

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



I wanted to make her regret it, but it seemed impossible. There was nothing she couldn't take.

I leaned forward and patted her head. Her eyes were nearly swollen shut, her hair matted in the short tufted patches where it hadn't been pulled out yet, and her nose clotted with snot and cum. "More," she croaked through dry, parched lips. I turned the adjuster on the steel device that stretched her mouth open and saw her entire body shudder. She let out a moan of agony, and I could almost hear the tendons that held her lower jaw to her upper start to give way. I reached for the canister again and dipped two fingers in it. She flopped her head from side to side, moaning "no, no, no" as best she could while I started smearing the thick goo along the insides of her cheeks, across her gums, pushing my fingers back deep into her throat.

Menthol, hot sauce, wasp venom, salt, cumin, and cayenne were all suspended in petroleum jelly to protect it from her tongue or any saliva she might have left as it burned and burned the mucous membranes inside her mouth. I pushed it deep into her nostrils as well, watching her squirm, her arms and legs moving in painful contortions. I could only imagine what she was feeling, which sent shivers up my spine. I'd never concocted anything this severe before, but I was not nearly finished with her.

It all started with the phone calls. We were together years ago. It was intense. S and M all the way, her always always telling me to go further. Whip me until I bleed. Take me to the farm. Get a dog. She was sick even then. I played with her, whipped her, shocked her, and lent her out to other perverts, but she always wanted more. And she found it. She dumped me for an older, richer, sexier man who she said knew how to give her what she wanted. Then, he got tired of her and sent her back. She came crawling back, telling me it was all a mistake. But I'd changed in the meantime too. And if she wanted to go out there, I would do it. Fuck it. She'd made her wants clear.

I looked at her body there on the metal table. Her knees were stretched to breaking. Ropes pulled them open wide and upward toward her shoulders. A single leather strap across her hips kept her back against the table and her torso exposed. A metal collar around her neck and one more at each wrist kept her open and exposed. It was the minimum amount of restraint I could imagine and gave me the maximum amount of flesh to work with.

While she snorted and sputtered, her entire head on fire, I went back to work between her legs. The metal binder clips had been on for long enough that her cunt lips had acclimated. Three in a row on each side, the one-inch wide black ones. I picked up the ends of the twine I'd run through the loops connecting them and started pulling them upward. She shrieked and tried to raise her hips, but the strap kept her in place.

She screamed as I pulled harder and harder, her cunt flesh stretching further and further until the clamps started to slip ever so slowly, the pain intensifying as the metal bit into thinner and thinner areas of flesh, her struggling getting more and more fierce, fingers curling and head slamming backward against the table over and over until finally the clamps have just the thinnest bit of flesh in their grip and she passes out.

While she is unconscious, I remove the clamps. Her body reflexively twitches from the intense pain, but she doesn't respond. I pick up the crop and start working on the insides of her thighs, down near the knees. She wakes up after a dozen or so blows, moaning again and squirming her ass, unable to close her legs but trying to do something, anything to lessen the pain. I stop and watch, patiently waiting for her to get her composure, then I bring the crop down hard and fast dead center of her cunt. She jerks and yelps. I hit her again and again, dead center each time, the top of the crop biting

her clitoris, the rest slapping her cunt lips. She is moaning now and grinding her hips, and I can see her arousal, and it pisses me off.

Will NOTHING be enough for this bitch? I hit her harder and faster, and she cums again.

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The table tilts now; she's at a 45-degree angle, head down, cunt up. Her big 42D titties are hanging upside down against her shoulders, the white undersides vulnerable and enticing. I pick up the sort whip, stand sideways, and start swinging. She'd taunted me before. The conversation ran through my mind. "As far as the 'no blood' is concerned, what are you afraid of? I'm a big girl. Maybe you could see just a little bit. Maybe if the whipping gets intense?"

It goes through my mind repeatedly, powering my right arm as it goes up and down and up and down faster now and harder. The stripes across the tender flesh of the underside of her titties are getting brighter and brighter, and now there are tiny beads of red showing up. I can feel the blood lust she talks about, and something red is shining in front of my eyes, and I hit harder now, harder, and now the lines are red, and she's moaning and crying out, and her hips are shaking, and don't fucking believe it again.

I don't fucking believe it. She's starting to cum, and I swing harder, harder than I thought I could, and little drops of red are flying everywhere. She is an animal now and moaning and growling and begging for more, and her pussy is soaking. She shoots a stream of something gushing out between her legs and splashing back onto her belly, and now the gush is mixing with the blood.

It's pooling on the floor underneath the table, and she's making little croaking sounds with her mouth, and I finally drop the whip and stand there, exhausted and sweating and confused, and my cock stiff and hungry. I tilt the table just a bit and lean forward into it and fuck her face hard and deep into her throat, and I cum in just a few strokes and listen to her gagging and gulping and gargling my cum.

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"And if You want to include animals, that's okay; that's degrading to me," she'd written to him, and he'd forwarded it to me, laughing at me and taunting me.

The livestock arrived at six. The man who owned the compound and the guest barn I'd been whipping her in had no moral compunction about using his animals to fuck women who were sick enough to want it. Daisy could barely get up when he arrived, but it didn't matter. The dogs came to her. They'd fucked enough women before they recognized the smell of her cunt, and one of them - a big Rotweiler - mounted her face to face while one of the German Shepherds licked the blood off her titties and shoulders and her face. I held her face in my hands while the dog licked, sniffing the blood that had trickled into her mouth and pushing deep into her open mouth with his tongue while the other dog humped hard and let his knot build up inside her aching pussy.

He came and tried to pull out, but the knot wouldn't let him, so she had to take the next one in her mouth, but his cock was too small for a mouth as wide as hers with that stretcher in place, so we brought her straight to the stallion and pushed her underneath, and she took his long, thick cock into her mouth and he filled her up. She could only take the first eight or nine inches before she gagged and threw up, but we kept her mouth around his cock. It spewed from between her lips and his cock, making a disgusting farting kind of noise. At the same time, he started to fuck then, ramming his huge meat tube down her throat and her making gurgling noises.

At the same time, the dog between her legs stared in fascination at this strange animal that had two cocks in it - three species in an orgy of sick lust - and then the horse was cumming, quarts and gallons of thick cum shooting into her throat and down into her belly and the dog finally relaxed enough that he could climb off of her. He ran, even the dog sickened by the perverted bitch Daisy who would take anything into her mouth and cunt as long as it was hard.

We attached her limp body to three more stallions and left her in the dog kennel for the night. He had twenty of them, and they all tried her at least once, some twice, and three of them took three turns at her sopping wet, sloppy, and fucked-out cunt. When the sun rose the next morning, I entered the pen where she'd slept and started immediately with the bullwhip. She kept falling over, and I kept pulling her up to her knees, her arms up over her head, while I beat her belly, back, titties, and thighs until she fell over in the mud again. It didn't take long to break the flesh, and the red stripes up and down her body were dripping now, her alternately moaning and sobbing. Then we let the dogs at her again.

They licked the blood, and she eagerly pulled them close, her mouth looking for comfort in their kisses, her tongue in their mouths, her ass in the air, pussy lips swollen and slick, them mounting her, clawing at her back fucking hard and fast while she moaned and licked whatever animal walked in front of her. She'd bury her face in a goat's ass and push her tongue up into its body or suck the balls of a huge boar pig that wandered her way. Men came by with cameras and took pictures of the barnyard whore to put up on the internet and brag to their friends. She begged them to fuck her, but nobody would.

She, as an animal thing now, limp and bloodied and full of a devil's brew of cum from four or six or ten different species. She could no longer keep track of what wandered into the barnyard and fucked her; she just knew that none of them were human, and the further she debased herself with these four-legged things, the more she came and came.

*The End*