

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



"We are gathered here today..."

Bianca's heart was beating against her chest like a drum as she listened to the priest. She'd been planning to finally make this relationship official for months – years, really – but now that it was finally happening, it was all she could do to keep her eyes down and wait until it was her turn to say something. If she looked up at the crowd assembled in front of her, staring at her and the groom, she didn't trust herself not to lose her nerve and bolt for the door before calling the whole thing off.

What bride wouldn't squirm in her shoes, though? She was the one who planned the whole ceremony, the one all the scandal and gossip would focus on if it went wrong, and to top it all off, everyone was looking at *her*!

Well... she was at least partly responsible for that last issue. After all, the only 'traditional' thing about her wedding dress was the color. It was shoulderless, the neckline dipped so low that Bianca was sure the priest could see her areolas peeking out, and the skirt was little more than a few scraps of gauzy fabric fluttering over her exposed ass like a tail, leaving her underwear on full display.

Bianca sighed quietly before looking toward her husband-to-be, Thunder, to help steady herself. Somehow, despite wearing even *less* than Bianca, her lover wasn't embarrassed at all. He just stood by the altar – wearing nothing but his bowtie – and stared out over their assembled friends and family, proud as could be of his sleek, muscled build, his perfectly groomed coat, and the thick, musky cock throbbing under his belly.

God, Bianca had lucked out. Their relationship was strictly professional starting out, but she had grown closer and closer with the stallion the longer their career together went on – and the more they liked each other, the more they raced only with each other.

Harry, Bianca's brother, stood up and introduced himself before beginning the wedding reading, but she barely heard him. Her world was shrinking down to her and Thunder.

She had picked her out because Thunder had made it clear just how much he liked how it looked on her a few months before the wedding. She'd have been lying if she said she wasn't still embarrassed to be wearing such a skimpy little scrap of fabric on her special day – the fact she kept hiding her behind her bouquet was proof of that much – but it was also true that she liked the dress *just as much* as her fiancé.

In fact, if it weren't for the flowers Bianca was holding, she was pretty sure everyone would see the crotch of her wedding dress starting to soak through. Thunder *definitely* noticed, with how impatiently he was snorting and stamping his hoof.

Sensing the brute's restraint starting to wear thin, Harry hurried through the rest of his address – Bianca would have to thank him later – and gave the priest a nod before sitting down.

Clearing his throat, the priest turned to Bianca and prompted her. "Repeat after me. I, Bianca, take you, Thunder..."

Bianca swallowed hard. "I, Bianca, take you, Thunder, to be my wedded stud. I do promise and make this covenant before God and these witnesses to be your loving and faithful broodmare; for richer and for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish for as long as we both shall live."

Thunder nickered and tossed his head, stepping closer and nuzzling Bianca's cheek. Without being able to speak, it was the best he could do, but it was enough to get the message across.

"Oh, Thunder..." She smiled, pressing back against him as she brought a hand up to touch his cheek. This wasn't part of the ceremony, but being so close to her lover... Bianca couldn't resist giving him at least a few seconds of affection before nudging him away and getting things back on track.

"Just wait a little longer, we're getting to the good part." She whispered, grinning from ear to ear as she rubbed her thighs together in anticipation. Thunder flicked his ear and huffed, but he tossed his head and stepped back so the ceremony could continue.

After that, the stable master stepped in to slide Bianca's wedding ring onto her finger in Thunder's place. For the stallion himself, it was a little trickier since he didn't have any fingers to slide a ring *onto*, but Bianca had thought ahead. Reaching up, she coaxed the stud into lowering his head so she could cradle it against her chest. While she was busy fiddling with his wedding tag though, Thunder grumbled quietly before snaking his thick, flat tongue under Bianca's dress, pushing the fabric down and freeing her tits.

"Unf... gentle...!" The stud's blushing bride shuddered, screwing her eyes shut and biting back a whine as his tongue teased her nipple, lapping at it and soaking her chest in drool before her fiancé latched his lips around her boob and sucked like a hungry foal.

She shook her head, trying to ignore the feeling of Thunder's strong lips massaging her tits. He always was too affectionate for his own good. "Fine... just hold still, okay?" She murmured, stroking his mane before taking advantage of how focused the stallion was on nursing to quickly slip the tag's point through his ear and click it shut.

Once she let go, Thunder flicked his ear and gently nipped her boob with his teeth in annoyance - earning a quiet gasp of surprise from his bride-to-be - before pulling his mouth away from her chest with a loud, wet *POP* that left a thin strand of drool bridging his lips to her nipple.

Bianca could feel the bruise forming, but she didn't mind. He had put up with quite a lot just then, so it was only fair to let him have his fun, too.

Besides, she was more interested in what was coming next...

"I now pronounce you husband and wife. You may now kiss the bride!" The priest announced.

As soon as the words were out of his mouth, Thunder turned away from Bianca. A few of the stable hands stood up in response - expecting him to try and trot off after losing interest like a common animal might have - but Bianca knew better. She closed the distance, and when Thunder lifted his tail and bared his thick, musky donut, she dropped her bouquet and grabbed his flanks before burying her face in his ass as everyone watching clapped.

Bianca moaned as the bitter, meaty flavor hit her tongue, and she lapped hungrily at the stud's loose, leathery log cutter as she mauled her full tits with one hand and snuck the other one between her legs to tide her achingly empty cunt over. Thunder nickered and swished his tail in approval, and Bianca dug deeper, grinding her face against the sloppy hole and pressing passionate, open-mouthed kisses against it before pulling back with a loud *slurp* and smacking her lips with delight while she admired her handiwork. Thunder's shitter looked *amazing* covered in her favorite lipstick!

"I love you, Thunder..." She whispered. She knew everyone was still watching - the priest, Thunder's caretakers, her own *parents* - but she didn't care. Her stud was the only one who existed for Bianca

in that moment. She let him and everyone else know that fact the very next second, when she slipped back under Thunder's tail, shoved her nose against his tailpipe, and took a deep, noisy breath. "Fuck... it *stinks*." Bianca shuddered, pulling away from the pink-mottled hole to catch her breath before diving back in.

This time, she went lower, squatting behind her stud until she was eye-level with his heavy, twitching balls. Putting one hand on his ass to help keep her balance, she leaned in and opened her mouth wide, letting the racehorse's heavy cum-factories roll onto her tongue and into her greedy, sweat-soaked maw one at a time, juggling them along her lips and peppering them with loving kisses whenever her mouth was empty.

Thunder *really* liked that. Bianca could hear him snorting while his prick bobbed in front of her, smacking against his belly and drooling pre. If he liked it so much, then maybe...

There was a quiet slurp as the proud anal-mare drew her fingers out of her pussy before she reached under her lover and took his meaty shaft in her hand. She couldn't wrap her fingers around entirely thanks to the angle and the sheer size of his cock, but she didn't need to; instead, she cupped its underside and squeezed it gently before pumping her arm back and forth, rocking on her heels and mashing her face against Thunder's taint while she jacked him off - slurping up the sweat and filth that had built up around his nutsack the whole while.

Now the stud was starting to get close. He was stamping his hoof over and over, rocking back to Bianca's rhythm while she worshiped his sack and milked his cock. Bianca regretted not being able to bend over and let him mount her then and there, but she was already pushing her luck 'kissing' him like this, so she'd settle for just making him cum for now. God knows that he'd be raring to go again once they had a moment to themselves, anyway!

Once Bianca was certain Thunder's balls were good and full, she let them slip out of her mouth, one after another. Like his asshole, they were smeared all over with lipstick smudges now, but that didn't stop the horny horsewife from planting another one just above them before drawing her hands away from Thunder's undercarriage and turning her attention back to his ass.

This was going to be a little hard, but she knew her husband was going to appreciate it. Batting at his legs a little so he would widen her stance and give her easier access, she closed her eyes and planted her lips over his shitter again, pushing her tongue inside him before pumping it in and out as she licked at his walls. This time though, instead of holding onto him to keep herself steady, Bianca grabbed the stud's prick and pulled it back before sandwiching it between her heavy, bruised breasts. With his balls resting on top of her tits and his cock trapped in her cleavage, snaking all the way down into her dress to grind against her belly, Bianca pushed her tits together and started fucking them on Thunder's fuckstick!

Bianca suppressed another shudder as she moaned into her lover's asshole. The only real stimulation she was getting from this was her own fingers pinching and pulling on her nipples as Thunder titfucked her, but between the smell of his ass, the way his cock throbbed so powerfully against her skin... this was the best sex she had ever had! Just a little more, and she'd...!

A flood of femcum splattered out of Bianca's cunt as she groaned, her knees nearly buckling as she soaked her inner thighs with cunt-honey. At the same time, Thunder tosses his head and whinnied loudly, drowning out his bride's orgasm as he hit his own and hosed the inside of her dress with buckets of hot, steaming horse-nut.

Satisfied with her work, Bianca collapsed to the floor, breathing hard and laying still in the growing

pool of stallion-cum forming around her. Even then though, her husband's semen-hose was still shooting fresh ropes onto her face from above.

She only giggled, reaching up to heft one of his balls and rub her thumb along its wrinkles, smudging the lipstick she had left on it. "I love you, Thunder."