

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



Paul and I, a couple from the city, decided to escape the hustle of everyday life for a weekend getaway at the Manor Hotel and Spa nestled in the tranquil Cotswolds, about 200 miles from our home. The serene landscape, with its rolling hills and quaint villages, promised us a peaceful retreat.

On our first morning, after a hearty breakfast, we opted for a walk through the countryside. The air was crisp, and the landscape was painted with the soft hues of autumn. We ventured into a lovely wooded area, the kind where sunlight dappled through the leaves, creating a mosaic on the forest floor.

As we walked deeper into the woods, with a mischievous glint in my eye, I asked Paul if he would engage in one of our playful games. "Paul, how about you tie me up, gag me, and leave me here for four hours?" I suggested, my voice playful but with an edge of desire.

Paul grinned, familiar with our games, "You sure? Sounds like you're in for quite the adventure."

I handed him my rucksack, "Absolutely. Here's what you'll need."

With care, Paul tied me securely to a large fallen tree, bending me over its trunk. The rough bark pressed against my stomach, the moss cushioning my knees as he bound my wrists with meticulous knots, ensuring I was both secure and safe. As he was unpacking the ropes, he found a note I had placed in the rucksack to be taped to my bum. He read it aloud, his voice laced with laughter, "Use me or leave me here but please don't rescue me."

"How's that?" he asked, after tying me up and taping the note.

"Perfect," I mumbled through the gag he then placed in my mouth.

"Four hours, right?" he confirmed, looking at me with a mix of concern and playfulness.

I nodded, my consent clear despite the gag.

"Alright, I'll see you soon then," he said, giving me a reassuring pat before he walked away.

Left alone, the forest seemed to grow quieter, the note on me like a silent declaration of our game.

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### **First Encounter:**

The first to find me was a woman in her 30s, her athletic frame glistening with sweat from her run, her breathing heavy as she slowed to a stop. Concern etched her face as she approached, "Oh my god, are you okay?" she asked, her voice tinged with worry.

I nodded, my eyes conveying I was fine despite my bound state. Her gaze caught the note taped to my skin, and she read it aloud with a mix of surprise and intrigue. "Is this note like an open invitation?" she asked, her curiosity piqued.

I nodded again, my heart racing with anticipation. She looked around, ensuring we were alone, then confessed, "I've always wanted to try this." Her hands were gentle as she knelt, her touch hesitant at first as she moved to give me head. "You're so beautiful like this," she whispered, her breath warm against me. Her lips, soft and warm, explored me with a mix of curiosity and desire. Her tongue danced with precision, sending waves of pleasure through me. "You taste incredible," she

murmured, her voice husky with arousal. "I could do this all day," she added, her voice sending shivers down my spine. The vulnerability of my position, the cool air brushing against my naked skin, and the thrill of the unexpected culminated in an orgasm that made me shudder violently against the tree, my moans muffled by the gag. When she finished, she stood up, her cheeks flushed, and asked, "Do you want me to just leave you here?"

I nodded, feeling a rush of exhilaration as she jogged off, leaving me to the silence once more.

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## **Second Encounter:**

The sound of youthful laughter preceded the arrival of two teenage boys, both around 16 or 17, their voices echoing through the trees. "Hey lady, are you alright... do you need help?" they shouted as they bounded over. At this point I'm thinking we didn't think this through, these are kids. Their concern turned to wide-eyed surprise upon seeing the note. "Ok lady," one of them said, a cheeky grin spreading across his face, "if this is what you want." I shook my head and shouted "NOOOO" through the gag but they didn't understand or didn't want to.

They looked at each other with a silent agreement. One positioned himself behind me, his hands gripping my hips with youthful vigor as he entered me, his movements eager and somewhat clumsy. "You're so hot," he panted, "I can't believe this." As he came, I felt his warmth inside me, his rhythm erratic but exciting. "Fuck, I'm cumming," he gasped out. They switched, the second boy taking his turn, his approach a little more confident, his thrusts pushing me closer to the edge. "Fuck," he groaned, his voice a mix of awe and pleasure. "I'm not gonna last," he admitted, his breath hot against my back. To be honest, I think they were both virgins before that. The taboo of the situation, combined with their young, relentless energy, built the pleasure within me until, just before he finished, I was sent into an orgasm, my body convulsing as he filled me. Once they were done, they zipped up, chuckling as they jogged away, leaving me with the echo of their voices.

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## **Third Encounter:**

An old man, his face a map of wrinkles, walked slowly through the woods, his dog pulling him towards me. His eyesight was poor, and he squinted at the scene before him. "What's all this... there's a note," he mumbled, adjusting his glasses. He read the note with a chuckle, "Well, I never... it's been a while to be honest but I won't pass up on a chance like this."

He dropped his trousers, his movements slow but deliberate. "This is quite the surprise," he said with a laugh, entering me with a groan, his actions quick and unpolished, finishing in mere moments. "Oh, that felt good," he muttered. He pulled up his trousers, but his dog, a Boxer known for its energy, was immediately on me, its tongue lapping at me with an almost feverish eagerness. "I need to pee," the old man mumbled, completely unaware as he shuffled off behind a tree.

The dog, taking the opportunity, mounted me. This was my first time with an animal, and the sensation was unlike anything I'd felt before. Boxers are known for their energy, and this one was no exception, its thrusts fast and wild. "Oh god," I thought, the taboo and the raw, primal nature of it all overwhelming me. As the Boxer ejaculated inside me, the sensation was intense, leading to an orgasm that was both shocking and exhilarating, my body trembling with the force of it. By the time the old man returned, the dog was done, and without a word or glance back, they continued their walk.

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#### **Fourth Encounter:**

The last to find me was a tall, muscular black man in his 30s, his stride confident as he walked through the woods. He stopped in his tracks upon seeing me, his expression one of disbelief. "Is this for real?" he asked, his voice deep and resonant.

I nodded eagerly, my body already responding to the anticipation. "Ok," he said, his tone a mixture of caution and excitement, "but be warned, I'm not a little guy." His warning was not just words; he was indeed large, both in length and girth, his presence intimidating and thrilling. As he entered me, the stretch and fullness sent me into an immediate orgasm, my body shuddering against the tree, the vibrations of pleasure echoing through me. "You're so wet," he growled approvingly, his movements deliberate, each thrust deep and measured, igniting a fire within me. "I love how you take all of me," he murmured, his voice a catalyst for my pleasure. "You feel amazing," he added, his voice thick with desire. I orgasmed three more times under his relentless pounding, each wave more intense, the pleasure building like a crescendo until we reached the peak as he ejaculated inside me, triggering a giant, all-consuming orgasm that left me utterly spent, my body limp against the tree.

When Paul returned to untie me four hours later, I was in a state of both exhaustion and euphoria. As we walked back to the hotel, I shared every detail of my encounters with him, excluding the one with the dog, the words tumbling out in a mix of exhilaration and intimacy.

Back at the hotel, we settled into the bar, each with a drink in hand. The ambiance was cozy, the murmur of other patrons providing a backdrop to our conversation. As I sipped my drink, my mind couldn't help but revisit the unexpected encounter with the Boxer. The memory sent a thrill through me, and I couldn't keep it to myself any longer.

"Paul," I started, my voice low but filled with raw excitement, "there's something I didn't tell you earlier." I leaned closer, my eyes sparkling with the memory. "This old man, he had a dog, a Boxer, and when he left... Oh god, it was amazing. The dog, he just... he licked me, and then, without any warning, he mounted me. His energy was wild, like nothing I've ever felt." My voice was breathless, the thrill of the memory making me almost giddy. "And Paul, when he came in me, it was... it was like an explosion. I've never had an orgasm like that, so intense, so raw. It was incredible."

Paul listened, his eyes widening with each detail, a mix of shock and fascination on his face. "Wow, that's... unexpected," he said, clearly taken aback but intrigued.

I nodded, my excitement palpable. "Paul, I want you to get us a Boxer," I concluded, my voice eager and firm, the idea of recreating that wild, primal experience now a burning desire in my mind. "I need that kind of excitement again. It was just... oh god, it was amazing."

Paul's eyes met mine, the surprise turning into something more like hunger. "You're full of surprises, aren't you?" he said with a smirk.

I grabbed his hand, my desire now overtaking my words. "We are going to our room, I want you NOW," I declared, pulling him up from his seat, the need to feel him, to share in the intensity of my experiences, overwhelming me as we hastily made our way to our room, the anticipation of what was to come already setting my skin on fire.