

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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After a few minutes on the bumpy dirt road, an old farm appeared between the trees. A large half-timbered house dominated the clearing. On the other side of the square was a long, flat stable and gate where two horses and a few small ponies grazed.

I had been toying with the idea of buying my gelding a little companion for a long time, so I answered the advert for a pretty little Shetland stallion that the owners of the farm were putting up for sale. The address was more remote than I expected.

A small gravel path led me to a rustic wooden door, its surface bleached and brittle from decades of weathering. A rusty horseshoe adorned the portal rather badly than well.

I pressed the old-fashioned brass doorbell button.

A few seconds after the shrill ringtone, the door opened and in it stood a tall woman, around forty years old, whose brown hair was braided into a long braid.

"Hello, you must be Nicole. I'm Martina". She greeted me with a warm handshake. "Feel free to come in."

I entered the house and followed her into the spacious living room. The furnishings seemed old-fashioned but cozy. Solid, wooden furniture decorated the room, some of which could certainly pass for antiques. The large LCD television mounted on the wall, however, seemed more like a foreign object.

"So, I guess you're interested in Jumper," she remarked, intending to start the conversation."

I nodded.

"Well, do you already have horses?"

I nodded again and talked about my gelding Barney, who the little jumper was supposed to keep company.

"That's perfect! Jumper is a wonderful little pony. He is absolutely sweet and gets along really well with mares and geldings. I'm sure he would be happy to have a comrade. But you should be careful with other stallions. He quickly becomes quite bitchy."

"Don't worry, no one keeps stallions in my area," I assured.

Martina looked disappointed before plopping down in a chair and motioning for me to sit down too. "That's a shame. Stallions are truly wonderful horses."

"That's correct. That's why I want to get one, even if it's just a small one," a remark that I combined with a wink, which made Martina brighten up strangely.

"By the way, you should be careful with Jumper's food. I hardly know a pony who is more voracious."

"Yes, I know that from my Barney. He would do anything for a sugar cube."

"Well..." after a short pause, Martina continued, "if you really want to spoil him, then let Jumper mount you. The little one is crazy about it."

"That's no problem!" I replied, smiling, before my expression hardened and I stared wide-eyed as my mind processed the casual word „mount“.

"Wait!? Mount? Do you mean...?" I stuttered.

Martina answered calmly and kindly. No doubt she had already expected such a reaction.

"Exactly, that's what I mean. I regularly reward my animals with sexual intercourse, and of course that includes Jumper."

"But..." I stammered, "that doesn't work at all."

"Oh yes, it does!" replied Martina. "Stallions and men are not that different in that regard."

"Once the stallion has been allowed to breed with a woman, he can't get enough of it. In terms of size, the little one out there isn't particularly problematic. The circumference of the penis is hardly thicker than that of a human, the length is of course something different, but he knows how deep he can go."

My breath caught in my throat.

In my mind I imagined Martina standing naked and bent over in the stable, while Jumper stood behind her with his legs spread and the two of them were doing it with pleasure.

An unknown excitement grew within me as I realized that this was not just fantasy but actually reality. Curiosity began to torment me.

"Speaking of which, an acquaintance of mine is coming and is being mated by my stallion Romeo for the first time today. If you like you can watch."

I tried to maintain a cool detachment and agreed to stay.

For the next hour we talked about horse ownership without mentioning the impending mating, when suddenly the doorbell rang loudly.

"Oh, that must be my friend. Wait here, I'll get her in."

Martina left the room only to return less than a minute later with a young woman.

"Vanessa, this is Nicole, she wants to buy jumpers."

Vanessa smiled and held out her hand to me. She wore her long black hair down in a ponytail, while her face had a dark complexion. I estimate her age to be in her early thirties.

"I promised her that she would be allowed to watch. I hope this does not bother you."

"No, no," Martina replied kindly, "No problem. If it doesn't bother Romeo's libido, I don't mind a little audience."

"You don't have to worry," Martina remarked with a laugh. "I would say then we head to the stables and don't keep poor Romeo waiting any longer."

We left the house and crossed the main stable, whose stalls were currently empty, into a smaller side room that served primarily as storage for the riding equipment. A wide collection of straps, halters and reins hung on the walls. The floor was covered with a yellowed, gray carpet and in the middle of the room stood an old gymnastics trestle, the legs of which were sawn off just below the leather body so that it only protruded half a meter above the floor.

“So, this is our little stallions’ personal playground where they can let off steam.”

After a few moments, I noticed the small carpet that lay under the box and had numerous suspicious stains.

“You two had best stay here while I get the good Romeo in.”

Martina disappeared out the door, leaving us in depressing silence.”

“Well,” I stammered and tried to start a conversation with Vanessa. “Martina said today is your first time with a horse?”

Vanessa nodded cheerfully. “Oh yeah. Ever since Martina showed me a picture of her cute little Romeo in the chat room, I can’t wait to get fucked by him.”

Suddenly the door opened. Martina maneuvered the little white pony into the room by its reins

“Look, Vanessa, someone is looking forward to seeing you,” she said and guided the horse through the narrow door on pink reins.

Romeo is a magnificent animal. The little white stallion looked more like a Spanish thoroughbred than a miniature Shetland. The muzzle and underfur were dark. His ankles dry and traversed by a fine network of veins. The gray hooves well cared for and shiny. His wide, alert eyes examined the two unknown women.

“How do you even get him to cover a human?” I asked with increasing curiosity.

“At first he needed some urine scent from a mare in heat to get him going, but that’s no longer necessary today,” answered Martina, throwing a clean sheet over the leather buck.

“He now knows what a human vagina feels like and gets a hard-on with anticipation whenever someone presents him with their bare ass.”

She happily tapped the sheet-covered buck a few times to check its stability.

“No, the problem was never getting him to ride, but rather teaching him when he was allowed to fuck and when he wasn’t.”

Almost at the same time, me and Vanessa gave her questioning looks.

“Well, we also offer recreational horseback riding here. We often use the little ponies for children’s riding. Unfortunately, it has happened that Romeo has taken advantage and targeted one of the mothers. Well, he lives up to his name,” Martina laughed. “That was of course more than problematic. But if they were nice and did a good job, our horses can be rewarded with a little banging afterwards, I think they deserve that.”

She turned her attention to Vanessa.

“So let’s see if Romeo is horny for you.”

Vanessa knelt down next to the small horse. She kissed the stallion’s soft muzzle gently and stroked his forehead with her hand. “Well, little one, would you like to fuck me?”

Her hands slid down to her belt, the buckle of which she deftly undid immediately before moving on

to the button on her jeans.

The animal's intelligent eyes undoubtedly recognized the handle, because a subtle anticipation was immediately apparent in his horse's gaze, which seconds later was expressed in a shrill whinny.

"Quiet Romeo!" said Martina in a gentle tone, "I know you're horny, but at least let her take off her pants first, otherwise it won't work."

Vanessa completely undressed. The heavily tanned complexion of her large breasts showed clear bikini lines, while the pleasant coolness of the room caused her dark brown nipples to swell into small, pointed mountains that rose in wide, round valleys. A pronounced pubic mound adorned her carefully shaved vagina.

"So, Romeo, ready?"

To my surprise, the pony responded with a throaty, low whinny and a jerky head lift that almost resembled a human nod.

"Did he understand her?" I asked myself.

The previously calm little horse suddenly seemed to have changed. Romeo's hooves began to tap impatiently in place as he snorted and blew air from his nostrils. The little horse wanted sex, there was no doubt about it.

"Now the stallion is coming through!" Martina, who was still holding the long reins, tightened her grip.

"Brrr, take it easy." She turned to me. "It's normal that he's a little excited now. He hasn't had sex in almost three weeks. As soon as he feels Vanessa's vagina, he calms down very quickly."

"What's happening now? Do you use a condom?" I asked.

Martina laughed: "No, no, he should be able to enjoy the unadulterated pleasure of her hot pussy. It doesn't help anyway. If horse sperm could impregnate a human, I would probably have mothered hundreds of little foals. He is also healthy, he is examined regularly and I just cleaned his penis earlier."

Vanessa lay down on her stomach on the box and presented her shapely rear end to the animal. Her slightly spread legs showed the soft pink entrance between her brown labia.

Martina stroked the pony's back: "All right, Romeo, then show her what a stallion can do. "

The little Shetland responded with a loud whinny and began to scurry excitedly towards Vanessa. The horse's head

turned unerringly towards Vanessa's pubic area.

With flared nostrils, Romeo breathed in the seductive scent of her vagina, threw his head back and moaned with pleasure.

"Yes Romeo, that's a nice, hot pussy, all just for you."

The animal's long, black penis began to extend between its hind legs. A thin film of sweat covered the dark gray marbled bare skin of his huge testicles. The foreskin rolled back and exposed the wet,

shiny, pink-flecked glans, from whose urethral opening a few drops of pre-cum fell onto the carpet.

The pony now tapped its hooves visibly impatiently and made a few high, guttural noises that left no doubt about the sexual intentions of the lustful animal. His half-erect penis swung back and forth between his powerful thighs with every movement while beads of clear love juice spurted from its tip.

“What, is he coming?” I asked confused.

“No, it’s just pre-cum. Stallions produce quite a bit of it. This ensures that it flows nicely during the fuck.”

“I think I’m ready now,” said Vanessa, who waited patiently on the box.

“Good, then I’ll let him mount you now. Just remember to relax while he penetrates.”

A loud whinny came from his mouth as the white stallion moved into mating position behind his new playmate.

His hooves clattered dully on the carpeted floor as he padded impatiently in place. Romeo waited longingly for the relieving command that stood between him and Vanessa’s hot, moist vagina.

“And up!”

The horny horse wasted no time. Romeo went into the pesade and spread his hind legs. The stallion involuntarily constricted his jugular vein. In a single beat, the horse’s heart filled the erectile tissue to bursting and aligned the now steel-hard member with the vaginal opening of his partner.

A reflex pulled the massive testicles into the groin, leaving an empty scrotum, its stretched skin wobbling back and forth with the animal’s movements.

With three tiny steps, Romeo pushed his powerful hind legs towards Vanessa, who raised her bottom in anticipation.

Hot breath blew from the quivering horse’s nostrils in quick, excited breaths.

As the sensitive glans slapped repeatedly on Vanessa’s ass cheeks, the animal’s hot, clear love juice ran down her caramel-colored skin in shiny beads.

Vanessa reverently held her ass rigid to allow the horny horse to penetrate.

The lust intensified the stallion’s tense expression as the tip of his penis searched blindly for the entrance to her pleasure cave.

Finally Romeo could feel her soft, swollen pussy lips and pushed his huge thighs forward in an irresistible reflex.

A deep, sensual grunt came from his throat as Vanessa’s moist, silky vaginal walls slid over the sensitive skin of the horse’s glans.

My breath caught as the horse pushed two thirds of his thirty centimeters long fully erect copulatory organ into the body of his human sexual partner, who moaned loudly as the hot, pulsating horse flesh filled her birthing canal.

Romeo let out a satisfied grunt, licked his horse's lips with his wide tongue and began to lustfully fuck Vanessa with hard, sweeping thrusts.

I stared in fascination at the horse's penis sliding rhythmically into the vagina, with Vanessa's vaginal juice glistening wetly on its dark skin. Each thrust of the animal made her body tremble and soon a white, foamy ring formed on the horse's skin, enclosing the shaft at the deepest point of penetration.

The stallion rested his head on Vanessa's shoulder, pulled back his bottom lip and stuck the tip of his tongue between his teeth as he dreamily enjoyed the steaming heat of her vagina.

The spectacle seemed almost surreal to me. The little stallion, who was grazing innocently in the meadow just an hour ago, was now copulating with unimaginable pleasure.

A sweet smell of horse sweat and sex quickly began to fill the room.

The idea that humans and animals could share sexual pleasure together was unimaginable to me up until that point, and yet the spectacle before my eyes excited me in an unexpected way. There was no doubt that the little stallion enjoyed the human woman no less than a horsey mare.

Over and over again the little stallion slid his stiff penis into Vanessa's hot vagina with irregular thrusts. She clawed her fingers into the buck's brown leather and moaned loudly with every thrust. A breathy silent scream sounded as the orgasm ripped through her body, which didn't stop the little stallion from maintaining the pace of his pelvic thrusts.

"Yes, you can tell he had to take a break for the last month, the poor animal has a lot to catch up on. His balls are probably about to burst," commented Martina, almost a little dryly.

"Why is that?" I asked, moderately interested, wanting to give my full attention to the stimulating spectacle in front of my eyes.

"He had nasty colic. Luckily it wasn't that bad, but it was still serious enough for the vet to order a break from mating."

Suddenly Romeo froze. His eyes became glassy and his nostrils flared as he stretched out his front legs stiffly and his raised tail began to bob.

"Now he's cumming. Look at the underside of his cock, you can see him ejaculating in her pussy."

She was right. The stallion's urethral erectile tissue pulsed with violent twitches every second while his long, hard member poured the hot horse semen into the depths of Vanessa's pleasure cave in thick, sticky jets.

The orgasm left the stallion struggling to balance on Vanessa's back for a few seconds. I can't remember ever seeing a horse with a happier expression than Romeo's as he dreamily and happily cums into her vagina.

"So, that's it, now he's done," remarked Martina, who was directing the horse's gentle descent using his reins.

With a smacking noise, Romeo's swollen glans slipped out of Vanessa's vagina, followed by a slimy, white gush of horse semen that stretched in thick threads towards the floor, forming a puddle full of bubbles, which soon turned into another puddle on the old gray carpet would turn into a sperm

stain.

The pony slowly and relaxed dismounted Vanessa as the wet penis withdrew into the sheet and his thick horse balls returned to their usual place in the scrotum.

He took a few steps forward and sniffed Vanessa's face to find out about the condition of his sexual partner.

"Well done, my little one," said Martina as she patted the stallion's flank in praise.

Romeo snorted with dignity, assumed a proud, boastful stallion stance, which seemed almost a little comical given the pony's small body, and with clattering hooves turned to her rear end to proudly inspect his sticky handiwork.

After he was satisfied with the smell of his sperm flowing from Vanessa's vagina, which ran down her thighs in last wet streams, the satisfied horse relaxed and turned to the bucket of water standing in the corner of the room to make up for the lost fluid.

"Oh, man, the poor guy really had a lot of pressure on his balls!" said Vanessa exhausted, who was still kneeling in a sawhorse position while the last slimy threads between her legs were pulling towards the ground "... I almost thought a draft horse was cumming in me."

"Yes, that's my Romeo," laughed Martina. "There are reasons why he is my best stud."

Suddenly she turned to me.

"By the way, what do you think if I bring Jumper in now and you get to know each other a little better?" "I'm really interested in whether the chemistry between you two is right and whether we can let him mount you. It would be a shame if only Romeo got his fun."

Vanessa, who began to dress, also joined in.

"Oh yes please. I really want to watch you too."

My thoughts were circling between rejection and excitement, but before I could say anything, Martina took over again.

"For now, I'm going to bring Romeo back."

She grabbed the reins and left the room with the satisfied animal.

Vanessa and I exchanged a few tense looks before Martina returned and behind her was the little pony that I recognized from the online ad.

Jumper looked surprisingly elegant for his size. The head of the brown horse, which was almost 1 meter tall, was straight and had a white mark that ran as a narrow paleness from his forehead to his pink lips. The greyish-beige horn of the hooves merged into white sock markings on the two hind legs and the right front leg, which ended just above the pasterns. From the animal's slim, muscular belly, which showed the first signs of an imminent coat change, to the thick winter coat, a curvy network of strong veins was still visible that continued over the thighs.

I didn't think I could ever feel that way, but the animal was really attractive... and erotic.

Considering the previous spectacle, the sight of the stallion made me wet and my curiosity grew as

to what his penis would feel like.

Martina led the pony to me. His nostrils sniffed my body while his brown eyes examined me.

"You can pet him if you want."

I stroked the horse's forehead and began to scratch the base of his neck. Jumper enjoyed the attention because he closed his eyes dreamily and pulled his chin down.

"I knew you would like each other. Now you have to let him feel your vagina too, otherwise you'll break his heart."

I sighed. My curiosity and excitement had long since gotten the better of me and I was eager to give myself to the pretty little horse like a mare.

"All right, what do I have to do? Should I make him horny somehow?" I asked uncertainly.

"Oh no, hold your pussy out to him and it will be fine. Jumper is really gentle and completely unproblematic when it comes to mating. A real beginner horse and very experienced at deflowering women who have had no experience with a horse penis.

"How heavy is it actually? I hope I don't break down."

"No worries. When fucking, stallions balance ninety percent of their weight on their hind legs. So you won't have more than 20 kilos on your back while he's inside you. It's important that

you don't panic when you feel his cock for the first time. You just have to relax and let him slide in nicely."

"I'm trying to think about it. Is there anything else I should pay attention to?"

"Well, of course you'll only find out his preferences over time. As soon as he comes he sometimes gets a little wobbly on his feet because of the pleasure, you've already seen that with Romeo. It's best to just hold still and let him finish cumming. After that he recovers pretty quickly."

"It's enough if I leave my top on, it's a bit cold here."

Martina laughed. "That should not be a problem. Jumper is mainly interested in what you have between your legs. Horses don't care much for bare breasts. Just take off your pants, lie on your stomach on the bench and open your thighs, then Jumper will be happy..."

"Is that enough?" I asked as I pushed the black lace panties down my thighs, kicked them next to the pillows and assumed Vanessa's sawhorse position on the ceiling structure.

"Not quite," commented Martina critically. "The ass a little higher and the upper body down, then Jumper has a better grip and can get his cock in nice and deep."

I quickly corrected my posture. "So?"

"Yes, that should work. Should I get him here now?"

I nodded.

My heart was pounding madly. The sawhorse pose left me completely at the mercy of the animal and

I knew I had no chance of retreating once the act began.

Jumper walked past my head and turned his attention to the interesting spot between my legs, standing almost parallel to my body. A few centimeters from my head I saw the wrinkled foreskin slowly emerge from the fold of the sheet.

As the length increased, the skin stretched and was pulled smooth until it suddenly folded over the bulging foreskin ring and exposed the front half of the sexual organ.

At thirty-five centimeters it reached its maximum length, and a clear drop formed on the urethral process, which protruded an inch and a half from the glans. A network of veins ran through the grayish shaft, which slowly erected with each pulsating heartbeat of the animal. A few liver spots decorated the bare, smooth skin of its large testicles, which swayed subtly with the animal's movements. Then Jumper disappeared from my sight to get into position behind me.

Hot, moist horse breath blew over my ass cheeks as the stallion sniffed my vagina. I was shaking with excitement. I slowly realized that it would only be a few moments before the excited horse would penetrate me.

Martina noticed my increasing excitement and gave Jumper the order to inseminate me like a mare.

With a loud clack of hooves, I heard the excited pony push off with its front legs in order to plunge its stiff sexual organ into me.

My heart almost stopped with excitement.

Even though I considered calling it quits, I forced myself to keep my ass still for Jumper. I winced as the soft glans of the animal stroked my pubic mound and pressed against the entrance to my vagina.

I involuntarily tensed and pulled my bottom to the side. Jumper immediately announced his disapproval with a throaty whinny.

"Brrrrr, calm down, little one!" Martina pulled on the halter because the restless stallion was about to lose his balance.

"Damn! Keep your butt still and relax your pussy, otherwise it won't come in!" she said sternly, because she was afraid the disappointed animal might hurt me if it got down too rough.

The hooves clattered loudly on the carpeted floor as Jumper once again brought his powerful, splayed hind legs into position.

I breathed and forced my muscles to relax as the animal's soft, hot glans found its target. Then the stallion pushed his loins forward.

This time I had no chance to defend myself against the force as the horse's glans overcame the resistance and pushed my labia apart and the steel-hard hot shaft pushed into my sexual canal like a spear.

A hot pain made me sigh loudly. I felt the excited heartbeat of the horny animal twitching inside me, which immediately began to rhythmically penetrate me.

Beneath the soft, smooth skin that slid almost smoothly inside my vagina, I felt the stallion's erect, hard erectile tissue, like a pulsating iron rod. His pre-cum, constantly squirting from the tip of his

glans, and my vaginal fluid mixed into a foamy mixture that lubricated the mating act like a steam engine.

I was excited by the thought of the fundamental breach of taboo that the hot sexual organ represented in me. I was fucked by a horse and it felt amazing.

Jumper put his muzzle on my shoulder. From his nostrils, hot, moist air blew into my face at ever faster intervals. Without a doubt, the stallion enjoyed our sexual intercourse as much as I did.

I began to moan lustfully, encouraging Jumper to speed up his thrusts.

Like a greedy maw, my vagina sucked the horse's pleasantly smooth skin, while the muscles tightly wrapped around the hard shaft. Each piston-like retraction of the glans created a smacking negative pressure that dissolved again in a split second as he pushed forward.

I knew the act would only last a few minutes, but the intensity of the sex stretched my sense of time almost infinitely.

Suddenly, an explosion of nerve impulses coursed through my abdomen and burned through my entire body. The little horse gave me the most powerful orgasm of my life. My arms and legs spasm, mouth open but unable to breathe, I froze for a few seconds that seemed like an eternity.

Slowly the blazing fire in my vagina died down to a comfortable, warm glow.

The insatiable stallion was still thrusting steadily, at the same pace.

I felt a deep, sexual gratitude towards Jumper and hoped to be able to satisfy him just as wonderfully.

I tensed my vaginal muscles even tighter around his shaft and pressed my cervix onto the tip of his glans. The animal grunted brightly with pleasure.

I felt a tension deep within me as the horse's glans swelled to many times its original size and forced Jumper to stop thrusting...

"He's flaring! That's normal. That means he's about to come," said Martina, who supervised the act like an insemination technician.

The front legs tightened their grip on my chest as the stallion prepared to fill my vagina with semen.

Jumper pushed his stiffened penis shaft deep into my body and grunted lustfully in my ear as the climax built up inside him. In a dozen contractions the horse poured his hot seed deep into my body.

Then it was over.

I felt the stallion's penis deep inside me slowly becoming flaccid.

The now fully relaxed animal was still supporting itself on my back. His front hooves dangled in the air, his lower jaw resting on my left shoulder. His breathing was slow but deep.

Dreamily, Jumper seemed to want to enjoy the pleasant, wet warmth of my vagina for a little longer before he got off me almost reluctantly, like someone who had been woken from a wonderful dream.

With a wet smack, he pulled the last bit of his member out of me, the glans having long since shrunk

back to its original size, the shaft almost completely retracted.

Jumper's front hooves clattered on the gray carpet as he climbed off my back and took a few steps away. Still out of breath, I sat up. Warm, sticky horse cum began to run down the inside of my thigh.

"And how was it?" asked Martina.

I grinned widely.

"I think me and Jumper will be good friends."