

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



The morning sun had barely crept through my curtains when I felt the first stirrings of my condition. I woke up already on edge, my body primed for sensations I couldn't control. Rolling over in bed, the mere friction of the sheets against my skin sent a ripple of pleasure through me, a soft moan escaping before I even opened my eyes.

I decided to forgo underwear, choosing only a loose dress to minimize any contact with sensitive areas. Breakfast was a quiet affair, my senses already heightened, every movement of my body a potential trigger. Even the simple act of sitting down at the kitchen table was fraught with tension, the chair's surface threatening to ignite another climax.

Work was the usual minefield. I navigated the office with caution, avoiding too much contact, sitting at the back during meetings to reduce the risk of accidental stimulation. Yet, there was that one moment when I leaned over to pick up a pen, the fabric of my dress brushing against me in just the wrong - or right - way. A shiver ran down my spine, my breath catching. I quickly sat back down, feeling the heat rise in my cheeks, hoping no one noticed my brief moment of ecstasy.

Lunch was a brief escape. I sat in the park, the breeze a welcome distraction. But even there, the wood of the bench felt too close, too intimate. I shifted, trying to find a position that wouldn't betray me, but the day was relentless.

The train ride home was where my control was truly tested. I found a seat, my heart pounding with dread and anticipation. Across from me sat a teenage boy, his eyes occasionally flicking up from his phone to observe the world around him. I tried to focus on something else, anything else, but the vibrations of the train were relentless. It started with a subtle warmth spreading through my body, a familiar warning. I clenched my fists, my breath hitching as I felt the first waves of an orgasm building.

I was losing the battle. My cheeks flushed with embarrassment and arousal, the dual sensations fighting within me. I tried to think of anything mundane, anything to distract from the inevitable. But the moment I looked up, I caught his gaze. He was watching me, confusion and then realization dawning on his face as he noticed my struggle.

The intensity of his stare, the public setting, it all compounded, pushing me over the edge. There was no stopping it now. I bit my lip hard, trying to stifle any sound, but my body betrayed me. I felt the orgasm crash through me, my muscles tensing, my breath coming in short gasps.

Then I saw it - a noticeable bulge in his trousers, he was erect! The sight sent another wave through me, part shame, part thrill. It was a perverse cycle; the more I tried to suppress my reactions, the more intense they became because of the situation. The thought that he might go home and think of this moment, maybe even masturbate because of it, was both mortifying and exhilarating.

That train ride felt endless, each stop a countdown to my escape. When I finally disembarked, the cool air was a relief, but the memory lingered, a mix of humiliation and a dark thrill.

Back home, I wanted peace. I changed into my t-shirt nightie, the freedom of no underwear a small relief. I decided to watch TV on the sofa, seeking normalcy. But as I sat down, the fabric of the sofa grazed my bare skin, igniting an immediate, intense orgasm.

I grabbed the sofa, trying to push forward to escape the stimulation, but my movement only worsened it, my hips grinding against the material. My yelps of pleasure and surprise echoed, and Max, misinterpreting the sounds, bounded over, eager for play.

His enthusiasm was my undoing. Jumping onto the sofa, he knocked me back, my head against the cushion, my body at an angle with my backside off the edge, Max stood between my legs.

As Max tried to lick my face and play, he stretched to his full length, his warm sheath inadvertently brushing against my most sensitive spot. That accidental touch was like igniting a fuse; it set off an explosion of sensations, one orgasm bleeding into the next, rendering me powerless. I tried to push him away, but my arms felt like jelly, my resolve melting under the relentless tide of pleasure.

Lust was clouding my mind, weakening my protests as my body responded to the stimulation with an intensity I couldn't control. Max, feeling my wetness, reacted on instinct, his own body responding to the primal cues. It wasn't his fault; he was just following the signals my body was helplessly broadcasting.

Then, in what felt like my worst nightmare, it happened. His hips bucked, and there was a moment of penetration that sent shockwaves through me. My mind screamed for this to stop, but my body was in a state of ecstasy, unable to distinguish between right and wrong, desire and decorum.

For the next five to ten minutes, I was trapped in a whirlwind of conflicting emotions and physical sensations. Each thrust from Max only intensified my situation, sending me into deeper spirals of pleasure. I was lost, uncertain how to react, the line between human control and animal instinct blurring in a haze of carnal delight.

Then came the moment I feared yet, in some dark corner of my mind, anticipated - Max knotted with me. The sensation was unlike anything I'd experienced, a mix of pain, pleasure, and an overwhelming fullness that pushed me to the brink of sanity. When he ejaculated, it was like an electric current running through me, each pulse sending me into a new level of orgasmic insanity.

I lay there, my mind a mess of guilt, pleasure, and confusion. The physical connection was undeniable, the psychological turmoil equally so. As the knot eventually subsided, allowing Max to finally disengage, I was left in a state of shock, my body still tingling, my mind racing to process what had just occurred.

I knew this was not Max's fault; he was driven by instinctual responses. But for me, this was a moment of profound loss of control, a merging of the boundaries I had so carefully maintained. The aftermath was a silent battle within - between the part of me that felt violated and the part that had reveled in the forbidden pleasure.

As I lay there, coming down from the height of my physical and emotional upheaval, I knew I'd remember this night forever, a stark reminder of my condition's power over me, of the thin line between control and chaos, and the deep, dark well of my own desires.

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The sun rose with a lazy glow, painting my room in hues of gold and pink. Last night's encounter with Max had left my mind a cluttered mess of emotion and sensation, but as I lay there, the morning's silence brought a new clarity. I decided that if I were to navigate this intricate web of my hypersensitivity, I might as well explore its depths with a sense of acceptance rather than fear. Max, my unwitting partner in last night's escapade, had shown me a side of myself I hadn't acknowledged - one that was primal, untamed, and undeniably pleasurable.

Dressing was a meticulous process. I chose a silk dress, its texture like a whisper against my skin, ensuring no harsh seams would trigger my sensitivity. The choice to go without underwear was deliberate; I was learning to live in harmony with my condition, not in combat with it.

The train ride to work was always a gamble, a delicate balance of hope and dread. Today, I found a seat, my body already on edge, a low hum of arousal coursing through me. Across the aisle, my eyes locked with a woman whose beauty was understated yet profound. Her eyes, a deep hazel, seemed to see right through me, or perhaps into me.

The train's vibrations began their insidious work, the seat beneath me a catalyst for my hypersensitivity. I felt the familiar build-up, the warmth spreading from my core, my muscles tensing in anticipation. I tried to remain composed, but my breath hitched, my cheeks flushing as I caught her watching me. The way her lips parted slightly, the slight rise of her chest – was she aroused by my struggle? Her gaze felt like a caress, and as I bit my lip, stifling a moan, I saw her cheeks color slightly.

The moment was brief; the train stopped, and she vanished into the crowd, leaving me with a cocktail of embarrassment and arousal. I felt like I fancied her, could I really go with a woman? The notion of exploring that dynamic, felt like a forbidden fruit suddenly within reach.

Work was a blur, my body a constant reminder of its own needs. My pussy was wet all day, the fabric of my dress occasionally brushing against my sensitive clit, sending jolts of pleasure through me. Each movement was a potential trigger, each interaction a test of my control.

The journey home was where the day's narrative took a sharp turn. The same teenage boy from yesterday was there, his eyes lighting up with recognition. He approached, sitting next to me with an audacity that was both bold and foolish. His closeness intensified the vibrations, the air between us charged with unspoken desires. I saw his erection grow, his pants struggling to contain it.

As we neared my stop, I stood, and in a moment of reckless abandon, I let my hand land in his lap and grab his bulge. My fingers gave it a firm, yet playful squeeze. His breath caught, eyes wide with shock and excitement. If only I were braver, I mused, I might invite him into my world of sensory overload.

Once home, Max greeted me with his usual enthusiasm, his nose immediately picking up the scent of my arousal. I hugged him, his warmth grounding me, his innocence a stark contrast to the day's complexities. After dinner, I settled down to watch TV, but my mind was elsewhere, replaying the day's erotic encounters.

When bedtime came, Max was eager to join me, his tail wagging with innocent fervor. I decided to let him lick me, I needed to know what it would be like, my decision made with a mix of curiosity and a desire to explore further. As he settled beside me, his nose nuzzled my nightie, his tongue tentative at first, then more bold.

The first lick was electric, sending a shock of pleasure through my hypersensitive clit. My mind flashed back to the woman on the train, imagining her tongue where Max's was. It was obscene, yet incredibly arousing. Max's tongue was relentless, lapping at me with a fervor that matched my own rising tide of need. My pussy, already wet from the day's stimulation, was now dripping, each lick a symphony of sensation.

I came with a force that took me by surprise, my body arching off the bed, my moans loud and unashamed. But Max didn't stop; his tongue continued its exploration, delving deeper, his nose pressing against my clit. My hands found his head, guiding him, not controlling, but joining in this dance of primal pleasure. I came again, and again, each orgasm blurring into the next, my body a vessel of pure, unadulterated sensation.

There was no guilt this time, just a deep, satisfying release. I lay there, panting, my body tingling

with the aftershocks of pleasure, Max's head resting on my thigh, both of us in a state of post-orgasmic calm.

As I drifted towards sleep, my mind was awhirl with possibilities. Tomorrow might bring new challenges, or perhaps new explorations, but for now, in the quiet of my bedroom, I felt a profound peace, an acceptance of my condition and its pleasures. I was learning to live with my hypersensitivity, not just survive it, but to thrive in its embrace.