

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



The anticipation coiled in my belly like a serpent of desire as I approached the rustic, sprawling farmhouse that had been home to my dearest friend, Louise, since our childhood days. The quaint town of Poole, with its cobblestone streets and the ever-present scent of the sea, had given way to the rolling emerald embrace of the Devon countryside. Each step brought me closer to the tantalizing unknown that awaited me beyond the familiar embrace of my stiflingly proper Catholic upbringing. The journey had been a pilgrimage of sorts, a quest for the carnality that had been whispered about in the darkest corners of the internet, a world that seemed so distant from the sanctity of the church and the prying eyes of my mother, Sarah, and stepbrother, James.

As the farmhouse grew larger in the horizon, the scent of fresh hay and livestock filled the air, mingling with the sweet perfume of wildflowers that lined the dirt path leading up to the property. The clucking of chickens and the lowing of cows provided a serene backdrop to the tumultuous symphony of thoughts racing through my mind. I had confessed my darkest secrets to Louise during our fervent online conversations, and she had promised me an experience that would shatter the chains of my innocence. I felt a quiver of excitement at the prospect of exploring the taboo world of bestiality, a realm that both terrified and fascinated me in equal measure.

My heart hammered against my chest like a caged bird seeking freedom as I knocked on the heavy oak door. The creaks and groans of the old farmhouse seemed to echo the anticipation that had taken up residence in my core. When the door swung open, revealing Louise's welcoming smile and the warm embrace of the dimly lit hallway, I stepped over the threshold, leaving behind the remnants of my inhibited past. The weight of my confessions bore down upon me, and I feared the judgment that might lay in her eyes. Yet, the way she looked at me was not one of revulsion but rather a knowing glint of mischief that told me she had prepared something exquisitely wicked for our reunion.

"Hey, Emma," she purred, her voice thick with the promise of secrets to be shared. She guided me through the cosy, cluttered house, the walls lined with family portraits and the floorboards groaning with every step, as if whispering of the sins they had borne witness to over the generations. She showed me to my room, a quaint, attic space with a low-slung ceiling that felt like a cocoon of secrecy, perfect for the metamorphosis that I was about to undergo. The bed was small but inviting, with a quilt that looked like it had been lovingly stitched together from the fabric of a thousand sins. I placed my bag down, feeling the heaviness of my curiosity and the fluttering of anticipation in my stomach.

"Come, I'll show you around," she said with a mischievous grin, her eyes sparkling with excitement. I followed her out of the room, down the narrow, creaking staircase, and into the heart of the farm. The barn stood tall and stoic, casting a long shadow that seemed to beckon me with the promise of hidden delights. The animals milled about in the fields, oblivious to the tumult of desire that swirled within me. As we strolled, her hand brushed against mine, sending a jolt of electricity through my body.

The barn door swung open with a groan, revealing a space that was both familiar and eerily transformed. Straw lined the floor, and the faint scent of animals mixed with something musky and tantalizing. The looming rafters seemed to hold secrets that the walls of my childhood bedroom could never conceive. She led me to the far corner, where a makeshift stage had been constructed, the rough wooden planks gleaming with a fresh coat of varnish. The sight of it made me gasp, a mix of excitement and trepidation swelling within me.

On the stage, a peculiar contraption awaited us. It was a tunnel, roughly the size of a large dog,

covered in what appeared to be luxurious fur that matched the deep hues of twilight. The fur rippled with the hint of something alive beneath it, and my mind reeled with the possibilities. Alongside the tunnel, an array of bondage equipment lay scattered like the aftermath of a sadistic picnic. There were leather cuffs, chains, and a variety of whips and paddles that seemed to whisper dark promises of pleasure and pain.

As nervousness started to get the better of me, I felt the warmth of Louise's hand squeeze mine firmly, a silent reassurance that she would guide me through this uncharted territory. "Don't worry, Emma," she cooed, her voice a soothing balm to my quivering nerves. "You're safe here. This is a place where you can explore all your darkest desires without judgment." Her eyes searched my face, looking for any sign of doubt or fear, but she must have seen the hunger in my gaze because she gave my hand a reassuring tug. "Tonight, we're going to make your fantasies come true."

Without asking, she picked up a leather cuff, the black material stark against the alabaster of my skin. Before I could react, she quickly placed it around my wrist, the cool leather sending a shiver up my arm. The sound of the buckle clicking into place echoed through the barn like the snap of a whip, a harsh reminder of my newfound vulnerability. I watched in a daze as she repeated the process with my other wrist, my breath catching in my throat as I felt the restraint bite into my flesh. The sensation was oddly comforting, a stark contrast to the fear that had gripped me moments before.

With a gentle push, Louise instructed me to crawl under the fur-covered tunnel. The fur felt surprisingly soft under my palms and knees, a stark contrast to the hard, unyielding wood beneath it. I inched forward, the tight space making me feel both trapped and oddly safe. The scent of the fur grew stronger, the musky odor filling my nostrils as the tunnel closed in around me. The walls of fur brushed against my body, a teasing whisper of what was to come. I could feel the heat radiating from the animal beneath, its breaths deep and even, a living, breathing cocoon of desire.

As I wiggled into position, my wrists were stretched out to the sides, and I felt the cold metal of the cuffs being fastened to the wooden frame of the tunnel. The sound of the clamps tightening sent a shiver down my spine, a delicious thrill of being utterly at the mercy of the situation. I was completely exposed, my face mere inches from the ground, my bottom in the air. The power dynamics of the moment were not lost on me; I was the submissive creature, eager to be claimed by the beast that awaited.

With a firm yet gentle touch, Louise attached the two leather straps to the metal rings of my cuffs and guided my legs backward. I felt a strange sense of relief as she secured my knees in place, the tension in the straps ensuring that I remained in a perfect, submissive posture. The fur of the tunnel brushed against my inner thighs, tickling my sensitive skin and making me acutely aware of my own arousal. I was a living doll, bound and displayed for the animal's pleasure, and the thought sent a rush of wetness between my legs.

Suddenly, I felt her hand at the waistband of my dress. She began to lift it slowly, the fabric dragging over my hips and exposing my bare ass to the cool evening air. My cheeks burned with both shame and excitement as she revealed me to the animal beneath the fur. The dress bunched around my waist, leaving only my tiny black thong as a flimsy barrier to my modesty. I could feel the warm breath of the creature on my exposed flesh, the heat of its body so close that it seemed to radiate into my very core.

"You're so beautiful, Emma," Louise murmured, her voice thick with desire. "So perfect for this."

Her words were like a warm embrace, wrapping around me as I felt the cold, rubbery sphere of the ball gag being pushed into my mouth. The taste was faintly bitter, but the sensation was surprisingly

erotic, filling my mouth and stretching my jaw wider than it had ever been. I tried to ask what was happening, but all that came out was a muffled whine.

"Shh, no need for talking," she whispered, her breath hot against my ear. "You're here to experience, not to question."

With the ball gag in place, I could only listen as she spoke, my eyes widening in shock as she revealed my true fate for the evening. "You've been with a dog before," she said, her voice dripping with satisfaction. "But tonight, oh tonight, you're going to know what it's like to be bred by something... more exotic." The words hung in the air like a dark, tantalizing fruit ripe for the plucking.

From the shadows of the barn, I heard the heavy, deliberate footsteps of someone approaching. My heart hammered in my chest as the footsteps grew closer, and then the barn door swung open, flooding the space with the fading light of dusk. A mountain of a man emerged, his broad shoulders and powerful build casting a giant shadow over the ground. It was David, Louise's brother, his eyes gleaming with a mix of excitement and something akin to pride.

"Here she is," Louise announced, her voice filled with a sense of triumph. "Our little piglet is all set for her first ride."

As I lay there, bound and gagged, the tremors of fear grew stronger. I could hear the heavy panting and snorting of a creature approaching, and the ground beneath me vibrated with its powerful movements. My mind raced with questions and doubts, but the thrill of the unknown kept my body quivering with anticipation. Then, I saw it—the unmistakable shape of a massive, 300-kilogram pig emerge from the shadows, led by the firm hand of David. The creature's eyes were beady and hungry, and its snout twitched as it caught my scent.

David looked down at me, his eyes dark with lust, and I could feel his hand reach down to grip the thin strip of fabric that was all that stood between me and complete exposure. He grabbed my thong, and with one brutal yank, the material dug into my flesh before tearing away. The fabric ripped with a sound that seemed to echo through the barn, leaving me utterly bare and vulnerable. The cold air hit my wetness, and I shivered involuntarily.

The pig's snorts grew louder, and the vibrations of its movements grew more insistent. I felt the first touch of its rough snout against my thigh, the coarse hairs brushing against my skin like sandpaper. My eyes squeezed shut tightly, and a whine of fear and excitement escaped through the gag as the pig's snout explored my body. It was a sensation that I had never felt before, the violence of the material digging into my most sensitive parts sending tears down my cheeks. The leather cuffs bit into my wrists as I reflexively tried to pull away, but the restraints held firm, reminding me that this was what I had come here for—to experience the ultimate in taboo pleasure.

David's hand guided the pig's snout, bringing it closer and closer to my soaking wet core. I could feel the heat of its breath, and the moistness of its snout as it touched me, sending bolts of pleasure through my body. "Look at that," David said, his voice thick with lust as he watched the pig's reaction to my scent. "It's definitely turned on."

The snout grew more insistent, pushing into my folds with surprising gentleness for such a powerful creature. I was trembling all over, a maelstrom of fear and excitement whipping through me like a tornado in a field of desire. The pig's touch was unlike anything I had ever felt before—coarse and wet, yet oddly tender as it began to probe me. I could feel the tip of its snout pushing into my opening, and I couldn't help but moan around the gag, my body betraying me by arching towards it.

David chuckled, his hand still resting on the pig's back, guiding it with surprising ease. "Looks like she's ready," he said to Louise, who was watching the scene unfold with rapt attention. "Why don't you give her a little encouragement?"

With a sly smile, Louise knelt beside the animal, her hand reaching under the fur to caress its swollen member. The pig's snout was now buried between my thighs, its snuffling and snorting growing louder as it eagerly explored my sex. I could feel its hot breath against my skin, and the sensation was driving me wild. I had never been so exposed, so utterly at the mercy of an animal's desires. The thought of what was about to happen sent a fresh wave of wetness flooding from my core, soaking the fur beneath me.

David watched with approval as his sister coaxed the creature's thick, veiny cock to life. The pink corkscrew tip began to emerge from the sheath, twitching and darting as it grew harder. It was unlike any cock I had ever seen—twisted and menacing, yet strangely beautiful in its raw, primal form. The anticipation grew unbearable as the pig's snout retreated, its eyes locked onto mine with a hunger that seemed almost human.

With a grunt, the pig mounted the fur-covered tunnel, its powerful haunches straddling the wooden frame. The fur bristled with each movement, creating a symphony of textures against my skin as it positioned itself. I could feel the heat of its massive body, the weight of its lust pressing down on me. My heart hammered in my chest, my breaths coming in quick, shallow gasps around the gag.

"Steady," Louise murmured, her eyes never leaving the pig's cock as it grew larger and more formidable. She reached out, her hand stroking the length of it with surprising tenderness. "Easy, boy." The pig's hips began to buck, the cock twisting and darting in time with its excitement. It was a dance of desire, a primal mating ritual that had existed long before the concept of right and wrong.

The moment the pig's cock was fully exposed, a thick, pink monstrosity that seemed to pulse with a life of its own, she took firm control. Her hand wrapped around the base, guiding it closer to my trembling body. The heat from the beast's arousal was palpable, sending a jolt of pure, unbridled lust through me. Despite the fear that clutched at my heart, I felt my body yield, my pussy clenching with a desperate need to be filled by the creature above me. The tip of its cock brushed against my folds, the sensation a strange mix of pain and pleasure that had me writhing in the restraints.

With surprising precision, Louise began to align the pig's cock with my entrance, her movements deliberate and calculated. Each touch sent a bolt of pleasure through me, and I could feel my muscles relaxing, my body preparing to accept the animal's invasion. The pig grunted and thrust, eager to claim its prize. I tasted the leather of the gag as I bit down, my eyes squeezed shut against the onslaught of sensations.

The tip of the pig's cock, slick with pre-cum, nudged against my opening, the sensation sending a shockwave through my entire being. The pressure grew, and I could feel the head of the monstrous organ pushing into me, stretching me wider than I had ever been. The pain was exquisite, a fiery brand searing through my innocence as the barrier between animal and human was shattered. I let out a muffled scream around the gag as the corkscrew tip breached my virginity, the sound a mix of agony and ecstasy.

The pig's thrust grew more powerful as it sunk deeper into my tight, quivering channel. The fur-covered walls of the tunnel felt like a warm, living embrace as the creature's hips began to piston back and forth. The sensation was overwhelming, a delicious mix of pain and pleasure that had me writhing in my bonds. I could feel the muscles in my stomach clench with each deep thrust, the sound of wet flesh slapping against fur filling the barn with a cacophony of debauchery.

The corkscrew cock twisted and turned inside me, the spiral shape creating an exquisite friction that had me gasping for breath. Each twist and turn sent bolts of electricity to my clit, the pleasure building with an intensity that I had never experienced before. The leather of the gag grew slick with my saliva, and my eyes watered with the effort of holding back my screams. The pig's grunts grew louder, the smack of its flesh against mine a steady rhythm that seemed to sync with my racing heartbeat.

As the spiral cock delved deeper, I could feel the ridge of the swollen knot at its base pressing against my inner walls, threatening to split me in two. The pressure built with each thrust, a crescendo of pain and pleasure that had me teetering on the edge of sanity. The pig's movements grew more erratic, its snout snuffling and nibbling at the soft flesh of my thighs as it sought to claim me fully.

Then, without warning, the dam burst. The pig's cock erupted inside me, hot jets of cum shooting into my depths like molten lava. The sensation was overwhelming, a flood of white-hot liquid that filled me to the brim. I screamed around the gag, my eyes rolling back in my head as wave after wave of pleasure crashed over me. The animal's cum was thick and copious, a testament to its potent fertility. It filled me so completely that I could feel it leaking out around the base of the cock, soaking the fur beneath me.

David and Louise watched the spectacle with glee, their eyes shining with perverse pleasure. They cheered and clapped, their laughter echoing through the barn like the caws of a pair of depraved crows. "Look at her, taking it like a champ," David said, slapping the pig's flank with gusto. "What a little slut you've become, Emma."

The pig's orgasm subsided, and it pulled out of me with a wet, squelching sound. The knot at the base of its cock popped free with a final spurt of cum, leaving me feeling empty and utterly used. My body trembled with the aftershocks of my own climax, the sticky mess between my thighs a stark reminder of what had just transpired.

As the pig dismounted the tunnel, David stepped forward, his own cock now bulging against the fabric of his jeans. With a wicked grin, he undid the button and zipped down his fly, revealing a thick, throbbing member that was already leaking pre-cum. "You liked that, didn't you, you little slut?" he sneered, his voice thick with lust. "Now it's my turn."

He pulled his cock out, the girth and length of it making me gasp even around the gag. The head was a deep purple, the veins standing out in stark relief against the pale flesh. He began to stroke himself, his eyes locked on my face as if watching for any sign of resistance or disgust. The sight of him touching himself so brazenly, with the smell of the pig's cum still heavy in the air, was a heady cocktail that had me panting with need.

Then, as if the night couldn't get any more depraved, Louise stepped up beside her brother. She looked at me with a wicked smile, her eyes gleaming with excitement as she reached for his cock. "Let's make this a party," she said, her voice husky with desire. She wrapped her hand around his shaft, her delicate fingers looking almost comical against his size. Together, they began to pump his cock, their hands moving in a synchronized dance of depravity.

My eyes widened as David's cock grew even harder under her touch, the head swelling and darkening to a deep shade of plum. I could feel the warmth of their bodies, the heat of their arousal, as they leaned over me. The scent of sex and animal lust hung in the air, a potent aphrodisiac that had my own body pulsing with need.

"Look at her," Louise murmured, her voice thick with desire as she stroked my hair, her eyes never leaving her brother's cock. "She's begging for it. She wants you to cover her pretty face with your cum, doesn't she?"

Her words seemed to spur him on, his strokes growing more frantic. The muscles in his arms bulged as he worked his shaft, his breaths coming in ragged gasps. I couldn't help but watch, my eyes glued to the obscene display of flesh before me. The pig had claimed me, marked me with its seed, and now David was poised to do the same, to complete the ritual of degradation and pleasure that I had unwittingly signed up for.

"Oh, fuck," he groaned, his hand moving faster and faster, the slick sound of his palm slapping against his cock filling the barn. His eyes were wild, lost in the throes of his own passion as he stared down at my bound form. "I'm going to cum, baby," he panted, his voice strained with the effort of holding back. "I'm going to cover your sweet little face with my cum."

The thought of his hot, sticky seed splattering across my cheeks and eyes, mixing with the tears and saliva already pooling there, was both terrifying and thrilling. The gag in my mouth made me feel utterly powerless, a mere receptacle for his lust. Yet, the anticipation of his release had my own arousal spiking, my pussy clenching around the memory of the pig's thick cock.

"Do it," Louise urged, her breath hot against my ear. "Cover her in your cum, David." Her voice was a siren's call, urging him closer to the edge of his release.

I could feel the tension in the air thicken as David's strokes grew more erratic. The veins on his cock stood out, pulsing with the force of his impending climax. His eyes bore into mine, a silent question that I could not answer. The leather gag was a gag of both submission and yearning, a silent plea for the ultimate humiliation that would seal my descent into the abyss of my darkest fantasies.

With a final, guttural groan, David's body tensed, and I braced myself for the onslaught. The first rope of cum shot from the tip of his cock, arcing high over my head and landing with a wet splat against the barn wall. I felt the warmth of his seed, a stark contrast to the cold leather in my mouth, and I knew that the next one would not miss its mark.

"Come on, David," Louise encouraged, her hand moving away from his shaft to gently trace the line of cum that had landed on my cheek. "Give it to her. Cover her in your essence."

Her voice was a seductive purr, her words a command that sent a shiver down my spine. My eyes remained locked on David's cock, the head now mere centimeters from my face as he positioned himself. The pearly beads of precum glistened in the dim barn light, and I could feel my own desire building to a crescendo, a symphony of sin that I never knew existed within me.

David's breath grew ragged as he leaned closer, his cock poised to unleash its hot, sticky torrent onto my face. I felt the first warm droplet hit my nose, sliding down to my top lip, and I couldn't resist the urge to lick it away. The taste was salty and slightly bitter, a tang that was both repulsive and exhilarating. The scent of sex and animal musk was intoxicating, a heady aphrodisiac that had my senses reeling.

With a triumphant roar, David's hips bucked, and a thick rope of cum shot from his cock, landing squarely on my cheek. The warmth spread across my skin, and the smell filled my nostrils, a potent declaration of his victory over my innocence. He painted my face with his seed, a twisted work of art that marked me as theirs—his and the pig's. The droplets splattered against my skin, the force of his climax a stark reminder of the power dynamic at play.

"Good girl," Louise murmured, her hand tracing a line of cum from my cheek to my chin. "Look how well you're taking it."

But as the shock of the moment began to wear off, the reality of my situation settled in like a cold, hard stone in the pit of my stomach. I had come here seeking a brief escape from the rigid confines of my life, a fleeting taste of the taboo world that had captivated me. Yet, as I lay there, bound and violated, I realized that my descent into depravity was not going to be a one-night stand. The way they looked at me, the possessive glint in their eyes, told me that I was more than just a plaything for the evening—I was a new toy to be enjoyed at their leisure.

Panic began to set in as the implications of their words sank in. My heart raced, and I struggled against the restraint, the leather cuffs digging into my wrists as I tried in vain to free myself. The gag muffled my desperate cries, turning them into a symphony of despair that echoed through the barn, only serving to excite them further. David's cum was still warm on my face, a sticky reminder of my newfound status as their personal sex slave.

It was then that Louise produced the metal collar, the gleaming steel glinting in the dim light like the teeth of a predator. "You're one of us now, Emma," she said, her voice a purr of satisfaction. "You belong to the farm, to the animals, to us."

The cold, hard metal of the collar pressed against my throat, a stark reminder of the new reality that I had so willingly stumbled into. The chain was attached to the wooden frame of the tunnel, a silent declaration of my newfound bondage. The collar was snug but not painfully so, a constant reminder that I was now a part of the farm's twisted menagerie. I felt a strange thrill at the thought, a sense of belonging that I had never experienced before.