

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Jillian had been looking to this trip to the Bahamas for a long, long, long time. After 8 months of being a workaholic for a production company she was finally getting the rest she deserved. As soon as she stepped off the plane she had been taken back by the oppressive humidity and heat. But what had she expected in the middle of a Caribbean summer? She would have to be sure and pick up some major suntan lotion to avoid getting completely burnt as she was planning on spending almost all of her time on the beach.

So looking forward to getting away from everything modern she had picked a special hotel that advertised itself as having the most secluded private beaches. She jumped into the first taxi available, told the driver the name of her hotel, but also asked if they could make a stop at a surf shop so she could buy some nice towels and lotion. She bought the last big towel the shop had and also picked up a bottle of lotion that had a strong hint of banana and coconut.

She quickly checked into her room, threw all of her belongings in drawers, and ran to the bathroom with the skimpiest bikini she had packed. She quickly admired her figure in the mirror, and marveled at how the skimpy top was barely keeping her large bust in check. She grabbed the towels and lotion, threw on some flip-flops and headed for the lobby. She rented out a double folding beach chair and paid for a pre-packed meal and snack. The concierge informed her that they had a really nice secluded beach she could visit that was a bit of a hike but there would be almost nobody there.

The hike to the beach had almost become too much in the heat when she arrived. The beach was amazingly beautiful with its super bright white sands, crystal clear water, and ankle deep tidal pool. She threw all of her stuff down in a heap right next to the nearest palm tree and sprinted right into the refreshing water. At first the water actually felt warm because her body heat had risen so much during the hike, but then it quickly cooled and felt amazing as she dove into it. Luck for her this was a beach that had no coral anywhere near the shore line, just a large rock outcropping close to shore.

After she finished with her brief swim she removed her two piece bikini, toweled down and grabbed the lotion; the concierge had informed her that she would not have any visitors so she felt safe enough to sun in the nude. When she went to squeeze some out in her hand it had the same consistency as water, but with an oily feeling and a fruity smell. She decided that the best way to apply it would be to use part of a towel as a soaking cloth and use that to rub her body. Once that was done she grabbed her chair and towel and headed for the tidal pool. The pool was a little warmer than the ocean, but it still felt refreshing as the water rippled around her feet.

She set up her chair so that both her lower body and legs were supported parallel to the water while her upper body was angled to allow her to completely relax and sun. She tried to wash out as much of the lotion from the towel as possible but it was so oily she wasn't able to do much with it. She draped that part of the towel near her feet and laid down on the chair. The individual supports running across the chair felt amazing on her back and legs and she quickly became too tired to ignore a good nap in the sun.

As the sun continued to bake the beach the edge of her towel dipped into the water and the lotion mixed with the salty water. The current carried this exotic mix out of the tidal pool and down past the rocky outcropping. Beneath the big boulders something was awakened by this oily and weird tasting disturbance in the water. Slowly it began to wake up and flexed its long tentacles searching for the opening to its home. It peeked outside of its little cave; there would be no predators in this area as the octopus, which was rather large for its species, had killed off anything that could threaten it. Gifted with both an unnatural size (his body was about the size of a large beach ball and the tentacles were all almost twelve feet long) and intellect this particular octopus had become the

master of his domain and only the occasional and unfortunate meal ever wandered into his territory.

Sensing that there was nothing living nearby the octopus extended a couple of arms outside the cave and slowly pulled its massive and bulbous body along the sea floor. It could not make out any sounds of fish nearby, nor any of the alien sounds it had come to associate with humans. Puzzled by this lack of activity the octopus tasted the water and was once again struck by a strong oily and different flavor. He quickly ascertained where the direction the smell was coming from and pulled himself along the sand bottom to figure out this mystery.

He almost missed the narrow channel that served as an opening to the water for the tidal pool, but once he realized that the flavor was coming from that direction he slowly pulled himself into the pool. The entrance was shallow enough that part of his bulbous head actually broke the surface briefly. As he entered the tidal pool his feeler tentacle brushed up against an unknown object. The object was smoother than any rock he had ever felt, and it curved and bent in an unnatural way. This must be some junk that a human left behind to dirty up his beach. Another tentacle had tasted its way to the drooping part of the towel, but because it was such a warm day Jillian had started to sweat off some of the lotion as well.

While the original flavor of this weird substance had been foreign and disgusting, the mixture of Jillian's sweat and the lotion actually pleased the octopus. He quickly determined that there were six poles in the water and that they appeared to be supporting something. Curious about what this object could possibly be he let a single tentacle snake its way up one of the poles until it broke the surface of the water and encountered the plastic supports. The tentacle recoiled at first, not sure what it had just touched, but then it ventured forward again and came in contact with something familiar: skin.

The octopus could not figure out for the life of himself why there would be skin attached to this object, but then he recalled the strange creatures that visited his rocks a couple of months ago. They had made such a racket swimming through the waves to his rocks so he had come out of hiding spot to investigate. He instantly recognized these strangers as being from land and tried to get back into his hole before they could bother him anymore. One of them quickly used a pole to block his hole so he had wrapped a couple of tentacles around it, yanked it out of the intruder's clutches and dropped it onto the seafloor.

When these strangers continued to tease and taunt him inside his cave he had lashed out at one of them with a tentacle and had been rewarded with some panicking noises. The one he had struck swam to the surface while the other intruder held up a shiny circular object that created flashes of light. This had upset the octopus further so it retreated further into its cave until the intruders had left.

The octopus decided to break the surface of the water for a brief moment to try and figure out what this thing was and why it gave off such a tasty flavor. When he was able to concentrate one of his large eyes on the object quickly decided that there was a human body resting on this platform. Curious about why it had not reacted when he broke the surface the octopus reasoned that it must be asleep so he decided to investigate the slumbering form.

First he positioned his body directly beneath the chair so that his arms would be able to explore every inch and so that the sun would not cook him in this shallow water. He slithered a tentacle up the underside of the platform to the highest point, by Jillian's head and let it snake over the upper edge. It slowly and methodically slithered its way down to the top of her head and took little feels to figure out what it was dealing with. When the tentacle probed the top of her head with its tip her head rolled from the right side to the left and the tentacle immediately withdrew.

The octopus decided to come back to that part later and instead focused on the part of the platform that was on the opposite end and closer to the water. It snaked another tentacle up the pole and ever so slightly prodded the sole of her foot. When the foot did not react the tentacle slowly began to feel each digit and then wrapped around her ankle. Afraid that this creature might wake up, the octopus secured both of her feet to the support bands by coiling several times around her ankles and the chair.

Going off of its memory of the encounter with the other humans it realized that there were also two more appendages that needed to be secured so that the creature could not threaten him. Her wrists were slowly encircled by a two more tentacles, leaving the octopus with eight more arms to explore with. Because the tidal pool was so much warmer than the ocean the tentacles actually felt warm and solid like human fingers. Unbeknownst to the octopus Jillian was having a dream where her feet and wrists were being caressed by her ex-boyfriend; he tickled her wrists and her feet in a very seductive way. Her body began to react to her dreams and soon her body temperature was rising and moisture began to accumulate in her pussy.

While the octopus sat there unsure of what do next, he suddenly tasted something in the water that he had never tasted before. It was sweet, and exotic, but tasted better than any fish he had ever eaten. He quickly figured out that the smell was coming down from the direct center of the chair so he began to worm a tentacle through the small space between the chair supports. Almost instantly he felt another part of Jillian's body, her thighs. He could tell that this is where her legs must meet so he slowly used the tentacles securing her ankles to ever so slowly pull them apart so he could worm his tentacle between them.

When her legs were far apart enough that his tentacle could squeeze between her thighs he continued to push more and more of it through. In her dreams Jillian was being teased and massaged on her thighs from behind and this caused her pulse to quicken and her sexual responses to become even stronger. The tentacle turned 90 degrees to follow the irresistible flavor and bumped into the outer lips of her pussy. The octopus used his tentacle to feel around that area and determined that there was an orifice there, and that orifice was the source of the amazing flavor he had tasted.

He slowly prodded her lips with his tentacle, using the suckers to gather up every bit of the tasty liquid. The constant prodding, caressing and teasing of her lips caused Jillian to grind her hips downward towards this alien invader and at just that moment the tentacle had started to push a little bit deeper so it penetrated her about an inch. Feeling the movement of the human the octopus froze its movements, although the suckers continued their tasting of her juices. When it realized that her movements were involuntary it continued to move the tentacle tip around the opening to her pussy, and was rewarded with even more of the sweet tasting liquid.

Ever so slowly it continued to feed centimeter after centimeter of its tentacle into this orifice. Another pleasant sensation was a rhythmic squeezing of its tentacle that had started when Jillian dreamed that her lover was working a finger into her tunnel. She responded by bending her legs a little bit which widened them and allowed the tentacle to get a better angle. When there were four inches of tentacle inside her Jillian had the first feelings of an orgasm. Her muscles clenched down hard on the intruder, her breathing became labored, and her juices flowed faster and faster. Being of a higher than normal intellect, the octopus quickly determined that it must be providing some kind of pleasure to the human because it had not woken up and actually seemed to be feeding off of his tentacle's movements.

Before things got too out of hand it decided to use another of its special features to ensure that his "prize" could not get away. It used some small barbs located in each sucker to administer a

neurotoxin that would block all control from the brain, but would still allow uncontrolled physical reactions. This way the human would be alive but would be unable to interfere with his investigation. After about a minute of injecting the neurotoxin through Jillian's hands and feet the octopus decided to test its effects on the human: if the orifice he was probing was vital to the human any threat to it should cause a physical reaction or attack.

Instead of bringing pain, the octopus decided to bring pleasure and did this by forcefully feeding more and more of his tentacle into the tight hole. Inch after inch disappeared into the cavity. He could feel that he had pushed about half of his tentacle in and had completely filled up the cavity. His tentacle had formed a sort of pulsing, writhing ball inside that was constantly sliding along her slick walls and the tip of the tentacle was actually poking back out just a little bit. This new surge of pleasure and fullness threw Jillian to the edge of her first orgasm and her eyes shot open. She quickly realized that she was unable to move any of her limbs and couldn't even vocalize her distress. As she looked down to see what could be causing this nightmare all she could see was that her hands and feet were bound to the chair and that some sort of tube or appendage seemed to be, for lack of a better word, raping her. She had just started to notice the texture of the tentacles and the suckers on their underside when she was snapped back to reality by an intense orgasm.

Never in her life had she felt this good and this full! Her opening and walls felt stretched more than any man had stretched her before. The electricity produced by this orgasm threatened to send her into unconsciousness. The inability to control her own body made the effects that much worse because she had no way to vent the rising tide of sexual energy; she couldn't arch her back, flex her feet, or even fondle herself. Because of the unrelenting assault on her pussy by the tentacle and its suckers the rush just kept coming and she realized that she was having multiple back to back orgasms.

The octopus could tell that it had really hit the sweet spot because the contractions of her pussy around its tentacle were faster and stronger than ever. The sweet tasting liquid was flowing faster than ever and was all being slurped up by the suckers slithering across every centimeter of her pussy. It was finally too much energy for Jillian to handle and she passed out. The octopus could tell right away that something had changed with the creature because the reactions slowed way down. Had it killed this creature through over-stimulation? It withdrew its tentacle from her womb, being sure to slurp up every last drop of her cum before it left.

He could still detect that the human had a heartbeat through its hands and ankles, but it had slowed way down. He decided to explore the part of the human that was leaning on the inclined part of the platform. He used the same tentacle that had penetrated her to investigate her stomach. He started by moving the tentacle up between her legs, rubbing over pussy lips, and investigating her lower stomach. Feeling the uncontrollable twitching of her stomach muscles the tentacle ventured out a little more and discovered her belly button. Not knowing what this orifice was for the tentacle prodded and pulled at its edges but quickly made the determination that this was just a small useless orifice.

The tentacle continued further up her abdomen and came in contact with her left breast. Thinking that this might be another appendage in need of securing the octopus sent a tentacle up the right side of her body to ensnare it but realized that there must be two of these appendages as it came into contact with her right breast. Another tentacle came up from the left side and they quickly began wrapping inch after slick inch around her ample breasts. The tentacles completed their wrapping and noticed that each one of these new appendages had a small hard pointy part. The tentacles played with Jillian's nipples and felt them grow even firmer the more they were teased.

His prey's body temperature and involuntary contractions quickly escalated as he reticulated his

tentacles and suckers all along her body. He could tell that even in her drugged state her body was rapidly responding to the arousing touches of his smooth appendages.

The End