

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Being a centaur wasn't all bad, she knew, but she still missed her old body, having only been in this one about a week. She dealt with it as best she could, running through the woods, searching for a way out of this strange world, finding food which she thought would support her. She had to eat a lot more, but that was okay, because food was plentiful, and she wasn't getting fat.

From the waist up she was the same beautiful girl she had always been; from the waist down, she was fully animal, equine all the way to her hooves and tail.

She had seen several other animals in the forest, but all of them were animals; horses, deer, but no human's, or half-human's. This disappointed her terribly, but she didn't see what she could do.

It wasn't until her second week that she began getting restless in a way she just didn't understand. More than once, she found herself roused out of her uneasy sleep, her body sweating all over, lather running down her sides, all four of her thighs twitching.

She soon discovered what it was.

She saw a horse across a few trees, his nose to the ground as he ate something. She felt herself trembling, and wondering if he were going to come any closer. Maybe he would notice her, if she made a sound....

She realized she was fondling her own nipples as she thought about this, and it was then that the full realization hit her.

She was in heat.

She turned and fled, less in disgust at herself, than that she had seen the tip of his mighty penis peeking out from between his legs, and was consumed with desire at the thought of his mounting her.

She knew her heat would dissipate faster if she could do something about it. She stood in the clearing she normally slept in and thought about it, looking about at her surroundings.

Once she knew the source of her tensions, her neglected vagina now seemed to crave the attention it deserved. With a grunt that sounded more like a whinny, she backed up to a tree and started trying to rub her rump against it, spreading her legs so the bole was touching her there. Almost, not quite...

She groaned in frustration after several minutes, her attempts doing nothing except frustrating her further. She needed to be penetrated, but couldn't do that without a stallion.

I could just go back there, she thought to herself, then shuddered with revulsion when she remembered what bestial brutes stallion's were; stupid beasts, not even close to being as smart as human's.

She found a phallic shaped rock, but it was nowhere near long enough for her, and she didn't see how she could fasten it to a tree, anyhow.

She finally found a branch that was suitable. After stripping it of bark and cleaning it off, she ground the end against a rock until it was smooth enough to permit penetration. She washed it again and surveyed her work.

It was close to a foot long, and almost two inches thick. She was almost frightened of its size, since accommodating it in her other body would have been quite an undertaking.

After wedging it firmly into the crotch of a nearby tree, she turned around and, turning her head to view her own progress, backed up to it, thrilling inside as she felt the tip of it contact her vagina.

She backed herself the rest of the way up to it, enveloping the whole thing and rubbing her buttocks against the tree bole before realizing there wasn't any more to take. Disappointed, she nevertheless started humping the tree this way, her desires fierce and terrible.

All she had to do to come was to think about the horse in the field, and his massive cock....

She screamed out loud as she came, her whole body shaking with joy at the branch inside her cunt. She bucked back and forth, grinding her giant pelvis against it again and again.

After a few minutes of this she felt reasonably satisfied, and after stepping forward, the branch exiting her cunt with a noisy slurping sound, she fell, groaning, to her knees. She could smell the pungency of her sex drying on the branch, and she hoped it wouldn't attract any unwanted visitors.

She used the branch in this fashion four more times before she was able to sleep that night.

When she awoke the next day, she found her horniness had increased to a fever pitch. Whether this was due to her aggravations of it with the dildo or just a natural increase in her bodily rhythms she had no idea. Either way, she knew she had to get fucked. She knew now that it didn't matter if it was perverse or not; she had to have a stallion. They had such huge cocks, she knew; everybody knew they did. The amazing size of horse's penises was legendary.

She bit her lip as she wondered what it would feel like to be penetrated by a stallion. She felt her tail twitch, her hips feeling warm.

Oh my God, she realized. If I let one of them take me while I'm in heat like this, I'll get pregnant.

Despite the overwhelming strength of her lusts, she couldn't bear the idea of being impregnated by an animal; just coupling with one was bad enough, but to bear its child? Unthinkable.

Backing up against the branch once more, she bit her lip, toyed with her erect nipples, and fantasized about the tremendous size of the stallion she had seen the other day. Shuddering and crying, she came almost immediately, her lusts harsh in their intensity. Despite the rapidity with which she came, she remained unsatisfied, the orgasm not complete, somehow, though why that should be so she didn't understand; so what if it was only a branch? A rod is a rod, or so she thought. Perhaps it wasn't big enough.

Still impaled on her makeshift dildo, she heard a barking laughter. "What?!" she said, looking around. She saw movement off to her right, and as she swiveled her torso to see what it was, a huge wolf moved into view, bigger than any she had ever seen. He chuckled again, sounding all too human. "Who?" she said.

"Don't worry, Horse-maid. I mean no harm." he grinned carnivorously at her and chuckled again.

"What are you?"

"A wolf."

“How—how can you speak?!?! Wolves can’t speak!”

“Nor do horses have human torsos,” he replied, then sat on the ground, only lowering his haunches, as though he were remaining ready to jump up in a hurry if he had to. “I mean you no harm, and might even be able to help.”

“What makes you think I need your help?”

“It seems,” he said, laughing. “that you have a branch up your ass.”

“It’s not up my—” she said, then stopped herself.

“Ah,” he chuckled. “that is what I thought. You’re in heat.”

“I,” she said, then hung her head, the flush rising up her cheeks and over her naked breasts.

“I can smell you from here,” he said. “and you are in heat. You need a stallion. But you don’t want a stallion, either because you’re scared, or,” he said, stopping. She looked up at him, and he smiled.

“I don’t want to be pregnant,” she admitted.

“Exactly. So may I offer a solution to your problem?”

“I don’t think so,” she said, realizing what he was going to say.

“I can cure your lusts,” he said, and stood, his tongue lolling out, long and red. “and in more ways than one. If you would let me, I can use my mouth to advantage, or I have,” he paused, and as she watched, he moved back on his haunches so she could see his sheath and balls, his genitals much larger than she had thought they would be. The tip of his cock was just peeking out of its sheath. “Other means.”

He was a gigantic wolf, standing easily as high as her waist; his penis, if not exactly as large as a horse’s, was at least the size of the branch she had been using. In fact, he was quite large, even for a dog, she realized.

“Oh God,” she said. As she watched, his penis extruded further, and she could see it was large, even unerect. Thoughts of stallion’s and their mighty penises began going through her head, and she gasped. The wolf’s cock was big and beautiful, and she was so horny.... “You won’t hurt me?” she asked, the last vestiges of her self-control fading. “Really?”

“I give my word,” he said, not chuckling this time.

“Yes,” she whispered. “yes, please.”

He grinned and moved forward.

“Please be seated on the ground,” he asked, and she did. He walked around behind her. “Lift your tail to one side.”

She massaged her own nipples, and closed her eyes as she felt his snout bury itself in between her gaping nether lips. His tongue started digging into her, and she gasped with pleasure. He literally shoved his snout into her, and then pulled it back out, started tonguing her huge and erect clitoris, his tongue....A stallion, she thought to herself. His huge mouth back there nuzzling her, his giant cock getting stiffer and stiffer, longer and longer, the tip dripping semen...

"Ah!" she cried out, her body shivering, the orgasm more forceful in its intensity due to the inappropriate position of her body. He licked her and licked her until she thought she would go insane, the pleasure was so great. Her thighs spasming over and over, she moaned and cried and grunted and just let him do her over and over, dreams of horses dancing through her head, stallion's with impossibly sized cocks plowing into her, mounting her from behind, fucking her, tearing her....This went on for more minutes than she knew, the lips of her cunt and her clitoris finally so sore from coming she cried out:

"NO MORE!! STOP!! THAT'S IT!"

"But I haven't taken my pleasure, yet," he said, growling.

"You can," she said, panting. "Just give me a minute, okay? I'm a little sore..."

"Ah," he said. "I understand."

He stopped licking her, but placed his paws atop her huge rump, half sitting up on her, as if to secure her there, in case she decided to renege on their unspoken bargain. She did not, and he waited patiently for her to give the word.

"Just let me know," he growled harshly, and she realized he was now caught in the throes of his own desire.

"Are you ready?" he asked, and, tossing her head to clear it, she let out a sound reminiscent of a whinny. He shifted on her back, and she thought she could feel the tip of his organ touching her cunt.

"Yes," she gasped, surrendering to both him and herself. He would probably feel very nice, and afterwards she would be cured of her lusts....for a while, anyway. "Yes."

"All right," he said, and then, making sure his penis was correctly positioned, he gripped her rump with his powerful forelegs and thrust into her, the tip of his cock plowing into her, spreading her apart. But she was so big now that, despite his fantastic size, she felt no pain at all; only the necessary pleasure of penetration. She writhed beneath him, her clitoris feeling as though it were about to explode, her hips feeling as though they were vibrating with bliss. She felt something strange then, as though his penis had shifted dramatically inside of her.

"Get ready," he said, his voice deep and husky with desperation.

"For what?" she gasped in surprise, completely unaware. She had fallen forward, her palms on the ground to hold her torso up, her hair over her face. She could feel the stiffness in her nipples, and wished she were in human form so that he could lick them for her, tweak them, suck them.

Then she felt it.

"What...!?" she said, twitching expectantly. He shivered and clutched her ass tightly, a puppy-like whine escaping his throat.

"Please," he said, his voice frail and begging, and then he yapped and whined.

She felt her own pleasure mounting, and in the haze filtering her mind, she sought to assess what had happened. It felt as though his penis, or part of it at least, had swollen, expanding greatly once it was in her body. She knew nothing about what this meant, or what it was, but as he pumped and

jerked spasmodically she could tell it was now so large that it couldn't be readily withdrawn. Her thoughts were soon abandoned to a blissful feeling as his motions, coupled with his penetration and engorgement, began bringing on another orgasm. She gasped and tensed her shoulders and back, once again acutely aware of the tautness in her nipples. She reached up and tweaked one just as she came, almost losing her balance and sinking to the ground.

He remained on top of and inside her for the better part of an hour, humping her gently, his penis jerking and writhing spastically inside of her in ways she hadn't thought possible for an organic phallus. She had expected him to bite her in his fit of lust, but instead he merely lay his head down on her, his chin pressed meekly into the small of her back. She did finally collapse onto the ground, her cheek to the soft, grassy earth, both hands fondling her breasts.

When he finished, much, much later, he gave a final yap and then stopped humping her, his cock shrinking drastically and then slipping out, followed by a gush of wetness. She wondered exactly when it was he had come.

"That," she said, her voice weak and tremulous. "was incredible."

"Thank you," he said, his voice hoarse and sounding almost equally tired. "Thank you so much for letting me do that. I thought I would go mad."

When she looked up, she saw he was standing there, near her head. As she lifted herself up, he leaned over and licked her cheek, then sat down, holding his legs apart slightly. She could see the tip of his cock still sticking out of its sheath, as if to cool in the air. It was very, very red, and she wondered whether he was sore after such a performance.

"Thank you," she said sincerely. "I thought I would go mad with mine,"

He sat there, and they regarded each other for a few moments. He was a big, masculine looking wolf, and she realized he was actually very attractive, in a crude, brutal kind of way. He turned from her and yawned, then walked to the stream.

After he finished drinking, she spoke.

"You were a man once, weren't you?" she asked.

"Yes," he said quietly, nodding to her. This time he didn't sit, but remained standing.

"Uh," she said, then ran her hand through her hair, pushing it above her eyes. "Do you, uh, do you know how long it is my," she paused, as if embarrassed, which she was. Selfconsciously, she stood, stretched. She felt his wetness trailing out of her, tried to ignore it. "Do you know how much longer I'll be in heat?" she finally managed. He nodded.

"Several days more, at least," he said, then fell silent.

"Do you think you could - uh, stick around?"

"Yes," he said, his voice relieved. "I'd like to."

She smiled and blushed, then got a drink of water herself. She moved over to the patch of soft grass she used as a bed, beneath the three trees.

"Where would you like to sleep?" she asked, indicating her area with a flick of her tail. She settled

down, folding her legs beneath her.

“Right here, if I can,” he said, and then he walked over and curled up next to her, his head on his paws, her hand on his neck, gently stroking. They fell asleep that way.

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“I still don’t understand what happened,” she said, and he began again. “After entry,” he said, “the base of my penis swells out to about four times its normal thickness. I think this is something all dogs do; I haven’t any idea why. And then I come the whole time. Quite a large amount, in fact.”

“Which is why the buildup is so severe, and why dogs hump people’s legs back home.” she said, understanding. He nodded, but looked uncomfortable at the comparison.

“Just so,” he said. “and I can’t even describe how it feels. It’s like nothing else in the world.”

“Really,” she said, her hands wandering over his body, one of them making its way between his rear legs.

“Ah,” he said, as her fingers gripped the sheath and began stroking it back and forth. He rolled more onto his back to grant her access to his cock. He was erect within seconds.

“And it’s hardened with a bone,” she said, lowering her head to his crotch.

“Yes,” he said. “I suppose. But it’s only reinforced by the bone; it gets hard by being filled with blood, just like a normal man’s.” He whined delightedly as she touched the tip with her tongue. She moved even farther forward, engulfing more of his prick in her capable mouth. She sucked and sucked, his huge, furry body writhing beneath hers, and then she tasted a small squirt of salt.

“Don’t,” he begged. “I’m just about to come. I’ll mount you.”

“No you won’t,” she said, still stroking his cock with her hands, taking her mouth from the tip. “you’ll come now,”

She put her mouth back to him and started sucking him in earnest, her hand clamped around the swelling base of his cock. He howled and started ejaculating in huge squirts into her, his semen thin and watery.

She was sucking him for about a minute before she tasted the change in his semen. Although the squirts stayed the same size, their consistency did not; they lost their wateriness and became thick, and much saltier, with an added tang. She swallowed regardless, unthinking to all but the pleasure she was bringing him.

He came and came, and she worked tirelessly at his organ, eliciting pleasure from him in continuous liquid gushes. The sun had moved slightly up in the sky by the time his joy was complete.

“Why did you do that?” he asked breathlessly, his wonderment overcoming his post-coital lassitude. “you didn’t have to,”

“I wanted to,” she said, and smiled. He got to his feet, stretched, and then kissed her on the mouth.

“And I want to do this,” he said, and walked around behind her. Her tail twitched in anticipation.

Sticking his snout up in between her legs, he started licking her very carefully, smoothing over her

vulva in broad, moist strokes. She shuddered, her flanks rippling.

He ran his tongue over and over her huge clitoris, the tip of it protruding from where it nestled in the entrance to her cunt. He concentrated on that area for a few seconds, until he heard her start to moan, then he moved away, attacking other parts of her vaginal area; her lips, the sides, then he stuck his snout into her cunt, withdrawing it slowly.

“DON’T STOP!!” She cried, shivering with pleasure. He obediently began licking her clitoris again, and she writhed with delight. But just as she began to actually come, he moved away again, his tongue wandering instead directly into her vagina. She quivered and moaned, her cunt pulsing with the denied pleasure.

“God,” she begged, her voice breaking. “You’re just going to tease me, aren’t you?!”

“No,” he mumbled, his tongue once again brushing past her clit. She whinnied, and he began rubbing her clit with his nose, his tongue licking her lips.

“NO MORE!” she begged after several minutes of this. “I have to come! Do it already!” she was whimpering.

“Okay,” he growled, and stopped licking, then jumped up on her, inserting his erection into her in one smooth motion. She gasped.

“Again!?” She asked in amazement. He didn’t answer, intent on gaining a quick entry to keep her stimulation steady. She cried out as his penetration was completed, the base of his cock engorging until it was huge inside of her body. He whimpered and began to ejaculate, clutching her sides forcefully, his claws scratching her as they coupled. She was in heaven.

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Standing alone in the field, she heard the neighs of others nearby. She turned when she heard the thud of hooves on the packed earth, and saw him approaching.

He was a huge stallion, much larger than she was; he was the size of a draft horse, but as sleek as an Arabian. He had seen her, and was moving directly towards her.

His semi-erect penis was visible between his legs.

With a little cry of fear, she started running, hoping she could get away from him.

He was upon her in an instant, her legs no match for his awesome speed. He was beside her, and as she ran, screaming, he leaned over and nipped her on the flank.

She cried out, not even having to look back to know blood was drawn. She tried running faster, couldn’t, being at the limit of her muscles already. He bit her again, this time on the back.

She stopped, hoping to throw him that way. He reversed himself with a grace she couldn’t equal, and was on her in an instant.

He leapt up over her, trying to grab her back with his powerful forelegs, succeeded. She screamed and pulled away from him, managing to break free and in the instant it took for his legs to meet the ground so he could break into a run, she made another twenty feet away from him. Intent upon his rape, he followed her in a flash, and was on her again. This time, his grip was firmer, more secure,

and she screamed and cried aloud as she found herself unable to break free.

“NO!” she cried out as his weight settled on her back. She ran, but he merely held on, and ran after her.

She then felt the tip of his cock against her inner being. Then, with a shove, he drove himself home.

He whinnied lustfully, and she cried out; even though his penetration felt massive and complete, she knew it was still shallow. With a buck and thrust of his powerful hips, he drove himself all the way into her, invading her depths with his terrible rod. She cried and screamed, and despite her repugnance at being taken by this animal, she felt her inner convulsions of pleasure beginning.

“No,” she whimpered, begging and pleading as though that would do any good. “please no,”

He thrust and pumped, his huge cock sliding roughly in and out of her, causing tremendous pleasure for both of them as it did. He leaned forward and bit her viciously on the shoulder, and she screamed, her orgasm coming upon her at that very moment, coupled forever with the pain, with him.

His thrusts growing in power and violence, she was unsurprised when he cried out, a long, trumpeting neigh, and then she felt his seed flood hotly into her body. He sat quietly atop her for a moment, and then dismounted and wandered away.

She realized now that her ankles were immovable, as if they had been bound with chains, her muscles rigidified to the point of immobility.

She turned her head to see that there was another stallion approaching her.

He, too, was huge, and he mounted her with ease, his organ sliding into her semen-greased hole quickly, and he fell forward and bit her on the shoulder, his cock plunging into her depths as he latched his teeth onto her tender flesh.

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She was mounted repeatedly, one stallion after another, again and again.

When it came time for the last one, she felt drugged, as though her senses were drowned in the physical sensations of their violations. She could feel their collective semen, mixed and cooling, flowing down either thigh. Then he mounted her, fucked her heartily, and was done.

She woke up crying out, her wolf by her side, licking her face, his concern evident.

“Bad dream,” he told her, and she held his head to her breast and groaned in relief.

“Wolf,” she asked.

“Yes?”

“Fuck me now,” she begged, and he did.