

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



1250, Kingdom of Germany

“Hilde”, the woman said to her, “our dear lord is out hunting with his men. Better you clean the stables now.”. “Ja, ill do it”. Hilde started walking to the stables. It could take long, but she was known around the castle for her love of working. She arrived to the stables, preparing herself to clean the messiest place in the castle. She open the heavy wooden doors to a mess if a stable. Hay everywhere! And it felt like in their haste, they kicked up a lot of it all over the stable. One horse was left in the stable. It was startled to the presence of the girl. “Oh don’t worry. I’m not gonna take you away. Just gonna clean the stables is all”, the servant girl said to the nickering beast. She left the horse and picked up a rake. She was going to have a long day...

A few minutes later she was almost finished with the stable. She just needed the horse to temporarily leave. “Okay horse. You need to go so that I can clean your place.” The horse sniffed her. She thought it was so that it could trust her. The horse smelled every part of her body. However, the moment it lowered its snout, it went and took a whiff of her crotch. “Hey! Thats rude. Why the hell did you do that?”, the girl asked the beast. The horse stopped smelling her. It nodded and shook its head, seemingly asking for something Then a smell suddenly wafted through the stable. It was a smell unfamiliar to her in her days of working in the castle. “Ugh, what did you do? Now it stinks!”, the girl exclaimed. As Hilde was trying to find the source of the foul odor, she noticed a puddle of clear liquid under the beast. *Right, whatever that is, I can deal with it*, she thought to herself. Hilde moved over to the side of the beast. Unusually, it was compliant and moved. She knelt down beside the horse. Then, Hilde was met by the most filthiest *thing* she has ever seen in her life.

It was a horse penis, coated in little globs of a yellow substance that looked like cheese curds. “Ugh, so this is a horse’s cock? It smells so fucking bad!”, she exclaimed. She inspected the beasts cock. The dollops of yellow stuff were sticky and they stank. “Is this what that animal doctor called “smegma”? It smells bad”. The horse whinnied uncomfortably, shifting from side to side. “Is it not supposed to be like this? You want me to clean you?”, she asked. The horse whinnied again, seeming to understand the question. Hilde pondered how to clean the filthy dick right in front of her. She could use her skirt, but that would be too obvious. She resigned to use her tongue. Hilde dragged her index finger along the shaft, gathering a sample of the smegma. But when she licked her finger, she almost tired not to retch. It was a taste she never wanted to experience again. It tasted tangy and sickly sweet, in all the wrong ways. *That leaves one other option*, she thought. Her womb shivered in accordance. *It’s not too obvious, it can clean his cock in one action, and I can pretend this never happened*. She steeled herself for what she was about to do.

Hilde lifted her skirt and bent over. She positioned herself right in front of the beast’s thick shaft. The head of the shaft pointed square at her brown bush. Hilde then started to move back. She felt the flare of the beast kiss her hairy lips. The thing entered her with a slow and painful stretch. As she lowered herself on the beast, Hilde clenched more and more, her insides tightening and convulsing around the horsemeat entering her hole. The smegma previously coating the penis now gathering on her bush, latching itself on every strand. Finally after what seemed like an eternity, she felt the horsedick come to an abrupt stop. Hilde felt the penis making contact with her womb. “Alright, you horny beast. This is all I could reach. I’m going to get off now. Seeing as I cleaned you-uoghgh!”. While Hilde was in the middle of pulling herself out from the horse, he suddenly lurched forward. He punched her womb with his shaft in the process. “What do you think you are doi-iinnggg~?” The stalling began thrusting in the maid. Her womb was being smashed against his rock hard flare like a battering ram slamming the door. Hilde gathered all of her remaining strength trying not to yell, in pain or pleasure she did not know. Instead, she opted to pant her pleasure out of

her body, her tongue hanging lewdly out of her mouth. *Shit, he's making me his mare!* Her mind raced as she was being taken by the beast. Hilde found herself involuntarily pushing back on the shaft that was ravishing her insides, so much was the pleasurable pain the thrusting was generating. And then, the horsedick suddenly throbbed while inside her. The beast quickened his pace. Hilde panted even deeper and harder. The shaft battered her womb faster and harder than before, seemingly seeking to conquer the last unmolested area of her insides. Hilde felt like she was almost losing her mind, her conscious fleeing her head as she started seeing white. She was slowly fading away, her body's last purpose serving horsecock. But then the stallion, in one last thrust, broke open her womb, and inserted its bubous head in the entrance. The pain and pleasure generated in this one final act brought her back to reality. Hilde groaned as her consciousness returned to her. The horse suddenly stopped. Then she felt it. A thick, hot fluid suddenly filled her, its heat searing her invaded womb. It poured forth from the stallions cock for what seemed like hours, but it was probably only a few minutes. Finally, the horse slowly pulled out his tool from the quivering young maid he just planted his thick seed in. Despite her womb sucking in the now limp penis, seemingly begging for it to stay, it came out of Hilde with a wet pop. The liquid then followed suit, leaking out of her freshly stretched hole. Hilde, now a panting mess, felt her usually strong legs finally give out. She collapsed on the floor, the hay sticking to her sweaty, moist face. She turned around to see the horse move forward. He moved to another slot in the stable, but not before dropping the last portions of his seed. He released his ropes of thick semen on her upper body, coating her face and shirt with the same hot fluid. Hilde lay there, her face now coated in the fluid, panting tiredly as her womanhood released the torrent of semen on her skirt staining it. *That. Was. The. Best. Thing. I. Have. Ever. Experienced.*, she thought as she led on the dirty hay, not a care in the world if it made her even dirtier.

After a while she stood up, her legs wobbly still from the pounding she received earlier. The stallion was now contentedly sleeping in his new area. Hilde walked slowly over to a barrel in the corner of the stables. Sitting down, she lifted her soiled skirt to inspect her womanhood, or what was left of it. It was gaping, probably to match the size of the dick that penetrated her. It stopped leaking some horseseed, as she could deduce by the now dried white stains on her thighs and legs. And most prominently, every single hair in her bush was coated in the sticky yellow substance she was trying to clean off the stallion in the first place. It stank very strongly, making her pussy smell like it fully belonged to the stallion. It clung to her every hair, down even to the skin. Hilde managed to close her gaping hole, but it only resulted in the smegma sealing her womanhood, probably accessible by a horsedick breaking the tough seal. "Damn it, this will be fucking hard to remove while taking a bath", she commented while tugging at the strands. Hilde then arose from the barrel, her legs regaining acceptable strength. Her womanhood, coated with the dick filth she cleaned off the horse, stuck to her skirt the moment she stood up, making a dark mark on the fabric. But she didn't care anymore. Her womb was still filled with horseseed, but she could manage. She walked over to the sleeping animal that ravaged her, and gave him a kiss on the forehead. "There, I cleaned your shaft and got more than what I bargained for. See you later, stud." She walked away from the stables, her work there done for the day.

"Finally, you're done. What took you so long- ugh, you stink!", her mistress exclaimed. Hilde approached the Mistress of Servants slightly closer. "Well, Mistress. If you told me that the stables were, more filthy than expected, then maybe you wouldn't be so surprised I stink, and that I took so long", Hilde said snarkily, but with a smile. "Well, take a bath right now. You are so filthy I could call you the Lady of Flies!". The Mistress was right. However, if she was more attentive, she could have noticed that more flies were circling her crotch rather than her head. "Yes, mistress", Hilde responded. As she walked to the servants bathhouse, she thinks about how she would have another "cleaning session" with the stallion....

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