

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) by Scoobyskeet

“Fuck!” I cried, rattling at the stable door, my swearing quite rampant. “Fuck, shit, balls, dick! Fucking hell! Of course, this goddamn door is locked.”

It was my fault, really. I had suddenly decided to reschedule, to do the other animals first and to put the horses on last. Of course, being in the stables makes it hard to notice how late it is, especially on a summer day where the nights come way too fucking late, and now the senile old bitch of a farmer has locked this place and me with it. God fucking damn this shit.

I gave up on the door and sat down. I pulled up my phone. Perhaps I could call Michael here to help. Then, he would probably want a favor in return, but hey, I would be happy to oblige. For anyone really, I mean, my first time should be special, yes, but does it have to be with Michael?

I focused my eyes on my phone, only to notice that it did not react to me pressing the screen lock button. I pressed it again, then held it. My phone sprang to life, running through a plethora of screens, but then abruptly stopped and became dark.

Of fucking course, my phone is flat. For real, I thought I had charged it fully this morning. I’m fucking do-

The sound of horses interrupts me, as well as some other noises. I could swear they sounded like knocks. I should probably look back there.

I turned to the stables, only to see that I have foolishly left the doors open. Obviously, several of the horses were walking around freely inside the stable, but that did not catch my eye. What did was the prized stallion, the farmer called him ‘Lucky Shot’ mounting a mare and emptying his seed inside her.

My god, are they, oh fuck, they are. He is shooting his load. Whoa, that’s an awful lot. And so eager. I wonder if Michael would be so wild on my first time... Oh God, am I lusting for a fucking horse now? Cool it, Emily! You’re not that desperate, are you? Wait, am I?

I approach the mare as Lucky Shot removed himself and his body from her. I admired her coat, then I turned to her and inspected her privates. Stallion cum was oozing from it, and I was fixated on it. Before I realized, I had my mouth buried deep in her wide opening, practically drinking the seed while lapping at her inner folds, trying to gain as much of it as possible. Finally, I removed myself from the mare.

Okay, that was intense. You just had your first lesbian experience with a fucking horse. No, no, I just wanted to taste the cum of the stallion, it’s not as if I’m a lesbian.

I stopped myself and shook my head.

What the fuck is wrong with me? Is my only fear about bestiality is it might be seen as some lesbian shit? They’re fucking horses, and no matter their virile, wild, mating behavior, they’re still animals, not humans. I should better ba-

Another stallion interrupts me, pushing against me, my mouth specifically. The stallion was clearly erect, the long shaft slapping against the horse’s belly. The horse smelled me intensely, and I realized what a mistake I just made.

I smell like a mare in heat right now. Well, that could be problematic. Wait, considering how

unreserved these horses are—Fuck!

I quickly undress. While I knew my clothing could get dirty if I just drop them on the floor, I also knew that if I didn't, my clothes might be ripped apart. Then, I laid on all fours, spread my labia open as I guide the dick to it and brace for impact.

Being ravaged by the horse's phallus would not be an accurate description. Impaled would fit better, as I was quickly and very painfully filled up by the horse's entire dick. I was lucky that he understood I'm not a mare, and he thus did not try to lean his weight on me, but he still filled me without any hesitation. Before a single sound escaped my lips, he yanked his shaft from my nether regions and by the time my first cry of pain, he was filling me again. He was like a jackhammer, and I was the one pounded.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah! Fuck that hurts. Oowwwwww! Fuck! No! Stop!" I begged, but he continued. I got into it when the pain subsided, but to my surprise, he quickly reached his limits and filled my body with his seed as he flared up. As he pulled out, I only could say one thing, "Seriously?"

Of course, he fucking destroys me with that thing of his, and when I'm starting to enjoy it, he finishes. Okay, fuck it, I need to be in control of the mating, else this is not gonna work. I look around, and see a pony, standing in the back. It probably was small enough for me to enjoy if I was in control.

I made my way over to it, all the while the stallion's seed drips out of my nether regions. Fuck, I hope that beast didn't make me pregnant. I couldn't look anyone in the eye if I gave birth to Minotaur's or something. Though the farmer might accept me here, perhaps he would even keep me working in the stables. After all, this probably accounts for overtime work, doesn't it?

As I reached the pony, my loins ached, and I wanted to feel in control, in the lead, to be the one who has control over everything. I sat on the pony's back. Welcome to the rodeo, pony, I hope you like being used, because you ain't going anywhere.

I pushed my groin across the back, gaining pleasure as the soon-matted fur of the horse tingled and rubbed against my love button, caressed my thighs. I was in heaven. I had pleased myself before, but the feeling of using some being for your pleasure, to make it nothing but the subject of your control. It drove me to ecstasy, and so, I moved more frantically, soon lying on top of the pony, my breasts and arms embracing the horse as my folds went to town on the back.

Fuck! Yes, this feels so good, I need to go faster, rougher. I need...

My constant train of orgasmic thought interrupted by the faintest hint of resistance in the pony. It started bucking meekly as if wanting to arouse me more. Well, if the pony did, it was working, for its actions made my moans and incoherent words escape from my mouth in full force.

"Yes, bad horsey, fight me, fight for your right to impregnate me! Show me how much of a man you are, don't stop! Fucking do it harder, harder! Aaaaaaah!"

Before I had known, I already was riding the poor pony to the extent of my orgasm, grinding my hips deep inside him. My gasps were never ending, until I finally collapsed, the afterglow of what I had done washing over me. I laid on the ground and looked up to the pony, whose dick is fully erect.

"Aw, you didn't get to cum, huh? Well, my pussy is off limits, but perhaps..." I spat in my hand and worked the wet, lubricated hand into my back, pure and untouched until now.

Meanwhile, I assumed a position similar to the doggy style I fucked the stallion. This time, however, I positioned the pony's length on my ass as I moved said ass up and down, letting the ponies cock run over my ass crack as I prepared myself for my anal defloration, both mentally and physically.

"Come on, this girl wants her pony, and she wants her worked up, so put in more swing!"

As I said this, I increased the pace. It felt incredible how much control I had, and my hand started feeling not perfectly comfortable, but bearable, being lodged inside my ass. Finally, I was pulling it out and readying myself for penetration.

"Good pony... Now then, let me just... What?"

I noticed a wet liquid touching my nicely tattooed back. It felt oh so satisfying, but also so frustrating. On the one hand, I had received my first cum shot on my body, but on the other, there goes the plan of anal penetration.

Huh... Guess you horses are really not made for long intercourse. Well, I don't really think I will be satisfied with only one cum shot on me, and there are so many other horses, so fuck it.

And fuck I did. I went to the next stallion and put its cock tip in my mouth, caressing it and jerking it with my arms as my lips and tongue did everything to push the horse over the edge quickly. I felt glee as the spurts hit my face, covered my hair, dripped on my breasts, which I gave a playful jiggle. Then, I went and did it to the next one, and the next, and the next...

Farmer Joe opened the door at some point, and I was quite shocked at how much time had passed so quickly. I was not covering myself, instead of greeting him with a "Hello, Joe! Sorry for the mess but these horses really were pent up. You don't let them get off that often, do you?"

He shook his head in disbelief. "By God, you actually did it? These horses were all unwilling to breed, but unable to sire even one foal... You've cured them of that?"

I look at myself covered from head to toe in horse semen, and my clothes saturated in equine cum too. "You're not mad?"

"No, I'm grateful, you made me the best gift you could! How can I repay you?"

"I might need a change of clothes. Also, a quiet room, I got some... needs that these horses couldn't satisfy."

The farmer thought for a moment. "The clothes are no big deal, I will pay you handsomely for this, but I have got no free room for your... needs. Though, considering what miracles you pulled off with the horses... I got some other areas that need similar... working. If you want, I can pay you a grand sum for you to... relieve your desire with the pigs or the bulls... If you are successful, that is."

"Sounds like a sweet deal." I left the stables and headed to the pig farm, but turned around once more. "I don't need the clothes immediately, and you seem fascinated by what I did, so... wanna watch?"

The End.