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I swear, if someone had told me that winning the fucking lottery would lead to this, I would've laughed them out of the room. Here I am, Jane, the librarian with the tight bun and tighter morals, in a situation more erotic than any romance novel I've ever skimmed.

I bought this estate in Willowbrook, thinking I'd finally have my quiet place with a horse, Duke, and an old house full of stories. But oh, the stories this place holds. In the stable, I found this machine, a weird relic from the 70s, designed by some mad genius named Marjorie. It looked like something for stretching, but I was about to learn there was a lot more to it.

It was hot as hell that day, so I was just in a little summer dress, no underwear because who the fuck was going to see? I got on the machine, thinking it'd be a fun little experiment. The timer set for 30 minutes, and the restraints clicked into place, holding me like some kinky bondage fantasy.

Then Duke, that big black horse, comes over, and I'm like, "What the fuck are you doing?" But what I didn't know was that Duke had a memory, a memory of Marjorie, his previous owner, using this very machine. He saw me in this position, the same as Marjorie used to be, and something in his mind clicked. He thought I was her.

Duke approached with a familiarity that only an animal with a deep-set memory could have. He mounted the machine with precision, his front hooves on a raised platform Marjorie must have built for this purpose, his body aligning perfectly with the device's design. I felt his cock, warm and insistent, pressing against me, and panic surged through me. "No, Duke, no!" I shouted, but it was too late.

Duke slid in, and I swear, with just six or seven inches, I came so hard I saw stars. "Oh fuck, oh fuck," I gasped, my body betraying every ounce of my propriety. The machine held me tight, and I was stuck in this endless wave of pleasure and panic.

Those five minutes between the first and second orgasm were a fucking rollercoaster, a battle between my mind and my body that I didn't know I could lose. After that initial shock, I was left panting, my body still locked in place. "What the fuck just happened?" I gasped, my voice shaking, a mix of horror and disbelief. My pussy was still pulsing, but my mind was racing with panic. I wanted out, to escape this bizarre, unwanted intimacy.

Duke hadn't moved much, just enough to keep me on the edge, his cock still inside, stretching me in ways I'd never felt. I tried to wriggle, to break free from the restraints, but it was pointless. Every movement only made him press deeper, sending shockwaves of sensation through me. "No, no, stop," I pleaded, but my words were just whispers against the reality of my situation.

Each second felt like an eternity. I was fighting, both against Duke and against this traitorous pleasure that was building again. My body was betraying me, getting wetter, more receptive with every small thrust Duke made. "This isn't me," I thought, trying to cling to my sense of self, to the Jane who lived by the rules, who never would've imagined being in such a state.

But then, as Duke pushed a bit more, I felt that familiar tightening, the prelude to another climax. "Fuck, not again," I moaned, my voice a mix of dread and something else - desire? My nipples were hard against the fabric of my dress, my clit throbbing with every movement. There was this war inside me; part of me wanted to hate this, to scream for help, but another part, the part I didn't recognize, was anticipating, craving the release.

My breaths were short, sharp, my heart pounding. I was struggling, physically straining against the

restraints, mentally wrestling with the fact that my body was about to betray me again. And then it happened, Duke hitting a spot deep inside that I didn't know existed, and I was tumbling into another orgasm. "Oh God, no, yes, fuck!" I cried out, my voice breaking, my body convulsing, as I surrendered to the wave of pleasure that washed over me.

After that second orgasm, something shifted. I stopped fighting. "Oh, fuck yes," I moaned, accepting the sensations, my body no longer mine to control, every thrust from Duke sending waves of ecstasy through me. His cock was now moving with more purpose, in and out, each thrust going deeper, hitting places inside me that felt like they were awakening for the first time. My pussy gripped him, milking him, each slide in and out making me moan louder, my resistance now completely gone.

As we approached the end of the timer, Duke's movements became more urgent, more forceful. I could feel his cock swelling inside me, the tip of it kissing my cervix, pushing me towards another peak. My body was a mess of sensations, my dress soaked with sweat, my pussy drenched, the machine ensuring I took every inch of him.

Then, just as the timer was about to run out, Duke pushed in one final time, his full length inside me, stretching me to the brink. The sensation was overwhelming, and I felt him tense, his body shuddering as he began to ejaculate. Gallons of cum filled me, the heat and volume pushing me over the edge into my third and final orgasm. "Fuck, yes, oh my God!" I screamed, my voice echoing in the stable, my body convulsing with such force that I thought I might pass out.

The timer beeped, releasing me from the restraints, and I slid off the machine, my legs weak, my dress a mess, my insides still quivering from the intensity of what just happened. I looked at Duke, who was just standing there, oblivious to the storm he'd just stirred in me, his memory of Marjorie momentarily reactivated by the familiar setup.

"Fuck, Duke, you've turned me into a goddamn slut," I whispered, half in awe, half in shock. I wasn't willing at first, but after that second orgasm, I surrendered to the sensations, to the raw, primal pleasure.

I knew I had to find out more about Marjorie's inventions, but more than that, I knew I'd never see my own desires or this estate the same way again. I was changed, marked by an experience that was both violation and liberation, leaving me to navigate this new, erotic chapter of my life.