

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) by misfit mind

Sally crept through the cool darkness in her nightie, her bare feet treading as carefully as possible to avoid making any unwanted noise that might give her away. She knew the area perfectly well and in the dim starlight had little trouble finding her way. He isn't far now. It had taken her three weeks to get to this far and this time she wasn't turning back. At first she could barely climb out of her bedroom window without fear chasing her back inside but slowly she had grown more confident.

Figuring out how to climb down the trellis had taken a few further nights of practice and by then there was a full moon that made crossing the field far too exposing for her particular trek. Instead Sally had to content herself with running around the garden, exploring the darkened version of the world she knew so well in daylight while everyone else was sound asleep.

Over the next two weeks the shadow of the earth gradually crept back across the face of the moon dimming the bright night back into a cooler, safer darkness and so Sally began to venture out across the field. At first she could barely climb through the fence without getting scared of the small night time sounds around her. She'd go running back to the house, deftly clamber up the trellis, duck through her window, and jump back into bed huffing and puffing with excitement.

Tonight as she finally reached the edge of the small courtyard Sally crouched stealthily to make sure all was well. Checking behind her and all around everything was still and silent. An owl hooted somewhere off in the distance and Sally's heart thumped loudly in her chest. Moving lithely round the corner, she peered into the dense darkness of his stall. She could feel the heat of his body radiating out of the shadows and could hear him breathing deeply inside. He knew her well and was not afraid.

With a tiny scraping noise that seemed to screech loudly for the whole world to hear she slid the bolt on his door free. Kneeling, she carefully rotated the kick-bolt to stop the loud clang it usually made when she flicked it open with her foot. The door creaked open slightly on its hinges and with one last nervous safety check over her shoulders, she gently pulled the door ajar just enough for her to fit through and slipped inside.

Standing up, she pulled the door closed behind her and leaning over the top carefully slid the top bolt back in place just enough to keep the door from swinging open of its own accord. She could feel him standing behind her, waiting. Slowly she turned but he was already on her, his big head nuzzling against her shoulder, curious as to why she was in his room this late at night.

Two months ago Sally had turned eighteen and her parents had given her the greatest surprise present of her whole life; a large black and white pony who she had lovingly called Harry. Her mother had made sure she understood how much work would be involved in taking care of him and Sally had promised and sworn she would do so.

One warm afternoon after Sally had finished riding her mom had gone back to the house leaving her to wash Harry down and put him away. As she was hosing him a very strange thing happened. Spraying the water under his belly Sally noticed something hanging down between Harry's back legs. Curious, she moved in for a closer look as the black and pink snake grew longer and longer in front of her eyes until it hung well over a foot long swinging gently.

Without even thinking Sally found herself strangely drawn under the horse. Reaching out she gently grasped his fleshy shaft in her small hands and feeling his intense warmth radiating into her palms. Suddenly she got nervous. Some instinctive part of her said this is taboo and the fear of getting caught made her recoil. However, her curiosity was sparked and she became determined to come

back to him somehow when they wouldn't be disturbed, or she couldn't get caught.

"Hey, Harry," she cooed at his nuzzling head, "I told you I'd be back didn't I?"

Harry rubbed his head against the front of her shoulder, enjoying her scratches behind his ears.

"Ooh, you like that, don't you, boy!"

He did and snorted to say so.

"Eww! Don't snot on me."

Not wanting to explain to her mom how her nightie got dirty lying in bed, Sally stepped back and pulled the light garment off over her head. Standing there naked, five feet eight inches tall, her young athletic body seemed to shine in the dim light. Her long strawberry blonde hair hung lightly across her perky C cup breasts that were topped by hard little nipples aroused by the cool night air.

"That's better, isn't it?" She said as she stepped forward, giving Harry a big hug around his neck.

Right away pressed against the warmth of his body, his coarse hair rubbing against her skin, she felt that familiar tingle between her legs. She had no hair down there as she kept her pussy shaved bald, but had found that it felt quite good to rub herself there. Truly Sally had become a chronic masturbator from the moment she discovered her special love button, which was when she was very young. As a spry eighteen year old emerging woman, her pussy now yearned for more than just the frantic rubbing and probing of her fingers.

Harry hung his head over her shoulder as she scratched the side of his neck like she knew he liked and he nuzzled the top of her firm naked buttocks with his strong upper lip, his whiskers tickling her soft skin.

"Oh, stop it... That tickles," she giggled stepping back.

Harry immediately started nuzzling her front and the moment his flicking lip ran across her left breast a spark ignited somewhere deep inside her. Half unconsciously she angled her body so that he could focus more of his attention on her breasts. Harry was ignorantly only too happy to oblige.

As his muscular lip flicked and massaged across her breasts, she moaned gently at the pleasurable sensations. Suddenly, Harry lolled out his big tongue and licked right across her left breast. An intense feeling of pleasure erupted as the warm wet rough surface rasped across her nipple.

"Oh Harry, it feels so good!"

Harry understood from the tone of her voice when she was pleased with him and when he had made her angry or upset. He enjoyed it when she was happy because she was so nice to him in return and so he started licking all over her chest unknowingly arousing her nipples with his tongue.

"Ooh, that's it. Mmmm, right there. Oh yeah, that feels amazing!"

Unconsciously Sally's right hand slipped down between her legs to her smooth pussy and started rubbing. As Harry continued to lap at her hardened breasts, she excitedly rubbed her fingers hard against the folds of her vagina and suddenly felt the wet warmth as the tip of her index finger slipped inside.

This is a new sensation for her and within moments nature had taken hold and she earnestly began

rubbing and dipping her fingertips inside her tight virgin pussy. All the while, Harry blissfully licked and nuzzled her totally aroused breasts.

“Oh yeah...” she moaned. “Oh fuck yeah!” Her fingers frantically worked her pussy. “Ungh... Ungh... Ahhhh!” Her whole body convulsed as she orgasmed strongly. “Oh Harry...” she said, and ducked under his chin and hugged his neck tightly. “That felt amazing!”

Harry was very happy to have apparently pleased his mistress so and chuckled at her deeply. As she hugged against the underside of his neck with her right arm, her left was rubbing the side of his stomach in a heady absent-minded daze, lost in a world of sensory pleasures feeling the coarse hair of his body and inhaling his intoxicating musky horsy smell.

As her hand rubbed the soft underside of his stomach behind his right foreleg she suddenly came out of her daze remembering what had drawn her out to the barn in the middle of the night in the first place. Moving slowly alongside him she let her hand roam further back noticing that his coarse hair suddenly became much softer and furry.

Leaning bodily against his side, her head resting on his back, Sally could feel Harry, breathing deeply as her hand ventured further, rubbing back and forth along the underside of his belly. Turning her head to the right, she smiled as Harry craned his head around to see what she was up to and then she felt a very warm and soft rubbery texture and something extending downwards from under his belly. As her hand bumped it, she felt a slight wobble and her heart fluttered with nervous excitement.

A part of her wanted to drop straight to her knees to have a look, but lost deep in the moment as her nipples rubbed against Harry's side Sally instead let her hands be her eyes. Reaching slightly further she delicately traced the back of her fingers down the front length of what she was feeling; down, down and further down still. It seemed to go on forever until suddenly it ended roundly with a soft wobble.

As she passed her palm underneath the end she lifted her hand up slightly, feeling the gentle weight press back down. She let it hang free again and then cupping her hand traced up along the back side of the warm fleshy tube. As she reached the top the texture became smooth and rubbery again.

Feeling suddenly light-headed Sally noticed that she had been holding her breath and that her heart was racing. Relaxing for a second she took several deep breaths, the palm of her hand gently caressing the warm, soft skin that pulsed slightly in her touch.

Harry stood still, his head turned slightly to his right, one eye watching the young woman at his side. He liked the feeling of her warm body pressed against his side and was enjoying the feeling of her hand rubbing him where he had never really been touched before. He could feel his heart thumping in his chest.

Sally had regained her breath and gently squeezed the softness in her hand. It was squishy but firm and holding it was doing something strange to her. She couldn't resist any longer and keeping her hand holding him she slowly dropped to her knees beside her horse to get a closer look. There before her leering eyes hung Harry's half erect cock.

Sally looked in wonder. The upper six inches she was holding was smooth, thick and black, but then extending out from his black sheath hung eight inches of soft pink flesh topped by a slightly bulbous head. Her hand instinctively massaged in an up and down motion at the base of his cock making it wobble gently in a way that somehow drew her only closer.

As she shuffled further under the horse she looked back and noticed his two large balls hanging heavily in soft black skin. Running her hand back Harry twitched slightly as she cupped one, lifting it gently to feel the weight. Sally thought it felt like there must be grape fruits in there.

Moving her hand back to his cock she leant forwards and suddenly her nostrils came alive with the most intoxicating scent she had ever encountered. It smelt just like Harry when he was a bit sweaty except that here it was so much stronger and sweeter. She practically fell forwards and without a second thought pressed her face to his hot pink cock flesh breathing in the hypnotic scent.

Holding and massaging his cock with both hands, she found herself passionately kissing and licking up and down his length loving his earthy taste and his amazing horsy smell. As she did this she felt his thick cock grow and expand in her hands and within a few moments the squishy flesh was hard and throbbing and the pink part had grown to about a foot long.

She couldn't help herself. Instinctively Sally hugged the massive stiff pole against her naked body, kissing and rubbing it all over herself. The mixture of her saliva on his flesh and her body sweat allowed the huge pulsating rod to slip and slide through her tight rocking embrace. Rubbing the pink shaft across her breasts turned her on intensely while her hands masturbated his slippery length.

As her embrace gyrated against his hard wet cock Harry could feel a strange stirring somewhere deep inside his hindquarters. Underneath him this hot nymph tugged and squeezed and licked and sucked on his raging hard-on in a way unlike anything he'd ever felt before. The stirring in his guts became a boiling feeling and suddenly he felt his balls tighten between his legs for the first time in his life.

Sally was in a salivating licking, kissing and sucking frenzy as she squeezed and caressed and rubbed the head of his long cock all over her breasts, neck and face. Lost in the throes of passion she just couldn't get enough when suddenly she felt Harry tense slightly above her.

In her momentary pause, she felt his cock throb hard in her hands just before a boiling hot jet of sticky fluid erupted all over her chest. Gleefully, she worked her hands furiously pressing her mouth to the end of his cock just as the second rushing spurt fired into her mouth. The force and the volume of his cum made her choke for a second as she swallowed in surprise what she could, the rest drooling down her chin.

Just as she recovered and looked up at the cock she was holding the next rush ejaculated out splattering all over her face. Blinded by the blast, but with a huge sticky grin she worked his cock in her hands as the next several shots spurted out all over her, spraying hot horse cum all up and down her body.

The hard cock in her hands began to soften and shrink, but with eyes still plastered shut Sally licked and sucked the sticky fleshy meat in her hands feverishly wanting to taste every last drop of her heavenly reward. As Harry's happy horsehood withdrew back into his sheath completely Sally came back to her senses kneeling in the straw, caked from head to knees in sticky drying horse cum.

It took her several minutes to wash herself down using Harry's water bucket, but eventually she was back to her pristine youthful self. Realising how late it must be she scooped up her nightie and threw it back over her head. Apart from the slightly matted hair you wouldn't have guessed that this young woman had just sucked off her horse and bathed in his hot jism.

Planting a big soft kiss on Harry's nose, she told him, "I love you," and slipped quietly back out of the door.

Sprinting back across the field like an apparition Sally climbed through the fence, dashed across the garden, shimmied up the trellis, ducked through the window and jumped back into bed.

This had been the most exciting night of her life and as she drifted off to sleep, the taste of horse cum on her tongue, all she could think was, *I can't wait for tomorrow night.*

The End.