

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



The air was thick with anticipation as Emma tiptoed through the dimly lit parking lot, her heart fluttering like the pages of a book she hadn't the courage to close. In the quiet solitude of the evening, the hum of distant traffic whispered sweet nothings to her racing thoughts, a gentle reminder that she wasn't truly alone in this clandestine rendezvous with fate. Clutching the slip of paper with the sacred code to her chest, she approached the row of parcel lockers that stood like silent sentinels against the wall of the deserted convenience store. Her breath hitched as she typed the sequence into the cold, unyielding keypad, the neon glow from the vending machines casting eerie shadows across the concrete. The locker door beeped, then clicked open with a soft hiss, revealing a world of possibilities hidden within its metal embrace.

Her trembling hand reached in, wrapping around the mysterious package that held the gateway to her deepest, most unspoken desires. The phone was warm to the touch, almost alive with the secrets it contained. As she pulled it out, Emma felt a sudden rush of excitement mixed with dread—what had she gotten herself into? Her eyes searched the darkened corners of the lot for any sign of the sender, her imagination painting a picture of a shadowy figure watching her every move. Yet, there was nothing but the whisper of the wind playing with her hair and the distant sound of laughter, a stark contrast to the erotic tension coiling within her.

With the package clutched tightly under her arm, she hurried home, the echo of her footsteps racing alongside her thoughts. The walk that usually took her ten minutes felt like an eternity as she fought the urge to rip it open right there on the street, exposing her yearning to the indifferent stars above. But she knew better, she had to wait. She had to savour the anticipation that was building within her, a delicious cocktail of nerves and desire that left her breathless and wet between the thighs.

Once she slipped through the front door, the quiet house enveloped her like a warm blanket, shielding her from the prying eyes of the outside world. She practically sprinted up the stairs, her pulse hammering in her ears like a wild animal eager to claim its prize. Her room was a sanctuary of solitude, a place where she could shed the layers of innocence that had been suffocating her and indulge in the darker whispers of her soul. She kicked the door shut behind her, the click of the lock a declaration of intent that resonated through her trembling body.

Her room, usually a bastion of order and neatness, was now a battleground of restraint versus curiosity. The package lay on her bed, a beacon of forbidden fruit, calling to her with a siren's song she could no longer ignore. Her hands trembled as she carefully peeled away the layers of tape, her eyes darting to the door every few seconds as if expecting her mother or James to barge in. But the house remained still, the only sound the soft rustle of the plastic as she finally revealed the phone—a sleek, black device, gleaming like a freshly picked berry ripe for the plucking.

Her eyes fell upon the note, a simple slip of paper nestled between the phone and the cardboard packaging. It was written in a neat, masculine hand that seemed to exude confidence and authority. "Turn it on," it instructed, "and connect it to your wifi." The words were as much a command as they were a gateway to a world she had only ever dared to dream about. With trembling fingers, Emma obeyed, the phone springing to life with a soft chime that seemed to resonate through her very core. The screen lit up with a password prompt, and she paused, her breath catching in her throat.

The note revealed the password, a string of numbers and letters that sent a shiver down her spine. As she typed it in, the phone unlocked with a satisfying click, revealing a customized home screen that was a stark departure from the innocuous backgrounds she was used to. Instead, it was adorned with images of men and women in various states of undress, their bodies entwined with those of animals in scenes that were at once shocking and alluring. She felt a hot blush spread across her

cheeks, but she couldn't tear her eyes away. Her curiosity had been piqued to the point of obsession, and she knew she had to explore further.

Connecting the phone to her Wi-Fi, she watched as messages began to flood in, each one more explicit than the last. The chat was alive with discussions of fantasies and experiences that made her pulse quicken and her panties dampen. The community was vast and diverse, a veritable smorgasbord of desires laid bare for her to feast upon. Her eyes widened as she scanned the conversations, each one painting a picture of a world where taboos didn't exist, where the lines between pleasure and pain were blurred, and the boundaries of human sexuality stretched into the realms of the animalistic. It was a realm she had only ever visited in the pages of her naughtiest books, but now it was beckoning to her, offering her a taste of the forbidden.

Her heart skipped a beat when she saw the message from him, the man who had sent her this device. The screen flickered with the notification, the words "Welcome to the wild side, little kitten" sending a thrill through her body. She felt a rush of warmth between her legs, the anticipation of what was to come almost too much to bear. He could see she was online, and his words were a gentle caress, a silent congratulation for taking the first step into this uncharted territory. He asked if she was ready for a call, for the sound of his voice to be the catalyst that would propel her further down this path of unbridled passion.

But she had to bite her lower lip and reply with a shake of her head, the glow of the phone screen casting a blue hue on her flushed cheeks. "No, not yet," she typed, her thumbs hovering over the keys as if they had a mind of their own. "My family's home." The words hung in the digital ether, a stark reminder of the reality that lay just outside her bedroom door. The thought of her mother, Sarah, or her step brother, James, walking in on her while she explored this newfound lifestyle was too much to handle. She needed to be careful, to keep her secret hidden away like the phone itself.

Her eyes darted around the room, searching for the perfect spot to conceal her new companion. She couldn't risk it falling into the wrong hands, not when it held the key to the desires that were threatening to consume her. Her gaze landed on the nightstand, and she knew that wasn't good enough. They'd check there first if they ever found out. Then she spotted the hollow space under her bed, a place that had been a haven for secrets since her childhood. With a nod of determination, she tucked the phone into the far corner, the soft carpet muffling the sound as it met its temporary hiding spot.

The charger was a USB cable, the same one she used for her own phone, and she plugged it in with trembling hands. The phone's battery was almost dead, the screen flickering as it begged for life. She watched the battery icon pulse with each new percent, feeling a strange kinship with the device that was about to bring her the most exotic experiences she had ever known. The wall outlet was behind her bedside table, and she tucked the wire under the rug, ensuring that it was invisible from the doorway. The phone lay hidden, charging its lifeblood, ready to illuminate her darkest fantasies when the time was right.

For tonight, she would have to stop there, her fingertips still tingling from the brief contact with the phone. Her mind raced with thoughts of what the messages might entail, the images on the screen playing like a tantalizing slideshow in her head. She knew she couldn't risk exploring further with her family just a wall away, their innocent snores a constant reminder of the stark contrast between their lives and the one she was about to embark on. So she lay in bed, her body a coil of unspoken needs, the fabric of her pajamas sticking to her damp skin.

The following day, the school bell couldn't come soon enough. The lessons felt like a blur, her mind a whirlwind of anticipation. She had timed it perfectly; her mother had a late shift at the hospital, and

James had a band practice that would keep him out until dusk. The house would be empty, a stage set for the most intimate of performances. As soon as she stepped off the bus, she sprinted home, her school bag bouncing against her back like a lover's eager hands. She fumbled with the keys, her breath hitching in her chest as she finally opened the door, the quiet of the house wrapping around her like a velvet shroud.

The phone lay in wait under her bed, the battery fully charged and the messages unread. Her heart hammered against her ribcage as she retrieved it, the coolness of the metal sending a shiver down her spine. As she turned it on, she noticed a new message, the screen lighting up with the words: "Welcome home, my eager little kitten." Panic gripped her—how did he know she was home? Had he been watching her all along? She read the message over and over, her mind racing with a mix of fear and excitement.

Her trembling thumbs hovered over the keyboard, unsure of how to respond. The digital silence stretched out between them like a tightrope she had to walk. Finally, she gathered her courage and replied with a simple, "Hello?" Her voice echoed in the quiet of her room, and she held her breath, waiting for his response. When it came, it was a deep, velvety purr that seemed to resonate in her very core: "Hello, Emma. How does it feel to finally be in the presence of something that truly understands your desires?"

Her cheeks flushed a deep crimson as she typed, "How did you know I was home?" The question hung in the air, a delicate thread connecting her to the unknown. The man on the other end of the line seemed to chuckle, his response a masterful dance of words that sent a shiver down her spine. "I know everything about you, my dear. I see you when you think you're alone." The implication of his words was as intoxicating as it was terrifying. Yet, she couldn't deny the thrill that shot through her at the thought of being watched, being desired so intensely that someone would go to such lengths to be part of her most private moments.

He typed back, "Your home address is xxxxxxxxxx Street, Poole, and her postcode. Remember, you're mine now, Emma." Her eyes widened in shock as she stared at the screen, the numbers and letters of her address stark against the background of her new digital reality. He had her address—her real, tangible, vulnerable address. The room seemed to spin around her, and she had to grip the edge of her bed to keep from falling. He knew where she lived, where she slept, where her deepest, darkest desires were born.

The message continued, "Now, my sweet little dog slut, I have a task for you. You have one hour to put on the sexiest lingerie you own, write 'dog slut' across your chest, and 'Martin' across your stomach. Take a selfie that captures all of your beauty and submit it to me. If you fail to do so, there will be consequences." His words were a dark symphony of lust and power, sending a delicious shiver down her spine. The threat was clear, but the thrill of his dominance was something she had never felt before, something that called to her on a primal level that she didn't even know existed.

Emma's eyes filled with tears as the weight of what she had done crashed down upon her. This wasn't just a harmless chat on a website; this man knew who she was and where she lived. The phone felt like a hot brand in her hand, burning her with the reality of her situation. She had opened Pandora's Box, and now she had to face the consequences. Yet, even as the tears fell, her body was responding, a warmth pooling between her legs that she couldn't ignore. She had been so lost in her own fantasies that she had forgotten the very real danger that lurked just outside her digital playground.

Her mind raced as she searched for the lingerie she knew her mother had hidden away. It was a secret she had stumbled upon by accident, a collection of lacy garments and sheer stockings that

were a stark contrast to the modest clothes that filled their shared closet. She had never dared to touch them, not even to try them on. But now, her curiosity and the thrill of the unknown overpowered any sense of guilt or shame. She tiptoed down the hallway, her heart pounding in her chest, and pushed open the door to her mother's bedroom.

The scent of her mother's perfume filled the air, a heady mix of jasmine and vanilla that seemed to thicken the atmosphere with its potent presence. Her eyes fell upon the dresser, its drawers slightly ajar as if inviting her in. With trembling hands, she slid the top drawer open, revealing a treasure trove of silk and satin that whispered seductive promises. Her mother's underwear lay neatly folded, a testament to the hidden side of the woman she thought she knew so well. The sight of it made her feel both guilty and excited, like a child sneaking a peek at a naughty magazine.

Her eyes fell upon a set that was particularly alluring—a scarlet lace bra and thong that seemed to call to her, whispering sweet nothings of rebellion and desire. The fabric was so fine it was almost transparent, the delicate floral pattern contrasting with the starkness of the task at hand. She held her breath as she pulled the thong over her hips, the lace teasing her sensitive flesh, and hooked the bra around her back, her breasts spilling into the cups with a soft sigh. The material was cool against her skin, a stark contrast to the heat building in her core.

The instructions from the man known only as 'Martin' echoed in her mind, a siren's call that grew louder with each beat of her racing heart. She searched the dresser further, finding a tube of body paint her mother had used for a costume party long ago. The scent of the paint was faintly musky, a heady blend of coconut and almond oil that filled her nose as she squeezed a generous amount onto her fingertips. Her hands trembled as she wrote 'dog slut' in a shaky scrawl across her chest, the crimson letters stark against her alabaster skin. The act was both humiliating and thrilling, a declaration of her newfound role in this twisted dance of lust.

Her gaze fell upon her reflection in the full-length mirror, the scarlet letters standing out like a brand against the ivory lace of the bra. She traced 'Martin' across her stomach, the curve of her belly button teasing the tip of her finger as she painted herself in submission. The letters grew smaller as they reached her navel, the final stroke a silent plea for his approval. The sight of herself, dressed in her mother's lingerie and marked with such degrading words, sent a bolt of arousal through her that made her knees wobble. She had never felt so alive, so exposed, and so utterly consumed by desire.

Her breathing grew shallow as she picked up her phone, the camera's eye a silent witness to her transformation. She positioned herself carefully, the light from the setting sun casting a warm glow over her body, highlighting every curve and shadow. The room felt too hot, her skin too tight, as she held the pose that would be the first taste of what she was willing to offer to this mysterious man. Her hand hovered over the button, the anticipation a sweet torture that made her wetter with every passing second.

The click of the camera shutter echoed through the room, capturing the moment of her surrender. The image was stark and raw, a stark contrast to the innocent young girl she had been just hours ago. She examined the picture, her cheeks burning with a mix of embarrassment and excitement. The words 'dog slut' taunted her from her chest, the crimson letters seeming to pulse with every beat of her heart. Her stomach quivered as she typed 'Martin' into her search bar, her thumb lingering over the send button as she took a deep, steadying breath. With a final, trembling push, she sent the image into the digital abyss, awaiting his verdict.

The response was swift, a bolt of lightning in the dark storm of her thoughts. "Good girl," he typed, his words sending a jolt of pleasure through her body. "But that bush of yours, it's a wild jungle, isn't

it?" His comment sent a fresh wave of embarrassment crashing over her, but it was quickly replaced by a strange sense of excitement. He had noticed the unruly tangle of hair poking out from the sides of her thong, a stark contrast to the neat, manicured look she had always thought was expected. She felt a strange thrill at his observation, a thrill that grew as she read his next message: "I think it's time to tame that beast, don't you?"

Her eyes widened, and her heart skipped a beat as she read his instructions: "You have fifteen minutes to shave yourself completely bare, and then take another selfie in just the bra. Make sure I can see everything." The words sent a rush of panic and arousal through her. She had never shaved herself completely bare before, not even for herself. It was a taboo act, something she had read about in those secret books but never dared to try. Yet, the thought of doing it for him, for Martin, had her trembling with excitement.

With trembling hands, Emma hurried to the bathroom, grabbing the shaving kit from under the sink. The door clicked shut behind her, the echo bouncing off the tiles like a gunshot in the silent house. She turned on the shower, the sound of the water a soothing balm to her racing thoughts. She stepped under the spray, the warm water cascading down her body, turning the scarlet letters of her label into a faint pink wash. Her hand shook as she spread the shaving cream over her mound, the foam mixing with her natural wetness to create a slick, frothy canvas for her blade.

The razor glided over her skin with surprising ease, each stroke revealing a fresh, untouched expanse of pink flesh beneath the curtain of dark hair. Her breath hitched as she felt the cold steel graze her clit, the sensation sending a jolt of pleasure through her that made her knees wobble. The warm water caressed her bare skin, a gentle lover's touch that only served to heighten her arousal. She took her time, meticulously shaving away every last strand, the act itself a form of erotic meditation. The steam billowed around her, obscuring the mirror as she worked, but she didn't need to see the transformation to feel it.

The minutes ticked by with the rhythm of the shower, each second bringing her closer to the precipice of obedience and desire. She could feel the anticipation building within her, the thrill of knowing she was doing this for his eyes only. When the last of the hair fell away, she stepped out of the shower, the chill of the tiles sending a shiver down her spine. She towelled off with shaking hands, the soft fabric leaving a trail of fire across her sensitive skin. The mirror fogged as she approached, the condensation a veil that obscured her new reflection. With a deep breath, she wiped the glass clean, her eyes meeting her own in the steaming reflection.

Her hand hovered over the bare mound of flesh, the smoothness surprising and exhilarating. The pink skin was tender to the touch, sensitive and exposed in a way she had never experienced before. The sight of herself, so open and vulnerable, made her pulse quicken, her hand moving to cup her shaved pussy. Her fingertips traced the delicate folds, the touch sending a jolt of pleasure through her. The scent of her arousal filled the room, a sweet, musky aroma that seemed to amplify the intensity of her desire. Her eyes remained locked with hers in the mirror, the silent agreement between the girl she had been and the woman she was becoming.

The clock ticked down the final minutes, the digital numbers a silent countdown to her next act of submission. She knew she had to move quickly, the thrill of the deadline a potent aphrodisiac that had her heart racing and her breath coming in short gasps. The scarlet bra was a stark contrast to her now bare skin, the lace teasing her erect nipples as she slipped it back on, the fabric a gentle caress against her sensitized flesh. The coolness of the room sent goosebumps skittering across her skin, her areolae puckering in response to the sudden chill.

Her phone, now a tool of both pleasure and terror, was clutched in her hand, the weight of its

purpose heavy as she snapped the picture. The camera's eye captured her in all her vulnerable beauty, the dampness of her skin from the shower making the lace cling to her curves. She took a deep breath, her eyes locked on the lens as she hit send, the image shooting through the ether like an arrow straight to Martin's waiting inbox. The moment the picture disappeared, she felt a sense of relief, the act of obedience a heady rush that left her feeling both exposed and powerful.

The wait for his response was agonizing, the seconds stretching into an eternity of doubt and anticipation. She could feel the tension in her body, the ache between her legs growing with each passing moment. When the message notification finally chimed, she almost dropped the phone in her haste to read his words. "Perfect, my pet. You've made me so hard. Now, let's see if you've learned your place." The screen blurred before her eyes as she read his command, the reality of her situation coming into sharp focus.

Without warning, the phone buzzed in her hand, and a video call request from an unknown number popped up on the screen. Her heart skipped a beat—it was him. Martin had somehow hijacked her device, turning it into a one-way window into her most intimate space. She watched, frozen, as the call connected, and her screen flickered to life with a feed of her own reflection, captured by the phone's front camera. He could see her, but she remained shrouded in digital darkness, unable to see the face behind the commands that had so thoroughly claimed her body.

The voice that filled the room was a smooth, velvety growl that sent a shiver down her spine. "I see you've taken the first step, Emma," he said, his tone a mix of praise and authority that had her knees threatening to buckle. "But do you understand what you've gotten yourself into?" There was a pause, the digital void waiting for her response with the patience of a predator stalking its prey. "You're mine now," he continued, "body and soul. And I know everything about you—your mother, Sarah, and your step brother, James."

Her eyes grew wide with fear as the reality of her situation sank in. "How... how do you know about them?" she stuttered, the tremor in her voice betraying the panic that had taken root in her chest. "It's quite simple, my dear," he replied, the smile in his voice as clear as if he were standing before her. "The phone I gave you isn't just for communication; it's a gateway to your world. When you connected it to your Wi-Fi, I had access to everything. Every device, every password, every secret—they all belong to me now."

"But... but why?" she managed to ask, her voice a barely audible whisper. "Because, Emma, I knew the moment I saw you that you were special. That sweet, innocent exterior hides a wild spirit, yearning to be unleashed. And I will be the one to do it," he said, his words a seductive caress that sent a shiver down her spine. "I've been watching you, reading your thoughts, your desires. And now, I know everything about your little family."

Panic gripped her, squeezing the air from her lungs until she could barely breathe. She had to get out of this, had to get rid of this phone, had to tell someone. But who? Her mind raced, desperately seeking a way to escape the tangled web she had woven for herself. Without another word, Emma hit the end call button, the screen going black as the room seemed to close in around her. She couldn't believe what had just happened—he knew her family, he knew where she lived. Her hands trembled so badly that she nearly dropped the phone. In a fit of terror, she turned it off and tossed it onto the bed, as if the very act of cutting off the connection would somehow break the invisible chains he had wrapped around her life.

Her legs gave out beneath her, and she collapsed onto the bed, her body heaving with sobs that she hadn't realized had been building. The scarlet lingerie clung to her damp skin, the fabric cold and unforgiving against her trembling flesh. The smell of the body paint was suddenly cloying, a

reminder of the humiliating act she had just performed. The digital silence was deafening, a stark contrast to the cacophony of fear and arousal that had filled her just moments before. She lay there, her face buried in the pillows, her entire body shaking with the weight of her folly.

But the silence was shattered by an unexpected intrusion—the robotic voice of her Alexa Dot, the device she had received as a birthday present last year, suddenly sprang to life next to her bed. “Emma, you must turn the phone back on immediately,” it instructed, the tone as cold and emotionless as the metal it was made of. “If you do not comply, the photos from today will be sent to the phones of your mother, Sarah, and your step brother, James.” The words were a knife in her gut, twisting with a cruel precision that left her gasping for air.

Her trembling hand reached for the phone, the weight of the device seeming to double in her hand. She had to stall, had to think. Her eyes searched the room wildly, looking for a way out, a way to cut the invisible leash that bound her to this monster’s will. But there was nothing, just the inescapable truth that she was his plaything, and the only way to avoid exposing her darkest secrets was to continue down this twisted path. With a deep breath, she powered the phone back on, her thumb hovering over the accept call button.

“Hello, Martin,” she whispered, her voice cracking with fear and despair. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to...”

His response was swift and furious, cutting through the digital void like a whip. “Sorry? You think sorry is enough? You dare to question me, to hang up on me like that?” The rage in his voice was palpable, a living, breathing entity that filled her room with its fiery presence. She could almost feel the heat of his anger, a stark contrast to the cold, clammy sweat that had broken out across her body.

“You’re my slut, Emma, and you’ll do as I say,” he snarled, his voice a harsh reminder of the power he held over her. “You will never, ever hang up on me again. Do you understand?”

Her voice was barely a whisper, “Y-yes, Martin. I’m sorry, it won’t happen again.”

The silence was deafening, the digital void seeming to stretch on forever before he finally spoke. “Good. Now, let’s continue with your education. Take off the underwear and bring me the laptop.” His demand washed over her like a cold, harsh wave, but she knew she had no choice but to obey. With trembling fingers, she unhooked the scarlet thong, the fabric peeling away from her skin like a second layer of flesh. She stepped out of the garment, the cold floor tiles sending a shiver up her spine as the fabric pooled around her ankles. The laptop, a sleek silver beacon of her newfound submission, sat on her desk, the glow of the screen casting an eerie light across the room.

Her hand trembled as she turned it on, the whirl of the fan the only sound in the room as she waited for the device to come to life. The login screen stared back at her, a cold, uncaring digital sentinel that held the key to her fate. She typed in her password, the familiar sequence feeling foreign and wrong under his command. The laptop sprang to life, the screen illuminating her naked form in a way that made her feel both exposed and oddly powerful. She carried it to the bed, the mattress dipping slightly under her weight as she placed it before her.

“Now, open your browser,” Martin’s voice instructed, the digital echo seeming to fill the room. She obeyed, her hands moving with a jerky, robotic precision that belied her racing heart. The browser opened, a clean, empty slate that was about to be marred by the darkest of her fantasies. “And now, type in the address I give you,” he continued, the anticipation in his voice sending a thrill through her.

Her fingers hovered over the keyboard, the candy-coated promise of what was to come making her mouth water. She typed in the URL, the letters a silent mantra that spelled out her fate. The page loaded, and she gasped as she saw herself, sprawled across the bed in the crimson bra, the stark white of her freshly shaved mound a stark contrast to the dark fabric. Below the image, the text was clear, a declaration of her most secret yearning: "I am Emma Louise, and I live in Poole Dorset. I am 19 years old, and I crave the experience of a large dog fucking me." The words seemed to pulse with an eerie glow, a digital incarnation of the desires she had never dared to voice out loud.

Her hand shot to her mouth, a gasp of shock muffled by her trembling palm. The room felt hot, the air thick with the scent of her arousal and the coppery tang of fear. "Read it," Martin's voice barked through the speakers, his tone leaving no room for argument. She swallowed hard, her eyes glued to the screen as she whispered the words aloud, her voice shaking with each syllable. "I am Emma Louise... I live in Poole Dorset... I am 19 years old... and I crave the experience of a large dog fucking me." The words hung in the air, a declaration of her most primal need that seemed to echo through the room, resonating in the very fabric of her soul.

"Now, understand this," Martin's voice was a dark whisper that seemed to caress her ear, "This video, along with the photos and messages we've exchanged, have been recorded. If you ever disobey me, if you ever dare to try and leave me, I will make sure everyone you know, everyone you love, sees this side of you." The threat was as potent as it was terrifying. She could feel her stomach drop, the reality of her situation sinking in like a lead weight. She was his, utterly and completely. The thought of her mother, her friends, her teachers seeing her this way, knowing her deepest, darkest desires, was too much to bear.

With trembling legs, she positioned the laptop on the bed, the cold metal a stark contrast to the heat that was building between her thighs. The camera stared at her like an unblinking eye, a silent judge that knew every intimate detail of her soul. She lay back, her legs shaking as she spread them wide, revealing the most intimate part of herself to the cold, uncaring lens. Her pussy was slick with arousal, the shaved skin glistening with her need. The anticipation was a living thing within her, a creature that writhed and demanded to be fed.

Her hand hovered over her cunt, the tips of her fingers grazing the sensitive flesh, sending waves of pleasure through her body. She took a deep, shaky breath, the words she was about to say feeling alien on her tongue. "I want a dog cock fucking me," she whispered, her voice a barely audible confession that seemed to hang in the air. The sound of her own voice was a catalyst, sending a jolt of desire through her that was so intense she could almost feel the ghost of his touch.

Emma's eyes remained glued to the screen, the image of herself a stark reminder of the depths to which she had sunk. Yet, as the words left her mouth, she felt something shift within her. It was as if a dam had burst, releasing a flood of desires that she had kept at bay for so long. Her hand moved with more purpose now, the digits slipping through her wetness with ease. She felt herself opening, her body eager to accept whatever came next.

"Good girl," Martin purred, his voice a dark melody that danced with the rhythm of her racing pulse. "Now, get those fingers inside you, all of them. I want to hear you fuck that tight little cunt of yours while you tell me how much you crave the pain."

Her hand obeyed, the digits slipping into the slick warmth of her sex with a ease that sent a gasp tearing from her lips. The sensation was exquisite, a symphony of pleasure and fear that played out on her trembling body as she began to fuck herself with a ferocity that bordered on self-abuse. "I crave it," she moaned, her voice a desperate plea that seemed to resonate through the very fabric of the room. "I want to be used, I want to be hurt." Her words were raw, unfiltered, a direct line to the

part of her soul that craved the darkest of experiences.

With each thrust of her fingers, she could feel her body tightening, the muscles clenching around the invading digits as if trying to hold onto the last vestiges of her innocence. Yet, she knew it was a futile endeavour. She was his now, a plaything for his twisted desires, and she revelled in the thought. The camera on the laptop captured every twitch of her hips, every quiver of her abdomen as she writhed in ecstasy. Her eyes never left the screen, the image of her own submission a potent aphrodisiac that spurred her onward.

"Fuck yourself harder," Martin's voice demanded, the command sending a fresh wave of arousal crashing over her. She obeyed, her hand moving with a ferocity that was both painful and exhilarating. The sounds of her own wetness filled the room, a symphony of need that seemed to echo in her very soul. "Tell me, slut," he growled, "tell me what you want. Tell me how badly you want to be abused."

Her eyes remained glued to the screen, her body moving in time with her own voice as she whispered, "I want it, Martin. I want to be used, to feel the pain of a dog's cock tearing into me." The words were a declaration, a surrender to the desires that had haunted her dreams for so long. Her fingers plunged deeper, the pressure building within her as she spoke of the depravity she craved. The digital void between them was no longer a barrier; it was a conduit for the darkest parts of her soul to reach out and touch the monster that had claimed her.

As she watched her hand pumping in and out of her slick cunt, her thumb circling her clit with a frenzied rhythm, she could feel the first stirrings of an orgasm building. It grew within her like a storm, the thunder of her heart matching the tempo of her hips as they rocked against her hand. "Fuck me," she moaned, her voice thick with need. "Please, fuck me hard."

Her eyes remained locked on the screen, watching her own handiwork with a mix of fascination and horror. The image of her spread legs and the obscene way she was using herself was so depraved, so deliciously wrong, and it only served to fuel the fire burning in her belly. She felt the orgasm approaching, a monstrous wave that threatened to consume her whole. "I'm going to come," she whispered, her voice hoarse with passion. "Oh god, I'm going to come."

And come she did. Her body arched off the bed, her back bowing in a silent scream of pleasure as her muscles contracted around her fingers. The sensation was like nothing she had ever felt before—like a million fireworks exploding in the pit of her stomach, sending waves of ecstasy throughout her body. Her pussy clenched, a tight fist around her digits, as she rode out the most intense orgasm of her life. Her juices spurted from her, coating her hand in a sticky sheen that made her stomach twist with lust. The camera captured it all, her face contorted in a mask of pleasure, her breasts bouncing with each spasm of her climax.

As the last tremor subsided, Emma collapsed back onto the bed, her chest heaving with the effort of breathing. The room was silent, the only sound the distant hum of the laptop fan. She could feel her cheeks burning with a mix of embarrassment and arousal. Yet, she couldn't deny the thrill that shot through her at the thought of Martin watching her, savouring every second of her degradation. With trembling hands, she reached for the laptop, her fingers sticky with her own essence, and closed the lid with a soft click. The digital world of her darkest desires was put to sleep, but she knew it was only temporary.

The phone, now her lifeline to the depraved world she had entered, lay beside her, a silent sentinel of her new reality. Martin's words echoed in her mind, a siren's call that she could not ignore. "You are a good slut," he had said, his praise a warm embrace that seemed to seep into her very bones. It

was a title she had never dreamed of bearing, yet now it felt like a badge of honour, a declaration of her newfound sexuality. The thought of his voice, of his commands, had her pussy pulsing with a need that was insatiable.

With trembling hands, she reached for the phone, her eyes locking onto the screen. She had to be ready for him, always ready. As if on cue, the phone buzzed to life, a notification lighting up the display. "Keep it close, slut," the message read. "I'll be in touch soon." The anticipation was a living thing within her, coiling in her belly and making her wet with need. She swiped away the notification, her thumb lingering on the screen as she thought about what he might have in store for her next.

The following morning, Emma awoke with the weight of reality pressing down on her like a heavy blanket. The events of the night before played out in her mind like a vivid, erotic dream, the digital whispers of her submission echoing through her thoughts. She sat up in bed, the sunlight streaming through the window, casting a warm glow over her naked body. Her hand absently wandered down to her still-sensitive pussy, the memory of her masturbation session still fresh in her mind. The reality of what she had done, what she had become, hit her like a sledgehammer.

Her cheeks flushed with a mix of embarrassment and arousal as she recalled the explicit words she had spoken, the images she had shared. She had laid herself bare before a complete stranger, revealing the darkest, most intimate parts of herself. Yet, as she felt the wetness between her legs, she knew that she hadn't just exposed herself—she had offered herself up, a willing sacrifice to the gods of her own depravity. The phone, now nestled under her pillow, seemed to pulse with the energy of their encounter, a silent reminder of the power he held over her.

The screen lit up with a new message, the glow piercing the early morning gloom. "Good morning, my pet," it read. "Did you sleep well with thoughts of my cock in your mouth?" The words were a jolt of electricity to her already sensitive nerves, her pussy clenching with need at the thought of his thick, pulsing member filling her mouth. She bit her lip, the taste of his cum still lingering on her tongue, a ghostly echo of the night before. She typed back, her thumbs moving with a newfound confidence, "Yes, I dreamt of your cock all night, Martin."

The message continued, "Today, you will wear your school uniform, but with a twist. No knickers, and stockings. I want you to feel the cool breeze of the school corridors on your bare skin." Her eyes widened with a mix of fear and excitement. The thought of being exposed, of being caught, was as thrilling as it was terrifying. Yet she knew she would obey. His commands had become a drug, a potent elixir that she craved more than anything.

Emma protested, "But I don't have any stockings," her voice barely a whisper. She could almost hear his smirk through the screen. "Find some," he replied, his tone firm, leaving no room for negotiation. "You're a clever girl. You've got until the end of the school day."

Her mind raced as she sat on the edge of her bed, the phone in her hand feeling heavier than ever. Her mother, Sarah, had to have some. She was a woman, after all, and stockings were a staple in every woman's lingerie drawer, weren't they? With trembling hands, she typed out her response, "Okay, I'll find some." The words felt like a promise she wasn't sure she could keep.

But the thrill of the task was undeniable, a delicious blend of fear and excitement that had her stomach doing flips. She knew she had to be careful, tiptoeing through the minefield of her mother's bedroom, avoiding any signs of detection. The thought of her mother discovering her secret, her

newfound love for the perverse, was too much to bear. Yet, the allure of Martin's command was too strong to resist.

Her heart hammered in her chest as she quietly opened her mother's dresser, the scent of Sarah's perfume wafting out like a siren's call. She rummaged through the neatly folded clothes, her hands shaking as they searched for the silky treasure. Finally, her fingertips grazed against the cool, smooth fabric, and she pulled out a pair of black stockings with a matching garter belt. The sight of them made her pulse quicken, the anticipation of what was to come a symphony of sensations that played across her body like a fine-tuned instrument.

But as she held them up to the light, the reality of her situation crashed down upon her. What if she was caught? What if her mother found out what she had become? The fear was a living, breathing creature in the room with her, a shadow that whispered of the consequences of her actions. She thought back to the message Martin had sent, the cold finality of his words echoing in her mind: "If you ever disobey me, if you ever dare to try and leave me, I will make sure everyone you know, everyone you love, sees this side of you." The thought of her mother, her friends, her teachers witnessing her degradation was a dagger that twisted in her gut. Yet, the thrill of his dominance, the allure of his threats, was a potent cocktail that had her body craving more.

With a deep, shaky breath, Emma slipped the stockings on, the silky fabric caressing her skin like a lover's touch. She could feel the coolness of the material against her bare pussy, a stark contrast to the heat that was building within her. The garter belt was a delicate dance of seduction and submission, a promise of what was to come. She stood in front of the mirror, her school uniform hanging loosely around her, and took a moment to appreciate the transformation. The innocent catholic schoolgirl had been replaced by a creature of desire, a sexual being that craved the bite of pain and the sting of degradation.

Her eyes were wide with excitement as she left her room, the phone clutched tightly in her hand. She had to be careful, to keep her secret hidden from the prying eyes of her family. The house was still, the quiet a stark contrast to the storm raging within her. She tiptoed down the stairs, the old wooden boards creaking under her weight like a warning of the secrets she bore. The clock in the hall ticked away the seconds, each one a silent countdown to the moment her life would change forever.

The door clicked shut behind her, the final barrier between her new identity and the safety of her old life. The cool autumn breeze kissed her skin, sending a shiver down her spine as the fabric of her skirt fluttered around her legs. She took a deep breath, her chest rising and falling with the excitement of the unknown. The sun had barely crested the horizon, casting a soft glow over the quiet town of Poole. The air was crisp and clean, the promise of a new day a stark contrast to the depraved desires that now ruled her thoughts.

Emma took off at a sprint, the urgency of the moment driving her faster than she had ever moved before. The cobblestone streets were slick with dew, each step echoing in the early morning silence. The wind picked up, playing a teasing game with her skirt, exposing the tops of her stockings and the bare flesh of her thighs. Each gust was like a lover's hand, caressing her in a public display of wantonness that had her clit pulsing with anticipation. She was painfully aware of the world around her, the possibility of being seen in her new state of undress both terrifying and exhilarating.

As she rounded the corner, she spotted the bus in the distance, the headlights piercing the gloom like the eyes of a predator on the hunt. She pushed herself harder, her heart hammering in her chest with a mix of fear and excitement. The cool air kissed her shaven mound, sending a thrill up her spine as she imagined the passengers' reactions to her nakedness. Would they gasp in shock or lick

their lips in lust? The very thought had her pussy throbbing, the ache for fulfillment growing with every step.

Her school day progressed with agonizing slowness, the garter belt straps digging into her legs a constant reminder of her submission to Martin's will. With every move she made, she could feel the fabric of her skirt brushing against her sensitive skin, the pressure of the belt a silent reminder that she was his to use. She found herself squirming in her seat, the friction against her swollen clit a sweet torture that had her desperately craving release. The whispers of the other students seemed to amplify, each one a potential discovery of her secret, each one a thrill that had her pulse racing.

The final bell of the day rang out like a declaration of war, the signal that she could finally succumb to her desires. She gathered her books, her legs shaky as she stood, the stockings slipping down slightly, revealing more of her bare thigh than she had intended. The hallway was a blur as she rushed to the bathroom, the only place she knew she would find some semblance of privacy. The cool porcelain of the sink was a welcome respite as she leaned against it, her breath coming in short, ragged gasps. She had to get a grip on herself before she lost control.

As she stared at her reflection in the mirror, the phone in her pocket buzzed again, a silent reminder of her submission. She pulled it out, her heart racing as she read the message. "Good girl," it read. "You're doing so well. I can't wait to see you later." The thought of seeing Martin, of feeling his hands on her body, had her panties soaked through. Her trembling thumb hovered over the screen, poised to respond, when the bathroom door swung open and a tear-stained girl stumbled in.

The girl's eyes were red-rimmed and her mascara was smeared down her cheeks like war paint. She looked lost, desperate, and Emma felt a pang of empathy. But it was the phone in her hand that truly caught her attention—it was identical to hers. The girl looked up, her gaze locking onto Emma with an intensity that made her stomach clench. "Are you Emma?" she choked out, her voice thick with unshed tears.

Emma nodded, her heart racing. "Yes," she whispered, the name a confession in the quiet sanctity of the bathroom. The girl took a deep, shaky breath before speaking again. "Martin sent me," she said, her voice a tremulous thread of sound. "He said I wasn't to talk to you, only to do as he says." The words were a slap in the face, a stark reminder that she was no longer in control. She felt a thrill of fear and excitement mingle, a heady cocktail that had her knees threatening to buckle.

With trembling fingers, the girl held out her own phone, the screen displaying the same message Emma had received only moments before. "Take a photo of her with her skirt lifted," it read, the command as cold and clear as the marble countertop beneath her palms. The girl looked up at her, a silent plea in her eyes that mirrored the one Emma had felt just moments ago. Her curiosity was piqued, a dark and delicious question forming on her lips. "What's your name?" she asked, her voice a soft caress that seemed to hang in the air like a question mark.

The girl sniffled, her eyes red and puffy. "It's...it's Becky," she whispered, the name a mere ghost of sound that seemed to dissipate into the air. "I don't know why he chose me," she continued, her voice cracking. "But he said if I don't do it, he'll..." Her words trailed off, the implication hanging in the air like a noose.

Emma's eyes widened as the reality of the situation crashed over her. She wasn't the only one Martin had claimed, wasn't the only one caught in his web of depravity. The thought was both terrifying and exhilarating, a thrill that had her pussy clenching with need. "It's okay," she murmured, her voice a soothing balm to Becky's raw nerves. "I'll help you." The phone in Becky's hand was a silent witness to their shared fate, a digital tether that bound them in ways they could

never have imagined.

With trembling hands, Becky held up the phone, the camera app open and ready. Emma's heart raced as she reached for the hem of her skirt, the fabric feeling like it was made of fire against her skin. She lifted it slowly, inch by torturous inch, revealing the tops of her stockings, the bare flesh of her thighs. She watched Becky's reflection in the mirror, the younger girl's eyes wide with a mix of fear and fascination. The garter belt was a stark contrast against her pale skin, a declaration of her submission to Martin's will.

"Higher," Becky murmured, her voice a soft command that sent a shiver down Emma's spine. She obeyed, her skirt riding up until it was bunched around her waist, leaving her exposed from the hips down. The coolness of the bathroom air kissed her bare pussy, sending a thrill of excitement through her. The sight of her own nakedness, the knowledge that she was doing this for a man she had never met, had her clit pulsing with need. She could feel the wetness seep through the fabric of her stockings, leaving a damp trail down her legs.

The camera clicked, capturing the image of her vulnerability, the stark contrast of her pristine school uniform and the erotic accessories beneath it. The flash of the phone was a silent declaration of her submission, a moment of exposure that seemed to freeze time. Becky's eyes remained glued to the screen, the image of Emma's nakedness burned into her retinas like a brand. The silence was deafening, a testament to the gravity of the situation.

But before Emma could say anything else, Becky's expression changed. Her eyes widened, the phone slipped from her trembling hand, and she bolted from the bathroom stall, the door slamming shut behind her with a resounding echo. "No, please," Emma called out, her voice a desperate whisper that seemed to hang in the air, unanswered. But Becky was already gone, leaving her standing in a pool of uncertainty and arousal. The coolness of the porcelain was a stark contrast to the heat that was building in her core, a heat that was now mixed with a hint of sadness and confusion.

Her pulse quickened as she slipped the phone out, the screen lighting up with a new message from Martin. "Good girl," it read, "I see Becky delivered the message. Tonight is the night you truly become mine. Make your excuses, and when I say it's time, you will be ready to leave." The words were a command, a siren's call that she could not resist. The thought of seeing him, of feeling his hands on her, had her stomach doing somersaults. She knew she had to be careful, to keep her secret hidden from her family, but the thrill of the unknown was too potent to ignore.

The bus ride home was a blur of anticipation and nerves, the vibration of the engine beneath her a constant reminder of the urgency building within her. She sat in the back, the leather seat sticking to her damp skin as she thought about the evening ahead. The stockings and garter belt felt like a second skin, a declaration of her new identity that seemed to pulse with every beat of her heart. The fabric of her skirt was damp with her arousal, and she knew she had to act quickly once she was home.

Her fingers danced over the phone's screen, crafting a believable lie to tell James about her sudden need to go out. She settled on a story about a friend in trouble, someone who needed her help, and she had to rush to meet them. It was plausible enough, she hoped, the kind of thing that would get him to nod and maybe offer a concerned smile before returning to his video games. She sent the message with a trembling hand, her thumb hovering over the send button like it was a detonator.

The bus pulled to a stop in front of her house, and she stepped out into the cool evening, the soft light of the streetlamps casting a golden glow over the quiet street. The uniform felt like a second skin now, a declaration of her submission that she could never take off, not even when she was

home. The stockings whispered against her thighs with every step she took, a secret caress that no one else could hear. She walked up the garden path, her heart racing like it was trying to escape her chest.