

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## Chapter 1

On the second day of the Fair Valley Equestrian Event, the cross-country is into its medal round. Cross-country equestrian jumping is an endurance test that forms one of the three phases of the sport of eventing. The object of the endurance test is to prove the speed, endurance and jumping ability of the true cross-country horse when it's well-trained and in the peak of condition. Simultaneously, it demonstrates the rider's knowledge of pace and the use of this horse across the various obstacles and jumps. To the average spectator, this is the most exciting part of eventing. The Ponderosa has only five riders left in the medal round, Lucy and Chas, and three up and coming riders who have what it takes to compete on the world stage.

Sarah is up early, as horse people usually are, to put these horses through some light warm-up exercise and jumping so when their turn comes to compete they'll be ready to give their all. This kind of work is enjoyable for Sarah as it's similar to what she would've done for a horse on race day when she worked in the racing industry. Once this early morning track work is over, her role is merely a supporter and encourager, as the riders take care of the horses after that. The bond between rider and horse is paramount in eventing, whereas a jockey only rides their mounts sporadically before race day. In racing, it's really about the trainer/horse relationship. In eventing, the rider/horse relationship matters the most, and everyone else is supporting crew.

Lucy is the last to leave the track they're using for warm-up and heads back to the stables to give Rambo a wash and groom the horse ready for its big run.

"Good job," Sarah calls out as Lucy rides by. "He'll be hard to beat out there today."

Lucy smiles down at Sarah from the top of Rambo. "Let's hope so," she said. "His condition is the best I've ever seen, you're a marvel. If we win today part of that medal is yours."

"He's a great horse, I'll see you later on," Sarah said with a wave as Lucy and Rambo trot toward the stables.

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Feeling her stomach rumble, Sarah glances at her watch to see it's getting close to eight am, and decides to go have some breakfast. There are some food trucks between the stables and The Trailer Park with tables and chairs. As she gets near, the smell of bacon only makes her stomach rumble some more. After buying a 'bacon and egg' roll and a cup of coffee, she sits to enjoy the food when a familiar female voice speaks to her.

"Mind if I join you?"

It's Jillian, with similar food in hand.

"Sure, how are you today?" Sarah asks with a smile.

"Great, we got two riders through to the finals of the cross-country," Jillian said with a smile. "We're delighted."

"Yeah, I saw them ride yesterday, Helen and Keith, right?" Jillian nods. "They show a lot of promise, and those horses are mint. That gray, um, 'Jack's Back' is a fine stallion, the kind of horse we're always looking for at The Ponderosa."

Jillian laughs. "I don't think Helen would sell him, she loves that horse—if you know what I mean."

The mischievous twinkle in Jillian's eye tells Sarah exactly what she means. Helen is a horse fucker too. "Besides, no one will beat Lucy and Rambo today," Jillian said. "But just getting to the finals is a great achievement for the academy."

"Where's Ronnie this morning?"

"He's out helping the organizers finish the final preparations for the course. That man can never sit still, that's why I married him."

"I do want to talk to you about something, err..." a sudden surge of adrenaline makes her heart race and breathing heavy. "Something..."

"Is it about what you did at the Preakness Stakes?" Jillian asks matter of fact. Sarah gasps, her hand flies to her mouth and eyes bulge. "Don't so be shocked, we have bugs in our cottages. I'm just mad you didn't tell us to bet on 'Cloud Computing.' Still, we ended up breaking even with Classic Empire running second."

"You have bugs?"

"Oh, we don't listen to them all the time, but when Carl Norris dropped by for a visit, well, our curiosity peaked," Jillian said. "I mean why Norris would make a visit to a young woman who practically gave him the bird as she left his ranch is dubious, to say the least." Sarah shakes her head, her mouth agape. "C'mon, Sarah, you don't think the gossip gets around. The horse world isn't that big. Everyone knows you hate Carl Norris."

Sarah's face is bright red. This is not how she expected things to go. The teen thought Jillian would blow a gasket when she told the MILF about the hobbling. Instead, Jillian's sitting there chewing her food as if this is just an average morning conversation.

"So why didn't you say anything when we went, err, riding together?" Sarah asks, feeling her stomach roil.

"It's not my place to interfere..." Jillian said, and takes a sip of her coffee.

"You could've gone to the police."

Jillian shrugs. "How do you actually prove a horse has been interfered with in that way," she said. "Unless they catch you in the act, but apart from that, it's a brilliant idea."

"I don't believe you're saying this," Sarah said feeling her body relax.

"There was some talk about you at Bob Simpson's ranch, was that true?"

"Are you wearing a wire?" Sarah asks and laughs nervously.

"You know how we make a bit on the side at the academy, Sarah, so we have just as much to lose as you." Jillian takes Sarah's hand in her own and squeezes. "The academy is struggling to make ends meet though, and we need some cash to keep the doors open. We're not The Ponderosa, that's for sure."

"Ronnie is OK with this?" Sarah asks with narrow eyes.

"He's been begging me to approach you about it ever since we found out," Jillian said with a laugh. "He'll be so happy to hear you brought it up. Now tell me how I can help."

Sarah explains to Jillian she's seeking to get together a group of women who can hobble horses across the country. The payoff is the chance to bet on the fix, which still may lose but most of the time won't. As no direct payments are involved, there's no evidence of collusion between anyone. Outside help will get the hobbler into the stables the night before the race and out in the morning. The hobbler, at her expense, should cover motel expenses and bookings. Again, this will show no collusion between the parties involved for the police to track.

"What if someone comes along while you're doing it?" Jillian asks.

"Hide in the manure chute, it's not glamorous, but it works," Sarah said. "No one wants to look in there."

"Ew, I bet," Jillian said screwing up her nose. "But enduring some shit is a small price to pay, I suppose."

"Let me be clear about one thing," Sarah said taking Jillian's hand. "What happens in that stall can't just be a fast handjob or blowjob. The woman needs to fuck the juice out of the horse's legs, she'll have to make it cum five or six times, and use every hole in her body."

"Sounds like fun," Jillian said with a shiver.

"My motto is, 'If I can barely walk after taking that huge cock repeatedly, then the horse is hobbled.'"

"So you need some hardcore girls, I think I know a few who'll be into this, I know I am," Jillian said with a smile.

"I'll have to test them to see if they have what it takes," Sarah said. "Are you up for it?"

Jillian nods.

"Good, let's set up a 'WhatsApp' group, that way we can talk securely as it's encrypted," Sarah said. "We can't email, text, or call about this on the phone or internet, the Feds watch everything. When you get a few names together, let me know. I'll let my contacts know we're on."

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"Go on, we'll show Sarah what you're made of," Jillian whispers to the eighteen-year-old rider with long auburn hair and green eyes.

The athletic young woman with b-cup breasts and barely an ounce of fat on her lithe body slips into the stable as Jillian keeps watch. Without hesitating, she takes off clothes to reveal a shaven pussy, already glistening with anticipation, and her pert breast with erect nipples. The horse snorts, as the scent of the teen's arousal, gets its attention.

"It's OK, Rambo, I'm here to make you feel good," the teen whispers as she rubs her hands on the neck of the stallion. "I'm Helen, and I'm gonna make you cum so hard, you'll never forget me."

Jillian was initially against the idea when her rider Helen suggested they hobble Rambo; she thought Sarah might take it as an insult. However, the audacity to hobble a horse right under the Ponderosa's top trainer's nose was something the MILF couldn't resist. Even though Helen is riding later today, the young woman was still keen to audition for the hobbling job.

What a beautiful cock, Helen thought. There's no doubt about it. She moves closer to Rambo. The stallion just stands there looking off in another direction. The teen strokes his flanks; thinking all the while about the massive cock in front of her and all she has to do is reach and grab it. The aroused teen falls to her knees and takes the cock in hand and just holds onto it for a moment. All I have to do is put it in my mouth, she thought nervously. Rambo seems to know what I'm doing. He certainly got hard fast enough.

Helen thinks about Sarah and about how really perverted she must be to do this for money. However, she's ready to suck off Rambo, so she's just as wicked in her own mind, and maybe even more so. Helen strokes the horse cock gently, running her hands over the full length of it and over his balls as well. After having seen so many horses with boners in her life, Helen can't believe she's so amazed at the size of this one. Now she's holding it, stroking it, and soon she'll be sucking it.

Helen knows now she'll be going all the way. There's no stopping her now. If Sarah can do it, so can I, she thought, licking her lips. Her only regret is Sarah wasn't here to watch her, as she wants very much to share this perverse passion with her. Maybe then Sarah will train me for the Olympics, Helen thought dreamily. Perhaps she'll fuck me too.

She gets her face closer to Rambo's cock, and then she kisses the head of it. The horse moves a little, yet not much. He's standing perfectly still for the most part. She kisses the head of his cock again, and she thinks he makes some kind of sound. Helen starts kissing the horse cock in earnest and the entire length of it too. It's so rough and so soft simultaneously. She presses her wet lips into it as hard as she can, and shivers run through her body every time she does. The aroused teen can feel her body shaking inside, and she can feel her cunt getting wet.

Now the teens beneath Rambo, half lying/half sitting, and she points the cock at her mouth, then rubs her face against the tip of it. Helen rubs it across her forehead, her cheeks, beneath her nose, her closed lips, and chin. The cock seems to be throbbing in her hands, and she finally takes it into her mouth and sucks on it; taking in just so much of the enormous cockhead and closes her mouth around it just as tight as she can. The girl works her tongue against Rambo's cockhead, stabbing into it just as hard and as fast as she can.

Helen slides her mouth back and forth on the hard skin, and she can feel its heat. This makes her hot and makes her take more of the cock into her mouth until she can't get any more of it in. The mushroom-shaped cock head fills her mouth so much the girl thinks she's going to gag on it. This cock makes her body quiver inside, and she can feel herself on the verge of orgasm even though she hasn't touched herself yet.

She can feel Rambo is on the verge of orgasm too, and she works her mouth back and forth on the horse's cock just as fast and just as hard as she can manage. She'll show this horse something. Show Sarah too. Helen can see Sarah in the back of her mind as she sucks harder on this hot cock filling her mouth. Please, cum now, she thought, pressing her lips into Rambo's massive meat and gumming the rubbery flesh while slowly bobbing her head back and forth. Please cum soon, Helen thought, pushing her lips into Rambo's cock just as hard as she possibly can. The cockhead is throbbing away, and the teen can feel it getting ready to burst wide open. Rambo is moving somewhat, and she can tell it's just as excited as she is. The cock suddenly jerks in her mouth, and horse semen gushes, running all over her body. The semen washes down her throat, and Helen can feel it spilling out of her mouth.

The girl's mouth is on fire, and so is the rest of her body. The horse semen continues to gush out of the jerking cock, and she has a hard time keeping it in her mouth. Somehow, Helen does manage to keep Rambo's cock in her mouth, and all the time his semen is shooting out of him, she continues to

suck just as hard as she can on his cock. Helen feels sperm running down her neck and over her tits, and she can feel it running on her thighs even. There seems to be no end to it, and she's glad. Helen never wants it to stop. If only Sarah were here, she thought to herself. That would've made everything perfect. As it is, she knows this has to be the most exciting moment of her life, and the most dangerous.

Lucy, Sarah, or anyone could come along at any moment. It's nearly time to take Rambo to the starting area, he's already groomed and saddled, and is waiting for his time to come. Helen has to be quick. Rambo's cock is still hard and in her mouth. The semen's just dribbling out now, and eventually, it stops. She lies back on the ground and glances at the underside of Rambo. The stallion has been standing still all this time, and it acts as if nothing has happened, indifferent to everything. It doesn't matter what the horse feels, though, because Helen knows what she feels. How good it had made her feel to take that load

"If you can barely walk after taking that huge cock repeatedly, then the horse is hobbled," Jillian had said.

They were Sarah's words, and they made the young woman's pussy tingle with need.

"So to hobble a horse, it needs to hobble you?" Helen said wide-eyed.

"Yes, that's right, Hel," Jillian said. "Can you do it?"

"I know I can."

Helen feels the sticky cum over her body, and wipes it with her fingers, then she licks them. Her mouth is overflowing still, and the girl swallows hard. She can feel the last of Rambo's cum going down her throat and settling in her stomach. Rambo's cock has gotten soft now. Helen lifts her foot and presses it into his balls. The stallion's balls are soft and hard simultaneously. The teen pushes in gently and then moves her foot away. Then she touches her foot against him, and eventually, she can see him getting hard again.

Rambo's cock seems to go through all kinds of contractions as it rises into an erection. Helen observes it, not wanting to miss any of it. This is too good to miss. Soon it's hard, and she thinks about how good it'll feel inside her cunt. The girl's clit is throbbing now, and the juices are running out of her as the teen lies there thinking about having this cock inside her cunt. Helen can just imagine what'll happen to her once it's inside her. Her juices will really flow then. They might never stop flowing.

The teen raises her hips, so she's now pressing her stomach against the huge cock and positions herself, so it hangs between her legs, then she pushes her cunt lips into it. She grabs for the stirrups and pulls herself, so she's pushing against the underside of Rambo. The teen woman can feel the head of the stallion's cock at the entrance of her cunt. For a second, she's afraid it might hurt, then she realizes she doesn't care whether it hurts or not. Helen presses into the horse cock and feels it ease into her cunt. The horse seems to be also moving and is thrusting its cock into her the way a man would.

Helen feels more of Rambo's cock going into her cunt and rotates her hips in a circular motion, humping back and forth on the equine phallus. It's sliding in and out of her now, and every time it goes back in, Helen can feel herself shaking more. The horse's cock is filling her right to the brim, and she's trying to get as much inside her as she can. Helen wants it all, yet the girl knows it's impossible. It'd kill me, she thought. It'd split me wide open. However, somehow, it doesn't matter to her at this time.

If I'm gonna die, I might as well die getting fucked by a horse, she thought lewdly. Helen feels more and more of Rambo's horse cock going into her and really closes her cunt muscles around it. The shaking teen feels the giant cock stretching her inside and the shaft is starting to throb already. Having him cum in her mouth is one thing, yet now to have him ejaculate inside her cunt will take more juice out of the horse's legs. Helen can feel it already, and she grinds into the horse cock as hard as she can.

The girl can feel an orgasm exploding and her cunt filling with juices. Helen has never had an orgasm like this, and it shakes her so much she almost loses grip on the stirrups. The teen goes wild and just fucks back until she can feel the throbbing cock shooting off into her and filling her with hot horse cream.

She moans and keeps grinding her pussy into the cock. The horse is grinding into her simultaneously, and it isn't acting as indifferent as it had previously. Rambo seems to be as aroused as Helen is, and it just makes her feel so much better inside. The last of Rambo's cum drained into her cunt, and with a final gasp, she let go of the stirrups and falls to the ground. The sated teen feels a limp as a rag doll. She lies there breathing hard, gasping for the last breath of air.

Helen's eyes shut tight, yet she can still see the massive cock in front of her, and she can still feel it deep inside her. Rambo's cock has gone so far into her she thinks if she coughs; it'll pop out of her throat. She really thinks it's going split her in two. She rubs her sore pussy. For a while, she doesn't think the pain will ever go away, and she isn't sure she wants it to.

She rolls out from beneath Rambo and tries to get to her feet. The warm feeling still overwhelms the girl. It's as if the horse cock is still shooting off inside her cunt. She can feel the spasms going through her body still, getting warmer and warmer. Again, she tries to get to her feet, yet she can't move. All her strengths drained for the moment, and have to lie still until it comes back to her.

"Get up," Jillian suddenly yells into the stable. "I see their stable hand, Ryan, coming this way."

Helen forces herself to her feet, and with wobbly legs and shaky hands, she puts her tracksuit back on quickly and stumbles out of the stable before anyone notices. Ryan has stopped and is talking to a woman he apparently seems keen on.

"Let's get outta here," Jillian said grabbing the teen and guiding her away.

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