

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) by angie

After starting with Canine sexual exploits, it wasn't too long after that my husband and I together almost at the same time started thinking about the next step. Since he bought me this lovely home on some acreage with two barns, livestock was somewhere in his mind.

Since we actually got started on K9 on our second wedding anniversary, it wasn't a full year I don't think, that we started planning for an equine event. My husband Bill started reading everything he could find in "girly books" or on the internet. I'm going to say this was in early 1992. Being an engineer he started drawing and planning all along when he found anything on the subject.

We started cleaning out the old barn here by the house. It's only seventy-five or eighty-feet from the back of the garage. It has four horse-sized stalls in the main part. I think that's where the original owner milked a few milk cows. Since we hadn't lived here long, the garage wasn't too badly piled up with accumulated junk. Anyone that's married to a 'packrat' knows how stuff accumulates.

When the garage was cleaned, he started sawing and screwing and bolting things together. In the mean time, I asked around at a couple of the local livestock auctions about a pony for my sister's kids. In just a couple of weeks I had found a lovely pony that was named 'Champ'. The man told me what movie actor's horse he was named after. I don't remember if it was Gene Autry or Roy Rogers. But it was one of them. He was a nice boy. We kept him in the barn for a couple of days. Then we started leading him out around the pasture for a while every day. Finally we turned him loose in the pasture and just put him in the barn evenings.

While I was doing this, Bill had engineered and constructed a kind of rolling table that was shaped like the letter "Y". He explained that the pony's rear legs would be caught inside the 'V' part of the Y-table. It was adjustable for height and he could lock down the wheels so he could roll it into place.

When the big day came, we made sure everything had been taken care of so there would not be any interruptions. I was so hot I was literally dripping down my legs. I had thought about this all day long. Actually it was all I had thought about for probably the previous week. As time got closer it just got worse. Or better... depending on how you look at it.

Bill brought Champ into the garage and came to the kitchen door and shouted he was about ready. When I came out all I had on was a terry cloth shower robe. Oh God, was I ready? Oh God, YES I was ready! Bill had helped me staple some padding and vinyl cloth over the table so I would be more comfortable for me.

Bill had fastened a ring into the concrete floor to keep the pony (or later horse) from moving around too much. He had also put "hobbles" on Champ's legs. Front to front and back to back. This was so he could shuffle his feet a little. But don't jump around too much and hurt me. For the last couple of days, he had me rub my sex juices around on the fork of the Y table so Champ could smell it.

When I came out all that was left to do was to get on the bench/table so he could adjust the height and roll me into place. Bill said I was shaking as he rolled me into place. I don't remember. But I do remember him saying that.

When the bench was rolled into place and the brake fastened, Bill helped me reach down and play with Champ's mighty penis. I do remember shaking while I was doing that. Like I stated earlier, I was dripping before I came out. Now I was flowing. (I had been playing with a large size dildo in the bedroom when Bill called for me.) His dick was growing in my hand. When it had almost reached it's max size it was almost as big around as my wrist. (Remember I'm around five-feet eight-inches tall and weighed about one-hundred and ten pounds.)

As Bill helped me, I told him what we needed to do. I finally got Champ's big dick started into my love canal. He bucked and jumped several times pulling it out. But we finally got him in and it must have dawned on him what we were trying to do.

The following actions were lovely. But very short-lived. I wasn't looking at a watch. But it couldn't have been more than forty-five seconds. When Champ started shooting his cum into me I felt the head on his dick flair out and I swear I could feel his cum squirting into my uterus.

It felt amazing. If only he could keep that up for twenty minutes... hahahaha

I think Bill was a little disappointed that it was over so quick. But I lay still on the bench and Bill knelt beside me, and we kissed and snuggled for a while. He was fingering me and I was rubbing him through his jeans.

Evidently Champ got the hint and after a few minutes he started getting hard again. We got him in me and away we went. He stayed hard for a longer period this time. But it was still only a couple of minutes or so. I noticed that each time Champ flared and shot his cum into me, I could feel it pressuring into my insides. After playing around about half an hour we decided that was enough for this night.

Bill commented when I stood up that I had a slight 'pot belly' that I hadn't had before. It went away in a few days. Bill teased me that I was pregnant with ponies. But it sure felt good when he was shooting it in there.

When my sister brought her two daughters to visit, we were careful to keep everything on the up and up. My sister has never CAUGHT me with any of my animals. But one visit they were here and she asked why I had so many dogs? And most were inside the house all the time. Then she rephrased it to why did I have so many LARGE MALE dogs in the house so much? I quickly changed the subject. But she was giving me a look like she suspected something was up.

Just because my sister Sherry is two years younger than me, she is probably just as sexually active with her husband. What else she does, I have no idea. (That would change over time.)

Her two daughters Ann and Ruth were absolutely tickled that Bill and I had bought them a pony to ride. I spent a couple of hours each day teaching them which side to mount the saddle from and how tight to hold the reins. Born and raised on a working farm, Sherry and I had been in 4-H all the way through school and had ridden horses many times. Before they left Sherry asked me if I were going to buy her a horse?

Was this an innocent question or was there a hidden meaning?

Anyway, they stayed five or six days and then flew back to Seattle. Her husband is an engineer of some and works for a large airplane maker there. They have a nice house a few miles outside Seattle in a nice sub-division. I think Bill told me one time that her husband Junior made a little more money than he did. That's probably how Sherry could be a stay at home mom and housewife.

We played with Champ three to six times a month for probably the next year. He got better at being able to hold his loads a little longer. We NEVER did make the magical 20 minutes. But with Bill's assistance we did get it to somewhere between five and ten minutes. Champ would hump several times and almost stop. Proceed very slowly for a while then hump away again. The times when he was going slowly he got slightly softer. Bill was friends with a large animal vet that would answer his perverted questions.

I was never introduced to his friend the vet. I don't know if he ever even saw me. That may have been embarrassing. Bill asked him all kinds of sex related questions. Or that's what Bill told me. But he did in fact come up with a LOT of information about different animals and their sex equipment and its use. Sometimes I wonder just how much Bill told his vet friend about me and the animals.

I don't remember, but I don't think we had Champ a year before we got 'Thunder'. He was a black American Quarter Horse. We kept them both for a while and I had sex with them both for well over a year. I don't know a lot about horseflesh as far as a vet may know. But Thunder DID have a bigger dick than Champ. It was both longer and thicker.

Somewhere after people read my first true Story, they are going to ask if I had anal sex with any of the horses. I did a few times with Champ. But Bill would help me scoot up on the bench so I didn't get gutted like a fish. I could take the head of his penis in my ass before it got hard. But I wasn't comfortable taking more than ten-inches or so deep in my ass. We found out Thunders head was too big and always too hard for me to take and be comfortable.

However with the aid of someone else, (Bill until his death), I could hold the head of his dick tight against my anal opening and when someone else massaged his penis to the point of ejaculating his sperm would shoot through my anus and into my lower bowel. Talk about a hot water enema, that was something else. But it wasn't like hot water like a dog. It was more like pancake batter.

Over the years and with many dogs and several ponies and horses I have had a lot of fun. Since Bill was killed by a drunk driver the 2nd of November 1994, I have had basically few male human partners. I have had a lot more female human partners. A few of the men and several of the women that I have had sex with have helped, or in the case of most of the women, enjoyed my horses with me.

*The End*