The Ravishing of Beauty

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The concrete floor of Belle’s cell was cold and rough beneath her feet. Her Beast had thrown her in here, again. He often did before ravishing her.

She took solace in the hard, gray walls and thick iron bars that held her there. The chaotic thoughts of her overactive mind eased away. Her mind was consumed by an acute awareness of her shivering body covered only by a transparent white chemise. She couldn’t wait for her Beast’s arrival. Just the thought of her Beast’s incredible power sent hot tendrils of adrenaline shooting up her abdomen.

Her Beast had transformed back into his human form just a few months ago, though they had begun their affair long before.

She thought back to their first time. She was in the library, sitting on the floor with her back against one of the many bookshelves and reading e.e. cummings’ erotic poetry. The words flowed hotly through her body and her vagina throbbed every time she read the words *hunger*, *feel*, *touch, spine, killing, ow, oh no, come, divine, bones,*and most especially,*monster*. She kept reading until her body was so overcome with arousal that she couldn’t focus on the words anymore.

She slipped her hands between her skirt and pulled her underwear down to her knees. She was already so wet her fingers slid between her lips. The smell of books filled her lungs and she arched backwards, displacing books as she delved further into her fantasy of her Beast coming in and taking over her.

When she came, torrents of pleasure flowed from her clitoris through her abdomen and spiraled out through her limbs. A dark pool of cum and sweat marked the silk lining of her hot pink skirt. She felt perfectly relaxed. She opened her eyes and the library had a soft, hazy glow.

A shadow wavered from the corner of her eye. She looked toward it and saw the form of her Beast in the doorway. His large, bright blue eyes took her in. It was unclear how long he had been there, but she secretly hoped he had been there to witness it all.

She was always astounded by his appearance. He was nearly seven feet tall and appeared to be a mix of fearsome, beautiful creatures. His back was broad and curved like a bear, his paws large and clawed like a lion, his limbs strong and lean like a wolf. A pair of sharp teeth lay against his upper lip and deep brown, silky hair covered his body. Horns curved up over his ears. Despite his outward appearance, she sensed a brilliant humanity deep within him.

She also noticed his turgid cock bulging in his trousers. It was huge. Painfully big.

The Beast stayed in the doorway, watching his Belle, his Beauty, stare back at him. Her mouth was slightly agape, her cheeks glowed, and she was shameless about her exposed, wet pussy. Her smell filled his massive lungs with scents of a flourishing rose garden draped in sweet cum and sweat. His cock throbbed painfully against his trousers, begging to be unleashed and into her, into her everywhere. Ramming up inside her until she was drained of everything.

They had barely interacted before. He was intimidated by her. He could hardly do more than invite her to dinner and sloppily eat his meal while she watched, sweetly coaxing him into remembering his manners. He was uncomfortably aware of his monstrous form. Being so ugly tormented him. He read “The Ugly Duckling” over and over, hoping one day he would be handsome again. He tried not to dwell on her being his only hope for returning to his human body. If he thought of it too much, it would ruin him.

Even worse, she was as devastatingly beautiful as he was horrifyingly ugly. Her eyes were doleful and deep chestnut brown, flecked with gold. Her chestnut hair ran in waves down the long curve of her spine. Her lips were plump and a deep, warm pink. He often imagined how they would look stretched around his cock.

She was his only hope for reversing his curse, but how could she ever learn to love him? Her personality was all that gave him confidence. She was kind and quiet most of the time, but he sensed something twisted inside her. Something she wasn’t fully in touch with yet. It was territory to be explored.

“Stand up,” he said.

His voice was husky and demanding. Shivers of adrenaline shook her body, both from terror and arousal. She stood on shaky limbs and leaned against the bookshelf for support. The wet spot on her skirt brushed against her upper thighs and her panties left a trail of cum as they slid down her calves.

He walked up to her and could see her trembling, but her nipples were hard and perky beneath her hot pink wool sweater. She was tense, her energy balled up tightly inside of her. She refused to move until he asked her to. Even just the contact of his hot, heavy breath against her cheek sent a rush of sensation down her neck. She knew he would touch her soon and he wouldn’t be gentle. She was so aroused, even the slightest touch would send rivers of pleasure through her body.

“Pull up your sweater,” he demanded.

She slowly rolled up the soft wool, exposing her tender breasts. He gazed hungrily at the untouched mounds of her full breasts and her erect, mauve nipples. His cock throbbed harder in his trousers. He longed to suck on her breasts, caress them, and twist her nipples. He refrained from doing so, knowing his rough paw pads and sharp claws would mar her soft flesh. Other parts of her would not be so lucky.

He swept a whole shelf of books to the floor with one swipe of his arm. He wondered if he might lose control, ripping and tearing her to pieces like his prey. He couldn’t resist her, especially not now with her half-naked body awaiting his next command. He would have to control himself. At least enough to keep her alive.

“Turn around and bend over.”

She did, resting her forearms against the cool wood. She was so wet it felt like a pool was forming between her thighs.

He ripped her skirt down the back and a wave of her sweet, hot scent hit his nostrils. He needed to be inside her immediately. He quickly unzipped his trousers and rammed inside of her.

She moaned, unable to restrain herself. His huge girth pressed so hard against her inner walls he thought she might rip open.

His movements were slow at first, allowing her pussy to stretch to accommodate his circumference. He grabbed onto her hips, his paw pads rough against her hips. His claws drew sharply across her skin, sending piercing shockwaves of sensation through her body.

His thrusts inside of her came increasingly quickly. She felt almost like she was being stabbed repeatedly with his cock. Tremors of pleasure coursed like rollercoasters through her body as he bore deeper and deeper into her. Her breathing was heavy and she succumbed to the wild sensations through her, pulling her away from reality.

Her vagina was warm and almost painfully snug. He could feel her inner walls pulsing fast and hard along his cock. Carnal desire roiled inside his enormous chest.

He drilled into her, matching his rhythm to her soft moans. He wanted to consume her, devour her, possess her completely. He needed to own her gorgeous, pure flesh. He yearned to slice her skin, mar her all over with beautiful, bloody curves. But he couldn’t. Not yet. He was overcome with desire, losing himself inside her. If he began tearing her apart he wasn’t sure he could stop. Instead, he dug his claws deeper into her hips, gripping her flesh until she bled. She cried out and drew air in sharply through her teeth, but said nothing. Her vagina pulsed harder along his cock as he dug his claws in deeper.

The release of searing pain as he sunk his claws into her skin caused her to orgasm, a warm explosion between her thighs that poured out through her limbs. She felt tingly all over, like stars were sparkling inside her skin.

He focused on her blood trailing down her soft, white buttocks and pushed himself harder and faster into her. Enormous amounts of cum shot out inside her and he pulled out, watching his cum trail down her shaking thighs.

“Stand up,” he ordered.

She did silently, her body still so high that speaking would take her back into reality, ruining the high. She also felt herself wincing every time she moved. Her hips were bruised purple and marred with deep red cuts, the blood trailing down her legs. She liked the wounds, though. He desired her so intensely he had crushed her in his grasp. Her entry felt especially sore and opened. By transference she felt as though her whole self had been opened and she was herself transformed.

“Face me.”

She turned around toward him. Her gaze met his and she pressed herself against him, wrapping her arms around his warm chest. Her fingers threaded through his soft fur. He tenderly placed his paws on her back, not wanting to touch the fresh wounds along her hips.

Her Beast smelled like sandalwood and animal. She could feel the limber network of muscles and bones beneath his fur. She felt so safe cuddled against him, his giant heart thumping against her cheek. The rhythmic sound calmed her. It was a reassuring reminder that he was alive and inher arms.

Although he had hurt her, she didn’t seem to be in pain. Not really. Still, he worried she might hate him for the ugly thing he had done. He wanted to be sure she was alright. “Are you hurt?” he asked.

A wave of affection flowed through her. She felt better than she ever had. She enjoyed how rough he was and wanted more. When he sliced her flesh, he had ruined her. She had never felt so close to anyone. Her surrender of her skin bound her to him in a corporeal way. She felt safe with him, too. He desired her exactly as she was. In her home town, she was considered strange. An outcast. She moved her fingers across a patch of his fur and kissed the patch tenderly.

His body relaxed for a moment, her affection flowing through him.

“I may tear into you again,” he said. “It’s gruesome. But I will make the scars beautiful.” She nodded against his chest. “Let me look at you.”

She untangled her limbs from around him and took a couple steps back. He saw the blood was drying. Her cuts needed to be washed and bandaged.

“Take a bath with me,” he said. She nodded. “I’ll wash your wounds.”

In her Beast’s large claw-foot tub, he gently washed the deep cuts. The bottle of antiseptic and a soft cloth fit awkwardly in his paws. Belle couldn’t help giggling. She tried to hide her laughter behind her hand, but he looked hurt.

“Put those down. My cuts are clean, now,” she said.

She took the soap and squirted some into her palm. She rubbed the soap through her Beast’s fur, massaging his skin beneath. He flinched when she touched him. He couldn’t help it. All of his servants had been transformed into objects, so he hadn’t felt human touch in years. He wasn’t used to it.

“Relax, my Beast,” she said. He shut his eyes and relaxed into her touch. Belle was gentle but firm in her movements across his chest and shoulders. She was so sweet. Every aspect of her was kind, even when he didn’t deserve it. He was already falling in love with her. He wanted to devour her, consume her whole, to have her entirety across his tongue.

She could feel his hard cock between her thighs. Wordlessly, she took its girth between her fingers and pushed it up inside of her. She rode up and down its length, the tub water sloshing onto the marble floor.

He could feel her hard nipples rubbing against his chest. The feeling of having her slight weight and hot insides wrapped all around him was the best thing that had ever happened to him. He hoped desperately that she was the girl who was going to save him. The gift of the library had been a catalyst for this revolutionary evening already. She was already saving him, somehow simultaneously accepting his beastliness and reminding him of his humanity.

Her breath quickened and he grunted with pleasure.

“Careful, Belle. If you get me too excited I might tear into you again. I don’t want to do that again. Not yet.”

To read the complete story, check out The Ravishing of Beauty on Amazon, <http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00JENFZBI>