

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



It's warm for this time of year and the bulk of the research work had finished. The research teams from several associated universities had left last week and the rotating maintenance crew had left this morning. I had volunteered to manage the monitoring stations until the summer crew arrived in the next few days, then I would be heading back to the mainland on the return boat.

It seemed peaceful walking along the shingled beach with the lapping of the gentle waves arriving off an almost dead calm sea. The occasional lonely cry of a gull as it passed low overhead searching for food those cries were the only sounds to break the quiet calm of this lonely little island.

It felt strange to have this Island to myself with no other human even close. It's a sense of abandonment one only gets from being alone, isolated, and helpless. Cut off from all other humans, separated by hundreds of kilometres of ocean on all sides from all things civilised. On the other hand it's also a powerful feeling of being in control of my own destiny.

Half way along the cobbled beach I paused to look around, to smell the ocean smells, to look at the horizon, a blurred conjoining of the ocean and sky several kilometres out. In close, maybe a hundred meters out, the dark bobbing heads of a few remaining seals were fishing, topping up their energy stores for the impending migration, a migration that they were already late joining.

Near the narrow bluff at the end of the shingled beach, the rocky profile broke into a black volcanic sand. A sand as fine as any of the great white beaches in the world, but lacking the aesthetic qualities that I for one associate with a pristine surfing beach. However, it's my beach, at least for a day or two, and I'm going to make the most of it.

I threw my rather large beach towel down and spread it out neatly dropping my bag onto one corner and a magazine onto the other. I watched a long black tendril of dead kelp, rock gently in the near shore surf as I idly unbuttoned my blouse and folded it into my shoulder bag, then my skirt followed leaving me in my bikini that I had optimistically brought with me months before. I hadn't fully realising how cold it would be and how little time I would have to sunbathe. I had to admit when the opportunities had arisen I was my usual reserved self, unwilling and unable to put myself on display for others to criticise. I'm not the most attractive girl, although some had said I am pretty. I didn't believe them of course. I knew my nose is too big, my breasts are too small and a little uneven, my thighs too heavy and my ankles too thick. I am plain, but I had learned to live with myself even though I had moments of being self-conscious.

I sat and made myself comfortable. For the next hour or so I read the magazines that had been left by the crew of the boat that took the university researchers back to the mainland. They were a change from the ones I had brought with me. One glossy was a body builder type magazine that had both genders posing, some naked, all oiled and lean, every muscle standing out provocatively, Veins making sinuous trails just under the skin. I felt my body heat rising and I grew a little runny. My heart raced and I felt embarrassed at my reaction to these naked but not explicit bodies.

Then I realised I'm the only human here and I lay back on my beach towel and placed the magazine back with the others. My imagination started taking over now and my hands ran over my hips and belly. Then, under my bikini bottom, fingers teasing my pubic mound, then working lower and lower into my wet folds.

"Oh, bugger it, Val," I said to myself, and I eased the sparse cover of bikini bottom over my hips.

Raising my knees I slid the tiny piece of material onto my feet and flicked it deftly backwards onto my chest. I looked at the dark, wet stain of wetness in the reinforced gussets and automatically

sniffed it before placing it next to my other clothes. Without thinking I removed my top as well and felt immediately the cool feeling of liberated nakedness. I lay back again, my knees bent as my fingers ideally diddled with my wetness as I again flipped through the magazine and let my imagination take me to places of erotic pleasure. Almost without warning I felt a tingling fire building in my groin, I groaned loudly.

My wet fingers, now more focused, teased my hard clitoris with gentle brushing strokes as my tensions grew and grew. Suddenly it hit me, electric charges of painful pleasure shot up into my belly in powerful waves. My eyes lost focus and rolled back. My legs stiffened and trembled and my bum lifted and slammed back down, trembling as five or six climactic contractions slammed through my groin. My vagina flooded with sticky congestion.

I lay on the towel as my trembling subsided slowly. With one hand across my face I let my heady heights of pleasure wash over me and I felt a tiredness take over. I fell asleep.

The four juvenile bull sea-lions had endured a frustrating season of denial. The old beach masters had protected their harem of females with ever vigilant defiance of all interlopers. The four had challenged and repelled a number of times. Now, as they expected a long wait before their chance to breed and relieve their pressing frustrations, a faint, familiar smell of a receptive female had wafted to them on the offshore breeze.

They were puzzled. There were no females left on the beach. They had gone along with the new season pups weeks before. But the undeniable smell of a female in heat is growing stronger. Curious all four sea-lion bulls were drawn to the beach like an airplane along a landing path beam.

Rounding the low bluff the enthusiastic bulls became cautious. On the beach lay a human. They had seen many people over the last few months. But this one seemed different. This one seemed to be without her skin. This human body is white, perhaps she's shedding? The receptive odour that came from the human similar to that of a cow seal in heat. Beckoned on by the enticing promise of mating, one of the bulls summoned up his courage to approach the reclining human.

It's surely a cow, he thought as he approached closer. Her scent getting stronger now. The female is laying on her back one of her flippers, as he saw them, is covering a long groove in her lower belly. He drew closer and stretched his thick neck toward the belly of the reclining form. Yes, it's a female, there's no question about that and the odour coming from her fine hair covered groove smelled exquisite. He edged ever closer, then turned his head to survey his three uncertain companions.

Satisfied that they were not going to offer a challenge for the right to breed the small human female, he swung his lower body across the legs of the sleeping form. It's then the female woke. She seemed confused, but he was determined to mate her regardless of any protests. After all, he's the bull and she's only a cow. It's his right to breed.

I don't know how long I had slept in the shade of that small headland, it may have been just a short time. Perhaps I would have slept on but the wet pressure across my lower legs brought me awake with a start. Before I saw anything I smelt a fishy smell. A strong fishy smell that came in waves against my face. As my sleep burdened eyes focused I saw the mass of grey fur towering above me. The massive hulk of a fur seal who had flopped his bulky weight across my lower body. The smallish whiskered snout looked down at me with a rather quizzical expression.

Fear gripped me. I didn't know of anyone who had been attacked by a bull seal, but it was a real fear. I tried to roll, but only my upper body moved my legs were totally immobile, pinned by the pressing weight that pressed down even more as the beasts front flippers pressed into my side his chest sliding over mine. I felt the fat fur begin to move and as it did my right leg below the knee came free of the bulk that pinned me.

I made another attempt to wriggle free, using my arms to push against the rumbling chest of the animal as I pushed into the firm sand with my free heel. This action annoyed the big bull and he let me know by bringing his open mouth down sharply against my face. The bite I expected didn't eventuate, but the intent is there and the message was clear. I'm going to annoy him if I tried to wriggle. Here alone on this Island is no place to be savaged by an angry bull sea-lion, so I stopped wriggling.

The sea lions head went back up with seemingly disdainful contempt and he looked around and made a barking like sound and a quick glance showed me that he had company. Maybe three other young males were just lurking beyond the area where the gentle waves were breaking. His fat lower body rolled against me and with a sudden reality of what he intended to do occurred me. I didn't even consider it as something that would happen, but this bull intended to mate with me. I shuddered with renewed fear as I recalled watching the huge bulls mating with the much smaller females. I felt surprised then at the thickness of the male member as it emerged from his slit, seeking the portal to the female seal's breeding Channel.

Even as I conjured the image of the bull seals' penis I felt the warm wetness of the extending member slide across the top of my thigh as the jelly like waves of the body shivered across my legs. The seals lower body making prods as he sought my pussy.

My belly tightened, and with fear I felt the pressing smooth flesh slip from the top of my thigh, down my tender soft inner thigh into the valley of my groin. This big, furry bull seal knew what he is about, I'm certain of that. I looked first one way, then another, hoping for some last-minute reprieve, but there was none. No one is going to suddenly appear to save me from this beastly rape, not even the other lurking bull seals.

I shuddered helplessly expecting and fearing the inevitable at any moment. The fat sausage like flesh had following my inner thigh onto the warm, soft folds of my vulva. I felt the pressing thickness, pushing my distended folds of flesh that were either still wet from my masturbation or had grown slick in response to the pending penetration of the seal penis. Somehow I hoped that it's a residual wetness, I hoped I'm not responding sexually to a furry beast. It isn't right. It couldn't be right, in fact, it was just plain wrong.

I looked up at the bulky beast towering over me and although he's intent on raping me, he seemed totally preoccupied with other thoughts. His head swung from side to side, keeping a close eye on his companions.

His tick fleshy penis stiffened by the baculum bone is now nudging determinedly into my defenceless vulva. I groaned, then yelped as I felt the first stretching as the penis parted the inner folds and pressed against my vaginal opening. I bit down hard on my bottom lip and tried to wriggle free of the gentle prodding of the thickening hardness struggling to part my pussy lips.

Harder and harder the oversized penis pressed against my exposed groin and the discomfort were increasing. First, I thought pain, then realised, although it's hurting it's more like discomfort than pain.

When it happened, it came suddenly and it did hurt. It hurt a lot as the thick flesh forced its way into my vagina and without hesitation continued deeper inside me with each thrust. The ever mobile hips of the rutting bull rocked me back and forth, my breasts describing a circular motion on my chest, tugging and bouncing. At some point I had held my breath with expectation and I still held it as the probing penis buried deeper into my virgin tunnel. I had screamed and wriggled as the penis burst into me and for my troubles I had been given a quick nip that drew blood on my shoulder, followed by a sharp slap as he rotated his the deep chest that caught me across the breast.

Fearing another hurtful nip I gave up any thought of struggle and remained unmoving feeling the penis sliding into me, nudging my cervix painfully, then sliding back only to slip in again getting less troublesome for me to accommodate. Each thrust stimulated my body fluids to make the oversized penises passage easier for me and most probably for the huge sea-lion. For many minutes the sea-lion kept the short rhythmic thrusting of lower body, prodding and poking in an almost automatic motion. His body had dropped to cover me, smothering me, and trapping me under his methodically rutting mass. I lay swooning, enduring the discomfort as I am being taken by a sea-lion maybe five times my own weight.

I felt ill at the thought of what's happening and that thought became a reality as the seal paused and I felt a warm spreading pressure deep inside my vagina and I knew that the bull had discharged his beastly semen into my belly. The bile rose in my throat and I threw up. Not once, but several times I vomited as the bull seals brief pause ended and he again began to rut again, only to pause from time to time to squirt more of his seed into me.

For ten or fifteen minutes the sea-lion pumped his sperm into my ravished body. Eventually, the beast stopped rutting and moments later he lethargically rolled sideways, his flippers clamped tight around my chest held me firmly and he flopped down beside me and I'm forced to roll with him. Now face to face, or more accurately, my face to the seal's chest, I didn't move. I'm pinned by a flipper over my breasts.

I didn't feel like struggling against this dominant bull. He lay there, occasionally throbbing still inside me and I didn't move except to roll with him as he had flopped down. His penis began to throb less, and it seemed to be shrinking and withdrawing as I now could no longer feel the tightness. Then, with a final parting plop we were parted. I felt the wet trail of his penis as it slithered across my tender inner thigh. My abused cunt felt tender and leaking as my hand went to inspect the damage. For a while I just lay on my side as I had been before the big bull sea-lion had separated from me and all the while a steady trickle of sea-lions semen leaked out and across my thigh onto the big towel.

After several more minutes with the big bull only a few feet away, I decided it's time to put some distance between me and my rapist. I rolled from the towel ever watchful of the beast. As I rolled from the towel and onto my knees I became aware of the beady eyes of the bull on me. I felt sure he now considered me his mate and with the absence of other females I was also sure if I didn't get away I may be in for more attention. At that very moment I hurt all over. The big animal made to follow me as I got to my feet, but suddenly he got confronted by two of the other bulls who had waited near the headland. I ran up the beach and then stopped where the shale and the sand met. Turning I watched the seal's confrontation, but without anything to fight over they were all soon slipping back into the ocean.

Trembling and watching the sleek black, sea wet bodies moving into the surf I sidled down to the beach towel and gathered my things. With a final look I turned and left the beach, fully aware of my wet thighs and making an effort to keep my legs apart trying to ease the chafe of my tender vagina.