

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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"Comfortable?" His sardonic smile didn't quite make his eyes.

She looked at him through tear swelled and reddened, half closed lids. The saline water of her tears seemed to enhance colours; the silver badge of his office on his tunic shone, becoming branded into her mind.

Not waiting for her reply, he slapped her pussy with the flat of his hand. The resounding smack rebounded off the whitewashed walls. She would have screamed, but the tape across her mouth allowed for a muffled murmf only. Two grease-covered fingers entered her, spreading her lips and forcing her body to receive him. More of the greasy substance was scooped out of an unmarked pot and fingered into her. She didn't know what to expect, but feared that it wasn't to be the most pleasant experience of her life.

"We will start small Eh?" His voice softly asked, sounding like a kindly Uncle.

"No point in ruining the fun all at once is there?" Fake concern flitted across his face as he bent over her, but the sardonic smile stayed in the background.

The bonds that tied her to the low level table bit into her wrists and ankles. The rough wood scratched her back and buttocks, leaving splinters under her skin. She had given up struggling some time ago, thinking that many of the women who entered this hut never came out again. Perhaps, if she complied, she might just see tomorrow, perhaps even the day after, although her future and that of the other fifteen hundred women in the prison camp, was very uncertain. She had been brought here only a month ago, but in that time, she had been beaten, interrogated and half starved. Too many women had been taken out of the huts at night, most of them didn't come back, or if they did, they usually didn't say anything, preferring to suffer their cuts and bruises in shameful silence as if they had invited the unwanted attention.

From a small table alongside where she was tied, spread-eagle fashion, he picked up a glass tube, about two inches in diameter and a foot or so long. Gently, almost lovingly, he spread her cunt lips apart and slowly inserted the tube, pushing it in until she felt it pass her outer walls and nestle within the confines of her pussy. A small ridge on the tube prevented her from being able to push it out. It lodged into place. She had the weird sensation of cool air inside her; she could feel the waft of the frigid winter chill hitting her inner self.

The Officer turned away from her and once again got something from the table. Hidden from view by his body, she couldn't guess what his intention was. Then, in horror, her eyes beheld what was next. He held a white mouse by its tail. The small rodent struggled to be free and waved its small paws around ineffectually. The girl prayed to her God for the nightmare to end. It seemed, he wasn't listening.

Carefully, the white mouse was pushed head first into the tube. She couldn't see exactly what was happening, prone as she was, but her brain described vivid pictures for her. The officer picked up a short stick from the table and began to push the mouse down the tube. Then it was inside of her. Its small claws scrabbled at the walls of her vagina in an effort to escape. He pulled the tube out, leaving the animal inside her. Tears of shame and outrage coursed down her cheeks, this was the ultimate indignity, but worse, the bastard was enjoying what he was doing.

Horried, she looked into his eyes that were grey, dead and expressionless. Only the slight upturn of

the corners of his mouth gave any clue to what he felt.

His grease covered fingers played over her lips, massaging her clit and brushing against her anus. All the while, the mouse inside her was trying to get out. She could feel its frenzied attempts to escape. She thought the walls of her cunt would rupture from its sharp little paws. It felt like someone was using a file on her inner walls. After a few minutes, the rodents movements became lesser and weaker. Then, eventually, they stopped altogether. She guessed it had died from asphyxia. Her revulsion was complete and she dry heaved, but her stomach had nothing to regurgitate.

Electrical clamps were fastened onto her nipples, the teeth biting cruelly into the sensitive skin, piercing and drawing small droplets of blood. The pain was excruciating, her nipples responded automatically, becoming hard points of pain centres. There were eight teeth on the clamps, she could feel each one as it pierced her skin and forced her nipple to swell with blood.

Without warning, he thrust his fingers into her cunt and wriggled them around, she thought he was forcing the mouse further inside her, but felt some relief when he eventually pulled out the dead, pink tinged rodent. In its effort to get free, it had scratched her inside, enough to draw blood. He smiled his satisfaction at the result.

She could feel the warm trickle of blood ooze from her slit and dribble onto the table, wetting her anus. She closed her eyes and prayed again in silent anguish. In her subjugated position, she didn't hear the entry of one of the German shepherd dogs that her captors were so fond of. She missed entirely, the clicking of its claws on the concrete floor. Her first awareness was the hot tongue that lashed along her slit and effectively cleaned her from the frothy blood that was caking her lips.

The dog stood at her pussy end and licked her secretions. Its tongue slid in long strokes from her arse to her blond haired mound. Skilfully, it pushed its tongue between the lips and gained entry to her moistness. The tempo increased as the friction decreased and her treacherous juices began to flow.

The officer watched and grinned, offering no assistance to the animal, only encouragement. He allowed this for a short while then pulled the dogs head up and away from her. Relief turned to sheer terror when she realised what he intended to do next.

He positioned the compliant dog over her prone body, placing its forepaws either side of her waist, then he massaged the animal's cock. All the time, whispering words of encouragement. Eventually, it was a hard throbbing reddish mauve weapon. Bigger than anything she had seen in her short life. He pulled the sheath back until the dog's knot was visible and lined it up with the woman. The dog shifted position and thrust its hips forward. He then guided the monstrous dog cock between her lips and into her cunt. Although it was an unnatural position for the dog, she guessed training had been given, because the dog started to hump, its cock growing all the while and going deeper into her. The pain from her already ruined pussy was intense and felt like she was on fire, but her body betrayed her and instinct took control, she raised as best she could, her hips to meet the thrusts of the dog. She climaxed involuntarily and felt ashamed by it, but she had no control over her body. Her humiliation was complete; she knew the officer had witnessed her climax.

The dog wasn't finished though. Its thrusts continued unabated and were becoming more urgent. Her breasts jiggled with the dog's thrusts and made her painfully aware of the clamps that still bit into her skin.

Then, by a slight shift of its hips and by spreading its legs, his fist sized knot banged against her cunt

lips and, with a final effort, the dog pushed himself all the way into her and pumped white hot come in long spurts against her womb. The dog threw its head back and roared its domination and success over her. Eventually, the dog's knot relaxed and was pulled from her body without ceremony. He licked at her bruised and pouting cunt, cleaning her of his traces. She shivered and gave him the benefit of a shower of piss over his muzzle. She was too exhausted now to even cry. Her head lolled to one side and she either slept or went into a state of semiconsciousness, either way, she shut down and stayed that way for an hour or so.

She woke to a familiar smell. One she hadn't smelled for a long time. Her eyes wouldn't open where they had become sore and encrusted from crying. The tape and the clamps had been removed from her mouth and nipples. But, she recognised the smell from her childhood. Horse. Slowly, feeling returned to her. Something huge was stuffed into her cunt, she hoped it wasn't a horse dick; she had seen several as a child and was amazed at the size they could reach.

Her hopes were not answered. In her relaxed condition, a horse had been brought in and the mushroom head was now firmly engulfed by her body, the horse was humping and squealing. She could feel the head of the animal pulsing inside her. Suddenly, the horse was removed from her with a loud pop, which felt as if her guts were being sucked out through her vagina. A wave of relief flooded through her, but was short lived.

The horse had been turned around and now, instead of being lined up with her cunt mouth; its huge cock was directly in line with her face, but more importantly, her mouth.

Her eyes opened in time to see the officer jerking the stiff cock, running both his hands up and down the twitching horse's meat. His timing was perfect. The horse reached its climax, but just as it did so, the officer placed the head of its cock against her lips. The force of the jism that erupted from the horse pushed her mouth open and she gagged on the steady stream of horse come. It covered her face, neck and breasts. It slipped down her throat and almost choked her. It ran in rivulets into her ears, through her hair and pooled on the table. Still it came and still, she had to deal with the constant flow of liquid that she either swallowed or drowned on.

Eventually, the horse withdrew its tool and then it was led away. She hoped and prayed that would be it. She was almost right; the Officer jerked himself off, adding his come to that of the horses in her throat. It was the least of the violations she had endured.

Her reasoning left her again and sleep took her until she woke next to her husband in their cell. She had nothing to say. How could she ever tell him and besides, her regard for her husband had suffered. She didn't hate him, but somehow, he was the same as the officer who had abused her so badly. She figured that he would be capable of doing the same things to her.

For the next few weeks, they were given extra food. It was to be the difference between starvation and salvation as the allied forces marched into view. Their liberators spoke in a language she couldn't make head or tail of. Russian she thought, but couldn't be sure. It didn't matter very much, the soldiers chose from the group and then gang raped those they wanted.

Eventually, she, her husband and the rest were set free, but had nowhere to go to. It mattered little to her. She had become a prisoner inside her mind and never ventured into reality again. The torture continued for her and never really stopped.