

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



**Note:** So far all of my stories (if you want to call them that) have been pure fantasy, exaggerated and extreme fantasy. Totally made up, though based largely upon erotic emails swapped between myself and my European friend. I've decided to do a few real stories around interesting people I met many years ago when I was very active on a certain adult BDSM dating site. I'm not saying which site I was using because I don't want this to sound like advertising for one thing, and these days the site is still around and infested with scammers and bots to an extent that I wouldn't recommend it to anyone anyway. The following sessions were between 2001-2003, so I'm stretching my memory a bit.

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## **Sinead**

Sinead was not really her name. At least I doubt it was, it could have been I suppose. It's a made up name, not just to protect her identity, but because I actually never asked her what her real name was and she never offered it. With her short cropped hair and a strong Irish accent, she bore some remarkable likeness to Sinead O'conner- so Sinead will do for this story just fine. No idea what she did for a job, if I was to take a guess I'd say nursing, due to Australia often being short of nurses and traditionally sourcing them from the UK and Ireland- plus, in my experience nurses are some of the most depraved and perverted women out there.

Her name on the adult dating site was some acronym which a friend later told me stood for "for fucking only, no public appearances". Her subtitle read "I love it hard up the arse and I've been known to take more than a cock". I sent her a lengthy message and found a refreshingly straightforward woman that knew what she likes and had no inhibitions about getting it. She appreciated that I could write in mostly articulated sentences and had more to say than just "hey lets fuck?". I answered her questions adequately, so we soon contacted each other using phone numbers. My next trip to Sydney was only a week away, I was told to text her when I get there and if she's horny enough we will be on.

Unlike many women, she was really okay with an occasional interstate fuck partner. She just wanted someone to give her what she needed and then fuck off out of her life and not bother her until I'm in town next time.

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## **Session One**

My trip to Sydney was just a short holiday, planned from before I contacted Sinead. So if we hooked up, all the better- but it wasn't the primary intent of the trip.

Text: "I'm here. Do you want your holes fisted hard?"

Immediate reply: I need a really hard fuck. Where are you staying?

I tell her the hotel, it's not far from the central station.

Sinead: "That's only a few minutes away. There's a small bar just across the street. Meet there in 10"

She gets there before me and I see her immediately, seated up the back. Short cropped blonde hair, knee length boots, mid thigh skirt and blouse. I sit down and she wastes no time. She grabs my hand and sizes it up. Then speaks like we already know each other well.

"I'll take that up my cunt no problem. I'm not sure if I can get it up my arse today though, but you're welcome to try. I'm a bit sore back there. I took a couple of huge black cocks back there during the week and they really smashed me up bad."

I remember her mails from earlier. She doesn't bother with cocks under 9 inches long, they just don't work for her. That rules my cock out, by the way. She has no interest in any type of sex toys. Just huge cocks and fisting. She loves cocks big enough so they hurt when they fuck her ass. She loves fisting because fists don't get soft and give up and can keep fucking until she is bruised and sore. It turns out that my fist is just the right size for her. She needs something bigger than a woman's fist, but most men are too large to be able to really thrust and punch fuck her. If a woman can stretch to take a little larger than a tennis ball, then she can take my fist.

She goes on, straight to the point, which I would learn is always her style.

"You said you will fuck me as hard as I ask for?"

"I'll fist your holes all afternoon until you can't walk, if that's what you ask for."

"I need to walk home...but sounds good. You ready?"

It took less than 5 minutes at the bar before we were walking back to the hotel.

We had to stop at some lights.

"Oh yeah, I came straight here from somewhere else. Did you bring some latex gloves and lube?"

"I did"

"A douche for my arse?"

"No, I didn't think of that"

"No problem I always carry a small one in my bag, so I can always be ready."

At the hotel she wastes no time again. Immediately removing her boots, skirt, panties and blouse-only leaving her bra on. She pulls the douche from her bag and goes to the bathroom to get ready.

Soon enough she comes back out.

"A nice easy clean, but I really am sore still, we will see how it goes. Start on my cunt. What position do you want me?"

I put her on her back on the bed. Put on a latex glove and begin lubricating her cunt. She keeps up a conversation during this phase like this is just an every day thing for her.

"Oh yeah, don't touch my clit when you fuck my cunt. It makes me cum too fast, I like to be fucked long and hard...if you fuck me hard enough I will eventually cum just from the penetration"

I start to slide fingers inside her and massage her lips open. Not for long though.

"That's enough, don't warm me up any more just slam the fist in hard. Do it!"

I do it, she is tight, the only woman I'd fisted at that point that wasn't middle aged and given birth several times. Trust me, you can feel the difference. I give her what she asked for and force my full

hand into the vulva hard.

She screams her head off. It hurt. With her face contorted she motions me to wait a minute until she recovers. Soon enough, she motions me to get on with fucking her.

I start to give her strong thrusts, when all the way in, my fingers push her cervix back up into her body to make room.

She is still screaming. To this day she is the noisiest woman I've ever come across. It's amazing no one ever called the security during any of our sessions. Nothing much coming out of her mouth is intelligible except the occasional obscenity.

Soon she is pumping one of her hands which I decide means fuck her harder. I go harder and she is soon thrashing her way around the bed and humping her hips up. She is really tight. After several minutes my hand is actually starting to ache from the muscles in her vagina squeezing me so hard. She is hollering at the top of her lungs, seemingly in a world of her own.

Unable to form many words, I notice her clenching her hand into a fist over and over at me. I clench my hand into a fist and immediately sink a few inches past the wrist now that my hand is effectively shorter. She actually gets some words out that I understand.

"PUNCH FUCK ME!"

It was loud enough for anyone on the hotel floor to have heard.

I give her what she wants. Punching in deep and hard in a steady rhythm. Each time I hit her cervix and punch it back slightly, she arches her back and thrashes across the bed. Several times I have to pause to grab one of her legs to pull her back into the middle so that she doesn't fall on the floor.

"HARDER!"

I start punching hard and double the pace of the thrusts. She has tears coming from her eyes.

"HARDER!"

I get a better stance and deliver a series of savage punches into her cunt. She arches her entire body up onto her head and heels and goes quiet for the first time since we started. Her face is a silent grimace as she desperately tries to draw some air into her lungs but cannot. Finally she gasps a lungful of air and begins hyperventilating. I don't wait to ask and set up a hard and fast fucking like a jack hammer.

"HARDER!"

I cannot fuck her any harder, my arm is getting tired and my hand aches something fierce! She is thrashing and thrusting her hips up so much that it doesn't matter. She has taken a savage pounding for almost 15 minutes from the time I first forced my fist up her.

Luckily it seems she has had enough and flicks her hand down to her clit and instantly convulses into a full orgasm. After being on the verge for a long time, she finally had to feel some relief. She motions me to pull out, I do rip my fist out and she thrashes around on the bed, piss streaming up into the air. I try to stop her thrashing off the bed, but fail this time. She finally stops thrashing on the carpet and lays there sobbing softly.

Soon she gets up and lays back on the bed.

"Fuck that was good! You told the truth, you fucked me as hard as I asked for, most men won't do it, they get scared. I need a rest."

We chat. She is not what I expected. She is clearly intelligent and educated. We talk for some time about things other than fucking. It soon returns to fucking though. She tells me about what the black guys did to her arse. She found them at a club during the week and agreed to fuck them only if they put their cocks up her arse and showed her no mercy. They fucked her arse until she pissed herself whilst the other throat fucked her until she puked. Halfway through the story, she stopped mid sentence...

"Do you want to try and get your fist up my shit hole?"

"Yes, lets go"

"You'll need to go a lot slower this time if you want any chance of getting up there."

On her back again, on the bed. I get a new glove and begin slowly massaging lube around her arse hole. She always refers to it with the vulgar "shit hole" just like she always refers to her vagina as "her cunt".

She's already grimacing just from two fingers.

"You'll have to go slower, I'm really sore still"

I slow a bit and eventually have three and then four fingers working around her hole. She is already crying out at the top of her voice. Five fingers and she is obviously hurting. After about 6 minutes since starting I try to fold the thumb into her arse hole but she cries out and calls a stop.

"Oh fuck, I just can't do it today, I'm really messed up back there at the moment. I assure you I can take your fist most times".

We have another rest stop and talk about some more normal topics for some time. Then, mid sentence just like last time..."Can you do my cunt again?"

This time she gets on all fours, on the bed, next to the wall so that she can brace her hands and push back.

"Go in hard!"

Another glove and more lube and I do what she wants and thrust back in hard and start pumping. She squeals into the pillow as she is opened up and filled again. Then soon puts her hands on the wall to absorb the punches into her cunt. Just like before she is wailing so that half the hotel must be able to hear her.

"PUNCH FUCK MY CUNT!"

Soon she stops just bracing against my own driving thrusts and begins pushing back onto my fist to meet me. She is out of control, almost like her mind no longer cares and she is being driven by animal lust. She is driving back so hard that I stop thrusting myself, until she grabs my arm and jerks on it desperately until I start fucking her again. I see her eyes and nothing is there except lust, I don't think she knows or cares where she is.

“HARDER!”

I get a more side on position so that I can wrap my arm around her waist to get a good firm grip and start to hammer my fist into her cunt like she wants.

“THAT”S IT FUCK ME LIKE THAT!”

Tears are streaming down her face now. Finally she seems to approach orgasm. She throws off the arm I have around her waist and goes back to throwing herself back and impaling herself brutally onto my fist. I place my elbow on the bed and let her just throw herself onto my arm. Her orgasm hits her so hard that she cannot seem to suck any air into her lungs again, just like earlier. She throws herself back one last time, and grinds around her hips, I can feel her cervix being pushed right up inside her and her cunt muscles are clenching as the waves of the orgasm go through her entire body. Then she falls forward and collapses onto the bed and sobs for a few minutes.

Another 15 minutes of chatting like nothing just happened. Then she has a shower and leaves. Telling me to text when I’m back in town.

The next afternoon I get an email.

“You broke my cunt! So sore I could hardly stand up straight this morning. Had to see a doc to get a sick certificate for work”

I ask what she told the doctor.

“The truth, why lie to the doctor? Told her I got my cunt punch fucked so hard I could hardly walk. She gave me a sick leave certificate for two days. She said to take it easy on my cunt for a week so the bruising can go down. Recommends I don’t take any fisting until the bruising on my cervix has gone. On some light pain relief, feels good now.”

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## **Session Two**

Ten months later I’m back in Sydney. We’ve had no contact in all that time. I text her.

“I’m back. Want your arse fisted?”

“Tomorrow, near lunch time okay?”

“Sure, same place as last time”

“I’ll text you when I get to the hotel lobby.”

This time around my room is on the other side of the hotel, it is a warm day and the window has to be open because there is no air conditioning. The windows on this side overlook an outside food court that is part of a small mall. The court is covered and the glass roof is actually above my window level. The people having lunch below can be clearly heard because of the acoustics, I’m only on the second floor. I’m wondering if the reverse will hold true, will they be able to hear Sinead? I’m guessing they will. Fuck it, who cares?

Sinead arrives and I go down to bring her up to my room. Just like before she doesn’t waste any time and immediately gets her clothes off. She feels her body up and asks me if I think she has gained some weight over the past year. I always tell women the truth about these things, so I told her she

probably has but I like her better now, her figure is fuller and more rounded- which I prefer. I especially like how her ass now has a bit of jiggle to it when she walks. This seems to make her really happy.

She tells me that this time she's going to get my fist up her shit hole, she is cleaned out and everything feels perfect, she always knows when she can do it. She also came prepared this time with some oil based lube just for the ass fisting.

"Can you smash my cunt first, like last time. Really hard?"

She get onto all fours on the bed and braces her hands on the wall so that she can push back.

I give her what she wants and soon she is screaming her head off again, full voiced.

"PUNCH THE FUCK OUT OF MY CUNT!"

The constant rumble of voices outside in the food court dies off momentarily to more of a murmur. So yes, they can hear Sinead going off. I hope the cafe patrons are enjoying the lunchtime show. Not that it bothers Sinead, she's soon far too gone in lust and has that animal look in her eyes again- the one that says her entire existence is currently focused around her cunt and she doesn't care about anything else.

Just like last time, she refuses to touch her clit so as to extend the fucking as long as possible. Apparently this soon brings her to a point almost to orgasm, but not quite. She loves to hang at this spot for as long as possible. Eventually she desperately asks for me to punch in as hard as I can and deliver a savage pounding that finally tips her over to orgasm. This time I keep pumping her through her convulsions until she collapses and sobs for a few minutes.

Through all of this I'm still amazed at how tight her cunt is. To this day I still haven't found a woman with such strong vaginal muscles. I'm no expert, so I don't know whether her extreme fucking preferences make her cunt harder and stronger, or whether she maybe does exercises to strengthen her muscles- like the ones women sometimes do after childbirth. I'm pretty sure though, that her strength down there is why she loves and handles such brutally harsh fucking. It makes my hands ache quite badly...like having some idiot shake your hand with a grip like a vice for 15 minutes. It's a discomfort I'm really happy to endure for the cause though.

During our rest break, the topic of conversation finds itself on women's sexual tendencies. I draw a scale from one to ten on a pad and put "making love" at one end and "getting your brains fucked out" at the other. It's my theory from women I've met and observed that all women swing between those points depending on mood- but each woman also has an average point along the scale that they gravitate to. Even the most conservative woman secretly wants to be pinned down by a brute and just fucked senseless without any control at some point. Most women that I've known fall firmly down the "getting a hard fuck" end of the scale rather than the love making end. Sinead is actually impressed by my insight, if that's what it actually is. She puts herself right up the end at nine or ten on the scale. For her being mercilessly fucked makes her feel liberated afterwards. All of life's little things that add up and cause stress suddenly don't seem to matter very much. She candidly believes that getting fucked the way she does is good for a woman's mental well being. I'd be inclined to say it depends upon the woman, but it clearly works for Sinead.

"Can you do my shit hole now? I'm ready this time, everything feels just right"

She gets on her back with a pillow under her hips to help lift her ass up slightly for better access. She explains that she prefers her arse hole to be fisted on her back as it reduces the amount of air

that gets trapped in her belly like what happens on all fours.

I use the special ass fisting lube that she brought with her, it's more like a grease, I suspect it's similar to the old gay standby- Crisco, which you cannot buy in my country easily.

Unlike her cunt with it's vice like muscles her anus soon starts to eagerly loosen. When I've got four fingers in she starts humping my hand almost as a reflex motion.

"That's it, don't warm me up any more. I'm ready, shove the fist up there hard, I like it to hurt going in!"

I fold my thumb in and start pushing. She loses patience and reaches forward with both hands and grabs my forearm and gives a forceful tug at the same time she thrusts her hips up. In one sharp thrust my hand slams up her ass. It hurts her and she arches up and convulses.

"YES! SHOVE THAT FIST RIGHT UP MY SHIT HOLE!"

The murmur of voices in the food court, which had previously returned to normal during our rest break, suddenly dropped off to silence...broken only by the noise of someone dropping their fork on the ground. Yes, they definitely heard that. Soon the clink of utensils and the murmur of voices starts up again.

Sinead soon recovers from the initial shock of penetration and is soon grinding her hips around and humping. The feeling is totally different to her strong cunt muscles. Her anus is gripping my wrist, but not as strongly as you would expect. She has obviously been stretched a lot back there and is very used to being opened up. Inside her rectum is beautifully soft and cavernous. The way she is humping and yelling says she loves the feeling of being full. I feel around and massage her internally at all the usual spots to find what she likes. After about ten minutes, I find the tight group of muscles further up that mark the path to go deeper and I begin to massage those muscles to see if she likes it. Her reaction tells me she knows exactly what I'm doing and that she likes it.

"DEEPER!"

I start to loosen her inner muscles and push two fingers through. She reaches up and grabs my arm and rotates her hips around, I let her guide me this way as she knows what she is feeling.

"DEEPER...FUCK...IT'S GOING IN...FEELS JUST RIGHT TODAY"

"DEEPER!"

She knows exactly what she is doing and keeps working her hips and guiding my fist inside. Then she gives way and I slide several inches past my wrist all at once. This sets her off into an orgasm.

She is now out of control and hooks her feet behind my back and grabs my arm and is trying to impale herself in her lust.

"DEEPER! FUCK ME IN THE GUTS!"

It goes quiet outside again. A few people are going to need a cold shower after their lunch break. I refuse to go deeper like she is trying to do. In her current frenzy she doesn't even care what's she's doing and she will end up injuring herself.

"DEEPER!"



We get into a sort of tug of war, her desperately trying to pull me in deeper and me trying to hold where I am. My arm is too slippery with lube for her to get a good grip, so I win out. Her orgasm is wearing off and she finally stops humping my arm and trying to get me in deeper. A sane look comes back into her eyes. She lays back and sobs for a minute like she always does after a powerful orgasm.

Again I reflect upon this lustful state that she can get into, so far gone that It's almost like she has temporarily lost her mind and is being driven by nothing but lustful impulse and not a shred of reason- to the point of trying to impale herself with an arm up her ass. This is a state that I've only seen to this level in one other woman and is something that intrigues me. Are the two women that are like this just so perverted and sexually depraved that this just happens for them, or is this state inside every woman- locked away and just waiting for the right triggers and combination of keys to let it out. This is an idea that fascinates me and is the reason why I've come to try so hard to learn and tap every woman's secret depraved fantasies. Well, I mean every woman that I have a sexual relationship with- I don't just try it on with every random woman I talk to, obviously. I think most men do not have the patience to gain a woman's trust enough to go far with this- most men just want to get their cock in as fast as possible so they get down to the pub and tell their mates about it.

I stay inside her this time, but pull back a few inches so I'm back to my wrist. Unlike her cunt, her ass muscles are beautifully soft and supple and are getting loose. I could stay up there all day- no aching hand like from her iron vice cunt muscles. I form my hand into a fist and look her in the eyes. She immediately gets a sense for what I'm going to do and her eyes bulge in anticipation. I start short hard punches into her rectum, concentrating on working on her anus to bruise it. I stop just momentarily to make sure we have eye contact again and I tell her I'm going to bust her shit hole so it cannot close up anymore. It's not really true, I say it as a mind fuck, in her state she thinks it's really what I'm doing to her and that's the effect I'm after. She convulses so hard that she almost jumps off the bed. I get back to pounding her anus, sometimes pulling the fist fully out before punching back in. She's gone again. Nothing but lust in her eyes and senseless filth coming from her mouth.

I tell her that her hole will be so broken that she won't even feel those huge black cocks that she loves to take. I know a woman with a horse though...

Of course it's a mind fuck again, I have no idea where I'd find a horse. It had the desired effect however.

She has just enough sense of where she is for what I said to pierce its way into her brain and she starts thrashing and her eyes are fluttering and starting roll back in her head as her orgasm slams her. When she calms down she rolls onto her belly, spread eagle like a starfish. Her ragged breathing soon calms down and deepens and I realise she's out of it. I let her sleep for a bit. I do admire the work I did to her ass hole, it's loose and open still. It will tighten back up, I know.

When she wakes up after her power nap, I see her feeling her ass hole. I assure her that it will tighten back up, but I prefer her loose anyway. This causes a small spasm to go through her body and a groan.

"Will you do my cunt again?"

I fist her cunt again. She is sore from the first fisting earlier, but she just grits her teeth and takes it. Soon she is warmed up and taking it a savage pounding. This time she cuts the session short and reaches for her clit and brings herself to an early orgasm.

She has a shower, gets dressed and leaves. As she walks out the door she shows me her fist and says "keep up the good work."

Next day she gave me a debrief, like the first time. Again, she is very sore from the severity of the fuck and took a day off work and had to see her doctor for a certificate to show to her workplace. This time she had to tell the doctor that she had her ass fisted. Luckily our medical certificates only say "patient is suffering from a medical condition and cannot attend work". Some things your employer doesn't need to know.

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### **Session Three**

No need for intimate details this time. It went just like the others. No anal again, she just couldn't get herself cleaned right this time and it didn't feel right. The notable part of this session was that she couldn't make it initially when I messaged her. She had other plans that couldn't be broken for the time I was in town. Then, At 3.30AM on the morning I was flying home and due at the airport at 9AM, I was awoken by a message on my phone.

"Can I still come around? I need a fuck"

So there she was at 4.30AM in the quiet of the early morning screaming the hotel down in orgasm. I still have no idea how no one ever complained. You can hear people clearly when they talk in the hallways at this hotel. So they could definitely hear her squealing, yelling and screaming filthy vulgarities. I suspect everyone was busy jerking off?

Sinead left at around 7AM. Again she paused in the open doorway gave me the fist sign "keep up the good work". There was a middle aged woman standing in her doorway opposite, dressed in a suit, getting ready to leave I suppose. Her eyes were wide, staring at us. Obviously she heard everything from the last couple of hours. Sinead says "You next? I recommend it" and walks off.

I stand there with my door open, looking at the woman. Just for a brief second she took a half step towards my door instinctively, then pivoted and rushed off.

I get a message from Sinead later. "Did you do that bitch across the hall? She wanted it."

I tell her that I did not, but I'm sure that she was right- she did want it.

That was the last session. We never contacted or fucked ever again. There would have been more, but it was at that time that my European friend begun a run of 16 straight years of spending summer at my place, so I stopped making trips to Sydney.