

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



This is a story inspired by a true experience of mine, narrated to the best of my abilities.

I have always been a 'horse person', but an experience I had earlier this year completely changed that term for me. But I'm getting ahead of myself; let me tell you a little about who I am.

My name is Katelyn, but my friends and trainers at the barn call me "Peaches". I just turned 17 in January, but am really small for my age. I'm only 5' 2" tall and am rather skinny, but that's something I'm proud of. I have small A-cup breasts, which makes it more comfortable for me to go riding, but doesn't work in my favor when it comes to attracting guys. And guys are another subject completely.

Of course I'm attracted to guys, but I'm way too shy to ever talk to anyone, guys or otherwise. I've been told by my friends that I am blessed to have such a beautiful body; I believe them, but I could never see myself having a relationship with somebody. For that reason, I am still a virgin, but still masturbate frequently.

But back to the story at hand, my first 'intimate' experience with a horse. The stable that I take my riding lessons at has been around for generations and is set in the middle of a clearing of about 150 acres in the hills of Virginia. I've been riding there since I was eight and have grown very close to the family who runs the place, the Oliver's. I usually stay after my lessons and on the weekends to help the family clean the stalls and feed and care for the horses. This helps me pay for my lessons, since they're far too expensive to pay for by myself.

The Oliver family was taking a few riders to a competition in Pennsylvania over a weekend in May and took most of their horses with them. I wasn't qualified to go to the competition, but the Oliver's agreed to pay me if I came by each of the four days they would be gone in order to feed and care for the horses they had left behind. I was ecstatic to accept their offer, both for the extra spending cash and the bonus time with the horses.

On Friday afternoon, after the family had headed toward Pennsylvania, I drove my car over to the barn to start my weekend's work. When I arrived, I got my key to unlock the stables and picked up a note that Mr. Oliver had left for me.

"Peaches, thank you for helping us out on this busy weekend! You've helped us out so much before that you know all the horses' feeding and grooming schedules very well. We only left behind Mary, Jonathan, and Jackson, so there shouldn't be much trouble. Thanks again!"

I walked into the stable and saw the three occupied stalls, spaced out in the mostly empty room. I walked by and greeted each horse. I had ridden Mary before, she was one of my favorite horses. She was a beautiful gray mare and was a very prideful horse that liked to show off whenever she could. She was graceful beyond belief. Jonathan and Jackson weren't horses that were kept for riding, though. Jonathan was just bought from a local breeder and was going to be trained at the barn. He was a slim and fit chestnut stallion with long, powerful legs and eyes that you could get lost in if you looked too long. Jackson was the stud of the barn. Mr. Oliver kept him in order to breed with their best mares; this gave them some extra income on the side. Jackson was a large and muscular stallion with a beautiful black coat. He was a calm horse, but he carried with him an atmosphere of confidence and authority that couldn't be denied.

I fed all three horses and cleaned up all of the stalls. I grabbed the hose so I could fill up each of their water buckets before I let them out in the pasture. I filled up Mary and Jonathan's and moved on to Jackson's. When I opened his stall's door, he greeted me with that same blank, but powerful

stare. This isn't something that I would ever tell someone, but I found that to be very attractive. I thought about how I would feel if a guy were able to understand how I am and love me, take control of me, and fulfill all of my desires. Oh, but I'm too shy for any of that to come true. I stood there fantasizing about finding a guy like that, when Jackson interrupted with a grunt.

"Sorry Jackson," I said. I snapped out of my daydream, but was still turned on by my thoughts. I carried the hose to the other end of Jackson's stall and walked back to the other end of the barn to turn on the spigot. As I got back to Jackson's stall, the water had run its way to the end of the hose, so I bent over to pick it up. When I grabbed the hose, I was met with a very unexpected cold, wet surprise underneath my shorts. Jackson had tried to stick his nose up the leg of my cut-off shorts.

"Jackson, what are you doing?!" I shouted. I swung around and dropped the hose into the bucket. There he was. Jackson was standing, much closer to me now, with that same look of sly confidence. I stared at him, not amused by his actions, but then I noticed something. Obviously my arousal had done something to him as well. His horse dick was starting to slide out of its soft sheath. I had seen pictures of a stallion's penis before in equine educational materials before, but I've never seen Jackson's; they always did the breeding away from all the other parts of the barn.

His giant member had already grown to be ten inches long, but it wasn't done there. I watched in amazement as his tool grew to a massive 22" long and 3" across.

"Jackson, you naughty boy," I said, still not believing what I was seeing. He snorted again and looked straight at me. His bucket of water had started to spill over, so I ran to the other end of the barn again to turn off the hose. When I returned, Jackson hadn't moved an inch.

I sat down on one of the bales of hay in his stall and tried to get my thoughts together. I couldn't get them to stray from Jackson's erect member hanging right in front of me. My small pussy was still wet from daydreaming earlier, and was just getting wetter. I decided that there weren't any people around for miles, so I unbuttoned my cropped jeans and lowered them to the group. After that I slipped off my soaking panties and tossed them both to the corner. I let my hand slip down in between my thighs and explore my clit, now aching for pleasure. The thoughts from earlier returned as I massaged my sensitive pussy. A guy who knew all about me making all of the right moves, me completely under his submission, myself giving in to his every desire. Gosh, this turned me on so much. Once again, Jackson interrupted my pleasure. He bumped his head straight into mine, almost knocking me off of the bale of hay I was on.

"Jackson, stop. I'm serious!" I shouted. But I saw his cock once again and my thoughts focused on it. I patted Jackson on the snout and smiled. I must be torturing him, sitting here letting my aroma fill the stall. Then a thought entered my mind. He must want some love too, he has desires. So I stood up.

As I walked around him, my hand caressed his withers, then across his body to his flank. His muscles twitched when I reached this point, so I stopped suddenly. He didn't seem to mind my hand being there, though, so I continued on. I knelt down on the straw bedding as my hand trailed down the inside of his flanks towards his balls. They were large, leathery sacks, the size of grapefruits, that just hung there behind his aching dick. My hand gently glided over his balls and I was surprised at the warm, soft texture of them. I sat there and stuck a finger into my pussy as I felt him up. His muscles twitched again, and this time so did his dick. This turned me on even more, and my hand moved forward to reach his tool. It was very warm and stiff; I could feel his pulse going through his visible and engorged veins. It was sort of spongy, but at the same time being rock solid.

I kept one hand in my pussy as the other began to explore his penis more fervently. I slowly started

to pump it up and the nearly two feet of horse cock that was in front of me. Jackson snorted again. I took my other hand, soaking in my pussy's juices, and began to slide them both over this glorious object. He was reacting well to all of this, but I knew I could do more. I was now completely underneath him and was staring right at his pee hole, which was quite large compared to a human's. I slowly stuck my tongue out and brought it to touch the tip of his dick. I expected him to twitch, but I was met with nothing, so I continued on. I put my lips over the tip of his throbbing member and moved my tongue around it, even going into his pee hole. I moved my mouth around the try and moisten more of his cock.

At this point, even though I wasn't touching my pussy, I was going crazy with lust. I moved my mouth further up his dick and began to suck on it and lick its shaft. It tasted salty, but it was wildly erotic. Jackson let out a whinny as I picked up speed going down on his sex. I put as much of that horse dick into my mouth as I could, which was only about four inches because of its girth. I sucked on his head and pumped his shaft with my hands. This taboo act alone was getting me almost to the point of orgasm, so I reached one of my hands back down to squeeze and play with my swollen clit. I picked up the pace on Jackson once again as he became more excited and vocal.

I felt his penis start to grow in thickness, but I tried to keep as much of it in my mouth as possible. I could tell he was about to cum and I was about to climax, also. Jackson stamped one of his hooves as the head of his dick swelled up twice its size, to where I couldn't take it out of my mouth. My hand was racing below, bringing me to my climax when Jackson's cock shuddered and shot its first rope of scalding hot horse cum straight down my throat. Its power caught me by surprise and I started to gag when another rope of sperm filled my mouth. I started to swallow what he was unloading into me, but some of it still leaked out from around my lips. It tasted salty and slightly nutty, like almonds. As I could feel myself climax, I shoved a few fingers into my cunt while twisting my clit, but Jackson wasn't done. He unloaded spurt after spurt of horse spunk which went straight into my empty stomach. I felt it slosh around and my insides warm up from the heat of it all. It was almost too much to handle, and I could hardly breathe. I finally reached my own orgasm and nearly blacked out from its power. I have reached orgasms before, but this time, I screamed, with Jackson's cock still in my mouth, my toes curled, and my eyes went towards the sky.

I began to scream in pleasure, but no sound came out due to the large pieve of horse meat in my mouth. He finished ejecting his load as his cock began to shrink. It came out of my mouth with a loud 'plop' as I fell back into the cum-soaked hay, the last few waves of my climax going through me. There was some of Jackson's sperm dripping from the sides of my mouth as I lay there letting the cum that was spilled on the ground soak into my hair and shirt.

I must've laid there for ten minutes before I moved. My jaw was sore and my body ached from what just happened.

"Thank you, stud," I whispered to Jackson as I stood up and patted him on the back. I wiped my arm across my mouth, smearing the horse cum that he had left there. I left my shorts and panties in the corner as I grabbed the hose and a rake to try and clean up. The stall was a wet mess after my experience with Jackson. But then again, so was I.

After I got finished cleaning up and showering in the barn, I headed back to my car to end my first day with the horses. On the long trip home I couldn't help but think about the other two observers left in their stalls during Jackson and my moments of pleasure. I still had three days alone with the horses, and that Friday was only the beginning of my equestrian love affair.

If I receive good enough reviews, I shall continue narrating my tales from that weekend, and maybe even others since then.