

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



To her 18th birthday, Wynona still got no pony. Granted, if any girl who wanted a pony would have got a pony the world would be covered ten meters in horse dung, but She. Wanted. A. Pony. What she got was a holiday. Which wasn't even remotely ponyform. Her mood instantly improved when she learnt that near her guest house was a farm. With some ponies. She decided to visit them already on the first day.

There she stood, a mare white as snow, dozing in the sun. Cutegasm. The technically correct procedure now would have been to enter at the front door and ask the owner politely for some cuddle-hours. Instead, Wynona hopped over the fence and went for a rear attack on her object of squee. The mare was used to humans, but this sudden encounter startled her so much that she urinated all over Wynona and then ran for the hills.

Wynona was pissed (in more than one way). How dared this stupid nag to reject her ponymania so brutally? Around the corner she saw a pond. She jumped into the water to wash off her humiliation. After that was done, she decided that since the day wasn't exactly scorching hot, it would be better to run naked for a while than in wet clothes. She looked around if there were no peeping toms or surveillance cameras present. Then she undressed and looked for a shed to hang her clothes to dry.

Around the other corner stood a big stable. Exactly what Wynona needed. She entered. Quick check: A stray towel. Yeah! Just what the doctor ordered! Enough open space for drying her clothes. And a ministallion who came to look who visited him. "Ah, so you are the curious one," Wynona giggled. "Not like some certain other bitch." (Wrong species but so there.) "Want to cuddle... WUHaha!" The stallion had bent down into her lap and slurped over her pussy with his big tongue. That was a bit more cuddle than she had ordered.

How could Wynona know that the mare outside was in heat and even after her bath Wynona still was full of pheromones which made her very attractive? The stallion threw his front hooves in the air and accidentally shoved her. She stumbled and fell into the hay. No big deal, but from this position she had a good view on his big erection. Finally, it dawned to her what the friendly guy wanted. Wynona staggered away, climbed on a box and tried to snake through a few strategically placed wood traverses to crawl into a corner that was too small for the stallion. Unfortunately, she miscalculated and the corner was too small for her either. Promptly, she got stuck, helplessly pedalling and in the perfect height and position to get mounted.

The stallion tested her with his tongue again. Wynona squealed but couldn't get her hands to the protection of her private parts as she literally had cornered herself. The tickling quickly turned into a pleasurable throbbing. She coughed and moaned, and spread wide. The stallion judged that this mare was ready enough. He threw his front hooves over a traverse, and with one giant thrust, he buried his horsemeat deeply in Wynona. She was relatively lucky. A Shire would have ripped her apart. With some more leeway, even this ministallion would have impaled her womb, but the confined space saved her. Still, the horse stretched her vagina as much as the imagination of the reader. He began to pump in and out, and Wynona couldn't help it - the sheer pressure on her clit began to pleasure her. Her legs clinged against his rump. And then the stallion came. His glans swelled to enormous proportions, which made Wynona orgasm on the spot too. She screamed like mad as the slightly protruding urethra pressed into the dimple of her cervix and two litres of cum flooded her uterus, without a drop being wasted. (The latter being a figure of speech since cross-species sex IS a waste, from the standpoint of evolution.)

With a slurping noise, the stallion retracted his penis from the gaping vagina of Wynona. Love juices were dripping into the hay. The owner came in, attracted from the strange noises, and he had a good

laugh. As well as an Internet-ready smartphone.

To Wynona's 19th birthday, she DIDN'T want a pony.