

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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From an early age, I was fascinated with ponies and often spent time just watching them trotting and playing in the fields. Sadly, we were too poor to own one, but luckily my keen interest was noticed by one of the local farmers. He asked me if I would like to help in his stables and work with his ponies. Naturally, I wanted the experience, and fortunately, my parents knew the farmer and his wife quite well. They readily agreed for me to spend my weekends on the farm.

Despite the cozy images that are shown of girls with their ponies and horses, the reality is far from glamorous. Most of the time, you are covered in muck and reek of horse - from grooming the ponies and cleaning out the pens and stalls. But I did not mind. I was in my element. The downside was the 'kindly comments and harassment' that I usually received from the kids when I returned to school on Mondays.

I must have been quite good at the job because the farmer offered me fulltime work when I left school. For the next three years, I worked with him and his wife on all aspects of farm stock management. Then, as they scaled back their daily workload on the farm, I was put in sole charge of the pony string. I was essentially head cook and bottle washer for them doing everything from cleaning out to training and occasionally taking them trekking.

I am a plain girl - not pretty or desirable. So, the nice boys that I would have liked to hook-up with never came near me. The Neanderthals who did try to pick me up had only one thought in their mind, and I avoided them like the plague. I convinced myself that this was because I wanted to preserve the sanctity of my knickers until I married. In truth, I was terrified of the brutal and insensitive attitudes that these bad boys had towards girls. They thought that it was their absolute right to have the ultimate prize. Girls had no say in the matter and were expected to put out on demand. Too many girls gave in to intimidation from their supposed beaus only to be dumped as filthy slags once the deed was done. To avoid such heartbreaks, I totally immersed myself in my job.

Things were going smoothly until the middle of my fourth year when one weanling colt Samson became seriously ill. He required veterinary attention and an extended period of tender loving care. I put him in a separate pen so that he got the peace and rest he needed and spent considerable time with him during his recovery. I became at ease with him, and this laxity was to prove my undoing.

One afternoon I was filling the feed hopper and checking the water bowl in Sampson's pen as I had done so many times before when I felt the urgent call of nature. Usually, I would have sought out a secluded place in the stable. But such was my desperation that I just went to one corner of the pen, pulled down my slacks and knickers, and squatted. In my hurry, I completely forgot the cardinal rule to 'never turn your back on the ponies'. I was facing the wall with the colt behind me and out of sight.

I was about to redress when Sampson headbutted me, causing me to fall forward onto my hands and knees. Without further ado, the little colt mounted me and started mock humping. After the initial shock, I relaxed because I knew that weanling colts did not procreate until they were around one year old. I thought that he was just playing and that I would be safe.

I had never seen a weanling colt display their male parts in all the years that I had worked with them. So, I naturally assumed that these did not develop until they were much older. I was now about to find out how wrong this was. Weanling colts may not fire live rounds, but they do have the necessary equipment, just a little smaller than that of a fertile stallion. Also, just like young males the world over, they have an overpowering urge to find out about and use their cocks.

To my surprise, my vulva became wet as Sampson mock humped me. Its juices then coated his sheath and awakened the beast within. The penis quickly emerged from its cocoon and immediately found its target. I screamed in both horror and pain as the head forced its way between my pussy lips, ripped my hymen, and plunged into me. After only two or three thrusts, my fud was skewered on five inches of throbbing cock.

Sampson was fit and lively and directing all his energies into this exciting new game. In no time at all, my fanny was in a frenzy, and I was gasping for breath. I thought that he had hurt or damaged me when my whole body suddenly tensed up and began trembling. My fear was quickly replaced by relief and joy as wave after wave of sweet sensations coursed through me when my snatch spasmed and flooded with peach juices. These reactions further excited the colt. His cock reveled in its now slick burrow, and he rode me even faster than before.

After around five minutes, I was delirious and desperately begging Sampson to stop. No surprises, this had no effect. Why would it? He did not understand and was consumed by carnal lust. He continued to screw me for another couple of minutes before launching one final fearsome thrust into the depths of my fud. He brayed, and I shrieked as his cock then went berserk - spasming and trembling like crazy and turning my snatch to jelly. This tipped me over the edge. I passed out just as a new deluge of peach juices filled my ravished fanny.

I came to later in the evening to find myself curled up in one corner of the pen while Sampson was slumbering contentedly at the other side. I got up very gingerly, hauled up my knickers and slacks, slowly made my way to the gate, got out, and clicked it shut behind me without waking him. I was very shaky but managed to stagger my way along the stable aisle and up the stairs to my bothy. Once there, I collapsed on my bed and fell asleep straight away.

Sun rays were streaming into the room when I eventually wakened. I was stiff and sore and could hardly move. So, I just lay still and contemplated the events of the previous afternoon. Like all girls of the time, I was raised to believe that I must remain pure and chaste until I found a man willing to take me as his wife. Indeed, proof of a bride's innocence was often a prerequisite for marriage. So, no matter the circumstances to have been despoiled out of wedlock was a disaster. Add to this, that I had been deflowered through intercourse with an animal, then my situation was a total abomination. I knew that I would be persecuted and hounded out as a wanton and brazen hussy or even a witch if any of the great and good found out about these deeds. No one would believe that it was not by choice. They would assume that I had been up for it and had somehow enticed or lead on the colt.

Given this and my strict moral upbringing, I would have expected to be disgusted and totally distraught at my loss of virtue. So, it came as a great shock to realize that this was not the case. Yes, I did have pangs of guilt and regret. But my overwhelming emotions were of relief, release, and fulfillment. It was though a burden had been lifted from my shoulders.

A considerable time elapsed before it dawned on me that these startling reactions were a consequence of my deep adolescent anxieties about boy-girl stuff. My mother was far too embarrassed to talk to me about intimate matters, so, like most girls, my knowledge was based on the lurid stories exchanged in the playground. Romance played little part in these tales. Often as not, girls were overpowered and shagged stupid by some bone-headed muscle-bound hunk. While I knew that most of these accounts were make-believe, they still made a lasting impression on my psyche. I was petrified even at the mere thought of having to submit to and service a boy.

Unbelievable as it may seem, by using me as his female, Sampson had ridden those terrors away. I had faced my worst nightmare and coped. I now knew that I need not fear any randy, insatiable boy. The bonus was that Sampson also awakened me to the forbidden pleasures of intercourse. Also,

judging by the fantastic sensations still coming from my pussy it was happy to have finally dueled with a rampant cock and was keen for more. Thanks to Sampson, I was no longer the sweet and innocent girl. I was a sexual woman. My reverie and satisfaction were, however, tempered by the knowledge that I could and would never let Sampson do me again.

I got up around mid-day and set about my chores in the stable. I was nervous and uneasy, but all went without a hitch and as it did for all the following week. Then, one afternoon while cleaning out Sampson's pen, he tried several times to mount me. I brushed him off on each occasion and moved on to my other jobs in the stable. My head was clear; there was absolutely no way that I was going to give in to him. But as the afternoon wore on, increasing wetness in my knickers indicated that my pussy had different ideas. I finished off my tasks and went to bed early. This was a mistake because I could not settle, and my mind began to wander. After tossing and turning for about two hours, I finally relented and let my fud rule my head.

As I went down the stairs to the stable, I was stunned to realize that I had a clear plan of what I had to do. While my mind had been in total denial, my subconscious had been working overtime preparing for this moment. Instead of going straight to Sampson's pen, I went to one across the aisle from it that housed two mares and moved them along into an empty one. Then, I went to the tack room and undressed. I found a brown pony body suit and put it on. Over the hood, I fitted a bridle and blinker set, and finally, I covered my legs and arms with long brown socks. I walked out into the aisle, got onto my hands and knees, and shuffled along into the newly emptied pen. After shutting the gate, I lay down, rolled amongst the bedding, covered myself with the straw, and then settled for a while.

Had I gone mad? No, I knew that if I let Sampson cover me as he did before, he could become dominant or aggressive towards humans. But if to him I looked and smelled like a pony, there was less chance of those bad traits developing. True, the easiest thing would have been to abstain altogether, but my pussy was never going to settle for that. After about a quarter of an hour, I got up and shook off all the bedding. The blinkers prevented me from looking too closely at my appearance. Still, the tremors in my nose now told me that I carried the pungent aromas of the mares that had previously been in pen. I was ready, so I opened the gate, shuffled over to Sampson's enclosure, and opened its entrance.

Sampson got up and came forward as soon as he saw me and then trotted after me as I made my way back to my pen. He got excited and trotted around the enclosure, enjoying the new sights and female smells. He was apprehensive about me at first but soon began to nudge and sniff me all over. When I felt him snuffling around my rear, I played my trump card. I wiggled my bum and peed.

The blinkers and the hood over my ears meant that I could not see or hear Sampson's immediate reaction, but all my other senses were on high alert. So, it felt as though I had been struck by lightning when his rough tongue touched my pussy. I was soon gasping with delight as he enthusiastically teased my labia and clitoris. My vulva became hot and engorged, which in turn triggered an unexpected primal response. Just as I had seen occasionally with mares in heat, my pussy lips began fluttering. Then, they opened, sending out a clear I-am-up-for-it message.

Sampson did not dawdle. In one swoop, his dick bulls-eyed the inviting door to my snatch while he mounted me. My labia then clamped themselves around the head of his cock, not to prevent its escape but to control the rate of penetration. They clasped and released the shaft repeatedly, allowing it only to enter me slowly. Sampson seemed happy to go along with this and did not force the pace. Despite this control, I still squealed when his tool burst inside my pussy but was soon cooing with delight as its head then sought out and lit up every honey spot in its path. Sweet sensations built up around my fanny as Sampson's willy raided it again, and again, and again. As

these feelings reached their peak, my whole body shuddered, and I was engulfed by waves of pleasure while love juices flooded into my snatch. Wow, this must be the mythical orgasm that girls whisper about. More, please.

Sampson was unphased. He rode me through the climax and onto a second. Then he really began to pound me hard. As his cock began to shudder and spasm like a thing possessed, I had my third orgasm.

Sampson now dismounted, came alongside me, and lay down. I settled down with him, and we slept side by side overnight. When I awoke the next morning, Sampson was already up and busy replenishing his stores from the feed trough and water bowl. As I stirred, his attention turned quickly to me. He promptly disappeared out of sight and began licking my pussy. Once it gave him the come-get-me signal, Sampson was on top of me and off to the races. As the night before, he screwed to three climaxes. He then settled down beside me and dozed off. I was in seventh heaven but also completely exhausted. I rested for a while as well before shuffling out of the pen and back along the aisle. I took off my gear, had a shower, redressed, and headed back to the enclosure. I woke up Sampson, led him back his pen, and shut the gate. Mission accomplished.

Although I was weary, post-coital joy carried me through the rest of the morning as I did my chores in the stable. Despite my shower, I must have still have given off many of the scents of intercourse. All the ponies, including Rambo, the string stallion, showed a more than usual interest in me - they nudged and sniffed me repeatedly. Wistful memories of the encounter with Sampson flashed through my head as I cleaned out the now empty enclosure. It was a shocking indication of how far I had come that I was already wondering if the action would be as enjoyable next time.

I went upstairs to my bothy and quickly fell into a deep sleep. Luckily, I awoke four hours later and was busy doing my chores in the stable when Jean, the farmer's wife, dropped in to see how things were going. We chatted for a while, and she went on her way, obviously content my work. Only when I went back to the bothy in the early evening did I see that she had left a package for me. It contained a life-like pony costume and a short note.

I was agog at what it said. 'I saw this morning that you are now enjoying the added benefits to be had while working with colts. I was jealous and shed a tear as I recalled many happy times with them. This costume has not seen the light of day for a long time, so I am passing it to you to use. Have fun but do not entirely exhaust Sampson. He will have plenty of filly duties to fulfill in the future. By the way, the hood and blinkers are a fantastic idea. Without the usual distractions, you could focus entirely on the action in your fanny, and wow, I saw that you were savoring every enthralling thrust. I wish I had thought of that idea'.

By now, my jaw was hanging wide open. Who would believe it? My austere, prim, and proper boss was intimate with colts in her young day and was more than happy for me to enjoy the same pleasures. I felt a sense of relief at finding that I was not alone or totally weird. There was someone else who had experienced and liked pony pleasure. I put the costume into my bed, cuddled up to it, and spent the night dreaming of happy days to come.

I did not rush into things. I waited for Sampson to get frisky again. Still, he must have been delighted by his previous encounters with me because a frustrating week or more passed by with no interest from him. Eventually, my fanny told me to take the lead.

I dressed in the pony costume. It was terrific, fitted like a glove, had a realistic head, and even a swishy tail. Once I had the hood, blinkers, and bridle on, I looked the part and was ready. As previously, I shuffled along to the pen across from Sampson and settled amongst the bedding. A

quarter of an hour later, I went over to Sampson's enclosure and opened the gate. He was startled at first and held back but then to all intents galloped after me as I went back to my pen. No sooner was I settled in position than Sampson mounted me and was off and running. He rode me to three breath-taking orgasms that evening. We slept side by side overnight, and I was then awoken in the morning by him licking my pussy. He was keen for more, and who was I to say no. He screwed me to cloud nine again and then fell asleep beside me. As before, I shuffled out of the pen, washed, redressed in my own clothes, returned, and led Sampson back to his own enclosure - the human/pony relationship now reinforced.

This occasion was a watershed. I now knew that I did not have to wait for Sampson. I could have him whenever my pussy wanted. Also, while he enthusiastically shagged the pony me, he still recognized my human persona as boss. I kept Jean's advice in mind and did not overdo it but teased Sampson into rampant action four times over the following month. Given my previous adolescent fears, I was amazed by how easy and satisfying it now was to allow Sampson to satiate his animal lusts on me.

Late one afternoon, I was surprised to find that the mares in pen across from Sampson were in heat. This clearly made Sampson boisterous and frisky. I could not let my horny colt suffer, so I moved the mares into another pen. Then I put on my costume and settled into position in the now-empty enclosure. Once the gate to Sampson's pen was opened, he was onto me like a flash. No foreplay or lead up. He drilled his cock into my fud and set off as though the world was coming to an end. I was sweating and gasping for breath while he ravished me. As things came to a crescendo, I found out the second reason why Sampson was so frantic. When his cock began to shudder and spasm, I felt a hot spot rapidly build up around its tip. My horny colt had come of age and shot his very first load. My pussy's delightful reactions to its first taste of cum were a bonus after such a mind-blowing ride.

As usual, Sampson and I slept side by side overnight. My randy colt was up and replenishing his energy reserves before I stirred. Once awake, I quickly realized that I felt over the moon. This delightful response was more than just a post-coital afterglow. I was on a high. I would go on to experience this sensation many times in the future, but it was only much later in life that I found the reason why. Cum contains many chemicals and hormones that are there to support the lively swimmers and help them achieve their goals. Some of these compounds attach to the pussy and acclimatize it to its new imperative. One side-effect of these reactions is to promote a deep sense of whole-body satisfaction and well-being—what a lovely reward for doing my feminine duty.

Samson was lively as he had been the night before. As soon as I was on all fours, he began snuffling and licking my snatch, which in turn did not dawdle in sending out a come-and-get-it message. Sampson covered me in a flash and screwed me with breath-taking enthusiasm. I was delirious by the time he started braying as his dick went wild and filled my snatch with spunk. Sampson did not linger. As soon as he dismounted me, he trotted back to his pen and went to sleep.

I was left alone, sweating, gasping for breath, and exhausted but also engulfed in the sensual pleasure than only an unfettered shagging can give. Encompassed in this aura of joy, I lay down amongst the straw and fell into a deep sleep.

I was nuzzled and nudged awake in the middle of the afternoon. I could hardly believe that Sampson wanted more action but who was I to refuse. As I struggled to get up, I glimpsed my eager companion through my blinkered and bleary eyes and realized that it was not Sampson. Oh my, hovering over me was Rambo the string stallion.

Rambo must have caught the scents of the mares in heat and somehow forced his way out of his pen. Now he had found me in their aromatic stall and clearly had only one thing in mind. I had barely time to recover from the shock before his heavy muscled body was over me, and his forelegs were

gripping my midriff. I screamed as the head of his cock forced its way into my pussy and groaned as it delved into its depths. My eyes were almost popping out of my head as my fud struggled with Rambo's massive dick. It was around two inches longer than Sampson's, but my oh my, it was three to four times thicker. Added to this, the glans expanded even further once it was inside its nest.

Soon, I was babbling incoherently as my pussy was stretched to its limits and trashed by Rambo's rampaging shaft. I was close to passing out when his cock went stiff and then started to pulse vigorously. Now, instead of shooting its load, Rambo's dick pumped a steady, seemingly never-ending stream of spunk into my fud. In no time, my snatch felt as though it would burst, but fortunately, Rambo finally withdrew. My fanny sphincters screamed as the engorged glans forced its way between them and eventually emerged with a distinct pop. Then, a mass of cum spurted out of my snatch and ran down the back of my legs. As my pussy was settling down into a more relaxed state, it twitched and released a flood of love juices.

Rambo lay down and rested for a short while but was soon back on top of me. He had not had any cock action in months, and given this chance, he was intent on making up for the lost time. Let us just say that he rode me hard and filled my ravished pussy with soothing cum on four separate occasions over that afternoon and evening. I was a physical and mental wreck before he at last headed back to his pen. I crashed out amongst the straw bedding, and I slumbered deeply that night.

When I awoke the next morning, I was surprised to find that the gate to my pen was closed, as were Sampson and Rambos. Only after having a shower, redressing, and gingerly making my way to my bothy did I discover the reason why. There was food on my table and a note from Jean.

'Have a good rest today. I see that you have been busy with female duties. I am impressed. I know that I could not have coped with both Sampson and Rambo even in my young day, but you have satisfied them. Well done. I have done all the stable chores for today. So you can have a hearty meal and spend the rest of the day bathing in the absolute bliss that only a well-used pussy and multiple climaxes can provide.'

I was gobsmacked by this supportive message from Jean. She was, of course, correct. Yes, my encounters with Sampson and Rambo were bruising. Still, they had also taken me to incredible levels of ecstasy, and overall, I felt a million dollars. As I lay on my bed reflecting upon this, a startling revelation dawned on me. Although I had been shagged many times by Sampson, I had until yesterday still retained a smidgeon of girly innocence. Now that was gone. Rambo had taken me up to a different level. Unlike with Sampson, our coupling had not been a game. To Rambo, I was just a mare in heat, and he had one and only one imperative - to ride me without consideration or compassion and impregnate me. The realization that this was my primary role as a female put me firmly in my place and changed me forever. Not that this was a bad thing. It was, in fact, liberating. Thanks to Rambo, I was now an experienced woman. My pussy no longer remembered a time without cock and was already eagerly anticipating its next enthralling battle with an out of control penis.

Everything in the stables was quiet for the next couple of weeks. Sampson and Rambo were calm and as docile as little lambs. Of course, this could not last. Sampson soon became skittish and jumpy whenever I moved mares or fillies nearby his pen. That alone was enough to pique my fanny's interest, and each time my knickers would become damp. Finally, I succumbed to the inevitable, got into my pony gear, and serviced Sampson's needs.

I had been concerned that Rambo's mighty cock might have over-stretched my pussy, but these fears were unfounded. Nature is wonderful. My fud was as tight and responsive to Sampson's dick as before. I climaxed several times as he drilled me with gusto and filled my fanny with cum. Two

enthraling sessions later, Sampson was satisfied, and peace was restored to the stable.

Less than a week was to elapse before my pussy again began sending me wet hints of its hunger. Try as I might, I could not resist this call, and much to Sampson's delight, his dick and my fud enjoyed the satiating cha-cha once again. From then, we coupled once a week to satisfy each other's needs. Sampson got more powerful and skilled with time, and I became more attuned to him. So, each ride was a new and captivating journey that never displeased.

Rambo did not miss out but being more mature than Sampson. He did not seek out cock action so often. The next time he got frisky around me was about five days after the end of my period. At the time, I was also feeling up for it and thinking of teasing Sampson into action. I feared Rambo because he was big, bulky, and bossy but was overruled by my fanny, which became wet at just the thought of his massive cock. So, I decided to go for it.

I changed into my costume, shuffled along the stable aisle, and opened the gate to Rambo's pen. He stepped back when I entered, but that was only momentary. He quickly disappeared behind me, nudged my tail aside, and began licking my vulva. It quickly engorged and sent Rambo the come-get-me message. He did not hesitate. In an instant, he was on top of me with his erect cock at the door. My pussy lips literally screamed as the head forced its way between them. Luckily, my fud was already wet. After only three penetrating thrusts, it was fully impaled on Rambo's thick seven-inch cock. My fanny squirmed and spasmed as it tried to accommodate Rambo's dick and my eyes almost popped out of my head at each breath-taking thrust. Despite this, my snatch became extremely hot and excited as the glans raided honey spot after honey spot. Add to this, that my vulva lips were so stretched that my clitoris was exposed. It was being stroked repeatedly by Rambo's sheath. In no time at all, I orgasmed, and soothing juices rushed into my love tunnel.

Rambo did not relent. In fact, he pounded me harder. I was sweating just like any horse by the time I climaxed again and was delirious when my snatch was finally filled with spunk. I was close to collapse when Rambo dismounted me but still had enough savvy to try to get out of the pen. But he was having none of it. He blocked my exit. I gave up, slumped to the floor, and fell asleep.

Little time seemed to have passed before Rambo nudged me awake and up into position. He immediately began licking the juices still dripping from my fanny. Its lips quickly puffed up and then opened. I gasped in shock. How could my pussy be sending out an I-am-ready-for-it signal so soon after a heavy pounding? But it did, and Rambo did not hesitate. He covered me and shagged me as enthusiastically as before. But this was not the finish. In total, Rambo raided my love tunnel and filled it with cum five times that day before he let me go. He probably stopped only because his massive balls were drained of all their love juices.

Rambo shagged me silly. I was hardly aware of dragging myself out of his pen, pushing the gate shut, and struggling over the aisle into an empty stall. I supped plenty of water from the drinking bowl before I lay down on the straw and rested. Now confusion took hold of me. I had been used, bruised, and abused by Rambo and was angry with him for that, but there was no escaping my active role in the events. My pussy had invited Rambo to do his worst, not just once, but on five occasions, and despite the pain, I felt a strong sense of satisfaction. What was wrong with me? Why was I so immoral? Only now did I realize that Rambo had unlocked a deep primeval female instinct in me. An irresistible desire to fulfill my males' every need, however demanding they may be, had been awakened. I had fulfilled that in buckets, and it was good.

Life settled into an exhilarating cycle after that - weekly with Sampson and an exhausting once per month with Rambo. I could not be happier. There were no tantrums, no arguments, and no sulking boyfriends demanding that I put out just to prove that I really loved them. Only regular eye-watering

intercourse was on the menu. I am sure that most women would be envious of that.

You may wonder why I continued with Rambo since he was so brutal. The truth is that I loved Rambo's feral view of intercourse. Doing the deed was all about him. Let us admit it. Girls' lovemaking is a delight, but who, given the right circumstances, does not enjoy an excellent no-frills pussy banging now and again. While this is often portrayed as the ultimate act of male dominance and exploitation of women to me, it is the opposite. It is his acknowledgment that 'I am a woman, and he is nothing without me.' Also, after a good banging, all my luscious times with Sampson are then sweet icing on the cake.

The only cloud on my horizon was the rapid approach of spring when the ponies would all be put out to the fields. That would mean the end of my good times and an inevitable return to celibacy - not now an appealing thought. However, there was nothing I could do but just to enjoy the ride so long as it lasted.

Things, however, took an unexpected turn in spring. I had forgotten that Jean would have faced the same frustrating situation in her younger days, and she had found a way to overcome it.

The End.