

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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A sweet, innocent 18-year-old girl happily wends through a fragrant, sun-dappled wood. Little Red Riding Hood is taking a basket of cookies to her grandma. A slender girl with long auburn hair, she stands barely 5' 3", most of which are long willowy legs. As she walks along the forest path, the newly ripened apples of her firm little asscheeks wiggle seductively, and she can feel a strange fullness that is not quite in her belly and not quite in her virgin vagina. Her budding nipples, pink little Hershey's kisses adorning bumpy quarter-sized areolas, seem much harder and more sensitive than ever before and are poking through the thin cotton material of her jumper in the chill of the spring evening.

But perhaps it's not just the evening chill that caresses her nipples. Perhaps it's the strange new throbbing of the little pearl nestled between her pussy lips, aroused and wet from the friction of her too-tight panties as she walks. In the past few months, the little pearl has grown three times its former size and increased its sensitivity fourfold. If she could see how much smaller her playmates' pleasure pearls were, she would be pleasantly surprised to learn she was blessed with a pearl of uncommon magnificence.

As she walks on, Little Red Riding Hood begins to feel the presence of someone or something walking behind her. She turns and sees a large wolf loping along the trail. Seeing that she has stopped and is staring at him, the wolf rises and stands on his hind legs, towering above the vulnerable young girl. Though she should be frightened, strangely, Little Red Riding Hood is not. He is a handsome brute - broad, muscular shoulders and a sculpted chest covered with a rich mat of beautiful black fur.

Little Red Riding Hood's big blue eyes open wide in wonder, and her pouty, sensuous lips form an Ohhhhh in astonishment at the handsome wolf's cock, which, even hanging flaccid, is as long as the little girl's forearm and nearly as thick. Her precocious little pearl swells larger and sends sparks of pleasant excitement shooting through the moist warmth of her young cunt as she stands mesmerized by the wolf's testicles, the size of baseballs, swinging rhythmically between the brute's muscular thighs.

The cunning wolf senses her ripeness and her arousal; he can detect the scent of her virgin menstrual blood. His eyes twinkle as he marvels at the ivory beauty of her smooth, flawless skin. When the scheming wolf asks her where she is off, the innocent, trusting maiden says she is going to her grandma's house to bring her cookies and stay with her tonight. The sly wolf asks where Grandma lives, and when Little Red Riding Hood tells him, he says that it is still quite far from where they are now, but maybe he will see her there later. "Would you like that Little Red Riding Hood?" She feels again the conflicting twinges of excitement and fear - she has been warned about wily wolves. Despite those warnings, she says yes, she hopes he will come and visit them - she says she is sure he will like her grandmother.

The wolf gives her a very evil look and, grinning, says, "Yes, he is sure he will like Grandma very much." With that, he bounds off into the glooming forest. Later, when Little Red Riding Hood arrives at Grandma's, she finds the door is open, but when she walks in and calls, "Grandma?" She is surprised to hear the wolf's voice. "We're in here, dear."

Little Red Riding Hood runs into her grandma's bedroom to find the wolf in her grandma's bed.

"Where's my grandma?"

"She had to go to the village for something, but she asked me to stay here to ensure you would be

safe. Why don't you crawl in here beside me, little girl?"

Little Red Riding Hood wavers. She knows she shouldn't. She senses danger and something else as she looks into the wolf's hungry, liquid eyes. His smile reveals his sharp teeth and a beautiful, long red tongue that he flicks back and forth suggestively over his upturned lips.

"Come in here, lay beside me, and let me keep you warm - you look chilled, Little Red Riding Hood. Your nipples are hard - I can see them through your thin dress."

Little Red Riding Hood blushes. No one has ever looked at her this way or talked with her so crudely before. It ruffles and excites her in new and strange ways - she likes how it feels. Little Red Riding Hood slips in beside the wolf.

"Here, let me warm them up a little." He smiles at her and begins to rub and pull, scratch and pinch her erect nipples through her jumper. Little Red Riding Hood breathes a big sigh and shudders from the intensely pleasurable, erotic pain. "Oh, Mr. Wolf, this is sooo wrong - you shouldn't touch me this way."

"Really? Do you want me to stop?"

Little Red Riding Hood knows she should say yes but does not want to. Instead, she rests her head on the wolf's muscular chest and closes her eyes. It feels so VERY good and so VERY, VERY wrong. The wolf reaches down and pulls the hem of her jumper up, revealing her white cotton panties, which now have a growing rose-colored wet spot that covers her quivering quim. He lays the little girl down on the bed and, still playing with her nipples, he lowers his head to the crotch of her panties, inhales the musk of her quim and begins to lap her pantied crotch with his long warm wet tongue. An explosion of pleasure erupts from her aroused pussy as the rough rasping of the wolf's tongue tortures her throbbing pearl through the tight wet panties.

"OH! OH! OH!" moans Little Red Riding Hood. Her panties and her virgin cunt are sopping with wolf drool and her new menstrual blood. All at once, the wolf begins to growl and shred her panties with his razor-sharp teeth, and soon, his long tongue is lapping her clit and tunneling hungrily into the clotted menstrual blood of her unspoiled vagina. Her hips move involuntarily, causing her tight little cunt lips to clasp the lupine tongue and slide up and down its length as it flicks in and out of her.

As the delicious anticipation of her first orgasm builds, Little Red Riding Hood's entire being, body and soul, hunger for the masculine ferocity of Wolf's glistening red cock. Little Red Riding Hood is now in a frenzy of anxious want. With the last remaining shred of innocent restraint and granddaughterly concern, she meekly half-heartedly implores the wolf...

"Mr. Wolf, we must stop - Grandma could come back and catch us any minute!"

The wicked wolf knows full well that he has seduced Little Red Riding Hood from the sweet innocence of childhood into the dark forest of puberty with its temptations and raw bestial urges. He quivers with predatory excitement.

"Oh no, she will NOT come to you, little girl - not now or ever. I ate her before you came home."

"Oh no! Not my grandma!" Little Red Riding Hood is horrified, but she is also teetering on the edge of her first-ever orgasm. She is confused and conflicted. What should she do?

"Little girl, I have the magic to bring her back if you want me to, but if I do, I will stop pleasuring you, and you will never feel these good feelings ever again. Do you want me to stop and bring your

grandmother back?"

The evil wolf shudders with sadistic pleasure savoring the agony of the innocent maiden's struggle, pitting Christian virtue and the love for her adored grandma against the throbbing, demanding urgency of her oozing little cunt. The tortured girl is speechless in this moment of agonizing conflict. The intensity of the moment only increases when the wolf pulls his body completely over hers in 69 positions, and his tongue lashes both her pubescent cunt and her tightly puckered little asshole, mercilessly arousing and inflaming her so that her head begins to spin; she feels almost as if her small body were made up entirely of oozing orifices and a swollen, throbbing clitoris.

The poor girl feels the hard dripping cock of the wolf rubbing against her face; now unsheathed, its thick scarlet shaft glistens, at once obscene, beautiful, and irresistible. Wide-eyed and panting, Little Red Riding Hood strokes and caresses it with one of her small hands and holds the wolf's enormous cum-swollen balls in the palm of her other hand, marveling at their heft.

"Kiss it, little girl - it wants you to kiss it. But poor girl, if you do, you will never see your grandma again."

She quivers one more time, but she does not hesitate. Filled with shame and urgent desire, she encircles the wolf's throbbing member with her soft pouty - oh so inviting - lips before taking it into her warm wet mouth, sucking it lovingly, hungrily, like she once suckled at her mommy's tit, while her trembling hands kneed and coax the cum out of the wolf's bulging balls. From the volcano of her nascent feminine sexuality comes an insistent, throbbing need to encounter the drooling scarlet phallus and to wring pleasure from it, like juice from a ripe peach.

As the first drops of his salty precum wet Little Red Riding Hood's swollen cunt lips, the wolf stiffens, growls menacingly, pulls her legs wide apart, and impales her tight young quim on his immense lupine cock, tearing through her maidenhead and mercilessly jackhammering his massive cock into her tight tunnel. Letting go of fear for life and limb, the concupiscent girl abandons herself to pure bestial pleasure and embraces the perversity of her debauchery. That cock! She must have it! As much of it as she can hold! Little Red Riding Hood's pubescent cunt surges upward to meet each of the wolf's downward thrusts, taking his cock as deeply into her warm vagina as she can. As the wolf increases the speed and power of his thrusts, the little girl matches him with her frenzied pelvic pulsing.

Ooh, what unholy, lovely pleasure - intense pleasure - unlike anything the innocent virgin has ever felt in her short life! Little Red Riding Hood begins to cum fitfully, the entirety of her being overcome and enveloped in carnal, feral pleasure. Blast after blasting of quarter-cup globs of wolf spunk splashes against her cervix as her pulsing vagina contracts repeatedly around the big red canid cock, milking it of its cream. As his cum and her blood and pussy honey boil out of her throbbing virgin cunt and pool in her dead grandma's sheets, Little Red Riding Hood and the wolf howl together in exuberant rapture with each of the wolf's pitiless thrusts.

As the wolf had warned, Little Red Riding Hood never sees her grandma again. Soon, she will understand that she is on the cusp of becoming a woman and is about to leave behind many little girl activities, places, and people she loves - not just her grandma. And, in the end, she will understand that she MUST leave them to fully embrace the freedoms and joys of big girls and womanhood. Tossing in her bed on waking from her troubled dreams and yearnings for the pleasures of the Wolf, Little Red Riding Hood will wonder: was it all a dream and the wolf and his forbidden temptations but a metaphor for the dangers, uncertainty, and pleasures that surely await her on her impending, fearful, yet promising journey? Oh, but WHAT a dream it was - A dream whose guilty pleasures Little Red Riding Hood will try to recapture for the rest of her days.

*The End*