

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Jeanette loved horse's, and often dreamed of riding them far away from her home in the small village. She was from a poor family, one of the countless thousands kept under the feudal thumb of King Edward III of England, and often dreamed of white horse's which would whisk her away to a palace along the coast of her imagination.

She told her mother once about her dreams, and the frightened woman warned her daughter furiously about the fairy-folk, and how they would steal children away who weren't too careful! Jeanette wasn't too concerned, however - after all, what frightened and angered her mother must be very exciting indeed. And there were tales of the Black Death in towns not too far away from where they lived, so she had half a mind to find a fairy ring to try and get away from this world of hardship she had known for only 15 summers.

She was growing older, and certain.... urges... had made her very close friends with her right hand and some conveniently-sized objects to be found around the house. But there was a definite lack of privacy in the one-room cottage, and her pleasurable moments were limited to times that she could steal away to the forest and be completely alone. In fact, she had found a pool of clean, clear water about a mile or so away in the deep undergrowth, and had even built herself a small shelter there, the sounds of the small waterfall masking the moans of self-pleasure within.

One warm summer morning, a rare one when she had managed to get some time off from her chores, Jeanette disrobed and slipped into the cold water, washing herself and letting the water fall on her long, dark hair. The pool was about four feet deep - the perfect depth for the 5' 4" young woman to stand in. She walked about in the water, enjoying the feeling of the sand under her feet and the occasional shocks of cold water that reached just inside her outer labia.

She explored this feeling further, parting her lips a bit with her fingers, allowing the coldness to penetrate the very entrance of her tunnel. She shivered with delight and with cold, and enjoyed the foreign temperature sensation as she began slowly fingering her curly bush, then moving her hand down a little more, teasing herself, taking it slowly.

She had just begun to insert a finger into her pussy when she heard a noise. It sounded like footsteps nearby on the forest floor, so she hastily stopped fondling herself and craned her head to try and see where the intruder might be coming from. Out into the clearing stepped a dark stallion - he was perfectly groomed, and was still wearing a saddle as if his rider had been thrown, or perhaps robbed. Gasping in alarm, Jeanette grabbed her shift, skirts, and bodice, dressing hastily as she strode toward the horse. He was such a perfect shade of chestnut, almost matching the color of her own wavy hair in the sunlight. The thing that was puzzling her now was the fact that he seemed so calm, not the reaction one would expect if his rider had met with some kind of mishap.

She approached, slowly putting out a hand to touch his muscular chest, watching his face for a sign of anger or fear. But he did not react. In fact, he looked distinctly bored, as if he needed something to do. The only emotion his whole body showed was his huge penis, which hung freely out of its sheath, and even this was somewhat flaccid.

"What are you doing here, boy?" Jeanette asked the beast. "Is everything all right?"

The idea that this was the perfect opportunity to ride a horse like in her dreams crept into her mind. No one was around, the poor thing was obviously looking for something to do, he was very physically fit, he already had a saddle...

Checking one last time for any hint of skittishness, she went around to his left side, and, not seeing

him react, she put her foot in the stirrup and climbed up. He shifted a little and looked back at her. She was getting comfortable, settling into the saddle, and was chagrined to realize that in her haste to dress she had forgotten her underwear. Seeing that there were no reins, she grabbed the front of the saddle and started looking around to see if he had lost them somehow. Jeanette never saw the concealed light come back into his eyes.

He was off like a shot, his incredibly powerful haunch muscles propelling him like a catapult. The raced back into the forest, and before she knew what was happening, they were deep into areas she had never been to. Panicking, the fear of becoming lost, or injured, or worse, Jeanette tried to get off the wild beast but found that her hands were somehow stuck to the front of the saddle. She screamed, tugging and pulling to try and free herself, but she was stuck fast – that’s when she saw the unearthly light in the stallion’s eyes and knew she had been taken by a fairy beast.

She had heard stories of horse’s appearing to people in the forest, horse’s that turned out to be pookas, or mischevious fairies in animal form to trick unwitting human’s into riding them. They would then be taken on a wild ride through the forest at breakneck speed as a “joke” on the part of the pooka, whose pleasure was derived in scaring the wits out of some poor horse handler. She realized that she had been tricked, and the fear was quickly becoming replaced with anger at her unfortunate predicament.

But the stallion, as if sensing this, slowed to a gentle canter, the rhythm of which began to have quite an effect on Jeanette. Her naked genetalia began to rub on the smooth saddle in a very enticing way, and within a short time, she was smiling at her mount. He looked back at her, a twinkle in his eye, and she noticed a delicious change. The saddle of the fairy stallion began to form a bump in the middle of it, right under her pussy. As she jostled back and forth on the leather seat, she felt it begin to grow further. He slowed to a walk, and as she rode the saddle’s magic form started filling her tunnel, the leather dildo maintaining the perfect hardness to please her the most.

She groaned as she twisted her arms, her hands still stuck fast to the saddle, and kicked her mount a bit to get him running again. He obliged, and the orgasm hit her hard. Throwing her head back, Jeanette moaned and cried loudly as she came on the saddle, still riding, still feeling the delicious fucking saddle inside her, still being gently humped by the motions of the strong animal underneath her. The leather became wet with her cum, the lubrication causing the slippery leather penis to slide around fabulously. She gripped the pooka with her legs, and the saddle released her hands.

Jeanette rode on the chestnut stallion for hours, cumming again and again while impaled upon the saddle’s magic dildo. It was only when she began to be distracted by hunger that she directed him back toward the pool, and it was only when they reached the pool that the leather transformed back into an ordinary saddle again. Wet from hours of the pleasure between her legs, she dismounted weakly and collapsed to the ground with her head against him, inhaling the satisfying smell of his sweat.

“Will I see you again?” she asked, as if expecting an answer.

To her surprise, as she looked into his eyes they seemed to say “Yes, as often as you like”. She rested there for several minutes, then washed up in the cold, refreshing pool. With a bit of sorrow, she found her missing articles of clothing and slowly walked back toward the cottage, looking back several times until she could no longer see him.

Her mother punished Jeanette for being gone so long and making her worry so, but after a week or so the incident seemed forgotten and the young woman slipped away to her pool, hoping to see her

pooka lover. He was there again, just as he had promised, and again Jeanette mounted him, but this time her hands were free and they only rode a short time to avoid causing suspicion on the part of her mother. Satisfied and still tingling from being fucked by the saddle, Jeanette lay down on the grass by the pool, preparing to leave for home.

The stallion strode over to her half-dressed body, and with his huge lips of velvet, he gently nuzzled her pert nipples. She gasped, then laid down flat so that he could have his way with her. He used his strong, yet soft, lips and carefully nuzzled her, his huge tongue licking the wet pussy between her widely parted legs as a grand finale. She had a final orgasm as he gently licked her there in the forest, then it was time to go.

Jeanette fantasized about him constantly, and the speculation began among her friends and family that she was in love, hence the reason for her absences. She denied it, but knew that she was being followed sometimes by voyeurs hoping to catch her and her lover in the act.

Finally, using the excuse of collecting firewood one September afternoon, Jeanette stole away from her one-room hovel and ran to the pool. Of course he was there, the pooka that knew how to satisfy her so well. He was there, with his muscular body, his unearthly eyes, his magic saddle...

She climbed on top of him as usual, and, sensing the urgency of her many needs, he bolted off into the forest. Deeper, deeper they went into the darkness, until the couple was miles away from the nearest hint of civilization. The saddle's dildo rose a small amount, but it only acted as a tease to poor Jeanette. She wiggled and bumped on it, but could not cum. She was also slightly distracted by having just run away, the idea that she had brought very little food along beginning to occur to her.

She dismounted, and looked around her. She saw what looked like mushrooms among the deep moss, and noted that they formed a ring around the couple. A smile of awareness spread slyly across her lips, and the stallion appeared to smile back as he stepped toward her and nuzzled her shoulder. She felt a wetness begin anew between her thighs.

As she turned to face the chesnut-colored beauty, she began to undress. First her confining bodice dropped to the ground, leaving her young breasts to rest freely and gently on her chest, no longer trapped by the latest idea of fashion. Her chemise came next, then her undergarments, until she stood like an anxious Venus, naked on the dark green bed of moss that seemed to extend off forever in all directions. Jeanette began to finger her clit as she also caressed her breasts, and the pooka bent down his head, breathing hot air onto her crotch. The effect was electric on the young woman, and she shifted her legs so that she stood with them parted, then flung her arms wide like a star so that he could nuzzle her as he liked. He willingly obliged, and as he excited her hardening nipples and licked her wet pussy, his own member unsheathed and grew larger underneath him.

As he started to circle around her, she reached underneath his belly with her right hand and gently grabbed the tip of his huge equine penis. The stallion jumped a little with this unexpected sensation, then stopped nuzzling and turned, looking into her eyes. His member grew even larger, and he slowly stepped sideways, bumping her chest until she was forced to step backwards several feet.

Her heel stopped on something hard and cold, and Jeanette looked over her shoulder to find that she was backed up against a low stone bench protruding from the ground. How she had missed it before, she was unsure, and noted that it was not a carved bench at all but a long, low slab of natural rock, covered in the same soft moss that lay all around them on the ground. He nudged her again and she fell back onto it, her legs splayed as she was thrown off balance.

The huge animal began nuzzling and licking her pussy then, gently teasing her to and from the brink

of ecstasy as she had always dreamed an experienced lover might. She lay back, gazing at the trees that formed a wheel above them, as the very tip of his tongue flicked back and forth just inside her cunt opening. She couldn't help herself – she came then, and he licked faster as her juices started to flow, intensifying the white heat throughout her body as she orgasmed. He stopped shortly after, and she lay for a few minutes on the moss, her arm thrown over her face as the afterglow regretfully faded. But neither of them were finished. Far from it, in fact.

Jeanette finally raised her head, and found that the pooka was staring at her longingly. She saw that his massive horse's prick had grown very large, and quivered slightly with each heartbeat. It was hard as an ashen staff, and she knew then she had to have it. The size no longer mattered to her – she was consumed with an overwhelming desire to have that huge rod inside her and to please him as well, so she opened her arms, closed her eyes, and lay back on the stone bench, knowing somehow that he would know what to do.

And he did. She felt the powerful tongue begin to gently lick her slit, then he moved up to her breasts, his forelegs straddling the bench. She began to shiver, partly from anticipation of the event she longed for, and partly from the slight breeze that began to caress her naked flesh on the moss-covered stone, causing her nipples to harden like leather buttons. The stallion stopped licking then, and she started spreading herself wide with anticipation and desire as he stepped up closer to their goal.

It touched.

She felt a shock when the hot, wet head of his shaft rubbed against her clit, and she reached down with one of her hands to grasp the dark member. She rubbed the tip up and down her slit, working the combination of precum and woman-juice around the lips of her passion. She wanted him so badly – she rubbed faster and faster, until she stopped, placing the head in exactly the right position to enter. One thrust and it would be in, she fantasized to herself. He pushed, gently at first, and she could feel the moist tip of him French kissing her pussy lips. Jeanette used her fingers to spread herself as wide as she could, and she felt him spear her a little more, but he was still far from entering fully. Frustrated, she began masturbating with her right hand and guiding his cock in her left, but no matter how wet or wide she got, he still would not fit inside. She began to moan and writhe.

"Oh, please," she gasped, "please help me my wonderful lover. I'm desperate for the feel of you between my thighs!"

He grunted a bit then, and thrust at her a little more forcefully, watching her intently for any sign of pain. She began to feel a tingling in the pink flesh of her labia, and it felt as though some invisible fingers worked to spread her even wider. Gasping with this spectral sensation, she moved her hands away and started stroking the horse's chest and forelegs just above her. She was being spread wider and wider, opened by the invisible force more than she had ever been by the saddle's dildo, and there was no pain at all, only the stimulating tingling in her flesh. Still she was pulled even wider, a feeling that was thrilling in itself.

Who knew what magic was at work here?

Then her swollen pussy lips widened a fraction of an inch more, she felt a popping and slipping, and his enormous prick-head finally forced its way inside her as the pooka thrust his hips. She looked down at herself, at her situation, and she got even wetter with the thought of what she was doing.

"But there's no way all that horsemeat will ever fit," she whispered to herself, almost disappointed

with what she knew to be true.

She laid her head back and felt the tip of his hot dick deep inside her cunt, and gave it a squeeze with her muscular vagina as she began fingering her clit. She looked down again, and whether it was the thrill of her dream realized or something else that caused it, his huge, dark prick slid even deeper.

She moaned and started to grind a bit, but it wasn't too much for her to take, and as she started thrusting against the equine cock again, he went deeper still. A full 12 inches was inside her love hole, and she felt full and wet. She started pumping, seeking to slide his thick prick in and out of herself to stimulate them both even closer to orgasm, but he only went deeper inside. Squealing with delight and pleasure at what was happening, she writhed on his thick shaft, wondering just how much she could hold, when it went even deeper.

She was now holding a full 18 inches of huge horsehood in her cunt, and she felt it ramming up against the back of her tunnel. She groaned and her cunt muscles started twitching by themselves, and, feeling this, the excited equine pumped his dick in and out, each time going deeper and deeper still until, amazingly, she held the entire length of his huge shaft in her wet, ever-stretching pussy. When she felt his hot, velvety sheath rubbing up against her clit, she looked down again in surprise to see what had happened, and screamed with pleasure as they both started cumming. She could feel the stallion's thrusts so deep within her she wasn't sure where they were going, and his eyes rolled to their whites as he grunted and bucked, half dragging her off the bench.

Suddenly noticing that the saddle was still on him, she now gripped the cinching strap that was around his body, and with the next wave of spasms that rocked them both, she held herself up as he pumped her, until they both shifted completely away from the bench. She was now suspended underneath him by only the strap and her cunt - she was floating over the ground, his immense horseflesh holding her up with no trouble at one end, and her grip on the strap holding her up on the other. She felt herself impaled on the sweetness of his shaft, and closed her legs so that her inner thighs could share in her situation too.

This added dimension of sensation thrust another wave of orgasmic spasms through her, and as her pussy walls squeezed his shaft of their own volition, he responded with another bout of humping thrusts. These ended up swinging her like a pendulum, so that after only a few thrusts she was sliding halfway off his cock, only to crash into him even deeper than before with each push. She screamed again with pleasure, and, incredibly, came even more intensely than she had thought possible.

She squeezed her eyes tightly shut, all the better to devote all her sensations to her purpose. She could feel his horse- and woman-cummed slippery dick sliding in and out, in and out, her knuckles whitening on the strap as they fucked a good two feet in the air above the moss. Her legs, growing tired, sagged downward, but her swollen tunnel was still suspended on his heavenly, engorged shaft, so she continued to hang there underneath him. This change in position also angled her clit downward so that it contacted even more of his hot horseflesh than before, rubbing and tingling deliciously with every tiny movement. It felt so good deep within her, his huge shaft-head up where nothing had ever been before, back, it seemed, behind her stomach or maybe tickling her lungs, but she felt no discomfort, only the most intense, astonishing pleasure of her life.

She began swinging her legs back and forth, as if on a chair that was too tall for her, and the twisting motion it caused made them both shiver. She could feel his huge knob ripple back and forth, fucking her whole body as she squeezed the last orgasm out of herself, and what must have been a quart more hot horse jism out of the stallion. She savored her impalement for a few minutes more,

then, slowly, she guided him back to the raised, moss-covered bench and eased off of him, sad to give up the experience yet more satisfied than she had ever dreamed possible. The cum of both the lovers poured out of her onto the ground, and she gazed at him again, still marvelling at what had just happened.

He stepped back, nickered, and lay down on the moss himself. After a few minutes she stood up shakily and went over to him, her thighs soaked from their lovemaking. Neither of them said anything, and as twilight crept over the land, the lovers lay together in the clearing. When the night was eminent, and the dew began to form on the soft, green moss, they both stood up as if on cue. She loosened and removed his saddle, somehow knowing that it would be back whenever she desired it. He nuzzled her softly, and Jeanette climbed up onto his sleek, naked back. They walked to the center of the ring.

She looked back toward the land she had been born to, and with the last of the day's light, the couple glimmered, then faded, then were gone from sight. Next to the moss-covered stone where they had consummated their love, the bright, full moon revealed the shine of new plant growth. Where their combined cum had fallen on the moss there grew a young horse chestnut tree, waving slightly in the evening breeze, where one had not been before.