

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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As the sun dips below the horizon, casting a warm orange glow over the Tachibana estate, Yumi leads Emiko through the moonlit garden. The soft rustle of leaves and the distant lapping of water from the koi pond create a soothing melody that accompanies them on their way to the kennels.

As Yumi pushes open the kennel door, a chorus of growls and snarls erupts from within, making Emiko's heart stutter. The air is thick with the scent of damp fur and musk, a primal aroma that makes her chest flutter. Emiko's maid uniform has ridden up, exposing her bare skin and the fluffy white tail that wags nervously with each step. The collar around her neck catches the fading light, the words "Kaito's Bitch" etched into the metal. Her cheeks burn with a mix of shame and arousal, her eyes cast downward.

As Emiko steps into the kennel, the growling and snarling grows louder, sending a chill through her veins. The air is thick with the scent of damp fur and musk, a primal aroma that seems to stir something within her. Kaito stands proudly in the center of the room, his tail wagging slightly as he catches her scent, his eyes gleaming with a fierce intensity in the dim light.

Kaito's eyes lock onto Emiko, his piercing brown gaze burning with a hunger that makes her skin prickle. His tail wags faster, his fur fluffing out with excitement, as he pads silently towards her. The soft earth muffles the sound of his paws, making his approach feel almost stealthy. As he draws closer, his warm breath caresses the back of her legs, sending a shiver up her spine. He sniffs at her, his nose twitching with interest, before his tongue darts out to taste her skin. The touch is like a spark, igniting a rush of heat between them.

As Kaito's tongue grazes her skin, Emiko's heart stutters, her pulse racing with a mix of fear and arousal. The air seems to vibrate with tension, the other Akitas in the kennel watching with an unnerving intensity. Yumi steps forward, her eyes glinting with a knowing light as she reaches out to stroke Kaito's fur. Her voice is low and husky, her words dripping with a subtle menace. *"It seems Kaito has claimed you, Emiko"* she says, her smile growing wider. *"Now, it's time for you to learn what that means."*

Emiko's heart pounds in her chest as Kaito's warm breath caresses her thighs, making her legs tremble with a mix of fear and anticipation. She bows her head further, her eyes clenched shut as she tries to steel herself for what's to come. Her collar feels like a weight, the words *"Kaito's Bitch"* seared into her mind like a brand. Her voice is barely audible over the growls of the other Akitas as she whispers, *"Yes, Master."* Despite the fear that's threatening to overwhelm her, she can't help but feel a twisted thrill at the thought of serving Kaito and his pack. Her body betrays her eagerness, her hips twitching slightly as she waits for Kaito's next move.

As Emiko's eyes adjust to the dim light, the kennel transforms around her, the soft glow of candles casting eerie shadows on the faces of the hidden figures that make up the gallery. Her cheeks blaze with embarrassment as she realizes she's the main attraction in a private show on the Tachibana estate tonight. The shadows seem to coalesce into a familiar figure - Ryota, the estate's master. The knowledge that he's watching her, expecting her to perform, sparks a sudden urge to please him. The weight of the audience's gaze upon her, their eyes drinking in every detail, only serves to heighten her arousal. With a deep breath, she steels herself for the next phase of her training, her body thrumming with anticipation.

A low, velvety chuckle rumbles from the shadows, and Ryota's eyes gleam with approval as they roam over Emiko's slender form, adorned with the new collar and tail. *"Exquisite,"* he murmurs, his voice a dark, sensual caress. *"You wear your new adornments with such elegance, bitch."* His words

are a subtle reminder of her new status, a declaration of ownership that makes her heart skip a beat. *"Your dedication is... commendable, Emiko,"* he continues, his voice dripping with anticipation. *"Now, let us see how well you can serve your new masters."* The candlelight flickers, casting eerie shadows on the walls as the pack begins to stir, their eyes fixed on Emiko with a hungry intensity.

As Ryota's voice echoes through the kennel, Kaito's ears perk up, his gaze remaining fixed on Emiko with an unnerving intensity. His tail wags faster, and he pads closer to her, his nails clicking softly against the hard-packed earth. The sound makes her muscles tense, and she feels a surge of fear mixed with anticipation. Kaito leans in, his hot breath ghosting over her cheek, and nuzzles against her neck, leaving a trail of slick fur and canine scent that makes her skin prickle. His tongue darts out again, tasting the salt of her sweat, the sweetness of her fear, and she feels a jolt of electricity run through her body. The knot is already forming, eager to claim her once more, and Kaito growls low in his throat, a gentle reminder of his dominance. He nips at her earlobe, urging her to submit fully to the pack, and his eyes lock onto hers, a silent question burning in their depths—are you ready to be ours?

Emiko's heart pounds in her chest as Kaito's warm breath dances across her neck, causing her senses to go into high alert. She nods, her eyes locked on Kaito's, and slowly lowers herself to all fours, her body moving with a fluid, animalistic grace. She swishes her tail back and forth, the plush white fur brushing against the ground as she tries to entice Kaito. The anticipation builds inside her, a coil of heat, urging her to act. She paws at the earth, her movements deliberate and seductive, as she arches her back to present herself to Kaito. The pressure of the tail plug inside her is a constant presence. She whines softly, a sound of need and longing that echoes through the kennel, a plea for Kaito to claim her fully. She knows she must entice him to mount her, to take her in front of their master, her body trembling with a mix of fear and desire.

As the other Akitas watch with hungry eyes, Kaito closes in on Emiko, his fur brushing against her skin. His engorged penis stands tall between his hind legs, leaking precum. He nips at her neck, his teeth grazing her flesh, making her gasp. The scent of his arousal fills the air as he straddles her. With a powerful thrust, he enters her, his knot building pressure. She feels his scalding flood immediately as he starts to tie with her, the sensation both terrifying and exhilarating. His weight is crushing, his fur coarse against her skin, but she accepts it, craves it. The pack's growls grow louder, a symphony of desire and dominance that resonates through her bones. This is what she wants, what she needs - to be claimed by her master in this primal way. The pain is a sweet agony, a testament to her dedication, and she whimpers with each pulse of his hot seed filling her up

The kennel erupts into a frenzy of fur, teeth, and lust as the pack closes in around Emiko and Kaito, their eyes burning with hunger and excitement. They know that once the knot is fully formed, they'll have their turn with her. The air is heavy with the scent of sex and desire, driving the other Akitas into a state of restless anticipation. The humans in the shadows watch with a mix of fascination and sadistic pleasure, their eyes feasting on the erotic scene unfolding before them. Emiko's whimpers of pain and pleasure grow louder, the sound fueling the pack's frenzy. The candlelight flickers, casting an eerie glow over Kaito and Emiko as they writhe together, their bodies locked in a fierce, animalistic coupling.

Emiko's world narrows to the sensation of Kaito's fur against her skin, the pressure of his knot inside her, and the weight of his body above hers. She's consumed by a primal, animalistic need, her body moving of its own accord as she bucks and writhes beneath him. The pain is a sweet, all-consuming sensation, each thrust a crescendo of pleasure-pain that resonates through her entire being. The fluffy white tail attached to the plug sways back and forth with each thrust, a visual reminder of her new role. She's aware of the audience's eyes on her, their whispers and gasps

fueling her own shameful desire to be taken, to be used. Her movements are a silent plea for more, each whine and gasp a testament to her growing desperation. She's lost in a sea of sensation, her body a vessel for Kaito's pleasure.

Kaito's eyes gleam with a fierce, unbridled lust as he sees Emiko's willingness to submit to his primal instincts. His claws dig into the soft flesh of her buttocks, leaving faint trails of blood that mingle with her sweat and his precum. His thrusts are strong and relentless, driven by a biological imperative to claim and breed. He snarls with each movement, his teeth bared in a display of dominance and pleasure. The only sound that matters is her whimpers of pain and the wet smack of their bodies coming together.

Emiko's hips undulate in an instinctual rhythm, her tail wagging in silent supplication for more of Kaito's brutal dominance. Her body is no longer her own; it's a plaything for Kaito's whims, and she craves every moment of it. Each thrust feels like it's stripping away another layer of her humanity, leaving only a desperate, lust-filled animal in its place.

Emiko's body convulses in a powerful orgasm, her legs trembling uncontrollably as the wave of pleasure crashes over her. Her vision swims with stars, and the sound of her own cries of ecstasy are a distant symphony in her ears, muffled by the pounding of her heart. She feels as if she floating on bliss, detached from reality for a moment. The pressure of Kaito's knot is intense and brings her back, the sensation consumes her. Her skin is on fire, her nerves thrumming with a sweet, electric tension that makes her feel alive, connected, and utterly surrendered. As the orgasm reaches its peak, she feels herself let go, her muscles turning to jelly beneath his fur-covered form.

Kaito pulls his swollen knot free from Emiko's tight, quivering body with a sudden, almost violent motion. The sound of it popping out echoes through the kennel. Emiko's eyes widen in shock, her body arching in pain as she's pulled off her hands and feet by the sheer size of the Akita's member. She cries out, a sharp, startled yelp that's torn from her throat as she struggles to process the sudden, searing pain. A flood of warm, sticky liquid pours out of her, pooling on the floor in a spreading puddle that fills the air with its musky scent.

As the tremors of pleasure subside, Emiko lies there, her body slick with sweat and Kaito's cum, panting heavily. Her eyes flicker open to find the other Akitas lined up before her, their gazes hungry and eager. She knows what's expected of her now, each of them waits for their turn to claim her, to use her body for their own desires. The fear and excitement meld into one overwhelming sensation, a heady cocktail of anticipation and humiliation.

The first Akita steps forward, his eyes locked on hers with a fierce intensity that makes her heart skip a beat. He's larger than Kaito, his fur a darker shade of black that seems to absorb the flickering candlelight. His tail twitches with excitement as he approaches her, his jaws open in a snarl that reveals rows of sharp teeth. Emiko feels frozen as he looms over her, his hot breath washing over her skin.

The beast mounts her, his massive frame looming over her small, trembling body. His massive shaft plunges into her, stretching her to the limit as he claims her with a fierce, possessive thrust. His thrusts are like hammer blows, each one driving her further into the cold, hard ground beneath her. Emiko's body reacts involuntarily, her muscles tightening around his knot as she approaches the precipice of another climax. The pain is a living, breathing entity, wrapping itself around her like a vice. But she doesn't fight it - instead, she lets it fuel her arousal, her moans growing louder with each powerful stroke. The room spins around her, the candlelight blurring into a sea of warm gold. Her mind is a whirlwind of sensation, consumed by the relentless pounding of this new master's hips against her own.

Her eyes squeeze shut, her mouth opens in a silent scream as the orgasm crashes into her, convulsing her body and spasming her muscles. Her legs quiver uncontrollably, the only sign of the overwhelming pleasure that's coursing through her veins. The Akita's teeth sink into her neck, the pain is reassuring, a reminder that she's his now. The knot swells, its thickness stretching her to the limit, making her feel utterly possessed and helpless.

The animals watch, their eyes burning with lust, as he pounds into her with a ferocity that makes her moan. Emiko's world has been shattered, everything she thought she knew about herself and her place in the world has been rearranged. She's no longer the timid maid who once went about her duties with quiet efficiency, she's been remade, transformed into something new and different. Each thrust, each bite, each snarl of pleasure is a brutal reminder that she's nothing but a bitch in heat for the pack.

As the night stretches on, Emiko's body is passed from one animal to the next, each one claiming her in his own way. Her cries of pain and pleasure, echoing her humiliation through the kennels. The wealthy patrons who have gathered to witness this spectacle watch with a mix of shock and fascination, their eyes wide with horror and arousal.

The world narrows to a single point, as Emiko's body is consumed by the pack's hunger. She's lost track of how many cocks have filled her, how many times she's come, her body aching as the pack's relentless fucking stretches her into the form of their massive knots. Every knot that swells inside her is a testament to her submission, a symbol of her devotion to the pack. She's a slave to the pack's desires, and she wouldn't trade her role for anything. The pain is a razor-sharp pleasure, cutting through her senses and leaving her breathless.

As the last of the animals pulls away from Emiko, the room falls silent. The air is thick with the scent of lust and power, the flickering candles casting long shadows across the floor. The audience has dispersed. Yumi steps forward, her eyes gleaming with a sadistic delight, and nods towards the trembling figure on the floor. *"Look at yourself, Emiko,"* she says, her voice a soft purr that belies the steel in her tone. *"You're a mess, just a thing now"*

Emiko looks down at herself, the cold reality of her situation sinking in as she takes in the sweat, cum, and dirt that cover her body. Her uniform is torn, her skin bruised and scratched from the merciless assault she's endured. She feels a sense of numbness wash over her, a cold acceptance and resignation. She knows she's been broken and remade into something new. She looks up at Yumi, her eyes meeting the other woman's with a mix of fear and longing. *"Y-yes, Miss Yumi,"* she whispers, her voice shaky and tremulous.

Yumi's eyes are cruel and assessing as she looks down at the trembling form before her. Without another word, she grabs a nearby hose and turns the water to a frigid spray, aiming it at Emiko. The cold water hits her like a slap, making her gasp and jerk in surprise. But she doesn't struggle, doesn't try to escape. She knows this is part of her new existence, part of being a pack animal.

The water runs in rivulets down her skin, carrying away the evidence of her degradation. She feels the coldness seep into her bones, a stark contrast to the fire that still burns in her loins. Her body quivers with the chill, but she remains still, accepting the icy embrace. When Yumi finally turns off the hose, Emiko opens her eyes to find the other woman watching her with a mix of satisfaction and hunger.

Once the icy water has rinsed away the last vestiges of her previous life, Yumi takes Emiko by the collar and leads her to a small enclosure lined with fresh straw. The kennel door swings open with a creak, and Emiko steps inside, her legs shaking from exhaustion. The space is small, but it's more

than enough for her tiny frame. She looks around, the reality of her new existence setting in as she takes in the sights and smells of her new home.

As she curls up in the straw, Emiko feels a sense of comfort and security wash over her. Her body aches, but it's a pleasant ache, a reminder of the pleasure and pain she's experienced. She feels a sense of belonging, of being exactly where she's meant to be. For the first time in her life, she feels like she's home.