

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



© by unknown

Walking into the barn, I noticed it was like any other kind of barn, with straw and manure all over the floor. I stopped in front of the black stallion and stared at him. My cunt felt as if it were swollen open. I bit my lower lip. Thunder stopped his back-and-forth movements and seemed frozen, those big brown eyes appearing to grow even softer.

Standing naked in the semi-darkness. I was afraid to move. But then I did, opening the stall and carefully stepping in. This whole thing seemed unreal, a deliciously evil nightmare.

“Ohhhh, beautiful horse, beautiful...”

Standing to the right, I began stroking the stallion’s sides, feeling his warm flesh, feeling the strange silky touch of his slick hairs against my hand. It was so odd, me standing in the stall, stark naked, with this horse panting nervously, excitedly next to me. Running my fingers up and down his sides, I felt the muscles quivering, felt his flesh warming to my touch.

Closing my eyes and putting my free hand to my chest. It was so hard to breathe again, a problem I had when I was aroused. Was I aroused? Oh God, yes! There couldn’t be any question about it! The sounds, the smells, the touch, everything conspired to drive me into this position.

I moved my hand back a little, caressing the rounded curves of his rump, feeling the gentle stroke of his tail as Thunder neighed and shuffled his forelegs over the stubbly floor.

“Steady, Thunder, steady, yes, that’s it, that’s it, I am not going to hurt you.”

I backed away a little more, feeling the whip of his tail at times against my right elbow. He began pawing again at the ground, snorting and dipping his head up and down as I eased my way back toward his hindquarters. Only when I kept talking to and touching him gently did the stud calm down, twisting his head around again and watching me intently. That stare made me shiver.

“Easy, Thunder ... don’t move ... that’s it, Thunder.” My heart was pounding so hard I thought it would tear through my rib cage.

I touched his left hindquarter’s big, hard muscle, feeling it ripple under my fingertips. Thunder moved that hoof back, stomping down on the hay, moving the straw about nervously, then finally steadying himself as I kept smoothing my fingers up and down, up and down his body.

What was I doing? What was I doing standing naked in the stall with this stallion? Got to leave ... have to ... I said to myself. But some dark force had taken over my soul once more. It was as if I were possessed by some terrible demon out to destroy me!

I moved my fingers down lower, hearing my breathing and matching it with that of the stallions. My knees shook while I felt my full, flexible cunt-lips swell with blood, folding over one another. I paused, leaning heavily against Thunder’s body again and closing my eyes. My clit was swollen, poking up from the surrounding moist flesh and throbbing as if my hand was rubbing against it. I smiled.

“Ohhhh...” I moaned.

I moved as if in some dream state. I felt shamefully close to an orgasm. What’s happened to me? I was standing there, touching a horse, moving my hands up and down, dangerously close to his cock. But that was all. I had no contact with the beast or touching except the innocent caressing against

his sides. And yet, I couldn't deny what I was feeling between my thighs, a hunger that made me tremble at my thoughts. I stopped momentarily and wondered what I was thinking of doing, finding out I didn't know. I wasn't sure of what to do. It was that force, that thing shoving me on, showing me the way.

"Ohhh..." My breathing became more and more shallow.

My tits were hurting me now, feeling so full, so swollen. And how my nipples ached and itched, begging to be touched, rubbed, pinched! I felt so shaky, not myself at all. The big horse was still staring at me, his black nostrils quivering with each powerful snort he took.

"Thunder," I pronounced his name and felt flesh crawl around my spine.

I found my fingers moving once more. They were sliding down, down the leg, and around to the sexy curve of his hindquarter. I found myself moving back, feeling the nervous swish of his tail as it jerked back and forth more spiritedly.

"Ohhhh, what am I doing?"

My cunt lips rubbed against one another, fluttering with excitement as my hand traveled around and back until I felt something hot, hot, and strange. I froze once more, my mouth opening. I let out a shudder, gasping for air. A horse's cock!

"Nice, Thunder, nice!"

It was horrible, really horrible, what I was doing and feeling. I should stop now. And yet, I kept going, curling my fingers and moving them around until I felt his big, coconut-sized sac. Thunder stomped around again, snorting, dipping his head back and forth while his mane fluttered from the violent movements. I drew my hand away quickly as if I just touched a hot plate.

Thunder moved about his stall, banging his sides against one wall. Then he calmed once more, snorting loudly. Should I go on? Should I touch his big balls and prick once more? The thought of being trampled in the stall just for some stupid horny urge raced through my mind.

"Thunder..." Again I pronounced his name softly, gently, as if he were my lover. And again, he calmed, twisting his head, rolling those big brown eyes as if he were telling me he wanted me to touch his cock again.

I swallowed hard, raised my hand again, and moved it down to the horse's balls. This time, Thunder didn't move, his only reaction being a shudder that radiated through his entire body. I saw this and trembled. Opening my eyes and looking back a little, I saw his prick! His cock! His prick was big, so big, so damned big and black, hanging there like some massive funnel.

I stopped once more, my eyes widening with excitement. For a moment, just for a moment, I thought about how something like that would feel fucking in and out of my pussy.

My God ... what am I doing? I asked myself, but I knew what I was doing.

I moved my hand until my fingertips touched the fat, hardening cock. This time, Thunder didn't stomp. His snorting increased, his hindquarters spreading, moving from side to side. I sucked in another breath and held it until my eyes saw stars. Then I inhaled and exhaled. I moved my hand up. In a second, I had my fingers wrapped around that big cock, then moving up and down. I was jacking off a horse! I was jacking him off.

I moved my fingers up and down and felt the hard throbbing prick jerk in my fingers. It was crazy. It was insane. It was like I had been propelled into another world where my morals were turned upside down.

I could hear the wooden stall wall groaning under his weight as he pressed against it. I moved with the startled animal, stroking his dick again, cooing to him – then dropping my trembling fingers to those fat balls again.

“Ohhhh, nice Thunder, good boy.”

This time the animal didn't move. He let out a long shuddering sigh, dipping his head and shaking it, the long black mane fluttering from side to side with the movement. I sighed as well, the tips of my fingers stroking those fat balls. Never had I touched anything like them in my life! They were so hot, so hot and tight. The skin was something like leather, pulled to the tearing point. And yet, apparently, they were sensitive to the touch of my fingertips.

Thunder was shuddering, snorting at me, then moving back and forth, twisting his head around to see me better. When I saw those brown eyes fixed on me, I leaned heavily against his body, my knees threatening to give way under me. What kind of slut was I turning into?

And yet ... yet, I couldn't stop myself. All I could think of was how good it felt to touch Thunder like this. And the stallion certainly didn't mind. He was breathing heavily, dipping his head repeatedly while his tail swiped against my arms excitedly. His prick was getting good, stiff, and hot while my fingers felt the thick veins pulsing against my hand.

My fingers lingered on his balls, caressing them while I moved closer to the beast. Thunder's tail stopped wagging from side to side. It stayed half poised. His hindquarters spread as if he were going to take a dump. But I knew better. Even from this short time I'd been with the horse, I knew better. He was inviting me to go further, to touch him all over, perhaps to do something more.

My mind was spinning as I moved my fingers down, down the tiny ridge of flesh that separated his balls from the base of his cock. Then I stopped, sucking in my lower lip and biting down hard. It had grown to such a big size!

Moving my hand down his prick, I slowly traced my fingertips along the hot, jerking cock. How my pussy burned! Shudder while my cunt muscles tense and ache, begging to be touched. Sighing again, I dropped one hand to my pussy, stroking the lips open, peeling them back, and working two fingers in and out of my sappy cunt while keeping one knuckle constantly against my clit. More whirls of bright colors exploded before my eyes as I felt the massive cock grow hotter and hotter in my hand, jerking between my slender fingers.

Thunder neighed again. I felt my knees getting weaker. Letting out a soft cry, I slipped a third finger into my pussy. My nails scraped inside my pussy while my other hand stroked Thunder's prick.

I moved my palm flatly over the bottom of the stallion's cock, pushing it down until my fingertips brushed over the slick head.

Closing my eyes, I shivered, spasms racing through my overheated cunt. My tits swung out, brushing up and down against the stallion's sides. It was good to feel my nipples touching that warm, firm surface. I could have stayed like this all evening, stroking the big horse, touching him all over while resting my body against his. But that hot, tight, achy feeling between my legs drove me on. I wanted more sensation, more of the big horse.

“Oh, easy, Thunder. I’m not ... uh ... not going to hurt you,” I panted.

I moved my hands up and down, feeling the big, hard cock with my fingers. Looking up, I saw those beautiful brown eyes grow wider as they stared at me. What was he thinking? I wondered. I wondered if the animal could think, or was he responding to a purely physical action?

I wanted more, something more than simply jacking off the horse! I shook my head violently from side to side, wondering what I was thinking of and what I would do. Lust churned through my belly and ran through every fiber of my body. I wanted to touch myself and have the big animal touch me all over!

“My God ... oh my dear God!”

I pulled my cunt-lips further apart, exposing the tiny, pulsing lump of pink cunt lips. I began flailing my clit faster and faster. My fingers worked faster and faster, in and out of my cunt.

My mind was done. I couldn’t do anything but jacking off this horse. My belly tightened while my hips twisted shamelessly. I could feel my cunt-lips rubbing against one another.

But still, I wanted more, more, more!

“My ... ohhhh yes, fuck...”

Even as I pinched my clit hard, my guilty thoughts rose in my mind. Was it possible for the horse to put that big cock in me? Even just a little?

It was unbelievable. I dropped to the floor, my head bent forward, my tongue out. I touched his ass gently, gingerly, with the tip of my tongue. There was no foul taste, no sudden spasm of revulsion in my belly. I just felt like a fucking slut. Letting out another shuddering sigh, I licked his asshole for a bit. Then I worked my way down to the big black sac between Thunder’s hindquarters. At the same time, I worked my fingers faster and faster over the big stud’s prick. He was growing nervous, stomping his forelegs, swishing his tail frantically from side to side.

I stopped momentarily, a helpless victim trapped in my whirlpool of lust. I pinched and plucked at my clit while my ass cheeks tightened and separated. I was on the brink of orgasm, teetering on the line of climax! While I twisted my swollen clit between my thumb and forefinger, I stuck my fingers deeper into my pussy. How I gasped and sobbed, feeling that orgasm getting closer and closer. I was fluttering my tongue now, reaching the base of his prick, tasting and feeling that big cock’s incredible warmth.

My knees bent a little more, my tongue trailing down the sensitive back of Thunder’s black cock. I could smell stale piss on his cock, and I went crazy. Licking my tongue up and down that big black prick, my lips nibbling the horse’s prick. I would have given anything to have that cock fucking in and out of me. How I would have loved to have his prick spreading apart my itchy cunt, the fat black cock head drilling down into my body until I exploded into thousands of brightly colored pieces! But I was asked to suck him.

“I ... I can’t ... ohhhhh!”

I came with the fury of a firestorm or a volcano. I was halfway down on the prick, my lips sucking hard at the flesh, my fingers working that tough foreskin back and forth over the steely inner core of the horse’s prick. An explosion burst over my thighs, my rump dancing and jiggling, my little ass cheeks slapping together. Cum, cum! And now the animal was cumming.

I could feel it, actually feel the horse's jazz flushing through his cock, spraying out of the end. It was like holding the garden hose. My fingers tightened around the big cock as I held his prick firmly in my hands, directing the hot spray of cum onto my face. I opened my mouth and let it fill it up. I then drank it as more and more of the horse's cum sprayed all over my face and body.

I stayed there for several more moments, getting my strand, feeling my wits return to me. I've done it. I'd done it.

I backed away. Then I stepped quietly from the stall. My legs were still shaky from the recent sexual bout. I opened the barn door and felt the cool air on my still-sensitive nipples. I cast one last look at the big animal. He had put his head over the stall front and was staring at me, his pointed ears twisted around toward me while those black rubbery lips worked over his teeth.

I walked out of the barn and up to the house, then heard the word "cut."

My dad then approached me and handed me a towel to dry off. "You did a great little one. That's going to make us money. Now rest up because Max will be next. In the next scene, you will go to your bedroom, and Max, your beautiful German shepherd, will be waiting for you."

"Yes, Daddy," I said, running to the house to shower. I can't wait to feel Max's Big cock in me again. God, I'm so horny again.

The End