

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Ten years after her first time, Raza was still striving to recreate the enthralling sex she had experienced with her uncle's horse when she was 18. But horses rarely went unwatched where she lived, and due to the taboo nature of bestiality, she usually settled for the biggest human dick she could find. She was well-known by now in the local clubs and bars, and would often get catcalls from passersby in the street who had fucked her at one point or another. After a while, they all blended.

Raza was getting very skilled at guessing the length of a man's penis just by watching how he walked, how he acted in public. And foreign to Raza was the concept of rejection- her pick-up strategy consisted of sliding her hand down a stranger's pants and stroking his cock until he took her somewhere 'private' (e.g., behind a gas station) and banged her, and so far it had worked every time. Even if someone caught her mid-fuck, they had either turned a blind eye or had dropped their pants and given her a taste of their own package. Raza, as a rule, did not mind being fed a second anonymous cock, though she often regretted her carelessness as the men who joined mid-way usually had much smaller dicks than she was used to.

But she drank their cum anyway, appearing to savor the experience because she did not want to be reported on. If people got arrested for public nudity, she couldn't imagine the kind of charge she could get slapped with. And when she thought of all the witnesses in the neighboring area that could testify, it became clear that acting like a cheap whore was her best option when cornered. And it meant the inside of her sexy mouth got painted with more cum, so all was not lost.

But these boring, simple men did little to pleasure Raza. Yes, she appreciated, as she should, the sensation of a man's ten-inch dong ramming her hungry pussy balls-deep. But she knew of a better option that no man could satisfy.

She was riding in her pick-up truck with a coworker one day when she happened to see a horse out in a field, its cock dangling proudly from its hindquarters. It had to have been at least a foot flaccid, and the horse was standing perfectly still, allowing its cock to waver slightly in the breeze. Raza moaned gently to herself, only to look down and discover she had involuntarily wedged almost her entire fist up her cunt, the image of the horse's cock enthralling her libido and distracting her decision-making centers.

Even bringing this to the attention of her conscious mind was not enough to stop her fist from trying to pry open her pussy lips in an attempt to recreate the feeling of a ramming, raging horse cock. She looked over at her coworker who, mouth agape, was already pulling over and fumbling for his belt, interpreting this as a sexual gesture towards himself. Raza was not in the business of disappointing men and realized she had to fuck this guy, however unsightly he may be. At least it would quell the ache in her pussy for the moment.

She let her tits spring free as her coworker unsheathed his cock, and she spent the next fifteen minutes riding it with her pussy there in the car. He came inside her but still seemed hard so she sucked him off until he came again, all over her pretty face. The pattern reminded her of how she had been fucked by Groucho, all those years ago. The little bit of cum her coworker had dribbled on her cheek could not compare to the bath she had taken in Groucho's delicious horse seed. And that was after he had pumped enough cum in her pussy to call herself a racing track sperm bank. It had taken Raza a good hour to lick herself clean before she'd even started on the puddle on the barn floor. The memory alone made her dizzy with desire.

Later that night, Raza drove back to the field on her own, her quivering pussy pulsating the whole way. She wore an old, ripped t-shirt and a tight pair of jean shorts, with nothing underneath. This

was going to be the best night of her life. She parked the pick-up haphazardly at the side of the road and jumped out, leaving the keys in the ignition and the door open. There wasn't a soul around, and she had more important things on her mind anyway.

At first, Raza was dismayed, because the horse was nowhere to be seen. But she quickly noticed a barn and decided that the horse must be inside, given how late it was. The farmer, no doubt, had gone to sleep hours ago, meaning she now had several unrestricted hours of access to the barn. Though the door itself was padlocked, there was a ladder and a small opening in the roof. Raza climbed the ladder and just managed to squeeze in through the hole in the roof, tearing her shirt further. One of her tits was let free as the fabric tore away, but Raza didn't care. She would be naked soon anyway.

The smell of animals hit Raza the moment she was inside. Several slept down below the rafters: a goat, two cows, a pig, a dog, and of course, the well-endowed equine on which Raza's attention was focused. It was black with white socks and was sleeping standing up. But by the time Raza had climbed down to ground level, the horse was awake, alerted by the scantily-clad woman's presence.

"Hey big boy," Raza crooned. The horse was chuffed. "I don't mean to intrude, but I'd love to see what you've got down there."

The horse stared at her. She approached slowly, bending down to take a look at the horse's member.

"Oh my god," Raza breathed. "Is that a fifth leg or your cock? Fuck!"

She knelt in front of it, staring up at it longingly. With reverence, she gently brought her hands up and wrapped them around the gigantic organ, rubbing up and down along its length. It was easily a foot before she started, but it was steadily growing now, making her more wet and horny with each extra inch of cock. It jerked once as it reached its maximum length of nineteen inches, and slapped her in the face as it did so. She swooned as she finally felt what she had been denied for ten years—the sensation of a horse-cock coming into direct contact with her grateful, glowing face.

She attempted to give the head a teasing lick, but in its erect state, the cock was already bobbing above her head. She reached up to lick its length when the horse decided to take a step forward, and Raza ended up with its cantaloupe-sized nuts mashed against her pretty face. She let the horse teabag her as she kissed and licked its balls gratefully, covering her face with the scent of sweaty horse testicles.

She opened her mouth as wide as it would go, trying to fit one of them inside, but only managed to perform a kind of French kiss on them. She stuck her nose between its nasty testicles and inhaled deeply to remember the scent, then resumed her attempts to lick its cock. This time she was successful, managing a long, slow lick from base to head along the underside of the pulsing organ.

She clamped her lips around the apple-sized dickhead and sucked vigorously, cramming more of its incredible girth into her wet mouth. The first time she'd done this, she hadn't been sure of her own safety at the beginning. She had also been unwilling when it had started, but she would never accuse her Groucho of rape; she was, after all, strutting around naked, in his barn, no less, and the scent of her warm teenage pussy was just too inviting for his animal instincts to refuse. He couldn't help himself. And she had enjoyed it so much; she found it impossible to recall the memory with any emotion but joy.

So now, having made all her worries of the danger of sucking a horse's cock disappear ten years ago in that sacrilegious stable, she felt completely confident in doing it again.

Then the horse had other ideas.

She was sucking on four thick inches when the horse started to thrust: gently at first but quickly building momentum. Before Raza knew it, the horse was in control and was shoving a good nine inches down her surprised gullet. She felt it block off her windpipe as the massive organ contorted to the shape of her throat. And still, the horse continued to pound faster. She screamed and moaned as the impending danger truly set in. Raza was just about to punch its balls when the horse came viciously down her throat, its dick shrinking back out of her mouth as it sprayed its steaming seed all over her glad, gasping face.

To feel streams of hot horse cum upon her cheeks, down her throat, dripping from her lips, and coating her hair, was Raza's favorite thing in the world.

She swallowed what had been so graciously deposited in her belly and mouth, but she chose not to clean herself up, enjoying her mask of semen. She got up and viciously ripped her tattered shirt in half, completely exposing her breasts to the beast. Her dark nipples stood proud in the night air as little drips of cum found their way from her chin to her cleavage.

She bent down once more to the horse's cock and stroked it with one hand. This didn't do a great deal, so she crawled underneath the horse again and, squatting, pushed her bulging tits up to its cock-head. Slowly, she began to tit-wank the creature, using its own cum as lube. She plucked her own nipples as she felt its girth expand—the beast was hard again in no time. The giant dick head, which was protruding up from the valley between her creamy, smooth tits, bobbed up and down in her cum-soaked face, and she put her mouth on the bell end to suck up what little she had left inside her obscene new toy.

Raza saw a bench nearby and knew what she was going to do. Since her wild sex with Groucho, she had become an avid watcher of horse porn and found that the preferred position of most women was to lie down on a bench while the horse stands over them. So Raza did just that, lying on her back and positioning herself legs-up on the bench, displaying her pussy and ass to her new partner.

Once again, the horse wasted no time in getting what it wanted. The scent of Raza's wet, pulsing cunt was inflaming the horse's bestial instincts to no end, and it walked forward to claim its prize. With a bit of guidance from Raza's soft hand, the frustrated horse quickly found its target and thrust forward, abruptly filling Raza's aching pussy with six fat inches of thick, pink horsecock.

"Ohhhhhh, yes," she moaned. "Fill me, you fucking monster!"

The horse seemed to understand and began to pound her slippery pussy for all it was worth. Its balls were swinging wildly below, grazing against her ass cheeks every now and then as it pushed into her stretching cunt.

"God!" she yelled to the skies. "Oh God, yes, fuck me, you beast, fucking pound me!"

As the horse surged forward and finally began pumping Raza's tight cunt full of her well-deserved sperm, the barn door swung open and two farmers stood, one pointing a shotgun, the pair gobsmacked at the scene inside.

"Rufus, we ain't never gonna need that damn breeding frame ever again."