

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



She awoke sore and uncomfortable. I'd bound her tightly just above the elbows and those lines to her ankles, pulling her young dancer's body in a tight bow. I loved to watch her wriggle under my binds. It was just a few hours ago that she, Melanie, had been heading home from the dance studio. I'd seen her dancing many times, always the star of the show. It wasn't until I watched her star in Cats that I decided that I must have her.

It was easier to capture her than I had thought it would be. After her final dance, she quickly changed into her streetwalker outfit, slung her bag over her shoulder, and headed home. She left before the show was completely over, choosing to walk the three blocks to her apartment rather than drive. I took this opportunity to snatch her. I couldn't have planned it better myself, as everyone else was still watching the show's finale. There was literally no one to witness her capture.

Her small body quivered with fear when I grabbed her shoulders from behind. I dragged her to my expedition without a sound as I covered her mouth with a slap of tape placed securely over her pouty lips. She was easy to secure in my truck. A few bungee cords around her limbs, and she was still. I began the drive to my home, taking a few extra miles to enjoy watching her struggle. Futile as her efforts were, she gave it her all, tugging, pulling, and screaming; oh, how I would love to break her.

Once I got home, I opened the back doors and unhooked her. Then backed up and slammed on the brakes, and she slid out of the truck and onto the ground. She didn't get up and try to run, so I took my time to park and get back to her. She was unconscious, oops. I grabbed her tied wrists and dragged her across the gravel and into the house, down the stairs, and into her new room.

When she finally awoke, strung like a bow, she screamed louder now that the tape was removed. I slowly stepped down the stairs, making loud stomping noises as I descended. "Hello, Melanie." "Fuck you!" she screamed to me.

"That's not very nice, Melanie. You've got a foul mouth on such a beautiful body."

Her body shivered as I ran my fingers over her naked skin. She wiggled under my touch, trying to remove my skin from hers. It was enticing.

"You're quite a talented dancer, Melanie. And now you'll be dancing for me and be at my beck and call. Is that understood?"

She'd been surprisingly quiet while I spoke. When she didn't reply, I pulled her hair so that her eyes met mine, then repeated the statement. She stared at me with eyes that seemed to burn with fury.

"Very well, you will call me Master from now on, Melanie. If you behave well, you may keep your name. If not, then I shall fashion you with a new one more befitting of your role in life, Slave."

I had planned to leave her alone to think about that, but then her mouth uttered a statement that definitely deserved a reward. "Yes, Master." She said, "I wish to keep my name, Sir. Please, please don't kill me. I'll do what you want."

I unhooked her feet and hands from the chain holding her hostage and let her stretch back out, laying on her back on the cold floor. She didn't move a muscle. SO OBEDIENT. I then led her to a table and loosely strapped her arms and feet down, spreading her legs. "A gift for such Obedience, Melanie."

With that, I lowered my lips to her sweet-smelling cunt. I split her pussy lips with my tongue and laid

my tongue right on her clit. Her moans echoed through the room. I continued to eat her out until I could feel her pussy constricting under my tongue. "Don't cum yet, Melanie, hold it. Hold it." I went back to her hot pussy, and worked her clit vigorously, never once penetrating her though. I could feel her body pulsing with her need to orgasm, and finally, I allowed her to cum. Cum, she did! "My oh my, what a lucky Master I am! To have a squirter."

I left her lying there for a few moments and went to the bench in her room. I finally found what I'd been searching for: Two silver nipple clamps. "These, Melanie, are for you," I said, holding them so she could see.

She made a face but gave no protest. I placed them gently onto her tender flesh, only tightening them down enough to sting and stay on. I'm very glad you're handling this so well. You will soon understand that good behavior is rewarded, and bad behavior is an incentive for me to punish you; I LOVE to punish, so it won't take much to set me off.

I came to her cheek and kissed it gently, then turned and walked toward the door. "Thank you, Master," she whispered as I ascended the stairs.

What to do, what to do, I thought. I had not anticipated her to be so easy to deal with. I had planned hours and days of torture, but it seemed she needed none. I couldn't have that; I yearned to make her squeal.

I made our supper and ate mine, then brought hers down to her in a small silver bowl with no utensils. Her meal consisted mostly of noodles, so I could enjoy watching her slurp them into her mouth. She stared at the bowl hungrily, and when I allowed her onto her hands and knees, she dug right in without even asking for a fork.

"Good girl," I cooed, "Just like a little bitch."

She finished as quickly as she had started, given the small portion. Oh yes, I was going to make her earn her meals, and so far, she'd earned about ten noodles worth.

Once her meal was over, I decided she'd earn her dessert. I strapped her into a low seated chair and then straddled her body, placing my throbbing hard cock in front of her closed mouth.

"Open up, Melanie. Suck my cock like a good little bitch."

She opened her mouth and took my cock in. She used her tongue a little every once and a while when I thrust quickly. A few times, I felt she wasn't giving me enough attention, so I'd shove it down her pretty little throat and watch her eyes bulge as her throat stretched to accommodate my girth. I finally came inside her mouth, squirting down her throat so she wouldn't have the chance to spit it.

"Ah! Ah!" I moaned, removing my still-hard cock head from her lips. All in all, it was a worthless job. On the floor for your punishment," I said in a stern voice.

I clipped her nipple clamp chain to a cabinet on the floor and whistled up the stairs. My big Pitbull/Doberman stud, Constantine, came running down the stairs to greet me.

"Good boy, good boy."

I patted his head and led him around to her behinds. His dick lengthened instantly when he smelled her cunt, still wet from her orgasm earlier.

"I had considered forgoing this initiation, but I thought better of it."

I gave her a minute to understand just what her punishment was going to be before I walked back to Con to make sure he was ready to go. Sure enough, his cock had fully extended out of its sheath. I had to admit, this dog was hungry. Fully erect, he measured up to about ten inches from his thick cock head to the back side of his softball-sized knot. I was going to enjoy this. I knelt over and spread her pussy lips, letting Con lick her pussy a few times. She cried out for mercy.

"Don't tempt me bitch. Take your punishment well, and I won't give another."

Constantine mounted her then, scraping her skinny sides with his claws. He stabbed around chaotically, searching for her hole. At last, his cock struck true, finding her tender flesh and penetrating. His first thrust gave her half of his gigantic cock, making her scream.

"Yes! That's it, Melanie, scream for Constantine, he loves it, scream louder!"

She did her best to muffle her cries, but it was no use. When you have a cock as big as Con's pistoning in and out of your pussy you can't help but wale.

Before long, his humps gave way to full-on doggy-style thrusts, giving her his entire length up to his knot. I looked back to see the blood running from her abused vagina and over his shaft, lubricating his rape of her. "Just a little more now, Melanie. It won't be long before he knots in you." She cried out, no words, just guttural sounds coming from her mouth. In the middle of a low growl from Constantine, Melanie's shrill voice filled the air. I knew Con had slipped his knot inside her pussy. He had wild but short thrusts into her stuffed full pussy and whined.

"He's cumming inside me! It's so hot! Stop! Stop! Make him stop, PLEASE! It's so hot!" she screamed.

I loved it. "Yes, Melanie, he does have quite the load, doesn't he? He's a stud, you know, a real breeder. He's knotted in you, and looks like he'll stay that way for quite some time. I'll return in a bit, my bitch."

When I returned, Con was beginning to get impatient and tugged his knot almost completely from her pussy, making Melanie scream in pain. I encouraged him to try again, with his hand plugged in. This time Constantine freed himself from her tight pussy, and I plugged all his thick jizz inside her pussy before I instructed her to suck him clean. She did so unwillingly and only complied when Con bit her shoulder roughly, drawing blood.

"Wh-What are you going to do with that?" she tilted her head towards her jizz-filled pussy.

"Ah, yes, my pet. You will store this load until I see fit to relieve you of it."

She whimpered around his softening cock. I ordered Constantine back upstairs and then strapped Melanie to the table, this time with her hands and knees bound.

"And to think about the nasty thing you've just done, an enema will be rewarded to you to hold overnight. Pucker up, Melanie."

With that, I slid the enema tube into her butt and turned on the bag. The water was frigid, just as I'd planned. I squeeze the bag to rush the water into her bowels, causing her to cramp more. After the three quarts had filled her, I plugged her in, but with a four-inch plug (quite a tight fit, but I liked to listen to her whimper), turned the lights off, and left her to her thoughts.

I awoke with a raging hard-on. I had to have her. I needed to fuck her cum-filled cunt and flood her with my own. We could conceive. She would carry our child. Children. Yes. Children. And soon! I raced down the stairs, except for the last four, which I stopped at, straightened, and strolled into her room, gazing upon her. Her face was strained, but she was asleep. I reached under her chest and unclipped her nipple clamps, feeling a pang of guilt for having left them on all night. I made a mental note to make that up to her.

I pulled the plug slowly from her pussy, and the cum dribbled out and down her legs. Amazingly, she was still asleep! I then went for the win and pulled her butt plug from her tight ass with an audible popping sound. The water and shit mixture flooded out and all over the floor. (I'd planned on this, as I'd simply spray the areas down with the hose, and it'd flow down the drains I'd installed in the floor.

Only when she felt her bowels being emptied did she wake from her slumber. "Oh my fucking god! Oh my god! This is disgusting!" she screamed.

I simply giggled, glad that I was making her feel humiliated. She knew nothing of humiliation yet. I then sprayed her down with the hose, concentrating on her slowly constricting asshole. The pressurized water jetted into her ass.

"PLEASE STOP! STOP! PLEASE! I'll DO ANYTHING!" she called.

I finished with the cleansing. I stuck my hard cock into her sloppy cum filled cunt to the hilt! MMMM! She moaned instead of crying. This interested me implicitly.

"You like that, baby?"

"Y-yes, m-master."

"Ah, that's right, Melanie. You will worship my cock for the rest of our lives together."

She seemed to take this well and began to push back onto me. I decided to make up for the nipple clamps now. I reached around her and rubbed her nipples gently.

"Cum, my prize, squirt on your master's love cock."

She did, oh boy, did she squirt. It nearly sent me over the edge.

"Mmmm, yes! Yes! Now, Melanie, do you wish to carry my child or not?"

I quickened my thrusts, near to orgasm. She didn't reply, so I pounded into her, nearly ordering her answer.

"I-I..."

"Do or do you not wish to make a life together, Melanie?"

"I do, master."

And with that, I came inside her sopping cunt.

The cherry wood flooring accentuated the red welts across her thighs and waist. Last night, Melanie confirmed my desires and accepted my request to make a life with me. After receiving her first

round of semen, she was caught trying to get rid of it from herself, an act punishable by modification, but it's such a shame to alter that body. I've decided to hold off on the mod and use other methods to instill the correct values of a slave into my little ballerina. I rested pleasantly in my chair, center stage.

"Dance."

Melanie began to pirouette once, twice, and on her third attempt, faltered, having a hard time lifting her weight, no doubt. "Penchee," I called to her, grinning.

Her face winced while she attempted to raise her left leg behind her. I felt a twinge of anger, knowing she could pull off better than a 70-degree stretch, but when her hands went to her bulbous belly, I remembered her enema. The reason for this is punishment. The enormous enema she held would be excruciating in any position, especially while dancing, but dance she would.

As she continued her awkward movements, I checked my watch. She'd received the four quarts nearly two hours ago. I told her that the faster she finished her routines, the sooner she'd feel relief. But she continued to waver, and I continued to critique her. Just because she wasn't on Broadway anymore wasn't an excuse to get sloppy, whether or not she had an enema. I rose from my seat and walked off stage, away from the blindingly bright lights, to leave Melanie on the stage. This is her finale.

She strikes her final pose, folded over, head on her wrists, belly pressed to the floor, and both legs spread wide, her sex exposed, gleaming in the lights. The audience exploded in applause, hooting and hollering. The crowd rose and filtered out, but she remained posing until I, her Master, retrieved her. I led her to the restroom and allowed her to remove her plug and begin the process of expelling the liquid. I lingered around just long enough to make her feel self-conscious and then excused myself to see off my guests.

I returned with four guests forty minutes later to find my slut cleaning herself up. "Excellent, Slut. These guests have requested a private demonstration." I led them to a large bedroom with two couches, a pole, and a king-size bed, along with numerous toys and tools. I shook their hands, dictated for two hours, collected my fee, turned on the cameras, and left.

Now, I can sit back and watch my show. Melanie entered from the left side of the camera, and at first, all I saw of her was her back, her pale shoulders, and hips. She stood contrite while they poked and prodded at her lithe dancer's body. Each man's grubby fingers lingered at her tits, pinching her pert nipples and eliciting yelps from her lips. After some fondling, she was instructed to get onto her knees, to which she dropped and opened her small mouth.

Each flaccid cock turned ridged between her girlish lips. One cock after another throat fucked her, making her keep her mouth open so as to make it as sloppy as possible. It was with a disgusted look on her face that she took each load of cum in her throat. Much to my surprise, they had her hold it in her mouth. I inched closer to the screen to watch her mouth twist sourly to hold their demon seed. She was laid on her stomach, ass in the air. Each man took a turn spanking her, reddening her ass cheeks before they each knelt between her thighs and licked from her cunt to her anus.

I watched in horror as she shuddered and came over their tongues. That little whore was loving this. Next, they mounted her; one man took his thick cock and led it into her new canal. Her pussy was so wet it made sloshing sounds; disgusting. Her wetness seemed to encourage the others as they approached. One put his balls in her mouth and held her throat while she sucked on them.

The other two men each pinched and pulled on her tits. She screamed into the client's balls,

pleasuring him further. In short order, each man had filled her cunt with his ropes. Surprisingly, they seemed to want more, and they still had forty minutes left. They beat their half-hard cocks to her body, laying there oozing cum. They flopped her over until her weight was primarily on her shoulders, her ass upwards, open for the taking.

After a few fatal attempts, each man made his mark in her anus, although they hadn't much left to spill.

They had been holding out on one prominent fluid, however, for the finale. All at once, each man took a hand to her ass and spread her cheeks apart, separating her gaping asshole, and put their other hand on their now soft cocks. They each rested their head on her skin around the hole and let their piss rain down inside her. At first, she didn't seem to notice, then she shrieked and thrashed about but to no avail; they had her sandwiched and completely at their disposal, the toilet.

As their time ended, they filed out, used my cleaning facilities, and departed the property. I sat still, shocked, in my camera room, watching her lying there in position. I hadn't instructed her to do this, to be a whore. She did that all on her own and enjoyed it! My little slut was in for a mighty punishment.

"Constantine, COME!" I commanded him as I strode down the hall, whip in hand, a leash in the other.

I stood motionless in front of the closed door, knowing full well the slut, Melanie, would be waiting on the other side, still on her knees with her ass in the air. I couldn't erase the images of the yellow urine running out of her gape and down her legs, stomach, her tits. Con whined at my side, bringing me back to the now.

The door opened silently on its hinges, and there she was, still in her piss-covered formation.

"Hello, Master..."

"SHUT UP BITCH!"

I stood shaking, staring, fuming. Her asshole was overflowing with piss, and her pussy was dripping their cum. I placed one hand on her seemingly clean back and gripped the whip tighter in my right. First, one strike, then two, three, four until the welts gave way to bloodied strips of ass, thigh, and back. Her cries were thunderous and pleading, but they didn't save her skin.

"When I watched you dancing... I had no idea what a little whore you are! Such a cum slut! JESUS, you even let them piss in you, didn't you! Ya dirty bitch!"

I walked to the bathroom to wash my hands as they were bloody and sweaty. I washed my face, too, and stared at my reflection. A small amount of sadness was worn on my lips. When I returned, I found Constantine licking at his showing cock. Not fully extended, but this action was clearly heating him. I snapped my fingers and pointed to her sloppy, cum stuffed cunt, and he went to work immediately. If she hadn't noticed Con's presence before, she was now. She squealed when his tongue entered her.

"Oh, don't fucking complain, cunt!"

My patience was out. Con tongued her, reaching into her depths and drawing out every last trace of the invaders. Afterward, he sat back and licked his lips, his cock completely unsheathed now. I just snapped my fingers and pointed to her anus. This he took in with great excitement, even wagging his

tale. He licked all over her ass, tasting the blood, cum, and piss. As he lapped, she whined under Constantine's constant contact.

Con finished cleaning the undeserving bitch in a few minutes and sat back impatiently. I rubbed his ears adoringly, biding my time. I moved to my slut's tense neck and looped the leash around it, clipping it back on itself, making a choke leash.

She sounded off, "Ohh..."

I smiled wickedly at her. "You like being such a bitch? You're going to be Con's bitch."

I ripped on the leash, dragging her onto the floor. Her scream was cut short as the leash strangled her. I pushed her onto her knees and allowed the leash to loosen. I led her closer to Constantine's hung doggy dick.

She whimpered in distaste, but when she pressed her lips over his slick member, her protests were muffled. Con allowed her to bob her head on him for a minute but grew tired of her uselessness and began to thrust into her mouth, causing her to gag. This continued for about ten minutes before I snapped my fingers. The dog withdrew from her now slimy mouth and moved around behind her. He leaped onto his hind legs and pressed his front paws claws into her back skin, and thrust into her pussy.

The little whore was about to crawl away when Con growled and bit her shoulder, drawing blood. She deserved it. He then started to really hit home, making her take all of his lengths, hitting her opened pussy with his ever-swelling knot. This was almost too much for me to take. My balls ached. I made Con pull out and wait a minute. When he re-mounted her, he had a new goal. Her gaping asshole. As instantly as his cock head pressed into her opening, I wanted him to knot in it. That'd teach the bitch.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah!" I groaned while he pressed further and further into her, getting frustrated without his knot inside.

After watching him struggle a bit more, I brought my fingers to the rescue. I slipped in two fingers, one of each hand, and pulled her asshole wider, allowing just enough space for him to pull his hole-sealing knot inside. Her eyes bulged, and her throat, however constricted, let an ear-splittingly loud screech of terror and pain. Con fucked her sealed asshole for all it was worth, howling and growling. I'd never seen him so pleased. Ten more minutes of this, and I knew he was spitting.

The tone escaping her now-gagged mouth was undeniable. Con was spilling his puppy goo into her bowels. It took him a great while to drain his balls completely into her, and with his long shaft, I knew it was deep in her colon. As pleased as I was with watching her writhe with his cock still inside, semen swimming; I would genuinely love to watch him remove his knot from her.

Twenty minutes after knotting, Con grew tired of waiting and started tugging it from her. Her teary eyes pleaded. "That's it, Con, good boy. Come on!" I chanted.

She whaled into her gag, and all too soon, there was an audible 'plop,' and Con was free. He licked himself clean, and I stood watching the ropes of dog cum drip out of her wasted asshole.

She remained on the floor, huffing in pain with each string of cum leaked from her.

I moved to gather the chain for her collar and lead her, then, on all fours, to the stage. "This is where you will stay until our next showing." I tied her back to a structural post on the stage. Arms

tied tightly behind her, she was secured to the post. Her ankles were tied together, and then I spread her knees and tied them separately around the back of the post, straining them, making her quite uncomfortable in her usual dancer pose. Then, for the first time since her disgusting act, I looked into her face, her eyes. They pooled with tears, and her lip quivered, but she remained quiet. I turned on my heel and strode off stage.

When I saw her again, it was with an audience. I'd had a few hours of sleep to mull over my feelings, and as I greeted my guests, my anger flared again. I planned to humiliate her publicly and possibly earn some extra money, too. I started the show by cropping her nipples. The rosy perky tits turned blistering red with just a few strokes, moving on. Down her stomach, thighs, and to her open sex. I took my time slapping her pussy lips with the leather. Her voice rang out with each lash.

The final showing was to be the needles. I saved these for last as I had little taste for them, and they would bring her the most pain. I had prepared myself with a couple hundred small needles and thirty or forty large needles, nearly the size of knitting needles. They were mammoth things. She shook in fear as I rolled the tray of needles closer to her post.

"Please, don't do this," she whispered to me.

"You give me no choice, whore," I say back in an equally quiet voice.

I pinched the skin just above her nipple and slowly pushed the small needle through it. She whimpered. I repeated the same on the other tit, as I like to keep things symmetrical. Ten more needles continued all over the tits. Then, I worked my way down to a kneeling position. My face just inches from her hot pussy, my fingers working her labia. Without warning, I pushed one, then two needles through her cunt lips. She shook against the post, wailing loudly. I loved the fight she gave, so naturally, I added more needles.

After a brief whipping of the needles, I moved to her mouth. "Open," she did so slowly, tentatively.

I clamped her tongue with my pliers and placed one, two, then three needles through her tongue and told her to hold it open. She sobbed around her speared tongue. I stood back to admire her and to let the guests view her. I stole a few looks into the audience and saw a dozen men drooling over her needled body. Three men in the front had their cocks out, stroking madly.

I figured I might as well give them a finale. I grabbed two of the largest needles and moved back to her. Taking one of her tits in my hands, I squeezed it, with the needles in and all. Her moan of pain was less satisfying, as was the squishy feel. I decided to tie her tits first, to get them nice and firm. Taking a few feet of rope for each tit, I wound them nice and tight until they stood erect and so, so firm. Her skin was pulled taut over the small needles that had been inserted under her skin. Now when I pinched her tits, they were hard as rocks. I brought the tip of one of the thickest needles to the outside of her left breast and pressed as hard as I could until I felt it give.

Her scream didn't stop until I had pushed the needle through to the other side, just the skin holding it in. When she paused, I pressed the needle the rest of the way through. I feared she might pass out, so I quickly did the next needle in the same tit, facing the other way and making a nice 'X.' I repeated with the other tit. You would be surprised by how much they bleed. I was pleasantly surprised. It dripped down her body, adding a dramatic look to our show. The men in the audience were groaning wildly with orgasm.

"I think they like it, Melanie. Don't you?"

When she didn't reply, I twisted the large needles, twisting her tits with ease.

“NOOOOOO, MASTER!” she shrieked.

I took my time running my fingers over her bloody body, enjoying every inch before pausing at her belly.

“Melanie.. You know what we’re going to put in here?”

She began to sob all over again, “No, no, Master.”

I grinned at her. “A baby.”

The End