

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I blinked my eyes open, the world around me spinning like a carousel of confusion and dread. My body felt heavy, weighed down by something I couldn't quite understand. The harsh reality of the metal bars digging into my skin brought a gasp to my lips, and the unmistakable scent of wet fur and damp concrete filled my nostrils. I tried to sit up, my limbs feeling like they were made of jelly, but a cold, tight pressure around my neck held me in place. A chain collar, padlocked firmly, chained me to the floor of the cage. Panic bubbled in my stomach as I realized that I was completely naked, my skin sticky with what I could only assume was a mix of sweat and something... else. The clamorous symphony of barking dogs grew louder, and I found myself in a sea of cages, each one filled with a creature that watched me with a mix of curiosity and hunger in their eyes.

The cage was cold, the metal biting into my skin as I curled into a foetal position, trying to make myself as small as possible. My mind raced with questions and fears, but the fog of whatever had been in my drink clouded my thoughts. I reached a trembling hand to my neck, feeling the cold steel of the collar, and the chain that trailed from it, attached to a ring bolted into the concrete floor. The weight of it was surprising, and as I moved, it clanked against the bars, sending echoes through the cavernous room. The dogs around me grew more agitated, their barks turning to growls as they sensed my fear. I was Emma, a good girl, a virgin, a daughter and sister, and now, somehow, a caged animal in a place that was the epitome of my darkest fantasies.

A door at the far end of the kennel slammed open, the sound reverberating through the room like a gunshot. The dogs fell silent, their ears perked up as a figure approached. The clack of their nails on the floor grew louder with each step, and my heart pounded in my chest like a wild beast. Through the bars of my cage, I made out a man, tall and broad shouldered, wearing nothing but a pair of black leather pants and boots that shone like obsidian. His chest was bare, muscles rippling in the dim light, and his eyes, the colour of burnt amber, bore into me like he was reading the very thoughts that had brought me to this place. He held a leather leash in his hand, and as he stopped before my cage, I felt his gaze undressing me, leaving me more exposed than my nakedness ever could.

"Welcome to your new home, little pet," he said, his voice a low growl that sent a shiver down my spine. "You're going to learn what it truly means to be owned."

I whimpered, my eyes wide with terror as he unlocked my cage with a heavy metallic clank. The dogs in the surrounding cages barked in excitement, their eyes gleaming with the promise of what was to come. The man's hand was firm and unyielding as he gripped my upper arm, his fingers digging into my flesh. He pulled me to my wobbly legs and attached the leash to my collar, leading me out of the cage and into a world that was no longer my own.

"Your first lesson," he began, his breath hot against my ear, "is obedience."

The man led me through a labyrinth of cages, the eyes of the dogs following our every move. He brought me to a smaller, private chamber, the walls lined with leather and steel, and the scent of sex and submission hanging in the air like a dense fog. A single spotlight cast a harsh glow on a large, padded table in the centre of the room, the edges studded with gleaming metal. My knees buckled as he pushed me onto the table, the leather cool and unforgiving against my bare skin. I could feel the coldness seep into my very soul, as if it were trying to claim me as its own.

He secured my wrists and ankles to the table with thick, padded restraints, ensuring that my body was spread open and exposed. His eyes roamed over me like a predator assessing its prey, and I felt a strange mix of fear and anticipation. He was going to make me do the unspeakable, but I couldn't

help the part of me that was curious, that had been drawn to this taboo world in the quiet of my bedroom at night. He leaned in, his hot breath ghosting over my neck as he whispered, "You will learn to crave this, to beg for it." His hand trailed down my body, his fingertips brushing over my breasts and my quivering belly, before coming to rest between my thighs. His touch was feather-light, yet it sent waves of sensation through me, making me aware of the dampness that had gathered there.

The man stepped back, and a moment later, the sound of a cage door being unlatched made my heart race. A large, muscular dog was brought into the room, its fur a sleek black that matched the man's attire. It panted heavily, its tongue lolling out of its mouth, and its eyes never left me. The man's hand was firm on the back of its neck, guiding it closer to the table. "This is Apollo," he said, his voice devoid of emotion. "Your first partner." He pushed the dog's muzzle against my inner thigh, and I felt the roughness of its tongue as it licked me, sending a jolt of sensation through my body. My eyes squeezed shut, my mind reeling from the reality of what was happening. I was about to be taken by an animal, and there was nothing I could do to stop it.

He whispered in the dog's ear, and it began to whine, its tail wagging in excitement. The man stepped back, giving Apollo room to work, and I felt the hot, wet pressure of the dog's nose pushing against my sex. I wanted to scream, to protest, but the words caught in my throat. Instead, a strange sound, half gasp, half moan, slipped out as the dog's tongue found my clit. The sensation was foreign, yet somehow familiar, as if my body was remembering a long-lost part of itself. The man watched us, his eyes never leaving my face, a cruel smile playing on his lips as he saw the internal battle raging within me.

"Open your eyes, pet," he commanded, his voice thick with lust. "Look at what you're about to become."

Reluctantly, I obeyed, my eyes fluttering open to meet Apollo's gaze. The dog's eyes were alight with a primal hunger, and I could feel the heat of its breath against my sensitive flesh. My cheeks burned with humiliation and arousal as I watched the man stroke Apollo's back, urging him closer to my exposed pussy. The dog's tongue continued its relentless exploration, lapping at my clit with a fervour that had me biting down on the leather strap in my mouth to muffle the sounds that threatened to escape. The man watched intently, his hand never leaving the dog's back, guiding it to taste every inch of me.

As Apollo's tongue grew more insistent, I felt myself slipping, the barriers of my moral upbringing crumbling under the onslaught of pleasure. I writhed against the restraints, my body arching off the table, begging for more. The man chuckled darkly, his grip on the leash tightening as he whispered, "You see, you do want this. You just needed to be shown your place." His words were like a brand searing into my soul, marking me as something less than human, something to be used and enjoyed by the creatures that surrounded me.

The dog's tongue grew rougher, its teeth grazing my sensitive skin as it tried to claim me. I could feel the heat of its body, the power in its muscles as it pressed closer, and a part of me revelled in the idea of being taken so completely by something so primal. The man leaned in, his hand sliding down to grip Apollo's cock, stroking it firmly. "You're going to breed with this dog, Emma," he said, his voice a seductive purr. "You're going to take his knot and bear his pups, and you're going to do it willingly."

Tears leaked from my eyes, mixing with the slickness of my arousal as the dog's tongue delved into my folds, finding my entrance and pushing inside. The man's hand never left Apollo's cock, working it as he watched the scene unfold before him. He was the puppet master, orchestrating my

degradation and I, the puppet, unable to resist the strings of desire that tugged at my very core. The dog's tongue retreated, and I could feel its hot breath against my wetness. Then, the unmistakable pressure of its cock began to push against me. I wanted to protest, to beg for mercy, but the gag in my mouth and the tightness of the restraints allowed only muffled sounds to escape.

The man leaned over me, his hand reaching between my legs to spread my pussy open for the dog. He whispered sweet nothings into my ear, his breath hot and heavy as he assured me that this was what I needed, what I wanted. "You're going to take his cock, Emma," he coaxed, "and you're going to love it. You're going to be our little breeding slut." His words were like a dark spell, weaving themselves into my mind and twisting my thoughts until they matched his own. I could feel the resistance in my body melting away, the fear giving way to a strange, perverse excitement.

The tip of Apollo's cock breached my entrance, and I bit down hard on the leather gag to muffle my cry. The man's hand was at my throat, his thumb pressing gently but firmly against my pulse point as he whispered, "Breathe, pet. Just breathe." The dog's cock was thick, so much thicker than any human cock I had ever imagined, and the pain was intense as it stretched me open. But with every inch that filled me, the pleasure grew, a deep, primal ache that seemed to resonate through every cell of my being. The man watched with a detached fascination, his hand moving from my throat to my clit, his thumb circling it in a slow, steady rhythm that had me squirming and bucking against my restraints.

As the dog pushed deeper, the pressure grew until I could feel the swell of his knot against my opening. The man leaned in, his teeth grazing my earlobe as he whispered, "Relax, Emma. Let him in." The pain was almost too much, but his voice was a balm, soothing me, calming me, making me want to submit. And as I did, the knot popped inside, sending a shockwave of pleasure and pain through my body that made me scream into the gag. The dog's hips thrust in a steady rhythm, his knot swelling with every pump, and I could feel my body stretching to accommodate him, my walls clenching around his girth.

The man's hand never left my clit, his touch a constant reminder of the pleasure that could be found in this depraved act. I moaned, my body betraying me, my hips bucking in time with Apollo's thrusts. The man chuckled, his grip on the dog's leash tightening as he whispered, "You see, it's not so bad, is it?" His thumb pressed harder, the pressure building until I was on the edge of something I had never felt before. And then, with one final, brutal thrust, Apollo's cock buried itself to the hilt, his knot swelling until it was impossible to tell where his body ended and mine began. I could feel the hot pulse of his seed filling me, claiming me in a way that no man ever had.

The man's hand left my clit, and I whimpered at the sudden loss, my body craving the release that had been so cruelly denied. He leaned in, his mouth at my ear, his voice a seductive hiss. "You will learn to want this, to crave it." His hand travelled down my body, his fingertips tracing the line of my spine until they reached the base of the dog's cock, the knot still lodged deep inside me. He began to massage it gently, and I felt the pressure build, the pain and pleasure blurring until I could no longer tell the difference. The dog's hips jerked, and I could feel the knot swelling even more, locking us together in a dance as old as time itself.

Apollo's thrusts grew more frantic, his breathing heavy and laboured as he worked himself into a frenzy. The man's hand on the knot grew more insistent, his movements more deliberate, and I knew he was preparing us both for the inevitable. The pressure was unbearable, a delicious agony that I never wanted to end. And then, with a final, guttural growl from Apollo, his knot swelled to its full size, locking him within me, claiming me as his bitch. The man chuckled darkly, his hand stroking the dog's back in a show of dominance. "You see, Emma," he murmured, "you're already becoming what you were always meant to be."

The room grew hazy around me, the only thing keeping me anchored to reality was the unrelenting pressure of Apollo's knot and the steady rhythm of his hips. The man leaned down, his hand reaching under the dog to grip my thigh, his thumb finding its way back to my clit. "You're going to cum for me," he said, his voice a low growl. "You're going to cum while Apollo breeds you." And as if on cue, my body responded, the pressure building until I was on the edge of a climax that threatened to shatter me.

The man's thumb moved in tight circles, his eyes never leaving mine as he whispered, "Come for me, pet. Show me how much you love being a breeding slut." The words should have disgusted me, but instead, they sent me spiralling over the edge, my body convulsing in a mix of pain and pleasure that was more intense than anything I had ever experienced. The orgasm ripped through me, stealing the breath from my lungs, my body writhing under the weight of Apollo's bulk. The dog's own pleasure washed over me, his knot swelling even more, embedding him deeper within me as he shot his seed into my womb.

As my climax subsided, the man's hand remained on my clit, the pressure unrelenting, keeping me on the precipice of another orgasm. "Again," he demanded, his voice a command that my body was powerless to resist. The dog's hips continued to pump, his movements slower but no less insistent, his knot keeping us connected in the most intimate of ways. The man leaned in, his mouth claiming mine in a brutal kiss, his tongue invading my mouth with the same fervour that the dog's cock invaded my pussy. I could taste the salt of my own fear, but also the sweetness of my own desire, and the bitter taste of the leather gag that had become a part of me.

The dogs in the surrounding cages grew restless, their howls and barks a cacophony that seemed to echo the tumultuous storm of emotions within me. The man broke the kiss, his eyes gleaming with a dark satisfaction as he surveyed the scene before him. "You're going to breed with all of them, Emma," he said, his voice a soft promise that sent a shiver down my spine. "Every single one of them will claim you, fill you with their seed, and make you theirs." The words should have horrified me, but instead, they sent a thrill through my body that had me panting and writhing against Apollo. The man's hand on my clit grew more demanding, his fingers working me with a precision that had me teetering on the edge of a second climax.

Apollo's knot swelled and retreated, the sensation an exquisite mix of pain and pleasure that had my mind reeling. The man leaned in, his breath hot against my skin as he whispered, "You will learn to love this, to beg for it." His words were a dark promise, a siren's call that I found myself desperately wanting to answer. The dogs outside the chamber grew more insistent, their cries a symphony of lust that seemed to resonate with the core of my being. I could feel my resolve slipping away, the lines between fear and desire blurring into an intoxicating haze. The man's hand never left my clit, the relentless pressure building until I could no longer fight the inevitable. With a scream that was muffled by the gag, I came again, my body shaking with the force of it.

The man chuckled, a sound that was more animalistic than human, as he watched me squirm under Apollo. "Such a good little bitch," he praised, his hand stroking my cheek. "But we're not done yet." He moved to the side, revealing another door that led into the room. From the shadows emerged a second dog, a golden retriever with a cock that was already standing at attention, watching me with hungry eyes. My heart raced, the terror and excitement intertwining until I could hardly tell them apart. "This is Zeus," the man said, his voice a low rumble of approval. "He's eager to meet you."

Zeus padded over to the table, his tail wagging eagerly as he took in the sight before him. The man unbuckled the gag from my mouth, the leather sticky with my saliva. "Beg for it," he ordered, his eyes gleaming with malicious intent. "Beg for Zeus to take your ass." My mouth opened, the words foreign and yet somehow fitting as they tumbled out. "Please, Zeus," I whimpered, "please take me."

The golden retriever's tongue lolled out of his mouth, his eyes never leaving mine as he positioned himself behind me.

The man's hand was slick with something cold and thick, and I felt it pressing against my tight anus. I tensed, the idea of something so large pushing into me there making my stomach clench with fear. But the man was relentless, his fingers working the lubricant into my body with a slow, deliberate care that was almost gentle. He leaned over, his mouth at my ear as he whispered, "You're going to take it, Emma. You're going to take it all."

Zeus's breath was hot on the back of my neck, his cock nudging against my now lubed opening. The man's hand guided him, the tip of the dog's cock pushing insistently, stretching me open. The pain was sharp, a burning sensation that had me crying out, but the man's firm grip on my hip kept me in place. His voice was a low murmur, soothing and demanding all at once. "Take it, pet. Take Zeus's cock. Show me what a good girl you are." The pressure grew, the pain becoming a part of me, until with a pop, the head of Zeus's cock breached my anal ring.

A scream tore from my throat, raw and unbridled, as the dog's cock pushed deeper. My body clenched around him, desperately trying to keep him out, but it was a futile effort. The man chuckled, his grip on my hip tightening as he whispered, "That's it, take it all. You're doing so well." The tears streamed down my face, mixing with the sweat that coated my body as I was forced to accept this new violation. But as Zeus pushed further, the pain began to give way to something else. A strange, intense pleasure that made me arch my back, pushing against him despite the fear.

The man watched, his eyes gleaming with a perverse delight as Zeus took his time, savouring the feel of my tight hole stretching around his girth. His fingers dug into my hip, his other hand reaching around to play with my clit, the twin sensations of pleasure and pain making my head spin. "Look at you," he murmured, his voice thick with lust. "Such a good little slut, taking it up the ass." His words were a dark benediction, a twisted mantra that seemed to echo through the room. I could feel my body responding, my ass clenching and releasing around the dog's cock in a rhythm that was both terrifying and exhilarating.

Zeus's knot began to swell, the pressure unbearable as the man's thumb worked my clit in time with the dog's thrusts. The room grew hazy around the edges, my world narrowing to the sensation of being claimed by two creatures at once. "You're going to take his knot," the man said, his voice a low growl. "You're going to love it." And as the words left his mouth, the knot pushed its way into me, the pain so intense it was almost spiritual. I screamed, my body trying to reject the intrusion, but the man was there, his hand on my clit, his voice in my ear, guiding me through the storm. "Relax, pet. Let him in." The pressure grew until I thought I would split in two, and then, with a pop that seemed to echo through my very soul, Zeus's knot was seated deep within me, the connection complete.

The man's hand didn't stop, his thumb circling my clit with a brutal precision that had me panting and moaning. "Again," he demanded, his eyes never leaving my face as I writhed beneath the weight of the two animals. "Come for me, Emma. Show me how much you love being a whore for these beasts." And with those words, something within me snapped. The pain and fear and humiliation coalesced into a white-hot need that consumed me. My body tensed, my muscles tightening around Apollo's cock and Zeus's knot, and then I was coming, my pussy clenching around the dog's cock, my ass squeezing Zeus's knot as the pleasure ripped through me.

The room was a blur of sound and sensation, the barks and growls of the dogs outside the chamber melding with the wet slapping of flesh on flesh and the ragged sounds of my own breathing. Zeus's cock pumped into me, filling me with his seed as he claimed my ass, the knot swelling even more,

locking him in place. I could feel the heat of his cum, the pulse of his orgasm deep within me, and it sent me spiralling into another climax, my body bucking and twitching as I rode the wave of pleasure. The man leaned in, his teeth grazing my neck as he whispered, "You're mine now. You're a part of this world."

When Zeus's knot finally began to shrink, the man stepped back, a look of smug satisfaction on his face. He unclipped the leash from my collar, and the dog pulled out with a wet pop that had me gasping. The pain was intense, a reminder of my new reality, but it was quickly forgotten as the man took the bowl of water and the cloth from the table beside us. He dipped the cloth into the water, the liquid cool against my burning flesh as he began to clean me. He was almost gentle, wiping away the evidence of my degradation with a tenderness that made me feel like a cherished pet. His eyes never left mine, the intensity of his gaze making me feel more exposed than the act itself.

When he was done, he helped me to my feet, the chains jangling as I stumbled. My legs were shaky, my body still pulsing with the aftershocks of my forced submission. He led me back to my cage, the journey a blur of metal bars and leering dogs. The cold floor of the cage was a stark contrast to the warmth of the padded table, and I curled into a ball, the chains clanking as I moved. The man placed a water bowl and another bowl of food before me, the smell making my stomach growl despite the recent abuse. "Rest up, pet," he said, his voice a dark caress. "You've got a full night ahead of you."

The barking grew louder as the door to the kennel slammed shut, leaving me alone with my thoughts and the echoes of the night's events. I lapped at the water, the coolness soothing my dry, aching throat. The food was simple, a mix of dry kibble and raw meat, but it tasted like ambrosia to my starving body. I ate greedily, the sound of my chewing mingling with the cacophony of the other animals. As I swallowed the last bite, I felt the weight of exhaustion settle over me, my eyes growing heavy.

But sleep was elusive, the images of Apollo and Zeus replaying in my mind, their knots claiming me in the most primal of ways. I couldn't ignore the thrill that shot through me every time I thought of them, the way their fur had felt against my skin, the heat of their breath as they took me. My body ached in places I didn't know could ache, my muscles protesting the unnatural stretching and pounding they had endured. And yet, I felt alive, more alive than I ever had before.

As the hours dragged on, the adrenaline began to wear off, and the reality of my situation settled in. I was a plaything for these monsters, a vessel for their twisted desires. But even as fear crept back into my heart, so too did the need for more. The need to be used, to be filled, to be claimed. It was a craving that I didn't understand, but it was there, pulsing through me like a heartbeat.