

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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The blindfold is tied tightly, enclosing my world in darkness. The table under me is hard and unyielding as I lay unable to move, bindings biting into my ankles and wrists, securing me in an x position. Ensuring im exposed and vulnerable.

You are sitting in a chair by my head, I can smell you there, and it excites and relaxes me. There are noises in the room; I can hear you talking to a couple of people and padding dog paws. It sounds like more than one, but I am unsure. My body is tense, and I'm straining to hear everything around me. Other sounds come to my attention: the rustle of a flogger, the rattle of chains, and other noises that I can't make out but both scare and excite me more.

I am aware of a spreading wetness beginning to drip from my pussy, sliding into the crack of my ass. My nipples are tingling so much, craving to be touched. I'm trying very hard to lie still; I writhe within my bindings, only able to move the tiniest amount, my body desperate to be touched. I try to stop a whimper from escaping, but you hear it, and I hear you move slightly; I bite down on my lip, trying to stop any further sounds, and I hear you chuckle at my distress.

Your fist tightens in my hair, and I hear an odd noise and feel part of the table beneath my head disappear, my head held where it was by you; you pull on my hair, forcing my head down and back. You lean down and kiss me hard, forcing your tongue into my throat, your teeth crushing against my lips; I strain to kiss you back, eagerly sucking on your tongue, tasting you as you invade my mouth. The kiss must have been a sign, and my senses are suddenly overwhelmed; I feel the other end of the table slide away, my body now bent in a kind of backward u shape, hips and legs bending down and back in the same way my head and neck are. The table now only supports me from my shoulders to my lower back. In the instant the table moves, I am touched in what feels like a million different places; I am unaware that you've stopped kissing me until I feel your cock pressed into my mouth. I know it's you. I can taste it's you; I can smell it's you as you begin to fuck my mouth, forcing your cock into my throat again and again; I try hard to take it all but am unable to stop myself from gagging now and again. I can feel hands and tongues and objects that I have no clue what they are all over my body.

There is a delicious pain in my nipples as each one is twisted, bitten, or pulled. My arms are outstretched to the hands of the side hanging over the edges; I'm aware of a wet nose sniffing one before being licked with a big rough tongue to seconds later being filled with a hard cock. I instinctively grasp it firmly and feel the cock begging to slide in and out of my grip, my other hand is filled with a different cock, a hard, cold, huge one that can only be rubber, but the force behind it feels real as it thrusts in and out of my grasp, I almost choke on your cock as your press it into my throat at the same time as a paddle slaps down on my exposed pussy, the pain instant and sharp sweeps through my pussy and up into my body. A tongue follows the sharp sting. I can't tell if it's human or dog until it slides deep into my wet pussy licking the juices from deep inside me. Sharp teeth graze against my clit, and I try not to move, unsure of what the dog with its tongue buried into my pussy might do, but my body betrays me, and I try hard to press myself towards the hot wet tongue more, loving the feeling of its rightness filling my pussy.

I hear you grunt a simple "here" command tied to the table in my darkness. I have no idea what you mean; I feel the hard rubber cock leave my grasp, quickly replaced by another, more real one. I'm suddenly aware of something rubbing at my cheek and pressing towards my mouth; you force yourself into my mouth hard one last time before pulling out entirely, and the moan of disappointment from me is cut off by a huge rubber cock being forced into my mouth, I hear the slap of a hand against flesh but am aware of no pain instead I do feel the hard unyielding cock forced deep into my throat, I gagged and choke as I gasp for air, I hear a command from you low and firm,

“enough, take it off.” I can suddenly breathe again as the rubber cock withdraws entirely from my mouth, leaving me gasping and gulping in the air. I feel my legs being untied, and I moan as my knees are forced up, and I feel ropes being wrapped around each leg in turn, the calf of each leg tight against my thigh, the terrible ache in my back from my previous position beginning to ease.

I can hear the rattle of a clasp being unfastened close to my head and the dull, heavy thud of something dropping to the floor. A wet nose suddenly finds my now exposed arsehole. Sniffing at it, I writhe but suddenly feel a hand on each knee, drawing them open and pressing me back into the table. As I feel a tongue licking at my arse, I moan and take a deep breath in, suddenly aware of the smells around me, I can still smell your cock I know it's near me, but I can also smell something new, not quite placing it until I find my face suddenly buried between someone's thighs, no cock being forced down my throat this time, just the feel of smooth skin against my chin and cheeks and wetness coating my lips, without hesitation I lick my tongue up the length of the pussy spread over my face the taste so different from cock but just as delicious, I hear a female moan as I begin to lick and suck at the pussy.

At the sound of her moan, I hear your voice, “That's my good girl” I work at the pussy more eagerly under your praise, feeling an extra reward as the hardness of a cock forces my pussy wide and slams into me. I cry out loudly at the force, the delicious pain of being stretched wide, the cock filling the deep ache that had built up inside me; somehow, I manage to murmur my thanks. I'm not sure who is fucking me, but grateful anyway, “Thank you, Master, thank you, Sir,” thank you for allowing me to be fucked, as well as thanking the person fucking me. I hear you chuckle, and I can only imagine the proud smile on your face; thoughts are cut off as I feel my body covered by soft skin, the pressure of a body leaning over mine; it's hard to keep up with all the sensations.

I can still feel the attempts at a long tongue that surely can't be human probing at my asshole as a cock slides in and out of my pussy, my hands are still filled with cock but different ones to earlier, sticky lines of cum are drying and tightening on the skin of my forearms, I have no idea how many people are in the room, I lap hungrily at the pussy pressed against my mouth, enjoying the taste and the smell of something different, I whimper as I feel a suddenly distance between my mouth and the girls flesh, I hear your voice once again, a reward in itself “now now my girl be careful or Ill think you don't want my cock and I'd have to give it to someone who does” your cock teasingly runs over my lips leaving a trail of sticky fluid that I lick at, without needing to think I murmur , “ please Master, I want your cock, I beg for your cock please may I have it, please let me pleasure you” wanting to say please a lot more but restraining myself knowing there's a fine line between what you consider begging and whining. You chuckle again, and before I know it, your cock is pressed against my lips; my mouth opens instantly and takes you in, my lips slick and wet with a mixture of pussy juice and your Precum.

As soon as your cock enters my mouth, it leaves again, leaving me whimpering for more. I can feel your thighs against my cheeks as you raise on your feet. I turn my head and lick at your flesh, wanting anything of you I can get, aware of the wet noise inches above my face as cock forces itself into an eager wet pussy. I hear the moan of a girl as you begin to fuck her, I can feel the movement of you, your thighs brushing against my face as you begin to work your cock in and out of her, I bend my head up hungrily trying to get a taste your balls now slapping against my face with each thrust, as my tongue licks at them, trying hard to suck at one but your movements preventing me, I hear you moan as you feel my tongue and you fuck her faster for a moment before stopping, your cock buried deep in the girl laid on top of me, I eagerly take one of your balls into my mouth sucking on it, my nose buried into your asshole, I move my head from side to side rubbing at it, feeling you pressing into the girl harder and harder in your excitement, so many things happening to me, a cock still pounding into my pussy, I know it's a different one to earlier, i can feel the girls breath near my clit, I try to press back into the table aware that one lick from her and I am liable to cum, but doing

that just pressed the tongue still licking at my asshole deeper into it. I moan loudly, my mouth still full of your balls, the vibration of it making you moan, too. I

I can't beg for permission to cum, so instead, I curl my toes, grip tighter onto the cocks fucking my hands, and try my hardest not to cum; my body is shaking in the effort. You begin to move again. I lose my mouthful of you as you continue to fuck the pussy above my face. I'm a whimpering writhing mess as I beg you to allow me to cum, I'm not sure if you can hear me over the sounds of your cock pounding into the girl, so I shout louder. The whole room and whoever is in it is now aware of my struggle not to cum; you seem to be ignoring me as you fuck the girl faster and harder. I can feel her breasts pressed against my stomach, and I can feel the force of her body moving as you fuck her; the cock inside me increases its rhythm, taking pleasure in my agony as he fucks me. In my writhing state, I'm certain that he's trying to make me cum without permission, but I fight against it desperately not wanting to let you down.

Suddenly I feel your cock forcing its way into my mouth past my lips, shutting me up. It tastes amazing, soaking wet with the girl's pussy juice and the taste of you. I can feel the copious amounts of your pre cum dripping into my throat as you force your cock deep; without hesitation, you fuck my mouth rapidly. I can't take anymore; I'm moaning around the mouthful of you, shaking and writhing as much as possible, the cock fucks me relentlessly, and I can feel my body tightening around my body taking over, my mind a blur of sensations and threatening to take me away into blissful oblivion, thankfully I hear your voice, still amazingly in control.. "3", your cock continues to fuck my throat deep, I'm gagging and drooling "2" I suddenly feel a tongue on my clit, a wet mouth licking at me, teasing my most sensitive area,

I hear your voice for the last time and am just vaguely aware of your growling "1" as everything shatters into eruptions of pleasure, aware of everything and nothing at the same time. Everything stopping, tasting and feeling your cum as it fills my mouth, unable to swallow it, all rivers of your precious cum escaping from my mouth, aware of my pussy being pumped full of Hot liquid. My body shaking, unable to move in any other way, I incoherently mumble to you, "Thank you, Master, thank you," grateful for everything you allow me, aware of a cool breeze blowing over my hot, sweaty body and only a vague awareness of the fact there is no pressure on top of me anymore.

My head hangs limply off the edge of the table as you remove your cock from my mouth, strings of cum dripping down my face as you do. I feel gentle hands on either side of my face and soft lips pressing against mine. I make an effort to kiss them but realize she is seeking your cum as I feel her tongue sweeping my mouth and hear her swallow. I lay still as she licks the trails of your cum from your face, not missing a drop.

I stir shivering with cold, my body aching. Not sure where I am for a moment. The table is hard under my back. I open my eyes and blink, trying to focus; my neck hurts from the lolled position I am in, and all I can see is you sitting in the chair before me, fully clothed. You look cool and calm, and you're just looking at me. You don't say a word but pat your knee. I suddenly realize I can move, and I turn over slowly and stiffly and slide from the table, sinking to my knees at your feet. The room is empty except for you. I rest my head on your knee and feel your hand gently slide into my hair, stroking it and my face tenderly. Your hand rests on the thick band of silver that encircles my neck, and I hear you murmur, "Good girl." A huge smile spreads over my lips, and my eyes flutter closed, all my aches and pains forgotten in that moment of perfect bliss.

The End