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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 riding in a show.

Riding a horse had given her many mixed feelings not excluding the feeling of dominance over a huge and beautiful creature. The occasional 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.

Sandy 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 lovemaking.

Although she enjoyed dominating her horses, she did not enjoy dominating OR being dominated by men. Younger men were always more interested at pleasing themselves rather 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, and still ravishingly beautiful she was enjoying the “fruits” of her labor, an easy carefree life of leisure. This life-style allowed her to return to her first love – horses.

For a long time now she had been an avid “horsecwoman.” Attending all the shows and parties associated with them. Her deceivingly 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 horsy people... until that is — Jim came along.

Jim was more than a horse person was, he was an animal person. An animal rights group because of their sup- posed harsh treatment of horses picketed one of the social gatherings.

Sandy had never seen anything cruel, like what they claimed. Being oncerned, 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 bring herself to believe them. And after striking up a nice friendship with Jim, Sandy brought herself to challenge him. “Prove it,” she said.

Jim said he would and promised to call her later when time allowed. Days passed without a word. Actually, Sandy had lost interest in the “cause”, but not in Jim. She had never met anyone quite 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 wasn’t going to look the gift horse in the mouth. (So to speak)

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 rather 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 ranch.

They parked down the road and hiked across several fields to a large barn that obviously housed the ranch's stud animals. Striving for utmost quiet, with much difficulty they made their way to the hayloft, 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 were 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, forced to be still and quiet. He whispered his chagrin at the interruption, and she mumbled a "damn!" Looking down they saw three people.

Sandy recognized the ranch owner, a fat, sleazy blob who was rumored to be connected to some sort of illegal pornography ring. And his excessively young wife with a pleasing, but wasted out blonde beauty about her and some creepy looking man with a camera.

Their mumbling was thankfully, unintelligible. Then an expletive bubbled from the blob as a third man entered with a mare.

Almost immediately the stirring's of other horses were heard all around them.

Sandy whispered that the mare must be in heat. Jim answered that he had not expected anything like this, he was told that they tortured animals at this place.

Sandy said that the Blob was known as a respected breeder, and that she knew that he was wrong about them mistreating animals. But the presence of the camera lent an air of suspicion to the scene.

The mare was tied to a post in full view of the hiding couple. The man then left, and returned with a beautiful black stallion, which was rapidly becoming too hard to hold.

The blob, indignantly yelled for him to "turn the mother-fucker loose!"

With a total change in temperament the raging, beautiful stallion sniveled up to the mare, nuzzling her nose and neck. With impressive aplomb he initiated a thrilling demonstration of sexual foreplay that would have warranted a chapter in Masters and Johnson, Sandy thought.

During the pleasant display Jim's arm tightened around her in sympathy. His other had reached for hers. He squeezed it reassuringly.

The stallion needed no such reassurance from the mare. His splendid penis began sliding from its sheath to form an amazingly beautifully strong looking 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 his 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 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 he 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 somewhere in the hay by now.) and breathed heavily.

They both turned their attention back to the stallion, (well, actually, Sandy's hand did slip down Jim's body to his crotch, and Jim responded by finding Sandy's hard nipple.) by now, the Stallion 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 rod went home. The superb stallion, finding renewed energy, gave a cry of pleasure and redoubled his efforts. As the fantastic, sparkling penis slipped deep in and out of the mare, many things happened all at once.

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!" As Jim ran his hand down between her legs.

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. The stallion's strokes approached ten inches in length and the penetration by his spectacular organ was very nearly complete. Excited beyond belief, Sandy reached down and removed Jim's erect penis from the constraints of clothing and, as Jim rolled over on his side, never taking his eyes off of the main show, she began her own stroking.

Neither did Sandy miss a single stroke of the stallion, she lay beside her human stud and stroked his manhood while watching the animals below. But she assisted Jim in loosening her own slacks so he could gently stroke her the way she was doing for him.

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 they watched in fascination as the Stallion emptied himself into his mare.

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 urgently whispered that they must wait until the people left or they would be caught.

Sandy made it plain that she didn't care as she fondled Jim's shaft and balls in a lewd display to show him what he was missing. But Jim held firm.

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 yet.

While the unsuspecting aroused 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 she noticed a curious happening - Blob's wife was removing her clothes! Sandy almost cried out loud, "They're going to do it right here!" But she caught herself.

By the time the blondee 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, 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 that she climbed into the harness beneath the snorting and nervously shuffling stallion.

The contrast between the dark brown stallion and the creamy white skin of the blondee girl 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, "I can't believe that anyone would..."

The stallion had no idea what was going on. All he knew is that he wanted to find a mare. He snorted and whinnied and anxious pranced around — he was reaching a dangerous level. He almost broke the leads held by the men when the blondee finally arranged herself.

Grasping the horse like she would a human lover, slowly but surely, the pretty girl scooted towards the stallion's awaiting magnificent shiny brown, imposing penis now fully erect and poised.

A transformation seemed to overtake the stallion when the blondee 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 drew his attention. Nature took charge.

The determined humping of his magnificent haunches began. In the air his strokes began as just a few inches, but as the blondee gathered courage and confidence in estimating the motions she held his thrusting penis his both hands and the horses stabs grew longer.

The blondee obviously couldn't stand the inertia of his magnificently strong thrusts, so the sling was designed to allowed 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 blondee's juices were flowing freely by now.

Both Jim and Sandy echoed the blondee's muffled cry when the stallion's immense penis finally thrust home. It was the final lunge at the end of a superb foot-long stroke that did the trick. Sandy froze at the sight and Jim lay transfixed.

The blondee girl caught her breath as she hung loosely in the hammock and rode with the stallion's wild thrusts. His frustration at only being able to penetrate a few inches sent the stallion into a frenzy.

The cameraman wasn't missing any of the action, he seemed to be everywhere at once, catching all of the incredible action between horse and woman.

The blonde woman instantly took the only suitable action that could help his frenzy. 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 blondee girl slowly and juicily and with obvious relish, absorbed more and more of his incredible staff. It was an amazing and extraordinary spectacle - a lovely, flawlessly white blondee girl, 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 blondee girl could stand no more. During one hump she caught hold of the horse's underside for dear life. Being anchored firmly now, the flailing thrusts of the stallion were returned with a delicious, lubricated sliding of his gorgeous black penis in and out of her creamy pink vagina.

Although the blondee girl's delicate pink clitoris was waiving in the breeze of the stallion's motions, she didn't seem concerned or disappointed, she just hung on.

Throughout all of this Jim and Sandy were motionless. They were repulsed, they were aroused, they both found it hard to breathe.

The sensuous groans of the blondee girl and high pitched screams of the stallion blended into a crescendo when the horse climaxed in ecstasy, body sweat soaked and shivering.

The young woman did not anticipate the stallion's orgasm, but her actions did nothing to discourage it. An "Oh, god, it's done!" was all that could be heard from her. Her arms, up until that moment totally intent on holding her lover close, were released and spread wide in the air following her orgasm.

As the stallion grunted to expend the last drop of his semen, the blondee girl fell limp in the harness.

The men rushed to extract the tired young woman from her "bed". When she was free they just let her collapse in a heap next to them.

The groom and his photographer-buddy wandered indifferently off towards the barn doors. The groom 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 planting what was unmistakably a kiss on her beautiful upturned face. His soft muzzle then passed slowly down her spent young body, his touch, a gentle, warm, moist breath. He expelled an unmistakable sigh when he reached her moist and overflowing sex.

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 teenage boy you have seen.

Uttering 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.