

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



## Meet Cute? Meet Duke!

She was as basic as a white girl in fall could be. She had the soft ankle boots, the sweater, the scarf. Her hair was freshly streaked with caramel and brown highlights, and she held a spiced concoction in one hand. Bethany sipped her cooling beverage as she wandered around the park, pretending to be taking in the fall scenery, but really scoping out the cute guy she had seen the last few days. He had been tall, fair, a little on the brooding side, and had been avoiding making eye contact every time she had said hi. His dog, a large bull mastiff, on the other hand, had been more than a little affectionate. Every time he saw Bethany, he would jump up at her, trying to lick her face, more than happy to get lots of attention from her. She would lavish the dog with attention, figuring if she showed his owner that she was good with dogs, maybe they could exchange numbers.

About a week into deliberately running into them at the park, he finally made the step to introduce himself.

"I'm Michael," he stammered, "this is Duke." He made eye contact fleetingly, his blue eyes flicking to her brown ones.

"Bethany," she laughed, as the over exuberant dog bounced up at her, "I absolutely love your dog!" Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Michael smile.

"Well, he's sort of the opposite of me," his voice trailed off. Bethany stood and smiled up at him, seeing this as her opportunity.

"That's okay," she said, "I bet a lot of people go for your dog and leave you to just observe. It seems to work for you." Michael nodded and held a handout towards the path.

"Would you like to join us?"

Bethany was thrilled, she had been single for so long, with very few men meeting her standards, this was definitely a step in the right direction. They walked around the park, chatting about their jobs, Duke, the weather, and nature in general. As they finished the loop, ending up at the parking lot, Michael came over all shy and peeked over at Bethany.

"I enjoyed today," he's voice faltered slightly, "would you like to have dinner sometime?" Somewhere inside Bethany's mind, she did a little happy dance. He was successful, judging by the car he was loading Duke into, probably well off, and more than a little on the attractive side. She nodded, making a point to say an extended goodbye to Duke.

"Of course!" She was hard pressed not to let her excitement show in her voice, "I'm free Friday, if that works for you?" She asked, standing back up from petting the large dog. Michael smiled.

"Friday is fine," Michael said, giving her his number and address, "would you be okay with dinner at my place? I do not like leaving Duke alone. And I would hate for you to miss out on the chance to see him." Bethany just grinned.

"That's totally fine with me," she all but purred, "I'll see you Friday."

Bethany took Friday off from work and scheduled to not be back until Wednesday. She cited some much needed down time with her boss, Mr. O'Toole. She shuddered every time she had to deal with him, lecherous old man that he was. He had made a couple of crude jokes and passes at her when

she had first started working for him but had stopped when Bethany complained to HR about him. She booked a day at the spa, was plucked, scrubbed, and pampered for what she was hoping would be a night of fun and perhaps a weekend alone with Michael. As she drove out to the address Michael had given her, she realized how rural it was, the scenery was beyond stunning, the gate at the entrance to his property was state of the art, and top of the line. He had more money than she had realized. A giddy thrill went through her. Screw it if people called her a gold digger, Michael would certainly be the catch of the century. Provided she played her cards right.

Driving up to the house, she parked next to the sleek, black sports car she had seen the other day, one of several cars parked along the driveway. If she did not know better, she would think he was having a party. As she adjusted the tight black pencil skirt she had opted to wear, the light jacket she wore did little to hold back the chill autumn breeze. Beauty demanded sacrifice, she was willing to put up with a little cold between the car and the house. The house itself was massive, more a manor than a home, Bethany suspected he had full time staff in residence. Why he left the property to walk his dog at a park almost an hour away was beyond her. As she knocked, she heard Duke start barking. Michael opened the door, and an unleashed Duke practically bowled her over as he greeted her. Both adults started laughing, and Bethany was pleased to see that Michael was much more relaxed and comfortable than when they had talked at the park.

"Come in," he said, holding out his hands to take her jacket. Bethany watched him carefully for his reaction as she revealed the red backless tank top underneath the thin layer. A stab of disappointment went through her when he did not even blink, but she shrugged it off and focused back on Duke. Normally, the excited dog would nose her like all other dogs, trying to smell her all over, but he kept trying to get his massive head in her skirt. Twisting away from him every so often, she would use the excuse of petting him to push his head away.

"Can I offer you a drink?" Michael asked, walking through the main foyer, towards what she suspected was the dining room. Following, Bethany saw a lavish dinner already on the table, Michael reaching for a bottle of wine and pouring a deep red liquid into a glass for her. Smiling, she took the crystal in hand and raised it in thanks. She took a few sips, humming in pleasure as she felt the full-bodied flavour hit her tongue. Michael was already pulling a chair out for her as she sat down and looked at the covered serving dishes in front of her. Curious as to what she was going to have for dinner, she slipped as she went to put her glass down, knocking the glass over onto the white tablecloth. A deep red bloom spread under the dishes as the world started to spin. Looking up, she saw Michael smile, watching as she struggled to speak. The garbled words slipped from her lips as the spinning got worse. Then everything went black.

Bethany awoke with a pounding behind her eyes. Her tongue felt swollen and dry, but as she tried to move it and swallow, she found that her jaw was stuck open. As she attempted to blink, she saw that she was in a dimly lit lounge, with several plush couches and chairs. Bethany tried to move, but found that she was restrained, her arms pulled down in front of her, the now warm metal of a pair of handcuffs between her hands and a bar beneath her. She could feel a solid, cushioned form beneath her. Moving her head, she looked down to see that it was a matching ottoman to the couches in the room, yet had a slender rod affixed to it. Apparently for a purpose other than resting feet upon.

"Oh good, you're awake," Michael walked into the room and stood before her, "I wasn't expecting you to pass out that quickly, you did miss a rather remarkable dinner." The shy, stuttering façade was gone. He sat down on the nearest couch and crossed one ankle over his knee. Bethany tried to speak, but only incoherent sounds came out. Michael merely laughed.

"Don't strain yourself! The gag will come off once I know you're not going to bite," he smiled and folded his hands over his legs, "You see, I was not fully honest with you when I told you I worked in

corporate acquisitions when we spoke the other day," he grinned wolfishly, "I work for wealthy people who want to acquire, for lack of better words, more obedient relationships, with their employees." He stopped talking and just stared expectantly at Bethany. It took her several minutes to register that. Mr. O'Toole? Her sleazy, nasty boss had hired him? She began to struggle, trying to get up, but her legs were lashed to the footstool even more firmly than her hands were. Her hands, she could move slightly, but her legs would not budge. She was bent over the ottoman on all fours, her knees starting to protest despite the soft carpet beneath her.

"Ah, that took you longer than most," Michael uncrossed his legs and leaned forward, "We didn't meet by accident, I went looking for you. Duke, of course, is always the best at luring people into my little snare. Though you were certainly the easiest by far." He sneered at her, moving from the couch to grab her hair and pull her face up to look at him, "You are just as shallow as O'Toole expected." He let go of her head, allowing it to drop, and stood. Bethany just hung there, all her little aspirations of finding a wealthy boyfriend, gone. A rustle of clothes caused her to look up. Michael was moving towards her, a pair of safety scissors in hand.

"I suppose you wore this little outfit in hopes of enticing me," he mused, snipping up the back of her skirt "which means I should be thanking you, it's less material to cut away." As the skirt fell open, it revealed a black lace garter holding up her stockings, and a tiny little thong barely covering her bare lips. Snip. Michael left the garter and stockings, but removed the shredded remains of the skirt, halter, and the poor excuse for underwear. Tossing those aside, he ran his hands over Bethany's ass and back, feeling her body as if inspecting it.

"Don't worry," he said, "you and I have a few days together before you go back to work. Though I suspect your role around the office will change." He laughed cruelly as he moved to stand in front of her, "But we have to make you slightly more... compliant. Can't have you biting or being wild." He sat back down on the couch, admiring the exposed woman in front of him. "And besides, I need to reward Duke for being such a good accomplice." He smiled again and hollered for his dog. Bethany could feel as well as hear the hundred- and thirty-pound dog come bounding into the room. This time, Duke ran straight for Bethany sniffing her all over. As he sniffed around her crotch, he zeroed in on the warm lips Michael had exposed. Bethany began to struggle, wriggling and squirming to get away from the overly attentive dog. This only proceeded to excite Duke further and he continued to sniff around, his tongue darting out to lick the cunt lips in front of him. Bethany began to shriek hysterically as Duke found he enjoyed the flavour and began to lick enthusiastically at her tight little snatch.

"Shhh.... We can't have you upsetting Duke now, can we?" Michael said, leaving he perch on the couch and kneeling in front of Bethany, "why don't we quiet you down while he enjoys his well-earned treat?" As he spoke, his hands worked at the front of his pants, his cock hanging loose and limp before Bethany's face. Her eyes grew wide when she realized that the seven inches in front of her was still soft. She prayed he was more of a shower than a grower as he gripped her hair again and pulled her head up to look at him.

"The gag stays in until I am certain you won't bite me," and with that, placed his semi-flaccid cock in her mouth. At least he was clean as she began to taste the heady flavour of his cock. This was not how she wanted to be intimate with him, with a dog licking her pussy and him forcing himself in her mouth with a ring gang on. "Lick!" Michael command her, slapping her face with a little more force than she expected, the sting of his hand enough to reconfirm how helpless she truly was. She began to move her tongue around the slowly hardening member in her mouth. Taking deep breaths through her nose, she tried to focus on the man in front of her, rather than what the dog was doing behind her.

Duke had very thoroughly taken to licking her pussy and asshole, often trying to shove his whole nose up her cunt. Every time he tried, Bethany would start to squeal. This resulted in Michael pushing his hips forward and pinching her nose for a few seconds until she quieted down. Michael had grown substantially in her mouth, making the motion of his hips moving forward to cause her to gag and the pinching of her nose to cause her to stop breathing. This had the dual purpose of causing her to lose focus and be aware of what was happening behind her. And Duke was getting increasingly excited by the scent and flavours coming out of Bethany's now dripping pussy.

"Oh, Duke is very happy with his treat," Michael said with a slight growl, thrusting into Bethany's face a few more times, "I haven't seen him this pleased with his reward in a while. I may have to negotiate with your boss to borrow you for Duke." Removing himself from her mouth, Michael stood to remove the rest of his clothes. Pumping his cock a few times, he smirked down at Bethany. "The night is still young and we're just getting started." He sat down on the couch, legs spread, cock and attention, and turned his gaze to his dog.

Duke was more than a little agitated at this point, his long, tapered cock had broken from its sheath and was glistening with fluid. He had covered Bethany's ass and pussy with so much slobber, it was hard to tell what was slobber and what was the juice leaking from her pussy. Bethany couldn't control what her body was doing, the dog's attention to her clit and cunt had been just enough to keep her on the edge of an orgasm the whole time, just riding the fine line between complete denial and release. Glaring up at Michael, she tried screaming at him, but it was all an incoherent mess. And then Duke gave her something to really scream about.

She felt both of his massive front paws land on either side of her rib cage, nails scratching along her bare sides, his hips thrusting forward to find one of the holes he had been slobbering over for the last ten minutes. Bethany's enraged shrieking turned to terror. Duke was trying to breed her. She began thrashing even more violently as she felt the long cock slapping across her stomach. She did not hear or see Michael move until her head was yanked up and she was looking into his eyes again. He did not speak, just looked at her. After several long moments, she stopped resisting, letting her head hang when it fell from his hand. With her not longer flailing under him, Duke found the correct angle. Bethany let out another shriek, this one of pain, as Duke buried himself in one stroke, bottoming out on her cervix. It barely registered that Michael was laughing as Duke began to thrust violently against her cunt. She could feel his cock growing and throbbing, almost glad that he had been so thorough in his tasting of her pussy. Her screams continued long and loud, drowning out the panting of the dog on top of her and the laughter of the man in front of her.

Bethany began to feel something large banging against her clit before Duke managed to shove his knot past her swollen lips and into her cunt. At that moment, the mix of pain and pleasure pushed her over the edge and her pained screams turned into the screams of a violent and intense orgasm. Seconds later she felt stream after stream of hot cum filling her up. The world spun while she came, Duke having stopped thrusting as the engorged base of his penis locked him in with the bitch beneath him. The pulsing and tightening of her own cunt meant Bethany was tied to the dog until he was done. Her orgasm was long over and the pain of being raped by the dog had returned, his knot still tight inside her. She looked up to see Michael was still hard and still laughing.

"Yes, I am definitely going to renegotiate the terms of the contract," he stood and sauntered over to pet Duke, "such a good boy. Did you enjoy your little bitch? Are you okay to share?" He cooed at the dog, kneeling back in front of the restrained woman. Using both hands, he maneuvered his own massive cock into Bethany's mouth and began to fuck her face with hard, unforgiven thrusts. She gagged and flailed under the onslaught, her hands straining against the cuffs. The world was going dark again when Michael pulled out of her mouth and groaned, spraying his load all over Bethany's face, causing her to blink painfully as his cum connected with her eye. Michael just laughed.

"We'll have to clean you up, I'm sure O'Toole doesn't want his new toy covered in spunk," he glanced at his watch, "but since you don't have to be at work until Wednesday, we have a few days to train you up. Who knows," he tilted his head at her, a sense of dread filling her exhausted body as he quoted words, she herself had told a co-worker, "This may be more than just a fling. A week's vacation may be in order."

Bethany was released from her restraints, but her hands still cuffed, and the gag left in. Michael shoved her into tiled room with a drain in the floor, but rather than allowing her to clean herself, he picked up a hose and began spraying her down. She would try to twist away from the colds spray, but that only resulting in him walking up to her and shoving the nozzle into her abused cunt and rinsing the last of Duke's cum out of her. When she finally stopped struggling, it was over in only a matter of minutes. Finally, Michael pointed at a toilet, the only fixture besides the hose.

"You're a cheap little bitch, all dogs piss and shit in front of their owners," he laughed as she struggled to follow orders. She thought about fighting, but every time she even looked at him defiantly, she was hauled to her hands and knees, and he kneeled on her back, making each breath a struggle. Michael lifted the pressure only when she went limp, the fight draining out of her.

"You know," he said, once she had towel dried her hair as best as possible, "I had thought about locking you in the house, but I want a good night's sleep. So, I think I'll put you in the kennel with the other dogs." This time when Bethany fought, he just laughed, and dragged her along. The night air was cold as he walked her out the back door. The tiny rocks on the gravel path bit into her feet as he led her short ways into a barn. She stopped fighting when she looked around to see kennel after kennel filled with dogs, all barking excitedly. A couple of young men and an older man stood there, filling dog bowls with kibble.

"Gentlemen," Michael said, "we have a last-minute addition for the weekend." He shoved Bethany to the ground, "Have fun with her, I'll be back in the morning." He waved casually over his shoulder as rough hands picked Bethany up off the ground.

"Well, girlie," the older gentleman groped her tits, "seems like Master Michael is training a new one. Here's hoping your more compliant than the last girl," he chuckled, "half the dogs in the kennel fucked her raw before she was tame enough to even take the gag off." Bethany looked at him, wild eyed for a moment, the reality sinking in that these men had done this before. And it was looking like there was no way out.

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## **Meet the Staff**

The two younger men, both burly, strong, and their skin darkened from working in the sun didn't even bother with introductions when they pulled her into some form of break room. Glancing wildly about, Bethany began to whimper in fear. There were crude pictures of other girls cover the walls, all of them in some form of perverse sexual situations. From the looks of it, most of the pictures were taken with a polaroid. The older man followed them in, laughing.

"Fight girlie, just makes me harder," as Bethany was tossed on the couch, she saw that he was already pulling his pants down his massive cock already hard and aimed in her direction., his shirt discarded on the floor behind him, "let's see how much fight is left when we're done." He was on her in seconds, pinching her nipples hard and twisting them. Bethany screamed. The pain was still resonating as she was picked up and turn around. She could see the two other men shedding their clothes as she felt the hard cock lining up along her back. She continued to scream as he shifted her

to put the head of his cock to her puckered asshole.

"Whores like you are too loose for me," he grunted as he pushed into her, "I like 'em dry and tight." Instinctively, she clenched as he pushed her further and further down on his cock. He groaned as she sank lower and lower. "Fuck. Tightest ass I've had in ages," his hands reached around, and he yanked on her nipples again, "gets even tighter the more it hurt." His voice held a tone of glee as he twisted and rotated her now screaming nipples, getting all nine inches of his thick cock completely into her bowels. Bethany was so focused on the pain, that she missed what was happening in front of her.

A crate was being shoved towards the couch for the man to prop his feet up. The pain in her ass shifted as he planted his heels and bounced her on his cock. One of the other men pushed her back into his chest, exposing her pussy towards the other two men. They grinned wolfishly at her, and each grabbed an ankle, spreading her legs wide. She had stopped screaming and was panting through the open ring in her mouth as the thick cock ground and rammed into her virgin asshole. She let out a shriek when one thick, callused hand reached out and slapped her bare cunt. Hard. Tossing her head between the two, she took in their muscled bodies. And their cocks. One was long, almost a foot in length, maybe a little slenderer than the one in her ass. The other was shorter, six inches or so. And about as thick as a pop can.

"Count whore," the man in her ass growled, twisting her nipples again. Making every attempt to count with the gag in, she shrieked with each strike. Once the man reached ten, she was crying from pain. The man in her ass was now thrusting violently. "Gonna... cum... Take it you dumb cunt!" With a final grown and push, she felt his cum flooding into her guts. Relief slid through her for a second when she realized that he had finished and would pull out of her ass. But that was momentary as he stayed buried in her.

"Gonna be hard for hours yet girlie," his laughter shook her, his hands pawing her breast roughly, "and my boys want a turn." Bethany looked wide eyed at the two young men holding her legs and felt her pussy and ass clench. The man in her ass groaned in pleasure and ground against her some more. The man who had been spanking her pussy stepped out and started rubbing his cock on the arch of her foot. As she watched him, she didn't see the other man reach down and slap her exposed flesh, his struck much harder than the ones she had received previously. She howled in pain.

"You're a lousy counter," he said, running a finger through her folds. She was horrified to realize that she was wet, "we're going to do it again until I can understand you. Now count." He wound up and struck her again. Bethany saw stars from the pain. She couldn't even attempt language as eight more strikes hit her snatch. She was glad when the pain caused her to pass out.

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When Bethany came to, she was tied with a coarse rope, her hands fixed to a point behind her back. She was laying over the crate, knees on the hard dirt floor.

"Good, you're awake," was all the warning she got before a cock was shoved into her pussy in a single thrust. She started screaming again. "Shut. Up." The man fucking her grunted.

"Here," the older man kneels in front of her, grabbing either side of her head, clean me up. Bethany almost puked as he shoved his cock past the metal ring and into her mouth, "clean it all up whore." She could feel the crate digging into her body as one man fucked her face and another rammed into her from behind. His cock was so long it was hitting all the way to her womb, sending pain shooting through her with every violent thrust. A long, deep groan from behind her preceded the copious



amounts of cum flooding into her abused hole. She could feel it flow down her thighs as he withdrew.

Trying to pull her legs together, Bethany was slapped hard across the face.

"Keep 'em open you dumb cunt," The older man slapped her again, "Whores like you don't close your legs."

The second man stepped between her legs and tugged her hip bones slightly, the head of his cock teasing around the entrance to her pussy. Using the existing cum to lubricate his entry, Bethany's scream was muffled around the filthy cock shoved to the back of her throat. The cock in her pussy was tearing her apart. In one swift move, she felt his hips hit her ass as he buried himself in her.

"Fuck she's tight," he moaned, pulling back before ramming it in again. He repeated his thrust a few more times before pulling out completely. Bethany started to struggle even more as the hands gripping her head pulled her face all the way onto his cock, burying himself deep into her throat. She couldn't breathe. Which also meant she couldn't scream as the monster cock pressed against her asshole and was shoved balls deep with no warning. He raped her ass for a few violent strokes. Bethany thought she was going to pass out when the older man withdrew and pulled her face to look up at him.

"This is just the warmup girlie," he grinned at her with stained teeth. She gaped up at him stupidly when the cock in her ass pulled out. The crate was pulled away and Bethany's face was shoved into the dirt floor, her ass high up in the air. The man behind her shoved his cock back into her pussy and began a violent alternation of thrusting in her pussy and her ass. Bethany's shrieks reached such a pitch she could hear dogs howling from somewhere in the building.

"Fuck... So... Good..." The man growled out as he buried himself in her abused pussy a final time and unloaded himself in her.

When he stood, Bethany fell to her side on the floor, panting and crying.

"Well Pa, she's going to need a lot of training," she could hear them talking as her legs began to be lifted, "I'd like to clean up in her face, but those rings bite." Bethany was flipped onto her back, staring up at the three men.

"The gag stays in until she's broken," the older man stood over her, "Here's how this goes girlie: you obey and take cock. You're only good for being a cunt. You disobey, you're punished." He looked at her expectantly. Bethany nodded weakly. Her jaw was killing her. She would do anything to get this gag out of her mouth. His grin turned evil again. "Boys, show her what punishment is, just to be sure." The man with the long cock took her by one of her ankles and started dragging her, the other man gripped the rope around her body and lifted from a point between her breasts, carrying her further into the building.

Bethany could see that they were in a barn, the room she had just been violated in led into a long corridor of stalls. Turning her head, she could see a variety of dogs peaking out of stalls. At one point, she thought she saw a woman in a cage in one of the stalls. But by the time she twisted to look back, they were bringing her into a stall and dropping her onto the floor. Hanging on the walls were a variety of implements, dildos, plugs, whip, and objects that she had never seen before. Neither man spoke as they moved with intention.

Bethany's legs were lifted up again and a large plug was shoved into her ass. After the abuse she had suffered earlier, it went in with relative ease, but hurt like hell.



"How did you like Duke girl?" The other one asked, brandishing a riding crop, "Did you like his long dick and thick knot?" With his other hand, he fisted his still hard cock. Bethany's pussy spasmed at the memory of him striking her cervix over and over again.

"Pa says to show her how bad girls are punished, the night's young, how about double training?" The men grinned at each other.

"How about the red head? She's still got some fight in her," they laughed and picked Bethany back up and moved her down the hall. Setting her on her knees, they leaned her against a stall closed with a wire gate.

"You stay right here and say hi to your new friends," they laughed, smacking each cheek of her ass with a riding crop. They pressed her nose right next to the wire, "Don't move from this position. Or we will fist you until you pass out. Then we will punish you." The tone in his voice said that he would enjoy delivering such a punishment to her. So, Bethany took several deep breaths to keep from panicking. It was the inside portion of a group pen with five very large dogs in it. She could see two big animal doors leading to outside, but inside was filled with a mix of dirt and sand, with the dogs chewing on various toys. One of the slender ones, a thin wiry breed she had never seen before, was sleeping despite the commotion. She could see the huge balls on the pit bull as he ran over to sniff her face against the wire. She wasn't sure if it was semen or urine flowing down her leg, but the terror she felt was real. As tempted as she was to turn when she heard them coming back, she forced herself to focus on the dog in front of her. He was friendly enough, but after the experience with Duke, Bethany was developing a fear of dogs. She absolutely did not want to be punished. And certainly not by anything they had planned to involve the animals in the stall in front of her.

Bethany gasped as she was yanked back by her hair.

"Good whore," she looked over to see a red-haired woman, one her hands and knees, next to her. She had a dog collar on, a leash in the hand of the other man. She watched as he unclipped it and pushed her with his foot. The man holding Bethany reached forward with his other hand and slide the stall door open, dragging Bethany into the soft stall.

"Punishment, little whore, is being fucked by the pack," he whispered in her ear, "unless, of course, we order you to fuck them." He held up a bright red ball gag in front of her eyes, "you scream, and I swap out your gag. And this one is bigger than my cock." Bethany was more than certain that the red gag would dislocate her jaw, so she nodded in understanding.

"Get to work Red," the other man said, folding a bench down from the wall. The men sat on the bench, cocks hard as they watched the other woman meekly crawl over to the enthusiastic pit bull. He was more than happy she was here. The man holding Bethany yanked her hair, so she looked up at him.

"I'm going to untie your arms and you're going to ride our cocks with your dirty little snatch while you watch," he pulled her face closer and his fowl breath made Bethany want to retch, "you fight or disobey, and you'll wish you were dead." Bethany nodded her head and held perfectly still while he pulled the knots out from around her wrists. Spinning her around, he pulled her onto his cock, the fit of the plug making her already tight hole even tighter. He was too thick before, but now it was impossibly tight.

"You do all the work, whore," the riding crop flicked over her nipple, and she glanced at the other man. He had his long cock in his hand and was stroking it while he held the crop with his free hand, "you get him off, then you get me off." Feeling her feet sinking into the soft ground, Bethany

lowered herself onto his cock, and dropped her head as her body protested at the action.

"Watch you dumb cunt!" The riding crop flicked out and connected just above her clit, "you're next."

Terror slide through her. Bethany was going to watch what was going to happen to her first. She would know everything before it happened.

"Shit," the voice behind her said, "she just got tight and wet all at once." A hand slapped her ass and she rose up to impale herself again, watching the woman in front of her.

The woman was about Bethany's age, but with a slightly smaller body and a mane of thick red hair. She had coaxed the pittie into the center of the room and was stroking a hand under its belly from behind. From their bench, Bethany could see her stroking the bright red penis, licking the hairy balls. Bethany didn't even realize what a dogs cock even looked like. She knew how it felt, far different from the thick cock she was forcing herself to ride. The dog was obviously enjoying this, grunting with pleasure, his paws dancing in the soft earth. After a few minutes of this, the girl shifted from behind the dog to lying down half under it, her head obviously going to pleasure him even more. They were going to make her suck off a dog.

"Keep. Fucking." The riding crop came out and snapped Bethany's clit. She cried out in pain and resumed the motions. Her legs were screaming as she pressed back down onto the thick cock. A pair of meaty hands grabbed her breasts and began to motion for her to move faster.

Mind going numb, Bethany fucked the cock while making sure to keep looking at the woman in front of her. A groan behind her and she felt the hands on her breasts grip painfully as he came deep inside her. She caught the sight of the riding crop changing hands as she lifted up off the cock and shuffled sideways. Waiting for the other man to maneuver his own cock into place, she forgot what she was doing when she watched the woman shift from lying on her side to being on all fours. She started to pat her ass and yip nonsensically at the dog. The dog climbed on her back with practice ease, his hips moving forward to find one of her holes.

Three things happened at once.

The man grabbed Bethany and forced her onto his long cock in one forceful motion.

The pit bull found what he was looking for and thrust into the girl.

Both women screamed in pain.

"Move your ass," a hand reached around and pinched Bethany's clit painfully. Her legs screamed and protested as she tried to keep going. But no matter how many spin classes she had taken, Bethany did not have the stamina to continue to ride his cock and she found herself falling over.

"Well," the man said, standing from the bench, "I guess your going to suck me off. And then your going to join Red over there with the pack." He spat on Bethany as her yanked her face onto his cock.

This was going to be the night from hell.

*The End...?*