

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Everything was silent that Christmas Eve. Only the lightly falling snow that decorated the landscape seemed to exhibit life. The children of the Streamer family had gone to bed early in hopes that Santa would come. Tom Streamer and his lovely wife Laura were snuggled in each others arms, anticipating the joyous laughter that soon will fill the Midwestern farmhouse as it did each Christmas before. Laura was asleep but Tom was engrossed in thought.

Tom had promised himself that this year's drought and its devastating effects on his family's income would not spoil this Christmas for his children. But the lack of revenue made it impossible for him to buy the one thing his children wanted so desperately: a pony. All Midwestern farm kids, except his, had ponies to ride and Tom felt a sense of guilt not being able to afford one.

Tom looked over towards Laura. He then realized he was a lucky man to have such a beautiful and adoring family. His seventeen year old son, Jimmy, had made All American in just his freshman year of high school. His sixteen year old daughter, Amy, was fast becoming a remarkable woman.

Without warning Tom's thoughts were interrupted by a loud crash coming from the roof of the two story wood framed house. Startled, Laura woke to hear the supports in the attic creak under the strain of something heavy.

"What is it?" Laura asked, wiping the sleep from her eyes.

"I don't know," Tom replied, moving quickly out of bed and putting on a robe. "Let's find out."

Laura followed Tom's lead while also slipping on a robe.

As they scampered out of the master bedroom, they were greeted in the hallway by Jimmy and Amy.

"Is that Santa?" Amy asked.

Jimmy said, "I don't think so, Amy. But I'm ready for anything."

Tom and Laura laughed as Jimmy knifed his hands through the air. He was taking Karate lessons at the local YMCA and was anxious to demonstrate his newfound skill. Amy and Jimmy soon followed their parent's laughter with snickers of their own.

"Come on Karate Kid. Let's see what's going on," Tom said, grinning while ruffling his right hand through Jimmy's thick curly hair.

The family followed the creaking sound along the rafters.

"It seems to be heading towards the chimney," Laura said perplexed.

"It is Santa!" Amy exclaimed.

"Don't jump to conclusions just yet young lady," Tom said with a fake scowl on his face. "The fireplace is lit. Maybe it's an animal that got on the roof from a nearby tree and wants to get close to the heat coming from the chimney. It's cold outside you know."

"By the sound of it, it's a pretty \*BIG\* animal don't you think, Dad?" Jimmy went back to making Karate chops again.

They huddled around the top of the staircase, crouching down to get the full view of the roaring fire

in the fireplace, wondering what the source of the sound on the roof was going to do next.

All of a sudden the fire in the fireplace blew out with a whooshing sound. But just as suddenly, the fire roared back to life. The four of them gasped. There, standing in front of the fireplace, was a very large man with a white beard dressed in a red suit, wearing gloves and a cap and stroking the head of a magnificent pony!

“Ho ho ho,” the jolly old man chuckled. “Wasn’t that fun?” the man asked the beast. The pony nodded his head up and down as if to say yes.

“That *\*IS\** Santa,” Tom whispered, bewildered.

The four bodies at the top of the stairs stole quick glances at each other then just as quickly returned their gaze towards the scene that was taking place in the living room.

“I’d better get you ready for the children,” the jolly man said with a twinkle in his eye. He moved without delay towards the far side of the handsome animal and fell to his knees with a loud plop. The pony was parallel to the fireplace and the big man was in between them. The reddish orange glow cast forth from the flames complimented the rosy cheeks of the warm-hearted man. The fire being near the floor illuminated the underside of the well muscled beast. It was a stallion!

Santa took off his gloves, neatly folded them together, then deposited them in one of his coat pockets. He stroked his left hand lightly along the backside of the pony’s resilient ass muscles, periodically fingering the steed’s puckering asshole. He used his right hand to massage and knead the pony’s huge balls in small circles, like a skilled juggler handling a pair of baseballs in one hand.

The pony responded by reeling out his monstrous cock, inch by thickening inch. After the first four or so inches emerged from the hairless sheath, Santa moved close to the pony’s love tube. The head of the cock was still sheathed by the cock’s first fold skin.

“Ho ho! I see you trying to poke out,” Santa said with a stout laugh. He flicked his tongue around the inside of the ring of thick skin. The pony raised his head and shook it from side to side causing his mane to wave majestically as if flowing in an imaginary wind.

“You love it, don’t you boy?” Santa asked the pony. The pony responded by popping the cockhead out through the first fold ring and telescoping the meaty shaft another four inches.

“A sex horse!” Laura whispered in subdued excitement.

“Yeah! Just what I really wanted for Christmas,” Jimmy mused without realizing that he was thinking out loud.

“You too?” Amy asked surprised.

Tom looked at Laura. Stunned, they both looked at the two children. They had discussed the topic of sex with their children but only on a basic level. They were very pleased to learn that Amy and Jimmy had taken a healthy attitude towards sex in general and towards sex with animal’s in particular.

Tom and Laura confessed that they too wanted to have a sex horse. But they were afraid of what the children might think if they’d ever found out.

“Don’t worry Mom and Dad. I’ve wanted one for a couple of years now. You see this won’t go away

half the time," Jimmy said pointing to the big lump in his pajamas. "And you and Mom won't allow Amy or me to have human sex until we're eighteen. I fully understand your reasons why. So that's when I came up with the idea of having sex with animal's. I can learn about sex, have a great time at it and won't get some girl pregnant."

"Me too!" chimed Amy. Amy blushed realizing not all of what Jimmy said applied to her—that girls can't get girls pregnant. The others chuckled. "You know what I mean. One of the girls at school has a pony that she fucks with all the time and she doesn't worry about getting knocked up by the horse—'cause animal's can't get human's pregnant." Again Tom looked stunned at Laura. But they shrugged their shoulders in unison. After all, Amy had become a level-headed young woman and deserved the freedom to express herself in the way she saw appropriate for the occasion.

"Jimmy, are you disappointed that it's a male pony?" asked Tom.

"Heck no, Dad. Sex is sex. Just 'cause some people are narrow-minded to think that their sexual orientation is the only way to go, doesn't mean that they're right. I'd love to suck on a cock just as well as fuck a pussy any day."

Again Tom looked at Laura. This time Laura turned the corners of her mouth down in a matter-of-fact kind of expression. "My, how our children have grown," she said then laughed.

"Shhhhhhhhhhh," Tom whispered with his index finger sticking straight up in front of his puckered lips. He couldn't hold back a chuckle himself. "Let's watch."

At first the horsecock continued its great arc downward for an additional four inches—a total of twelve inches so far.

The pony's cock pulsed rhythmically up and down in unison with the stallion's own heartbeat. The shaft grew thicker and stiffer with each passing second.

Santa removed his right hand from the stallion's balls. He grasped the underside of the stallion's exceptionally thick cockshaft at the first fold between the entrance to the sheath and the first fold ring. Santa's large hand was unable to fully encircle the horsecock. About a third of the circumference was still exposed.

Santa pushed the thick wrinkly skin back towards the sheath making the loose skin between his hand and the cock tip taut. The pony was excited by this and flexed the thick muscles in the cockshaft making it jerk and slap against his firm belly and chest.

Tom was pleasantly surprised that the pony was well cared for. He knew this by the way the sparkling glow of the fire reflected off the shaft of the clean cock. If the cock weren't clean it wouldn't have been shiny.

Santa relieved the tension and allowed the cock to droop again. But it drooped only slightly this time. Santa reapplied the tension two more times. After the last time, the cock stood extremely rigid. Even from a distance everyone could see the muscled ridges that bulged out from beneath the tight stretched skin encasing the pony's massive horsecock. Santa's seductions had caused the already monstrous cock to lengthen another three inches to a whopping total of fifteen inches! It vibrated gloriously above the floor and mostly parallel to it but with a slight curve upward. The tip of the horsecock lightly brushed against the pony's chest.

Santa removed his left hand from the stallion's flanks and scooted sideways towards the pony's front legs. He took off his cap stuffing it into an empty pocket and then positioned himself under the pony

so that his back was supported by the pony's front legs and the pony's cock was directly in front of his face.

"Ho ho ho," Santa bellowed, his mouth now the right size and shape to suck the pony's cock deep inside. Santa moved his head and torso forward an inch or two and stuffed the fist-sized tip of horsecock into his mouth. He slowly continued his head and torso movement forward, pivoting at the waist. Inch after solid inch of extremely thick horsecock continued its moist journey into Santa's well stretched mouth, the tip scraping his palate and flattening his tongue. Four burning inches vanished before the forward movement of Santa's head had stopped, the fist-sized tip pressing menacingly at the back of his mouth and to the entrance of his throat. The pony's cock bent slightly as Santa applied extra forward pressure with his head forcing the cockhead into his stretching throat. He continued the relentless pressure bending the steely rod even more. Santa slowly moved his torso forward in a large arc while adjusting his head so that the pathway from mouth to throat became a straight line. All of a sudden the pressure was relieved and the meaty piece of horseflesh snapped straight as nine solid inches jammed into Santa's oversized mouth and throat. The dilated tip forced its way past the voice box and Adam's apple while pausing at the very entrance to Santa's chest itself! The rosy cheeks of Santa appeared almost red as his breathing was cut off. But then a startling thing happened: Santa relaxed his throat in such a way that he was again able to breath around the impaling slab of horsemeat. He inhaled deeply, expanded his chest to incredible proportions, then reached out and tapped the stallion on the balls. The pony raised his head and shook it again. His tail stood at attention like a flag waving on a staff, his balls disappeared up into his body, followed immediately by a downward thrust of his pelvis. A muffled sound came from deep within Santa's chest. The family members choked as they saw all fifteen inches of horsecock vanish into Santa's swelling mouth, throat and stomach! Santa's nose invaded the space formed between the pony's abdomen and the cockshaft within the sheath, the top of Santa's head tickling the pony's belly in the process. Still breathing, Santa savored the uniquely animalistic aroma coming from within the pony's sheath.

The pony raised his haunches vertically. The strength of his mighty cock was enough to lift the large man about an inch off the floor. Realizing his mistake the pony gently lowered Santa to the floor making sure not to hurt him.

The pony tried again. But this time in such a way as to pull his cock out and not lift Santa. The pony slowly exposed half of his spit-slickened love tube then abruptly jammed it all back in again. He repeated the action six more times then left his sex weapon buried to the hilt on the last stroke.

The pony's flanks quivered and his tail waved to and fro as the blissful steed came violently, planting his scalding hot seed directly into Santa's stomach. But Santa didn't want to drink all of the pony's horsecum, for he knew that the family was watching him. He'd staged this exhibition especially for their benefit. After all, he is Santa and Santa knows all.

Santa tapped the pony on the knees and the pony instantly pulled his cock out half way, the well lubricated shaft spasming with radiant energy. Santa sat upright dislodging the stallion's cock from his mouth with a loud squishy sound. The fist-sized tip, now free, flared to over five inches in diameter while horsecum hosed Santa's face and beard.

Eagerly, Santa drank the remainder of the stallion's cum. He held the twitching piece of horseflesh as still as possible while directing the forceful jets of tasty horsecum into his still gaping mouth.

When the last of the horsecum shot into Santa's mouth, Santa gulped it down while smacking his lips several times. Santa worked the dripping horsecum on his face into the exposed flesh. It gave his skin a healthy glow. The pony again stood normally while the flared hood of his cock shrank and the

shaft drooped once more.

Santa grabbed the rapidly deflating cock and licked it all over. He turned and smiled as he looked up the stairs where the sexually electrified Streamer family was watching.

“Ho ho ho! Take very good care of my boy here! Merry sex-mas to you all!” he boomed. The fire went out again for a brief moment and once more re-ignited.

Santa was gone but the magnificent steed remained, his head turned towards the family. Tom, Laura, Jimmy and Amy each swore they saw a smile on that pony’s face!

The End