

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part One

Elara, at 24, was the epitome of an adventurer, her soul as untamed as the rugged coastline she often explored. On this particular evening, the moon was a silver coin in the sky, casting its light upon the ocean, beckoning her to shed her clothes and immerse herself in the cool embrace of her secret rock pool.

The water was bracing, tightening her skin, her nipples hardening under the chill. She floated, her long chestnut hair fanning out around her like a dark halo, her mind lost in the vastness of the stars above. But solitude was not what she found this night.

A sensation at her ankle jolted her from her reverie. Looking down, she saw a large, vibrant octopus with tentacles that seemed to dance with colors under the moonlight. Its touch was curiously gentle, wrapping around her ankle, pulling her slightly deeper into the water.

"Oh!" Elara gasped, her heart thudding in her chest. "What are you doing?" Her voice was a mix of surprise and a burgeoning thrill she couldn't name, her mind struggling to accept the reality of the situation.

The octopus didn't answer with words but with action. Another tentacle coiled around her other ankle, while one grasped her wrist, securing her in a gentle but firm hold. Elara's breath hitched as she felt a tentacle slide up her leg, its touch both alien and intimate, the suckers leaving a trail of tingling sensations that made her skin prickle with anticipation.

Her eyes darted around in panic, checking for any signs of human presence. In the distance, she could see a few silhouettes moving leisurely along the shore, too far to see clearly but close enough to add a layer of thrill to her secret encounter. "Fuck, there are people," she whispered, her breath quickening, the risk of being seen adding an intoxicating edge to her growing arousal.

The tentacle continued its journey, reaching her inner thighs, its cool, wet touch stark against her increasingly warm skin. "Oh, my God," Elara moaned, her voice low and shaky as she felt herself growing wetter, her arousal unmistakable even in the cool seawater. The tentacle brushed against her clit, sending sparks of pleasure that made her hips buck involuntarily.

"I shouldn't want this," she panted, her body betraying her protests as the tentacle began to probe her entrance. It was thick, its texture rough yet slippery, and as it entered her, she felt an overwhelming sensation of fullness. "Oh, fuck," she gasped, her pussy clenching around the intruder, the feeling of being stretched by something so different, so foreign, igniting her senses.

Her eyes flickered to the distant figures, ensuring they were still at a safe distance, the thrill of potential discovery heightening every sensation. "How can this be happening?" she whispered, her mind in disbelief, unable to reconcile the creature's actions with its nature. "Does it even know what it's doing?"

Another tentacle found her anus, its tip slick with the salt water, pressing gently at first before slowly pushing inside. "Oh, shit, that's... too much," Elara moaned, her voice both shocked and pleased. The sensation was intense, the tentacle in her anus matching the rhythm of the one in her vagina, both thrusting in unison, twisting and turning inside her, each movement deliberate, as if the creature understood the nuances of pleasure.

Elara's wetness increased, her body responding with a flood of arousal that mixed with the seawater,

making the tentacles glide more easily within her. "Please, I can't... I shouldn't," she repeated, but her protests were weak, her body arching into the touch, craving more despite her words. The reality of the situation was too surreal, too arousing.

Two other tentacles found her breasts, the suckers latching onto her nipples, pulling and twisting them in a dance of pleasure that had her writhing. "Oh, yes, just like that," she found herself saying, her voice thick with desire, each tug sending electric shocks of ecstasy through her, her moans becoming louder, more desperate, as she glanced towards the distant figures.

The tentacles inside her moved with a deliberate pace, filling her completely, stretching her to what felt like her limits. "I'm so full," she moaned, feeling every inch of the tentacles as they explored her depths. The sensation was overwhelming, the feeling of being utterly possessed by this creature from the deep, her mind still questioning how it could know what it was doing.

Elara tried to hold back the building orgasm, but the relentless stimulation was too much. "I'm going to... oh, fuck, I'm cumming!" she cried out, her voice echoing off the surrounding cliffs as the orgasm crashed over her, her pussy clenching around the tentacle in a vice-like grip, her anus tightening around the other in waves of pleasure.

But the octopus was not done; it seemed to sense her climax, pushing deeper, filling her even more as she came, her moans turning into loud, intense cries of ecstasy. "Oh, God, don't stop, don't stop!" she pleaded, her body shaking with the force of her orgasm, her wetness now a palpable part of the water around her.

As her climax began to subside, another tentacle joined in, the sensation of being penetrated by three now, one in her vagina, one in her anus, and another just teasing her clit, was too much. She felt another orgasm building, this one even more intense, her disbelief at the octopus's knowledge and skill still fresh in her mind.

Her body was a maelstrom of sensations, the tentacles thrusting, twisting, filling her to the brim. "Oh, fuck, oh fuck," she moaned, her voice raw, her mind a blur of pleasure and astonishment. The tentacles seemed to dance inside her, each movement sending shockwaves of pleasure through her. Her clit was being teased with a precision that seemed impossible for a creature of the sea, each touch sending her closer to the edge.

"I'm cumming again... oh, how... how can this be?" she screamed, her voice echoing through the night. The orgasm built like a tsunami, each wave of pleasure crashing over her with more force than the last. Her pussy and anus clamped down around the tentacles, her muscles spasming, her entire body convulsing with the force of her climax.

The tentacles in her didn't just thrust; they twisted, they pulsed, they seemed to know exactly where to apply pressure, where to stroke, where to tease. Her breasts were not forgotten; the suckers on her nipples continued their relentless play, adding to the maelstrom of sensations. Each pull, each twist on her nipples sent another wave of ecstasy through her, her moans turning into a continuous, loud cry of pleasure that mingled with the sound of the ocean.

Elara felt as if she was losing herself to the sensations, her mind unable to grasp the reality of what was happening. "Oh, God, it's too much, too good," she gasped, her eyes rolling back as another wave hit her, this one pulling a scream from her lips that was both a plea for more and a surrender to the overwhelming pleasure.

The tentacles filled her completely, stretching her to her limits, the sensation of being so utterly consumed, so thoroughly aroused by this creature, was beyond anything she could have imagined.

As she came, it was like her body was no longer her own, every nerve ending alight, every muscle contracting in rhythmic ecstasy.

Finally, as her body began to calm, the tentacles withdrew slowly, each movement a gentle caress, leaving her feeling both empty and fulfilled. Elara lay back in the water, her breath ragged, her body still tingling from the aftershocks of her orgasms. She looked once more at the distant figures, now just silhouettes against the night, her secret thrill secure but the memory of it vivid and thrilling.

"Thank you," she whispered to the night, her voice barely audible, her mind adrift in the surreal intimacy of the encounter. The disbelief lingered, the question of how an octopus could engage in such human-like intimacy never fully answered. It was an encounter that blurred the lines between fantasy and reality, a memory she'd cherish and question in equal measure, forever etched in her mind as one of the most bizarre and ecstatic moments of her life.

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## **Part Two**

The memory of her extraordinary encounter with the octopus haunted Elara's thoughts, her body echoing with the sensations that had overwhelmed her. Driven by a relentless curiosity and a throbbing desire, she returned to the secluded rock pool under the same moonlit sky that had witnessed their first meeting.

Elara shed her clothes, the night air cool against her skin, her nipples hardening in anticipation. She stepped into the water, the chill sending shivers through her, her mind racing with the possibilities of what might transpire. Her gaze scanned the water, her heart skipping when she caught sight of those familiar, intelligent eyes beneath the surface.

"Hello, you incredible creature," Elara whispered, her voice laced with excitement. Her body was already responding, her sex slick with anticipation as she moved deeper into the pool.

The octopus approached, its tentacles unfurling towards her, wrapping around her waist and drawing her further into the dark water. The first tentacle didn't hesitate, finding her entrance with a sultry precision. "Oh, you know exactly what I crave," Elara gasped as it slipped inside her, the sensation of being filled by that cool, slick appendage sending a jolt of pleasure up her spine.

Soon, two more tentacles joined, stretching her in a way that was both overwhelming and intoxicating. "Fuck, three at once," she moaned, her voice echoing off the cliffs. The tentacles moved in a rhythm that seemed almost human in its purpose, filling her, stretching her, each thrust making her moan louder, her pussy clenching around them with desperate need.

But then, the octopus began to do something she hadn't anticipated; it started pushing more of its body into her, squeezing through her tight entrance. Elara felt an intense pressure, her body expanding to accommodate it. "How... how are you doing this to me?" she panted, the feeling of bloating mixed with an explosive orgasm that left her screaming into the night.

As more of the octopus's body entered her, Elara's mind swam in a sea of pleasure, her body quivering with each new inch. "I'm going to... oh, fuck, I'm cumming again!" she screamed, her voice a mix of disbelief and ecstasy, her pussy spasming around the creature, her orgasms chaining together, each one more intense, her moans turning into cries that filled the air.

Through her blurred vision, she saw a silhouette approaching. Panic mixed with arousal surged within her. "Someone's here," she whispered to herself, trying to stifle her moans, her body still

shaking with pleasure.

The figure approached, revealing a woman. "Hey, are you alright?" she called out, her voice concerned.

"I... I'm more than alright," Elara gasped out, her voice thick with arousal. "I'm Janette," the woman introduced herself, stepping closer, her eyes wide with curiosity rather than fear.

Janette stepped into the pool, the water lapping at her thighs. "What's going on here?" she asked, her voice a mix of alarm and fascination.

"It's... it's mind-blowing," Elara managed to say, her body still trembling. "Just... relax, it's not what you think."

The octopus, sensing the new presence, reacted. Three tentacles withdrew from Elara, reaching towards Janette. One coiled around her thigh while the others began their exploration, one slipping under her bikini bottom to probe her anus gently, the other finding her vagina, the thin fabric doing little to impede the intimate touch.

Janette let out a high-pitched squeal, her body tensing. "Oh fuck, what is this?" But as the tentacles began their dance, her shock melted into an unexpected wave of arousal. "This is... this is insane," she moaned, her knees weakening.

Elara, still connected to the octopus, reached out, her hand finding Janette's. "Trust me, it'll feel incredible," she whispered, her voice sultry with her own ongoing pleasure.

The tentacles moved with deliberate intent, one slipping into Janette's vagina alongside another, stretching her in a way she'd never felt before. "Oh, God, I can't... I can't believe this," Janette gasped, her body leaning into Elara for support, their breasts pressing together, nipples hard against each other.

Elara watched as Janette's face contorted in pleasure, her own body still filled with the octopus, feeling each movement it made inside her. "You're so damn sexy like this," Elara whispered, her lips finding Janette's in a deep, passionate kiss, their tongues entwining as the tentacles explored them.

The water around them was now a maelstrom of their movements, splashing softly against the rock. Janette's bikini was soon discarded, her body bare against Elara's, their skin slick with water and arousal. The tentacles worked in tandem, one thrusting into Janette while another withdrew, creating a rhythm that had her moaning into Elara's mouth.

"I've never... felt anything like this," Janette panted, her orgasms building under the octopus's ministrations, her pussy contracting around the tentacles.

Elara was in a state of continuous climax, the octopus's body still inside her, moving subtly, each movement sparking new waves of pleasure. "I know, it's like nothing else," she murmured against Janette's lips, their hands exploring each other's bodies, heightening their connection.

As the night wore on, they spoke in hushed, breathy tones, sharing desires, confessions, the ecstasy amplifying their words. "Imagine if someone else saw us like this," Janette whispered, her voice filled with thrill and desire, her hand sliding between Elara's legs, feeling where the octopus still connected them.

Elara moaned, her body responding to Janette's touch, "They'd see how fucking hot this is," she

replied, guiding Janette's hand to her clit, showing her how to move.

The water around them was a testament to their arousal, their bodies moving in sync with the creature's tentacles. "I'm going to cum again," Janette gasped, her voice breaking as another wave hit her, her body trembling in Elara's embrace.

Their lips met again, the kiss deep and consuming, their moans mingling. The octopus seemed to respond to their shared ecstasy, its tentacles moving more fervently, exploring, teasing, filling.

As dawn began to break, the sky lightening, the octopus, perhaps sensing the end of their nocturnal play, began to withdraw, its tentacles slowly leaving the women, leaving them feeling a strange emptiness yet profoundly connected.

"Thanks for joining me in this madness," Janette whispered, looking into Elara's eyes, her voice thick with satisfaction and wonder.

"Thanks for making it even better," Elara replied, her voice equally moved. They stayed in the water, their bodies close, feeling the last remnants of the night's magic.

As the first light of day touched their skin, they knew they had shared something beyond the ordinary, a secret that would bind them together, an experience that transcended the boundaries of human connection. They exited the pool, their bodies tingling, their minds buzzing with the memory of the night, a silent agreement between them that this was something to be cherished, perhaps to be repeated, in the quiet sanctity of their secret rock pool.

*The End...?*