

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



The sun was setting quickly in the forest where Beth was gathering herbs. She'd spent all day foraging her regular spots and had lost track of time. As the sun moved over the mountains, she had trouble finding her way back to the path that led back to town.

Even in the daytime, Beth wasn't much for finding her way around. Now at night, she was sure to be lost until the morning or if her friends came searching for her again. She knew better than to stay out this late, but she'd managed to gather so much today that she couldn't help herself. So like the last time this happened, Beth sat next to a large tree and covered herself with the cloth she kept in her sack to wait out the cold night.

It was mid-summer now, but the nights still could grow chilly. As the sky grew darker and the stars began to shine through the shadows of the trees above, Beth knew the thin cloth she'd draped over herself wouldn't last long. Even now, she was beginning to shiver.

Pulling out a small box of wood shaving and flint, Beth started a tiny campfire in the opening. She ensured she was far away from the trees to prevent it from spreading but not far enough to allow the wind to blow out her small flame. The fire was big enough to keep her from freezing tonight, but she remained chilled to the bone as the night continued.

She sat there awhile, wondering and hoping her friends were looking for her now. She scolded herself for letting this happen again. Beth heard the sounds off in the distance as she continued to belittle herself mentally. It was the beating of hooves on the ground passing nearby. Her friends had come for her.

Beth began to yell for them, hoping they would either hear her or see the light of her fire to guide them to her spot. She could see the shadow of horses mounted in the distance. It must have been her friends looking for her, so she continued to scream for them in hopes they'd hear her over the horses.

It seemed to have worked because the three horses stopped and turned to head toward her. Relief filled Beth as she packed her bag with her stuff and waved at the shadows of her friends arriving at her fireside. As the shadowy figures began to enter the light, though, she realized her error.

Standing in front of her were three male centaurs. They stood tall above Beth's small frame, causing her to crane her head. Back to look up at their bearded faces. The chest was bare and skin tanned from the days in the summer sun. The abdomens were all taunt and muscular. Their horse bodies all were dark brown coats with thick trunk-like legs.

Beth had heard there were centaurs in the woods but had never seen or interacted with any in the past. They were known to be hostile towards humans and were commonly avoided to prevent conflict with the other race. And Beth had just waved them to her.

They stood there in silence for a moment, the sound of their hind legs stopping and their tails swishing. All three seemed to be watching Beth intently as she stood there in shock at her stupidity. When they finally did speak, it was in a dialect she didn't know.

Before she could respond to the lead centaur, Beth realized they were talking to one another and not her. Their conversation continued as she stood silently and hoped they wouldn't kill her. Few humans were known to survive a centaur attack and those that did end up injured for life. The sensation of warmth down her thighs and the wet cling of her pants to her legs let her know just how afraid she was at the moment.

It seemed the centaurs noticed as well of her accident. They pointed and laughed as they continued in their conversation. They almost seemed jovial now, as if her fear made them happy. Beth watched as they made hand jesters that seemed to represent her little accident and her fear. They were now mocking her, it seemed.

"Can... Can you understand me?" Beth asked in a nervous voice.

They looked at her now but did not answer her remark. The centaur in the center seemed to be in charge of the other two. He continued to talk in their tongue and looked to be ordering the other two to act. The centaur on the sides headed towards Beth slowly and stood on either side of her now. Beth was too scared to move.

Again the leader spoke, and one of the centaurs grabbed her under the arms and picked up her tiny frame. Beth kicked and screamed as he held her effortlessly off the ground. The other pulled a large knife from a leather strap around his midsection. Again, Beth screamed as he grabbed her shirt and quickly slashed the blade up.

Beth thought for a moment he'd cut her wide open and that she was about to die. She was sure they would pull her insides out and leave her dead in the woods. She kept screaming with her eyes shut tight and tears falling down her face. No sensation of pain came, and even as she felt addition slashed to her legs. That's when she started to feel cold air on her skin.

She stopped screaming and opened her eyes. In the dim light of the dying campfire, Beth now saw her clothing cut clean from her body. Her dark skin was exposed, and the only ones left her now were her boots. They had removed her clothing without leaving a single scratch on her body.

Beth was dropped unceremoniously to the ground with a loud thump. When she attempted to stand up, she was pushed back down to her knees as the leader approached. Beth saw the centaur's massive member swaying below him in the fire's dying light. Then, as the last light of the fire died out, the centaur stood over her.

In the dark, the foreign language they spoke continued. Their tone was now demanding, though she had no idea what they wanted. She couldn't see anything at this point as her eyes adjusted to the darkness surrounding her now. She stayed there on her knees, breathing fast and tears still falling down her cheeks to a silent sob. She felt the centaur, who she assumed was their leader, move to her right side and stand there. She could feel the heat that radiated off of him. At this point, all she wanted to do was live.

A calloused hand groped her breast firmly. The shock of the sensation made Beth just gasp. The hand was larger than an ordinary man's and cupped her breast with his hand. He massaged and slowly pinched her now hard nipple. Beth moaned as he squeezed and pulled at her. Why was she moaning?

Another hand found its way to her other breast, one of the other centaurs it seems wanted to feel. He wasn't rougher with it and pulled at her breast hard, causing her to scream in pain. What sounded like an argument between the two centaurs groping her broke out. It seemed the leader was not happy with the way the centaur, who was rough, had made her scream. The rougher one seemed to back away from Beth. The other continued to play with her breast with interest.

She continued to stay where she was. The feeling of the hand on her was repulsive yet left her urging. Beth was no stranger to a bit of naughty pleasure and a roll in the hay, but this was just strange to her. Her body was urging her to both run and fuck simultaneously. Her mind told her this was wrong in every way and to deny any feeling of pleasure from this beast. Yet, even as this mind

told her to feel that way, her body begged for more.

The hand stopped, and she was again cold in the dark. The only warmth came from the radiant heat of the creature beside her. So she remained still as her oppressor talked to the other two again in their tongue.

Beth's eyes began to adjust to the night, and she saw the shadow of the other two begin to gallop away from her and the centaur next to her. She was left alone with this animal in the woods, confused about what was occurring.

Before she could think of what to do, she felt two hands grasp her under the arms and pick her straight up. She squirmed as he rotated her body around so her head was towards the ground and the massive hands were around her waist. Beth kicked and screamed, but as the blood rushed into her head, she began to lose the fight. She could feel the centaur's breath between her legs.

She could feel him inhale deeply and feel the warmth of his exhale on her exposed holes. It made her groan, and then as she realized what was happening, she choked on a moan and had a coughing fit. The centaur paid no attention to her episode, and he continued what he was doing.

The blood rushed to her head, and she wasn't sure how long she could remain in her position. Any fight in her was long gone, and staying conscious became the critical factor for her. She endured the warm sensation of this beast and stopped her mind from enjoying it. She could only hate this creature now.

All thought slipped Beth's mind when the warm flat tongue pressed against her soft lips. The sensation of his flicking her clit made her moan in pleasure. The way the wet tongue circled it and then slid down the middle of her slit, sliding deeply into her, washed away what little of her senses were left. He sucked her clit, and her hips attempted to arch as she felt the muscles in her pussy tighten and relax over and over. She was so close to completion and passing out. As both came closure and closure, the centaur stopped and pulled her horizontally to the ground, the blood leaving her head finally and allowing a moment of thought to return to her.

Her body was lowered, and she felt him pass her between his front legs. She began to scream and ask what he was doing. She squirmed and kicked again as he held her hips firmly. Then she felt it.

The massive member she had glimpsed early slid against her lips. It glided up and down slowly and methodically. Beth could feel him start with the enormous tip of his member against the disproportionately sized hole in her body. Then it slid down and between her legs. The end continues to move up her stomach and then between her breast before she finally touches the centaur's body with her rear. Then he would slider it back to the tip and repeat it. All this occurred while he let out a guttural moan. Beth would be ripped apart by his massive cock, but her body failed to react.

She no longer fought for freedom and let the centaur continue his rhythmic teasing of her tiny figure. Every few times, he would attempt to push the head of his cock past her small lips without success. Beth would feel her hole stretch a bit before the pain began and scream in pain. That's when he would return to sliding her up and down his member.

Each time he did this, though, she noticed he would get her hold to stretch a little bit further. Then, after every attempt, he would return to rubbing her up and down his cock, her wetness coating. Beth was now biting her lip and panting like a dog in heat. She was fighting the primal need to be filled with hatred for this stupid beast. But, as she tried hard to keep him out of her, she found that her body only kept trying to take more of him.

The centaur had her held firmly against his body. Her ass pressed on his stomach. His massive member throbbed under her and slapped her chest. He was thrusting a bit, and Beth could feel the intense eagerness the centaur now had.

He slides Beth down again, slower than the previous times. His grip on her waist hurt as he pulled her so the tip of his cock lined up with her hold. He then pushed it against her clit, and she could feel the pressure of it moving through her lips.

It hurt so much, and she screamed as it penetrated her. She reached for it and tried to pull it out of her. Her two hands were grasping at the rock-hard member inside her, trying to remove it without success. The centaur didn't take it as her trying to remove it but as wanting more. He slid himself further inside her, causing her hips to spread wider to help accommodate the massive thing inside her. The pain was horrible as he kept sliding deeper into Beth until the pain started to return to pleasure strangely.

Beth could tell he'd only made it about a third of his mass into her, and her hands still grasped his massive cock. She was sure she couldn't take more without damaging her internal organs, but part of her wanted to try so badly.

The centaur pulled her forward and his hips back until the head of his cock was about to pop out of her. Then with a thrust, Beth felt him bury himself deeper inside her. The pain and pleasure mixed, and she was unsure what she was screaming for. Again she was pulled forward until the cock was almost free of her body before she felt it slam even deeper into her.

The bulging sensation in her stomach was evidence of the massive cock that sat deep inside of her now. Fresh pain and pleasure mixed inside her as the centaur repeated this action repeatedly. He would force himself deeper and deeper into Beth. He grunts as he makes his way deeper inside her tiny body. Beth's pants were labored and moaning mute. Her body both wanted to reject the sensation and accept it as it was.

Again and again, the centaur pushed himself inside, and soon Beth could feel his stomach with her rear. Somehow her body could take this massive cock inside her, and she knew she wouldn't survive this encounter. The fear melted away, and acceptance gripped her as the gigantic centaur pounded in and out of her. Beth absorbed the blows with her body and decided to enjoy the pain and pleasure if it had to be her last moments.

She put her hands on his slippery member and squeezed it as he pushed in and out of her. His body quivered a bit as she did this. When he held himself inside her, Beth would tease the grapefruit-sized balls. Time seemed to pass, and Beth continued to endure as he used her body harder. Her senses were exploding as she came on his cock again and again.

All Beth wanted now was to have this beast finish with her so she could rest eternally in peace. As if he knew her request, she could feel the torment of warm fluid fill her already stretched inside. The centaur throbbed inside her as his seed filled her to the brim and pushed her diaphragm up, making breathing hard. She felt like she was choking from it all but no longer had the energy to fight.

He went soft inside of her, and Beth could feel the flaccid meat leave her body, followed by a flowing of his excess seed that filled her. Her body was slick with sweat, and her hips ached with pain. She could still feel his load deep inside. Her stomach distended even as a pool of fluid covered the ground that had flowed from her already.

The brutality of it left Beth ready to go. She closed her eyes, accepted her fate, and was pleased it was all over...

Warmth fell over Beth's skin, and a bright light shone through her closed eyes. Her body was in so much pain, and she couldn't remember what had caused this feeling. She tried to move her hands to wipe the sleep from her eyes but found them bound, as were her feet.

Beth opened her eyes and saw she was lying on the ground in the forest, bound and surrounded by a herd of centaurs. Her mind abruptly remembered what she thought was her last moment and realized she was still alive and now a prisoner...