

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



“Are you ready for this, baby?”

“Yes, Daddy. I’m always ready for anything you have for me.” Anne smiled sweetly. She calls me “Daddy” because I’m much older (45) than she is (19) and because we share fantasies about incest. It says something about our relationship that the incest fantasies are one of the tamer aspects.

I looked at her, took in the love and devotion shining on her face and her curvy, sexy body, naked, of course, and once again realized just how lucky I was to have found her. She was just a teenager that night, alone on the streets. I never found out or cared whether she was a runaway or had no home. I took her in, as I had others before her, but found that there was something different about her, something special.

I raped her that first night, of course, but only after I had fed her, let her warm up on a chilly night. I’m not heartless, after all. But eventually, I had to have her, ripped her clothes from her body, threw her down on the bed, forced myself into her, felt her hymen rip away as I violated her virgin body.

“God, no don’t, please DON’T!” Her screams and sobs were useless; they simply drove me into a greater frenzy, along with the feel of her virgin blood seeping around me as I plunged into her again and again. She kept screaming, pleading, until just about the time I felt that I was going to explode inside her. Then she screamed again, but differently this time, exultation having replaced fear and disgust on her face.

“Oh god, fuck yes! Aaahh, uh... uh...uh!” I felt her body shudder, her muscles gripping my shaft, her fingers clawing at my shoulders. My seed poured into her, mixing with her juices, her blood. As I lay on top of her, panting, I realized that she was special, that she might be the one.

She bears my marks now, showing that she is mine. On her back and shoulders. On her breasts and belly. On her inner thighs. Marks from my whip and collars, teeth and nails, and marks from my knife in a couple of spots. She has accepted them all willingly, gratefully, proud to be mine, to know that I love her. Each time I’ve needed her to take another step on the road to depravity and degradation, she has followed with a smile.

The rape and the incest fantasies were just the beginning. When I forced her to suck me, or raped her anally, she thanked me. When I tied her up, whipped her, beat her, she only begged for more. Her body quivered the first time I dragged the point of my knife along her skin; she gasped and chewed on her lip when I let it penetrate her skin just enough to draw a drop of blood. I urinated inside her after filling her with my semen - she told me how nice and warm it felt. I let my urine cascade over her in the shower after emptying myself down her throat - she tipped her head back, let it wash over her face and hair, and opened her mouth to drink. And then there was the choking. She loved to have me choke her during sex; the harder and longer, the better. She always wanted me to choke her enough so that she’d pass out just as her orgasm was rolling over her.

With each new degradation, I loved her more, became more convinced that she might be the one. I’d never hoped to find a woman nearly as depraved as I, and I thanked whatever fate had handed her to me while at the same time wondering if eventually I’d go beyond even her limits.

The dog was a big step. One day, she was on her knees servicing me with her mouth when the animal wandered in, seemingly by chance. He’s a big, rangy mutt of indeterminate origin. Some sort of hound is included in the mix, but otherwise, it could be just about anything. He trotted up behind Anne, stuck his snout between her legs, and began licking her. She gasped but otherwise didn’t miss a beat. She positioned herself to give the dog better access. I could tell by the way her lips and

tongue were working on me that she was enjoying being molested that way. When the animal mounted her and began thrusting into her tight little hole, she took her mouth away from me for a moment and looked up.

“God, Daddy, he’s fucking me!”

“Yes, baby, he’s making you his bitch, just like I did.”

“Thank you, Daddy!” She took me back in her mouth, moaning in pleasure. The dog humped her wildly, as dogs do, his claws tearing at her shoulders, then wrapping around her and scratching her belly. Watching a scene like that, I couldn’t hold out for long. I fed Anne my semen, reveling in the feeling of her throat pulsing around me as she swallowed, then pulled back to watch. Anne looked up at me, rapturous joy on her face. Then she gasped.

“Fuck, Daddy, I’m gonna cum, he’s gonna make me cum! OH...GOD...YESSSS!” She clutched at me, burying her face in my belly, her body trembling. She let out a low moan, and I noticed the dog wasn’t moving in and out of her anymore. He had knotted inside her and was emptying himself into her. When Anne’s orgasm was done, I let her slide to the floor to wait for the dog’s knot to go down so he could release her. The look on her face was angelic.

You’d have thought that having sex with the dog was enough, that no more tests would be necessary for her to prove herself. And for anyone else, it would have been. But not for me. I’ve reached levels of degradation that most can only dream about. So there would be one more test. And now it was here, finally.

“Wait here, baby, I’ll be right back.” She nodded. I had a look at Anne’s naked body before I walked through the door into the next room. She was all soft curves, with big, luscious breasts and the kind of round belly that I can’t get enough of. Hips that flared out, promising that she’d have no problems bearing my babies if she were, in fact, the one. Her body was perfect, as was everything else about her. So far.

I walked back into the bedroom, leading the girl by the hand. She was a teenager, about the same age Anne was when I took her in, a small blond with one of those innocent faces that turn most men to mush. I’m not most men. Her name was Debbie. Don’t ask me how I know. She was naked as Anne and I were, except for a scarf around her neck. Her wrists were tied together in front of her. Her ankles had also been tied until I’d released them so she could walk into the bedroom.

Anne’s eyes got wide when she looked at Debbie. “Daddy, I thought I was all you needed.” She looked like she was going to cry.

I stroked her hair. “You are, baby, you’re all I’ve ever needed. She’s not for me. She’s for you. You can do whatever you want with her.”

She pouted a little, something she rarely did. “What if I just want to get rid of her?”

I smiled gently. “Then you can do that. But getting rid of her without fucking her first would be a waste, don’t you think?”

Anne looked a little puzzled, trying to figure out what was happening. “But, Daddy, how can I fuck her?”

“I’ll show you, baby.” I opened the drawer in the table next to the bed, took out the strap-on. I’m not sure which of the girls looked more shocked. I didn’t say anything else, just walked over behind

Anne and started helping her put it on. She simply let me do it. She is mine, after all. I whispered into her ear, "Rape her, baby. Rape her the way I raped you the night we met."

Anne stepped over to Debbie, almost as if in a trance, ready to do what I told her to simply because I told her. Debbie began to cry.

"Please don't do this to me. Please!" Anne's hand flashed out, slapping Debbie's face with a crack that echoed in the room.

"Shut up bitch!" I saw something new on Anne's face. A realization that she didn't always have to be the submissive one. That Debbie wasn't worthy of her respect, and she could treat the little blond girl however she wanted. As long as I approved, of course. And I did.

Anne pushed Debbie onto the bed, climbed on top of her, and penetrated her with the dildo. The blond girl screamed, thrashed. Anne slapped her again, began pumping in and out of her with the dildo. I could see blood streaking it when she pulled back. Debbie had been a virgin, as I'd suspected. She was sobbing but still trying to fight back a little. Anne was moaning, panting as she violated the teenager. The strap-on had a knob to stimulate her, and it seemed to be working. Or else my little angel enjoying being on the other end of a rape. I'd watched long enough. I stepped over behind Anne, spread her buttocks apart, pressed the tip of my shaft against the tight ring of her anus.

"Yes, Daddy, put it in! Fuck me in the ass!" I entered her, feeling that wonderful tightness as her muscles squeezed me. Anne liked anal sex more than any other woman I've ever known, a fact that made me very happy. I began moving in and out of her in rhythm with her strokes into Debbie. Anne was moaning louder now, faster, and I knew her orgasm wasn't far off. I wasn't going to last long at this rate, either. I leaned down, whispered into Anne's ear.

"Choke her baby, the way you like me to choke you. But use the scarf. It makes it easier." Anne took the scarf and pulled it tight around Debbie's throat. The teenager's eyes got big; she clawed at the scarf, trying to loosen it. She had seemed to be resigned to being raped, had stopped struggling, but now she was fighting back again. She seemed to realize what was coming before Anne did. Anne wasn't thinking about much at that point. Her body was beginning to shudder as her orgasm began. Her anus pulsed around me, and that triggered my orgasm, as I flooded her bowels.

"Daddy, I'm cumming. Fuck yes!" As the orgasm rippled through her, she reflexively pulled tighter on the scarf around Debbie's throat. I saw the girl's face past Anne's shoulder, watching as it turned ashen, then purple. Debbie's hands relaxed, no longer trying to pull away the scarf. Her body convulsed, then went limp. I missed the feeling of being pressed against her when that happened, of being inside her at that moment, but it was worth it. My baby was now fully part of my life. Anne held the scarf taught for a few more seconds, then let it go, bracing herself against the girl's body.

"She's dead, isn't she, Daddy? I killed her." No fear or regret in her voice. Maybe a thrill of excitement.

"Yes, baby, you killed her."

"Good, she was a stupid cunt who didn't deserve to live."

Those words made me happier than I've ever been before. Now, there could be no question. She's the one I've been looking for all these years.

*The End*