

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Melony awoke a croak of a groan, immediately regretting coming back to reality from the deep throbbing ache pulsing in her grey matter. She writhed under the sheets while clutching her temples because it felt her hands were the only things keeping her skull from splitting apart.

With her eyes squinted tight she glowered, everything seemed just a little too bright for her liking. She was trying to recall why she felt so bad, the night before was an elusive mystery, but it was slowly coming together in tiny fragments.

It was hardly a typical event for her to wake up in such a state after boozing, gambling and flirting with strapping men. This time was different, she had overdone it, she had drunk until all sense had left her and something felt off that morning.

While peering about her bed with her brows squeezed together, she noticed that only she was in it, a rare occurrence for her. She eventually went as far to pull back her sheets, just to make absolutely sure it was indeed empty. It was a telling sign for her by waking up alone, the night had not ended well.

She began to ponder what could have put her in such foul mood that she wanted to be alone, there was nagging suspicion she was missing a very important piece of the puzzle something. Then she was struck by the sudden need to check her things and pushed herself up to sit amidst a tangle of downy covers as the tight ringlets of chestnut brown hair spilled over her bust.

Even as her head spun from the sudden movement she looked about for her things before reaching for the bedside. With a slap of her hand against the stiff dark oak of the nightstand, she snatched up the leather coin purse and pulled it in close.

The absence of any significant weight in her hand or the way not a single had clattered inside had her guts twisting up in worry before even having to reach inside it. There was not even a pair of coppers to rub between her fingers, yet she kept reaching inside the pouch in desperation while cursing under her breath in disbelief, she was completely broke.

With a growl of contempt, she whipped the empty coin purse against the wall as all those the foggy memories had finally begun to settle in of where her money had gone. She had bet it all on a hand of poker, though it was not the first time it has happened to her, this time things were even worse. So overconfident in her odds, she went so far as to bet her horse and left the gambling table with nothing but her clothes and a sour face.

Her mind was racing, no money meant she had no way to pay for this luxurious room, though she was already thinking of paying her tab with a more carnal currency. As she begun to mentally tally her debts, it was becoming painfully clear to her it was going to take a lot more than just a simple romp in the sack. With a groan she buried her face in her palms, she would have to suck innkeeper's cock until it was smoother than polished marble and maybe then barely settle her drinking tab at best.

The mental image of being turned out like a common whore by the innkeeper had her springing out of bed in a hurry and began to dress. She pushed her arms through a satin undershirt and fastened up the ivory front buttons, closing the frills of her garment over her chest. Her midsection was wrapped in a black leather corset, pulling the strings taut until she felt the leather compressing around her body. An open skirt was pulled up her thighs until it was snug around the waist, the loose pleats of white diaphanous fabric hung to the midpoint of her thigh.

While she dressed, her mind was thinking of the best way to escape this awful mess as she sat back on the bed and pulled her silken black thong up her legs to hitch it under her skirt. She was walking to the window with her tall riding boots and pulled them over her calves until they were on her knees hugging her low under the thigh.

With her foot propped up on the window sill, she was peering out the large glass pane, gauging just how far a drop it was while tugging sharply up the ladder of crisscrossing strings on the outside of the boot. With a sigh, she lamented that it had to be like this as she tied a tight bow in the strings until the supple leather was gripping her toned legs like a second skin.

Then she cracked the window wide open and vaulted from the second story of the inn and onto the hard packed dirt below.

The morning was still young, fronts of fog were curling between the tightly stacked buildings, just light enough for her to navigate through the narrow streets. There was a grey cloying mist hanging thick through the streets so early, an unexpected boon in her flight from the sleeping town.

She was weaving fast through the narrow walkways, time was of the essence and her presence was not going to go unnoticed for long, she liked her breakfast in bed and soon someone was going find her missing. All the while as she picked her route through the city she berated herself, a horse could have made this escape trivial. This was not the first time she had ducked out before paying her dues, betting her prized animal away was a new low for her.

Once past the open gates, she broke into a sprint and veered off into the wild of the woods over the better-traveled paths, they would easily run her down on foot, the forest could make it harder for them to navigate through. The air was cold as it washed over her, curling fingers of fog parting around her, the choice of dress was not suited for the crisp morning air, her body too pampered by her high living standards and breaking out with gooseflesh.

Navigating the uneven terrain while hungover and on an empty stomach was quick to take its toll on Melony. Her strides were slowing to a crawl, chest heaving from hungry gasps for air and every stick and rock was keenly felt through the soft leather of her boots. By the time she had found a roughly cut path in the woods, she gladly had taken the meandering trail, heedless to where it was going to take her.

It was not long before she faintly made out the sound of heavy hooves thumping at the soft ground in front of her. She froze in place with her eyes wide in alarm and desperately trying to gaze beyond the veil of mist, trying in vain to discern if it was a highwayman.

The lack of baying of hounds was a clear indication whoever approaching was not a pursuer but a traveling bystander, this was an opportunity presented to her that she had to take. She just needed to persuade him to her get her that much further away from the city, all she needed was to give him the right motivation to do so.

Acting quickly, she employed her weapons of seduction by unfastening the buttons of her blouse to push forward her generous cleavage through the gap in her shirt. She had perched herself against a tree and thrust the swell of her hip to further extenuate the curve of it, putting on a sensual display no man could pass up.

It was then she noticed the silhouette of a man on a very large horse had begun to show through the fog. Or at least that was what she had first assumed, only to quickly notice the torso of the man was

too far forward, so far forward it was where the horse's head should have been.

Her heart skipped a beat with worry, this was not what she was expecting, even though it was her first time seeing such a creature, she definitely knew the name people called them in the common tongue, a centaur. She didn't know much about the rare race, she had never cared much for learning about the fey lore, it seemed like something she never needed, but at that moment desperately wished she had a sliver of information about them.

"Hello there!" The beast man called to her with a hand held high in a wave.

Melony was elated by his friendly greeting and she happily returned it with a welcoming gesture of her own. When he approached, the fog seemed to peel away from him and the dusky features of his figure came in clearer view.

His human half was ruggedly handsome, a sharply pointed chin with his high cheekbones, those tanned kissable lips framed with a dark goatee. The upper torso was hard looking and exposed under the loose fitting vest of homespun cloth, each ab clearly defined with large pecs mounted atop them.

He was getting closer to her, his height making him so much more imposing, her head was just under his human chest. Her head tilted to gaze into his piercing blue eyes, her nethers tensing up with desire on reflex, but then her eyes wandered to the animal half of him.

The equine features of his body she found equally impressive to an equestrian like herself. His furred chest was broad, standing tall, his charcoal fur glossy and well brushed the midsection wide and showing good health. Yet she had forgotten that she was looking a sentient creature while inspecting him like a draft animal.

Her eyes were wandering lower and she even went so far as to tilt to the side to look beyond his front legs to check out his endowment. It was his chuckle that had her realize what she was doing and her cheeks flushed with hot with an unbearable embarrassment.

"Oh... oh, my... I am so sorry." She recoiled from him in mortified shame, barely holding back the desire to run from after having done such a thing.

"I-It's... just... I have never met a centaur before." she stammered, trying desperately to salvage some dignity.

"So... you always look to the penis of the other kind you encounter?" His accent was thick, his voice deep, but smooth and pleasing to her ears.

He was grinning mischievously at her as he teased with his words, finding the awkward discomfort she expressed amusing. "By all means, look, you are welcome to touch too if you wish it."

Her mouth parted from his brazen invitation, unsure of how she should respond, but there was an irresistible tension between her legs and it had gotten the best of her. Before she could even think to resist, those green orbs of hers swiveled right back between his legs when he shifted his long body to the side.

Her eyes bulged with awe when she saw this massive horse penis pushing from its sheath. The pink shaft was thicker than her arm and was mottled with black splotches, the tangle of veins running throughout his length gave it an uneven appearance and a few looked fatter than at least two of her fingers. The imposing head of his dick made her loins tighten in dread, it was so much bigger than

anything she has seen before.

Yet she couldn't tear her eyes off it, watching it extend far beyond anything her body could take until it was hanging so low his tip was almost touching the ground. This was not the first time she had seen the erect cock of a horse before, but there was something different when it was attached to a half man.

"You like what you see?" He chuckled while clearly showing off to her this equine member with arms crossed over his chest to strike a dashing pose for her.

Her mouth was parched and she struggled to find the words to deny him, but it was already painfully clear he was very much interested in draining those gargantuan balls inside her.

"Uhh, actually... I was just wondering... if... if maybe you could give me a ride to the next town." She battled with her words, needing to look up to him with pleading eyes and hoping he might just give her a pass.

His face was passive but gave a sharp flick of his tail over what she said, it was a verbal smack to his face to make such a request. As if he was nothing more than gelded pack horse for her to ride at her pleasure.

She was hanging on to a desperate hope that he could be content with just helping a poor girl out. Yet he was not looking her in the eyes because from his height he had this perfect view down her blouse. When he flashed her a roguish grin, she knew he was only thinking about how he was going to extract his pleasure from her.

"You wish to ride me?" He stated flatly, the words pushed fast from his mouth like they were uncomfortable to say. "Fine, you can mount me and I will take you wherever you wish... but it will be me that mounts you first."

She couldn't cut off the whimper crawling up her throat fast enough. There was no playful tone to his voice when he had laid such a harsh price at her feet.

Her eyes wandered back to his heavy organ that he fully intended to use on her and couldn't fathom how he expected her to take something so large inside.

"C-can I just use my mouth on it?" She attempted to barter with him with tone to her voice that was soft and beseeching, even going so far to give her pouty lips a lick so they looked glossy to entice him.

"Fine... but I get to play with your hole." He had scratched his chin for a moment, but then shrugged his shoulders in a casual acceptance as if they were haggling over the price of bread.

"Ok... but please be gentle down there." She softly pleaded with him, not wanting him to be too rough with her while she fulfilled her end of this deal.

She watched him pull his saddle pack off his back, placing it on the ground, then dropped his great body onto his side. His human torso showing surprising flexibility, still standing high to look at her with one arm propped up on his flank, hind legs spreading wide in an invitation for her to come pay the price.

This brazen display made her giggle and the apprehensive feeling she had about what was going to happen was slowly loosening just like the strings of her corset. She tenderly draped the thick band

of leather over a felled log and it was when she had begun to unfasten the buttons of her blouse he had called to her.

“Turn around, show me everything... slowly.”

When she peered over her shoulder he was wearing this crooked mischievous smirk, those dark eyes roved up and down her figure with a naked desire for her. With a playful chuckle, she obeyed and slowly turned to face him and begun to give him the show he craved.

One button after the other was plucked and she shirt was being pushed open by the weight of her busy. Then slowly she peeled her shirt open to expose her olive mountains to him, they were round and perky, each one more than a match for both his hands. The chocolate colored caps were taut and her chubby nipples stood stiffly in the cool morning air.

He bit his bottom lip in approval as her shirt fell into crooks of her arms and his reaction gave her a naughty thrill that was sparking up her spine from showing off her body to him. Her hands traced over her stomach, the tips of her fingers stroking over the soft definition of abs to her narrow waist which only enhanced the impressive curve of her hips.

After dropping her shirt to the log she unfastened her skirt and pulled it aside while she turned away from him. It was then his curiosity grew even more and had him leaning in from the sight of her naked shapely rear end.

She was slowly bending over to him, the broad rounds of her ass directed right at his leering face as her fingers hooked into the straps of her panties on the sides of her waist. Then the skimpy garment was slowly being pushed them down her legs. The black strip of cloth was buried in the deep cleft of her backside and it was reluctant to be pulled free as it tailed behind the waistband.

She felt a thrilling excitement when she exposed it all to him, her tight slit was sticking out between her legs and already glistening with the nectar of her arousal from putting on a little strip tease for him. He blew out a low whistle as she stood there with only her boots remaining and when she looked back to him, he gave a hearty pat of his furred belly to beckon her to join him.

Her eyes were drawn once more to his groin as she approached, the fun of her striptease had worked up her courage and longer did this lazily hanging cock waiting for her mouth seem all that intimidating. Yet she was not exactly relishing the idea of how she would soon have the knowledge of what a horse's penis was going to taste like.

“H-how do you... want me?” She needed to ask, trying to figure out how she was going to pleasure his animal half.

“Lay upon me.” He told her simply and gave the broad barrel shaped side of his animal half a hearty smack of his hand.

She gulped her nervousness away, moving in and throwing a leg over to straddle his broad belly. Her lithe figure was draped across the length of him, the plush softness of her heavy bust had spread over his furry hide. The hairs were short and dense, and they lightly pricked at her skin as she adjusted herself to put her ass in reach of his arms.

His palms slapped over the thick rounds of her ass, making her yelp from the sudden connection. He began to stroke his calloused palms over their circumference, admiring the round shape of them and how smooth her skin felt to his palms.

Her cheeks had flushed red once more when he spread her nethers open to having him gaze with fascination over the tiny openings she possessed. He kept prying at them, stretching them until they opened for him a fraction and was already beginning to wonder how it would feel if he buried his cock into them.

On the other end, her face was wrinkled in disgust, the putrid animal stink of him was overwhelming and was making her eyes water as she struggled not to gag. She finally mustered the courage and reached for his thick shaft, feeling the intense heat of it well before her fingers had brushed against it.

The satin softness of his length against her fingers came as quite the surprise and bit her bottom lip to be holding a cock bigger than both her hands. It felt heavy in her palm and her fingers traced over the root like veins, feeling them throbbing against her tender touch.

Each time she pulled him between her palms, her hands bumped into the huge knot of flesh of his cockhead. This connection served as a constant reminder of just how badly he could have been tearing her up with it if he had wanted more than just a blowjob.

It was while she was massaging the length his member he had reached onto one of the leathered saddlebags not far from him. From one of the pockets, he pulled a small decanter from it and was generously spreading its clear contents all over his dominant hand.

He smiled when he felt the flesh of his hand begin to tingle with a sudden sensitivity and brought the well-lubricated fingers to those pouty pussy lips. At first, he was slowly massaging them coating her plump sex until they were saturated with the oil.

Her pussy was set ablaze with electric tingles from his touch and she cooed over the way he massaged her petals. Then there was a sudden feeling of having something pushing inside and her eyes went wide and her body turned stiff from sudden heated bursts of pleasure.

It didn't take much to get her deeply moaning for more as the wonderful sensation kept rising to new heights the more he played between her legs. This was because he had laced his hand in an aphrodisiac for his kind, a drug to make mares a little more receptive to a rough bout of sex, but it seemed the effects on a human woman were far more debilitating.

A soothing heat was spreading through her body from her nethers and she opened her legs up more to encourage him to keep touching her like that. Soon there were steady waves of pure euphoria washing through her until it was fogging her head with lust. Her hips began to move with a mind of their own, the erotic dance of her backside trying to coax him to give her hungry body more attention.

She moaned in delight when he gave it to her as the manipulation of his hand grew more vigorous. Her body began to rock back and forth over the coarse fur of his hide and her hypersensitive nipples sparked with intensity from those bristles raking against them. Even when he started to play with her asshole just a vigorously, she didn't care to stop him because it seemed everything he did to her only could feel amazing.

The lids of her eyes were growing heavy and her mind was going fuzzy, panting between her lusty moans, gazing with longing at his massive cock. All reservations had finally bled away and she brought that stinky equine dick to her mouth, wrapping her pouty lips around his huge blunt stopper of horse meat.

It tasted just as bad as she had expected, but that didn't stop her from muffing her moans with his

hot flesh. She showered this foul smelling cock with drunken kisses, her plush lips tugging at the tough ring of his crown between sloppy lashes of her tongue against his slimy hole to lick up all his bitter sap.

Again and again, she debased herself and suck eagerly at what she could fit in her mouth, yet to kiss it was not enough. She began to wash the throbbing length of his flesh with her tongue, reaching as far as she could all the while purring with an eager desire.

While she was giving him oral, the centaur had not been content with just teasing her pussy with just a few fingers. Her request for gentile play had been utterly ignored and he had crammed his entire fist into her slick cunt.

He deeply enjoyed how her meaty lips hugged his forearm as he punched into her sopping wet passage. It was squishing and squelching from his every movement, her copious nectar was rushing over his hand until it was gushing with each hard punch and soaking into his furred hide.

He had even shoved a dry thumb up the puckered muscle of her asshole and was grinding around her tight ring to stretch it out. This human minx mewled even louder and roll her hips around while he roughed up her little holes.

She was worshipping his member with her sloppy suckles of drugged affection and with both hands she was stroking his heavily veined shaft.

The potent animal flavor of him overwhelmed her sense of taste as his pre-slime rushed to fill up her mouth, but she was savoring his bitter flavor in her rampant lust.

He was watching her with an amused smirk as she debased herself on his cock while being so loud and messy along his flesh. All the while she was groaning like it was the most delicious thing she had ever put in her mouth. Then he gave it a mighty flex and her cheeks puffed up with his pre, only to gulp it all back like a good slut before returning for more.

"I will ride you now." He said matter of factly after such a display and pulled his fist from her sopping wet hole with a slop before he shoved her off his body.

She yelped in surprise when she hit the dirt but then giggled as her head spun and was barely able to focus when he pulled her up to her feet. Her head was spinning as she was being guided to a tall boulder which was soon to be the makeshift bed she was going to be fucked on.

She was already sweating just from a little foreplay and couldn't help but reach for her pussy to stymie the demanding ache throbbing between her legs without his attention. The restrictions of their deal had been completely forgotten and she let him lay her on the flat shelf of the rock.

Then he shoved her legs far back until her huge tits were resting between her thighs and her knees almost touched her shoulders.

"Spread yourself for me." He commanded, his voice desirous as he backed away to gaze with naked predatory desire for her tanned figure.

She didn't even hesitate to reach under her hips by his order and grabbed the flanks of her ass to spread open her round cheeks to him. The deeply tanned seam had parted from spreading her ass so wide and flashed him her drooling pink entrance. Even after taking his fist, it still looked just as tight before introducing it to his fist and was faintly twitching with unreserved desire to be filled by him.

It was all the temptation he could handle, he rushed in and his equine half mounted atop the rock she lay upon. His animal half obscured her, all that showed she was under him was the leather-booted legs spread around his animal hips.

Those massive hooves clopped over the stone close to her head to bring his immense breeding organ to her slit. She looked past her bust to see his equine immensity pressed up against the seam of her pussy. She continued to hold herself open to receive it, her mind had been completely overcome with a reckless need to get fucked by the beastman.

The moment he had felt her silken petals kiss his tip, he lunged at the sensation with a mighty push of his equine hips. His hardness shoved against her plush flesh, mashing his leathered cockhead into those supple lips, feeling them spread for the flat end of his cock. Yet he was not able to so easily get inside her, the tiny mouth of her entrance was only teasing him when it struggled to swallow such immensity.

She had yelled out in surprise from his attempt with wide eyes of shock when he clubbed his cock against her slit. Then his hips haunched again and his fat stopper was compressing just to squeeze into such a tight opening. There was a crushing pressure at his tip, yet he gave another mighty buck in reckless desire.

The brutal penetration was announced with loud and pitched queef which was quickly followed by her frantic barking cries. All she felt was this overwhelming sensation pulsing from between her legs. It was unlike anything she had felt before, unable to tell if what she felt was pain or pleasure, only that she wanted more.

She was oblivious to the bulge if his cock formed in the mound of her sex or how her pampered pussy lips had been forced to yawn obscenely wide until they were paper thin and deformed around the bulging veins along his shaft. It more intense than she ever could have imagined and was gasping for her breath. Her body shook uncontrollably as her pussy kept clutching him with frenetic contractions from trying to force this massive Intruder out.

He had been rewarded with an intense ache from the pressure of trying to fit into the tight human slut. It was just how he had imagined it to be, even trying to move his cock inside her human love trap was proving difficult. He felt stuck inside and when he pulled back her sex obscenely bulged from the grip it had on him.

This aching pressure didn't stop him from savagely rut into her, treating her human pussy as if she was a female of his kind. She squaked loudly from each lunge of his hips, shoving his massive stopper forward with the unchecked power of his animal half.

Bit by bit he was smashing through the resistance of her satin walls and her liquid arousal flooded over his cock. Her copious nectar gushed over his mottled shaft to make absolutely profane noises when he so ruthlessly pumped himself inside.

She was losing her mind amidst the waves of unbelievable pleasure and openly begged him to fuck her harder. He obliged and fucked the length of her cunt he had already broken in, but only to smash himself deeper into her shuddering opening.

With those gorgeous green eyes, she was drinking in the exotic sight of a deformed lump moving through her midsection. Her mouth parted in awe when he kept pushing it higher into her body towards her navel and was showing no signs of stopping.

Then he was smashing into parts of her that made her dizzy and a small part of her knew could

never enjoy a human penis after taking a centaur inside her. With each punch of his cock, it felt like an orgasm burst deep in her core from it. This amazing sensation was growing in intensity until there was a constant tide of white-hot bolts of raw pleasure blasting into her gray matter.

It was too much for her to handle and her head fell back with a senseless groan as her mind came apart to this relentless assault. Her limbs were quaking with such unrelenting overstimulation, she could no longer hold herself open to take the horse cock punching her cunt.

Her legs hung over his thighs and bounced limply off them when he bucked into her. He didn't even pause when she went limp under him, far too enamored with pulping her juicy hole with the unyielding crown of his cockhead as it scraped through her tenderized fuck slot.

He could feel a stiff resistance with every shove, knowing full well he had already packed this human whore to the brim with horse meat. Yet he was selfishly giving her more, shoving even harder at that stiff dead end.

Her groans of pleasure had only deepened when he bashed his organ at her limits, force feeding her cunt fresh inches of his hardness and reaching into parts of her never disturbed by a penis before. Even in her pleased stupor, she knew it was too much and her mouth moved with the intention to tell him to stop.

No sensible words were coming out, just an endless stream of babbling sounds had spilled from her lips. He wouldn't have stopped anyway and that bulge in her midsection began to push beyond her navel until it was nearly touching the underside of her bouncing tits.

It was then he could hear how her guts were churning and gurgling from such a brutal renovation. He had shoved her vital parts aside to make room for his hard spire, but he didn't care if she broke, either way, his lusts will be slaked inside her, living or dying.

He could feel his loins tensing up and grit his teeth trying to stave off the coming tide of his orgasm. His hips quickened in their pace, trying to work more of his shaft inside, but his thrusts had become too erratic and the way his cock was expanding in this quivering sheath made any progress difficult.

She was hyperventilating from the sensation of his cockhead flaring inside and the bulge in her stomach became much more prominent under her olive skin. He used this engorged plug to core out her cunt and her pink passage was fused to his veiny shaft, rolling past her thinly spread lips before being shoved it back inside by him.

His head tilted back with a groan while he brutally fucked his flare through the entire length of her passage. The deformed lips of her cunt obscenely bulged when his stopper reeled back before slamming it right at the barrier to her womb. She was no longer making noises for him, her mouth was hanging slack, tongue flopping over the stone, eyes screwed back, staring vacantly into her skull over his abuse.

Then he reached his limit and erupted into her with a groan of absolute bliss and a hoof sharply clapped against the stone. She was oblivious to the blow that had landed so close to her head, he had almost brained her while he came inside.

With each flex of his cock, she groaned as her body went stiff when it felt like a faucet had been opened up inside her. He jabbed into her well-fucked cunt to fire sticky gobs of his molten seed inside and it washed over her cervix. It had taken only a few gouts for him to instantly fill up her diminutive human pussy, but he continued to gift her with a load meant to breed a mare of his species.

She was his barely conscious cum dumpster and her stomach shuddered from the power of his release, insides gurgling from the endless tide of roiling spunk. Her breaths came ragged while his nuts kept on contracting to give her more until her belly began to swell with his cum.

The round shape of her stomach had risen over the high points of her tits, but she kept on swelling up beyond that and soon her stomach met with his. Then the gravid sphere shifted off to one side from the weight of his massive load and her taut flesh sagged against the rock.

He felt drained, loins aching from his prolonged release, a small side effect of the drug for him, but he relished in every drop he had poured inside her. The length he had failed to cram inside her was already softening, hanging low, yet the head was stuck, her pussy still refusing to release him.

He had to give it a tug to pull it out of her with a messy slop, and when he backed off the stone her legs fell forward without the support of his thighs to hang limply over the boulder. Then this long bubbling cum queef rumbled from her ravaged cunt and his steaming hot load poured out of her. White gouts of his milky slime surged from between her legs and her stomach compressed to a more normal size, but couldn't fully recover from such a stretching.

He chuckled from the fucked stupid expression frozen on her face, head twisted to one side, eyes stuck staring back into her skull. Her mouth hung slack and she was raggedly painting, the stone was darkened around her head from how she was profusely drooling. The sluts lithe figure was twitching erratically from what little sparks of thought remained after having her mind completely blasted away by one bout of sex with a centaur.

Yet he craved more from her and his cock was already stiff to plunder more pleasure from the barely conscious woman. He casually flipped his fuck doll onto her stomach and mounted the rock again to rub his throbbing hammer over the deep cleft of her voluptuous ass.

With a lusty sigh, he stroked the sensitive head of his slime glazed cock into her silken crack. The grinding of his fat organ made his mentally devastated plaything groan weakly from the greedy prods between her rounds of meat, this hung stud was hunting for her puckered asshole.

She whined at what he was about to do and pawed at the stone to try and crawl away from the intense pressure he was putting on her back door. He had barely felt that tight ring of muscle, but he pushed at it without care for the gross difference of what he was trying to cram inside with a demanding shove.

His cock bent deeply before it sprung away and the long spire surged over her ass to reach between her shoulders before reeling it back and took aim once more to press into her. He was enjoying the resistance of her back door and kept trying, again and again, prying at her taut ring with greedy bucks of his equine hips.

She mewled as he bashed his dick into her ass, clutching the boulder as her body was jarred forward, but was too weak to do anything to stop him. She gazed back over her shoulder with those tired eyes when she felt her ass opening up to him to see his cock was bending from the weight of his body behind it.

They both grunted in unison when her anal ring gave way with a shudder and the broad club of his cock was suddenly devoured between her cheeks. To her it felt like his cock punched right through her skull and she went limp without a sound.

His head tilted back and was panting from the sensation of her hot and slimy bowels wrapped around his dick, her asshole was like a cockring that kept squeezing him with rhythmic contractions.

He ruthlessly banged his cock up into her squishy guts, turning them into a sock for his pleasure, raking his hard flesh over her thinly spread membranes.

She was frantically moaning to his wild tempo, stuck teetering on the edge of consciousness from such chaotic sensations ripping through her from getting her ass torn up by horsecock. Her body limply rocking back and forth, the caramel ring of her asshole was stuck on the organ churning up her guts.

He was getting in so much deeper into her ass and even rammed the hard ring of his sheath past her destroyed pucker. It just wasn't enough for him and he forced the busty bimbo to take all of him inside until his heavy nuts were flopping against her silken thighs. He growled his victory once he was balls deep in the human, the perverted thrill of what he had done had his cock flaring again to celebrate with another release inside her.

Melony had completely lost her mind by that point and had reached back to hold her cheeks apart when he started to pump inside. She was rewarded with a flood of molten seed roiling through her insides, moaning from the pressure of its volume spreading through her, filling every bend and crook of her guts.

Her stomach was swelling once more, lifting her off the stone with its expanding girth until his cock slime had completely saturated her insides and was overflowing into her stomach to give her a full breakfast of beast man jizz from her backend. He kept humping his bloated fuck doll until every last drop was spent on her ass, then his limp cock uncorked from her ruined back door with a wet pop.

She let out a long and sloppy fart from her gaping ass, but then his white seed began to bubble up from the black void of her bowels. He helped the messy process by placing a hoof on her lower back, which made his seed rush out like a tacky geyser.

Once she was empty, he didn't just leave her used up on the stone after two rounds, no, she had more give. He had plucked up the broken woman from the stone and threw her across his back before trotting off with his prize.

Melony was spread out over the length of his equine body on her belly and she limply bounced with his trotting, finally getting the ride she had asked for but was barely mentally aware enough to enjoy it. Her destination was somewhere else he had in mind and taken her back to a camp of rogue centaurs, all of them male and with no mare's call their own.

They had all noticed he had brought something interesting back with him and gathered around his flanks. This busty prize was flipped over onto her back, her body bent awkwardly across the width of the centaur that carried her to the camp.

She had awoken with a startled gasp from the sensation of so many hands upon her body but was unable to move as they pulled at her limbs. Her body had been splayed out like a doll and they were grabbing at her in the most intimate places.

They were kneading her tits with hard squeezes, gouging their dirty fingers into her plush flesh, their mouths closed over her sensitive nipples, sucking and chewing at her tender buds. Her mouth parted to yell when a fist plowed into her sore cunt, but it was muffled by another centaurs mouth closing over hers.

She writhed atop the centaurs back, mewling against the forced kiss from how aggressively they

explored her body. The drugs still boiled in her veins and it did not take her long to give in to the pleasure roiling through her body once more.

She began to moan unabashed from their play, her hips rolled against their hands and her legs willingly parted to receive all this attention of her new lovers.

Then her world spun and she was pulled off the centaur and was laid out over a stubby rounded rack where they would usually drape their saddle packs over. Her tits spread out over the rough splintered wood, her arms and legs were bound tightly to the four posts by roughly threaded ropes.

Her head was hanging with no support and another rack was placed ahead of her for their front hooves when they mounted this busty beauty to fuck her. Then one by one, they started having a turn with her, violently using her body to slake their lusts while she groaned like this dying animal under them.

Melony had been reduced nothing more than the camp sex toy and they took whatever hole pleased them, pumping their massive horse cocks ruthlessly inside, bloating her with their primal loads. They had fired so much of the thick stuff up her ass, this sex stunned slut was barfing it up more than her gaping ass could fart it out.

Morning gave way to afternoon, the sun was high when the drugs had finally burned through her system but the damage had been done. Melony had been mentally broken by her captors, reduced to this drooling cock sleeve that only came alive when a horse cock was rutting inside her.

A centaur was mounted over her then and was brutally thumping his mighty cock head against her bruised cervix. She went stiff with every buck of his hips, whimpering and groaning from this bout of internal abuse, yet a smile curled at the corners of her slackened mouth, her lazy tongue flopping against her lips.

As his cockhead flared in her twitching passage and those long strokes shortened into jackhammering stabs she openly begged him to give it all to her. Her words spilled out in senseless babbles, stuttered by the raw power he was putting behind every ruthless shove.

She came on the spot when his molten seed blasted against her insides, until this thick release was roiled in her core, pushing her flushed pink midriff against the splintered wood she was strapped over.

Her body convulsed while being inflated with his deposit, with every pulse of his entrenched cock she was certain she was going to burst. When he was finally spent, he yanked free from her so suddenly she let forth a barking cry as another orgasm ripped through her.

Her cunt was still twitching when another horse cock was rammed up her asshole and every pump of that fat rod had her squealing with a sensation of being impaled. Yet she adored the feeling when they got so deep up her ass, pumping to the hilt so she could feel those huge nuts bouncing off her thighs.

When night had fallen over the camp, there was a massive pool of cum under the rack, churned into a brown muck with the dirt. They had long since raped Melony unconscious, her mouth was hanging open, her breaths labored while drooling a slurry of spit and cum.

She looked fat but it was all the horse semen lost in her guts, her wrists and ankles scraped raw from them fucking her so vigorously. Her once tight openings had been reduced to gaping caverns, red and raw from overuse, a cold breeze was welcome balm to the hot ache of her nethers.

The lips of her pussy were bruised purple and hanging slack under a thick froth of churned seed and her sopping arousal. Her ass cheeks fared no better, spanked red by calloused hands and marked with purple lashes where they spanked her with rods when no centaur was having a turn with her.

Another set of cum and mud-caked hooves slammed down against the rack in front of her and shocked her awake. The potent reek of booze was stinging her nostrils and it was coming off the horny centaur, a scent that told her she was about to be getting it rough.

His cock was slapping at her sore cunt, struggling to aim it right, but then with a hard push he was deep inside and plowing at her ragged cavern. She whimpered from the force of his equine hips, the rack tilting forward under them from the force of his thrusts, wringing startled cries out of her, he was fucking her more recklessly than the others.

It didn't take long at all for her to feel him clubbing his cock against the tenderized barrier to her womb. He growled as he did so, wanting to claim something that hadn't been fucked a hundred times before him.

Her yells were frantic, pleading for him to stop, pulling at the bonds of her wrists, feeling his intent far too keenly against her cervix. Then it gave way with a shudder, his hard cudgel smashed against the spongy walls of her baby chamber, the beastman chuckled deeply when he broke her pussy with his cock.

The scream she had intended to let loose came out as a gurgle, body wracked with convulsing spasms, eyes twisting frantically in their sockets when he fucked her womb all the way under her ribcage. His cock was punching the air right out of her lungs and he could feel the flutters of her heart against his dick every time he pushed into her.

She keenly felt him flaring in her chest and was horrified by the knowledge that she was going to die under him. It was while he fucked her so hard and deep, her pussy chose this moment to spray its warm cum all over the dense nuts slapping against her thighs.

The drunk centaur pumped inside the womb he had lodged in her chest cavity with a pleased groan. She managed one final croak of agony when her ribs began to expand, the cartilage creaking from the strain from such volume spilling inside her.

All her vital organs pushed aside for his thick deposit, squished against the cage of bones and her heart shuddered its last throb from the pressure. Her body went limp under him, eyes staring vacantly at nothing, the last breath a wheeze from the air being squashed out of her lungs, pissing herself as she died.

He ripped his spent dick out of the dead woman, tail flicking happily from his orgasm, oblivious to what he had done to her in the dark, only caring about his satisfaction. Then another drunken male was already stepping in behind her, staggering to mount her and skewering her slack cunt with a sloppy queef, churning his kin's cum into a froth while he unwittingly fucked a corpse.

Without taut living muscle to push their seed out, their cum remained inside, and when he came as well, her torso obscenely rounded out until her womb burst with a shudder. Her stomach began to sag heavily over the wood frame as more and more was pumped inside her warm corpse, bloating her flesh beyond its limit until red fissures split over her olive skin.

The centaurs didn't care she had died and through the night they were fucking her still warm holes until she finally came apart with a wet ripping sound and all their pearlescent seed streaked with blood splashed to the ground. Long ropes of her guts hanging in loose tangles over the rack leaving her midsection a ragged empty cavity.

This only deterred some of the more squeamish of the centaurs, but the more depraved continued to fuck her mangled corpse. They still took their pleasure from her slack mouth and bloated tongue or between the plush cheeks of her ass, pumping their flared cocks into her hollowed out torso.

Eventually, Melony's body was discarded in a crumpled heap in the underbrush and left to rot, but she had given them all a good taste of what a tight human slut can give them.

The next morning a fresh busty whore was thrown atop the rack still oozing with gore, her eyes heavily lidded and unfocused, drugged and oblivious to them strapping her in place. Then her pale pussy lips were imploded inward by the fleshy club of a pink horse cock caked with dried blood from the last woman mounted on the rack.

Husky screams were being shoved out of her by the mighty thrusts of a centaurs animal hips but didn't drown out the pitched sounds of a gigantic cock pounding into her quaking cunt. A crowd of horny beastmen was already forming, all of them wanting the same from her.

This new one was not even going to make it to the afternoon.

The End