

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Sandy had always been interested in horses. She had started taking riding lessons at the age of 14 after seeing a friend of hers in a show. Riding a horse had given her many mixed feelings not excluding the feeling of dominance of a huge and beautiful creature. The occasionally pleasant physical sensations of riding were not lost on her either.

After high school riding took a back seat to other activities, including college, social affairs and men, not necessarily in that order. She was attractive and well-placed enough to have her pick of men and their attributes. She chose the most important, age and money.

Marrying an older man had its advantages, including physical love-making. Although she enjoyed dominating horses, she did not enjoy dominating OR being dominated by men or other women. Younger men were always more interested in pleasing themselves than in her feelings. She enjoyed sensitive and sharing men. She found that trait much more common in older men, particularly in bed. But money decided it. Well into her thirties now, she was enjoying the "fruits" of her labor, an easy carefree life of leisure.

This life now allowed her to return to her first love - horses. For a long time now she had been an avid "horse person." She attending all the shows and parties associated with them. Her deceptively youthful beauty was lost on most of the yuppies in that circle. Her medium height and average "build" never attracted attention. Her short, soft brown hair seemed out of place among the bleached and exotically-permed coiffures. Her exquisitely beautiful face was totally lost among in the circle of people interested in money (women) and boobs and pussies (men) and dicks (some of both).

She never was a real fan of other horsey people... until Jim came along. Jim was more than a horse person, he was an animal person. One of the social gatherings was picketed by an animal rights group because of their supposed harsh treatment of the horse. Sandy had never seen anything like what they claimed. Being concerned, she made a point of talking to them. Her attraction to Jim was immediate. Meeting him accomplished two things - she could question him and she could get to know him. The stories he told curdled her blood, she couldn't believe them. After striking up a nice friendship with Jim, Sandy brought herself to challenge him. "Prove it." Jim said he would and promised to call her later.

Days passed without a word. Actually, Sandy had lost interest in the "cause", but not in Jim. She had never met anyone like Jim, tall, relatively angular and, oh, so gentle AND passionate. Her imagination was filled with fleeting visions of them together. Her bedroom activities with her husband took an interesting turn, so much so that her husband expressed puzzlement. But he didn't look the gift horse in the mouth or anywhere else, either.

Then one day Jim called. He offered to take her to a horse farm and show her what they did. Sandy fell all over herself in accepting the offer, but stopped short of admitting she had lost interest in his cause.

Being a surreptitious outing they made a date to meet after dusk. After stopping for tea Jim drove to a horse farm not far from Sandy's. They parked down the road and hiked across several fields to a large barn that obviously housed the ranch's studs.

Striving for utmost quiet, with much difficulty they made their way to the hay loft which had a convenient open view of a large saw-dusted area.

Frighteningly soon after they had hidden themselves from sight several people entered the barn. Actually, Sandy was disappointed. After two hours close to Jim her interest and, yes, desire for Jim

had heightened. Jim had shown significant interest, too, after Sandy had grabbed his hand once during their foray. The gentle squeezing she had felt several times was more than a protective reaction. But here they were – stretched prone together practically buried in warm, fragrant hay, his arm around her, clearly not for protection, but from affection, forced to be still and quiet. He whispered his chagrin at the interruption by the interlopers after she mumbled a “damn”.

Looking down they saw three people. Sandy recognized the ranch owner, a fat, sleazy blob, presumably connected to a porn ring, his excessively young wife with a pleasing, but wasted, blonde beauty about her and a creepy looking man with a camera. Their mumblings were, thankfully, unintelligible.

Then a expletive bubbled from the blob as a third man entered with a mare. Almost immediately the stirrings of other horses were heard. Sandy whispered that the mare was in heat. Jim said that he had not expected this, he was told that they tortured animals at this place. Sandy said that the Blob was a respected breeder. But the presence of the camera lend an air of suspicion to the scene.

The mare was tied to a post in full view of the snuggled pair. The man then left, and returned with a beautiful black stallion, rapidly becoming to hard to hold. The Blob, in indignation yelled for him to “turn the mother-fucker loose!” With a total change in temperament the raging, beauty stallion sniveled up to the mare, nuzzling her nose and neck. With impressive aplomb he initiated an thrilling demonstration of sexual foreplay that would have warranted a chapter in Masters and Johnson. During the pleasant display Jim’s arm tightened around Sandy in sympathy. His other had reached for her’s. He squeezed it reassuringly.

The stallion needed such no reassurance from the mare. His splendid penis began sliding from its sheath to form an amazingly beautiful staff. It was jet black, glistening under the bright artificial lights. The head was smooth and rounded. It kept growing and growing. When it was about a foot long the stallion resumed his attentions to the mare’s neck. He began nibbling and biting, but the mare obviously enjoyed the attention. As his penis grew to about 18” he tried to mount the mare. The big horse had difficulty with that maneuver, but the mare appeared to try to help. When the stallion finally climbed atop the mare his penis had grown to an awe-inspiring two feet. It was easily three inches across. Jim’s had grown, too, although not to the same proportions.

As Jim squirmed uncomfortable Sandy dropped his hand and rolled over sideways towards him, whispering, “Magnificent!” All Jim could do was acknowledge the statement of fact and grin at her. She leaned over, kissed him hard (her inhibitions were lost in the hay somewhere by now) and breathed heavily, “Wait until he is through, Jim!” They both turned their attentions back to the stallion (well, actually, Sandy’s hand did slip down to Jim’s crotch and Jim’s responded by finding Sandy’s), who, by now, was intent on finding the mare’s vagina. He was working up a great lather humping and pumping with his splendidly muscular haunches supporting that majestic and imposing rod.

And then, like magic, when he seemed to be at the end of his endurance, his grand stem found home. The superb stallion, finding renewed energy, gave a cry of pleasure and redoubled his efforts. As the fantastic, sparkling penis slipped deep into the mare many things happened together. The mare arched her back and whinnied her encouragement; Jim groaned, “My God!” and Sandy moaned in anticipation, “Oh, do it to me, please, do it to me!”

Over and over the stallion drove his glorious penis deeper into the mare and with each stroke both the stallion and the mare screamed in unison. As his strokes approached ten inches in length and the penetration by his spectacular organ was very nearly complete, Sandy reached down and removed Jim’s erect penis from the constraint of clothes and, as Jim rolled over on his side, never taking his

eyes off of the main show, she began her own stroking. Neither would Sandy miss a single stroke of the stallion, but she assisted Jim in loosening her slacks so he could gently stroke her clitoris and vagina.

Finally with one magnificent plunge the stallion came with a heart-wrenching shriek. The mare's cry in response echoed in the barn. That climax halted both Sandy and Jim. As the stallion struggled to complete the unloading of his wad into the mare, Sandy turned toward Jim with pleading eyes, "Do it with me, please!" Jim whispered that they must wait until their "hosts" departed or they would be exposed. Sandy said she didn't care, but Jim held sway.

They both hoped that the Blob would be off to repeat the show with his lovely young wife, but in more classy surroundings. But their show was not over.

While the unsuspecting audience was feasting their eyes and senses on the center ring, the Blob and his assistant were nonchalantly preparing the second act. They had lead (if that is the appropriate word) a magnificent chestnut stallion from his stall to the edge of the room to watch the show. Needless to say, he was fit to be tied. The lack of a partner did not dissuade him from sporting his own magnificent tool. It was a lighter brownish color, but equally stunning in the reflection of the bright lights. It was easily two feet if it was an inch. Its diameter had to be more than three inches.

By now the first stallion was totally spent and had backed off of the pleased mare. Uncharacteristically, they both drifted away from each other. The stallion was guided back to his stall and the mare was lead out of the building.

Both Jim and Sandy had intended to resume their attentions to each other, but Sandy noticed a curious happening - Blob's wife was removing her clothes! She almost cried out loud, "They're going to do it right here!" But she caught herself.

By the time the blonde was stark naked, the second stallion had been lead, with difficulty, out to the center of the room. He had a curious saddle attached to him, more like a hammock suspended beneath him. It clearly took all of the efforts of the Blob, his assistant and the photographer to contain or at least minimize the antics of the excited horse.

Although it was clear that the young girl had done this before it was with justifiable trepidation the girl actually climbed into the harness beneath the snorting and nervously shuffling stallion. The contrast between the dark stallion and the creamy white skin of the blonde was starkly evident.

Sandy clung to Jim and choked out the words, "She can't do it, he'll tear her apart."

And after a suitable pause, "Would I were there."

The stallion had no idea what was going on. All he knew is that he wanted to find a mare. He snorting and whinnying and anxious prancing was reaching a dangerous level. He almost broke the leads held by the three men when the blonde finally seated herself. Grasping the horse like she would her lover she slowly, but surely, scooted towards the stallion's awaiting magnificently beautiful, shiny brown, imposing penis, now fully erect and poised.

A transformation seemed to overtake the stallion when the blonde made the first contact. In utter amazement he stopped in his tracks. Although there was a lack of a mare the unmistakable feeling of something soft and pliable, warm and welcoming beneath him blew his mind. But mind or no, Nature took charge.

The determined humping of his magnificent haunches began. In the air his strokes began as just a

few inches long, but as the blonde gathered courage and confidence in estimating the motions of the horse his stabs grew longer, the activities started to bear fruit.

The blonde obviously could not stand the inertia of his magnificently strong thrusts, so the sling was designed to allow her to ride with them, she could float with the strokes by relaxing or hold herself still against them by grabbing the horse's underside.

At first the plunges met resistance. After an amazingly short time; however, the resistance lessened, presumably the blonde's juices were flowing freely. Both Jim and Sandy echoed the blond's muffled cry when the stallion's immense penis finally thrust home. It was the final lunge at the end of a superb foot-inch stroke that did the trick. Sandy froze at the sight as Jim lay transfixed. The blonde caught her breath by just hanging loosely in the hammock so she could ride with the stallion's wild thrusts.

His frustration at only being able to penetrate a few inches sent the stallion into a frenzy. The only suitable action that would matter was instantly taken by the blond. By grabbing the horse's neck in her arms she could hold herself relatively still beneath the agonizingly splendid thrusts and by skillfully riding with them most of the way she allowed the magnificent beast to sink deeper into her moist white flesh. As the stallion poured his whole being into each monstrous stab, the blonde slowly and juicily and with obvious relish, absorbed more and more of the incredible staff.

It was an amazing and extraordinary spectacle - a lovely, flawlessly white blonde, suspended beneath a magnificent chestnut stallion with a foot of shiny black pulsing penis still trying with growing effectiveness to find a safe haven.

It was not to be. The blonde could stand no more. During one hump she caught hold of the horse's underside for dear life. By being anchored firmly now, the flailing thrusts of the stallion were returned with delicious, lubricated sliding of his gorgeous black penis in the creamy pink vagina. Although the blond's delicate pink clitoris was waiving in the breeze of the stallion's motions, she did not seem concerned or disappointed.

Throughout all of this Jim and Sandy were silent and motionless. Inherently, they knew nothing they could do could match this wonderful display.

The sensuous groans of the blonde and high pitched screams of the stallion blended into a crescendo when the horse climaxed in ecstasy. The final drive by the stallion was not anticipated by the blond, but her actions did nothing to discourage it. An "Oh, God, it's done!" was all that could be discerned. Her arms, totally intent on holding her lover close, were released and spread wide in the air following her orgasm. As the stallion grunted to extract the last drop of semen, the blonde fell limp in the harness.

The three men rushed to extract the lovely young lady from her "bed". When she was free they just let her collapse in a heap next to them. The Blob and his photographer-buddy wandered indifferently (!) off towards the exit.

The assistant grabbed the stallion's lead to escort him back to his stall and a well deserved rest, but the horse would have none of that. He jerked the lead away from the unwary man and turned toward the inert girl. Resplendent in his dark brown coat, shiny from sweat, with his still magnificent, but spent, penis nearly dragging the ground he nuzzled the girl until she regained her senses.

To the utter amazement of all present, he planted what was unmistakably a kiss on her beautiful upturned face. His soft muzzle then passed slowly down her beautiful body, his touch, a gentle,

warm, moist breath. He expelled an unmistakable sigh when he reached her moist, to overflowing vagina. Fighting the urgent tug of the assistant, he planted a long warm nuzzle between the young girls legs, raised his huge head, shaking off the befuddled man and pranced off as happy as any teenager you have seen.

With desecrating blasphemes the men quickly grabbed the girl and cruelly dragged her naked out of the barn. All was quiet in the building then, save for the gentle rustling of hay in the loft mixed with the impassioned breathing of Jim and Sandy following the lead of the previous couple.

Although Jim was no match for the stallion, Sandy did not seem disappointed. Her slacks were off in a jiffy as Jim fumbled with his. No light was needed for Sandy to find an awaiting penis of acceptable proportions ready and willing. With the foreplay firmly and delightfully provided by the previous two-some no preliminaries were needed. Sandy's beckoning vagina was deliciously wet.

She quickly grasped the poised, pulsing penis and guided its delightfully warm and soft, but firm, head into her. Jim rose to the task. With gentle, but resolute, strokes he made his way into the warm, dark, moist cavern of joy. When Sandy had determined that he could fend for himself, she returned her hands to the task of holding Jim close. Her lovely long legs wound their way around Jim and helped set the pace of Jim's stroking. With a few well-controlled thrusts Jim entered fully the sacred Grotto of Love. While he tenderly, but dogged, stroked in deeper, out reluctantly, Sandy tighten and relaxed her grip on his pelvis with her legs.

When the pace became determined Sandy opened her eyes and whispered to him, "Jim, it is not quite the same, but you'll do."

Jim smiled and replied, "But you aren't blonde, either."

As both mouths open simultaneously for a laugh, they both climaxed together. Feverish groans and grunts were mixed with strange sounds like laughter. His semen gushed forth into Sandy and ran down into the hay. It was good.

They lay spent in each other's arms. It was easily fifteen minutes before the realization that hay is very painful to lie on when naked finally dawned.

Jim rose first. As he extended his arms to Sandy to raise her, he paused and said, "Wait, Sandy."

He lowered her gently down again and knelt down to her. Tenderly taking her face in his hands he kissed her. He then laid her head back on the hay and passed his lips down her delicious body breathing a warm, moist touch on her. He paused near her passionately wet vagina and nuzzled her.

After a delicious few moments he stood and raised her to him for one last passionate kiss.

After dressing they descended from the loft. In the darkness as they passed one of the stall, a stirring gave them pause. The unmistakable head of the chestnut stallion was outlined in the moon-lit window. Jim and Sandy instinctively reached for each other. The horse quietly whinnied in an approving way and nodded his head in appreciation. Jim and Sandy smiled, nodded acknowledgement together and snuggled closer to each other. They left the barn having learned much.

Let us hope that you, the reading audience, have learned something also.