

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



It was storming outside, one of those typical summer thunderstorms with the crash of thunder and torrential rain pouring down. I was trying to make my way home after a long day at work, but it did not appear it would happen quickly.

A stupid SUV comes sliding by and spraying my car in water so bad I can't see for a second, and my heart is racing by the time I see the car in front of me. I slide into the bumper, and it appears neither car is damaged, but I sit there as they sit there. Guess I will get out of the car. I take off my silk jacket to try to save it from the storm and reach for my umbrella behind me. It is dangerous to get out in this weather and I have second thoughts and throw the umbrella in the back seat again. I see the brake lights go off, and the flashers begin, so I do the same. The car moves forward and I decide perhaps I should follow the car to the next exit.

The driver must have the same idea because they are taking the exit slowly, and I am following. This is not a good section of the freeway, I realize, because there isn't anything around but vacant office buildings. I follow as he takes us into a parking garage out of the rain. Great idea, I am thinking. I get out of my car first and move to the front of it to look at my car and see no damage. I look at his and don't really see any, either.

Suddenly, the car door opens, and out steps a man in a suit, about 6'2", dark complexion and actually nice-looking. Wouldn't you know it? I have hit this guy who is so good-looking that I can feel the excitement grow between my legs. He is looking at the back of his car.

"Do you have insurance?" he asked.

"Yes, but it doesn't appear to be anything wrong with your suburban's bumper. If I can help it, I would really prefer not to file on my insurance," I say.

Looking at me with beautiful dark blue eyes, he looks over me and then finally speaks. "I will feel safer knowing that if something happens later, I can file a claim for the damages. Now, do you want to share the information, or do we need a mediator?"

"Fine, let me go get the information for you."

I am moving as I speak to the back of the car and getting the purse when I feel him upon me. I turn around to see him looking down at me. For the first time I remember I had taken off my silk jacket and am standing there in a skimpy chemise. His eyes seem to be undressing me.

"Tell you what, do you have anything to barter with for the cost of possible repairs?"

I am taken back at first, then begin to calculate the savings I will have on my insurance premium if I don't have to file. "I don't know what I could barter. I teach school, so I can tutor, I am good with technology, so I can do some computer work, and I enjoy cooking, so I could offer you that, too. What did you have in mind for payment?"

"Would you be willing to be my slave for as long as it takes for the bill to be paid?"

"Slave in what sense?"

"You would be required to do as you are told and service me in any way I desire."

I am a bit taken aback. "You have to be kidding?"

"No, we can make arrangements for your initial punishment for running into the back of my car right now. Then you will serve me for the rest of this storm, and until we both agree the debt is paid in full. If you fail to fulfill the contract then I will file on your insurance. Does that sound fair?"

All kinds of thoughts are running through my mind. What if this is a crazy person? How can I protect myself and still not have to pay this man any cash?

"OK, but I will call someone to tell them your license number and where we are in case something happens."

"Of course, I would expect you to protect yourself."

I reach back into my purse for my phone. I speed dial a friend. It goes to their voicemail, so I leave a message: "I am going to spend some time with a guy that I rear-ended in this storm. His license number is 23X 75P on a dark green suburban. We are pulled off into a garage until this weather slacks up at the Nexjay exit. I just wanted to leave the information with someone. Talk later."

I turn around and say, "OK, what is this punishment phase you are speaking of?"

"You did a naughty thing and must be punished, plus you need to be put in the role of slave for me."

Hesitantly, I answer, "What do you want me to do?"

"Let's go over to my car, and then I will begin your initial slave instruction. By the way, I would like to see your insurance card lying on the dash, so if you don't fulfill your end of the deal, then I can use it."

"Fine, it is here. Let me lock my car."

We go to his car's passenger side. I am told to strip out of my wet clothes. I look at him and know he means it. I slowly begin to unbutton my blouse.

"As long as it takes you to strip, it will be how long I give you lashes," he says as he looks at his watch.

I decided to speed up the process a bit more. When I am fully naked, he tells me to reach in and grab the bottom of the back seat, leaving my legs and ass out of the suburban.

I do as I am told as I feel the belt hit my ass. He tells me to thank him.

I start to lift and ask what I am thanking him for. When the next swing makes its mark on my upper thighs. I squeal.

"You did not say thank you."

"Thank you," I say as the next one hits the mark. I say, "Thank you."

And the lashes continue only with him stopping periodically to rub my ass, which feels on fire. Finally, he tells me to stand up.

"Are you regretful for doing damage to my car?"

I want to say what damage I didn't see, but I think twice about that. "Yes, I am sorry I ran into the back of your car."

"Good. Now, you will climb into the back seats and spread your legs as far as you can while I prepare you for our next little exercise in you being my slave."

I climb to the back seat and spread my legs as he goes between the two seats and ties my ankles to the leg of the bench seat in the back. Next, he takes my hands and ties them spread across the back of the seat. I am nervous because I realize he could do a number of things to me in this position, some of which would be unpleasant.

He steps out of the car and goes over to the driver's side. He grabs something under his seat. He comes back to the back, shoves it into my mouth, and secures it with some tape. I try to argue but am shut up immediately as he slaps at my clit.

He gets back in the driver's side and we begin leaving the parking garage. I know the windows are tinted, but I still feel like everyone can see me. The rain has slacked up a bit, and I can make out a few turns but then lose direction. He pulls into a parking lot of some kind. He gets out and leaves me in the car. Soon, the back door opens, and a woman steps into the car.

"I was told you would eat my pussy good, honey. Now I see you are gagged. Have you been a bad little girl?"

I shake my head no.

She pulls the tape off and tells me good girls don't make any noise. She removes the cloth he had stuffed in my mouth. Suddenly she is straddling me and shoving her pussy in my mouth. I almost gag. She grabs my hair and shoves her pussy into my face, and tells me to start licking and sucking her clit. I try, but I think I will gag.

She slaps my tits and my legs and tells me I better make her happy and quick, or she will tell my man that I was not cooperative.

I try to lick it and she tells me harder. I do harder, and then she tells me to suck her clit and put my tongue into her hole. I do it and realize it tastes similar to what I taste at times. I relax and give her pleasure, and she cums in my face.

She gets off of me and stuffs the cloth back into my mouth. Never saying another word, she gets out of the car and shuts the door behind me. I think about shoving the cloth out of my mouth, but then I think better of it.

The door opens, and two guys enter the car. They pull their dicks out and climb to the back. One takes the cloth out of my mouth and tells me to suck his cock while he straddles my face. The other is shoving his hard cock into my wet pussy. I guess the woman readied it. I am sucking, and the other is fucking me on the edge of the seat as the other one is standing on the seat with his cock in my mouth. He pulls it out and shoots it all over my face, and the other cums on my tits and stomach. I hear the car door open as they pull their pants up.

Another man, or was it two? I began to lose count as they came in, each using me. Another woman comes with a man and gets off just watching her man fuck me. I am covered in cum. It is dripping off of my face, tits and body. Anyone is using me this guy can find.

Suddenly, the driver's door opens, and he gets into the car. "Did you have fun playing slut/slave tonight?"

I am not sure how to answer his question. I was not happy that all these strangers were fucking me,

but then I began to cum at times too. I spit out the cloth in my mouth and say, "I guess I did."

"You guess, you guess?"

"Well, I did cum and all, but I also was afraid of all of these strangers using my body."

Laughing, he turns while he is stopped at a light. "A slut always shares her body with anyone her master wants to share her with."

He drives into a driveway and it pulls to the back of the house. He opens the back of the car and leads me out of the vehicle. I am looking around to see who might be seeing us. He takes me to the backyard and turns the hose onto me. It is cold, and I want to fight it, but at the same time, I need the cum washed off of me.

He tells me to get on all fours on the lawn chair. He comes over and shoves the hose into my cunt to wash it out of any leakage that might have occurred, I assume. Then he turns the hose onto my ass hole. I resist the host nozzle going into my ass. He slaps my already red ass, and I give it to him. He is squirting the water into my ass like an enema. I feel the feeling of needing to relieve myself. He tells me not to even think about relief.

He finally takes me to the backyard and makes me squat and release the water. When I stand, he tells me I don't seem clean enough yet. I am to get down on the chair again, and the same cleaning is performed again on me. I am beginning to cramp, but I don't say a word. He again makes me release it in the yard. I am feeling no or little energy by now.

He hands me a towel and tells me to dry myself off and to follow him. We go inside the house, and a large dog mix greets me. He looks like a miniature horse and is very friendly. I stop and pet him, and he nudges at my body, and I rub him behind the ears. "What is his name?"

"Studly"

"Cute name for a cute dog."

He turns, and I notice a smirk on his face. "I am glad you like Studly because he likes you."

What he is talking about, the dog hardly knows me. Surely, he isn't thinking anything with this dog.

He leads me into a den. Tells me to lay across the coffee table as he puts an Afghan on it. I do so, and he tells me to turn a long ways on it. He attaches my hands to the two legs of the table at one end and then the legs are pulled on each side of the table and attached too. Then he lifts my ass a bit and inserts a pillow under it to raise it.

I can feel Studly licking on me. I squirm a bit and ask if the dog is going to be put up.

"No sugar, he is my assistant in making you pay for this debt."

I start to say, "How is...." as a gag is shoved into my mouth again.

I feel something being rubbed on my ass. Then I feel a rough tongue and Studly's paws on each side of me. He is licking my ass, and his tongue seems to be lapping all the way down to my cunt. Suddenly, I felt something wet hit my leg. It slaps me again. Then I feel it being shoved into my tight ass.

I feel a lubrication, and then it slides in and betrays my resistance. I take it slowly at first, then the

dog is humping my ass, and I can feel myself become aroused.

"That's the way slut. Enjoy his long cock inside your cunt. He is going to fuck you good, and I will get such pleasure in watching him cum inside your asshole."

I am so tied down I can't move, and if I could, I don't know if I want to. I begin to cum and shiver, and the dog feels huge inside of me. The dog's cock seems to be swelling and hurting and causing me to cramp, but at the same time, I feel the dog's cum hit my insides hot, hotter than I have ever felt cum before. The dog tries to pull away but is caught with its knot, and each of its tugs hurts. I will never be the same, I fear. The dog pulls again, and I scream through the gag. The dog finally pulls its knot from my asshole, and I feel a cool rag being put on my ass. Then I feel like I am being stuffed with tissue or something.

"You will want to keep packed until the bleeding stops. Studly was just a bit larger than you could handle, but you will be fine in a few days."

I am whimpering, and he unties my legs and arms and then removes my gag. He helps me stand and holds me tight.

"Do you need help getting to the bathroom?" he asks.

"No, just point the way."

I look in the mirror and realize I am still naked. I go to sit on the toilet and feel the burning. My ass is hurting on the outside as well as the inside. What have I done? Would it have been that much to pay for the wreck? I finish cleaning up and return to the den, where he is holding me a glass of wine.

I accept, and he smiles. "I think the debt is paid in full," he says. "You have played the role very well. I have gotten more than my money's worth out of this deal. May I take you to dinner?"

I look down and realize I do need some clothes. I tell him only if I can dress. I am feeling weak actually, I tell him. He hands me the clothes I had stripped in the garage. I dress while he watches. He hugs me tight again and asks if I'm OK.

"I don't really know," I answer honestly. "I am tired, weak, and sore and feeling pretty humiliated right now."

"It is all over, and you really did come through it like a champ. Just give me a chance to show you I can be a gentleman. I think we had enough role-playing for one evening, don't you?"

I nod, and we head to his car.

*The End*