

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter 1. - The Summons

When she found the note someone had managed to tuck un-noticed into her pocket as she was shopping, Jill felt alarmed; it was him again! Sipping coffee in a nearby café she read it carefully. The one who she thought of only as the Man wanted her again. Anxiety swept over her and she had to fight to regain calm. She told herself he wouldn't hurt her; he had always let her go again, hadn't he?

It had begun nearly two years before, when Jill had been abducted on her way to a girl's night out. She had been dragged off the street with bewildering speed and force by an unseen attacker. The man had pulled her backwards by her hair, into a derelict shop. He was very strong and she was too afraid to resist. He had covered her eyes with a soft blindfold and warned her that she must never see his face. Her wrists had been held behind her back while he used thin cord to tie her thumbs together. She had caught only a brief glimpse, of his lower body, naked but for a t-shirt and work boots! The sight had shocked her; muscular thighs and legs topped by greying pubic hair and a thick, semi-erect uncircumcised penis whose large head seemed to be peeping from its hood of skin. From his voice she knew he was not a young man. He gave her orders in a terse matter of fact way, which she soon learned to obey without delay. Her early reluctance was punished immediately; he slapped her face hard and warned that when she was naked he would do the same to her breasts, a promise which he soon carried out. She cried but he told her he always carried out his threats and she learned not to displease him.

In that stinking old building the terrified young woman was stripped and led around the room, as if being paraded. She was made to suck the penis she had seen briefly and then raped. He had even fucked her arsehole, something she had allowed her ex-husband Mark and her boyfriends to do only rarely and then by just entering the head of the penis. The man had had some difficulty opening her tiny anus, but with the liberal application of some sort of lubricant and much effort (and a good deal of suffering for the woman) he had managed to go in up to the balls.

Jill had cried and begged for mercy but he showed neither sympathy nor irritation with her whining. Instead he had continued with each stage of her abuse coolly and methodically.

The session ended after four long hours of pain and shame. She was allowed to lie on the hard floor until she felt strong enough to stand and dress herself. The blindfold was pulled off and she saw the man was wearing a full head mask and coveralls. He passed her a towel and told her to get cleaned up and then get the fuck home. She had not been allowed to keep her knickers.

Although shocked and distressed she was not injured and since her husband was away at the time no one had seen her dis-dishevelled state. She had told no one about the attack.

Jill had always considered herself a fairly strong person and soon put the memory out of her mind. But the Man had other plans. A few months after the abduction she received some photos in the post. They showed her performing sex acts on an unseen man, not her husband; there was no sign of coercion, it even looked as if she was enjoying it! But it was the letter that came with it that alarmed her more than the photos. It told her that she must submit to him at a time and place to be decided or the pictures would be sent to certain people who she would prefer didn't see them. When a short note arrived with details of a rendezvous and also a list of the items she must wear, she decided to obey. If he wanted to take her by force like before he would have done it. This meant he was not intending her any greater harm, didn't it? Terrified that she would be badly hurt or murdered but hoping he would release her, Jill had kept the engagement.

Dressed as commanded, she had kept the date and had been raped again in much the same way as before. The man had used less violence than before, using her fear of him to obtain her cooperation. Now, though, he was less hurried, having been able to plan better in advance. Again she was released after many hours, without her underwear.

She had been summoned on four occasions since then. Each time the letter arrived she became filled

with nervous excitement, like a girl going on a date with a new boyfriend. The truth was; she had become accustomed to the sex, there was a contradictory sensation of freedom; she was free to indulge in extreme sensuality without any responsibility. He never hurt her very badly and he always released her when he had finished and, she reluctantly admitted to herself, she orgasmed during the performances. His attitude towards her had never softened however, and invariably treated her roughly and with obvious derision and spite. At times she had felt the sensation that a third party was watching or even taking part.

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## **Chapter 2. - The Instructions**

Now, sitting alone in the café, she fought to remain calm. The note was typewritten; the previous ones had been scrawled, almost illegible. The instructions were clear; she must wear a dress, no bra. Suspenders and stockings, but not panties. High heel shoes with ankle straps. Jill was surprised by the “no panties” rule; he had seemed to like tugging them down her legs, then ordering her to step from them. Perhaps he just wanted some variety this time.

She found herself becoming intrigued, excited even by the letter, like a girl receiving a love letter. Don’t be stupid, she told herself, this is a terrorist demand. Today was Monday, he wanted her Wednesday of the same week but she would do it, of course. She always obeyed him.

Wednesday came around. Jill showered and dried her hair, put on a little make-up and dressed as per the instructions, carrying a slim shoulder bag with some cash and her house keys. She left the house at nine a.m. and caught the bus into town. It felt strange, not wearing panties, sort of daring, and the air circulating under her dress felt pleasantly cool on her upper legs. She sat on the lower deck, not wanting anyone to follow her up the stairs and get an eyeful of her naked bottom. The directions led her to a part of town she had never visited. It was run-down and contained mainly derelict buildings. Following the written directions was easy enough and soon she was leaving the busy street and walking through a narrow alleyway, which opened onto a hidden, disused factory yard. High buildings, making it a warm sun trap, surrounded the yard. She was a little perturbed by the change of venue; previously the Man had always specified the same place for her visits. This was an unfamiliar area.

Gathering up her courage, she obeyed the letter and took from her bag the blindfold and a length of thin nylon cord consisting of two loops and a slipknot. Leaving the bag on a windowsill, she took them to the centre of the yard where, after a quick glance around her, she put on the blindfold. Putting her hands behind her back she slipped the loop of the cord over her thumbs, and then pulled her hands slightly apart causing the knot to slide up tight, locking her thumbs together. She was now defenceless.

Jill waited in the warm sunshine, hoping he would come soon; she felt vulnerable and a little foolish standing bound and blindfolded in a rough part of town. The Man had always arrived immediately she was in the required position, but today she seemed to be waiting a long time. Panic began to rise in her belly. Perhaps he wasn’t able to be here; he might have been delayed or had an accident! What would she do if he didn’t come? She began to struggle against the cord; she had to get free, had to get the blindfold off somehow. How would she explain her situation to a passer-by? She must find her way to the wall and try to scrape the blindfold off.

She started to take a couple of tentative steps forward, fearing she would trip, when she heard footsteps. He was here! Relief flooded over her. Thank goodness! Her rapist had not abandoned her! She almost laughed with pleasure.

“See, I told you!” a voice spoke, quietly, “I told you she’d be here!”

“Fuckin’ hell, I’d never have believed it”. A louder, rougher voice, sounding surprised. She didn’t recognize either voice! Who were these men?

“The old fool was telling the truth, after all! And I conned him! I got his woman to hand herself over

to me!"

The voices seemed very close to her. She didn't recognize either of them.

"Please help me!" she cried out, "I've been attacked, please untie me!" Hoping they would believe her.

"No, girl you've not been attacked, not yet anyway. You came here by your own means. You're a volunteer!" Laughter followed.

"Let's see if she followed all the instructions," said the first voice.

A hand lifted her dress above her waist. Around her, unseen eyes took in the view. The large, round, firm bottom. The thick blonde bush of pubic hair. The shapely legs in the pale blue stockings. Then the dress was allowed to fall back.

"Did you see? She's no panties on!"

"Yeh! That means she's a good girl, obedient to the letter."

"How come, Bernie? Surely it's dirty girls wear sussies without knickers?"

"In this case it shows a dirty girl can be a good girl, don't worry about it."

Jill felt a bitter embarrassment that she had allowed some strangers to see her like that. Who were these people?

"Let's move. She stood where I told her to, but we've got to get her out of plain sight now." Her elbow was gripped and she was pulled stumbling, across the yard. She felt a coolness that meant they were in a shady place.

"Let's see her properly, now!" Jill felt her thin shoulder straps snapping and the dress was pulled down her body, sliding to the ground.

"Step out of it!" ordered a voice. When she didn't move a hand slapped her bottom, hard. She obeyed. Someone whistled softly. The young voice made an appreciative comment.

"I want to see her face, properly", said the voice she was becoming accustomed to think of as the leader. The blindfold was pulled off quickly, sunlight causing her to blink myopically at her captors.

She was surprised to see four people surrounding her. Two were men in their twenties, dressed scruffily in identical jeans and t-shirts, with eyes too close together, making them look like halfwits. A man in his fifties or even sixty-ish was standing with, of all things, a midget! The midget had the wrinkled, wizened face of an old man. All of them were staring intensely at her. They saw a woman of medium height, with fair hair and green eyes. Her breasts were full and pointy, the nipples standing out like small fingertips from areolas, which were wide and pink. The woman's shapely legs wore pale blue nylons, held up by a blue satin suspender belt, which fitted snugly across her belly just under the navel. Above the stocking tops, the sun shone on fine golden hairs adorning the skin.

No one spoke for a few moments, as if in awe at the sight of the beautiful captive. It was the older man who broke the silence, "Let's get a move on, before some-one sees us. This way, cunt - move!" he snarled. Jill was guided towards a narrow cobbled street, which led off the yard to a warren of back streets. She could see that, once in there she would have no hope of a passer-by seeing her predicament; she would be lost to the world. Self-preservation and panic made her move. Suddenly she turned and began to run across the cobbled yard, back to the street she had come from. For a moment the group froze, just watching the strange spectacle of Jill's big bottom bouncing as she ran in that comical stumbling short-stepped trot of a woman in high heels. The old one shouted, "Get her, Billy!"

Jill ran as fast as she could manage, her breasts slapping painfully against her rib cage, but she had to get away from these horrible men! She had reached the alleyway; she could see people passing the other end, on the street! Before she could enter the narrow gap, the midget had grabbed her by the arm and swung her around. The man only came up to her elbow but his grip was painfully strong. "Bad cunt!" he hissed and then slapped her bottom three times. "You fat-arsed bitch! Cop that!" As they came back the men laughed to see he was pulling her by her pubic hair.

"Good lad!" called the old one, "you can have a reward for that".

"Can I, Bernie? What reward can I have?" Even though he was obviously an adult it was evident that Billy was retarded; not surprising, coming from a family like this, she thought.

"What would you like," asked the old man.

"Can I put my willie in her mouth?" the man asked shyly, "Now, before the others do it?"

"Okay, but not now, we've got to get going."

"Please, please let me do it now." the voice had begun to wheedle, horribly.

The old man considered for a moment then said, "No, we've got to get her away from here, you'll get a turn with her later." The other two men were waiting, grinning inanely at her. Jill was scared, and angry; how dare these pigs kidnap her and order her around? In normal circumstances she would not give any of them the time of day, they would certainly not get the opportunity to see her naked! But these were not normal circumstances; Jill was in serious trouble.

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Chapter 3 - The Van

The men quickly herded her like a cow to the cobbled side street, making sure she didn't have another opportunity to try to escape. At the end waited a dirty white Transit van, its doors open ready. She knew she was beaten; this was her transport to shame and, possibly, death. With her head bowed and tears running down her cheeks she was pushed in to dark interior. She was forced to sit on a dirty rug with her back against the front bulkhead.

The two weird brothers climbed in the front and Billy and Bertie climbed in the back with Jill. The engine started and the van moved off slowly.

"Where are you taking me?" asked Jill, "please let me go!"

Neither of them answered but Billy said to the old man. "Can I have my reward now, before we get to the farm?"

Bertie said, "Yes, as good time as any for it. Cunt, suck him off!" The misshapen little man jumped to his feet, unzipping his flies as he moved. He pulled his grubby jeans down his bandy legs to his knees and thrust his hips at her face; he wasn't wearing underpants. The woman stared in disgust at the huge, erect cock with its hairy pink balls, which were all out of proportion to the rest of his body. Previously, with her "proper" master she had been blindfolded throughout the entire duration of her abuse. At the time she had thought this made everything worse. Not knowing what her assailant looked like, or where she was or what he was preparing all made her more frightened because her imagination added to her woes. But now, seeing the mad faces of her abductors, seeing as well as smelling the cock thrust at her mouth, seeing down her own body's nakedness were all things she would be glad to be protected from. She could barely bring herself to look at their faces; she wished she had the blindfold to hide behind.

"Do it!" he commanded. Jill didn't move. Bertie told Billy, "Bitches are stupid, Billy. Sometimes they need teaching what to do. But remember this; never tell them twice!" He slapped the woman hard across the face, then again with the backhand. Jill's head snapped back against the bulkhead banging the back of her head painfully.

"She'll have got the message now!" said Bernie. He was right; Jill leaned forward immediately and took Billy's penis into her mouth. It didn't taste too bad, just a coating flavour of piss and sweat and she soon sucked it clean of that. Billy pushed his hips forward and she gagged. He pulled back again and she was able to suck hard. She felt his cock twitch against her cheek, he gasped and jerked back, pulling the knob clear of her lips and a squirt of warm cum shot into her eye and ran down her cheek, making a snail trail.

"Oh! Brilliant, oh that was great!" he gasped.

"Dirty bitch," snarled Bernie, "she loves sucking cock, can't get enough. All right, clean his knob and then he can put it away."

Jill obeyed; she sucked on the end of his penis, removing any drops of the sticky cum still remaining. Roughly, Billy pushed her head away and fastened his pants, disgusted with her and himself for his weakness for her.

The van, which had been moving slowly, with lots of short stops as if for junctions now stopped again, but this time she heard the handbrake being applied. She felt fear grip her again; something was about to happen, and she was not ready for it.

Bernie got up as the van doors were opened from outside by the two brothers. Billy was ordered to stay with the van, in case the traffic wardens came along. "Come on, girl, haircut time". She was guided out, puzzled, they hadn't gone far. She recognized the back street they were in; it provided a narrow access to some of the shops on the towns' main street! As she was ushered through an iron door and up a stairway she thought of the many times she had been this way fully dressed in normal times. The men were all behind her and she was aware of them as they followed looking up at her vagina. She tried to keep her thighs squeezed together.

At the top the stairs shared a landing with a flight of steps, which led down to the front of the building. A door led off the landing, on the glass was sign written, "Barber".

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## **Chapter 4 - Short, Back And Sides?**

The naked woman was ushered into the room. Only Bernie came in with her. The barber, an old man, was sat in a corner drinking tea. He looked up from his newspaper.

"Ahh! She turned up then." he remarked. "And very nice she is, too".

"Yeh, she turned up, she's a dirty bitch though!" said Bernie.

"Oh? How, dirty?"

"Well, you know I told you the old guy said she does everything she's told? Well, she does anything, without being told, she loves it, the bitch!" The barber looked doubtful but seemed impressed all the same.

"So, she just presented herself like that, naked?" he asked.

"No, I've stripped her, but she only had a dress on. 'Course, she thought she was meeting her boyfriend, didn't you luv?"

"So, you want me to shave her, yes? Baby smooth, hmm?"

"That's right. She has to be bald for what we have in store for her."

"Okay then. Put her on the bench." He indicated a tatty, leather covered bench standing against the wall. Bernie moved it out a bit and then positioned Jill on it, pushing her onto her back.

The old barber stropped a cut-throat razor as he spoke. "It's lucky I had no customers when you came in."

"It's all the same to this cunt," said Bernie, "she would just have had an earlier start than expected, that's all. She would just have to take her chances. She's already sucked Billy off!"

"Has she? That well-hung ugly little cunt! Suppose I fuck her in lieu of payment, then, hmm?"

"No chance, nobody fucks it until she's done her turn for us. Now get on with it or the day will have gone before she has the chance to show us what she can do!"

The barber brought a shaving mug with brush and crouched beside her, pulling her knees wide apart. "This will tickle a bit, dear," he told Jill. He whipped up a thick lather and applied it to Jill's pubes with a dabbing motion of the brush. She closed her eyes, embarrassed by the intimacy of this new stranger with her pussy. The man whistled softly as he scraped the razor over her upper thighs, moving slowly towards her vaginal lips. He flicked the razor at the floor occasionally to clear it of the soap and hairs. Jill was terrified he would cut her but he was careful not to.

"So, I gather the old guy told you he was blackmailing this woman for kinky sex then?" he asked Bernie. He was holding her cunt lips together between his fingers; he pulled them outwards so he could get at the nooks and crannies with his razor. Jill felt her internal muscles twitching; she hoped she wouldn't start to respond visibly to this man's ministrations.

"Let's just say I found out about his little game, and decided to move in."

"Hmm. So what have you got planned for her today? She's very pretty, you won't spoil her, will



you?" asked the barber, casually.

"Mind yer own fuckin' business will ya? Just get that snatch shaved and keep yer nose out!" snarled Bernie. The old man continued his work in silence, his eyebrows furrowed as he concentrated on his task. Just then, one of the two brothers came in.

"Bernie, there's a traffic warden in the street, she wants us to move the van! I told her you had the key."

"Ok, I'd better come down with you. We'll take the van round the block a few times and then come back when she's gone. I'll leave this halfwit to keep an eye on the bitch," he told the barber, "I'll be back in about twenty minutes!" He left the room, shutting the door behind him.

The barber had removed all trace of stubble. He dried Jill's skin with a towel.

The halfwit stood staring at the woman until the barber told him, "There's a beer in the fridge in the back room. You can have it if you stay in there 'till I call you back in." The man went off without a word, closing the back room door.

The barber pulled Jill to a sitting position and pulled out his penis. It was thick and only semi-hard. Uncircumcised, it resembled a thick, one-eyed slug. Jill opened her mouth and he put it inside.

Immediately, she felt the penis stiffen. She sucked as hard as she could while the man wanked at its root, it tasted slightly of men's haircream. They knew there wasn't much time before Bernie returned. It became very hard and long. The man wanked vigorously, while thrusting deep into her mouth. He exploded into her throat, hot cum making her cough, forcing it back out through her nose like a gush of white snot. The man pulled out and wiped himself with the towel, then wiped the girl's nose and mouth for her. "You are a good girl aren't you? Do you suck every cock you see?"

"I've learned to be available; I don't want another beating!"

The old man looked at her with some sympathy, "You're having a bad time aren't you girl?"

"Please, tell me; where are they taking me? What will they do, please; I'm scared!" The man didn't answer immediately. He picked up a jar and took off the lid. Scooping out a blob of cream, he began applying it to her now bald pubes.

"All I can say is, you just have to take what they dish out. If you fight back, they'll enjoy it even more. But you are in for a very hectic time, girl!"

At that moment the door opened and Bernie returned.

He looked at Jill's open thighs, the barber gently rubbing the cream into the skin.

"Not finished! What the fuck have you been doing?" he asked.

"Just some skin cream. A little pomade?" he asked, "it's not a stingy one, and it's very soothing".

"Okay, just get it done with." Bernie was obviously feeling very stressed.

"Just finishing her off properly, Bernie. Making her look pretty. All done now."

Bernie pulled her to her feet. Jill asked for a glass of water, "I'm very dry, please let me have a drink."

"Okay, but be quick!" The old man held the glass to her lips and she drank it all in one gulp. Some sloshed down her chest because she couldn't hold the glass. The water rinsed some of the sticky cum that clogged her throat, and she felt better. Bernie took a moment to examine the barber's work and to stroke the bare pussy with the front and back of his hand. He seemed satisfied. "Let's go," he commanded and pushed her out through the door. The halfwit came stumbling from the back, brushing biscuit crumbs from his chest. The others were waiting at the foot of the stairs and formed a screen as she was put back into the van.

Jill was placed on the floor, lying on her left side. Bernie, Billy and one of the two halfwit brothers got in with her. They sat with their backs wedged against the van walls. They watched her in silence; she tried to keep her thighs tight together to stop them seeing her vagina lips. As the van drove to its destination the tension in the van began to increase. Billy was becoming impatient, he kept asking when they would arrive; when could they start with the show? Bernie told him to fuckin' shut up! He sat quietly for a few minutes and moved close to her, looking between her legs. "She's only got a little cunt-hole, Bernie; will she be able to do it with Peter?"

"Got no choice, pal," the man told him, "she's gonna have to. But you're right; she does have a neat

twat. Let's see it properly, cunt!" He gave her a jab in the ribs with his foot. Billy, always eager to torment the helpless woman pulled her ankles apart, rolling her partly onto her back to give the men a better view. Jill lay exposed to them, wondering what they meant as they discussed the size and shape of her cunt lips, its proximity to her anus, the shape of her bottom and other personal details. The conversation lapsed and the only sounds were from the van as it made its way unhurriedly. After a while Bernie checked his watch then said, "Let's start getting her ready. Billy; you can do the right tit. Izzy, you do the left."

He threw each man a thick elastic band and pulled the woman up and sat her on a wooden crate. The dwarf and the half-wit lifted their allotted breast and looped their bands over them, moving them up against her chest so they were tight. Jill cried out as the skin was nipped. Soon, her breasts began to swell and redden. Her nipples became even more erect. "Please don't leave those on; it gets so painful!"

"So you've been tit tied before have you? How come; just a little self-bondism with hubby? Or did the old man like to tie your titties up?"

"The Man does it. He sometimes leaves them on for ages; it's agony when he takes them off. Please take them off!"

"No. They stay on for a little while longer; I want your tits to stand out like cannons and your nipples to stick out like chapel coat-pegs."

The men all laughed at his joke.

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Chapter 5 - Destination?

"Okay cunt, time to earn your keep," said Bernie. He leant her forward while her thumbs were untied. The blood flowing back to her hands caused her some pain. The van began to rock as it left the metalled road for a rough track. After another twenty minutes or so it crossed a cattle-grid and shortly after it came to a sudden stop.

"Do your face up, cunt!" snapped Bernie, handing her the make-up compact from her handbag. In the dimness of the van she used the small mirror to reapply some lipstick and mascara. It was difficult, trying to work, with her breasts sticking out so high. As soon as she had finished she was pulled to her feet and dragged to the rear doors. A moment later the doors were pulled open from the outside and bright sunlight shone down on her as she was pushed out onto the step"

She was surprised to see that it was still early, probably noon.

"Keep your feet wide apart so the boys can see your cunt!" ordered Bernie.

The "boys" were a large gang of rough-looking men standing in a semi-circle. Some drank from beer cans or smoked cigarettes, a few looked as half-witted as the two gormless brothers. A murmur of approval greeted her appearance. An old man in his late sixties pushed to the front of the gang. "Nice looking woman, Bernie. Get her out here and turn her round so we can see the goods."

Jill was pushed forward so she had to jump down the couple of feet to the ground, causing her breasts to bounce pleasingly. Her hands were held out to the sides and she was made to pirouette a couple of times so a clear view of her body was available to all. The old man stroked her belly lovingly, and then dipped to her bald pussy, causing her to flinch.

"Easy girl," laughed the old man, "I'm not going to hurt you. I just want see how smooth you've been made."

"Come on, let's get her on or Peter won't have time to show us half of what he's got!" snapped Bernie with impatience.

Her wrists were grabbed and she was led at a jog across the uneven yard of a derelict looking farm. Her breasts and bottom jiggled to the delight of the men who trotted along to the sides and rear.

She was brought to the centre of the yard where stood a pair of upright metal posts about five feet apart cemented into the earth. A horizontal wooden rail, about four inches in diameter, was fixed

between the posts at waist height and Jill was positioned standing with her belly button pressed against it. The old man was kneeling by her side. "This is my favourite bit!" he said to anyone, "Come on cunty, spread 'em!" Her ankles were pulled apart and tied to the uprights with thin rope. The old man then pushed himself painfully to his feet and moved around to her front where he took her wrists in one hand and placed the loop of another rope over them and tightened the slipknot so it rested between them. He then began to walk backwards slowly, playing out the rope on the ground. At about ten feet he began to pull in the slack until Jill had to hold her arms out in front, then to lean forward. The man, grinning evilly, then pulled hard on the rope, jerking her forward against the rail. When she was leaning well over the rail he began to heave on the rope, pulling her arms out in front until her belly was resting on the rail. He passed the end of the rope through an iron ring set in a slab of concrete in the ground and tied it off. As he worked he gave a continual narrative, describing the procedure to the nearest men. "You see," he was saying, "a woman's body stretches remarkably under such tension as she will be put. The ropes have to be very tightly strung or she will thrash about, possibly damaging herself."

Jill was now stretched over the rail, her head lower than her bottom, her arms out in front, with her breasts hanging down away from her ribcage and her ankles fastened wide apart. She had never felt so exposed in her life!

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## **Chapter 6 - Peter**

As she hung, immobilised with the warm sunshine on her back, the naked woman took a look around her. She couldn't see much, because of the men who surrounded her, blocking her view. They were all enjoying this opportunity to gawp at a bare and helpless woman.

To her dismay, a small misshapen figure approached her, the midget, Billy. He stood in front, gazing at her breasts and belly, his gnomish face only inches from her. She couldn't stand him so close.

"Wont be long now, Blondie," he said in his strange piping voice, "and then it'll be my turn to have you to myself. Just you and me".

"Get away from me, I hate you, you horrid little monster!" she screamed.

The little man's face twisted in anger and humiliation. He lashed out with his hand, slapping first one breast, then the other. He was about to hit her in the face when Bernie grabbed him and pulled him away.

"Not now! Calm down, Billy. Your turn will come later. Just watch the show, get yourself a beer." With a glance of extreme evilness at her the miniature rapist waddled away. Bernie also turned as if to leave.

"Please Bernie, take off the bands; don't leave me like this," she called.

He considered for a moment, then he took a penknife from his pocket and pulled at each band, scratching her both times and cut the rubber bands. They "twanged" against the livid red skin. Then he left, with the air of a man with things to organise.

Her breasts tingled as the blood began to flow again.

Behind her someone was stroking her leg. She tried to look back over her shoulder but found it easier to lower her head down and peer through her dangling breasts and open thighs. The world was upside down but she could see little of what was behind her.

It was the old man who had tied her over the bar. He was gently moving his hand over the skin between her stocking tops and her vagina. Sometimes he used his fingers, sometimes the palm and the back of his hand. His touch felt kind, almost loving. It was the closest she had been to genuine human contact all day. He shocked her momentarily, when he spat onto her vaginal lips! But then he continued his gentle ministrations and the wetness made his touch even smoother.

"Take no notice of that sawn-off little bastard, I'll look after you" he said.

Jill felt her body respond to the soothing voice and touch. Her cunt lips pouted and she felt her juices

begin to flow a little. Oh no, she thought, don't let them see me react like this. Her pussy had always been very sensitive to the touch of a lover, or even just the thought of a man looking at her sex. Despite herself she began to move her bottom to the man's hand, at least within the limits of her bonds. Unseen behind her he sniggered silently to himself. Her wetness began to increase and her cunt-lips twitched as the manipulation continued.

The man crouched and placing his mouth over her vagina began to lick and suck vigorously. To gain further access he used his thumbs to pull her lips apart. She felt as if he would turn her inside out!

The crowd had been watching with interest but now seemed to be distracted by something on the other side of the crowd. A loud murmur began to rise, like at a sports match when the first team comes onto the pitch. Jill wasn't really interested as the old man playing with her cunt held her attention. She saw from the corner of her eye, a gap open in the line of men on her left. Through the gap came Bernie, leading a small donkey. Although the sight meant nothing to her, Jill saw the men were looking at the donkey and then at her, knowingly. It was as if they were waiting for her to catch on to whatever was going on.

Well, what was going on, she wondered? She watched it approach. It looked a little odd, what was it? She noticed its' belly and chest had been shaved, leaving tufts of coarse hair in places. It reminded her of her own visit to the barber; what had that been about? As it came closer she saw its' penis was hanging down, but becoming stiffer and as thick as a mans wrist. The head was a queer, fat mushroom shape and black and shiny like oiled leather. The shaft was patchy, pink and black. She heard someone say "and that's why she has to be shaved. We don't want pubic hair getting in the way."

Forcing herself to look away from the donkeys' dick, she looked at the nearest men. The expectancy on their faces triggered her realisation!

"No! Oh for goodness sake no! Not that!" She began to scream, "I'll do anything, anything at all but not that! Oh please, please don't do this to me, ohhhhhhh!" Despite her bonds she began to throw herself from side to side and to strain with all her strength against the ropes.

A hand slapped her bottom, very hard, startling her into silence.

"Don't be such a baby! Big girl like you needs a cock like Peters once in a while." It was the old man, who continued caressing her thighs and cunt. "Look at you, in your sussies and stockings; dressed for fucking! Nobody wears them things who ain't up for it. We like our bitches to dress up for a shagging by Peter. You asked for it and now you're gonna get it, so stop whingeing and start doing yer stuff!"

His words baffled her. Did he expect her to cooperate, to accept the awful fate they had prepared for her? "You're mad!" she screamed, "You're all mad, let me go. Do you hear me? Let me go, you mad bastards!"

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Chapter7 - Ohhh!

The audience didn't seem offended by her remarks. They were more interested in the donkey, which had now been led around and was now behind her. It no longer needed to be led; in fact it was now pulling its handlers by the rope attached to its halter, eager to close in on the waiting woman. Jill looked through her thighs again and saw it suddenly rear up like a circus pony and take a couple of steps on its hind legs. Then it crashed down onto her back, crushing the wind out of her lungs.

"Ooooh!" she gasped. She thought she would suffocate with the weight on her ribs and belly, but the two half-wit brothers took some of the load by supporting the animals' front legs up by its shoulders. They settled the animal down so its belly rested on her back.

She was totally fixed in position now and when a blunt, warm force pressed against her cunt, panic surged over her, but she could do nothing to move away from it.

Tears formed in her eyes. "Please don't do this to me," she begged, "I don't deserve this. I'll do

whatever you like, but don't let a donkey fuck me! Suppose it was you're wife or daughter!" But no one was interested.

Fingers pulled her pussy apart to give the huge cock easier access and she squealed as the head pushed at her entrance.

"Oh no! No! I can't do this; I've never had a baby! My hole's too small!"

"Just try to relax your muscles and let it happen", said the old man into her ear, "Peter knows what he's doing."

But the wide, flat head stalled against her cunt lips. She felt something cool being sprayed on them; a lubricant?

The donkey had paused for a moment but then he lunged forward and now his dick slid deep into her belly.

Jill's cunt lips were forced deep inside her along with the cock-head. She felt like she was being split in two.

"URRRGHH!" she gasped, feeling as if she was going to spew up what little food she had eaten that morning, which seemed so long ago now.

The donkey, confident now that he was safely inside her warm, tight cunt began to pull his hips back until the head of his cock almost came out completely but then plunged back into her, not giving her cunt lips time to flip out. Jill could hardly believe she had taken the full length of it. Now Peter began to find a rhythm, slow at first, allowing the stuffed woman to become accustomed to the massive intruder.

Jill began to think perhaps this wasn't too bad; she could cope with this. She was able to prepare herself as each thrust approached, taking the violent crash of his large balls as the signal that the last onslaught was over.

The men studied her expression. They saw the lovely young woman's face relax. She bit her lip gently, as if in concentration. She looked as if she might be enjoying it! Jill knew what they were thinking, but she didn't care. She had to get through this any way she could. The shame burned deeply inside her but none of this was her fault.

As the deep fucking continued, Jill became conscious of a new phenomenon. Her clitoris, always a very sensitive organ, was trapped between the cock and the wall of her vagina. As the huge penis moved, it was being rolled forward and back, as if between a man's finger and thumb. It began to spread a warmth through her cunt. She had to respond, she could not ignore it. Oh no! Please don't let them see this!

An involuntary grunt came from her throat, "Ugh!" Oh no, don't moan! She told herself, but straight off came another, longer grunt like a furrowing sow.

"Ughhhhhhh! Ughhhhhhhhh! Ughhhhhhhhhhh!"

The donkey, as if picking up on her passion, began to fuck more quickly, rubbing her clit more and more vigorously. She hauled on the rope around her wrists, pulling herself up so that her feet left the ground slightly, the cords cutting into her ankles.

Cameras flashed; they were taking photos! A man was pointing a video camera at her face! She didn't care, all she knew was; she had to satisfy the unbearable itch in her cunt!

"Oooohhhh! Oh! Oh please no, no, no! Yes! Fuck me, fuck me hard, ohhhh!" Her muscles were bulging in her shoulders, arms, down her sides. Her thighs and calves were rippling with the effort and sweat prickled out all over her skin. The men began to shout encouragement.

"Fuck her good, Peter!"

"Shove her cunt up through her throat!"

She could see some men had their cocks out, wanking furiously, as they screamed hate at her.

"She's asked for this, the bitch, and now she's getting it!"

The words cut into her; she hadn't asked for anything, she didn't deserve to be treated like this. These monsters had no respect for her, none at all. Probably hated all women.

The donkey doubled his efforts, fucking like a machine. The tufts of hair on his belly, stiff and containing burrs of dried weeds, scratched along her back, causing her more pain. Her face became

a twisted mask of lust, drool dripped from the side of her mouth. She looked like the slut she had become.

Mated with the beast, she became beast herself. Her body undulated against her lovers stinking, hairy, belly.

"Fuck me! Fuck me good!"

A voice, close to her ear snarled, "You love it, don't you! You love it don't you, you dirty bitch?" It was Bernie, crouching to the side, his face a study of hate.

"Yes, I love it!" she screamed. "Don't stop, don't stop! Fuck me, fuck me! Oooowww! I'm cummmmming, I'm cummmmmmming!" She threw back her head and held her whole body taught against the ropes, the rail and the animals' body as waves of orgasm spread over her from her cunt. She had never used such language before but no man had ever had equipment like Peters.

At that moment the huge cock penetrated deeper than ever and stopped suddenly as its hot jism spurted into her belly. The donkey snorted, relaxed, and let its whole weight rest on her back.

Jill made a soft "oh" sound as the stinking hot cum filled her, then found its way back along her tunnel and gushed out around the big black stopper and poured down her thighs, coating her stockings down to her knees.

Jills' body hung down inertly and she vomited a small amount of yellow bile. Peter decided it was now time for his feed and pushed himself backwards, kicking her painfully in the ribs as he freed himself. As his cock flopped out of her cunt, a fresh gush of cum splashed out of her and onto the ground.

Cameras continued to flash for a while as the tired donkey plodded away. Then the crowd lost interest and began to disperse. The two half-wits decided to take their turns and fucked her in turn, but after the donkey she felt hardly anything.

Perhaps she passed out. After an unknown amount of time she became aware that her wrists and ankles were being released. It was Bernie and the ugly little Billy.

"What a screamer! I didn't think women used such words," said the dwarf.

"What a stink!" said Bernie, "who's ever gonna want to get near this bitch again?" They pulled her to an upright stance.

"I do, Bernie," said the midget, "I want her to myself for a little while."

"Okay," replied Bernie, "take this donkey fucking girl and do what you have to do. Then come and tell me when you've finished."

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## **Chapter 8 - Day Trips End?**

Jill was devastated. Not Billy! She couldn't stand being left with him, of all these awful people! But she daren't say anything to antagonise him further.

"Come on, cunt!" snapped Billy, as he led the way, waddling along on his horrible bent legs. Jill followed on weak legs, a feeling of being completely empty in her stomach.

As she walked painfully behind him she realised that, for the first time since she had been abducted, she wasn't tied up. But she knew that, bound or not, she was still his property, there was nowhere to run to; escape was not an option.

Wearily she followed her diminutive master past pig-pens and chicken runs and into a large wooden building. The buildings floor was covered in muck and old straw.

The walls were decorated by what at first sight looked like newspaper cuttings and pictures taken from magazines and posters, the sort that told you what film was on at the cinema.

"Stand there, cunt!" ordered Billy, indicating a spot between two rows of high metal shelving racks.

As she waited she focused on the walls. With a jolt she realised that the pictures were hundreds of photos of women being raped and tortured! She stared, fascinated by the scenes displayed before her. There was a woman, hanging by her ankles from a ceiling, her legs wide apart and a huge

pepper-pot, the sort you saw in Italian restaurants, sticking out of her vagina. She recognised one the half-wit brothers standing by her while she sucked on his penis! The same woman, a statuesque redhead, was in other pictures showing her being whipped and caned. And there she was again, in a series of shots showing her being dragged to the same wooden bar that Jill had been bent over. And a donkey on her back, its penis embedded deep inside her. Jill could tell that it wasn't Peter; it was a different colour and quite a lot smaller. How many rapist donkeys did they have here?

There were many different women, all well proportioned with large breasts and bottoms, and all naked or being stripped of their clothes. Some pictures showed women being hung by ropes tied around their breasts, their skin turning blue and the nipples bulging outwards as if about to burst! Oh no! Please don't let them do that to me, she begged silently.

Billy returned, carrying ropes. He smirked at the sight of the naked woman obediently awaiting her owner's pleasure.

Stooping, he looped ropes around her ankles, scraping the raw skin painfully. He pulled each foot well apart until she was standing in a deep split, and tied the ends off on the racks. Next, he retied her wrists behind her back and, throwing the end over a beam, pulled on it until she was again bent sharply at the hips, but now with no support under her belly. He tied off the end of the rope so her arms were pulled up straight, tearing at the ligaments of her shoulders.

Again he wandered off, leaving her alone. This time he returned with a wooden milk crate, which he placed on the ground behind her. He undid his pants and let them fall, kicking them off his feet. His ugly fat cock was growing solidly erect before her eyes. Jill's shoulder joints were burning hellishly and she wished he would get on with whatever he was going to do. Suddenly she screamed with pain as a fierce burning scorched across her back. He was whipping her! It was a wet rope with a knot tied in the end.

"Oh Billy, please don't do that!" she cried out. He ignored her and applied the rope again. This time the knot popped against her nipple.

She screamed and screamed again with every stroke of the rope, which he aimed so as to stripe every inch of her back and bottom. After a few minutes of this torture her screams began to subside to whimpers and then to no sound from her lips at all. As soon as she fell silent the whipping ceased.

"Fucking bitch! I thought you'd never get enough!" He threw the rope to one side then climbed onto the wooden crate. She felt his rough hands pulling the cheeks of her bottom apart, and then the head of his cock was placed against the entrance to her anus.

"Billy, please no! That's not fun!" she called as she realised what was about to happen. He pushed at her and the large cock-head forced her arsehole wide open, making her cry out again.

"Course its fun, you stupid cunt!" he grunted, as he shoved it further up her. "I can stand the shit if you can stand the pain!" He laughed at his joke.

Jill tried to shit the cock out but it just made him groan with pleasure and took his dick further in. She felt his balls touching her cunt.

Now he was securely inside her he gripped her hips firmly and lifted one leg and wrapped it around her thigh, locking his heel against her leg. Then he did the same with the other foot.

After a moment in which he seemed to be relishing the warm comfort of her arse hole, he began to fuck. In out in out. He fucked her vigorously, stepping up to stand on the back of her calf muscles. Jill had never felt anything like it before. The pressure in her arse tickled her cunt and she began to respond to him, pushing her bottom back against his cock, trying to rub her clit against him.

"Ooh, Billy! Fuck me harder, fuck me you ugly little turd! Make me cummmm!" she screamed.

Billy began to work his thick, stubby cock in a circular motion, reaming her burning arsehole.

"Take my jizz, you fuckin' piece of shit!" screamed Billy as his cock gushed its hot spunk into her bowels, burning her raw hole.

Despite the pain, she was engulfed by the hot pleasure overcame her, almost causing her to pass out.

"Ooh, keep going, keep going! Ohhhh! I'm cumming!"

A surge of heat ran through her whole body before she began to shudder and shake, moaning and

gurgling like someone having a fit.

And then, she sagged, making her burning shoulders feel as if they were being ripped out of the joints.

She felt him collapse onto her back as he spent himself. Then her anus burned once more and closed a little as he pulled himself free and dropped to the floor. Shit and cum dripped from her anus, stinking even worse than the donkeys scummy fluid. He walked to a water tap and drank from the spout. She could see his cock hanging loosely halfway to his knees.

Wearily the midget pulled his pants back on, then untied the fucked, beaten woman with the scratched, whip-striped skin.

"Please, Billy! You'll let me go now, won't you? Please take me home. You've done everything you wanted to," she begged.

For an answer billy tossed a small, rolled bundle to her which she caught clumsily.

"Take off the sussies and stockings, then put it on," he commanded. It was a dress, made of very thin cotton, but it was clean and smelled of washing-powder. She obeyed him, unclipping the belt and rolling down the stockings. She threw the soggy, stinking nylons to the ground.

"Get a move on, cunt!" Billy snapped at her; he seemed to be on edge.

Jill took it by the bottom hem and pulled it over her head.

It fitted loosely, showing a lot of cleavage, and reached to her knees. The material was so thin, her body was totally visible through it. Her nipples were clearly defined, pushing out the material. It seemed ages since she had worn clothes, but being naked didn't bother her anymore.

"It's nearly over, cunt. Just come with me without any fuss and you'll be done."

His words gave her no comfort and she felt a chill dread that she hadn't felt before, even the times the Man had summoned her. Not even when she had been waiting, helplessly for him to arrive and Bernie and Billy had turned up. Before he led her away he re-tied her wrists behind her back but, also tied her elbows securely together as if he wanted to be sure she was unable to struggle.

She followed him, feeling hopeless as he led her out of the filthy building. As she left she glimpsed another collage of photos. She thought she saw a woman in a white dress standing on a gallows with a hangman's rope around her neck! Before she could study the whole series of photos Billy snapped at her again to hurry and she moved on quickly.

Had she really seen such a scene? Perhaps she had simply been mistaken? Was it just a fantasy scene, or from a movie? Surely they wouldn't hang a woman? Oh no! She was wearing the same dress; did they intend to hang her?

Billy led her back out into the yard but this time took her round the corner of the building and up a path at the side of it. As they rounded the rear she was shocked to see the same gang of men were watching her approach. She groaned inwardly, what methods of raping her had they got waiting for her now? The crowd was strangely silent, without the cat-calls and abusive comments she had received previously. Then she saw the gallows! It was the same as in the photos! She stopped for a moment but Billy came back and pulled her forwards by her elbow. He seemed different somehow; he couldn't look her in the eye as if ashamed of what he was doing.

The crowd parted to let her through to the foot of the gallow steps. At the top she could see one of the halfwit brothers holding the noose. It was a proper one, like she'd seen in western movies, with the end of the rope coiled around itself. So she was going to hang! Suddenly she didn't care anymore; she had had enough of the torments that this gang of evil bastards had done to her. Let them hang her and it would be all over. She climbed the wooden steps quickly, as if in a hurry. At the top she found that Billy had followed her up.

"What do you want now, you fucking little sawn-off twat? Need to get a close-up view?" she spat at him.

He didn't look at her as he answered, "I get to fuck you as you dangle. It's the rule for a first-timer."

Jill looked at him with disgust, "Of course you do. What else should I have expected. And you, you fucking moron," she said to the halfwit, "I hope you know what you're doing; just make sure it's over

quickly." For the first time she heard the man speak, "I do all the hangin's; it's the only thing I'm good at." His breath stank worse than a dog.

"Just get on with it!" she murmured. The man dropped the noose over her head and slid the knot against her neck. He helped to position her feet on the trap-door by gripping her ankles one at a time and moving them to his preferred position.

The tightly bound woman waited for what seemed like an eternity for the man to pull the lever and drop her down the trap. She had decided that when she felt the trap begin to open she would leap into the air as high as she could; hopefully the extra drop would break her neck and save her from slow strangulation.

What was keeping the half-wit? She looked at him and saw he was staring out at something behind the audience. She followed his gaze. A well-dressed man was talking to Bernie, who looked angry. She saw Bernie make a gesture towards the gallows and the half-wit began to remove the noose, his face a picture of disappointment.

Jill was, strangely, angry. "What are you doing, you stupid fucker? Get it over with! Stop torturing me you bastard!"

Bernie was climbing the steps. At the top he addressed the men. "Boys! I don't have to tell you who has joined us and to whom I've been speaking?" He paused, waiting for an affirmative from the audience. "Well, Mr\*\*\*\* has pointed out that hanging this lady would be a criminal waste of cunt so she's getting a reprieve. Now he knows that you are going to feel cheated out of your entertainment, so he is going to order in a truckload of beer and a mountain of pizza! And, while we're waiting for it, he's going to let you all have a slice of the little blonde girl who is waiting in the Volvo back in the yard." The men began to cheer, "Just don't whip her too hard, okay?" Bernie finished and the men began to make their way to the unsuspecting woman.

The stranger joined Bernie and the others on the gallows. Bernie began to wheedle, "What's so special about this bitch, Mr\*\*\*\*? Why don't you want us to hang her; it's the men's favourite finale to a donkey fuck? I mean, nobody wants a woman that's been done by Peter."

The man spoke quietly and authoritatively. "Bernie, how often do you find a female like this? She's smart; dressed or naked. She regularly obeyed a complete stranger whenever he sent for her, even though he was a violent wanker. This woman is special; she's obedient, and she can take any amount of cock, even that mad fucking donkey of yours and her cunt still snaps back tight as a drum skin. Anyway, she appeals to me and that's why I'm taking her off you and leaving my girlfriend with you." "Okay sir, if that's what you want then you got it, of course."

"That's right, so you can all go and join your friends in the yard, while there's something of the blonde left for you." The three men started down the steps, "Not you, Billy! First you can untie this lady and then find her a coat; I'm sure you have some ladies clothes in the house." Billy obeyed with alacrity, fumbling as he hurriedly untied Jill's ropes. Then he bounded off to the house.

The man led Jill down the gallows steps and along the far side of the barn. Before they reached the car, a breathless Billy met them carrying a blue raincoat. "This the best you could find?" the man grumbled, Billy paled and gabbled something about he would try and get something better.

"Don't bother, you stupid saw-off little twat. I should have got the twin to do it. Fuck off and get a piece of the action." Billy shambled off.

The car was standing alone, the man helped her into the front passenger seat.

"Where are you taking me?" Jill asked fearfully.

"For now you are just going to have a long bath and then a meal. After a nights rest you will be taken home. We'll discuss your future duties over coffee next week. In the meantime you can forget about Bernie and his gang; you're off bounds to him forever. And Bernie has told me about the first guy who took you for training. He will be removed from the picture.

From now on, I will be your only Master and you'll obey only me,"

Neither of them spoke for the rest of the journey.

The End?