

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



"I'm tired of men who lie to me," Cindy was complaining.

"It's all so pointless. Guys don't have to make up shit up about being in love," she went on, heatedly. "Just once, I wish I could meet a guy who has the guts to say flat out that he wants me to suck his cock. Nothing more."

"Men lie," said Dawn. "Have you ever known a male who didn't lie?"

"There's always Rob," said Cindy thoughtfully.

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That night Cindy went over to see Rob and looked at him. Really looked at him.

Rob's body was like no man she had ever known. His muscles seemed made of iron, with enough strength to crush her like an eggshell. Yet he was as gentle as a lamb. His eyes were penetrating, seeming to look directly into her soul. His long legs were so lithe and powerful; they made her feel faint.

Cindy felt flames in her cheeks and excitement in her heart. Suddenly, she could not bear to remain clothed in front of him. Her garments descended like so much dross. Underneath, she had only her own humble body.

Was it beautiful? Some might say so. Cindy's best feature was her long straight dark hair, lustrous and shiny, drawing down to her perfectly shaped round ass. She was very proud of her slender waist, simple dark-haired pussy, and slim legs. She did feel a little self-conscious about her medium-sized chest, but Rob had never issued a word of complaint.

Cindy cradled his head in her arms. She loved the tender feeling she got stroking his hair, sensing the tension and anxiety ease out of his massive body. That powerful physique calmed so smoothly by her own little charms... it seemed so hard to believe.

She felt a tingle in her pussy, driving her forward. Cindy let herself say yes to the desire, the hunger, the passion for having more, feel more. She spread her hands all over Rob's body, touching, whispering, petting. His head bobbed up and down a bit. He could get nervous, but she patiently kept on, her fingers mute testament to her devotion and desire. Her fingers gently stroked his strong back, affectionately fondled his giant muscles, tenderly caressed his taut belly.

Many was the time that contemplating Rob's brawn had gotten Cindy weak in the knees. It was not long before she knelt, all the better to see his incredible cock. Even soft, it was the stuff of miracles, masculinity personified. She could not keep her lips from it. Soon her tongue was caressing it, nipping it, playing with it.

Praise the Lord, the cock was lengthening. She watched, fascinated, as male energy drove through it, like this soft, teasing piece of flesh hardened into a rod that quickened the beating of her heart.

For a woman to witness a cock rise is awe-inspiring if it is the right cock. It is a testament to the power of the feminine, of mind, and the flesh becomes one. Cindy was on her knees, mouth wide open, but she felt stronger than she had ever been. This cock, this giant cock, was full of desire for her. None other.

It tasted wonderful. She stretched her jaws as far as she could, reaching, gaping, ravenous for that symbol of male virility. Rob's sounds of pleasure were music to her ears. Her left hand stroked the long cock gently. Her right was buried in the folds of her own pussy.

She knew that one thrust of his powerful hips would be enough to knock her sprawling to the ground, but she also knew that was not in his character. So many times had Rob carried her, patiently, in her worst moods and deepest despair. To worship him now, to be totally naked and helpless underneath him, pleasuring him, was giving her a sense of joy and wonder she had not felt in a long time.

Cindy knew well the words of Shakespeare, as they could have been:

What a piece of work his cock!

How passionate the sense!

How powerful the drive!

In form and moving, how express and admirable!

In action, how like an angel!

In apprehension of which how like a god!

Truly it is the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals.

The tingle had grown. It was now a surge of heat radiating through her. Rob's growing desire fed hers. She wanted desperately to taste him, feel his fluid, and know that she was his, now and forever.

"Cum for me, Rob," she whispered. "Cum for me."

It did not take long for Rob to oblige. The cum shot out, loads of it, catching Cindy straight in the face. It was like that of no man she had ever known. She tried to catch some in her mouth, but it poured out, soaking her face, dripping down her body, coating her in a white sheath. For some reason, the sweet smell reminded her of freshly cooking mushrooms — was the perfect digestif.

Cindy had done it. She had excited Rob's passion, driven him to climax. The feel of his cum soaking her body made her feel alive. The thought of his hot desire, his wild hunger for her, drove her fingers deeper into her pussy. She felt the pleasure race through her. Her body began to shake with passion, sizzle with electricity, surge with a savage joy.

Unnatural? Who was anyone to say this was unnatural? Why is the passion of the body ever unnatural? Cindy stood up and clutched desperately to her stallion's thick mane. He might not speak with the tongue of men, but he had shown her true animal passion, animal desire, of the somewhat human male could dream of but never attain.

Rob whinnied at her.

"Yes, my dear," Cindy said soothingly. "I will always be here to suck your cock. As long as you live."

*The End.*