

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) by bungo pony

My fantasy is of a donkey. I imagine that my husband and I are travelling in the middle east when he is approached by a wealthy man. This man is a minor prince in the area, but is still fabulously wealthy. He is fascinated by my blond hair and asks my husband if I am blond all over, or if my hair is dyed. My husband assures the prince that I am, indeed, a natural blond. This brings a sparkle to the prince's eye. He tells my husband that he would like to buy me as he has no natural blondes in his harem. My husband agrees to sell me and I am taken away.

Later that night, after being bathed and anointed with rich smelling oils, the prince's slave master brings me to the prince's room. It is lavishly decorated with many pillows strewn about. The slave master remains and goes to a table at the side of the room where there are many jars and small boxes.

The prince beckons me to where he sits. He has been smoking from a large hookah. He offers some to me. Since I don't smoke I refuse, but he assures me that it is not tobacco, rather some fine hash his family has harvested. I smoke some and soon after am deliciously wrecked.

The slave master now leads in a donkey, and the prince tells me that I am to be the entertainment for the night. He informs me that if I do not bring the donkey off for his enjoyment, I will be whipped severely.

I'm afraid that I might be hurt by such a large animal, but the prince assures me that the donkey is tame, and quite patient with the human women he plays with.

I stand and strip, removing the diaphanous garments that were given to me earlier. I approach the donkey, and run my hands along its muscled sides. I rest my head against it and can tell that it is a clean animal - not some shit covered beast just in from the yard.

I walk to the front of the animal and talk to it for a moment, seeing for myself what its reactions will be to my presence. The donkey looks at me strange for a moment, but lowers its head to sniff at my crotch. The wind of its breath stimulates me and I reach down to rub my hand across my lips. I find them quite wet, and wipe some of the juices onto the donkey's muzzle.

The slave master turns the donkey so that the prince will have a clear side view of what I do.

I walk to the other side of the donkey and kneel down on some pillows. The end of its cock pokes from the sheath just a bit. I reach up and begin to massage its sheath. The donkey doesn't react much, just snorts and bobs its head. I notice that the donkey has immense balls, even for an equine. I reach up and firmly begin running my hands over its balls, then down the length of its sheath. I move my mouth up and begin to lick at the bit of its cock that protrudes. This must have turned it on, for now the donkey begins to unsheath its cock.

The donkey's cock unfolds from its sheath, sliding out halfway, then the front of it slowly sliding forth. All this time I am running my hands along the length of its cock. At last all of its cock is unsheathed, and slowly stiffening and lengthening under my patient strokes. I take it firmly in my hands and begin to move them back and forth, up and down the length of the massive rod. I take the end of it, right behind the head and notice that though it is the same oval shape of a guy's cock, the head is on backwards - away from the body, and that there is a tube protruding slightly out from the center of the head. It is as big as the palm of my hand. I slide the loose flesh of its cock back and forth over the head and begin to lick at it. The donkey snorts and pumps its cock so that it snaps out of my hands, swinging from side to side. I sit back and watch it get completely hard; from hanging in a wide arc from the sheath - a few more beats of its heart and it is straight out, twitching against the

animal's warm belly.

I can clearly see how the skin is drawn tightly up all the way over the exposed length and continues smoothly merging with the sheath. It is strange knowing how this huge organ shrinks so small as to be drawn into the donkey's body. I move to my knees again and kiss the head, slowly drawing my tongue back along the length of his cock to its balls. They are disproportionately huge compared to the size of the animal. I wonder how the poor animal could walk comfortably - I'd think they'd chafe. I run my hands over them and weigh one in the palm of my hand. It is bigger than my fist. I back up so his cock is in my face again.

"If you wait too long, his member will swell too large to fit in you..." the prince says motioning me to where the slave master has arranged a large curiously tilted table. It was flat on the top, but one side sloped down and had a sort of seat on it. All was padded in the most luxurious of fabric.

The slave master went to the donkey and took a hold of its brace, leading it to the table, where he directed the animal to rear up and place its legs on the flat part of the table. Its huge penis positioned directly over the slope.

The prince had taken a jar out and handed it to me. He instructed me to grease the donkey's cock up. While I slathered the oil onto it, the prince dipped into the pot and rubbed it on my cunt.

He continued to rub me, and I the donkey. I could now feel his tongue at work on my clit, and my knees went weak. With this cock as long as my forearm and as thick around, veins bulging along the length of it, I could see the flow of blood through it. The end twitching up with every heartbeat.

The prince moved away from me and motioned for me to lay down on the slanted part of the table, below the massive cock. When I was cushioned on my back I could see that all the donkey had to do was thrust forward to penetrate me.

I reached up and took a hold of the massive cylinder of meat and rubbed the head against the lips of my cunt. The prince reached down and worked at my clit.

The animal's penis was so huge I doubted that I could get it in me. The donkey stepped forward just a tiny bit and I could feel the pressure of it against me. No matter, it was just too huge to get into me.

Then the prince leaned over and began to lick at my cunt. I could feel his tongue running down my length and over onto the head of the donkey's prick. His tongue returned to my clit and he slid a finger into my cunt and widened my slit. While doing this he somehow managed to slip the head of the donkey's cock to the inside of my lips and now I could feel a definite forward pressure from the donkey.

The prince took the donkey's cock in hand and began gently masturbating him, all the while licking at me and sucking on my clit. I could see all this and shivered as his broad head began to enter me. The donkey stepped his rear legs forward, then stopped. The prince coaxed the animal forward again, his hand firm on the bulging meat. The prince directed the donkey's member directly into me. Stretching me farther than I ever was before.

The donkey had only barely penetrated my cunt. There was only a couple of inches of his cock into me. The back edge of the head of his massive prick was just on the verge of completely entering me. I let out a cry of pain as the full girth of his cock stretched wide the walls of my cunt and the knob finally slid in.

The donkey pressed forward, guided by the prince's experienced hand, inch by inch it slowly slithered in and began moving up and back, in and out. It hurts painfully so to have the walls of my cunt stretched to this amount, but the donkey is gentle and after pressing forward as far as he can go, to where he has over half of his cock up me, he stepped his rear legs forward.

Now that he has a comfortable position, the donkey pushed his massive prick up and down my cunt just like a piston. I wouldn't have believed it possible, but I am being fucked by a donkey! Once he has penetrated as deeply as he can, the rhythm of the donkey's thrusts become faster.

The prince reached down and began to massage my clit. When I'm really turned on it actually thrusts out like a little penis. He grasped it in his nimble fingers and begins jacking me off. Then he leaned forward and began sucking my clit off. With his mouth on my clit, his hand moved back to the donkey's prick.

I can see just how large the donkey's cock is and how deeply it penetrates because of the large bulge it makes on my stomach as it moves in and out.

The sucking on my clit is driving me crazy and I can tell that I'm going to come, and very soon. Deep waves of warmth radiate out from the center of my body - the deepest part in me, where the head of the donkey's cock is reaching into my womb.

The prince stopped working on me and stood up. I can see how easily he pulls his loose fitting trousers open and that he too has a hard-on, the tip of it slippery from his own secretions and what oil he had on his hands. His cock isn't that big, but even though it was hard, he had to pull his foreskin back from the tip. He held it in one hand and began to rub his thumb over the head.

With the donkey humping me, and me watching the prince jack off, my orgasm hit. I threw my head back and cried out at the same time the donkey gave a sound. I feel it throbbing in me as it begins tossing off. I reached down to rub my clit and felt a wetness splash on my tits. The prince had come off well. I could feel the donkey's prick pumping its hot spunk into me.

I grabbed the donkey's cock with one hand and with the other began stroking my clit. When I bent forward, something must have shifted for now the donkey's prick slid even more deeply into me. It wasn't forced or painful, just deeper. I kept stroking myself and grasped the donkey's prick at the base and squeezed. I was amazed at how many times I felt his juices squirt up me. He gave forth a final gush and stopped rocking his hips.

Above me the donkey panted at his exertions, while I continued to stroke myself and play with his cock. After a while I could feel him getting soft and my cunt muscles relaxing.

The prince knelt beside me and pulled the donkey's soft prick out of me and he dismounted and was led away to the side. As my cunt is unplugged, the donkey's spunk pours out of my cunt in a stream. I look down between my open legs and see the juices streaming out just like a waterfall. The prince immediately bends his head to lap at my dripping cunt.

I had blown a number of men in my life, and always found the taste of a man's come told me a lot about who he was, and depending on his reaction what he thought of me. I asked him to let me taste what he was and he bent his lips to my cunt and drank for a moment.

When he pulled his head away there was a thread of the donkey's come stretching from his nose to my cunt. I smiled and almost laughed, but was able to catch myself. I didn't know what he'd do if he thought I was laughing at him. The thread of come stretched until he was almost to my mouth, and when it broke, I felt it spatter on my belly and thighs.

He french-kissed me, and I received a mouthful of donkey come. I didn't think it tasted that different from a man's come - more musky perhaps, certainly on the bitter side. We kissed for a time, and he pulled away, swallowing what he had in his mouth. From the floor he picked up a cup of wine and took a sip, and told me it was to clean his mouth. He gave me a sip as well and had me stand.

My legs were still weak from the thorough fucking I had received and I had trouble standing. The prince helped me to remain on my feet and the donkey's come continued to ooze out of me, sliding down my legs in thick ropy strands. My cunt feels so big after being stretched by the donkey's prick; now it feels like my insides are dripping out. It is so sore and I feel the dripping will never stop.

The prince leads me to where the slave master stands beside a large steaming tub. I stop before him and he washes the donkey's come from off my legs. They help me into the steaming perfumed water and I'm finally able to relax. After a time the prince gave me a douche and we both climbed back into the tub. We spent a long time holding each other, his cock in me. Soon after, he led me to a luxurious bed and we both fell asleep.