

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



"Easy pet," he said as she began to struggle. He held her arms behind her. The spreader held her legs apart, and he felt her stiffness as the dog started to taste her.

She moaned and tried to back away, but her Master was holding her in place. "Sir, please," she said.

"He won't hurt you. I promise. Let him taste you."

"Sir, I can't... please..."

The dog's tongue was becoming aggressive, and her body was betraying her. But her mind, she would batter her body's responses into submission using her mind. It was all she had. He felt her body become hard as she tensed her muscles. He mistook it at first for her arousal. Closing his eyes, he listened to her body and became aware of her breathing. It was labored but controlled. She was fighting her responses. Fighting her passions and desires.

The dog became frustrated. She was tasting good, but something was wrong.

"Let go, pet, don't fight it. Your body belongs to me, and I want it to feel everything. I want it to feel pleasure. I want it to feel pain. Your body is mine, you are mine, and I will have what I want."

He knew she was not resisting being disobedient. She was a good pet, and he knew how eager she was to please him. She had not refused any command from him. She would only hesitate because of fear or simply being naive and not understanding what he wanted her to do. This was what he was sensing from her right now.

Her body stiffened even more at the tone of his voice. He saw the tears and frustration as the dog continued to lag between his pet's legs. The dog was persistent, but he knew if he let her continue resisting, the dog would stop. He wanted to break down her inhibitions.

He began to gently kiss her shoulders and smiled as goosebumps traveled across them. He brushed his lips gently to her neck and nuzzled her.

She felt the kiss, and it startled her. Her mind was fighting to resist the feeling of the dog's tongue, and her body's strong reaction to the loving kisses was distracting. She felt a lurch inside her. Her body wanted to give in. It had learned to respond to his touches and his wants. Her body was no longer hers, and no longer wanted to be hers. It longed for his touch and ached for his attention. It would fight for it even if it meant rebelling from the mind.

She felt something being wrapped around her wrists. There was a brief moment when the dog stopped licking as she felt a slight tug on her wrists and her shoulders pulled back at a slightly different angle. She became aware of her back bending even further back. And then, to her dismay, she felt her legs being opened even wider. She moaned as she became even more open to the dog's assault than she wanted. Her sense of balance shifted, and she had a harder time standing. She thought she would fall, but her Master was back, and she felt his body giving her support once again.

He wrapped the belt of his robe around her wrists. He knew that he would need his hands to help her past this. He would use them to soothe and relax her as he teased her passions and desires to a fire. He bent down to tie the end of the robe to the spreader bar. While down there, he adjusted the spreader bar and opened her legs wider. He knew this was not to her liking, and this was confirmed as he heard her quietly moan.

She was struggling with her lust, and she just lost another bit of her control, and she knew it. He stood and noticed her about to stumble. He stood behind her and took in her scent. Sweat, fear, lust, passion, a hidden passion that he had been chipping piece after piece of her defenses to get at. He was close to crumbling that wall. He wanted to see her lose control, set that passion free, and watch this little pet of his free and willing to be his own.

Her brief relief from the sexual stimulus was shortly lived as the dog went after her again. He gained access to her even more easily, and his tongue tasted her again. He focused on getting up inside even more.

She moaned even louder and fought even harder to win control over her body's lust and visibly began to shake as even more sensations of pleasure racked over her.

He felt her shake and tense up yet even more. He kissed her again, kissed her shoulders, and slid his hands down over her body. Letting his fingers lightly caress and draw circles over her nipples. They were extremely sensitive. A smile crept over his face, telling anyone he knew exactly what this was doing in her.

'No, NO, No,' she cried inside her head. This isn't fair. Her mind was close to surrendering as it was. Now this. His fingers played and teased with her nipples, and she moaned loudly as she tried to fight the sensations.

"Sir... Please..." she pleaded and then yipped as the fingers began to pinch.

"Your body wants this. It's begging to be released from your control. It wants to give in to me. Let it. You know you want to. Your body will receive pleasures you can't even dream of..."

He felt her shake even more and smiled to himself. He gave her a light kiss behind the ear and felt her shiver violently.

The dog was enjoying his taste now. This girl was beginning to show signs of pleasure, and he tasted it on his tongue as it continued to dive inside her. He took a step closer and began to get inside even more as his Master played with the girl's body. She was moaning, and the muscles inside of her were starting to contract even more.

This blocked him from sending his tongue deep inside of her as his Master had taught him, but he knew he would be reaching into her shortly. Right now, he was enjoying her body's resistance. It was adding to her body's passion.

She felt his tongue going inside. Her Master had begun to pinch and twist her nipples gently, and she was going insane. She didn't think she could handle it anymore. The tongue was snaking its way inside of her, and she could do nothing to stop it. He was going to make her give in. She was going to lose herself in his desires, and he was going to own her completely, and there was nothing she could do. If he won this battle she would never be able to resist him no matter what he asked her to do.

Her Master's hands began to skitter over her belly towards her pussy. She felt his fingers lightly touch her nakedness there, and he dipped one finger inside the lips, and it came to direct contact with the swollen clit. She cried out her last plea.

"Sir..." then gasped as he held her pussy lips open.

"You're mine, I possess you. Your body listens to me now. Your mind is mine. Your lust is there

because I want it there. You will ache for my lust. You want to be used. You want me to focus all of my attention on your pussy and your passion. You want me to use your body in any way I can. You want me to tell you when to come. You want me to make you come. You want me to give you pleasure. I own you. I possess you..."

The dog's attention was drawn to her Master's finger, and he went after the swollen button initially blocked by the hand, starting to explore inside. But to his delight, the dog watched as his Master held the pussy lips open, allowing his tongue access free and clear.

She cried out once more as the dog's tongue attacked her clit, sending jolts of pleasure thru her body. She surrendered to it. She had no choice. Her body was being ripped from her control and was taken by her Master. She no longer controlled her responses, and each lap of the dog's tongue sent her further and further away from her former self.

In the end, her body was only waiting for her Master's word allowing release. His words were ringing in her ears. She did want this. She wanted him to use her. Everything he was saying was true. She wanted to be his toy. A smile from him meant her entire world was perfect. She already ached for his hands. His cock. His attention. She thrilled at his touch. She was his.

"Don't deny me, my pet. Give in and let your body become mine." His hand cupped her breast, ran his hand to her neck, kissing her gently.

He watched as the defenses came tumbling down. She leaned heavily against him and thrashed side to side as her body. His body fought for control of its own needs and wants long neglected, repressed and denied. His heart pounded as he felt the muscles in her hips begin to thrust her mouth open, sounding out his pet's body's triumphs over the mind and letting him know that she was his. Her cries nearly deafened him as they became screams.

She was starting to stiffen, and his heart pounded. She was waiting for his command to release. He had won. He felt as if he had won the lottery. He only needed to give her the word and she was his forever.

Her mind was buckling as her orgasm began to build. She could no longer control the speed at which it was growing. She was a victim of it. A slave to it. A passenger in her own body to the need that was overpowering her, surrounding it, and taking over. But it wasn't going to come. She had to wait till her Master allowed her released. Her body was trained to only release at his word, and she wouldn't receive it till he gave it. Proof to her overpowered mind that her body was no longer her own.

"Pleeeaaaasssse..." said someone who sounded like her. "Master... Please let me cum," she begged.

The word Master rang in his ears, and he was overjoyed. She had always called him Sir, but this time it was Master. He continued to hold her pussy open and widened her lips even more and, with his other hand, pinched her nipple as he prepared to give his lovely pet her reward ...

"Cum for me," he whispered.

Her body ceased the word and responded to the command. There was no hesitation and no thought to it anymore. She felt herself give in to the tide of absolute pleasure and rode her orgasm to the mind-shattering climax. She was dying and being reborn all in one instance. Every nerve was stimulated to such an extreme that her overworked mind was starting to collapse. She saw sparkle spots. 'When did he put in a disco ball,' was the last half-coherent thought she would remember.

Her body took over completely.

No use for the mind anymore.

Her legs buckled as the dog continued to drink from her flowing pussy. Every lick would bring the succulent cream to his taste buds, and he was hungry for more. But she began to collapse, and he was forced to back away as his Master laid her down on the floor. Her legs splayed open in front of him, and he approached the twitching moaning and continued to drink from this never-ending well this girl had inside of her.

He sat back and watched as his dog continued to drink in his pet. He watched as she rode her orgasms until she stopped moving. His dog had drunk his fill and now wanted to be satisfied in other ways. He would have to take care of him later. Right now. His own needs had to be satisfied. He got behind her again and eased her up to a sitting position.

He reached down and felt the swollen lips give way to his fingers. Her cum flowed freely from her pussy as he continued to manipulate the clit to another orgasm. Her unconscious form simply rode the orgasm to a conclusion, and she moaned constantly. He slipped his finger into her tunnel and felt the muscles grab and release. She was still coming.

"Don't worry, pet. You'll be taken care of."

He released her legs from the spreader and scooped her up to take her to the bedroom. He gently put her unconscious form on the bed and stood watching her. He was smiling proudly as he saw her body twitch. Her body was still demanding more release. Sitting at the edge of the bed, he reached out and slid a finger into her. He didn't move simply felt her body react to it.

Gently, he slid his finger out and brought it up to his lips. She tasted so sweet. Reaching under her, he lifted her slightly and placed a pillow under her lower back. He went to the drawer and took out the cuffs he had made for her. A few moments later, he had her spread out over the bed. He heard a scratch on the door and allowed the dog back in. The dog moved straight to the foot of the bed and looked at his Master.

"No, boy," he said. "I think that's just too much for her right now. Come on, I'll take care of you in a minute."

The dog whined and padded out of the room. He took a blanket from the closet and covered her body. After standing at the door momentarily, he went to the closet and pulled out a vibrator. He didn't want her even to attempt to gain control over herself again. There was a sadistic smile on his face when he left the room.

The End