

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



A woman in her thirties was walking down the street, trying to keep a low profile and avoid being spotted despite both men and women ogling at her figure. She played it off well though, being used to the scenario and just hoping no one would recognise her face. She had tight, bright pink clothes and thin heels, so she was hard to miss, but she wore large sunglasses to try and hide her face.

Her name is Caroline, and she works as a high-class model. Having just spent many hours in an arduous photoshoot, she was looking for a way to relax for the rest of the day and spend it exactly the way *she* wanted. Luckily, there was an establishment in her town that had exactly what she needed, and she wanted to get there unbothered.

A small grin showed on her face as she spotted a building on the next street over, and got a spring in her step from excitement.

It was a large establishment, with an embellished entrance of glass complete with a red carpet and guards standing outside. "THE BARN", the name of the building, was written in huge neon lights across the face of the building, with the text "spa and relaxation" written in smaller text underneath. It was like something ripped straight out of New Vegas, and was several stories tall.

The model tried to act casual as she walked up to and into the entrance of the Barn, cautious to not get any attention until she was inside. She did however sneak a wink at one of the guards that she knew, who nodded in response to her.

The foyer was equally extravagant, looking like that of a 5 star hotel. It had a shining marble floor with a red carpet going off in a few directions. There were small palm trees in pots in each of the corners and around each point, and in the middle was a dual staircase with a large white fountain in the middle. She breathed in and out fully, taking in the calm atmosphere, her brain relaxing already.

Caroline walked up to the front desk, being manned by one person that she didn't recognise. As she neared the desk, the person smiled brightly.

"Welcome to The Barn! Do you want to book a reservation?" They asked cheerfully, having that "new at the job" energy.

"Yeah, just wait a second..." she said, rummaging through her purse. "There!" She exclaimed not long after, and handed the desk clerk a membership card with her name and other info. On the card was also a V.I.P engraved in a chrome-like metal.

The clerk only looked at the card for less than a second before looking back up. "Oh! It's you! Go right on ahead, I suspect you know exactly where to go." They said, holding a steady smile.

"Thank you, have a good day." She told them, returning their smile.

"You too, Miss!" They responded, and waved Caroline off.

The upstanding woman made her way along her usual path. Up the right stairs, first door in the left corridor, leading to an elevator that she took to the 3rd floor. And upon stepping out of the elevator, she was greeted by a tall, broad-shouldered man with well combed white hair, a fancy looking moustache, and wearing a very expensive black tuxedo. He reached his hand out to Caroline, which she grabbed and they shared a hard handshake.

"Gunther, it's good to see you!" She told him excitedly, as the handshake subsided. She had become rather close to this man, as he oversaw the most luxurious rooms of The Barn and Caroline was a very frequent and happy customer of their services.

"It is good to see you as well, young miss." He said in a straight and proper manner, though he was also happy to see her.

"Oh stop it with this "young miss" stuff. Caroline is fine." She told him a bit sternly.

Gunther scoffed ironically. "That would be unbecoming of a simple, humble servant, young miss." He responded and bowed, though cracked a light smile.

Before the woman could retort, the servant continued. "I assume you want the same service as usual?" He asked her properly, standing up perfectly straight.

"Yes, I would like to meet with Arion and spend, you know, an hour or a few with him." She said in a casual manner, to which Gunther nodded in a way to tell her to walk with him.

It was a long corridor, with frequent doors to each side. Each of the doors had a sign on them, saying the name of an animal species, the name of the animal itself, the animal's gender, and a light description of what the room looked like and how big the room was. There were hundreds of options at The Barn, all manner of animal species, room designs, and potential actions to be had, but Caroline had always been drawn to one specific beast in the collection.

They reached a simple white wooden door, and the sign said: "Horse (equid), Arion, Male, Small Stall Room."

Gunther took out a master key, and quickly opened the door which was perfectly silent. Inside was a small room of wooden planks, a lamp, a water tray and a wheat tray. And in the middle, was an enormous horse which was facing away from them, eating hay. His tail snapped alluringly, knowing what the door opening meant.

Arion was a retired racing horse, coincidentally almost the same age as Caroline. He had short, light brown fur, a blonde mane, and a darker coloured tail. He was on the very largest end a domestic horse could be, and Caroline's head barely reached its back. His leg muscles were alarming in size, and they flexed beneath his skin.

Gunther backed away, as Caroline entered the stall, standing right behind the horse, her nose already filling with musk.

"Have a good time, Caroline. Meet me at the elevator when you're done." He told her calmly, and closed the door behind her.

While this beast of an animal may be hard to take in at first sight, Caroline stared, as if hypnotised, at a certain darkened coloured spot on the equine's behind. The model enjoyed many of the simple things in life, and being at perfect mouth-height with this horse's puffed, glazed, musk-filled and mouthwatering anus was one of her biggest joys.

She took slow step after slow step, completely transfixed by the powerful smell emanating from Arion's rump. Before long she placed her nose directly on the horse's asshole, and took in a deep whiff of his controlling musk. It made her moan just from the smell that almost made her ejaculate on the spot, and her mouth opened up with her tongue laying out onto the skin of his taint, as drool dribbled from her.

She was already drunk of the powerful smell alone, as she kept pressing her nose against the horse's asshole, eventually creeping the point of her nose inside as her body begged for more. Meanwhile, she was licking at his taint, kissing it with endearment, leaving a mess of her lipstick on his rear, worshipping the hind of a horse as if it was the feet of a god.

Her eyes were rolling up towards her head, as she yelled a loud moan, and came from the simple, unapologetic stench of a horse's ass. Her whole body fell against Arion's taint, her lower torso reaching into the crevice of the beast's gigantic ballsack, and her breasts' sensitive nipples being squished against the taint of the animal only deepening her eroticism.

"Ariooooon..." she groaned, stealing whiff after whiff of the horse's anus musk. "You're so good to me..." she revered in high appreciation. In response to the praise, the horse snorted, and swung his tail around the model's head.

When her legs could again hold her body upright, though wobbly from lust, she moved her mouth up to the ring she'd been sniffing. A constant string of saliva strung from her tongue, and she placed her mouth on the equine's asshole, took her lips around the puffed anus, and began sucking on it.

She again moaned loudly, although with a closed mouth this time. Her mouth finally full of the horse-ass she's been craving. She sucked on the anus like a baby suckling on a pacifier, and felt the same type of homey, almost nostalgic and deeply ingrained emotions from this horse's ass.

The woman's well trained tongue licked around the opening again and again, savouring the taste, until she got too lustfully impatient and began sticking her tongue inside of Arion's anus. Her senses were overwhelmed once again as she tongued the hole repeatedly, sucking in an overpowering flavour.

She was making out with the horse's asshole in the same way one would a passionate lover. Her movements were filled with love, lust, respect, appreciation, need and full on worship.

Nothing else could make her feel like this, as she fully submitted to the asshole of the beast, blinded to the rest of the world and only focusing on a deep desire to give her all to the horse's rear.

She was fully dominated. Her senses, her body, her mind, were all in full control by Arion's anus. Caroline, an upstanding member of the society built by humans, was completely at the whim of the asshole of a simple farm animal.

The model was continuously making out with the rear of the horse, madly in love. This complete feeling of domination of something so degrading, along with her senses being constantly bombarded with the musk and flavour of the horse's asshole that she was so deeply infatuated with, made her release hands free once more.

This time the moan was deep and guttural, animalistic in the pure euphoria. She straight up refused to remove the horse anus from her mouth, and kept wildly sucking on it, acting as if removing her mouth from his asshole would be worse than death.

She mumbled into the rump of the horse, compliments and praises that couldn't be heard, as she was completely delirious from the pure ecstasy of the situation she was in. In her mind she'd rather fall unconscious before she'd stop worshipping the asshole of this beast.

Her clothes were completely ruined by a mix of sweat, saliva and vaginal juices and stank of horse musk, but she wasn't even processing her own appearance at the time, it held no importance to her as she was serving her purpose of being this animal's asslicker.

The model's body tried to regain any semblance of balance, all in a feeble attempt to keep her mouth on the horse's asshole for as long as possible, despite her body giving up, and she began crumbling.

Before her legs fully collapsed, however, Arion lifted one of his hind legs up, between Caroline's legs, and easily supported her weight as he carried her into a much less taxing sitting-like position on the leg of the horse, allowing the woman to keep being in her heaven for longer.

It took her a few moments to process it, but when she noticed what the horse had done for her, she teared up in both eyes, never having been so appreciative in all her life. "Th...Thank you, Arion. Thank you sooo muuuch..." She fought hard to get every word out, while still keeping her mouth on the horse's asshole where it belonged. Arion gave a small huff, and again swung his tail around her head as if saying "No problem." To the woman worshipping his asshole.

Caroline could barely form a single thought for the rest of her evening, as she sat there, embraced into her heaven, never wanting the moment to end.