

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Sarah Chambers likes to ride bareback. She's a nubile teenage horse trainer working at The Ponderosa and she loves to feel her crotch slide around on a horse's back. The Ponderosa was once owned by one of the stars of a well-known western TV show of the sixties that had a farm of the same name. The grounds are kept immaculate and the place is picture postcard and luxurious. Its Disney-like appearance is a marketing strategy to attract people to stable and ride their horses on the ranch, however, it does have a serious side. The ranch run by John Rogers gets its credibility by training equestrian horses for the elite level of the sport. Several Olympic medalists train at The Ponderosa and Sarah's job is keeping these animals in peak condition.

Sarah can get her rocks off riding this way, creaming her jeans and slathering the horse's broad back. Bolt, the stallion she's riding seems to like it too as she rides him along a lane that leads away from the ranch where she works. Many farms in the neighborhood converted into country homes for people from the city, which reflects the kind of people who use The Ponderosa too.

She has little respect for the city slickers because she's a genuine horsewoman, having grown-up at Norris's where her father is the head trainer for the racehorse ranch. However, she has much respect for the elite equestrian riders and their horses as well bred as any racehorse. Sarah loves Bolt, the chestnut Arabian, specially for his mighty cock. Sarah is fond of horse cocks. Now she leans limberly sideways, one fist clutching the horse's mane, and gazes beneath the animal. Sure enough, his cock is starting to stiffen. The girl smiles impishly. She had been sure the stallion would get a hard-on while she squirmed around on his back. Sarah loves the idea of turning a stallion on.

The sight of the big cock starting to get hard inspires the naughty teenager. She squirms around some, her slim thighs tightening around the animal's flanks as she works her crotch against his spine. Sarah is wearing denim shorts and a T-shirt. The fact she wears no bra beneath the T-shirt is obvious because her stiff nipples are little peaks poking up beneath the material. Her shorts are almost hot pants and tuck into her crotch.

A wisp of blonde pubic hair curls from the leg hole and the crotch-piece is soaking wet with the flood of her pussy-juices. A creamy ribbon of the juice is trickling down her smooth thigh and onto the stallion's back, lathering him with the liquids of her lust. Bolt tosses his head and snorts. Sarah runs her hand over his powerful, arched neck.

"I know what you want, man," she whispers.

The stallion cocks his ears. Sarah slides her foot beneath his belly and rubs her heel against his cock. The horse cock stiffens at the touch then she stops. She's afraid the stallion might shoot his heavy load if she rubs him too long with her heel and the girl has better uses for the animal's hot load. Just then a pickup truck comes along the lane, billowing dust in its wake. Sarah draws the horse to the edge of the track to give the truck room to pass.

The truck slows and the driver looks out at her, a big grin on his face. Sarah knows him, it's John Rogers, the owner of The Ponderosa. He isn't bad looking and Sarah waves at her boss. The truck is passing at a mere crawl and, for a moment, Sarah thought John was going to stop. She hopes not, though, as she has a massive horse cock to take care of. She hopes John hasn't noticed the stallions hard-on and if he has, she hopes he won't suspect what she's going to do with it.

John waves at her and speeds away; it seems he too has something else to do. Sarah waits until the truck turns out of sight. The stallion is quivering beneath her. She can feel the tension of his body in her crotch and between her slim thighs, causing her to tingle all over. Her nipples are like bullets and her clit is throbbing. She's smiling, because she's about to do a naughty thing, and getting nasty always makes Sarah smile. There's nothing humorous about the look in her big blue eyes, though,

they glow with pure lust.

"C'mon, man," she said as she neck-reins the horse heading him toward a nearby grove of trees.

The stallion snorts, he seems to have a good idea what's going to happen. They ride into the trees, a sun-dappled glade hidden from the lane by the trunks and the leafy boughs. Bolt halts automatically. Sarah slides gracefully from the animal's broad back. Her plump tits bounce merrily and her tight ass squirms around in the tight-fitting shorts.

A ribbon of cunt-juice is running slowly down the inside of her leg and there's a pool of the creamy stuff in the crotch. She stands off to the side, looking at the horse's cock and balls in profile. She loves to look at the stallion's cock for starters. Now his cock gets longer and fatter as if her gaze is caressing him. His cock shaft stretches beneath his belly and the dark knob comes squeezing out from its leathery sheath, a huge slab of cock meat is making the horny girl's mouth water.

The sight is making her dizzy with desire. Sarah likes all cocks, even human one's, yet she prefers a stallion's mighty fuck tool by far. The reason she's working at The Ponderosa is this kink. Her dad's boss Carl Norris had forced her to hobble rivals racehorse's before a race by fucking them in the horse trailer on the way to the track. When they became suspicious of her she quit before they could find any evidence of her deeds. She fell into this job almost accidentally, and now she has horse cocks to play without hurting anyone.

"Yummy," the teenager sighs.

She licks her lips in happy anticipation. The stallion tosses his head, chestnut mane flowing and rippling, one wild black eye turns on the girl.

"You want me to do something about that nice big hard-on, don't you, man?" Sarah whispers hotly, "Something really nice."

The stallion's enormous pink cock dangles from of its sheath, then begins to stiffen, throbbing up to a hard-on like the cock of men Sarah has known sexually. No man's cock can ever match the size of a horse cock, though, and Sarah's cunt throbs, leaking juice, and she peels off her shorts as fast as she can. She won't have time to go home for a change of clothes so she can't risk getting her clothes too dirty. As she drops her shorts and feels the morning breeze slip between her legs and nibble at her burning crotch, she watches the stallion's nostrils flare and he immediately nudges her. Sarah pulls off her T-shirt and steps away from her clothes so the horse won't step on them, then put her hands out and caught his head. The stallion immediately presses his wet nostrils to her left nipple, and Sarah shivers. The stallion's hot tongue laps at her tit and made it jiggle. Sarah gasps, her cunt contracting, she shoves the stallion's head away.

"Oh, Bolt, take it easy."

Hot juice trickle between her thighs. The stallion nuzzles her other tit, then nips at it with his lips. Sarah's eyes roll, and she shimmies her legs together, torn between the desire to orgasm immediately or prolong her pleasure and excitement. She knows she can have multiple orgasms if she wants to, yet multiple orgasms never feel as intense and satisfying as a single orgasm built slowly. She pushes the horse away again yet not before some of his hot spittle runs down her belly. The stallion thrust his head down and sniffs at her cunt, rubbing his steaming nostrils in her blonde bush, nibbling at the hairs as if they are succulent sprigs of new grass.

"Oh, Bolt," she said, "stop it."

However, she spread her legs, letting the stallion rub his snout between them. His big wet tongue licks her. Sarah's eyes roll again. The hot tongue deftly parts her pussy lips and laps between them. Sarah pants, her heart pounds in her chest, she places her hands firmly on the stallion's forehead and pushes him away.

"Bolt, please, don't be naughty now."

She turns around toward her clothes. Maybe she can find a tissue in her pocket. She feels slimy between the legs, dripping with cunt juice and horse-spittle. As she bends, the snorting stallion licks up the furrow of her ass. She glances behind herself and sees the enormous pinkish horse-cock twitching. The stallion steps forward, his tongue lapping up her back, and she senses immediately he's going to mount her.

"Bolt, NO."

She drops to her hands and knees and scrambles away in the wet grass. She stands and faces the horse. He looks her in the eye and snorts.

"Typical male," she said. "You're just the guys at The Ponderosa, always wanting to fuck."

The stallion whinnied, pounding the ground with his right hoof and his cock flexes as if a gigantic arm. Sarah shivers an uneasy chill nestling through her spine. One day he's gonna rape me, she thought. The thought terrifies and thrills her. Perhaps she's already gone too far with Bolt. She wishes she could let him mount her. The memories of fucking a big horse cock as she did when she worked for Bob Simpson makes her cunt dribble. She almost cums every time she remembers herself impaled on Flash Jester's big cock. Bolt moves toward her, his nostrils flare, an evil expression on his face. He looks no different from a lust-crazed man who has caught the scent of her juicy cunt. Sarah feels herself melting beneath his gaze, and she can hardly stand anymore her legs are like jelly. She's an easy lay for horses and dogs, still, what can she do about it? When an animal gazes at her that way, especially a stallion, she feels powerless. She dives for the ground and scrambles between the stallion's legs. Sitting beneath his heaving chestnut flanks, she grabs his stiff horse-cock and begins to slide her hands on it.

"There, boy," she whispers, her heart pounding. "There, there, I'll take care of you. Just take it easy. I'll make love to your beautiful cock."

As she rubs the hard cylinder of horse cock from one end to the other, she feels her strength returning. The trick to maintaining control of herself is to take the initiative, to become active, to allow her lust to assert itself.

"Oh, it's so beautiful," she moans, masturbating the horse-cock.

A drop of hot precum drops from the tip of the cock head and falls on her left tit. She rubs the rich cock juice into her creamy skin. As some slimy precum leaks, she rubs it on her nipple. Bolt snorts, shifting, yet he remains in position, allowing her to jerk him off. She feels more at ease now, although she still can't trust the horse. She's been jerking him off for several months now and he behaves, yet lately, he's been getting more restless.

She can tell he wants more, just as some men at the stables demand more of her. Well, letting a man fuck her is one thing, it's safe, yet letting a horse mount her and ram his huge cock into her teen body takes a toll. Still, since she started at The Ponderosa she has sworn off fucking horses as if discovered, it'd be the end of her career. The risk is too great, even if she loves it.

“Mmm, you’re such a big boy, aren’t you?”

She hugs the big cock, rubs her cheek against it, and licks it all over. Horse-cock tastes different from human-cock. Horse cock has a gamey flavor, a stronger taste. Whereas most men have sweet-tasting cocks with a salty aftertaste, she’s never tasted a horse cock that’s sweet. Horse-pricks are salty, pungent, strong, and earthy. Sarah’s tasted a few uncut guys whose cocks taste vaguely as a horse cock, and those guys she could’ve sucked forever. She wishes more guys were uncut.

The big stallion is snorting and panting, and little shivers runs through his muscular flanks. Sarah slides along his cock, her tits wrap around it, and she kisses it all over, licking the phallus until it’s shiny with her spit. The teen even nibbles at it with her lips and teeth because it’s so big, beautiful, hot and hard. The piss slit is wide open from the stallion’s excitement, and slimy precum leaks each time the big cock flexes. Sarah fastens her mouth over the end of the flaring cock head and sucks out the slimy precum, wriggles her tongue into the piss slit and tongue fucks it. Bolt whinnies, thrusting at her mouth and nearly knocking her over.

“Easy boy,” she pants. “Take it easy.”

She giggles to herself, thrilled at the stallion’s response. Nothing thrills her more than getting a horse aroused. She loves to see them thrust, loves to hear them pant and grunt. The teen opens her mouth and forces it back over the horse-cock, taking in the whole meaty knob inside. Her jaws feel as if they might dislocate, yet she enjoys the sensation. Bolt’s cum is worth big bucks to the breeders, and Sarah wonders how many thousands of dollars worth of the precious semen she’s milked onto her skin or swallowed greedily.

The thought excites her and she squirms, clamping her legs together rhythmically, sucking harder on the bulbous cock head. The sun shines above the grove and baths Sarah in luxurious warmth. I feel so good, she thought. Oh, I just wanna stay here forever. Her hands slip along the long horse cock, her fingers playing with it as if the strings of a harp. The big cock is as hard as the tusk of an elephant, and its ripples, ridges, and veins thrill her hands. She wishes to God that she could experience the feeling of a big horse cock fucking of her cunt again. The teen draws her mouth away from the cockhead and laps around it as if it were a gigantic lollipop. Bolt snorts, shifting restlessly, his cock flexing and leaking slimy precum. Sarah catches some slimy precum and rubs it between her legs, working the cock juice of the horse between her tingling pussy lips.

“Oh, Bolt, I want you to fuck me,” she moans. “I wanna feel your cock in me so bad. I do. I do. Oh, Bolt, I want you, but I can’t.”

Jerking her hands frantically along the horse cock, she licks wetly at the head, all the while clamping her thighs together and shimmying them with a rhythm causing the heat and tension to grow in her loins. She feels contractions in her asshole, pussy juice bubbles from of her cunt as if hot oil. Her nipples tingle, standing out as if ruby spikes.

“Oh Bolt, oh Bolt, oh Bolt,” she moans. “Cum, my darling, squirt your semen all over me. Let me see it shoot.”

The stallion rears slightly, thrusting his hard cock between her hands. It’s a gorgeous sight, the big cock quivering as it slides between her hands, and the head flares as if an inflating balloon, the piss slit open and steaming. Sarah feels so good between her legs she wants to die, it’s as if millions of little tongues are licking the walls of her cunt and asshole. Needles of itch and fire shoot through the supersensitive meat of her contracting pussy.

“Oh, Bolt, shoot it now. Now, darling, oh, God.”

She rubs her bare ass against her heels madly, feeling the contractions of orgasm beginning in the pit of her belly. Bolt grunts, snorts, rears and whinnies as his cock nearly jerks out of Sarah's grip, yet she clings to it frantically. The stallion's flanks quiver and he thrusts as if out of control. His piss hole opens so wide Sarah could've shoved her little finger inside. The huge cock shivers and flexes, and a torrent of white cum spurts all over Sarah's face and tits. She catches some slimy fluid in her mouth and tastes its rich alkaline flavor as her loins explode with pleasure.

"Oh, Bolt—Shoot it—ugh—Ooh—Yeeeeeahs."

As she squirms, tossing her head deliriously, she bathes herself in the stallion's profuse spurts of semen. The cum is wonderfully hot and its scent fills the air. She gets her mouth over the stallion's cockhead and receives a powerful spurt. She gags for a moment, then swallows frantically. The spasms rip through her loins with such intensity she thought she's going to scream.

Shoot it, my darling," she mutters, smacking her lips and licking the stallion's cum-dripping cockhead. "Feed it to me. Oh God, I'm gonna die."

Releasing the stallion's cock, she thrusts her hands between her legs and crushes the last of her orgasm out of her swollen clit. Bolt's cock flexes, shooting the last spurt into her face. By the time Sarah had recovered from her delirium, Bolt's cock had softened. The cock now hangs limp and fat from its brown sheath, a few drops of cum dribbling from its piss slit. Sarah crawls from beneath the horse and stands, the sun washing over her, the breeze ruffling her long blonde hair.

She shakes her head at the grazing stallion, tearing mouthfuls of green grass and chewing them calmly as if nothing had happened. She cleans as much of the stallion's slimy cum off her tits and belly and face as she can. Eating it as fast as she wipes it off with her hands, she rubs the rest of the rich cream into her skin. She's convinced there's nothing better for a girl's skin than semen fresh from a hard cock.

Sarah quickly dresses and mounts Bolt again, her pussy still tingling from the orgasm she just had. Glancing at her watch she sighs as she has to meet one of the equestrian riders for some training. A sexy woman in her early thirties called Lucy Tryon, a bronze medalist at the last Olympics in show jumping, and silver overall for the American team.

"Tch-tch, c'mon Bolt, time to go home," she said with a squeeze of her legs on his flanks.

Bolt begins at a slow trot and back to The Ponderosa stables, they go as she again rubs her cunt into the stallion's back.

