

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



Emma, the English rose with a penchant for the unexplored, found herself on a peculiar online rabbit hole one balmy evening. The topic of the evening's digital escapade: online hypnosis. At nineteen, she was a canvas of virgin curiosity, her eyes wide and her heart racing as she clicked through the sea of neon-lit forums, each thread weaving a more intricate tapestry of tantalizing tales. Her room was a cocoon of solitude, the soft glow of her laptop screen casting an ethereal light upon her flushed cheeks and heaving chest. The concept of surrendering her consciousness to the whims of a digital siren thrilled her, a deliciously taboo fruit she hadn't yet dared to sample.

Her fingertips danced across the keyboard, crafting a message to a user named "MasterMesmer." He was reputed to be a skilled hypnotist, one who could make the most steadfast of skeptics bend to his will. The very thought of his eyes, possibly gazing into hers through the digital plane, sent a shiver down her spine. She asked him the questions that burned within her: How does it feel? What can you make someone do? Is it really that powerful? His response was swift and cryptic, a knowing smile lurking behind the curtness of his words. He offered her a private session, a demonstration of his talents, for free. The allure was too potent to resist.

The hours melted away like candle wax, pooling into a lake of forgotten time as Emma became increasingly lost in their conversation. The words they exchanged grew more intimate, the air in her room thickening with the anticipation of the forbidden. She found herself sharing secrets she'd never dared whisper to another soul, as if he had some kind of otherworldly power that coaxed them from her lips. Her inhibitions began to unravel, thread by thread, as the mystery of his voice wove its way through her consciousness. She was acutely aware of her own breathing, her pulse quickening with every message that popped up on the screen.

In a foggy state, the clock chimed the witching hour, and Emma realized with a start that she needed to sleep. Her eyes felt heavy, laden with the weight of desire and curiosity. She could feel the warmth between her legs, a testament to the unspoken tension that had been steadily building. Yet, she was torn. Part of her yearned to succumb to the siren's call of slumber, while another part of her was desperate to explore the seductive depths of this digital entanglement. She told "MasterMesmer" that she should go to bed, but her voice lacked conviction.

The screen flickered with his response, his words a silent whisper in her ear, a promise of something she didn't quite understand but craved nonetheless. He told her to simply close her eyes, and he would guide her to a place of relaxation. Her trust in him was unshakable, a bond forged in the crucible of the internet's most intimate confessions. The headache that had been steadily building at the base of her skull seemed to dissipate, replaced by a gentle hum of anticipation.

That was the last she remembers of the night. One moment she was leaning over her laptop, the next she was floating in a sea of darkness, her thoughts and desires melding together in a haze of lustful confusion. She had never experienced such a profound sense of oblivion, a complete surrender to the whims of the unseen. It was as if she had been swallowed by the digital abyss, consumed by the very essence of the hypnotic words that had danced upon her screen.

When she woke the following morning, the room was bathed in a harsh, unforgiving light that pierced through the curtains like a thousand tiny needles. The headache was a monstrous beast, clawing at her temples with a ferocity that left her breathless. She groaned, rolling over to find her pillow sodden with the sweat of a thousand feverish dreams. Her limbs felt like lead, heavy and unresponsive, as if they had been wrung out and cast aside by some unseen force. Yet amidst the pain, there was an underlying sense of... something. An ache that was not entirely unpleasant, a lingering echo of the night's events that she couldn't quite place.

Her hand searched the bedside table for her phone, the digital leash that connected her to the outside world. As the screen flickered to life, she noticed several missed messages from "MasterMesmer." Her heart skipped a beat, the memories of their conversation flitting through her mind like a teasing whisper of silk on skin. She scrolled through the messages, each one a breadcrumb leading her back down the path of desire. He had sent her a file, a simple MP3 titled "Sleep Well." Curiosity piqued, she played it. The sound of his voice, low and soothing, filled her room, and she realized it was the same voice that had lulled her to sleep the night before.

But as she moved to sit up, something cold and metallic bit into the soft flesh of her neck. Her hand flew to the sensation, and she gasped. There, around her throat, was one of her dog's choke chains, the kind that she used for walks, but this one was much tighter than it ever had been. Panic surged through her veins, her pulse hammering in her ears as she fumbled with the clasp. It was securely fastened, the metal links digging into her skin with every futile tug. The realization of its presence sent a jolt of adrenaline through her body, but she couldn't ignore the strange thrill that accompanied the shock. It was as if her subconscious had been expecting this, had even craved it.

The tightness of the chain brought back a flood of memories from their conversation. She had talked about her curiosity with BDSM, how she had tried on one of her dog's collars, but it was too snug to get over her head. The way "MasterMesmer" had responded had been a silent challenge, a knowing smile in the digital ether. Her cheeks flushed as she recalled her own words, the brazenness of her confession. Her nose and chin throbbed in protest as she realized that she must have forced the collar over her head in a fevered daze, the pain now a tangible reminder of the power he held over her.

Her shock grew as she peeled back the sheets, revealing her naked body adorned only with the sheer black stockings that hugged her thighs and the stiletto heels that had been placed on her feet. The stockings were new, a gift from a friend that she hadn't had the occasion to wear. The way they glistened in the light sent a shiver down her spine. She hadn't put them on, she hadn't even thought about them last night. How had they gotten here? The heels were even more perplexing, a size too big, yet somehow perfectly in place. The sensation of being so exposed, yet dressed for some unknown purpose, made her stomach clench with a mix of fear and excitement.

But the most jaw dropping discovery came when she tentatively reached down to touch herself. Her pussy was cleanly shaven, something she had never considered doing. The smoothness was unfamiliar, a stark contrast to the soft, curly hair that usually adorned her mound. The skin was tender, and her fingertips traced the alien landscape with a mix of awe and bewilderment. She had never been particularly self-conscious about her body hair, but now, in this new state of bare vulnerability, she felt a sense of power, a thrill that ricocheted through her core. It was as if someone had peeled back the layers of her identity and presented her with a new version of herself, a more provocative, daring reflection that whispered seductive secrets into her ear.

Her thoughts stumbled over the implications of what lay ahead. School. Netball practice. Shared showers. All with this collar, this symbol of her newfound subjugation, nestled snugly around her neck. The idea of her classmates and teammates discovering her secret sent a wave of excitement and fear crashing through her. The collar was a declaration of her sexuality, a silent proclamation of the kinky adventures she'd embarked upon last night. She could already imagine the whispers, the sly glances, the way their eyes would trace the line of the collar, the curve of her neck, and the blush that would surely follow.

Emma stumbled to the bathroom, her legs wobbly from a combination of the heels and the sheer surreality of the situation. The shower's spray was a cool kiss against her fevered skin, the water cascading down to reveal the truth of her transformation. The sight of her bare pussy, so unlike the

one she'd known for so long, sent a tremor of anticipation through her body. Her hand hovered over the sensitive flesh, the heat from the shower making her clit throb with an insatiable hunger. She couldn't resist the urge to explore, her fingertips grazing over the smooth skin before sliding down to trace the outline of her swollen labia.

The sensation was intoxicating, a heady mix of the familiar and the foreign. She felt like a new creature, reborn in the throes of her own dark desires. The water grew steamy as she touched herself, her eyes slipping shut as the pads of her fingers found their way to her clit. The sound of her own breath grew louder in her ears, a symphony of need that seemed to fill the small space. She rubbed her thumb in slow, deliberate circles, the pleasure building within her like a crescendo of want. Her other hand reached for the soap, her mind racing with the possibility that this was all part of some elaborate hypnosis trick.

As the water washed away the last vestiges of the night's adventure, she stepped out of the shower and padded over to her dresser. Her hand trembled as she pulled open the top drawer, her eyes immediately falling on the scrap of paper that replaced her underwear. The words stared back at her, scrawled in her own handwriting: "sluts don't wear underwear." The note was a declaration, a command from the depths of her subconscious, or perhaps a message from her mysterious hypnotist. She picked it up, the paper feeling almost alive with the energy of the words, and felt a thrill run through her. The idea of going commando, of being so utterly exposed, was both terrifying and exhilarating.

Her school blouse was laid out neatly on her bed, a stark white against the black satin of her comforter. The skirt, she discovered, was not her usual one. It was shorter, tighter, hugging her hips in a way that made her breath catch. Her school's strict dress code was about to be tested in ways she never could have anticipated. As she slipped the blouse over her head, the fabric clinging to her wet skin, she wondered where her usual bra had gone. The absence of it, combined with the tight collar, made her breasts feel heavier, more pronounced. She shimmied into the skirt, the fabric whispering against her bare skin. The sensation was oddly freeing, like the first time she'd ever worn a thong, but amplified by the knowledge that she was now a walking, talking, breathing embodiment of the very fantasies she'd discussed so intimately with "MasterMesmer."

Her gaze fell upon the mirror, and she froze. The girl staring back at her was a stranger, a creature of the night who had donned her skin and dared to face the day. The collar, stark and gleaming in the harsh daylight, was a stark reminder of the power she'd ceded. Her eyes searched her reflection, looking for any sign of the girl she'd been before, but all she saw was a siren in the making, a seductress in a schoolgirl's guise. Her hand went to her throat, the metal cold and unyielding under her touch. Horror and arousal warred within her, a tumultuous storm that she could no longer ignore. The thought of walking the hallowed halls of her academic institution in this state of undress was both mortifying and thrilling, a delicious secret that she could barely contain.

Emma's mind raced as she finished dressing, the tightness of the skirt and the absence of underwear a constant reminder of the nocturnal journey she'd undertaken. The stockings whispered sweet nothings with every step she took, the fabric a second skin that seemed to amplify every sensation. She tried to piece together the puzzle of the previous night, but the edges remained fuzzy, obscured by a veil of pleasure and confusion. How had she allowed this to happen? How had she been so easily swayed by a voice on the other side of a screen? And yet, the questions in her head grew hazier with each passing moment, overtaken by a need that grew more insistent with every breath.

Her phone, a silent sentinel on the bedside table, suddenly sprang to life with a mischievous ping. Her heart skipped a beat as she reached for it, her fingers trembling with anticipation. The message was simple, yet it sent a bolt of electricity straight to her core: "dogslut." The word, a mere seven

letters, held the power to shatter her reality into a million shimmering fragments. It was a term she'd heard whispered in the darker corners of the internet, a term that made her blush even in the safety of her own room. But now, with the collar around her neck and the memory of their conversation, it resonated deep within her, striking a chord that vibrated through every fiber of her being.

The command was clear. She tried to stand, her legs wobbly from the intensity of her arousal and the heels that she was unaccustomed to. But as soon as she shifted her weight, her body betrayed her, and she uncontrollably dropped to her hands and knees. It was as if the word itself had rewritten the very fabric of her existence, transforming her from a curious young woman into a creature of pure need. Her breathing grew ragged, her breasts swaying with the motion as she remained poised on all fours, her gaze locked onto the floor. The plush carpet felt like velvet beneath her palms, the sensation sending a shiver through her body.

As she knelt there, Emma felt the first dribble of moisture leak from her pussy, a warm, slick trail that coated the insides of her thighs. Her cheeks flushed with both embarrassment and excitement, her mind reeling from the sudden and intense change in her body's response. It was as if she was being claimed by something primal and untamed, something that reveled in the dampness that grew between her legs. The scent of her arousal filled the air, a heady aroma that seemed to thicken the very fabric of reality around her. She bit her lower lip, her eyes squeezed shut as she tried to process the sensation, the wetness spreading, a silent testament to her new role as "dogslut."

Her pussy burned, a fiery need that grew with each passing second. It was as if she could feel the eyes of "MasterMesmer" upon her, watching her every move, her every quiver of desire. The heat grew, a slow, pulsing ache that demanded attention. She could almost hear his voice in her ear, a low, seductive whisper that urged her to give in to the hunger that now consumed her. Her hand slipped down her belly, her fingertips skimming over the smooth, bare skin before delving into the warm, slick folds of her sex. The contact was electric, sending a jolt of pleasure that made her back arch and her toes curl. She was on heat, a creature ruled by her most basic instincts.

Emma's mind was a whirlwind of thoughts and sensations, as if she were an observer in her own body. She watched, both horrified and fascinated, as her fingers danced over her clit, the sensitive bundle of nerves swollen and begging for more. The room spun around her, a dizzying kaleidoscope of lust and confusion. She could feel the collar at her throat, the weight of it a constant reminder of her submission. The urge to scream out his name, to call for him to take her, was almost overwhelming. Yet, she remained silent, the sound of her own breathing echoing in the quiet room like a siren's call to the depths of her soul.

All she could think about were her two English Mastiffs downstairs. In her dreams, they had always been her protectors, her loyal companions. But now, in this haze of desire, they took on a different form. They were beasts of passion, their fur thick and warm as they panted beside her, their eyes gleaming with a hunger that matched her own. She'd had dreams of them before, but they had always remained just that—dreams. Now, she wondered if there was more to those nightly visions than she'd ever allowed herself to believe. Was this newfound yearning a reflection of some deep-seated, animalistic need that she'd been too afraid to acknowledge?

Her hand grew bolder, her fingers plunging deeper into her wetness as the music from her stepbrother's room grew louder. The beat was a siren's call, a rhythmic pounding that seemed to echo the desperate pulse between her legs. She bit her lip to stifle a moan, the sound of his voice melding with the music, a symphony of seduction that she couldn't escape. The walls felt as if they were closing in on her, the room growing smaller and hotter with each passing moment. She was shaking, her body a trembling mess of need and want, a canvas of passion painted in the dark hues

of her deepest fantasies.

The collar around her neck was a symbol of her submission, a silent declaration that she was no longer the girl who had gone to bed last night. She was something else, something more primal, more vulnerable. The metal was cold and unforgiving, a constant reminder that she was now in the thrall of someone she had never truly met, someone who knew her deepest, darkest secrets. Yet, she couldn't bring herself to feel anything but a deep, visceral craving for more. The fear was a heady cocktail, mixing with the lust to create a potent elixir that made her knees weak and her heart race.

As she descended the stairs, her eyes remained glued to the floor, the collar a silent proclamation of her newfound status. Each step was a battle between the fear of being discovered and the thrill of the unknown. The sound of the choke chain jingling against her neck was like the ticking of a time bomb, counting down to a climax she could neither predict nor prevent. The air in the house was thick with the scent of her arousal, a scent that seemed to permeate every corner, a siren's call to any who might be listening.

Her heart hammered against her ribs like a caged animal, desperate for escape. The fear of being caught in this compromising state was palpable, a living entity that coiled around her like a serpent, squeezing tighter with each beat. Yet, there was a strange allure to it, a sense of power that came from knowing she was dancing on the edge of a precipice, the wind of discovery whispering seductively in her ears.

Emma continued her trek to the kitchen, the floorboards creaking under the weight of her stilettos. Each step was a silent declaration of her obedience, a testament to the power of the collar that now adorned her neck. The kitchen was a stark contrast to the soft, velvet embrace of her bedroom, the cold tiles a jolting reminder of the reality she now faced. The fluorescent lights above buzzed with a low, insistent hum, casting an unforgiving glow over the stainless steel appliances that gleamed like the eyes of a predator.

Her mind screamed for her to retreat, to crawl back into the safety of her bed and pull the covers over her head. But her body was a traitor, moving of its own volition, drawn to the dogs like a moth to a flame.

Her skirt had ridden up around her waist, leaving her bare ass and pussy exposed to the cool air of the early morning. Her legs trembled as she approached the first of the sleepy beasts, a monstrous English Mastiff named Jake. His eyes cracked open, and she watched as they widened in surprise before a look of hunger overtook them. Her heart raced as she felt the heat of his gaze on her wet, exposed flesh.

The scent of her desire grew stronger, a potent cocktail that seemed to fill the room. She could feel her pussy pulse with need as she knelt before him, her hand reaching out to stroke the thick fur of his neck. His eyes remained fixed on her, and she swore she could see the hunger in them, the need mirroring her own. It was as if the collar had transformed her into something other, something that called to the primal instincts of the creatures around her.

The urge to scream, to cry out in shame and terror, was almost overwhelming. But the collar was a silent sentinel, a reminder that she was no longer in control. Her body was a playground for the whims of her mysterious master, and the thought of it was a knife that sliced through her inhibitions, leaving her raw and exposed. Yet, she remained silent, the sound of her ragged breathing the only noise in the room.

Jake's nose pushed into her wet cunt, his hot breath a stark contrast to the cool tiles beneath her

knees. Her eyes were glued to the floor, watching in the reflection of the gleaming surface as his muzzle nuzzled against her sensitive flesh. The sight was both obscene and erotic, a vision that sent a fresh wave of arousal crashing through her. Her hand moved of its own accord, reaching back to grip the base of the collar, the metal biting into her skin as if to remind her of her place.

"No," she whimpered, the sound lost in the cacophony of her own thoughts. Yet, she made no move to push him away. The warmth of his tongue was a siren's song, a sweet agony that she couldn't resist. She felt her body betraying her, arching back to give him better access, the tightness of the collar sending a thrill of pain that only served to heighten her pleasure. "I can't do this," she whispered, her voice trembling with the effort of maintaining her sanity. But even as she said the words, she knew they were a lie. Her body had already made the decision for her.

Jake's tongue lapped at her, the roughness of it sending sparks of pleasure through her core. She could feel his excitement growing, his red cock thickening and pushing out of its sheath. The sight of it was almost too much to bear, a stark reminder that she was no longer the girl who had once played dress-up in her mother's lingerie, but a creature of the night, a "dogslut" eager for her first taste of the forbidden. Her hand tightened around the collar, the metal digging into her skin as she leaned back, offering herself to him completely.

With a growl that seemed to rumble through the very foundation of the house, Jake roughly mounted her back, his powerful haunches pushing her legs apart. She gasped as his claws dug deep into her hips, the pain a sharp contrast to the pleasure that was building within her. His fur was coarse against her bare skin, the heat of his body a stark contrast to the chilly kitchen air. The room spun around her, the lights above casting a sickly pallor over the scene, as if the very air was tainted by her depravity.

The tip of his swollen cock probed at her entrance, the pressure building as he attempted to force his way in. She could feel the thickness of him, the pointed head of his erection parting her wet folds with a brutal insistence. Her body tensed, a maelstrom of fear and desire warring within her. The sound of his panting grew louder, his hot breath against her neck sending shivers down her spine. Her mind screamed for her to stop, to push him away, but her body was a traitor, welcoming the invasion.

With a sudden, violent thrust, Jake buried his full length inside her, the sound of her scream piercing the silence like a shattered glass. The pain was blinding, a white-hot knife that cleaved through the haze of lust that had clouded her judgment. Yet, even as she screamed, her pussy clenched around him, her walls pulsing with a need that was almost painful in its intensity. She was filled to the brim, the sensation of his furry member stretching her beyond what she thought possible sending waves of pleasure that crashed through her like a tsunami.

Emma's body convulsed as Jake began to fuck her with a ferocity that was almost bestial. Each thrust sent her sprawling forward, her chest smacking against the cold, hard floor, the impact jarring her teeth. Her breasts swung beneath her, the friction against the tiles a sweet agony that seemed to fuel her arousal. She could feel his weight upon her, the power of his hips as he claimed her in a primal dance as old as time itself. The collar at her neck seemed to tighten, the metal a stark reminder that she was nothing more than a toy, a plaything for his pleasure.

As his thrusts grew deeper, more urgent, she felt something new, something that both terrified and thrilled her. His knot was swelling, growing larger with every stroke, pushing at the entrance to her cunt, demanding entry. She had read about knots before, the swollen bulb that formed at the base of a canine cock during mating, but she had never experienced it herself. The feeling was alien, the pressure intense, as if she were being filled with more than just his cock, but the very essence of his



desire.

Her cunt clenched around him, desperately trying to accommodate the growing intrusion. The pain was exquisite, a fine line between agony and ecstasy that she had never before crossed. Each time his knot smacked against her clit, she moaned, her body arching in a silent plea for more. The room was a blur of fur and muscle, the only constant the pressure building within her, threatening to split her in two.

The sensation grew, the swollen knob pushing insistently against her tight opening. It felt like a fist, demanding entry, and Emma could do nothing but whimper and push back, her body a willing conduit for his lust. The sound of skin slapping against skin filled the room, a testament to their passionate union. The taste of fear was a bitter pill, but it was overwhelmed by the sweetness of the pleasure that unfurled within her, a blooming flower of desire that could no longer be contained.

And then, with a final, brutal thrust, the knot entered her, breaching the barrier of her inexperience. Her scream was a sonic boom in the confines of the kitchen, shattering the silence like a crystal goblet thrown to the floor. The pain was a living, breathing entity, wrapping its tentacles around her very soul, demanding her submission. Yet, amidst the agony, she felt something else, a twisted delight that was as potent as it was perverse. Her walls stretched to accommodate the unyielding mass, a dance of pleasure and pain that was the very essence of ecstasy.

Her vision swam with tears, each one rolling down her face like a bead of sweat, tracing the curve of her cheek before dropping to the cold floor beneath her. She could feel the collar digging into her throat, a silent sentinel of her newfound role, a symbol of the power she had willingly ceded to the man—or men—who now controlled her very existence. The pain grew, a crescendo of sensation that seemed to build and build without end, the knot swelling further with every pulse of his cock, until she thought she might be torn apart.

And then, without warning, the dam burst. Hot jets of his cum filled her, a scalding flood that seemed to brand her from the inside out. She could feel the warmth of it spilling into her, filling her up in a way that was both terrifying and exhilarating. The sensation was like nothing she had ever experienced, a white-hot river of lust that seemed to sear away every last vestige of her innocence. Her cunt clenched around him, the muscles spasming in a desperate attempt to hold on to the pleasure that was already slipping away, like sand through an hourglass.

Her orgasm washed over her in waves, a tsunami of sensation that left her gasping for air. She could feel the knot swelling even larger within her, the pressure a sweet, exquisite torture that sent her spiraling into the abyss. The collar at her throat grew tighter, a silent reminder of her submission, her body's betrayal. The room was a haze of pleasure and pain, a kaleidoscope of sensation that left her dizzy and disoriented.

And then, the voice.

It was low and husky, a whisper that seemed to echo through the very air of the room. "What a good dogslut you are," it said, and Emma's eyes snapped open, her vision swimming with the aftershocks of pleasure. The words hit her like a slap across the face, cold water thrown onto a sleeping form, jolting her from the haze of her orgasm. She looked up to see her stepbrother, James, standing in the doorway, his eyes glinting with a mix of amusement and something else, something darker.

The End!