

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



Cindy stomped out onto the sidewalk, heels clicking against the concrete. She turned around to shoot one last middle finger up at the apartment building where her now-ex boyfriend resided. In one window, a figure returned the gesture, then closed the drapes. She grumbled to herself, words like “jerk” and “idiot” interspersed among incoherent sounds of frustration.

Nobody seemed to be paying attention to her as pedestrians began to pass her by, but she still took a deep breath, trying to calm down. No need to make a scene. She didn’t want to think about him, anyway. She just needed to go home, get her mind off him. Cindy brushed the strands of blonde hair away from her face, then held her arm in the air to hail a taxi.

Getting anywhere in the city by car was a nightmare, what with all the traffic. Walking was the solution most people turned to, though Cindy lived across town, and didn’t have a bike. Luckily, there was another transportation system that made things so much easier. Cindy started to hear the sound of hooves, and turned to her right to see a figure rising above the other pedestrians. A small crowd broke away for the towering woman to pass them, revealing four hoofed legs. A human head and torso, seemingly grafted onto the body of a horse where its neck would go. A centaur.

This centaur wore clothing bearing the trademark of the New Pony Express Company, one of the city’s biggest taxi services. The vest, hat, and a type of article that draped over her horse back, all bright orange and checkered with black. It stood out against the dark brown horse body, which was also equipped with a specialized saddle with two seats. As she approached, Cindy could see her human features as well. Her brown skin was a near-exact match to the fur covering her lower half, with dark hair tied back in a ponytail.

Cindy only came up to the centaur’s belly. She was used to the size of their kind by now, but they never stopped being imposing. Had the centaur come much closer, Cindy may not have been able to see the taxi worker’s face past her breasts. As with most centaurs, hers were larger compared to the average human woman.

“Where to, ma’am?” she asked, speaking with a slight drawl. Most of the centaurs in the city had a rural upbringing, only moving here due to the demand for their services. This one wasn’t as bad as most, so she had probably lived here for some time, gradually losing her accent, though not completely.

“960, Vanity Avenue,” said Cindy, putting her foot into the stirrup and climbing onto the centaur’s back. In moments, they were on the move. The centaur remained at a walk which, while only a fraction of her potential speed, was still noticeably faster than a human walk. Cindy stared off past the rows of buildings lining the streets, the words of her ex still worming their way into her thoughts. She needed to distract herself, but it was so easy to just be mad. Her thoughts spiraled off...

“And, here we are,” said the centaur. Cindy blinked in surprise. She was so caught up in her thoughts that she didn’t realize how much time had passed.

“Oh,” she said, gathering her thoughts. “Uh, thank you.” She dismounted the centaur, walking around front as her ride pulled out a handheld device to tally up her charge. Cindy reached for her purse, only to realize...

“I left it at his place,” she said under her breath, eyes wide with panic.

She looked up at the centaur, who was staring into her, unamused. She had to have seen her reach

for a handbag that wasn't there. She already knew that Cindy had no money to pay her.

"I left my purse at his place," said Cindy, "I need to go back, please, if you take me back I'll be able to pay!"

"Ma'am, we don't give free rides," said the centaur in a disciplinary tone, as though Cindy were a child being reprimanded, which is exactly how she felt.

"Present yourself," said the centaur.

Cindy's breath caught. "What?"

"You're paying one way or another. Now get on the ground and present yourself to me."

Cindy saw something move beneath the centaur. A mass that had been held up against the horse-woman's underside now hung free beneath her. It was as long as Cindy's arm, if not bigger, and ended in a pink, flared tip.

"No," said Cindy, "No, I'm not going to let you-"

"I'll read from the fine print if I have to, ma'am, but by using our services you are contractually obligated to accept this punishment for failing to pay your taxi worker. Do not make this more of a scene than it needs to be."

Cindy gulped. The centaur was right. She'd heard about this, but never guessed she would be in this situation herself. She gave a weak nod, then turned away from the centaur, getting down on her knees, butt in the air. She lifted her skirt, and pulled her panties down, revealing her ass and cunt. She heard a couple surprised sounds from pedestrians, who surely knew what was about to happen to her. Cindy stared at the sidewalk, hoping that nobody was standing around to watch her get humiliated like this.

There was a certain dread as the centaur's shadow came over Cindy, hooves hitting the ground right next to her. She felt that tip press against her ass, searching for entrance. It was enough to push Cindy's body forward, her face hitting the concrete as the towering, quadruped woman attempted to fit her massive horsecock inside of her. Cindy shivered as a drop of warm liquid hit her ass, sliding down her leg. Precum.

It pressed against her asshole again, and this time Cindy could feel it wet, already soaked in precum, lubricating itself to slide inside her tight hole. The centaur's body swayed back, like a golfer lining up a swing a swing, bringing her tip back against its target, once, twice. Then, with the third sway, it thrust itself forward, sliding beneath Cindy's ass and diving straight into her pussy.

Cindy screamed, several inches of cock rubbing against her clit as it sunk into her. "What are you doing, you idiot!? That's the wrong hAAAAHNGGG!"

The centaur ignored Cindy's protests, delivering another thrust that drove her rod further inside. It was so warm, so big. Cindy was outraged, but the sensation made it nigh-impossible to get the words out, forcing moans out of her as she was filled up like nothing else had ever done before. Another thrust, and Cindy winced as she felt her womb get penetrated by the giant horsecock, pressing out against her belly.

Just as Cindy started to recover from the mindblowing sensation of having a centaur's cock forced up her cunt, she found herself being lifted off the ground. She yelped, sliding ever so slightly

forward along the shaft's length as it flattened itself against the centaur's underside, pinning Cindy there, supported only by the cock impaling her body.

The centaur bent her human half forward with surprising flexibility, giving a smug smile at Cindy from upside-down. She grabbed Cindy's arms one at a time, lifting them up and running her wrists through little loops attached to the saddle. They were tightened firmly, almost too tight.

Raising her body back up, the centaur then leaned back, reaching for Cindy's leg, which was out of reach, dangling beneath the horse woman. The centaur lifted one of her back knees, pushing up Cindy's leg so that it could just barely be reached, and then slipped the foot through another loop on the rear thigh. After repeating this process with the other leg, only Cindy's head hung, staring at the ground in defeat. Her clothes were a mess, and one of her breasts was starting to slip out of her top.

The centaur started walking, and with each motion of her back legs, her cock pushed into Cindy. The human grunted and moaned as inches of it slid in and out of her, causing her belly bulge to undulate. Even though it was barely thrusting into her, the sheer size of it was overwhelming, accompanied by the constant rubbing against her clit. It was impossible to focus on anything else as Cindy stared ahead, letting out moans as she rode the centaur's cock, rage fizzling out in the face of the overwhelming pleasure.

They had only traveled a few blocks before Cindy came, her breathy moans rising to draw the attention of many walkers who may not have even noticed the woman strapped to the centaur's underside, getting casually fucked as the taxi service ran as normal. Soon after, the centaur came to a stop as she waited to cross a street.

"Hey," Cindy said weakly, tugging lightly against one of her hand restraints, "H-how long do I have to do this?"

She got no answer. She tried raising her voice louder, but the crossing signal turned green, and the centaur entered a trot, crossing the street in a gait that was not only faster, but also sent more of her cock into Cindy at a faster rate, causing the woman's eyes to roll back as her body was thrown back and forth along the dick. Once crossed, the centaur returned to a walk, and Cindy felt the familiar rhythmic pounding against her pussy resume.

The longer they went, the more frequently Cindy was brought to an orgasm, and the less strength she had to protest at a stop. Cindy came three times before the taxi worker was finally hailed, coming to a stop in front of a young couple. They offered Cindy a curious look, and the man told the woman about what happens to people who can't pay the toll. They laughed as she climbed aboard. Cindy was not in a mental state to care. She had forgotten about the humiliation. She just needed to endure. She wanted this to be over, which contradicted just how good she felt.

The couple carried on their conversation, seemingly ignoring the sound of Cindy's moaning, even as she came again. When the passengers were dropped off, Cindy was half expecting the centaur to tell her that she was done, but the human cocksleeve was ignored as they set off to go find more customers.

It continued all day. People getting on and off, pointing and laughing at Cindy, sometimes even taking pictures of her. She kept herself focused on the hard, warm mass inside of her, stimulating her with every motion. But at some point, amid the dozens of orgasms, something snapped in her mind. She was actually beginning to enjoy herself. She learned to enjoy being nothing more than a sex object to this centaur. She learned to laugh along with the people who saw her, giggling like a fool. She learned to enjoy the way the centaur's cock ruined her body, and weakly tried to swing

herself harder onto it. She had been broken, transformed into a slut for centaur dick.

With the sky turning orange as evening approached, the centaur pulled up alongside the apartment building where she had first been picked up. The centaur slowed to a stop, and she started to undo Cindy's restraints. Hands and feet free, the cock slowly lowered, and Cindy began to slide off, cumming as the tip popped out of her cunny, which had been stretched into an O-shape. The centaur backed up, and Cindy slowly got to her feet, giggling and swaying. The centaur put her hands on the lightheaded woman's arms, holding her steady.

"Wha... why'm I here..." Cindy's voice came out slurred, nearly losing her balance again as she stared up at the apartment.

"You said you left your purse here, ma'am," said the centaur. "I thought you'd want to collect it before returning home."

"Oh yeah..." Cindy remembered now. Her ex. Just when she thought she had forgotten all about him, she needed to see his stupid face again.

"I'll wait out here while you get it," said the centaur.

"Uh... actually, couldja help me with sumthin?"

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Cindy made three heavy knocks against her ex's door. It wasn't long before her ex opened it, who for a moment, seemed oddly relieved to see her. As if he was about to start laying on apologies, about how much he regretted what he had said. But his breath caught as he saw Cindy's utterly unkempt appearance. Messy hair, dirty and tossed-around clothes, and.. what was that liquid trailing down her legs? Before he could even begin to parse this, his eyes shot up, and he saw the stern face of the centaur woman standing directly behind her.

"Hey, sorry, I just... left my purse, y'know," said Cindy, letting out a slight giggle as she strolled past the man as he continued to watch the intimidating centaur, who held his gaze. Cindy snatched up her purse, waving at her flabbergasted ex before shutting the door on him.

"If I may, ma'am," said the centaur, "You can do so much better than him."

"You're oddly nice for someone who just forced me to ride your dick up and down town all day," said Cindy, holding the centaur's arm to keep herself straight as they carefully navigated the stairs. She had expected the horse woman to need to use the elevator, but she proved herself very capable of using the stairs, though it certainly looked awkward.

"Well, you were a very nice... er..."

"Cocksleeve?"

"Yeah."

"Then why didn't you cum?"

They stopped at the base of the stairs. Cindy looked at the centaur with genuine confusion. The centaur stared back as if Cindy had said something ridiculous.

"I'm wasn't going to cum inside you!" said the centaur.

"Why not?" said Cindy, tilting her head.

"Because I'm on the job, and... wait, did you want me to?"

Cindy blushed, slowly nodding, before quickly nodding.

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Back out on the street, the centaur slid her cock back inside Cindy, who let out a moan and rolled back her eyes as she was filled once again. She helped the centaur attach the straps, and they were off again, this time breaking into a trot. The horsecock beat against the walls of Cindy's womb. Her mouth hung open, tongue hanging out as she was vigorously fucked. But then it got even faster as the centaur broke into a canter, adding a new level of force and speed which Cindy had not yet experienced. She cried out as her ride picked up more and more speed, dodging between people as they raced through town at a full gallop. Cindy was practically being thrown around, her body beating against the centaur's underside as the pleasure built up higher and higher, the heat in her body rising. Cindy could feel the orgasm coming, cum preparing to shoot inside of her.

The centaur reared back on two legs, sending Cindy at an upward angle as the centaur exploded inside her, shooting a stream of cum directly into her womb. The sensation brought Cindy to an orgasm of her own as her belly quickly ballooned out, inflated with the centaur's seed, which began to spray out her pussy as her body refused to hold any more. The centaur landed back on all fours, and Cindy hit the pavement. The horsecock slid out of her, spilling more and more cum onto her, leaving a potent scent all over. Cindy's body quivered on the ground, and she was finally able to hear the labored breaths of the centaur as she recovered from the powerful orgasm.

Cindy was helped to her feet, struggling to stand with the added weight of the centaur's cum, which continued to spill out of her gaping hole.

"That was... so... good... haaaa..."

She started to pass out, leaning against the centaur. The unconscious Cindy was picked up in her partner's arms. They would stay at the centaur's place for the night, where Cindy could not only recover, but also figure out what to do with all these new feelings rushing through her mind.

*The End*