

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Gretchen headed for the shower the second she entered the house. This week had been a total disaster and she needed to get far away from the world. She stripped off her clothes and left a trail of discarded work attire in her wake. She flipped on the water and quickly lathered up and rinsed off, letting the water caress her breasts and flow down between her legs and across her slit, enjoying the brief sensation. After toweling off, she went to her room and grabbed a pair of cargo hiking shorts, a long sleeve cotton T-shirt and a pair of white socks.

While Gretchen was not like the rail thin girls you often see on the covers of magazines, her full breasts and hips made her exude a sexuality that men found arousing. It was almost like she triggered a very basic mating instinct. She didn't hand out sexual favors like candy to anyone who might come along. However, when she did find someone appealing, years after the fact they would still have a hormonal reaction just thinking about an encounter with her.

She sat down on the edge of her bed and hurriedly pulled on the clothing, intentionally leaving off panties, as she wanted to feel the air tickling her neatly trimmed blonde fur for the rest of the evening through the oversized leg openings of her cargo shorts. She moved quickly as she was not going to take the chance of her phone ringing and upsetting her escape.

Having dressed, Gretchen went down the hall to the back door where her backpack and hiking boots lay next to the door. Her pack was already filled with camping necessities, so all she had to do was make a quick dash into the kitchen and grab a couple of bottles of water and some military food packs that a friend had given her.

As an afterthought, she reached into the ice box and grabbed an unopened bottle of Cella wine, complete with the perfect for camping twist-off cap. She quickly stuffed the food and drink items into her gear and stepped out the back door carrying both the pack and her boots.

Sitting on the rough concrete of her back steps, she slipped on her boots and tightened up the laces. Luckily, the back of her home faced a large forest, otherwise somebody might have seen between her spread legs the ample soft lips that covered the entrance to her sex that was relishing the breeze that drifted in one leg hole and out the other. While Gretchen enjoyed the sensation, her mind was fixed on getting away and into the woods as soon as possible.

With her boots now comfortably fitted, Gretchen slung her backpack over her shoulders and cinched the straps while walking towards the quiet forest. It was late September and the first smell of autumn struck her nose as she crossed the border from yard to woods.

It is always relaxing to feel the change of weather from one season to another and Gretchen felt the stress of the week begin to fall away as she followed a deer trail farther from civilization and closer to nature. She figured she had two to two and a half hours of good light left, so she planned to camp about 2 miles back into the woods. Just far enough to drown out any sounds and lights from the world she wanted to leave behind for a day or two.

After an hour of walking up and down some beautiful valleys, Gretchen came upon a rock cliff rising directly up in her path. It looked like a fantastic spot to spend the night so she dropped her pack and untied her tent from its bottom. She had put up this tent many times so the whole process only took about ten minutes. She then pulled out her sleeping bag and unrolled it in the roughly six foot square dome tent. She placed her pack to one side of her temporary quarters and began preparing for the night.

Gretchen walked around gathering stones that lay on the ground near the cliff and created a fire pit

about fifteen feet in front of the tent. Once the four foot circle was complete, she gathered dead wood from the area and piled it into place so that a little later she could build a roaring fire to make the scene complete. What she did not notice during this activity was the ring of mushrooms that made another circle about 30 feet in diameter from just in front of the tent to the other side of the fire pit, with the pit itself just about centered.

There is a name for these odd formations: a faery circle. For thousands of years they have been believed to be mystical places where the world of the real and the fantastic overlap.

As it began to get dark, Gretchen arranged the firewood and some kindling and started the flames with the butane lighter she always kept in her backpack. As the day drifted off to night, the flames made a dancing light in the area of her camp. She noticed that the fire was burning blue and green rather than the normal red and yellow, but she dismissed it as something about the wood she had picked up.

She kicked back and opened the bottle of wine and drank it straight from the bottle, feeling a little like some hobo from a depression era film. Gretchen had no intention of getting drunk, so when she began to feel a small buzz she recapped the bottle and set it by the tent.

When she went back to sit by the fire, she thought she heard the sound of a reed flute in the distance. Gretchen turned her head from side to side, but could never catch enough of the sound to be sure whether it was real or just something she was imagining. She went back to the tent and picked up a small blanket, spread it out on the ground and laid back on it and looked at the stars through the boughs of the trees.

Suddenly, she had the odd feeling of being watched and sat up in a panic. At the edge of the firelight she could make out the figure of what seemed to be a man. Curiosity turned immediately to fear; she was very alone and possibly in danger. At that moment, the wind blew in from behind the unknown figure carrying with it a musky sweet scent like that of a clean animal. It must have contained some kind of pheromone as well, because her fear melted away as fast as it had appeared.

She continued to stare at the dark figure and said nothing. Without any words or warning, it stepped into the light and walked straight towards the fire.

It was not a man, or at least not all of one.

Standing some ten feet away from her was a creature that was human from the waist up and animal from there down. It walked gracefully on cloven hooves and smiled at her like this was the most natural meeting that could take place. His hair was curly and black on his head and he was smooth skinned on his chest and arms. His lower body seemed to be covered in fur like a goat or a ram.

He moved closer and his pleasant musky scent kept her quite calm. She remembered an old book called *The Wind in the Willows* with a chapter called *The Piper at the Gates of Dawn*.

The main character in that chapter was called Pan and he was a Satyr. This either had to be him or one of his relatives.

Still without saying anything, the Satyr took a small leather bag from around his neck and removed a leaf. He placed it in his mouth, chewed it for a minute and walked right up to Gretchen and squatted down next to her. Still smiling, he blew a breath into her face. It smelled of cinnamon and fall leaves. Gretchen immediately felt relaxed and terribly sleepy. As she began to slump over, the Satyr swept her up in his arms and like she was no burden at all, took off at a trot through the woods.

Gretchen dozed in and out but was constantly surrounded by the scent of the wonderful musk and didn't know if they had gone one mile or ten. She finally fell dead asleep with her head against her captor's chest.

When Gretchen began to come back to her senses, the Satyr was entering the mouth of a cave, still carrying her in his arms. The sweet musky smell still held her spellbound and she could feel that her sex was warm and wet, wanting to be touched. After twenty feet or so, the creature pushed aside a skin covering to another section of the cave and soft light filled the room as they entered.

There was a fire burning next to a wall under a hole in the cave ceiling and small torches dotted the walls. The gentle beast set Gretchen down lightly on a soft bower covered with clean fur and looked down at her smiling. He made a growling sound, but not a menacing one. It made one think of the happy purr of a large cat.

In most paintings, the Satyr is shown with just fur from the waist down, but this one was wearing what could best be described as a leather loin sling that held his obviously male features. He pulled a string and allowed the sling to fall to the cave floor. Gretchen gasped slightly as she saw his substantial endowment, which was only half erect and already a good eight inches long.

The Satyr made his deep throated purring rumble again and lightly grabbed Gretchen's hair and pulled her mouth towards his hardening member. It was shaped mostly like a man's other than being more pointed at the head.

Unlike the rest of his lower body, both his penis and his nearly tennis ball sized testicles were smooth and bare of fur. Without even thinking, she reached out with her tongue and ran it up the slit on the end of his dick and lapped up some juices that had already accumulated there. It tasted of early spring honeysuckle. A moan of blissful anticipation arose from the throat of the gorgeous beast and a warm feeling of mounting sexual arousal hit Gretchen in the center of her stomach.

Without another second's hesitation, she took his entire member into her mouth and began sucking and licking vigorously due to her own desire and physical excitement. As she performed, his cock quickly hardened to its full length of 12 inches and she worked it in and out of her mouth and partially down into her waiting throat. With a loud moan, the creature grasped Gretchen by the hips and effortlessly swung her entire body upside down so that her sex, still covered by her hiking shorts, was directly in front of his face.

After his organ had rotated in her mouth to its new position, she continued sucking hungrily and grasped the man beast around the waist with her arms. She felt a moist, warm and slightly rough tongue follow inside the leg opening of her shorts and she shuddered as it found its way to her wet slit and slowly glided from her pussy opening past her rapidly swelling lips before making slow circles around her delightfully responsive clit.

Minutes passed as they reached a common rhythm and their groans and sighs became more and more intense as their breathing intensified. It was the Satyr that first reached the edge of climax. Gretchen felt his large cock begin to twitch and saw his testicles move up towards his body. She made one powerful sucking pull and her fantasy lover lost all control, pumping load after load of his satisfying sweet juices down her throat. She swallowed quickly, but some still leaked out the side of her mouth and ran up her face and into her hair.

This erotic exploit pushed her own orgasm to explosion and the Satyr, sensing that she was ready to cum, plunged an unbelievably long tongue into her rhythmically constricting pussy. The potent spirit had completely finished filling Gretchen's mouth and as he withdrew his twitching organ from her,

Gretchen let out a shriek of pure pleasure. The powerful orgasms that hit her entire body caused her to shake uncontrollably. Still hanging upside down and feeling pleasure to the point of disassociation from all reality, her mind began to turn dark and she drifted out of consciousness.

Gretchen came to without knowing how much time had passed. The fire seemed to have burned down considerably, but the cavern was still warm and the torches maintained light throughout the area. She realized that she was nude and covered with a light and soft fur bed cover. It seemed odd, but she could tell that while she was unconscious she had been carefully bathed in something that left a wonderful scent of wild flowers on her skin and in her hair. Glancing across the room, she saw her clothing carefully folded and placed on an animal skin covered rock that served as a table.

When she rose to retrieve her clothing, Gretchen discovered that a soft but solid collar was locked around her neck. It was attached to a chain that hung over a hook on the wall that was obviously too high for her to reach and release herself. She could stay on the bed quite comfortably, but leaving it was impossible.

Realizing that she was incredibly parched, she looked around the bed to see if there was anything to drink. On a stone table positioned almost like a nightstand, she saw a pitcher and a stemmed glass. Gretchen looked into the decanter, which was filled with a red liquid and poured a generous portion into the glass. It smelled of cranberries and she quickly gulped it down.

There was a bit of a strange aftertaste and while it satisfied her thirst, she began to feel a warming sensation spreading throughout her body and settling especially at her sex which began to tingle and grow drenched from the craving that she now felt. Her hands began to move almost involuntarily between her legs and lightly massage the outer lips of her wet pussy.

Just as Gretchen began to breathe quicker in reaction to the self pleasure starting to make her hips squirm and rise off the bower, she heard the now familiar clicking sounds of approaching hooves. She quickly pulled her hands away from between her legs even though the idea of being embarrassed in such a crazy situation did cause her a momentary giggle.

The hoof sounds came steadily closer and Gretchen expected to see her companion from earlier to appear at the edge of the lighted area that surrounded the bower. After a few more anxious moments, a shadow appeared at the edge of the room. It stopped for a few seconds before walking into the light and up to the edge of the bower where Gretchen lay trapped.

It was not the same being that had brought her here.

It was a full six inches taller and wore a simple silver crown on his head. Gretchen looked up to his face which did not have the comforting smile of the other Satyr. This one looked much more serious and a bit older with flecks of grey in his black hair. Her eyes moved down his body to an exquisite broad chest with the muscles of a champion bodybuilder. Gretchen continued her inspection past cut outlined abs before stopping and staring in shock when her now wide eyes passed his waist.

Just like the other Satyr, this majestic and elder version wore a sling at his groin to hold his manhood. In keeping with the crown on his head, his loin cover was decorated with silver stitching that formed geometric designs. But, the difference in clothing styles had not caught Gretchen's eye and held her in such rapt attention.

This beast man was endowed with something unbelievable. He was not yet excited, but it was obvious that he was much larger than the one who had seemed a giant earlier that evening. Fear, excitement and curiosity mixed to cause Gretchen to move backward on the bower toward the cave wall.

A growl issued from the throat of the Satyr King. It was not like the comforting big cat rumble from the younger one. This was a note of dominance, possibly even warning. He walked on clicking hooves over to the wall where the chain to Gretchen's collar was attached to a hook. With his height, he easily reached up and pulled it free. Removing the slack, he pulled firmly but slowly causing Gretchen to move towards the edge of the bower.

Pulling up roughly on the chain, he hauled Gretchen to her feet. The familiar musky scent filled her nose once again and her fear turned into obedience and she followed the Satyr King down a dimly lit passageway to another chamber. Between the pheromones and the concoction she drank earlier, her pussy was practically ready to drip as she walked behind her new dominate male.

This new room was lit only by a few torches, but after a moment's adjustment to the change in light, Gretchen could see very well. She was pulled over to a carved wooden apparatus with a woven sling in the center like some half hammock. The poles that formed the front frames had wide holes bored into them about eighteen inches off the ground. They looked like some kind of step or a foot hold. The Satyr King took the chain and looped the free end over a hook at the top of the device beyond Gretchen's reach once again.

A threatening growl issued from the man beast and he pushed Gretchen to the front of the wooden standing hammock and pointed to the hole in the frame. Not knowing what else to do, she placed one foot in one side then pushed up to repeat the positioning for her other foot. It made her legs spread wide. She was then slowly but irresistibly pushed over by the creature until her stomach was lying on the hammock and her hands gripped two smaller poles in the back of the contraption. She was bent slightly past level and her head was positioned so that she could look back under her stomach to her exposed and vulnerable pussy.

As she looked back, she saw her captor remove his loin sling. She let out a small cry as his monster tool was now erect and every bit of sixteen inches long and three inches in diameter. She thought about attempting to run, but the chain and collar made that impossible. She felt his hands grasping her hips and his body moving closer to her.

As a last minute act of desperation, she tried to sway from side to side to avoid that giant that she was sure would tear her apart. The Satyr moved closer and merely waited until the timing of her movement allowed him to make an attempt at taking what he wanted. Gretchen was half way across the front of him when he suddenly grasped her tightly and thrust forward. The pointed end of his hard penis hit directly between her labia and he held her tightly so that she could not escape.

Gretchen looked back between her legs helplessly and watched as her tormentor slowly but overpoweringly began to slide his colossal cock into her. She felt her body stretching farther than she thought possible in order to contain him. By the time he was half way in, she was gasping. The Satyr stopped momentarily to allow her some time to adapt. As she relaxed at the stop in action, she looked back and saw her stretched labia and the giant that was spearing her. It made her start getting excited in spite of her apprehension.

Her wetness made her capable of holding him at this point and she soon was comfortable and even beginning to enjoy the sensation of being filled almost to the point of bursting. Suddenly, she let out a light sigh of pleasure. As if that were the signal he had awaited, the Satyr pushed himself in slowly. This time he did not stop at all, just maintained a steady insertion. At about twelve inches deep, Gretchen felt him hit her cervix. This is when she discovered the reason for the more pointed end of a Satyr penis.

Moving himself around slowly inside her, the beast lined up his pointed member with the opening of

Gretchen's cervix and thrust the last four inches beyond the bounds of her pussy and into her womb. It was painful and Gretchen gripped her hand holds tightly and loudly grunted. Again, the Satyr merely stopped and waited for her to adapt. She didn't know if it was the drink from earlier or the musky scent of the King, but once again she began to relax and delight soon replaced pain. She pushed back against her mate and squirmed to tease him into action.

The Satyr King issued another growl. This one, however, sounded like a combination of lust and amusement at her response to him and began to thrust powerfully. He used all sixteen inches like a piston and Gretchen tightened and slackened her pussy as he penetrated deeply and extracted nearly completely out. Within minutes, Gretchen was constricting involuntarily as she neared orgasm. Her deep moans mixed with his growls in a symphony of pure primal lust.

Wave after wave of multiple orgasms hit Gretchen as the Satyr continued ramming his dick in and out as deep as possible. When she thought she could stand no more, the creature fucking her began a different sounding moan and she felt his already enormous penis swell up. With a grumbling shout, he began filling her with his seed. He continued until it spilled out the sides of Gretchen's pussy even though her lips seemed stretched so tight that a seal should have formed from which nothing could escape.

The Satyr King thrust deeply a half dozen more times and Gretchen screamed as she hit a final orgasm unlike anything she had ever experienced before. Once again, she blacked out and lay unconscious in the wooden breeding device. The King pulled his member out with a loud popping sound and walked away leaving Gretchen as she was.

A few minutes later, the young Satyr she originally met came in and pulled another leaf from the leather bag around his neck and after chewing it up, blew the fumes into Gretchen's face. He unlocked the collar she had been wearing and carried her back into the other room. For the second time this night, he lovingly bathed her. After replacing her clothes, he set off on the return trip to her camp site. They arrived a couple of hours before dawn.

He placed her, still asleep from the herbal leaves, in her tent and turned to leave. It would be daylight soon and he needed to be away before that happened. He glanced back into the tent at the sleeping woman and smiled. He reached into a pouch at his side, pulled a Reed Pan Flute out and set it next to the fire pit before taking off at a trot back to his world.

The next morning Gretchen awoke and wondered about the borderline between true life and a dream. She checked the bottle of wine to see if she had drunk too much and merely imagined the whole thing. Then she saw the Pan Flute lying on the ground and laughed. Besides, who ever heard of a dream or imagination leaving one totally sated... and more than a little sore?

The End