

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



It started out like any other day I guess, if I really think about it. It wouldn't end that way though. It was my 23rd birthday. I had been a full time slaveslut whore to my Master for almost four years. It had been quite a ride, and now that we were married, it guaranteed that ride would continue, or at least as much of a guarantee as you can get in today's divorce happy society. I was born a nasty slut, and learned early, I love being used as a fucktoy with no say.

He has shown me depths of depravity I had never thought I could go to. Men and women have fucked me and I have willingly fucked them, in groups and as individuals.

He has required I stand and be used as a dog's bitch and though that was unpleasant as an untried thought, I loved it as an actualized event, from the very first mount. Now the several dogs that live on our small farm in the country regularly take me, singularly and as a pack. I wear full sun-type dresses or ma kettle dresses as I call them. This fits with our country lifestyle and also works for Master, as he requires dresses with full flowing skirts and no panties underneath so he can take me without preamble of removing clothing. I am also ready to go to town and fit in if we need to.

After I fucked the dogs the first time. Master said they were my Masters, too, and that I must give myself to them anytime they show an interest and it is discrete to do so.

The dogs seem to know this, for anytime I venture outdoors, one of them, and usually all of them come running up if they aren't kenneled, and at least one of them will nuzzle under my skirt to sniff my cunt and see if I am breedable. Since this is expressing an interest, I dutifully drop to all fours and throw my skirt onto my back, and take my mounting. Then in the peeking order of the pack they will all fuck me. One after another, the next in line taking up position in my cunt or ass, depending on what they find when they mount me, and the one just concluded fucking me moves around to my head for a sucking off. They seem to know I am required to suck clean the cock that fucks me. There are times I think it is the blowjob they are after. This is after all something I do for them no doggie bitch would.

I even have a Mistress who is submissive to Master, but Dominant to me. She is a real bitch, though don't tell her I said so. Woman can be so abusive to other women, more so than any man could. She makes me feel so deliciously worthless when she uses and demeans me. Her humiliation of me is complete and total when I am between her legs licking her pussy or ass. I feel so worthless and so humiliated when she is training me. My Master never takes me to this extreme, at least not up until this day.

I awoke that morning in a good mood, because it was my birthday and I was in my Master's collar.

I wear soft lens contact lenses. I hate glasses. This particular morning while I was cleaning one of my lenses before putting it in, it tears. It is Saturday, so I will have to wear my glasses until Monday, when the pharmacy in our Podunk town opens again.

It is my birthday and we have a celebration planned for that evening. Six couples, friends of ours, are coming over and they will likely use me as a slut and a whore for several hours. The perfect night for the birthday slut, er I mean girl. Now it's going to be marred because I have to wear glasses. I was upset.

I went to the kitchen and Master was sitting at the table drinking coffee.

"Happy birthday mysti. How is my little kajira?"

I answered affirmatively, but there was attitude in my voice. I knew I had fucked up the minute I stopped speaking. Master had been warning me about my 'pissy tone', as he called it. Saying it was disrespectful at best, and served no purpose in the broad scheme of things.

He didn't address my remark afterwards and that was what told me I had fucked up. Normally he would have a quip or words of advice or assurance of some kind if I was down or had something worrisome to me on my mind. But this morning he just rose and walked to the counter and put his cup in the sink. Then he walked to the alcove on the backdoor, where coats and etc., hang.

"kajira, over here, now!"

He spoke harshly in a tone that defied refusal. I jumped up from where I was sitting drinking orange juice and eating a toasted English muffin with cream cheese, and almost ran to where he stood.

"Yes, Master."

He pulled a dog collar and leash off the coat rack and fit it around my neck.

"Take off your robe, slut."

My robe landed in a heap in the floor where I stood a few seconds later. I stood nude before him. I slept nude and until I showered I usually just wore my robe around the house.

Master clipped the leash to the lead ring on the collar and turned to open the door.

He led me into the backyard to where a huge Oak tree stood as a bastion its shade providing respite against the summer heat. On the way he stopped at the tool shed and brought out another collar and a length of chain and three padlocks of varying sizes.

At the tree, he ran the length of chain around the base and padlocked it with the biggest lock. Next he put the collar around my neck and padlocked it on with the smallest lock. The end of the chain that went around the tree was then padlocked to the lead ring on the collar with the third lock.

"On your hands and knees slut." he commanded me. I obediently went to all fours in the shaded grass under the tree.

"I warned you about your pissy tone with me, yet you persist with it. If you are going to act like a bitch I will treat you like one. You are to stay on your hands and knees and you will eat like a dog from a pan without the aid of your hands until I say otherwise."

"But Master it's my birthday." I protested feebly.

His hand landed swiftly and with a loud resounding slap on my bare ass.

"Bitch dogs can't talk, they only whimper or bark. Your birthday soiree for today is cancelled, you need discipline."

With that he turned and went back to the house. I was in deep trouble already so I didn't dare get up off the ground. I couldn't get loose from the tree anyway.

After a while Master brought the rest of my English muffin and cream cheese in one stainless steel dog dish, my OJ in another and some water in a third. He didn't speak. He just set them down scratched the top of my head as if I truly were a dog and went back into the house.

Mid-afternoon, he brought me out a dish with some lunch in it. It was vegetable beef soup, so I had to lap it with my tongue. It was slow going, but I finally licked the bowl clean. I looked for my Master as I finished lapping the last of the soup from the bowl, hoping he had been watching, and was pleased and would end this punishment. Other than his early morning "boner reducer" before I got up I hadn't been fucked at all and I was getting horny. Master had usually fucked me or had me fucked at least four times by this time of the day.

Master had been watching, but also had Bill Caldwell, Master's friend from the feed store in town, where he bought chow for the dogs. I don't know how long he had been standing on the back porch with Master, but both were tossing back a beer and judging from the amount of tilt necessary to the can as they drank, they had been standing there drinking for a while. I was immediately humiliated.

Here I was, naked, chained in the yard and eating like a dog out of a bowl. I felt my cheeks flame beet red and then got the dread going as Master and Bill stepped off the porch and started across the yard toward me. Master approached and scratched my head like a pet doggie and spoke.

"Bill, this is my newest bitch. She is not purebred, so she won't be bearing any litters for me. She is strictly for pet pleasure, but she has a bitchy streak I am going to need to train out of her."

Bill wasn't a professional dog breeder like Master, but he spoke as if he knew what he was saying.

"I have heard you can use limited doses of humiliation rather than corporal punishment to achieve the same end. The animal rights folks think it is a great idea, since you don't have to inflict pain on the animal."

"I have heard that, how does that work, do you know?" Master inquired, continuing the act the two were playing out.

"Something like this I have heard." Bill offered, as he unzipped his pants and started to pull out his flaccid cock. The first stream of urine hit me square in the forehead.

I dropped my head, feeling humiliated and disgusted. His urine continued in my hair and down my back until after what seemed an eternity, he must have emptied his bladder, for his stream stopped. While it was happening, I never felt so humiliated in all my life.

Here I was an attractive 23 year old a real hottie by all accounts, on my birthday, chained to a tree, naked, forced to act like a dog, and being pissed on by a man who was little more than a stranger to me. At the same time that I felt utterly disgusted and demeaned, I felt an excitation start in my cunt.

My interior cunt muscles began to ripple and the juices started to run, to the point I felt them trickle down the insides of my thighs. Don't ask me to explain it would be impossible. Chalk it up to the complexities of the human mind. I was getting sexual excited from being pissed on. There was no denying it. The ripples in my cunt were the first signs of an impending orgasm. My nipples began to stiffen almost immediately.

Once his urine flow stopped, Bill quickly dropped to his knees in front of me. Grabbing my urine soaked hair he forced his crotch into my face. Guiding his still flaccid cock across my lips, I dutifully opened my mouth and took his cock inside.

As I began to suck his flaccid member to life, knowing a good fucking was about to ensue, and needing it badly, I diligently sucked the awakening fuckstick. I felt Bill flex his muscles and the last squirt of his urine exited his cock and into my mouth and throat.

As I swallowed his golden stream, I felt the orgasm begin in my cunt and spread its delightful warmth throughout my crotch and belly. I was totally debased and feeling completely humiliated, at this point, yet I was having an orgasm for it.

What was wrong with me? Here I was, collared naked in the yard, being pissed on by a strange man and having an orgasm when he pissed in my mouth. I know I am a slut, and I love it. I know I am a whore and will take on all cummers if my Master requires it, but even this surprised me.

I sucked Bill to a raging hardon, and he used my cunt until he unloaded the contents of his balls. I dutifully sucked his cock clean, and he rejoined Master on the porch.

I was exhausted. I lay in the soft lush grass, and drifted off to sleep in the warm afternoon sun.

I was awakened when Master came out and rubbed mosquito repellant all over my body. There was West Nile virus in the mosquito population and the sun was moving toward setting and the mosquitoes would be seeking a blood meal soon, so I was appreciative of this caring gesture, not to mention his hands roaming all over my naked body. I was a good three to four fucks behind my daily average, and I was horny as hell. It was my birthday for crimminy's sake. I should be getting the royal fucking I was expecting and not this bitch dog treatment. Yet, I couldn't bring myself to be mad at Master. It was, after all, my undisciplined attitude that had gotten me here.

As he applied the Deet-based repellant, I heard noise coming from the direction of the porch. Looking that direction, I see several people on the back porch watching.

Master returned to the porch and the group assembled there are partying and having a good time drinking beer and throwing catcalls my way every so often. Master had left me a bowl of food. But I wouldn't reduce myself to eat from the bowl in the presence of these strangers and acquaintances.

Full darkness descended before long and the revelry on the porch continued. I was feeling a bit upset that here it was my birthday and everyone but me was partying. Then the partygoers decided to include me.

One-by-one, they drifted out to where I was secured in the yard. I was fucked repeatedly. At one point there were more than one out with me, and no one waited. Each found a hole to fuck, even if the preferred hole was occupied. I was cunt fucked, and my ass found itself full on occasion, too.

Any cock that appeared in that end came around to the front to use my mouth. I guess they all knew I had to suck clean all the cocks that fucked me. Even the ones who fucked my ass.

I had grown used to ass-to-mouth with the training Master gave me, so this wasn't too bad. At least I was getting my daily ration of fucks.

My Mistress came out later. A few minutes before she came I had seen Master fucking her on the porch. I was instantly jealous. Master usually fucked me four-to-five times a day. Today though other than his morning wood, he hadn't touched me. Now my Mistress, his slave like me, was getting her cunt full of his overloaded balls.

A little while later, amid my own fucking as another of the porch guests used my cunt, I saw my Mistress getting hosed heartily by one of the large black men that was partying on the back porch. He had already used me once, and where they were standing, my Mistress bent over the porch rail I could see his big cock pounding into her.

I heard her moan loudly then ask permission to cum, amidst the slap, slap, slap rhythm of their

bodies meeting as they fucked. Master granted it and my Mistress orgasm overtook her.

“Oh fuck me. Fuck me hard with your big black cock.”

I wasn't aware the noises had stopped until Mistress set a small footstool down in front of me and sat down.

She scratched behind my ears and patted my head as if I truly were a dog, then pulled her skirt up, and spread her legs, drawing my face to her cunt. She spoke and her words made me feel the humiliation of what I was experiencing again.

“Lick my cunt clean, bitch.”

I began to do as I had been commanded. Her cunt was a messy swamp of her own cunt juice mixed with Master's and the black man's cum. I licked and sucked drawing the cum out of her in great gobs, dutifully swallowing each mouthful. Mistress enjoyed my efforts as much as I enjoyed performing them. She commended me after I got her off with my mouth.

“You suck pussy as good as you suck cock bitch. But then you do love both, and it isn't that you do it because your collar requires it. It is because you love it, you nasty little whore.”

I wasn't allowed to talk since I was a bitch dog, so I just kept lapping at her still oozing cunt. She was right I did love it so. I knew if I could get her off again, the contractions of her cunt muscles would push more of the gobs of man cum from her depths. I felt the muscles ripple across her belly and she released her stream of urine. I felt the warm stream enter my mouth and the slightly salty taste and I gulped it down, as the biggest orgasm I had ever had ripped through my own belly. I gulped and gulped not wanting to lose a single drop. I was a committed urolagnist now and would gladly drink from the fount of man, woman or beast, for the tremendous orgasm it would give me.

Master released the dogs after our guests left. They all took turns repeatedly mounting and fucking Master's newest bitch. Dawn was streaking on the horizon when the last one dismounted and came around to my head for his clean up blowjob. Then he too lay down beside me and slept as the others had.

Master came out mid-morning and released me. The boys had all started mounting and fucking me again, earlier in the morning, and all had had me at least once. Duke, the Alpha male German Shepherd was pounding away at my cunt for the third time this morning when Master unlocked the chain from my collar.

“When the boys are through using you, you may return to the house.”

No longer a dog-bitch-in-training I replied, “Thank you Sir.”

I learned from that day and I have never talked ‘pissy’ to Master since. All-in-all it was a pretty good birthday though I didn't think so at the time. Though it started out slowly, I was probably fucked more than my daily average and I was taken to a new level of submission and I learned a new depravity that I found pleasurable.

Thank you Master for loving me. I love you for your knowledge and wisdom.