

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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My lack of interest in boys became more and more obvious with the years, and when I was 18 and still didn't have a boyfriend, it became a problem. The other girls were making fun of me behind my back, and so I was left with very few friends. I stuck to the girls who were, for some reason or another, also not in a relationship yet, either because they weren't very pretty, or dorky, or weird. One of them at the time was my cousin Caroline, who was my age, and actually went to the same school as I did.

Caroline was pretty cute, by all standards. She was slender, and thin, so thin that I sometimes wondered if she ate anything at all, had a nice long face with pale blue eyes and a cute short nose, long, shiny, ash-blond hair that fell straight down to her shoulders and a nice wide mouth with pretty lips. Even though she was almost as tall as me, everything about her seemed little and cute.

Caroline's passion was riding, and playing the piano. She was so good at it that her parents finally ended up buying her a horse for herself, along with a small plot of land and a small barn to keep it in. I would on occasion sleep over at her place and during the summertime we would spend the night in the barn, just the two of us, which was always exciting.

It was on one of those nights that we were there and she asked if we should play "spin the bottle". She had done that with some other girls before and she said it was fun, so I agreed. She must've planned it in advance already, because she had brought a bottle of wine with her, which we gradually were drinking while we played.

At the time, I was going through my "goth-punk phase", where I acted like I didn't care about nobody and no-one and deliberately tried to make myself look unattractive, mainly in response to the smack-talk around me. So I had cut my red hair really short, barely longer than down to my earlobe, which made it curl in really small kinky curls, and had dyed half of it bright green.

On top of that, I wore heavy mascara and green lipstick (which I thought was incredibly edgy), and the usual clothes - torn jeans, leather jackets, pins and needles. I actually pierced a few holes in my right ear myself and wore some weird earrings with skulls and pentacles on them, which is something that stuck with me to this day. Caroline on the other hand was dressed terribly conservatively, usually with very loose sweatshirts that hid her figure and in dull colours that kinda gave her the look of a grey mouse.

Despite my punkish attitude, I never really got into alcohol, so over the course of the game Caroline got most of the bottle and accordingly became more and more tipsy. "Okay," she said and licked her lips when the bottle pointed towards me once more, "so, which boy are you in love with?" Obviously she wanted to go to the bottom of what was "going on" with me.

I shrugged. "I'm not in love with any of them," I said, which was true.

"Ah come on," she laughed. "Tell the truth!"

I sighed. "That IS the truth. There's no boy." She looked at me even more curious, but didn't ask any further.

Next up was her. "Well," I said, "and who are you in love with?" She instantly turned bright red and looked around, not saying anything. "So?" I asked again, "it's only fair you tell me."

She nodded, and looked down. "Well," she whispered. "But you can't tell anyone, okay? It's a secret!" I swore I wouldn't tell anyone and that secrets between friends are secrets forever. She

smiled finally and said "well, I love Sprinter the most." Sprinter, however, was her horse.

I raised my eyebrows and looked at her, not quite understanding. "Yeah, but I mean, you know, who'd you want to kiss and such."

She nodded. "Sprinter," was all she said. I was speechless for a moment and so we continued the game, but in the back of my mind I started to wonder what was going on with my friend.

I came up a few times in a row. "Have you ever had sex?" she asked

"Yes," I answered truthfully.

"Who did you sleep with?" she asked.

I blushed and decided only to tell her one of my sexual encounters, the least embarrassing one. "Well," I said. "With Marisa." At the time, Mari had moved far enough away that she didn't have any contact with anyone at my school anymore, so just in case it came out, she was safe.

"Marisa!" she said loud and clapped her hands, laughing. "Eww, wow! How?"

I shook my head and said: "One question only."

She spun again, and I came up once more. "So, how?" she asked.

I sighed. "Well, we used our fingers," I said cautiously.

"Oh, inside your puss?" she asked.

"One question..." I started saying.

"But it's part of the same question!" she interrupted me. "You haven't really said how!"

I shrugged. "Alright, yeah. Inside my pussy." She started moving from side so side, getting either uneasy or turned on, and the memory of Marisa's pussy made me feel all hot and sticky.

I spun, and the bottle pointed at her. "Okay now," I said, smiling. "How do you love Sprinter?"

She swallowed hard, and smiled uneasily. "Well, like, he's my boyfriend. For life."

I looked at her. "And how..." She spun before I could continue, but came up again. "So, how do you have sex?" I asked.

She got even more red, and mumbled. "This is a silly game, I don't want to play anymore."

"Hey," I answered. "Those were the rules. And I'm just asking because I don't think he can have sex with you."

She looked at me upset. "But he can!" she protested.

"Okay..." I stretched the word. "So, how?"

She pulled up her legs in front of her and started rocking slowly. "I'll show you," she said quietly, "if you promise not to tell anybody!"

I smiled, but nodded in agreement. "Okay," I said.

"And you'll have to show me how you did it with Marisa!" she added. I was reluctant, but by then curiosity got the better of me, and so I agreed to that as well.

We picked up the lamp and moved over to Sprinter's box. He was calm and quiet, just standing inside. Caroline opened the door and pulled me inside, placing the lamp on the ground. "You have to stand aside and keep away from his legs," she said. "He can hurt you when he's too excited." I nodded and made sure to keep my distance from the stallion's hooves while she squatted down and crawled halfway underneath him.

Slowly, she stroked his dark, shiny penis. "He likes that," she smiled and I watched in astonishment as his cock grew and grew, hanging further and further down until it almost touched the ground, longer and thicker than her whole arm, and with a strange mushroom-shaped head. "Isn't he big and strong?" she asked, looking up at me, proud of herself and her "boyfriend". I nodded and got to my knees as well, just to get a better look.

She smiled at me embarrassed and finally began licking the tip of the horse's cock, flicking her tongue in circles around him, slowly. Watching her, I became increasingly hornier and slid off my leather jacket, caressing my breasts through my thin tank top. My nipples were hard already, showing clearly through the thin fabric, which made me curious about Caroline's. So while she continued to lick his shaft, lost in the moment, I lifted her sweatshirt and ran my hands up her front.

Her breasts were tiny, so small she couldn't even wear a bra, but her nipples were longer and harder than I ever would have imagined possible. I leaned in and kissed them gently, which made her moan and brought her back to my presence. She took off the sweatshirt and squatted there, turning her attention to the horse once more while I sucked her nipples deep into my mouth.

When I looked up again, she had actually managed to fit the head of the cock between her lips and was sucking on it while she stroked the long shaft, making the horse more agitated. "Aaahhh," she gasped as she pulled him from her mouth, her lips and chin wet from something that came dripping out of a large hole at the end of the cock. "He tastes sooo good," she moaned as I leaned in to kiss her. When my tongue slid along her lips, I tasted something harsh and bitter on them, which curiously turned me on because it tasted as forbidden and taboo as the things we did.

I looked into her eyes, and smiled, then finally pulled off my top and pants. "Wow," she said as I sat there naked, staring at my tits. "You're big!" I smiled, and helped her out of her pants as well. Her pussy was shaved, like many girls did at the time, but she seemed to be lazy about it, so long stubbles had grown back that gave her a dark shade around her labia, which protruded long out of her slit. Her whole body looked thin and fragile, and those pussy lips seemed to be much too big for her, but looked incredibly tasty to me.

I smiled. "I'll need to get between your legs if you want me to show you what I did with Mari," I said. She didn't answer right away, then slowly sat on the ground and spread her legs towards me. While she resumed playing with Sprinter's cock, pulling it down towards her, I bent forward and spread her pussy with both thumbs, my tongue sliding inside. I licked her deep and slow, then sucked her labia hard inside my mouth, along with her clit. She seemed to enjoy that, as she moaned loud, even though muffled by the cock that was back in her mouth.

"Oh god Reka," she gasped. "Are you going to fuck me? Like you fucked Marisa?"

I smiled at her while I rubbed her clit with all my fingers. "Do you want me to, horse-fucker?" I asked.

"Oh fuck yes!" she squealed. "I'm just a horse pussy. A mare that needs to be fucked." I didn't wait any longer and returned furiously to her horny wet cunt, pushing three fingers inside all at once while pressing my thumb on her clit. She groaned but kept going at the horse which in turn whinnied and stomped the ground.

Suddenly, something wet hit my head and ran down my hair and forehead, around my sides. I looked up and saw Caroline gasping, her mouth wide open and something white and sticky running out of her gaping lips, down her small tits and almost all the way to her crotch. She continued to jerk the horse's cock which dripped some more of the sticky cum, and then squirted once more, hitting her pussy.

I stared at her. She swallowed deeply what she had in her mouth, then moaned: "Mmmmh, he comes all over me." She was rubbing the horse cum on her tits with her eyes closed, enjoying the moment. I scooped a little of the cum that was running down my face and licked it off my finger.

The taste was even stronger and more animal-like than before, and we started to smell strongly like horse. "Wow," I said. "That's really ... messy."

"Mmmmh," she moaned some more. "I love it messy. I'm just a dirty fuck mare for my boy." She began rubbing the cum into her pussy, still not finished with herself. I got up and fetched the bottle, wanting to give it to her just like she deserved it.

"Well," I said, when I returned. "Then let me fuck you like you're MY dirty fuck mare."

She grinned and laid on her back, glistening all over from the horse cum. I straddled her face with my pussy and bent forward to reach between her legs, licking the remnants of horse off her labia. "Uhhh," she said, looking up between my legs. "You're all hairy, Reka!"

I slapped her clit hard with my hand. "Suck it, bitch," I said harshly. "Or I'll show you who's a dirty cunt." She touched my pussy carefully and tried not to get too much into my pubic hair as she slowly stuck two fingers inside it.

"Mmmh, you don't want to suck it, huh?" I said when I felt her fingering me.

"Please..." she just replied.

I bit my teeth and growled: "Okay." Then I pushed the neck of the bottle hard into her labia, ramming it in as far as I could. She screamed and thrashed, and let go of me again as I fucked her mercilessly with the wine bottle. I could feel her squirm underneath me, while I degraded her. "So you don't like my cunt, you horse whore? You'd rather have a horse cock in your filthy whore mouth than my hairy muff? You're just a cum-covered horse bitch and not even worth my pussy."

I grabbed the bottle with two hands and violently shoved it all the way up her twat. "But I'll give you what you deserve, and wash that horse cum off your slut body." With that, I aggressively shot a thick stream of pee down on her face and tits, making sure it hit her in her mouth and on her hair, then tried to direct the rest of it across her slim body. I wanted to piss on her so bad, to show her just how dirty and degraded she was, and luckily the wine had filled my bladder enough to cover most of her body.

I don't know if she came or not, and I didn't care. But when I got off of her, she smiled happily, though she was very embarrassed, and we went to sleep shortly thereafter. We never talked about any of this again.

**The End**