

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) by Tina Maria Holmboe

I was awoken early that morning, by a smiling stable-hand I only knew as Pete. He looked cheerful, but there was no need for much empathy to know that he didn't feel that way. I smiled, and felt warm he was going to miss me !

" Waky, waky little one ! " - with the smile still in place he poured grain in my cryb. I whinnied, and started on breakfast cheerily - I was kinda hungry. With soft hands he started combing out my mane and tail.

" So... " - and his voice betrayed him - " ... this is the day. By evening you will have a name, and be on your way to your new home. "

I munched on, but took a second to stroke his arm with my nuzzle.

For over two months I'd stayed at the training stable a stay that I would remember for the rest of my life. It was filled with joy, arousal, and tears. Many nights, almost all of the first week, had hammered on the box doors with my hooves, and pleaded to be let out, that it was a mistake, before crying myself to sleep.

It is not as if this was forced upon me - ohno. I spendt over 6 months thinking about whether or not to actually go...

The dream of beeing a ponygirl, or simply a pony, had been with me for quite some time. It started out with an interest in bondage and discipline, which contained that classic ponygirl fantasy - of a slavegirl pulling a small cart with her Master. That was fun, but it soon dawned on me that what I wanted was something...deeper. I wanted the life of a pony, not the games.

I felt very alone at first, until I learned that there DID exist a small community with the same interests as me, and with the same dreams and fantasies. I can hardly explain what I felt that first time, when I was able to spend a weekend at a friends place. He treated me as a pony all the time, nothing more, nothing less. It was a revelation and I loved every minute.

Slowly I began to think more and more about it - until my friend one day confronted me with it. I broke down, cried, he held me. His voice was soft and warm - and yes, I know that he does care about me. We made love that night, I needed him, and he enjoyed my company. We had been close friends for some time, but that night we became... close.

In the morning, when I came down to breakfast, he hugged me, and put a bowl of serials on the floor. I whinnied to him, and ate it their, on all four. During the breakfast he told me of his dedication... with a friend he ran a training stable for ponies... for ponygirls.

It struck me as a bomb - and I crawled to him, pleading to let me stay there for a while. He stroked my hair, and smiled. And he told me why that could not happen.

" My dear friend... you cannot stay for a while. Our stable is of quite another kind. " - he hugged me, knowing that I had allready stayed in a 'training stable', and felt miserable.

" As you know there does exist a small community " - and I did know - " who take the ponygirl fantasy as seriously as we do. This community is small, a mere 200 people that I know of. They are carefully scrutinized before allowed to enter the small association that also exist. "

I was all ears by now.

He looked at me, as if gauging whether I was ready.

" Well, what we do, and we are the only place that does, is train ponies for this community. " - he suddenly held my head, firmly - " We take in girls that really, really wish this. We train them. Then we sell them to interested parties. They are taken away, and spendt... time, as ponies. "

I gasped, feeling that well-known warmth grow in me. To be sold... to be sold as a beast.... it was almost more than I could bear. I wanted what he offered me so badly I shook.

" Buut... youmean they can spendt... " - and I swallowed again, about to tell him a fantasy even he did not know about - " spendt... perhaps as much as a year as ponies ?? "

He looked down at me, and smiled, softly.

" Ohno... " - and my heart sank - " Yousee... the moment a girl walks in those gates, she is made a pony. Have you ever seen pony leave its owner ? To do something else than be a pony ? "

I almost stopped breathing.

" Ohno... when you walk in those gates, you belong to us. We won't let you out again, no matter how much you plead, scream, cry, or curse. Once in, never out. Never. " - and he kept stroking my hair.

I remember so well how I broke down, and cried.

Six months later I was back at his feet. For half year neither he or I had played in that fantasy, or talked about it. But back I was, pleading this time, to be... to be a pony. He smiled, and nodded, expecting it.

It took some time to get my things in order. All my belongings were put in a warehouse, and things were taken care of so I could keep in touch with my family. A month it took, before I walked down a dusty road, watching that gate grow ever larger before me. I was met by a nice woman, who took care of my clothes and bathed me. It was... strange.

From there everything changed. I dried myself after the bath, and she told me to kneel, on the floor, inside a small room. It had a door out to the ranch itself, and in trough it a man came, my trainer. never got to know his name...

He slipped a bridle over my head, and pushed a bit into my mouth. When done, he pulled the reins attached to it - and whipped me thouroughly with horse-whip as I tried to raise. I crawled, crying, after him.

In a small workshop I was fitted, with my tail, and my hooves. The hooves are like high-heeled boots, looking on the outside like real horse' hooves. The inside keep my feet and hands in the correct position. The tail... the tail was sown on to my back, at the end of my spine. My cries and protests were ignored - but now even the memory of them feel good. Have I not the longest, prettiest of tails ? I love it, and will never rid myself of it !

The training lasted for two months - and was hard. At no time was I treated like a human, not ever. What took most time might have been the house-un-training, a horse does not use a humans toilet...

The first week I cried, often in pain, hammering with the hooves I could not even hope to get off myself, hating them. Hating them... hating my pretty hooves ? No...

It started to dawn upon me that it was, indeed, a one-way street. I felt better, the grains tasted good, the water better, the grooming every morning so delicious. After the second week I would not have swapped my comfy hay-bed for any silk in the world. After the third started to feel less of an urge to talk even...

And now, feeling Pete grooming my tail, I felt happy, content. It had been hard months – but the reward was worth it all. For so long I had dreamt about this, and now... I did no longer pretend to be a pony, I was one. I was, indeed, myself !

With a sigh, bringing me out of my flashbacks, Pete finished his job. He put a bridle on me, and looked me straight into the eyes.

" Thanx for a wonderful two months girl – you are the prettiest, and NICEST pony I've ever cared for... " – and he smiled.

With a glance at his watch, it seemed that he calculated something, and when he suddenly tied my reins to a low bar, forcing me down on all four hooves, I understood, and smiled. He quickly pulled his pants down, and started stroking me. I whinnied happily, but kept my head well down.

As he stroked his cock against my tail, another flashback came to me. After the first week, when I finally had gotten used to walking on hooves, was taken to another fitting. First they stripped my hooves of, making me whinny with both pain, and a longing for them to put them back on. From a hot bath a small, small suit was brought. It was a complete suit, feet, gloves, hood – everything in one piece, of some to me unknown material. The color was chestnut brown. It was strange, a full suit, with gloves, feet and hood in one.

I was again washed, and dried most thoroughly, before the suit was put on. It was a strange feeling – it covered all of me VERY tightly, apart from some important openings. My tail went through one, my mane through another. There were openings for nose, eyes, and mouth, but none for ears. As soon as it was on, all sounds became softer, lower.

The nose openings 'extended' a bit into my nose, and the mouthpiece went around my lips, covering them. It seemed to be rubber, but felt differently on the inside. It looked a lot like rubber...

My butt was uncovered, as where my urinal opening. As for the rest... the breastpiece was solid, making sure that my breasts were clearly visible, their shape stood out very nicely. But I could not feel my nipples ! One of the assistants slapped me, right across both nipples, and I hardly felt it ! For the second time since I came there I started screaming – but was quickly gagged.

They carried on, sliding a heavy rubber, or latex, tube into my vagina, filling it to the brink. I moaned, and could feel warmth as they obviously cut it off, and melted it to the suit. A small, hard, piece was placed across my clitoris.

I understood, and tried again to scream ! Around me there was nothing but smiles as my hooves were replaced, and I was led back...

This flashed through my head as Pete moaned, and pushed himself into me. I could feel it, but just barely. Pete is very large, very large indeed, but even his cock doesn't stimulate me enough to even make me warm. The thick rubber is very effective...

" Uuh...yes... youknow... " – I could feel him, as he fucked me harder and harder, but I knew I would not be aroused, " I... um... LOVE that tube... mmm ! It is... warm from your body, and slick as rubber... I love rubber maaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaress ! " – he screamed as he came, pushing into me as

hard as he could, pushing me forward - but not make me feel...

I stood still, as any mare would if a human man tried to fuck her... no human man could make me feel aroused, not by touch.

He breathed, and stroked my rump, whispering small, soft, things to me. I whinnied to him, and smiled.

" You are a good girl... " - he hugged me " ... and I envy that stallion which gets you as a mate ! " - and now he laughed, making me shiver. Yes, I had heard that some ponygirls became mates of real stallion's, as well as some who had their tubes removed and became fucktoys of human masters... but I dared not think about the options.

With his pants back up, he whiped some semen from my behind, cleaned my tail, and lead me outside.

It was obvious that the auction was to be held in the old barn, abit away from the stables. Several cars, all with horse transport trailers on, was parked by it. I smiled, and walked proudly towards it.

I'd never been inside before... and was not lead in the main gate this one time. I was taken in by a side entrance, and directly onto a stage, filled with light. It was impossible for me to see anyone in the audience, to this day I don't even know how many they were. Cheers were heard, and someone clapped.

When silence again fell, a voice presented me, " Chestnut filly, lot number... " - and now, atlast, the situation dawned upon me. It was happening ! That man was about to SELL ME !!!! For a second I panicked, then the warmth of the humiliation came, flowing, slowly, and whinnied. Someone laughed, and I decided to make the best of it, to be the best pony could, and fetch a good price for the stables.

The bidding started after the presentator had given my measurements, and shown my teeth to them. I shivered by now, and had a hard time following the calls.

They never told me how much I fetched, but everyone seemed pleased when it was over. Pete lead me out again, and tied my reins to one of the trailers. One of the other fillies was sold too, and tied to another before my owner came out...

He was a man about my age, and didn't look to bad. whinnied carefully as he checked me out, looking at my hooves, and my teeth. At one point he pushed his hand, forcefully, into me, and grunted something as it came out abit sticky. By the looks Pete got - he'd do latrine duty for a week, I bet.

But he seemed satisfied, and lead me into the trailer. settled in the hay as soon as the doors shut - I admitted to feeling abit nervous, leaving my stables, but it passed. I felt... warm, and comfortable.

The drive was a long one, but I slept most of it. There was no windows, so there wasn't much else to do.

It was dark when we arrived, and as my Master lead me out there wasn't much to be seen. I could tell we where on a farm, from the familiar smells and sounds. Inside a stable I was taken, and to a small, comfy, and warm little box. It had fresh hay and grain, and I smiled. It was then he spoke to me !

" Now little one... welcome to you new home. I'll leave you here for the night, but we'll start early in the morning. Hmm... " - and he stroked me, - " I do have to think of a name... but what. Ohwell. "

With a soft laugh he pulled me down, and let his pants follow suit. I whinnied, and for a second, when he plunged into me, could almost feel something. It was easy to hear that he was pleased...

" um...yesy..... tight, good... " - he moaned " Um... this is good... yes... a good buy... mmm... He's gonna like this one... YEEES ! "

I could, just barely, feel the cum this time, and savoured the warmth of it. He pulled out, fast, and wiped his cock on my tail.

" This one is really tight - but I'll fix that. Doesn't matter much at the moment thou. "

He pulled his pants up, and sat down in the hay, just in front of me. His eyes held mine, and I smiled.

" You seem content... well, some of the people in our little circle will think me nuts, talking to a horse, but... " - and he laughed - " I am not that strickt. I'll even allow you to answer, from time to time. "

With a finger he stroked my nuzzle.

" I just thought I'd explain a few things for you... " - he smiled - " ... so that we know where we are. YOU are here - and own you. Since you came from a place that very few get into, you are of special kind, but still - you... " - and he spoke slowly - " will... not... leave. I payed alot of money for a horse, and I am going to have a horse. You're property now, and will remain so. You may ask yourself for how long ? Well... always is a long time, but for the next 5-6 years you won't be treated much as human - which you ain't in any case. I've got a stallion whom I need a mate for, you are the perfect one. He's abit big, but I'll fix that. Perhaps, only perhaps, he is big enough to make you feel something. You knew that is the reason for the heavy tube ? So that you can't feel anything unless mounted by a stallion ? " - with a smile he looked at me, and saw what I tried to hide.

" Good ! Then I'll simply let you wait for a while more, and before long you'll go into heat. I'll make sure you see EVERY mating done on the farm, and tease you abit myself too ! " - he laughed.

" After that, when you are hot enough, I'll let him mount you, and stich up the damage afterwards. " - he looked at me, seriously now.

" I would not let you be permanently damaged... but I want you to know that what other mare's must live trough, YOU must. Even fucking by a rather large, rather mean stallion... or several. The good thing about you, is that you are BETTER than a plastic mare, and cant foal ! Perfect.
"

I shivered, and I cried. And I knew that this was, and would be, my life. For a long time to come. It was no game. I whinnied to my owner, and he smiled back.