

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



That certainly was a masterpiece! Outstanding! Angela's performance alone worth an award. Dane was good too, brutal and to the point. That could become Director first ever prized production. Stakes are high; all pressure weights on my movie editing skills.

Keep your concentration, the recording is almost over. Monitors keep showing Angela's ambitious body, closely tied to Dane's matting bench. Switch rear cam, zooming in, close up on Dane's tongue proudly lapping trickles of warm semen spilling down her pearly thigh. Amorous laps, leaving the future mother of his imaginary puppy indifferent. Her reactions so detached; her mind lost miles away, as if the perverse abuse afflicted on her body was none of her concern; grandiose!

Junior is growing hard, again. Stoic soldier, junior, prepared to sacrifice the last drop of spunk to honor today's new bestiality prodigy, popping a last magnum of white champagne to celebrate her noble dedication. Going through so much, delivering such a draining performance, along with her dignity, for the sole pleasure of her selfish audience. Heh! Dane exits the room. Cut!

Rewind. Rewind. Magnetic bands spinning so fast, hypnotizing. My balls shoot yet again, almost blank. Rewind. Contractions hurt from the lack of cum. Rewind. Rewind. Stop. Play. My turn. Editing will be tedious. Time to concentrate. To refine the storytelling. Audience must visualize, picture the stern reality behind the scene projected in front of them.

The film starts with a mere click. Camera comes to life, quietly lighting up our heroine's porcelain face. Her coy smile appeases the oppressing obscurity. Selfie stick in hand, Angela peacefully raise the camera, lining the lens at face level. As to welcome her audience, her soft smile widens. Pause. Rewind. Frame advance. Director was right to use high speed HD cameras. Her widening smile, gentle, innocent, calls for junior's standing ovation, again. Play.

Tiny lips deferentially closed, her satisfied cheeks politely smiled out, Angela certainly lures people's attention. Her reserved glance pierces through the camera. Pause. Make-up scaled down to its bare minimum, her character, so simple: beauty's elegance. Unreachable. Majestic. The blue-blooded that commoners would never dare looking at. The blue-blooded that all commoners would jealous and dream to abuse. Jake could not possibly have casted better actress; Angela embodies the role so naturally. Play.

She maneuvers the camera down, trailing her neck, shadowed by her long auburn hairs. The enigmatic show slowly reveals an evidence: the sacrificial body is the way nature intended, her perky breast obediently standing up fully exposed. Very comprehensive, she carries on the meticulous presentation of her nakedness, grasping flawlessly her mighty curves from every angle, all the way down to her modestly trimmed mount. Pause. Zoom-in. Zoom-in. In character, she's perfect in every detail: enough hairs to pride womanhood, but not enough to really understand the meaning of it. Zoom-out. Zoom-out. Play.

Angela completes the first act, with a perfectly framed close-up of her moist labia. Glistening jewel delicately crowning her amused thigh gap. Her well-manicured fingers gently part her lips, exposing her pink tenderness. Pause. A moment frozen in time, her modesty opened wide, offered, for all viewers to admire until the end of time.

Play. Steadily zooming out, Angela gently installs the camera on a tripod. Stepping back, she faces the lens, making sure to record every step of her systematic preparation. Picking undistinguishable accessories from the ground, she starts by buckling a thick leather collar around her soft neck, with a large and remorseless padlock locking it authoritatively.

The gag comes next. Staring obediently at the camera, holding the base of the penis gag firmly in her

hands, she gracefully positions her upper lips around the tip. Delicately extending her tongue, she scoops the bottom of the rod. Steadily, our star shoves the long and ruthless shaft down its rightful place. The cold leather base finally embracing her lips, she slightly raises her head. Hey? Wait, is that? Pause. Rewind. Frame advance. Zoom-in. It is indeed! The tip of the rubber penis presses down her throat. The bump progresses steadily as it peacefully lodges deep down. That's dedication, doing everything possible to impress, making sure her viewership has all necessary evidence to validate her exploit. Zoom-out. Play.

Carefully holding the gag in place, she catches the trainer muzzle with her elongated fingers. She delicately tightens up the first strap under her chin. Methodically, she reaches out behind her head to close the back strap. Perfectionist, she adjusts the front pad, making sure it stands strictly atop the feeding gag. Pause. She looks so magnificent in her modest costume, with the black leather severely protecting her frail porcelain skin. Play.

With a slight air of relief, her eyes glance straight at the camera lens. Woah! Pause. Incredible, so intense. Peaceful jade corneas staring through me, appeased to give themselves for my pleasure! Viewers will love to feel that unique. Play. Angela completes the act, securing it all tightly in position with unreasonably large padlocks. Dedication!

Angela delicately brings the camera back to her face. Reduce speed. Slowly seeking viewers' endorsement, she lingers over secured locks. Simple way to demonstrate the graceful humiliation. Normal speed. Her display completed, she hovers toward the back of the room, revealing a padded bench, austere, disposed over a dusty floor. Angela being Angela, the procession is flawless, her detached nonchalance effectively hiding hours of rehearsals.

Without the slightest hesitation, our elegant protagonist starts to install, plug and activate various cameras around the bench, feeding me more images to play with. One positioned right in front of the bench, some 30 cm away from the head platform. The next one disposed slightly above, providing wide angle of the bench's rear. Our noble heroin goes on to install one on the side, filming panoramic profiles of the whole scene. She completes the act connecting the last camera under the bench, ready to memorize with extreme precision Dane's brutal knot degrading her immaculate cunt. Pause.

A narrative so simple, our noble heroin setting up the stage to exploit her naïve ambition. Brilliant! No one would question her enthusiastic compliance. A screenplay so well written, directing her into a role that will redefine her forever, both physically and psychologically.

Still ignorant of what lies ahead, our star scrupulously abides by Jake's truncated script, the one she so eagerly practiced for the last week. The tiny container marked 'open' that unexpectedly sat under the bench must have spiked her curiosity. Along with the new act, her finger quickly reveals a set of transparent labels spelling out her name, in full, with 'cunt' or 'ass' crossed over. Without a flinch, Angela proceeds, gracefully affixing these creative subtitles to their respective position.

Pause. Rewind. Reduce speed. Impeccable! She's good, her demeanor does not betray any sign of reluctance, she keeps her composure despite the unscripted alteration. Bright Angela must indubitably realize the alarming fact that her identity would forever be attached to this erotic movie, but footage doesn't show. Zoom-in camera 3. Lacey did a great job printing those labels. Large letters. Perfectly visible. Switch camera 2. Still discernable. Switch camera 4. Body parts can still be identified on closeups. The stencil typo, a nice nod to the tale, reinforcing the storyline, reminding the audience of the reality in front of them: the true industrialization of Angela's sexual parts. Great.

Play. Switch camera 3. Angela reverts to the initial script, obediently lowering to position her labelled grace over the bench. Politely finding her way in, she slides her slender ankles effortlessly into the

iron restraints fixed on the bench's feet. Poised, she calmly closes the metal lids over, tightening the pin over. Switch camera 2. Several metallic claps later, her thighs and waist follow the same path, unable to move from the bench's strict embrace.

Angela's lower body installed; her basin is left negligently hanging above the end of the bench. Switch camera 4. 'aCngUeINa yeTI' looks splendid from this angle. Hey, wait a minute. Pause. Zoom-in. Yes, there's a shiny watery effect over her labia. Probably from the light, but audience will not see the difference. Our aspiring actress' tenderness firmly secured into an open invitation; they will only see the juicy fuck hole they wish for. Zoom-out. Play.

Switch camera 3. Angela proceeds with her self-objectification, pulling a strap from the bench and clipping it to the D ring of her restricting collar. Switch camera 1. Such confidence, pride, it shines behind the gag as our star presses the blue button. The bench's internal mechanism starts buzzing, inexorably lowering Angela's head into position. Reduce speed. Increase sound. Audience's sensibility will surely appreciate this, slowly accompanying the pair of eyes as they travel down the screen to their centered position. Click. Perfect, the head platform automatically grips her collar, forcing her chin up, her porcelain face now filling the screen. Zoom-in. Zoom-in. 'aHngEIA yeDI'.

Having practiced the scene countless times, Angela now paces down, despite the drool forming behind her muzzle. Flirtatious, she gently aligns her wrists with the bench's cuffs. Switch camera 3. Naturally, she engulfs her last remaining freedom in the structure's leather strap. The automatic lock narrowing around her wrist does not disturb her poise. Switch camera 1. On the contrary, she completes the story with a satisfied glance, willfully turning a sophisticated and well-mannered lady into disposable cunt, devoted to service odious perversion. Glorious achievement!

As rehearsed, Angela faces the camera 1 with a yearning heart for ten seconds, before pressing the red button hidden under her finger, eager to end the movie and release the locking mechanism. Pause. Here comes what is probably the most fascinating thirty seconds of footage ever recorded! Reduce speed. Play.

Unlike her rehearsals, the stubborn mechanism disagrees, restraining the new spare holes firmly in place. With each passing second, the reality of her predicament slowly starts to sink in.

At the five second mark, doubts become noticeable. Pause. Rewind. Play. Nervous smirks exiting the side of her implacable muzzle. Pause. Rewind. Play. Tiny signs that start surfacing under her well-preserved composure. Pause. Rewind. Play. Junior awakens again in anticipation.

Ten seconds. Switch camera 3. Her index gently presses the button, again, and again. No reactions from the unapologetic restraints. Switch camera 1. Still dedicated to her art, Angela's charming eyes want to remain confident facing her viewers' judgement... Frame advance. ... making the slow progression of her worrying frowns all the more captivating.

By the fifteenth second, her self-control progressively wanes away. Eyelids nervously fluttering above the leather, while agitated slobbers escape below, pushed out by muted yelps. Switch camera 3. Her muscles, flexing underneath the silky skin, try to force their way out of her mechanical master. Switch camera 4. Zoom-in. Zoom-in. Sweat is slowly pearling on 'laNnNgEeRITaHI yleGIH', naturally lubricating the stage for later. Zoom-out. Zoom-out.

Twenty seconds mark. Switch camera 3. Angela's anxious finger frantically hit the red button, suddenly triggering screen walls around the room. That must have challenged her remaining sanity. Switch camera 1. Zoom-in. Affected frowns. Chicken skin. Nascent tears of despair. Her blurry vision most certainly recognized the body crudely projected in front of her. The disposable cunt packaged

under the spotlight, staged for watchers' entertainment... Heh, first and foremost, hers.

Zoom-out. Pause. Rewind. Reduce speed. Zoom-in. Zoom-in. Slow closeup to showcase her muffled despair and pleading eyes behind the gag. Comprehension! Without conceivable alternatives, she acknowledges defeat and her disgrace. Angela ceases to be Angela, slowly sinking into wild frenzy. Normal speed. Split screen. Five full long seconds of powerless fury to savor, up until her panicked mind shuts down.

Contemplating her ambition's achievement must have been too much to rationalize. Switch camera 3. All quiet now. Switch camera 4. The disposable cunt accepting her fate.

Split screen camera 1 and camera 2. Completely dissociating herself from the helpless offering displayed in front of her, she passively contemplates 'aCngUeINa yeTI' inert response projected in front of her, as Dane's growl breaks the silence in the back.

The rest is a formality, with Dane brutally impaling the new disposable cunt fed to his mating bench. Closeups on Angela's blank expression provides all the necessary narrative, as she quietly fulfils her new role. The End! Let's keep Dane's passionate barks as soundtrack for the end credits.

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*Thanks!*

*Max Kwoa*