

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



The early morning sun had barely kissed the horizon as Emma, a young English rose of nineteen, found herself lying in a steaming, fragrant embrace. Her skin glistened with a sheen of anticipation as she submerged herself in the warm cocoon of water, the soft light playing peekaboo with the droplets on her body. It was 6am, the house still enveloped in the gentle whispers of slumber, and her thoughts raced with excitement for what the day had in store. Her breath hitched as she recalled the tantalizing whispers from the evening before, the thrill of the unexplored territory that awaited her. With trembling hands, she picked up the razor, its cool metal a stark contrast against the heat of her flesh.

Emma's heart pounded in her chest as she began the meticulous dance of shaving her body, every stroke a silent declaration of her willingness to indulge in the carnality that had been stirring within her for weeks. The sharp blade kissed her skin, leaving behind a smooth, bare canvas that seemed to pulse with newfound sensitivity. Her breath grew ragged as she worked her way down, her imagination running wild with the thought of what was to come. Each pass of the razor was a silent promise to herself, a promise of pleasure and discovery that had been building like a crescendo in the symphony of her desires.

The water grew murky with the remnants of her inhibitions, swirling around her legs as she reached her most intimate of areas. Her breath hitched as the cool metal grazed her mound, the anticipation of the tender touch she knew was coming making her shiver with delight. She took her time, her eyes closed tightly as if to focus every ounce of her being on the sensation, the water acting as a lubricant for the delicate dance she performed. Her fingertips lingered over her swollen clit, a prelude to the symphony of sensations she knew awaited her, and she couldn't help but let out a soft gasp at the thought of the creature that would soon claim her in the most primal of ways.

With a deep, shuddering breath, she turned off the shower and stepped out, her body trembling slightly as the cool air kissed her bare skin. The towel felt almost too rough against her freshly shaved flesh, and she took her time drying herself, her eyes lingering on her reflection in the foggy mirror. The sight of her naked body, so vulnerable and eager, made her cheeks flush with arousal. She knew what she was about to do was taboo, but the excitement was too much to resist.

Four hours. It was an eternity, a delicious stretch of time filled with the promise of the forbidden. She tiptoed back to her bedroom, her mind racing with thoughts of James and their two English Mastiffs, Jake and Elwood. The house was eerily quiet, the only sounds the occasional creak of the old floorboards and the distant tick of the grandfather clock downstairs. She could feel the weight of her mother's disapproval hanging in the air like a thick fog, but she pushed it aside. This was her moment, her chance to explore the depths of her desires without judgment or consequence.

Emma approached her walk-in closet, the soft light of dawn playing across the racks of clothes like a spotlight on a stage. She reached for the sheer black hold-up stockings, the silk dressing gown that hung tantalizingly within reach. She slipped into the garments, feeling the softness of the silk against her freshly shaved skin, the stockings hugging her legs like a lover's embrace. The heels she chose were a pair of stilettos, the kind that screamed "I'm in charge," the kind that made her feel powerful and irresistible. She stepped into them, feeling the way they elongated her legs, the sharp points digging into the plush carpet like a declaration of intent.

Standing before her full-length mirror, she took in the sight of herself, a vision of sultry elegance. The silk robe whispered against her skin as she moved, hinting at the treasures that lay beneath. She knew that when she dropped it, the sight would be nothing short of breath-taking. The stockings clung to her, the seams straight as an arrow pointing to the juncture of her thighs, the tops kissing

her flesh just beneath her gown. She practiced the motion, letting the silk fall away, watching as her naked body was revealed, the stockings and heels creating a stark, erotic contrast that made her stomach flutter.

Her hand trembled slightly as she reached under her bed, her fingertips brushing against the rough fabric of the box. It was hidden from prying eyes, a secret compartment that held the key to her most illicit desires. The red length of rope lay coiled within, a silent sentinel to the darker side of her imagination. She pulled it out, feeling the coarse material slide against her palm, the colour of passion and the promise of bondage. The rope was thick and strong, a symbol of the power she was about to yield and the trust she was about to place in the creature she lusted after.

The doubts grew louder as she stared at the rope, twirling it around her fingers. Was this really what she wanted? Her mind reeled with the thoughts of her step brother James and her mother's disgust. Yet, the throbbing between her legs was undeniable, a persistent rhythm that matched the beat of her racing heart. She took a deep breath, the scent of her arousal mingling with the musky scent of the Mastiffs that lingered in the air. It was an intoxicating blend that whispered of the primal urges that had been building within her, urges that she could no longer ignore.

Her trembling hand reached for the laptop, the cold metal a stark contrast to the warmth of her skin. With feverish clicks, she opened a browser and navigated to the dark corners of the internet she had been exploring in secret. The screen filled with images of wanton women and eager canines, limbs entwined in a dance that was at once both carnivorous and tender. The videos played on a loop, the sounds of passionate moans and the slap of flesh against flesh echoing through her empty room. Her eyes devoured the scenes, her body responding in kind as she watched the furred lovers lose themselves in an orgy of pleasure. Her other hand found its way between her thighs, the silk of her gown providing a smooth barrier to the heated ache that demanded attention.

Emma's breath grew ragged as she teased herself, her fingertips tracing the slick folds of her sex. The sight of the dogs' thick, veiny cocks sliding in and out of willing human holes sent shivers down her spine. Her thoughts were a whirlwind of lust and anticipation, her mind racing with the possibility of feeling such a beast inside her own body. She watched, her eyes glazed over, as the bitches took their human partners with an animalistic fervour that left no room for doubt or hesitation. It was raw, unfiltered, and utterly mesmerizing.

Her mother's voice, distant yet clear, pierced through the haze of desire. "Emma, darling, I'm off to work now, don't forget to walk the dogs. You and James be good, okay?" The words seemed to hang in the air, a benediction of sorts, a final release from the chains of propriety. Emma's heart raced, her pulse hammering in her ears as she realized that the last barrier between her and her primal craving was about to be removed. The house was hers, a playground of lust, and she was eager to claim it.

With trembling hands, she moved to the dressing table, her eyes scanning the array of cosmetics before her. The clothes were not all she had planned; she wanted to wear really sexy makeup to complete the look. Her gaze fell upon the dark crimson lipstick, a shade that seemed to demand submission and dominance in equal measure. She applied it carefully, her full lips parting to reveal teeth that had begun to feel sharper than usual. Her eyes were next, lined with kohl, the darkness framing the pools of desire that threatened to spill over. The smoky eyeshadow she chose was a sultry blend of black and purple, a colour that mirrored the depth of her yearning.

Her heart pounding, Emma reached for the nail polish, the dark red a stark reminder of the fiery passion that burned within her. She began to paint her fingernails, the color gliding over the curves and dips of her nails like molten lava, leaving a trail of temptation in its wake. Each stroke was a

declaration of her intentions, a silent promise to the creatures that awaited her in the shadows of the house. The scent of the polish filled the room, a sweet yet heady aroma that mingled with the musk of her arousal. She took her time, meticulously coating each nail in the rich, velvety hue, watching the light catch the glossy finish as it grew darker.

With the last nail painted, she set the bottle down and picked up the rope again, feeling its weight in her hand. The time had come. She took a deep breath, her breasts rising and falling with the effort, and made her way down the hall to James's room. The floorboards creaked softly beneath her stilettos, the sound a seductive serenade in the early morning stillness. She paused outside his door, her hand hovering over the knob, the anticipation making her palms slick with sweat. Would he still want to do this, now the time had come?

James had barely slept a wink all night. His thoughts had been consumed by the vision of Emma, her soft curves and sweet scent filling his dreams with lustful visions of the two of them tangled together, the Mastiffs watching with eager eyes. He had imagined the feel of her velvety skin beneath his fingertips, the way she would moan as he explored her body, her soft whimpers of pleasure as he guided her through this new, taboo world. The door to his room clicked open, and he held his breath, his heart racing like a wild stallion.

The sight of her, dressed in nothing but the silk gown and stockings, was almost more than he could bear. He sat up in bed, the sheets pooling around his waist, his eyes devouring every inch of her. She looked like a dark goddess, the soft light of dawn kissing her skin and casting shadows that only served to highlight her beauty. The way the silk clung to her, hinting at the perfection beneath, was a tease that made his cock throb with need. He watched as she approached the bed, her movements fluid and graceful, her eyes never leaving his.

Emma's voice was a breathy whisper as she spoke, "Mum's gone. She won't be back until this evening. We have the house to ourselves." The words sent a thrill through James, his heart racing as he took in the sight of her, the scent of her arousal thick in the air. He could see the pulse in her throat, a frantic drumbeat that matched his own. He knew that she was nervous, could see it in the way she twirled the rope around her fingers, but there was also something else there. A fierce determination that took his breath away.

They descended the stairs together, their movements synchronized as if they had rehearsed this moment a thousand times in their minds. The lounge was bathed in the soft glow of early morning, the shadows playing across the leather couches and wooden floorboards like lovers' fingers tracing the contours of a body. James carried the belts with a sense of purpose, his steps sure and steady, his eyes never leaving hers. The room was their sanctuary, a place where the whispers of their darkest desires could come to life without fear of judgment or repercussion.

The coffee table in the center of the room was swiftly cleared by Emma, the magazines and remote controls cast aside like discarded garments. She spread the blanket over the polished surface, the fabric a stark contrast to the cold, hard glass beneath. It was a beacon of comfort in a sea of anticipation, a promise of safety in the face of the uncharted waters they were about to navigate. James watched her with rapt attention, his eyes lingering on her naked form, the silk gown clinging to her curves, hinting at the softness beneath. He laid the belts out meticulously beside the rope, the array of leather and metal a silent testament to their shared kink.

With trembling hands, Emma took out her phone and snapped a photo, the flash illuminating the room briefly, capturing the moment in digital amber. The image was stark and erotic, a visual manifesto of their desires laid bare before them. The belts lay in a neat row, their buckles glinting in the early morning light, the rope coiled like a serpent waiting to strike. The starkness of the setup

was a stark contrast to the warm, inviting glow of the lounge. The scent of the leather was rich and musky, a scent that seemed to permeate the very air they breathed, a scent that spoke of the power and the submission that was to come.



Her heart racing, Emma dropped the silk gown from her shoulders, the fabric pooling around her feet like a dark waterfall. She stepped out of the puddle of silk, her bare skin glowing like alabaster in the soft light. The stockings whispered against her legs as she moved, the stilettos adding an extra inch of height that made her feel like a goddess. She stood before James, her nakedness a silent declaration of her intent. Her breasts rose and fell with each rapid breath she took, her nipples tight and begging for his touch.

James took the ropes and belts from her trembling hand, his eyes never leaving hers. He felt the weight of her trust in him, the power of her submission. He approached her slowly, his movements deliberate and predatory. His hands were gentle yet firm as he helped her to kneel at the end of the table, the coolness of the wood a stark contrast to the heat of her skin. He positioned her just so, her ass in the air, her knees apart, her cheek resting against the blanket. She was open and exposed, a living, breathing work of art that he was about to bind.

The first belt was a rich, dark brown, a colour that reminded him of the earthy scent of the English countryside after a summer rain. He took it, the leather supple in his hands, and wrapped it around her leg just above the knee. He pulled it tight, feeling the firmness of her muscle beneath the soft flesh. The buckle clicked into place, a sound that seemed to echo through the room, a promise of the bondage to come. He passed the free end around one of the table legs, securing it with another firm pull. She gasped at the sudden restriction, her body tensing with a mix of fear and excitement. The leather was unforgiving, a living restraint that held her in place, yet it whispered sweet nothings of control and protection.

Her knees spread wider, Emma felt the coolness of the wooden floor against the sensitive skin of her inner thighs. The fabric of the stockings was a soft caress against her skin, the seams a silent tease as they outlined her pussy, begging for attention. Her breath grew shallower as she watched James, his eyes dark with desire as he worked, his muscles rippling with the effort of controlling himself. The anticipation was a living, pulsing thing in the room, a creature that fed off their every breath and quiver.

The second belt, a rich, supple black, whispered around her other leg, drawing her knee closer to the edge of the table. The gap between her legs grew wider, the space between her thighs like a gateway to heaven, her pussy glistening with the evidence of her need. The leather was cold against

her skin, the buckle a metallic promise of what was to come. She felt the pressure as he fastened it around her leg, the leather biting into her flesh just enough to remind her of her vulnerability, the thrill of being bound. The belt was threaded around the leg of the table, and she felt the tension increase, her legs held apart like a butterfly pinned to a board.

James took a moment to appreciate the view before moving to the other end of the table. His eyes traced the line of her body, the curve of her hips, the sweet roundness of her ass. He couldn't resist putting his hand on her soft white bottom, the heat of his palm a stark contrast to the cold leather. He squeezed gently, watching the flesh give beneath his touch, his cock swelling with anticipation.

With the same careful precision, he picked up the red rope, the colour of passion and the symbol of their shared desire. He approached her, the rope unfurling from his hand like a crimson snake, eager to embrace her. His breath was hot against her skin as he leaned in, the scent of his arousal mingling with hers. He took one of her wrists in his hand, feeling the pulse of her veins, the tremble of her muscles as she gave herself over to his will. He looped the rope around her wrist, the coarse fibres a stark contrast to her delicate skin, and began to tie the knot.

The rope whispered against her flesh as he pulled it taut, the sound a sweet symphony of anticipation. Her heart skipped a beat as he secured the knot, the rope biting gently into her skin. She watched, transfixed, as he took the other end of the rope and wrapped it around the table leg, the wood old and sturdy, a silent witness to their taboo union. The knot grew tighter with each pass, the friction of the rope against the wood echoing through the room. He repeated the process with her other wrist, the crimson bonds a stark contrast against the dark wood, her arms now stretched out before her, her palms pressing against the cold leg of the table.

Emma tested her bonds, her body straining against the leather and rope, the sensation of being so utterly restrained sending a shockwave of arousal through her. She could feel the leather biting into her flesh, the rope digging into her wrists, but it was a delicious pain, a pain that made her aware of every inch of her body, every nerve ending standing at attention, begging for more. The sensation of helplessness was intoxicating, her mind spinning with the thought of what James had planned for her, what pleasures he would bring to her trembling form.

James took a step back, his eyes roving over her, drinking in the sight of her bound and vulnerable. He took a few deep breaths, his cock thickening with every second that passed. The room was alive with the crackling energy of desire, the air heavy with the scent of her arousal, the scent of the Mastiffs, and the faint tang of leather. He knew that he had to give her a moment to adjust, to let the reality of her situation sink in, to let her body grow accustomed to the feeling of being utterly under his control.

With a smirk that was half excitement, half challenge, he asked, "Emma, are you ready to let the dogs in?" His voice was low, a seductive rumble that seemed to resonate through the very air.

Emma's voice was a cracked whisper as she nodded, her nerves a symphony of anticipation. She watched as James rose from the couch, his muscles flexing with the promise of what was to come. He walked over to the kitchen door, the anticipation thick enough to cut with a knife. His hand hovered over the doorknob, the tension in the room almost palpable. With a deep breath, he turned the knob, the door swinging open to reveal the two English Mastiffs waiting patiently, their eyes gleaming with excitement and hunger.

Jake and Elwood padded into the room, their nails clicking against the wooden floor, their massive forms casting long shadows in the early morning light. They were silent sentinels of lust, their breaths coming in hot, heavy pants that seemed to echo through the room. Their eyes locked onto

Emma, their nostrils flaring as they took in the scent of her arousal, the air thick with the musky perfume that spoke of her need. The dogs had been waiting for this moment, their instincts telling them that their young mistress was ready to be claimed.

The Mastiffs approached the table with an almost ceremonial grace, their heads lowered as if in reverence to the goddess before them. The tip of Jake's wet black nose touched the air just above Emma's glistening pussy, and she couldn't help but let out a soft moan at the sensation. Elwood was more eager, his tongue already lolling out, the pink muscle eager to taste the sweetness that was his for the taking. The sight of the dogs, so powerful and primal, sent a jolt of pure lust through her body, making her squirm against her bonds.

James watched, his cock pulsing with excitement as the dogs grew closer to her. He could see the hunger in their eyes, the way their tails wagged in anticipation. He knew that this was it, the moment they had all been waiting for, the moment that would forever change their lives. He stepped aside, giving them the space they needed to claim their prize.

Emma felt the warm breath of Jake first, his tongue a wet slap against the sensitive flesh of her inner thigh. She jerked, a gasp tearing from her throat, her body responding instinctively to the sensation. The rope around her wrists creaked slightly, a reminder of her captivity, her submission. Then, without warning, Elwood's tongue darted out, a wet, rough caress over her clit that sent a bolt of pleasure through her body. Her hips bucked, her legs straining against the belts that held her in place. The feel of the two tongues, so different in texture and pressure, was a symphony of sensations that made her toes curl in her stilettos.

The dogs' tongues worked in harmony, one exploring the slick folds of her sex while the other traced the seam of her ass. Jake's tongue was longer, more dexterous, sliding easily between her pussy lips to probe the entrance of her virgin hole. The sensation was alien and overwhelming, her body tightening around the intrusion even as she felt herself growing wetter. Elwood's tongue was shorter, but no less enthusiastic, focusing on her clit with a fervent intensity that had her whimpering and writhing on the table.

James watched, his own cock straining against his pants as he took in the erotic sight before him. His eyes were glued to Jake's cock, now fully sheathed and pulsing with need, as it began to emerge from its furry sheath. The tip was broad and dark, the veins standing out like cords of steel against the velvety skin. He could see the pre-cum beading at the slit, the clear liquid glistening in the soft light. The dog's hips rocked back and forth, a silent invitation for her to take him, to feel the full extent of his desire.

With a gentle yet firm tug, James took hold of Jake's collar, patting the dog's broad back as he encouraged him closer to Emma. He knew that the next step was crucial, that they had to move slowly to ensure she was ready, that she felt safe and secure in her submission. He reached out with his other hand, placing it on her bottom, his thumb brushing the cleft of her ass, the heat of her flesh burning into his palm. He felt her tense, the muscles in her back tightening like a bowstring, but she didn't pull away. Instead, she arched slightly, a silent invitation that sent a shiver down his spine.

With a soft, almost tender push, James encouraged Jake to jump up onto the table. The Mastiff's powerful legs propelled him upward, his massive body landing with surprising grace. The table creaked slightly under his weight, but it held firm, the blanket a welcome cushion for his paws. Emma's eyes widened, her breath hitching as she felt the heat of the dog's body cover hers, his fur tickling the bare skin of her thighs. Jake's cock hovered above her, the tip glistening with a bead of precum, a silent promise of the pleasure that was to come.

Jake began to buck his hips, his cock searching for the warm, welcoming embrace of Emma's pussy. The bone, a firm ridge beneath the velvet sheath of skin, poked and prodded at her, a blunt instrument of passion that sent waves of anticipation through her body. She felt it graze her clit, the sensation a mix of pain and pleasure that had her yelping and squirming. James's hand tightened on her hip, holding her in place as the dog grew more insistent.

And then it happened. With a primal roar that seemed to shake the very foundations of the house, Jake's claws dug into her waist, his hind legs pushing him into her with a ferocity that took her breath away. She felt the tip of his cock breach her entrance, the stretch a delicious mix of pain and pleasure that made her eyes roll back in her head. The room seemed to spin as he pushed deeper, filling her with a thickness she had never before experienced. Her walls clamped down around him, her body desperately trying to accommodate the intrusion, her mind reeling from the sensation of being so utterly and completely filled.

The ropes around her wrists and ankles creaked and strained as she thrashed, her body responding to the brutal invasion with a mix of fear and ecstasy. Tears began to roll down her cheeks, each one a silent testament to the intensity of the moment, her breaths coming in ragged gasps as she tried to adjust to the unyielding girth of the beast above her. Jake's eyes were locked on hers, the pupils dilated with lust, his tongue lolling out of his mouth as he fucked her with a wild abandon that spoke of a creature in the throes of its most primal instincts. She could feel every inch of him, the veins pulsing against her inner walls, the heat of his lust a living, breathing thing that seemed to fill every cell of her being.

But as quickly as it had begun, the rhythm faltered. Jake's inexperience with a human partner was evident as he stumbled, his cock slipping from her clenching pussy with a wet, sucking sound that made her gasp. His paws scrabbled for purchase on the slick wooden surface of the table, his body trembling with the effort of maintaining his position. For a brief moment, their eyes met, and Emma saw the confusion and panic in the Mastiff's gaze. It was a look that sent a jolt of something through her, a mix of pity and power that made her feel almost...maternal towards the creature that had been her tormentor and now her protector.

With a gentle shush, she calmed him, her voice a soft purr of reassurance that seemed to resonate through the very fabric of the room. Jake's ears perked up, his tail wagging slightly as he took in her soothing tone. He looked down at his cock, the thick shaft still glistening with her juices, and took a tentative lick. The taste was foreign to him, yet it seemed to ignite something deep within his animal instincts. His tongue swirled around the head, the sensation of his rough, wet muscle against the sensitive skin making him whine with pleasure.

As soon as Jake was off Emma's back, Elwood took his place, his own cock standing at attention, eager to claim what Jake had so hastily left behind. He was more cautious, his movements deliberate as he stepped closer, his eyes never leaving hers. He nudged at her thighs, his breath hot against her skin as he positioned himself behind her. The anticipation was a living, writhing creature in the room, the tension palpable as it waited for its release.

With surprising grace, Elwood managed to climb onto the table, his powerful haunches settling onto the soft blanket. He was a picture of raw, unbridled masculinity, his muscles rippling with the effort, his eyes gleaming with a fierce hunger that was both terrifying and exhilarating. His paws were gentle as they found purchase on her hips, his claws digging in to mark her perfect skin. He was the epitome of strength and control, his body a testament to the power that lay in his loins.

Emma felt his heat against her, his fur brushing her bare back as he positioned himself. And then, without any further warning, she was filled to the brim with his thick, pulsing length. The scream

that tore from her throat was one of pure, unadulterated pleasure as he slammed into her, his entire cock disappearing within her in one swift, powerful stroke. The force of his entry made the table shake, the legs wobbling slightly with the impact. The pain was a white-hot blaze, but it was quickly overwhelmed by the exquisite sensation of being so utterly and completely filled.

Elwood wasted no time in establishing his dominance. His claws dug into her hips, his grip so tight she could feel the points of his nails threatening to pierce the flesh beneath. He fucked her with a brutal efficiency that sent shockwaves of pleasure through her body, each thrust pushing her closer to the edge of sanity. The table groaned and creaked, moving slightly forward with every powerful thrust, the friction of the wood against the floor a testament to the frenzied rhythm they had established.

Emma's eyes rolled back in her head as she felt the knot at the base of his cock expanding, filling her more than she ever thought possible. It was as if she were being split in two, the pressure intense and overwhelming, yet she craved more. The pain was a sweet agony, a symphony of sensation that sang through her veins. She could feel the swelling within her, the knot growing larger with every beat of her racing heart. The thought of being so utterly claimed by this beast, of feeling the full weight of his climax inside her, was almost too much to bear.

Her screams grew louder, the sound echoing through the room, a cacophony of pleasure and pain that seemed to fuel Elwood's desire. His hips thrust faster, the sound of his fur brushing against the silk of her gown a sensual counterpoint to the wet, slapping sounds of his cock claiming her body. Each stroke seemed to go deeper, filling her in a way that no human could ever hope to replicate. Her moans grew into a crescendo, her body a tightly wound coil of passion that was about to snap.

And snap it did. The orgasm hit her like a bolt of lightning, searing through her nerves and leaving her trembling in its wake. Her pussy clamped down around his thick shaft, her muscles rippling with the force of her climax. The knot swelled even further, lodging firmly within her, a declaration of ownership that she could feel in the very marrow of her bones. It was as if she were being reborn, redefined by the furred beast that now claimed her as his own.

Elwood's hips stuttered, his eyes rolling back in his head as he felt the first jets of hot cum spurt from the tip of his cock. The sensation was unlike anything she had ever experienced, a warm flood of liquid heat that seemed to fill her to the brim. Her pussy clenched around him, milking him for every drop, each pulse of his release sending another wave of pleasure crashing through her. She could feel the cum filling her, the pressure intense and overwhelming, a delicious sensation that had her crying out for more.

His thrusts grew slower, his cock still pulsing deep within her. The knot was a constant presence, a reminder of her submission and his dominance. She could feel the warmth of his seed leaking out around his cock, a sticky mess that pooled on the blanket beneath her. Her body was a battleground of emotions, the pleasure of the moment warring with the shock of the taboo act she had just performed. Yet, even as her mind reeled, her pussy clenched around him, eager for more.

For twenty minutes, she lay there, pinned in place by the weight of his body and the iron grip of his cock. The room was filled with the sounds of their heavy breathing, the occasional whine of the dogs as they watched the intimate scene unfold. The smell of sex was thick in the air, a heady mix of fur and sweat and musk that seemed to coat every surface. She felt the warmth of his cum as it seeped out of her, her body trembling with the aftershocks of her climax.

With a gentle tug, James took hold of Elwood's collar, the leather creaking slightly as he held the massive dog in place. He knew that the Mastiff's instinct was to pull out immediately, to leave his

mark and move on, but he didn't want this moment to end just yet. He wanted Emma to feel the fullness of him, to bask in the afterglow of their union. His own cock, still trapped within the confines of his pants, was a throbbing testament to his need, his desire to feel her wrapped around him, to claim her as his own.

Emma's voice was a soft, needy whine as she felt Elwood's grip on her hips begin to loosen. The knot was still lodged within her, the pressure a constant reminder of the animal that had just claimed her. She panted, her chest heaving with the exertion, her body trembling with the aftershocks of pleasure. The sight of James standing there, watching them, was intoxicating, his eyes dark with lust and his hand resting on Elwood's flank, a silent testament to his own need.

With a final, shuddering breath, she whispered, "Please, tell him to...to come out." The words were a plea, a mix of desire and a hint of trepidation. James nodded, his eyes never leaving hers as he leaned down to whisper in Elwood's ear. The dog's hips jerked, a final pulse of his cock sending another spurt of cum deep within her. Then, with a groan that seemed to come from the very depths of his soul, Elwood pulled out, his knot slipping from her clenching pussy with a wet pop that made her gasp.

The room was silent but for the sound of their breathing, the air thick with the scent of sex and the warmth of the morning sun. Emma lay there, her body still trembling, as James untied her from the table. The ropes fell away, leaving behind faint red marks that stood out starkly against the alabaster of her skin. She felt exposed and vulnerable, yet oddly powerful in her newfound sexuality.

Her pussy throbbed, the ache of her recent climax mingling with the pain of the brutal fucking she had endured. The cum of the Mastiffs pooled around her, a sticky mess that seemed to cling to her thighs. She felt a strange sense of satisfaction, a primal need that had been sated in a way she had never known before. The world outside the lounge had ceased to exist, replaced by the panting of the dogs and the heavy thud of her own heart.

James was there, helping her to her feet, his touch gentle yet firm. The floorboards creaked beneath her, a soft, almost comforting sound that reminded her of the nights she had lain in her bed, listening to the quiet whispers of the house as it settled into slumber. But this was no ordinary morning. Her body was a canvas of sensation, a map of the territories she had just explored with her furry lovers. The stockings, once so elegant and alluring, now hung in tatters around her legs, the delicate fabric shredded by the claws that had marked her so fiercely.

With a hand around her waist, he guided her up the stairs, her legs unsteady from the exertion. Each step was a testament to the strength she had found within herself, a reminder of the power she had yielded over the creatures that had taken her so fiercely. The hallway was a blur of shadows and light, the sun playing hide and seek with the dust motes that danced in the air. She could feel the sticky warmth of the dog's cum trickling down her thighs, a reminder of the act that had just transpired.

The bathroom was an oasis of white marble and chrome, the stark contrast to the sordid scene they had left behind a stark reminder of the world that awaited her when she stepped from this sanctum. James's hand was firm and reassuring, a lifeline in the sea of confusion that swirled in her mind. He led her to the edge of the bathtub, his touch gentle as he helped her to step over the side, the cool porcelain a welcome respite from the warm mess that was her body.

Emma sank into the water with a sigh, the warmth enveloping her like a lover's embrace. It was as if the tub itself knew the secrets she now bore, cradling her in a way that soothed the ache between her thighs. She leaned back, her eyes closing as the water lapped at her neck, her mind drifting back

to the moments that had just transpired. The memory of the Mastiffs' thick, furry cocks pushing into her was a dizzying cocktail of pain and pleasure that made her shiver even in the warm embrace of the water.