

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



We stayed up at a ranch for a week, just me and my wife; Daniella. I guess it was a slow time of year for tourists as we were the only ones staying at the cabins. The ranch was owned by an old couple and they had hired a real life cowboy to take people on horse rides and tend to the guests.

On the first day, Daniella wanted to go horseback riding, but I passed. She went on her own accompanied only by the ranch's cowboy. After they came back, I thought I saw him looking at her ass as she dismounted. Who could blame him? Daniella was a catch! She stayed pretty fit, but left enough fat on her ass, thighs and chest to shape a curvy little wife for me. She was calm and adventurous sexually, making our seven years of marriage very fun. She was curious and eager to please, indulging my every fantasy. Whether she was trying ass-to-mouth despite how humiliated she felt or whether she was on her hands and knees in nothing but a thong, inside a locked public bathroom so I could take pictures to put on the internet, (we blurred her face of course) she was always nervous but willing to try. The perfect wife.

So when we got back to our cabin and we were alone, I told her that he was staring at her ass as she dismounted her steed. She smiled, flattered. She teased me, saying how good looking she thought he was. I always had a fantasy to see my compliant little wife with another man, using her body to satisfy him the same way she would eagerly get me hard and keep me that way. I couldn't go through with it of course, so from time to time I would ask her to flirt with random guys so I could watch her tease them and then go home and fuck her. I think she likes it too. It was safe and if we can get home before she sucked me off in the car, she was usually dripping wet.

I wanted her to go flirt with him at night by the stables and I would watch from the shadows. At first Daniella refused out right. He had told her that his wife had cheated on him last year with his own brother. He was still pretty devastated and he was lonely. She thought it would be cruel, especially after his wife had screwed up his head so badly. But I convince her that he probably WAS lonely and that he'd be flattered she was flirting with him. It would make him feel good about himself.

She's still very reluctant, but agrees to go down and talk to him, even flirt a little, but not too much. She was feeling especially guilty about this.

I found a way to sneak up on them by going around the long way and entering the back of the barn. From here I was able to watch them no less than a foot away from me through big gaps in the wooden wall without them seeing me. He's very forward with her and I don't do anything about it. She giggles nervously and steps away from him, but he's quite persistent. Eventually she tells him that she doesn't think this is such a good idea. He thinks she's being cute and playing hard to get, but when she makes it clear that she wants him to stop, he gets angry and grabs her, forcing her to bend over some piece of farm equipment, tying her hands behind her back.

He starts telling her what a stupid fucking tease she is. That all women are just cock teasing bitches. That she shouldn't play around with people's emotions.

She stares through the cracks in the wood to my hiding place, shocked. I still don't say anything.

She tells him that he's right. She's really sorry and to let her make it up to him. She pushes her ass out, arching her back and spreads her legs. She's stiff and unsure of herself, but guilt has always been incredibly effective on my wife.

He unties her hands and says she can leave if she wants. She doesn't right away, instead she stares at him, horny and wanting him to take her.

Instead, she unbuttons her jeans and unzips the fly, pushing them down her meaty thighs.

"No, I really am sorry. Let me make it up to you."

"Are you sure?" He unzipped his pants and took out the biggest cock I'd ever seen. "A lot of women can't take me. That's why my wife left. It hurt her too much."

"Holy shit!" My pretty, little wife was practically drooling over her shoulder.

You've never seen anything until you watch a super hung stud mount your pretty little wife. Her mixed emotions of fear and exhilaration contained in her bit lip and wasted breath.

And it must be true that a pussy can stretch to twice its depth during sex, because at first he could only get about halfway inside her. Every thrust caused her to wince in pain, grit her teeth or put her hand out to hold him back. I had a perfect spot on my knees behind the wooden wall they were fucking against, to see him bottom out inside her. And each time he would hit her cervix halfway in with a sharp inhale from my horny wife. By the time he was finishing with her however, he was balls deep in her now sloppy pussy, grabbing her hip fat and driving himself home as far as possible. And she no longer winced in pain or tried to stop the invader hammering the walls of her womb. Instead, her hands braced against the wall separating us and helped her to push back against the horsecock he was feeding her. Her head hung down, mouth hanging open, almost or sometimes drooling as if all the life had been fucked out of her during anyone one of her five counted orgasms.

The first happened as he forced himself inside; she bit her lip as he pressed the head against her moist lips, rubbing her clit. Her eyes opened wide when her lips finally stretched around his head. She clearly hadn't thought he'd ever fit that much inside her. She came moments later, her pussy stretched around a cock the size of a coke can.

Within minutes he's pushed half his cock into her and she cums again. After this second orgasm she loosens up and starts pushing back against her barbarian invader as he defiles her once delicate womanhood, raping and pillaged her thoroughly. Now she would buck against her stud, helping him ruin her desperately.

This time she took longer to build her orgasm, allowing him to take his time and enjoy how much she had stretched and perverted herself to make it up to him.

Her arms buckle and she collapses against the wooden wall of the stable, but he still hadn't cum!

"Oh god! It's too sensitive now! Please cum!" He continued to bulldoze her without missing a beat. "Please!" she moaned pathetically, "I'm begging you! You can cum inside me, I don't care, just give me a second to rest."

He silently and mercilessly continues rhythmically to beat on her tender meats for another minute or two, leaving her on the verge of orgasm with her eyes rolling into the back of her head, the only sound; the punching slap of her brutalized ass cheeks as the bone of his pelvis collides with her pleasure centre.

"Just a quick break, then?" He smiled as he slows down and her body is still quivering. "But then you want more, right?"

She nods like woman in shock who's still wondering what's happened. "Anything you want." She was panting and practically collapsed when he had slipped from her, her legs going to jelly as though the hand had just gone out of the puppet.

"Take off those pants." He ordered her like she was a plate of bottomless fries at a Denny's. He had her strip down to her g-string and shoes, which was quite the sight. Her hair was tussled and some of it matted to her face with sweat. She was flush and her ass was red and sticky with sweat and sex juices. She was starting to feel exposed out in the open when he gave her new orders.

"Get down in the mud and roll around like a fuck pig."

"Yeah?" She asked incredulously. Once the hard, confident smile came back at her as a confirmation, she became confused. "You want me to lay down in that filth?"

He advanced on her and the silence enveloped us, the only sound; her terrified and shallow panting. Maybe she thought he would hit her, she didn't know and neither did I, but I was eager to find out.

He reaches out and gently caresses one of her exposed breasts, at first tantalizing the nipple alone between thumb and forefinger and then forcefully clamping onto the entire breast and massaging it thoroughly. She might have said something at this point, but when she opened her mouth, he put his tongue into it.

As they started passionately kissing, I could tell she was aroused. His hands felt her entire body from her swollen ass to her throat and down her front.

Suddenly her mouth gasped in pain. Her cries muffled by his mouth on top of hers. He was twisting her nipple hard and he wasn't letting go! She pulled away, but he gave her a creepily confident smile, snapped his fingers and said, "Get back here and put your tits out."

I thought this would be the end of it, that my proud wife would pit a stop to it or that I would, but we didn't.

Instead, Daniella came back slowly and put her hands behind her head, thrusting her tits out. "Please, be gentle..."

Instead, he reached a hand into her panties to feel how wet she was. "Why? You seem to like it a lot when it hurts." With that he twisted her nipple again and she winced, but this time stayed in place. He smiled as he worked his fingers in and out of her, "You're practically dripping now aren't you?"

When she didn't give him the answer he was looking for, he pulled his fingers from her slippery twat and pushed them into her mouth. She immediately started licking and sucking his fingers enthusiastically.

"Now get in the fucking mud," he said it with such authority, her will buckled at that very moment. She wanted to please him now more than ever. She wanted him again. Whether it had been the kiss that romanced her, the adrenaline rush or even a little fear of displeasing her new master, Daniella slowly dropped to her knees into the soft muck.

"Rub it on your titties." Her hands pulled up dark clumps of mud and rubbed it across her chest. "Put your ass in it." She did as she was told, sitting her bare white ass cheeks down into the farm mud puddle. The cold wetness oozing up between her cheeks and into every fold must have been a relief for her hot and bruised ass.

Once she had sufficiently degraded herself into some kind of obedient animal, following his orders to crawl on hand and knee and to wedge mud into her ass crack to fill the cheeks, only then could she could get up.

She tried valiantly to stand proud with some kind of dignity as clumps of horseshit slid down her body and fell off.

"Well horsey, you are one filthy animal." He walked around her, "Not much to show, are you? Filthy bitch like you, only gonna be good for breeding now." She took all of his taunting with her head hanging down, nodding.

He slapped her on the ass. "Say, yes master!"

"Yes, master."

"Good girl. Now would you like to be bred by my monster cock?"

"Yes please, master!"

"Do you think my cock would fit in your ass without tearing you apart?"

"I don't know, probably not."

"Will you do it anyway? To make me cum inside you?"

"Yes."

"Even if it hurts you?"

"I'll make it fit. I want it."

"Okay, leave your clothes here and walk over to my cottage. I've got to hose you down before you can come inside, but then we're going to get real familiar."

She didn't even look back once. They walked down the road, her covered in cow shit, wearing only her shoes and a practically non-existent black thong, nothing more than a sopping wet string cutting into her hip fat and his two fingers up her ass so she'd walk on her tip toes.

She didn't come back all night and the next day I crept to the cabin and could hear them still fucking. Daniella's voice was horse from moaning and crying. She begged for mercy, but then came hard when she was pushed further. He kicked her out about three in the afternoon, completely nude, forcing her to stumble back to our cabin in front of anyone who could see her. She was dazed or in shock, completely calm as she slowly made her way back to the cabin, every muscle in pain, skin sticky from sweat and cum. Someone must have seen her as my horny slut of a wife walked her big white ass down the road. She practically fell into bed and then slept for about ten hours.

When she woke up, she drank a glass of water to rehydrate and we talked. She let me feel how he had landscaped her from the inside. I pushed four fingers up to the knuckle with like zero resistance! Then her ass. Same thing! My wife had been stretched open voluntarily and she loved it. She said it was painful at first, but after he broke her in, she hurt herself on him again and again like a retarded animal, (her words) until she was loose and then gave him her asshole to wear out.

She wouldn't let me fuck her for very long, she said she couldn't really feel me anymore. She said she still loved me and laid out in front of me on the bed, legs spread. She told me to jerk off onto her while she started playing with herself.

Her hands are much smaller than my own and pretty soon she's up to her wrist with little difficulty. I ask her questions about the last two days. She seemed to enjoy it. She said it was the best sex she'd

ever had.

She'd been opened up in more ways than one. She enjoyed being used by men for pleasure and she didn't care whether or not I was okay with that anymore. This had been my idea after all.

She told me she thought she might start fucking other guys too, see what she's missing. I came right there. She didn't. Even with her knuckles massaging her pussy walls, she said it wasn't enough. She seemed so different now, changed literally from the inside out. He had landscaped her physically with his tool, but I could see what mental damage was done here too.

I asked her if she was leaving me. She said she wouldn't unless that was what I wanted. I didn't want to lose her so she said it would be fine as long as I made certain allowances. I could see where this was going, but what could I do? I still wanted her and loved her.

The next day as we checked out there was a bit of an incident. As we approached the front desk, the old man who owned the ranch greeted us with, "You and your whore of a wife leavin' us already?"

I was starting to say something when Daniella cut me off saying, "No, that's okay dear, let me handle this. I think we're about to get free accommodations here for another time as well as having this bill waved."

The old man seemed unlikely to budge but Daniella asked me to meet her outside in a minute. When I walked out I swore she was walking around the front desk and I wondered if I should have left as she suggested.

When she got in the car she was very excited. I asked, "So what happened?"

She said, "I got him to wave the fee. It was pretty cool!"

"What did you say?"

"I don't think it was so much what I said in as much as it was me swallowing his load. But still, it's pretty good because when I come up again, he said I could stay for free as long as I kept him happy. It's crazy to have this kind of power really!"

I was stunned. "You mean to tell me that you just sucked that old man's cock while I waited in the car?"

"And I swallowed him when he finished, yes." She said it plainly.

"You sucked that old man's cock? And you're going to do it again when you come back here to have yourself fucked to a pulp by a horse cock?"

Actually, I told him that I would fuck him next time. I told him he could have any hole he wanted next time but he might want me before I get opened up by the big horse cock." She was amazing.

I was pissed off but she didn't want me to be, so she took one last try to explain it to me.

She looked at me sincerely and said, "You know you're going to have to be cool with sharing me if this is going to work. I'm going to bring men into our bed sometimes. I mean I'll try to go to their house, but that might not always be an option and I don't want to feel like I have to sneak around behind your back about this. I want to fuck a black man, you know? And I'll be driving up to the ranch at least once a month, maybe more, but I'd feel cruel letting him go for longer without release,

you know? It's a fucking monster! You've seen it!" She rambled on, but I knew I had fucked up our relationship.

Sooner or later I'm going to get fed up and leave, or she'll leave me because I can't handle this, but right now we fuck maybe once a month while she wears her pussy out on all kinds of random cock. She fucks guys she meets in bars, coworkers, I don't like going out with her anymore with such a high likelihood that she'll fuck a waiter in the coatroom, another customer in the bathroom or simply leave with someone, asking me if I minded! She fucked her boss and has been promoted three times in one year, each time a different boss and she started making way more moeny than I do.

The only time we ever fuck, when she gets back from a trip to the ranch and needs a day or two to recover from how he fucked her sloppy and loose pussy wide open. She was too embarrassed and worn out to go picking up guys so that's one of the few times we ever have together. Of course she doesn't feel me inside her and I've learned to put my fist in her and then fuck my fist for any kind of tightness.

She even cums sometimes, but on those times she usually mutters something along the lines of, "God! He fucking stretches me so much every time! His cock is as big as your fist!" And then she cums on my hand as I try to spread my fingers inside her to make me even bigger.

I don't know what to do. Recently she told me that he'd been filming her visits. She didn't really care, but he had put together a website now and was charging a membership fee to get access to all the pictures and videos of my wife spreading herself open, taking baseball bats up her ass and fisting and she cums loudly every time.

He put the site up a couple weeks before he told her about it. Nothing was censored so you could always see her face twisted in pain and ecstasy as she came spitting out grunts and moans and long strings of filthy language.

I know she was terrified of our friends and family finding out, but she was told that if she didn't voluntarily perform for her new fans, he would stop fucking her and she couldn't have that. So monthly trips became weekly and the site started making enough money that she didn't need to work, which was lucky, because she was fired for missing so much work and while most times she would just spread her legs for her boss and beg to keep her job, this time she was just too loose in her pussy and ass for him to get off.

Eventually she simply stayed at the ranch, making nightly videos of her taking his horse cock or other objects in her stretched out holes for the camera. They kept trying to push themselves further; they tried with no lube (which looked excruciating, but she came instantaneously), costumes, facials, toys but peaked when he convinced her, at the suggestion of one of her online fans, to make a movie involving one of the ranch's ponies.

She was nervous as she stroked the animal hard, the pony's cock was even thicker than his. A few kisses and she was swallowing his first load as it blasted her in the mouth. Throughout, she rubbed herself furiously, trying to cum. In the end, she had to have the big cock inside her.

She looked a little worse for wear now, hundreds of hours of extreme porn having taken their toll on her now haggard body. The pony reared onto her back and mounted her in one hard thrust, ripping her apart for sure. The powerful animal pounded into her rubbery snatch with abandon and she came crying and screaming, "Jesus fucking Christ! He's making me cum! Ow! Thank you! Ugh! Thank you!" The video ended with her curled up on the floor, a gallon of horse cum running steadily out of her and into a puddle on the floor. Coming from behind the camera, he led her face to the

puddle and told her not to waste anything. So Tear stained, puffy and red, every vestige of humanity stripped from her, she smiled and slurped at the cum, swallowing what she could.

This video polarized her fan base. Most of her fans were turned off by her bestiality video and turned away. This created a money problem for the site and to get them out of it, her new master invited paying members to come up and fuck her in person. They had to pay more money obviously but she took on every one of them in turn. Sure, they could barely feel the walls of her pussy and ass now, but that's what these freaks wanted. They were sick and twisted, lonely men, unattractive by most standards and she let them cum inside her if they could, cram as many toys in her at one time as they could and paid extra to see her and the pony.

She told me she never refused anyone anything. She'd done 50 men for forty eight hours straight during a self-proclaimed "5 Buck Fuck Night" on her website. She bought her last car with money she made allowing one website member to tattoo his name on her ass. She'd been to the hospital twice after the pony got a little too rough, but she toughened up quickly. She'd drunk the collective loads of groups of men, smearing the cum into her mouth with her fingers, rubbing it into her skin and smiling to the camera for more. She allowed her new master to tie her down and use syringes to inject saline into her breasts dozens of times until they swelled like water balloons and then untied, allowed him to handle the abused melons roughly, squeezing and slapping them until they misshaped to hang like pieces of bruised fruit while she rubbed at her worn out cootchie trying desperately to cum.

One day she woke up at the foot of his bed where she slept and removing her sleep wear (which consisted of leather panties with a vibrating dildo and butt plug on the inside as well as a gag that had a rubber cock on it that went in her mouth), she gently woke up her lover and told him she didn't want to do this anymore. He said that he understood completely but there would be a price to pay before she could go. She smiled and agreed. Of course she wanted one final fuck fiesta before she left this life forever.

She took crazy caffeine supplements and stayed up on drugs to fuck for four days straight. She advertised her retirement on her site and streamed it live as she went from gang bang to horsey to piercings to machines and mutilation. If she passed out, they just continued as if she wasn't. They beat her if they were angry that she was leaving them, (only upon her insistence of course) and she laughed and cried as she taunted each of them to give her their worst. She was an insane service animal and she performed.

When she stumbled out the door and into the cab, she was soft and broken like sex pulp, whipped and beaten and fucked sideways to her contentment. She came home and begged my forgiveness and I accepted her back. I still loved her after all and although it sickened me, I watched every episode on her website and even suggested a few things myself. I was jealous and angry and turned on all at the same time. Her guilt was in overdrive and she was constantly apologizing for fucking up our relationship so badly. Our sex life changed forever as well. She could only cum now if I ram-punched her with my fist into her pussy repeatedly. It was a constant effort to satisfy her and to keep her loose. She didn't want any other man to tempt her to stray, so she wanted to stay so loose that they'd likely be disgusted and then she wouldn't even try. I only fucked her face or her ass now. I don't complain much about that.