

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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I began to try out different kinds of sex in my late teens. I had screwed around with several men but started seeking out the rougher sort of guy. I began to frequent leather bars, and by the time I had met John, I had been to quite a few orgies and sex parties.

John invited me back to his flat one Friday evening. He told me to take off my clothes as he went to get us some beers. I wasted no time getting naked and sat down on the sofa and waited.

After a few minutes, he returned and, without a word, lifted my legs high in the air and parted them. He then attacked my asshole with his lips and tongue. He pulled my ass-cheeks apart and dug his tongue deep into my hole, making me thrash about and moan in ecstasy. After a few minutes of rimming me out, his tongue was quickly replaced by two thick fingers. He wasted no time in making me yelp as he finger-fucked me.

He finger-fucked me relentlessly while his lips made contact with just about every inch of my naked body. His fingers repeatedly slammed into my prostate gland as I submitted to his forceful lovemaking. He firmly pressed me down onto the sofa to let me know that he was in full control. The only places he did not touch were my rock-hard cock and hairless ball-sac - he moved them out of the way when he had to, but otherwise, he ignored them completely. He obviously knew what he was doing, and in no time at all, I was aching for some sort of release.

Pre-cum oozed out of my piss slit and dribbled onto my torso. He lapped it up greedily but was careful not to touch my slippery cock-head with his tongue.

At some point, John managed to restrict my hands behind my back, and before I could protest, I heard a metallic click and a jingle of metal. The man had handcuffed me as I lay beneath him.

"So, you want to play some Dom-Sub games," I said, smiling.

"No games, bitch," came the reply. "I was just getting you ready for the real thing. Some good friends of mine are here to make your acquaintance."

I suddenly felt quite scared and tried to get up.

"What the fuck are you on about?" I snapped. "I didn't agree to..."

"Silence, bitch!" interrupted John. "You have no say in this evening's fuck-fest."

I had been in situations like this before, but it had all been agreed beforehand. Role-play abductions were always being talked about in the leather bars. However, this sex romp seemed different and more sinister.

John caught me up in his burly arms, despite my kicking and yelling, and half-carried me to a corner of the room, where he chained me to the wall via a metal ring. He then forced me into a kneeling position, with my head near the floor and my ass up in the air. Several ropes were then used to keep me securely in position.

"If you keep yelling," he said, as he punched me hard in the side, "I'll be forced to gag you."

When he was sure I was fully compliant, he went over to a door and opened it.

My eyes widened when I walked two naked men and a large dog. I burst into tears as I realized what

was about to happen. I began to thrash about in my bonds, but my efforts to escape were futile. I was trapped.

I watched as John sensually coaxed the dog's cock from its sheath. The two naked men were now playing with my ass and cock as I whimpered in terror. John kept glancing from the dog to me and then back again. I didn't mind being fucked by the two naked men; in fact, I welcomed it as a timely distraction. They really humped me good and made me beg for more cock.

"This is Turbo, bitch," announced John proudly. "He's here to fuck your asshole; after Frank and Sam have done with it. Turbo likes teenage ass just as much as we do."

John led Turbo over to where I was chained and tied. I defensively shied away from the beast. However, I couldn't take my eyes off the dog's lengthening cock. It got bigger and bigger as the Rottweiler came closer and closer. Turbo began to sniff me, perhaps getting to know my scent. I'm sure he was smelling all the spunk that was oozing out of my asshole.

"Please... Please don't let him fuck me," I pleaded. "I'll do anything..."

"Yes," said Sam. "You will do anything. We own you now, boy. So, you will jump when we tell you to jump."

John bent down, very close to my face, and looked me in the eye.

"Well, I'll tell you what, bitch," he said. "You suck Turbo's ball-sac dry, and that might do it. Otherwise, I'll just let him fuck you up hills and down dales. So, what do you say?"

After a lot of humming and harrng, I eventually agreed to suck Turbo off. The dog's enormous cock was maybe two inches from my lips, so with my hands secured behind my back, I opened my mouth to let it into my mouth.

I gagged as the canine cock thrust in and out. I used my lips to hold onto what I could of its length. Turbo's cock seemed to inflate in my mouth. It was undoubtedly one of the thickest cocks I had ever sucked.

I began to reason that if I managed to get the dog off, then John would probably fuck me and let me go. I began to suck in earnest as the three men cheered me on. I sucked as eagerly as I could.

The taste of the dog's cock was quite bland - there was no unpleasantness at all. The cock never stopped shooting short bursts of salty seed down my throat. At times, its smooth length seemed to inflate in girth, so I kept hard at it as the dog became more and more erratic. Soon, his stem was popping in and out of my mouth with ease. Then suddenly, his cock was gone.

"Sorry, bitch," said John. "I'm afraid Turbo isn't going to shed his load that way. So, let's try something else."

I began to thrash about in my bonds again. My asshole was exposed, open, and up in the air. John and Frank helped Turbo mount me, and once in position, the dog gripped my sides with his powerful forelegs. He then tried to fuck me. His slimy cock-head traced around my ass-cheeks, trying to find my hole. The harder he tried, the tighter his legs pressed against my sides. I was crying out loud when Sam jammed a ball gag into my mouth and held it there.

I suddenly froze when John guided Turbo's cock into my hole. The feeling made me dizzy - I had never experienced such an intense sensation in my life. Turbo fucked me hard, slamming that hunk

of meat into my inner sanctum. The cock moved around inside me, pulling me back and forth in my bonds. The dog's low, guttural growls kept reminding me of how powerful he was as he lanced me in the ass.

In my sexual delirium, I kept begging for more canine cock. My addiction to kinky sex had clearly found another avenue to explore.

"That's it, boy," said Frank. "Fuck him hard. Make him scream."

It was then that the dog's knot slipped inside me, past my sphincter. It must have grown as Turbo neared a climax. The pain was intense. I tried to accommodate the growing knot, but that proved impossible to do.

Turbo's thrusts became shorter and faster, and as the dog whimpered, I shot a huge load of spunk onto the floor beneath me.

The Rottweiler suddenly released his seed into my battered hole. I felt the burning jets of spunk hit me over and over for several seconds. Turbo's whimpering became high-pitched as he continued to assault my asshole. We stayed locked together on the floor for quite some time. As we did so, Sam cooed soothing words into the dog's ear, trying to calm him down.

Eventually, Turbo's cock plopped out of my asshole. Huge dollops of spunk spilled out of my gaping hole as the dog lumbered off across the room to clean himself up.

"You seemed to like that, bitch," said John. "Am I right?"

I didn't answer him. I was still dizzy with excitement. The man then pressed his rock-hard cock against my asshole before reaching down to guide it into my inflamed hole. He fucked me like a man possessed. I groaned with satisfaction as he added his seed to Turbo's load. I continued to groan as I shot my second load onto the floor.

When John was finished with me, Frank and Sam released me from my bonds and took me off to the bathroom. I ached all over and wasn't sure how I should react to the surprise gang-bang and canine rape. Being used and abused was one of my kinks, but being fucked by a dog!

When I was escorted back to the living room, it was clear that I was to be held captive for the entire night or maybe longer. All my clothes were gone, and a leather collar and cuffs were on the coffee table. I had hoped the men were planning to throw me out, with or without my clothes, but that was not going to happen. Sam's words of ownership were ringing in my head as John picked up the collar.

*The End*