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As the door opens, Emiko's eyes snap down to the polished floor, her dark hair falling around her like a curtain. She's dressed in a traditional maid's uniform, complete with a crisp white apron and a neat, high-collared dress that accentuates her petite frame. *"I've been waiting for you, master,"* she says, her voice barely above a whisper. The scent of freshly baked cookies wafts from the kitchen, mingling with the faint aroma of leather that seems to cling to every surface in the mansion.

Ryota's deep voice responds, his words dripping with an air of authority. *"Today, we have a special duty for you,"* he says, his piercing brown eyes glinting with a mischievous spark as he approaches Emiko. His tall, imposing frame fills the doorway, and Emiko can't help but feel a shiver as he pauses, his eyes roaming over her uniform and appearance, before nodding in approval. *"You look lovely, Emiko. As always."*

Emiko's pulse quickens as Ryota's words hang in the air. She knows that a "special duty" can be a euphemism for anything from serving at a high-society dinner party to more... illicit activities. A thrill of excitement mixed with a dash of fear comes over her as she wonders what Ryota has in store for her. She feels a flutter in her chest, a sensation that's both exhilarating and terrifying.

Ryota's eyes seem to bore into her soul, as if he can see the very thoughts racing through her mind. He takes a step closer, his presence suffocating, and Emiko feels her breath catch in her throat. *"Follow me,"* he says, his voice low and husky, and Emiko's legs seem to move of their own accord, carrying her after him as he leads her deeper into the mansion.

They walk through a series of opulent rooms, each one filled with lavish furnishings and expensive artwork. Emiko's eyes widen as she takes in sheer scale of the mansion's wealth. They pass through a grand ballroom, the chandelier above them casting a kaleidoscope of colors across the floor, and into a long, dark corridor. The air grows thick with the scent of old books and dust, and Emiko can feel the weight of history bearing down upon her.

As they reach the end of the corridor, Ryota pushes open a door and gestures for Emiko to enter. She hesitates for a moment, her heart pounding in her chest, before stepping through the doorway into the unknown.

As she steps through the doorway, Emiko finds herself in a small, dimly lit room with walls lined with dark wood paneling. The air is thick with the scent of leather and something else, something sweet and slightly musky. Ryota follows her into the room, his eyes gleaming with a knowing light as he closes the door behind them. Emiko feels a shot of anxiety as she hears the soft click of the lock engaging, trapping her inside.

As the door locks behind her, Emiko's eyes widen at the sight of the stockade in the middle of the room. Curiosity and a hint of fear flicker in her expression as she takes in the contraption, meant to accommodate the head and hands of someone on the floor on their hands and knees. She glances at Ryota, then back at the stockade, her breath hitching slightly. *"Master, what is this?"* she asks, her voice barely above a murmur.

Ryota's eyes seem to dance with amusement as he responds, *"What do you think it is?"* His voice is low and husky, and Emiko feels a shiver run down her spine as she tries to process the question.

She steps closer to the stockade, her trembling hand reaching out to lightly touch the cold, polished wood. The scent of leather and a faint hint of metal fills the air, and she can't help but feel a strange thrill at the thought of what might happen next. Her heart thuds in her chest like a drum, and she swallows hard, trying to quell the rising tide of excitement.

Emiko's cheeks grow redder as she drops her hand, her eyes darting back to Ryota's face. She bites

her lower lip, trying to hold back the words that threaten to spill out. *"I... I'm not sure, master,"* she stammers, her voice barely audible. *"It seems like it's for... for punishing someone?"* She says, her voice trailing off. She feels her knees wobble slightly, and she wonders if she's about to find out firsthand what the stockade is used for.

Ryota's eyes burn with excitement as he watches her reaction. *"Remove your dress and your panties,"* he says, his voice firm and commanding, brooking no argument or hesitation.

Her eyes widen even further, and she feels a rush of heat through her body. She swallows hard, her throat dry, and she nods obediently. Her trembling hands move to the buttons at the back of her dress, fumbling slightly as she undoes them one by one. The sound of the buttons popping open seems loud in the silence of the room, and Emiko feels vulnerable as she steps out of the garment, letting it pool around her ankles. As she reveals her figure, Ryota's gaze sweeps over her, taking in the curves of her body. Her breasts are pert and inviting, with delicate pink nipples that seem to pucker in the cool air. Her waist is narrow, flaring out into hips that are rounded and generous, with an ass that curves outwards. Her thighs are similarly proportioned, with a subtle musculature that speaks to her years of service on her feet. A faint flush rises to her cheeks as she hooks her thumbs into the waistband of her panties and slides them down her legs, stepping out of them as well. The cool air on her skin makes her shiver, and she feels exposure wash over her as she stands before Ryota, naked. Her black hair falls around her face, with her bangs framing her flushed cheeks. Her eyes are cast downwards, her eyelashes casting a shadow on her cheeks as she asks, *"Is... is this what you wish, master?"* Her voice is a barely audible whisper.

From the shadows of the room, a powerful Akita emerges, his golden eyes fixed on Emiko. His tail wags slightly as he assesses the situation, his head tilting to the side. Ryota's eyes seem to gleam with amusement as he watches the dog approach, a sadistic smirk raising in the corner of his mouth. *"Would you like to know what your special duty is?"* he asks, his voice dripping with anticipation.

Emiko's trembling intensifies as the dog approaches, and she feels a strange mix of fear and excitement. She nods, her eyes flicking up to meet Ryota's briefly before returning to the floor. *"Yes, master,"* she whispers, her voice shaking. *"I am ready to serve."* The anticipation is almost unbearable, her body feeling both weak and alive with adrenaline. She can feel the cool air of the room caressing her exposed skin, and she clenches her fists at her sides, fighting the urge to cover herself.

The beast's gaze lingers on Emiko's bare form, his eyes gleaming with interest. He takes a step closer, his large paws almost silent on the plush carpet. His tail wags more insistently now, his breath warm on her legs. Emiko can feel the heat emanating from his body, and she shivers, her skin prickling with goosebumps. *"Place your head and hands in the stockade,"* Ryota orders

Emiko's breath hitches as the dog approaches, but she forces herself to remain still, focusing on Ryota's words. She takes a shaky step towards the stockade and kneels down, her knees hitting the cold floor with a soft thud. With trembling hands, she places her wrists in the leather cuffs. Then, she lowers her head into the padded hole, the leather pressing against her cheeks and ears, her heart racing as she awaits her fate. *"I am ready, master,"* she whispers, her voice muffled by the stockade. Her eyes squeeze shut, and she takes a deep breath, bracing herself for what's to come.

As the lock clicks into place, she feels a strange sense of comfort mixed with anxiety. The wood is cold and unforgiving against her skin, and she can't help but whimper slightly. The scent of the beast fills her nostrils, a musky, animalistic scent that makes her tingle. She can feel his warm breath on her legs, and her heart races even faster. She tries to remain still, her thoughts racing.

"What... what will happen now, master?" She asks, her voice shaking. The anticipation is agonizing, but she knows she must submit to whatever punishment Ryota has in store for her. The wood feels unyielding against the back of her neck, her confinement bringing her breath in short, panicked gasps.

The monstrous animal takes a step closer, his nose nuzzling against her inner thigh. He can smell her arousal, and his tail wags more vigorously. He lets out a low growl, his tongue flicking out to taste the salty sweat on her skin. His eyes never leave her, watching her body react.

A gasp escapes her as the akita's tongue touches her skin. She tries to pull away, but the stockade holds her firmly in place. She feels a thrill of excitement, her body betraying her with a shiver. Her eyes fly open, meeting Kaito's intense gaze. *"Master,"* she whispers, her voice trembling. *"What is he... what is he doing?"* Her mind is a whirlwind of confusion and desire, and she can feel her resolve wavering. She's never experienced anything like this before, and she's not sure if she can handle it, but she knows she must obey. *"I... I'll be good,"* she murmurs, her voice thick with need. *"Please, tell me what to do."*

Ryota's voice is firm and commanding as he responds, *"You are to please my prize guard dog Kaito, or you will be punished."* His words freezing her in panic, she's not sure what that means or what will happen next.

Her breath catches in her throat at the words. She's never been asked to do anything like this before, but she knows she has no choice. Her body responds before she can even think, her thighs parting slightly to give the Kaito better access. She feels the leather of the stockade pressing into her cheek as she positions herself for him. *"I will do my best to serve, master,"* she whispers, her voice a breathy moan. She tries to keep her eyes on Ryota, seeking his approval.

Kaito nuzzles closer, his tongue tracing a wet path up her thigh. He growls softly, urging her to submit. His tongue finds its way to her exposed center, and she can't help but gasp as he tastes her. His warm, rough tongue laps at her, sending waves of pleasure through her body.

She feels her legs quivering, and she tightens her grip on the stockade, her nails digging into the wood. *"Oh, master,"* she moans, her voice strained. *"I... I don't know if I can do this."* But even as she says it, she finds herself leaning into the sensation, her body betraying her fear. She tries to hold back, but it's no use. She's completely at their mercy, and she knows it.

With a low growl, Kaito mounts her, his powerful hind legs pushing her against the stockade. She feels his weight on her back, his warm fur pressing into her skin. She bites her lip, trying to hold back the moan that builds in her throat.

As Kaito's legs scramble on the floor behind her, his erection searches for its mark. She gasps as it penetrates her, igniting a blazing fire. The sound of Kaito's ragged breathing fills her ears, and the scent of his arousal wafts up, a primal and intoxicating smell. Her eyes widen in shock and understanding, her body surrendering, the sensation is both exhilarating and terrifying, like being swept up in a storm.

As Kaito's knot starts to form, Emiko feels a surge of fear, she's not sure if she can handle it. But as she looks up at Ryota, she sees the expectation in his eyes, and she knows she must try. *"I... I understand, master,"* she whispers, her voice trembling.

Kaito's growling grows louder, a low rumble that vibrates through her entire body. She's trapped, pinned beneath Kaito's weight and the stockade at her neck. She feels a wave of panic, but she tries to breathe through it, focusing on the sensation of Kaito's fur against her skin.

She takes a deep breath and tries to relax her muscles, feeling the pressure build inside her as Kaito's knot grows larger, a gentle but insistent tug that's both pleasure and pain. Her breathing hitches, and she tries to relax her muscles to accommodate him, her body trembling. How can it be so big? "Oh god, it's huge!" she says.

As Kaito starts to thrust, Emiko feels a rush of pleasure mixed with pain. The pressure from his knot sends waves of sensation through her, and she feels the beginnings of an orgasm building. Her body shakes with the effort to hold back the moan that wants to escape her lips. "*Master,*" she gasps, her voice strained. "*It's... it's too much.*"

But even as she says it, she arches her back, pushing herself against the animal, seeking more of the intense pleasure he's giving her. She feels like she's being claimed, like she's nothing more than Kaito's bitch in heat. The thought sends a rush of arousal through her, and she feels herself growing wetter.

Her hands clench and unclench against the stockade, seeking something to hold onto as she's overwhelmed by the sensations. She tries to focus on the smell of the dog, the feel of his fur against her skin, the sound of his heavy breathing. It's all so primal, so raw. She's never felt so alive, so used, and so utterly at the mercy of another creature.

As Kaito's thrusts become more urgent, Emiko feels herself surrendering completely to the moment. She's no longer thinking about Ryota or the stockade or anything else. All she can focus on is the sensation of Kaito's body inside hers, the pressure of his knot, and the wave of pleasure that's building inside her.

"*Oh, Kaito,*" she whimpers, her voice filled with a mix of pleasure and surprise. "*I'm... I'm your bitch now, aren't I?*" The words come out as a plea, a confession of her newfound role, and she feels a thrill of dark pleasure at the thought.

Kaito's eyes flick open, and he looks down at Emiko with a fierce, possessive gaze. He growls low in his throat, the vibrations rumbling through her body. He feels her tighten around him, and his thrusts become more urgent. His tongue flicks out, tasting her fear and arousal. He can sense her submission, and it drives him wild.

The feeling of the knot inside her, the heat of Kaito's body, the smell of his fur, and the sound of his growls all coalesce into a maelstrom of sensations that she can't escape. Something deep within her shifts, and she feels a part of herself breaking open, revealing a new, darker side.

"*Yes,*" she yells, her voice filled with a mix of pain and ecstasy. "*I'm your bitch, Kaito. Use me. Make me yours.*" Her body tenses, and she feels the first waves of a powerful orgasm wash over her, the likes of which she's never experienced before. It's as if she's being reborn into a creature utterly devoted to her master's will.

Her body spasms around Kaito's knot, her orgasm ripping through her like a storm. She feels his hot seed filling her, and the intensity of the feeling is almost too much to bear. She whimpers, her body quivering with each pulse of his release. As the storm subsides, she feels a strange sense of peace wash over her. The knot is still lodged inside her, she knows she's unable to move or escape, but she doesn't want to.

Her eyes fly open as she feels a soft, wet touch on her sensitive clit. She tries to look over her shoulder, but the stockade holds her in place, forcing her to endure the pleasure. She feels a fresh wave of arousal build as the tongue works its magic, her body responding despite the overwhelming sensations already overloading her. She's shocked and confused, unsure of who or what is touching

her.

"Oh, god," she gasps, her voice high and desperate. *"What's happening?"* Her eyes roll back in her head, and she can't hold back the moan that escapes her lips. The feeling of the tongue and Kaito's knot inside her is exquisite, pushing her to new heights of pleasure she never knew existed. She feels her body start to shake again, and she knows she won't be able to hold out much longer.

"I'm going to... I'm going to come again," she whimpers, her voice a mix of pleasure and pain. *"Oh master, I'm such a slut."* Her words are lost in the tongue's eager licks and Kaito's deep, contented growls. She surrenders completely to the sensations, her bucking with twisted desires.

Ryoto's voice cuts through the din, his words dripping with satisfaction. *"What a delightful bitch you've become,"* he says, his hand stroking his cock as he watches her.

The sight sends a fresh wave of arousal through her, and she feels her body respond even more to the tongue's touch. She's a dirty, filthy slut, and she knows it. But the humiliation of being used so completely, so thoroughly, fills her with a dark satisfaction she can't deny.

She tries to push back against Kaito, to grind against the knot that still holds her in its grip, but the stockade won't allow it. She feels another orgasm approaching, her body on the brink of collapse. The tongue is relentless, and she knows she won't last much longer. *"Please,"* she pleads, *"I need... I need to come."* in a desperate whine.

Her body responds, her hips bucking involuntarily against the stockade, seeking relief from the relentless pleasure. *"I'm his,"* she thinks, her thoughts a whirlwind of pleasure and self-loathing. *"His bitch. His plaything."* The knot inside her feels like a brand, marking her as Kaito's property. The pleasure and the guilt meld together, creating a heady cocktail that sends her falling into her orgasm.

"I'm coming," she cries, her voice a mix of agony and ecstasy. *"Oh, god, I'm his bitch"* she cries Her body shakes with the force of it, her eyes squeezed shut, *"Yes, I'm his bitch"*. She's lost in a maelstrom of sensation, a willing participant in her own degradation. But even as the shame threatens to drown her, she knows she'd do it all over again for just one more taste of this primal, all-consuming pleasure.

"I want more," she thinks, even as the guilt threatens to consume her. *"I want to be his, forever."* *"Forever and always."* The thoughts are her surrender, an acceptance of her new role and her desires.

As Emiko's eyes adjust to the dim light, she sees Yumi, one of the other maids, kneeling between her legs. Yumi's face is a picture of concentration, her eyes fixed intently on Emiko's clit as she works her tongue with precision. But as Emiko looks closer, she sees a smile playing on Yumi's lips, that suggests she's enjoying Emiko's discomfort.

Yumi's hair is pulled back into a sleek black ponytail, revealing a pair of delicate silver earrings that glint in the dim light. Her skin is a smooth, creamy complexion, and her lips are full and inviting. As she works her tongue, her eyes flick up to meet Emiko's, and for a moment, they lock gazes. Emiko sees a flash of something in Yumi's eyes, a spark of dark pleasure that seems to ignite a fire within her.

Yumi's tongue moves faster, more urgently, and Emiko feels her own body responding, her hips bucking involuntarily as she tries to escape the sensations. But Yumi is relentless, her tongue probing deeper, her eyes never leaving Emiko's face. She's drinking in Emiko's reactions, feeding off

her humiliation and shame like a starving woman.

"Ah, Yumi," Ryota says "You're doing an excellent job, as always. It seems our little Emiko is quite the responsive subject, isn't she?" He chuckles.

"Please," she begs, her voice a desperate whine. "I can't... I can't take anymore." But even as she says it, she feels her body betraying her, arching back for more. The pleasure is too intense, too overwhelming. She can't help but crave it, even as she feels her sanity slipping away.

Yumi's smile widens as she feels Emiko's desperation. She knows exactly how to push her buttons, how to make her beg. She leans in closer, her breath hot against Emiko's skin as she whispers in her ear. *"You want to come, don't you?"* Her tongue flicks out, teasing the sensitive spot just above her ear. *"Beg for it, my little slut."*

Tears of embarrassment and pleasure slip down Emiko's cheeks as she feels the pressure building. She's never been talked to like this before, never been so completely at the mercy of another's desires. But something about it feels... right. *"Please,"* she whispers, her voice trembling. *"I need it. I need to come."* Her eyes are locked on Yumi's, searching for any sign of mercy.

"I'm... I'm yours," she gasps, the words spilling out before she can stop them. *"Yours and Kaito's. Do with me as you please."* She feels a surge of humiliation, but it only makes her more aroused. The knot inside her feels like it's swelling even larger, the pressure almost unbearable.

"I'll do anything," she says, her voice a breathless moan. *"Just make me come."* She's swept up in the sensations, in the feeling of being claimed by the powerful dog and the dominating maid. She's never felt so alive, so wanted.

"Please, please, please," she begs, her voice a desperate wail. *"I need it. I need to come for you both."* Her body and mind wound tight, ready to snap.

Ryota's voice cuts through the air, his words dripping with sadistic pleasure. *"You are his bitch now, Emiko. Let me hear you declare it, and cum now."*

Her breath catches in her throat as the words form in her mind. She knows she's crossing a line, but she can't help it. The need to please, to satisfy, is too strong. *"I'm Kaito's bitch,"* she says, her voice barely above a whisper. *"I belong to him. And to you, master."* Her body starts to convulse as the orgasm rips through her, wave after wave of pleasure washing away her humanity.

"Oh god," she screams, her voice hoarse. *"Oh god, I'm coming!"* Her eyes squeeze shut, and she bites her lip to keep from crying out too loudly.

She feels the knot inside her release, the warmth of Kaito's seed filling her completely. It's a feeling she never knew she could crave, but now it's all she can think about.

"More," she whispers, her voice a desperate plea. *"Please, more."*

With a cruel laugh, Yumi's grip on Emiko's chin tightens. *"So eager to be filled with his seed,"* she taunts, her tongue tracing the shell of her ear. *"your training is far from over. You will learn to crave this, to beg for it, every single day."* She pulls away, her eyes gleaming with malicious pleasure. *"For now, though, let's give you a little break. We wouldn't want you to get too used to it."* She stands, her movements graceful despite the depraved scene before her. *"Your training will continue tomorrow,"* she says, her voice a promise of more torment to come. *"Rest well, my little slut. You'll need your strength."*

[Go to next Part](#)