

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



The woman was driving out to the farm she had been visiting for the past month and a half, a place not many thought of when sexual urges and fetishes came to mind. Sarah had a particular fetish..one she didn't like to talk about with anyone. The dark thoughts that invaded her dreams were those of animals..horses in particular. She wanted to feel that massive cock pressed to her rear, pressed past those moist lips into her warm and waiting folds. She couldn't stop thinking about it.

About a two months ago, she approached a man who owned a farm on the outskirts of her town. He owned a small breeding ranch for work horses, nothing too fancy but she had chosen the ranch because of the many stallions that roamed the fields. When she told the man of her desires, she thought he would freak out, to tell her to get the hell off of his farm...instead a dark smile curled about his rough features. He said he didn't mind..and it blew her out of the water. In fact, he had been waiting for one like her to come about.

They agreed on \$300 every time she came out, but that wasn't the only payment. Leading her to an empty stall, he approached a large box that was in the center of it. What was inside drove her mind wild with what could happen. For another \$400, the box was within the confines of her trunk. It wasn't the first time she had used the contents of the box, but she thought of each time as a new experience, and reveled in the thought of it around her.

Arriving at the stalls, she didn't take long to step out of her car. She was an amazing looking woman, standing at 5'7 with long legs and beautiful sun-kissed skin. C cup breast filled out any shirt she wore perfectly, always seeming to draw the wondering eyes of those single and, yes, married men. The fact that she was still single was due to her dark fetish that she didn't think most men would agree with. The farmer was waiting at the stall, now pulling the trunk out of the back of car. Without being told what to do, Sarah was already within the same empty stall where the box had been, stripping off her clothes down to her bare skin. The farmer was soon besides her, setting the crate down and opening it up.

Within the confines of the box was something no one would see anywhere else. At first glance, it looked like a coat of horse hair, but when one pulled it out, the soon found that it was something else entirely. Broken down into three main parts, the suit was something that would cover the woman from head to toe, making her look like a small, shapely mare. A thick coat of latex coated the inside of the suit, while thick, chocolate brown horse hair covered the outside. Before anything was done with the suit, a bottle of dark and vile looking liquid was withdrawn. Made from lubrication oil and pheromones, it would help Sarah slip into the suit easier and drive the stallions into that mating mind-set.

Standing still, the farmer poured and massaged the liquid over her skin, the smell something that would make our eyes water. Once her body was covered with the thick liquid, it was time to don the suit. First to come were the leggings. The same look and feel inside and out, they looked just like actual horse legs. The design of them forced the wearer to keep her legs in the position, walking on the hooves like an actual horse. Sarah extended her arms, the latex touching her fingertips first before being pushed up all the way to her shoulders. Fingertips were pushed almost painfully into position in those hooves, her arms bending to fit the mold of the gloves. With both on, her legs were next to come. Toes slipped into the leggings, the thick latex and mare skin sliding up her shapely thighs all the way up to her bare ass. Her legs bend forward, pushing her to stand on all fours. Toes fit into the curving that were molded to her toes. If she tooks steps around, she would sound just like a normal horse would. It had taken her a long while to get use to walking on the hooves, but she had finally mastered it. The farmer looked over her frame, taking in her pert, bare ass and shaved pussy. Bruises were soft in color on her cheeks, the massive thrust of the horses leaving almost dollar coin

sized bruises on her tender flesh.

Next was the head piece. Latex had been molded inside to fit the head of the submissive while the outside was shaped to that of a horse, the fur covering matching that exactly of a mare. Slipping her head into the hood, her long black hair was pulled through slits on the neck to act like a mane. Her eyes looked through the artificial ones within the mask, giving her a limited view of her surroundings. Her lips parted to accept the ring gag that filled the muzzle, letting her breath easily at the same keeping her cries of pleasure and help primal at best. She was already sweating from the thick coat that covered her arms and legs, but she wasn't finished yet.

The last and heaviest piece of the suit was yet to be put onto her body. The farmer lifted it up and placed it onto her, the weight making her back arch some, molding perfectly into the mare suits back. It wrapped around her body, squeezing her breast tightly against her chest, making it harder to breath. The farmer had been creative, using a special gel that melted the ends of the suit together to make it seamless. Only he knew how to remove the suit, which was another turn on for Sarah. She paid the man to be nothing more than an animal, and now she looked the part. Her pucker lined up with the fake flesh of the suit, her already moist cunt lips pressed against the fake ones of the mare. Black hair swooshed from side to side as she walked, the tail looking as real as the rest of the suit. Now, she was ready to be made.

"Wait right here bitch..I'm going to get your stud ready.."

The farmer smiled as he slid a bit piece into her mouth, attached to reigns. He tied them off upon a post and headed off to get the stallion. Every time she was here, the man did something new to her, today didn't seem to be any different. Usually he would parade her around outside in front of the males, getting them aroused and ready. Today, she was still inside the stall.

Moments passed before she heard the clicking sound of hooves on concrete. The farmer lead the stallion right in front of Sarah, letting him stand there for a moment before leading him out of her view. She hadn't been able to see most of the animal, but she had seen the hardening length that was growing between its legs. At least two feet long and as wide as her arm, she couldn't wait to be placed underneath him. She had been so caught up in her thoughts that she hadn't notice the farmer return until he touched her rear. He came walking up in front of her, showing her the shoulder length glove that covered his arm, some clear lubricant already covering it.

"Before you mate, I need to see if you're...sound enough"

The dark smile on his face only grew as he headed out of view. Her mind went wild, trying to figure out what he meant before feeling his fingertips press against those rubber outer lips of the suit. He pressed harder, slipping past the outer lips easily and into her own wetness. She groaned, her voice sounding muffled and distorted within the muzzle. He didn't stop there, his probing arm pushing deeper into her cunt. Her slit stretched wider and wider as he pushed nearly up to his elbow. His fingertips were pressing and probing against the entrance to her womb, playing with her cervix.

"Oooh yeah...you're more than ready bitch"

He played with her wet walls, getting her nice and wet for what was to come. With a single, sudden movement she had withdrawn his arm from her body, making her moan and groan against the ring gag. With the 'examination' complete, he untied the reigns and lead her from that empty stall. Her hooves clanked against the floor much like the Stallions had. Anyone who approached them wouldn't know she was a woman in bondage. Much like usual, she was lead in front of the Stallion, the farmer keeping her there for a few moments. It took only a second for the stud to catch wiff of those

pheromones, sniffs and snorts given as he hopped up to try and mount her, though the wooden divider of the stall blocked him from the girl.

“Oh boy..he sure is excited..”

Taking her reigns again, he lead her to an empty standing stall. On the floor were mounted cuffs fitted for horses hooves, there to keep the mare from moving during breeding. Leading her into the stall, he tied the reigns and moved to clamp her feet down. One by one, she felt herself unable to move her limbs, totally helpless to what he might want to do next.

She heard his footsteps then the sliding of a door. She knew what was coming, but each time was something new. Her body ached and sweated within the suit, her body nothing more but a toy for the aroused animal that was now coming towards her.

All the farmer had to do was lead him towards her immobile body, and let go. The Stallion already knew what he wanted, and he didn't waste any time trying to take it. He jumped up, landing upon her rear heavily. Without the added support of the suit, her legs would have long since given out, but they took the brunt of the weight. She felt his body get into those thrusting movements and she moaned again. One thrust landed hard against her already bruised flesh, another pressing against the pucker of her ass. Anticipation built, but it didn't take long until the stud hit his mark. Mushroom headed penis shoved harshly past those fake lips and into hers. The warmth made him cry out wildly, her stretched lips wrapping around his massive cock. She cried out loudly, but they only sounded guttural and inhuman. The stallion didn't stop, his hips thrusting into her harder and deeper. His cock pushed until it pressed against the small rounded flesh of her cervix. It wanted more, and he was going to get it. Sarah moaned and moaned, the pain and pleasure mixing as the massive muscle pushed deeper and deeper into her. Finally her body gave and the stallion was able to push all the way into her womb.

She felt him pushing against her stomach, his thrust strong and animalistic. No human would ever match the size, the strength that a horse possessed. She couldn't hold on, her body quivering and aching with each thrust the stallion gave. Her muscles gave small spasms until she couldn't hold it back anymore. She came, violently. Her juices flowed from her stretched and beaten lips, coating the stallion with her cum. The warmth was something that the Stallion couldn't handle and he came. Stopping his thrusting movements, those massive balls pushed his sperm deep into Sarah's body. She felt the head of its cock grow wide before the warm, massive flow of its cum emptied into her womb. Spirt after spirt of cum emptied into her womb, filling her in a way nothing else could. Her stomach stretched and bugled inside of the suit as the animals semen was dumped into her. Breathing harshly, she stallion finally dismounted her, it's flacid cock pulling out of her cunt. It's white semen dripped from her pussy inside of the suit, the outside of the mare suit showing nothing of the sort.

Standing to the side of the woman in bondage and the stallion was the farmer. He wasn't alone though. Standing beside him were was a couple that were looking for a mare to keep their Stallions calm before races, for the specific purpose of being their mating toy. From what they had seen in front of them, they enjoyed it quite a lot. Writing out a check for \$4000, they handed it to the farmer and turned to get their trailer ready. He lead the stallion away, putting him back into the stall before returning to the woman in bondage.

“Guess what bitch...you're going to a farm far from here. You'll be getting what you want everyday..from now on..”