

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



The early morning light was just beginning to filter through the curtains, a pale, hesitant glow that did little to dispel the chaotic storm raging within me. I was Laura, eighteen, my world irrevocably altered. Mum's new boyfriend, Tyrone, thirty-eight, a man who filled a room with a quiet confidence that resonated deep in my bones, had moved in. His presence had subtly, undeniably, shifted the rhythm of our home. Mum, forty-two, was perpetually at the hospital on weekends, her absence leaving a peculiar void that Tyrone's presence now, unexpectedly, filled.

It had started innocently enough, a groggy Saturday morning. Stumbling out of my room, desperate for the loo, I pushed open the bathroom door without so much as a thought, let alone a knock. And there he was. Tyrone, stepping out of the shower, droplets of water glistening on his powerful, dark skin as he reached for a towel. My heart slammed against my ribs, a sudden, violent drumbeat. My face burned, a furious blush creeping up my neck as I stammered, "Oh, sorry! I didn't know you were in here!" My voice came out as a strangled squeak, embarrassingly high.

He didn't flinch, didn't make it awkward. He simply met my gaze with a calm, steady look, his eyes dark and deep, before deliberately wrapping the towel around his waist. "Bathroom's all yours," he said, his voice a low, even rumble, before brushing past me and out the door. But in that split second before I turned away, before he moved into the hallway, I saw him. All of him. And, God, I don't even know how to say this without feeling like a total creep, but he was huge. Like, truly monumental. Nothing I'd ever seen before, not that I've seen much, but still. It was just... there, impossible to miss, a dark, thick, formidable presence that sent my brain into a full-blown short-circuit.

I shut the door, sank onto the loo, and tried to act normal, but my mind was racing at a hundred miles an hour. I couldn't unsee it. That image—dark, thick, long, and undeniably, astonishingly immense, swaying with his casual movement—it was burned into my head, a vivid, almost glowing brand. My cheeks flushed again, a fresh wave of heat, just thinking about it. I tried to shake it off, splashing cold water on my face, telling myself to get a grip. It's just a body, Laura. You saw a body. Big deal. But as I went back to my room, made my bed, and scrolled through my phone, it kept creeping back. That thing. I mean, how could it not? It was like something out of a movie, unreal almost, possessing a raw, untamed power that was both terrifying and undeniably captivating.

All day, I couldn't focus. My thoughts were a tangled mess, each thread leading back to that single, shocking image. I'd be pouring cereal, the mundane task suddenly monumental, and my mind would drift. I'd see it again, clear as day, the sheer scale of it, the dark, rich color, and my stomach would do this weird, twisting flip. I kept thinking about Mum, about how she must feel with him, how intimate their life must be, and then I'd cringe so hard I wanted to disappear. That's so wrong, Laura, I told myself, a fierce whisper in my head. She's your mum. That's her private life. But then my brain, like it was betraying me, would whisper back, What would it feel like? And I'd shut that thought down fast, horrified. No, no, no. That's even worse. He's her boyfriend. He's practically family now. What is wrong with me?

I tried desperately to distract myself. I blasted music through my headphones, the lyrics a meaningless jumble. I texted my friend Ellie about some dumb TikTok, forcing myself to type coherent sentences while my mind raced. I even started reorganizing my closet, pulling out clothes I hadn't worn in years, anything to keep my hands busy, to keep my head from spiraling. But it was like my brain had latched onto this one forbidden thing and wouldn't let go. I kept picturing the way the water had glistened on his skin, the casual, almost indifferent way he'd wrapped that towel around himself, like he didn't even know what he was doing to me. Not that he was doing anything on purpose. God, I hoped he hadn't noticed me staring. The thought made my cheeks burn again.

By the time Mum got home from her shift that evening, I was a mess. I kept avoiding Tyrone's eyes at dinner, terrified he'd somehow know what was going on in my head, that my thoughts were plastered across my forehead for him to read. He didn't act any different, just made small talk with Mum about her day, laughed at her stories, his deep voice a comforting presence that now felt oddly unsettling. I poked at my food, my thoughts spiraling, a fresh wave of guilt washing over me. I felt like I'd crossed some irreversible line just by thinking about it. I mean, I'm eighteen, I'm not supposed to be this flustered over something so... stupid. It's just a body, right? But it wasn't just that. It was the way my mind kept pulling me back, making me wonder things I shouldn't, feel things I shouldn't.

I went to bed early, hoping sleep would reset me, wipe the slate clean. But lying there, staring at the ceiling, I knew this wasn't going away so easily. It was like my brain had found this one thing it wasn't supposed to touch and decided to obsess over it with an almost terrifying intensity.

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## **The Forbidden Touch**

It was Sunday morning, and the second I opened my eyes, it was like my brain picked up right where it left off. That image of Tyrone, un-toweled, magnificent, from yesterday was still there, vivid, like it had been waiting for me to wake up. I tried to shove it away, to think about literally anything else—school, my plans with Ellie, even the stupid dishes piling up in the sink—but it was no use. My head was a mess, and my body felt all jittery, a nervous energy thrumming beneath my skin, like I'd had too much coffee. I wasn't thinking straight. I wasn't thinking at all.

I got out of bed, my bare feet cold on the floorboards, and headed for the bathroom. But as I passed Mum's bedroom, I noticed the door was slightly ajar. My heart did this weird, heavy thud. I could hear Tyrone snoring, deep and steady, a powerful, rhythmic rumble that filled the quiet house. I don't know what came over me. I should've kept walking. I should've gone straight to the bathroom, done my business, and moved on with my day. But instead, I stopped. My hand hovered over the door, and before I could talk myself out of it, before any rational thought could form, I nudged it open just enough to peek inside.

My stomach dropped to my knees. There he was, sprawled out on the bed, no sheets, completely naked. And—oh my God—he had morning wood. I thought he was huge before, when I saw him in the bathroom, but now? Hard, it was... enormous. Like, a foot long, at least, and as thick as my wrist. The sight was mesmerizing, terrifying, utterly captivating. I couldn't breathe. My mouth went dry, and my heart was pounding so loud I was sure it'd wake him up. I just stood there, frozen, hypnotized, my gaze riveted to the dark, engorged length. It was like my brain had checked out, and all I could do was stare, completely transfixed.

I don't know what possessed me. I wasn't thinking, I swear. It was like my body moved on its own, a silent, primal command overriding everything else. I stepped quietly toward the bed, my hands trembling with a nervous energy. I told myself to stop, to turn around, to get out before I did something stupid, something irreversible. But then I was standing right there, next to him, my breath catching in my throat, and before I could stop myself, I reached out. My fingers—just two of them, hesitant, almost reverent—brushed along the entire length of him, from base to tip, so lightly I barely felt it, a whisper of contact against his warm skin. He stirred a little, a soft shift in his snoring, a slight rustle of the bed, but he didn't wake up. My pulse was racing, a frantic drumbeat in my ears, and I felt this weird mix of thrill and guilt twisting in my chest, a potent cocktail of forbidden desire and deep transgression. I should've left right then. I should've run.

But I didn't. I wanted to do it one more time, just once, then I'd go. I swear that was the plan. I reached out again, my fingers tracing halfway along his length, feeling the weight, the heat, the undeniable power of him, and then—his eyes shot open. My heart stopped. "Oh God," I gasped, a strangled sound, and I bolted, my feet slipping on the floor as I scrambled out of the room, my body a whirlwind of panic.

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## **The Confession and the Consequence**

I stood there in the bathroom, my face burning, my eyes stinging with tears that were starting to spill over, blurring the world around me. Tyrone was looking at me, his arms still crossed, his expression a mix of concern and something else I couldn't quite read, a deep, unsettling intensity. "Laura," he said, his voice softer now but still serious, the deep timbre resonating in the small space. "Why did you do it? Why'd you come into the room like that?"

I froze. My throat felt like it was closing up, a tight knot of panic and shame, but the words started tumbling out before I could stop them, a desperate, undeniable torrent of truth. I couldn't lie, not with him standing there, not with the guilt eating me alive from the inside out. "I... I saw you yesterday," I said, my voice shaking, barely above a whisper. "In the bathroom, when you were drying off. And... I couldn't stop thinking about it. About... you know, your... size." My face felt like it was on fire, a furious inferno, and I couldn't look at him, my gaze fixed on the sterile tiles. "It was just... I don't know, it looked so... nice, and I couldn't get it out of my head. I know it's wrong, I know it's messed up, but I just... I wasn't thinking. I'm so sorry."

The silence that followed was deafening, a thick, suffocating blanket. I finally dared to glance up, and Tyrone's face was pure shock, his eyes wide, his mouth slightly open like he didn't know what to say, utterly speechless. I'd never seen him look like that, so completely caught off guard, his usual calm composure shattered. The tears came harder now, hot and stinging, and I covered my face with my hands, wishing the floor would open up and swallow me whole. "I'm such an idiot," I sobbed, my voice muffled. "I didn't mean to... I just—"

"Hey, hey," Tyrone said, stepping forward, his voice a low, comforting rumble. "It's okay, Laura. Don't cry." Before I could react, before I could even register his movement, he pulled me into a hug, his arms wrapping around me gently, cautiously, like he was trying to comfort a wounded animal. "It's just a mistake. You're young, it happens."

But then I felt it. His sweatpants were thin, way too thin, stretched taut against his body, and something was pressing against my stomach, a familiar, undeniable warmth and hardness. My breath caught in my throat, and my whole body went rigid. It was him. Again. I could feel every inch of it, just like I'd seen, just like I'd touched, and it was... unmistakable, throbbing against me. I pushed back, my hands flat against his chest, my voice sharp with panic, a raw, desperate plea. "Let go," I said, the words strained. "That's not helping at all."

Tyrone stepped back, confused, his brow furrowing. "What?" he asked.

I pointed down, my hand shaking violently. "That," I said, my voice barely above a whisper, laced with a new kind of terror. "It's... poking my stomach." And then I saw it—through the thin sweatpants, clear as day, it wasn't just... there. It was semi. My mouth dropped open, and the words just fell out, unfiltered, raw. "You're... it's... you have a... semi."

His face changed, a flash of deep embarrassment crossing it. He glanced down, and there was no hiding it. How could there be? It was... well, impossible to miss, a prominent, undeniable bulge. "Oh,

crap," he muttered, shifting awkwardly, rubbing the back of his neck, looking anywhere but at me, as if he could somehow make it less obvious, less real.

"Why... why has that happened?" I asked, still pointing, my voice a mix of shock and something I didn't want to name, a strange, undeniable flicker of fascination. My heart was pounding, a frantic drum in my chest, and I felt like I was teetering on the edge of something I didn't understand, something vast and terrifying.

Tyrone's eyes met mine for a second, and he looked almost as mortified as I felt. "You were... saying nice things," he said, his voice low, almost reluctant, a confession torn from him. "And I guess... it just happened. I didn't mean for it to."

I stood there, my mind a complete mess, tears still wet on my cheeks, my finger still stupidly pointing at him. The air felt thick, charged with unspoken electricity. My anger, maybe, or just pure frustration, began to bubble up. I couldn't believe this was happening. Without thinking, I took my pointing finger and prodded it right into the bulge in his sweatpants. "That is not acceptable," I said, my voice sharp, almost shaking with how overwhelmed I felt, how utterly out of control.

Tyrone's eyes widened, and he took a half-step back. "What?" he said, his voice a mix of confusion and embarrassment, like he wasn't sure what I was doing, or why.

"This!" I said, prodding again, harder this time, my finger jabbing into the semi that was impossible to ignore, impossible to look away from. "This is not acceptable!" I don't know why I kept doing it, why my body seemed to have a mind of its own, but I was so flustered, so caught up in the overwhelming moment, that it felt like the only way to make my point, to assert some kind of control. Except it wasn't helping. If anything, it was making it worse. I could see it through the sweatpants, the way it twitched, growing more pronounced, harder with every prod. My stomach flipped, a dizzying lurch, and I felt my face burn even hotter.

"Look!" I said, my voice rising, bordering on a shout as I prodded again, my finger pressing into him like I could somehow make it go away by pointing it out, by sheer force of will. "Look at it! How am I supposed to ignore this?" I prodded one more time, my hand trembling now, and I could see it—clear as day—it wasn't a semi anymore. It was more, much more, and there was no hiding it, no denying the full, erect truth of him.

Tyrone's face was a mixture of shock and discomfort, his hands raised in a gesture of surrender, like he didn't know what to do with them. "Laura, stop," he said, his voice low but firm, a command that finally broke through my haze. He stepped back, putting crucial space between us. "This isn't... you need to stop."

I froze, my hand still hovering in the air, my breath catching in my throat. The reality of what I'd just done hit me like a truck. I'd poked him, over and over, like some kind of lunatic, and now we were both standing there, caught in this mortifying, utterly surreal moment.

"I'm sorry," I said, the words barely a whisper. I reached out again, hesitantly this time. "I didn't mean to hurt it." My fingers, almost against my will, began to stroke him, to soothe the angry bulge I had just poked. "I was just so damn frustrated," I confessed, still stroking, a new kind of tenderness mixing with my lingering shame.

He stood there, wincing, his eyes closed, a low groan escaping him, like he was in pain, but a strange, pleasurable kind of pain. "Did I hurt it?" I asked, genuinely concerned now.

"A little," he said, his voice ragged. "But that... that makes it feel better."

"Aww, it's okay," I said, a strange, maternal instinct rising within me, completely at odds with the situation. "I'll kiss it better for you." Without another thought, I dropped to my knees, the cool tile against my skin. My hands, still trembling, reached for his sweatpants, pulling them down with a desperate urgency. He stood there, exposed, magnificent. I leaned in, my lips brushing against the dark, thick head of him. I kissed it three times, softly, reverently. "Does that feel better?" I asked, looking up at him, my eyes wide.

"Yes, a little," he said, his voice barely a breath. "Maybe a few more kisses and it will be better."

I carried on kissing it, my lips brushing against the warm, engorged skin, my breath hitching with each soft press. It felt... strange, foreign, but also undeniably compelling, drawing me in. My earlier panic was slowly, terrifyingly, giving way to a bizarre curiosity, a desperate, undeniable need to understand what I was doing, what was happening to me. The tears on my cheeks had dried, replaced by a flush that spread from my face down my neck, a deep, pervasive heat.

Tyrone's hands found my hair, not pulling, but resting there, his fingers gently tracing the line of my scalp, a silent tether. He let out a low groan, a deep, guttural sound that vibrated through me and made my stomach clench. It wasn't a sound of pain, not anymore. It was pure, unadulterated pleasure.

"Laura," he murmured, his voice thick, hoarse with desire.

I paused, my lips still close to him, and looked up. His eyes were half-lidded, heavy with lust, his face a mixture of wonder and a raw vulnerability I hadn't seen before, a primal hunger that mirrored the one stirring within me. My own thoughts were a whirlwind, a chaotic storm of sensation. I didn't have an answer for him. I just... was.

"I don't know," I whispered, the words barely audible, lost in the humid air of the bathroom. "I just... wanted to make it better. Like you said."

He chuckled, a shaky, disbelieving sound, almost a gasp. "Better, huh?" He shifted, and I felt the hard, unyielding length press more firmly against my face, a throbbing reminder of his size. "It's definitely... something."

My gaze dropped back to him, to the dark, engorged head, glistening slightly with my saliva. The sheer size of it was still overwhelming, a formidable presence, but now, mixed with the initial shock, there was a strange, undeniable allure. My mind, usually so quick to judge and recoil, felt strangely muted, replaced by a primal fascination, an irresistible pull.

"Is it... still hurting?" I asked, my voice barely a whisper, as if asking too loudly would break the fragile, intoxicating spell we were under.

He let out a shaky breath, a deep sigh that was more pleasure than pain. "No," he said, his voice deeper now, almost a growl. "Not hurting. It's... really not hurting at all." His fingers tightened in my hair, a gentle anchor, a silent invitation, and he leaned his head back against the wall behind him, eyes closing as he surrendered to my touch.

I looked at him, really looked at him, and saw a man who was as bewildered by this moment as I was, yet also entirely present, completely consumed. The embarrassment was still there, a faint echo, a distant memory, but something else had taken its place—a shared, unspoken tension that hummed in the small bathroom, thick and palpable. The world outside, Mum's hospital shift, my friends, school, all of it seemed impossibly distant, irrelevant. There was only this, only us, and this unbelievable, forbidden intimacy that was unfolding with a shocking speed.

## Consummation

"Tyrone," I breathed, the taste of him still on my tongue, a potent, earthy flavor, the raw urgency in his eyes mirroring the fierce fire now blazing in my own veins. His grip tightened in my hair, a silent command, a magnetic pull, and I felt myself respond, leaning in closer, wanting to be consumed, to lose myself entirely in this.

He didn't need to say anything. The low hum that vibrated from his chest, a deep, primal sound, the way his hips instinctively arched towards me, pressing himself against my mouth, it all spoke volumes. My hands, still resting on his thighs, tightened, gripping the warm, firm skin, feeling the taut muscles beneath. I could feel him pulse, growing even larger, filling my mouth to an almost unbearable extent, stretching my jaw.

I pulled back slightly, just enough to breathe, my lips slick, my tongue still coated with him, my eyes meeting his. They were dark, dilated, almost black, and held a wild intensity that both thrilled and terrified me, an untamed hunger. There was no more confusion, no more embarrassment, just a shared, potent understanding passing between us, a silent agreement to cross the line.

"Are you sure, Laura?" he asked, his voice rough, thick with desire, a tremor running through it, a final desperate plea for clarity. It wasn't a question of permission, but a final check, an invitation to acknowledge the irreversible path we were walking, the point of no return.

I didn't hesitate. My eyes, wide and almost feral, locked onto his, mirroring his hunger. "Yes," I whispered, the word a soft exhalation of pure desire, of fierce, undeniable need. I didn't know what I was sure of, only that this magnetic pull was too strong to resist, that the world had narrowed to this moment, this bathroom, this man, and the intoxicating heat building between us.

And then I was back, fully, completely, my mouth enveloping him, my tongue exploring every ridged inch, my breath catching in my throat as he groaned, a deep, primal sound that was half pain, half ecstasy. "Oh, God, Laura," he whispered, his voice a choked plea, as his hips began to thrust, slowly at first, a tentative probing, then with increasing urgency, a rhythm building between us that was ancient and irresistible. I closed my eyes, letting the sensations wash over me, the unfamiliar textures, the heady scent of skin and arousal filling my nostrils.

His fingers, still tangled in my hair, subtly began to guide my head, urging me deeper, faster. I responded instinctively, drawing him in, sucking, licking, teasing, my throat working to accommodate his incredible size. He let out a long, drawn-out moan, his body trembling, as he surrendered to the intensity. My fingers, still roving over his body, found the small of his back, pulling him closer, deeper, wanting more, wanting all of him. It was terrifying and exhilarating, a secret unfolding in the quiet house, a forbidden fruit tasted in the early morning light, a clandestine act of pure, unadulterated pleasure. The muffled sounds of our breathing, the soft, wet sounds of our intimacy, became the only language.

He gasped, a sharp, choked intake of breath, and then, with surprising strength and a fluid motion, he lifted me into his arms. I instinctively wrapped my legs around his waist, my inner thighs clenching around him, my arms locking around his neck, my face buried in the crook of his shoulder, inhaling his musky scent. The world tilted, the cold bathroom floor disappearing as I was held against his warm, hard body. My heart pounded against his chest, a frantic, echoing drumbeat against his own heavy thumps.

He took a step, then another, the subtle shift in his weight making me aware of his intention even



before he spoke. His voice, when it came, was a low rumble against my ear, almost a growl, thick with desperate need. "Laura," he whispered, and the sound of my name, raw and intimate, sent a shiver through me, a delicious tremor that started deep in my core and spread through my limbs.

Then, with a gentle, deliberate movement that spoke of both incredible power and surprising tenderness, he began to lower me. I felt the slow, inexorable press, the warmth, the impossible fullness, as he guided me down onto his erection. A gasp tore from my throat, a raw, shocked sound, a mixture of pain and a searing, almost unbearable pleasure that stole my breath. It was a stretch, a yielding I hadn't known my body was capable of, a stretching beyond what felt possible, and the sensation was overwhelming, all-consuming, making my vision swim. I clenched my teeth, digging my fingers into the muscles of his back, holding on for dear life as the impossible became real, as he slowly, slowly entered me.

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### **The Punishment and the Release**

My entire body went rigid with the exquisite pressure, then melted around him as he slowly, carefully, fully seated himself. Every nerve ending in me screamed, a mixture of pain and pleasure so intense it bordered on unbearable, a glorious agony. I bit my lip, tasting the metallic tang of blood, a low moan escaping my throat as I felt him stretching me, filling me completely, intimately, completely.

He paused for a moment, letting us both adjust, letting the sheer enormity of the sensation settle, letting my body acclimate to his incredible size. I could feel his heart thundering against my ribs, a frantic rhythm, and his breath was ragged against my neck, hot against my skin. My own lungs felt starved for air, my vision swimming, speckled with bright lights.

Then, with a soft grunt, a deep, guttural sound, he began to move. He lifted me halfway, just enough to feel the slight release, the teasing, tantalizing loss of contact, before lowering me again, slowly, deliberately, driving deeper with each descent. My hips began to move instinctively, a primal, ancient instinct taking over, matching his powerful rhythm, a fervent dance of push and pull. The friction built, a searing heat that spread through my core, making my muscles clench and release in a frantic, unthinking rhythm.

"Oh... God..." I whimpered, a broken sound, as the pleasure became a wave, then a torrent, a surging river of sensation. My body seized, arching against him, and the first orgasm ripped through me, a violent, shattering release that left me breathless and trembling, my head thrown back. My nails dug into his shoulders, leaving angry, red crescent marks, as I buried my face into his neck, gasping for air, clutching onto him as if he were my lifeline.

But he didn't stop. He held me tightly, his rhythm unwavering, unrelenting, and as the initial shock subsided, another wave began to build, stronger, more insistent, already pulling me back into the vortex. My body was no longer my own, no longer under my control, responding only to the insistent rhythm, the deep, penetrating thrusts, each one taking me higher. One after another, the orgasms seized me, each one more profound, more shattering than the last, leaving me crying out, shuddering uncontrollably, completely undone, lost in the sheer, overwhelming sensation.

My mind was a hazy mess of sensation, of heat and pressure and profound, shocking pleasure. I lost track of time, lost track of how many times my body convulsed around him, how many times the world exploded. All I knew was the relentless rhythm, the way he filled me, the way he made me feel something so consuming I thought I might shatter into a million pieces.



Finally, with a deep, shuddering groan that seemed to tear from his very soul, he let out a guttural cry, a raw roar of release. I felt a sudden, hot gush, an overwhelming fullness deep inside me, a warm, pulsing river, as he pulsed and bucked, emptying himself into me, filling me to overflowing. He collapsed against me, his muscles shaking violently, his weight pressing me back against the cold tile of the bathroom wall, panting.

We stood there, suspended in the aftermath, both of us panting, slick with sweat, our bodies trembling, the silence of the house once again deafening, but now imbued with the heavy weight of what had just transpired, the echoes of our passion still lingering in the air. My legs, still wrapped around him, felt weak, trembling, and I clung to him, unable to move, unable to think, lost in the hazy contentment.

"You are naughty," he murmured, his voice still thick with the aftermath, but a playful, almost mischievous edge now entering it. He was holding me so tightly I could feel the tremor in his muscles, the lingering pulse of him deep inside me.

"I know," I whispered back, a faint, breathless smile touching my lips. The shame that had consumed me just yesterday was gone, replaced by a dizzying cocktail of exhilaration and a strange, defiant joy. "Sorry."

He chuckled, a low, rumbling sound that vibrated through me. "I'll have to punish you then, won't I?"

Before I could even process the words, before my mind could catch up, he shifted, carrying me effortlessly down the stairs and into the living room. My eyes, still hazy from the intense climax, focused on the polished surface of our old wooden coffee table. With surprising gentleness, he lowered me onto my belly, arranging me so my limbs splayed out, vulnerable.

A prickle of something new – anticipation mixed with a sliver of apprehension – went through me as he began to move, taking thin, soft scarves from a nearby basket Mum used for crafts. One by one, he tied my wrists to the front legs of the table, then my ankles to the back. Each knot was firm but not painful, securing me, leaving me stretched out, exposed, and utterly vulnerable.

He stood back, surveying his work, a smirk playing on his lips, a look in his eyes I couldn't quite decipher. My breath hitched, a nervous flutter in my chest. What was he planning? What kind of punishment was this?

Then he moved towards the back door and unlatched it. The familiar jingle of Max's collar made my heart leap. Our Labrador, Max, a furry, boisterous bundle of energy, bolted through the open door. His tail wagged furiously as he spotted me, and with a joyful bark, he bounded across the room, completely oblivious to the unusual scene.

He came straight to me, sniffing inquisitively at my rear, his wet nose tickling my skin, a strange, ticklish sensation. Before I could even react, he let out a happy yip, jumped onto my back, and began to hump me, his tail wagging furiously, his excitement palpable.

I lay there in utter disbelief, then I felt a prod near my entrance, an unexpected, blunt sensation that sent a jolt through me. Then another, a firmer push, and then it entered fully in one single thrust. A gasp tore from my throat, raw and involuntary. The stretch was immense, a searing heat that spread through me, making my inner muscles clench. Max went crazy then, his own rhythm escalating into a frantic jackhammering against my back, his weight surprisingly heavy, pounding away. The dual sensations were overwhelming, a bewildering, intense symphony of pressure and friction, a profound, undeniable penetration. My body, already primed from Tyrone, responded instantly. A

wave of intense pleasure crashed over me, pulling a low cry from my lips, a primal sound. I came again, my muscles clenching around him, the orgasm a sharp, intense tremor that left me breathless and trembling, my hips grinding against the table. Max continued his furious thrusting, his warm body a vibrating weight on my back.

The pleasure intensified, building again, and then I felt it—a bulge grow inside me, a sudden, incredible fullness that stretched me to my absolute limit, an impossible expansion. It was a bizarre, almost painful sensation, but it also created a peculiar kind of lock, holding him deeply within me, a profound sense of fullness. And then, with a deep groan, he too came inside me, a hot, abundant gush that filled me to overflowing, a warmth spreading through my core.

The room settled into a heavy silence, punctuated only by my ragged breathing and Max's continued, slightly less enthusiastic, humping, gradually slowing down. I lay there, trembling, utterly spent, the impossible reality of the moment settling over me, the bizarre weight of it.

"Wow, I didn't think he would actually do it but that was amazing," Tyrone whispered, his voice still ragged with exertion as he leaned in close, his breath warm on my ear.

"Yes," I managed to say, my voice still shaky, a breathless syllable.

About five minutes later, Max finally pulled out, a soft squelch and a happy pant. Tyrone untied me, his movements gentle, almost tender, and then lifted me into his arms. He carried me to the shower, the warm water a welcome sensation against my skin as he began to wash us both down, a silent, intimate ritual.

"So, that was your punishment," he said, his voice now lower, a hint of something unreadable beneath the surface, a playful warning. "Each time you try to make advances on me, I will punish you with Max, understand?"

My head snapped up. "Oh no, that's terrible!" I protested, a mixture of shock and indignation bubbling up, a strange dread twisting in my stomach. The idea of that happening again, as intense as it was, filled me with a complex mix of fear and an almost forbidden curiosity.

He didn't respond, simply finished drying me off. Then, he carried me back to my bed and gently placed me on my side, facing away from him.

"Pull your knees up," he instructed, his voice calm, no hint of the earlier intensity, just a quiet command.

I obeyed, confused, my body still buzzing from the earlier events, my mind a blank slate. I heard a soft, wet sound, a distinct schlick, and then, a sudden, firm pressure against my butt. He pushed his middle finger in, making me gasp, a sharp, involuntary sound. He wiggled it, a slow, deliberate rotation, and a surprising wave of pleasure shot through me, so intense I almost came again, a sharp, almost painful sensation that made my body arch. Then, just as suddenly as it began, he pulled it out. I lay there, my body humming, waiting, but he said nothing else. I heard the soft click of my bedroom door as he just left, leaving me alone in the ringing silence.

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## **The Aftermath**

I lay there for a second, the phantom sensation of his finger still a vivid echo, a persistent hum. My breath hitched, a desperate need coiling in my gut, an unsatisfied ache. He was gone, but the

yearning he'd ignited was still very much present, throbbing beneath my skin.

Without a moment's hesitation, my hand shot out, reaching into my bedside drawer, my fingers fumbling until they closed around the smooth, cool plastic of my wand vibrator. I pulled it out, the familiar weight a small comfort in the chaotic storm of my thoughts. My thumb found the switch, flicking it to full power. The powerful hum filled the quiet room, a low, buzzing thrum that promised immediate, undeniable relief, a singular focus.

I shifted, pressing the head of the vibrator to my aching, swollen hole. The intense vibrations sent a shockwave through me, and I gasped, arching into the pressure, needing more, needing everything. The world narrowed again, this time to the insistent thrum and the building, consuming heat. My hips began to undulate, instinctively grinding against the powerful vibrations. The intense thrumming bypassed my brain, going straight to my core, sparking a wildfire of sensation that spread rapidly through my veins. I closed my eyes, focusing solely on the building pressure, the exquisite friction, the delicious ache. My breath came in ragged gasps, small whimpers escaping my lips as the intensity climbed, each sound a testament to the escalating pleasure.

Each pulse of the vibrator sent shivers through me, tightening the coils of pleasure until they became almost unbearable, a sweet torment. My legs clenched, my toes curled, and I arched my back, pushing myself harder against the vibrating head, desperate for the release. The tension mounted, a dizzying ascent towards an inevitable, shattering peak.

And then, with a final, shuddering cry, my body convulsed. A searing wave of pure, unadulterated pleasure ripped through me, more intense and prolonged than the previous ones, washing away everything but the raw, shattering sensation of orgasm. My muscles seized, trembling violently, as the climax rippled through every inch of my being, leaving me utterly drained and breathless, exquisitely sensitive.

I lay there for a long moment, the hum of the vibrator still against me, slowly fading as I finally pulled it away and switched it off. The silence that followed was heavy, filled only with the sound of my own ragged breathing and the thundering of my heart. My body felt both spent and strangely alive, a mixture of exhaustion and a lingering hum of deep satisfaction.

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## **The Grand Finale**

I must have finally drifted off, the intensity of the morning finally catching up to me, pulling me into a deep, dreamless sleep. My body was heavy, limbs sprawled, exhausted yet humming with a strange, lingering energy.

The next thing I knew, a loud burst startled me awake. The bedroom door flew open, and Tyrone's tall frame filled the doorway, a wide, almost manic, excited grin on his face. "Get up, get ready, I've got a surprise for you!" he exclaimed, his voice booming with an unfamiliar energy, pulling me from the depths of sleep.

Dazed, my mind still thick with dreams, I scrambled out of bed, pulling on the first clothes I could find—a worn t-shirt and a pair of faded shorts. He barely gave me time to gather my senses, to even fully wake up, before he was pulling me by the hand, his grip firm, leading me out of the house and towards the back field.

The familiar stretch of green grass, usually reserved for Max's frantic zoomies and the occasional family BBQ, now held a small, rustic stable. A prickle of curiosity, mixed with a lingering unease

from the morning's events, ran through me. What kind of surprise was this? My mind raced, trying to guess.

He led me directly to the stable, the air inside smelling faintly of hay, horses, and something else, an earthy, animal scent that was strangely intoxicating. My eyes landed on a peculiar wooden bench in the center of the stall. It was long and low, with oddly placed supports and straps, a strange, utilitarian design. Before I could ask, before I could even formulate a question, he gestured for me to lie face down on it.

"Me and your mum bought you something," he began, his voice a little softer now, tinged with a strange, almost conspiratorial anticipation. "It's supposed to be a surprise, but..."

He trailed off, walking over to one of the stalls. A moment later, he led out a magnificent horse, its coat a rich chestnut, gleaming under the stable lights, its eyes intelligent and calm, observing me with an almost knowing gaze. My breath hitched. I loved horses, I'd always dreamed of riding, but I'd never expected... this.

He brought the horse over to the bench, his movements deliberate, almost ritualistic. The animal seemed to know exactly what was expected, a silent understanding passing between them. It lifted its powerful front legs onto a low support beam on the bench, positioning itself with an astonishing precision. This brought its massive hindquarters, and specifically, its large, dark sheathed penis, directly over my exposed ass. My heart hammered against my ribs, a sudden, wild fear mixing with an undeniable surge of curiosity, a strange, potent cocktail of emotions.

The horse shuffled forward, its massive sheath dropping down, revealing a thick, dark length, impossibly large, throbbing with life. I gasped, a tremor running through my entire body, a raw, primal scream forming in my throat. He nudged it against my pussy, the blunt, warm pressure making me squirm, and then, with a slow, deliberate pressure, it slid in.

A cry, half pleasure, half searing, impossible pain, tore from my throat as I felt the incredible, monumental stretch, the complete, utter filling. The sheer size was overwhelming, a sensation that obliterated everything else, a profound invasion that sent sparks through every nerve ending. My body convulsed immediately, a raw, primal orgasm ripping through me, a violent, shattering release that left me breathless and shuddering against the wood of the bench, my nails digging into the rough surface.

The initial shock, the intense pleasure-pain, slowly receded, leaving me pinned, stretched, and utterly overwhelmed. I could feel the horse, a massive, living weight, pressed against me, its deep, guttural breathing a counterpoint to my own ragged gasps. Every muscle in my body felt stretched to its limit, a constant, raw pressure that was both excruciating and, in a horrifying way, exhilarating, pushing me beyond any boundary I knew.

I could feel the subtle shifts of the horse's weight, the warmth of its body, and the incredible, almost alien sensation of its presence deep inside me, a profound, intimate penetration. It wasn't moving, not yet, just holding me, filling me to an impossible extent. My mind struggled to process it, to reconcile the familiar image of Max and our coffee table with this utterly bizarre, deeply primal experience.

Tyrone's hands appeared, gently stroking my hair, then resting on my lower back, a strange comfort. "Easy, Laura," he murmured, his voice soft, almost soothing, a stark contrast to the wildness of the situation. "Just breathe."

I tried, but my breath hitched, still catching in my throat. My entire body still trembled from the

immediate orgasm, a phantom echo of pleasure still rippling through me. But now, it was layered with a profound sense of awe, a bewildering surrender to something completely beyond my comprehension or control.

The horse, sensing the lingering pleasure in my body, began to move. A slow, deliberate thrust, then another, and another. Each powerful surge was an incredible jolt, stretching me further, pushing me to the very edge of my capacity. I cried out, a high-pitched sound I barely recognized as my own, as the friction built to an unbearable intensity, grinding me into the bench.

My body, already primed from the earlier encounters, responded with a ferocity that shocked me. The horse's relentless rhythm hammered away, each thrust driving me deeper into a maelstrom of sensation, a swirling vortex of pleasure. Wave after wave of intense pleasure washed over me, a rapid succession of mind-blowing orgasms that left me arching against the bench, screaming into the hay-scented air, my voice raw. My vision swam, speckled with bright lights, as my entire being focused on the primal, overwhelming sensations, a complete loss of self.

The climax was continuous, a blurring cascade of release that left me breathless and utterly spent, my muscles seizing, trembling violently. And then, with a final, deep groan that resonated through the stable, the horse pulsed, a warm, thick gush as he came inside me, filling me completely, a primal weight settling deep within, a profound, warm invasion.

As the horse began to pull out, a strange, almost clinical presence appeared beside me. Tyrone, ever prepared, had a glass in his hand. With astonishing precision, he placed the rim of the glass against my pussy, catching every drop of the thick, white sperm as the horse fully withdrew, leaving me hollow and throbbing.

He then moved, bringing the glass around until it was directly in front of my face. My eyes, still hazy with lingering ecstasy, focused on the milky liquid swirling within, glistening in the dim light. A strange, unfamiliar scent, musky and earthy, filled my nostrils. He didn't say anything, simply held it there, an unspoken command in his gaze, an expectation.

Without thinking, without even a flicker of hesitation, I parted my lips. He tilted the glass, and I swallowed, the warm, slightly viscous fluid sliding down my throat. It tasted... foreign, earthy, and strangely sweet. I drank it all, every last drop, a bizarre final act in a morning that had redefined everything I thought I knew about myself, a new, shocking truth.