

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



The resonant keen of a rooster split the dewy morning. A thick quilt brushed along an oak bed-frame as Ellie awoke. It was cool in her room, but that was welcome on these summer days that seemed to drag endlessly through the heat. She pulled the covers off and swung her long legs over the straw and cotton filled mattress. The wooden floor was slightly tacky from the humidity. Her white nightgown swished about her ankles as she went to her closet. Ellie couldn't have been more excited. Like her three sisters before her, she would go through the ceremony tonight. Each of them, on their eighteenth birthdays, had been whisked into the barn at the last drops of sunlight to become women. It was a secret ceremony and that made it all the more tantalizing. Today was Ellie's birthday and she couldn't wait.

She pulled her nightgown over her head, exposing her naked body to the damp air. At six foot one, of course she had long legs. She was sinewy with thin muscles hardened by her years on the farm. Tan lines ringed her forearms and collarbones where the sun had kissed her soft skin. Ellie had a small bush of light brown peach fuzz between her legs that covered her virgin pussy. Her small butt cheeks jiggled slightly as she crossed the room. The smooth abdomen, only included by a freckle to the right of her innie belly button, led to her grapefruit-like breasts. She was not the sight of a motherly breeder. Her hard nipples, aimed like cannons, stood only a few inches from her ribcage that could be seen faintly below them. Auburn hair rested in a bun atop her head, it would certainly need to be brushed for the evening. Brown eyes peered from beneath dark, unkempt eyebrows that rested on her freckled forehead. A dimple formed on her left cheek as she smiled at the black dress her mother had made for the ceremony. She extended a callused hand to touch the fabric. As a farmer's daughter, she never got to wear anything nice.

"Come on down Ellie," her father's voice called from the first floor of the farm house.

"Yes, father," she replied, her high voice bouncing off the wooden walls.

She donned her working clothes, a light blue and white skirt and shirt combination, and hustled down the stairs in her bare feet.

"Good morning, Eleanor" said her mother.

"Good morning, mother."

"Breakfast is on the table. Elise is mucking the stables, go help her once you've finished."

"Yes, ma'am."

The family was already up and about. They had let her sleep until the rooster because it was her birthday. Everyone seemed a bit more solemn than usual.

Breakfast was bacon, eggs, and bread. It was eaten at the long, rough dining room table with one of her sisters, Deborah, who had paused her work to eat. Elise was the oldest, followed by Deborah and then Annie. Ellie was the baby, the last to turn eighteen, though the tallest of them.

"Good morning, Ellie," said Deborah.

"Good morning," Ellie beamed.

"I hope you got some good sleep," Deborah said between mouthfuls, "The stables are a mess."

"I did, it was a comfortable night."

"Well, happy birthday."

Deborah seemed to have an almost sorrowful look on her face. A small girl of four ran up to her and clung to her dress. She picked her up.

"Hello, Laurel, mommy has been working. Here, have some."

She picked up her fork and fed Laurel.

Ellie watched this as she ate, though her mind was preoccupied. She could think of nothing but her coming of age celebration.

The rest of the morning passed in this way. Ellie met Elise out in the stable and helped her through the work. The horses stamped their appreciation, their shiny coats flowed like ocean waves. Ellie liked the horses and they liked her, she had a way with animals.

"Frederick always liked you best," said Elise.

"Yes, he's quite the smart horse." She flashed a wry smile to her sister.

She smiled back, "Of course he is. Happy birthday, sister."

Elise stood up straight and placed her hand on Ellie's shoulder.

"I am grateful to you for all you do, Ellie. Ever since you were born, I have known you to be kind and wise beyond your years. I hope those years have prepared you for tonight."

This was a strange, cryptic thing for her sister to say, but it caused a flutter in her stomach.

"What happens tonight?"

"You know I cannot tell you, Ellie, but you'll find out soon enough."

With that they returned to their work in silence. Ellie found some nerves that had not been present in the days leading up to this one.

The work on the farm continued until lunch, which she took alone after Elise and Annie had theirs together. She wanted to be alone. It felt like her family did not want to be around her today.

The rest of the afternoon passed without any hiccups or unsolicited conversations. By dinner time she could hardly contain her excitement.

"When do we start?" she asked, knowing the answer.

"At sundown," said her father, his dark hair fell over his face as he leaned over his plate.

Ellie looked outside, the sun sat above the horizon, slowly inching downward.

"When may I put my dress on?"

"After supper and after you've washed up."

She looked around at her family. None of them shared the excitement she felt. There were a few

young children, those of her sisters' who each had one, playing with their food. That was about as interested as anyone else seemed.

The rest of dinner passed in relative silence excepting the clink of silverware and the sputtering of babies. As soon as the last bite was eaten, Ellie bounced up and began clearing the table. She brought the dishes to the sink and began furiously washing them.

"Don't be in such a rush, my daughter," said her mother quietly, "Enjoy these last moments of your girlhood, we all miss them when we're older."

"Yes, mother."

She slowed down her washing and tried to enjoy it. It was over before she knew it. She dried her hands and went to her mother, who sat silently in the dining room.

"May I wear my dress now?" she asked.

"Clean up first, there's still good water in the tub. Wash yourself well, it's important to be clean when you move from one part of life to another. Remove the dirt from the last one to make room for the dirt of the new."

Her mother gazed off into the wall.

"Yes, mother."

Ellie bounded up the stairs and tore her clothes off. Her sweat slicked body welcomed the cool water in the tub. Water ran down her long body like a storm, breaking on the dips of her hips and flowing along her ass crack. She scrubbed from head to toe, making sure to wash everywhere. Her soapy hand slipped between her legs and washed her lips and butthole. She had slightly enjoyed this part, but knew it was sin and did it quickly. Ellie poured the bucket over herself several times, making sure to rinse all the soap off.

She stepped out of the wooden tub and dried herself thoroughly. Her hair was slightly damp when she opened the door and walked into the hallway.

Ellie yelped and covered herself with her hands as Annie opened her bedroom door.

"Ellie! What are you doing?"

She looked her sister up and down. Ellie's left hand poorly covered her pubic hair and her right forearm munched her breasts up.

"Sorry! I forgot to say I was coming."

Ellie ran the rest of the way to her room, her little butt bouncing along the dim hall. In her room she put on her dress. It was well fitting and when she looked down saw a small bit of cleavage like pale boulders. This was surprising to her, as she had never had a dress that low cut. The black fabric followed her slender waist and opened up a flared out a bit at the hips. Her slender form rendered the dress relatively straight, but at least it was different. She bustled downstairs and put her polished black boots on. Her mother and father were waiting at the door for her. The house was silent.

The mountains stood on a fiery lake as the sun glowed crimson about their peaks. In the field three

silhouettes walked toward a barn, the middle standing above the others like a capstone. Insects buzzed and flitted about only to be ambushed by waiting bats that fluttered across the indigo sky. Ellie almost joined their chirping as he vibrated with excitement. Warm light spilled through a jagged gap in the doors like a lightning bolt illuminating her memory.

When she was seven, she had stayed up late to look out her window. This was Deborah's eighteenth birthday. She had seen her mother and father flanking her in the evening light and take her to the barn. The doors leaked warm firelight as they were opened to let them in. Ellie had seen townspeople inside, standing at the edges of the hay-strewn room. When the doors were shut, she ran down the stairs and through the small field leading to the doors. Through a crack, she saw her sister, head bowed and clad in black, standing in the middle of the room and heard the chanting of the townspeople.

"How dare you!" a voice had said, and struck Ellie across the face before taking her back to her house.

She did not try to see her other sisters' ceremonies after that. Her time would come and come it had.

This time no one dragged her away.

The doors opened and they welcomed her into the hay strewn barn. As in her memory, the townspeople stood around the room. Lanterns flickered, throwing shadows on the walls that crept up and merged into the dark ceiling. In the middle of the room was a stack of hay bales that came up to Ellie's waist. People smiled at her and she beamed back. Her mother and father went and stood together next to the priest, leaving her alone in the middle of the room. The priest stepped forward.

"Today is Eleanor's first step into adulthood," he said, "She will walk the path that our women have always walked."

He approached her, dark robes enveloping the cross that hung about his neck.

"Eleanor, are you prepared to accept the responsibilities of motherhood?"

Ellie paused at the unexpected question.

"Yes, Father," she said almost quizzically.

"And are you willing to fill yourself with our lord's might?"

"Yes, Father."

"Like a horse in the desert, you will not stumble."

He bowed his head saying a prayer. The gathering followed suit. Ellie looked at her heaving breasts as her heart pounded. Her stomach was in knots.

"Come over here, dear girl," bade the priest, motioning her to come to the hay bales.

She approached.

His bony finger pointed down, "On your knees."

Ellie gathered her dress and got to the floor with her back against the hay. Everyone was watching her. The priest laid a hand on her shoulder and called out, "Now I watched when the Lamb opened

one of the seven seals, and I heard one of the four living creatures say with a voice like thunder 'Come!'"

The clop of horse hooves was muffled on the soft floor.

"Adonai, my love, mare among Pharaoh's chariots."

Ellie saw the blazing white hair of a horse she had not seen before come around the hay bales. She looked up at the powerful animal that towered over her. His face was fierce and purposeful. Two men led the animal in front of her and she gasped lightly.

Adonai's penis was erect. It bounced side to side, slapping his belly as it swayed. The thick, almost two foot long cock came to a stop six inches from Ellie's face. She was underneath the stallion, face to face with his flared member. He stood over the hay bales. Ellie looked around nervously, unsure of what she was supposed to be doing.

"Eleanor will now take Adonai into her belly," said the priest, "She will be sated by the seed of His messenger."

Ellie shifted uncomfortably. Adonai's hard dick bobbed in front of her. She felt she must be misunderstanding the priest.

"Father," she said quietly, "What am I to do?"

He leaned down, "You are to put Adonai's penis into your mouth and allow him to fill your belly."

He patted her on the shoulder again and walked away to join her mother and father once more. Ellie looked at them and they at her.

Her mother broke the silence, "The lord wills it."

Ellie looked again with watery eyes at the monstrous rod in front of her and reached out, shaking. A white droplet of semen oozed from the hole at the tip. As she touched the soft skin, he bucked, hitting her mouth. A silvery strand pulled away, connecting her to him as he moved back. She licked her lips and tasted the salty cum of the steed. It wasn't altogether terrible, but not pleasant by any means. She stroked the meaty cock with both hands and more pre-cum dribbled out, slowly dripping to the floor like a white spider descending on her silk.

She opened her mouth and moved forward. The head of his penis barely fit past her lips and she could not get it past her teeth. Ellie's tongue flicked forward and she lapped at the tip, tasting the thick cum again. She stroked Adonai, milking more and more pre-cum into her mouth. It flowed over her lips, pooling behind her teeth. Adonai had much to give.

Without warning he bucked again, driving his cock into Ellie's soft mouth. Her brown eyes bulged as her jaw was thrust open and her palate filled with horse dick. Adonai enjoyed the sensation and bucked again, this time opening Ellie's throat and pushing her head against the hay. She tried to scream but couldn't get sound past the battering ram bashing into her. The scream wasn't for her throat being opened, but rather looking down the remaining eighteen inches of meat that she knew would be going into her.

He couldn't get past the barrier of her throat and bashed it over and over, bouncing Ellie's head back and forth.

Adonai pulled back, the flared tip getting stuck behind Ellie's teeth as she sputtered for air. The only sound was the wet suckling of air from the edges of her stretched lips.

He drove forward again, breaching her the innocent girl on the floor. Tears rolled down her face as her throat bulged and she tried to swallow, only succeeding in stroking Adonai with her throat muscles.

He pulled back. She sucked air. He pushed deeper. The back of Ellie's head bounced off the hay each time, then back as he pressed her mercilessly into it. She had nowhere to go, no way to stop the horse from fucking her tender face. Gulping, she swallowed more and more of his cock until she felt the weight of his balls slap her chin.

The crowd looked on, watching the freshly eighteen year old girl swallow two feet of horse meat. Listening to the wet sounds of his testicles beating her about the face.

Adonai pounded her. Her face was his fleshlight. His veiny balls bounced with every thrust and her chin was hurting from the force. All the while tears streamed from her eyes. She gulped for air and prayed that it would be over soon. Adonai fucked her throat, she felt him at her stomach. Her knees ached from kneeling and her throat burned from being stretched.

Finally, he bucked hard, slamming his cock as deep as it could go into the girl before him. She felt his cock behind her tiny breasts. His huge testicles bobbed across her chin and his dick swelled as he came.

Ellie felt the hose-like spray of cum in her stomach, the force of it splashed inside her. Her eyes rolled back as her stomach swelled, filling like a balloon with hot horse cum. White slime blew through the tight ring of her mouth and sprayed onto Adonai's balls, the floor, and her face. It poured down her chin and into her cleavage like a frothy river through a tight gulch. The warm liquid coated her chest and flowed over her now bulging stomach. White specks and blobs stood out on Ellie's dress like the stars and nebulae of the heavens. Her hands shook at her sides as he sprayed her insides with cum.

Adonai withdrew, pulling all twenty-four inches of cock from her throat in one motion. Cum erupted from her mouth as she fell to all fours. Thick strands hung from her cum covered face as she ejected globules of semen. The horse shifted his weight above her.

Ellie pulled herself upright. Her face was coated in sperm, her hair was splotched with wet spots. She looked down and saw her shining breasts and swollen belly.

The horse was led away. All that remained in the center of the room was a cum soaked girl with her hands at her stomach like a pregnant woman feeling the baby inside her. A pool of cum slowly expanded in front of her, touching her knees and enveloping the hay on the ground.

The priest came forward. Ellie looked at him through dazed eyes.

"Eleanor has taken the seed of the stallion. Her success will be rewarded by God."

The crowd cheered for the cum dumpster of a girl.

"She will now accept the father."

Elise and Deborah came forward and helped Ellie to her feet. She felt heavy. Full on her feet. Ellie felt her stomach slosh as they gently turned her around and bent her over the hay. She did not know

what awaited her, but did not fight it as her sisters lifted her dress. Her soft skin shone in the lantern light when her legs were exposed. Elise pulled down Ellie's underwear, exposing her small cheeks to the crowd. Her little bush poked from between her legs. Deborah spread Ellie's legs apart while Elise walked around the hay bale.

She wiped still wet cum from Ellie's face as Ellie looked up at her with red, teary eyes.

"What's happening?" she asked.

"You will see," said her sister.

With a handful of Adonai's seed, Elise walked back to Ellie's exposed pussy. She placed her hand on it, smearing horse semen on Ellie's virgin lips, then spreading them to put some inside. Ellie had never put anything into herself before and gasped at the sensation of her sister's sperm slicked fingers entering her. The room again watched in silence as Elise fingered her younger sister. Guilt filled Ellie as she tried not to enjoy it. She closed her eyes and moaned softly, the smell of hay filled her flared nostrils. With that, Elise withdrew and walked away, breaking the strands of silvery groll that roped from her hand to Ellie's vagina.

She opened her eyes and looked around, still bent over and exposed she flushed. Everyone was looking at her. Her father came forward, positioning himself behind her and she realized what was to happen. Tears welled up once more as she shifted uneasily, knowing that she must do this as a child of God.

Her father's belt clinked as he removed his pants, revealing his already hard cock. The town doctor had advised him on ensuring a male baby and, after seven girls in a row, he knew what was required. Males must be made with force.

He grabbed Ellie by her narrow hips and looked over her rear. Her brown butthole looked back up at him, shining from horse semen that had been splashed during Elise's preparation. Peach fuzz lay matted below her engorged lips slick with pussy juice. He placed the head of his penis at her entrance and rubbed it up and down, getting her fluids all over him. Ellie tried not to cry loudly as tears fell from her eyes.

Ellie's father slammed into her, his hips hitting hers with enough force to drive her forward. As Moses parting the red sea, he split her open. Waves rippled across her and crashed upon her eyes where they poured feebly down her face. For the first time, her virgin hole was filled and she screamed. She was so tight, like a vice gripping a firm piece of wood. The tightest of his daughters. The slap of his balls on her clit sounded about the silent room. What little ass she had bounced with each thrust and she felt her belly full of horse cum sloshing.

"Father, please," she whispered through her grunts.

He gave her no mercy. Her legs grew weak and she shook as her first orgasm was taken from her. She moaned loudly and her knees knocked together, her father's hands gripping her waist kept her upright. Ellie's untouched hole winked at him as she pulsated with each stroke. He watched her tight cunt pull back, clutching onto his throbbing meat. He continued to pound his youngest daughter until, finally, he pressed hard into her and shot a few ropes of cum into her sopping pussy. She quivered as she felt the warm liquid drip past her clit and onto the floor. Her father withdrew, leaving her lightly agape and drooling off-white semen that glinted in the firelight like dew drops in the sun.

Ellie breathed heavily, the horse cum on her face was dried now and she felt it splitting as her

cheeks expanded, pulling her skin taught. She felt like she was vibrating and tried to stand up.

Someone forced her back down and the jingle of another belt echoed in her ears.

They, too, slammed into her, too. Another man from the town was fucking her. He reveled in her clamping walls that seemed to suck his dick. Agreement with her being the tightest of the four was made. Her cunt greedily swallowed his member, which was larger than her father's. She winced and cried out in pain as he hit her cervix. This pounding didn't last long as he, too, busted quickly inside her. She didn't have an orgasm this time. Another man came forward and quickly shoved his meat into her already aching pussy. Her hips began to hurt from the aggressive thrusting of the townsmen. Each one had slammed into her so viciously. Ellie's cum filled body couldn't handle much more. This one unloaded in her, too. Her now fully gaped pussy dribbled sperm onto the floor as another cock entered her. She continued to cry, now expressionless, staring into the crowd blankly. Face down on a hay bale while her innocence was stolen by one hard cock after another. Semen ran down her legs like tears from her weeping womanhood. This went on and, in the end, twelve men would spill their seed in her abused, swollen cunt.

Ellie lay motionless for the remainder of these. She didn't struggle or cum. Each man fucked her as she bent limply. They held her up to use her and she would slump down until the next one picked her up. When the last one finished, she was almost surprised that another did not immediately come to stuff her open hole.

The priest walked around her and inspected her slumped body.

Her vagina was agape, frothed with whipped up sperm. It ran down her crooked legs that would no longer support her weight. The priest was satisfied with her violation.

"Twelve men for each of a thousand horses of Solomon. Eleanor is with child."

He prodded at her bruised sides where the men had gripped her so hard. She didn't react.

"Finally, she will be cleansed by His hand for the first time. Sisters come forward and accompany her through this last trial."

Ellie, in a daze, saw her sisters approach her. Annie stood before her and grabbed her arms, pulling her taut across the hay bale. She felt Elise and Deborah's hands around her waist as they held her up, as she could not lift herself. Once again, the clop of a horse filled the silence.

"Be strong sister," whispered Annie as she tightened her grip on Ellie's wrists.

Ellie looked up at her, cum crusted on her face.

"For what?" she muttered.

Hooves came down on either side of her on the bale.

"Gideon will cleanse her insides," called the priest.

With her three sisters holding her, Ellie couldn't turn or move. She would have seen a great white horse with a twenty inch penis, hard as nails and thicker than Adonai's. The speckled shaft bounced, hitting Ellie's back.

Elise reached between Ellie's legs and gathered cum from her open vagina, slopping it onto Ellie's

little butthole. It was still warm. She then stroked the enormous cock that danced in front of her, lubing it with the semen of the twelve men. Finally, she pulled it down, positioning it level with Ellie's dirt star. Gideon pushed forward, pressing his massive head onto Ellie's anus.

Ellie cried out.

He pressed harder, trying to get into the warm body below him. His hard cock slipped away, unable to penetrate the tender girl beneath him.

Elise reached forward and put her pointer finger into Ellie's ass up to the knuckle.

Ellie yelped again. Not only had she never had anything in there, she had never even considered it.

Elise fingered her sister once more, eventually adding a second finger. Even that was hard to get in as her sister was so incredibly tight. Her ring was locked around Elise's fingers and she slid them in and out, feeling the anal muscles clench.

"You must relax, sister," she said, soothingly.

She pushed a third finger in and Ellie yelped again. It hurt to have her ass opened so much. Elise used her fingers to try and spread her sister open. When she pulled her fingers out, the hole snapped shut again, as though it hadn't been penetrated. She would have to be more aggressive to ruin her sister's ass.

Elise went and got a trowel from the wall and lubed the handle with liquid Ellie's still moist cunt. With no mercy, she shoved it up her little sister's ass and pulled it in and out.

Ellie could do nothing but sob as her sisters held her down. Annie looked away.

Her asshole resisted, but couldn't stop Elise. When she removed the trowel handle, the hole remained open, winking at the inky ceiling of the barn.

Gideon's cock was re-positioned. He had been dripping cum on Ellie's back. With a step forward her once again pressed against Ellie's narrow pelvis, trying to breach her ass.

He pressed harder and harder until, without warning, her anus expanded around his flared head and he plowed into her guts.

Ellie's scream was piercing and unending as the twenty inches of thick horse cock violated her ass. Her anal walls were stretched beyond anything she could have imagined and the pain was searing.

Gideon sodomized the girl. Sliding all the way out and back in, slamming his heavy testicles onto her already sore labia. She could do nothing but gasp for air as the rod skewered her. It felt as though he were fucking her up to her brain. Her weak legs slipped on the cum soaked hay below her as she desperately tried to get away.

Her ass was a thin circle wrapped around a log of a cock. Ellie's cheeks wobbled, spread so far apart they almost seemed flat. With each thrust her pussy was pulled all the way open and sucked air. His balls were splashed with human cum from a large queef with each stroke. Her pussy was screaming for help and no one cared. They watched her ass get deflowered by Gideon's immense manhood. Her screams mingled with the squelch of a soft hole being stretched to its limit echoed off the wooden walls. His powerful muscled flexed and he shook his head, his white mane dancing in the lamp-light.

Ellie's scream turned into a gurgle. Her belly bulged with each thrust, forcing her cum filled stomach to press into the hay bale. Hot semen from her stomach spilled from her mouth once more. It poured down her chin like a white river and she could scream no longer.

The crowd watched as Ellie was speared by the massive horse cock. Men knew she was enjoying her cleansing, their hard cocks dribbling precum in their pants. Women knew the truth. Some shifted uneasily, their own assholes aching with the memories of their ceremonies.

Gideon grunted mightily and slammed into her as hard as he could. His balls flexed and he exploded in her frail body, filling her to the brim with sperm. The seal of her ass was too tight for the liquid to escape and so her stomach expanded even further until she looked six months pregnant. Ellie passed out, her body held aloft for the rape by her sisters and the horse meat. Gideon withdrew and thrust again, dumping load after thick load into her.

Finally, her sisters released her and Gideon pulled away, dragging her off the hay bale. The weight of her limp body pulled her from his cock and she fell with a splatter into a heap on the dirty floor. Ellie's swollen stomach made her involuntarily roll onto her side. Her dress did not cover her nethers as it was glued in a wad on her back. Her wrecked asshole flowed with cum that rolled down her ass onto the floor, pooling at her hip. The force from falling had woken her and she groggily coughed, causing her gaped asshole to sputter more of the hot load onto the floor. Pussy lips opened and closed.

"She has completed her journey to womanhood," said the priest.

He pointed to her sisters and then to her. The three of them came to her and, with some slipping on the floor, pulled her to her feet. She had no ability to stand on her own. Her feet dragged as she carried her from the barn, leaving a trail of horse cum behind.

"Congratulations, sister," said Elise, "Now you can help your child through their trials. It's always a girl."

Ellie looked upon the dark field, no more did the sun brighten the mountains. They remained black, unseen by her weary eyes.

The End