

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



It was a warm summer morning, and some drops of dew still sparkled at the tipsof the grass and leaves on the big meadow and the surrounding forest. On this meadow, they were standing, the small herd of horses. They have been there as long as can be remembered, it has been their valley. When lookeddown from the edge of the valley, you can see over it and look down at the meadow and see the horses. You can see them grazing, or taking a sunbath, or even rollingin the mud at the shore of the small lake that lies at the edge of the meadowas well. It is a really beautiful view, to see the youngsters play around the others, to see them chase each other in play, or even to see the occasional fight between the herd's stallion and one that wants to take over the herd.

Many nights I dream about them, many nights I have been one of them. When I first opened my eyes and found that I was that little brown-red colored stallion I was sort of suprised, perhaps even a little shocked. At first, I was a little unused to my body. It felt so right, and still so new. I felt like I have always been like that, I felt like I always should be like that and it was new at the same time. Many things I can remember, like how water smells, how it is to feel the ground thundering under your hooves when galloping. Even to be unable to scratch certain itching spots on my back :) Well, I was not the herd's stallion, I am simply a little small brown-red colored one inside the herd. They protect and care about me. They are part of me. I am part of them.

Well, I have been with them as long as I remember, and I was a foal, and even as I now have the body of a full grown stallion, I still feel like a colt sometimes ☐

One time I even mounted a mare, oh my what a feeling. It was when this mare got sort of astray from the herd. She was in heat, and I could smell her on miles and miles. I went after her and found her, not far in the forest, on a little clearing. She is so beautiful, completly black, only a white star on her forehead. She was just standing there looking at me, her back turned towards me, her tail slightly lifted.

I remember how dizzy I was, and maybe a bit guilty. I was still young and I knew I was not supposed to be with her, it was not my time, she was not in my herd... but still, instincts can not be guided. I walked towards her side and looked deeply into her big dark brown eyes. She seemed to smile at me and I was shivering and shaking of arousal and anticipation all over. I brushed my nose down her neck and along her sides and down her flanks, breathing heavily and snorting from time to time when waves of pleasure and arousal washed over me.

She lifted her tail, she really did, oh my I was near the point of fainting. She squatted a little and squirted some heavy smelling fluids, that tickled in my nose and made me raise my head high and flehmen. Shaking a little, and already dropped and aroused, I carefully brushed my nose down her flanks and over her tighs to the backside of her hind legs and slowly up. When I reached her exposed vulva, I felt shudders of pleasure run through my whole body and I could feel the blood rushing through my body and hear my own heart beating.

Very slowly and watching her carefully, looking if she was just teasing me, or if she really wanted me, I walked around towards her back and nibbled at the base of her tail. She reacted my raising it farther and tightly against my teeth and to the side, sqatting again and squirting some more fluid and winking at me, by exposing her clitoris. I gave a deep snort of arousal and raised to my hind legs. Taking a stumbling step forward, I rested my weight on her back. She did not move, no, she even pushed back against me and moved her feet apart to adjust to my weight. I embraced her tightly with my frontlegs and felt my member touch her softness.

I snorted loudly again of pleasure as I entered her and pushed forwards slowly deeper and deeper.

My mind was already dizzy and now my whole body felt like beeing on fire. I was sweating and I bent down and started nibbling and biting on her neck and shoulder. She gave some snorts and grunts and we started to rock in union. I moved with deep slow strokes, as slowly as I could make myself go, biting her more tightly, my mind ablaze with brightness and dizziness. I was snorting I remember, grunting and snorting through clenched teeth. She contracted in union with my moves. Everytime I moved my hip back, she clamped tightly around my member with her incredible muscle control, and everytime I pushed forwards she relaxed again a bit.

I was quickly driven towards the edge and I moved quicker and bite her more tightly. When I felt that orgasm, it was like someting I have never experienced before. It was a feeling pulsing through my whole body and I nearly had a blackout. She pushed back against me and I bit her very tightly. I flared and squirted my load deeply inside her, my tail twitching with each stroke and I grunted deeply. Finally I rested myself on her back, breathing heavily and snorting from time to time. I let go of the fold of skin I still had between my teeth and rested there for some minutes before sliding down.

I felt a bit sorry for the little bitemark I gave her and I nuzzled her appologetically and lovingly. I thanked her with nuzzles and kisses and licks. She made me feel something I have never ever felt before. That really makes me think I should go and stand up to the herd-stallion some day □ ... Who knows, perhaps some day I will lead all the mare's, who knows.

Together we finally strolled back to the herd, where the stallion and some others were already whinnying for her and me. I did not look into his eyes and quickly slipped into the herd again. I am not sure, he seemed to know what happened anyway, but I can not guess his reaction.

Well, that is some time ago, and I am not sure, perhaps she is even pregnant by me. It might well be so □ ... Oh my ... my foal. I always wished for that!

I remember too, that on the evening of that fatefull day, I exchanged a lot of looks with her and when the herd began to rest, I was standing at her side, feeling very strange. Exhausted and loved and warm all over.

The red glowing ball that the sun already was did reflect on the surface of the lake, and I could hear the mosquitos hum and buzz around. The birds went silent and the shadows started to grow. With that sight and many thoughts circling my head and feeling the warmth of her standing close to me, I fell to a doozing state, and sometimes during the night we layed down and slept until the first rays of the morning sun made the dew glitter again.