

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## Chapter 1 - The Kidnap

The Coach was late, and Sandra was very irate, the idea of jetting off to a warmer climate was the only thing that seemed to slightly cheer Sandra up, work was shit what with her superior being a right cow. The weather was blustery and several times Sandra had struggled to keep her skirt from blowing up flashing her knickers, much to Tom's disappointment. Sandra had even tried to hide behind her suitcase in order to protect her legs from the biting wind. Tom had been watching this stranger and remembering his fantasy from the previous night. He was a loner and he had begun having wild fantasises a few weeks ago but it always ended up with him raping a blonde haired girl, not just raping her cunt but also anally raping her. Each night the fantasies got stronger and stronger and simply masturbating seemed no longer enough to satisfy his craving, hence he was now stalking his prey chosen at random.

As Tom turned up his collar against the cold, he knew he had picked the right victim, that is to say that Sandra matched what Tom thought would be his ideal partner. Obviously Tom was going on looks alone as he found it very difficult to talk directly to women. In his mind he figured that Sandra being some 4 inches shorter than him at 5'8" and as he estimated to have 38C breasts and of course the most important thing Sandra had short cropped blonde hair. Mentally Tom noted that if she had been his girlfriend he would have wanted her to dress pretty much as she had today, with a short jacket style coat, a frilly blouse underneath and a mid-thigh skirt, and finished off with ankle high boots. It never occurred to Tom that he was doing anything wrong, although he was intelligent enough to know that kidnap and rape were both illegal, at this moment in time he reasoned that watching girls, was a harmless pastime.

Despite his intelligence, Tom had not thought through the plan to kidnap Sandra, although he had his van parked just around the corner he had not considered how to get Sandra from the bus stand to his van and furthermore how he was going to tie her up in the back. Suddenly it began to rain and he thought it was the perfect excuse to offer her a lift. Nervously he went to get the van and driving round the block approached Sandra and with his best smile, wound down the window and said can I offer you a lift as these buses are notoriously bad. It took all of this courage to keep a straight face and a calm voice, but it seemed to work as Sandra thanked him and agreed to accept his lift.

He opened the door and she clambered in beside him, before turning to look at the suitcase she had left on the pavement, instantly Tom realised she was almost demanding without speaking that he gets out of the vehicle and go and retrieve her case. Tom jumped out of the van and immediately picked up the suitcase, using it as a shield to hide the piece of wood in his hand, as he handed up the suitcase to Sandra no sooner did she reach forward to take it, than he quickly launched a single blow to her head with the wooden weapon. It was as if someone had switched out the light as everything around Sandra went black.

When Sandra came round, she tried to sit up but found that her arms had been tied straight out to either side and that it was clear from the motion around her that she was in the van and it was still in motion, it was also just dawning on her that because she could not see even the half daylight that had been around the time of her accepting the lift, she must be in the back of the van. Sandra decided to try to get up onto her knees but again she was unsuccessful as the ankles had been tied to the side of the van as well. She breathed a sigh of relief that despite the back of her legs being cold if, her backside wasn't so therefore she had not been stripped naked. She felt a little comfort at this because there was still a chance that nothing untoward would happen to her and maybe she could talk her way out of the situation.

Suddenly the noises outside the seemed to change, no longer the firm sound of rubber against tarmac, no instead this was more like rubber against Gravel, as Sandra tried to rationalise the location and to keep her mind sharp for when a chance to escape presented itself. The van seemed to begin to slow down and eventually stop but the engine kept running, she heard what sounded like one of the doors opening and then a creaking sound, like you would get from a rusty old gate. This was followed very shortly after by the clear sound of a door slamming and suddenly the van began to move again. In Sandra's mind she envisioned that the van had turned off the main road, run down a gravel path and now had gone through a farm gate of some kind. If the truth was known then Sandra had been reasonably accurate for in fact the van had come down the street and turned into a hidden entrance to a set of allotments, and that road in fact brought you to the gate of these private growing areas for people who like gardening, and in fact was heavily covered with gravel up until you reach the entrance gate.

The van had gone to one of the furthest gardens from the main entrance, and had now pulled up outside of a large lock up shed. Suddenly the side door opened and a hooded man peered in, Sandra could not see his face because of the bright light directly behind him, which was a security light for the factory behind his allotment space. Sandra froze as a harsh voice told her to do as she was told or suffer further punishment; her hurting head led her to believe he really meant it. Sandra was then told to look the other way, and suddenly for her everything went black again. This time it was not from a blow to the head that caused the darkness but instead a smelly old sack was placed over a head and when she felt it tightening around her neck for a split-second panic set in as she feared she was about to be strangled.

Breathing a sigh of relief she felt that the tightening around her neck had stopped, and also now she felt she could move her arms and legs. She was just contemplating kicking out when the voice told her to stay still and he would guide her where she was going, in that split second Sandra realised that had she kicked out she would have missed by miles because the voice was nowhere near she expected it to be and she figured that having seen her intentions she would have been in for a lot of punishment. Allowing this person to help her stand-up she got her first smell of his aftershave and immediately an image of a young 23-year-old male popped into her mind. What she didn't know was that this male that was now guiding her was actually 43 and intent upon losing his virginity to her against her will.

Suddenly she was told to stop and having done so she heard the creaking of the door opening and then she was guided inside and had the same door slamming shut. Her first reaction was that she was unsure if she was alone or what dangers lie around her, she began to raise their arms to reach for the cord which secured the sack around her neck when suddenly her arms were grabbed by Tom. In the same instant she felt both her wrists being drawn together against her will and realised that the person was trying to bind her hands together, the first feeling was to fight it but again being unable to see she realised any resistance was futile. She just hoped to remember enough about her attacker to bring him to justice later on, although she did have panic attacks about the eventual outcome of her captivity. She kept fighting the fears that ultimately she would be killed and left to rot somewhere, as she tried to push these feelings from a mind she kept seeing images of the now deceased mom and dad and that of the living sister with whom she had quarrelled a few years ago.

Secretly Sandra now wished that she had ended the quarrel and made up with her sister so that if this dastardly deed did go the way she hated to think about, at least her sister could mourn a lost sister and friend and not a sister and enemy. By now her hands were tightly bound together and she felt her arms be drawn forward as if being pulled lurching forward she stumbled several times and each stumbled was greeted with the cursing voice. Suddenly instead of being pulled forward she felt her arms being pulled upwards so much so that she had to stand on tiptoe to try to take some of the strain.

The next thing that Sandra felt something soft almost velvety being fastened around the shin area, but what she couldn't see was the 3 foot metal bar attached to the Velcro cuff. Suddenly the pain shot through Sandra's arms as her left leg was suddenly pulled from under her, and the voice cursed even more as no matter how hard he tried he just could not get enough of a gap between her legs to fasten the other Velcro cuff onto her left shin. The more that Tom pulled the more that Sandra cried out in pain, it felt like this guy was trying to break her pelvis to make the bar fit. Suddenly with a cacophony of verbal abuse, her left leg was free but only for a few seconds. She then felt her ankle boots being removed followed by the removal of the cuff around her right leg, this was replaced now around her right ankle and once more her legs were spread and this time she felt the cuff locked into place on her left ankle.

In Sandra's mind she thought she must look a right sight, she could imagine the image but only as an exaggerated triangle with her hands being the apex of the triangle and her feet being the bottom angles of the triangle. Whether it was the stress of the situation or whether it was just a release the fear but the image in her mind suddenly made Sandra giggle. This giggle surprised and shocked Tom as he misread the situation as being that Sandra was into the bondage scene and therefore was enjoying what he was doing to her. This enraged Tom even further as he thought to himself that this bitch should not be enjoying what was basically supposed to be for his own enjoyment only.

Sandra suddenly froze, when she felt the cold steel of a pair of scissors up inside the sack against her cheek, Tom leaned close and whispered in her ear that he was going to enjoy the next few minutes. Suddenly Sandra's body shuddered as he slowly withdrew the scissors and she feared that he may decide to stab her with those scissors. What she didn't know and could not know was what Tom had actually planned with those scissors, but she was soon to find out as he pushed the scissors into the waistband of her skirt. Sandra felt the cold steel against her stomach and she feared for where it may be heading because what she couldn't see was the fact that the scissors were open and trapping the waistband of her skirt between the blades. The first she knew she was safe was when she suddenly felt more exposed as with a simple snip her skirt was gone and now ended up lying on the floor.

Leering into the area where her face would be inside the sack, Tom suddenly growled so my bitch likes Lacy panties and he immediately began to rub between her legs. This rubbing was not as one would expect of a 43-year-old man but more like the inaccurate fumbling of a teenager, it just seemed to Sandra like he had got no idea about the make-up of a woman's cunt, she felt his rubbing was like someone would do with a towel to dry oneself off.

Despite his attempts, Tom was unable to juice up the cunt and so after about 5 min he gave up but not before he had delivered several extremely hard spansks to Sandra's unprotected backside. Even the pitiful begging of her sorrowful voice had no effect upon him as he cursed her and called her a spiteful bitch. Suddenly Sandra held her breath as once more she felt the cold steel of the scissors, this time they slid into the right side of the panties and with what seemed like a deafening click she felt the tightness of the panties disappear. She immediately felt a similar situation on the left side as she now imagined that her panties joined her skirt on the floor. Despite trying not to think of the situation Sandra's body betrayed her, knowing that she was naked now from the waist down suddenly her cunt was on fire and her cunt juices flowed like there was no tomorrow. She could not explain why this reaction taken place because whenever previous boyfriends had suggested even play bondage she had been turned off by the idea and found it to be of no interest.

Feeling so exposed to this stranger's glare, seemed to do strange things to her body, for the tell-tale itch in her cunt began to grow and Sandra began to visualise the heat in her pelvic area as a glowing light and the hornier she got the brighter the light got. At that exact moment she suddenly felt the sack being removed from over her head but the voice warned her not to open her eyes. After a few

seconds; in her state of mind this seemed like an eternity, she felt a soft material pressing over her eyes. She was rather matter-of-factly told to open her mouth and then felt what seemed to be something rubber being pressed against her lips and into her mouth, as she felt the straps being tightened she realised this was a ball gag.

Tom then delighted describing to her what he was doing, as he told her how he was cutting off each of the buttons of her blouse one at a time beginning with the lowest one first. When he got to the one which was at her neck she once more felt the cold steel of the scissors, just as she did as he cut up the back of the blouse and down each arm. The only thing that Sandra was now wearing was so bra and pretty soon that was removed in the same fashion as all her other clothes. The next 20 min Sandra had to endure the almost slobbering and drooling examination from Tom as he prodded and poked at her private bits.

His rather amateurish feeling of her cunt and the almost sadistic way in which he pinched and pulled on her nipples, told Sandra he was not experienced in sexual things at all, yes he talked a good game but when it came to actions he was strictly third class. His rough fingers explored or rather fumbled against her cunt and almost by accident he found her clit and instead of stroking it gently he pinched it like one would do to a nipple. A grunted squeal escaped Sandra's mouth around the ball gag, when suddenly Tom threw caution to the wind and whipped off her blindfold as he declared that he wanted her to see what was going to happen to her.

Tom simply undid his belt and let his trousers slip to his knees revealing he was not wearing pants allowing his six inch cock in its semi hard state to begin to point out towards her cunt. He slowly advanced between her legs and told her that he was going to fuck her sluts cunt and then she was going to clean his cock in preparation for him fucking her whore's ass. Tom suddenly felt a tingle in his balls like he had never felt and as soon as his cock head touched her cunt area he found himself spurting semen all over her.

In Sandra's eyes he could see her laughing at him and scolding him for his premature ejaculation and that made his raging mad, so much so he quickly removed his trousers from around his ankles and stormed off. He was still mad as a hatter when he returned and looked at the spunk on her stomach slowly drying; suddenly he revealed a steel bucket and simply threw its contents all over her. Sandra was dowsed in freezing cold water and then had to endure Tom, using a broom to clean away the traces of spunk. He then reached forward and grabbed her throat and began to squeeze, as she began to struggle he told her in no uncertain terms that he had the power over her life and death.

In an instant he released his hand and stormed off, Sandra began to wonder what he had planned next as she struggled against her bonds, but it seemed ages and still Tom did not return. Sandra began to wonder if he had given up on his kidnap plans and maybe someone would come and rescue her at long last, but no such luck for four hours later Tom returned in a much calmer frame of mind. Then in clear view of Sandra he began to construct a contraption the like of which, Sandra had never seen; it seemed to be just a jumble of scaffolding poles, but slowly it dawned on her what he was making it was a stock of some sort she could see where her head would be held firm and her hands trapped.

As if to inflame her terror further, Tom stopped at one point of the construct and then demonstrated how the thing was coming together. He showed her how a single bar supported her stomach as he showed how her ankles would be splayed apart at one end and her hands would be held really wide apart and then how her head would be forced into a low position. He laughing told her that once strapped in he would have access to her mouth, her cunt and more importantly her arse.

Sandra was by now pleading to be released and promising not to tell anyone of what had happened so far if only he would let her go right now. The only problem was that Tom did not understand a single word that Sandra said because of the ball gag.

Suddenly Tom stood up and approached Sandra, he stroked her cheek as he whispered close to her ear, so you want pity, even though you laughed at me earlier!

Sandra violently nodded her head, and she did not see Tom's right hand rise and then suddenly fall catching her in the left side of her cheek, suddenly the pain was intense and her cheek smarted and began to colour up like the red of a fire engine. Tom bent over and Sandra could not see what he was doing but her arms ached and her thighs felt stiff from being locked in the one position for the last six hours. Soon her arms dropped by her side although still bound together and she then fell backwards as the whirring sound of a hoist dragged her feet off the floor; falling backwards she passed out as her head hit the floor.

Once more Sandra was woken by the freezing cold water from her captor, only this time when she began to focus she noted everything was upside down. Just then Tom appeared and he was dragging a large barrel towards her. Raising her up with the hoist as far as he could he positioned the barrel beneath her head and as she looked straight down she could see the barrel was empty, she breathed a sigh of relief.

Over the next hour Tom put water into the barrel until it was about a foot deep, the reason it took an hour was that every time he fetched a small amount of water in the bucket, he would spin Sandra round and the effect was beginning to make her feel sick. Tom then undid the gag and demanded to know what Sandra was? When she did not answer he slapped her arse real hard, he repeated the question and when Sandra said she was a victim he went ballistic spanking her arse as hard as he could and not every slap landed on her arse. Her entire nether region was a deep crimson colour from the attack and in the finish Tom said, when will you learn that you are a common whore of a slut!

When next Tom asked her what she was, she meekly replied that she was a whore and a cock loving slut and she added Master at the end to try to make Tom happier and less likely to punish her further. Tom who was still naked from the waist down suddenly demanded that she suck his cock to prove the point and as he approached her she began to open her mouth only to be rewarded with a stream of yellow piss hitting her chin and finally her tongue inside her mouth. This led Tom to burst into laughter as he turned and said, wait till I need to go shit, bitch.

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## **Chapter 2**

Sandra watched fearfully as she saw Tom standing watching her, with an evil look on his face. Then when he was satisfied that he had disorientated and confused her enough, he smiled at Sandra as she watched him piss into the barrel. Suddenly from behind his back he produced a small remote control and pressed a button. From out of nowhere a whirring sound invaded Sandra's ears as she began to lurch her way towards the ground; only she was not heading to the ground but instead head first into the barrel of watery piss. She pleaded with Tom that he could do whatever he wanted to her and she would not report him if he stopped right now and released her.

Tom merely shrugged and defiantly retorted, but I can do whatever I want to you now and for as long as I want as your travel ticket says you would be away for seven days!

Sandra's heart sank; she realised he could hold her for a week before having to worry about her

being missed. Suddenly her short cropped blonde hair began to get wet and the last thing Sandra noticed was the sudden rush of water up her nose. The seconds seemed like hours as her lungs began to burn and hurt so bad, the pain of holding her breath began to increase and her mind began to swim, the feeling of wanting to open her mouth and end this torture was so strong that she was just about to give in when she suddenly began to go up in the air again. Spluttering she gasped for air and silently cursed her captor for all she was worth.

Out of the corner of her eye she saw Tom laughing at her distress and then she saw what he was holding in his hand, she blushed profusely. Tom was holding the 12 inch thick black rubber cock and balls that she used to masturbate with, he had obviously got it from her luggage and the way he was waving it around it was clear he was going to tease her with it at the very least. As the pain in her chest began to ease, she suddenly screamed out for mercy as once more she began to be lowered into the barrel. The fear of what was coming and the blood rushing to her head did strange things to Sandra; for she suddenly lost control for a second or two of her bladder and actually pissed herself, bad enough when stood the right way up but disastrous when upside down for she simply soaked herself in her discharge; much to Tom's delight.

Striding forward he gave a fierce shove on her cunt lips with the black rubber cock; declaring we better plug the leak, bitch. Once again Sandra screamed out as more than half the length of the rubber cock disappeared forcefully into her cunt, this only served to amuse Tom even more. So much so that he pulled it all the way out and waited until Sandra calmed down a bit and then thrust it back in even harder; he continued to do this as he lowered her head back into the water. Suddenly Sandra found she was screaming underwater and the water rushed into her mouth nose and ears, she felt she was finally drowning.

Much quicker this time was Tom at reversing the hoist, and once more Sandra was coughing and spluttering as the water dripped from her head. Tom now leaned forward and demanded an answer from Sandra, are you going to obey my every word without hesitation no matter what I demand. He asked.

Yes master I will do whatever you say but please don't put my head back underwater, Sandra pleaded. Tom looked at her for a short while and then moved towards her.

And what is to stop you changing your mind when I remove the barrel? He asked, you're saying you agree now but I bet at the first chance you would change your mind and then where would I be? How are you going to prove to me that you really mean what you say and therefore convince me not to continue your treatment? Tom demanded.

How can I prove to you that I mean what I say, unless you are prepared to trust me or put me to the test. Sandra explained. I can only tell you as it is and hope that you will believe me when I say that I will do whatever you tell me to do.

We will see, I have a little test for you already! If you complete this test as you are now then I may just believe that you have submitted to me and will do as I tell you, Stated Tom. I am going to fetch a golden Labrador and if you can show me that when told you can suck his cock then I may just believe you but if you can't then you will get further treatment, He explained.

That is disgusting and I could never ever suck the dogs cock, no matter what you do to me! Expressed Sandra and she was still protesting that she could never do it as head once more went into the water, this time she had chance to close her mouth but it did not stop the water rushing up her nose. Sandra had managed to get a fairly good lungful of air and felt confident she could hold it for the length of time that Tom had previously had her head underwater, but soon the severe



cramping of her chest led to expelling the air and once more experience the sensation of drowning, there seem to be no movement above her that indicated she was going to be withdrawn soon and now she really did start to panic. Just as she thought she could not last any longer the hoist went up and she was once more gasping for air, as her eyes focused there was Tom laughing at her.

Once more he demanded full obedience and asked her if she was prepared to take the test, once more she refused and back into the water went her head, it seemed like Tom was leaving your head under the water longer and longer each time and the choking effect experienced by Sandra was getting worse every time; after the fifth dunking she finally conceded defeat and agreed to the test. Tom dragged the barrel to the side and then lowered the hoist so that Sandra was laid on her back in the pool of water on the floor. Without a second glance Tom left her there as she went to fetch Rocky the Labrador.

No sooner had Rocky got into the room and he spied the prone figure of Sandra and raced over, before beginning to lick her face, finding no resistance and no arms or hands to shoo him away, he began to lick further down her body. The sensation of his rough tongue on the edges of her tits was something Sandra had not been prepared for and her body betrayed by instantly responding, a point not missed by Tom as he pointed out to her that within seconds her nipples were rock-hard. Very quickly Rocky was burying his nose between the still stretched legs of Sandra and his tongue soon found the connection point between the rubber cock still buried in her cunt and her clit. Sandra hated her body at this moment in time as it gave away as she actually began humping fresh air at the merest touch of Rocky's tongue. Tom did not help matters by continuing to work the rubber cock in and out of her cunt and by calling her all the names he could think of for a fallen woman.

After Sandra second orgasm, Tom suddenly withdrew the rubber cock and quick as a flash Rocky was between Sandra's legs and he was thrusting his potent looking cock, trying to connect with her equally inflamed cunt. With a little help from Tom his next thrust hit home and he drove his doggie cock all the way home and then began fucking her furiously. Sandra was too shocked to register the increasing pressure in her cunt and it was not until suddenly the dogs cock stopped moving around in her cunt that the swelling at the base of his cock became a problem to her. Tom laughed with glee as he told her that she had now knotted with Rocky and the could be a long while before he let her go. All the time that they were locked together she could feel hot little shards of dog spunk hitting the walls of her cunt.

After 30 min the dog's knot finally shrank enough to pop out of her cunt quickly followed by a large dollop of doggie come, Sandra was disgusted with herself as she realised that actually she had enjoyed having the dog fuck her but she would never admit it. Worst was still to come as Tom used a plastic spade to scoop up the dog spunk and whilst pinching Sandra's nose forcing her to open her mouth he poured the doggie come into her mouth and then clamped her mouth closed until she actually swallowed the mess. Again Sandra found the taste weird but not distasteful, but once more she would never admit it to anyone.

Having watched this animal sex act, Tom was now sporting another hard on and he managed to twist the spreader bar attached to Sandra's ankles so that he was behind her, and then instead of trying to put his prick up her cunt he jabbed it at the entrance to her arse. Fearing further punishment Sandra decided not to fight and just allowed him to do whatever he wanted, so she did not clench her buttocks and his cock slip although still painfully easier into her anal ring. This time Tom managed to get his cock inside her before coming and he did manage to last long enough to give her an orgasm. No sooner had he withdrawn his cock then he used a large syringe filled with water from the barrel to give Sandra unceremoniously the forced enema. He was extremely careful to make sure that he washed down any traces of his spunk as he was worried about possible DNA traces been found later.



Thinking that this would be the end for her kidnapping, Sandra began to think about how she would come to terms with it when she was finally released, but as she very quickly discovered her enforced stay was not going to be over that quickly as suddenly her legs were back in the air thanks to the hoist. As she hung there upside-down, Tom produced the hessian sack and slipped it over her head once more and then to make matters worse he remembered that he had forgotten to put back the ball gag and so he fastened it in place on the outside of the sack forcing Sandra to suck on the foul tasting hessian material. Securing her hands to the spreader bar, Tom now lowered her back to the floor and removed the hoist. He then carried her over to a corner and threw her onto a filthy mattress and tossed an old blanket over her as cover. Here she stayed until next morning, cold tired and extremely hungry. In fact Tom only realised he had not fed her when he sat down at home later to his own food, but he did not suddenly rush back to his allotment with food for her.

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### Chapter 3

Tom made his way back to the lock-up and he carried with him a meagre breakfast to give to Sandra, it consisted of two slices of bread, no butter, and a Luke warm cup of coffee without milk or sugar. When he entered the room, he found that Sandra was lying there motionless and he first thought was that maybe she had vomited and drowned in her own sick; now it was Tom's turn to panic for you did not want to be arrested for murder. Luckily when he got to Sandra he found she was still breathing but very shallow, he figured that this was probably because he had forgotten remove the ball gag before he left. The truth of the matter was that Sandra had a mild case of hypothermia due to being repeatedly dipped in the freezing cold water and then left on a thin mattress that was on cold concrete and the thin sheet that he had covered her with was practically useless.

Tom managed to warm Sandra up with his own body heat by cuddling up to her rubbing his hands over her body. From somewhere in his deep consciousness he found a spark of love for this woman but it was not enough to change his plans. As soon as Sandra was moving around more freely, Tom pushed into her hands the slices of bread and the drink, he snapped at her that she had five minutes to eat her breakfast or he would take it away from her. Sandra thought to herself, if he thinks this is breakfast I would hate to see his snacks. She had barely swallowed the last of the bread when he snatched from her grasp the cup, then turn back to her he snarled, Rocky would be back later and this time he would be fucking her mouth. Sandra was about to plead to his better nature until she heard this and quickly decided he did not have a better nature.

Tom began to sniff at Sandra's body and suddenly declared she smelt like a tramp and that would not do. He quickly had her back in the centre of the room this time with her hands hoisted into the air and the he returned with a hose pipe and doused her with freezing cold water before squeezing some of her own shower gel in to her hair. Very roughly now he soaped her head and shoulders before spending a lot of time soaping up her tits; then the hosepipe was turned on again and she was rinsed off before even more shower gel was applied to her cunt and arse. It seemed like Tom was trying to get his soapy hand completely up her arse as he applied more and more of his fingers to trying to spread her anal ring. In the finish he soaped up the black rubber cock and forced that up her arse instead; at every opportunity Tom made her aware that he thought she was a slag and a slut who was only fit to carry out his commands.

Now Sandra's depravation and all round degradation was such that she would have agreed to cutting her own throat to end all this, so when Tom ordered her to fuck her own arse with the rubber cock she did so without hesitation, although a little gingerly as having had the rubber object literally rammed into her anal ring had made it really painful. Tom sensed what she was doing and demanded she show more interest in getting on with it; Sandra gritted her teeth and increased the

speed of her thrusting. Soon the pain began to recede and was replaced by a deep tingling sensation in the bowels of her colon, then like a spreading fire it consumed her passions as her orgasm broke.

Now Sandra was oblivious of Tom being there as she brought herself off to the biggest orgasm of her life; she would have tried anal sex long before if she had known the pleasure it could generate but she did feel guilty that it took a rape and degradation for her to discover this new found delightful passion. Suddenly Tom grabbed the rubber cock and whipped it out of her arse and thrust it into her face leaving traces of shit on her cheek as he demanded she clean the cock with her mouth; in the afterglow of her stupendous orgasm she was still in an orgasmic daze and did as she was told without thinking.

It was a little while later when her mind cleared and she suddenly began to vomit as her body registered the fact she was sucking her own shit; that initial shock and feeling of sick was now being tempered with feelings of having already done it and coping. Tom stood laughing at her initial vomiting as he reminded her that she had willingly sucked the dirty rubber cock without a hesitation and she had finally accepted her true role as a common slut.

Quickly Tom undressed and sporting a semi hard cock he demanded that she begin sucking him in preparation of him fucking her holes, again feeling that to fight was useless; she meekly began sucking his cock and because she seemed not to giving it her full attention, Tom began spanking her bare arse. Suddenly in a rage Tom began to really hit her and calling her a worthless whore and declaring he would fix her good and proper.

Tom now stormed off and soon returned dragging a low trestle back into the centre of the room and without saying anything, he grabbed Sandra and hoisted her up on his shoulder and soon literally dropped her with her legs on each side of the trestle. Poor Sandra's cunt hit fully on to the apex of the trestle and she screamed out in pain, only to receive a slap across her face for her trouble.

Then Tom tied her hands to the front support legs of the trestle and pulled her legs roughly back to position where they could be tied to the rear legs of the trestle. Doing this roughly dragged her cunt along the bare wooden top of the trestle adding to her pain and suffering; she fought back the tears and managed to stifle a cry of pain. Now fully bound to the trestle she realised that now her cunt and arse were fully exposed and she was powerless to prevent what was coming next.

Sandra feared what Tom had in mind and she was left to contemplate what was coming next as she watched from her new awkward angle as Tom left the room once more. Suddenly the fear began to rise up a further notch or two as she saw why Tom had left the room as he walked a Great Dane back into the room. The Great Dane sniffed the air as he caught the aroma of sex; then he almost pulled free from Tom as he spied the bound available bitch clearly in heat. Tom let out a horrendous laugh as he told the dog, whoa boy, you can have her real soon!

Tom brought the dog to Sandra's face and she was once more almost sick as the dog suddenly went to lick her face but his long rough tongue caught her with her mouth open and seemed to find its way right to the back of her throat. Tom squealed, How touching, a proper lovers kiss between a bitch and her dog! Now bitch you will suck his cock and you had better do it better than you did mine or I will let him mate your mouth and believe me his knot is three times the size of the Labrador from yesterday.

Sandra knew she had to do a good a job as humanly possible and tried to think of it as just another man's cock, however Tom was not going to let her forget that she was going to be sucking a dog's cock as he called her a doggie whore, or a canine cock loving slut. No sooner had Sandra allowed

the dog to put his cock into her mouth (not that she was in a position to refuse.) then he was thrusting and squirting his doggie cum into her mouth. She fought the feeling of revulsion when suddenly she thought that this was not so bad, after all semen is semen no matter where it comes from and suddenly the feeling of wanting to be sick disappeared.

The Great Dane did not care either way as he was trying now to force his cock into her stomach through her mouth, Sandra began to feel his knot starting to swell just inside her teeth, she somehow managed to move her teeth the other side of the swelling and began to close her mouth and jaw to prevent the knot lodging in her mouth. Her lips were taking a battering as the knot banged into them and suddenly she freaked as the knot now the size of a pool ball managed to slip inside her mouth and in what seemed like an instant it was the size of a tennis ball and now was too large to come back out of her mouth.

Suddenly Sandra's tongue began to burn as the dog's scalding spunk splashed all around her mouth and no matter how quick she swallowed it seemed there was far more spunk than she could handle. All the time Tom was petting the dog and telling him what a good boy he was fucking the mouth of this worthless slut. Sandra feared having her face badly scratched as the dog turned around to face away from her and began trying to pull his cock and knot from her mouth. Sandra screamed from the sheer pain but her jaw just could not open any wider to allow the knot to escape. Such was the force of the pulling that the Trestle nearly toppled forward and probably would have done so had it not been for Tom's hard slap on her arse at just the right moment to keep it on its feet.

For twenty five minutes her mouth was full of doggie cock and her throat burned from swallowing what seemed like gallons of the doggie spunk; then suddenly the knot became small enough to be pulled from her mouth, she gasped audibly as she swallowed loads of air now having had her breathing restricted for so long, she made a mental note to make sure she tried to improve her breathing through her nose. She figured her ordeal was over now at least for a short while, but she did not figure on Tom.

Sandra did not see the gloved hand of Tom as he swiped her cunt with a bunch of fresh nettles; the first she knew was when the stinging began to build in her cunt; unfortunately with her hands and feet tied as they were, she could do absolutely nothing about it. Then suddenly she felt her anal ring being forced open and she feared that Tom was going to push those nettles up inside her arse, for she could not see him not prising her ring open with his cock. Suddenly she felt him begin fucking her cunt and in doing so he was pressing her still sore cunt against the trestle and causing it to rub against the bar.

With everything going off around her Sandra's brain went into overdrive and she began seeing flashing lights and fireworks going off, she seemed to reach a level of consciousness amounting to her having a continuous orgasm. Suddenly Tom stopped fucking her and reaching around her and pinched hard on her nipples as he unleashed a torrent of piss inside her arse, he leaned close to her ear and told her he just loved giving his worthless bitches piss enema's and she had better hold it in until he told her or she would not sit for a month. When he stopped pissing he then rode her hard until he felt his usual tingle in his balls announcing the arrival of his climax, delivering his spunk to mix with his urine in her arse. With a sudden jerk his cock was out of her arse and he saw it was streaked with her shit, so he laughed as he told her he had a fresh sandwich for her to orally clean.

He took no notice of her feelings as he grabbed her hair and pulled her head up and pinched her nose to make her open her mouth before ramming his cock into her mouth. Only when his balls were resting on her chin did he release her nose and hair and told her, slag, lick and clean my cock or I promise you I will seal your arse and watch you slowly poison yourself as you cannot shit.

Sandra wished she was dead already as the foul tasting cock salivated in her mouth, she had no option but to swallow that saliva and just coped with swallowing all this. After ten minutes he pulled his cock out of her mouth and then slowly untied her and picked her up before dumping her on the floor and ordering her to crawl on her hands and knees back to her cage room. Deprived of any form of time devices she thought her session had lasted several hours but in fact it was still only 9 am and Tom locked the door she had just passed through and he disappeared off to work.

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## Chapter 4

It was several hours later that Tom returned to the lock up, in fact it was now 6 pm and poor Sandra had only eaten two slices of bread devoid of any butter or filling and her only drink had been a Luke warm cup of coffee without milk or sugar, This did not include of course the doggie cum and the shit tasting saliva from cleaning tom's cock.

Not knowing when tom would return, Sandra had held the piss and spunk enema in her bowels until the pain had become too much to bear and had eventually had to go in a plastic bucket in the corner of her prison, She could only imagine how Tom would react upon his return; in fact his reaction was totally unexpected for her arrived with a tray of food and some wine for her.

Tom set up a table and chair in the centre room, and then brought Sandra out of her cell; he allowed her go through her suitcase and select a skirt and blouse but no underwear and she was allowed to dress before she was told to sit at the table as he placed her food in a microwave oven and warmed it up. Whilst this was happening he poured her a generous glass of wine and told her to enjoy.

When the microwave went ding, he presented her with a steaming plate of spaghetti Bolognese and kept topping her glass up with the wine. Ravenous from her two days of being virtually deprived of food; Sandra tucked in rapidly fearing that Tom may be trying to torment her further by suddenly snatching away her food or possibly making her perform some obscene act to earn this precious meal. Nothing was further from Tom's mind as he saw this as a dinner date and he tried his best to pass pleasant conversation with his albeit imprisoned date.

The food tasted good although it did pass through Sandra's mind that he could have doped the food in some way as a way of ending the situation either fatally or as a way of dumping her somewhere out of the way. She even began to suspect that the wine maybe drugged as he seemed eager for her to drink as much as possible, but he sensed this was going through her mind so he took the glass and took a sip himself, before handing back the glass. He reassured her that he had not tampered with either the food or the wine and now wanted to be friends.

Sandra relaxed and enjoyed the food although she did slow down the eating process fearing his mood may change once the food had gone. It was mind games he was playing after his harsh treatment of Sandra as a cum bucket for himself and his canine friends, now he was wining and dining her as if she was his girlfriend, completely courteous and pleasant in action and word.

After she had finally finished her meal he tidied away the things leaving her with the now nearly empty wine bottle and her glass. Suddenly he turned a radio on and approached her before holding out his hand and actually asking for permission to dance with her, fearing breaking the spell, she agreed and he carefully held her as they danced close together. It was as if it was a school prom dance and all very formal with minimal amount of touching, although he did undo the top three buttons of her blouse.

For the next hour they danced and chatted as lovers would do, all the time she was extremely

nervous of upsetting him and spoiling this much appreciated mellowing in his tone. Eventually she plucked up courage to ask him if he would walk her home, he smiled and promised her he would see her safely home before the night was over. Without any immediate change in his appearance or demeanour he leaned forward and tentatively offered a kiss, which instinctively Sandra pulled away from.

Suddenly his attitude changed as he immediately grabbed her hair and forced a kiss from her before literally throwing her to the floor and screaming she was a two faced bitch, happy to eat his food and drink his wine but not to be friendly to him. He grabbed the bottle of wine and thrust it towards her face screaming this fucking cost me a fortune to give a slut like you a decent wine and you simply take it and expect to give nothing back.

Forcing her on to her back and sat on her stomach as he forced her legs open and then deliberately and slowly began to push the neck of the bottle into her cunt. Sandra's screams and pleading apologies for being so stupid fell on his deaf ears as half the length of the bottle was up her stretched cunt.

Turning his head to face her he snarled she had better stop struggling or he would smash the neck off the bottle and use the jagged edges to open up her arse as well as he cunt. Fearing now for her life Sandra simply lay still and let him do whatever he was going to do. She did wince from the pain of even more of the bottle being forced up her cunt and the neck of the bottle was now pressing against her cervix at the entrance to her womb. It seemed that Tom was determined to get the whole bottle up her cunt; when just as suddenly Tom Dragged her feet towards him and her head causing her arse to rise of the floor and suddenly her cunt began to burn as the alcohol of the wine hit her insides.

Even more pain began to follow as Tom began to force three fingers into her tight anal ring pressed as it was so tightly against the bulge of the bottle sticking from her cunt. Tom ignored everything apart from his desire to get as many fingers up her cunt alongside her bottle stuffed cunt. Somehow Sandra managed to relax further and soon Tom had his fist up her arse and he smiled to himself as he noted he could feel the hardness of the bottle through the separating membrane.

Now he began fisting her arse as he used the bottle on her cunt and much to her own disgust she found her body betrayed her and began responding to his stimulation so much so that she suddenly found herself groaning her lust as wave after wave of orgasm wracked her body. Tom suddenly broke through the sounds of her lust as he said loud enough for her to hear; I ought to get a fucking huge funnel and shove that shit in the bucket back up inside your arse! Then he added, or better still maybe use the funnel in your mouth and watch you eat your own shit on top of the food I fucking wasted.

Sandra found she physically feared the absolute worst when suddenly the bottle in her cunt was gone and soon the hand in her arse followed suit. Thinking his tirade of abuse at her was finished she was suddenly rudely awakened as she was hit by a wall of pain as Tom forced the base of the bottle into her still stretched arse and he began fucking her harshly with it.

Just when Tom had slipped out of his trousers she was not sure but now, she was laid there with a wine bottle shoved up her arse and Tom's extremely hard cock about to plunge into her cunt. Sandra pleaded with Tom not to do this and in return she would gladly do whatever he said; he stopped and smiled down at her and quietly spoke, "But my little fucking slut, I can do whatever I want anyway and it is so much more fun to have you fighting me rather than meekly giving in!"

With that he thrust his cock forward spearing at the entrance to her cunt while shifting the bottle

around moving her arse muscles this way and that. Soon his cock hit home and began to fill her cunt alongside the membrane separated bottle. He leaned close to her face and scowled that maybe he would fetch the Dog and gets his knot to fight for space alongside the bottle, again Sandra pleaded with him not to do this and she would allow him to do whatever he wanted. With a maniacal laugh he swore, what the fuck, do you think I am doing right now you fucking dumb bitch?

Sandra began to sob as she realised she had no bargaining chips to play, but once more her body began to betray her true feelings as she once more found herself building towards another massive orgasm. Just as she began screaming her way through that orgasm, Tom also began shouting at her that he was impregnating his fucking whore and she would soon be carrying his bastard baby as a reminder of her time as the true slut she always was.

Tom's orgasm was just as intensive as Sandra's and for some unknown reason he seemed to fall forward and pass out. This was the chance Sandra had been waiting for so she slid from under him and carefully removing the bottle from her sore stretched arse she quickly gathered her belonging but before she escaped she decided to take a little revenge. She quickly tied his hands behind his back and then his feet to his elbows spreading his legs as she did so and then placed the bottle neck against his tight virgin arsehole and with an almighty shove she penetrated his sphincter muscle tearing it enough to cause a showing of blood.

Instantly Tom was awake again as the severe pain shot through his body and she leaned forward as she told him he was now an anally fucked faggot and soon the police would find him here with this bottle wedged up his own arse as she pressed charges for rape and everything else she could throw his way. The last thing she said to him was that she was going to ask the police to use their sirens as they came for him so he would hear them getting ever closer to arresting him as the sex pervert he truly was.

No matter how hard Tom tried he could not get free and after what seemed like an eternity he heard the faint sound of sirens getting ever closer and he began to regret his need to have this strange woman he had watched for months as she always left from the same bus stop. The first set of sirens he heard seemed to get ever so loud but they kept going and he breathed a sigh of relief that maybe, just maybe she had decided not to report him to the police, when he heard the second set of sirens and this time they got excessively loud as they screeched to a halt outside the lock up garden shed that had been Sandra's Prison.