

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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He strode forward with assurance, his haunches broad and gleaming in the moonlight, his tail a long, majestic swag that twitched gracefully as his body moved. It was nearing midnight, the appointed hour, and this lovely creature, muscles rippling, thought only to the moment when he would meet with his beloved. Bow, as he was called (for centaur's are the finest of archers, as legend will attest), was unusual in his tastes and uncommon in his looks: he was two hands higher than any of his fellows and his coat was the finest of golden wheat-browns. His eyes were large, expressive and reflective of the lightest greens in his forest home. He was, all told, a fine specimen.

His thoughts wandered as he walked, thinking back to the first time he had seen his love; she was a sweet-faced female, her lips quick to smile and her hair the colour of dappling sunlight. Her eyes spoke of the mid-day skies and her lips...oh, those lips! His own mouth twitched in response and he felt a warmth spread through him, tingling, making him aware of the sudden weight beneath his abdomen. She had that effect, as women tend to do. Her body was quite small, compared to his, but she used it so cunningly he could not imagine one of his own kind being any better at pleasing him; that she was human he considered inconsequential.

Yes, she was human...that was his little secret, in some ways, for his people would never accept her, or their union. His people would frown upon their love and would shun their children, should they be so blessed. That was, however, unimportant to Bow for his was a strong will and theirs was a strong love.

The scent of the water, the tinkling sound of the falls drew his mind back to the pleasant night which awaited his lover and himself. She sat there, posing innocently, trying hard not to glance anxiously for his arrival. Silly little girl, he chuckled to himself, all grown up and still as credulous as any child. Were she not, though, their love could never have come to be, for her people disbelieved in his and that she could see him, touch him, love him was almost beyond his ability to comprehend.

"Hello, Catryn," he began, his voice sonorous and full of laughter, bells and sunshine; "have you been waiting for me long?"

"Bow!" she shrieked in answer, rising swiftly and running to throw her arms about him. She could hug his waist with ease but his strong arms were required to lift her for a kiss. She yielded to him, her mouth acquiescent, soft, fresh and sweet beneath his own. Her body was covered in a simple gown, and her feet were clad in velvet slippers; but he discerned that she wore nothing underneath, which was ideal for their purposes.

"Bow, my love, I've missed you..." she crooned quietly, her voice a puff of warm air against his neck.

"I've missed you." he responded, his nose buried in her hair and his arms cradling her gently, possessively. "I've missed you..."

He set her down then, gently, and knelt before her. He grinned lovingly, then lifted her dress up and off before she had time to protest her modesty. She blushed, and giggled, and pressed herself against his torso, feeling his muscles and sensing the tremours he felt beneath his skin. Catryn stepped out of her slippers and stood before him proudly, knowing how he loved to look at her, to touch every part of her soft body with his eyes. She was full-hipped and flat stomached, her thighs round yet firm and her breasts soft, pendulous; her hair grazed her dimpled buttocks and her cheeks shone pink with the fullness of her emotions. In her world she was considered pretty, but never beautiful; yet when she smiled, shyly and sweetly, no goddess could have compared.

Bow was increasingly aware of the lump in his throat at beholding this gentle lover whom he adored,

and of the weight that dangled, pulling from between his hind legs, making his fetlocks quiver in anticipation though he appeared calm. She giggled again, her voice honey-smooth, and stepped around to his side.

“Now, then...what does my love want, I wonder...?” she teased, barely above a whisper, and watched him grow ever longer and harder beneath her gaze. Bow shifted to lie on his side then, allowing her access to anything she desired. He propped his head on his hand and watched her, then smiled gently as she straddled his chest, her sweet red mouth approaching his glistening cock. She licked one finger then touched him with it oh, so softly...his flesh was far more tender than a human male’s there and her caution and gentleness made him love her the more. Her lips opened then and drank in the very tip, her tongue slipping as deep inside as it could; and Bow groaned then, his pleasure growing.

Catryn took as much of him as she could into her mouth, the tip pulsating against her throat and her small hands kneading his scrotum. She smiled, sighed contentedly and lapped up the fluids that began to run freely from her lover; she allowed some to escape her lips, to coat and protect him before encircling him with both hands and massaging him, stroking him, milking him. Bow twisted his supple torso to grasp her hips, to squeeze her cheeks and to stroke her lips as she worked her magic on him. Catryn was so small to him, who had been used to other centaur’s; yet she was large enough to give him greater pleasure than he had ever felt before.

Bow’s body was limber and he chose to do something to her had never done before – as Catryn concentrated all her attentions on his penis he grasped her thighs and pulled her toward him, twisting the while, until his mouth found her nether lips. She moaned audibly and increased her pace, her mouth and tongue and hands bathing him in pleasure; he parted her labia, gripping her thighs, and began to nibble along her tender inner lips, circling her clitoris with his tongue.

He stroked her cheeks, marveling at their silken texture, their firm muscles and the ardent response his attention sparked. A cry of pleasure broke from him as he felt her throat convulse and tighten on him – she was taking in far more of his shaft than he’d have thought possible, and Bow pulled her off him abruptly.

“No, Catryn, let’s not end it so soon...” he crooned to her, bringing her around and up to him. She pouted prettily, wanting to please him, and the look on her face brought forth a chuckle from his deep, strong chest. He smiled at her, drew her up to look into her eyes and kissed her lips again, enjoying their flavours mixing in their embrace. He pressed his lips against hers, massaging them with gentle pressure before opening them to his tongue. Bow probed her mouth for an eternity and Catryn twined her body neatly about his, wrapping her legs about his torso, hugging his equine shoulders with her heels.

The playfulness with which she broke away from him startled Bow, and he grinned at her as she giggled, smiling wantonly.

“Let’s run! May I ride you, please, Bow! Oh, please, love?” she begged giddily, the moonlight raining drops of silver on her hair and upturned face.

“Yes, get on!” he agreed indulgently.

Catryn’s slim legs scissored up and over, her strong thighs grasping his trunk as he shifted to rise. He began slowly, their lovemaking having thickened his blood with passion; when they returned to their spot he would see to it that this childlike and enchanting creature was well-spent before she wandered home!

Bow ran swiftly, enjoying the feel of his lover's legs as they gripped him firmly, the feel of her moisture and the scent of her musk making him dizzy with desire. Her weight was a slight one, but far heavier than he had expected the first time he held her; Catryn's body was slender, and supple, but well-muscled and strong. She would bear children well, he thought, though the two of them might be incompatible in that respect. No matter, he was hers and she knew it. Perhaps thirty minutes had passed, perhaps forty; and it was time to return.

Bow galloped back to the waterfall, conscious of his lady's eagerness and of the pleasure that riding astride him was producing in her. They spoke seldom, basking in each other's presence and leaving behind the words that could be misunderstood in favour of the emotions and actions which could not. Bow's sides were coated with a fine lather and he laughed with a child's glee as he plunged into the pool and beneath the fall. Catryn squealed, then burst into laughter that was musical and sensual.

"You crazy thing, we're both drenched!" she giggled.

"You were doing a good job of it on your own, my love - I just opted to hasten the process." he grinned back at her, his teeth white and straight. She giggled again, her cheeks flushed and rosy in the moonlight. Catryn shifted her weight forward, pulling his shoulders back at the same time; and then she began to kiss his neck teasingly, working her way down and as far around as she could with lips, tongue and teeth. Bow twisted to embrace her and felt her thighs clench involuntarily, a fresh trickle of juices working its way into the silky hide of his shoulders. He ran one hand down to dip into her well and brought his fingers to his lips.

The gasp of pleasure that emanated from her throat was one that Bow recognized well. His smile faded and a look of concentration overtook his face as he lowered his lover to the forest floor. She gazed up at him adoringly for bare moments before moving swiftly beneath him and the intensity of sensation hit the centaur like a physical blow. She had plunged her ravenous mouth onto him again, drinking him in without preliminaries. He began to thrust against her gently, careful to curb his strength yet wanting very much to piston hard and fast into her throat. She surprised him yet again by redoubling her efforts and taking him deep, deeper than he would have thought possible. His Catryn must have practiced, must have wanted very much to give him this gift...she moved her face back and forth beneath him and Bow wished that he could see her as she loved him that way!

At last, sensing his climax approaching, Catryn stopped and withdrew from her spot on the grass.

"My love, my Bow - I want to feel you inside me." Her voice was barely a whisper, enticing him to do with her as he pleased. Bow picked her up in his arms again, this time holding her around her shoulders and in the crook of her knees; he walked forward to a moss-covered, fallen tree as he kissed Catryn's brow, her eyelids, her cheeks, her nose, lips and jaw...she was a treasure of satiny flesh and his mouth covered as much of her as their mutual passion would allow. He looked forward to the day when they would both be languid enough in their lovemaking to spend entire days doing nothing but running lips and tongues over one another, learning the particular tastes of every spot on their bodies. That day would be a long time in coming, he chuckled to himself, before her insistent little whimpers and writhing form prompted him to kneel to his baser instincts.

Catryn inched herself down along the soft green makeshift bed until she could feel him pressing hot and wet against her. His precum stained the length of her thighs and she grasped with her feet and calves, trying to gain better purchase on her lover. Catryn knew that she was blessed, knew that Bow's people shunned her own and that her world was blind to the existence of these magical, wonderful creatures. She knew, too, that having given her maidenhood to this being whom she loved, no human man would ever be allowed to touch her. Nor, she giggled to herself, naughtily,

would she even be able to feel him if one were! Bow was enormous to the point where their first few times together were spent using both their hands to open her, to stretch her, to make room for him; and he had hurt her still, though the pain was momentary and she would not have wished it otherwise.

Bow reacted to Catryn's soft little pleas by drawing nearer, tangling his fingers through her hair, bringing his hard length ever closer until the sensitive tip brushed her soft curls. He held his breath then and let her guide him in, her eyes never leaving his. The look of pleasure on her face, and the sudden, incredible tightness around the tip of his cock almost pushed Bow over the edge but he managed to hold back, wanted her climax far more than his own. Catryn clasped his haunches with her legs, allowing him to penetrate, to fill her; and she saw, rather than heard, him whisper "I love you" as he thrust home. She arched her back, opened her mouth and gasped heavily at this white-hot intrusion, her body overwhelmed as it was every time he visited his brand of ecstasy on her.

A sense of warmth broke over Catryn and she smiled at her stallion, clenched her muscles tight about him and began to rock back and forth, inviting him to match her rhythm...he did so, his senses reeling. The erotic play of the past hour or so had caught them deep in its web and the two lovers thrust harder and harder against one another, a fine sheen of sweat covering both their forms. Bow felt Catryn's hands grasping his middle, lowered himself a bit to obtain a better angle and started to pump exquisitely, thrilling to her tightness and her heat. Catryn's creased brow and laboured breath told him she was very near and when her voice ripped through the forest's stillness in a wild and abandoned shriek he gave himself over to sensation, pure sensation...

Catryn's nerve endings were on fire as she came to climax, the intensity a deeper one each time they loved; and she came again, and then a third time as she heard Bow's beloved voice crying out and felt his semen, hot and sticky, shooting with supreme force against the mouth of her womb. Bow's head was numb, his ears ringing and his pulse racing as his orgasm hit like a thunderbolt and Catryn's pulsing vagina was engulfing him, squeezing him, milking him so thoroughly he felt as though his life's blood must be mingling with his cum. His body quivered, the tremors subsiding slowly as his legs struggled to hold his weight; then Bow withdrew to fold his Catryn deep into his arms, cradling her against his chest in a fierce, protective hold.

When he awoke the next morning, knees tucked neatly below him on the damp, cool blades of grass, Bow shook his head at the intensity of his experience...he was being ridiculous, of course human's didn't exist... but such a nice dream...such a very nice dream...