

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



This story was mainly drawn from the fantasy described to me by a lovely woman called Hailey (yes the same one from [Always Pull Your Curtains](#) fame.) She wrote the bulk of the middle of the story and all I did was top and tail it and deal with a few minor editing issues.

~~~~~

“Fucking men,” I swore out loud as I tried to work out what was the best way to walk back to the holiday homes where I was staying with my parents. Cursing myself for agreeing to take a free family holiday as I should have known better at 19 years of age to even remotely think that it might have been fun. The only thing that was a bit of a laugh was the local lads who hung about the camp hoping to get off with the female holidaymakers. I had let a few have a fumble and a feel but no way was I going any further, after all, I had a regular boyfriend back home.

It was one of the locals who had taken me out for a spin in his car and bought me a few drinks in a quaint old country pub in a place with the silliest name you had ever heard. Widecombe-in-the-moor indeed should have been called Widecombe-in-the-dullest-shithole in the world. After a couple of drinks clearly, the lad thought that this was his invitation to get inside my knickers, which he was sadly mistaken. On reflection, perhaps I should have let him take me home before I jumped out of the car giving him the full benefit of my Romford vocabulary using words that would have made a docker blush.

As the car lights faded into the distance I decided that as it was a full moon there was no reason I shouldn't be able to walk, after all I was pretty fit and kept myself in good shape.

Drawing myself up to my full 5'7" I set my shoulders back to thrust out my 34B breasts and took a deep breath, flicking my curly brown hair away from my face as I took stock of the situation. Looking up and down the country road I knew from when I had studied the map that the camp was four or five miles away if I followed the stupid country roads but less than a mile across the fields. What harm could there be apart from being savaged by a wild sheep I thought giggling to myself as I clambered over the gate and set off across the field.

Even though it was summer, as the mist started to drop causing a chill to enter the air, the dampness seemed to permeate my bones through the thin summer cotton dress I wore. Wishing I had bought more than just a light cardigan I pulled it around and started at a brisk pace hoping the exertion would keep me warm. It kept shifting into darkness as the clouds would cover the moon from time to time.

I was about 10 minutes into my journey and now into the moors fully when I first saw the shadow as the moon peeked out from behind the clouds. Just at the edge of my gaze for a brief fleeting moment, like a man yet hunched over as he moved with a speed and agility I wouldn't have thought possible. Shaking my head thinking I must have been imagining things I heard the first howl in the distance behind me, a howl that sent a shiver running up my spine. “A wolf;” I blurted out but then corrected myself, there weren't any wolves on Dartmoor and as I thought that another howl answered the first one, this time off to my right.

I could feel my heart start to beat faster and turned to my left and quickened my pace, whatever it was there was more than one of them and I had no desire to meet them. As I hurried I slipped and lost one of my stupid strappy sandals and not bothering to look for it I kicked off the other and started to run, my heart now beating wildly. I nearly tripped over a humped figure in my path then screamed as it was fully illuminated by the moon revealing a sheep with its throat torn out and I could tell from the steam rising from its body it had only died in the past few minutes.

A howl to my left caused me to veer away and now a couple of howls much closer behind replied sending me into full headlong flight. Although the moor was soft stones and thorns pricked the soles of my bare feet making me wince in pain. The howl to me right meant the only way seemed to be directly forward and running like my life depended on it, which I was thinking it did, I flew across the moors. The howling had stopped but this was replaced with snorts of breathing and at first, I thought the panting was coming from my own laboured chest but it was behind me and on both sides. Willing myself not to look I ran on almost feeling the breath of my pursuers on my neck.

The clouds cleared suddenly letting the full moon shine brightly and letting a high-pitched yell of fear I skidded to a stop as blocking my way was a furry man hunched over. Yet even hunched over he was far bigger than any normal man in every way. His ears were pointed on the side of his head which was pointed like a muzzle, his face and chest covered with fur and his hands and feet had claws protruding that looked like they could tear the flesh from my bones. He was naked and hanging down between his legs was not a normal man's cock, I had seen a few, but a huge angry red thing that would have been better suited on a dog. Almost like it had a mind of its own it twitched in my direction and leaked fluids as the werewolf bared its teeth and howled with delight at cornering its prey.

I glanced to my left then right seeking an escape but to no avail, in both directions my route was blocked by similar beings. Frozen for a moment I tried to get my panic-stricken brain to work when a huge blow hit me on my back knocking me to the ground and momentarily stunning me. The weight of its body pinning me down, its claws, its feet pulling and ripping the dress from me, soaked by the mist naked and pinned I feel my legs being spread forcefully apart and my knickers dragged off me scraping along my thighs, leaving me exposed and vulnerable pinned beneath it.

I could feel its body huge and heavy on my back humping, its hot huge cock rubbing on my thighs pushing higher, I tried so hard to close my legs but the creature wouldn't let me and I felt the tip of its cock touching me, touching my lips. I open my mouth to scream but I see more shapes in the mist closing and I am too afraid to scream. I feel the tip spreading me, parting and pushing into me, I feel the fullness as the tip shoves inside and sits there, I sob but it isn't going to help and in more goes in hurting how much it is stretching but not so much that I cannot take.

My hand comes free and I try to push myself up but the weight on my back is too much. I cannot stop this from happening, I cannot make this creature stop or escape, so my hand goes lower as I start to touch. I try to ease the pain of it by frigging, rubbing my tiny pearl furiously trying to make the sharp ache become pleasure. The creature is pushing deeper and I feel it pressing against my cervix, I feel it push through. Nothing has gone so deep inside me and I put my head back and pant, the creature stops, holding itself there, not moving. I stop unsure.... then it thrusts hard and fast and even deeper into me over and over and over, faster than any man, deeper and bigger and longer.

I do not normally fantasise about size but I am so so full there is nothing I can do, I feel my wetness on my thighs and the creature swelling, my panting containing whimpers and I feel its jaws clamp on my neck. Then I feel it swelling inside me, pulsing and a sudden feeling of heat as it gushes inside me, my mind is filled with fireworks and I'm sure my head is thrashing from side to side but never sure if it is real or imagined and I realise I have climaxed so hard I think I was close to passing out.

I close my eyes trying to remember how to breathe and feel the weight lifting, the coarse hair against my back pulling away and its length pulling from me leaving me feeling open and vacant, feeling its cum starting to run from me. I lay there and then feel weight and fur pressing down on me and the tip pressing into me as the next creature prepares to take me.

The second time I do pass out from the brutal fucking as I feel the fetid breath coming from the creatures surrounding me, snarling and snuffling in some primaevial mating frenzy, each demanding

its turn with the new pack bitch.

One lifts me in its jaws my legs spread between them my pelvis almost in its mouth and its tongue probing and pushing into me exploring and devouring my wetness till I pee in a combination of fear and it pressing on my bladder with its tongue. I scream with fear expecting it to devour me after it has drunk its fill but instead it throws me to the damp heather and covers me, thrusting hard and fast until it too has sated its lust.

Over and over I am fucked, I lose count of the number of times I have been used, climaxed on the pack's huge cocks as each takes its turn to fill me with its seed. Until eventually as the moon starts to wane they vanish leaving me naked in the cold damp air, my body covered with scratches and nips from their brutal lovemaking.

Even as I stagger a little unsteady on my feet as the first light of the day starts to drive away the moon I know my life has changed forever. This is no longer a place to holiday, this is now my home and come the next full moon I will walk the moors again ready and eager for my pack to take me again.