

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Kirstin found a secluded campsite in the forest. This was home for the next week, her place of solitude away from the hustle and bustle of city living. She took a deep breath of fresh, clean country air and smiled. She wanted her boyfriend and a few of her friends to join her, but they couldn't get away this week, so Kirstin, not to be deterred, came alone. She knew the risks of a being out here in the middle of nowhere on her own, especially with her being a pretty girl (20-something, blonde, bright green eyes, and curves in all the right places on her body), but she came prepared with a can of mace just in case anyone came around and got any big ideas.

Kirstin set up camp before the sun got too low in the sky. Some things were a challenge (pitching the tent, carrying the firewood, etc.), but a little bit of self-sufficiency made her feel pretty damn good. She felt even better after starting a campfire. It spread warmth around her and cast flickering shadows through the trees. As dusk continued to fall, the shadows took on an eerie presence. Kirstin kept her mace close at hand as she watched the animated silhouettes through the towering trees.

After a short while, Kirstin started to feel sleepy. She stood from her seat at the fire and stretched her back. Her round breasts stuck out from her chest, lifting her shirt over her smooth stomach, as she gave her back another long much-needed stretch. After double-checking the fire and making sure the last few flames wouldn't go out of control and burn down the forest, Kirstin stumbled in her tent and zipped it closed behind her. She unfurled her sleeping bag and stripped down to only a pair of panties – a habit she had living in her warm home in the city, but out here in the country, the crisp air made her shiver. She crawled inside her sleeping bag.

Once she was comfortable, Kirstin massaged her nipples with the tips of her pointer fingers. Her nipples were hard, and fingering them sent delicious chills through her body. Her lips parted, leaving her mouth half-open with little traces of drool at the corners of her lips while she kept running her fingertips in small circles over her nipples. Kirstin breathed heavily – it came out as a trembling moan. Another round of chills raced through her body. She loved this feeling. Her state of arousal went into overdrive, much more than usual, she figured, because she was alone in a world she didn't really know.

But she did know her body and all the things she enjoyed with it. Kirstin slid one hand down along her stomach, slowly and smoothly, enthralled with the tickling over her skin. She slipped her hand into her panties and let her fingers tease her clitoris, barely touching it before lifting her fingers away. Finally she rubbed her pulsing little clit with her middle finger, starting slowly then speeding up until her breath came in sharp gasps. Each beat of her heart pumped hot desire in her veins. She used two fingers now on her clit. Kirstin thought fireworks were shooting through her body as she refused to show herself any mercy.

"Ooooooohh. Aaaaaaaaahh. Ohhhh fuck yessssss..." she breathed into the night with her eyes closed and a smile on her face. Her other hand kept playing with her tits, going from one to the other, kneading them and pinching her nipples hard enough to make her squeal in delight. "Yeah...yeah...uhnnn..."

Then she began fantasizing about a guy she knew who wasn't her boyfriend, and that led to her fantasizing about several men, including celebrities. Kirstin pushed her fingers through her labia and into her aching throbbing pussy. Her breath sputtered when she felt her vagina expand, and her body shuddered. She bit down on her lip and finger-fucked her pussy full-speed ahead – reaching all the way to her g-spot and giving it the same special treatment she gave her trembling clit. Her snatch was sopping wet, already leaking out onto her hand, and was about to squirt when noises outside her tent made her stop.

Kirstin looked at the walls of her tent, holding her breath and keeping her hand motionless in her pussy, which was still pulsing and dripping with dew. She could see the dim glimmer of light from the fire outside, but she didn't see any shadows passing across the tarp. Her scent wafted in the air, and she was afraid that whoever was outside her tent could smell her, too. The footsteps came closer. She didn't want to move, didn't want to make a sound, hoping that would keep the unwelcome guest from getting too interested in her campsite. But when she spotted the can of mace along the tent wall, she knew she had to get it. She took her hand off her warm bare tit and reached for the can. It was just out of reach. Shit! Fuck! She listened to the footsteps lumbering outside, snapping twigs and crunching in the dirt. They sounded much too heavy for a man. They circled around her tent and stopped near the fire.

Should I say something? Should I poke my head out and see who's out there?

Remembering she was nearly naked, Kirstin dismissed the latter question as a bad idea. The former question, though, might not be as bad. In fact, she thought that if whoever was out there knew this campsite was already occupied, they would just keep on going until they found the next available one.

Kirstin sat up on the ground, wrapping her sleeping bag around her shoulders. The rustling of her movements made the footsteps outside stop, but only for a few seconds. She took a deep breath and tried to control her anxiously-beating heart. She felt her panties soaked with her pussy's wetness. The nerves of her clitoris fired spurts of lust and eagerness around her snatch and sent the prickling hunger of wanting-to-fuck pounding through her body. Kirstin moaned. Her nipples ached. Her pussy leaked a few more drops.

"H-hello? Can I help you?" she asked with a trembling voice - and Kirstin believed the trembling in her voice was caused by something other than anxiety or fear.

There was a loud snort at the closed entrance of the tent. It was a noise she hadn't ever heard before, and she knew it couldn't possibly come from a person. That made her feel a bit better - it was just an animal passing through, probably scavenging for food and not likely to cause her any harm, just as long as she didn't get too close. Kirstin threw her sleeping bag off her body and reached for the tent-door, interested in what kind of wildlife had stumbled into her campsite. Her worries of being seen in nothing other than a pair of wet panties dissipated with her worries of being invaded by a wandering man out looking for trouble with a helpless girl. She zipped open the tent and peered out towards the remains of the campfire.

It happened so fast that Kirstin had no idea anything had happened at all until she hit the ground. In that lost moment, something grabbed her hair, yanked her from the tent, and threw her into the dirt beside the campfire. She scrambled to her feet, kicking up dirt all around her, and started to sprint away. But she felt the thing grasp her ankle. She fell to the ground again and spun around on her back to see what had tripped her up.

At first it looked like a shaggy dog crawling on the ground. It was covered with strands of long orange hair and its body pulsed with each breath (which still came out as snorts). It advanced on Kirstin, reaching out long arms and kicking out lanky legs to propel itself closer to the trembling, frightened girl. It took a deep breath. Kirstin knew it was sniffing at her scent - her hot wet pussy coupled with her fear, and she found she could smell it, too. Horrible stench like a wet dog that had been rolling in shit and decaying bodies. When she watched it bend its legs underneath its body and rise into a standing position, terror spiked through her heart. It was twice as tall as she was, and she figured it must have been five times her weight. The bulky muscles of this creature flexed out from underneath all the hair. The smoldering fire glinted on its face - it looked less than human but more

than primate and definitely nothing like a dog. Its mouth snarled, showing its teeth, including the fangs protruding over its lips. It took a step closer to her.

Kirstin shook in fright. She was staring into the face of a Sasquatch. She watched its eyes as it looked up and down her body. It seemed interested in her tits and perky nipples. It also took an interest in her panties – or what she had in her panties. It loomed over her, and Kirstin noticed a long thick phallus growing from between its legs, pointing directly at her. She screamed.

The Sasquatch roared in response. It echoed through the forest, shaking the trees and stopping the breeze. Its monster cock continued to stiffen, pounding into a 15-inch penis and bigger around than her forearm. The tip leaked clear precum, oozing onto her naked stomach. The juice coated her, dribbling in her belly-button and trickling over her ribs. It was warm, sticky, and smelled as bad as the rest of the Sasquatch.

Kirstin wanted to throw up. Her wide terrified eyes couldn't look away from its behemoth cock, bulging and pulsating mere inches from her face – and the precum kept flowing. Now it started dripping on her tits, exciting her hard nipples. She gulped and dug her fingers into the dirt, hoping she could gain some traction and scurry to safety, but the Sasquatch seemed to read her mind. It snatched her panties in its clawed fingers, twisting them and ripping them off her body. Her pussy was completely exposed. And to make matters worse, her pussy leaked another drop of dew when the cool night air touched it.

Oh, fuck.

The Sasquatch took hold of Kirstin's ankles. Its powerful arms had no trouble lifting and spreading her legs open – wider than her boyfriend or any other man had ever spread her. The pain was immense. Her hips tore and popped, and her nerves were on fire. She screamed again, but the Sasquatch didn't refrain from stretching her legs out to the sides. One hip joint dislocated while the other burned in agony. Her gurgling shrieks only resulted in the monster covering her with more precum fluid.

It pulled its hips back and lined its cock with her moist twitching cunt. The mushroom-shaped glans tapped against Kirstin's clitoris, and she shuddered – or at least the parts of her body she could still move shuddered. The precum dripped over her pubic mound, clit and labia. Kirstin wiggled her shoulders in the dirt, still trying to find a way to escape, but she knew she wasn't going anywhere. Her fear and desperation made her cry out through the pain.

"No, no! Please don't do this to me!"

The Sasquatch didn't look at her face. It pushed the head of its penis on her pussy. Then it thrust into her vagina with a loud snort. Kirstin felt her tight hole suddenly rip loose. She opened her mouth to scream, but only a steady stream of air seeped out like a leaky tire. The 15 inches of Sasquatch cock stuffed her pussy. The sides of her vagina pulsed then slackened as Kirstin lied on her back and shoulders in the dirt, in too much pain to make a sound. The Sasquatch forced its cock directly to her womb – then drilled through it without tearing through the stretchy sheath of tissue that comprised her uterus. Kirstin watched the bulge from the Sasquatch's cock rise and fall through her tummy, even though her eyes prickled with tears that distorted her vision. She hissed when she tried to scream and she whimpered when she tried to cry. The bulge wrecking her body grew larger as the Sasquatch drove its dick deeper in her snatch. All its precum and her own dew offered very little in the way of lubrication, especially with a penis this large. Her pussy throbbed and molded around the girth in a snug hold. It made the rape even more unbearable to withstand.

Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck are you gonna kill me? Kirstin wanted to ask the Sasquatch this, but it manifested only as internal dialog as the pain and agony stripped her of breath. Her cheeks were covered in tears and sweat. Her tits bounced and jiggled to the raging beat of the Sasquatch's mad fucking of her pussy. The creature's precum still soaked into her skin, and small splashes of it struck her face when the bulge of the Sasquatch's penis pushed through her belly in quick repetition. Her pelvis was also taking a hard pounding, and she knew it was just a matter of time before it shattered.

Just fucking kill me! Kirstin screamed in her mind, but a small part of her knew this wasn't going to end that easily. The Sasquatch was enjoying itself, torturing this human girl with its massive dick.

It snorted and roared as its cum exploded within Kirstin. She felt the hot sticky semen fill her pussy, and she gaped at the bulge poking through her stomach. Now it was more than a Sasquatch cock - it was a distended belly full of beast sperm. The swollen arc grew larger and rounder as her womb got fuller. The Sasquatch kept cumming. And cumming. And cumming some more. It was like a dam had burst in Kirstin's pussy with nowhere else to go. Her nipples poked out again, this time harder, and they were sore.

Oh my fucking god it's breeding me!

Kirstin's belly stuck out beyond her tits and it was still growing as the Sasquatch was not done with her. It kept thrusting its cock all the way in while it kept spewing buckets of cum. Her hips were destroyed, her pussy was burning and the rest of her body was numb. Each shot of cum pressed on her diaphragm, making it harder for her to breathe. Her tits started to feel swollen by now as well, and drool trickled over her lips. The tears kept coming as the Sasquatch kept cumming. Kirstin wondered if the cum would tear a hole through her belly and end her forever.

Finally the Sasquatch slowed its humping to a stop and the last surge of sperm emptied into Kirstin's wrecked pussy. It grunted and snorted and made some other noise that sounded like derisive laughter. When it pulled out, it let go of her ankles and dropped her legs to the ground again. The sharp pain from her hips shot through her body and she screamed - the first actual noise she was able to make since being turned into a cock-sleeve. The Sasquatch made that weird laughing noise again then walked away into the trees.

Kirstin panted, shivered and moaned as she lied on the ground with her legs still spread open. Hot creamy gobs of Sasquatch cum slowly leaked from her throbbing vagina. Her swollen stomach gradually lowered but by now the damage had been done - sperm was fertilizing her egg.