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BEASTIALITY STORIES



Sarah Mitchell stood on the porch of her farmhouse, watching her husband, Jack, drive away for yet another business trip to the city. As his car disappeared down the dirt road, she sighed deeply, the familiar ache of loneliness settling in her chest. Sarah was a mid-40s woman with a lean, muscular build from years of hard farm work. Her tanned skin and bright blue eyes stood out against her dark, wavy hair usually tied back in a ponytail. Despite her modest appearance, she had a natural beauty that often went unnoticed. She was shy and reserved, especially around men, due to years of feeling neglected by her husband.

Her life on the farm was one of routine and hard work. The days blurred together, each one a repetition of the last. She spent her time tending to the animals, maintaining the crops, and keeping the house in order. Jack's increasing focus on his city ventures left her feeling neglected and unloved. She missed the days when they couldn't keep their hands off each other, when a simple touch could ignite a fire within her. Now, she felt like a ghost in her own home, unseen and unappreciated.

After seeing Jack off, Sarah headed to the barn to start her morning chores. She fed the chickens, milked the cows, and checked on the horses. Thunder, their prized stallion, whinnied as she approached, eager for attention. Sarah smiled and patted his neck, feeling a brief moment of contentment in his presence.

Later that afternoon, Sarah returned to the stable to groom Thunder. As she brushed his sleek coat, she noticed something that made her heart skip a beat. Thunder was fully erect, his massive, veiny cock on full display. The sight of it, thick and pulsing, sent a rush of heat to her core. Embarrassed, Sarah quickly looked away, her face flushing with heat.

She finished grooming him as quickly as possible and left the stable, but the image of Thunder's enormous cock lingered in her mind. She tried to shake it off, but an unfamiliar heat was building within her, something she hadn't felt in a long time. It was both thrilling and terrifying.

Unable to ignore her growing desire, Sarah found herself drawn back to the stable later that day. Her heart raced as she approached Thunder, her steps hesitant. She stood before him, feeling a mix of shame and arousal. The smell of the stable, mixed with the musk of the stallion, filled her senses and only heightened her arousal.

With trembling hands, Sarah reached out and stroked Thunder's erect cock. The sensation was overwhelming, her fingers tracing the thick veins that ran along his length. She could feel the heat radiating from him, the sheer size of it making her pussy throb with anticipation. Her touch was tentative at first, but as Thunder responded to her, she grew bolder. Her arousal intensified with each stroke, her breath coming in short gasps.

"Fuck, this is so wrong," she whispered to herself, but she couldn't stop. She wrapped both hands around his girth, marveling at how big he was. Her pussy clenched with need as she imagined what it would feel like inside her.

Driven by her need for release, Sarah knelt before Thunder and took his cock into her mouth. The taste was musky and salty, the sheer size of him stretching her lips wide. She moaned around him, her tongue swirling around his length. Thunder shuddered in response, his body reacting to her touch.

Sarah was lost in the moment, consumed by a mix of lust and exhilaration. She had never done anything like this before, but the taboo nature of the act only heightened her arousal. She continued

to suck, taking him deeper into her throat, her moans of pleasure filling the stable.

“God, you taste so good,” she murmured between sucks. She could feel Thunder’s cock twitching in her mouth, his pre-cum leaking onto her tongue. The salty, thick taste drove her wild, and she sucked harder, wanting more.

Suddenly, Thunder bucked, and a massive load of cum exploded into her mouth, overwhelming her. The hot, thick semen spurted out in powerful jets, some of it hitting the back of her throat while the rest splashed across her face. Sarah gasped, trying to swallow it all, but it was too much. The sticky fluid dripped down her chin and onto her breasts, coating her in the stallion’s seed.

“Oh fuck, that’s so much,” she panted, wiping her face with the back of her hand. The taste lingered on her tongue, salty and potent, and she found herself craving more.

Overcome with desire, Sarah stripped off her clothes and positioned herself beneath Thunder. She guided his massive cock to her dripping pussy, gasping as the head pushed inside her. The stretch was intense, almost too much to bear, but the pleasure was overwhelming. She rocked her hips, taking him deeper, her pussy clenching around his girth.

“Fuck, you’re so big,” she moaned, her fingers digging into the hay beneath her. She could feel every inch of him, the thick veins pulsing against her inner walls. The pressure and fullness were beyond anything she had ever felt.

She rode Thunder, her movements growing more urgent as she neared climax. The sensation of his cock stretching her open, filling her completely, was driving her wild. Her cries of pleasure filled the stable as she reached a powerful orgasm, her body trembling with release. She collapsed beside Thunder, her mind reeling from the encounter.

Exhausted and satisfied, Sarah cleaned herself up and returned to her chores. She realized she had crossed a forbidden line, but the experience had awakened something deep within her. She felt a newfound confidence and sense of empowerment.

As she went about her day, she couldn’t stop thinking about what had happened in the stable. She eagerly anticipated the next time she could be alone with Thunder, her mind filled with fantasies of their next encounter. The boundaries of her desires had been pushed, and there was no going back.

[Go to next Part](#)