my ex-wife's gynecologist was in Florida for the next week, or so, so I decided to borrow his office for the first part of the plan I had shaping up in my head. On the way to his office, I stopped at an all night truck stop/hardware store. It only took me four minutes to find and buy the self curing rubber that I needed.

When we got to the gyno's office, I put the girl (I figured that she could be no more than 19) aside, and grabbed my trusty duffel, again. I walked straight up to the office door, and immediately set to work on the lock, with my set of professional picks. It was a simple lock, and I had it sprung in under a minute. With the door propped open by my duffel, I went back to the old chevy van.

I grabbed the girl from the back seat, and carried her to the door. All in all, I guessed that about 30 minutes had elapsed since I had clubbed her. Once inside, I started looking for the one room that the doc had had soundproofed, so that husbands, and his wife couldn't hear what he was doing with his "special patients." It turned out to be the one farthest to the back of the building. I laid the girl (I would later find out that her name was Jessica) on the examination table, and went back, and locked

all the doors on the way to our little room. When I got back, she was stirring, and I decided I should restrain her. I grabbed a few lengths of rope from my bag, and tied her arms to the sides of the table, and her legs to the stirrups. she was now fully awake, and had spat out her gag.

“What the fuck am I doing here?” were the first coherent words out of her mouth.

“You just wait, and enjoy. You are now fully under my control,” I said, as I reached once more into the duffel. I brought out a razor sharp double edged boot knife, this time. I slipped the blade into the cuff of her jeans, and began slitting up the inside of her calf, toward her crotch. By now she was trembling with fear. I started work on the other side, just as she let go with a very strong stream of piss. Most of it was caught on her jeans, but some even splashed on me. “Bitch!” I roared, with all the indignation I could muster. I slapped her across the face a few times, and then punched her in the gut.

“What the hell was that for?” she spluttered. “If you’d never kidnapped me, I’d never have pissed on you.” She was already starting to sober up, I saw.

“You have disrespected your master. For that you were punished. This was a mild punishment, compared to what I will do to you the next time.” I do hate all that bravado, but it seems to be necessary to impress folks. “If you piss on me, again, this knife goes straight up your asshole.” I could tell that that cowed her. Then, I cut off her top, and bra, and even her panties. She was now totally defenseless before me.

Next, I set about bringing her more fully under my control. I wanted to have her physically prisoner, in case my planned mental control didn’t take hold. First, I wanted to be able to walk her like I do my dogs, back at the ranch, but I thought that a regular collar, even a choker, would be too good for this dog. So, I got out a few big needles from the doc’s cabinets, and started planning where they would do the most good. It had to be a place where there were a lot of nerve endings, or it would be useless. The first are that came to mind was her nipples. First, I started teasing them, flicking the little buds with the sharpest part of my knife, and squeezing, and twisting them, until she could no longer keep that part of her anatomy responsive to her commands, and it was essentially turned over to mine. When I wanted them to be hard, (as I did then) they became hard. As soon as they were like inch tall pink gravels, I found the bottle of rubbing alcohol. I first wiped down her tits, then the needles, and then my hands. I did not want any infections to cause problems later. Any pain she felt, I would make her feel. Any joy, I would also give her. At any rate, I took the needle in one hand, and her nipple in the other. Very slowly, so as to draaaag out the experience, I would slide the needle into the side of her tit-rocks. She screamed, and moaned, and cursed me, all the while, throughout the first side. By the second, however, I had decided not to simply run her nipple through, but here, I was going to use the needle as a small prick, and fuck her tits, literally. I slid it in and out, first slowly, and then faster. Soon, she stopped complaining, and started instead to gyrate her hips, in time to my thrusts with the needle. When she seemed about to cum, I pulled the tiny tube out, and just left her be, right on the brink. I left her like this for about ten minutes. As soon as she realized that I had stopped, she started yelling at me again, trying to cajole me into finishing what I had started. I didn’t, for quite some time, knowing that this was the greatest torment possible at the moment, and it was easier than stopping it. I sat down, and watched her writhe, trying to make herself cum, to relieve the flood of pressure that she felt.

After she finally came back to the realm of the rest of us mortals, and was no longer gyrating in time to a lover that only she could see, I decided to put in the last of the needles. This one was for her clit. I held two fingers out to the tiny member, and as soon as I touched it, she screamed. “Not yet! My poor clitty is not ready yet.” I didn’t care, at the moment, and quickly, and surgically thrust the needle through her most sensitive body part. She screamed, first in pain, then in utter agony, and

finally her cries changed to ecstasy, as her orgasmic floodgates finally burst.

I left her like that, experiencing orgasm after orgasm, the first's muscle spasms moving the needle enough to cause a second, and so on, for six hours. I decided that I would need rest before the next part.

When I finally returned, and removed those needles, she heaved a sigh of relief, and seemed to collapse in on herself, as her breathing steadied, and she quickly fell asleep. I decided that would be the best possible thing for her, for the next stage. So, I chloroformed her again, to aid in her sleep. Before that, however, I inserted the rings that I had made the holes for in the first place. One in each pierced member. Then, I decided that I couldn't see her cunt well enough for what I had in mind. So I grabbed my knife, again, and began to slowly shave her cunt, using her own copious juices as lubricant for the blade. When her former bush was bare, like a true bush, in the dead of winter, (albeit a little raw) I deemed it high time to get on to the next major stage of her captivity. First, I found the doctor's enema rig, and the smallest nozzle I could find for it. Then I found a speculum, and my self curing rubber. I filled the powered enema rig with the thick black liquid, and let it warm, until it was ready. Then, I inserted the speculum, to part her outer, and then inner, cunt lips. When it was in place, I could see clearly the neck of her womb. Into this tiny hole, I inserted the nozzle of the enema rig. At the stretching sensation, deep inside her, she began stirring, even through her now drug enhanced sleep. I set the enema rig on it's one of it's slower settings, (about four cubic centimeters per minute) in order to prevent any ruptures, or other sorts of problems. I wanted it to work.

After everything was in place, and working correctly, I decided that I should go get some more rest, if I could, and then study hypnosis a lot more thoroughly for the next phase of my plan.

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## **Part Two**

When I awoke, about twelve hours later, I poked my head into her room, to see that she was all right. She was asleep, but when she heard the noise, she woke up. She was now fully sober, and had a fairly good idea of what was happening. Her belly looked like she was about two months pregnant. I asked her how she was faring, and she spat in my face. I had the urge to slap her once more, but decided instead to simply up the volume of rubber I was pumping into her insides. When she saw me turn the knob, she screamed. "NO!! You'll split me!"

"Maybe," I replied, as calmly as I could. "Would you rather have ten cc's per minute, or would you rather have the punishment I mentioned earlier?"

"I'll take the rubber. Not you, or any other bastard will touch my asshole," she said.

"Really? how are you so sure?" With this, I pulled out the knife from where it now was, in my belt. I laid it on her swelling belly, so she could clearly see it. Then, I rammed my finger into her still wet cunt, (she must have still been having orgasms, with the equipment inside her.) and then removed it, and found her asshole. I felt around it, ever so slowly, until the tip of my finger was inside it. She was cursing me soundly as I did so. Then, as quickly as I could, I shoved, until my finger was in up to the knuckle. She screamed, for as long as I left it there; in this case, only about two minutes. I twisted it, and bent my finger, making her scream even louder. "Still think I'll do what you say, whore?"

A soft sob, and then a muffled "No."

"Address me as 'Master,' bitch! For that, it will be worse." Then, I grabbed the knife, from the top of her quivering belly. I positioned it at the entrance to her piss canal, and began to push, gently. It sliced cleanly, and in less than ten seconds, it was two inches in. At this point she passed out. I withdrew the knife, and inserted a heated prod, to cauterize the wound. It would hurt like hell, whenever she pissed, for a few weeks, but no real damage done. Then, I cranked the flow rate back down, and then left her be.

Two days later, I decided to make a supply run, and left her strapped into her table, turned torture area. her belly looked about five months pregnant, now. I re-gagged her, and admonished her about what I would do to her if anything happened. I think she actually believed me, because after I walked out her door, I waited for twenty minutes, to make sure she didn't try to struggle, or escape. I spent most of the day buying food for me, and then ran out to the ranch. I dropped off enough to last for a few months, (I had plans for this to take a while) and picked up my dog, Rojo. Rojo is a very large English Mastiff. He weighs about 225 lbs, and has a cock that would put some bulls to shame. It is about 18 inches long, and four in diameter. I made sure to feed him heavily, so as to let him get started on converting protein to semen. I loaded my friend and 3 days worth of food into the van, and drove back to the doctor's office.

Upon arriving, I first led him into the room I had taken for my own, (using the mattress from the doc's little love nest) where he promptly lay down and fell asleep. "Lazy beast," I muttered to myself, as I made my way out to the van for the groceries. When I got back, I first stopped at the bitch's room, and got another sound cursing. I came all the way into the room, and sat down on a chair. I calmly reached into my grocery sack, for a sandwich I had made at the deli. At the sight of food, she went wild. I left the sandwich on the chair, and went back to my room. I woke Rojo up, and led him back into the examining room. I positioned him in front of the bitch, and told him to keep her there. Every time she moved, he growled. Soon, she froze as still as she could. I returned to my seat, and on the way, cranked the flow rate up to thirty cc's per minute. "That's for the disrespect. You will eat, but only when and what I tell you." As I ate my sandwich, she started to cry, presumably from the pain of her insides being stretched so rapidly. Her belly was now expanding visibly, I saw. When I finished eating, I shut down the machine. She now looked ten months pregnant. "Are you ready for food, bitch?" (she had not eaten in three days, remember.)

"I'll eat anything, just give me something to eat, Master!" she nearly yelled.

"Anything, you say? We'll see." I said. "Rojo! come closer." As he did, I walked over to the Door, and locked it, and pocketed the key. (a spare I had found in the doc's desk.) Then, I returned to the table, and cut her ropes. "Don't move, yet, bitch," I told her, as I removed first the enema nozzle, and then the speculum. She looked relieved to have her cunt closed, again, not the entire inside of her birth canal open for the world to see. "Get down, and kneel. Get under Rojo, here." Just from the smell of her still sopping cunt, Rojo's cock was already half out of its sheath. She reluctantly did my bidding.

"If you want to eat, you will suck him off. Cum will be the only thing you are allowed to eat." I knew from past experience, he could shoot over a quart of the white stuff without much difficulty.

"Hell no, you sick bastard!" I had hoped that she would do this willingly, but such ease is never my lot in life. So I tied her back to the table, and then walked to the cabinet, again. This time, I got a small syringe, and a bottle of morphine. I filled the syringe, to ten cc's, and injected her vein with the drug.

"This should make you more susceptible to my wishes," I told her. I waited ten minutes, for the drug to fully take effect, and then I spoke in a low, rumbling, steady voice. "You are standing on a dark stairway. The farther down the stairs you go, the more you will accept my suggestions. You are now

standing on the tenth step. Now, tell me your name.”

“Jessica...Dorothy...Wallace.” She said slowly, with a pause of about a second in between words.

“You are now standing firmly on the ninth step,” I said, as I stuck my three of my fingers into her cunt. “Now, clench your vaginal muscles as hard as you can.” As she did so, the circulation to my fingers was nearly cut off. “Good, now release.” As soon as I said it, they relaxed again. “You are now on the eighth step. Open your mouth.” She did so. “Now, you will disregard your gag reflex, unless you hear the word ‘onomatopoeia.’” To test it, I slid my cock as far down her throat as I could, with no reaction. It was as smooth as a pussy.

I proceeded issuing commands, and taking her deeper into the hypnotic state, until she was on the first step, the deepest she could go. “When you awake, you will eat only semen. It does not matter if it is human, bovine, porcine, canine, or equine. Any other, is off limits. The semen must be raw, and fresh. You may get the human, or canine any way you wish, but the bovine, or equine must first fuck your cunt, and have the semen pushed out, before you may partake. As it is, your cunt is too small, to handle such massive organs, so first you must deliver the rubber that you are carrying in your womb. You will do this when you hear the word ‘Valverde’. You will also not cross a fence without my permission. you will not remember how to drive a car, or how to walk as a human. Instead you will walk on all four limbs, like an animal. You will continue in this state for 3 months. You will not eat anything for three days prior to the last day. You will awake when I count to three. When you awake, you will remember none of this. One. Two. Three.” She then opened her eyes, and immediately dropped to all fours, and made as if to start sucking on Rojo’s cock. “Bitch!” I yelled, “you will wait until I tell you that you can do that!” I pinched and twisted the skin on the insides of her thighs, for good measure. “OK. Now that I know that you are willing to suck Rojo, do it.”

She flattened herself under him, and first kissed his cock. Then, she began licking up and down it, getting it good and wet. Then, she became impatient, and started taking it into her mouth. Her head bobbed, and gyrated in ways I had no idea a neck would allow. She was obviously in a hurry for food, as she viewed it. But I knew Rojo. He always took at the very least an hour to cum. She was starting to get tired, but was still hungry, when I said “Look bitch, you have to do it right, or you’ll starve! Suck, gently, and take his whole dick in your mouth, not just a few inches.” I knew that it was usually at this point that his knot started to form, so I had to watch that she didn’t choke herself on that grapefruit sized thing. Luckily, she didn’t. I wondered in fact, if she had ever done this sort of thing before, after seeing how neatly she avoided it. Anyhow, very soon after his knot swelled, he started spurting into her throat, mouth, and across her face.

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Part Three - Three days later

When I was confident in my hypnosis job, we left the doctor’s office. I was careful to wipe all of my prints, and clean away all of Rojo’s hair. I left all traces of Jessica’s presence, however. This is how I set the doctor up to take the fall for her abduction. Jessica was reluctant to leave the office. I guess that even as much of a slut as she was, having walked down main street while masturbating, she was still too modest for a trip out to the van, naked, and in her condition. (pierced nipples and clit, belly of rubber, etc.) I had attached a chain to all the rings, for use as a leash, but I didn’t want to strain it, and tear her delicate skin. I’d rather save that for later, if it became necessary. At any rate, I had to resort to using a cat o’ nine tails to move her out to the van. By the time that my supposedly controlled slave finally figured that a little embarrassment would save her a lot of pain, being whipped on her ass, cunt, breasts, and back. When she reached the van, she was covered with welts.

"You stupid bitch! Do you know how much pain you could have saved yourself by going when I told you to? you will learn a lesson from this, however. For your blatant disregard of my instructions, VALVERDE!!!!!" as soon as the word escaped my mouth, she began to be wracked with muscle spasms, attempting to push out ten pounds of rubber. I started driving, with her trying to scream into her gag, in the back of the van. Once we had left the area of the town, I pulled to the side of the road. I decided that this was as good a time as any to start really enjoying this bitch. I opened my fly, and straddled the naked girl, with the bloated belly, and began fucking her. Not just fucking, but slooow, at first, gradually getting faster, faster, and faster. all the while, her cunt was expanding, and contracting, providing the strangest sensation a pussy ever has. I finally felt that old familiar tingling, starting in my balls, and spreading to all of my guts. They started to go all gooey. Then, a sudden contraction, and I was cumming. More than I ever had in my life. I pulled out, and my dick spurted the white goop all over first her bare cunt, then her belly, and finally landing on her face.

I rolled off of her, as she was still straining with her rubber child, and returned to the driver's seat, much relieved. I simply lay there for a few minutes, before zipping myself back up, and heading on out to the ranch. When we arrived, it was well after dark. I dragged her out of the van, and into the barn. She lay down in the hay, and kept up her pushing. I left, and went to do the chores I had neglected for the last few days. I brushed all three of my stallions, fed them, and the two bulls, and slopped the boars. She was now officially the only female being around the ranch, except for a cat or two. I ran a surprisingly good business, just charging for stud service, for all of my champion studs. However, business had been slowing down, since fall was coming on, and there were fewer animals in heat this time of year. That meant that my ranch was going to be getting awfully tense, now, what with all of the pent up testosterone. This was why I had implanted that command in Jessica's mind. She would be getting all the nutrition she needed, especially protein, and she would be furnishing me with a testosterone let-off valve. I was so glad that I had thought of the idea. When I had finished my tour of the ranch, I returned to her stall in the barn. Now the black rubber was poking halfway out of her abused cunt. I figured another hour or so of this, and then some rest.

The next morning, even after she had finished expelling the rubber, her cunt, (now quite thoroughly stretched) was still twitching. I got hard just watching her. But she had a more important job to do, than simply relieving me. She was going to keep the peace. There would be no more stallions being moody, or anything. Much less risk from the bulls, and more friendliness from the hogs. Since Rojo had been relieved just the other day, I figured that she could start with the stallions. I woke her up, and led her to Lucifer's stall. Even here, I was amazed at her competence, as she seemed to know exactly what to do. She positioned herself under him, and then simply waited. "Proceed," I muttered. When I said this, she started to massage his already growing dick, until it had reached it's full size, of almost as big as my arm. Then she got down doggy style, and started pushing backwards. Within moments they had established a rhythm, these two. One a great massive beast, and the other a small fragile, woman. She would push back at the same time he would hump forward. Soon, they were fucking as hard as I had ever seen him fuck a mare. I started worrying that he would hurt my new pet, but such was not the case. After a bit of time like this, I saw his balls jerk. At the same time, her belly, newly deflated, swelled, minutely. Every time he jerked, she was filled more. When he finally started to pull out, and go over to the hay rack to eat, she came over to me, still on all fours, and asked me "How was that, master?"

"I'm actually impressed, my pet," I told her. Then I led her over to a disused milk pail, and told her that if she could milk her cunt into that, she could have breakfast. She did. She drank down as much as she could get. "Still hungry, pet?" I inquired.

"Yes, master."

"Good. Now you will service the other two stallions," I told her. To my unending surprise, she did.

When she was done with that, I took her back to her stall, and let her rest, from her labors, while I tended to the morning's chores, which multiply on a ranch like rabbits with no coyote.

For lunch, after I had eaten, I went back out to her stall, and led her to the hogs. Now, you need to know something about hogs. They have very long, very thin cocks. Their cocks have a curly tip, designed for nothing else but deep cervical penetration. She was surprised, but with an order from me went right to work, earning her meal. Once she got past the strangeness of the organ's design, she started sucking in earnest, (because with a cunt big enough to accommodate a stallion, a hog would not feel a thing). When the first one started cumming, she yelped a little, in shock at the amount that the thing produced. But she quickly recovered, and then moved to the next in line.

And for supper, (after you guessed it, more chores,) I introduced her to the dog kennel, and Rojo's brothers, sons, and even his own sire. She needed to release all but one of them, and she did. Only once did she have trouble, when she almost got a knot stuck in her mouth. She didn't, though, and got a very nice supper for her effort.

That night, she spent with me. First a blowjob, and then my cock was back up to its full ten inches, an assfuck. I would leave her pussy for another time.

Anyhow, life settled into this sort of pattern, for the remainder of the winter. She fucked and sucked her way around the ranch by day, and around my bed at night. Only once did I really have to remind her of her place, when one night I was tired, and did not need release, but she had become addicted, almost totally. That night ended with a second hypnosis session, where I implanted future memories of her time with the doctor, (whom my ex had cheated on me with,) setting him up. Then I also told her how to go about leaving (and not remembering her winter as a testosterone valve) the ranch come spring. When the three moths were up, and business started picking back up, she snapped out of her cum-loving daze, and into a new one. She was catatonic. I knew that I had two days before she was her old self again, so I had to get her away from my ranch. I drove her to the other side of town from my place, about twenty miles out, and about a mile away from the good doctor's house. I left her there, sad to see her go, but I knew that we would not need her anymore.

That summer, the doctor was brought up on charges of kidnapping, rape, torture, and several other things, based on her testimony, and my planted evidence.

I must admit that I was nervous about how she would react when her true memories began to surface, four years later. I had told her to remember her time with my ranch fondly, but I had no idea if that command would work, that far in the future. I would tell you what really did happen, but that's for another story.

The End