

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



“We got her!”

“Drag her over here.”

“Poor bitch, she has no idea!”

The voices were all around me but I couldn't see who was talking thanks to the bag that was pulled over my head. I tried to scream through the tape covering my mouth while trying to kick, hit, and punch the boys dragging me out of the car. I know I'm in deep shit and all I can do is flail and fight while I'm dragged along in the dark. I feel dirt through the holes in my jeans as I am forced down onto some kind of bench. A press of bodies surrounds me, holding me in place as hands pull my wrists down to the ground where other hands wrap something soft but wide and strong around them, fixing them in place. Oh my god, my mind screams! They are going to rape me. I can't believe I am here. A racking sob comes out as I desperately yell through the tape “et me goooooo!”

“We should gag her better. We don't want them finding her too soon”. I hear the voice behind me but my mind registers that they intend for someone to find me alive which causes a small measure of relief to wash over me.

“Plenty of time for that after we have our turn. First I have this gag for her to try on.” I hear snickers but don't have time to wonder why as hands are around my waist unbuttoning my jeans. I am wearing my cute stretchy jeans that have 4 buttons instead of a zipper over the crotch meaning his hands are working in all kinds of inappropriate spots as he undoes each button.

“Nnnn oooooooooooooo” I wail as the hands finish their task and then grab the waist of my jeans, peeling them back over my hips and down my legs. Other hands are pulling off my tennies as I try my best to kick and struggle. My struggles don't help. With little effort I am left in my t-shirt, panties, and 1 of 2 socks. Hands start to take off my other sock but a commanding voice calls them off.

“Nah, let's leave her in her T and one sock. It'll be hot to take her half dressed”

I shriek in fright as I feel cold steel on my thighs and a hand grabs my satin panties. Two swift motions later and the hand is tugging them from between my legs, baring my ass to the crowd of boys surrounding me.

Oh my god! Somehow it is feels even more wrong to have my butt exposed while wearing a shirt, with a bag over my head, and 1 sock. It makes me wriggle my left foot reflexively as if I want to get rid of the sock covering it. I realize, distantly, that I must be in shock and that these aren't the “right” thoughts given my current circumstances but this rational train of thought vaporizes as my legs are pulled apart and I feel straps fastening my legs in place just above my knees while what seems like a half dozen hands start caressing my ass, spreading me, sliding over my bum and vagina. I sob into the tape “eeeease opppp!” to no avail.

“Let's get this in her!” Someone commands and then hands are grabbing my head, stretching my neck back and lifting the hood up but holding it tight over my eyes. I feel some kind of strap go around my head under my ears and as I start to scream for help some kind of hard leather ring is forced tight back into my mouth, past my teeth. I buck and struggle desperately against the hands working to fasten the strap tight.

“nah ooooo” I sob as my tongue explores the ring holding my mouth gaped open “oh gawddd” I

mumble incoherently as I realize this gag is going to let them rape my mouth.

Suddenly hands cover my eyes as the hood is pulled off my head but before I can see anything the hands are replaced by a cloth blindfold, keeping me in the dark. I feel someone close to my head, pressing close, and then a whisper in my ear.

“Do yourself a favor girlie, think slutty thoughts and get nice and wet because there is going to be a lot of cocks fucking you in a hot minute.”

Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god my mind screams in my head as I squirm under the caresses, slaps, and gropes of what feels like 20 hands. Some are under my shirt finding my boobs, some are pulling my butt apart, smacking it between caresses.

The voice whispers in my ear again. “I’m gonna do you a favor, I brought some KY because I feel bad for you so remember when dicks are sliding easily in and out of your pussy... its because I care.”

Oh my god, what kind of crazy fuck is this I think but my thought is interrupted as I “eeeeep” through my gag from a hard open handed spank to my ass.

“Let’s get a cock in her mouth and then spank that ass!” Someone orders and next thing I know strong hands grip my head guiding a hot shaft into my mouth. The hands forcible pull my head up and down on the cock while the guy thrusts into my mouth. I scream through my gag which changes to sharp shrieks as hands start rhythmically spanking my ass.

“Ok, hold that ass open boys.” Distantly I recognize the voice that was whispering in my ear as I continue to get my face pounded by the guy in front of me. Hands pull my ass cheeks apart and a hard cock presses up to my opening. He presses forward and easily buries himself in my vagina. I burn deep red, humiliated and mortified, as the realization hits me that its not just the KY on his cock letting him slip into me. I’m sort of wet, and getting raped is getting me wetter.

“Nooooo gah gah ack ack”. I wail around the penis thrusting against the back of my mouth, helpless to do anything but sway back and forth with the force of the boys fucking me. The boy behind gives a satisfied grunt and pauses, buried to the hilt inside me. His cock feels pulsing hot and almost instinctively my puss flexes, squeezing his penis tight.

“Nooooo-oooooo!” I wail as the cock pulls back from my mouth only to drive back in, this time holding my head down on it. I panic, trying to raise my head as I feel the penis in my mouth twitch like it has a life of its own. The boy in my mouth pulls back and starts doing short 1” thrusts deep in my mouth as the boy fucking me starts stroking in and out of my vagina.

“Gah, gah, gah, gah, ” I don’t even know what I’m trying to say between thrusts when the cock in my mouth twitches twice as hard and hot semen hits the back of my mouth in big spurts. “Ahhhhhhh! Ack!” I moan as the dick pulls out of my mouth and I shake my head down trying to let the semen ooze out past the gag but before it can my head is captured by another set of hands and a new dick slides into my gag. All the while the cock behind me is pounding in and out of me, his balls slapping, swinging between my spread thighs with every thrust. I hear an animalistic groan as he pulls hard on my hips and buries himself deep in my puss while his cock spurts warm cum into me.

The boy cumming in my pussy seems to set off the 2nd cock in my mouth. He pulls my face tight against his pubes so it seems like his penis is spurting right into my throat as I gag on cum and sob.

When the two boys pull back I am left empty. I hang my head down and make little hacking noises, trying to expel the semen back through the gag while distantly I register that there is some dispute

going on about who gets to rape me next. It seems to be settled pretty quickly because seconds later a hand reaches between my leg and frigs my pussy with his fingers a couple of times before stabbing his dick into me. He fucks me hard and fast, making me pound over and over against the bench. The guys are laughing cruelly at me as they encourage their buddy to fuck me harder and faster. As if from outside my body I realize that I am making a kind of ridiculous keening sound with each thrust.

I feel like it must be some other girl going through this, it can't be me tied down, naked and helpless over a bench, surrounded and being fucked like a rag doll by a group of horny men.

The boy fucking me pulls out of my vagina and its like my mind crashes back into my body and I'm aware of myself again. Aware of my pussy swollen, throbbing, and empty, and aware that I am moaning pitifully as I feel jets of cum spurt onto my butt and back.

My wailing is cut off as the next boy slides his cock into my mouth.

"Someone should fuck her while I teach her to deep throat" the voice calls out from somewhere above my head. I try to protest but he has his hands firmly locked around my head, his fingers threaded into my hair. His penis is taking long strokes in and out of my mouth and then he pulls my head down hard on his cock. When he presses against the back of my mouth I gag but rather than stopping he keeps pulling my head down, pulling harder, making me choke on his cock pressed against my airway.

"Awckkkk" I make a noise like I'm going to be sick but then his cock slips forward, burying itself down my throat. "ag ga ga ga ack". I panic as he hold me tight on his cock. Oh my god I'm going to suffocate on his dick I think as I squirm and struggle to pull back from him.

"I did it!" The boy cheers triumphantly, abruptly letting go of me, allowing me to jerk my head back choking and coughing.

The boys are cheering his accomplishment from all sides of me.

"Yeah! Throat fuck the bitch!"

"I think she liked it"

"What a good cock sucker, give her more cock"

Oh god, I think as someone slams into my swollen puss again, fucking me from behind while the guy in front of me pulls my mouth back onto his cock, pausing a millisecond before forcing himself back into my throat where he thrust in time with my gags. I feel like I should be passing out by now as I am rocked back and forth on the dicks. My brain fixes on this thought, on the problem of why I'm not suffocating while the relentless cocks rape me from both ends. I realize that I am breathing a little bit, almost in time with the boy's short thrusts in my throat. Somehow, I must be breathing through my nose and still getting oxygen around the penis that is invading my airspace. With this figured out, its like there is nothing to distract my mind and my focus goes back to the cocks raping me. The boy behind me gives my butt a big open handed smack and yells at me.

"Hey, keep moving your ass." He punctuates this with another big smack.

I realize that I stopped moving when I was figuring out how to breathe. I turn beat red as I realize this means that I was unknowingly fucking back at my rapists. My embarrassment ratchets up 2 more notches when I realize I'm really wet now, like building towards orgasm wet from being raped.

He smacks me again and I start moving by hips in time with his thrusts, to stop the spanking hopefully.

“That’s it slut! Fuck those cocks!”

“Hot little bitch!”

SMACK!

“Fuck yourself on those cocks bitch.”

“Ugggggggghhhh unh unh unh!” I moan incoherently as I rock my hips back each time the penis behind me slides in. Helping my rapist fuck me. I’m blushing furiously. My face burning in shame under the hands holding my head as my pussy heats up. “Ohhhh gggaaaddd!” I yell helplessly as I feel the familiar warmth, traveling up from my toes, through my thighs, and then to my sex, flooding the cock with my excitement.

“Awww shit. That’s it slut. Cum on my cock.”

Humiliated, I try to think of anything else but I can’t seem to distract myself as the guy changes his pace, pulling out to do rapid 1 inch strokes right at the entrance to my puss. Oh god, he’s trying to make me cum.

“Fuck her to orgasm!”

“Make her cum, make her cum, make her cum!”

The guys are shouting encouragement and I can’t hide. Can’t close my legs, or hide my excitement. He’s fucking me short and quick and I tense up. I arch my back, holding my pussy at the right spot for my orgasm to build until it breaks free and I’m cumming in wracking trembles and shudders. I keen my distress through the gag as the guys applaud their friend’s accomplishment.

I’m still cumming when the boy suddenly sheathes himself fully back inside me, tenses up and spurts another load of semen deep in my pussy. As if by some signal, the boy in front of me pulls my head back down on his cock, burying my face in his pubes as he forces himself back down my throat before he grunts, penis twitching inside my throat, filling me with more cum.

When he pulls off I shake my head, again trying to clear the cum out of my airway with “acking” sounds. God! How many boys are there? Mentally I count how many times I have been raped but I’m starting to lose count. The first guys came together in my mouth and puss and then the guy that spurted on my back makes three and the deep throating asshole and the guy that made me cum make 5. Jesus it seems like so many more... wait I missed one its 6 already. I moan in despair as I hear someone to my left say “finally! My turn!”

“I may be last but I’m not having sloppy seconds!” The boy declares.

“Hold her ass apart. I’m getting some butt sex.!”

“Naaaooooooo!” I squeak. Shaking my head in denial but I’m helpless as I kneel with my hands and feet tied to the ground. Cum is dripping back over my tongue towards the gag in my mouth. I use my tongue to push it through the hole and out of my mouth, shaking my head to try to get it to drip past my face but I feel it running down my chin, stubbornly clinging to my skin.

"Ahhhhh!" I protest as hands pull my ass cheeks apart and I feel a finger stab into my ass. It frigs me, spreading some kind of lubrication around my hole before pulling away.

"Are you ready for your ass rape slut? I'm going to slam my big cock into your tight little pooper!"

I recognize the voice of the crazy fuck that told me to thank him for lubrication. I'm crying again, shaking my head as his penis presses up against my exposed opening, pausing, seemingly to savor the moment.

"Booyah!" The boy yells and then slams forward, fucking hard into my butt. I feel his balls slap my pussy as his thighs press hard against my butt.

SMACK!

I yelp and sob as the boy smacks my ass hard and then starts fucking my butt. No, hesitation just long hard raping thrusts filling me with his cock and then relentlessly pulling back out only to slam fully back in.

"Ahhhhhh, ahhhhhh, ahhhhhhhhhh!" I shriek through the gag in time with his brutal thrusts. Luckily he doesn't last long before he slams back fully in my butt and I feel the now familiar twitch of his cock cumming hard inside me.

"Booyah! Enjoy my hot load of cum in your ass!" The boy taunts me as he pulls out, slapping his dick on my butt cheek a couple of times.

"Ok boys, time to get her ready for phase two. She'll have new customers soon and we want her to be ready!"

I moan in despair. I thought once they had all raped me they'd leave me alone. I don't like the sound of "phase 2" and "new customers".

"aaaase! Et meeeee gooooo." I try to appeal to my captors through the gag, coughing up more cum for my efforts.

"Give me her panties!" The voice that seems to be the leader orders. "We need to clean out her pussy." I feel a pantie covered hand start to wipe up and down my slit, and then I feel fingers forcing my panties into my vagina. Fingers press them farther into me until I feel them bunched up deep inside me. Then the fingers snag them and drag them out of my pussy before repeating the process.

"aaaah stop itttt!" I yell, humiliated as the boy repeatedly forces my panties uncomfortably in and out of my vagina.

"That should be pretty good. Are you hungry slut? We have a nice yummy pair of cum soaked panties for you!"

I am shaking my head back and forth in denial as hands grab my head again and then the boy starts to feed my panties through my gag, using his fingers to force them deep into my mouth. They are soaked with a mix of my wetness and the boy's cum and they smell and taste like sex. I immediately start to try to expel them back through the gag but the boy ties something else around my head, a cloth gag over the top of the ring gag, trapping the nasty panties in my mouth and gagging me to near silence.

Without warning the blindfold comes off my head and I look up at the boy in front of me pleadingly,

wondering why they are letting me see them now but what I see is a boy dressed all in black with a ski mask covering his entire head. He is holding a jar up in front of my head.

“Do you know what this is slut?” He asks.

I shake my head negatively. I have no idea why he is asking me.

“This is bitch scent. Its what dog breeders use to make sure boy dogs go crazy and fuck the shit out of female bitches to breed them. Guess what we are going to do with this?”

Oh my god! I start to struggle. Pulling, jerking, yanking against the ropes holding my legs and arms in place.

“Ha! I think she gets the picture now! Poor bitch!” I hear the jar lid come off and then feel a wet hand between my legs, running up and down my slit and then two fingers slide inside me, forcing a large wet dollop of the goop into my puss.

“eeease noooooo!” I try to plead but even to my ears my cries are barely audible. I try to get my feet under me, to raise my body up off the bench or loosen the straps holding my legs to the bench. My straining succeeds in pulling my tummy a couple of inches above the bench while the relentlessly stroking fingers following my movement, finger fucking me while I struggle.

“Can’t have her moving around so much can we?” The psycho guy comments on my efforts. “Here, wrap my belt around her hips and cinch her tight to the bench. We don’t want her next lovers to struggle to mount their bitch.”

What feels like a leather belt circles my waist above my hips and then pulls tight, holding me even more immobile, unable to do more than wiggle my butt and thighs.

“Time to get her properly dressed.” Psycho boy declares as he bends down to a duffle bag in front of him. When he stands up he is holding up a thick brown and white tail curled up like it belongs on a husky. Dangling from the end of it is a shiny silver butt plug with a metal stem that curls forward sharply before disappearing into the tail. In his other hands is a headband with a pair of furry ears on them. He is also holding a length of leather cord. I am shaking in shock and panic as he approaches me. Helpless to do anything but moan and grunt as hands spread my butt cheeks, exposing my openings to the boys again. The fingers frigging my vagina finally pull out but moments later the cold hard plug presses against my bum. They push insistently, pressing harder until, against my best effort to squeeze my ass shut, I lose the fight and the plug slides in. It spreads me uncomfortably wide and then slips deeper until my anus squeezes uncomfortably on the narrow part. The boy goes to work behind my head and a moment later my head jerks backwards, forcing me to stare straight ahead. I yelp as the tail plug is pulled hard forward, driving deeper into me and I realize somehow they used the cord to tie the back of my gag to the butt plug, holding my head up and preventing me from pushing the tail out.

SMACK!

I yelp into my panties, involuntarily squeezing hard on the intruding plug, as a hand spans my butt.

“There we go! Beautiful, don’t you think?” The boy applauds his work as he grabs hold of the tail and shakes it back and forth “wagging it” and causing the plug to wiggle around inside me. Someone else slides the ears over my head, completing the ridiculous look.

“Are you ready to be a movie star?” The psycho boy asks as he sets up a video camera tripod in front

thought as the dog starts rapid fire thrusting into me, slamming me into the bench. My body rocks violently in reverse time with the dog's humping. Every rapid thrust in causes me to raise my head and the reverse motion causes my head to rock down in lewd rhythm with the animal's movements. I feel every thrust in my pussy but the cruel bondage means every time my head rocks down the strap pulls the butt plug tail hard into my bum which in turn yanks on my gag causing me to choke harder on my cum soaked panties. I am helpless to control my body, he is like a machine gun, short, brutal, fast thrusts. Pleasuring himself in my hole, working himself to his finish. Oh my god, he's going to cum in me. All I can do is wail, and sob as tears stream down my face

The dog keeps going at me and I feel his penis get hot, uncomfortably hot inside me as he slows his thrusts a little bit. Something large is pressing against my sex, just outside my opening as the dog keeps pushing hard against me. The thing outside me grows, and presses at my sex, straining the opening until the dog's longer, harder thrusts force it past my entrance causing me to shriek in discomfort. Its like the dog's swelling is traveling up its dick, moving deeper into my poor sex, growing bigger and stretching me.

I don't know what is happening to me, what this animal is doing to my poor sex as he rapes me and stretches me more than any of the boys did.

I am sobbing, in complete shock when without warning the dog pauses, holding his dick hard inside me. His penis starts to twitch and then the dog is cumming. His dick lurches hard, stretching against my walls and I feel jets of cum spurting. I'm crying, tears running fast down my face, as the animal breeds me. In denial, I shake my head back and forth which moves the butt plug but I can't stay still while this is happening.

When the spurting stops, I'm am still impossibly full, one hole plugged with the tail which is pressed tight against the dog's super swollen dick. The animal somehow turns around, dismounting from me, but his dick is still in my puss. I feel the dog end up behind me, facing away from me with his tail up against my tail. He starts to pull away from me, stretching my pussy painfully as the swollen dick tries to pull back through my entrance. I yell helplessly and then to my surprise the dog yips like I hurt him, stopping his tugging.

Oh my god! We are stuck like this. He can't get his dick out of me! Its so absurd I can't get my head around it but after waiting a minute or so the dog tugs again and the dick feels smaller as it stretches my opening and then slides through and out of my sex.

I am mortified as I feel what seems like a river of watery dog cum following the dick out of my vagina, running past my opening and down my thighs. I remember the camera behind me and blush and moan, mortified that someone is watching the remnants of the dog trickle out of my ruined sex.

I hold still, crying silently in despair as I wonder how long it will take someone to find me. The dog walks around me, into my field of vision. He plops down and proceeds to clean himself, head down to lick his penis clean. It is the first time I have seen a dog's penis in this state. It is veined and bright red, long, wet, and swollen. Not at all like a boys dick. I am disgusted by the sight of it and thinking about that object being inside me, fucking me, cumming in me, makes me want to throw up but I can't even puke with the way I am gagged.

"aeeeeeeiieeee!" I shriek silently as another cold snout snuffles hard against my sex, followed by a rough tongue lapping across my slit. Oh my god. My shock deepens as I realize the dogs aren't done with me. They're going to keep fucking me and I can't stop them.

I sob helplessly as the second dog pulls away and then mounts me. I shudder in despair and try in

vane to evade the disgusting penis that is jabbing insistently at my bottom but the belt holds me in place and it doesn't take long for the this dog to hit home.

"Naaaaoooooooo!" I sob as what I now know is a slimy, hideous, angry looking dog prick bottoms out in my helpless vagina.

This dog, pauses, seemingly surprised at where he find himself. I squirm as if there is any hope of me freeing myself from the cock embedded in me. The stillness doesn't last long as the dog starts to move his hips, humping me at a steady but increasing pace. I find myself shrieking with every thrust of the cock as it bottoms out in my puss, helpless to do anything but yell soundlessly into my panties. The pace increases, until I am being fucked rapidly, violently, frantically.

In a haze, I register the feeling of the dog cock heating up and swelling, and realize that this is part of how dogs have sex. Somehow their penises grow and trap themselves in their mates. In their bitches. I'm just another bitch to them like the crazy guys said, I'm their human bitch and they are raping me like they would rape a girl dog in heat.

Through the shock and the fog that is clouding my mind, I hear voices approaching, calling their dogs, and more barking nearby. The sound of humans calling out breaks through my shock and causes my mind to crash back to reality, to my current situation where the dog is still fucking me, slamming my thighs repeatedly into the bench. I realize that I am still yelling with each thrust, I probably never stopped.

"Oh my god!"

"What the fuck!"

"Get help, we need to get him off her"

I hear the yells of shock and surprise and feel throbbing heat hit my face as I realize what the people are seeing as they enter the clearing. I almost pass out from the heat radiating through my cheeks and and into my temples, making black spots radiate across my vision.

All the while the dog is still urgently fucking me, relentless in his drive to to breed me. Sure enough, I feel his swollen part press against, and then force its way into my opening. I swear the dog barks his success as he gives 2 more hard thrusts and starts spurting into my already flooded sex.

People are all around now. Hands are on the dog, trying to pull him away causing him to yelp in pain and me to try my best to protest as their pulling tugs at my entrance. The dog's painful yipe causes the people to jerk back from the dog but someone else gets their hands on the strap and the cloth gag, revealing the ring gag underneath. Moments later the ring gag is unbuckled, freeing my aching mouth and allowing me to spit out my panties.

"The cameras! I shriek. Sobbing uncontrollably as I strain up from the ground where I am still tied, with a dog dick still stuck in my vagina..

"Turn off the cameras, I don't know who is watching!" I sob.

While I'm saying this, whomever is tugging on the dog is finally successful in pulling him away and I shriek in discomfort as his cock is pulled out, stretching my pussy, followed by the familiar flood of hot cum, dripping to the ground from my used sex.

"Noooo!" I sob in humiliation. "Turn off the fucking cameras!"

Its like they just noticed the video cameras as they jerk up in surprise but they follow my direction, rushing over and pressing something on the camera that makes the red light go off.

“Untie me! Please! Untie me!” I’m crying uncontrollably as clumsy hands start fumbling with the belt at my waste, and the cuffs at my hands and legs. I strain up as if with my mouth free I’ll be able to somehow rise up off the infernal bench but all I end doing is wagging the ridiculous tail in my ass back and forth with my jerky motions. Thankfully, someone throws a jacket over my butt giving me a piece of modesty while hands start working on the restraints on my hands and feet.

When I am freed I wrap the jacket around my waist, rushing to get up off the bench but falling over to the ground as I realize my legs have fallen asleep and are waking up with little pins and needles up and down my thighs. I groan but fixate on my purpose. Those assholes are going to pay, no matter what I have to do those assholes are going to pay!

“Please someone, call the police, I need help.” I stammer. I am still beat red in embarrassment. I finally look at my rescuers and see Mrs. Wilcox holding her Mastiffs and five other people I don’t know looking at me uncertainly. Two guys in their 30s, an older lady, and a college aged girl that I recognize from our neighborhood.

Off to the side another older lady looks up from her phone. “We have an ambulance and the police on the way honey. The rest of you, why don’t you put your dogs away and give her some space.”

Ok, I think. Cops are coming, what’s next? What’s next? Evidence, I need evidence to make these assholes pay. DNA, I need their DNA, they’ll test me for evidence from the rape and that will help them know who did this. I remember the guy cumming in my ass and realize they never wiped that out, and I also realize that maybe there is something left on my panties, or on the ring gag. I look around, I need to collect all of the evidence. I scramble over on the ground to where my panties are lying on the ground and scoop them up and then I look around for the other things. I see one of the older guys holding the ring gag and someone else still holding the belt that held my waist down.

“I need to keep all of the things.” I am interrupted as I hiccup and choke and then sob but I continue on determinedly. “I’m going to get those assholes, they aren’t getting away with this, I need all of the things they used. The police will need evidence. Give it back to me.”

The people are looking at me, cautiously, as if I’m dangerous, or maybe just crazy. But the guy holding the ring gag approaches slowly and sets it on the bench and others follow their lead setting down the belt and leather strap.

In the distance I hear sirens and then the police arrive, followed shortly by an ambulance. At first its chaos but a lady officer takes charge and clears my rescuers away and then squats down talking to me slowly and carefully.

“we are going to help you. The EMTs are going to put you on their stretcher and help you into the ambulance. Can we do that, will you let us help you.”

I nod. “They raped me. They dragged me here and raped me. I couldn’t stop them.” I sob.

The police officer nods and gently wraps a large blanket over my shoulders. “You’re safe now. Its over but we can help you. We’re gong to get you into the ambulance and help you.

I nod and hold the rescuer’s jacket tight around my naked bottom, still covering up the butt plug tail still in my butt as I scoot over to get on the gurney being positioned next to me by a young man and lady EMT.

The policy lady speaks slowly to me. "These nice EMTs are going to get you to the ambulance where we will have some privacy and then the lady here and I can help you.

"Ok, but you need to take all the things they used, in case its evidence." I stammer.

EPILOGUE

Somehow, I make it back to the ambulance where the ladies help me. I think they are surprised at how quickly I agree to submitting to swabbing for evidence but they don't know how much I want it. They almost hide their surprise when I lower the jacket and they see the tail rising out of my butt but they listen to my story and then gently remove the tail and swab my butt and vagina for DNA. The police officer takes my statement, helping me tell all of the details and I tell her about everything they said and I remember small details. Details she says will be important to catch them. That it is the boy's belt that was used spontaneously to finish securing me to the bench and words they said like that they know my brother and the way the guy yelled "booyah" when he came like its a word he uses often.

The videos of the dogs raping me was played everywhere. Its still up on the web if you try different searches no matter how hard the police try to take it down it keeps appearing. It apparently played live on the school's closed circuit TV and on my class's message board so all my friends, all my family, all of our town has seen it. I can't walk out to the mailbox without people staring and I know they are picturing me tied to the bench when they look at me. There were also apparently other cameras hidden that captured the boys raping me. These video clips keep popping up, carefully edited to show me, and maybe the boys cocks using me, but never the men themselves.

If I would have known what would come next I would have second guessed my drive to make the boys pay. In the days after the rape, working with the police to identify and catch all of the boys involved is what keeps me sane. I barely eat, I can't look at my family, I don't go back to school and I check in with the case officer at the start and end of every day. I keep to myself in my room away from the world.

It doesn't take long for them to catch the ringleader, and soon after all seven boys are locked up. The cops were able to find remnants of the boy's cum in my butt and match DNA to the ringleader. It seems silly, but what we didn't take into account, is that the ringleader is a complete psychopath, like literal medical definition, "psychologists would pay to study him", psychopath. He seems to relish being caught, and demands a trial of his peers almost immediately claiming that his side of the story needs to be told.

His lawyer issues a press release making statements like "deserves his day in court" and "everyone is owed a fair trial in front of a jury of their peers" and "things aren't always as obvious as they seem."

My lawyer initially reassures me that this is typical tactic to try to plant seeds of doubt that can be built on in a jury but slowly realization dawns on her and the police that this is anything but normal and the questions about how strong I want conviction and whether we should try to get a plea bargain and avoid a court circus start to come up. Even my family tries to convince me to avoid trial, wanting the publicity and attention to end. Don't get me wrong, I don't want to go to court and I don't want to be in front of people, but at this point what more can he do to me that he didn't already do and there is NO WAY I'm letting him get away with anything but a full sentencing!

The trial comes and despite the judge's best efforts, Thane, the ringleader, finds every opportunity

to humiliate me in front of the jury and other court participants. Thank god it is a closed courtroom with no media but somehow footage still leaks to the news. The jury is forced to watch the videos of my rape, which thankfully I am given the option to skip but that makes it almost worse when court is called back to order after the jury views the film.

All eyes are staring at me when I reenter the court room. Shortly after, I am called up to the stand to "identify the evidence". Early on Thane took the stand, boldly claiming that we have some kind of weird, kinky, longstanding romance and that I fantasized about and asked him to drag me into the woods.

"Isn't it true Miss Moore that all of these... erm... gadget erotiques... or sex toys that we have in evidence in front of us actually came from your very own bedroom?" Thane's lawyer demands.

The questions is out of left field and so absurd that I stutter, before catching myself and try to compose myself, mentally reminding myself of the instructions my lawyer gave me which is to stay calm, answer just the question asked, and don't lose your composure.

"Absolutely not. I never saw any of those things before that man assaulted me!" I state emphatically, blushing despite myself.

The lawyer goes over and picks up the ring gag and the butt plug tail, walking back over to me and holding them up next to me for the jury to see. The lawyer distastefully holding up the sex toys with my shocked face in the background somehow appears on the news that very night.

"So this ring gag, and butt plug tail are not part of your BDSM toy collection?" The lawyer persists.

"I don't have a BDSM collection and no those are not mine." I say, hoping he'll move on.

"Interesting, so you've never used, say a pair of pink fuzzy handcuffs during intimacy with a boyfriend? Because I am led to believe that that IS something you are familiar with.... are you saying you have never engaged in say... even light bondage with a partner before the night of the video?"

I go still in shock. How the fuck can he know about that. His description is too accurate to be coincident. Somehow he knows that my last boyfriend and I did in fact play with a pair of handcuffs for a couple of weekends. Handcuffs that are hidden in my room and I guess constitute my "BDSM toy collection".

"I, I, uhm." I stutter and then use another of the tricks my lawyer gave me. Taking a deep calming breath and mentally telling myself that I can get through this. "I'm not sure how you dug so deep into my short love life but you are accurate. My last boyfriend and I did use a pair of pink handcuffs while we were being intimate. As far as I know those are still in my bedroom and are the only sex toy or BDSM thing that I have ever, ever, uhm, had used on me before the night of the video. Those things in your hands were brought by the men that raped me and are not mine." I firmly state, hoping to end this line of questioning.

"Would you say that you enjoyed, or your body reacted positively to the activities of that night."

Oh my god! I fix my eyes coldly on the lawyer. I realize distantly that I want to hurt this man. Maybe even kill this man. "No sane, or moral human being would ever suggest that I enjoyed that night. I did not enjoy that night. I was terrified, and humiliated. I feared for my life."

"I didn't ask about your emotions Miss Moore. I asked if your body reacted positively, possibly indicating to our defendant that you were enjoying the bondage play? I'd ask the court to play

minutes 22 to 24 of evidence labeled video from....”

“We don’t need to watch the video, the jury already saw it. My mind and body were in trauma, in shock. I don’t know why my body orgasmed but it did, but I didn’t want it and I didn’t enjoy it.”

“I see Miss Moore. I am sure the jury can understand how confusing an adventurous sex life such as yours could be to a young girl of your age. But we are not here to judge the actions of a legal consenting adult like yourself. However, I ask the court to still play the selection to enable the jury to understand how equally confusing the body language and actions of Miss Moore might be to 7 sexually charged young men who were also likely experiencing many emotions.”

Despite the judge’s best efforts, the court room watches a clip from a hidden trail camera. The clip is carefully edited to show the boys cock sawing in and out of me but the boy himself is blurred. Unfortunately, I am not and everyone gets to watch me humping back on the penis as the men cheer me on to my humiliating orgasm. Worse yet, the jurors can’t seem to help but continuously make quick glances from the video screen to me. Watching me, watch myself get raped.

Despite the weeks of mortifying trial, Thane is convicted along with the other boys. All of them receive lengthy prison sentences. At the sentencing, Thane somehow finds the opportunity to give me a last word.

“I enjoyed our time together Miss Moore. Sadly I’ll be detained for a bit and won’t be available to directly participate in your adventurous sex life but I do look forward to hearing all about the next trouble you get yourself into.” As he is led out of the courtroom he is grinning and he turns at the last moment to give me a wink, making my blood run cold.

The End. Maybe...