

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



She drove slowly up the winding country road, the new smells of spring blowing through the rolled down car windows. Her exterior calm did not betray her inner excitement and anticipation. Today was the day. She knew she had to make it happen. She pulled into a spot under a tree and reached into her glove compartment to pull out a small stone pipe. She looked around — maybe the owner was in the stables. She lit the pipe and breathed in deeply, exhaling, her head resting back against the headrest. She closed her eyes and imagined the scene, and as she did, she reached down between her legs and fingered her damp rose. She pulled a bit at the petals smiling to herself at the sensations she caused herself, her love of self-pleasure. Feeling a presence, she glanced in the rear-view mirror, and saw him behind her, waiting, looking.

Putting down the pipe, she climbed out of the car, casually dressed in light green capris and a low cut blue t-shirt, that revealed the outline of her full cleavage. It was cool, so she tossed on her leather jacket and meandered over to him. He was a small man, average looking, a warm smile, standing in front of his truck. As she approached he walked toward her:

Owner: hello lady. How are you today?

Woman: Today's the day, right?

Owner: Yes, we're going to start you with the smaller one. He stands still, he's gentler than the other one and his flare isn't as large. Let's get you used to him before we move on.

Woman: okay, let's go.

She pushed the large, wooden sliding doors to one side and walked into the stable. The horses, 8 or so of them, reared their heads and neighed. She walked up to one and offered a hand.

Owner: Come her and get out of those clothes. Put on these again.

He handed her a pair of muddied black boots. She took off her garments, folded them and put on the boots. Images of the zoo porn she had been watching in great quantities the last few months flooded her mind. Any image with a beautiful woman could be erotic. The big titted women in the zoo flicks were lustful and brazen, their pussies ready for penetration. The woman thought of those images and wanted to devour those women, to fuck them in the stable, to suck on their tits while they played with gigantic horse balls. She imagined tasting a stall full of pussies, clutching at hard nipples and commanding the women to finger her cunt as she bent over to taste the head of a protruding horse cock. These thoughts coursing through her mind and body, she looked into the horse's eyes and said, "Remember me? I'm going to be your mare today."

The owner, nodding his approval ordered her:

Owner: Go into the stallion's stall, and start massaging his balls. Get warmed up. Get hot.

She followed directions, did what she was bid, entering the stall and began to talk to him. Finally the horses were relaxed around her, and she around them. She slid behind him, resting one hand on his flank, the other on his large, soft ball sack. It felt wonderful. She rubbed and coo'd, fingering herself, imagining her women, fantasy women's bodies pressed against her and she started to cum, a sneer crawling over her face as her pussy juices seeped between her legs, and her curl of cunt hair began to feel damp and sticky. She reached to smell it, and then offered the horse her scent.

She heard the doors open, and the owner returned with the mare that turned the smaller one on.

Owner: Come here now.

Woman: Coming.

She walked out of the stall and over to the mare, letting her know she was behind her, walking to the horse she was soon to fuck. The owner turned the mare's ass to him and pumped her mare pussy with his fist, her lips parting and pouring forth the urine of a mare in heat. Taking a handful, he went to the woman and smeared her with the scent. She walked to the horse, standing under his nostrils, and immediately he snorted, his head rearing in the air, baring his teeth. She looked under his belly and saw the cock protrude, growing.

Owner: Come, kneel by the stool.

She did, letting him finger fuck her and smear her with gel all over her pussy and ass. She turned her head and opened her mouth, tasting the head of the cock and the salty pre-cum that was already gathering.

Owner: We better do it now, while he's hard, I'm supposed to be somewhere already. Let's make this your day.

She was nervous but determined. She kneeled on the stool, and slid her ass under the horse's belly, so it's cock rubbed between her ass cheeks. It felt good and hard. She loved the size. The owner grabbed the cock and shoved the head in. She started to breathe hard and gasp; all of a sudden she was aware of what was happening, he was inside her, fucking her, she felt the cock pulse and the head flare, and she screamed the loudest, longest scream ever in her life. She kept screaming, locked to the beast; the force and weight of its body plunging forward, rocking back and forth as he pumped, while his cock remained hard, stimulated by the scent of the mare's cunt in front of his nose.

The woman heard herself from afar. She looked down at herself from above. She thought of a man she loved and begged his forgiveness. She felt her pussy explode in orgasm after orgasm, the cock filling her deeper and fuller than she had ever been filled before. Her body was taut, yet shaking, at the mercy of the beast. Her eyes closed and she focused on the sensations, a unique combination of pleasure and pain. Then as suddenly as it had surged, it softened and slipped out. She stayed on all fours, gasping, crying out. But she was not lonely. She was not alone. She was connected to life. To Spirit. To the sexual energy of the earth. Her heart went to the man who was helping her, and she turned to look at him for human connection, to return to the reality of the moment. This time, now.

Owner: he was in you! You did it! You had him in you!

Woman: Can I do it again?

Owner: yes, let's get you covered in mare juice again.

He got up and pumped her again. The woman was standing up, caressing her body, feeling her firmness, pulling her nipples, closing her eyes. She was throbbing inside, still cumming. She wanted to cry because of the intensity. It was the only expression that could release the emotions. She felt a lump swell, but then his hands were on her covering her again, and his neck was back, snorting in pleasure. She got on the stool, ready for another round, looked down and saw her breasts swinging, and the sexy images came to her again, her pussy opened as she arched her back and raised her haunches, aroused by the image of herself. She slid under the horse and again the owner grabbed the cock and shoved it into her opening and then it was happening again, pumping and flaring sooner this time, it took her by surprise, her whole insides stretched and filled. She screamed again,

a primal scream, her voice hoarse and animalistic. Was she of this earth? From another time, returning on a mission yet unknown? She felt connected to an original womanhood, First Woman, mythic woman, cosmic woman. Palace Prostitutes. Harem Harlots. Her nipples were hard and aching. They wanted a mouth on them. A particular mouth. No, two mouths, a woman as yet not found, and a man. And then in the midst of these visions, orgasms pouring out of her, the pain coursed through her and she realized he was stuck in her and she had to bear it. Then, like the previous time, it was over. Soft, it slipped down. She stood up slowly. They had brought a small bucket in to catch the cum as it spilled out of her. She felt sticky between her legs and looked down, cupping herself under her pussy. Her hand was filled with blood. It came out of her, cum and blood. A virgin no more. She was suddenly another version of herself as she connected with her self, when she had seen the slight stain of blood on the sheet after her first penetration by one of the young studs she had obsessed about. That beautiful young man she had met on the swim team, they had taken life guarding classes together, admiring one another's bodies. To him, she lost her virginity as a girl. Today years later, she had lost her virginity to a beautiful embodiment of equestrian masculinity.

She made her way to the shower, prepared to be a slut for the owner, who wished to fuck her ass and rub against her, and she felt like a whore and loved it, because of how it made her pussy feel inside, cumming and cumming, wanton and depraved. A slave to her ever growing list of desires.