

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



This is the story of how I became active in bestiality. I say active because in all honesty I think the interest was always there for me, at least from my early teens when I started becoming aware of my sexuality. But, as with many things in my life, it took awhile before I acted on my desires.

My name is Lisa and I'm a college student, majoring in English Literature, which might go a long ways towards explaining why I'm writing this. It's good practice. I'm Amerasian by birth, my father is American and my mother was from the Philippines. I'm attractive and outgoing, petite with smallish breasts and narrow hips, but my butt is perfect and my legs are nice and toned like the rest of me. I love working out, keeping busy and sweating always feels good, and besides...being a little hardbody is a good thing, right? My hair is long and black, my eyes soft brown and only slightly almond shaped. My skin as you've probably guessed is like golden honey in the winter, but during the heat of summer I get really brown all over.

I have a couple boyfriends, but nothing too serious. I have so many things to do before I can even begin to think about settling down. Too many of my friends got married before they were ready, most of them gave me good advice to wait. I'm not too worried about guys anyway, I have everything I need pretty much without them, so it's nice to be a little independent for a change. And when it comes to sex? You may wonder, well I have everything I need there too.

He's a 3 year old black lab named Midnight, who is probably the love of my life, only fate decided to play some sort of cruel joke. Oh, I don't think Midnight was supposed to be a man or anything silly like that, he's much too perfect as a dog. No, I think I was supposed to have been a bitch. Somehow I just ended up in the wrong body. But true love always finds a way to overcome such minor inconveniences, and so Midnight and I have adapted.

But this isn't about Midnight and me, this goes to a time before I even found Midnight. I want to tell you about a bulldog named Mike who was the one who really got me started. In fact, if it hadn't been for Mike I seriously doubt I would be with Midnight now. So perhaps fate tries to correct her own mistakes as well. But, even before I can properly get to Mike, I need to talk about washing a horse.

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In the summer of my 18th year my family was holding a big reunion. Apparently there are a lot more Pavageau's around than I suspected, being an only child like I am. It seems we have a number of relatives in Canada, in Quebec, naturally enough, and one of my father's cousins was hosting the reunion. Her name is Evelyn and she owned a small horse farm outside Montreal. She enclosed some photographs with her invitation and it looked beautiful, as did Cousin Evelyn. She was quite striking in her traditional riding attire. Complete with the cream colored pants tucked into gleaming leather boots, and a white blouse beneath a red wool jacket that hugged her body, Evelyn was holding a short riding crop and smiling. On the back of her picture she'd penned, 'I won't take no for an answer!' and I thought it was just too perfect.

The unfortunate truth of it though, was that my father's vacation time had already been scheduled for the last two weeks in June. The family reunion was being held in July and try as he might, my father simply couldn't change the dates. At first he suggested I travel there alone, but I really wasn't too keen on that, so we just accepted the fact that we couldn't go. When Daddy called Evelyn to give her the bad news though, she was as good as her word and wouldn't let him decline.

"You'll just have to come in June then, Robert," she told him with her wonderfully French accented voice. "You'll bring Lisa and we'll have a small reunion all our own."

"But, Evelyn, we wouldn't want to impose..."

"Nonsense!" I listened in on the upstairs extension, smiling as I heard her words. "It's settled then!"

And so it was that Daddy and I drove from Seattle to Montreal over a rather long 3 days, arriving tired, and hungry, a little sore, but very happy. Evelyn greeted us even as we exited the car and started stretching. She looked even prettier than she had in her photo, despite wearing dusty jeans, a chambray shirt, and some heavy work gloves.

"Robert!" she exclaimed and walked over to us quickly, embracing my father and kissing him on both cheeks. "And this must be little Lisa!" she hugged me very tightly and I giggled and raised my eyebrows at my Daddy, surprised by the woman's exuberance. "Not so little, I dare say!" Then she kissed me as well.

"Evelyn," he returned her warm smile. "It's been a long time. You look...Great!"

And she did too. Evelyn was maybe 35 years old with straight, jet-black hair cut short in the front and falling to her shoulders in the back. Her eyes were bright blue and her skin creamy and white and I wondered how she kept it that way since she obviously did a lot of work outside.

"So do you!" she laughed. "And your daughter, my my Robert, what an angel!" She was staring at me in a direct and honest way that made me feel a little self-conscious. "Speaking of angels, I have one of my very own here, someplace," Evelyn looked around. "Angela! Angela, come here please and meet our guests!"

A young woman of about 20 appeared then, coming from a small barn and leading a large and beautiful black horse by its bridle. She was small, even smaller than I was, standing maybe 5' tall and she couldn't have weighed more than 90lbs soaking wet with her clothes on. She had long blonde hair, that curled at the ends, and continually blew across her light blue eyes. Her face was fresh and open and smiling.

"Angela, I'd like you to meet Robert and his daughter, Lisa. This is my...Helper. My little horse girl, Angela." Evelyn introduced us while the girl shook our hands, smiling and nodding. "Robert is my...hmm..." Evelyn giggled sweetly. "Third cousin? Fourth? Something like that, I have no idea how these things work. We're more friends than relatives anyway, isn't that so?"

"I think we're 3rd cousins, twice removed. Our great grandfathers were brothers. Which means we're only related when it's convenient, the rest of the time..."

"The rest of the time he never calls!" They both laughed and Angela smiled and I giggled, seeing a side of my father that rarely came out. I was glad we'd come.

Angela was wearing a t-shirt that looked small, even for her diminutive size, and a pair of khaki shorts that really showed off her nice legs. A pair of old work boots, with the frayed laces undone and dragging in the dust completed the relaxed farm girl look. I wondered if I'd be so comfortable by the end of our 10 days with Evelyn.

"It is a pleasurable meeting for me," Angela said and I wondered what kind of accent that was. "I am from Argentina, originally, but soon I will be from here."

"Angela is an immigrant, we're working on her Canadian citizenship," Evelyn smiled at the small woman, who barely stood up to Evelyn's full breasts. "She's a jockey."

"Really?" I'd never even ridden a horse and I think they frightened me just a little.

Angela nodded and pulled the large animal she was tending closer. "Next week we shall fly, my beautiful stud and I." She stroked the horse's nose and pulled him down further so she could kiss him for us on the smooth short hair just above and between his huge round eyes.

"Yes, next week you will fly, but this week you will wash!" Evelyn gave the girl a gentle swat on her butt and clapped her hands. "Hurry up now."

Angela grinned at Evelyn and then looked at me, "Time for bathing, would you like to see this also?"

"You're going to give the horse a bath?" I laughed, mostly I suppose because I'd never considered that someone would wash a horse. "Sure," I looked at Daddy.

"Go ahead, Lisa, I'll take care of the bags. You go relax a bit."

I smiled and stood tip-toe to kiss his cheek, "Thanks Daddy!" and skipped a few steps to catch up with Angela, heading towards a blue and white shed looking structure.

Angela and I made small talk while she opened the large door of the over-sized shed and led the horse inside. It looked like a do-it-yourself carwash, more than anything else, complete with a low-pressure jet sprayer and a soaping bristle brush. Angela had been here almost 3 years, having met Evelyn when her father had visited Montreal to sell some horses. Her family had a long history with the animals and she'd had her first horse when she was just 3 years old, a small pony named Gaucho.

"You should stand over there, Lisa, or perhaps I will wet you!" she smiled and I moved to the spot indicated as she began washing the large animal like it was a car.

About the time she started spraying the horse, I was suddenly attacked by the ugliest dog I'd ever seen in my life! Not viciously mind you, nothing like that, it was more like the beast was trying to rape me! Luckily he seemed to have a leg fetish. I'd been watching Angela when a bulldog trotted into the shed and sniffed me a little. I've always liked dogs and I knew enough to let him get a good scent before I tried to pet him.

But a moment later he had leapt onto his back feet, wrapping his front paws around my thigh and he was thrusting his hips wildly. For as short as the bulldog was, he was surprisingly heavy, and very strong. His shoulders were heavily muscled and I must have looked pretty ridiculous yelling for help as I tried in vain to pry the animal off of me. His face was flat and wrinkled and his long red tongue lolled out of his grinning mouth as he panted.

Angela laughed at me and turned off the sprayer, walking over to us. The dog had actually knocked me back against the wall of the shed with his efforts and I leaned against it almost helpless.

"Oh! I should have warned you that he will come sooner or later!" Angela was grinning at my embarrassment as I felt my face flushing.

"I really hope he doesn't cum!" I said, misunderstanding Angela's meaning totally and that just sent the girl into another fit of laughter. "Can you, uh...Get him off me?" I was practically begging.

"Of course, yes we will get him off!" And Angela laughed again, but I didn't know if she was making those silly puns on purpose or not. I might have laughed then as well, had the dog's long pink penis not been dripping precum onto my sandals. I could feel it hot and wet and running between my toes.

"Mike! You are a bad doggy to be doing this now!" she scolded the beast and finally grabbed at his

collar, pulling the bulldog back until his paws slipped free and he fell to the ground, walking away slowly. He paused and set about cleaning himself, lapping at his cock and balls unconcerned, while I looked at the legs of my jeans and down at my feet.

"I am sorry, Lisa." Angela was still smiling though and she didn't look very sorry. "He is Mike and he will do that sometimes to you. He thinks you are a bitch for him."

"A bitch?" I looked up suddenly.

Angela laughed at me, "Yes, a girl dog for mating." Angela pushed Mike out of the shed and then pulled the sliding door shut.

"I see," I was still a little annoyed, but mostly at myself for being embarrassed like that.

"You are a good girl dog, I think, perhaps you will like that," Angela was walking back to the sprayer and I couldn't be sure I'd heard her right. "Come here, I will wash your feet."

I let Angela spray me with the water and it felt good, washing the little bit of Mike's juices off me, but it also soaked the bottom half of my jeans. "Take your pants off, Lisa, you can hang them over there and they will dry."

"Uh, no, that's okay," I was feeling self-conscious enough already.

"No, please, it is alright, the doors are closed now, there is no one who will see," Angela started unbuttoning her shorts. "You will help me with my stud?"

"Sure," I shrugged. "But uh, why are you getting undressed?"

Angela kicked off her boots and pulled her shorts off, then surprised me by taking off her panties as well, so she was standing there in just that too small t-shirt. She had a thin veil of blonde hair covering her vulva and I tried not to stare.

"I will always wash him like this. He will like it, you will see," she smiled and reached for my waist, unbuttoning my jeans for me. "But you must also be unclothed or I will feel very shy to do this!" Her blue eyes were twinkling as she looked up into mine.

"Okay, uh...I guess I'll...Get undressed then."

I thought this whole thing very strange, but we were both girls, and she was apparently one of those people with absolutely zero inhibitions. I took over from her hands and peeled off my jeans as Angela took off her t-shirt. I removed my panties as well, a little reluctantly, but Angela's constant giggling made it seem more like summer camp again, just a couple girls fooling around, and I was soon giggling too. I pulled off my own t-shirt and then my bra, so that we were both naked.

Angela's body was a lot like mine, except smaller and lighter in color. Her breasts were high and pointed with bubblegum nipples, a nice handful each one, and her butt was firm and heart shaped, rotating sexily as she walked over to the sprayer. "Get the brush please, and I will spray and you will soap, yes?"

I nodded and grabbed what looked like a push broom with soft bristles and a hose connected to it. Angela flipped a switch and a soft motor started whirring someplace, pushing soft soapy bubbles out of the head. I started washing the horse, following Angela around and doing as she told me. We had to use a little ladder to get the top of his back and his neck. It was actually a lot of fun and after 10

minutes or so we were soaked and laughing and yelling at each other as we were more or less in a little water fight.

Angela had sprayed me repeatedly, and I chased her clumsily around with the soapy broom, swiping at her butt as she ran away, or scrubbing gently at her tummy and breasts when I'd catch her facing me. I was laughing so hard my sides ached and I finally had enough and sat down on a little wooden bench along the wall. Angela turned off the pumps and sat down with me, putting her head on my shoulder, still giggling and clutching my arm.

"You see why we must be nude for this, Lisa?" she breathed, catching her breath.

"Oh yes, I do!" I grinned at her. "I had no idea washing a horse could be so much fun." I couldn't remember that I had once been intimidated by the large animals; any fears I had were long since gone in the laughing fun of our little adventure.

"Oh, this is not yet the best!" Angela dug her nails into me excitedly. "Come, I will show you!"

The petite blonde pulled me by the hand so that soon we were beside the horse, and then dropping down only slightly so we could get underneath him. There I saw the biggest penis I'd ever seen in my life, over a foot long and just dangling there. Most of it was still sheathed I thought, so I couldn't see the horse's cock proper, but even so it was obvious the animal was huge.

"We must also wash his penis," Angela told me. "This will always be the best part for him, I think." Then she laughed and gave me a squeeze, "And for me also, you know!"

"How do you...?" I had no idea what she was going to do and I gave a little gasp as she put her small hands on him, sliding them back and forth, dragging the horse's thick skin over the penis hidden inside. "You can't be serious!" I stared into Angela's beaming face.

"Oh yes! We will wash him together, you and I, Lisa!" she giggled and took one of my hands, pulling me towards the horse. I resisted, but only slightly, it was fascinating to see it like this. "Just touch him as I will touch him, it is very easy and he will know what we want. You must not worry, he is very gentle. I have trained him for this."

"What, uh...What do we want, Angela?" I asked softly, but all my attention was focused on the heavy fullness of that sheath beneath my hands. I stroked him slowly, finally moving closer and using both hands.

"We want his ejaculation for us!" Angela laughed. "He will have his bath, but also he will give us ours as well, no?"

"We're going to make him...Cum?" I asked a little incredulously. The idea seemed shocking and my mind hadn't quite registered what Angela had said about taking a bath, but I didn't remove my hands either.

The head of that great prick was very large, like a mushroom except it was very blunt. Angela was massaging it gently and I watched wordlessly as she moved her head closer until she was actually rubbing it around her cheeks and mouth, licking at it. I wondered why seeing that didn't fill me with some terrible sense of outrage, but it didn't. Angela was beautiful and watching her play with that big black horse cock gave me a sudden realization that it was turning me on. I felt the familiar sensation of little butterflies starting to rise in my belly and my vaginal muscles gave a soft little spasm, as though they were just waking up.

"Come here," Angela whispered, licking her lips. "You must try this also!" She moved a little, giving me room to put my face next to hers, so that we were cheek to cheek, inhaling the beast's musky scent. His penis had started to enlarge, growing almost snake-like as it expanded, lengthening in our hands. "Kiss him now. Kiss my stud for me, Lisa!"

Angela's excitement was contagious and my heart was pounding as I brought my mouth to the cockhead. I licked at it tentatively and then finally just opened my mouth as wide as I could and dragged my lips and tongue across his warm flesh. I felt Angela's breath in my ear and her hard nipple pressing to my side as she watched me.

"Yes, Lisa!" she was whispering, "Suck him now, make him feel good for us also." I tried hard to get the head into my mouth, but there was no possible way. I had to content myself with mouthing it, kissing and licking.

I became aware of Angela's hands on my breasts and my nipples suddenly asserted their urgent need. I moaned and rubbed the horse's cock over my face, over my neck and down, massaging my swollen dark nipples with it. There was moisture leaking from the tip, a very thin almost watery substance at first, but as we continued to stroke and squeeze, and lick at the horse's cock he became more excited and his juices came more rapidly, in an almost continuous stream.

"Like this now, he would like to feel our sex." Angela stood up, turning her back to the animal and bending over so she could rub the blunt head of that prick across her pussy from behind.

She moaned and rocked her body while I watched, rubbing my own sex absently and wishing I could see the small woman penetrated by such a huge beast. His cock was now nearly 3 feet long I thought, and so thick I could never get my hands around it. Even if I used them both, thumb to thumb, my fingertips would never touch on the opposite side. I felt my own pussy quivering and feeling terribly empty as I stared at my new friend. Angela had wedged the head somehow between her widespread labia, working it back and forth patiently, letting her own juices combine with the horse's to lubricate her sex thoroughly.

Angela was panting and her brow was furrowed in concentration. "I have...Done this before, yes?" she seemed to be talking to herself, more than to me, as if trying to remind herself that she'd done it before and could do it again, but I didn't see how. The beautiful Argentinean girl was just too small I thought.

But then I heard a sharp inhale of breath as the blunt head seemed to pop completely inside the woman. Angela arched her back and her knees shook slightly as an obvious and wonderful orgasm rushed through her senses. She had only the cockhead inside her, but even that was more than enough to stretch her pussy to its utmost limits. I felt a momentary flash of fear as I realized how much damage the horse could do to the girl if he decided to give a even little thrust with his powerful legs and hips.

I fingered myself harder, and let out the breath I was unconsciously holding when Angela finally started moving again, rocking her hips slightly and stroking the shaft behind her. Her eyes were shining and her face flushed with pleasure as the horse's cockhead worked ever so slightly back and forth in the tight confines of her sex.

"I will cum once more, and then you must try, Lisa!" she gasped happily at me and I found myself nodding, although I had serious doubts I'd ever be able to fit that huge penis in my tiny little vagina.

I started pushing more fingers inside, working two and then three between my swollen labia in a belated attempt to prepare myself. But short of pushing my whole hand inside, I knew there was

really nothing I could do to get ready for it. I just needed to be as relaxed and juicy as possible, thank God watching pretty Angela fuck herself to another shuddering orgasm was really getting me off. I wanted to feel it too, I was dying to get that huge horsecock inside me.

Wetness literally poured down Angela's thighs as she slowly worked herself free of the huge flanged head inside her. I saw her pussy lips being pulled outward, her whole vaginal opening being stretched and then finally giving way to it when the horse's cock pulled free. Her pussy gaped slightly, and their combined juices washed out of her in a flood. The sensation must have been good because another small cum filled Angela's face with bliss and she let herself slip down to her knees, reaching between her spread legs and rubbing herself frantically.

I had grabbed the horse's cock as Angela let go, bringing it back to my mouth hungrily, smelling the sweet tang of Angela's girl juice mixing with the animal's musky sex. I licked at it eagerly, swallowing the now almost pungent liquid spilling from the tip. There was so much precum and it had started out not entirely flavorless, but at least mild, now I was wondering if the horse was actually starting to cum. The taste of him was powerful and I shuddered with obscene pleasure in the knowledge that I was drinking an animal's sperm and loving it.

"Now, Lisa, like this now, you will like it!" Angela had come back from her ecstasy and her hands were on me, urging me into a position not unlike hers, except I was directly beneath the horse's belly, facing the same direction as he. I bent my knees slightly and put my palms on them, pushing my back against the firm furry warmth of the animal's underside. "Are you ready now? I will make him cum for you, since you are a virgin for him," Angela laughed softly and I started to protest that I wasn't a virgin, but then I felt it.

Angela was rubbing the wet blunt head across my sex, using her fingers to try and spread my lips. I tried to relax, to control my breathing and spread my legs, trying to will my vaginal opening to accept this huge intrusion. Angela worked it back and forth, twisting it slightly, trying to get that flanged broad head started inside and then she'd just wedge it in further, like she had with her own pussy.

I tried to stay still, but just the idea of being fucked by this beautiful beast was driving me insane with lust. My body wanted to move, my hips were trembling with the need to grind myself against it, to impale myself on that thick horsecock. But Angela was coaching me, talking gently, keeping me patient and finally, as if it only took the right angle, the right pressure, I suddenly felt my labia, and behind that my vaginal muscles, being stretched. It was almost painful, but not quite. It was just a big hard pinch really, a general discomfort like a small cramp, and then he was in. The huge head of the animal's penis was inside me! I moaned loudly and gave way to my desires, rolling my body, pushing back despite the sudden surge of discomfort that caused me as the head went a fraction deeper. This was unlike anything I'd ever experienced in my life!

"I make him cum now for you!" Angela was stroking the back of my thighs for a moment, trying to calm me as my orgasm coursed through my hot blood. I groaned and arched my back against my new lover's belly, feeling him huge and powerful above me, and even more so inside me. I wished he could really fuck me, really push that monstrous animal cock into my womb, but of course it would be impossible. I'd have to content myself with just the head and I laughed inwardly at my greedy lust.

Angela stroked the horse's cock back and forth, as if trying to feed even more of that penis inside me. I too was moving, sliding up and down slightly with her, trying to keep him from going any further than he already was. Length wasn't the problem, he had a ways to go before he'd find my cervix, but the girth of him. I was afraid if he got any thicker he'd crack my pelvis in two, if not tear

my tight little hole apart. But it felt so good! I was cumming with one orgasm after another, each one seeming better than the last and it was all I could do to remain as I was, pushing my body up with my hands on my knees.

“It is soon I think, Lisa! Very soon for you to be swimming in his sperm!” she was giggling and clearly knew what was coming, but I had no idea. My pussy had grown used to it, or at least as much as it could. The discomfort had long been drowned out by the pleasure I was feeling and I couldn’t imagine anything better than this. Until... “He is cumming, Lisa!”

The horse gave a snort, a loud whinny of his own pleasure and I felt a bit of pressure and my whole body was rocked forward along with the horse’s cock. He’d given me just a little thrust, right as he started cumming, and it drove me completely over the edge. His cockhead had only gone an inch or two deeper, but that felt like miles and I screamed as new and previously unknown places in my cunt were stretched beyond belief. Then came the incredible gushing pressure of the horse’s sperm as it was driven the length of that mighty cock. He throbbed and jerked and I felt a huge rush of warmth overflowing me, stuffing me completely, but not painfully at all. It was like bathing my tender vagina in fresh hot cream. He must have spurted a gallon of sperm in that first 10 seconds, and I stood tip-toe, pushing up and forward as the best orgasm of my young life absolutely destroyed my senses.

Angela was pulling him out, trying to be gentle, but that was an impossibility I think. I suddenly felt as if I were being pulled inside out and I yelped with confusion as pain and pleasure wrestled for control of my body. Then, mercifully there came a distinct popping sensation as the head came free finally, still gushing horse cum. My pleasure had won out and I dropped to the floor, gasping and weeping with happy tears from the divine experience. My tummy felt bloated, like I’d swallowed all that sperm, and I knew the horse had planted a huge amount deep in my womb, it had to have gone there, rushing past my cervix, in as deep as possible, pushing and stretching and making me feel so good.

Angela had put her face under the great prick as it still spewed the beast’s cum like a fire hose, drenching her face and hair, down her neck and shoulders, painting her breasts and back and stomach. Every inch of her it seemed was covered in sperm, and she sucked eagerly at the tip, stroking the animal and coaxing more than she could ever hope to swallow. I sat back, feeling dizzy and exhausted, sore and happy. I watched and spread my legs, staring with something like awe my gaping pussy as the horse’s sperm leaked out of me, puddling on the floor between my legs. I felt like a virgin again, I swear.

Angela slid over a minute or so later, her body sticky and wet and so delicious looking. She didn’t say anything, she just pushed me back and moved on top of me so her pussy was in my face, and her own mouth against my hot vulva. I’d never had sex with another girl before, but this seemed like the most natural thing in the world right then. I ran my hands over her cum covered skin, along her back and down to her ass, pulling her sex hard to my mouth so I could suck and lick at her stretched pussy.

She did the same for me, sucking the horse’s sperm from my vagina, kissing me gently, licking and caressing me with her fingers. It was the most wonderful feeling in the world, being loved like that after being fucked by a horse. I paused only long enough to ask the sweet spermy tasting girl if we could do this again sometime.

Angela lifted her mouth, swallowing my juices mixed with horse cum and giggled, “We have 3 studs, Lisa, everyday we must do this!” She dipped her tongue back into my pussy and I just shuddered with anticipation.

**The End**