

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



My wife, Amy, and I had long talked about her having sex with one of our stallions. She is gorgeous, petite, and always horny. As I got into my fourties and fifties, my wife, of barely thirty was just starting to get into her own sexual prime. I could still get it up, don't get me wrong, but I got the feeling more and more that our stallions were looking like a more suitable mate to Amy. My wife clearly married me for my money - since I owned a small casino in Tahoe. But I like to think that she was starting to learn to love me, and learn how to live well, despite the fact that I may not have been Brad Pitt or anything.

For Christmas a few years ago I decided to try to overcome my distaste and let her try it. Who knows, maybe it was just a fad and once I gave in to her whim she'd shy away. But I didn't want her to know about my plan. I was slightly disgusted by the idea, but she kept mentioning it more than in passing several times. We had actually talked about it at length, but I never been okay with it. Truthfully the idea was kind of disturbing to my manhood, but she wouldn't shut up about it. So a few months before Christmas, I set out to find a good leather smith online. I asked him if he thought he could make a saddle that my wife could ride in that would be slung underneath the horse. I'm still not sure why I decided to do it - maybe it's because I'd do anything to keep my gorgeous wife. Either way, it was the first in a series of mistakes on my part.

It took a while of dancing around the real purpose of the sling and the leather smith thinking I was playing a practical joke on him before he realized that I was serious and yes, I was trying to figure out a way for my wife to have sex with a horse. I assured him it wasn't my idea, but I don't think that mattered. It took quite a bit of time for him to get back to me, making me think I'd have to find another leather smith. But finally he came back and said he had figured out a way to do it. I guess it's not all that uncommon, and he had found some website of a guy in Brazil that made them. Maybe that's how my wife had come up with this disgusting fetish - the Internet. The leather smith had gotten the template and would have it done in a week. It cost me \$2000 - a hefty chunk of change that normally I'd never pay for in my own town, but I purposely looked for someone well outside of the state where there would be little chance it could be used against me. I'm a prominent businessman, after all.

Once it was done I had it over-nighted to me. When it finally arrived, I was really nervous. Could I really do this? Let my wife mate with an animal? No, she would never go through with this - not Amy. It sounded ridiculous and as I pulled out a mess of straps and buckles, I almost laughed. How in the hell was I going to figure out how to put this thing on the horse? I put it back in the box, hid it in the back of my walk in closet and forgot about it. That was until the night before Christmas eve. I had found a really pretty little used sleigh that some old guy was selling to cover his debts at the casino. I thought about hooking one of my horses up and riding around the ranch. We have several acres of fields right near the base of a ski slope. It's somewhat secluded, except for the majestic mountains all around, raising above the treetops. In the summer it's a little muddy, but in the cold winter season, it's a great place to cross country ski or, as I thought, ride a little sleigh around. Amy's sister, Kelly, and her husband, Derrik were staying with us for the Christmas week, so I thought it might be fun.

So I bought it for a steal and had it delivered on a truck that night, and I surprised my wife with it. I'm always doing things like that - anything to see a smile on her pretty face. She was really happy. She likes things like that, and thought it would be romantic to ride around, just like I thought. Kelly and Derrik were both impressed too, and equally excited to ride around in it. Then my wife surprised me by saying, "Or you could just have the horse ride me around instead," and she winked. Oh, here we go again. I failed at fighting back a little bit of anger at the fact that she'd bring this stupid fetish up in front of Kelly and Derrik too but instead I decided to get even right then and there and call her

bluff. I told her to wait there, and I went back and got the belly riding saddle out of my closet.

I apologized about it not being wrapped. She said she didn't care and opened it, right there in front of Kelly and Derrik. She frowned a little and wrinkled her nose as she tried to figure out what it was. I said proudly and a little defiantly, "You kept going on about having sex with the horses, so I bought you a belly riding saddle. Not that I really want you to, but if this is something you want to try, go for it. If you can figure out how to put it on, you can do whatever you want with the stallions." You should have seen my wife's eyes - priceless, as she went back and forth looking at Kelly and Derrik and the saddle. I had caught her in a huge fantasy lie. I could tell she had thought I'd never do this. Had she just been toying with me this whole time.

Then her face relaxed - had she found a way to counter my counter-bluff? She stood up straight and said, "Great, let's go figure it out. Kel and Derrik you can wait here." Here it was, she wanted me to go out into the cold barn, try to saddle the horse with this mess of straps for ten minutes, give up and throw in the towel. She might even yell at me, for bringing this up in front of her sister, but I could counter with the fact that she mentioned it first. Then she'd have an excuse not to try it again. Perfect - we'd both win. So I agreed and hauled the heavy box out to the barn where we both began to lay the saddle out and ponder at exactly how it was supposed to fit. No instructions, and just a mess of a web of straps. I waited for my wife to erupt in an argument but strangely she kept her cool. I let the charade go on for ten minutes before I said, "I'm cold and this isn't going anywhere. Let's just call it a day." To my surprise my wife said, "Oh, you're cold? Weird, I'm kinda hot. You can go in if you want, I'll keep working on it."

I looked at my wife, trying to get a read on her. She's got to be bluffing, I'm thinking. That's why she didn't yell at me when we left the house. She wants to keep up appearances in front of me. Secretly she'll tell Kelly and Derrik that it was just a practical joke or something when I'm out of the house at some point over the next few days. Right now, I'm guessing she's just waiting for me to leave, and after a few minutes she'll come back in, whining about it being too hard, and we'll put this mess behind us. Because she stayed out in the cold I'll have to agree that she really wanted to try because she tried even harder than I did. With all this in my mind, I say, "Okay, sure, just call me when you're done." I almost laughed when I said that - there was no way she'd ever finish. She just wanted to pretend like she was a kinky girl and when I called her on it, she flinched. I'd never let on that I knew and she'd never have to admit that it wasn't true. I can't blame her - she was betting against the best. My entire business was on making good bets. So I kissed her and went back inside. Kelly asked if Amy needed help and I shook my head, "She's got it. She'll be in in a few minutes."

I watched the clock and bet myself she'd be in within ten minutes. Ten minutes went by, then twenty, and then thirty. I was starting to really wonder what had happened, when I heard my wife opening the door breathing a little heavier than usual. She had obviously sprinted to the door from the barn, "Todd, can you come out, I figured it out! I just need a hand." This was taking it kind of far, I thought, but I didn't want to disappoint my wife's cop-out plan. So I went out, and to my surprise, she had figured it out. I had it all backwards when I was working on it. She pointed out my latest failing, "See you had it backwards. This strap goes under it's neck to stop the saddle from sliding back too far. I just need your help with these two straps - it's just too cumbersome."

I nodded, and silently lifted one of the straps as my wife buckled it under one of the stallions - the one my wife no doubt dreamt about. He was a very large white coated monster of a beast, but he was also as soft and lovable as a kitten. As I held the saddle in place, my wife realized, "Oh, I didn't need your help after all, I could have just held this one strap. Oh well, it was nice of you to help." That wasn't something I wanted to hear - one more reason my wife didn't need me. Once she got the first strap in place the rest came together in a few seconds. She had it all ready to go.

She giggled and looked at me, "Oh, Todd, this is great! I can't wait to try it. Can we hook it up to the sleigh at the same time? That would be so romantic! Wouldn't it?" "Uh... sure." "Okay, you take care of that part, and I'm going to go warm up. Come get me when you're ready." She raced inside, and I unhooked the stallion from the wall and walked him over to the sleigh. The straps for the sleigh got in the way of the belly riding straps, but after a few minutes I figured out how they could coexist. I tethered the stallion to a small tree out front and went in to get my wife. I figured this was her last chance to back out. It was freezing cold, the sun was threatening to set soon too because the sun sets early over the mountains in winter, even though it was still early afternoon. My wife was a snow bunny and loved the cold, but even this seemed over the top. I figured when I opened the door she'd be huddled by the fire, talking with Kelly and back out, claiming it was just too cold.

I opened the door, and there my wife was - buck naked, except for snow boots with a huge grin on her face, "Did you figure it out?" Kelly was standing there with her hand over her mouth, obviously amused and Derrik was trying to look anywhere but at my pretty nude wife. "Uh, yeah." I was absolutely shocked - my wife was normally so chaste in public and around friends. She ran up, gave me a huge kiss and said to Kelly and Derrik, "Great! Come on, guys, we're going for a sleigh ride!" Without waiting for them to respond she rushed past me. Kelly shook her head and grabbed her thick coat, "Crazy girl." Derrik shrugged at me and grabbed his coat. As he walked past me as he said, "I guess we're going for a ride, huh?"

I walked behind them as Amy nearly spooked the horse by climbing under it so quickly. I walked up and helped her into the straps so she was seated properly, her legs spread wide. Her pussy was obviously hot, since she had had nearly an hour to think about what she was about to do. As her legs parted, so did the lips of her labia. The dark fur of her pubic mound was already moist around the edges of her vagina. It didn't take more than a few seconds for her to reach down and start rubbing the hidden horse cock. It began to emerge and after no more than a minute my wife was rubbing the large growing phallus between her lips and groaning as she tried to force it into her body. Kelly and Derrik stood behind me, annoyingly, watching the whole ordeal. I wanted to apologize for this, but it wasn't my apology to make, and they didn't seem to have much interest in stopping it either. I guess we were all along for this ride.

Amy was obviously visibly wet, and it only took a few hard thrusts before she managed to take the head of her new lover past the folds of her vulva. She paused for almost ten seconds, I suspect trying to get accustomed to the girth. Then she started moving again. She moaned and rocked her hips, pulling inch after inch of the horse into her. It didn't take long before the stallion was fully seated deep within my wife's orifice - I'd say 7 or 8 inches deep. She huffed, "He's all the way in." "We can see that, but thanks for the update." I couldn't even pretend to hide my annoyance at the fact my wife was mid-coitus with a horse, but she either ignored me or failed to catch my sarcasm. The latter wouldn't surprise me, as she was selfishly thinking of nothing other than what was happening between her and the stallion.

She managed to stifle a moan long enough to ask me in the sweetest sugar coated voice, "Would you mind tying me up?" I realized her ankles and wrists had straps associated with them on the saddle. Her wrists weren't a problem but the straps for her ankles were only barely big enough to get around her boots. They did manage to fit though. The engineering background I had while in college made me ponder all the failed designs these saddles must have gone through before they found out that women must wear boots when they're riding at some point for this perfection of leather engineering to exist before me. How many woman's vaginas had been penetrated by how many stallions in how many situations before this design was perfected? Kelly said, "Come on, let's get in the back." They got into the back of the sleigh and bundled up with a big blanket that came with it.

Now that my wife was properly situated, I asked, "You ready?" My wife rocked her hips and said,

"He's a lot bigger than I had imagined, geez... He's huge! I wasn't ready for this, no!" I asked again, more annoyed that she didn't answer my question. Frankly, I wanted it to hurt - she kind of deserved it, the kinky slut, "I meant are you ready for me to start moving the sleigh?" "Oh, yes, let's go." I couldn't believe I was going to do this... but there I was, climbing into the carriage, where I had wanted my sexy wife to be cuddled up next to me. Instead she was under the horse that was pulling the sleigh. Kelly yelled, "Get ready, Amy! Here we go!" Amy laughed, "Yes, ride me off into the sunset!" With that annoying comment, I gently coaxed the stallion forward the only thing I could see of my wife was her boots and fingers, and my wife's ass with a giant horse penis inserted between her sexy legs.

We gently walked out of the little parking area where I had dropped the sleigh off, and down the hill and around the bend, in the flat area, that was surrounded by trees and mountains. Each step was clearly arousing my wife. No doubt the vibrations were adding to the sensations deep inside her body. There, in that wide open, and beautiful expanse, I gently walked the giant animal, hearing my wife, moaning and the leather of her saddle creaking with each step. Kelly and Derrik were kissing, and probably fooling around under the blanket. I was in hell. Meanwhile, I knew my wife was in heaven. She was unaware of the cold, clearly, and just continued to thrust her hips upwards, making moaning sounds. Suddenly she climaxed. I could see her buttox tensing, and her legs stiffening and she all but stopped breathing and moaning. She stayed tense for several long seconds before her butt dropped to the saddle again.

I heard her start breathing again. She took a minute to calm down. I asked, "You still okay under there, honey?" Kelly couldn't see Amy from her vantage point as she asked, "Wait. Did she cumm?" Amy laughed and responded for me, "Uh, yeah!" Kelly laughed, "You're crazy, Amy." Derrik took the moment to reflect on the beauty of the landscape, "Wow, it sure is pretty out here." "Yeah, wow, isn't it beautiful out here? God! I wish you could see this, Todd. Being upside down, and naked - it's just such an amazing feeling. Thank you so much for this, honey." Kelly laughed and crudely yelled at Amy, "I'm sure it's not just being upside down that you're enjoying under there." My wife laughed, "Well this guy here is pretty amazing feeling too." I felt a twinge of jealousy overcome me, as my wife began to rock her hips again. I didn't feel like telling my wife that she was welcome for the gift. I really felt like shit.

We continued to ride the sleigh around, quite far through the property. This really was the most ideal plot of land for running a sleigh, I realized, even if it did have a naked girl under it. My wife must have thought so too, as her body tensed hard again. I began to keep a mental tally of my wife's orgasms. Two. Then a few minutes later, three. Then four. I began to lose count as my tension and anger rose. I was really getting sick of this perversion as my wife said, "Oh god, this feels so great! He's so big and deep inside of me. I feel like I'm being split in half!" Kelly said, "What do you think of that, Todd. You have quite an act to follow!" Derrik snickered politely, but didn't say anything more as I ignored Kelly's comments and my wife's stifled moans.

I decided to turn the sleigh around, hearing that. My wife kept her orgasms coming. Soon they became nearly continuous, as her moans got louder and louder. She shuddered and bucked her hips, writhing in ecstasy. Finally we were almost to the house and the horse began prancing instead of walking. Oh no - here was the inevitable. My wife was about to be inseminated by this massive creature, and to hear her moans of ecstasy, you'd think she'd never wanted anything so bad in her life.

We pulled up next to the house and I stopped the stallion who was desperately trying to impregnate my wife in that very moment. I said, "Okay, we're here." I don't know why I said that - maybe I thought this nightmare would come to an end if I did. Of course it was a dumb thing to say because Kelly and Derrik just got out of the sleigh to watch my beautiful wife copulating with the animal, bucking her hips desperately trying to complete her mating.

I do have to admit Amy looked gorgeous. Her blonde hair against the muted blue of the evening snow. Her big blue eyes looked almost black in the dim light. The white stallion, perfectly matching the color of the darkening mountains behind him as the sun set behind them. My wife's skin was pink from the cold, and her vagina was deeply engorged with blood - more puffy than I had ever seen it. Her clitoris was big and hard. Her nipples too were erect and tight. Her face was red from the cold and flushed at the same time. She was obviously very aroused by this whole situation. She was very wet, and the warmth of her vagina was keeping her juices from freezing. I felt more jealous in that moment than I had ever felt about anything my whole life. But at the same time, it was just a horse. It wasn't some idiot drooling over my wife at a bar. But at the same time, no guy in a bar was hung like this stallion - not even close.

The horse's thrusts became violent, and Amy's eyes flew open. I don't think she had anticipated what was going to happen. Surely she should have known that this animal was going to be an aggressive mate. Ready to jump in to rescue my love from the dangerous phallus that was fiercely working back and forth in her, Amy surprised me again. Or rather, my misconceptions about my wife surprised me again. Instead of crying out for help, I saw my lovely wife lift her hips towards the horse and tighten her stomach muscles, letting the thrusting animal violently bottom out in her vagina, against her cervix - the same cervix that I had only barely brushed against with the very tip of my penis a handful of times before on my best days.

My wife was moaning and writhing, taking every last inch of the huge stallion's violent thrusts. I looked back at Kelly and Derrik who's mouths were both open slightly, in awe. My wife wasn't just having an animal near ejaculation inside her, she was really making love to it - right there in front of her sister, her brother in law and me. She unashamedly ground her hips into circles, as I watched the stallion's testicles raise up. He was about to fire his huge load deep into my wife's womb. Several more thrust and moans later and suddenly my wife's eyes opened wide. The horse's penis was clearly pulsating hard as my wife said, "Oh god, he's cumming! OH GOD!" She moaned and arched her back hard.

She was really into this, I realized although I didn't need the play by play, it was quite obvious that the huge animal was inseminating my wife. I could almost picture the thick jets of copious ejaculate spurting hard against my wife's cervix. To add insult to injury Amy was orgasmic. Her butt tensed, her legs tensed, her chest and breasts heaved, her fingers tightened into fists and her boots moved like her feet were going crazy. I knew her body was doing everything it could, as she thrust her hips upwards, to impregnate itself. She would literally rather have this animal's sperm in her womb than mine. What a blow! Suddenly her pussy lewdly erupted with a liquidy spurt of horse semen. She was overflowing with horse ejaculate, as her pussy still convulsed. Some stuck to the horse's thrusting member, while more stuck to her pubic hair and drooled down her butt. My wife was milking that animal with her entire body as we all watched.

Finally she fell back into the saddle with a huff, semen still drooling grotesquely from my wife's filled hole. She was clearly exhausted as the last few thrusts by the horse barely moved her. She was done. I quickly went over and unstrapped her ankles and wrists - me being the super hero ten seconds too late after the heroine has already been raped. But my wife hadn't been raped, she willingly mated with the stallion while we all watched. She slid off of the giant phallus with a gross sucking sound as a torrent of ejaculate oozed out from her. She immediately turned around, showing us another view of her ass, as she took the giant horse penis and rubbed the milky head over her face and lips, kissing it lovingly before releasing it. My wife had never rubbed my cummy dick on her face before, causing another twinge of jealousy. She stood up on wobbly legs and laughed, "Oh my god! Look at me, I'm a mess!" Kelly laughed, "Yes you are! What was that like?" I said, "Yeah, are you okay? More importantly, did you get your fill?"

My wife walked over to me and hugged me and kissed me, still naked and in the cold air, "I'm great, and no, I absolutely did not get my fill. Don't worry, this isn't like those earrings you bought me. I'm not going to let this Christmas gift gather dust. Thank you so much, sweetheart. That was the best Christmas gift ever!" My wife scampered into the house, with Kelly and Derrik in tow. I stayed behind to remove the saddle and the sleigh and put the horse away. I was glad to be alone with my thoughts. Maybe my wife was just saying that she wanted to do it again but was really just getting back at me. It was wishful thinking, and as I walked back into the house my fears were really and truly realized.

Amy was still buck naked, her pink skin was returning back to its normal color as she sat at the kitchen table, one booted foot up on the edge of the chair, so her vagina would be open and on display for Kelly and Derrik who were sitting around the table as well. My wife's face was still covered in horse sperm. Amy was obviously continuing a thought as I walked in, "... and I can't believe how much is still coming out of me!" I looked at the chair, and the indents of where someone's leg would normally be was filled with a small pool of what was horse semen freshly milked by my wife's exposed vagina. She simply had no shame as she said, "Come here baby, look at this, it's amazing!" I reeled as she went on, "Can you believe all this was inside me?" "Uh, no."

My wife shook her head, "Me either, god, I can't tell you how amazing that felt. I'm like a new woman! We should do it again tomorrow!" Kelly laughed, "Geez, you're a horse slut!" Amy smiled, sperm gently clinging to her lips, "I am now, thanks to Todd." She smiled at me, genuinely honestly thankful. I couldn't believe it. My wife legitimately thought I was just being a nice husband and letting her fuck livestock. My wife's eyes lit up, "Oh, I've got a great idea! Anyone want to go Christmas Eve caroling tomorrow night? I know a sleigh waiting to be taken out for another ride! You can put a blanket over the horse so the neighbors don't see me." Derrik laughed but then paused, "Wait, that's not a terrible idea, I bet you could get away with that."

Kelly laughed too, "Yeah, we should totally see what we can get away with while you're mating with that stallion. I bet we could ride you all the way across town like that." Amy smirked, "Promise?" Kelly smirked back, "Think you can handle it?" "It'll be awfully fun trying! Oh god, I want to try it again. I just need to warm up a little bit before I go out again." Derrik asked, "You going to spend all of Christmas mating with a horse?" Amy laughed, "That's a great idea, Derrik - I always knew you were smart! No but seriously, that is a great idea. I can just alternate between opening presents, drinking hot coco with you guys and coupling."

No one wanted to call it what it was - bestiality. Were they insane? She had just committed an act of bestiality and now she was sitting in front of them as the contents of her perverted act drained onto our kitchen chair. They were acting as if were no different than playing a game. But then it went from crazy to insane as Amy giggled, "Oh gosh, what will Mom say when she sees me under him on Christmas day?" Kelly shook her head, "I think you'll have a lot of explaining to do." Amy laughed, "She was always a pushover. I bet I can win her over. Do you think she'll like my newest lover?" "Yeah, you always were her favorite. I bet she'll come around." My wife smiled at me with sperm coated lips and winked, "Even if she doesn't, it'll be fun pissing her off!"

I decided to go to bed early that night. I had had enough for one night. Despite the fact that Amy was yelling after me to help her with the belly riding saddle before I went to bed, I knew somehow she'd figure it out on her own and have Kelly or Derrik strap her in. No, my beautiful wife was going to have lots more sexual intercourse with that horse before she'd be so exhausted that she'd be forced into bed with me many hours later. Forced... I felt like crying when I thought about that word. I was just a speed bump in her sexual happiness. I'd just have to come to terms with the fact that my wife's heart and her sperm soaked vagina belonged to that animal outside. Damn him.