

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



“Okay, today is tha’ day, Mary. You got this.”

The nude woman psyching herself up in the person-sized mirror sitting on the cozy room’s floor was Mary Lou Callaway, a ranch-hand for the eponymous Callaway Ranch. Here, alongside her mother and her younger sister, she was in charge of leading guided rides that could be scheduled for anyone interested in experiencing what horseback riding was like. If they were not interested in riding a horse, countless miles of trails for hiking and camping were also available, and covered the several square miles of untouched wilderness that made up their property. While they often received a lot of business during the spring and summer months, work would usually die down around autumn and winter, thanks to both the holidays and the frigid weather that began to settle in around the county. During this time, when not working through the extensive backload of tasks on the property, the three would spend time bonding with the animals that resided within their stables and pastures.

Thanks to all of the necessary manual labor around their homestead, Mary Lou’s body, after nearly a decade of hard work, had grown accustomed to the busy life on the ranch. Her upper physique, while simple on the outside, was very strong, her arms and torso developing well with all the years she had spent at her rustic home. Accompanying this, her wavy hair highlighted her head in a mane of bright orange, and while she often tied it back into a ponytail, she was almost always seen with a well-maintained braid hanging down her face’s right side. Within the past few years, however, the standout genetic features of her family had begun to make themselves obvious to both onlookers and herself. Her hips and rear, once toned like the rest of her body, had begun to grow more plump and had started expanding outwards, and were now wider than her shoulders. Accompanying this, her nipples areola had begun to expand across her mammaries, now encompassing the entirety of the end of her breasts in a pair of bright pink caps.

These changes, accompanied by an increased worry in her sense of self, caused her to grow extremely embarrassed about the physical developments she was undergoing, especially during the colder months of the year, where her body naturally put on more weight in a primal attempt to keep her warm. Her mind, making things even worse, bombarded her with the possibilities of what others would say about her new changes, and whether or not folks would just see her as nothing more than a fat-assed country girl for them to get off to. These horrors began to cause her a great deal of duress, and eventually drowned her in a powerful slump. Thankfully, after weeks of her imagination dominating her mind and negatively affecting her work, she finally reached out to the two people she knew she could talk to about her fears: her cousin, Amber Underwood, and her mother, Peggie Sue Callaway.

During a visit to her Aunt Ruby’s farm, Mary Lou had the chance to sit down with her slightly older cousin and talk girl-to-girl about her brand new changes, and what to expect from both them and other people her age. After several seconds of complimenting her brand new and extremely meaty butt, Amber began to describe her personal experiences with others while having an excessive amount of body fat, especially with people from the big city, to her nervous cousin. Over the course of a few hours, she recounted an extensive list of personal encounters, with the vast majority of them being with anonymous individuals that desired her body and saw her as nothing more than a meaty fuckhole to both please their cocks and drain their balls into. While this happened with most of her partners, she also listed off several individuals who she was both on a first name basis with and who she loved to spend time with. While speaking fondly of their times together, she also detailed how they explicitly stated how they wanted to fertilize her eggs, and how a few had eagerly proposed to her after spending several nights together in bed. At the end of their talk, the two relatives had shared several good laughs, and for the amply-bottomed rancher, her fears of what others thought about her had begun to dissipate.

After returning home late from her Aunt's Farm and finding Peggie Sue waiting for her, Mary Lou asked if they could sit down and talk. At their kitchen's island, she began to explain her personal fears of her new changes to her mother, detailing how she felt extremely embarrassed over constantly growing out of new pairs of pants again and again over the course of her rapid growth, and how she began to feel like she was nothing more than her butt. After emptying her heart out, her older relative pulled her into a hug, told her that she was more than her butt, explained how she felt the exact same way when she was her age, and had grown to love her own new developments as she aged. Explaining what she meant to her younger daughter, she asked her if she thought horseback riding was easier than before. After her daughter responded with a confused 'Yes?', she explained to her that with all her new assets, it would be a lot easier to ride, and she'd be a lot less sore after a day on the trail thanks to the new cushioning. With these heartfelt words and reassuring explanation, her daughter's worries finally disappeared, and she began to love her brand new bodily developments.

Walking away from her reflection, she approached a rustic armoire that contained all of her various long-sleeved clothes. Reaching in, she pulled out a brown gingham shirt, a pair of snugly fitting apple-bottom jeans, and a dark blue denim jacket lined in white fur, a recent present that she loved to wear on particularly cold days. Reaching into one of the upper compartments of the old piece of furniture, she felt around and eventually found a white wool hat that she had knitted for herself several years ago. The simple skullcap was more than capable of holding back the cold, and paired well with the rest of her current ensemble that was laid about on her bed. Having created the outfit she wanted to wear that day, she wandered back over to the other side of her well-sized room, navigating towards a stout dresser that contained the rest of her clothes. Pulling one of the top drawers open, she excavated an erotic-looking pair of black underwear from the back of the compartment, admiring their intricate floral patterns and frilly lining for a few seconds before sliding them on, and putting on the rest of her outfit. Now ready for the day, she opened her locked door and began her arduous journey downstairs.

Her mind raced back and forth over how her mom would react to what she was about to ask. At the top of their home's stairwell, she reached into her cleavage and pulled out a small locket, popping it open and looking deeply at the picture within. After several seconds, she closed the piece of jewelry, gave it a small kiss, and began to walk downstairs. Each footfall, now slightly louder due to the increased weight of her Christmas ham-like asscheeks, echoed down the tight corridor leading downwards. Eventually, she finally touched the ground floor of their home, and began to look for where her mother was located. After some seconds of quietly searching several rooms, she finally found her, seated at the island of their expansive rustic kitchen. Seated and enjoying a cup of coffee, Peggie Sue wore a white fluffy bathrobe, a pair of brown slippers on her feet, and had her hair wrapped firmly in a small towel. Standing still for a few seconds, her presence was finally noticed by the Callaway matriarch, who looked up and began to wave hello.

"Good mornin' Mary!" Peggie Sue beamed to her adult daughter, taking a sip from her steaming mug. "Everything okay? It looks like ya' got somethin' on the mind."

Mary took a deep breath, before finally making her request: "Mamma, I'd like an advancement on ma' chore money."

"An advancement?" Peggie Sue looked at her daughter with surprise. "Why on Earth do you need more money? Don't you still got the chore payment from last month?"

"I'd like to get ma' own minifridge, for ma' room"

"A fridge!?" Peggie Sue responded with a slight laugh to her voice and an obvious smile growing on

her face, both surprised and amused at her daughter's request. "Why do ya' think ya' need your own fridge!? The one we got right down here is plenty big enough for all of us!"

Peggie Sue Callaway looked up at her daughter from her seat at the kitchen island, bewildered at her seemingly spontaneous request and awaiting the answer to her question. Laying in front of her was a freshly-delivered newspaper, its pages open to an article talking about the County's New Year's Festival that would be taking place later that month. Sitting to the side of the printed paper was a half-drunk cup of coffee and an empty plate, formerly occupied by a generous helping of eggs, recently gifted by her sister Ruby during one of her many visits, and a few beef sausage patties, formerly piled much like a stack of pancakes.

"Well," Mary Lou began, her mind formulating a firm reason as to why she would need a fridge for her own use, besides the real reason that she wanted one. "I don't wanna take up any more room in the fridge we have here. It'll save us some space and free it up for you or Suzie to use." Looking around to ensure her younger sister's absence, she leaned in close to her mother and began to whisper. "Also, I think that lil' varmint has been taking the food that I have in there for herself! I put some things that I got with Amber in there, and the next morning they were gone!" Leaning back upwards, she walked to a vacant seat and plopped herself down, intently looking at Peggie Sue and awaiting the response to her request. Her mother, a silent contemplator, raised a hand to her chin, and began to lightly rub her fingers back and forth across it, thinking of a response to give her daughter. In time, she finally looked back up at her daughter and responded to her request.

"Alright, Mary. I'll give ya' the advancement, but it will be for your refrigerator, not the money for it." Her daughter began to smile in delight, her request having been approved by her normally cautious mother. "'Fore you celebrate, though!" she continued, raising a hand and stopping the joyful woman's immediate excitement. "You're gonna need to earn it. I'll be restructurin' your work schedule, and you'll be doin' stable duty and horse brushing for the next thirty days. You get it started today, and if ya' do it for all thirty days, I'll head to town and order a mini fridge for ya. Sound good?" Before she had even finished, Mary began to eagerly nod her head up and down. Taking care of the equines within the stables was something she loved to do in her spare time, and while having to clean out the stalls was a small price to pay for it, she was more than eager to get started. "Of course, mamma! I'll go ahead an' get started!"

"That's ma' girl." Peggie Sue praised her daughter, taking another sip of coffee from her mug and watching on as her diligent family member slid on a pair of nearby cowboy boots, and afterwards, walk to the back patio's sliding door, where she began to pull it open. "One more thing!" Peggie called out, standing up and walking towards her daughter, stopping her after she opened it a tiny bit, letting the cold air of the winter morning billow into their kitchen. "Suzie Q should be outside somewhere. Can ya find her and ask her if she wants ta' go to town with me?"

"Of course, mamma, I'll go look around for her." Turning back to the door, Mary Lou opened it the rest of the way, and stepped out into the bitter January cold. While she didn't think about it at first, she soon realized that if she could get Suzie Q to go with her mother, then the entire property would be vacant except for her! Upon piecing it together, the slightly smiling cowgirl began to wonder what she could get up to during the time where her mother and younger sister would be in town.

Looking around the property, she found it to be almost completely blanketed in snow, a good two inches already coating the ground she walked upon, giving off a soft watery crunching noise with every step. The low temperatures caused her nose to grow slightly red, and her breath to become visible, much like a small cloud of cigarette smoke. While she felt her skin being bitten against by the cold, she was in no rush to find her younger sister, since she knew that it would take her mother a bit to get ready for the day. After searching for a bit, she finally found her younger sister, taking

full advantage of the cold weather, and building a small snowman near the horse stables.

Unlike her older sister's more practical work outfit, Suzie Q was dressed in a pastel blue parka and black snow pants, accompanied by a pair of snow boots and a pair of black nylon gloves. Atop her short-cut orange hair, a pastel blue pom beanie with white highlights protected her head from the cold. While she was dressed quite warmly for the weather, her cheeks still shined a bright pink, flushed with warm blood in an attempt to stave off the cold surrounding her. Her hard work, however, was littered everywhere around her for all to see: several snow angels littered the property, slowly being refilled with fresh snowfall, and at half her height, a crude snowman stood guard at the entrance to the stables.

"Heya, Suzie!" Mary Lou called out, waving hello and starting a slow jog over to her. "Whatcha workin' on?"

"Hiya Mary!" Suzie Q responded back in kind, waving hello and continuing to work on her small sculpture. "I'm makin' a snowman, whadaya think?"

"I think ya' did a great job with it!" Mary Lou praised her younger sister, patting her on the shoulder in affirmation. "Gonna have to pull ya' away from it now, though. Mamma want's ya' to go with her to town."

"Aww!" Suzie Q responded, giving a small dejected look to her older sister, her lips in a slight pout. "But I was gonna take care of Deputy today! He needs some brushin' done!"

"Tell ya what:" Mary Lou began after thinking for a few seconds. "If you promise to take care of his brushing when you and mamma get back, I'll leave him to you. Sound good?"

"Yea!" Suzie Q excitedly exclaimed, rushing over and giving her older sister a small hug. "I was gonna brush him in a bit, but the snow was too nice to pass up, ya know?"

"I know Suzie, I know. Now you better get goin', Momma's gon' be ready soon!" Mary Lou reaffirmed to her younger sister, patting her on her back and sending her on her way. Now that her younger sister was heading out with her mother, it was time for her to get to work. Grabbing a hold of one of the stable's doors, she began to slowly pull it open, assisted by the wheel attached to the sliding entrance. After opening it up just enough, she squeezed her way into the building, and shut the door behind her.

Before her, several well-heated wooden stalls stretched through the length of the building, with three of them currently occupied by the family-owned equines. While more horses were usually brought in during their operating months, only three were currently present for her to take care of: Deputy, Sergeant, and Sheriff. Each one of them resided in their own stall, and were currently moving about, eager to get outside and burn some energy. This worked out well for Mary Lou, who needed them to vacate their stalls in order to properly clean them out and put new hay in. Along with the numerous stalls, a small office and workstation were present, both often used by Peggie Sue as a simple business room to handle setting up ride-alongs and camping trips on their land, and for quick repairs when something on the ranch broke down. Taking off her coat and hat, Mary Lou began her trek to the office that awaited her, passing by each of the three horses that she would soon need to take care of.

Deputy was the youngest of the three horses on the property at barely three years old. His coat, a pinto of light brown and white, was soft to the touch, and required minimal brushing. He was also the favorite of Suzie Q, who had known him ever since he was a young colt, and helped raise him alongside Peggie Sue. Sheriff was the largest horse they had on their ranch, and was often chosen as

a breeding stud for any mare that was brought to the farm, and had sired several dozen horses across the county. At fifteen years old, his dark coat was accompanied by his equally rude temperament, letting only Peggie Sue both ride him and order him around. Finally, was Sergeant, Mary Lou's favorite horse among countless ones that she had ridden. The ten year old stallion always respected her, and was very gentle when it came to riding, with the pair spending countless hours with one another exploring their vast property during the warmer seasons.

Before Mary Lou reached the small enclosed office, she took a moment to look into the stall where Sergeant was currently resting. Spending several seconds looking at her horse, her presence was soon acknowledged by the powerful animal, who gave her a small snort and wandered over to her. Sticking his head over the tall gate of the stall, rubbing his lips against his owner's forehead. Giving a small laugh, the plaid-shirted cowgirl returned the affectionate gesture, reaching up with a hand and giving the equine's head a small hug of appreciation, biting her lip in silent anticipation. After several seconds of embrace, the pair parted, and the slightly blushing cowgirl rushed over to the office behind her. Grabbing a hold of the door's handle, she pulled it open, and stepped inside the small room.

The office itself consisted of several simple pieces of wooden furniture: a large well-organized desk, two simple chairs on the customer's side, and an opulent chair for Peggie Sue herself. Across from the entrance, a wide window was present, showing a clear view of the outside area, the forest that was close to the property itself, and the overbearing mountains that were a good distance away. The desk was piled on with a few pieces of spare paperwork, primarily order forms and contractual agreements that concerned the horses of the ranch. Attached to the wall were several photographs of Mary Lou and Suzie Q with their mother when they were younger, and several hand paintings made by the younger cowgirl.

Next to the entrance, however, was the metal control panel that Mary Lou was looking for. On it, several buttons ran down the light gray steel sheet, each one given a number representing each of the stalls. Looking back out into the stable's hall, she took note of the numbers that represented each of the occupied stalls, and pressed the three she needed to open. After pressing them, a fourth red button was pressed, and a small horn sounded through the building. All at once, the three doors keeping the stable's horses inside were opened, and after several seconds of hesitancy, the three began to wander outside to their isolated paddocks, trotting around and enjoying the brisk weather and the snowfall around them.

With the stalls now vacated, Mary Lou walked over to the workstation nearby, where all the materials and tools needed to maintain a stable were stored. Lining the walls were several pitchforks, brooms, and shovels, and beneath them, a series of wooden and metal wheelbarrows. Next to the wall, a workstation was present, where quick repairs could easily be made if needed, along with the nails and files needed to keep the horses hooves in ideal condition. Running her hand over the wall-hung tools, she eventually settled on a broom, a pitchfork, and a simple wooden wheelbarrow, loading the tools into the single-wheeled carriage, and navigating it towards Deputy's stall. Shimming the door open, she picked up her pitchfork, and got to work.

Looking around the stall, Mary Lou found the spots that needed cleaning, scooped them up, and loaded them into the wheelbarrow. Afterwards, she spread out a new layering of nearby wheat straw across the stall, ensuring that the future occupant would have plenty of comfortable bedding to lay upon. The process itself took some time to complete, but once it was done, she gave a satisfied hum as she observed a stall that was freshly cleaned, and ready for Deputy to return to. Knowing the horses well, she knew that Deputy would eventually tire from the cold, and wander back into the stall on his own. Gathering her tools, she moved down to Sheriff's stall, and began the same process again, taking her time as she watched the snow fall outside and watch Sheriff wander about, not



particularly minding the bitter weather.

Finally, after slightly less time, Mary Lou finished Sheriff's stall, and began to move down to Sergeant's stable room. To her surprise, however, she found her favorite horse not trotting about, but looking back towards the vacant room. At first, she didn't pay any mind to the equine's intense stare, getting to work cleaning out his stall. As the minutes crawled onwards, however, he continued to stare at her, as though he was expecting her to do something else. As she spread new bedding across the stall, he finally made his move, wandering back over to the entrance, and waiting for her to finish. The diligent cowgirl did not initially see this, continuing to finish up her work and wrap up preparing the stall. Upon her finishing her work, however, Sergeant intently stepped into the stall and made his presence known, nudging her shoulder and giving a small grunt.

"Well, someone's awfully eager ta' get back in, huh?" Mary Lou chirped out, surprised at the nudge given to her by her favorite equine. "Lemme get outta here first, and let you enjoy tha' heat again." Before she could move, however, Sergeant gave her shoulder another nudge, and gave a slightly louder cry, almost as though he was trying to tell her not to go yet.

Mary Lou, in recent months, had begun to form an even closer bond with her favorite stallion, and had begun to intensely fall in love with both him and what was hidden within the large sheath located underneath him. Whenever she was around, he was almost always ready to drop the massive slab of meat hidden deep within him, constantly wanting to empty his backed-up balls either in the young cowgirl's mouth, or, on the rare occasion, her pussy. This likewise had an intense effect on Mary Lou, with his massive loads being taken as signs of primal affection, and deepening her love for him even more. This resulted in a constant loop of her worshiping both his massive equine pole, his coconut-sized balls, and every drop of intensely thick cum that was ejaculated out of his urethra, and him giving her as much as she wanted.

"Jeez, Sergeant!" Mary Lou chastised, lightly pushing the large beast of burden's head backwards. "What's gotten into ya?" Taking a step backwards, she was intently followed by Sergeant, who continued to advance on her and began to nudge her chest, her free breasts bouncing slightly against his movements, and snorting louder and louder, making his intentions known to the now blushing cowgirl.

"Alright, alright!" Mary Lou submitted, raising her hands in defeat to Sergeant. "Lemme head over there and I'll take care of ya!" Placing her hand on his coarse fur, she began to navigate towards his hindquarters, ensuring that he knew exactly where she was at all times. Finally reaching his rear half, she squatted down and began to inspect the area around his crotch. Blatantly visible to her was his massive pair of balls, the large orbs tightly hugging his shrunken-down sheath in response to the colder weather, and massive after not being drained for nearly a week. Reaching upwards, the lip-biting cowgirl began to rub the massive scrotum of the powerful beast of burden in an attempt to warm him up and give him the pleasure he demanded from her. After several seconds of attention, combined with the sweltering heat of the stall, his large balls finally began to sag, and fell back to their normal uncoiled position.

The heavy weight of his balls was instantly noticed by Mary Lou, and while she was initially stunned by the quick drop of his massive burden, she quickly began to reposition herself beneath the huge animal. Fully kneeling on the soft straw-covered floor, she continued to pleasure him, but now, instead of merely massaging his sperm-stuffed balls, she began to squeeze and pull down on the scrotal skin that connected his supersized sack to his sheath. Knowing that it was one of his favorite feelings, she wrapped her hands fully around the tightly strung leathery epidermis, and began to squeeze up and down the great distance, her movements very similar to how she would milk one of her aunt's cows. The animal, now subject to the cowgirl's dutiful worship, began to snort and stomp

his hoof up and down, now ecstatic from the attention being given to him by his owner.

Mary Lou gave a small smile in response to the pleasure-filled sounds coming from her favorite animal, continuing her laborious up and down motions. The coarse skin of his scrotum, while a little uncomfortable against her slightly calloused hands, only served to inflame her arousal further, her pussy beginning to make the inside of her panties sticky with anticipation for what would soon make itself known. Scooting in closer, the ample-bottomed cowgirl began to nuzzle her cheek against the rough skin of his sack, feeling every pulse of blood running through the massive beasts' cumtanks. After several seconds, she pressed her ear against his taught scrotal skin, closing her eyes and focusing tightly, and after some time, she heard what she was looking for: deep within her stallion's balls, his sperm was beginning to awaken, sloshing around with a desperate need for release from their fleshy prison.

Hearing her pudding-thick prize buried deep within her lover, she pulled her ear away from his balls, and quickly returned to their surface with her lips. Puckering up her kissers like her cousin taught her, she planted a massive sloppy kiss onto the rough skin of his sack. The gesture was instantly noticed by the virile beast above her, who began to snort louder and buck his head up and down. The sounds, while slightly drowned out by the loud beating of her heart in her ears, fueled her to continue rubbing both her wet lips and overeager tongue against his scrotum, eager to fully awaken the sperm buried deep within him. The salty taste and powerful musk emanating from his ballsack drowned the stable slut deeper into arousal, fueling her desires to further worship her stud and declare him her lover.

Finally, after eons of worship, Sergeant let out a loud whinny, slightly rearing up, and pulling his sack away from his scrotum cleaner. When he landed, he instantly and fully unsheathed Mary Lou's favorite thing in the entire world. Coiling out from his sheath was a massive two foot log of horsecock, its dark pink skin covered with countless coiling finger thick veins, full of boiling hot blood heated by the beast's arousal. Mary Lou, looking on as he finally dropped his cock from its fleshy container, opened her mouth in voiceless shock, her saliva-coated lips slightly puckered as her stud presented its ultimate prize to her. Fueling her love for him even further, she began to lick her lips as copious strings of pre-ejaculate began to flow out of his dilated piss-pipe, landing on the ground beneath him with audible PLOP!'s.

After just barely shaking off her arousal-induced hypnosis, Mary Lou knew that if she was going to make Sergeant cum, she would need to act fast. Placing her hand on the beast above her, she began to shimmy her way to the front half of his barrel, positioning her head directly in front of his flaring fuckmeat. While looking directly at his fountain of a cockhead, she cupped her hands and raised them up, beginning to pool the cowper's fluid leaking from the small opening of his breeding meat in her hands. After several seconds of collecting the viscous sticky substance, she began to rub her palms and her fingers together, as though she were sanitizing her hands with the extremely potent overbearing liquid. As soon as her hands were fully soaked with her stud's pre-ejaculate, she began to navigate her hands to the newly revealed monster in front of her, wrapping them as tightly as she could around his shaft, and began to stroke his large breeding pole up and down, milking him for all he was worth once again.

The pleasurable sensation was eagerly responded to by Sergeant, who began to snort and whinny even more than before, and continued to leak even more precum for his human mare. Mary Lou, touched by the wordless wish to continue, stuck her tongue out as far as she could, and began to lap up as much of the sticky liquid as she could onto her mouth muscle. The flavor was one she had loved the instant she had first tasted it a few years ago, its slight salty taste enhanced by her beast's overbearing musky fragrance and primal nature. Over the course of several minutes, she gladly collected every drop she could into her mouth, and with a heavy swallow, began to pool it into her



stomach. Every gulp down was accompanied by a very joyful “Mmm!”, the slutty cowgirl enjoying every drop that passed through her lips and down her throat, and increasing her milking in an effort to sample even more of the addicting equine nectar.

Eventually though, it was no longer enough for Mary Lou to merely lap up what she could collect from Sergeant’s leaking water pipe of a cock. An idea began to dominate her mind, one even more powerful than the musk which had begun to seep into her brain. ‘I need ta’ drink every drop I can get ma’ lips on!’ Scooching in closer to the primal cock in front of her, she finally took the plunge, stuck out her tongue, and wrapped her puckered lips around her voiceless lover’s pisspipe. The response from her stallion was almost instantaneous, his bellowing cry accompanied by a deluge of precum flowing from the fleshy hole and pooling directly into the cowgirls mouth and soon sliding down her throat. If what was before was a river, this was now a waterfall of viscous clear pre-ejaculate.

Mary Lou, encouraged by the stallion’s increased leakage, began to use her tongue as a stopper for his pre-ejaculate. Every several seconds, she would stick her tongue into his urethra, blocking any and all precum from leaking out of his cock, only stopping upon hearing Sergeant’s snorts of discomfort. The resulting deluge would flood her mouth with precum almost immediately, and she would struggle to drink it all down before the flow returned to its normal consistency. The regular amount of cowper’s fluid was normally a lot for the cowgirl to handle, but with what she was now doing, it almost felt as though she was drowning in what her stud was leaking, fueling her desire for him to an even greater depth than ever before. Her pants, previously a light blue, were now stained a deep dark blue. This was especially apparent around the crotch, with the area almost completely soaked in pre-ejaculate, both from her lover and from her.

These actions could only be resisted for so long, however, and in time, Sergeant began to finally feel a familiar sensation deep within his balls. A primal churning that could only mean one thing: it was time to pump full and fertilize the eggs of the nearest hole with his virile swimmers. Giving a loud whinny, he forced his hips forwards, brutally launching his cock like a powerful fist against the slightly opened lips of the mare beneath him. Each thrust, accompanied by a heavy breath or snort, startled Mary Lou, who did not expect her stud to start battering her with his extremely hard cock so soon. Raising a hand to her face, she attempted to soften his fierce blows with her palm, and was unfortunately met by even fiercer thrusts.

“Sergeant! Wha’ on Earth has gotten inta’ yo-!?” Mary Lou pleas against the feral beast above her were only met with more thrusts until finally, one of the cockhead’s slams made its mark. With her mouth wide open due to her pleas, Sergeant was easily able to thrust his cock’s extremely flared head directly into her precum-soaked mouth, her teeth instantly locking it in and preventing her from removing his cock from the warm hole it now occupied. At first, she did not know what had just happened, but, upon realizing that her mouth was completely filled with her lover’s cockmeat, she began to fearfully panic. With her jaw permanently locked open thanks to his massive cockhead, she desperately tried to shimmy away from the animal now abusing her mouthpussy. These motions were in vain, however, as any attempt to escape was instantly followed up on by her extremely aroused stallion, and eventually led to her pressing her back against the side of her lover’s stall. Taking note of where they were, Sergeant reared upwards and placed his legs upon the top of the stall’s short wall, and began to thrust even harder into his owner’s wet hole.

‘Fuck, fuck FUCK!’ Mary Lou screamed in her mind, her back firmly pressed against the wall of her now dangerous lover’s stall. ‘There’s gotta be a way to get his cock outta ma’ mouth!’ Looking around her, she began to quickly consider what she could do to save herself from any serious harm that Sergeant could cause to her. After some time, she finally came up with a solution: ‘I need ta’ get him ta’ cum! It’s tha’ only way ta’ calm him down!’ Once again wrapping her hands around his shaft, she began to rapidly rub her hands up and down his cock, giving as much pleasure as she could in

an attempt to finally get him to climax. Thankfully, after some time of desperate stroking, she finally felt him fully firm up, meaning that only one thing could be happening next.

Sergeant, taking great pleasure from his blistering-paced throat-breeding, finally let out an audible neigh, and let himself go. Slamming one final time, he felt his balls launch upwards, squeeze tightly against his sheath, and felt his custard-thick payload begin its long journey to his mare's warm hole. Mary Lou felt it as well, her hands expanding outwards as her stud's pisspipe began to dilate wider and wider to accompany the virile and primal load that would soon be dumped into her mouth. At last, his familiar tasting and extremely salty off-white cum began to plaster the inside of her mouth in brutally violent SSSPPLLLLLUUUOOOORRRTTTT!!'s. The first blast, instantly filling her mouth to the brim, created the perfect amount of lubrication to allow the stallion's cock to slide further into her, and begin crawling down her throat.

Every new cumshot allowed Sergeant to shove more and more of his fuckmeat into Mary Lou's throat, which she had now surrendered for his use. Hanging limply as her stallion emptied his balls, her hand began to wander into her unbuttoned pants, and pleasure her inflamed and puffy pussy, rubbing it up and down as she felt her stomach begin to expand outwards. At long last, the virile stud lodged himself fully into his mare's stomach, his flare locking himself into her throatwomb, and forcing the cowgirl's lips to firmly press themselves against the entrance to his sheath. In her musk-drugged state, Mary Lou continued to fiercely part her lower lips faster and faster, before finally cumming herself, a barely audible PPPPPSSSSTTTT! buried beneath the eardrum rattling cumshots emanating from the horsecock wedged in her stomach..

After nearly ten minutes of constant ejaculation, Sergeant finally emptied the last few drops of cum buried deep within his feral balls. Attached to him, Mary Lou's stomach had grown distended and round with cum, as though she was now pregnant with several of his foals. Barely registering the outside world, the cum-pumped cowgirl limply hanged from her fertilizer, currently nothing more than a warm sock for her stud to fully sheath himself into. Finally, she began to feel his immense girth shrink against the pressure of her throat, and slowly, his cock began to crawl back into its sheath, its purpose finally finished. The slow extraction of his fuckmeat cruelly pulled one final skin-tingling orgasm from the human mare, her pussy tightening and opening up again and again in a childish demand for attention. With one final tug, the stallion's cock pulled itself from her throat, and freed her from his control.

Falling forwards, Mary Lou almost instantly began to cough up and expel Sergeant's immense load, his potent throat-clogging cum nearly drowning her on land as more and more came out of her mouth. Following what felt like eons of her mouth being a cum fountain, her stomach reached a smaller level, and while she still looked several months pregnant with her stud's babies, she was no longer retching up his immense load. Pulling herself up, the former cock warmer began to observe herself, and rub her now distended belly, basking in the full feeling that her stud had graciously given her. After several minutes, however, she soon came back to her senses, and began to pull herself together. She knew that both Peggie Sue and Suzie Q could be back at any moment, and they could not see her in this state. Giving her lover's neck a parting hug, she grabbed everything she brought, and rushed back up to the main house.

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"Okay, Momma and Suzie should be asleep by now. Time ta' break out ma' new toy."

It had been a month since Sergeant clogged Mary Lou's throat and pumped her stomach to bursting with his pudding-thick cum. In that time, Peggie Sue had followed through and gotten her a personal refrigerator for her room. While small enough to fit in one of the corners, it more than served its

purpose for her. During the following weeks after acquiring her new piece of furniture, she had begun to consistently milk Sergeant for every drop of cum he could make, and began to bottle it for her own use. Within a week, she had collected enough to fill the entire appliance to the brim with bottles filled with his off-white baby cream. Now, along with another purchase she had made using her laptop, it was time to bring her dreams to fruition.

Dressed in nothing more than a pair of lacy panties, Mary Lou reached under her bed, moved aside several smaller boxes, and finally extracted a large black box. The box, embroidered with a powerful golden 'E' in the middle of a similarly colored circle, was a custom order that she had made several months ago, and only recently had arrived. Undoing the golden latches on either side and biting her lip, she slowly raised the lid of the container, and revealed its contents. Inside was a massive black horsecock dildo, suspended in protective foam, a complete one-to-one replica of the mating meat that Sergeant possessed. This toy, while lacking his massive pair of breeding balls that usually hunged underneath him, did come with something else instead. Near the base of its shaft, accompanied by a powerful suction cup, was a clear tube that connected to a large disconnectable bladder, perfect for filling with the liquid of your choice.

Giving a small cry of joy, Mary Lou began to firmly press the base of her newest pussy pleaser into the floor, firmly securing it against the wooden floorboards that crossed her room. After doing so, she reached over to her refrigerator, and grabbed a hold of several of the older bottles stored in the back of the appliance. Grabbing two of the bottles and a wide funnel, she navigated back over to the dark monolith of plastic, and unscrewed the bladder attached to it. Inserting the funnel into its small hole, she uncapped her cum containers, and began to pour them in. It took over a minute for each bottle to vacate its contents and slide into the plastic cum container. Despite their long refrigeration, the opaque cream-like cum still possessed its powerful musk, wafting up to and tickling the cowgirl's nose.

After emptying each bottle, she set each glass vial to the side, and with her index finger, she gathered a strand of the powerfully potent substance. Finally gathering up a heavy droplet of her stallion's cum, she stuck it into her mouth, and when it connected with her taste buds, she let loose a heavy shudder. Over the course of several seconds, she felt it crawl backwards and slide down her throat, eventually landing with a silent plop! in her stomach. The taste alone, powerful and primal in nature, caused her pussy to instantly soak her panties crotch, Basking in the feeling for several minutes, the nearly nude cowgirl eventually couldn't take it anymore, and, after reattaching the bladder and stripping her panties off, stood above the flared head of her horsecock dildo, ready to climb down and take all twenty-four inches of the bestial cock.

Rubbing her pussy for several seconds, Mary Lou imagined that instead of a rubber dildo beneath her, it was Sergeant laying on his back, bellowing and snorting in demanding need for her to lower herself onto him. 'Oh Sarge...' She thought to herself, taking a pair of her fingers and rubbing her clefted pussy back and forth. 'Ya always been so good ta' me. I need ya' to breed ma' pussy...' With her thoughts and rubbing, she finally began leaking immense amounts of pussyjuice onto and coating the head of the cock beneath her. With one final biting of her lip, she began to lower herself onto the replica of her lover, and with the pressure of her ass's immense weight, it finally pierced her pussy. Letting out a loud gasp, she quickly raised a hand and cupped her mouth, desperately trying to keep quiet and not alert her family to what she was doing.

Slowly, Mary Lou began to lower herself further and further down the shaft of the massive cock beneath her. A little past the halfway point of the breeding pole's total length, she finally felt it nuzzle against the entrance to her womb. Gritting her teeth, she began to lower herself further and further down, cramming inch after agonizing inch of rubber meat into her drenched breeding hole. 'You can do this, Mary!' She screamed in her mind, finally able to press the palms of her hands

against the wooden floor. 'Just a lil' bit more!!!' After several more minutes of agonizingly slow and insistent descent, she finally reached the base of the shaft, her pussy widening even further in an attempt to fully swallow the faux cock's sheath. With the immensely full feeling, combined with every single nerve of her meat hole being stretched to its limits, the cowgirl let loose a massive squirt, the loud PPPPSSSSSTTTT! spraying the floor beneath her with her juices.

Raising a hand up, Mary Lou bit her hand in a vain attempt to relieve and divert the brutal pressure within her pussy and against her cervix, and slumped forwards onto the floor. Within several minutes of taking every inch, she finally grew used to the filling sensation deep within her, and began to raise her wide hips upwards. After pulling out a few inches, she slammed her ass back downwards, once again taking every last arm-thick inch, and finishing it off with an audible CLAP! from her immense assmeat. The pleasurable sensation forced her breath from her body in an audible "Hooohhh", and, eager to feel it again, Mary Lou immediately began to raise her hips upwards again. Maintaining a pleasurable rhythm, she felt every nerve along her widened mating hole eagerly hum in pleasure with each distending stretch. Her fat assmeat, sliding up and down against her skin, accompanied her motions with audible CLAPP! CLAPP! CLAPP!'s, only accenting her pleasurable experience.

Finally, Mary Lou began to feel every single nerve of her pussy tighten and burn with passion. Knowing that she was on the verge of cumming, she raised herself back upwards and fully sheathed her toy within her. Slightly bouncing up and down to stay on the verge of cumming, she grabbed a hold of the cock's bladder, and after massaging it for several seconds, began to tightly squeeze the plastic container with need. 'C'mon Sarge!' the cowgirl screamed in her mind, biting her lip in anticipation for the orgasmic feeling she felt coming. 'Breed ma' pussy! Fertilize my eggggssss!!!' With her heavy squeeze, she felt the custard-like substance launch up from her toy, and spray directly into her baby room. The powerful squirting feeling, combined with her rapid bouncing, forced her to finally climax, and launch her tongue out in a perverted ahgao face. Finally slamming down several times, she felt her pussy finally spray a deluge of girl-cum onto her floor with a mind-rattling PPPPPPPSSSSSSSTTTT!!!, permanently staining her floor for the foreseeable future.

Time slowly crawled on, and, after ensuring every drop of saved cum was blasted directly into her womb, Mary Lou slowly began to raise herself upwards. Her pussy, exhausted from the intense orgasm given to it by her breeding toy, tightly gripped onto every rubbery inch, its inner lips dragging along slowly in a vain attempt to keep the immense inseminator wedged inside. After several minutes, and with one final tug, the older cowgirl dislodged herself from her new toy, flopping onto her nearby bed. Reaching towards her abdomen, she saw the slight bulge made by her overstuffed womb, and began to tap and rub the waterbed-like protrusion of her small bloat. Letting out a content sigh, she continued to rub herself, and imagined what was taking place inside.

Hidden deep within her most sacred chamber, her fertile eggs floated freely around before being drowned in the deluge of feral horse cum, surrounded by countless primal sperm cells, all eager to pierce the membrane of the vulnerable spheres. Violently, each swimmer roughly assaulted every minuscule surface that could be reached, swarming the cowgirl's clutch like bees to an invading bear. Unfortunately, their barrage would be in vain, and her egg would remain unpierced by their assault. Outside, Mary Lou could almost feel every violent hit against her precious prize, completely disregarding her and her feelings, and only showing interest in inseminating her obvious ovum. After several minutes of the intense feeling, however, one thought began to leave her lips as she laid back on her bed and felt her stallion's cum seeping out of her warm hole of a pussy:

"C'mon... Pierce them... Come on..."