The Beauty and her Beast

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Beauty sacrifices her freedom and ends up trying to save her beast from the darkness imprisoning him

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Once upon a time in a land not too far away lived a widowed man and his three beautiful daughters, who lived in an opulent manor just outside the village. Although kind and gentle, he was a shrewd businessman, who made his riches through hard work and determination. Not wanting his daughter to ever want for anything, the merchant lavished them with exquisite clothing, giving them anything their hearts desired.

The older two daughters were vain and greedy, always flaunting their wealth, especially to the citizens of the village, who were very much less fortunate than they were. The villagers, tired of being looked down upon, grew to hate the sisters. Poor Belle, the youngest sister and entirely innocent in every way possible, got the brunt of all the villagers hate, as her two lazy older sisters treated her like their personal slave.

Fair haired and blue eyed, Belles porcelain skin was unblemished and took on a very becoming rosy glow when she exerted herself. Petite and dainty, she was the epitome of pureness, making even the most vestal nun look like a common whore. The men of the village licked their lips and made lewd comments to each other about sinking their fat cocks deep into her tight pussy, as she walked by them. The women of the village hated her on sight, just because of the way she looked.

Belle, kind hearted and always willing to lend a helping hand, tried to see the good in everyone and never took the women’s catty remarks to heart. It was the comments that the men made to her that always puzzled her. She could never figure out why they always wanted to stuff their roosters into her cat’s body. She didn’t even own a cat!

One day, the merchant told his daughters that he would be going a business voyage and asked them what kind of gifts they wanted upon his return. The older, two daughters insisted on getting extravagant jewels, silk dresses, and gold, while Belle, who never asked for anything and seldom

wore jewelry or silks, only wanted a rose. So, the merchant set off on his journey, promising his daughters that he would bring back what they wanted.

The merchant's trip was successful, and he was able to return home much sooner than anticipated. The ship with his merchandise was scheduled to arrive three days after he got home, allowing him the opportunity to take the long way home and see the country side. The lush greenery of the forest, with its woodsy scents, hypnotized his senses. Enthralled in the simple, elegant beauty of nature, the merchant failed to watch for his landmarks and ended up hopelessly lost in the dense forest.

He wandered for days until he happened upon an immense castle nestled deep in the woods. A sturdy black iron fence surrounded the property. The merchant pushed the rusted gate ajar and entered the property. He made his way up the winding gravel path to a stair case made of shiny black granite that wound its way up to a foreboding double door. Cautiously, he pushed the door open, wincing as its rusty hinges squealed his arrival.

"Hello!" he yelled into the empty foray; his voice echoing, "Is there anyone home?"

Hearing no answer, he ventured deeper into the castle.

"I'm lost and hungry. I haven't slept in almost two days. I'm seeking permission to rest here, before trying to find my way home," he called out.

He looked to his left and then to his right and found only darkness. Directly before him and down a hallway was a closed door. Seeing a warm, golden glow emanating from under it, he made his way to the room. He pushed the door open to reveal an elegant dining room, with a long table set for one. Bowls of steaming vegetables, platters of roasted game, and flagons of wine were set strategically around the place setting. The dishes were made of the finest china known to man; the utensils were sterling silver inlayed with pure gold.

Feeling right at home, he sat down, sighing as his ass was cushioned by the plushest, velvet cushion he had ever felt. His stomach growled loudly. Spurred on by his demanding appetite, the merchant hurriedly filled the plate with a little bit of everything and devoured his meal, until his greedy stomach could hold no more.

Sighing, he leaned back in the chair, reaching down to unfasten his now tight trousers. With his base needs now met, he wished that he had a cigar or even some brandy. He drummed his fingers on the polished oak table top. Although dead tired and knowing that he should rest, the merchant's still youthful body was restless. His body was craving an after dinner treat, decidedly different than tobacco or liquor.

Cursing the fact that he gotten lost and would be missing his weekly appointment with Monique, he opened his pants and pulled out his stiff cock. Fisting the veiny shaft, he squeezed, until his glans was dark purple and throbbing. His cock head throbbed with beats of pleasure, as a tiny pearl of cream beaded from his piss slit. A tiny moan escaped his slack lips, as he rubbed his thumb across his cock head, smearing the slimy drop.

Pushing his chair further away from the table, he pushed his trousers down to his ankles and spread his thighs wide open. His cum filled balls lay heavily below his fist. Using his left hand, he tugged on his shaft, pulling on the tightening skin until his foreskin enclosed over his plum. Pulling back down, he watched his glans slowly emerge, shiny with his milky precum. He repeated this process over and over until his entire cock was coated in sticky fluids and his balls buzzed with pleasure.

Soon, his throbbing cock was bobbing and twitching, and his sac was drawn tightly to his tense body. The pressure in his groin was painfully wonderful. He squeezed his shaft hard, and using his right hand, he cupped his nut sac, pulling down gently. On the verge of a mind blowing orgasm, he smeared the fingers of his right hand in the copious amount of cream that flowed from his slit. When they were glassy wet, he kicked free of his trousers, propped his feet on the table and eased his hand under his tight sac and touched the puckered, brown hole that lay hidden between his ass cheeks.

Mimicking what Monique would do while she swallowed his shaft, the merchant pushed lightly against the resistant orifice, steadily increasing the pressure while he jacked his stiff cock. Sweat beaded on his forehead as he got closer to his release. Not wanting to cum so quickly, he slowed his pace and pushed his finger past the now defeated ring of muscle that had fought so hard. His finger, now gloved in the warm, tight confines of his rectum, wiggled its way deeper, searching for the walnut shaped pleasure spot that gave him so much ecstasy.

Guttural moans echoed in the empty room, as he tapped and rubbed his prostate. His other hand yanked and pulled on his shaft, as cum poured from his slit. Jerky waves of pleasure coursed up and down his thighs. His cock went rock hard; his balls painfully tight. With a hoarse cry, the merchant’s entire convulsed, as thick, white ropes of jism rocketed their way out of his tense body. His ass hole contracted around his finger, sucking the thick digit like a lover.

He rode the powerful orgasm, until the waves faded like the morning tide. His body, now weak with fatigue and at the same time sated, relaxed. The merchant eased his finger free from his dark, quivering hole and dropped his legs to the floor. Cum oozed down his hand.

Grabbing the fine linen napkin from the table, he wiped the slimy mess from his finger and groin. He, then, pulled his pants back on and left the table. Exiting the room, the merchant ascended the

staircase. Using the first bedroom he found, he collapsed down on the feather mattress and slept soundly, until the golden rays of the morning sun woke him several hours later.

The merchant, grateful for the amenities, wished that he could personally thank the castle's owner for his hospitality, but much like the night before the castle was eerily empty. As he approached the door, he noticed a bush growing from a golden pot sitting next to the oak doors. A dainty red rose stood proud on its firm green stem. He leaned down and inhaled its heady, thick fragrance, remembering Belle's request.

Happily, he cut the rose free, glad that he would be able to honor his sweet Belle's request. He had tried to get her a rose on several occasions, but found that this particular flower was very hard to obtain, due to its rarity. Now, all his sweet daughters would get what they desired, and no one would feel left out. The merchant reached for the door handle and went to pull the heavy door open, when a large hand painfully grasped his shoulder and swung him around violently.

"How dare you desecrate my home!" the behemoth yelled.

"Wha…," the merchant stammered, terrified.

The master of the castle stood before him. The merchant's eyes traveled a long way upward, finally resting on the harshly handsome face of a very angry man. Black hair framed severe features. His black eyes flashed. Strong hands rested on lean hips. His thighs were the size of small trees. His shoulders were twice the width of the merchant's. He must have been almost seven feet tall, truly a formidable man indeed.

"You come into my home and eat my food and ruin my linens with your foul seed, and then have the nerve to steal my most prized possession!" he growled, menacingly.

"I'm sorry! I never meant to offend you. I promise!" the merchant cried.

"Before I take your most prized possession, tell me what prompted you to take what was mine," the man demanded.

"It was for my daughter! Honest!" the merchant said.

"Your daughter, huh. What is this daughter's name?" the beast inquired.

"Belle," he answered, showing the beast her likeness.

The beast, at a loss for words, stared at the tiny portrait of Belle. Her innocence was blatantly obvious, even in a picture. Knowing that someone like her would never accept the beast in him, he shoved the picture back into the merchant's hands in disgust.

"You may give your daughter this rose, on one condition," the beast said.

"Anything, just please don't kill me," the merchant agreed.

"Once you give her the rose, you must return to the castle and remain here forever!" the beast said, smugly.

Saddened, but grateful that the beast spared his life, the merchant agreed to the beast's conditions and set off for home. Several days later, he arrived at his house and was greeted by his older daughters' demands for their gifts. He, happily, gave them what they wanted, kissing them on their cheeks. As they fought over who got what, the merchant glanced at Belle, who was waiting quietly in the corner. She rushed over to her father, embracing him warmly.

"Oh, father! I missed you so," she cried, nestling her face into his neck.

The merchant, angry about his predicament, hugged her stiffly and then pushed her away roughly. Stung, Belle's wide blue eyes filled with tears. The merchant dared not look at her face. He knew that it wasn't her faulty, but still blamed her.

"Father?" Belle timidly said.

He turned away from her, returning to his bickering older daughters. Belle was confused. What had she done to upset her father? For several days, the merchant rudely ignored Belle, who grew more saddened every moment. Finally on the third day, she overheard her father talking to his business partner.

"I'm in a bit of a predicament, Henri," the merchant said.

"Oh?" Henri replied.

"Why couldn't Belle be more like her sisters and ask for material things? Why did she have to ask for that damn rose!" the merchant ranted.

"Belle asked for a rose? Wherever did you find one?" Henri asked.

“Yes…a damned rose! I found one growing at this castle in the dark forest, but apparently it was owned. When I cut it from the bush, I angered this beast of a man, who demanded my life in return!” the merchant exclaimed.

“Your life!” Henri said, in awe.

“Yes, but I talked him out of killing me. I told him that the rose was for Belle. I showed him her likeness, and he let me take it on one condition,” the merchant continued.

“What? What do you have to do?” Henri prompted.

“I have to return to the castle…forever,” he said; voice dull.

“But…but what will become of your daughters,” Henri inquired.

“That is where you come in,” the merchant replied.

Having heard enough of the conversation, Belle leaned against the side of the house. It was never her intention to cause her father distress. She never thought that a simple rose would cause this much problems. Determined to make things right, she waited until that evening. Draping her cloak over her tiny shoulders, she set off for the dark forest, hoping that this beast would take her as his prisoner, instead of her father.

Several hours later, the merchant, who had mulled things over in his head, finally decided that Belle did not deserve the treatment he has given her, went to his youngest daughter’s room to apologize and give her the rose. He knocked on her door and received no answer. Pushing the door open, he scanned the room and found no Belle. There was a note on her bed.

It said, “Dear Father, I never meant for my request to force you into imprisonment. I just wanted a simple flower. I will go to the dark forest and offer my life to the beast, so that you may have yours. I love you. Your loving daughter, Belle.”

The merchant, wondering how she knew about the beast, felt relief, and then guilt about the sacrifice his young daughter was giving. He knew that he should follow her and make her return home, but he didn’t, not yet, anyway.

Belle walked through the night, until she reached a castle that matched her father’s description. Terrified, she ascended the step leading to the massive set of double doors. The foray was dark, shadows jumped out from every corner to attack her. Belle stumbled around in the near blackness.

Tripping over an unknown object, she threw her hands out in front of her and slammed into something, as hard as marble. Her hands traced what, at first, she thought was a statue, but too warm to be one. Screeching, she pushed away from the body, stumbled over another object. Unable to halt her descent, she hit her head on the floor and blacked out.

The beast moved out of the shadows. Surprised to find Belle, rather than the merchant, he picked her limp body up out of the floor and carried her to the lounge. Laying her on the settee, he gently probed the knot on her head. Finding no other damage, he brushed her hair from her face, studying her loveliness. She was sheer perfection. The beast cradled her head in his lap for many long hours, until she began to stir. Easing out from under her, he stood in front of the fire; his body nothing but a black silhouette.

“Mmm…uh…where am I?” Belle murmured.

“You’re in my home. Although, I don’t know why,” he answered, softly.

“I came to offer myself to you. I wish for my father’s freedom,” she stated; her voice timid.

“What if I refuse?” he simply said.

“You mustn’t! I’ll do anything!” she cried.

“Anything?” he asked.

“Yes…anything,” she agreed.

“What if I asked for your body?” he sneered, trying to scare her.

“Uh…if that is what you wish of me, then yes, I’ll give you my body,” Belle fronted.

Impressed with her bravery, the beast stepped into the light. Belle gasped. Never has she seen such an impressive man. Tall and dark, he looked like one of those pirates father had told her about. She had awakened from many dreams about those pirates; her sheets tangled around her legs; her most secret places moist and throbbing.

Taking her gasp as a sign of disgust, the beast scowled at the tiny woman, growling loudly. Belle, seeing the shift in his mood, flinched. Determined to be brave, she pushed off the settee and approached the man. The closer she got to him the smaller she felt. Stopping directly in front of him,

she looked up at his face.

“What do you wish me to call you?” she asked.

Her simple question staggered him. He hadn’t expected her to approach him, much less ask about his name. She was tiny; her head barely reached his nipple line. Her light was snaking its way into his darkness, and it scared him.

Protecting himself, he grabbed her shoulders, and growled, “Master.”

Belle, having seen the unguarded emotion in his eyes before he smothered it, made a choice to do anything this man wanted. There was something in him that called to her. His raw loneliness made her want to wrap her arms around him and shelter him from all the wrong in life.

“Yes, Master,” she said, obediently.

Confused by her attitude, he pushed her away and stalked to a large chair with plush overstuffed cushions. Sitting down, he propped his feet on the matching ottoman. With his fingers steepled under his chin, he glared at Belle.

“Take off your clothes,” he dared her.

Hesitant, her trembling fingers unfastened her blouse. She shrugged her shoulders out of the shirt and let it fall to the floor. Next came her skirt and petty coats. Belle, having never been naked in front of anyone in her life, was scared. Unsure of her next move, she went to remove her stockings.

“Leave the stockings and shoes, but take off your drawers and camisole. Quickly,” he sneered.

With awkward choppy movements, she pulled off her camisole, holding it to her breasts a fraction of a moment. Taking a deep breath, she dropped the cloth to the floor. Beast’s breathing stopped. Her breasts, milky white and capped with rosy tips, were breathtaking. Her nipples were rock hard from excitement, fear, or a combination of both. Belle’s tiny body trembled, causing her glorious mounds to bounce slightly.

“Now, the drawers. I want to see your pink pussy,” he said, hoarsely.

“Um…,” she stammered.

“Now, Belle,” he demanded.

“I don’t have a cat,” she said, flatly.

The beast blinked, and then burst into laughter. What was with this woman? How did she manage to catch him off guard twice now? He lifted his big body from his chair and approached her. He lifted her into his arms and carried her back to his chair. Standing her in front of him, he eased her drawers down her legs, steadying her as she stepped out of them.

He slid one finger down the closed seam of her puffy, lightly furred pussy lips. Sawing back and forth, his finger parted them, allowing him access to her tiny pearl hidden under a delicate hood of dark pink flesh. He rubbed her clit in circles, until it was erect, proudly poking out from her hood. Belle, panting and moaning, clenched her fists.

“This, my beauty, is your pussy,” he informed her, as he continued to circle her nub.

Belle’s low moaning turned into a high pitched keening, when he pushed his finger downward, into her virgin hole. He probed just inside her pussy; his finger testing the pliancy of her hymen.

“Very nice. You are pure,” his gravelly voice rasped.

“Ughhhh,” Belle moaned.

Beast’s cock bobbed beneath his leather trousers, as he shallowly finger fucked his beauty. Her tight sheath clung to his finger like a glove, smearing it with her oyster colored cream. She clutched his shoulders, so to not fall to the floor in a puddle of goo.

Once her hole had adjusted to his one thick finger, beast added a second, and Belle let out a harsh, guttural moan. Her pussy rhythmically contracted around his fingers, and her hips pumped in time with his finger movements. He used his thumb to circle her clit again. Pressing down on it, he tickled a rough patch deep in her cunt, making her explode.

Belle’s pussy ballooned out widely, and clamped down hard on his fingers. Her upper body fell forward, as her legs stiffened. Drool ran from her slack lips, wetting his shoulder.

“Oh my God…oh god…stop. Please stop. It’s too much. You’re going to kill me,” she panted.

But, much like the beast that he was, he did not relent. His thumb tapped her pulsing clit, while his fingers scratched her needy itch. Her cunt cream pumped out of her hole, drenching the palm of his hand.

“Don’t stop! Don’t stop! Please, don’t stop,” she begged.

Before she could say another word, the beast yanked his hand out of her pussy. He ripped open his pants, tearing the cloth as he did. Pulling his massive cock out, he spun her around. Guiding her down to his pointing cock, he felt his mushroom part her fat lips. Not wanting to hurt her, but eager to feel his dick buried inside her, he eased into her hole until he was stopped by her maidhood.

He softly told her that she would only feel pain this once, and then all pleasure. Not giving her time to think, he snapped his hips sharply upward, tearing past her hymen. White hot pain coursed through Belle’s body and tears ran down her cheek. Her beast whispered his apology, as he cupped her heaving breasts. He pinched and pulled on her rubbery nipples, while her body adjusted to the thick piece of meat in her ravaged pussy.

Beast took her hand in his and brought it to her cowering clit. He used her fingers to rub and coax her pearl back out of hiding. Belle, a quick learner, explored her flesh, finding the exact spots that gave her the most pleasure.

Letting her take over, beast clutched her hips in his hands and slowly started pumping his throbbing flesh in and out of her cunt. What started out as a fiery burn morphed into intense pleasure. With the pain forgotten, she furiously frigged her clit, trying to keep up with his thrusts.

He could feel a burning intensity growing deep with his balls, and his cock was rock hard. The beast had never felt such an urgency. It was like if he didn’t cum soon, he would burst into flames and die. He pummeled her juicy hole, as the hot fluids of his desire rushed up his shaft.

“Cum for me,” he growled, “Cum for me now, or I’ll blistered your ass with my hand!”

Belle’s body, for the second time tonight, shattered. Her pussy sucked his shaft, noisily, as she came. As she came, he overflowed her hole with his milky jism. Belle, leaning back against his chest, tried to catch her breath. She felt his cum slickened cock slide out of her body. Globs of stringy cum oozed from her flushed pussy, pooling on the chair below her.

The beast, conflicted by the emotions coursing through him, covered his eyes with his arm. The man in him wanted to protect and love her, while the beast was determined to make her submit. He didn’t know what to do and didn’t like that fact. Pushing her off his lap to the floor, he glared down at her.

“Do not get used to that kind of treatment, my beauty. Now that you are no longer an innocent, you need to expect to submit to my will. Your body is mine. I plan on fucking your face. I’ll eat your pussy,

while my dick is plugging your throat, and just imagine how hard you'll cum, when spank your ass, while balls deep in it. You're mine now," he said, harshly, trying to conceal his turmoil.

Belle stared up at the man, whose body was deep inside hers a moment ago. She could see how hard he was trying to hide his vulnerabilities. She would submit to him freely. He was her master now. Her body is his.

"Yes, Master," she said, meekly.