

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Brunhilda resided on her father's esteemed stallion stud farm. A golden-haired beauty, she had embarked on her first year of college, attending an all-women's institution nestled in the picturesque Adirondacks. Fueled by esoteric readings she had stumbled upon online, Brunhilda harbored a clandestine desire to acquire five "full breeding doses" of her father's finest and most sought-after stallions' seed. It wasn't that she sought to emulate Catherine the Great's allegedly shocking sexual exploits, nor did she envision herself as an X-rated version of Lady Godiva.

Instead, she had learned that ancient Chinese medicine offered accounts of aristocratic Chinese damsels vaginally utilizing the essence of the emperor's prized stallions in order to enhance their beauty, health, intellect, and fertility for years to come. Tradition dictated that such a pursuit entailed months, if not years, of a rigorous and quite disciplined equine insemination regime. Nevertheless, the legend had fascinated Brunhilda all the same, whetting her intellectual and sensual appetites and indeed enticing her vanity to such an extent that she yearned to undergo the fascinating experience at least once, without discounting the possibility of incorporating it into her long-term beauty routine.

Throughout the summer, Brunhilda toiled diligently, saving every penny in order to procure not only a full dosage for herself but also for her four equally stunning coterie of college girlfriends. Anonymously, Brunhilda's father received the payment and, as customary, entrusted the preparation and shipment of the specially cooled samples to the anonymous buyer, that is to say, to Brunhilda herself!

Equally unbeknownst to him, of course, the fact that Brunhilda had used the pay she received from her part-time employment at the farm (along with income from other miscellaneous endeavors) to fund this most secret of endeavors. Timing the purchase to coincide with her father's brief trip to a regional horse breeders' convention, Brunhilda and her closest confidantes expected to comfortably be able to prepare the samples for their own *in vivo* use. They aimed to undergo this elaborate process on the very day of her father's departure.

Brunhilda's temperamentally heterodox circle of girlfriends, consisting of Julie, Tabitha, Renee, and Marjorie, were already exemplary physical specimens themselves, possessing a compendium of voluptuous features that seemed designed to enthrall the masculine half of the species: from nose to nipples to clitoris to derriere, while nevertheless being exceedingly zealous and prideful of their respective virginities, from which seemed to emanate their intrinsic sense of entitlement, superciliousness and overall haughty arrogance.

Their hope, in any case, was to synchronize the experiment with their ovulation as closely as possible, a feat they would crowningly achieve. When the fateful day arrived, the eager young women bided their time until the cover of night, when prying eyes and lascivious farmhands would not be as much of a concern. Following a hearty meal, albeit without the accompaniment of alcohol or coffee, they prepared for the 'main attraction' of their ensuing personal and intimate rodeo.

The girls recognized that they needed to be sexually aroused in order to achieve optimal conditions conducive to 'medicinal' or shamanistic insemination. Each discreetly inserted an egg vibrator into her panties, pressing it firmly against their quivers—its purpose self-evidently to stimulate their libidos and enhance their sexual receptivity. Clad in skirts, they mounted Brunhilda's father's fully operational 'novelty' mechanical bull, taking turns for no less than half an hour each, with the egg vibrator set to highest intensity.

They dismounted only when their panties' crotches had become thoroughly drenched, diligently

ensuring the saddle was cleaned with sanitary wipes for the subsequent girl waiting her turn. By nine in the evening, each girl had participated in grinding her clit against the bucking saddle, leaving her panties sodden, thereby priming them for the main course, the *pièce de résistance du cheval*: the equine infusion itself!

Every girl possessed, for her personal use, the equivalent of a mayonnaise jar's worth—filled to the brim no less—of the very finest grade stallion semen: a breeding sample of the utmost world-class quality. The question on all the girls' minds: would they each dare to fill themselves to the brim, as it were, with the entire mayonnaise jar's worth of horse stallion semen allotted to them? Were they up for the 'mayonnaise jar' horse semen challenge? Or would one or more of them chicken out at the end on account of their vaginas being too "small" or whatnot?

Opting for the turkey baster method of self-insemination, they all simultaneously reclined upon Brunhilda's bed in preparation. Diligently the girls filled and refilled the baster until the entirety of the heaping sample had been injected deep into their quims. The procedure proved to be surprisingly easy and quick, and the girls, with pillows positioned beneath their derrières, soon became engaged in conversation, laughter, and the occasional clitoral stimulation of themselves and/or the girl nearest to them on the bed. They had ensured the samples reached room temperature beforehand. Still, the heat of their own sexual ovens, as it were, surely played a part in further resuscitating and enlivening the hibernatory samples.

After a half-hour repose on their backs, the five girls cautiously inserted condom-wrapped vaginal plugs into their well-filled quims. To secure these in place, they donned breathable, elastic cotton bicycle shorts. They indulged in activities such as play, cooking, and watching the 1992 French film 'The Lover.' They engaged in passionate foreplay, including French kissing with one another (perhaps inspired by the film's origin), all while nestling beside their fellow 'pussynauts,' as this secret band of female self-adventurers referred to themselves.

Finally, they prepared for bed by following their jejune nighttime rituals of toothbrushing, donning their nightgowns, etc. Only when each girl was comfortably supine upon her respective bed did they gingerly extract their vaginal plugs, having previously placed a thick towel beneath their derrières and quims. The plugs dislodged with a rude wet squelch, immediately followed by a long-repressed quantious effusion of equine fluid, not unlike coconut milk or dilute yogurt. Subsequently, they all reached climax by pleasuring their clits, using their fingers coated in the horse semen that had just been expelled from within them. Afterward, they donned diapers and surrendered to their exhaustion as they drifted off to a most peaceful sleep.

The following morning, as they checked the contents of their diapers, they discovered substantial dampness. However, this was not due to their urination (at least for the most part) but rather to the nocturnal release of yet more horse seminal fluid that continued to naturally be expelled from their heavily inundated vaginas, including their wombs. They proceeded to shower in clusters of two or three, an act which inadvertently induced even yet even more outpourings of stallion semen, waterier, but at times slimy and stringy. Afterward, they donned fresh diapers, embarking upon a day filled with the usual mirthful activities that befriended girls often engage in.

However, when night fell, they returned to their beloved mechanical bull, equipped with the ever-satisfying egg vibrator nestled within them. This time, however, they took the necessary additional precaution of placing thick pads in the gussets of their panties in order to counter the occasional leaks that they anticipated would continue to occur sporadically. Riding the mechanical beast, they guided themselves and their fellow girlfriends to gratifying clitoral orgasms. This ritual had become an integral part of their nighttime routine before settling into slumber, wrapped in the snug embrace of their diapers once again.

The next day they found themselves in the highest spirits, both in terms of overall vigor and as regards their sexual vitality. They were almost certain that an ethereal luminosity emanated from their visages, as if the wonder-working potential of the experiment, of hallowed ancient origin, was coming to fruition, consequently bestowing upon the daring and fortune band of 'equine Amazons' a quasi-mystical degree of beauty, feminine sensuality, and nubility. All this, to be sure, produced an even deeper level of emotional and sentimental bond between this group of remarkable girls, prompting them to return to their academic lives on campus the following day in the absolute best of spirits.

As was to be expected, the potentially embarrassing inconvenience of residually dripping horse semen wetting their panties or even dripping down their legs had significantly waned to the point of unconcern. On the other hand, and undeniably, within the depths of their vaginal channels, millions or even billions of potent horse spermatozoa continued in their relentless quest to breach the defenses of girls' fertile eggs protected by the unbreachable ramparts of physical and genetic incommensurability, and yet the equine wrigglers carried on in their fierce jousts with the girls' alluring eggs to the very end.

Yet, these microscopic battles, albeit ones that involved millions or even billions of warriors, were of little concern, assuming they registered at all, to the girls themselves. And yet, a couple of the previously mentioned collegians did admit to experiencing the occasional wriggling, enthusiasm, and tickling in their "tubes" even into the third day and beyond.

Upon reuniting, the group of five conspiratorial "pussynauts" found themselves wholeheartedly agreeing—their quasi-mystical equine experiment had been a resounding success and merited, indeed called out for, further exploration and repetition at the soonest possible occasion.

The End