

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



"You look absolutely stunning tonight, darling," said a silver-haired man in an impeccable suit, his gaze lingering on the young woman in the red dress. She giggled, spinning around to show off the fabric that clung to her like a second skin.

"Thanks, Uncle Rohit," she replied, her cheeks flushing with excitement. Vritti had always enjoyed the way his eyes devoured her, even though she knew it was wrong. He was her father's age, yet he made her feel like the most desired woman in the room.

Rohit stepped closer, his hand resting on the small of her back. He leaned in, his breath hot on her ear. "I have a surprise for you, something to make this night even more memorable." He guided her through the crowded party, his grip firm and possessive.

They reached a dimly lit room, the walls adorned with velvet drapes and the faint scent of musk in the air. Vritti's heart raced as she took in the sight of a large four-poster bed, the silk sheets rumpled and inviting. "What is this?" she whispered, her voice trembling with anticipation.

Rohit chuckled darkly. "This, my dear, is where I will show you a world beyond your wildest dreams." He produced a small vial from his pocket, the glint of white powder within catching the light. "This will make you feel like you're floating, like every sensation is amplified."

Vritti's eyes widened, a mix of fear and excitement coursing through her veins. She had heard whispers of his wild lifestyle, but this was more than she had ever imagined. Yet, she was drawn to the danger, the thrill of the unknown. She nodded, her curiosity piqued.

Rohit's smile grew as he led her to the bed, pushing her down gently onto the soft mattress. His strong, calloused hands untied the knot at her neck, letting the dress fall away from her body, revealing her perky breasts and shaved pussy. He leaned over her, his cock already straining against his pants, and whispered, "You're going to be my little whore, aren't you?"

Vritti felt a jolt of excitement at the crude words. She nodded, her voice a mere breath. Rohit took a pinch of the white powder and held it to her nose. She inhaled sharply, the bitter taste filling her senses. Her eyes watered, and her heart raced as she felt a rush of energy and heat flood through her body. The room spun, and she lay back, her limbs feeling weightless.

Rohit wasted no time stripping off his clothes, revealing his muscular frame and thick cock. He straddled her, his weight pressing her into the mattress. He took another pinch of the cocaine and held it to her nose. "Again," he demanded, his eyes gleaming with excitement. She obeyed, eager for the intense rush to consume her.

With a growl of desire, Rohit grabbed her wrists and secured them to the bedpost with a pair of silk ties. Vritti's eyes went wide with a mix of panic and excitement as he did the same to her ankles. The room spun even more, the edges of her vision blurring. He leaned down and kissed her deeply, his tongue exploring her mouth as his hands roamed over her body, leaving a trail of fire wherever they touched.

Rohit took a moment to appreciate his work, his gaze lingering on Vritti's bound form. Her tits heaved with every breath she took, her nipples hard and begging for his touch. He pinched one, eliciting a gasp from her. "You're so fucking perfect," he murmured before moving lower to kiss and bite her neck.

He trailed his kisses down to her chest, taking one nipple into his mouth and sucking hard. Vritti

arched her back, a moan escaping her lips. Rohit's hand found her pussy, already wet and ready for him. He slid two fingers inside, feeling her tightness clench around him. He began to pump them in and out, his thumb circling her clit.

Vritti's body responded instinctively, her hips bucking against his hand. The cocaine had heightened her senses, making every touch feel more intense. She could feel her orgasm building, a coil of pleasure in her belly that grew tighter and tighter. "Please," she whimpered, her eyes rolling back in her head.

Rohit chuckled, his teeth grazing her nipple. "Not yet, my slut." He removed his fingers and slid his cock into her wet pussy instead, the sensation of fullness making her scream. He began to fuck her slowly, his strokes deep and deliberate. With every thrust, she felt herself slipping further under his control.

The room was spinning, the drugs and desire mixing in a whirlwind of pleasure and pain. Vritti's body felt like it was on fire, her pussy tightening around Rohit's cock as she approached climax. His hands tightened around her wrists, his grip unyielding. She could feel the power he had over her, and it only made her wetter.

"Beg for it," he ordered, his voice gruff and commanding. "Beg for me to make you cum, you little slut."

Vritti's breath hitched, the word 'slut' rolling off his tongue sending shockwaves through her body. It was degrading, but she found herself craving more. "Please, Rohit," she moaned, her voice raw with need. "Please, make me cum."

He leaned down, his breath hot on her face. "That's it, beg for it like the dirty little whore you are." He increased his pace, his dick hammering into her with a force that made her body shake.

Vritti's eyes snapped open, and she stared up at him, her voice strained with lust. "Please, Rohit, please let me cum. I need it."

He leaned closer, his eyes piercing hers. "What do you need?"

"I need... I need you to make me cum," she whimpered, her voice thick with desire.

Rohit's smirk grew wider, his grip on her wrists tightening. "Good girl," he murmured, his hips moving faster. He knew she was close, could feel her pussy tightening around his cock. He reached down with his free hand and pinched her clit, the sudden pain mixing with the pleasure of his thrusts.

Vritti's eyes rolled back in her head, and she screamed as her orgasm hit her like a freight train. Her body convulsed, her pussy gripping him like a vise. Rohit groaned, feeling the warmth of her release coating his cock. He didn't stop, though, not until she was begging him to let her rest.

Finally, he pulled out, his cock glistening with her juices. He grabbed her face, forcing her to look at him as he whispered, "You're mine now." He leaned in and claimed her mouth, his tongue invading her, tasting the sweetness of her submission.

Vritti's eyes were hazy, her body still trembling with the aftershocks of her orgasm. She nodded, lost in the haze of lust and cocaine. "Yours," she murmured, the word barely audible.

Rohit grinned, his eyes gleaming with victory. He knew he had her now. He pulled away from the

kiss and stood, his cock still hard and demanding. "I've got something else in mind for you," he said, his voice low and seductive. He opened a drawer beside the bed, revealing an assortment of sex toys and whips.

Vritti's eyes widened as he pulled out a thick leather collar with a shiny ring attached to it. He approached her again, his movements deliberate and predatory. "You're going to wear this, and every time you see it, you're going to remember who you belong to," he told her, his tone leaving no room for argument.

With surprising gentleness, he fastened the collar around her neck, the cool metal sending a thrill through her. Rohit stepped back, admiring the way the leather contrasted with her fair skin.

Rohit stepped back, his cock still hard. He reached into the drawer again, pulling out a leather whip. Vritti's eyes widened with fear and excitement. He cracked it once in the air, the sound echoing through the room. "Now, we're going to play a game," he said, a sadistic smile playing on his lips. "You're going to count for me, and every time you make a mistake, I'm going to whip you."

Vritti's heart raced as she nodded, her body still trembling from the intense orgasm. The fear added to her arousal, and she found herself eager to see how far she could push her limits. Rohit began to whip her, starting with gentle strokes that left red lines across her skin. She counted, her voice shaking with each impact.

As the strokes grew harder, she found it increasingly difficult to focus. The pain was intense, but it mingled with the residual pleasure from the cocaine and the orgasm. She could feel her pussy getting wetter, her body betraying her with every count. Rohit's smile grew wider as he watched her, his eyes filled with a hunger that only seemed to grow with every gasp and whimper she made.

Vritti's voice grew hoarse as the whipping continued. Rohit's strokes were precise, each one landing on a different part of her body, leaving no inch untouched by the stinging leather. Her breasts, her stomach, her thighs - all felt the bite of the whip. And yet, she didn't want it to stop. She counted, her voice breaking with each number, the pain pushing her closer and closer to another orgasm.

Rohit could see the desire in her eyes, the way they glittered with a mix of agony and ecstasy. He knew she was his, that she loved every moment of this depraved play. He raised the whip again, bringing it down on the soft flesh of her inner thigh, just shy of her pussy. She yelped, her body jolting with the unexpected intensity.

"One," she gasped, her voice strained.

The whip landed on her left thigh, the sting sending a jolt of pain through her body. She bit her lip, focusing on the task at hand. Rohit's eyes never left hers as he brought the whip down again.

"Two," she whispered, the pain making her voice raspy.

Rohit's strokes grew more severe, the whip cracking against her skin with a sound that seemed to fill the room. Her body was a canvas of red lines, each one a testament to her submission. Vritti's breathing grew erratic, her eyes never leaving Rohit's as she counted, her voice a mix of pain and pleasure.

"Three," she moaned, her pussy clenching around the emptiness.

Rohit's smile grew more sadistic with each count, the whip leaving a trail of fire across her skin. The pain was exquisite, a symphony of sensation that danced with the cocaine-induced euphoria. Vritti

felt alive in a way she never had before.

The fourth strike hit her across her breasts, the leather biting into her soft flesh. "Four," she managed to squeak out, the pain making her nipples tighten into hard peaks. Rohit leaned in, licking the sweat from her neck, whispering, "Good girl, you're doing so well." His voice was a mix of praise and possession, a heady blend that made her crave more.

Her counting grew more difficult as the whip rained down on her, each lash a delicious torment that made her squirm and beg for mercy. But she didn't dare miss a beat, the fear of Rohit's displeasure fueling her determination. She felt the sting of the whip across her ass, the leather leaving a fiery trail in its wake. "Five," she gasped, her body arching against the restraints.

Rohit's eyes gleamed with excitement as he watched her struggle, the sound of the whip and her desperate gasps music to his ears. He knew he had her, that she was his to do with as he wished. He brought the whip down across her stomach, the crack echoing through the room.

"Six," Vritti managed to get out, her voice barely above a whisper. The pain was intense, but it was the edge she needed to push herself further. She could feel the beginnings of another orgasm building, her body responding to the mix of pain and pleasure in a way that was almost overwhelming.

Rohit's strokes grew more deliberate, aiming for the most sensitive spots on her body. She could feel the wetness between her legs, her pussy begging for attention. The whip lashed her skin, leaving behind a trail of fire, and she counted, her voice hoarse and trembling.

"Seven," she whispered, the pain in her voice unmistakable. Rohit paused, his eyes raking over her body. He took a deep breath, savoring the scent of her arousal mixed with the leather of the whip. He leaned down, his teeth grazing her collarbone, and whispered, "You're doing so good, slut."

Her breath hitched as he brought the whip down again, this time across her breasts. "Eight," she moaned, the word torn from her throat as the leather met her sensitive skin. Rohit's strokes grew more erratic, driven by his own desire. He could feel his own orgasm approaching, his cock standing at full attention.

"Nine," Vritti gasped, her voice barely audible. The whip landed on her pussy, the sting making her body convulse. She felt a tear slide down her cheek, but it was a tear of ecstasy, not pain. Rohit's eyes narrowed, his hand moving to his cock.

"Ten," she whispered, her body shaking with the effort to hold back another orgasm. Rohit tossed the whip aside, his hand moving to unbuckle the collar around her neck. She watched him, her eyes pleading for more. He leaned down, his breath hot against her ear.

"You're mine," he said, his voice a dark promise. "Always remember that."

With a swift movement, Rohit slammed into her again, his dick filling her to the brim. Vritti's eyes rolled back in her head as he began to fuck her with an intensity that left her breathless. Her body was his playground, and he knew exactly how to push her buttons. The pain from the whipping had transformed into a deep, pulsing ache that only made the pleasure more intense.

Her pussy clenched around him, her walls tightening as she approached another climax. Rohit grabbed her hips, holding her in place as he pounded into her. His teeth sank into her shoulder, the bite of pain sending her over the edge. She screamed, her body shaking with the power of her release. Rohit's orgasm followed, his cum flooding her pussy as he claimed her once more.

They lay there for a moment, both panting and spent, their bodies entwined. Vritti's skin was sticky with sweat and cum, the sting of the whip still present, a stark contrast to the gentle caress of Rohit's fingers as they trailed over her skin. She looked up at him, her eyes filled with love and devotion.

Rohit leaned down and kissed her softly, his tongue tracing the path of the tears on her cheeks. "You're mine," he murmured, his voice filled with tenderness. "My beautiful, submissive slut."

Vritti nodded, her eyes never leaving his. The collar felt like a brand, a mark of her belonging. The pain had become a part of her, a constant reminder of the power she held over him. Rohit pulled out of her, his cock glistening with her cum. He stood up, his eyes never leaving hers, and offered her a hand.

As she took it, she felt the sting of the whip's kisses on her skin, each line a testament to her submission. Rohit led her to the floor, positioning her on her knees. He sat in a chair, his cock still erect and demanding. "Now, slut," he said, his voice still thick with lust, "it's time for your reward." Rohit handed her a small bag of cocaine. "Take some," he said with a wicked smile. "It'll make the taste of cum sweeter." Vritti inhaled the cocaine in good quantity.

Once the room was clean, Rohit helped her to her feet. He led her to the bathroom, where he turned on the shower and guided her inside. The hot water cascaded over them as he soaped her up, his hands moving over her body with a possessive thoroughness that made her pussy throb anew. She leaned into his touch, her body craving his dominance, his control.

They stepped out of the shower, and Rohit towed her off, his eyes lingering on the red marks from the whip. He kissed each one tenderly, his affection for her in stark contrast to the harshness of their earlier play. Vritti felt cherished, her heart swelling with love and submission.

Rohit led her to the bedroom, where a set of fresh lingerie lay on the bed. "Put these on," he said, his voice still laced with authority. She slipped into the sheer black panties and bra, the material clinging to her curves and highlighting her bruised skin. She felt beautifully marked, a canvas of their twisted love.

As she dressed, Rohit pulled out a new set of restraints, more intricate than the ropes they'd used before. He fastened them around her wrists and ankles, the cold metal biting into her skin. He attached them to the four corners of the bed, leaving her spread eagle, vulnerable and exposed.

Vritti's heart raced with a mix of fear and excitement. Rohit's eyes roved over her, his hunger unmistakable. He reached into the drawer again, pulling out a riding crop. The leather was smooth and supple in his hand, and he traced it along her body, watching as she shivered with anticipation.

He straddled her, the tip of the crop hovering just above her clit. "I'm going to fuck you with this," he said, his voice low and full of promise. "And you're going to love it."

Vritti's eyes widened with excitement, her pussy already slick with anticipation. Rohit didn't disappoint. He began to rub the crop against her clit, the leather a strange and thrilling sensation against her sensitive flesh. She moaned, arching her back, her body begging for more.

Rohit leaned down, his mouth close to her ear. "You're going to scream for me," he whispered, the promise in his voice sending shivers down her spine. He brought the crop down, the leather striking her clit with surprising force. Vritti's eyes rolled back in her head, a scream escaping her lips. The pain was intense, but it only served to heighten her arousal.

He began to flick the crop against her clit in a rhythmic pattern, the sting melding with the pleasure

until she could no longer differentiate the two. Her body writhed beneath him, her hips bucking up to meet each strike. "Yes," she moaned, her voice desperate and needy. "More, please, more."

Rohit chuckled, his eyes gleaming with satisfaction. He leaned down and kissed her, his tongue probing her mouth, tasting himself on her lips. "As you wish," he murmured before moving the crop away from her clit and sliding it into her pussy. He worked it in and out, the leather sliding easily with her copious wetness.

Vritti's moans grew louder as Rohit fucked her with the crop, the sensation foreign yet incredibly erotic. Each stroke sent waves of pleasure rippling through her body, making her ache for more. Rohit reached up, tweaking her nipples, rolling them between his thumb and forefinger until she was panting. The pain was a delicious contrast to the pleasure, pushing her closer and closer to the edge.

Withdrawing the crop, he replaced it with his cock, plunging deep into her soaking wet pussy. He began to fuck her with a ferocity that took her breath away, the metal of the restraints digging into her skin as she tried to pull away from the pain, only to find herself pushed back into it by her own desperate need for release. Her pussy clenched around him, the leather imprints on her skin a reminder of her submission.

Vritti's cries grew louder, filling the room as Rohit pounded into her, his hips slapping against her ass. She could feel herself getting closer and closer to the precipice, her body taut with tension. And then, with one final, brutal thrust, she was over the edge, her orgasm ripping through her like a storm.

Rohit didn't stop, his strokes growing even more frenzied as he chased his own release. Vritti's body convulsed around him, her pussy gripping his cock like a vice. He could feel his orgasm building, the pressure in his balls growing until it was almost unbearable. With a roar, he came, his cum spurting into her, mixing with the juices that coated her inner walls.

They lay there, panting, their bodies sticky with sweat and cum. Rohit leaned down, kissing her tenderly, the sharpness of their earlier play replaced with a softness that was just as intoxicating. He unbuckled the restraints, his hands gentle on her bruised skin. She moaned as the blood rushed back into her limbs, the pain a sweet reminder of the power dynamics at play.

He pulled her into his arms, cradling her against his chest. Vritti felt a warmth spread through her, a feeling of belonging she hadn't known before. Rohit's heart thudded against her ear, a comforting rhythm that lulled her into a doze. As she drifted off, she felt a strange sense of peace, knowing she was his, utterly and completely.

The party's noises grew distant as sleep claimed her. The music's bass thrummed through the floorboards, a muffled reminder of the depraved world outside their room. The laughter and chatter of the guests, the clink of glasses, and the occasional shout grew faint whispers that danced around the edges of her consciousness. Yet, all she could focus on was Rohit's warmth, his scent, and the lingering sting of the whip's kisses.

Rohit, ever attentive, watched her drift off, his eyes lingering on her bruised and flushed skin. A twisted smile curled his lips as he thought of what was to come. He rose from the bed, his cock still semi-erect, the scent of their passion heavy in the air. He crossed the room, his eyes scanning the shadows before landing on Ace's cage.

The dog inside whimpered, recognizing his master's intent. Rohit unlocked the cage door, and Ace, a sleek Doberman, padded out on silent feet. His nose twitched as he caught the scent of cum, his eyes locked on Vritti's sleeping form. Rohit stepped aside, his hand resting on Ace's head, guiding him to the bed.

Ace's tongue touched Vritti's inner thigh, the coldness of it making her jump. She moaned in her sleep, her legs parting slightly. Rohit chuckled, stroking the animal's back. "Good boy," he murmured, watching as Ace took the invitation. The dog's tongue traveled higher, finding her swollen pussy. He began to lick, his tongue long and rough, his movements eager.

Vritti stirred, a low moan escaping her as the sensation grew from a faint tickle to a delicious ache. Her eyes fluttered open to find Rohit watching her, a wicked smile on his face. "What's happening?" she murmured, her voice thick with sleep and lust.

"Your reward," he said, his voice a dark promise.

Rohit handed her the small bag of cocaine again. "Take some," he said with a wicked smile. "It'll make the taste of his cum sweeter." Vritti inhaled the cocaine in good quantity before gulping down one third of a bottle of whiskey. Vritti revelled in the kick she got from the concoction of Cocaine and Whiskey. She felt horny like never before.

Vritti's eyes went wide as the dog's warm, wet tongue lapped at her slit, her sleep-addled mind taking a moment to process the sensation. The cocaine haze still lingered, making her reality feel like a dream. She felt Rohit's hand on the back of her thigh, his grip firm as he held her in place. Ace's tongue grew more insistent, the roughness of his tongue sending sparks of pleasure through her body.

Rohit leaned over her, a fresh line of cocaine laid out on the back of his hand. "Inhale," he whispered, his breath warm on her cheek. She obeyed, her nose flaring as the drug hit her bloodstream, sending a rush of energy straight to her clit. The world sharpened into focus, the sensations heightened to an almost unbearable level.

Vritti's eyes rolled back in her head, her moans growing louder as Ace's tongue delved deeper into her. The dog's enthusiastic licking sent jolts of pleasure through her body, making her pussy clench and her toes curl. The cocktail of pain, pleasure, and adrenaline was intoxicating, a high that no drug could match.

Rohit reached for the camera on the nightstand, his own excitement palpable. He turned it on and began filming the lewd scene playing out before him. The red light blinked in the dark room, casting an eerie glow over Vritti's sweat-slicked body. She looked up at him, her eyes glazed with lust, her lips parted in a silent plea for more.

Ace's lapping grew more insistent, his tongue moving with a rhythm that matched the racing beat of Vritti's heart. She could feel another orgasm building, her body responding to the animal's ministrations with a fervor she hadn't known was possible. Rohit leaned in closer, capturing every twitch and tremble on camera, his own cock growing hard again at the sight of her degradation.

"Ace," he said, his voice low and commanding. "Fuck her."

The Doberman didn't need any more encouragement. He moved his body into position, his cock thick and erect. Vritti felt a surge of fear mingled with excitement as the dog's snout nudged against her pussy, his tongue lapping at her sensitive folds one final time before he began to thrust. She had never felt anything like it before, the size and texture of the animal's cock unlike any human lover's.

Her body stretched to accommodate the intrusion, her muscles clenching around the unyielding girth. The pain was sharp and intense, but the cocaine's haze had her floating on a cloud of pleasure, turning the discomfort into something thrillingly perverse. Rohit's hand remained on her thigh, his grip firm, his eyes never leaving hers. He whispered sweet nothings in her ear, praising her for her bravery, for being such a good slut.

Ace's knot grew, swelling until it was the size of a fist. His thrusts grew shorter, his hips jerking



erratically as he approached his climax. Vritti could feel the pressure building within her, the sensation of fullness growing unbearable. She whimpered, her eyes pleading with Rohit. "Please," she gasped, "I can't... it's too much."

Rohit's smile was cold, his eyes gleaming with excitement. "Take it," he said, his voice a low growl. "You're mine. You'll take whatever I give you."

Ace's knot grew larger, the pressure against Vritti's swollen pussy becoming almost unbearable. She could feel the dog's muscles tensing, his breath hot against her thigh as he pushed harder. With a final, desperate thrust, he forced the knot inside her, the sensation making her scream with a mix of pain and pleasure. The room spun as she felt herself stretched to the breaking point.

Rohit watched, his cock throbbing with excitement as Vritti's body responded to the animal's rough use. She bucked beneath Ace, her orgasm building like a crescendo, her eyes wide with shock and arousal. He knew this was a moment she would never forget, a moment that would etch itself into her soul as a testament to her submission.

The knot inside her grew, stretching her until she could feel every inch of the dog's cock. Ace's grunts grew louder, his hips jerking as he approached his own climax. Vritti's whimpers grew in intensity, her breaths coming in short, desperate gasps. Rohit leaned down, whispering in her ear, his words a dark mantra that only served to fuel the fire burning within her.

"That's it, baby," he crooned. "Take it all. You're such a good girl, letting Ace use you like this."

Vritti's eyes rolled back in her head as Ace's thrusts grew more urgent. She could feel her pussy stretching, the pressure building as he filled her with his cum. Each spurt sent a bolt of white-hot pleasure through her body, making her toes curl and her muscles clench around him. The knot inside her grew, swelling until it was a tight, pulsing ball that sent waves of ecstasy through her.

Her orgasm crashed over her like a tsunami, stealing her breath and making her body tremble uncontrollably. Rohit's hand remained on her thigh, his eyes never leaving the camera as he captured every second of her degradation. The room was a cacophony of sounds – her moans, Ace's grunts, and the wet slaps of skin on skin.

As Ace's knot retreated, the sudden release sent shock waves of pleasure through her body, making her vision swim. She could feel the warmth of the dog's cum filling her, the sensation of it leaking out around Ace's cock as he pulled away. Vritti's eyes rolled back in her head, and she felt the darkness closing in around her.

Rohit's hand was suddenly on her face, his grip firm but not painful. "Look at me," he ordered. She forced her eyes open, focusing on his face as he leaned over her, a look of fierce pride in his eyes. "Good girl. Now, you need to clean up your mess."

Her gaze fell to Ace, who was now panting heavily, his cock still wet with her juices. The knot had deflated, leaving his member glistening in the dim light. Rohit's voice was firm, his words cutting through the fog of her post-orgasmic bliss. "You're going to suck him clean, aren't you?"

Vritti nodded, her body still trembling. He released the final strap, and she felt the cold metal of the restraints fall away from her wrists. The sudden freedom sent a shiver through her body, but the thrill of serving Rohit's desires was stronger. She slid off the bed, her legs wobbly. Ace looked at her, his tongue lolling out of his mouth, the picture of canine satisfaction.

Her knees hit the floor with a soft thud, and she leaned in, her eyes never leaving Rohit's. His gaze

held hers as she took Ace's cock in her hand, feeling the sticky warmth of his cum against her palm. She brought the tip to her mouth, her tongue darting out to lick away the excess. The taste was foreign, musky and faintly metallic, but it only served to remind her of her submission.

Rohit's hand remained on her head, his grip firm as he guided her. She took the length of the dog's cock into her mouth, her tongue working to clean off every trace of their encounter. The leather of the collar was still around her neck, a stark reminder of her role as his submissive. Vritti moaned around Ace's cock, her mouth watering as she tasted herself on him.

The act of cleaning Ace was both humiliating and exhilarating. Each pass of her tongue brought her closer to Rohit's approval, which was the only thing she craved. His eyes never left hers, watching her with a hunger that made her pussy throb. She felt his power over her, his ability to make her do things she never thought she would. Yet, she loved it.

When she had finished, Rohit leaned down and whispered, "Good girl," his voice a gentle caress that sent shivers down her spine. He took Ace by the collar and led him back to his cage, the dog's eyes still locked on Vritti with a mix of lust and satisfaction. The click of the lock was final, a reminder that she was still in the room, still at Rohit's mercy.

Rohit returned to the bed, his gaze raking over her body, still trembling with the aftershocks of her intense orgasm. He grabbed a towel and gently wiped away the cum that coated her thighs and pussy, his touch almost tender in the aftermath of their depraved act. Vritti watched him, her chest heaving, her eyes never leaving his. The power he held over her was intoxicating, a heady mix of fear and desire.

He reached into the drawer beside the bed and pulled out a length of chain. Attaching it to the ring on her collar, he gave it a firm tug. "Up," he said, his voice a low growl that sent a thrill through her. She rose unsteadily to her feet, the metal cold against her skin. The chain was heavy, a constant reminder of her submission.

Rohit wrapped the chain around his fist, his grip unyielding as he led her from the room. Vritti could feel the eyes of the partygoers on her, a mix of envy and lust as they watched her pass. The cool air of the hallway caressed her naked body, making her nipples peak with arousal. Each step was a declaration of her belonging to him, a public display of her submission.

When they reached the bottom of the stairs, Rohit stopped. He tugged on the chain, forcing her to her knees. "Now, crawl," he said, his voice low and commanding. "Like the good little slut you are."

Vritti's heart raced as she began to crawl, her bruised knees scraping against the plush carpet. The living room was indeed the epicenter of debauchery. Wealthy men and women lounged on expensive furniture, their eyes glazed with lust and intoxication. The air was thick with the smell of fine whiskey and the bitter tang of cocaine. Naked women danced and writhed for their pleasure, their bodies glistening with sweat and oil. The room was a tableau of excess and depravity, a place where money could buy any perversion imaginable.

Rohit led her to the large TV screen, his grip on the chain never wavering. He pressed a button, and the screen flickered to life, displaying the graphic images of Vritti and Ace in their intimate embrace. Gasps and murmurs of approval filled the room as the video played. She could see herself, legs spread and begging, a look of desperate ecstasy on her face. The sight of her own degradation made her stomach churn, yet her pussy grew wetter.

Shagoon, his sister-in-law, sailed through the room, her movements as graceful as a snake. She held a silver tray laden with lines of cocaine, offering them to the guests with a knowing smile. Her eyes

met Vritti's briefly, the glint of malicious glee in them sending a shiver down her spine. The woman had always had a sadistic streak, and Rohit knew it. He had chosen her to be the auctioneer for this very reason.

The partygoers eagerly took part, their greed and desire for the high as palpable as the sexual tension in the air. They snorted the powder with gusto, their eyes glinting with anticipation as they watched Vritti kneel before Rohit. He knew she was the star of the evening, the prize everyone wanted to claim. His hand tightened on the chain, his cock already swelling at the thought of watching her being used by his friends.

Shagoon circled the room with a tray of cocaine, her eyes gleaming as she offered it to the guests. They took the lines with trembling hands, eager for the rush that would push them further into the depths of their depraved desires. The air grew thick with the sound of sniffs and the rustle of money changing hands as the anticipation grew.

Rohit stepped in front of Vritti, his eyes sweeping over the room. He held the chain taut, a proud smile on his face as he announced, "Gentlemen, let's begin the auction for this exquisite slut." His voice was smooth, like fine whiskey, carrying an underlying current of power and dominance. "She will be yours for a week, to do with and use as your perverse minds deem fit."

The room grew hushed, the only sound the crackling fire in the hearth and the occasional clink of an ice cube in a tumbler. The men and women, all rich and powerful in their own right, leaned forward, their eyes ravenous as they took in the sight of Vritti. Her submission was a spectacle, a testament to Rohit's mastery over her. They had seen her capabilities on the screen, her willingness to be degraded and used in the most animalistic of ways, and they were eager to experience it for themselves.

The bidding began, the air thick with greed and lust as the guests called out their offers. Rohit's smile grew wider with each bid, his eyes never leaving Vritti's. She stared back at him, her expression a mix of fear and excitement. The collar around her neck was a stark reminder of her status, her body a canvas for their depravity.

The highest bidder with a bid of 80,00,000 Rs (Almost a hundred thousand US Dollars) was a fat ugly man in his early sixties and his trophy wife of 28 Years, their faces flushed with victory. Their eyes raked over Vritti's trembling form, and she felt a cold shiver of anticipation. Rohit handed the chain to him, and she was led away by her new masters for the week. The room faded behind her, the cheers and jeers of the crowd echoing in her ear...