

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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I knew Tom liked me, but I did not know how much he hated his wife. Kim was my friend longer than she was Tom's wife. We lived together after college in a small apartment in the downtown area. Kim had met Tom at a bar and brought him home that night. When the love birds awoke in the morning, I made them breakfast. We shared the meal like old friends, but even then, Tom seemed more interested in me than Kim during the early conversations.

Kim described him as a tough, demanding lover, but she wanted him. The lovemaking, as she described it, sounded more like rape than love. He would take her wherever he wished: in the bathroom of a small restaurant, in the middle of a field in the town park, behind a car, anywhere he wanted. She would almost always end up naked, crawling on the ground, looking for her clothes. Nothing seemed to have value to him, not her jewelry, clothes, or pride. He would just take her and leave. When he fucked her in the ass, which was almost every time, he would demand that Kim clean his cock with long firm licks of her tongue and full sucks from her mouth. She became so used to those demands that she conscientiously kept herself clean for her time with him.

I think Kim may have trapped Tom by claiming she was pregnant, but she never was. They got married at a small wedding downtown. I was the maid of honor. I was told that Tom saw Kim just moments before the ceremony and had raped her violently. Kim was such a mess on the altar; her gown was a mess, her face was a mess, her hair, herself. Kim made of complete fool of herself after the wedding. She was drunk, almost nude, and a complete buffoon when around Tom.

She played the part of a slave, a submissive. She placed herself at Tom's feet and kissed his shoes in front of the whole party. She would get up and dance by herself on the dance floor. She would dance in the most provocative ways, sexy ways. Exposing herself, simulating sexual acts, licking the dance floor, barking like a dog, all on Tom's commands. The party became uncomfortable for some, and they left. Others, mainly Tom's friends, loved it.

In time, Kim was there on the dance floor, high as a kite, totally naked, grinding her privates into the back of a metal chair and licking the dry moisture as Tom's friends jeered and took pictures. I left, she was my friend, and this was Kim's wedding night. Later, I heard Kim was passed around and used by all who stayed.

I sometimes love to read Pulp, King, Rice, and even Paterson. I was lost in a King book, one of the earlier ones. The characters were so consuming that I did not notice a man sitting beside me on the park bench.

"Hi, Sara. How are you doing?"

In a surprise, I turned and saw Tom sitting there with a gentle smile on his lips.

"Sara, you are looking well. What are you reading? Is it good?"

I showed him the book and said "yes" with a smile.

"I read this book many years ago and wanted to revisit it to see if it still scares me."

"Does it?"

"Yes"

"How is Kim?" I asked.

"Kim. That fucken bitch." he said in a lost, dreaming manner.

"That fucken, cunt whore bitch ... do you know how much I hate her? I hate her guts."

"The things I have done to that whore, and she still won't leave me. Sometimes I wish she would just die."

"Jan, you think her wedding night was disgraceful. You should have seen our honeymoon. I pimped that cunt off to anyone with twenty dollars. That slut sucked a lot of cock, ate a lot of pussy, and reamed a lot of assholes in Jamaica. I sold her at the resort and downtown. I didn't ask for money downtown, just weed and I loved watching those big Jamaicans rip her apart. But, mid-week, I met a British couple who paid me a good deal of money, enough to pay for the honeymoon and some to take her for a few days. They did, and when Kim returned, she wasn't quite the same."

"What do you mean? Did they hurt her?"

"She was marked up a bit, but that wasn't it. She was different like she was empty, hollow. She didn't care for herself, only my desires. She would do anything I asked, without hesitation, without thought."

She was free, I thought to myself. "Tell me about the couple. Did you get their name, where they live, anything you can remember about them."

"Bill and Janice Billing .. Billington ... no, no Billingsworth from St. James, Tennessee. They were immensely proud of their heritage and their family name. Yes, William and Janice Billingsworth from St. James, Tennessee. I may even have their address. Why?"

"Nothing. Simply curious. I like to hear names to imagine the person attached to the name. Too much Steven King, I know."

We talked, spoke of old times, the apartment, the first morning we met, and how much he liked me.

"You should come over to my house and see Kim."

"She is a submissive, truly. She could be your submissive. Imagine, after all these years, your best friend kneeling at your feet, willing to do anything for you."

"Wouldn't you want to see the top of her head buried in your crouch?"

It was an interesting image and I have to admit, a seductive one. Though Kim and I were good friends, I always wanted to better her, and that image I thought would be a statement of victory.

"Sure, I would love to stop by and have that fuckn' cunt whore wife of yours suck on my asshole while I piss on her head. Is that OK with you?" I laughed.

"Yes, Jan ... it is alright with me, and I will make sure Kim is waiting."

Though the thought of Kim's submissiveness excited me, it was William and Janice Billingsworth that I could not get out of my mind. That they had done to Kim, to change her, to make her free of all inhibitions.

It was early evening when I arrived at Tom and Kim's house. Kim was waiting for me in the front hallway. Naked except for two large-looking clamps attached to each nipple, each holding several pounds of metal plates, she was hobbled and cuffed behind her back. As she knelt, not looking up as

I entered, her face pressed against the floor as though she was cleaning it with her mouth.

“Well, Jan, this is Kim, my slave.”

As I studied her, I noticed she was quite thin, had random marks scattered across her flesh, and what seemed to be a large dildo in her ass.

“Does she have something in her butt?”

“Yes, of course, she is a whore.”

Tom walked over to Kim, prostrated on the floor, placed the sole of his left boot on the base of her neck, reached between the cheeks of her ass, and started to pull the dildo from it. After several tugs, a large plastic rod appeared. It was a rigid plastic, more than a foot long and 3” in diameter, full of bumps and ridges and streaked with blood and waste.

“See,” waving the dildo in front, “I have to keep her plugged. She leaks.” Tom tossed the rod to the floor, kicking it toward Kim’s face. Instantaneously she started to lick and suck on the plastic member lying on the floor.

“Give her a few moments, and the pig will have it all cleaned.”

I watched as she attempted to devour the dildo, never leaving her kneeling position, only moving her head and upper body. Tom was right. In a few moments, the dildo seemed to be clean of her blood and shit.

“Let’s go downstairs and have some fun,” Tom said, looking at me with a grin. “That means you to cunt” kicking Kim firmly in her left breast. She screamed. Tom kicked her again, another scream, another kick, until after the fourth or fifth kick, she did not scream but struggled to her feet and followed us downstairs.

We went downstairs, Tom leading, Kim hobbled and cuffed, and me following. Into the finished basement, we went down a hallway to the last door on the left. Tom opened it, reached back to a switch in the hallway, and the dark void became engulfed in light and horror.

It was a small room, maybe 8’ by 10’, but it held all forms of torture. As was the floor, the ceiling held eye hooks and metal ring implants. On the wall hung the whips and restraints, and on the floor, a drain.

“This is Kim’s room. This is where she spends most of her time. This is where I and my many friends have fun.”

“It’s that right whore” as Tom spun and slapped Kim firmly across the face.

Kim nodded. Tom reached behind her and unclasped her cuffs.

“You know what to do. The middle one.”

I watch as Kim, naked except for the weights that hung from her nipples, gathers up cuffs and restraints. As she hobbled awkwardly across the room and climbed a small ladder, I watched her attach the leather restraints to ceiling hooks and the leather cuffs on her wrist. With a short kick, she pushed back the ladder and hung suspended in the middle of the room.

“You didn’t have to make so much noise, whore” and Tom gave a sharp pull on each of her nipple

clamps, pulling the left one off. "Fuck you," and ripped off the right one off. Kim just started to scream.

"Jan, would you please close the door" and I did.

Kim hung, by her own choice, like a piece of meat, like a dead or dying animal in the middle of the room. By her choice, that is what I found most interesting.

The afternoon went into the evening, and Kim was abused in so many different ways. Tom wanted to show me how much he hated her. He whipped her endlessly with a series of whips and canes. He choked her to the point of her passing out several times. He shoves all types of objects inside her. All this abuse concluded with Kim hanging by her breasts, being electrocuted to the point that she begged to lick my asshole as I pissed on her. My dream, not really, my joking remark.

She was brought down and presented to me. I removed my clothes, the ones I needed to, rolled back into a chair, lifted my legs, and Kim devoured me. She did what she was told, and so did I.

I pissed.

I pissed and pissed as she licked my asshole, as my piss covered her head, her face, her mouth.

"What did you say? You fucking bitch ... what did you say?"

She looked up, tongue still pressed against my moistened flesh, confused, scared.

"Fuck you," as I got, pushing her face away, put on my pants and started to leave.

"What did that fucking whore say?" screamed Tom across the room. "What did she say?"

"That I smell."

"Fuck you," and I spat in her face and walked towards the door.

"I said nothing, nothing," Kim cried. "Noth..."

And Tom punched her hard in the head. She hit the ground like a sack of dirt.

"Fuck you too, Tom if you can't keep your little whore under control well fuck you," as I stormed up the stairs and towards the front. I thought, stay cool, don't think about anything, just get to the car. Stay cool.

I got into my car, started it up, and pulled away. As I looked back, I could see Tom standing at the doorway, looking pissed. Oh, well, Kim, you'll have a rough night. And she did.

Everything I had yelled out was a lie. Kim had said nothing, had done nothing but gently licked my asshole as my piss had engulfed her face. I had embarrassed Tom in his house, which you should never do. But, most of all, I had left him. Fulfilling his dream for a moment, seeing me exposed but now gone. So close, so far.

I went home, showered, warmed up some Chinese food, grabbed a beer, and watched Netflix. That was not Kim's night. Tom was brutal to her. Tom's friends were brutal to her. Kim was broken. Dying would have been a pleasure that week.

I had forgotten about Kim before, and I did again. But, I could not forget the Billingsworths. I

Googled them and found a William and Janice Billingsworth in St. James, Tennessee. She was 42, and he was 58. I found a picture of her in a local article about horses. But that was all I found. Two hundred miles, a long way to get there, no way to ever get home.

Several days later, as I sat on the park bench, the same bench I had met Tom, twenty feet away, stood Kim. Hair pulled back, no shoes, tired looking, facing downward toward the ground.

“Are you alone whore?” I yelled.

“Yes ... Mistress”

“I am no Mistress to you, you piece of shit. Take your dress off and toss it into the pond behind you.”

As I suspected, she was wearing nothing else but that dress. She returned to the same spot where she had first stood and again appeared to be waiting, this time nude.

“What are you waiting for? I do not need for you.”

“Go over to that group of black kids playing hoop. Offer yourself to them. Tell you are a gift from me and to use you any way they wish.”

“Go whore, now.”

She left. Walking slowly towards the men. They stopped. She said something to one of them as a group. One of the men ran over to me.

“Yo ... what’s up, girl?”

“She’s my sex slave. She has been unbelievably bad and needs to be punished ... severely. Can you do too, or must I find some white boys?”

“yeah... I can do it.”

“Take her anywhere you want, just return her ... here ... tomorrow at 4:00 PM.”

“Understand?”

“No problem bitch” and he ran back, said something to the crowd, forced her to the ground, and started fucking her face as another guy went towards the parked cars, drove one over, she was thrown in the back, and everyone left. In less than ten minutes, Kim went from waiting for me to being driven off, naked, with a carload of gang-bangers, maybe never to be seen again. Whatever.

I never cared for Kim, not in the least. But I cared about William and Janice Billingsworth. What had they done? How did they allow Kim to become so free, free inside, free of all fears, desires, and pride? Deep in my heart, I wanted that freedom.

St. James, Tennessee, is about three and a half hours southwest of here. It is a sleepy town of not more than 1,200 people. I should take a ride down there. I should be back by 4:00 tomorrow. Who cares anyway?

I went home, showered, changed my clothes, with a little anticipation of something “submissive,” grabbed some chips and a beer, and started my trip to St. James. It was a beautiful day—sunny but not too hot—and the county coming out of Kentucky was so pretty. Gentle hills, full of green, a sky so blue, and my only thought was so dark. What had Kim gone through to be so changed, so free?

As life as it, finding the Billingsworth home was easy, and as I passed, Janice was working in the yard with two large coon dogs. It was a nice residential neighborhood with nice houses and lawns, and the sounds of children and barking dogs dusted the air. I drove by a block or so and stopped. I knew what I was to do. I got out and started walking down the sidewalk toward her house. As I passed, as Janice looked up, I said, "Those are beautiful dogs. Are they friendly?"

"Yes, they will only bite if I tell them to."

"Do you train dogs?"

"Yes"

"Only dogs?"

She stood there and looked at me with a cold, hard glance that started calming my heart. "Follow me, Sara. We have been waiting for you."

Sara? She knew my name. She knew who I was, maybe what I wanted.

She turned around and started walking towards the house. As she approached the front door, she turned towards me, "Remove all your clothes and belongings and place them in the metal box at the side of the door, then click the lock. After you are done, knock on the door twice." She opened the door, called her dogs in, closed the door, and left me standing there on her front landing.

I stood there as though I was standing on the edge of a cliff. Knowing that one step would change my life forever. But that wasn't why I came. I closed my eyes and heard a car passing by, a dog bark, and a lady calling out in the distance. I opened my eyes and looked down at the metal box. The type you would place milk into. But it had a lock. I opened the box and looked inside. I don't know what I thought I would see, I knew there would be nothing inside, and there wasn't. Oh, well.

I first removed my shoes and placed them neatly in the bottom of the box. I removed my socks and stuffed them inside my shoes. I removed my watch, rings, and a small gold necklace and placed them inside my shoes. Oh, well. I removed my pants, folded them, and placed them on my shoes. I did the same with my shirt. Oh, well. I closed my eyes and removed my panties, placing them on the shirt. I took a short breath, quickly removed my bra, threw it into the box, closed the lid, and clicked the lock.

There I stood, naked as I have ever been, without a dime, an ID, or a key on the front landing of a stranger's house in the middle of the day. The same sounds filled the air, this time a bit more acutely. I knocked twice. I waited. I thought of knocking again. I didn't.

The door opened, and there stood Janice. "Put this on, over your head, ball in your mouth, pull the straps tight." She handed me a ball gag with several leather straps to secure it to my head. She shut the door. I opened my mouth, placed the ball inside, wrapped the straps over my head, and pulled them tight. I stood there, gagged and facing a wooden door, no windows, just red-stained wood.

The door opened again, and there stood Janice. "Attach these to your ankles, these to your wrists," she said again, shutting the door. She had handed me a two-foot metal rod with cuffs on each end for my ankle. An eighteen-inch chain attached to two meal cuffs for my wrists was in the middle of the rod.

I knew if I did as I told, all things would end in my life, all things. I was scared. I bent down and fastened my ankles and quickly my wrist. I could not stand up, only bent down. I waited, looking up

at the door. My ass and my privates were exposed to anyone who would pass by. I waited.

The door, again, she stood there looking at me. She reached down and secured a leather collar to my neck. "Good, doggy," she laughs. "Here's your treat," and clipped a heavy metal weight to each of my nipples. OMG. "Go around back" and she closed the door.

I stood there, bent, gagged, and shackled with a cool breeze kissing the flesh that surrounded my asshole, my shaved pussy. My act earlier of dressing submissive was to shave my privates and wax the opening of my ass. Submissive. I had that image covered.

"Go around back," she said.

Janice said, "OMG."

I turned myself slowly towards the street. God, I was on display. The back, the rear of the house, would be on the other side of the driveway. Shit, Janice's car is parked too close to the garage, I would have to walk around. Alright then. I straighten myself with the stairs. I had never walked hobbled before. This was going to be tough, I thought. Seeing only my feet and a slight distance ahead, I started. I stepped off the landing to the first step, almost losing my balance, then the next foot. As I stepped to the next step, my hobble caught the stair, and I fell forward, landing hard mainly on my shoulder and the side of my face. As I lay planted against the concrete sidewalk, I felt a sharp kick to my lower back.

"I have no use for you. Get up, or I will whip you to shreds right here." Another kick, then another. As I rolled to my knees, my face against the concrete, another vicious kick to my groin led me forward.

"If you can't walk, then crawl. Crawl on your face and knees." And I did. Up to the back of Janice's car, across the driveway, onto a loose stone walkway to the back yard. Every few moments or so, a sharp, hard, viscous kick to my privates.

"I have no use for you, but my dogs would kill for a piece ass like yours" With kicks to every part of my body, including my head, I was directed across the yard to the kennel in the rear. As I knelt, my face pressed against the dirt, smelling the piss and shit that fumigated away from the pens, hearing the steel gate move and dogs becoming excited, the sounds of Janice herding the dogs around.

"Only one dog at a time. I don't want any fighting." Then, I was herded across the pen to a large, rusted metal drum on its side.

"Get up," and Janice pulled me to the standing position. "These clamps will destroy your flesh if left too long." and she yanked both of them off. OMG. "Lie down across the drum." I did. She attached my ankles to two rings that were buried there in the filth of the pen, then pushed my head and my face into the ground, she then attached my collar the same way.

"This should help," placing what felt to be a gallon of Vaseline into the crack of my ass.

"The boys know what to do." Closing the gate, Janice left for the house.

The boys, what boys, there is only me and some dogs. Oh no. Oh no, I thought, I am going to be raped by dogs. Oh no. As I thought, it started. The paw, then other, the nails ripped at my skin, the breathing, the pushing against my ass, my pussy, my cunt. OMG, it pushed in. The dog pushed inside of me, his dick, and started to fuck ... me. The first dog, yes, the first dog fuck me like a machine gun, never stopping till he cum. Then he stopped, climbed up across me, turned, walked around me,

my tied, abused body, smelt me, then pissed, as though marking me.

In time, he would climb back on and start to fuck me again. Sometime during the second fucking, his dick slid out of my cunt and into my asshole. Jesus Christ, there I was, bound to a metal drum, naked, face pressed against the filth of an animal's pen, covered in an animal's piss, being fucked up the asshole, in the middle of the afternoon, in a stranger's backyard by a huge dog, knowing that there was no end to this, and all of this I sought, I desired, I begged for, I dreamed of.

The first dog was not the last. Janice would come by the pen every half an hour and switch the dogs. "I don't want any fighting," she would say. "You can see how excited they get on the film later." Janice brought down a metal cable, secure with a large brass snap clip. She clipped the cable to the chain between my hands and the metal rod, pulled it up, and secured it to the other side of the metal post. Standing behind me, she yanked out the ladder and walked towards the house. I fell, then stopped. I felt like I ripped my hands from their sockets. Like a basket of flowers, I hung two to three feet from the ground.

Janice returned with a blaster you would use to clean a driveway. "Caution, do not use on animals," she read the warning out loud. "Are you an animal? Not yet." she started to blast me clean with high pressure water hose. God, it stung, like bees, or those black flies or the rock spray from a car tearing out, or... it hurt. She put a cloth bag over my face. "I don't want to hurt your pretty face yet anyway."

She blasts every bit of my body, every strip of skin, my back, my legs, and the sole of my feet. But, as she blasted the spray against my breast, she seemed to play with me. A quick blast across both breasts, from side to the other, then she holds the spray from the moment just at my nipple, then the other. But then Janice started to clean my privates, and she went to town. "You are filthy," she yelled at me and started to slowly push the jetted water across my asshole to my cunt to my clit. OMG, I screamed. I jumped. She liked that. She would shut off the spray and push the tip between my lips and into my pussy.

She would say, "Sara, what a pretty name. Sara, ask me to clean you, to make you know again. Sara, tell me this is your desire." As she said, she pushed the tip a bit deeper. "Sara, pretty little Sara, don't you want to be clean, free of all you have done? Sara, ask me to make you clean."

Gagged, sore, tired, and drowning in the wet cloth bag that held my face, I screamed, "Yes... please make me clean," and released the jets inside of me. It was as though God had reached into me and pushed me. I lifted and passed out.

"Wake up, there is more to clean," and Janice shoved the tip into my asshole through the ring of muscles that protected and blasted. Again, I lifted, I screamed, I passed out.

I awoke, hanging like a piece of meat, liquid draining from my privates, my skin sore, no longer concerned about how I looked where I was. I just hung there. Bound, naked, bruised, humiliated, taste of a dog's cum in my mouth, the taste of blood. The air smelt clean but was cooler than before. The sun did not feel as bright. I just hung there.

"Bill, this her. Her name is Sara."

"Sara, this is the girl Tom talked about, Tom and Kim?"

"Yes"

"What am I to do with her? I have no use, no time. What the fuck. Did the bitch just walk over here

and give herself to us? Why?"

"Yeh, she did. I think she wants to be broken."

"Just leave her. I need a beer." and they left.

The night was approaching. In the cool air, I could hear the sounds of the boyhood. Dogs barking, children talking, cars starting and driving off. My naked body was becoming cold; my inside hurt so bad, my hands were losing a sense of themselves, and I wasn't thinking of anything. I just hung up.

Suddenly, there was movement, and I fell to the ground. My ankles and my hands were unclasped. "Standup," I struggled, I did. Still gagged and cloth bag over my head, in darkness, I tried to present myself to the voice.

"You are not wanted here. You are useless to us. We want you to leave." My hood was removed, as was the gag. "You are gathering your belongings. Go to your car and leave. You are not to put your clothes on till you are home. You are not to remove your collar till you are instructed."

"Did I do something wrong? Please. Please, tell me. Punish me if I did, but don't send me away."

"Shut up," and I was hit in the side of the head and driven to the ground. "Your actions mean nothing to us. You are just of piece of meat that I let my dogs fuck. That's all."

"We want you to leave, we want you to go away ... unless you want to fuck my dogs some more?"

I lay there on the grass, looking downwards, thinking about staying, wanting to stay. "The only answer is either yes or no." Bill barked at me, "Stay or go!"

"I will stay," and I rolled to my knees, raised my ass, opened my, pressed my face firmly into the ground, and waited.

"It will not be as easy as last time. I want you to please them first, and there will be more than one."

Janice and Bill went off to the pen, and each returned with a dog. Bill moved his dog towards my head so that my face lay below the dog's groin. "You are to please him. I want you to suck his cock, suck his balls and side your tongue into his asshole. Start with his asshole. Or leave"

To lick a dog's asshole, to be filmed licking a dog's asshole, for no other reason than being told to, by a stranger, in the middle of a lit backyard, naked. I mustered the strength to side my tongue to his balls. The fur was light, the flesh was dry, past the ruff between his balls and his hole, my face pushing his tail aside, pressing against it. I slid my tongue by the reassess, the dimples of his ass, his opening. I pushed my tongue into the hole.

Again, I did, harder this time. I wanted to please, to show that I was free of all moirés, all pride. I started to lick, as I was told, from ball to hole, ball to hole. Stopping only for a moment to kiss, to suck the opening in the fur. Janice and Bill, I enjoyed my show and continued with more passion. The dog moaned. "Sara, stop sucking on the asshole and start sucking his cock. I want you to swallow everything he has to offer. If a single drop hits the dirt, I will bury you alive."

"Yes, Sir," and I removed my mouth from the dog's ass hole and rolled my head up to his tip, the pink extended piece of flesh that extruded itself from his fur. As his dick pushed my face, I could feel the swelling inside. As my mouth reached the end, he exploded. I did my best, I did. I tried to swallow every bit, every drop of cum, but a large, single burst landed on the ground. I immediately

started to lick it up, to suck the grass, lick the dirt.

“You are useless,” Janice grabbed both dogs and returned them to the pen.

“Get up. You have work to do.” Bill grabbed me by the collar and picked me up to my feet. We walked across the yard into the woods that surrounded the property. Bill had picked up a shovel as he had passed the garden shed. A few feet into the woods, there was a clearing. Even in the dark, you could see the difference.

“I want you to dig a hole. Two feet deep, three feet wide, and six feet long.” He turned and left.

This will be my grave. This is where he is to bury me, alive. It was dark. The sky was slightly overcast. The moon was almost full. The shovel was biting against the soles of my feet. The dirt was loose, as though it had been dug before. I dug. Yes, I started to dig. Once in a while, I thought I felt someone watching me, but I couldn't see anyone. I was most likely being filmed. One big step is three feet, and two big steps are six feet. The depth to my knees is two feet. I just dug through the dirt to the side of the hole. Maybe an hour went by, maybe more. My hands were tired, my feet sore. The dirt was still loose, even as I stood almost up to my waste. I keep digging.

“Climb out and kneel like you did before,” Bill yelled at me from the darkness.

I climbed out, going to my knees, ass raised, face down, I waited.

“There are two dogs,” and he brought over the other dog. “Do the same,” and I started. First, a lick to the balls, then my face under the tail pushing it upwards, then my tongue in its hole. I licked and licked, now and then wrapping my mouth around it and sucking. “Don't fuck up last time,” and I didn't. I quickly moved my mouth to its pulsing cock, engulfed it, and started to suck, to drink that moist, pink flesh, and I tasted the pre-cum enter my mouth. I felt claws across my back, and the dog's cock guided into my open cunt. I filled my mouth. I swallow again and again. The other dog dick was positioned into my asshole, and I was fucked. “Both dogs are to cum in your mouth” For a moment, it felt good. I relax, then I panic, oh no. I reached around, spun my body, pulled the fucking dog from my asshole, and wrapped my mouth around its dick. In moments, through the shit-coated fur wet with my juices in the dirt of the sideyard, I started to suck, to drink, to shallow what that beast had to offer.

“Enough, lie flat on my stomach.” A boot was placed across my neck, my face pushed into the ground, my ankles pulled up and back and cuff, my wrists too. A chain held the cuffs together. In a moment, I was hogtied.

I dragged my hair and ankles to the pit's edge and kicked in. In a short rotation, I landed on my back.

“Good”

“Hold still,” and a 12” diameter PVC pipe with a notch cut on the bottom to fit around my neck was slid over my head. “Push it in a bit. There is still some room,” and Janice pushes the end deeper into the dirt, tightening the tube around my throat. I lay at the bottom of a pit I had dug, looking upwards to the sky through a light blue plastic tube. As I lay there in a dream, I started to feel the dirt covering my body. In about five minutes, I was fully covered. In a few moments, the pressure of the earth started to squeeze my breasts, my lungs, my belly, and my legs. I lay there, not even thinking of screaming, just looking up at the sky.

“You are to stay there for a while—maybe forever. Remember, Sara, I have no use for you. You came

to me, and no one likely knows where you are. I have already handled your car, and now all I will do is cap this pipe and leave." And he did. And I started to scream.

The cold dirt pressed heavily against my thighs, breasts, and shoulders. Its darkness was only broken by rays of evening light that penetrated the breath holes in the blue pipe. I screamed until I could not. I cried. I did this. I choose this. In time, I became in the rays of light. I drifted in and out of sleep. The earth was cold, moist, and heavy. My body was cramped, and my hands fell asleep. I cried to only me.

The day came. This was no noise, no conversations. Nothing. The air became warm, almost hot inside the tube. I did not like how it felt as it filled my mouth. In the afternoon, it began to rain. Softly at first, a small film of water drifted down the pipe and kissed my throat. Then it started to rain. Water filled my jaw, my ears, my neck. A pool lay below my mouth, forcing itself through the corner of my lips. I closed my mouth. I was so scared. I did not want to die like this, drowning, face up at the base of a tube, buried in the earth. I knew if I were to drown, they would just pull the tube up, fill in the hole, and forget me. Oh God.

The rain slowed and stopped, and the pool of water disappeared into the dirt. Thank God, I was so cold.

"You still with us, Sara" I heard Janice.

"Yes. Yes, Mistress. Yes."

"I am not your Mistress, you worthless piece of meat."

"I have work for you."

The dirt was removed, a rope was tied to my feet, and I was dragged out of the hole by a small tractor. This did not hurt me. It would be a lie, but things moved so fast that I had not thought about it. I was pulled to the middle of the yard, raised as before, washed down, and left to dry. I hung there, hogtied, bruised, and cut in the middle of the yard for what seemed to be a long time.

"Time to get going," and I was lowered to the ground. I was untied.

"Stand up," I struggled, but I did. I stood there in front of Janice, only wearing a collar.

"Here are your keys. Here is where you are to go," only handing me a piece of paper and my car keys.

"When you arrive, go in the rear and ask for Luke. He knows what to do."

"Your car is in front of the house. I will be expecting a call from Luke."

"Go now, you sack of soiled meat."

The walk to the car was like a dream. Though I was naked, marked, and wearing only a slave collar, I felt nothing. The car sat there waiting for me, the same way it did the morning I drove here, as though nothing had changed. Yeh.

I knew the area but not the club. Two hours later, I arrived, unaware of the drive, the road, the cars around me, and the people who stared. Nothing.

It was early evening, and the parking lot was almost full. I found a spot several rows from the rear

door. I got out, locked my car, and walked over. I passed a couple of guys doing a joint in between the cars. Something was said I did not know. I entered the club, and I stood there.

“What’s up whore, looking for money?”

“I’m looking for Luke.”

The man just stood and looked at me. “So you’re the one, poor you,” and left.

I just stood there, waiting.

In a few minutes, another man came up to me. Just a man, non-descriptive.

“Follow me,” and I did. We went through the club to a set of stairs that led down. By a few small rooms, some with men inside pressing their groins against the wall, some with their pants down, some pumping, some talking. At the end, the hallway was a room with a door. We went in, “Sit,” and I sat on the edge of a bed, mattress only, no sheets.

“Here, drink this.” and I did. It tasted like Dr Pepper with a slight bitter bite.

When I awoke. OGM. I awoke standing,

I awoke standing, arm pulled upwards behind my back, my legs hobbled wide and attached to the floor, my head pulled back, my face pressed hard against a wall, held there by a brace, my mouth wide open.

I could stick my tongue out. I could feel the edge of the wall, the hole that surrounded my gaping mouth. But, my throat burnt, as though something was pushing into it, from the bottom, from the outside.

“She is up. The bitch is up.”

“It is about time. I have a dozen guys just dying to fuck that piece of meat.”

There were noises, there was a smear of oil across my privates, and then there were the cocks. I was fucked, every hole in a matter of moments. But, as I fought against the cocks in my mouth, I started to notice I was not gagging, I was not choking, I could take a cock deep and have it held there and still breathe.

OMG, Not only were my gag reflexes removed, but the burning in my throat was a trachea. I was the perfect fucking machine. I was surprised I still had my teeth. The fucking went on for hours, maybe days. The time I would just hang there, almost asleep, as men fucked my mouth, my asshole, my cunt.

“Wake up whore” as my breast were slapped. “Wake up ... you are all done here.” I fell to the floor. I was untied and left. I lay there. In time, there was a sharp kick to my back, then my breast. “Watch the tube.”

“Sorry.”

“Get up whore now.”

And I rose to my knees when I stood.

“Leave”

As I struggled past the booths, up the stairs, and past the men, I was slapped, grabbed, called all names, and photographed. As I reached the door, a man came up to me and said, “Take this back. This is Janice’s share,” and stuck me hard across the head. It was a bag full of money and my keys. I fell through the door, into the parking lot, into the glaring sun. I stood there, nude, covered in cum and piss, bruised, unable to see, holding a plastic bag, and of course, wearing my dog collar and a tube pushing out from my throat.

What a sight.

I found my car and keys, got in, and sat. What should I do? What can I do? Go home, like this, back to the Billingsworths to further my stay in hell. I longed to be buried alive again. After the fear, there was quietness. Maybe I could ask.

Maybe I should go to Tom and Kim to be their slave. I could drop off the money, get my clothes, and go to Tom’s. That was an idea. So I started the car, pulled out of the lot, and drove.

I drove to Janice’s house, down Tennessee’s country roads, past houses, families in the yards, dogs barking, and a Church. Me, full of cum, men, dogs, whatever. Going through the country, I only thought of Janice. Would she be bad at me, disappointed? Would I be punished? If she felt I should, I should be. How do I ask? Me, this piece of spoiled meat, how do I ask anything?

Janice was in the front yard, working again on her garden with her dogs. I pulled up, not on her driveway, but across from her house. I got out and walked over. As I approached, I dropped to my knees, face pushed into the ground. “What do you want?”

“I have this for you.” lifting the plastic upwards toward her. “She took it.

“Now, what do you want?”

“I want to go to Tom and Kim’s house. Offer yourself to them.”

“You think you done with us. That you can just leave, throw us away. Throw me and Bill away like garbage. This is what you think. You...You useless piece of meat...You useless cunt. You fuck-toy for my dogs. You think you can just leave.”

“I am sorry. I only thought...”

“Thought what? What do you think? What ... that I would not be mad. That Bill will not be mad. You have no rights, no value, no thought.”

“Go ahead, leave.”

“If you stay, you will be punished, severely punished for being such an arrogant whore, such a disappointment. You can leave if you wish or stay. I didn’t care,” and she turned around and returned to gardening. One of her smelt me, and the other one started to mount me.

“Stay away from her, Spike, she is not worth fucking, are you?”

“Please, I am sorry.”

“Sorry, I don’t care about you being sorry.”

"If you choose to stay, you can start cleaning my yard with your mouth. I see some dog shit over there, take care of it" she walked away.

I just couldn't do it. I crawled over it where she had pointed. There, in the grass, lay a pile of dog shit, a pile as bad as a man's, loose, light brown. I pushed my face towards it but couldn't. I cried. I lay my head in the grass, mouth open, almost touching, and cried.

"You are useless. Leave." I looked up at her, I looked at the pile, I tried to put my mouth around it, and as I did, Janice placed her foot on the back of my head, driving it to the pile of waste. It covered my face, went into my gaping mouth, and I tasted it ... I rose to my feet, apologized, and left. As I walked to my car, Janice yelled, "Hey shit eater, you forgot your clothes and threw a plastic bag at me. I picked it up and continued walking without looking back.

I got my car started and left. Still naked, face covered in dog shit. The taste of it in my mouth, I drove home. No one seems to notice, the drive, the car park, the walk, entering my house, nothing. I shut the door, heard the lock click, and stood there. OMG, I knew I was not the same girl that left only days ago. I wanted to be changed. I was. Inside, outside, deep in my soul, I was different now. I went to shower, I washed off the filth that covered me, I got out and sat on the toilet and started to examine myself. Oh, Jesus, look at me. For the first time, I looked at the tube that left my throat. I pulled it out. Fuck-you and throw it across the floor. I bled a little, not bad, but I did sound odd as I breathed. I was a destroyer, a broken girl. I went to bed.

Just as I started to fall asleep, the phone rang.

"Hey, girl. Splendid video. I love watching you get fucked, those dogs. Cool. So how does dog shit taste anyway, different than mine or Kim's? Hey, get your fucking whore ass over here so we can find out. Now Cunt. Hey, wear nothing but that slave collar, Sara."

The phone hung up. It was Tom.

Oh God. I got up as quickly as I could. I pulled my hair back and looped a rubber band around twice. Straighten my collar, grabbed my keys, and went quickly towards the door. As I started down the stairs towards my car, naked except for the band of leather and steel that held my throat, I thought, 'So this is freedom,' running to be abused by a monster and a poor woman that I was a monster too, for no reason other than I have been told to. So this is the freedom I sought.

The End