

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



THE TAVERN

Scarlet Jackson strode into the Sky High Tavern as if she owned the place. Turning to a coat rack, the young lady hung up a blood-red hooded cape. Cascades of flaming tresses spilled from her head in showers of radiant red curls. As women go, Scarlet's twenty-year-old feminine form wasn't very big. In fact, she was little. Yet, the braless size and shapes showing beneath her blouse indicated in full measure her womanhood!

Hoots and hollers followed Scarlet as she headed for the bar; "Hey Red, how they hanging?", "How's about a kiss?", "Trade you a drink for a feel up!"

The only reason the men were able to get away with such lighthearted vulgarity was that Scarlet was no ordinary woman. In truth, the bar patrons were a bit afraid of her. At the age of eighteen, Scarlet had earned her backwoods stripes by emptying a .38 revolver into the bodies of two would be rapist. Both men took three slugs to the heart. They died instantly.

At the inquest, dirty little secrets came out. Scarlet shared a deep-woods cottage with her grandfather, Mr. Jack Jackson. One woman testified that on a visit she had noticed only one bed showed any sign of use. Thus was planted the rumor that the young woman and her grandfather shared some kind of illicit sleeping arrangements; perhaps they even had sexual relations. This notion was bolstered when Mr. Jackson's hobby was revealed. Jack had a vivid pretend sexual imagination. He created dirty short stories and tales to titillate. Scarlet assisted her grandfather by typing, editing, and posting his filthy works. The words she typed often made her vagina wet and hot.

Unbeknownst to the general population, the rumors of one-bed sexual escapades were true! Even though her grandfather was triple her age, Scarlet found him to be a strong, robust, and well-experienced lover. His cock could become an elongated spear which reached the deepest depths of her vagina. His cock's massive girth guaranteed frictional fires and multiple orgasms.

"What will it be, Red?" asked Don the bartender.

"Granddad wants a jug of White Lightning and I want a bottle of Fireball," Scarlet answered. The young lady added, "Give me a hot shot of Fireball right now."

Scarlet received her hot shot and downed it in one gulp. When the hot shot of cinnamon-tasting liquor hit her stomach, the redheaded woman felt a contradictory feeling. A cold chill ran up her spine. An ominous presence seemed to be stalking her. Quickly, as if trying to catch the threat, Scarlet spun around and placed her back to the bar. Nothing was there.

Scarlet knew most of the men present. Of course there were no women, but she, in the tavern. Respectable women did not frequent taverns! Whores and other ladies of the night occasionally dropped in. Where did this place Scarlet? She was neither a whore nor was she a lady of the night. Yet, this young woman was shunned by all other women in the Three Forks of the Wolf hills and valleys. Perhaps the facts of her two killings and her participation in writing sexual filth accounted for her shunning. Just to spite her shunners, this young woman began to go bad. Scarlet frequented taverns, she gambled, she raced horses, and she and her grandfather fucked like demons possessed by lusts.

THE RACE

Wait a minute! There was a strange man in the tavern. He was tall yet he had no attributes to say he was handsome. Scarlet felt the same ominous chill run up her back again. She turned her back on it, gathered up her saddlebags filled with whisky, and then headed for the door. The tall man blocked her path. He held out his hand for introductions. Scarlet refused the hand.

Not to be put off lightly, the man asked, "Are you the girl who works with your grandpa to write dirty stories?" He continued, "I'm the man who owns the place where you send them. My name is X.N. Nophest. You and some of your grandpa's friends are giving my place a hard rap recently. I asked my staff to draw a random name so that I could call on the writer and hear his side person-to-person. May I accompany you home where you, your grandfather, and I might talk?"

Scarlet reluctantly said two words, "I reckon."

The country girl threw her saddlebags over the pommel of a tall, sorrel, mountain-bred mule. The man mounted a sleek, dark, Kentucky thoroughbred. Despite her hesitance, Scarlet asked, "What's his name?"

Mr. Nophest answered, "He has not yet been named. You could say I'm riding a horse with no name."

"Want to race?" Scarlet asked. She added, "I've always wondered if my mule RedWing could beat a lowland thoroughbred horse."

Mr. Nophest was taken aback. Absolute certainty steeled his words, "Why gal, you will never see a day when a wilding mule will outrun a thoroughbred!"

A crowd had gathered. "You 'chicken', Mr. Nophest?" was a chant repeated.

"I'll race!" was his reply. "At what stakes? How about this? When I win, you and your grandfather will agree to stop bitching about what I do on my very own site!"

"HA!" exclaimed Scarlet. "And, if you lose, you will publically acknowledge that the 'free' stories you get are worthy of more attention and that you will treat your writers better. And you will agree that this site 'belongs' to the writer's as well as to you!"

The quarter-mile track behind the tavern was used. Scarlet stripped her mule of its cargo including its saddle. She mounted bareback (a position she often used in her granddad's bed). RedWing barely felt her weight.

Mr. Nophest weighed twice as much as his opponent. He lost no confidence because he was sitting atop a horse with no name.

A shot rang out. The race was on. The thoroughbred leapt and was off. Scarlet's mule ran like a jackrabbit on steroids. RedWing left a horse with no name behind in the dust. The mule beat the horse by five lengths.

"I will expect your statement in the forum within the week!" Scarlet proclaimed.

Nophest began backtracking, "I didn't promise!"

"Bastard, just as I expected!" Scarlet screamed. "Let's go see what gramps has to say about this."

RED'S SACRIFICE

The road to Grandpa's cottage followed a twisting, winding, hilltop passage. Mr. Nophest and Scarlet rode on with determination. Darkness was closing in. The leafy trees where they passed provided further barrier to light.

Streaks of moonlight could be seen now and then. For the most part, Scarlet intentionally avoided looking upwards towards the moon. Yet, the young lady knew that seeing or not, the moon would have its way. As the nighttime orb reached its zenith, a reddish golden light was emitted. Scarlet looked up and saw her fears come to fruition. The moon was full!

"Are you frightened, girl?" asked Mr. Nophest.

"Hell yes!" Scarlet replied. She pulled her hooded cape tightly around her.

The horse and the mule became jittery. Something was following in the brush and trees. A limb broke, a snarl growled, and a demon wolf's howl shook the leaves and ground.

Suddenly, the horse and mule stopped dead in the road. The animal's eyes could see what was there. Only Scarlet could see in her mind. Mr. Nophest's flashlight's beam revealed eyes as red as Scarlet's hair, dark black fur, and the shape of a monstrous wolf. "Holy shit!" Mr. Nophest exclaimed.

"Hush your mouth and turn off that damn light," Scarlet cried. "He is here for me!"

The demonic creature approached closer and closer. He rose on his hind legs and sniffed the horse, the trembling man, and the flashlight. Disappointed, he padded over and sniffed the mule briefly. His nose came into contact with Scarlet's crotch. He snarled menacingly, pulled the young woman out of the saddle, and then used his sharp claws to rip her body naked.

The fiendish beast spread Scarlet's hooded cape on a flat stone outcropping and then motioned for the naked female to come and lie down. Scarlet acquiesced. She lay down, spread her legs, and awaited the inevitable. She didn't have to wait long.

The creature, the beastly moonlight monster, inserted his snout between the woman's legs. He sniffed in the glorious scent of a female's vagina. He licked the swollen outer lips of this pussy. Another snarl was mysteriously understood by Scarlet to mean for her to spread her split mound apart with her fingers. She did as commanded. The horny old wolf licked this woman's clitoris in a vigorous and eager hunger. He twirled the meaty flesh of the clit in his mouth and enthusiastically suckled its fruit.

In spite of Scarlet's fear and her determination to resist the wantonness of bestiality, the young woman began feeling the warm glow of pre-orgasmic delight. Seemingly understanding his woman's plight, the black beast became even more determined to make her feel the urges and delights of bestial pleasures.

The wolf was big and bad, as was the cupped tongue he drove deep into Scarlet's vagina. To the woman, the elongated, stiff tongue felt like a man's cock rutting and rooting inside her pussy. Would her violator ever stop? No, he continued his molestations. And then here it came...the orgasmic elation she dreaded had a thrilling hold on her femininity. She began cumming and cumming while trying to hide any sound of joy.

But, the big bad wolf knew. He allowed Scarlet to begin coming down from her orgasmic high. And

then the night beast showed that his engorged cock was three times as massive in size as his tongue. He mounted the woman and inserted his enormous cock into her cum and spit filled cunt. Big and bad it might be, but the wolf cock fucked the woman with wholehearted jubilation.

Scarlet's vaginal flesh had to stretch in order to take in the enormity of the big bad cock. At this time in her life, she was unaware of just how much cock her vagina could hold. It's said that size doesn't matter, but here Scarlet's pussy was being fucked by such a gigantic cock that flesh inside flesh was creating a frictional heat which was impossible to ignore.

Orgasms begat cumming and cumming begat blissful multiple orgasms. Scarlet screamed with ecstasy, she howled with elation, and she cried as rapturous joy ran rampant throughout her loins. Her orgasms continued as the wolf suckled her nipples and explored the mountains of her breasts.

Abruptly, the wolf pulled away. He was gone into the great darkness of the forests and hills. Scarlet's clothing was ripped to tatters. All except her blooded riding cape and hood. It was a wonder that her skin was not scratched and bleeding from the great claws which had torn clothing from flesh. Scarlet threw her riding hood and cape around her petite body, mounted her mule, and then told Mr. Nophest to follow her home.

HOME

Scarlet and Mr. Nophest entered the home cottage guiltily. Grandpa sat beside a pleasant fire studying his half nude granddaughter. Mr. Nophest was lost for words.

"Full moon," Grandpa said addressing Scarlet. "Did one of those pup wolves get his cock in you?"

"No Granddad," hesitantly answered Scarlet. "I reckon the wolf that raped and fucked me musta been the Great Granddaddy of all these hills and valleys. No offense Grandpa, but that old demon wolf had the biggest cock I've ever had inside my cunt!"

'Well, get along then and clean up," the girl's grandfather said nonchalantly. "At least you ain't dead!"

Scarlet went along and tended to her aching pussy. Before leaving, she told her grandfather that Mr. Nophest was the big dog owner of XNXX. He wanted to talk with a pissed off writer.

Mr. Jack started by saying this, "Before we start any debate, I will stipulate as fact that you own the website and you can do any damn thing you want to with it! If you wish the minimum age to be thirty, then so be it!"

"Oh no, Mr. Jackson," Mr. Nophest answered. I only changed the ages by two years."

"NO you didn't!" Jack said emphatically. "You raised the ages exponentially! Sir, perhaps you are not aware that I have been one of most prolific writers of underage stories on your story site (with nearly 10,000,000 views and high ratings). Out of my seventy stories, perhaps fifty had underage characters having sex. I worked my ass off in an attempt to edit my stories before your hanging judges could kill them. Nearly two dozen of my highest read stories, including a popular seven part series, were axed!"

Jack continued, "Mr. Nophest, come over to the computer with me. Here is what the story side 'no-holes-barred' requirements were when my underage stories were first accepted;

{We are building a large collection of sex-related texts, easy to navigate, categorized, without advertising. Anyone can have us publish their texts, for free. Click here to submit. Note that AOL is

blocking all emails mentioning 'xnxx.com'. If you have troubles registering, just email us and we will create an account for you.

Some texts can hurt sensibilities, but we feel the need to have them for various reasons we will not explain here and now. In fact, 'on the edge' themes are much more popular than others, as you can see by the 'views' and 'rating' numbers, they are real and have never been edited.}

Now, may I point out; 'some texts can hurt sensibilities...in fact, on the edge themes are much more popular...as you can see by the views and ratings, they are real...'

"Mr. Nophest," Jack argued, "You accepted my texts as ones which could 'hurt sensibilities', as containing 'on the edge themes', and as containing themes which are 'more popular than others'..."

Jack's arguments weren't over, Mr. No. , you recently came out with the following dumbass statement;

The minimum age for sexual characters in stories is 16.

If you submit a story with sexual characters younger than 16, it will be refused. If you have written a story containing these underage sexual characters, please edit it. We will begin removing underage stories now without further notice.

"This statement is completely contrary to the XNXX rules from the time the story site was created!" Jack complained. "Now, you have completely dismissed the 'hurt sensibilities', the 'on the edge themes', and the 'popular views and ratings' components of underage stories on XNXX! WHAT A FARCE! You allow butchery, rape, and shit-stories, yet you ban underage!"

"Now here is my last word," Jack stated, "This your site, so do as you will."

Mr. Nophest declared, "I WILL!"

And Jack declared in response, "SIR, I WILL, ALSO!"

Scarlet came back into the room just in time to hear her grandfather order Mr. Nophest out of his house by saying, "If you don't want me on your website, then you are not welcome in my home!"

THE NIGHT IS DARK

Scarlet opened the door to allow Mr. Nophest to exit. The man shivered in fear. He refused to leave without an escort to the village. Scarlet had different clothing on so she grabbed her red riding hooded cape and then she and her mule lead Mr. Nophest and his horse back to the village. At the tavern, this red-hooded young woman had a large shot of Fireball to steel her nerves for the moonlit trip back home.

Once more finding herself on the danger-fraught, hilly, ridgetop road towards home, Scarlet herself became fearful. She looked upwards; yes, the yellowish moon was still full. Scarlet discovered she was not afraid of the wolves. Instead, she was frightened of herself.

As she reached near to the place where she was raped, she slowed her mule. And then she stopped. There was the flat stone where she had lain. There was where a massive beast had fucked her.

Why she did it, Scarlet could not say. She dismounted and let her mule graze. Scarlet walked over to the place she had named the 'fucking rock'. Here she removed her riding cloak and spread it on the rock. Impetuously, she shed every garment she wore. Breathing heavily, Scarlet climbed to the rock outcropping's highest point. With her nude body gleaming in moonlight she danced and preened as

if awaiting a lover. Impulsively this young woman cupped her hands over her mouth; she howled, she howled, and she howled.

Seeing a massive, dark-haired monster creeping toward her on the moonlit road, Scarlet ran, jumped off the rock, and knelt in the road before the beast. She ruffled his furry head and playfully teased him. Big Black (as she named him) responded by nuzzling her cunt and tickling her pubic hair. Sniffing moisture, Big Black ran his tongue into Scarlet's vagina and lapped her dripping fluids.

Scarlet goosed Big Black's cock sheath, then she bounded up from the ground. She and her moonlight companion played a running/jumping game. Sometimes the beast tripped her up and had his way suckling breasts or pussy clit. It might have been repulsive to some, but Scarlet often grabbed Big Black's enormous cock and sucked it enthusiastically.

In a mutual display of horniness, Scarlet and Big Black ran to the fucking rock. The female creature laid on her red cape and spread her pussy halves. The brutish, virile male creature mounted the female. He inserted his colossal cockhead into the female's vagina. He drove his solid, mammoth cockshaft into a steamy, wet pussy which was ripe for fucking.

Too soon, immense orgasms came. Scarlet now knew why she was drawn to stop here. She needed a fuck and the best fucker she knew was Big Black! This old wolf could bring on considerable back-to-back multiple orgasms. Ooooooh, she felt fine, she felt dizzy, and she felt invigorated.

Big Black instinctively knew when Scarlet had already had more orgasms than any human female could possibly endure. Out of respect, he withdrew his cock from her reddish-sore vagina.

After a good, long nap, Scarlet dressed and rode home. She and her grandfather had some new material to write about now!

The End