

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Josephine walked toward the alien entertainment center in downtown Las Vegas. She was nervous. The woman had never been with an alien before. She thought back to last year when the aliens showed up. They provided the world's population with a panacea that cured all diseases and addictions. Proving to the population that those who controlled the world did it through manufacturing diseases. Then drugs that didn't treat anything but just kept you addicted.

Everything down to the simplest cold and complex cancers could have been cured decades before. When the populations of the world's nations found out, a lot of leaders found themselves in serious trouble. More than a few of them found themselves in a box in the ground. Had the aliens come to conquer? No. Had they come to steal our planet's resources? Also no. What the aliens wanted were two things. First, they were pacifists and needed to hire an army.

There was no shortage of volunteers wearing power armor and plasma cannons. The dream of every geek who played video games the world over. The second thing they wanted was sex work. Most of the species throughout the galaxy are perverts. To keep populations under control, they would have sex with other species they knew would not procreate. Plus, there was just a thrill of it.

Josephine had been a prostitute before. Addicted to drugs and suffering from several sexually transmitted diseases. She had always enjoyed sex. Now that she wasn't hungry, thanks to their alien rescuers showing us how to grow crops everywhere again. Another simple solution that nobody wanted to admit is that most humans now live a life of leisure or adventure.

Traveling to fight, traveling to explore, or enjoying crazy mixed sex with aliens from another world. Josephine didn't want to fight but decided to try alien sex and maybe travel. Her nervous steps brought her to the door. Inside was cool and calm compared to the blasting heat from the Nevada desert.

Panacea had done wonders. No longer was her skin slack covered in sores. Her body is drooping from years of physical and drug abuse. Even though she was now 29, she looked barely old enough to vote. Her DD chest is high and perky, her waist narrow, and her washboard belly. Josie had never felt this good in her entire life. A tall woman was working behind the counter. Next to her was a Chill, one of the more human-like aliens working on the planet's surface.

They were called 'Chill' because their blood temperature is almost 40° cooler than the average human. They felt cold to the touch. Josephine couldn't imagine how this creature could survive in the blast furnace at 115° temperature outside. The Chill looked at her. She was female. Her skin is blue, and her eyes are considerably more wide set than humans but still on the front of her face. The Chill smiled, showing small pearly white teeth. "May I be of assistance?" She spoke in a low contralto voice with a vaguely English accent.

Josephine says, "I am interested in participating in the gloryhole room."

The smile widens on her blue face. "Marvelous, as someone in the room or outside?"

Josie was taken aback. "I didn't know that was an option?"

"Well, yes," the Chill said. "If you are inside, you get paid if you are outside, you have to pay."

"I see," Josephine said with relief. "I was hoping to be on the inside to have fun and make some credits."

The blue lady was all business now. "Very good. The position pays five galactic credits for each client you bring to a climax. We limit first-time actors to three clients on the first two engagements. And no more than eight clients for any actor in 24 hours."

Josephine was stunned. Five credits would pay for a launch from Earth and back and a space station tour. The credits are transferrable, and she could pay her rent for a year with ten.

She told the blue alien, "That sounds more than fair. Where do I sign up?"

The Chill put some paperwork on a clipboard with a pen. "I must ask for your ID card, please, and you may call me Dolly."

Josephine looked at the paper and realized that it was a nondisclosure agreement. "I guess even aliens want to be anonymous?"

Dolly chuckled, sounding like a flute underwater. "Yes, everyone is a pervert but will never admit it. Do you wish to be given a number or have an alias you go by?"

"I never thought about it. I suppose a number will be fine."

After the two had exchanged papers, the tall blonde handed her a small bag and a key card for the door.

She said, "Inside is lube, a towel, and clean-up supplies. When you leave, toss the card in the trash. It will only work for today. Your room is number eight, and your ID number is 555. And there is a shower across from the rooms. Have fun!"

The hall had a thick carpet, and the air had that still muffled feel of soundproofing.

Dolly caught up to her when she got to the door. "I almost forgot I needed to show you how some things work," she said with a smile.

Josephine opened the door, swiped the card, and the two women entered. The room was about 12 feet square. In the center was a bed that looked hovering above the floor.

Dolly went to the bed first. "This can be moved up and down, and the surface bent almost any way you want."

As the Chill spoke, she tapped the corner of the bed and bent the center like a chair. A second tap and the padded surface became semi-rigid.

Dolly explained as she moved it around. "When it's unlocked, you can move it around and up and down. Any angle you need, and once you lock it, the bed stays put."

Next, she went to the wall opposite the door. Three holes about three inches across sat about five feet off the floor. Dolly put both her pointer fingers on each side of the hole, and the hole turned green. Like the bed, the holes could be moved anywhere on the wall.

"How will the guys use it if I move it around."

Dolly smiled again. "The client is not in this building. The holes are quantum entanglement openings. The other end can be anywhere. Moving it around to a comfortable position will not hurt the user."

As a demonstration, the Chill pulled the hole to the floor and tapped the wall five times. The holes slowly moved back to the default location.

“Any questions?” Dolly asked.

“Yes, when do I start?” Josie said.

“The links will become active five minutes after the outer door shuts. There is a small locker in the corner for personal items,” Dolly explained as she left and closed the door.

Josephine was excited and could already feel her shaved pussy getting damp. After stripping and putting her belongings in the locker, she opened the bag. Inside were all the items she was told about. She was slightly amused that the lube bottle was quart-sized. For some reason, the aliens did not like the metric system. Josie tasted the lube and found it had no flavor or even smell.

She used her finger to rub a little on her clit. It was the slickest material she had ever felt. She was distracted by rubbing her clit when there was a chime, and the center hole went from solid to open. Josephine held her breath as a thin blue penis slid out of the wall. ‘Wow, a Chill,’ she thought and moved close.

The flesh was cold and had a bumpy texture, and the opening at the end looked like an x. Josie put a shot of lube in her hand and began to stroke it like any human male. The blue cock started to thicken and bend up in a curve. The man behind it started pumping on and out of the hole. Now the Chill’s cock was swollen enough that her hand did not quite fit around it and grew to about nine inches long.

She pushed her large tits together around the cock and pumped them up and down, stopping to add some lube. The alien man was hammering in and out of the hole now. Josie could hear him panting through the opening. She opened her mouth and let the head of his dick slide in and out of her mouth. She could imagine that her mouth must be like a fire to him. To her amazement, the head of his cock was starting to swell!

“Oh, I have to try this,” she said out loud.

Letting the frustrated cock flop in the air for a moment, Josephine moved the hole to about waist-high. Quickly she moved the bed and set it so she could lie down with her pussy lined up with the struggling penis. Reaching between her legs, Josephine guided the cold cock into her dripping snatch. He slammed home in her, and she gasped at the almost ice-cold flesh.

Josephine pushed back so hard that her ass was squashed flat into the wall. The alien man paused and then began to fuck her at a frantic pace. She could feel the head of his cock swell more and more. A little like a dog cock but on the opposite side. The head was now so large that it could no longer come out of her. Wedged in like a cork, she was slammed back and forth like a punching bag.

The alien had amazing stamina. Josie was reduced to just lying limp as her body jerked and spasmed. Her orgasm took her by surprise. Josephine’s back arched, and her abused pussy squirted what had to be almost scalding hot liquid on the alien cock. Still, he pounded her like a machine made to wreck a pussy. Josie lay with her head turned to the side, drooling and only half awake. The end of the man’s cock felt like it was the size of a softball!

In all her time as a sex worker, she has never been so stretched and so well fucked. Incredibly his pace stepped up to a frantic level. Cold pre-cum mixed with her juices dribbled down her legs. With one last hard push, she felt iced cold cum squirting inside her as the knot on the end delivered its

load and shrank away.

Slowly the shrinking cock pulled out of her, and a torrent of cum poured out of her abused pussy. It splattered on the floor in a spreading pool. The blue cock was pulled back, and the hole clicked shut. Josephine lay still for a minute more as the thick alien cum ran down her legs and splashed on her feet. Once she caught her breath, she stood and felt even more, cum run out of her. She looked down at the pool of fluids. It looked like someone had poured a gallon of milk on the floor!

As she staggered over to the clean-up supplies, she saw the fluids begin to soak away into the floor. After sixty seconds, the spot was clean again.

“Wow, I need a floor like that,” she said out loud. Her gaping and abused cunt was sore, and the lips were swollen and puffy. “I’m damn lucky it did not swell like that in my mouth. I would have drowned!”

Deciding she had enough for her first try, Josie gathered her things and went naked across the hall to the locker-style shower room.

A tiny redheaded woman was getting out of the shower. Pretty blue eyes looked at Josephine’s missed hair and still-dripping pussy

“First time, huh?” the redhead asked.

Josie blushed and said, “Yes, it was amazing!”

The redhead said, “My name is Debbie. Go ahead. The hot water never runs out.”

After jamming her things in a locker, Josie washed and scrubbed and used the showerhead to rinse out her slightly sore cunt.

When she came out, Debbie was dressed in jeans and a T-shirt. She was so small as to be elf-like, maybe four and a half feet tall, and under a hundred pounds.

Josephine had to ask, “Good God, how do you fit these giant alien cocks in your tiny human body?”

Laughing, Debbie said, “For one credit, you can get a treatment that lets your flesh stretch like its rubber. You hardly get a bruise after that, and breaking a bone is almost impossible. It’s the first thing I spent my money on.”

“Does the treatment hurt?” Josie asked with some awe.

“Not a bit. It’s a pill the size of an aspirin and works for ten years.”

Debbie left with a wave as Josie got dressed. Back at the front desk, she let Dolly know she was done for the day.

“Excellent. Here is your new card with your credits on the account. Your customer tipped you two extra credits. You must have impressed him.”

Josephine asked about the treatment Debbie had told her about, and Dolly gave her the address of a nearby clinic.

“Thanks, Dolly. I will be back in a day or two.”

Leaving with the most money she had ever had, Josie went straight to the clinic.

The End.