

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



He back-handed me again. The force threw me onto the floor, my short skirt riding up over my hips. I pulled it down instinctively while the guys laughed at my exposed sex. I opened my mouth but was viciously interrupted.

"Bitch, I told you to shut up!" I crawled over to a post and tried to shrink into the shadows.

His hand came up again, and I held my tongue. Ok, so he was going to let yet another one of his gang members have their way with me. Whatever.

I knew when I started dating Johnny that this was likely to happen. He was a major distributor of pot, pills, meth, and guns throughout Chicago and much of the Midwest. He was a puny specimen of a man, and I'm not just talking about his height. But power is sexy and he was the alpha male of his group. I think most of them just feared him. There wasn't a lot of respect for Johnny. But you NEVER wanted to cross him personally or in a business deal. You'd end up dead, and your pieces would be scattered all over the bottom of Lake Michigan in nothing flat.

I didn't like him that much, but he and his cronies used to show up at the strip club, where I worked several times a week. Who knows how many business deals were put together in the back rooms filled with coke, drunken girls of his entourage, and dancers? I know that I worked him out of a small fortune every time he came into the place. Due to his visit, I often earned my whole rent payment on the last day of the month. I think he liked me 'cause I was one of the few women at the club who was shorter than he was, and he wasn't reminded of his 'shortcomings' with me. I made him feel like a big man. But I digress.

"So tell me about your new friend," I asked, dabbing my cut lip with a handkerchief from my purse.

"There's nothing you need to know. Could you show him a good time because he's expecting it? And don't fuck this up. He has huge connections in New Orleans, and I need to get into his distribution chain. Understand? Whatever he wants - you let him have it!"

Johnny's cohorts all laughed. They knew there wasn't much I wouldn't do. I'd had them all - sometimes all at the same time. They'd get drunk, high, or fucked up on meth and then throw down a mattress in the middle of the warehouse and attack me. I learned to just go with it, even when I had three of them in me at once. I'd been a gymnast for decades, and the guys reveled in finding new and entertaining ways to access my body while contorted into all kinds of kinky poses. Luckily, most guys were hung like fleas, with Johnny at the bottom of the heap. I always tried to save my ass for him. It was cute that he thought I was 'saving it for my master.' I was just trying to avoid Big Mike. He'd gotten the privilege of my ass once. Ouch.

I heard the freight elevator start up, which probably meant this new dude was coming up for a piece of me. I was expecting to hear the rustle of the mattress being brought out, but I heard the scraping of something heavy being dragged across the warehouse's turn-of-the-century wooden plank flooring.

"God damn it, Billy," I thought as I looked at the contraption in front of me. It was a wooden crate, maybe two and a half feet on a side. The top had a pillow hastily strapped with a few old belts. He was the most creative of Johnny's gang and likely to 'slip' uninvited into my tender behind. Iron rings sticking out from the corners on the front and back sides. There were handcuffs attached to all four of them. The free ends were open. Uh oh...

When the elevator stopped, Johnny drew his gun, walked over to the gate, and punched the release,

letting the elevator slowly rise. Several other goons aimed for the elevator, just in case.

The Orleans contact stepped out, and my heart sank. "No, no, no!" I wailed silently. How could this be? My stomach churned as I fought to remain in control. The guy was huge!

Johnny shook Orleans' hand and brought him over to me. He looked at Mr. O and said, "I liked your ride tonight. What the hell is that thing?"

"Thanks. I like something out of the ordinary. It's a BMW R1200C. They only made them a few years ago. Looks like a cruiser, but goes and handles way better. Especially with the mods I've made."

"Nice," Johnny said. "But I bet my ride is more fun." He looked at his goons and cocked his head in my direction. "Right?" Everybody laughed except me.

Without warning, two of Johnny's thugs scooped me up, and while I struggled, they had no trouble forcing me down on the top of the box and securing my wrists with the cuffs. My ass was dangling seductively on the edge of the crate. They roughly spread my legs to the box's corners and then used the other two cuffs to bind my feet. I struggled against the restraints until I realized that wiggling my naked ass in front of a bunch of horny men was probably not the best idea. I heard the unmistakable sound of belts unbuckling and zippers being yanked down. I looked over my shoulder; sure enough, pants were hitting the floor all over the warehouse.

Let the games begin, I guess. I resigned myself to a few hours of abuse of my body. First up was Todd, a fat, smelly turd of a man. "Batter Up," he yelled. I didn't mind him going first as he never lasted more than a few seconds, and I wouldn't have to deal with his rancid breath or BO for the rest of the night. He waddled up, spit on all 4 inches of his semi-hard cock, and buried it in my pussy without so much as a hello. In 10 seconds, he was grunting, and it was over.

Matt walked around to face me and waved his cock in front of my face. He was at least nicely hung and was kind enough to have washed himself off for me. I was glad it was him as he took a while, which would keep my mouth fresh. Behind me someone else slammed their meat home. I didn't even bother to look to see who it was. I wriggled my ass like I was feeling something and concentrated on pleasuring Matt. He let me set how deeply he thrust into my mouth, and as a reward, I was soon taking every inch of him in long, slow strokes. I looked up at him appreciatively while he fucked my face.

Batter number two bellowed and came. At least, I think he did. Not that I felt anything. #3 replaced him and huffed and puffed until he came, not 2 minutes later. #4 was so unremarkable I didn't even care who it was. Fuck, the next guy was BIG, and I knew that it must be Fred. Besides Big Mike, he was the biggest of them all.

"Ughhhh," I groaned as he split my cunt open with his huge tool. With the other's cum and my juices (ok, so I did kinda dig being the lusty center of a room full of horny males. What can I say? I've always been a bit of a slut!), he slid in with only a little effort. I clamped down on his tool, which sent shivers up my spine and deep into my brain. I forced my mouth onto Matt and shook my head side to side with him deep in my throat. I was instantly rewarded with a huge amount of cum blasting down my throat.

"Fucking hell, girl," Matt groaned as I continued to deep-throat his slowly softening tool. I smiled up at him as best I could while getting ramroded from behind by Fred. My vision was a bit blurry from the force of Fred's assault, but I was lubed up enough for it to be enjoyable, not painful. Soon the other guys were yelling at him to finish, so he sped up even more and hollered as he dumped a fucking gallon of his seed into me. Jesus, he came so much I felt it hit my back wall and then rush

out around his girth and run in rivers down my thighs. The guys all whooped and hollered and high-fived each other. Boys, jeez!

Johnny cleared his throat. "Alright, let's give the little bitch a break, and then the rest of us will get our chance. Ben," he said, looking at Mr. Orleans, "you get to be last. It's an honor I expect you to accept."

He nodded, knowing that resisting would instantly make them suspicious.

The guys uncuffed me and let me stagger to the restroom with my purse to clean myself up a bit. I sat on the sink and tried to wash away as much of their nasty cum as I could. I pulled my skirt down, pressed out some of the wrinkles, touched up my makeup, and returned to the room.

"Damn, gurl," one of them leered at me. "You clean up good for a slut that just had six cocks in her pussy."

"That was five guys, you moron; Matt fucked my face, not my pussy. If you'd finished 2nd grade, you wouldn't get confused on the way to six."

"You fucking bitch! Wait until it's my turn! I'll bitch-slap that attitude right out of you!" His face was red with anger. I probably shouldn't have egged him on, but I couldn't help myself. "At least I'll feel something when you're inside me that way!"

I thought the guys were going to piss right there on the floor. They were laughing so hard.

"She told you, dumbass! Hahahaha!"

"Bitch got a tongue on her, doesn't she?"

"That a girl, Jesse, don't take nonsense from scrawny here! I bet you can take him in a fight, too!"

They were right about that, but I was saving that revelation for my chance to escape. I'd had a ton of fight training, but I knew I couldn't take on a whole room full of drunk and high men, outweighing me by 2 or 3 to 1.

But Ben, or whatever his name was, might just give me the opportunity. I looked over at him, but he refused to meet my gaze.

A couple of the guys were still standing around with their pants around their ankles from earlier, so I walked over as sexily as I could.

"Hey, sailors, looking for a good time?" With that, I dropped to my knees and blew them both, alternating cocks until they'd both blown their loads on my tits. They pushed me away like a piece of meat when they were done. All that was left was Big Mike, Johnny, and the new guy.

"Come on, baby, you know you want this big cock," Mike said, leering at me. Funny thing was, I did. He was a huge man and flipped every switch in the female parts of my brain. He wasn't the brightest bulb, but God had bestowed upon him the gift of a monstrous cock.

I sauntered over to the box and sprawled over it, shaking my pussy at him. He grunted and swaggered over. I could feel his heat even before he touched me. His cock was on fire, and he slowly ran it up and down my slit, making me groan as wetness leaked out of my raw pussy. On the next pass over my entrance, I shoved myself back onto him, crying out as his girth stretched my sopping

pussy. He growled like an animal and grabbed my hips so I couldn't escape. His onslaught was fierce, pounding me hard and fast without a second's rest.

"Oh! Fuck! Yes! Damn it, fuck me, baby," I yelled between thrusts. The horny slut inside me took control, and I let myself enjoy being used like a tramp. My orgasm built out of nowhere, and soon I screamed. I was cumming, and my pussy clamped down on his fat cock. My tight grip took him over the edge, and he emptied himself deep inside me.

Mike pulled out and sauntered off, knowing he'd had me deeper than anybody else. Ever.

I got up and walked over to Ben.

"So, dude," I said as disrespectfully as I could. "You think you can measure up to Big Mike?" I looked at him like he was nothing, like he was beneath me, even attempting to fuck me.

His hand came out of nowhere, landing against my jaw so hard the room went dark for a second. I returned to my senses, sprawled on the floor with the guys hooting and hollering.

"Knocked the bitch OUT!" yelled someone.

"Motherfucker, that is MY bitch, and this is MY house... But that was one hell of a punch!" Johnny glared at Ben, then me. "I fucking TOLD you to treat my guests right!" He sauntered over towards me, but Ben stopped him.

"Hey, I was out of line, not her. No disrespect intended."

"How about you make her pay for that mouth? Fuck her face until she chokes on your load." Several of the guys egged him on.

"That's ok, I'm not interested in sloppy 2nds. Let alone 5ths." He looked at me with disdain.

Johnny looked at him suspiciously. "What, you turn down a piece of perfectly good tail? You gay or something?"

That got the attention of the few goodies still in the room. Many had taken off after they'd had their way with me.

"No, I'm not gay," Ben said evenly.

"Prove it."

The guys started to surround Ben, and he knew he needed to follow them if he would escape alive.

"We don't like queers here," Johnny said menacingly. He picked up a baseball bat that was leaning in the corner. "You'd better fuck her like you mean it, or we're going to fuck YOU. With THIS," he said while patting the bat into his other hand.

Without warning, Ben grabbed me by the hair and threw me face down on the box. In an instant, he'd dropped his drawers.

Holy. Fucking. HELL! He was huge. Even bigger than Big Mike. He grabbed the bottle of lube that was rolling around on the floor and... dropped a big dollop right on my asshole.

"No, no, no, please," I begged. "Don't let him fuck my ass with that thing!"

"Shut up, slut," Ben hissed. "Don't say another word, or I'll kill you right here, right now. Understand?"

I sobbed against the pillow. "Please, please stop him, Johnny," I whispered through tears.

"Not a chance in hell, bitch," Johnny sneered.

Ben lined up his monster on my rosebud and, surprisingly, took his time working King Dong into my tight passage. I felt like my ass was going to rip open any minute. Finally, he got the head past my sphincter and started thrusting. He was quite gentle with me but made noises like battering me. I was glad for his thoughtfulness as his monster was stretching my ass and intestines literally to the tearing point.

I stepped up my acting, encouraging him to go harder. He obliged and suddenly felt the unmistakable change that said a man was going to cum, HARD.

He pummeled my raw ass, yanking my head back viciously by my long red ponytail. Leaning down on my back, he quietly whispered in my ear. "You ready to get out of this cluster fuck?"

I looked over my shoulder at him pleadingly. I couldn't say anything, but my eyes said it all as they welled with tears.

Ben picked up the pace and blew with a scream that would wake the dead. The guys stood there stunned.

Ben slapped my ass hard enough to leave a huge handprint on my tender cheeks. I yelped in pain and started to get up.

"Where the fuck do you think you're going? We're not done with you yet," Johnny laughed disgustingly.

I looked around the room. I'd fucked every single one of them.

"What do you mean? Are we doing another round?" Ben asked warily.

"Oh, I saved the best for last," hissed Johnny. "Our little bitch's attitude has earned her one more fuck.

On cue, the guys cuffed me to the box again.

"Toby!" Johnny yelled again. "Get over here!"

No no no no no no no. Toby? Surely, he was kidding.

Toby sauntered out of the shadows, his toenails clicking on the wood floor. Toby was the gang's 160-pound Great Dane. I couldn't believe this was happening.

I pleaded silently with Ben to do something. He almost imperceptibly shook his head. There was nothing he could do. It would just get us both killed.

Johnny smacked my ass hard enough to draw Toby's attention to my suffering hindquarters. He sniffed my puffy, drooling cunt and tentatively licked my slit. The room erupted in cat calls, egging the big dog to continue. He eagerly started lapping at me, and despite the horror of it, his tongue was amazingly long, rough, and talented. He shoved half a foot of it deep into my aching cunt, sending fireworks to my brain. I know I should have been horrified, but God, I loved that damn dog,

and he always took care of me when we were walking around town. Nobody would dare mess with Johnny's girlfriend who happened to have the biggest dog in town on the end of her leash. I was safe anytime, anywhere, with him by my side.

Toby was the epitome of the gentle giant. Kind, gentle, attentive. I loved him dearly, but I wasn't ready to get fucked by a dog. But I didn't have any choice in the matter. He was getting more and more excited, and I could see his cock starting to extend from his sheath. Of course, he had to be as big as Ben! God, I was never, ever going to walk straight again.

Johnny patted my back, and Toby reared up on my back, grabbing my hips with his huge paws. I could feel his huge dick poking around, trying to find his target.

He was starting to get frantic, and it suddenly hit me. What if he got it in my ass? I wasn't sure I could take anything else in there today without it ripping my intestines apart. I reached down between my legs, grabbed his red-dripping tool, and guided it home.

The second his tip found my entrance, he started pounding into me faster and harder than I'd ever been fucked in my life. No man could keep up with the speed and intensity of Toby's attack. With every stroke, he drove more and more of his massive meat into me until it felt like he was jackhammering the bottom of my lungs. It felt like he was going to knock the wind out of me.

He kept pounding into me, and suddenly, I felt his knot growing.

Holy shit, if he got that thing inside me, it really would rip me apart. I shoved my hand down underneath me and grabbed the base of his cock to prevent him from tying with me. Despite myself, I could feel my wicked orgasm building up in my gut, and I went over the edge violently, my screams echoing off the walls of the old warehouse.

Man or beast, the sounds of a woman's orgasm on your cock has the same effect. With a final blur of thrusts, Toby emptied himself into me. Dogs cum a lot more than men, and torrents ran down my leg as Toby wound down. He licked my neck as if to make sure I was ok before climbing off of me and retiring to his bed in the corner.

Finally, Ben broke the silence. "Well, that was quite the show, huh?"

At that moment, George came running back into the room. "Guess what, Johnny! Looks like your girlfriend is a fucking COP!"

Fuck, fuck, fuck. Wrong time to be handcuffed naked to a box in a room full of pissed drug lords! I swallowed hard, waiting for someone to say something.

Ben let loose with a long, raucous laugh. Everyone looked at him like he'd lost his marbles.

"Johnny, you ignorant fuck," Ben bellowed, his laughter swelling into rage. "What have you done? Gotten me involved in a fucking STING?!?"

He walked over to me and grabbed me by the hair, viciously yanking my head up so he could look me in the eyes. "Are you? Are you a cop? Do you know what we DO to cops around here?" He'd completely taken control of the room.

Ben thrust his hand out towards Johnny. "Give them to me. Give me the fucking keys."

Johnny walked over to where I was bound, trying to save his ass. "George! Are you sure? How the

fuck did you find out?"

"I got a guy on the inside at the department," George said, puffing out his chest as he walked towards me.

Double fuck. Now, not only am I going to get tortured and killed, but there's a mole, too. And there's no way for me to let the department know. Yeah, I was a cop. I'd been in deep undercover work for over 2 years, and the trail had gone cold. We could have easily busted this group a dozen times, but we wanted the big fish, not the minnows.

Johnny bent over and released my ankles, then reached down to unleash my wrists. I looked at Ben, and he gave an almost imperceptible nod. I stood up and stretched, then acted like I was going to faint. George caught me in mid-fall, and it tipped him just enough off balance that I could grab his gun. I shot George, spun around, and emptied the clip into the rest of the gang. Ben grabbed Johnny and pinned his arms behind his back.

"What the fuck, dude? Why the hell did you let her do this? Holy shit, are you a cop too?!?"

The realization of what was happening slowly spread across his face.

"Yeah, I'm a cop. And it's worse than that. She's not only a cop. She's my twin sister."

Johnny's face froze in surprise, eyes popping open as he processed what had just happened. That's the moment that Jesse - I mean "Amy" pulled the trigger and shot Johnny right between the eyes. I never saw the 6-inch blade he dug out of his belt. He was about to thrust it deep into my crotch, the bastard.

His face stayed in that state of shock, but now there was a hole between his eyes.

In 20 minutes, the place was crawling with cops. I was wrapped in a blanket, and the head of the task force was there to check up on us.

"Amazing luck that Ben was here when they outed you, Jesse. I don't have to tell you it might have gone badly otherwise."

"Yeah, no shit," I said sarcastically.

"Hey everybody, look what I found on the thumb drive I found on Johnny?" The computer nerd turned his laptop around. "I've got some very interesting emails with a whole bunch of names and dates in them. The password was super easy to crack. But who the hell is Toby?"

Ben and I burst out laughing. "Here, Toby! Here, boy!" Toby got up and sauntered over to me and enthusiastically licked my hand.

"This is Toby," I said. "He used to be Johnny's, but he's mine now."

Not only would Toby end up being a great guard dog, but there would also be plenty of fringe benefits.

*The End*