

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



The digital realm had always been a sanctuary for my darkest desires, a place where the unspoken whispers of my mind could frolic freely without judgment. Back in the early days of the internet, my room in the North East of England became a clandestine chamber for my burgeoning obsession with a taboo that even my art student peers dared not explore—the allure of bestiality. The web, a labyrinth of depraved delights, had presented me with a smorgasbord of visual stimulation, but it was the images of women entangled with canines that had truly captured my imagination, leaving me breathless and soaking my sheets with illicit pleasure. I was a creature of the night, my thoughts a cacophony of furtive glances and guttural growls as I navigated the shadowy corridors of online forums and chatrooms, craving the validation that my fantasies were not solely confined to the realm of the unspeakable. And so, for fifteen long years, I indulged in this furtive dance of desire and denial, never once considering that the object of my obsession could be anything but a figment of my feverish imagination.

It was a fateful evening, the glow of the computer screen my only companion as the whispers of the night danced through the curtains of my apartment, when the message that would shatter the glass cage of my fantasy and propel it into the tangible world arrived. The sender's name, Mark, was a pseudonym that bore no weight in the real world, yet in the digital abyss, he had become a confidant, a fellow traveler on the path of the forbidden. His words, though typed with the cold precision of binary code, resonated with the warmth of a shared secret. "I have a trained dog," he wrote, "and I can make your fantasy come true." My heart skipped a beat, the very air around me thickening with anticipation. Was this a twisted game of cat and mouse, or the invitation I had yearned for? I replied, my fingers trembling with excitement, and we arranged a clandestine meeting in Sheffield, a city that bore no significance to me beyond the promise it held. I knew the risks; my relationship with my boyfriend, the potential for discovery, the whispers of doubt that echoed through the back alleys of my mind. Yet, the siren's call of the unexplored was too potent to resist. I packed a small bag, my mind racing with the possibilities of what awaited me, and boarded the train, my heart a tempest of excitement and dread. Little did I know that the journey I was about to undertake would not only challenge my deepest inhibitions but also reshape the very essence of my sexual identity.

The train's rhythmic chugging was a metronome to the symphony of anxiety and anticipation that played in my head. Each mile that carried me closer to Sheffield felt like an eternity, my thoughts oscillating between the fear of what I was about to do and the burning desire to finally live out my darkest dream. When the steel beast of the locomotive finally sighed to a halt, I stepped into the cold embrace of the station, my legs wobbly with anticipation. Mark, or so I thought he was, turned out to be a man named Chris. The deception was a small price to pay for the anonymity that allowed this twisted tapestry to unfold. He greeted me with a smile that did little to ease my nerves, his eyes flicking down to the small, nervous twitch of my hand where it clutched my bag. His dog, Samson, was a hulking beast of a creature, a Mastiff cross that seemed to exude an air of primal dominance. As we made our way to his car, the reality of the situation crashed down upon me like a leaden blanket. The whispers of doubt grew louder, but the thrill of the unknown propelled me forward. The car ride was a blur, my eyes glued to the passing scenery, my mind racing with every conceivable outcome. When we arrived at his home, a terraced house in Mansfield, the tension was palpable. The air was thick with the scent of musk and the electricity of a moment that would forever alter the landscape of my sexuality. I took a deep breath, steeling myself for the carnality that lay ahead, my heart hammering in my chest like a wild animal desperate to break free.

Chris's living room was sparsely furnished, the walls adorned with a few abstract paintings that did little to hide the cracks in the plaster. The sheepskin rug that lay on the floor was the only indication of the debauchery that had taken place within these walls. The TV flickered with muted images,

casting a flickering glow across the room that did little to warm the cold reality of my situation. Chris offered me a seat on the couch, his hand brushing against my leg in a gesture that was both comforting and predatory. He must have noticed the tremble in my voice when I spoke, the way my eyes kept darting to the dog that lounged by the door, panting softly. The drink he had provided me with burned a warm path down my throat as I took another sip, trying to dull the jagged edges of my anxiety. We talked, our conversation a strange dance of normalcy and anticipation, until he suggested we proceed. I nodded, my voice a mere whisper, and awaited his instructions. The dog, sensing the shift in the air, rose to his feet, his eyes gleaming with a hunger that mirrored my own. My stomach churned as I undressed, my body exposed to the eyes of this stranger and his beast. The moment of truth was upon me, the culmination of a decade and a half of pent-up fantasy and desire. As I positioned myself on all fours, the soft wool of the rug tickling my skin, I couldn't help but wonder if this was a mistake, if the line between fantasy and reality had been blurred beyond recognition. Yet, as Chris coaxed Samson closer, his hand guiding the massive dog into place, I felt a strange sense of inevitability, as if I were merely a puppet in a play I had written long ago. The dog's snout nuzzled against my crotch, the heat of his breath a stark contrast to the coldness that had settled in my soul. The first touch of his velveteen muzzle against my sensitive flesh sent a shockwave through me, a mix of fear and arousal that had me gripping the rug tightly. The whispers in my mind grew to a crescendo as the moment of truth approached, my body trembling with the weight of anticipation and doubt.

Chris's gentle touch guided me through the initial awkwardness, his voice a soothing balm as he whispered reassurances that seemed to fall on deaf ears. The dog's weight upon me was more than I had ever imagined, a crushing presence that both terrified and thrilled me in equal measure. The sensation of his coarse fur against my skin sent a shiver down my spine, my heart racing as I felt the unyielding pressure of his engorged member pushing against my entrance. The room around me seemed to shrink as the dog's instincts took over, his powerful hind legs driving him closer, the tip of his cock nudging insistently. I bit back a whimper, my eyes squeezed shut tight as he entered me, the stretching pain a stark reminder that this was no longer a figment of my imagination. The initial shock of his penetration washed over me like a cold wave, my body fighting against the intrusion even as a perverse pleasure began to bloom. With each thrust, the pain receded, making way for a primal need that I had never felt before, a craving to be filled completely by this creature of instinct and power. The room was filled with the sounds of our mingled breaths, the slap of fur against skin, and the wet, squelching noises of our union. I could feel the dog's knot swelling, his body tensing as he approached his climax, and my own orgasm built like a storm, a tumultuous crescendo of sensation that I had never dreamed possible with a partner of flesh and fur. And yet, as the storm broke and the dog's seed filled me, I realized that the reality was not as I had envisioned. The fantasy had been a sleek, curated experience, whereas this was raw and unfiltered, the very essence of carnality. The act complete, I lay there, panting and trembling, the weight of the dog's body a comfort and a prison all at once, my mind racing with the realization that the line between desire and disgust was thinner than a spider's web, easily shattered by the cold wind of doubt that now blew through my thoughts.

As Samson's knot began to shrink, the reality of the situation crashed down upon me, the weight of his body lifting as he withdrew. I felt exposed and vulnerable, the rug beneath me stained with the evidence of our encounter. Chris offered a hand, helping me to my feet, but his touch now felt alien, the warmth of his skin a stark contrast to the coldness that had seeped into my soul. I couldn't meet his eyes, my gaze instead fixated on the floor as I gathered my clothes, my hands shaking. The fantasy had been a cocoon of control, where every moment played out in the safety of my own mind, but now the stark reality left me feeling dirty and cheap. The dog looked up at me with a gaze that seemed to understand my turmoil, his tongue lolling out in a canine grin that sent a shiver of revulsion through me. I had come seeking validation, to live out my darkest desires, but instead, I

found myself face to face with the hollowness of my obsession. The journey home was a blur, the drive to Sheffield and then the train's rumble a taunting reminder of the distance between the woman I had been and the woman I now was. The scent of the dog's cum in my panties was a constant companion, a reminder of the act that had both fulfilled and repulsed me. At every station, every jolt of the train, I felt a piece of myself slip away, leaving behind a shell that was both haunted by the experience and craving more. It was a duality that I could never share with anyone, a secret that would fester in the shadows of my mind, a constant reminder of the night I had crossed the line from fantasy to reality, and found that the other side was not the Eden I had so desperately sought.

As the train pulled into York for the transfer, I couldn't help but feel a sense of dread mingling with the lingering arousal. The bustling station was a stark contrast to the quiet confines of Chris's house, and the thought of navigating through the throngs of people, my body still reeling from the encounter, was almost too much to bear. I hastily made my way to the bathroom, the need to cleanse myself from the sticky remnants of my tryst with Samson overwhelming. The cold water of the sink offered little relief, the harsh fluorescent lights revealing the flushed cheeks and swollen lips that betrayed my recent activities. I stared into the mirror, searching for the girl who had once felt so alive with the thought of this very moment, but all I saw was a woman lost in the wilderness of her own making. The reflection staring back at me was a stranger, her eyes haunted by the shadows of doubt and the echoes of the grunts and pants that still filled my ears. I hurriedly changed my knickers, the damp fabric a silent testament to the act I had just committed, and boarded the next train back to Newcastle, my heart a heavy burden in my chest. The journey was a blur of self-loathing and recrimination, the rhythmic clack of the wheels on the track a metronome to the tune of my inner turmoil. Each mile that carried me away from Mansfield felt like a step further into a world of regret and isolation, my mind a whirlwind of questions and what-ifs. Had I truly enjoyed the experience, or was it merely the thrill of the taboo that had held me captive? Was this a path I wanted to continue down, or had I simply satiated a curiosity that had plagued me for too long? As the lights of Newcastle grew closer, so too did the reality that I had to face my boyfriend, the man who knew nothing of the monstrous appetite I had just sated with a creature of fur and fangs. The weight of my secret grew heavier with each passing second, a burden that I knew would never leave me. The digital sanctuary that had once been my escape had become a prison of flesh and bone, and I was left to navigate the treacherous waters of truth and deceit, my soul forever changed by the furtive embrace of the beast I had so fervently desired.