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In the dense, untamed woods of the Pacific Northwest, a dedicated team of researchers set out on an expedition to find evidence of the elusive Bigfoot. Their camp was established with precision, each tent and research station positioned to maximize their search capabilities. They looked for signs of the creature—trails, droppings, or any anomalies in the natural landscape.

Among the crew was Phoebe, a young biologist with a keen eye for detail. On one particular morning, she ventured out alone, determined to collect hair samples from the surrounding trees and bushes, hoping to find DNA evidence of the mythical beast.

After hours of meticulous searching, Phoebe decided she needed a break. She found a secluded spot behind a large bush, dropped her trousers, and crouched down to relieve herself. Unbeknownst to her, this simple act released a scent that was unique and potent in the wilderness, a scent that caught the attention of the very creature they sought.

Bigfoot, an imposing figure shrouded in mystery and myth, was drawn to the scent. Moving silently through the underbrush, he tracked Phoebe back to her location. Suddenly, she felt an eerie presence. Turning around, she saw him—Bigfoot, standing tall, his fur matted, his eyes wide with curiosity and confusion.

He growled, a sound that was both animalistic and hauntingly human, causing Phoebe's heart to race. She inhaled sharply, about to scream, but Bigfoot's intimidating growl intensified, freezing her in terror.

The creature approached cautiously, tilting his head as if trying to understand this new being. He reached out, his large, rough fingers delicately touching her jacket. With a childlike wonder, he explored the zipper, pulling at it.

Understanding his curiosity, Phoebe, still trembling, slowly demonstrated how to remove the jacket, sliding it off her shoulders. Bigfoot watched, his eyes wide with what could only be described as astonishment.

However, his exploration didn't stop there. He tugged at her t-shirt, and in his strength, it tore away. As he reached for her trousers, Phoebe, now somewhat composed, gestured for him to stop, showing him how to remove them without further damage. She stood there, now only in her bra and underwear, feeling a mix of fear, vulnerability, and an odd sense of connection to the creature before her.

Phoebe stood there, her fear giving way to a mix of awe and curiosity as she met Bigfoot's gaze. His eyes, though wild, held a depth that suggested intelligence, perhaps even a soul behind them. Her eyes wandered, taking in his massive form — his shoulders broad and muscular, his arms sinewy under a thick layer of fur.

Her gaze drifted downwards, noting his feet, which were indeed 'big' as the legend told, sparking an old, playful saying in her mind, 'big feet, big...'. This thought led her eyes to travel up his legs, curiosity piqued, until she saw it — his penis, surprisingly large even in its flaccid state. It hung there, akin to a baby's arm, its brown, thick skin contrasting with his fur. Despite the situation, or perhaps because of it, she felt an unexpected arousal, her eyes fixed on it, unable to look away.

Bigfoot, oblivious to her gaze, was engrossed in exploring her discarded trousers. He picked them up, his large nostrils flaring as he sniffed them intensely. The scent of a human was there, but there was something else — something that caught his attention more profoundly. He focused on the groin

area of the trousers, sniffing deeply, letting out a rough, gruff sound, a mixture of a grunt and a growl, indicating he had found something intriguing, perhaps even familiar or enticing in its own primal way.

Phoebe watched, part of her mind still caught in a whirl of scientific curiosity, while another part felt a flush of warmth through her body. This encounter was far from anything she could have anticipated in her research. Here she was, standing before a creature of legend, both of them in a moment of mutual discovery, though for very different reasons.

The scene was charged with an odd intimacy, a silent acknowledgment of each other's presence in this secluded part of the forest. Phoebe's heart beat faster, not just from fear but from the sheer adrenaline of this unprecedented interaction. She wondered about the implications — not just for her research, but for understanding this creature's behavior, its sensory perception, and perhaps, its social or mating rituals.

Yet, in this moment, science took a backseat to the raw, visceral experience of meeting something so mythically human yet undeniably wild.

As Phoebe watched Bigfoot's penis reacted to the scent from her trousers, her eyes widened in both shock and fascination. It twitched, then began to grow, lengthening and thickening in a way that reminded her of a horse's cock. The sight was both awe-inspiring and intimidating, the primal nature of his arousal clear.

The creature, visibly affected by the scent, was now more focused on the source. He dropped the trousers, his nostrils flaring as he sniffed the air, his attention turning towards Phoebe. A thought raced through her mind, "Oh, no," as she realized it was her scent that was driving this response.

Bigfoot moved closer, his steps slow but deliberate. He sniffed the air, his eyes locked onto her, filled with a new intensity. Kneeling before her, he continued to sniff, the distance between them closing with each breath. His head moved closer to her underwear, his actions driven by an animalistic urge yet tempered with a hint of curiosity.

Phoebe was overwhelmed by a cocktail of emotions — fear at being so close to such a powerful creature, intimidation from his sheer size and now evident arousal, and an unexpected arousal of her own. Her body responded in ways she didn't fully understand or expect, her heart pounding in her chest, her breath catching in her throat.

The situation was surreal, teetering on the edge of danger and discovery. She knew she should be terrified, should be running, but there was also a part of her that was transfixed, captivated by this rare, intimate encounter with a being from legend.

Her mind raced with thoughts of what this meant biologically, culturally, mythologically. But in the moment, all those thoughts were secondary to the visceral reality of Bigfoot's breath hot against her skin, his snout inches from her, the musk of his own scent mingling with hers in the air.

Bigfoot, driven by instinct and curiosity, pressed his nose directly against the fabric of Phoebe's panties, his gruff sound vibrating through her, making her shiver from the intimate contact. His snout was virtually touching her clit, and the force of his sniff was palpable, sending a wave of sensation through her.

With an abrupt, decisive movement, he tore her panties away, leaving her completely exposed. She was about to react, but his next move caught her off guard. He gently ran his index finger along her slit, then brought it to his nose, sniffing it again. His gaze then met hers, his eyes darting between hers in a manner that seemed almost human, filled with confusion and perhaps a hint of recognition.

There was an attraction, a biological acknowledgment, but also a clear understanding that she was a different species, not one of his own.

He continued to kneel, his head close to her waist, taking another slow, deep sniff. His eyes shifted, a decision forming behind them. Suddenly, he stood, lifting her effortlessly by placing his massive hands under her arms. He raised her high, like a trophy or a prize, then slowly but surely, brought her down towards his face.

Phoebe was utterly flabbergasted, the situation beyond anything she could have imagined or prepared for. Here she was, straddling the face of a Bigfoot, in the heart of the wilderness, experiencing something so bizarre it defied logic and expectation. He inhaled her scent deeply, his breath mixing with hers, his mouth and nose working in tandem to take in her essence.

After this profound, invasive, yet strangely intimate moment, he lifted her off his face. She expected to touch the ground with her feet, to feel the earth beneath her, but instead, she felt something entirely different.

The sensation between Phoebe's legs was unmistakable — a firm, insistent prod. In the heat of the moment, she hadn't noticed that Bigfoot's penis had become fully erect, now rigid and pointing upwards, directly interfacing with her. "Oh my god, NO," she exclaimed, her eyes locking onto his, shaking her head in a desperate attempt to communicate her refusal. "NO, NO, YOU CAN'T," she repeated, hoping against hope that the creature might understand or at least pause.

However, Bigfoot, guided by instinct or perhaps some form of rudimentary understanding, did not stop. His large hands gently yet firmly gripped her hips, guiding her down. The tip of his enormous cock pressed against her opening, her eyes watering, both from fear and an involuntary response to the overwhelming sensation. "PLEASE DON'T," she pleaded, her voice breaking with the intensity of the moment, but Bigfoot continued, slowly pressing her down onto him.

Her own arousal, a natural response to the adrenaline, fear, and the bizarre intimacy of the situation, betrayed her. Her body's lubrication made the connection slick, enabling the head of his penis to breach her entrance. "Aaaah," she gasped as she felt him begin to enter her, the sensation both shocking and overwhelming.

"Now, listen...oooh fuck nooooo," she tried to articulate something, to protest further, but her words turned into moans as Bigfoot pressed again, now that the head was inside, with a few more inches following. The sheer size and the primal nature of the act left her disoriented, her body reacting in ways she hadn't anticipated.

This was beyond the realm of any research or expectation. Bigfoot continued his movement, pressing down until he met resistance, filling Phoebe to capacity. "Oooh, please let me go," she murmured, overwhelmed by the sensation. His girth was unlike anything she had experienced, nearly twice as thick as any human lover, although not as thick as a horse. The length was more than she could handle, a new problem for her.

"Let me down," she pleaded, pointing downwards with both hands in a desperate attempt to communicate. Bigfoot seemed to understand the gesture, but instead of letting her go, he pressed down again, forcing another inch or two into her already stretched pussy. "OOHH god NO," she cried out, now pointing upwards in confusion and a plea for mercy. He lifted her a few inches in response.

But then, something changed. Bigfoot began a rhythm, lifting her up and letting her drop, catching her before she was fully impaled, repeating this action with increasing speed. The motion, the

pressure, the sheer primal nature of it all pushed Phoebe over the edge. She came suddenly, her orgasm shaking her to her core, an unexpected climax that left her gasping, "Oh I'm cumming, fuck me I'm cumming, oh god fucking jesus, I'm fucking cumming."

Despite her release, Bigfoot didn't stop. His pace quickened, lifting her, letting her drop, catching her in a cycle that was both terrifying and exhilarating. Each drop felt like she would be completely impaled on his cock, yet he managed to catch her at just the right moment, never going beyond her physical limits. The relentless rhythm was building another orgasm in her, the sensations overwhelming her senses.

"Oh, Mr, you're gonna make me cum again... please let me downwn... go, please let me go.... oh god, oh fuck, oh fuck, I'm cumming oooh, I'm cumming again, oh fuck me, please fuck me," she cried out, her words a mix of pleading and surrender to the pleasure that was consuming her.

After Phoebe's mind-blowing orgasm, Bigfoot, now dubbed "Mr. Bigfoot" in her mind, slowed his pace. He adjusted her so she was impaled at her limit, then let go of her hips, leaving her hanging there, suspended by his massive cock alone. "Oh my," she gasped, the reality of her position hitting her, but before she could react further, he took a stride forward.

Instinctively, Phoebe reached up, clinging to his neck, her body bouncing with each of his steps, his cock still deep inside her. The journey was short, ending at a soft, mossy clearing where he laid her down, his erection never leaving her pussy.

With her legs spread wide, completely open to him, Bigfoot towered above. He started to thrust again, driving his huge cock deeper until he hit her limits once more. He sensed the resistance and kept his thrusts at that depth, increasing his speed. His movements shifted from caring and somewhat human to wild, animalistic thrusts, pushing Phoebe into another explosive orgasm, "Oh fuck me Mr, fuck me...oh god I'm gonna cum again.....aaaahhh fuck," she screamed, her legs wrapping around his massive frame, pulling herself up to meet his animalistic pounding.

Then Bigfoot lost control, his own climax taking over. With a deep, almost painful thrust, he smashed into her, his body shaking with the force of his release. He pulled out only to slam back in, pummeling her with the ferocity of a wild beast. He howled, a sound that reverberated through the forest, as his hot, thick cum shot into her like a geyser, each pulse sending another wave of pleasure through her.

As he filled her, cum began to spill out, squirting out with each subsequent thrust. Exhausted, his chest heaving, his head hung down near her face, his arms supporting his weight as he caught his breath. Phoebe, equally drained but overwhelmed by satisfaction, gently stroked his arms, "You okay, Mr?" she whispered, her voice soft and caring.

Bigfoot lifted his head, his eyes locking with hers. In an unexpected moment of tenderness, his face moved close, and he rubbed his nose against hers, his eyes closed, an intimate gesture that was both alien and comforting. With a 'gruff' that sent vibrations through his still-embedded cock, he slowly withdrew from her, ending their connection with a gentleness that belied the wildness of their encounter.

Lying there, Phoebe was left in a state of both physical exhaustion and emotional confusion. The forest around them was silent, the only sounds the soft breaths of two creatures from different worlds who had shared something primal and profound. This experience would forever alter her perception of Bigfoot, of nature, and of the depths of human and animal interaction.