

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part One

If I had to describe myself, would use the saying; worrying it like a dog with a bone, not in the physical sense, but the mental state. When I get an idea gnaw on it a while then bury it in the back of my mind. Only to dig up later to contemplate a little more, until one day breaking it, to get to the marrow inside when that happens! You're ready to act on the idea.

When it comes to bestiality, there's two ways to learn one being practical application. Just throwing caution to the wind, and go for it. Only problem is that can end badly for you. I've been very lucky, up to this point later when I've told people what I've done, most the time get chewed out. I don't mind, simple for the most part it was a stupid thing to do, and they love me. The other way is second hand information. Stories telling you of their experiences of personal practical experiences in its self can be dangers. Let's face it all you're thinking of is being mounted, so everything is marred with emotion, an animal lust if you will. You're not thinking how you arrived there, only the pleasure it brought you. Lastly deciphering fact from fiction, whether the stories based on experience, or second hand information.

This chapter of my life begins with the mucking of a stall. Many of you reading are saying gross, but as a horse lover don't mind the cleaning. Please its only crap it will wash off, for you with horses this is something you can understand. Smell of fresh woodchips, and straw mixed with the scent of tack, and feed. Grabbing a handful of straw to rub him/her down with, such a simple chore for bring satisfaction. Of my own stock, have four horse's three geldings, and one mare. I know most of you are wondering where this is going. Please be patient, I will get there in my own time. Two of the geldings, and mare, or of Mustang decent went to Montana to pick them up. A herd was being destroyed, simply because they were in a place someone wanted. The last gelding is my jumper, I stable them night, let them pasture during the day. You can forget about them, they're not of significant in the story just part of the stable.

At the time we had a stallion stabled, snake bit so moved him to a place we could watch him, and have easy access in case of complications. Why I mucked his stall put him on the hot walker for exercise. Took him back to his stall for some sweet oats, and a rub down to cool off.. I'm probable not describing this right, but the best way to put it is his dick falls out. Not a sexual thing just happens. I've been around horse breeding all my life, so you can say have, some hands on experience. Sometimes he just has a hard time hitting the hole. Right! like you never have had, before at least once in your life. So you take it in your hands, and help him find wonderland.

Now as a foot note I'd be amiss not to tell this, I find it humorous. I'm a tease, won't insult your intelligence saying it was an accident. Times like this will put on a tight pair of jeans gives you a hint of camel toe. A sleeveless blouse, tie it above the naval. Leave it unbuttoned just enough, to see wisps of my sexy bra. Then start the cat, and mouse games, of them trying to look down it. Hehe don't fool yourself, we're the cat playing with our food. Most guys don't stand a chance, no matter how old. Next thing is you position yourself, so if the stallion starts missing you're the grabby. So here's where you're at; ahold of the horses penis, bent over just a touch to make your butt look good. After you help him find his mark, you'll be surprised how many shirts, are no longer tucked in. OK let's get back to the story.

At this point its idol curiosity, it hasn't all fell out yet but it's huge. I peek over the stall to see if anyone's around, you have a tendency to do that after getting caught once, plus some close calls. Sorry different chapter for the telling. Leavening the stall, to see what trucks are in the yard that tells me who's around, at this hour no one. At the work table find what I'm looking for, a measuring

tape. Not the type, I want but one that will work beggars can't be choosy. One of them sticks kind that folds out. The 1st fourteen inches are faded to nothing, don't care coz know that suckers going to be bigger. Getting back to the stall, only to find it drawled back in. Now earlier asked to have patients, for its something I'm gifted with, after what seemed like a million texting's. It finally fell out again; I waited the appropriate time, to make sure not to get peed on. Something not able to get excited over, got my tape out, reached down to get a handful, guess just too much for the big guy. I would have made Jack jumping the candle stick proud. He started stomping, and leaning into me, I became very nimble. Dropped the tape, which he promptly broke went under, then over to safety. I now had my bone to start chewing, at the time had no idea where it'd take me. I just buried it in a hole, in the back of my mind for later thought.

After a short time passed, was out for my morning run seems like lately every time I see a horse he's hanging, as a testimony of my failed attempt. Don't think for a moment I forgot about that bone, in fact pulled it out a few times to chew on. I even goggled it, was amazed at the information you can find. It was the size of someone else's horse not the one I wanted to know. I was at this point becoming aware the bone was getting bigger. Same problem, just curious of how hard is it to make a horse cum, I just love solving a problem. 1st problem was getting him to the stable nights without arousing suspicion was easy. Just opened a corridor gave him sweet oats every night he's waiting for me to let him in every night.

The next obstacle was faced with, was after getting him aroused a control factor. My 1st attempt was feeble at best, more like a test run. Saddled him, and then put him on three legs, after removing a couple boards from the stall. My idea was to reach in with my hand, give it a try then if works move into the stall. It was a bust, he could move too much for comfort. Then it dawned on me how easy he could break my arm like that the stall proved to dangers. Open ground? Need to think this a little more. Moving on, how to excite him? A dog, a few stroke a whiff are two, and your pretty much there. Bull? Shove the vibrator up his back side have him cumin all day. What can I say watched this all my life, so not surprised I'm into animals. Horses on the other hand, we've bred quite a few, thing was when the mare was in season the Stallion would do his job I had my answer. My 1st question was a revelation I had a few nights later. Two weeks past, then I was in business.

I'm a freak for dressing up sexy, but sometimes practicality wins out. For my little excursion, I choose bib-overalls, and tank-top simple blue. My chief concern was not getting my toes stomped on. Not owning a pair of steel toed boots, did the next best thing liberate an old pair from one of my brothers, size 12? After saddling the stallion for our Rondaview with destiny. Retrieve my items for success, and placed in the saddle bag hobbles, stake, hammer, and jar of pee. No I told you not into that. I did on the other hand have a few revelations. One why have a second horse, when you can just catch the pee, and have the scent of a mare in season. Then keep it in the refrigerator, till you need it. It works on dogs; I used to get as much as could from bitches in heat, then hide it in frig to use as needed. Then when they were going hunting, put it in a spray bottle, and squirt all the truck beds. When they put the dogs in truck, after a good whiff, all thoughts of hunting were over. The only thing they wanted to do was find that bitch in heat. Same reasoning went into it. How'd I catch it? That I'm trying hard to forget!

We rode the roundabout way to the chosen location, my reasoning was wanted him a little tired, but not enough to hinder my expectations. After driving the stake, then hobbling him, some test shoves, and pushes found me satisfied with the results. The moment of truth had arrived; opened the jar under his nose. He got confused, looked around. Ya it fell out! I was dancing around in celebration, when it accrued to me I failed to bring a measure. I wasn't about to have my good cheer put off on a little oversight like that.

In writing a story it's easy to lose readers interests. It took almost seven weeks to get standing here.

It was a long row to hoe. I just love old people's sayings! I was proud to be standing in that spot, to accomplish everything I set out to do, well save getting a measure. Now it was time to play. I'm not sure how much to write, I don't want you bored, on the other hand. Want you to know some of the things a girl will do with idle curiosity. Some you'll find sexy, others stupid, and weird, things of a sexual nature, others what ifs.

I stood there looking at that huge, humongous; monster, gigantic, and many other verbs could use to describe his penis. I was surprised to find there were no butterflies, wasn't the least bit nervous just wanted to play. Squatted down, took his dick in both hands putting my thumbs together, and reaching around with my fore fingers they wouldn't touch. Next had to put my finger tips on the head straitened my arm as I leaned into it, almost to my shoulder! Up to this point basically prodding, poking, and seeing how much it would bend. Everything you wanted to know about a horse dick, but were afraid to ask. Then started stroking it up and down the whole length, a half a dozen times, he started stopping around, so dropped it real quick thinking I was upsetting him. It might have been my imagination, but I swear when he turned and looked the question in his eyes were, why'd you stop? Repositioned myself back in to continue jacking him, and done something never done before spit on it, it seemed to help some so done it again.

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## **Part Two**

Sometimes get weird thoughts, and start giggling uncontrollably. I'm under a horse jacking him, and then think this weird thought; how many licks to lick a tootsie pop. I imagine standing before Professor Owl asking him how many licks it takes to cover a horse's dick. He gives me a dignified look, and said "My dear woman that you need to find out yourself" I warned you I was weird! Eleven from the base to the head, working around to your starting point, over lapping just a touch to make sure everything's licked. Fifty two if up, and down your able to get half from one side, then move to the other for the rest. Be nice with your comments, I had this huge dick plenty of curiosity. It was playtime, and I'm weird.

Horse's dicks in themselves are awesome, I don't mean by size, that's wonderful in itself. I meant feel, and texture. One second it's long, and hard if you're not paying attention, out in La la land it draws in very quickly, becomes limp. I found the head was my favorite part. It reminded me of a nerfball with skin someone else may describe it differently, but to me it was soft flexible, kind of like memory foam. No matter how much you squished it, it would always pop back to original form. The shaft, when he was full on hard, standing at attention. A guy told me that one time, I was naïve, so asked him if he was in the military. It was explained to me later, always wanted to use it! When you grasp it, it's very firm not much give, you're able to trace the veins running though out it. As it grows limp it first loses its thickness, and your fingers are able press further into the mass. Upon giving a complete examination of the whole penis in large I decided I liked the head the best it was easiest part to play with.

Started with a little kissing, and nibbling working the area where the head mushrooms from the shaft. My tongue licks the shaft teasing the bulb, as I follow its contours taunting it with light bites feeling the softness of the head as it caressing my cheek. Becoming very aroused doing the little dance of foreplay. My hand crept down to tease the fire building between my legs, a light rub though my overalls. Unable to become truly satisfied so much course material standing in the way, like a chastity belt in keeping the fingers from reaching their goal, the prize just out of reach. I reach up to loosen a button, as the bib falls exposes a hard nipple straining against thin fabric. I'm now unable to resist the temptation eased the dick crossed my lips, to render it a goodbye kiss. Over my chin down to my neck, pushing it up to touch an ear tilting my head to trap it in a shoulder hug were by

giving the shaft gentle kisses. Running the dick down my arm, and into my hand, giving a squeeze before the return trip watching the goose bumps trailing like marching soldiers. When finding a resting place within my exposed cleavage around the swells of my breast in in slow circles round, and round till it touched my nipple. At this point was mad with lust had to feel bare skin, an uncontrollable urge!

Reaching up to undo the other button, everything happened at one time. When the strap fell the flap followed. One does not take off bib overalls, when you unhook them they pretty much fall off, and then you step out of them. Being squatted down the front went to my knees, the back past my ass. Pushing myself up, like from a deep knee bend only to have then fall over my ankles onto the ground. Losing my balance, and I fell down. I'm on my hands, and knees trying to kick them off over a size twelve boot, and that's not happening. Forced to roll over onto my butt, sit my half-clad ass on the cold ground looking for my clasp knife in my pockets to cut the tape. Tape? Size twelve boot's no matter how tight I laced them, still clomped. Put on three pair of socks knee high, calf height, and anklets. Wrapped duct tape around the top, my feet would swish, and swim, but not clomp. Finally free from all the confining hardware, I stood in stocking feet, panties, and tank top the last not long for this world. After all this whole exercise was based on removing it, off it went. My play toy had become limp, time for some more witches brew.

By this time, I had cooled off a little. Still aroused, but without that uncontrollable hunger my panties were still damp. Squatted back down to take up his member, when remembered a saying; going so deep it chokes her. Omg just had to see, no not in the way you're thinking! I'm quite limber, so moved under the horse kind of like one limbos. Pressed his dick on my belly, and did the crab walk before my pussy could get all the way up, it touched my neck. So now I know it's possible to choke a girl coming from the kitty. Not that I'd advice trying! Getting down was much harder than getting up. Also being up like that I realized something else I could try; I've heard my girlfriends talk about it, so now's an opportune time. I slip back into a crouch, rub his cock on my breast once more, instantly feeling the embers begin to rekindle into a flame. I guide the head into the softness that separates my breast. I learn quickly to arch my back just a little, and let go of the member relying on the stiffness to hold it in place. Press both side of my tits to rap around the dick. To start with there was a drag, a little bump, bump, bump what I needed was a little lubricant. I used it before, so what the heck. As it came before my face, I spit. The grind becomes smoother with each stroke. My fire turned into a roaring blaze my pussy was soaked my panties drenched. I tried to remove one hand only to find my breast wouldn't retain his glory. Found myself caught, either being titty f—ked or masturbation the last won out. My fingers did not hesitate as they made their way down, over or under, I really want skin. Under the elastic my hand moved a couple hard rubs till my finger found that spot the first small orgasm with a horse.

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Part Three

When I first become curious about horses, I asked a friend from BF my go to guy if you will. For them of you that are new don't be afraid to ask. There are some of the most caring, and wonderful people here. The knowledge one can attain, can be staggering. He did his best to explain, but I become lost in translation. He had a great laugh I presume, but never to my face. Was very kind and patient with my lack of savvy? In his wisdom decided the best way to educate me was though a video. I watched it a few time, took notes. Paid close attention to details, even found ways to improve the experience though her mistakes.

I had my first orgasm, not satisfied yet the fires not quenched. Wanting more not sure what? Are better yet how far, I'm willing to travel on this road. I have one hand holding him the other still

softly petting my kitty. Teasing her with slow movements; not quite penetrating it with my finger building up to that explosive orgasm. I've moved his penis down my stomach to touch my naval, find a need to insert a finger in the wanting pussy. Shift my weight on my toes to rise a little higher, to have the head half on my panties, but still feel it next to my skin. I've become slightly embarrass, rubbing it so close to my pussy. Gave that quick look around, like you were caught doing something so naughty. I remove the finger, then the hand all the while moving to a standing position. Breasts amongst the hide, nipples feeling the scratchy pull as they push across the hairy grain. So many unique sensations, the mind unable to settle on which is bring the greatest pleasure. My body is alive; all embarrassment has fled with the parting wind. I now remember why I stood, all confusion slowly erodes. Put his member on my hip slowly dragging it all the way up, till it reaches its peak, and forced to move around the front. Across till finds the other hip over the top of my lower leg rubbing my inner thigh. Looking around once more, then arching my back, feeling his penis on my pussy, though the fabric. I'm wet my juices are flowing freely, have another small orgasm. My back is under a strain it's difficult to hold this position. Turning around to put my butt beneath him spreading my legs a little, as an afterthought slipped my panties down to feel his flesh on my skin.

When I reached between my legs to take up his dick once more, sadly came to find he had drawn up some. Just wouldn't quite touch without a lot of yanking, and pulling. I was left with two choices, scoot further under, or stop what I was doing, and get him rock hard again. I'm on my knees again, getting very used of this position now looking at the under belly of a horse. After making a few strokes, a little spit polish the Stallion was ready to stallion. I jumped up quickly to enjoy the feel of his member; causing him a little start, a few cooing words calmed him right down. I grasped him from between my legs, feeling his dick rub against my ass. I just couldn't believe I had another orgasm. So far I've touched my cheek, arms, neck, tits, belly, legs, ass, and still able to get off. Hehe you know I had to take that last look around as I slid it down my cheeks where they meet. Not out of guilt, well maybe a little; it was more like having my hand in one of Southy's cookie jar worrying about getting caught. As it neared my kitty, felt the goose bumps rise, that little shutter of anticipation. I'd worked so hard for this moment. I lightly pushed it across my lip, just softly caressing. Arching my back just a little, so that monster could move along my belly to my navel. My breath quickened, felt the heat rise to my face heartbeat caught in my throat. Dragging it back pressing much harder feeling my lips give way exposing pink, back, and forth my hip pick up a little rhythm, as I start to grind. I'm positive it's big, but I so want to have more. I run my other hand up his dick freeing it for other uses. Opening my legs wider, bending down lower I wish to see this, a monster against my pussy. Spreading my lip making a V watching a small corner of his head disappear was just too much, I had a violent orgasm. Not one that makes you want to stop for the night, but one you wish to take a little rest for round two. I hadn't had my fill of pleasure yet.

As I stood there contemplating my next move, I was surprised to find a thin sheen of perspiration on my skin. As I told you before, had watch a video a wonderful friend provided for me. In doing so, saw them should of, could of little thing to make it easier. I walked over, then let the stirrup down there'd be no frog hopping for me. Decided before, using my magic elixir and getting him rock hard again better check my creation. Would really hate to get him ready, and then find myself hopping around in stocking feet. Put one foot up in the stirrup, felt comfortable, pushed myself off him took two hops back. I'm on one leg of course I'm going to hop. Looked between my legs to make sure my pussy lips had that little natural part, just a hint of pink. Perfecto!

To my disappointment had to use the last of the elixir. Not to waste any poured the rest on his hackamore. Bingo; just love to watch the beast unleashed. By this time it's fair to say I'm an expert at working that huge dick. Undaunted or intimidated by its size taking it in both hand to give it gentle strokes. Squaring off with the side of the head to give it licks and bites. My jacking of it getting stronger with each pass I make. I found the feel of his dick on my breast war very erotic

feeling. While moving his dick down to caress my breast and nipples my hand drifted over my belly finding the hot moist opening between my parted legs, slipping a finger in its depths. Without noticing a friend joined the first. Curiosity over whelmed me so I slid the third one in, my imagination run wild as I contemplated being fucked by a horse, bringing forth a round of renewed orgasms. For the first time, I'm beginning to believe a little penetration is possible matching my three fingers to his head it's so soft, and flexible. I'm impulsive ripe, and willing the decisions made to my dismay, I sense his head lower; he gives a shutter then loses his seed.

To say there was a lot is an understatement, when it first happened my reaction was he's peeing on me how gross. One of them things that crossed my mind on a regular base, I had become aggressive. Attacked his dick with no thought, just lust. I just wanted to feel it on my pussy, pressing it against my opening as an agent seeking refuge. Instead I was working the head with my lips, kissing the ark on the smooth round. I wasn't hit with the full blast, but much worse, much, much worse. My hair sucked it up like a sponge. As I back peddled to escape from underneath him I could smell that musky wild scent, almost intoxicating. Finding me torn between getting it out of my hair, and tasting it, then running my fingers through my hair found a glob of sticky warm horse sperm. I looked at my fingers, temptation won out, just a small taste. I have to say it was OK, nothing like a dog, or maybe a better way of saying, not as appealing.

Like all experiences they must draw to a close my time in this one had expired. I still found myself sexually frustrated, after freeing him from his confinement giving a pat on his rump to send him on his way. It dawned on me that I had no way home, but foot power.

The End