

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Emma's eyes fluttered open, the weight of the world pressing down on her lids as the fog of unconsciousness slowly lifted. Her body felt heavy, her limbs uncooperative as she tried to sit up. The last thing she remembered was the warm embrace of the nightclub, the pounding bass of the music, and the sweet, sticky taste of the spiked drink on her lips. Now, she found herself in a place that was anything but comforting - a barn, the smell of hay and earth mingling with the faint scent of... something else. Something primal. Something that sent a shiver down her spine despite the warmth that suffused her. She was naked, her clothes discarded like a forgotten shell, leaving her bare and vulnerable to the cool night air that whispered through the cracks in the wooden walls.

Her wrists were bound together, the rough rope cutting into her delicate skin and the realization of her predicament dawned on her like a slap to the face. She was laying on a hay bale, her arms hanging down the sides, tied tightly with the rope stretching under the bale, effectively trapping her. A similar fate had been met by her ankles, the ropes wrapping around them before disappearing beneath the hay. Panic began to set in as she struggled against her restraints, the straw poking and tickling her bare flesh as she thrashed about. The ropes held firm, a silent reminder that she was utterly helpless.

Her mind raced as she tried to piece together the fragments of the evening. The last thing she remembered was a charming smile from a mysterious stranger, a tingle in her drink, and the sudden feeling of her legs giving way beneath her. Now, she was here, in this barn, her heart hammering in her chest like a wild animal's, her breaths coming in ragged gasps. The sound of distant hooves and the occasional snort of a creature beyond the hay bale walls was the only company she had. She felt a mix of fear and confusion, her cheeks flushing with a blend of embarrassment and arousal she had never experienced before.

"Ah, you're finally awake," a deep, gruff voice said from behind her. The voice sent a tremor through her body, making it clear that she wasn't alone. Despite the fear that clutched at her, she couldn't help but feel a spark of curiosity. "There's no point struggling, darling. You're in no position to go anywhere." The voice was amused, almost teasing, as if enjoying her vulnerability.

Emma's eyes widened as she felt a warm, calloused hand caress her shoulder. It trailed down her arm, sending a wave of goosebumps in its wake, and came to rest on her wrist. The man's grip was firm, his thumb stroking the pulse point that was racing like a trapped bird beneath his touch. The ropes bit into her skin as she tried to pull away, but her efforts were futile. "I can see the fear in your eyes, but trust me, you're going to enjoy this," he murmured, his breath hot and moist against her ear.

The two masked figures that had appeared were now moving around her, their silent efficiency as unsettling as the anticipation that coiled in her belly. Their eyes, the only part of them visible, gleamed with excitement through the slits in their leather masks. They were dressed all in black, their muscular forms hinting at the strength and control they held over her. Their movements were precise, almost mechanical, as they approached her bound form.

Without a word, the two of them worked together to lift her from the hay bale. The sudden motion made her breasts bounce and her bound wrists strain against the ropes. They laid her on her back, her skin sticking slightly to the damp hay beneath her, the cool leather of their gloves a stark contrast to the warmth of her flesh. The masked figures began to place leather straps under her torso, one across her chest, another around her waist, and another just below her hips. The smell of leather mingled with the scent of her own arousal, the material cool and firm against her skin.

"You see, these straps are going to be very important tonight," the man with the gruff voice explained, his tone low and seductive. "They're going to keep you in place while we introduce you to some new sensations." His words sent a thrill through her, a blend of fear and excitement that made her body quiver. "You've read about it, haven't you, Emma?" He said her name with a knowing smirk, as if he had peered into the darkest corners of her mind and found the secret desires she had hidden even from herself.

Emma immediately knew what he was referring to, her cheeks flushing with a mix of embarrassment and anticipation. She had been researching the history of belly riding, the ancient and taboo practice where a girl was suspended under a stallion for the ultimate sexual experience. The thought had haunted her fantasies for weeks, the images of strong, muscular horses and the powerlessness of the human beneath them playing out in her mind like a forbidden dance. Now, she found herself bound and laid out before the very creatures she had read about, their massive forms casting shadows on the barn walls, their breaths hot and heavy in the still night air.

One of the masked assistants stepped forward, a small tube of clear, viscous liquid in their gloved hand. The man watched with a predatory smile as the assistant knelt beside her, the cold tip of the tube touching the soft, sensitive flesh of her inner thigh. With a gentle squeeze, a bead of lube appeared, and Emma felt it slide down towards her pussy, leaving a trail of wetness that seemed to burn with the promise of what was to come. The assistant began to squirt the lube in a slow, deliberate pattern around her pussy, the coolness of the gel making her gasp as it met her heated skin. The liquid pooled around her clit, the sensitive nub pulsing with every touch.

"It's important that you're nice and wet for him," the man said, his voice a gruff purr that seemed to resonate through her entire body. "It'll make everything so much easier for you." The second assistant joined in, their leather-gloved hands moving in sync as they began to spread the lube across her labia, their movements deft and practiced. The sensation was overwhelming, the slickness of the gel mixing with the natural moisture that had already begun to gather. She felt a strange mix of fear and desire as they worked, her hips bucking slightly as the cold lube met her hot, swollen flesh.

Tears threatened to spill over as she heard the unmistakable sound of a horse's hooves, the rhythmic clop-clop growing louder as the animal approached. She knew what was happening, knew what they had planned for her, and the reality of the situation was more intense than any fantasy she had ever dared to imagine. The hooves stopped just outside her line of vision, the sound of the creature snuffling and stamping in the hay making her heart race even faster. She squeezed her eyes shut, trying to control her breathing and the sob that was fighting to escape her lips.

A moment later, the stallion was moved around so that he was standing next to her, his massive form casting a shadow that seemed to swallow her whole. The warmth radiating from his body was almost comforting, a stark contrast to the coldness of the barn floor beneath her. She felt the heat of his breath against her cheek, and the coarse hairs of his flank brushed against her bare skin, sending goosebumps skittering across her body. The man with the gruff voice leaned in closer, his hand coming to rest on her thigh, his thumb stroking idly as he whispered in her ear, "Look at him, Emma. He's so much bigger than anything you've ever had, isn't he?"

Her eyes snapped open, and she couldn't help but stare at the stallion's erect member, the sheer size of it making her gulp with a mix of fear and awe. It was easily twice the size of any human's she had ever seen, thick and veiny, the tip glistening with precum. The harness over his back had a series of straps and buckles that looked intimidatingly complex, but as she watched, the assistants began to attach the fastenings from her own straps to the matching connections on the stallion's harness. Her eyes grew wide as the reality of the situation became all too clear - she was about to be

lowered onto the creature's waiting cock.

With a series of grunts and tugs, the men began to tighten the connections, the leather creaking and stretching as it took her weight. Slowly, Emma felt her back leave the hay bale, the leather straps biting into her skin as they took the brunt of her weight. She was suspended there, her legs dangling, her heart racing as the stallion's cock grew closer and closer to her wet, exposed pussy. The anticipation was agonizing, her body taut with a mix of terror and excitement that she had never felt before.

The man with the gruff voice stepped closer, his hand leaving her thigh to cup her chin, forcing her to look into his eyes. "Just breathe, darling," he said, his voice a gentle coax. "You're going to be fine. Just let go." He leaned down and kissed her, his tongue probing her mouth with a demanding hunger that surprised her. His taste was strange, almost wild, and she found herself responding despite her fear, her body arching into his touch. His kiss grew deeper, more urgent, and Emma felt the tip of the stallion's cock brush against her entrance.

With a final tug, the last of the ropes was tightened, and she was pulled up and towards the stallion, her wrists and ankles now securely attached to the straps on either side of his body. The leather harness was tight, pressing her naked chest firmly against the warm, muscled expanse of the stallion's belly. She could feel the thundering of his heart beneath her, the heat of his body, and the unmistakable scent of his arousal. The sensation was overwhelming, her own desires mixing with the primal aroma of the animal.

"Shh," the man whispered into her ear, his breath hot and sweet. "You need to be relaxed for this, Emma. The more you fight, the less you'll enjoy it. Just let it happen. Let him take you." His hand slid down her back, his fingertips tracing the line of the leather that held her in place, his other hand coming to rest on her hip, his thumb ghosting over her clit.

The stallion's cock was now nestled against her slick folds, the tip probing at her entrance with a gentle insistence. The man began to massage her, his thumb moving in slow circles as his fingers delved deeper into her wetness, coating her tight opening with her own juices. He murmured soothing words into her ear, his voice a calming balm against the storm of sensations that were building within her. His touch was firm but gentle, a reassurance that she was in good hands despite the fear that clawed at her.

"Just let your muscles go, darling," he instructed, his breath warm against her neck. "Open up for him. Take it slow, just like this." His fingers pushed into her, one at a time, stretching her delicate flesh, preparing her for the monstrous girth of the creature beneath her. She gasped as he added a second, the pressure intense, but she focused on his words, willing herself to relax. The leather of the harness dug into her skin, but it was a pain she could endure if it meant giving into the dark desires that had haunted her for so long.

As the man's fingers withdrew, she felt the stallion's cock swell, the heat of it searing her. It grew thicker, harder, the velvety head of his member pressing more insistently against her. The barn was silent except for the ragged sound of her own breathing and the soft whinny of the animal. Her eyes were fixed on the ceiling, the shadows playing tricks in the dim light, the anticipation of what was to come making her heart race.

"Remember, Emma," the man whispered, his breath tickling the sensitive skin of her neck, "you can make as much noise as you need to. There's no one for miles to hear you. This is your night. Your secret." His words were like a balm to her fear, a permission slip for her to let go of her inhibitions. With a deep breath, she nodded, feeling a strange sense of empowerment in her vulnerability.

The stallion's massive head began to push harder and harder against her, the tip of his cock nudging insistently at her tight entrance. The leather straps holding her in place creaked and stretched as she was lifted slightly, her body bracing for the inevitable invasion. The man's hand moved away, leaving her feeling exposed and needy, but the stallion didn't miss a beat, his hips rolling in a rhythm that matched the racing of her heart. The pressure grew, the head of his cock parting her folds, and Emma could do nothing but gasp as she felt the stretch of his girth pushing into her.

The first few inches were almost unbearable, the pain sharp and intense, but the man's voice was in her ear, his breath hot and calming. "Breathe, darling," he murmured. "You're doing so well." The stallion's cock was unyielding, a thick, hard column of flesh that seemed to fill her completely. She could feel every ridge, every vein, as he inched deeper, his cock stretching her further than she ever thought possible. The pain began to give way to a fullness she had never known, a pressure that grew with each shallow thrust until she felt as though she might burst.

Emma's eyes rolled back in her head as the stallion's cock slid deeper still, the leather straps holding her in place digging into her skin. The sensation was overwhelming, a mix of pain and pleasure that seemed to consume her whole being. She could feel her body begin to adjust, her muscles stretching and accommodating the monstrous size of the creature's member, the walls of her pussy clenching around it instinctively. The man's hand remained on her hip, guiding her movements, his thumb stroking her clit with the same rhythm as the stallion's thrusts.

As the stallion pushed deeper, Emma felt the massive head of his cock press against her cervix, the pressure intense and foreign. She could feel him swelling within her, his cock growing thicker with every inch that filled her. A soft mewl escaped her lips as the pain grew, but it was quickly followed by a moan of pleasure as the pressure mounted. The feeling was indescribable, a mix of agony and ecstasy that sent her senses spiraling out of control.

Her eyes filled with tears as the first waves of pleasure began to crash through her, the pain giving way to a deep, primal need. She could feel her body begin to shake, her muscles quivering with the effort of holding onto the straps that bound her. The man stepped back, taking the stallion's reins, his eyes never leaving hers. "That's it, darling," he murmured, his voice a gentle caress. "Just let it happen."

With a gentle tug, the man began to lead the stallion into a slow walk, the animal's powerful muscles rippling beneath her as he moved. Each step sent a new jolt of sensation through her, his cock sliding in and out of her tight channel in a rhythm that was both agonizing and exquisite. The leather of the harness rubbed against her clit with every step, the friction setting her nerves alight. She swung under him, her breasts bouncing with each stride, the cold air of the barn teasing her hardened nipples. The feeling of his massive cock filling her completely was like nothing she had ever experienced, the fullness of it stretching her to the brink of pain, only to retreat and leave her gasping for more.

The first orgasm hit her like a bolt of lightning, tearing a cry from her lips that echoed through the rafters. Her body convulsed around the stallion's cock, her muscles spasming in a symphony of pleasure that seemed to last an eternity. She could feel the stallion's own arousal growing, his cock pulsing within her, his breaths coming in great, heaving gasps as he moved. The man's eyes gleamed with satisfaction, watching her reaction with the intensity of a hawk eyeing its prey. "That's it, Emma," he murmured, his voice thick with lust. "Take it all."

The stallion's pace grew more demanding, his hips thrusting in time with the beat of her racing heart. The leather straps bit into her skin, leaving marks that would be a secret tapestry of her darkest desires. Each step sent a jolt of pleasure through her, her pussy clamping down on his thick

shaft, the muscles inside her rippling around him as the orgasm continued to build. Her cries grew louder, the sound of them bouncing off the wooden walls of the barn, mixing with the stallion's grunts and the slap of his flanks against her thighs.

Emma could feel the animal's excitement building, his cock swelling even larger within her, the flare at the base stretching her impossibly wide. Her own body responded in kind, her pussy clenching around him, desperate to keep him deep within her as she approached the pinnacle of pleasure. The man holding the reins watched her, his eyes dark with lust, his hand stroking the stallion's neck in a silent conversation of domination and desire.

As the second orgasm hit, it was as though her body had been taken over by a force of nature. Her screams pierced the night air, her voice raw and uninhibited as she gripped the straps with all her might. The stallion's cock grew even thicker, the flare pressing against her walls, sending waves of pain that only served to fuel the fire of her pleasure. She could feel the pulse of his heartbeat through the leather, the throb of his desire matching the rhythm of her own racing heart.

The stallion's movements grew more urgent, his hips bucking as the man in the mask led him in a trot around the barn. The leather harness creaked and stretched with each powerful stride, the sound a testament to the depraved dance they were performing. The friction against her clit was relentless, a constant reminder of the animalistic lust that consumed her. The orgasm built and built, a crescendo that seemed to have no end, until suddenly, she was there, teetering on the edge of oblivion.

And then, the moment she had been both dreading and craving, the stallion's cock flared, swelling to an impossible size inside her. The pain was intense, a white-hot agony that seemed to consume her, but it only served to heighten the pleasure that crashed over her like a tidal wave. She screamed again, the sound torn from her very soul, as the creature's seed filled her, his hot, thick cum gushing into her abused pussy in spurt after spurt. The sensation was indescribable, a mix of pain and pleasure that was almost too much to bear. She could feel herself being stretched to the limits, her walls clenching around the thick, pulsing shaft as he emptied himself inside her.

The man holding the reins chuckled darkly, the sound echoing through the barn as he watched her face contort in ecstasy. "Good girl," he murmured, his eyes never leaving hers. "You took it all." The stallion's hips jerked one final time, the last of his cum squirting out around his cock, painting her thighs and belly with his sticky essence. The leather straps grew slick with her juices and his cum, the evidence of their union a testament to the depravity of what had just occurred.

As the stallion's cock slowly began to soften, Emma's body went limp, the ropes holding her suspended like a marionette with cut strings. The intense pleasure had taken its toll, the mix of pain and ecstasy too much for her to bear any longer. Her eyes rolled back in her head, and she slipped into the welcoming embrace of unconsciousness, the man's hand the last thing she felt before the darkness claimed her.