

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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She had wanted to go riding...the kind of riding where she'd actually stay IN the stable, if you know what I mean, but she had to wait for the right time. Damn mares, too bad some perfumerie didn't manufacture mare scent for those ultra kinky special moments, when the urge for a cock, hung like a horse, overtook a girl.

So she decided to go a-camping, a-camping, a-camping she would go. Campy? Not this trip.

See, the urge to fornicate with stallions was a wild, primal urge, beyond the imagination and realm of possibility of most human beings. It was an urge that collided with socialized reality, even for Little Red Riding Slut. So when she was doing it, she was in a different dimension of reality, but afterward, it was difficult to reconcile. So she boxed it away in the special place where her ultra no-man's land kink is locked up till it can be released without threat or danger, but in its full, depraved, enriching and raging horny dimensions.

She woke up feeling that wildness. It had been fluttering in her eyes throughout the night, and a part of her subconscious wondered which world she'd wake up in. Wild. Wilderness.

She called in sick — "I have the flu....looks like I'll be out the whole week", booked her ticket and headed out west. Yosemite. Windswept mountain valleys filled with wildflowers. Mammoth birds swooping down, gliding across big skies. Peace and the power of the life force. For Red, that life force and all its dimensions became distilled as a sexual power within her; her intellectual and spiritual parts channeled into her primal parts full of desire for the world. Do you hike, feeling horny? Red does.

Strong and confident, a seasoned hiker, Red is comfortable on a trail. She knows how to cook over a propane stove, set up a tent or string a tarp, hang her food away from the reach of bears, and other outdoor skills. Why? because if you are going to live your wild, you have to survive in it.

She had rented a car from the airport, driven to the National Park and forged ahead, putting the parking lot and the trail behind her, breathing in deeply the cooling autumn air, and feeling her hips slide from side to side as she climbed, her tender pussy lips squeezing inside her jeans, her forever throbbing clit, pounding in her pants.

She had discovered a pond, and, uninhibited — of course- alone! she had stripped and dived in, feeling the cool water caress her breasts, her nipples firm, as she pulled them, kicking, always loving her purring kitty, forever reminding her that she was there — don't forget me, Red, feed me, satisfy me. Hunger struck large. The mood overtook her, she connected with her surroundings and the life force infused her. She knew her scent was strong. Would he find her?

Evening came and she lay out her tarps. The night was starry, no need for a tent. It was warmish too, so she stretched out on her sleeping bag, lying on her tummy, a hand underneath her, fingers inserted in her pussy, rubbing herself gently to sleep.

She dreamed. The pack was close by, making their way over the hills to settle into their den. They had had a successful hunt. The kill was warm and tender, the scent of blood still on their nostrils. They ran, agile, adept, full of the forest.

Red lay there sleeping and her mind reached out to them. Distracted, the pack slowed, gathered, stopped. One full bodied male with a thick, lustrous gray coat became agitated, nosed the others to go ahead, stayed behind, sniffing the ground. He picked up a scent and his erection grew out of its pocket, liquid soaking to the ground. Red stirred in her sleep, raised her hips. The wolf howled a

soft, deep howl, full of desire, urgent yet controlled. He lifted his head and looked around, then lowered it again, following her scent.

Soon he was there, behind her. A human female he observed. In her sleep, her extra large t-shirt had ridden up to her waist and her hips were raised slightly, ass in the air, her pussy protruding from behind, face cradled in her own arms, full head of hair splashed around her, revealing only one eye and her long lashes. Her eyes fluttered and she groaned.

Panting, he came up behind her and began to lick, slowly at first, breathing in her pussy, confirming that the scent on the trail had been hers, dribbles of her cum deposited as she had walked orgasming through the woods. Then rapidly suddenly, his sandpaper tongue slurped her up, arousing her, moving in and out of her hole. Her hips began to rotate, and her mind began to wake. Suddenly she was on all fours, her inner beast welled up inside for too long, weeks now, exploded outward, she arched her back and looked behind her, into his eyes. Gleaming, piercing, they met each other's gaze and the wolf mounted her, his front paws resting on her shoulders, then sliding down gripping her around her waist. She felt his thing jutting against her leg, sharp, throbbing, and she moved, lowered her hips, pushed her legs together so he found her entrance and moved in, swiftly, with full force, deep inside. He howled, this time filling the night, and she returned his call throwing her head back, her mouth open, screams bellowing out of her as she felt her tits shaking together, the feeling shooting images of tits she admired so she grinned and gyrated, sneered, imagining a gorgeous black man sucking them under her body, while a full titted babe sucked his cock...there were so many she loved to fuck, it didn't matter who it was, as long as his lips were full and sensuous and she felt his hard cock on her belly as the wolf penetrated her, jabbing her cum-spot, growing, the knot about to burst and join them together, the man underneath her licking her now, tweaking her nipples between his thumb and forefinger, rubbing the tips, her clit cumming over and over. The wolf pulled out and licked her pussy again, it was so full of stench and liquid. She threw her head around from side to side, in a trance as he mounted again, again, again, again, till exhausted, she lay flat, her body his receptacle an offering to his throbbing wolf dick locked inside her so she had no choice but to cum endlessly as long as his desire remained.

The maleness of the universe in whatever form, stallion, human, wolf, dog ripped through her as his wolf dick deposited its contents inside her. The energy bent her to its will, demanding her.

She came willingly. "Here's my leash" she said to her Wolf Master. Lead me to your den.