

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



Sally was in the mood. She wasn't quite sure why, but she was, so she didn't question herself, just shot off a text to a horse Master: "I want it."

"I'll let you know when a mare is 'in'" he wrote back soon, his standard response, because of course, you can't get it without the female side of the equest-equation. She got the go-ahead to do it on the very same day that she had a BBC gangbang planned. With six big surprises for a girlfriend of hers who thought she was just coming along to take pics for Sally. She would soon realize that her body was about to become a vehicle for multiple pleasures, including her own. Of course. The slut must be pleased if she's gonna keep givin' it out. And of course those pleasures come in many forms. For Sally, today's pleasure was one of those psychic, metaphysical, I'm-on-another-planet-but-this-is-the-most-erotic, exciting thing, and-I-can't-believe-I'm-doing-it-kinda-pleasure.

It had snowed and the drive was beautiful. She listened to a little music, to transport her into the realm of the senses, and then shut it off, driving in silence, letting her mind wander over the woodlands and freezing rushing streams, the first snow of the season. It would be cold in the stables. She was happy to be out of the city. As the landscape softened and became more complex to nature's shapes and subtleties, she relaxed and that side of her, that naturalistic, connection with living-things, side began to permeate her consciousness and she sighed deeply, appreciatively. She squeezed herself between her legs and moved to the next level, from connection with nature to a link with the primal force, the procreative energy force of the planet. And she was fine with what she was about to do. In fact, she relished it. Images of stallions throughout the ages and across cultures painted her mind and she understood humanity's life-long link to horses.

As she drove slowly up the quiet drive, she pulled out and puffed on her pipe, facilitating that space where she would slip into a mutuality with another being, where she would meet his gaze and they would move into each other's worlds.

Climbing out of the car, she found the horse Master in the stalls. He was ready for her. The white mare was positioned, completely in heat, bothered and ready to be fucked. She was leaking her juices, her large and luscious lips opening and closing between her haunches. Such gorgeous creatures, Sally thought. The smaller stallion, the one whose cock she was familiar with, raised his head as the mare squirted and bared his teeth. Sally laughed. "He's ready for her isn't he?" "Let's bring him out" he said. For whatever reason though, his cock did not descend, so the horse Master said, "let's get the big guy."

Sally gulped quickly. She had heard about this one, but, other than playing with his huge ball sack once or twice before, had never met this one's cock. But she was there, and she was up for the challenge, curious. He was beautiful too, so huge. As he was lead out of his stall and into the middle of the stable, Sally looked under him and saw his cock head beginning to emerge as he scented the mare.

"Wanna fuck her?" the Master said? The horse seemed to nod, for this human was his Master. But she, Sally, who depended on the Master for her safety, for instructions, she was sluttin today for her stallion.

He stuck his hand up the mare's soft, wide hole and rubbed her juices on the stallion's nose, over his teeth, and then took the whole mixture and rubbed it over Sally, who stood there, shivering in her black horse boots and nothing else. He saw she was cold and began massaging her pussy, rubbing his growing man-cock against her body, bringing her closer to the stallion as she became turned on, his fingers working her clit into orgasmic excitement. She moved to the stallion, embraced its side and slid her hand down underneath, feeling the cock growing. She began to massage. "Can I suck

it?" she asked him. "Do what you want" he answered. She crouched down, squatting, and took the massive sheath in her hands and began rubbing, licking the head, then overtaken by a burst of passion, of its hugeness and warmth, and growth she shoved it in her mouth and began to suck, almost immediately tasting squirts of cum. "OMG, OMG" Sally moaned, her excitement heightened. She was tasting it cumming out of him this way, the first time. She rubbed it on her, then after its burst, the cock began to retreat.

The man was masterly. He knew exactly what to do. Sally was so impressed by his knowledge, his comfort and command. Even though he was a smallish man, he was deeply passionate and erotic, infused by the cross-species energy, the way she was, and they connected on that level; he felt it in her. "You'll need to get yourself your own stallion" he said to her. Sally smiled. "Will you share the pleasure with others, or will you keep it all to yourself?" he asked her. "I always share" Sally retorted. "That's the best part" she added..."almost." Greedy bitch, ain't she?

He pulled the mare closer to her stallion and egged the stallion on, urging him to mount the mare. The mare backed up onto his hind legs and his massive cock shot out and briefly entered the mare's expectant cunt. But the Master pulled it out and called to Sally, "come here! this way, now!" She came up to his side, having been standing, watching the mounting, completely taken in, transfixed by these two Pegagus Creatures fornicating in front of her eyes. But when he spoke to her, she snapped out of it, immediately by his side, grabbing the cock, rubbing the head on her pussy lips, penetrating inside, "his cock head is in my pussy!" she cried. "Oh my god. It feels so good." She rotated her body, tried to lift herself more "you're pussy's too tight for this huge cock now" the horse Master said. It's going to take a long time before you can take that. He's much bigger than the other one. Sally nodded, today content with the cock head, and she dropped to her knees grabbing the massive shaft with both hands and licked, sucked. She saw the cum begin to spurt out and she licked and sucked again, dragging the head around her tits and stomach, in a heat, totally turned on, as the Master fucked her pussy from behind, fingered her, sucked on her nipples making them huge and erect and she squealed and meowed and panted, slutty kitty bitch that she was.

It went on this way. The stallion would mount the mare, the Master would pull his cock out and Sally would grab it, ride it in her pussy head, bend down and taste. She was covered. Then, he flared. It was enormous, the size of three apples and the thicker, whiter cum poured out, into the mare then all over her. A cum bath. Her first real cum bath. Because the cum from the other smaller horse was nothing like this.

The scent in the stalls was powerful. Mustang. Their heads were filled with it, all of them, horses, man and woman. The horse Master's hands shook with excitement. His cock jutted straight out, he put his head back against the stallion and pulled Sally to him. She climbed onto his cock and he lifted her leg so the back of her knee cradled in his arm, and they fucked. "It's all over you" he said. "You smell so good." And Sally agreed, as she fucked his cock, reaching down under the stallion to massage him, his instrument the source of her pleasure. She kept massaging and he began to grow again, even though the mare had retreated further up, and the stallion's head was turned away from the source of her scent. Sally's scent, Sally's massage was coaxing out his cock, and he began to grow again. Her breathing quickened. "He likes you. He wants you," her horse Master said. Sally beamed. Her mind swooned. She tried to grasp the concept. She had known it with her pooches before, she knew her open legs and strong natural scent aroused the labs. But the big stallion? Yes, she realized. Of course. She was covered in the smell of the mare and of the stallion's own cum, her own heat and the passion and excitement of the Master, bursting the energy around the room, that was tangible, thick. She wasn't cold anymore; in fact she was hot, her cheeks flushed. The Master put his hand on her pussy and felt her, "oh you're so wet and sticky, your lips are so swollen" he commented, approvingly. Sally nodded, rested her head on the stallion's flank, stroked him. He was calm. The image of the flare in her mind, she wondered if she'd ever feel it in her that enormous

exploded cock head. She had licked it, tasted its taughtness, different from sucking the cock up to hardness, blowing it and tasting its cum straight from the head as it spurt.

Desire. That's what she was feeling. She was getting horny, thinking about a horse.