

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



This is a true story as related to me by a now wiser and possibly less confident young woman; it's a condemnation of the male sex. This is a story of brutal rape and humiliation.

"ARE YOU FRIGGIN' READY YET?" My live in boyfriend's voice came booming up the stairs.

"Won't be long hon. Just got to find my shoes and I'll be there.", I yelled back. Thinking to myself, "If I hadn't had to waste time finding your goddamned shirt, and those goofball socks that you insist on wearing, I'd have been ready ages before you." As I walked down the stairs, he was standing at the bottom looking up towards me.

"What in the hell do yuh think ya look like? You're dressed like a 2 dollar ho."

Now I know I wasn't dressed like a nun, but no way was I dressed like a whore. Jesus H. Christ going to hell in a hand basket! Only six months ago, when we'd first started going out; this was how dumbass used to like me to look. So what was his current malfunction anyway?

I had on a dress made of thin cotton, cut low on the bosom, with the hemline about six inches above the knee. After all, it was summer and the temperature was sky high, so I didn't want to wear pantyhose or stockings. Besides, my legs had a nice tan and the hem wasn't so short that my thong underwear would show. So, I was dressed a happy medium, pleased that I was going to attract attention, but without seeming too slutty. Or, so I had thought.

On the way from our place to the roadhouse the fight that began on the stairs only got worse, and we were both really going at each other. To tell the truth this was not unusual lately, we had gotten to a stage in our relationship where bickering had become the normal start to an evening. But we'd usually end those same nights fucking, and swearing our undying love for each other. Better than a 2 minute quickie, followed by a peck on the lips, and 5 hours of loud snores.

As we walked into the honkytonk his parting comment was, "If you're going to listen to that shit eating band that's up to you, I'm gonna be playing pool with the guys." We were regulars at this roadhouse; and this going our own ways had become our usual routine. He joined his pals at the pool tables, and I sat ignored at the bar watching the band. Or, so it seemed.

As you walked into this place, to the left was a stage for the bands, with a small area kept clear for dancing. To the right was an area where all the pool tables were, and in the middle people sat drinking at the bar. I made my way around to the side where the band was already playing on stage. I hauled my sweet cheeks up on a tall bar stool and ordered a drink. And for the next half hour that's where I sat, oblivious to anything except the band. A couple of guys wanted to dance, but I wasn't in the mood after the fight with my boyfriend, so I just said, "no thanks."

The band finished playing and went off for their break, and some generic recorded music took their place. Using this slack time, I slid down from the stool and walked around to the pool table area of the roadhouse. Most of the stools lining the bar on that side were taken, but there was still one available, so I settled in and ordered another drink.

Now, there's one other thing to know about this bar, it is a haunt of two separate crowds of regulars that don't get along well. One group's from a town about 10 miles north. It's an old, mostly played out mining town surrounded by hilly land now taken over by ranchers. The other group is mainly made up of people from a small farming town to the south; this is the bunch my boyfriend and I belong to.

It is not unusual to have a fight break out at sometime during the night, and when this does happen the entire establishment divides into two brawling gangs, all fighting for the sake of fighting, if you ask me.

So, I would normally have found a stool near the pool tables usually occupied by my boyfriend's crew, and if there weren't a stool open, I'd have gone and hung by where he was playing. But tonight, still being a little pissed at him, and there being no open stool near their tables, I sat at the bar alongside the tables of the opposing crowd.

This didn't present any problem at first, and as I nursed my drink I noticed the buckle on this one guy's belt. It was really bitchin', a big sculptured buckle. It had a naked girl lying on her back on top of a Harley, legs up in the air, and a naked guy fucking her. Without realizing it, every time this guy turned around, I was looking to see just how detailed this buckle was.

Then I decided I needed to pee, so I asked the bartender to hold my seat, and I went to the can. As I was walking back, I'd just reached my stool, when this belt buckle guy smashed the cue ball into the pack on a break. As the ball broke the pack it ricocheted off the table and landed on the floor at my feet. By reflex I stooped down to pick it up, and in stooping my knees parted some, not that anyone could see anything, unless they were at floor level.

As I was about to pick up the ball, a large hand wrapped itself around mine holding me still for a second. This guy with the buckle had dived onto the floor to retrieve his ball and was on his knees in between my legs.

"Thut's a niiiice li'l puss ya got there, kin ah pet it?" He said with a wicked grin on his face. "No you can't, you disgusting perv. And let go of my hand.", I snapped.

He kept a tight hold of my hand, preventing me from standing up.

"Ya know yuh want me. Ya been givin' me thuh cum n' git it look all night long, staring at my dick."

"Let me go. I wouldn't fuck you, if you were the last guy alive; I was only looking at your buckle."

"Yeh! Ah bet. Thut's like me sayin' ah'm lookin' at yer thong. But we both know damn well ah'm lookin' to see how much coochie yer showin'. Yew might have bin lookin' at muh buckle, but yew were shure as hell thinkin' 'bout mah dick."

"Don't flatter yourself, if you use your dick as well as you use the pool cue, you wouldn't be worth fucking."

"Yew fucking be-atch. Air yew sayin' I cain't shoot pool?"

"You can't play for shit; my bitch hound plays better pool than you. I could kick your ass six ways from Sunday without even trying."

"Yew cock teasers er all thuh same; yer flashin' yer beaver and shootin' off yer big mouth. But air ya gonna back it up with a bet?"

"Like what?"

"Muh belt 'gainst yer cunt."

"What are you offering?"

"Ah win and yew cum out to muh truck. Then ah'll fuck thet l'il twat a yorn."

"And if I win?"

"Don' wurry none 'bout thet, thut won' happen."

"But if I win, I get your belt?"

"Nooo weey Ho-say lady. Thut ther' belt cost me sum big bucks."

"So what's a matter big bad chicken shit, you're scared you'll lose it to a woman?"

"Ok lady yer own. But yer gonna git thuh fuckin' of yer life wunce this here game is over."

"Don't be too sure; if I was you I'd start asking around to see if anyone's got any twine. 'Cause you'll need something to hold your pants up with sooner n' you think."

With that a new table was racked up, the previous game he'd just started was left to one side. All the guys around were from his crew, and they all cottoned on to what had been taking place between us. By this time there was quite a crowd hanging at the table, and the shit was flying fast and furious in my direction.

They were all being crude, mostly yacking monotonously that they thought I'd get smoked, then fucked. I had only taken on this poser galoot because I knew I could beat him, and anyway, he'd really pissed me off, so I wanted to take him down a notch or two. Besides, he wore fake alligator cowboy boots—don't you just hate that?

The game would have been easy, too, except for his stooges all around the table. Since they had the back area surrounded, nobody from outside this group could see anything they were up to. Every time I bent forward I'd get some jerk running his hand up the inside of my leg, this made me miss a few easy shots. As a result in no time this lame ass had taken the lead, with five balls sunk to my one.

I knew if I lost that there was no way I'd get out of there without this neanderthal porking my snatch. I was also pretty sure his bottom feeder homies would come along to check it out, so things were getting kinda desperate. I was about to make a shot and as I leaned forward, I felt a hand on the inside of my knee, and it was sliding up my inner thigh.

Without batting an eyelash, I swung around suddenly, turning the stick around in my hands like some kendo master and whacking the guy who was feeling me. I landed a very hard shot to his upper arm, knocking him sideways. Then, I stood there with my back against the table holding the stick reversed like a club in a threatening manner.

They all started ragging on me with shit like: "Go ahead l'il gal give us yer best shot, 'cause yew'll only get wun." I knew I couldn't win this kind of fight.

So I said, "Now look here you motha fuckahs, I'll make y'all a deal. You leave me alone to play this game fair and square, and if I lose, you can all have a piece of the action. But if any one of you so much as breathes on me before this game's over, then all bets are off and I'm gonna scream rape at the top of my lungs."

Surprisingly one big wrangler said, "Ok fellas give thuh l'il lady sum space; she's earned thuh right to prove herseff. Enyway, Burt will soon have this here game in the bag, so whut's ar rush?"

With that the game continued. From all the comments that were whizzin' by me, I was having trouble keeping my mind on the game. It got to red line pitch when mr. macho got a run of luck and sunk all his solid colors, leaving him only the 8 ball for the game. On my side, I still had six stripes plus the 8 ball if I wanted to leave without a bigtime fucking from a scuzball and likely worse.

I gotta tell you...by this point I was beginning to thoroughly regret shooting off my big mouth. So I took a deep breath to calm myself and thought carefully. For sure, my boyfriend would be wondering where I was by now. But then, the more I thought about it, the more I knew he wouldn't come looking for me tonight. It would be more than his pride could stand. He'd sooner hire a hooker for the night before he'd lower himself to come find me to say he was sorry. No, if I was going to get out of this mess, I was going to have to do it all by myself.

With that thought, I told myself to block out all my stupid thoughts, and remember how my ol' daddy had taught me to play pool. I gathered up all my concentration, and it worked. Next shot, the ball went in. It hadn't been a hard shot, but it was exactly what I needed for shape to set me up. The next shot was a simple bump and stop with no english, and that one went in, too. Next came a shot that many would find tough. As I lined it up and took aim, it was as if the assholes around me had all got lockjaw. It was quiet as a church on offering pledge Sunday.

I slid the stick over the bridge I'd made with my left hand. Zap, the cue ball just missed the intervening ball with the help of some well-delivered left back spin. The cue ball curved around the table clipping the fourteen ball and it spiraled gently into the pocket. I was definitely on a roll, the next two shots were no problem. Now one more ball and I would be even up with the shitkicker cowpoke.

Ouch! On second look, this was another awkward shot coming up, but I knew I could make it. I had to. Again, I shut off the outside world from my mind, and I could feel my daddy's hand on mine guiding the direction of my stick. In my head I could hear him whispering in my ear as he pressed close up behind me, and I could almost feel his hard prick that he would always push against my ass.

You see, my ol' daddy had inadvertently prepared me for this kind of situation beginning when I was knee high to a grasshopper. He used to stand behind me, at first with me standing on an orange crate, with his long arms wrapped around me. His hands would be guiding mine on the stick. He'd be explaining the technical details about how to make a shot, while at the same time sliding his fat prick up and down my butt crack on the outside of my skirt. After many years of this, I'd learned how to block out this kind of distraction, and concentrate on the game. With a tiny click as the balls made contact, the last of my striped balls went in. Whoooooh!

Now with only the 8 ball to go, I could hear the shit storm start up again. But now the shoe was on the other foot, they were zinging this guy Burt. Everyone was saying things like: "If this one falls, the next thing to fall will be your pants." And there was quite a bit of horseplay and acting out, but it was Burt not me getting the brunt of it.

I called the far side pocket and got up to the edge of the table and leaned as far forward as I could possibly reach. To get the control I needed with the dead on angle into the side pocket and not leave my ass waving in the breeze I had to lift one leg up onto the edge of the table. I leaned forward again, and a hand took hold of my crotch. I tried to react by bouncing back upright, but his other hand pressed firmly down in the middle of my back. I tried stabbing backwards with the butt of my stick, but he had stood to my left side and I was powerless to do anything.

He leaned over and whispered in my ear. I recognized the voice of the big man who'd stepped in and calmed the situation down earlier; I figured him to be the ramrod of this crew. He was gently

squeezing my twat, his fingertips sliding into my crotch, rubbing my cunt crack.

"Go ahead bitch sink this wun an' yew cain have his belt. I'm jest gettin' a quick feel, cuz it looks like yer gonna whup 'im." I couldn't stop this dude, and he was working my clit with an expert action, so I knew I'd soon lose all concentration.

What could I do? Against all odds I made one last determined effort to block out what he was doing while I still could, letting him have unrestricted access, and not wasting time fighting him off. I lined up my cue and smacked that cue ball...higher and much harder than I'd intended. As soon as I made contact with the ball, I knew I was gonna blow that shot. The cue ball cracked against the 8 way too hard and sent it zinging at the pocket, where it crashed against the back of the pocket and bounced back out over the cup lip and back across the table. My heart sank. Oh shit!

My thoughts now were where will it stop? Will I have left an easy shot for Burt? The very next instant my cue ball, which on impact had gone lickity-split in the opposite direction to the 8 no doubt to scratch, had instead also rebounded hard off the back of the pocket underneath me, and gone back to collide with the 8 once again.

And now, recoiling from a second impact with the cue ball the 8 ball rolled slowly back towards the pocket that I'd originally aimed for. Only, it got slower and agonizingly slower and as it got to the lip of the pocket it appeared to stop, then abruptly dropped in and disappeared. Ooh Lordy! What were the odds against that? Better lucky than good, my ol' daddy always said. The gasp of disbelief from the gang gathered around filled the air.

But although I'd won the game, I was still being held over the table, and this guy was working my clit something fierce. Now as I said, they had the area well screened off with their bodies, so only they could see my predicament. And now I'd made my shot, so I could no longer block out the signals that were coming from my clit. This guy rolled me over on my back and slid me along the table; I can remember someone taking the stick from my hand. I can also remember saying.

"Please no. Don't do this. You're not being fair. I won." But my pleas fell on deaf ears, and I was too far gone to struggle or protest. My legs were wide open, and I knew I was pushing down on the table with my feet, lifting my crotch up and down as he pushed his fingers deep up my pussy.

When he rammed his fingers into me, I lifted pushing my hungry cunt hard against him. The rest of the guys all stood around watching. Soon, I was flopping up and down and cumming. His mouth clamped itself onto my pussy and he started drinking my cum as he supported my hips with his hands.

While I laid there still semi-conscious, other hands were all rubbing and feeling around my crotch. As I came back to earth I tried to sit up, but was pushed back down by Burt's hand on my chest.

"Not sew fast li'l ladee ah want mah turn," he said. I was once again surprised by the big guy, grabbing Burt's hand and pulling him off me.

"What dew yew think yer dewing? She whupped yew fair and squar'," and with that he pulled Burt out of the way. He gave me his hand, and said, "Doan jest lay thur gal, git up own yer feet an' collect yer winnin's, yew certainly deeserve tuh." Getting helped up, I walked wobbily across to where Burt was standing.

The big guy was glaring at Burt, which I'm sure was the only reason he stood still. I undid his sexy buckle and slid the belt out of the loops on his jeans. I wrapped it around the outside of my dress, buckled it up and let it slip down onto my hips. Finally, I couldn't resist one last dig. "Thanks for the

game cowpuncher, but if I were you, next time I'd pick on a girl from grade school." With that, I pushed my way through the circle of men, and re-took my seat at the bar.

I'd just had my twat fingered and my carpet munched, so I hadn't got away with it scot-free. But that didn't stop me from sitting there like the cat that had just swallowed the canary. I had a big smug-assed grin on my face, and I was already thinking how I'd taught that poser a lesson...never to underestimate women.

The guys had mostly got back to their games on different tables, but Burt was with three or four guys all huddled together. I thought maybe he was licking his wounds from the humiliation I'd just given him. So, I turned back towards the bar and continued drinking, and humming away to the music as the band had begun again. I was just musing to myself whether to move to the other side of the bar to watch the band better.

Suddenly, the music stopped and the lights went out, the whole place was plunged into pitch black darkness. All hell broke loose among the panicked bar patrons. At that very instant, I was grabbed with two arms tight around my body hauling me from the stool, and a hand being clamped around my mouth. I fought them and struggled for all I was worth, but it was no good.

Soon we were outside, and I was hustled across the parking lot to a large van.

There was a guy running ahead of us, and he had opened the big sliding side door. I was thrown inside, landing hard on the floor. At least ten men crowded their way in, and the door was slammed shut. Immediately, the sound system fired up and the music blasted out loud enough to make anyone deaf. Even if I'd screamed my lungs out, I couldn't have been heard over the music. The van started moving and we were all soon accelerating like a bat out o' hell down the road.

Within minutes we had stopped, and so did the music. Burt walked up to me and he was the first to speak.

"Ok ladee we're far away frum whair enywun kin hear yew now, so ef yew want to scream yew'd best git it over with. Cuz it ain't gonna help yew eny...OK. Yew know who's giving thuh orders now. Ah want yew tuh stan' up."

I did as he asked, there was no point in being awkward. I stood there in front of him. "Reckon ah'll have muh belt back now." Once again although I'd won the belt fair and square, it was pointless resisting. So without a word of protest, I undid the belt. I reached out my hand to give it back to him.

"Yew took it off. Yew cain put it back own." Meekly I went across and threaded it through the loops around the top of his jeans, and started to fasten the buckle.

"Doan bother dewing thet up darlin'; yew cain start unfastenin' muh fly. Yew said ma pants would cum down, an' now yew're goin' to be proved right."

One thing I haven't mentioned yet was that from the time I stood up in the van there was one guy flashing away with a camera, every time I moved he took a picture of me. Now, I was really in a fix, and a fucking was almost a done deal.

I figured why get hell beat out of me, too. I might just as well do what they want and get it over with. I knelt down in front of him and undid his jeans, lowering them down and lifting his prick out of his pants. I stroked it and pulled gently, and then put my mouth to work, soon getting him to full erection. By now, I was being undressed by guys from all angles. My tits were being sucked, and my cunt was being squeezed.

They laid me on the floor and Burt mounted me pushing his fat prick hard up inside my pussy. He jammed it in being as brutal as he could. Since my hole was still wet from the big guy's fingering, Burt slid in easily, and in different circumstances, I might have loved it.

He only fucked me for about a minute, and when he could tell this wasn't hurting me, he pulled out and lifted my legs high, presenting my ass at a better angle to his prong. My poor pussy had already been working overtime, due to being savagely fingered, so while he'd been fucking my cunt, my juices built up from before had been running out and down across my asshole.

Realizing that would get him by my tight starfish, he rammed his now wet and slimy prick up into my hershey highway, hoping to make me scream. But coated with my thick cunt juice his johnson slid up kinda easily, and he had no choice left but to start fucking. He'd hardly got started before someone was shouting something at him.

"Come own Burt, we all want a turn at her. Yew cain see she's taking that wiener dick o' yorn too damn easy. Yew get own yer back an' we'll lower her ownto yew, thet wey ah can ram her hot cunt. With two at wunce, we'll see ef she still finds thut a turn-own."

With that Burt pulled out, two guys grabbed my legs, and two more grabbed my arms. They hauled me up in the air, still facing up. Burt got on the floor on his back and I was lowered down so he could get his prick stuck deep into my now stretched brown pucker.

Burt then took hold of my arms holding me down, not that it was necessary; I had decided resistance wasn't an option. Now the guy who'd told Burt that he wanted a turn in my twat was getting into position. He forced his prick up my slot, and he like Burt was certainly not using any finesse. He rammed his somewhat larger shaft in as if he were trying to be as brutal as possible.

Now I'm not a slut, and I'd never before had more than one man at a time. But I do like sex, and I've never found but one man up to now, that ever gave me more than I could take.

On the contrary, I usually lay there after sex wishing my partner would suddenly get a new lease on life and fuck me again like he really meant it. So, although these guys appeared to be trying to be rough, the only thing at all uncomfortable so far was the unaccustomed stretching I was getting, because I'd never up until that time experienced two men at the same time. Yet, after the initial light pain, even this double team approach began to press all the right buttons, and the harder they banged away, the more I liked it.

Guys were pushing pricks to my mouth from both sides, and I was sucking them all in turn. Other guys were sucking on my nipples, and the whole experience just became something else. Suddenly, it was like being a kid at your birthday party, with all your favorite foods along with presents, too. In the process, I had lost all sense of shame or inhibitions. As the guy up my velvet tunnel was ready to cum, he pulled out and shot it all over my face.

While he was doing that, someone else took his place and my sweet puss was once again hot into some action. Now this went on for at least an hour, and I came more times than I can remember. I had jizz shot up my ass, my twat, and down my throat. All the guys had had their turn, some were going at it more than once. The guy with the camera only stopped taking pictures while he was having his turn at me. How many pictures he'd taken I don't know, but it must have been quite a few.

Eventually, with limp dicks all around, they'd had all they wanted of me, and I was told not to be such a pig-headed bitch again, or they'd give me another hardass gangbang. Although what these needle-dicked motherfuckers knew about hardcore gangbanging was an unsolved mystery to me.

First time out, I could easily see them for the empty frauds they all were.

Whatever...the truck started up and we were moving again. While we drove, I cleaned myself up with some tissues and wipes, and got dressed, but they kept my thong as a souvenir. The truck barely stopped and I was shoved out the door like a sack of yesterday's garbage. The door slammed and off they raced back down the road.

I realized that I was back in the parking lot behind the roadhouse. Peeling myself off the pavement, dirty but unhurt, I went in through a back door. I made my way straight to the ladies room, to check myself over. When I got done with all I could do to straighten myself up, I made my way back to the main bar, where I found my boyfriend still playing pool.

As soon as he saw me, he threw down his stick and stormed towards me at full speed. As he reached me, he grabbed my arm half dragging me through the bar and out into one of the hallways, away from the main crowd.

"What in the fuckin' hell have you been doin'? It's all over the saloon that you put your furry little snatch up for a bet. Well...is it true?"

"It wasn't like that."

"Wasn't like what? Ya either did, or ya didn't, they also reckon that yuh won that porno belt that guy wears. Well...did ya?"

"Well yes, I did."

"Ya did. Fucking aye, I'll bet that pissed him off. I can't wait to see his face when he sees me wearing it. Where is it?"

"That's what I was trying to tell you."

"What the sam hill are ya saying gal? You've either got the belt, or ya don't !"

"Yes, I won it. But when the lights went out, they took me out to their van and they raped me."

"And the belt?"

"They took that back."

"Those lowdown cheatin' bastards. That belt wuz worth a small fortune."

"Didn't you hear what I said? They gang raped me! And all you can think about is that fucking belt!?"

"Well I've goddamned told ya hundreds of times, yuh dress like a ho, an' what the hell can yuh expect. But if yuh won that belt, the shitheel sombitches have no right to steal it back. Still and all, I don't think its worth starting a donnybrook over, it was too damned fancy anyway."

"So you're not going to do anything about me being raped?"

"What's to do? It's over and done with now, and ya don't look any the worse for wear. I wouldn't mind betting yuh friggin' egged them on anyway. I'm going back to finish my game. I'll see yuh when its time to go home. It's still a goddamned shame about that belt, I'd have liked to wear that, just to see his face."

With that he turned and went back into the pool room. What could I do, I went back into the bar, hauled my well-fucked ass up onto a stool, got a drink, and listened to the band. Sitting there I was very conscious of people looking at me, and I assumed they had all heard about my bet, and that was what they were talking about. But with all eyes on me, it was more than difficult, knowing that I had no panties on and my every move perched on the tall bar stool was precarious.

Nevertheless, I sat there up on display till my boyfriend came back at the end of the evening to take me home.

That evening his total concern was apparently confined to the loss of the belt that he now considered was rightfully his. Go figure. You'd have thought that he'd won the son of a bitch himself. My rape was not even mentioned again, and he still had his usual fuck before going to sleep. Too bad I hadn't caught cooties to give him.

The next day as he took off for work, he was still griping about losing that motherfucking belt. When I asked what time he'd be home, he said, "Doan'no, I'm goin' straight to the roadhouse after work with the crew, I'll see ya down there."

"I'll see ya when you get home. I'll give the bar scene a break for tonight; I've got housework to catch up on."

"Suit yourself. See ya when I get back.", and just like that he was long gone. Self-centered prick, but what else is new?", I thought.

I went to work that morning as usual. Some of the guys there had heard about my bet. They were all jabbing me about my cutting this guy from Craigsville down to size, and I didn't correct them by telling them how he'd raped me. I figured under the circumstances, the less people that knew, the better.

When I got home from work I set to get all the washing into the machine, and then do general tidying up and cleaning. By 8:00 I was plumb tuckered out, but our place now looked more like a home than a bomb site. I went upstairs to take a shower, and thought I'd slip into a nightie, get into bed, and watch a movie. I'd just walked out of the shower, into the bedroom, when I could see some headlights coming up our driveway.

That driveway was maybe about 100 yards long, and led to an area in front of the house big enough to park up to somewhere around 10 pickups. The headlights coming up our driveway were from not one, but from a convoy of trucks and vans, as it turned out. The leading one I recognized as my boyfriend's truck, but there were at least six more trucks following him.

The first thing that came to mind was that damned belt. I thought even though he'd said it wasn't worth starting a war over, like most men he'd changed his mind. Six or seven trucks meant at least twenty plus guys. He'd obviously rounded up the whole crew together. It was unusual for all the guys to be out like this, it must be some special event.

He'd pissed and moaned about the loss of 'his' belt, maybe until it had become a major pride issue. Could be that he was now coming home to collect his baseball bat, or even worse his .357!

As the trucks all screeched to a stop, I'd expected him to jump out and come running in for whatever weapons he'd decided on using. Instead, as I looked out, all the guys were getting out of their trucks, and heading for the house. This got my attention, and for a moment I wondered what the hell was happening, but I didn't have long to wait to find out.

I heard the front door open, and the boyfriend shout. "Where are you honey?"

"I'm upstairs, give me a minute to get dressed and I'll be down."

"Don't bother, we're coming up."

"But honey, I'm not dressed for guests. Just give me a few seconds."

But I could hear them all clumping up the stairs, and the general atmosphere told me that they were already sloshed with booze.

I ran towards the bedroom door with the intention of locking it. My boyfriend got to the door before me, punching it open, and storming in followed by all his friends. As he walked over in front of me, he held out his hand with what looked like a spread-out pack of cards. He threw them in the air and they floated down like confetti.

Without picking one up, I could tell instantly that they were photos of me from the night before.

"So you were raped, were ya? Do these look like someone whose being raped?"

"But..."

"But nothing. Yewww fuckin' slut. Yuh're just a fuckin' ho. You fuckin' asked for everythin' you got, and ya went along with the dirty bastards. Yeww let them fuck yew every way possible, an' then went back fer more. Well, we'rre gonna teach you a fuckin' lesson yuh won't forgit in a hurry. If yew think yuh got fucked last night, then yuh'd better think again, cuz tonight yer gonna get a real fuckin'." He drunkenly slurred his words so the redneck twang came out. In those same words there was also an anger and fierceness that twisted his face and spread into his pained bloodshot eyes that I'd never seen before.

Now as I have said about the previous night, I knew I couldn't stop them, and there was no point in getting a beating. It was for sure and for certain I was going to get fucked that night, so I just went along with it. There was another thing that my ol' daddy had taught me that applied here; he'd always said for every situation, you can make it either a positive or a negative. Along those lines sometimes the best policy is simply to shut up and play the hand you're dealt the best you can even if you're holding shitty cards.

This practical attitude had gotten me through the previous night's ordeal, without it becoming a major trauma. It looked like this next night would be no better, so I resigned myself to going along with the action.

They looked as though they too were going to make sure they got a visual record of all the action at my expense. There were two guys with video cameras, and one guy taking stills. I stood there with just my bath robe on. I was totally naked underneath.

"Git that shit suckin' robe off, and git yourself up on the bed with yore legs spread wide," came the instruction from my now ex-boyfriend really feeling his firewater now. With a shrug, I unfastened the belt that was tied around my waist, and dropped the bath robe straight to the floor.

I calmly walked across to the bed, climbed into the middle, and laid back with my legs bent high and spread wide open. As soon as my legs went up, there was near riot. The men lunged in from all around the bed. Like the previous night's experience, they showed no sign of love or romance. They were out to abuse hell out of me, and abuse they did.

The details of what happened when, or what happened first, are all a blur. But there were over 20 men, and I was fucked relentlessly for the next 3 solid hours. They delighted in shooting their cum in my face, and I dutifully sucked cocks one right after another the entire time I was being fucked. At one point they took turns pumping their slimy cream into a glass until they'd filled it about half way. When they gave it to me. I didn't need a roadmap. I immediately drank it down in one long swallow, without having to be forced.

Some of the men started leaving, while others were still banging away at my well used hole. I even noticed one or two additional men arriving well-after the whole thing had started. When they had all finished, there were about 10 men still sitting around talking. At that time, the dogs in one of the guy's trucks parked in the yard were disturbed by some of the other guys leaving. The fella whose dogs were barking went to the window and yelled for them to shut up.

This simple action must have suggested a new idea to another guy's hooch fogged brain. I saw him make a sudden bee-line for where my ex was sitting and say something I couldn't hear. After that my ex got up and said, "Hal, go get a coupla your dawgs and bring them in here. Their always tryin' to hump ma leg when we're out huntin'. Let's see what they can do with this bitch. We ain't gonna have use for her again, so it don't matter if they fuck her up, or not."

I realized right then in spite of my natural shock, smart gal that I am, that he was really going to get those dogs upstairs to fuck ...me! But, as before, I decided resistance was futile.

In truth, I'd seen pictures of girls with dogs, and had always wondered what it would feel like. I was soon going to find out up close and very personally, as these big hunting dogs came bounding into the bedroom. I was yanked up from the bed, and slapped down on the floor on my hands and knees. As soon as I was down, both dogs had their tongues lapping around my swollen cum dripping pussy, and the first dog was mounting me in mere seconds. His pointy prick stabbed all around the tops of my legs, and more by luck than judgment it found its target, and up my twat he went.

There seemed no thickness to the prick at first, but rapidly it grew in length and diameter. He was soon completely filling my cunt. His pace was rapid, and the feeling was surprisingly good—once I got over what was fucking me. Just to be on the safe side, I did my best not to show how much I liked it.

Within a minute, I could feel his big knot pressing hard against my tunnel. My vagina automatically reacted by opening up and in it popped, sorta like pushing a cork into a bottle neck and having it slip inside. Once he was in, he fucked me for all he was worth. It was heaven, and I'd blocked out of my mind the audience watching and let this animal take his pleasure however he wanted. He came inside me at least five times—I counted—before his knot eventually slipped out.

After that happened I was ready to fall to the floor and rest, but dog number two had other ideas and was mounting up as soon as dog number one dropped out. The experience was unreal; I just let myself go and didn't bother anymore what they thought of me. Piss on all of them. That was the best fucking I'd ever experienced. Stud puppy 2 came up inside me at least seven times I think—I was beyond counting by then. As his knot and prick slid out, I slumped to the floor lying on my side.

While I was sprawled down there dog number one sidled across and started licking the tops of my legs. Not bothered about the audience, I lifted my leg up out of the way giving him renewed access to my now gaping twat, which he licked at furiously. Not only did this rev my engines, but it put some juice in the dog as well, and he soon stood straddled over me trying to hump, and his dick was sticking out of its sheath.

I arched my back, resting on my shoulders and feet, lifting only my hips up towards his jerking penis. His nice cock found my pussy, and we were soon merrily fucking once again. This was unbelievable. It was difficult to keep myself arched up for his dick to reach. But still, in this position, he fucked me and came three more times. After that, I just lay still with both dogs still licking me.

As some of the guys were about to leave, one decided he'd piss all over me as a final insult, and this led to at least six others doing the same.

The last of the men left at about 2:00 in the morning, at which point my ex, gathered all my clothes out of the closets, and threw them and everything else I owned out of the window. He said I was lucky he wasn't throwing me out with them. He said I could sleep downstairs in the kitchen with the dogs, but to make sure I'd left his house before he got up.

I did sleep a while with our dogs. But even though the three dogs we had were bitches, they all took turns licking my pussy. By the time he'd gotten up I was ancient history-sold my car for cash and was riding the bus with all I could carry to the next state.

This experience didn't do me any lasting sexual harm. But it demonstrates that if a man can't wear you as jewelry, to show off to others, then he can't stand anyone else having you. In that case, he'll even go so far as to want to destroy you.

It's now some years later. Don't you worry about this kid. My ol' daddy taught me to be a true survivor. Today I am far away from anyone who knew me back when, happily married to a loving man, with four kids, and still occasionally get stared at by men. Thank you very much.

But, I have no illusions left even about my loving husband. Because now I know the boundaries that a woman dares not cross, if she wants to keep her man happy. Remember ladies: It's not enough to be cleverer than the man, to beat any and all of them in the game of life you also need to be wiser, and that wisdom unfortunately only comes with hard won experience.

By the way, does anybody know where I can get a good deal on a well-trained male dog to keep me feeling well looked after on my long lonely jogs through the woods?

END

Just in case any one is feeling worried about what effect that kind of experience would have on the mental state of the poor young lady. I can assure you that the above was pure fiction, and not based on any real person or place.