

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



Willow shut the door to the farmhouse, tugging on a pair of rough leather gloves as she stepped outside. It was mid-morning, and the low sun was beginning to melt the early frost that crunched in the grass beneath her feet. She frowned slightly at the chill in the air. With luck, the first snows would still be a few months away, but once they came travel to the village would become difficult. She made a mental note to have Callain pick up some more supplies from town in the next few days before. The farm was a bit isolated, but they still made regular trips to the market. Willow had a special handcart made for Callain for the larger loads. He had caused quite the stir the first time Willow had brought him into town, but by now the villagers were mostly used to the sight. Centaurs were rare in these parts: while not unheard of, their herd-clans mostly kept to the grasslands on the southeast edge of the kingdom. That one was working on a farm with his human mother was even stranger, though the townsfolk didn't pry, and neither Willow or Callain himself volunteered much about their personal lives.

Not bothering with the gate, Willow clambered over the wooden fence into the pasture, tossing her heavy red braid back over her shoulder once she was over. Callain was already out, corralling their cattle towards the barn. Willow gave him a wave and headed in that direction as well to meet him. The townsfolk naturally assumed she had adopted Callain, but in truth, he was her son, flesh and blood. Willow herself didn't even think such a thing was possible, until too much to drink and a night in her youth spent with her favourite riding horse ended with a pregnancy that was unexpected to say the least. Living alone on the ranch meant she hadn't had to explain things to anyone at least. This was years ago now, and Callain had grown to a fine young man, and Willow herself was in her late thirties.

Callain trotted over to meet her. From the waist up, he appeared as an ordinary young man, though on the wiry side. Unlike his mother's slightly round body shape, he hardly ever seemed to have an ounce of fat on him. His hair was an unruly shock of light brown. While his other half took after his father in most regards: sleek and hot-blooded, the short hair covering his lower body was a rich chestnut and nearly as red as his mother's. Today, he dressed in just a simple woolen jacket against the cool morning.

"Morning, mother." He greeted her. She returned his easy smile.

"Good morning. You slept well, I hope?" She asked, heading into the barn. Callain followed, leading one of the cows in behind him.

"Well enough." He answered with a chuckle. There was a slight edge to his voice that only Willow as his mother could have picked up on. Something was bothering him, but she didn't press it. Instead, she took a seat on the worn wooden stool, pulling up a clean bucket and getting to work. Callain of course was too tall to do the milking himself without lying on his side, so he busied himself around the barn. Some days, Willow couldn't help but admire him in what she told herself was motherly pride, though the truth she knew was less benign. She had never married, and she had only dared seek intimacy with Callain's father a dozen or so times since she had him, and the stallion had passed a few years ago now. Ever since he had come of age, Willow had been host to the occasional tempting dream of them lying together as she had with his father. Last night she had another, and an uncomfortable longing to feel his strong body against hers clung to her like a hex. As taboo as the pairing Callain had come from was, that was a line she wasn't keen to cross just yet. Still, she allowed herself the occasional sidelong glance or midnight fantasy.

"Callain, can you check if there's anything else we need in town?" she asked, turning to look at him as the first splash of milk hit the bucket. "I'd like to get the rest today before it snows again."

"Of course," he replied, and Willow found herself staring as Callain turned away. With her sitting down, his lower body was directly above her eye level. Just a few feet away, his balls hung directly in her line of sight, heavy and dark with a coat of fine hair covering them. Her breath caught, a sudden twist clenching in the pit of her stomach. The tip of his cock, half-erect, hung from his sheath, swinging slightly beneath him. The centaur was half-turned, seemingly trying to hide it, but with his size and no clothing to cover it, there was little he could do. Willow quickly flicked her eyes away so he didn't catch her staring, but she did notice the slight blush in his cheeks.

"So that's what's been bothering him..." she muttered to herself, the stirrings of an idea starting to form. Callain left the barn for a moment, giving Willow time to work up her nerve, as well as another view as he passed by. When he returned, she stood, setting the milk bucket aside and grabbing a brush as she made her way over to him. "Hold on," she called to him. "You've got a burr."

"Oh!" he stopped, and Willow laid a hand on his back. Gripping the wooden handle, she brushed his side, making her way down his flank. As she reached his underside, Callain began to blush deeper and turned his head away. Willow saw his cock twitch, continuing to grow as her hand reached closer. She suppressed a smile and a tremble both as she did so. Callain's embarrassment was plain to see, and Willow herself hesitated another moment before continuing her advancements.

"Are you feeling alright?" she asked him coyly. Switching the brush to her other hand, she rubbed his underbelly with the flat of her hand, letting her fingers creep within inches of his shaft. "You've been distracted all morning."

"Ah..." he stammered. "No, I'm... I'm alright." He shifted slightly to one side, but his mother moved with him, continuing her gentle caress. Dropping her feigned innocence, she let her hand brush against his cock.

"Does this have something to do with it?" she asked. Callain pulled away in shock, cheeks blazing, but not before Willow felt him twitch at her touch.

"Mo... mother, what are you doing?" he asked, taken aback.

"It's alright," Willow reassured him, placing a gentle hand on his back. "I know you get lonely living out here. I should have you stay in town a while, meet some of the village girls," she suggested.

"We... ah... no..." he started, still tripping over the words in his shock and embarrassment. He hesitated, running a hand through his hair and avoiding his mother's gaze. "Well we tried... once. She was nice but we weren't... we weren't compatible." As he spoke, his cock gave another subconscious twitch, hitting against his stomach. Willow chuckled slightly.

"Well if that's all it is," she started, setting the brush aside and moving to stand in front of him. She hesitated for just a moment before making up her mind, and tugged open the top few buttons of her coat. "Why don't you let me help?"

"What? You can't, that's not..." he trailed off, taking a step back. Despite his words, Willow could hear the weak conviction being them, and she pressed on. Stepping with him, she took his hand, guiding it to her shoulder.

"I understand how you feel Callain, a young man your age?" She led his palm over her right breast, clothed only in a loose undershirt. "It's been some time for me as well," she admitted. "Won't you let me help?" Callain looked over his shoulder, as if someone would creep up behind them to witness it. As always, there was no one around to see but the impassive gaze of the cattle milling outside the barn.

"Okay." He relented, barely above a whisper. Tentatively, he squeezed his hand, feeling the weight of his mother's breast beneath his fingers, yielding. Willow's mouth parted, half a grin and half a sigh at his touch. Callain reached down with his other hand, rolling her nipples between his fingers as they hardened.

"Ah, that's it." Willow encouraged him. "You must have done this before." She observed.

"We got this far." He answered with a small grin, some of the embarrassment leaving his face with the banter.

"Then I won't keep you." Willow replied. Shrugging the coat from her shoulders, she let it crumple to the floor. In the dim light of the barn, her skin looked paler than usual, moreso as she lifted the shift over her head, revealing her bare chest and stomach untanned by the sun. She stepped closer, pressing close to Callain and beginning to unbutton his shirt from the bottom up. Growing eager, he pulled the top clasps open, tossing it aside once their hands met. Placing her palms against his hard stomach, she ran them up to his chest and back down to where smooth skin faded to coarse fur.

"Lie down." She told him. He did so, laying on his side and propping himself up on a bale of hay. Willow sat with her back to his stomach. Taking Callain's shaft in her hands, it fell over her lap and across her stomach. The mottled pink and black skin was hot against her own, and she was able to smell his precum oozing from the flared tip. She curled her fingers around the shaft, longer than her forearm and nearly as thick as her wrist near the sheath. "Just relax," she calmed him, feeling the quick rise and fall of his breath. He nodded, but still seemed stiff. Willow stared at his cock, hugging it to her chest as she stroked with both hands, one up to the tip and reaching down to his balls with the other.

Squeezing gently, she fondled them in one hand, the fine hairs pricking on her palm. Despite the cold air on her bare skin, she was flushed with her own arousal and the radiating heat of Callain's body. Willow ran her hands in opposite directions, to tip and base then meeting back in the middle. Each of her hands could barely wrap around the shaft. Just the sight of it had turned Willow on, but now being able to feel it against her skin, hear Callain's quiet gasps... *This is for Callain*, she reminded herself as one hand began to stray between her own legs. Her body ached with need, but she dragged her attention back to her son, promising silently to help herself to him later. For Callain's part, his breath grew shallow and rapid, groaning softly. He grabbed at the wall of the barn, digging his nails into the wood as if grounding himself.

"I'm... oh, that feels so good!" He mumbled, and Willow almost chuckled. He clearly was desperate if this was his reaction to a simple handjob. She gripped his cock harder, then leaned down, pulling the tip up to meet her lips. She kissed the crown gently, making her way around the edge of the bulbous tip. Callain gasped at the first touch of her mouth, eyes going wide. Willow smirked in satisfaction before resuming, precum sticky on her lips. Still stroking with one hand, she held his cock in place, pressing her tongue to the very tip before swirling it around. Callain's whole body tensed, hips bucking forward out of reflex. With no more warning, the centaur came. Hot cum erupted from his cock, catching Willow by surprise. It splashed onto her face, and she bore it with a grin. Continuing to stroke his shaft, she let it spurt onto her chin and the ground until he was finished. She licked the tip, swallowing the last drops that oozed out before releasing him and standing. Callain lay for a minute, out of breath.

"That was amazing!" He breathed, turning to Willow as he started to stand. "Oh, your face..." Willow wiped her cheek on the back of her hand with a smile.

"Feeling better?" she asked, bringing her hand to her lips and licking it off.

"I... yeah, that was incredible." he said, suddenly blushing again. "Um, but I don't... you shouldn't have..." Willow scoffed, walking back over to him.

"Well now you know. You can ask your village girls for that much at least." she told him. Leaning on him for support, she bent down, pulling off her heavy leather boots as she started to undress the rest of the way.

"Wait, what are you doing now?" Callain asked.

"You had your turn, Callain." She answered, still bent over. She grunted as she tugged her other boot free, letting it drop onto the ground beside her. "You're not the only one who's been pent up." she explained, brushing aside a lock of red hair as she stood, fully nude. She pressed up close to his chest once again, taking his hand and leading him towards the back of the barn. "Now it's mine."

"You don't mean..." he trailed off, staring at his mother's naked body. Leaning forward, Willow placed her elbows on a large hay bale, raising her ass into the air, presenting her soaked pussy towards him.

"I mean it's my turn." she told him, giving her rear a little shake. "Now it's time you fuck me like a proper stallion." Callain didn't say anything for a moment, and she was about to turn and look when he finally approached. He stood over her, his tall legs on either side and body looming above her. She reached up and patted him gently. "Let's see what you can do then." He was hard again already, and he pressed the tip against Willow's body, molding her soft cheeks around the sheer girth of his cock.

"Am I...?" He asked, unable to see from this position.

"A little lower." His mother corrected, reaching a hand behind to guide him. Her lips parted around the tip, and she released it, gasping as he entered her. "Oh... right there!" Callain pushed in slowly with a quiet moan, every inch stretching Willow's pussy to capacity.

"It's so tight!" he said, pausing. Willow could feel his cock pulsing against the taut walls of her pussy as he hesitated, Callain's body clearly wanting more.

"Don't stop!" She shouted. "Fuck, that's good!" Callain went in another inch, nearly half his length inside before pulling back and starting to thrust. He went slow at first, but even still, the sheer force was enough to make it hard for her to stay upright, even with the support. The hay bristled on her skin, but she could hardly feel it over the pounding. Willow pushed back as much as she was able, gritting her teeth as she felt him bottom out inside her before pulling back for another thrust.

Callain quickly built up speed, powerful hips putting such force behind each that Willow was jostled back and forth as she tried to brace against them. Her breasts swung beneath her each time she was knocked forward. *Fuck, I needed this!* she thought to herself, biting her lip so hard it nearly bled. She didn't dare open her mouth for fear she would bite her tongue from the pounding, but a stream of muffled groans and whines escaped through her clenched teeth nonetheless. Her son, it seemed, needed no encouragement. His own breathy moans made their way to Willow's ears, and he drove himself harder still. Her stomach bulged slightly from the sheer size every time he thrust in, and Willow couldn't recall if she'd ever been fucked this deep or this hard. A powerful orgasm welled up from the pit of her stomach, tingling down the length of her body as it washed over her.

"It's... you're getting tighter!" Callain groaned, slowing slightly as Willow clenched hard around his shaft.

"I'm cumming," she managed in explanation between gasps.

"Do you want me to... inside, or...?" A momentary pause flashed through Willow's pleasure soaked mind, before she called out in ecstasy.

"Yes!" She screamed, voice ragged. "Callain! Oh, I want it inside!" Hardly a second later, he groaned aloud, pushing in as deep as possible. Willow felt the spurt of cum inside her, impossibly warm as it flooded her pussy. The centaur's balls twitched as he pumped into her. She couldn't guess at how much it was, until it began to leak out around his shaft and he finally pulled out. His cock dangled limply, still dripping as his semen flooded out of Willow's pussy and onto the ground. She lay there for several breathless moments, aftershocks still running through her. Callain walked a few steps away and laid down, panting. He said something, but she couldn't make it out over her own rapid breathing. Eventually, she pushed herself to her feet, legs wobbling and sticky from where it ran down her thighs.

"Not bad, for your first time." She quipped, still swaying on her feet. "There's a stallion's blood in you, yet. Pass me that rag." Callain stood, and handed her the rough cloth.

"That was... unbelievable!" He exclaimed. Willow took it from him, wiping herself down with it.

"It certainly was." she replied, tossing the rag aside. Leaning on him again, she began to redress, starting to shiver again now that it was over and the cold returned. She passed Callain his coat, then pulled her own on over her shift. Pausing as she buttoned it up, she turned back to face him. "Don't think this gets you out of work today." she leveled at him. "I still need you to pick up those supplies from town."

"Oh, right. Okay." he said, a blush returning to his cheeks. He started tallying up the things they would need and went to fetch the cart.

"Don't forget what I told you about asking the village girls!" Willow called to him as he left the barn. "But now you know what's waiting for you back here!" she added with a wink.