

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



The bed was firm. My back could feel its solidity as I lay quietly, my head propped with two pillows, over which my very long black hair spilled, all the way down to the sheets and just past my waist. The room was quiet, except for the sounds of the out of doors, coming in from the open patio where the warm, summer night joined the gentle stillness of my sleeping chamber.

My eyes were closed, but my senses were somehow astir, my entire body glowing in warmth, although naked beneath a single sheet. I felt his presence before I heard, as he silently appeared at the side of my narrow bed. I could feel his eyes on my face, and his aroma was sweet as my senses took him in. With the miracle of his body alongside me, my eyes were drawn open that I might study this creature of another world.

His face was tall and dark, without hair except for the eyebrows, which accented his deepset eyes. His hair was long, nearly to his shoulders and black in color, although it glistened in the moonlight. His mouth was broad, but he said nothing as his gaze took me in, appraising me.

His chest was broad and bare, showing beautiful brown skin and muscles rippling across, and then down to his flat stomach. His arms were also bare, and longer than a man's, which was the first telltale from the top of his being that he was indeed much more than a man.

It was just below what SHOULD BE HIS WAIST that his skin took on the character of all that was to follow. The short, thick fur began there and continued onward, as his two front legs extended down to their hooves that rested on the carpet floor, and his broad back flowed horizontally to finish his equestrian shape. Without saddle his back stood at a level even with my shoulders, should I be standing, and his head at nearly seven feet.

The hand reached out and touched my cheek, gently caressing the softness of my face, feeling me with the back and then the front of his hand. I turned my head slightly to him, watching as his expression did not change while he touched me.

With our eyes still locked together, his two hands took the thin sheet that covered me, and slowly drew it down until all the folds rested just below my bared feet. Then his eyes left mine, and his focus moved down along my breasts, then pausing at the junction of my thighs where the deep black bush defined my girlness. His gaze lingered there, while his hand caressed my shoulder, taking in the softness of my skin. I made no move to resist, but rather lay there proudly, presenting my nakedness to his viewing.

It was then that I let my eyes travel towards his parts unknown, which were quite visible from bed level, and in the reflected light of the moon and the lights without.

There hung the manhood, if I may use that word to describe it, although it was truly more than any man could offer. It hung gently at first, black in color and swinging no more than seven inches toward my floor. But as his eyes feasted on the naked features of my body, my eyes widened as I witnessed the remarkable metamorphosis of this god-like creature.

My heart began to pound as I realized that it was the sight of my own nakedness that was affecting the shape and size of the astounding appendage that hung below him. My eyes fixed upon it. They could not leave the blissful sight of the miracle change. There, as I watched, it transformed from its innocent, hanging length, to a determined rigidity, pointing forward proudly, reaching a foot and a half or maybe two by my own reckoning, with a thickness that my fingers could not encircle without the use of both hands.

The mighty shaft was still dark in color, almost black, with its smooth skin rippled with veins and muscle along its steady length. It did not taper, but held its thickness and proportion perfectly as it

reached from its hilt to its crown, where it mushroomed boldly. The proud head glistened in the light, knob-like as that of a human, with an oversize opening at the tip, from which, I was certain, was released a torrent of his liquid seed, and which I felt, I was destined somehow to receive.

As my eyes did not stray, his eyes moved back to my face, watching me as I witnessed his transformation. My chest expanded with deeper breathing, and my breasts rose and fell in the warm, night air. Stealing a quick glance to his face, I could see almost a smile as he watched me watch him. My eyes closed for only a moment, and I breathed still more deeply. I was anticipating my own union with this creature!

My eyes opened again to see his hand moving forward, until his fingers touched the roundness of my breast, gently cupping the heavy mound, while his thumb circled the rosebud, which firmed at his touch. I lay quietly, my senses instinctively delighting, as my firm breast rose and fell in his palm. My eyes closed again for a moment. I settled back into the firmness of the bed as he kneaded one breast then the other, until he used both hands, taking them both at once. I opened my eyes to watch his hands upon me, and then, unafraid, I closed them again.

At the sound of his moving, I looked again to see him retreating, but only toward the foot of the bed. His face had resumed its expression-less countenance, while his hand trailed lightly down my belly, past my waist, and along my silky thigh. But then, as his two front legs found the bottom of the bed, they moved apart, then carried the enormous bulk forward, just inches above my naked skin! While his man-chest rose well above my person, his horse-chest moved forward over my legs, then my waist, until it was even with my uncovered breasts, which rose and fell more quickly now.

My nervous excitement mellowed slightly as I felt the monster shaft begin to rest on my own belly as he settled slightly. It was within my reach. With both hands trembling, I reached for it, my small fingers extending toward the resting phallus, until they found the soft, dark skin, engorged with the muscle of power underneath. He was watching me now, studying my face as my hands gently caressed his private member, while my gaze was fastened to the beauty of it.

It throbbed and then pulsed within my palms, as though it had life of its own, thoughts of its own, desires of its own. I encircled it with both my hands, unable to complete the circle of its circumference with just one, then firmly did I move my hands, pulling with short, even strokes. His chest of fur expanded with a deeper breath, and I released one hand to stroke his side, just above my left, keeping the first hand moving as before.

I knew the giant in my hand was destined to be inside my body, and I accepted this, waiting patiently for my partner-to-be, whose choice it was to decide how to violate me. My speculation was soon put to rest, however, as his hooves stepped forward along the sides of my narrow bed. I watched the mammoth knob move up between my breasts and past the nape of my neck, approaching steadily toward my face, nearing its target. My eyes watched it calmly, noting the smoothness of the skin covering the bulbous head, identical in proportion to its human counter-part.

The size of it was the question, however, and I thanked my family forebears for endowing me with an exceptionally wide mouth. As the approaching crown bumped my lower lip, my tongue extended to meet my newest invader-to-be. The muscle stiffened slightly as we touched, but continued forward until it rested just above my lips.

With both hands returning to the lengthy shaft once more, I guided it to meet my moistened lips, then planted a gentle kiss right on the opening slit, from whence my liquid reward would soon arrive. It was then that my eyes fell upon the source of that reward, as they hung below and behind the mammoth appendage. My eyes could not help but to widen as the proportions also applied to the

swaying fruits behind his manhood. It would take both my hands to support the two giants, which resembled a pair of coconuts more closely than those of a human. I couldn't help but reflect upon the fountain which must erupt at the proper time and wonder about the time since his last eruption. I hoped it had been a long time for him.

Returning my eyes to the nearer part of my would-be invader, I moved my lips against it once more, kissing longer while opening my oral entrance slowly as my lips formed an O. Feeling his enormous power in my hands, I guided us together, letting my mouth measure its width now, as I started to open for the knob.

I felt a hand touch the top of my head, and looked back to see him observing me as we united for the first time. He was wearing his near smile once again, and stroked the soft hair at the top of my head in encouragement.

Settling back into the pillows, I opened wider, and guided the mushroom past my lips. I closed my eyes with satisfaction as the head barely fit through my fully expanded mouth with the perfect room to spare, which was almost none. I closed my lips around it, letting my tongue find its underside, while guiding it farther into its warm new home. As my tongue cradled its visitor, my mouth could feel its rigidity pulsing as it slowly found its way into my willing depths.

Cradling this new monster with my tongue, I reached out and supported half of the liquid-filled chamber that hung behind, using my left hand, while I gently tugged the shaft with my fingers, encouraging its progress. My new mate was ready to accommodate, as my mouth opened to its full capacity to accept its new friend.

Though he moved forward slowly, my throat was soon closed off tightly from the width of the giant crown, though we both worked together to unite ourselves as deeply as possible. I had received over 4 inches of the rigid muscle, and we were trying for one more inch when I could feel my gag reflex was about to take control.

I held him then, and he paused, his fingers still caressing my hair softly, whilst both my hands engaged his shaft along its length. Resetting my shoulders, and pressing my head still further into the pillow, I began to move my head, demonstrating my intent to satisfy him. I was rewarded by seeing his eyes close and his head tip back slightly.

I could make only very little noise with my vocals so engaged, however it was possible to muffle certain sounds from my depths that might express our lust.

"MMPH!!"

"MMPH!!"

"MMPH!!" emerged from my throat.

This sound continued steadily.

"MMPH!!"

"MMPH!!"

"MMPH!!"

The length of the stroke was considerable, with my lips caressing almost three inches of the welcome visitor, from the point of its full retreat to its firm reunion with the back of my throat.

My muffles were more eager still, and my head pumped more willingly as I felt the encouraging touch of both his hands on my head. But we were not destined to reach our Utopia so soon. I felt him begin to retreat, and I let the shaft slowly recede until it emerged from my warm, wet caress, knowing I was yet to be visited in another way.

His hooves moved back on the floor beside my bed, and the nearly black staff slid back down between the whiteness of my breasts and along my belly until it rested on the soft, black bush at the junction of my thighs. Then, boldly, one by one, he lifted each front hoof and put his knees upon the firm mattress, just outside my shoulders.

His look was gentle as our eyes met, and his long fingers caressed my cheek in a loving touch as I looked at him gratefully. Then I moved my eyes down to the purpose at hand.

Once again my fingers sought the dark brown length, then wrapped their contrasting whiteness around the pulsating pole. I arched my back and lifted my buttocks from the pad, tilting my pelvis to the proper angle for my partner-to-be. With concentration, I moved the two foot shaft downward, whilst I spread my feet and knees in welcome, until my feet were well beyond the sides of the bed. Using sense of touch, I guided the gigantic gem to the entrance to my body, touching it to the natural wetness that had already resulted from our acquaintance.

My partner wasted no time.

As his animal instinct took over, I felt his hands upon my shoulders, his fingers tightening as he began to push.

My head rolled back and my eyes closed tightly as I felt the pressure of the invader at my doorway.

“OHHHH!!” I cried.

I spread my legs still farther as I held the advancing knob at my tiny entrance, while my inhuman lover leaned forward, still holding my shoulders.

“OHHHH!!”

I squealed with the ecstasy of my discomfort as I felt my female opening begin to take the shape of its newest visitor. My eyes shut tightly and my head rolled back, my chin uplifting as I cried without control.

“OHHHH!!”

I knew that most would take pause or stop at my response, but my horse-like partner knew that I was willing to be his mate. He knew that we were destined to unite and that I wanted the sinful lust of his invasion.

And we were, indeed, destined, as my cunt gave way of a sudden, and allowed the mighty warrior to proceed, engaging the cockhead into its warmth, kissing the knob with its openness, spreading wider than ever before, as we began our wanton journey.

“OHHHH!!”

I cried out yet once more, but now with some degree of satisfaction that we would be successful, and I could give my body to him. He also gasped, with a satisfied breath, as he felt himself within me, gripped by my girlhood, and heading toward the depths inside me.

Reeling with the tightness of his fitting, I lifted my feet to encircle his body, as the shaft pushed forward, into its new-found home. My body shook, then quivered with the intensity of my pleasure. The width of his erection joined with me tightly and fulfilled me like never before. He instinctively paused for a very slight retreat, only to continue my violation in earnest, after allowing my natural

lube to work its miracle, and aid us in our joining together. My feet curved toward his back as my legs wrapped his torso, while my arms moved up his sides to embrace his lower shoulders. He lowered his chest until I felt him pressing my firm breasts against him, whilst both his hands now caressed my silky hair. I felt his knob press firmly at the back of my sheath.

And then, he began to fuck me.

From the very first, his stroke was even, but determined.

“OH!”

“OH!”

“OH!” I cried as we began our breeding.

His hands gripped my shoulders as his hips began a rocking motion, pumping the enormous shaft into my willing body with gentle determination.

My head rolled back into my pillow, my neck and back arching as my body met his strong strokes, accepting our union without complaint. My feet and hands were uplifted, drawing him to me instinctively, though I knew not who or what he was. I knew, indeed, that he was male, and that as a female I had an urge to satisfy him as fully as possible. And so I met his driving thrusts with short, steady pelvic movements of my own, putting us into physical harmony as we united.

“OHHH!”

“OHHH!”

“OHHH!” I cried out steadily.

His hands remained tightly on my shoulders, holding me down against the mattress while his furry chest was firm against my naked breasts. My upper body was stable against the firm bed, with my lower body responding, as his monster tool made the steady rivet into my sheath with the desperate stroke of an eager beast. He drove me fast, yet I was able to keep up with him at times, for short durations.

The bulbous head of his piston drove smoothly along the inside walls of my loving tunnel, moving almost to the entrance as it retreated, thence pushing forward the full length into their tightening grip until it was firmly halted by the very end of the canal, which could only encase less than half of his fabulous length.

My eyes closed and opened, feeling the intense mixture of lust and sin as we mated, all of my muscles flexing with determination. Through brief glances, I noted his face, which was now bearing teeth, showing all seriousness in its endeavor. His nostrils flared, and his eyes had a glazed, even look as he watched the naked body of his human target. No sound emerged from his lips, save that of the shallow, heavy breath of a breeding animal, enjoying its exercise. While he made only the sound of breathing, I had no inhibitions in raising my voice in the pleasure of receiving him.

“OHHHH!”

“OHHHH!”

“OHHHH!”

I now had my legs firmly wrapped around his torso, clinging to him with both feet as he made a perfect rhythm with his stroking hips. My arms would not reach around him, therefore I could not embrace him as I would any other lover who visited me with such a prize muscle. I kept my hands against his sides, however, giving him whatever encouragement that I could, keeping him certain that I wanted to receive what he had to give.

I know not if it were an eternity or but a moment that we had been united in lust and passion, but my

face was growing moist with the perspiration of our exercise. I continued to gasp and cry out as my long black hair would slightly cling to the sides of my moistened face while my partner kept me firmly against the mattress as he punished me. I began to feel a stirring in the depths of my body that told me I would soon have an orgasm. I patiently waited for it to overtake me as the giant horsecock jackhammered between my wide-spread legs.

“UNNHH!”

“UNNHH!”

“UNNHH!” I wailed with anticipation.

Suddenly my entire body quivered beneath my animal lover.

“OHHHHHHHH!!!” I cried out.

I choked back a gasp, as my legs tightened around him, while my back arched and my head rolled back as my muscles went into convulsions.

“OH, GOD!!!! I’m COMING!!!!”

My body jerked in the throes of uncontrolled passion as I reached a climax of immeasurable intensity, with every muscle in my legs, arms and back pulsating convulsively in response to my new mate. He was now watching me with satisfaction, enjoying the treasure he was giving me.

“OH, God, Ohhhhhh...NN, NN, NN, NN,” I went as my body jerked spasmodically, in untamed ecstasy, with my invader still pumping evenly, breeding with me.

As my glorious orgasm began to subside, I could feel a difference in the visitor, which was becoming more rigid and stiff with each loving stroke. I looked up to see my new mate’s face, which was now intent with purpose and determination. His grip had tightened on my shoulders, and I could feel his hips and sides tense within my welcome.

Of a sudden, he gave a cry and a snort of inhuman context, and at the same time his chest lifted up from mine, uncovering my heavy breasts. Then, as he shifted, his hooves slid from the mattress, leaving the sides of my bed until they were firmly planted on the floor once more.

Then, still moving quickly, he retreated from my sheath, surprising me, but also enhancing my excitement as I realized his intention.

He moved forward, with the head of the enormous shaft approaching my face. I reached down with both hands, and let them encircle the rock-hard cock. I fixed my eyes squarely on the large slit at the shiny crown and aimed directly at my own face. It was perfect.

I felt the giant rod begin to pulsate in my fingers, but I held it steady with both hands. The first jet took me by surprise, and the force of it made my head give a jerk, instinctively. But the aim was good, and a long, thick, wide sliver of white hit me squarely in the face, splattering across my nose, then running up across my forehead and into my black hair.

“OH!” I cried as it startled me.

I had but a moment to recover before the giant cock shook again while I tried to hold it steady with both hands. The second jet was unleashed with as much, if not more, power than the first, this time hitting my left cheek, just below the eye, and streaking into my black hair, which was covering the pillow underneath me.

I adjusted my aim again, presenting my face fully for the third ejaculation. Still with the force of a

mini-jet, the giant hose in my hand unleashed its third streak of love, this time getting me squarely between the eyes, just at the top of the bridge of my nose. My aim was perfect on this one as it splashed up onto my forehead, then flowed down into both my eyes, where it collected in a thick, white pool around my eyelash.

The volume of sperm was unparalleled as the torrent was unleashed from his pent-up reservoir. The thick, white strokes criss-crossed my face, decorating my hair and my facial features, with beautiful lines of white, from the bangs on my forehead to my chin below.

As the mammoth male member fired its fourth, fifth and sixth heavy jets, I turned my face slightly, to address the right side of my head.

As the giant, throbbing muscle continued its cascades of sperm, I made every effort to keep my eyes fixed upon it, guiding the aim to its objective. But the rewards I was receiving seemed endless, and soon my eyes were so surrounded by the thick white liquid, that I could barely see the source of the generous fountain. And in conjunction with my eyes, nearly all my facial features were completely covered with the slippery jiz which clung to my nose and my cheeks like a thick facial bath.

It was then that I felt the touch of my animal partner as his fingers found my own, grasping his shaft and gently wresting my hand from its enormous length. Not taking my hands away completely, but allowing him to take control of his member, I moved my hands to accommodate his grasp and waited to see where he would guide the throbbing tool. I was soon to comprehend, as he guided the bulbous knob downward until it rested just above my lips and chin.

By this time, the force of the jets had slowed, and it was now a flowing stream of viscous cum that poured steadily from the dark brown head. As my friend controlled its cascading jism, he guided the flow up my chin until it fell directly on my lips, which had somehow escaped the creamy spunk until that time.

Learning his new objective, I did as any dutiful female would, and I parted my lips to welcome the warm, white load. He rested the head of his shaft on my lower lip, then let his river of manhood pump steadily, the warm, tasteful sperm sliding back along my tongue, building in the back of my mouth before continuing its journey. I continued breathing softly through my nose, keeping my throat muscles closed as my new visitor continued to unleash his spunk.

But knowing he was watching me, and wanting to satisfy him as fully as possible, I took a deep breath and closed my lips, letting the flow of jiz fall onto my chin.

"Ulllp," came the sound as I swallowed.

"Ulllp," I swallowed again, to be certain.

One of his hands gripped my shoulder, giving me this small signal that I had given him pleasure.

The flow of his stream had still yet to subside as I wondered in amazement at his capacity, in spite of his inhuman size. I would never have believed such a load was possible. His seed was now flowing from my cheek to my neck and onto my hair, which cushioned me from below. And as my first dose of his seed completed its journey to my stomach, I opened my mouth to receive the second.

At this time, however, he moved again and the gushing head left a stream of white along my chest and down my stomach as his objective once again became clear. My legs were still spread but I parted them further still to welcome my former visitor once again. My entrance yielded more submissively this second time as the spewing member entered my body once more.

My head rolled back and my back arched with pleasure at the feeling of his renewed visit.

We were united again.

I was being fucked again.

He was coming inside me.

He began to rock his hips once more, but this time more gently than before. But he pushed his bulbous knob into the full length of my tunnel where I felt the gentle flow of his ejaculations.

Upon being joined with his seed, I was once again pushed over the brink of my own passion. My body shook and shuddered with my second orgasm as I became transfixed but remained pegged by his male unit. As my body quivered and my cunt muscles flexed I could feel his jism running back out of me and wetting the sheets beneath my buttocks. The jiz was so thick on my face that I could not see even though my body writhed in ecstasy below the partner with whom I was breeding. My come-covered face rolled and jerked while my leg muscles spasmed, tightly enclosing his torso. Never had a climax been so intense. With my arms and legs I clung to him desperately, hoping our union would never be over, and yet knowing that soon it must be.

The seemingly endless fountain of sperm would surely exhaust itself, just as all good things must come to an end. But as I felt him begin his retreat, I gave a big sigh of satisfaction that I had felt inside me what few girls ever would.

Slowly then he moved up alongside me, and in spite of the pools that covered my eyes I was able to glance upon the mighty muscle as it began to return to its former length and size. I had performed my service to it completely.

I then gave some reflection to my own presence, and I felt the wetness surrounding the area where my buttocks rested upon the mattress, there was a viscous lake of sperm too great to seek the depths of my bedding. And surrounding my head and my face, there was a thick puddle of white jism which clung to my hair above the forehead, while it thoroughly soaked my hair against the pillow.

Fully a gallon, I would have guessed, of the milky thick fluid, had been the gift he left with me. And as I rose to sit upon the firm mattress I could feel his presence begin to fade. I reached for the hand mirror at the side of my bed, raising it before my face. I felt a flush of heat and a rush of lust as I saw the sperm on my face. It was un-imaginable. It was beautiful. My features were barely visible. My eyebrows were catching the clinging textures as they flowed down from my hair and forehead. Both my eyes were pooled, and my nose had been crossed many times. The thick jiz hung from my chin like white liquid ornaments. And my hair was streaked with the white wetness from the top of my head to below my shoulders.

And then with a satisfied look my new friend turned, his magnificent body showing all of its splendor. He smiled and our eyes locked in mutual satisfaction as he began to fade. Slowly he disappeared onto the patio, then from my sight, leaving me with only his sperm as the evidence that I had been visited.

I prayed that I would someday be visited once more....