

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



My Dad and I have never really gotten along for some reason. Maybe it was the fact that he seemed to spoil me at every possible moment, or maybe it was the fact that when he found out I was gay, he blamed himself; whatever the reason, we always seemed to fight whenever he was home.

I would like to give you a brief history of my family. My dad and mom were in the military, moving around every 3 years. Therefore, I never grew close to anyone except my family. Before, my dad and I would do all the fatherly and son things (kissing, hugs, tickles, and wrestling). But this changed when we finally settled down, and he moved to Washington D.C. (to work), and we stayed in Wisconsin. There grew this huge tension in the air, and it never bothered me, but it always made him angry, and we would get into a yelling match (by this time, I was 18, and he was 48).

Well, one day, while my dad was home, I had been out with my boyfriend, and we had finished having sex at his house. He had fucked my hole hard, and I had some hickey's from all the passionate humping and making out that had gone on. But I had just gotten home with cum still in my ass, and it was about 3 a.m. When I opened the door, my dad turned from the living room chair; his face had that cold, calculating look that a predator gives his prey. He stood up, looked at me from across the room...took a few long strides until he was right in front of me...and slapped me across the face. This was the first time he had ever gone beyond the usual yelling and screaming; it surprised me so much that I staggered back into the chair behind me.

The hand that I had known all my life, that had picked me up when I was down and guided me towards the right decision, and the same one that had just slapped me, caressed my face, lightly rubbing the red welt that was now starting to sting. He leaned close and whispered, "I know what you were doing. I used to see that look on all the stupid sluts I used to fuck in my day, the ruffled hair, the fire-red cheeks. But, seeing it on my son is another sight." At this point, he was scaring me; I was so paralyzed by the fact that he had confronted me about having sex I hadn't noticed him putting his arms around my waist until it was too late. He roughly flipped me over and pulled down my pants (they were pretty stretched out by that time), and pulled open my ass cheeks, revealing my gaping hole and the thick white cum that was still drizzling out of it.

He pulled my pants up, and as I was turning around, he slapped me across the other cheek, possibly even harder than he had before. "I knew it!" he screamed, his voice seeming to echo in my head. "You take it up the ass like any common street whore; well, if you want to be treated like that, I'm going to respect your wishes!" He grabbed me by the back of my collar, hoisting me up...

Now, I'd like to explain to you. I'm a pretty average guy, about 180 lbs and 6'0". My dad used to be a stud back in his hey day, but now he's about 6'1" and 200 lbs with a slight beer gut but decent enough muscles.

...pulling me along up the stairs towards my bedroom. He tossed me on my bed like I was a worthless ragdoll and not even worthy of being in his presence. As I lay there stunned by the events that had just transpired, my dad looked me over one more time with that hateful look of coldness along with a new emotion: lust. He told me to strip, but I didn't comply; I was still thinking to myself, "This can't be happening. My dad would never do this to me...he loves me..right?" the sad fact is that I had to try and convince myself that my father loved me.

As I was lost in my thoughts, my dad lost patience with me and started removing my clothes for me. First, he ripped my t-shirt off of me, the threads ripping on my chest, and his rough grunts of effort brought me back to reality. I finally realized this was going to happen to me. I was going to be fucked by my dad. Could I call it rape? If I was turned on by the fact that now the only thing keeping

my used hole and my dad's cock were a pair of jeans and two sets of thin boxers.

He stared at me again, making me squirm under his eye; maybe if I could get him off before he even entered me, I could protect myself from the fact that this might be incest. So, as my dad stared, I finally got the courage to sit up, look him in the eye, and slowly extend my hand toward his crotch. His huge tool seemed to grow the closer my hand got to it. When I finally had the chance to touch his cock, it was rock hard. It seemed to grow down his thigh, which must have been 10 inches. As I rubbed him slowly through the jeans, he was moaning, moaning one thing. "I've waited so long for this...". I didn't have much time to think that over as he started to thrust into my hand, wanting more friction over his extensive prick.

For some reason, without my realizing it, my hand started to push harder against his covered prick, seemingly wanting to feel as much of this cock as possible. My dad closed his eyes and started moaning my name, and it sent chills down my spine. If he had said any other name...ANY other name would have been fine, but using my name... just turned me on. So, with my second hand, I started to unbuckle his belt and unzip his zipper. When I pulled down his jeans, I saw he had no underwear on; my dad had been going commando all day.

When he saw my stare, he told me he had expected this...this whole time, he had been expecting sexual favors from his son. It was so unbelievable my mouth was slightly agape as I just stared at the one-eyed monster in front of me. My dad wanting more started thrusting again, and with no hand on his massive dick, he almost poked my eye out. But it had its desired effect; it had me longing for...no not longing, that almost seems to imply a set amount of time I waited; no, what I wanted was his cock...All I wanted was his cock...I hungered for it.

I opened my mouth as wide as possible, hoping not to scrape my teeth on the beautiful piece of mother nature in front of me, and took it down as far as I could down my throat. Just because I had been with guys before doesn't mean I'm a cock sucking pro; in fact, all I seemed to do was sit there as my dad just grabbed my hair and shoved his cock down my throat until I gagged, which was only a mere 5 inches down. He pulled my head back so I could suck in air and shoved me back down, roughly fucking my throat. And as surprised as I was by this entire situation, I was still amazingly turned on by the fact that the cock that gave me life was now trying to spurt that same seed down my throat.

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He sat there looking as dazed as I'd ever seen him. His eyes were closed as he fought to regain his breath. His shirt stuck to his chest, showing his nipples through the fabric, and they were hard, pointed, and just begging for me to lick and nip them. I got off my knees and made for his nipples, but sensing my presence, he opened his eyes and pushed me away from him, causing me to land on my back on my bed. "I knew you wouldn't be able to get enough!" he laughed, slightly blushing my cheeks.

"Well slut boy, if you want more, you're just going to have to wait; it takes me a bit to get hard again." He looked me over from head to toe, from the welts on my cheeks to my hard dick that was

leaking pre-cum from its 6" tip. "Well, boy looks like you liked me raping your mouth. You want me to fuck you with this dick here?" at this, he took his soft dick, which was still an impressive 5", and wagged it around, hitting me with the remnants of his cum.

I just sat there and stared; I bit my lower lip think "This is so wrong...so so so wrong, but my cock is throbbing, and I need to be fucked". So I nodded my head and crawled off my bed, and on my knees was about to take his cock in my mouth when I heard the sound of his hand hit the back of my hand with a silent thud, causing me to sprawl on the floor as he stood over me. "WHAT THE FUCK DID I JUST TELL YOU SLUT?!?" he yelled; seeing me there, though, he must have felt a tinge of sympathy because he collected himself and said, "I won't be ready for another little bit."

As I sat back on my knees, I whimpered and nodded my head with disappointment written all over my face and a bit of cum too. "How about this?" my half-naked father proposed, "I'll blindfold you and tie you to the bed and fuck you when I'm ready. How does my slutty son like that idea?" Nodding my head enthusiastically, I grab a nearby shirt from the hamper, and my dad ties a knot behind my head that would put a sailor to shame. "Now, if you take this off," he says as he pushes me so my head is by the headboard of the bed and my feet on the other end, "I'm going to have to punish you...severely."

I sense my dad leave the room and return quickly, starting to tie me in a spread eagle position with what I'm assuming are his silk ties. He leaves again, I'm assuming, for some lube and condoms. When I hear the door creak open again, I start wiggling on the bed, doing the best I can to entice my dad to fuck me senselessly, to make me cum without even touching myself. What I get instead is a cock right in the face; though a bit disappointed, I take the cock in my mouth, noticing that it feels a bit different, but I don't care; anything I can do to get my dad to fuck my ass as soon as possible. I suck it, running my tongue around the tip and using it to feel all the exposed veins. But I didn't hear a single moan, which surprised me a bit, and the bitter, salty cum that was my dad's tasted different somehow, a sweeter, muskier, tangier pre-cum now. Before I have any more time to analyze, the cock is taken away, and I feel it in my hole. Rubbing, poking, and teasing at my gaping hole, I moaned, pushing against the restraints to get that cock inside me.

My dad roughly says, "You want this cock don't you, boy?"

The first words I said during this encounter were, "YES, DADDY! PLEASE JUST FUCK MY SLUTTY HOLE! IT NEEDS TO BE FILLED WITH YOUR CUM!"

My dad just laughed and said, "ok," before he roughly shoved that 10-inch monster up my ass. I screamed with pleasure as the cock, lubed with my spit, fucked me hard. My dad was still laughing, but I didn't care. I had the cock I needed now. I just wanted the cum, and not just in my ass. I wanted more of it...everywhere: in my mouth, in my ass, all over my body. My sphincter clutched and milked the cock that was inside me like any common prostitute. My hole was filling with amounts of pre-cum in me. Some of it was even coming out of my ass. I moaned, begging to be fucked like the whore I was, begging for it to be rougher and harder.

As the slurping sound of my ass consumed the cock, I could feel the familiar pressure building in my balls. Almost like I needed to take a huge piss, and as that thrusting cock continued to poke, prod, and rub my prostate, I came. The first shot landed by the side of my head, the next shot landed across my mouth, the third shot right on my nipple, and the rest shot on my chest and pooled in my belly button (I have an innie). I felt the cock still thrusting into me, prolonging my orgasm and making my cock drool even more cum. At this point, I started to feel an extra pressure pushing against my sphincter; at first, I thought it was just my dad's balls, but now I was starting to realize that I wasn't being fucked by my dad at all, but our dog Bruce. At that moment, his knot entered me, and I screamed...

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I just heard my dad laughing as Bruce's knot entered me. He thought that it was so funny that I was being fucked by our dog...well, I would get back at him, I thought to myself. I put up with the pain of Bruce's knot, feeling all of his doggy cum sitting in me, though probably not right, started to turn me on again. My dad, seeing this, clicked his tongue, like he did when I did something naughty.

"You've been a bad boy, but it looks like I can punish you again, though," he said with a wicked grin. By now, Bruce was trying to pull out his knot and stretching my ass; I moaned in a mixture of pain and pleasure as the knot finally left my slutty ass. Cum was leaking in a small dribble, only to be licked up by Bruce, being ever considerate to clean up his mess. My sarcastic thoughts abandoned me, though, as soon as I felt that rough tongue starts lapping at my ass, the rough, almost sandpaper stimulating my already used ass. Soon I was moaning, begging to cum again, but it fell upon deaf ears as Bruce just kept lapping at my ass. I was writhing as his tongue would dip into my ass, and as suddenly as it would appear, it would be gone.

Soon my ass was out of his cum, and as soon as that happened, Bruce was off the bed and out of the door. I just lay there and panted as my 6' cock started to soften, and the cool air nipped at my nipples. As my cock went back into its softened state of 2', I heard the front door slam shut. I started to panic because the only person it could be was my 28-year-old brother, who lived with us ever since he got out of the military. I started to panic, and I struggled against my restraints, trying to get my hands around some form of knot. As I lay there naked, I heard my brother's heavy footsteps get closer, coming up the stairs and turning down the hallway.

I hear the door creak open as Austin (my brother) opens the door. His footsteps seemed to come closer till suddenly I felt hands undoing the knot behind my head, holding the blindfold in place. The light blinds me, and I squint only to see Austin's outline. His 6' 5" frame towered above me. I slowly could start to make out his features, the wide shoulders, the muscles seeming to ripple, and that's when I noticed it. He had no shirt, pants...and no underwear. His soft 6' cock was growing rapidly.

"I see Daddy Dearest got to you too, little bro." Austin casually states.

I look at him in surprise and then horror as I realize that my dad had raped Austin too. Seeing this look, he smirks, "Yeah, he's been getting some of this since I was 11, and I missed it when I was deployed; that's why I moved back. There's no fucking that feels quite the same as your dad violating your ass." While he was telling me this, his cock grew to its optimum hardness, an awesome 11', even bigger than dad's but maybe not as thick. Seeing this and hearing what he was telling me, my cock grew to its full 6'. "I see you like what you see...or do you like what I've been telling you?" I just nod to both his questions, and he smiles even more. "You want some of this? Want some hot brother cock up your ass?" I just nod more enthusiastically.

I was still loose when Austin put 3 of his fingers in my ass, scissoring them, then curling them, hitting a very sensitive spot in my ass. "Holy shit, you lost!" he says in an almost amazed voice.

"Bruce fucked me," I respond. At this, my brother moans and decides to remove his fingers. Putting his cock head right at the entrance to my ass. I mewl like a cat in heat begging to be fucked again. Austin obliges. He shoves all 11' in me, and I scream in pain; almost all pleasure is absent. But as he kept rutting into me, my anal walls massaged his cock, and every inch of my body started to be filled with pleasure. I close my eyes, reveling in the pleasure that seemed to surround me at that moment. I noticed that Austin thrust harder, to the point where it almost hurt. I open my eyes and see that Austin has a fire in his eyes. Not the fire of lust or passion but a fire of anger and wrath.

His rutting starts to become an almost painful stabbing, and I start moaning in pain. He moves his hands, which had been holding my legs, wraps one around my throat, and puts one on my shoulder. With every thrust, he pulls me onto his cock, penetrating even deeper. I hear his mumbling, and soon they turn into full-blown shouts. "Why the fuck did he wait for you?! I lost my friends and virginity to that asshole, and he waits for you, and YOU WEREN'T EVEN A FUCKING VIRGIN!" with those last few words, he stabbed his cock into me. At this point, I was sobbing; the pain was intense and was overriding the pleasure threefold.

He kept this pace up for 5 minutes, and it didn't even cross our minds where my father was, the man who started this. As Austin thrust his long cock into my ass one last time, and probably the deepest yet, he came. I could feel his cock bloating and shooting a good 10 shots of cum into me. Even after he had cum he still thrust into me, though not with the same vigor he had before.

The End