

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



Emma's pulse raced as she clicked through the sea of profiles on fabswingers, her eyes widening with every new throb of desire that pulsed through her veins. The vibrant, unexplored realm of online swingers' communities had captured her imagination, a stark contrast to the monotonous small-town life she knew. Her trembling fingers danced over the keyboard, her mind a whirlwind of curiosity and excitement. The cool, soft fabric of her pyjamas was a stark reminder of the stark solitude of her quiet, moonlit room, a stark contrast to the sultry world she was about to delve into.

And then she found him. A man from Suffolk, his profile picture revealing a silver fox with piercing blue eyes and a knowing smile that seemed to whisper sweet nothings into the depths of her soul. His name was Richard, and the more she read, the more her curiosity grew. He was older, more experienced, and had a penchant for the kind of adventures that made Emma's cheeks burn. His profile was filled with tales of passionate encounters and erotic escapades, each word painting a picture more vivid than any she had ever imagined.

Their chat began innocently enough, with small talk about the weather and shared interests, but it wasn't long before the conversation turned steamy. Richard had a way with words that made her feel as though she had known him for years, and despite her embarrassment, Emma found herself drawn back time and time again, craving more of his sultry banter. He spoke of his exploits with the ease of a man who had seen and done it all, and Emma, with her limited experience, felt both intimidated and thrilled by his stories. He described scenes of passion so vividly that she could almost feel the heat of the bodies entwined, the soft whispers of lust in her ear, and the scent of arousal thick in the air.

Richard was careful not to be pushy, sensing Emma's inexperience and her trepidation. Instead, he worked to persuade her, dropping hints and suggestions like rose petals on a path to a hidden garden of desire. He spoke of the thrill of meeting new people, the rush of adrenaline as the anticipation grew, and the unparalleled pleasure of giving and receiving pleasure in new and exciting ways. He assured her that he would be gentle, that he would guide her through every step of the journey, and that her pleasure was his priority. His messages were filled with respect, yet laced with a barely contained hunger that sent shivers down her spine.

Emma felt a strange mix of fear and excitement as she agreed to meet him. The date was set, and the instructions were clear: she was to travel to the small rural place called Sudbury by train, dressed in nothing but stockings and suspenders, with a long coat to maintain her modesty until the moment was right. She had never been so exposed, so vulnerable, and yet, the thought of it was exhilarating. She counted down the days, her nerves a delicious cocktail of anxiety and arousal. When the day finally arrived, Emma felt as though she was stepping into a new world, one that she had only ever read about in secret, hidden in the pages of a book or glimpsed in a stolen look at a late-night film.

Her trembling hand hovered over her keyboard as she composed the message to Richard. "I'll be there," she typed, her heart racing. She knew that once she sent it, there was no turning back. She took a deep breath and hit send, feeling a thrill of anticipation shoot through her.

The next day, Emma ventured into town, her cheeks still flushed from the night's excitement. She had never bought lingerie like this before, and the mere thought of it had her stomach in knots. She walked past the usual shops, her eyes scanning the windows for something that might match the image Richard had painted for her. Finally, she found a small, unassuming store, the kind that seemed to whisper secrets from the shadows. The neon sign above the door read "Intimate Indulgences." With a deep breath, she pushed open the door, the small bell tinkling sweetly as it

swung shut behind her.

The shop was a candy store of erotic delights, a treasure trove of lace and leather that seemed to beckon her further inside. She felt her knees wobble slightly as she perused the rows of stockings and suspenders, her eyes lingering on the naughty little thongs that barely covered the mannequins' plastic curves. A friendly, yet knowing, saleswoman approached, her smile as warm as a summer evening. "Looking for something special, darling?" she purred, her voice like velvet.

Emma blushed, feeling the weight of her own inexperience. "I... I've never bought anything like this before," she stuttered, her voice barely above a whisper. The saleswoman's eyes sparkled with mischief as she took Emma's hand, leading her to a rack of lingerie that whispered of seduction. "Don't you worry," she said, her voice a gentle purr. "I've got just the thing for you."

The woman's touch was surprisingly comforting, her fingertips grazing over the delicate fabrics as she selected a set of black lace stockings and suspenders. The stockings were sheer, revealing more than they concealed, and the suspenders had a tantalizing allure that made Emma's skin tingle. Then, she handed her a thong that was so scandalously small it was barely more than a promise of coverage. It was a daring red, a stark contrast to the white cotton she had always known. "This will make you feel like a goddess," she murmured, placing it in Emma's trembling hands. "Trust me, dear."

With her purchase made and bagged discreetly, Emma stepped out into the bustling street, feeling as though she were carrying a secret treasure. The sun was high in the sky, and the heat was a stark contrast to the cool, dark confines of the shop. Her heart hammered in her chest with every step she took, the fabric of her bag brushing against her leg a constant reminder of what lay within. The underwear was a declaration of her newfound bravery, a silent shout to the world that she was ready to explore the hidden desires she had kept buried for so long.

Once home, she found the house blissfully empty. Her parents were out for the weekend, leaving her with the perfect opportunity to indulge in her little game of dress-up. She dashed to her bedroom, the anticipation making her pulse race like a wild horse. Her room, usually a sanctuary of innocence and comfort, now felt like a stage set for a decadent play. She closed the door, the soft click echoing in the silence like the lock on a treasure chest. The curtains were drawn, the room bathed in a soft, inviting glow from the single bedside lamp.

Her trembling hands reached into the bag, the delicate fabrics whispering against her skin as she pulled out the black lace stockings. They were like a lover's caress, the delicate threads weaving a pattern of seduction that made her heart flutter. She sat on the edge of her bed, her legs slightly apart, and began to roll them up her smooth, pale thighs. The sensation was intoxicating, the lace kissing her skin as it glided higher and higher. The suspenders, she found, were an art form in themselves, a dance of elastic and lace that promised to hold her up in the throes of passion. She attached them to the stockings with a gentle snap, feeling the slight tug as she adjusted them, the cool metal of the clips a stark contrast to the warmth of her flesh.

The red thong was the *pièce de résistance*, a scandalous whisper that seemed to mock her innocence. She slipped it on, feeling the fabric mould to her most intimate curves, the dampness between her legs already making its presence known. Standing up, she looked at herself in the full-length mirror, her reflection staring back with wide eyes and parted lips. The woman before her was a vision of desire, a siren dressed in nothing but the flimsy veil of the lingerie. The stockings stopped just above her knees, leaving a tantalizing gap of bare skin before meeting the suspenders that hugged her waist like a lover's embrace. The thong barely covered the apex of her thighs, the fabric so thin that it was almost see-through. Her breasts, cupped by the bra, strained against the material,

begging to be released.

But then she remembered Richard's words, the instructions that had sent a thrill down her spine when she first read them. "No thong, no bra," he had said, and she knew he had meant it. He wanted her bare, open to his gaze and his touch. With trembling hands, she reached behind her to unclip the bra, letting it fall to the floor with a soft sigh. Her breasts bounced slightly, the cool air kissing her now-exposed nipples. They were a rosy pink, already peaked with arousal, standing proud and begging for attention. She cupped them in her hands, feeling their weight, the sensitive skin reacting to the slightest touch.

The thong was next. She hooked her thumbs into the waistband and pulled it down, feeling the fabric slide against her wetness. The material was slick with her arousal, a testament to her excitement. She stepped out of the discarded scrap of lace, leaving it in a crumpled heap beside the bra. Now, she was truly as he had instructed: naked but for the stockings and suspenders. Her body was a canvas, ready to be painted with the colours of desire and passion.

With a deep breath, Emma approached the mirror, her heart pounding in her chest. She struck a pose, one hand on her hip, the other playing with a loose strand of hair. Her eyes met her reflection's, the emerald green pools filled with a mix of trepidation and excitement. She knew this was the moment of truth, the point of no return. She raised her phone, the screen illuminating the room with an ethereal glow. The camera clicked, capturing the image of the new, daring woman she had become. The flash bathed her in a brief, stark whiteness, freezing her in a moment of pure, unbridled desire.

The photo was a masterpiece of seduction. Her skin, pale and flawless, glowed in the soft lamplight, the black lace of the stockings and suspenders a stark contrast to the creamy expanse of her torso. Her breasts, full and firm, stood at attention, the tips of her nipples a dark pink that called out for a lover's touch. The stockings clung to her legs like a second skin, hinting at the sweetness that lay just beneath the surface. She stared at the image, her breath catching in her throat. This was it. She was ready.

With trembling fingers, she attached the photo to a text message, her heart racing as she typed, "See you soon, Richard." She took a moment to admire the picture once more, her cheeks burning with a mix of shyness and desire. Then, with a deep breath, she hit send. The message shot through the digital ether, carrying with it a piece of her soul, a declaration of her willingness to explore the darker side of passion.

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Tuesday morning arrived with a sense of urgency, the sun's early light streaming through her window. She had barely slept, her dreams filled with the tantalizing promise of the evening to come. She slipped out of bed, her body still thrumming with excitement from the night's escapades. The stockings and suspenders lay on her bed, a siren's call that she could not resist. She picked them up, feeling the coolness of the lace against her skin as she stepped into the stockings, her legs sliding into them like a second skin. The suspenders whispered around her waist, the cool metal clips a reminder of the impending adventure.

Emma took a moment to appreciate the sensation of the delicate garments against her body. The stockings clung to her legs like a lover's embrace, the suspenders holding them up with a gentle yet firm touch that made her shiver. She slipped on her heels, the sound of the leather against the hardwood floor a seductive rhythm that echoed through the quiet house. She grabbed her coat,

feeling the rush of adrenaline as she realized she was about to step into a world she had only ever dreamed of.

Her heart was a runaway train as she opened the door, the early morning air a refreshing slap against her feverish cheeks. She hurried down the path, the heels of her shoes clicking a staccato beat that matched her racing pulse. She knew she had to leave before anyone saw her, before the reality of what she was about to do could seep into the mundane fabric of her everyday life. The neighborhood was still asleep, the street lamps casting a soft, amber glow on the empty pavement. She quickened her pace, her breath coming in short, shallow gasps as she approached the bus stop.

The cold air was a stark reminder of her near-nudity, the thin lace stockings and suspenders offering no real protection from the early spring chill. She wrapped the coat tightly around herself, feeling the fabric of her coat stick to her dampened skin beneath. The coat was a flimsy barrier, and she was acutely aware of every gust of wind that whispered through the gaps, sending shivers down her spine. The stockings felt like a second layer of skin, the coolness of the fabric a constant reminder of her vulnerability. The suspenders dug into her flesh slightly, a gentle prod that kept her on edge, her mind racing with what was to come.

The train pulled into Poole station with a squeal of brakes, the early morning silence shattered by the sound of the engine pulling the train. The platform was empty, the quietude of the early hour only broken by the distant echo of a lone seagull. Emma stepped onto the train, the rocking motion setting her nerves alight. The carriage was almost deserted, the few passengers scattered throughout, lost in their own thoughts or buried in their newspapers. She found a seat in a secluded corner, her eyes darting around nervously. The smell of diesel and the faint scent of stale coffee mingled with the heady aroma of her own desire, the anticipation thick in the air.

Within minutes of the train's departure, she felt the warmth of the carriage closing in on her. The coat she had so carefully chosen was now a prison of fabric, trapping the heat of the room against her already feverish skin. She could feel the lace stockings clinging to her thighs, the suspenders cutting into her flesh with every movement she made. The train's rhythmic sway added to her discomfort, each jolt sending a shiver of pleasure-pain through her body. The thought of the journey ahead was both terrifying and thrilling. Hours of being so close to naked, so open to the gaze of any who cared to look, was a tantalizing torment she had never before experienced.

Her hands trembled as she gripped the handle of her bag, her eyes glued to the passing scenery. The countryside whipped by in a blur of green and brown, a stark contrast to the vivid images playing in her mind. Each time she shifted in her seat, the coat would slip open a fraction more, the tops of her stockings peeking out like a siren's call.

As the train powered closer to London, the once-empty carriage began to fill with the early-morning commute. Businessmen in crisp suits, their ties as straight as the lines of their jaws, and women in sharp skirts and blouses, their heels a rhythmic tattoo against the floorboards. The air grew thick with the scent of cologne and coffee, a symphony of the mundane that only served to heighten Emma's arousal. She felt like a delicious secret, a forbidden fruit hidden in plain sight, ripe for the plucking.

Her thoughts turned to the challenge that awaited her: crossing London by underground to Liverpool Street Station. The very idea sent a shiver of excitement down her spine, the prospect of navigating the labyrinthine tunnels with her heart racing and her nakedness a secret known only to her and Richard. She had never been so exposed, so vulnerable, and yet the thrill of it all made her wetter than any ocean she had ever seen.

The train pulled into Waterloo station with a screech, the sudden jolt sending her body rocking against the hard plastic of the seat. The platform was a whirlwind of activity, a sea of bodies dressed in their office armor, rushing to conquer the day. The crowd was a blur of faces and briefcases, all oblivious to the wanton creature hiding in their midst. She took a deep breath, gathering her courage, and stepped into the chaos.

Her heels clicked a seductive tattoo against the tiles as she descended the stairs into the bowels of the underground. The air grew thick with the scent of bodies and anticipation, the heat from the press of people making her coat feel like a second skin. She clutched the map tightly in her trembling hand, her eyes searching for the signs that would guide her to the correct platform. The tension between her legs grew with every step, the suspenders biting into her flesh, a constant reminder of the thrill of her mission.

The train pulled in with a hiss, the doors opening to reveal a packed carriage. She squeezed inside, the crush of bodies pushing her against the handrail. She gripped it tightly, feeling the cold metal bite into her palm as the train lurched into motion. The fabric of her coat was slipping, riding up with every jolt and sway of the carriage, revealing more and more of the black lace that adorned her legs. She could feel the eyes of the men around her, their gazes hungrily devouring the glimpse of stocking top she offered them. The thrill of exposure had her breath coming in short gasps, her heart racing like a wild stallion.

One man in particular caught her eye, his gaze lingering a moment too long. He was tall, with dark hair and a stubbled jaw that spoke of a life lived with purpose and passion. His eyes, a deep brown, met hers and held them, a knowing smirk playing across his lips. He had seen. The realization sent a bolt of pure, electrifying arousal through her, and she felt her cheeks flame redder than the thong she had so recently discarded.

Emma stepped off the train at Liverpool Street, her legs wobbly with the mix of fear and desire that had built within her. She took a moment to compose herself, her eyes darting around the bustling station, searching for any sign of where to go. The cacophony of voices and the rush of the city washed over her, a stark contrast to the quietude of the train. The air was thick with the scent of diesel and the musk of humanity, a heady blend that only served to heighten her senses.

With the map clutched in her hand, she navigated the labyrinthine tunnels of the underground, the clack of her heels echoing off the tiles like a siren's call. She was acutely aware of every breath she took, every movement she made, the delicate dance of the suspenders against her bare skin sending shockwaves of arousal through her. The fabric of her coat brushed against her stockings with every step, the friction a silent serenade to the thrill of her impending rendezvous.

As she emerged into the cavernous main concourse of Liverpool Street, the cacophony of the city hit her like a wall of sound, the scents of diesel and human desire mingling in the air. She felt the eyes of the crowd upon her, a mix of curiosity and hunger that made her skin tingle. She knew she was a vision of erotic rebellion in this sea of Gray office attire, and the thrill of it had her pulse racing. The clock above her ticked away the moments, each second bringing her closer to Marks Tey and then on to Sudbury, where she would finally come face to face with Richard.

Her heels clicked a frantic beat as she sprinted through the station, her long coat fluttering around her like a cape, desperately trying to maintain her modesty. The stockings whispered against her skin with every step, the suspenders digging in with a delightful pinch that made her gasp. The display board flashed with the news she had been dreading: her train was already here, and it was about to leave. Panic surged through her like a wild river, urging her to move faster despite the heels that threatened to trip her with every stride.

Her breath came in ragged pants, her chest heaving as she pushed through the throngs of early morning travelers. The coat flapped open, flashing a glimpse of the black lace suspenders that held her stockings in place, the fabric clinging to her curves like a lover's embrace. The eyes of passersby snapped to her, a mix of surprise and lustful interest that sent a fresh wave of arousal through her body. She felt the cool air caress her exposed thighs, the anticipation of what lay ahead making her wetter with every step.

As she sprinted towards the platform, she caught a glimpse of the train, the doors already half-closed. With a desperate leap, she flung herself forward, her hand slapping against the cold metal just in time to feel it give beneath her touch. The doors slid shut with a hiss, sealing her inside just as the train began to pull away from the station. The sudden jolt sent a jolt of excitement through her, the danger and urgency of the moment making her heart pound in her chest like a drum.

The carriage was mostly empty, the few passengers scattered and lost in their own worlds. She took a moment to catch her breath, the fabric of her coat sticking to her damp skin. The journey from here to Marks Tey was only 40 minutes, but it felt like an eternity, the anticipation building like a crescendo in an opera of desire. She could feel the wetness between her legs, the suspenders digging into her flesh like a lover's fingertips. The stockings whispered sweet nothings to her thighs, the delicate lace a gentle caress that made her squirm in her seat.

The train pulled into Marks Tey station with a gentle sigh, the doors sliding open to reveal a quaint, rural platform. The early morning sun was just beginning to peek over the horizon, casting a soft, golden glow across the quiet landscape. She stepped out, the chilly air a stark contrast to the heated confines of the train. The stockings clung to her legs like a second skin, the suspenders a silent declaration of her intentions.

Her heart hammered in her chest as she made her way to the connecting platform for the final 20-minute leg of her journey to Sudbury. The anticipation was palpable, a living, breathing entity that seemed to coil around her, tightening its grip with every step. The platform was deserted, the silence a stark reminder of the daring choice she had made. The air was filled with the scent of dew and freshly cut grass, a heady mix that made her feel alive and wanton.

It was only as she reached for her phone to double-check the time that she felt the cold, empty space where her handbag should have been. Panic set in like a flash flood, her eyes darting around wildly. She had left it on the last train, the train she had practically thrown herself off of to make this one. No phone, no money, no way to reach Richard. Her breath caught in her throat, and she felt the beginnings of a full-blown panic attack. The stockings and suspenders that had felt so erotic and exciting now seemed like a cruel joke, a prison that had been her own making.

Her mind raced through the possibilities, each more terrifying than the last. What if Richard had already left, thinking she had changed her mind? What if she had to explain to her parents where she was, dressed like this? The thought of their shock and disappointment was almost too much to bear. She could feel the hot tears threatening to spill over as she frantically searched for a solution.

The train to Sudbury pulled into the station, the diesel fumes mixing with the early morning scent of blooming flowers and freshly cut grass. The chilly breeze kissed her bare skin, sending goosebumps racing along her arms and legs. She watched the seconds tick away on the station clock, each one a tiny dagger of doubt. But then she remembered the instructions Richard had given her so clearly. "If anything goes wrong," he had said, "just wait. I'll find you."

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Emma took a deep breath, willing herself to calm down. The quietude of the station was a stark contrast to the cacophony of her racing thoughts. She stepped away from the edge of the platform, her heels clicking against the concrete with a confidence she didn't quite feel. The red benches stood sentinel-like, their paint chipped and faded with time. She sat down, the rough fabric of the bench a stark contrast to the softness of her stockings. The suspenders dug into her flesh slightly as she shifted, a reminder of the thrilling game she was playing.

Across the tracks, the car park lay empty, save for a solitary figure leaning against a beaten old Landrover. The sun cast long shadows, and Emma could just make out the silhouette of a man, his features obscured by the glare. She felt a shiver of excitement as she realized it was Richard. He had arrived early, as instructed, and was watching the platform with a predatory gaze. The sight of him made her heart stutter in her chest, a wild, untamed beat that matched the rhythm of her racing thoughts.

Her legs felt like jelly as she approached the end of the platform, the clack of her heels the only sound that pierced the early morning quiet. She knew that he could see her, could see the way the stockings clung to her legs, the suspenders digging into her flesh, and the way her breasts moved with every step she took. The anticipation was a living, breathing entity that seemed to pulse through her veins, making her feel alive in a way she had never felt before.

As she drew closer, she could make out the lines of his face, the smile that played at the corners of his mouth, the way his eyes devoured her. She felt a shiver of excitement run down her spine, a delicious mix of fear and desire that made her wetter with every step. The suspenders bit into her waist as she moved, the fabric of her coat fluttering around her like a dark angel's wings. She knew that she was his, that she had given herself over to this game, to the thrill of the unknown.

Richard stepped forward, his arms outstretched. He engulfed her in an embrace that was both firm and gentle, his hands warm against the chill of her bare skin. His lips grazed her cheek, a kiss that was both a greeting and a promise of what was to come. "Did you dress as I asked?" he murmured, his voice a low, seductive growl that seemed to resonate deep within her core.

Emma nodded, her voice barely a whisper. "Yes," she managed to reply, the tremor in her voice betraying the mix of excitement and fear that had her knees threatening to buckle beneath her. She felt his hand slide down her spine, the heat of his palm a stark contrast to the coolness of her skin. His fingertips danced along the edge of her coat, the fabric a mere whisper against her flesh.

With a deep breath, she very reluctantly allowed her coat to slip open, revealing the scandalous attire beneath. The suspenders dug into her waist, the tension making her gasp as the cool morning air kissed her skin. The stockings clung to her legs like a lover's embrace, the lace tops a stark contrast to the starkness of the rest of her body. Her breasts, free of their confinement, bobbed gently with every inhale, the nipples tight and eager for his touch.

Richard's eyes swept over her, a look of pure, unbridled desire painting his features. He took a step back, giving him a full view of the erotic tableau she presented. The sunlight played across her bare flesh, casting shadows that only served to highlight the curves of her body. The sight of her, dressed so wantonly, had him fighting to keep his composure. "You're even more beautiful than I imagined," he murmured, his voice thick with lust.

He reached out, his fingertips tracing the line of the suspenders as they stretched tautly across her waist, the lace biting into her skin. He could feel her tremble beneath his touch, the anticipation a living, breathing thing that seemed to pulse through her. He allowed the coat to slip from her



shoulders, the fabric pooling at her feet like a discarded shroud. She was a vision of innocence and temptation, a contradiction that had his cock straining against his trousers.

"You're so beautiful," he murmured, his eyes drinking her in. He opened the passenger door of the Land Rover, the plastic seat a stark contrast to the rough fabric of her stockings. "Get in," he told her, his voice a gentle command that sent a shiver down her spine. She stepped into the vehicle, her legs quivering slightly as she settled into the seat. He took her coat, folding it with a tenderness that seemed at odds with the raw desire that crackled between them. He placed it gently over her bare shoulders, a silent promise that she would not be cold for long.