

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part One

Hello, this is Horseaxe, and this is not my story, I am acting as a ghostwriter for a person I have met on the web and become friendly with. She was so impressed with my other writings that she asked me to flesh out her reminiscing. So here is the first of many stories she has given me...Enjoy!

It was a hot July afternoon in the Shenandoah Valley, humid as a large animal's breath, and not a cloud in site to give any relief from the scorching sun. I was wearing only a long T-shirt as I mucked out the stalls in my family's stable. I might as well have been wearing nothing, as the shirt clung to my sweat-soaked body like a second skin, and I considered taking off the shirt as I was alone for the day. My folks had gone to a horse auction for the week, and my two older brothers had taken off fishing and wouldn't likely be back until well after dark. I was alone with the horses and ponies on our breeding/boarding farm as I finished the last of my chores for the day (except for some animals that would need exercising, but I never considered riding a chore!)

I led Suzie, the occupant of the last box that I had to clean, out of her stall and into another (she was coming into her first heat, so she had to be kept apart from the other horses, she was too young to bear a foal). I returned to her box and started forking the wet straw and droppings into my wheelbarrow, when I felt a warm nose puffing hot air over my ass.

Slightly startled, I stood up with my pitchfork full of damp bedding, showering myself with straw soaked with Suzie's urine. (This didn't bother me at all; growing up on a farm gets you used to such things. I never thought about the effect it might have on other animals until later). Looking behind me, I saw Bruce, my first pony and now a working stud, standing behind me making flehmen. Almost as soon as I had turned to face him, he lowered his head and thrust his nose under the hem of my shirt, nuzzling my sweaty crotch.

The touch of his velvet muzzle against my pussy was electric! The sensation was so intense; I couldn't keep myself from peeing a little bit. Bruce loved it! He stuck out his tongue and lapped my virgin cunt to catch the last drops, and I nearly fell over from the feelings running up my body. Even though his attentions felt wonderful, I knew that letting him continue was somehow wrong (although I had heard my brothers talking about screwing with a mare with their friends), so I gently pushed him away, saying "bad horsy! You shouldn't lick people like that!" Then I chased him out of the barn and returned to my chore.

Bruce, however, had other ideas about what was going to happen, for I had not gotten the first forkful of straw into the wheelbarrow when I once again felt his broad, rough tongue licking between the cheeks of my upturned and exposed ass. Since I was already bent over, this time I did fall forward, landing on all fours in the hay. Bruce immediately moved forward and continued licking my crotch. I had not ever experienced such intense feeling before, even while masturbating (which I had only discovered a few months previous to this day). No longer caring about right or wrong, I had to have more! The light touch of his tongue on my cunt that my current position afforded was not enough!

I shakily stood up and walked out of the stall, Bruce right behind me, and took off my shirt. A mixture of fear and excitement made a knot in the pit of my stomach, and I was shivering despite the oppressive heat. Casting the wet cloth aside, I lay down on the bales of straw I had dragged into the corridor, my ass on the edge, my legs spread wide for Bruce's attention. "Come on!" I cried in desperation as he paused, not quite between my thighs "you can't stop now, I am so horny! You have to keep licking me!" He cocked his head, and then stepped forward. Bruce lowered his head

and sniffed deeply of my sweaty, aroused pussy, and then stuck that magic tongue out and lightly caressed my trembling femininity. I nearly screamed! His tongue teased me with its touch, and I squirmed with desire as he licked me again, more forcefully this time. Shaking with lust and the knowledge that what I was letting him do to me was terribly wrong; I raised my head to watch, fascinated by his bobbing head as he licked my snatch repeatedly with long, slow strokes.

“Ohhhhh” I moaned, “Harder, boy, I have to have your tongue inside!” I needed him to get past the outer lips of my drenching cunt! Finally, I reached down between my straining thighs and spread myself open for him. With my pussy spread open, Bruce’s wonderful tongue dragged over my most sensitive areas, making my twitch and squirm with renewed vigor. As if he knew what I desired, Bruce began pushing his probing tongue into my opening, stretching my hymen almost to the breaking point, sending small pangs of pain through my 11 year old body. I had not imagined such intense pleasure in even my most fevered fantasies. I vowed to myself that I would jack my pony off after he finished licking my quivering cunt (I had masturbated most of the stallions on our farm before, both for pleasure and for the business of collecting semen, so I knew what to do). The muscles in my legs were tiring from holding them apart and up in the air, so I pulled my legs up against my chest and held them behind my knees. This Position further opened me up to Bruce’s ministrations, and now his almost prehensile lip danced with my clit as his tongue tickled my hymen.

I writhed in ecstasy as Bruce worked my pussy like the pro that he was. My fluids drenched his muzzle and streamed down my ass, and wet, obscene noises emanated from my neither region as he plundered my virginal snatch. With earth-shattering suddenness, my orgasm swept over me like a wave, engulfing my whole universe! Surge after surge of raw pleasure pulsed through my young body like molten lava, until I could no longer stand it, but Bruce kept licking my gushing cunt with a frantic pace. “Stop!” I cried “I can’t take any more!” almost sobbing, but he kept on licking, even as I tried to move away, even as I tried to push him off my pussy with my sandaled feet, he kept on lapping. Finally, my body arching with the pleasure and the agony of my unending climax, I must have passed out.

As I came to, Bruce was tenderly licking my face and snuffling in my ear. I laughed and said, “Were you worried about me? That was quite an experience!” Bruce flicked his ears at me and tried to kiss me on the lips - something he has always liked doing to me. I moved my arm to push him away, and that was when I realized that there was a horsy hoof under each of my armpits! While I was unconscious, Bruce had mounted the bales of hay and myself! I looked down between our heaving bodies to see the red glands of his rampant cock hovering over my hairless pubic mound, his bright pink urethra pulsing in its hood like an evil eye. As I watched, fascinated, that huge member dipped briefly, lightly touching my soaked pubis. A thin thread of pre-come briefly connected my pulsing snatch to his aroused penis. I was suddenly shocked, not at the animal’s actions, but at my own acceptance of them, and the fact that I had, without really considering it, decided that I would let him fuck me for all he was worth!

~~~~~

## **Part Two**

With bated breath and a trembling hand, I reached down and touched his cock, causing Bruce to startle and nicker softly. Once again I parted my legs for him, and scooting slightly up, I slowly pushed the end of his penis down until it lined up with my eager cunt. As the pointed head slid past my clit, I felt a gush of slippery fluid join the moisture already soaking my pussy and inner thighs. Moaning softly, I rocked my hips to grind that slick tool against my sensitive groin. Sensing Bruce’s impatience by the way he was twitching and humping slightly, I guided his prick down to my waiting hole.

As his swollen glands began to part the lips of my labia, I was beset by a sudden wave of panic at the thought of such a large object being thrust into my virgin twat. Struggling vainly, I tried to move out of his range, but it was too late, Bruce had me pinned beneath him, and he was responding to the feeling of a hot cunt in the only way he could, pushing himself slowly into the slippery folds with irresistible force!

Panting and squirming under the animal's weight, I could feel his plundering tool shove past the outer lips of my vagina, pressing against my intact hymen. For a moment, Bruce let up the pressure on my pussy, and I breathed a sigh of relief. The respite was only momentary, however, as Bruce, having gathered his power; suddenly thrust himself past my cherry, exploding my virginity with a fury like a dam bursting before a flood. Burning pain stabbed at me from my skewered loins and I screamed aloud as the animal jacked himself fully into me with a series of small, jerky thrusts. Blood and fluid spurted from my pussy as I writhed in agony. The pain was so intense, I was sure he had ruptured something, and I prepared to die! Visions of the scene danced in my brain as I considered the state my brothers would find my battered corpse – splayed on the straw, blood, sweat and horse cum covering my cold and lifeless form where I lay in the stable.

Almost as quickly as it beset me, the pain subsided; leaving only a raw sensation as Bruce began to withdraw his member in preparation for his next thrust. Calming myself, breathing deeply despite the weight of the pony bearing down on my budding breasts, I tried to relax my pussy for his next push. A pang of hopeless guilt assailed me as I realized my maidenhood was irrevocably lost...to a HORSE! Bruce didn't give me much time for remorse, as he quickly shoved his hot penis deep into my ravaged girlhood, penetrating me to my cervix with ease. I gasped with the pleasure of his embrace as he retreated again, taking my breath away.

Bruce quickly established a rhythm to his fucking, slowly withdrawing his penis almost all the way before plunging it to the bottom of my stretched-out cunt. Pleasure overtook my pain and panic and I relaxed, enjoying the intense passion I was feeling for my beloved pony. Bruce even straightened himself a bit, taking most of his weight off of my chest, allowing me to breathe easily.

"Ohhh, yeah, that's the way to do it!" I husked, "take it nice and easy". I was amazed at his un-horse like restraint. I had just the day before seen him take a mare in less time than he had already spent inside me, but I put the wonder off in preference to enjoying the moment. I slung my feet over Bruce's bouncing ass as he picked up the tempo of his humping. My tits bounced in unison to his motions, and when I looked down at my normally flat stomach, I could see it rise and fall from the huge amount of horseflesh pistoning in and out of my plundered bowels. As I felt my next orgasm approach, I arched my back and lifted my ass off the straw, trying to fit more of my incredible lover into my straining body.

Bruce whinnied loudly, making me very glad I had chosen (if that's the word) to try this when no one was around. On the brink of orgasm myself, I could feel his glands flaring deep within my vagina, and even see the effect it was having on my swelling belly.

As my orgasm struck like a tolling bell, I yelled, "YES! YES! GODS YES! I'm Cuming hard" and flailed Bruce's heaving flanks with my arms. Sweat poured off his body onto mine as he hammered my cervix with short, quick, powerful strokes of his swollen cock, the softness of his flared glans cushioning the impacts so that I felt only a little pain through the rising tide of my climax.

"CUM!" I commanded "CUM into me you beautiful beast!" I yelled, even as I felt the first jets of white-hot seminal fluid gush into me. My own orgasm subsiding, I looked down between my legs to see jism flowing out of my pussy around his shuddering tool, stained pink and spotted with crimson from the remnants of my virginity. I could feel jet after jet of hot fluid flowing into me as he emptied

his balls. With a last great thrust, Bruce whinnied again as his penis began to soften.

As he withdrew his shrinking member, I felt a stream of hot, sticky fluid rush from between my thighs, running down the crack of my ass and the backs of my thighs. Bruce paused as he lightly stepped down from the bales of straw to gently lick some of the sweat pouring off my body, then sniffed my gaping hole, as if to inspect the quality of his work. "You did just fine, old boy, just fine!" I whispered.

Bruce stayed with me, nuzzling me and caressing my sweaty body with his face until I was recovered enough to sit up. We were both a sight! We were covered with sweat, and blood, and the liquid evidence of our shared passion. Bruce's normally light gray coat was darkened from his hind legs all the way to his chest, and I was drenched literally from my toes to the ends of my long red hair! Two of the three bales of straw were soaked, as well - I would never have imagined that we might contain so much liquid!

As I got unsteadily to my feet, I noticed Suzie watching us, obviously excited by our activities. I vowed to myself that I would somehow discreetly let my brothers know of her condition, so that they might give her some relief. After quickly cleaning up the stable and dispersing the soiled hay, Bruce and I would take a swim in our pond to clean up. Bruce would be my lover for many years, permanently bonded to me by this first experience (and the second, which happened later that same day, despite the soreness of my pussy)

The Day had started normally, with no hint of the changes about to come, for not only did I discover my zoo sexuality that day, but the next morning my brothers and I received the news that our parents had died that afternoon in an automobile accident. My oldest brother, just 18, would take up the management of the farm until I became of age to help him. My other brother joined the marines as soon as he turned 18, to escape the rural life. We hardly ever hear from him. My aunt and uncle would be our legal guardians, even though their farm was almost 50 miles northwest of ours, in West Virginia. My brother and I ran the farm together until he died of cancer. I have operated the place since then, with only the help of my two children, my son almost 18 himself and my daughter almost the same age I was when this story took place. I worry that she might also have the zoo urge, and watch her carefully and discreetly for any signs. If she does, I will try to be supportive, though I don't know if I can be approving. My life experiences as a zoo (good and bad) will have to wait for other stories.

It would be many years before I found an explanation for Bruce's odd sexual restraint, when I discovered that my aunt, who gave him to me, was a zoophile as well, and had trained him well. She had only given him to me because he fought with her other stallions (and lost) she and my uncle kept on their farm. The tale of that discovery will have to wait for another story, and another day.