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The forest was thick with the scent of earth and pine as Arwen ventured deeper into its heart, her quest for Gandalf driving her forward despite the lingering sensations from her earlier encounter. Her steps led her to a moonlit clearing where the figure of Chiron, the centaur, emerged from the shadows. His presence was both imposing and majestic, his body half-man, half-stallion, radiating power.

"Elf-maiden," Chiron's voice was a deep, resonant echo through the silent night, "Why do you tread so deeply into my woods?"

Arwen, her resolve steeled but her body still quivering from her previous experience, answered with clarity, "I seek Gandalf, the Grey Pilgrim. I must find him with haste."

Chiron's eyes, deep pools of ancient wisdom, scrutinized her. "This passage through my domain does not come freely. There is a price, Arwen, daughter of Elrond. Are you prepared to pay it?"

Her heart beat a rhythm of fear and curiosity. "What price, Chiron?"

With a deliberate motion, he revealed his immense arousal, the horse-like appendage emerging from his sheath, thick and impressive. Arwen's eyes widened, her breath hitching at the sight.

"The price," he said, his voice lowering to a seductive whisper, "is your surrender to me. Your body must join with mine in the dance of the ancients."

Her initial response was one of refusal, the fear of such a union clear in her voice. "Such a thing is beyond me. I fear it would ruin me."

Chiron's gaze softened, but his tone was firm. "Fear not, for there is magic in this union. My touch will transform you, making you capable of what you believe impossible. You will not be harmed but exalted in pleasure."

The gravity of his words, the inevitability of her quest, and a burgeoning curiosity intertwined. "Then, for my mission, I will agree."

Chiron gestured towards a large, fallen oak, its trunk smooth and inviting. "Lie down upon it, face forward."

Arwen moved to the tree, her heart pounding with both anticipation and trepidation. She positioned herself over the trunk, her body bent at the waist, her robes parting slightly, revealing her form under the moon's silver gaze.

Chiron approached from behind, his massive frame casting her in shadow. He raised his front legs, placing them on either side of her on the trunk, positioning himself at her entrance. "Feel the magic," he murmured, his breath warm against her ear.

As his tip touched her, a surge of magic coursed through her. Her body began to change, her form adapting to accommodate his size. The sensation was one of expansion, of becoming something more, a vessel for pleasure beyond comprehension.

"Are you ready?" Chiron's voice was thick with desire.

"Yes," she whispered, her voice trembling with anticipation.

He entered her slowly, the magic ensuring her comfort, stretching her beyond her limits yet filling her with a pleasure so intense it was almost painful. Each inch he advanced was like a new layer of ecstasy peeling back, revealing depths of sensation she never knew existed.

"You are more than you believe," Chiron growled, beginning to move within her. His thrusts were powerful, each one sending shockwaves through her body, making her moan with a mix of surprise and delight.

"More," she gasped, her body arching, craving the fullness he provided. Chiron complied, his movements becoming faster, deeper, the rhythm of their bodies creating an ancient song of lust and magic.

The forest seemed to react to their union; the leaves whispered, the air grew thick with the scent of their arousal. Arwen felt connected to the land, to the very essence of Middle-earth, as each thrust from Chiron threatened to push her over the edge.

Her first orgasm hit like a storm, her body convulsing against the trunk, her cries echoing through the woods. It was as if every nerve in her body was alight with pleasure, her muscles clenching around him, drawing him deeper. "Chiron!" she screamed, her voice a mix of elation and desperation.

Chiron, feeling her body's response, increased his pace, his own pleasure mounting. "Feel the power of the earth," he grunted, his voice rough with his own need.

As her second climax approached, the sensations were overwhelming, a crescendo of pleasure that seemed to pull at her very soul. Her body was not just hers anymore but a conduit for this primal, magical connection. Her moans were now cries of pure, unadulterated ecstasy, her body shaking with the force of her release.

Chiron's own climax was looming, his movements becoming erratic, his breath heavy. "Arwen!" he roared as his seed began to spill into her, the warmth of his ejaculation filling her, mixing with the magic that had transformed her. It was hot, abundant, a testament to his potency, and it sent Arwen into another wave of orgasms, each one more intense than the last, her body milking him for every drop.

The sensation was of being filled, of being one with the earth and sky, the magic ensuring that the pleasure was not just physical but spiritual. As he finished, his seed overflowing from her, their bodies remained joined, their heavy breaths the only sound in the now quiet forest.

Slowly, he withdrew, and with his touch gone, the magic that had altered her returned her to her elfin form, though the echoes of their union lingered. She turned to look at him, her face flushed, her body still trembling from the aftershocks of their lovemaking.

"You have passed through this part of my woods," Chiron said, his voice softer now, satisfied. "Remember this night, Arwen. Not just for your mission but for the magic you've felt, the connection to the land."

Arwen, adjusting her robes, nodded, her voice quiet but firm. "I will carry this memory, this lesson, with me, Chiron. Thank you for the passage... and the revelation."

With that, she stepped away from the tree, her stride now bearing the weight of her experiences, her journey to find Gandalf continuing with a new layer of understanding and a deep, visceral connection to the mysteries of Middle-earth.