

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Everything was so strange when I first saw women being dressed up as different animals. Have no idea why, but the thought excited me beyond anything I think I had seen in a long time.

Searching online, I found a store specializing in Furrries outfits. Looking at timberwolves, cute pink bunnies, cats, and so many more, eventually ordering a pink and white husky dog outfit.

I had it on as soon as it arrived, walking around my home, checking myself in a mirror, receiving an invitation to join a private group of females, like me, who enjoyed playing as the animal they were dressed like. It sounded like fun, calling the number included. The lady was easy to talk to. She discussed the fact her club actually supported two different groups of Furrries. One had fun, talked, drank, all in all, had a good time, while the other one was more sexual, playing different roles of dominance and submission. She explained more about both, but from the beginning, the sexual one piqued my interest.

She told me more and forwarded a different website with more sexual outfits, each containing necessary entrances for the erotic activities. Also a time and place of the next monthly meeting, time to arrive as a newbie, some general rules and so on, then the fees were discussed, I gave her a credit card number over the phone to cover the upfront expenses, now it was just picking out an outfit I thought I'd be happy with.

I'm blonde, a set of proud Double D tits, a nice small figure, and soft slightly bronzed skin, so looking at the new site, I picked a timber wolf outfit. I had a nice hat with ears, armbands, a top that kept my tits on full display, a cute wolf tail fit in my ass as an anal plug nicely, and boots all like the rest of the outfit fur-lined. My pussy was covered with a patch of wolf hair, just hanging down, covering but not hiding the fact, I keep my self-shaved smooth.

Cindy's place was where the gathering was held. It was on a large piece of property, and the large barn-like building was the gathering place. It had been constructed with some private rooms running on the second floor, a stage to one corner, lots of tables to mingle, full time working bar, each server and staff in pink kitty outfits, their tits also showing for members to play with if wanted.

Walking in, I was pleasantly surprised to see this was an all-female gathering, with no dirty cocks hanging around. Cindy greeted me at the door, gave me a white leather collar, signifying I was new, not owned by anyone, and looking to make friends. "We'll keep you in a white-collar for a few meetings so that you can feel comfortable with everyone." Then we made the rounds introducing me to various members, having some play with my tits. Everyone loved my wolf outfit, commenting on it.

I noticed a lady dressed in a tiger outfit, basically a head with ears, body covered in leather tiger print, carrying a riding crop, seeming to never take her eyes off of me. She greeted me, "Hi, I'm Madam JJ, the tiger lady. raise and train animals like yourself, maybe when you are more comfortable with the group, we can talk to see if you'd be interested in being trained."

We talked more, but I wasn't completely sure what she meant about training animals. When I left her, I said we'd see, then meant a few more. Eventually, I hooked up with a cute kitty cat brunette. Both of us had consumed too many drinks, and we made love upstairs until early morning. Then I headed back to my place, really not far from Cindy's, looking forward to the next meeting.

That weekend I spent a lot of time looking at women who specialized and were part of continual training to become an animal. Found the two most popular were dogs and horses. Dogs being trained were put up for a show in class trials in various parts of the country. The dog would be on a leash, led around by their owner, being shown off at gatherings, similar to the one I currently belonged to, where horses were trained to be ridden or pulling wagons, some even trained as

prancing ponies for show only.

I knew in my heart I was heading down a path that had no turning back on. If I continued to go down it, soon I would be in a situation where training was taking place. That also brought up the question of being submissive to a dominant person.

This was a question I had never thought about, but one I wanted to find out more about. It was not hard to find a local bondage club welcoming new members. The necessary paperwork was easy to fill out, a meeting taking place at one of the local private clubs this upcoming weekend. I showed up, putting a red collar on, signifying I was free, submissive, and looking for a Mistress. Slaves and would-be slaves were all nude, being lead around on a leash. One of the ladies who owned the club led me around to be looked at, admired, pinched to see how I reacted to pain and if there was any future in pursuing me.

A rule for all newbies was that everyone had to have a look-see the first evening before any serious bidding could occur. So tonight, I only became excited, aroused at all the touching and feeling, but nothing serious. Just as the evening was ending, a tall lady slipped up behind me, taking hold of my waist, pulling me to her, leaning in close, "So you need to know if you'd enjoy the lifestyle of being trained by someone like me."

I turned. Madam JJ from the previous party was dressed in an all-leather outfit, her huge breasts cupped by the outfit, making them stand proud, two straps showing off her pussy, all shaved and somewhat moist. Running her hand between my legs, one finger splitting my lips.

"You're already so wet, with very little encouragement, you'd go crashing over the edge. I think you know your answer. We have a meeting in two weeks. Why don't I pick you up? We can talk while we drive?"

My whole body was shaking. Her hand between my legs had me moaning, clamping down on it, moving my hips back and forth, looking at her. My voice is all but gone. I nodded yes to her taking me to the next animal party.

"I knew you were curious. I'll bring your outfit when I pick you up." With that, she slapped my bare bottom so hard it stung as the pain surged through my body.

Taking off my collar on the way home, trying to think what was happening to me. Because if I agreed to be trained by her, it meant moving in with her, possibly being kept in some stable and wearing the appropriate outfit daily.

For the next two weeks, I was a sexual mess. It seemed I was aroused and never played with myself so much; sleep and dreams were all focused on being owned, collared by Madam JJ. What would she do to me? Was I a submissive looking to ownership? Would I be enjoying losing my freedom?"

She had contacted me in a text, and she'd be by mid-day on Friday with my outfit. Read and reread the text, completely entrapped in a sexual haze, not really able to think about what would happen.

She arrived, wheeling a large suitcase behind her, coming in, not bothering to knock, "Strip for me, I want you totally nude."

I didn't question, just stripped down nude, watching her open the case, taking out a set of hooves for my hands, then really high heels for my feet, helping me into them. A bridal type of device fits on my head, a rubber bar forced into my mouth, attached to my headgear. A leather-laced outfit was put on my body, showing my tits and my pussy, easily accessible.

Attaching a set of reins to my headgear, "This evening, you can get used to the gear and the fact you have lost your hands and feet to be more than any horse can use."

It was difficult walking on the spiked heels that looked like horses hooves, leading me to her car. On the way, she explained how I could communicate by stamping my hooves.

Leading me into Cindy's facility, she smiled at me, running her hand between my legs, "Oh wow, fully outfitted as one of Madam's new trainees, I can't even imagine how surprised you will be when she moves you into full training."

I had no idea what she was talking about, but I couldn't ask more. The evening went better than expected. Many ladies pinched, pulled, and twisted my nipples, making me whimper and moan. I have no idea how many times fingers and dildos were pushed up inside me, spiking the arousal, causing me to explode in a massive orgasm, running juices down the insides of my legs.

The evening finally ended; I was becoming used to my new uniform when she led me inside my home. Helping me out of everything, "I think I will make you a prancing pony if you decide to be trained by me." She went on to tell me a prancing pony was for show. I will also pull a small two-wheeled carriage with Madam riding in it.

Everything about this was appealing. It just felt natural for me to be trained by her.

When we first arrived, I was hooked to a small carriage and trained how to pull. Less than a week, my muscles were becoming hard, the pulling easier to manage. So, in two weeks, I was once again in full harness gear on my way to her training home.

I had worked hard all morning into the afternoon. Madam brought me in, giving me a nice long shower, then putting back on my ponygirl outfit, only this one was different. I was led out to the stables into a stall. Hooked up to the front of it, the new shoes forced me to be on all fours, my hoofs over my hands helped keep me on all fours, she knelt next to me in the empty stall, "You will soon look forward to being put in your stall at night, I think it is time you spend the evening in here."

Then she left. I had water and some food in easy reach. The stalls were empty as far as I could tell, but I heard a horse come in shortly. Trying to look, but the stall was narrow, so that I couldn't see anything besides the sides of the stall.

The animal got closer to me, suddenly I felt his tongue lick my pussy, that's when I tried to scream, but the bit in my mouth prevented me from making any sound. Stomping my hands didn't make much noise so that no one could hear me. A second and third lick started to spike my arousal, but fear surged through me. He was a horse. His cock would be huge. There was no way I could take a horse cock inside me. Twisting, trying to get free, but there was nothing I could do. He jumped up above me, and the stall had been built so he could mount and breed with me.

I felt his cock, hit my pussy, then pushed inside me. The pain was nothing like I've ever experienced before, but it didn't seem to be tearing me wide open. Instead, it just filled me to the max. He kept pumping that massive cock in and out of me, finally pushing all the way in. His warm cum not only filled me but kept pumping load after load, triggering a matching explosion in my own body. That's when pure pleasure washed through me.

Finally, he pulled out of me, leaving me wasted, but never been so turned on in my life, thinking Madam must have been giving me something to loosen up the muscles around my opening, but he felt so good.

Just as he is nearing the entrance to the stables, I hear the second set of hooves coming my way. Panic sets in when a big old tongue licks my wet and dripping pussy. Now frantic, this can't be happening, I can't be fucked by a horse the second time, but as soon as I'm trying to figure out who to stop it, he jumps up on my back, his cock sliding inside me easily. No pain at all, surprising me, just pure pleasure.

My head drops down. My eyes lose focus, and another climax rumbles through me, then he starts to pound me. A second climax joins us when I feel his warm cum fill me up and begins to run down my legs.

When he pulls out of me, number three mounts me, then number four, and finally number five is the last, causing my whole body to collapse, falling into a much-needed deep sleep.

Sometime the next day, Madam and some of her staff remove the breeding gear, place me in a wheelchair, taking me to Madam's room, easing me into a warm tub of water and soothing salts - letting me soak while they wash the dried cum off of my body.

A nice meal was waiting for me, then more soaking in a hot tub, finally heading back into a cozy bed, falling asleep quickly.

Waking sometime later, not sure even what day it is, joining Madam in the kitchen as she looks up at me, "So good to see you, Nikki. I hope you had a good rest. How are you feeling?"

Just before I had gotten up, I felt my pussy. I could easily push my whole hand up inside me, but it was so sensitive, I began to shake just from a touch, looking up at her, "I'm sore, and it seems my body has changed a little, but considering what happened to me, I think I feel really good and rested."

Bringing me a cup of coffee, "To make you a true Pony Girl, especially a Prancing Pony, you have to feel what a real horse feels, that includes being placed on a breeding bench or stall. Since you arrived, I have been giving you a drug we give horses to loosen up their vaginal area. I watched, and you were still enjoying climaxes while the fifth horse was doing you. You are a true slut, a true pony girl slut."

We talked more, she told me of some shows she had entered us in, then telling me she has to go into town, will I be OK by myself while she is gone.

I had become so comfortable being nude all the time. I assured her I'd be fine. Going out to the pool, the sun felt so good on my body, casually feeling how different my pussy was now feeling, suddenly getting up, walking quickly to the stables, taking out a huge grey stud, leading him to the breeding stall, putting myself in position, the familiar lick of my pussy with his tongue, then jumping up, mounting me, his cock sliding inside me so easily.

When he finally pulls out of me, I have no idea how many explosions occurred, but I am exhausted. Heading back to a warm shower, I had just stepped out when Madam comes in. "So, how was your day? What did you do?"

A little bit embarrassed, "I brought a big grey stud to the breeding bench with me. Hope you don't mind."

She just giggled, "I figured you'd be back there as soon as you could. think you have officially become a true Ponygirl."

The End