

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I've had five owners in six years. My real daddy kept my older brother with him when we moved to the commune farm. My brother Jamie cared for me and our dad after our mom ran off. I can't even remember what she looked like. Pa said Jamie was twice as pretty and a better choice than she ever was. A chosen was boys like me and Jamie. Pretty and slim, not strong like other boys our age. The farm just took men and boys in. No girls, no women. My Pa said females weren't allowed. So boys like my brother Jamie and me were appreciated and needed to keep men like him, and Father well cared for. Pa was a chemist, someone the farm needed. He became a deacon almost immediately. We lived with the Father, the head of the church, while our farmhouse was being fixed up. My pa ended up selling Jamie to him, but that was a few years after we got here. Jamie was really pretty.

He started laying with the Father when our pa was sent into the wilderness. The wilderness was anywhere outside our commune. When Father castrated and christened me as Sarah on my eighteenth birthday, my Pa traded me to Brother John Tempe. Every man was named John, and his birthplace was his last name. My brother Jamie had taught me how to please a daddy orally, but he'd only told me what laying with a daddy would be like. That first night, I laid with John Tempe. Even with the wine and special lotions, it hurt far more than Jamie told me. But Daddy John Tempe loved me. Each night, it got easier to lay with him. He was my pa's best friend, so I still got to see my brother Jamie occasionally, besides at church. Daddy John Tempe was kind but strict. Gossip or any act considered loathsome by the church was duly punishable immediately.

I remember Daddy John Tempe crying as he put me over his lap, raised my gown, and gave me my punishment in front of the congregation. I can't remember what I'd done. He brought me a kitten home he'd felt so bad. I kept the house good and never talked back, so I believe I'd broken a church rule. I know afterward; besides the kitten, Daddy John Temple didn't let me miss a shot or pill. I'd been getting nauseous at night and missed a few. Maybe that was the reason. My first bra was an A-cup, not a trainer. Then, by my eleventh birthday, I was in a B cup. I could comb my hair down past my breasts, too. Daddy John Tempe got caught with a newly arrived boy without the boy's father's permission, and I was given to the boy's father, John Jersey, for a month for John Tempe's punishment. I knew John Tempe was losing interest in me as my breasts grew bigger. And I guess I was happy that John Jersey liked my looks so much, and he traded his boy to John Tempe for me after the month was up. John Jersey was a much better lover.

I looked forward to him coming home every evening. He was a computer programmer by trade, and Father recruited him to begin a broader outreach. John Jersey enjoyed photography, and also started the church's monthly magazine. I became his main model. All were very tasteful, with me in nice dresses and heels, usually sitting on the Father's lap, serving food, or singing in the Chosen choir. Recruiting new followers skyrocketed. John Jersey started receiving offers for me. I knew eventually he'd accept one that was too good to refuse. And it happened. A wealthy older deacon, John Utah, who I'd met at the church's picnics and had begun walking his dogs, made him an offer he couldn't refuse. Father approved the sale along with a large contribution to the church. John Utah became my third daddy. I was twelve, almost ninety pounds, and he said I had the most beautiful figure he'd ever seen.

He had a surgeon come in to do my cheek implants, an orthodontist to fit me with a retainer and bought me the prettiest pony. He increased my injections and bought an entire new wardrobe when my breasts swelled to a C-cup. He taught me French and Spanish, taught me to swim, then snorkel and scuba. He didn't make love to me as often, but I didn't mind. He loved me. He took me everywhere he went, usually as his niece or granddaughter. I loved snorkeling, scuba diving on his yacht, and riding my pony on camping and hunting trips. He used the blue pill, so our lovemaking sometimes lasted till morning. I met many of his business partners and investors.

I had my first threesome with him and one of his French buddies. John Utah said he invested much money in a film project, and I would be in it. John had a major stroke one night soon after that, so the movie never happened. John began an investment portfolio with the money the French man invested. I cared for him back at our home on the commune till he passed. Years after he died, his estate left the church most of his money, but he left me that portfolio an annuity, and his estate on the farm, so that left me pretty well off. Father started to court me as a property owner of land in the commune. I was almost fourteen when he proposed.

I underwent a canine uterine transplant and mammary transplant surgeries and became his bride. He bred me with his hybrid wolves tirelessly. I miscarried several times but became a mommy before I was fifteen. Our first litter of half-wolf human pups was wonderful. All four were boys. As each litter was weaned, he bred me again. They sold for hundreds of thousands. The videos made us millions. I had a bitch in my third litter.

Father bred her at nine months and decided to divorce me after her pups were born. I left the church but took my brother Jimmy with me. My lawyers took over, and I and Jimmy bred two lovely boys together, and moved to France. He was twenty-one, and I was seventeen. Our boys have small little penises, but that's fine. We are married but share our bed occasionally with a handsome stranger or a stray we find in the city or countryside. Jimmy is thinking of doing the cross-species transplants with a tiger or lion. I think he's nuts. But I love him.