

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



Denisa had really reached the end of her rope. She and her soon-to-be ex had promised one another they'd remain friends, but that just wasn't going to work. She knew he'd been screwing anything remotely female, and it had only gotten worse since their separation. She had tried to retaliate by banging every male acquaintance he had, including his brother. Nothing seemed to faze him; he was too wrapped up in his brainless little twenty-two-year old girlfriend and her two little bastards. To top it all off, he and a group of his friends were going to have another of their weekend parties in their-her-barn. That, she decided, was when he'd get his surprise.

If he wanted her out of his life, she could certainly arrange that. She had nothing to live for anyway. She first thought of hanging herself in the barn, then letting the partygoers find her body swinging over their dance floor. Or she could appear in the middle of the festivities and put the old double-barrel shotgun in her mouth and pull the trigger. That would be dramatic, but not personal enough. Neither would dousing herself with gasoline and lighting it. She pondered the problem for a couple of days. Then, Tuesday, the answer came to her as she was feeding their horse, a stallion named Caesar.

Sometimes they'd been lucky enough to find Caesar a mare to fertilize, for a decent stud fee. She'd often accused her soon-to-be ex of loving the horse more than her; he'd just smile and look away. She knew just how to fix him. She'd never do anything to Caesar; she probably loved him more than he did. She was just going to drive such a wedge between Tony and Caesar that he'd have to get rid of the animal.

Ever since they got Caesar, she'd go and watch him earn his keep any time another breeder would show up with a mare. Her pussy would get wet. Her sizable nipples would harden. She'd discreetly as possible rub them against the top rail of the fence while she watched the show. Watching Caesar's two-and-a-half foot pony-maker in action did things for her that no porn ever could. She also realized, however, that no woman, even here in Kentucky, could survive getting railed like that. She had, of course, heard about the faggot in Washington State who died from just such an encounter.

What she had in mind would be the perfect, ultimate revenge on Tony.

She gave it a lot of thought. She had watched Caesar enough to be able to calculate the angle and height she needed for her plan to work. She first thought about leaning over a sawhorse, bracing her hands against a wall, but the sawhorse was too flimsy, and she knew she wouldn't be able to support herself once Caesar really got going. She then looked at the water trough, but that would be too low for Caesar to get the job done. Then she saw the hay bales: perfect building blocks. If she stacked them in a pyramid about three high, she could assume the proper position bent over far enough and with her legs spread far enough for Caesar to ram his baseball-bat-sized dick up her as far as he wanted. She got a yardstick and measured two feet from her pussy to her chest cavity. She wondered if he'd really be able to drive his cock up that far before shooting his usual quart of horse sauce. Just the idea caused her to sweat and her heart to race. Her hands were shaking uncontrollably as she frantically stripped off her jeans right there in the barn and lay down to masturbate viciously. This, however, was only a temporary release. She wouldn't be even remotely satisfied until she got the real thing.

Denisa began making the preparations. She arranged the hay bales, then got a nice, thick baby-blue blanket from the house. She practiced and rehearsed. The top bale was a little too wide for comfort, so she carved out a saddle to accommodate her muscular thighs. She rolled up some feed sacks to support her pubic bone. She could finally lean over and lie on the two top bales. To make sure the whole platform would be sturdy enough, she stacked the bales against Caesar's stall. It would now

hold up no matter what, she thought as she lay there desperately masturbating.

Even at forty-two, Denisa looked good. She had short, wavy brown hair. Her long legs, thought a little thick, were muscular and shapely. Her ass, though a little heavy and wide, still looked good in the jeans she always wore. She had nice, full, heavy firm tits to match. She'd certainly had no trouble Sharing her goodies with the UPS man. She was on similar terms with the veterinarian, the loal mechanic, the mailman, the geeky grocery clerk . . . .

Thursday she made the final preparations. She carefully, painstakingly shaved her pussy to make Caesar's conquest as easy as posible. He'd never had to hit a target that small before, and she's never even had any children. She made sure Caesar was ready too. She bathed and combed him and made sure everything was nice and clean. She went even further than that. She lovingly massaged and kneaded his gigantic testicles. She caressed and stroked his penis, coaxing it to its full glory. She'd rub and knead it, then back off when he'd get really agitated. She even experimented with how much she could get into her mouth. By Saturday morning, he should have a hell of a case of blue balls.

Caesar knew something was up. He always did. He always knew when he was going to get to perform his studly duties. He knew when the vet was coming. He also sensed a profound change in Denisa. He wasn't accustomed to so much attention, especially the way she was bestowing it. Lately every time she'd come near, he'd get a raging erection. He had no way of knowing what he was in for, but something told him it was going to be good.

Friday afternoon, Denisa called Tony at his girlfriend's apartment to make sure he and his friends still wanted to use the barn for the weekend. Yes, he replied. He then asked her if she planned to stick around to visit with some of their mutual friends. She asked who was going to be there. The UPS man, the veterinarian, the mailman, their favorite mechanic, and a couple of others, along with their wives would be there. Good, she thought. Not only would he be surrounded by his friends in his moment of anguish and trauma, but they'd be friends whose dicks he's sucked and fucked. It loked like there had been a lot of effort and planning put into this shindig, so it wasn't likely to be cancelled. She was relieved. She didn't think either Caesar or she could go on much longer like this.

Denisa got up at seven the next morning. She ate her last breakfast, then took a long, hot tub bath. She shaved her pussy again, even using a new blade this time. She wanted Caesar to have a clean road to victory. She perfumed everything. realizing with satisfaction that this also seemed to do something for him. She put on a pair of cut-off jean shorts and an old shirt of Tony's. After putting on her shoes and socks, she left a note on the door directing any visitors to the barn. She then headed to the barn.

Caesar noticed her immediately, she was gratified to see. He didn't just have his usual morning wood. He had a morning Louisville Slugger, one of the old-fashioned ones made of seasoned hickory. He followed her into the barn and watched as she prepared herself. She rearranged the blanket, then stripped off the shirt and shorts. She began to lubricate herself. Since they don't make KY Jelly in gallon containers, she used the next best thing. She took from a shelf a couple of tubs of Bag Balm, which is normally used to moisturize cows' udders. The veterinarian had introduced her to it the first time he fucked her in the ass. She scooped out big gobs of it and worked it into her pussy, cramming it as far up inside as she could. She then went ot work on Caesar, who by now was very agitated. That bothered her. She didn't want him to cum too soon; that would really make a mess of things. She had an idea. She went and got some alcohol-free first-aid ointment. The anesthetic would help deaden the sensation in Caesar's raging, overstressed dick. She had to use both tubes. She let it set a little while, then wiped it off. After trying one more time to suck Caesar's cock down her esophagus, she greased it thoroughly with the Bag Balm. Caesar was by now snorting and prancing

in a way he hadn't done in ten years.

Denisa was by now crazed with lust herself. She was soaked with sweat and barely knew what she was doing as she closed the barn door, lit the lantern and led Caesar toward the langet. She let him nuzzle her tits before she turned around to get into position.

She tried coaxing him. He seemed to know what to do; he just wasn't sure how to go about it. Finally, she climbed down from her perch, crouched under him, and grabbed his cock and guided it to her well-lubricated pussy. She backed up to jam couple of inches in, then scrambled back into position. He got the idea. He followed, blindly steering his ole toward her opening. He started thrusting blindly, missing each time. After several tries, she got ahold of his cock and guided it home.

Because of the angle, he only got about half of his cock into her. Still, being filled so suddenly and brutally with something that size took Denisa's breath. He immediately began pummeling away mercilessly. She barely noticed when her bowels and bladder voided. She could feel things straining and tearing and being pushed upward. She had no idea how much of his cock was inside her. She just knew this was what she needed as she hurtled toward what was literally the orgasm of her life. She didn't even notice the pain as she teetered over the edge.

Under the onslaught of Caesar's hooves, the slats of the stall gave way. This caused the hay bale to shift, as Caesar's full weight crashed down. Denisa teetered even farther forward even further than she already was. Caesar was finally able to thrust all the way into her. He was by now thrusting maniacally, very close himself.

Denisa faintly heard the slats of the stall splinter and give way, then felt herself sliding forward. Then there was the indescribable feeling of Caesar's remaining foot and a half of cock hammering repeatedly into her. She would have screamed, but all the air was forced from her lungs by the horse's weight. She could feel and hear things ripping and popping loose inside her as he hammered away frantically before shuddering and emptying his balls into her. He quickly regained his footing and backed away from her, finally dragging his wet, wilting spent cock out of her ruined fuck-hole. As he did so, a spectacular gush of his cum, mixed with her blood, gurgled out of her. It made an audible splat as it hit the now-bare straw. Soon, after all the cum had run out, there was just blood.

Denisa had passed out. By the time she woke, the combination of blood loss and shock gave her a comfortable numbness. She pushed herself into a more upright position, then collapsed. She remained that way, bent almost double, her magnificent ass in the air and her legs as far apart as they would go. Blood, occasionally with thick, obscene clots, oozed from her cunt. Her doctor had once told her that all the antidepressants and other medications she was taking would thin her blood dangerously, and the least cut could be disastrous. She'd been counting on that. Yes, this was what she'd always needed. As the cold, comforting darkness rose around it, Denisa sighed and welcomed it. She feebly pinched her nipples as it engulfed her.

Tony and his entourage arrived around three, the cars pulling up to the house. Upon seeing the note she'd left, Tony motioned for them to all very quietly follow him to the barn. As they approached, they could hear movement. They assumed it was Denisa.

"We'll surprise her," Tony said as he eased the big door open. He reached for the light switch as they all crept into the gloom. He flipped on the big overhead light.

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY!" they all sang in unison as light flooded the barn.