

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



It all began in my senior year of high school. When I turned 18, my father bought me a used car, which I drove to school and my after-work job. I would drive to my favorite cousin's house on weekends. Scott is three years older than me and has his place. It's not much, just a single-wide trailer sitting on half an acre of land, but it's all his.

Scott has always been a bit of an oddball in our family. He was simply different. I always got along with him just fine. He has a wicked sense of humor and a decent weed stash. Today was no different. I pulled into his driveway and walked up to knock on his door. He yelled at me to come in. I entered the trailer, and there he was, one hand holding his bong and the other holding a Dr. Pepper. He motioned me to sit on the couch with him. He lit the bong, took a hit, and passed it to me. I took a hit and passed it back. I leaned back into the couch to allow the hit to do its job and relax me. Scott has good shit, and it didn't take long before I was relaxed.

I noticed Scott had reloaded the bong and taken another hit but didn't pass it to me. I asked Scott for another hit, and he said, "No, Jeff, I love you like a cousin, but man, you're draining my wallet. I'm just not getting much in return for my hospitality."

This put me back. "What do you mean, Scott?" I asked.

"Dude, you're over here nearly every weekend, smoking my weed, drinking my sodas, and eating most of my munchies. You never bring over any pot, beer, munchies, just your happy ass self."

"Wow, I'm sorry you feel that way, honest Scott. I just don't have any spare money. Everything I make at my part-time job goes into keeping the car running. You know how it is..." I weakly argued.

Scott nodded. "Yeah, I understand how tight money can be, but supporting your habits drains my cash flow. Comprendo amigo?"

"Yeah, I get it," I said. "Is there anything I can do to pay you back? Do some chores or something?"

Scott thought for a minute, then smiled at me. "Yeah, I can think of something you can do for me." He handed me the fresh load of the bong and offered to light it. As I took the hit, Scott said, "Finish it all. You're going to need it."

So, I took an extra-long hit and ended up coughing my lungs out.

By the time I stopped coughing, I looked up, and Scott was standing in front of me with his pants pulled down to his knees and his boner pointed straight at my face. He said, "Here's how you will earn your next hit. Suck me off!"

Scott had been a linebacker in school while I was in the chess club. He saw the fear in my eyes and smiled. "It will be OK, Jeff. Only you and I will know, and who knows, you might enjoy it."

I saw the smile on his face, and his hands were balled into fists. I remembered the one time I saw Scott get into a fight after school. It didn't go well for the other guy and he was Scott's size, I'm not. He reached out and grabbed my hair, and pulled my face to his cock.

"Open up, Jeffy. The sooner you start sucking, the sooner this will be over."

I looked up at him, my eyes pleading for mercy, but he just pulled my mouth closer to his dick. I surrendered. I closed my eyes and opened my mouth.

He said, "That's a good bitch, Jeffy, now suck it good, you better pray I don't feel any teeth."

With that, he slid his dick into my mouth.

"Suck on it, Jeffy, like a good slut."

He brought his other hand to the side of my head and began pulling and pushing my face onto his dick. He slowly pushed me away just so the head of his dick was in my mouth, and he said, "Take the tip of your tongue and run it up and down my piss slit a couple of times." I complied, and he said, "Now I want you to do that every so often, surprise me. Now get back to work."

He released my head, and I bobbed in and out on his dick as he offered encouraging words.

I don't know how long I sucked his dick, probably just a few minutes, but it felt like forever. My jaw was starting to hurt. Scott started groaning and telling me what a good cocksucker I was. I started tasting a little pre-cum when Scott let out a "Yesssss" and blasted a load into my mouth. His hands went back around my head, and he held me there, his dick pulsating more and more cum into my mouth. "Swallow, Jeffy, if you know what's good for you. If one drop of cum hits the floor, you will not like what happens next." He pulled his cock out of my mouth but said: "Clean it. I don't want to feel anything sticky on my cock."

I proceeded to lick all the cum off his cock as he smiled down at me. He ruffled my hair and said I did a good job for the first time. He backed away from me and pulled up his pants. I started to stand so I could get the fuck out of there. I was pissed, scared, embarrassed. I just wanted out. Scott reached out an arm and pushed me back onto the couch.

"You might want to sit here for a minute. I've got something I'd like to show you."

With that, he sat back down, grabbed the TV remote, and turned the TV on. Then he switched the mode switch to video and began playing a video of me sucking him off. Naturally, Scott's face wasn't in the video, only me working over his cock.

I just sat there with my mouth hanging open in stunned silence. Scott loaded up another bong hit and passed it to me. I reflexively grabbed it and took a hit. Scott turned to me and said, "Jeff, I like you, and I think we could take our friendship to all new heights. I sure hope you feel the same, I'd hate for that video to go viral, know what I mean, Cuz?"

I was fucking furious! "How could you blackmail me? We're cousins, best buds. Are you out of your mind?"

Scott looked at me, calm, and said, "Are you through? Yes, we're cousins and friends, but Jeffy, you're a fucking leach. You've been taking from me for the last 4 years. It's time for you to start paying back my generosity. And I've got a video that says you will willingly provide services to me. Do you understand, bitch?"

I was all wound up and ready to unload on Scott when he slapped my face hard. It rattled my brain. I heard him hiss under his breath, "Imagine how that would have felt if I had closed my fist? Now, stand up and take your clothes off, Jeffy." He stood up, grabbed my hair, and brought me to a standing position. "Get those clothes off, NOW, don't make me repeat myself!"

I was in shock, and I began slowly undressing. "This can't be happening," I thought.

Scott said, "Hurry up, bitch. Don't keep your master waiting." I turned toward Scott, and he was already undressed and stroking his cock with an evil gleam in his eye. "Don't make me help you undress; you will not like it." I shed my clothes and waited for his next command. "Good. When we are alone together, you will address me as Master or Sir. Do you understand?" I nodded. Scott said, "Do you understand?"

I said, "Yes, Sir."

He smiled and said, "Very good, bitch. Here is your reward for accepting your new position in this household." He approached me and put a pink dog collar around my neck. Then he said, "It even has a tag with your name on it—'Bitch.' What do you say, Bitch?"

I mumbled, "Thank you, Master."

"Louder! Scott said.

"Thank you, Master," I said with tears.

Scott moved back over to the couch and sat down. He motioned me to kneel between his legs and get him hard with my mouth. I began giving Scott his second blowjob of the day as Scott took another bong hit. He reached down and, grabbed my hair and pulled me up into his lap so he could kiss me and blow the smoke down my throat. Then he told me to stand up. I stood, and Scott got up and ordered me to help him move the dining room table into the living room.

Once the table was in place, Scott ordered me to lean over the table. I hesitated, and Scott was quick with the open-handed slap that once again rattled my brain. "What did I tell you Bitch!" he said in a low menacing voice.

I slurred, "Lean over the table, Master."

Scott smiled, "The sooner you learn to obey, the less pain you will feel." He pushed me down on the table and told me to spread 'em. I moved my feet further apart, and Scott said, "More!"

"Yes, Sir."

I moved my legs apart to the point I was on my tippy toes.

"Excellent, Bitch. Now let me get some color into your butt cheeks," and with that pronouncement, he proceeded to slap my ass cheeks hard.

Then he stopped, and I felt him probing my ass hole with a wet finger. "NOOOOO, please stop, not that!" I screamed.

Scott reached out, grabbed my hair, and pulled my head back. At the same time, his other hand grabbed my nuts. Scott said, "Bitch, you do not say no to me, do you understand?"

"Yes, Master," I croaked.

"Good... Now, where was I? Ah, yes, I remember. Jeffy, I will be kind and use a lubricant since this is your first time. What do you say, Bitch?"

"Thank you, Master," I whimpered.

Scott released his hold on me and went back to probing my ass with his wet finger, first one, then

two, shit that burnt, but he kept pushing them in deeper than out. He repeated that a few times, then said, "Get ready to be bred, bitch."

I felt him move in between my legs, then his cock slipping up and down my butt crack. Then he stopped it when his cock head was pressed against my hole. I felt my hole begin to open then he slammed his cock in! I screamed and tried to crawl away, Scott laughed and grabbed my shoulders with his big hands and pulled me back onto his cock, and he began fucking me like I was a 2-dollar whore.

After a few minutes, Scott told me to turn my head to face left. "Yes, Sir," I whimpered,

"Good slut, now smile for the camera and say, 'Fuck me hard, Master!'"

I did it, totally defeated. Scott told me to beg for more several times, and I did. It's all on tape. My life as I knew it was over. In one afternoon, I'd become Scott's fuck toy. He knew when I hit my total surrender, he reached under the table and grabbed my dick. He stroked it a couple of times, and my body betrayed me; I started getting hard. Scott laughed a cruel laugh.

"You're starting to like it, aren't you, Bitch?"

"Yes, Master," I cried.

He continued stoking my dick as he pounded my ass. "I want you to cum the same time I breed your ass."

He stopped for a moment and wetted his hand with the lubricant and then began stoking my dick with his nice and slippery hand. He then went back to pounding my ass as he stroked.

When he yelled, "I'm cumming..." I couldn't help myself. I did, too.

When he pulled his spent cock out of my ass, he reached over to grab a video camera, and he filmed my gapping ass with the thread of cum dripping off my dick. "Shit, Jeffy, this is going to make one hell of a video! Sure, hope you don't fuck up. Now, get down on your hands and knees and lick your cum off the floor."

I crawled off the table, got on the floor, and cleaned it with my tongue and mouth, all while Scott filmed my degradation. We moved the table back into the dining room. Scott told me to dress without cleaning up and return by 10 AM tomorrow wearing my sister's pink underwear. At 10:01, a video or three might find their way to the internet.

"Yes, Sir," I said in total defeat and left.

When I got home, I showered and used the adjoining door from the bathroom to my sister's room. Once there, I borrowed a pair of her pink panties.

The next day I arrived at 9:50 AM, and as I was about to knock on Scott's door, I heard a woman's voice laughing hysterically and Scott's deep chuckle. Then I heard her say, "Jesus, you mind fucked him, didn't you?"

Scott suddenly opened the door, "Come in, Jeffy," and he handed me my pink dog collar.

"Yes, Sir," I said and began putting the collar on.

I fumbled with it for a minute when the lady walked up to me and said, "Let me help you, Bitch!"

She straightened the collar out and cinched it tight. I gave Monica the once over. She was 5'5" with a nice body, but her face was ugly. She had acne scars, and the hint of something mean behind the eyes. Once the collar was on, she stepped back and said, "I'm your new Mistress. You will address me as Mistress. Do you understand, Bitch?"

"Yes, Mistress," I said meekly.

"Good, glad you understand your position in our household. Mistress Monica just loved watching your casting couch videos and thinks you have promise but she wants to work with you before she decides if she wants you to become our slave. You do want to be our slave, don't you?" Scott said while twirling a thumb drive in his fingers. "

Yes, Please, Mistress and Master," I said fearfully.

I don't know who had the crueller smile, Scott or Monica. "Good, let's begin. Shuck the clothes, Jeffy, and show us your sister's pink panties."

"Yes, Master."

I pulled my clothes off until I was standing there in the buff sans my sister's panties.

"My, my," Monica said as she walked around me. She reached out, ran her hand down my cheeks, and said, "Scotty, you might be right. His ass could be a lot of fun." Then she circled to face me. She reached out her hands to cup my balls and dick through the panties and said, "Too bad you won't have much use for these, Bitch," and she gave my nuts a little squeeze.

While I was being inspected Scott was removing his clothes. He then sat down on the couch and began stroking his meat. Monica said, "Bitch, it looks like your Master needs some attention, get with it."

I just looked at her, and she punched me square in the stomach. I doubled over, and she pushed me, so I fell at Scott's feet.

He reached down and grabbed my hair. He looked down at me and said, "Jeffy, didn't you learn anything yesterday? When we give you an order, you best hop to it, or the consequence will be pain. Do you understand?"

"Yes, master."

"Good, now polish my knob."

He pulled my face to his cock, and I opened my mouth to service him. Monica slapped me on the back and said, "Get on all fours, Bitch." So, I position myself on all fours. I heard her doing something behind me, but I couldn't tell what it was. Soon enough, I had a rather clever idea. She pulled my panties to one side and began pushing her lubricated fingers into my ass. First one, then two, and finally three fingers plunging in and out of my ass while I'm sucking Scott's cock.

Monica said, "You've got good taste Scotty. He does have a nice tight ass. I can't wait to open him up with this."

She pulled her fingers out of me and moved in behind me. I felt something cold rubbing up and down

my ass crack, then it stopped at my asshole. Monica began applying pressure and slowly pushed her strap-on into my ass. Shit it burnt! Her fake cock had to be slightly larger than Scott's cock. She paused for a few seconds with just the head in, then said, "Get ready, Bitch!" and drove it home.

Which pushed Scott's cock down my throat, and I began choking. Scott grabbed my head and held me there as the panic rose within me. Monica kept slamming my ass, and I thought I was going to pass out. Scott finally released my head, and I threw my head back, trying to catch my breath with all the spit and snot running out of my mouth and nose. Scott gave me a minute, then pulled my head back into position to continue sucking him off.

Monica pounded my ass for a couple of minutes, then said, "Hey, Scotty, you want some of this warmed-up ass? I'd Like to see if he has any useful oral skills."

Scott laughed and pushed my head out of his lap. "Yeah, let's switch up before the main event."

Monica laughed. "Shit, I'd almost forgotten about that!"

They switched positions, with Scott lining his cock up to sodomize my ass while I learned how to please Monica. She slid into position after removing the strap-on. Monica was still wearing her black top, but she had removed the short skirt, revealing a thick bush of black hair. She grabbed my ears and pulled my face into her pussy pubes.

"Lick and suck me good, Bitch, or I'll beat you black and blue."

I stuck out my tongue, and she pulled my head up and down through her tangle of hair.

Monica said, "We'll take you to the next level in a few weeks. I can't wait until I begin fist fucking you. We'll tie you to the bed and give you a mask, and we'll make a fortune selling videos of you getting fist fucked."

The thought of what she planned to do to me pushed her over the edge, and she started humping my face about the same time Scott began driving into my ass. Scott commented that he loved seeing me used on both ends like all good slaves should be. Monica said I would need more cunt pleasing training but not bad for a beginner. I guess the visual of me being used was too much for Scott, as he blew his load pretty quickly on one really deep thrust.

Monica immediately pushed my head away, got up, and left the room. Scott's cock slid out of my ass, and he stood up and walked around to sit on the couch with my head between his legs. "Clean me up, Bitch!"

I started to protest until I saw his balled-up fist, and I began licking my shit off his cock between dry heaves.

I saw Monica return with a dog out of the corner of my eye.

'WHAT THE FUCK?' my mind screamed.

Monica brings the dog to my cum dripping ass, and it immediately begins licking the cum dripping out of me. It felt weird, the dog's rough tongue snaking into and out of my ass hole. Then, the dog wrapped his front legs around my waist and mounted me. He began trying to get his cock into my loose asshole.

Monica keeps encouraging the dog, "Get your Bitch, Peanut. She's all warmed up for you."

Then she laughed. Peanut's dick kept pounding into my ass cheeks, getting ever so close to my asshole, then, in one stroke, the dog's whole dick went into my ass. Then that god damned dog turned into a pile driver. Nothing prepared me for how fast and violent being fucked by a dog could be.

I felt something larger banging into my butt hole. With each thrust, it was opening me up even more. Then I heard Monica say, "Peanut almost has his knot in his bitch."

Dogs have a knot that swells up and, once in place, takes a long time to deflate.

'NO, NO, NO,' I thought with a mouth full of shitty dick.

Peanut gave it one last push, and my asshole opened up with burning pain, and the knot slipped into place.

We were knotted.

Peanut was still pounding my ass, but now it was way different. The dog's knot was slamming into my prostate, and my body began to betray me. Monica noticed it almost immediately.

"Scotty, our slut here is getting off on being fucked by Peanut! Where is your closeup camera?"

Scott told her, and she grabbed the video camera and began recording my degradation. By this time, with the prostate stimulation, my cock was leaking a steady stream of cum, and Monica was right there to capture it all on HD Video. Getting screwed by a dog and cumming from it with a mouth full of shitty dick. Then Monica and Scott started talking about how much money they could make selling videos of me getting taken by Peanut. Something snapped in me at that moment. I would endure this, but they wouldn't.

Peanut, for his part, had finished pumping his sperm into me and had turned around to face away, so we were butt to butt. But every movement he or I made kept the pressure on my prostate, and I kept cumming. Scott pushed my head off his cock, and my front end just collapsed onto the floor with me moaning like a cheap whore, and Monica kept filming.

After 20 minutes, Peanut's knot shrank enough that he could pull it out and did so with a plop and a whimper from me. Monica yelled to Scott, "Get me a knife or scissors—NOW!"

Scott ran into the kitchen, returned a knife, and handed it to Monica. She said, "Watch this," and she proceeded to cut the sides of my panties away. Monica pulled them off me and stuffed them into my cum leaking ass hole. She smiled at Scott. "This way, he can ride home with a full load of dog and your cum."

They both thought that was so funny. I didn't give a shit. I'd already worked out my revenge.

I was beaten and wanted to go home, but they just had to make me watch the 30 minutes of video as Peanut fucked me and made me cum. They drove home the point of how bad my life would be if this video got out. Then they kicked me out of the trailer, and I had to dress, hiding behind my car. I could hear them laughing at me.

Never again.

When I got home, I ran upstairs to take a shower. After undressing, I sat on the toilet and pulled my sister's torn panties out of my ass hole. I dripped doggie and Scotty cum for at least 5 minutes. I took a shower and headed to bed. My mother came upstairs, found me in bed, and asked what was wrong, and I just told her I was feeling sick. She asked if she could get me anything, and I just said no. I could see the worry on her face.

I lay there in my room and relived the bestiality I had experienced. Take away Scott's shit-covered dick in my mouth, and it was impossible to get my head around the fact a dog had bred me. I was his bitch, and after the initial shock, I have to admit I have never cum so hard or for as long as I did when Peanut's dick was inside me. Fucking mind bender!

The next morning, before I went to school, my folks got a call from my mother's brother. He tearfully informed us that Scott and his girlfriend had perished overnight. According to the Police, a propane leak under the trailer had ignited and burned the trailer to the ground.

Later that afternoon, my parents and I drove to Scott's place. The police had the 'Do Not Cross' tape line in a 20-foot perimeter around the burnt-out trailer. Almost nothing was left except a pile of ash and debris on the trailer's metal frame. I walked around the back of the trailer and saw the dog kennel. I walked over to the dog pen and saw Peanut. I grabbed his leash, and we brought Peanut home with us.

Who's a good Boy!

The End