

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



As I step out of the stable into the yard, I gush about how grateful I am and how I wouldn't tell anyone about this place. Still early morning, the Farm is just beginning to stir in the dim light, and it looks like any other horse farm. As I walk toward the center of the yard, I don't pay much attention to the different pens, corrals, sturdy posts, and fence-like structures, many of which are hard to make out in the gloom. Suddenly, I'm firmly steered towards a grassy area where two other women appear; before I can react, I'm pulled forward into one of the pens, my arms dragged upward and locked into place, spread wide between two posts. "What, what's going on?" I scream. "You said this was a mistake." Twisting, I try to kick my legs off the strong hands that grab each ankle skillfully, spreading them wide and quickly fastening them to large rings cemented into the ground.

I twist and thrash, trying to get myself free, as Brenda pulls the blanket off and stands back to look at me with the two helpers standing slightly behind her. "Very nice indeed, she'll do well here, don't you think, Gretchen?" Brenda turns to look at a beautiful flaxen blonde. "Oh very well, Brenda, look at how those tits bounce as she tries to get free; just think how wonderful they're going to look bouncing up and down when a cane is used on them." "What a perfect way to start the day and to start the slut's training Gretchen." Turning to a small brunette, Brenda says, "Ella, go fetch a cane; we'll start this slut's education now" "Right away, Ms. Brenda," Ella disappears as I continue to twist and pull at the restraints, unable to believe this is happening to me.

Brenda and Gretchen look me over slowly, carefully, discussing me like animals. "You're right, Gretchen. She has wonderful tits but look at her ass. It's nearly perfect." As she reaches over and pulls the tight creamy cheeks apart, I scream, "noooooooo, noooooooo! You said this was a mistake." Ignored, the two of them continue to inspect me. Gretchen responds, "Oh nice, that tight hole will look delightful, impaled on something big and hard. You know, Brenda, it's going to be hard to decide what should rape that hole. First, there are so many options. A baseball bat would be fun, but a Great Dane would be delightful. I'm sure she's never fucked a dog before." Laughing as I instantly become still, horrified by what I'm hearing, Brenda says, "Or perhaps we should think about loosening up that hole with a Boa Constrictor first. It would open the entire hole; we just got that snake in yesterday; you know, Gretchen, I bet the guests would love it; after all, it would be a first here at Dark Horse.

"You're a genius, Brenda; I'll have Samantha make it tonight's featured entertainment at the dinner theater. Oh good, Ella's back." I turn to see the petite brunette come up, carrying two bamboo canes, each two inches round, flexible as both Brenda and Gretchen expertly snap them in the air as they come around in front of me.

"Welcome to Dark Horse Farms slut, I'm Brenda, the head handler here, and this is Gretchen; she is the handler for your stable." I stand chained, spread wide between the two posts, looking wide-eyed, barely able to understand what's happening. "You, You said this was a mistake; you said you would let me go," I whimper. Laughing softly, Brenda says, "Oh, you misunderstood my meaning; a mistake was made. You should have been chained standing up, spread wide like you are now, and when I said let's get you out of here, I meant out of the stable, and you are out of the stable, aren't you." I stand there, shaking between the posts, whimpering, "but you said," I say.

"And I did exactly what I said I would do, now didn't I," Brenda says, as she causally reaches out to grab one plump pink nipple, stretching and twisting it hard. "Oh yes, very nice tits indeed," as Gretchen slowly ran her fingers over my cunt, spread wide as my legs were spread painfully between the posts "Very nice cunt, we're going to make a lot of money on you slut". My head snaps up as I stammer, "What do you mean, make money on me" All three women laugh softly, but it's Brenda who speaks, "Welcome to Dark Horse Farms slut. You are the newest cunt here. Let me explain:

Dark Horse Farms is a very special farm; we offer only the finest human animals to our guests who enjoy, shall we say, the darker, more extreme pleasures. Pleasures that you can't find anywhere else, for you see slut, nothing is taboo here, and for the right price, our guests can indulge in anything their heart desires. Our guests indulge all their darkest desires here without judging them; they often try to outdo each other. Now let's get started with your training; after last weekend's hunt, we're down a dozen sluts"

Gretchen smiles wickedly, flexing the cane slightly, and moves to stand behind me as Brenda, with glittering green eyes, moves in front of me, flexing the cane. "You are now nothing more than the property of Dark Horse, and you will do anything your handler or a guest request" I casually lift the cane up and skillfully bring it down over my tits with a wicked WHISH; I buck and scream, "agh" as the cane bites down, compressing the creamy skin of my tits, I gasp leaning forward against the cuffs holding me to the post, as she lifts the cane again. "You will be tortured, raped, abused, taught to fuck and suck everything from dogs to horses to pigs, and you will love it slut" SMACK as Gretchen's cane comes crashing down, biting deep into my ass. "Aieeeeeeeeeee," I scream bucking forward to get away from the pain, as I do so my body arches up, lifting my tits.

WHISH down comes Brenda's cane biting hard into the creamy flesh as I scream again, pulling forward to offer my ass to Gretchen's cane; SMACK, I scream as the cane leaves a long red welt over my ass. I scream and twist between the poles, held firmly as Brenda and Gretchen work me over. WACK.....SWISH....SMACK.... the canes come down over my tits and ass, leaving long red welts. I nearly faint as Brenda skillfully brings the cane over my nipples before working over the tender undersides of my tits. Ella moves behind me on Gretchen's command, and I feel her small hands grab and pull my cheeks wide, groaning. I fail to understand what she's planning; I lean forward, slumped between the posts, as Brenda walks behind me, breathing hard. I think it's over. "SMACK"

"AIEEEEEEEEEEE" I scream in horrible pain as, with skill, Gretchen brings the cane down directly over my asshole. I twist and groan; my screams echo through the farm as she begins to work my ass over in earnest. I scream as I see a small crowd gathering to watch. I shudder in horror and humiliation at being displayed naked; however, that soon pales as pain consumes my body. My screams seem to go on forever as Brenda moves back in front of me, and for what seems like an hour the two of them work me hard, to the delight of the crowd, who calls out encouragement " come on, make those tits bounce harder, you can do better than that Brenda." " More stripes on her ass, make her look like a Zebra, Gretchen" I gag and gasp in pain, rocking back and forth as the two women work on me with their canes; my vision begins to blur and then grays, and then finally, gratefully I pass out.

When I awaken later, I groan with pain and humiliation as I find I'm still chained out in the middle of the yard between the two posts. I don't know how long I've been out, but the sun's up now, and I see the farm is busy. I notice several naked girls tied out at different posts and wonder what is going to happen to them. My eyes widen as I look towards one of the corrals and see a girl, well I don't quite how to describe it, but it looks as if she's been mounted to the belly of a horse, and on the horse is an elegant middle-aged woman riding around the corral. I watch disgusted as the girl bounces and sways under the horse, her belly pressed to the horse's belly; I turn away, thinking I'd never allow them to do that to me.

I turn to the sound of screaming, horrible, wrenching screaming, and see a blonde girl bound tightly to a post while a man, dressed in what looks like English riding gear, stands behind her holding a whip, CRACK, SNAP, CRACK, SNAP....." too good to service my hounds are you slut, well tomorrow you can be the fox" I listen as the blonde scream and plead "no Sir, no, please no, I'll be good, I promise, I'll suck and fuck every last member of the pack, please." My head swims as I watch the sites and look around. I see several stables and wonder how many girls are here. I see several

large buildings, and my eyes widen as I watch three beautiful redheads, all haltered and tied to a wagon, come by, pulling a family of four.

As I turn, my stomach drops I see a large Irish Wolfhound trotting towards me. I wiggle and twist in cuffs that hold me, spread eagle to the post. "Ohh noo, please noo," I whimper to myself as the dog trots up to me and begins to nose at my cunt. I try to twist and wiggle away but am unable to move much, the Wolfhound seems to feel he's found himself a treat as he settles between my legs, and a large wet tongue starts to work over my cunt. "Shoo, go away, please go away," I whimper and whine as the hot wet tongue works deeper into my cunt, unable to twist away. I shudder and groan as a few guests notice and wander to enjoy the show. A few lean against a fence, watching, and a couple sit close to the dog for a good view. "Wow, he's got most of his tongue up her snatch.

Boy, I bet the cunt loves that," says one of the women. As I twist and groan, two middle-aged blonde women walk up to enjoy the show; one leans against the post and begins to toy with one of my nipples. "Enjoying yourself slut? I bet that big soft wet doggie tongue in your twat feels great, huh?" I whimper and whine, "Please, please make him stop, make him stop" The small crowd laughs, and an elderly gentleman says, "Now, why would we do that cunt? The dog is enjoying his treat." As I shudder in humiliation, the second middle-aged blonde leans against the other post and begins to pull on my other nipple. "So you're the cunt who's going to be the show at dinner tonight, huh? I have to say I've never seen a snake fuck a cunt's ass, but it sounds like it'll be great.

Donna over there and myself have already reserved front tables" I continue to shake and twist in horror, fear, and humiliation as the dog's tongue works deeper into my cunt. I feel someone reach up and pull my cunt even wider. "Get it, boy, get that snatch." "She's going to have a snake fuck her ass," asks the elderly woman "We've seen a lot of things, Frank and I, but that would be a first. We'll have to get our reservations right after the dog makes her cum" I gasp as the two blondes begin to pull and twist on my nipples, working them back and forth, "man that dog's got his whole tongue up her cunt" groaning I shudder begging them to make it stop, all the while none listens or cares. "How's she doing folks"

I stiffen with fear as I hear Gretchen's voice, "keeping you all entertained, I hope. This is our newest slut, so we are still looking for a name for her." The blonde, the first one who spoke, "Not bad Gretchen, not bad, but it seems a little unfair not let Thor fuck her, poor guy, he's as hard as a rock" I hear the group laugh, and Gretchen says, "Ella go get the princess and have her put into the middle ring for Thor to fuck. Sorry folks, but we're going to save this slut's k9 debut for another day, and in about an hour, she'll be getting ass fucked by a Boa Constrictor for your viewing pleasure."

As the crowd moves off to watch Thor with the Princess, whoever the Princess is, Gretchen calls over two more assistant handlers, " Philip and Mark, take this slut down, get her groomed. Brenda wants her in pink, and then she's to be staged. " "Right away, Miss Gretchen," I sag in pain and humiliation as I'm taken down; a lead snaps to the ring of my collar, and I take a step forward; a swift kick from Philip brings me to my knees. "Crawl slut, like the animal you are, the only time you on two feet is when it's for a role or when you're told you may walk, understand." I sniffle and nod, only to receive a hard SMACK across my ass from Mark's crop. "It's yes, Sir, stupid cunt."

Biting my lip in pain, I nod and whimper, "Yes, Sir." "Better, now come on, stupid cunt" I crawl behind them as quickly as possible, looking around at the different buildings, the three stables, and several large buildings. Some look like grand Victorian homes, others like old southern plantation homes, off to the left, rather far away, is something that looks like a castle. Before I can look more, I'm led into the stable I took out of early; as I crawl down the center aisle, I no longer feel so smart. I'm taken into a large room where I'm kept kneeling; the lead fastened to a ring in the wall, my wrists and ankles fastened to rings in the floor.

I kneel, looking around; what will happen here is no surprise as I watch other girls scrubbed down, their hair washed and dried, and then taken off to another room. I nearly bask in the warm water as I'm soaped and rinsed, my sore body enjoying the feel of warm, soapy water, and after having a group of six watches, a dog eats me out; this doesn't seem like much. After being bathed, I'm taken out and led to another building. Coming through the back, I wonder what the front looks like. I'm brought into a large, long room and seated in a chair to have my hair styled. Fatigued finding this strange, I watch as my red curls are dried and brought into two ponytails with large pink sparkly bows around my neck, the heavy black collar covered with a large pink lace ruff, as are the cuffs on my wrists and ankles.

Sheer silk nude stockings with 6-inch pink heels complete the outfit. I'm chained to the wall and left alone. I wonder what's going on. I think surely the whole snake thing is a joke. Pulling on the chain and finding it won't move, I sign, thinking I must find a way to escape.

Shortly Philip and Mark return, "walk slut" I walk out onto a stage, and my eyes widen in horror as I see a set of stocks bolted to the middle of the floor; next to the stocks is a cage with a huge snake in it. I stop. "Noooooooooooooooooooo!" I scream, "Noooooooooooooooo." I turn to run, but Mark and Philip have been prepared for this and have a hold of me; quickly and firmly, I'm dragged to stocks, forced to lean forward at the waist, and locked in, the bar coming down over my head and hands. Kicking and screaming, I feel strong hands grab my ankles and pull them backward, spreading my legs wide, and suddenly, they're locked into place on the stage.

I hear clicks and whirrs, and large TV screens flicker to life, and I see myself center stage, bent at the waist, locked in the stocks as full heavy tits sway under me and thick red ponytails fall forward. I look ridiculous dressed in pink bows and lace. Mark reaches under me and fastens a set of nipple clamps onto my tits, tightening them down until the tender buds are smashed flat, after which he picks up two slender chains which are hooked into rings on the floor and attach them to the clamps. "Need to pull the chains down a bit, Mark," Phil says, "to draw those udders out."

I groan as Mark pulls the chains down tightly, dragging my tits down my nipples, pulling them taut. "Yeah, that looks good". I look at the large screen TVs and cannot believe that's me. "Noooooooooooo... Noooooooooooooooo, you can't do this! I scream" Suddenly, a large red apple is shoved into my mouth. "Pink Lady, the perfect gag," says Mark. Phil pulls over the first cage. "Well slut, that's the Boa. You'll be taking up the ass; what ya think of the big guy, Mark and I measured him; his 10 feet long and about a foot thick. Now we know you must be wondering how their going gonna get that big boy to fuck your ass? We'll their going to put a couple of nice fat mice in your ass first and let the snake go after 'em," Mark laughs. "Aught be a hell of a show in of itself. Still, you know, Ms Brenda, one snake isn't good enough for the folks here at Dark Horse," I slowly pull over a second cage filled with grass snakes, "yes Sir, only the best for our guests," I groan into the apple gag as Philip and Mark walk off the stage, leaving me to look out on the dining room, the large flat screens and the cages of snakes.

Slowly guests begin to enter the theater; I'm nothing more than a prop for a show; I whimper into the apple as they walk up onto the stage, running hands over my body, squeezing my tits and ass. Fingers prod at my ass and pussy, laughter over the idea that'll be taking the Boa up the ass as bets are made on how much I'll be able to take. I female voice asks, "Why don't they just let the Boa go all the way?" A man laughs and says, "It'd kill her to take all 10 feet of him". "Who cares? That's what she's here for, to entertain us," says the female voice. "She's not on the disposal list yet, Miss, but when she is, certainly, that would be one way to snuff her." I shudder as I hear Ms Brenda's voice.

"Well, I'll be keeping my eye on the list; I'd love to see her snuffed by snaked," giggles the woman.

"What is its name, by the way?" "We haven't named it yet, Miss. There's a board where you can write your suggestion; we like to have our guests name our animals." I watched the woman walk off, and another woman asked, "What are all the small snakes for Ms. Brenda?" "Oh well, that is a special surprise, Mrs. Thornson." "Well, I do love a surprise, and tell me, why are her tits clamped and chained to the floor?" "It keeps her from moving; if she moves, she'll rip her nipples off." "Splendid, Ms Brenda, I know we're going to be happy to have reserved a front table," says a gentleman. "I'm sure you and Mrs. Thornson will be delighted, Sir."

A voice comes over a speaker: "Ladies and Gentleman if you would take your seats, dinner is about to begin. Slowly, the crowd drifts off the stage, leaving me alone. I look out over the dining room and see that it's packed with well-dressed men and women all focused on the stage, TV screens are stationed throughout the room to give all of the guests a wonderful view, and I realize as the screens split that cameras are set to give a close feed of my pussy and ass. The voice over the speaker, "Welcome Ladies and Gentleman to Dark Horse Farms Dinner Theater.

Tonight for your viewing pleasure, we have our newest acquisition, a 21-year-old slut who will be featured in Dark Horse Farms' first-ever presentation of snake ass fucking. I watch horror as the crowd applauds and a beautiful brunette walks onto the stage. Opening the cage brings out the massive boa. Ladies and Gentleman, the Boa is 10 feet long and 13 inches thick; tonight, she'll be taking two feet of the boa in her ass as we don't want to snuff her just yet. The crowd laughs and jokes about being snuffed by a snake would also make an excellent dinner show. "Now, Ladies, please look under your plates; one of you will have a lucky ticket."

I watch as plates are eagerly picked up, and a young blonde jumps up, yelling, "I have it! I have the golden ticked." "Congratulations, Mrs. Alison, please come up onto the stage, I watch as Mrs. Alison runs up onto the stage, beaming. Ms. Brenda steps forward, shaking her hand; you'll be putting the mice in her ass Mrs. Alison" "Oh, I can't wait," she says, reaching to take two mice from another handler.

Slowly the center stage begins to turn, and it stops when I'm positioned facing the back of the stage, with my ass towards the guests. I watch as both cages of snakes are wheeled around to where Ms Brenda, Mrs. Alison, and the snake charmer are standing. I groan and whimper as I look at the TV screen hanging over the stage. I see my ass perfectly displayed to the crowd.

The voice comes across the speaker again: "Ladies and Gentlemen, let the show begin." I watch the screen, moaning. At first, I try to twist and wiggle, but the stocks and locked ankles keep me from moving much, not to mention the slight twist pulls painfully on my nipples. I watch as two small blondes come forward, and each one takes hold of a delicate ass check and begins to pull, opening my ass wide. Mrs. Alison steps up, beaming with delight, lifts both mice and then pushes first one mouse into my ass, then another. I gasp around the apple; my eyes fly wide open as I feel the little creatures begin to scurry around my ass; the TV screen cuts into three screens, showing me wiggling slightly and the close-up of my asshole closing after the mice. I groan and whimper, waiting; I hear dinner progressing and casual banter among the guests about how much of the snake I'll be able to take and what a good name for me would be.

After about 15 minutes, I heard the guests settle down to the main course. As again the blondes come forward, I watch on the screen as they pull my ass open wide, and the snake charmer slowly approaches, walking around the stage, showing off the snake before coming up behind me; the crowd cheers as she positions the head next to my ass hole. I shriek into the apple as I feel the tongue dart in and out my asshole; the head of the snake slowly begins to wind its way towards me; a hush falls over the crowd as I watch, unable to move, the snake slowly thrusts its head into my ass, I buck and groan heedless of the pain in nipples as the chain holds me tight my the nipples, the snake slowly and forcefully begins to worm its way into me, after the mice that I feel scurrying

around in terror deep in my bowel, I try to twist and thrash, but the pain in tits forces me to stop and stand quietly as my ass is slowly forced wide open, the snake a thick 13 inches continues to burrow its way up as I gasp and groan.

“Wow, look at her. Take that Boa up the ass.”

“Good cunt, let that Boa fuck you.”

“Now that’s ass fucking.”

The crowd shouts encouragement, enjoying the show as they enjoy their prime rib. I gasp. I feel the snake push upward, restlessly going after the mice; after nearly a half hour, the snake stops moving, having reached the ring that was placed around its body to keep it from going too deep. I look at the screen and realize I have two feet of Boa buried in my ass, and if the ring had not been placed, likely, it would have kept going. I no longer feel the mice moving around, but I can feel the Boa still rhythmically moving inside me and wonder if it got them. As I stand in the stocks, I listen to the guests discuss the snake buried in my ass, dinner, movies, recent trips, and their children.

As the main course is cleared and dessert served, “Ladies and Gentleman, one last treat for the night. If you would all take the piece of paper that was brought out with desert, we’d like you to guess how many snakes we can put in her cunt” I watch on the screen as the cage of grass snakes is rolled over next to me and one is taken out to show the guests. I groan inward but don’t beg, plead, or call out; I’ve learned it doesn’t matter. I listen to the buzz in the audience as the Boa continues to squirm in my ass. The cards are gathered up and brought up the front. “Ladies and Gentlemen, whoever guesses the closes will have the opportunity to participate in her training tomorrow, and we will be working on k9 training.

Shuddering, I watch as the screen, this time the feed focused on my cunt, as the two blondes walk up. One holds the Boa up and out of the way as the other holds my cunt open for the snake handler.....she picks up a snake and holds it up, and the crowd begins to count. “One...” I shudder as I feel the snake wiggle into my cunt. “Two...” As another snake slowly wiggles in. I’m groaning as the crowd counts out loud. “Three...four...five...six...” I shudder as two more are allowed to slide into me. “Eight...” I watched the screen as snake after snake is fed into my cunt. “Nine...ten...eleven...twelve...”

I groan and gag around the gag as they try to fit one more in. “That’s it, folks 12, grass snakes.....the lucky winner is Mr. Clayton.” Mr. Clayton stands and smiles, nodding, saying he’s looking forward to helping my k9 training, as he’s already seen me with a Wolfhound eating out my cunt.

As dinner is done, the guests drift slowly up to the stage, sipping after-dinner drinks and looking at my ass and pussy, filled with snakes. I feel hands run around my ass where the Boa is still embedded and around my pussy. Idle chatter drifts around me as guests discuss renting me and other possible ways I can be used to entertain them.

After a while, “Ladies and Gentleman Dark Horse Theaters is closing. Please begin to exit. You can pick up your video and pictures in the gift shop on your way out. And please remember to give your recommendations for names.”

*The End*