

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I stare at the alarm clock, its red digital eyes glaring 4:58 AM. A sigh rattles my chest like a trapped bird. The room is suffocatingly dark, the silence interrupted only by the distant hoot of an owl. I throw the covers off my sweaty body and swing my legs over the side of the bed, feeling the cold, wooden floorboards bite at my bare toes. Another summer on Uncle Joe's farm, and it's already shaping up to be a scorcher.

The smell of fresh hay and livestock wafts through the screen door as I shuffle into the kitchen, the flickering fluorescent light throwing shadows on the yellowed walls. Uncle Joe's hand-scrawled chore list greets me from the fridge, the ink smudged from a hundred summer mornings just like this. I grab a pair of worn-out boots, the left one squeaking with every step I take towards the barn. The crickets outside seem to crescendo in a symphony of mockery as I step into the pre-dawn gloom, the horizon a faint whisper of light.

This is no way for a eighteen-year-old girl in the prime of her dating life to spend her summer.

But here I am, Mandy Carson, dressed in a pair of frayed jean shorts and an old t-shirt that clings to my body like a second skin, lugging buckets of feed across the dusty barn floor. The scent of manure is a constant companion, mingling with the sweetness of the hay and the earthy musk of the horses. I've got chores to do, animals to feed, and a stallion named Dusty to keep an eye on.

As I enter the stall, his velvet muzzle nuzzles my palm, searching for the sweet morsels of grain. His eyes are like pools of molten chocolate, and his coat is as soft as silk under my stroking hand. But it's not his affectionate nature that has me coming back here every morning before anyone else is up. It's something... more. Something that makes my heart race and my cheeks burn when no one's looking.

Dusty's stall is like a sanctuary amidst the chaos of farm life. His powerful body, sculpted from years of work in the fields, looms over me. I can't help but notice the thickness between his hind legs, a part of him that's always intrigued me. It's like a secret, a forbidden fruit just out of reach. His cock. That thick, veiny, horse cock. My mind wanders, thinking of the tales I've heard of girls my age getting up close and personal with stallions. I shake the thought away, but it lingers like a stubborn cobweb in the corner of my mind.

The air in the barn is heavy with the promise of the coming heat, and as I stroke Dusty's neck, his muscles ripple beneath my touch. His eyes lock onto mine, and for a moment, I swear there's understanding there, a spark of... something. The other horses stir in their stalls, sensing the tension that's thickening the air. They know something's up, but they don't know what.

I lean into Dusty, my breaths coming in quick, shallow gasps. The scent of him fills my nostrils, a potent mix of sweat and earth that sends a shiver down my spine. My hand wanders, moving from his neck to his flank, then down to the bulging sheath that houses his manhood. My heart thumps against my ribs like a trapped bird as I gently touch the warm velvet of his cock. It jumps at my touch, and I can't help but let out a little gasp of surprise.

I have touched him before but today I swore I would go further.

Today I want to make Dusty cum.

I stand beside him, my heart racing as I look into his eyes, searching for any sign of consent or rejection. His nostrils flare as he sniffs the air, the scent of my arousal unmistakable. With trembling hands, I unbuckle my belt and let my shorts fall to the floor. I'm wearing no panties underneath, the

thought of the extra barrier between us is too much to bear. The cool air kisses my bare pussy, sending a thrill through me as I step closer to him.

His cock is massive, the size of my forearm, thick and pulsing with life. I reach out tentatively, feeling the heat radiating from it. It's a creature all of its own, a creature that's mine to explore and tame. My fingers trace the length of his shaft, the velvet skin moving over the iron rod beneath. Dusty huffs, his cock twitching under my touch. I take this as a sign of approval, a silent consent that sends a bolt of excitement through me.

I kneel down under him, one hand between my legs to play with myself and one on his horse prick.

It's strange, but somehow, it feels right. My fingertips graze the bulbous tip, smearing the pre-cum that's beaded up there. It's sticky and warm, and I can't help but bring my hand up to my face to smell it. It's a scent that's wild, raw, and utterly intoxicating. My hand moves in slow, deliberate strokes, mimicking the way I've seen horses in heat mount mares in the fields.

"You like that, boy?" I ask him as my fingers dance over my needy clit.

Dusty's cock jerks in response, a clear indication that he does indeed like it. I lick my lips, feeling a mix of nerves and excitement. I've never done anything like this before, but the thrill of the forbidden is like a drug coursing through my veins.

I lean in closer, my breath hot against his shaft as I whisper, "I am going to suck you today, Dusty, just like I promised." He seems to understand, his body relaxing as my hand moves with more confidence. The tip of his cock is now flared, and I can feel the pulse of his blood beneath my fingertips. I'm getting wetter with every stroke, my pussy aching for something more substantial than my own touch.

But that's not a road I am ready to cross just yet, he'll have to be satisfied with my hand and mouth... for now.

I take a deep breath and lean in, my mouth hovering just above the swollen tip. The anticipation is a living thing, coiling in my stomach, tightening my grip on his cock. I close my eyes and flick my tongue out, tasting the very tip, pressing against the hole. Dusty snorts, his muscles tensing, and I know he's ready.

It's so big that there's no way I can fit it in my mouth but I can at least lick him all over and suck the top of his head.

And I do.

With a mix of trepidation and excitement, my tongue slathers Dusty's cockhead, the taste of his musky precum coating my mouth. It's salty, and a bit bitter, but strangely alluring. His cock feels like velvet steel under my eager touch, and his hips twitch with every lick and suck. He's so big that my hand can barely wrap around the base, but I'm determined to make him feel good.

I work his cock and my pussy, I am already dripping on the barn floor as I lick from his tip all the way down to his base and against his balls. I inhale deeply as my nose presses against him, his scent invading my senses, making me crave more of him. His cock feels like it's swelling even further in my grasp, and the sound of my saliva smacking against his skin fills the quiet of the barn.

Dusty starts to whinny, a soft sound that's almost a moan, and his hips begin to rock back and forth. I can feel his arousal growing, his cock pulsing in my hand as I stroke him. The noises he makes are

driving me wild, making me want to take him deeper, to taste him fully. I wish I was a mare, then he could mount me, take me as his, breed me.

My hand moves faster, my strokes more confident as I swirl my tongue around the bulging tip. The salty sweetness of his precum is addictive, making me want to taste more of him. I let out a soft moan of my own, the sound muffled by his cock as I take a little bit more of him in my mouth. It's a tight fit, my lips stretched around his girth, but the thrill of it sends a shiver down my spine as I finger fuck myself under his massive frame.

He's getting closer, his breathing quickening, the muscles in his abdomen tightening with every stroke of my hand. His hips start to thrust gently, pushing his cock further into my mouth. I gag a little, but I don't pull away. I want this, need this, to feel the power of this animal beneath me. My cheeks are puffed out as I have his tip partially in my mouth and it's all I can fit as he's just so fucking big.

I feel his cock twitch again, a precursor to his climax. My pussy clenches with envy, wishing it could feel the warmth of his seed deep inside. Instead, I keep my focus on his cock, stroking and licking faster, urging him on. His noises are getting louder, the barn walls echoing with his equine moans of pleasure.

But I pull my mouth away, panting softly, "Slow down," I tell myself more than him, "We got to make this last."

He may not be able to fuck me but there's something else we can do.

Dusty is tall enough and I am short enough that I stand beside him, his cock still in my hand and I angle it towards my smooth pussy, rubbing the tip through my holds, mashing it against my clit.

My eyes widen as I feel him throb in response, his cock jerking as I touch myself with his tip. It's like he knows what I'm doing, and it's driving him crazy. I've never been so turned on in my life, not even with the clumsy fumbling of the boys at school. I spread my legs wider, rubbing the flared edges around my cunt; fuck I want him so bad.

I can feel my orgasm building, a pressure that's been simmering since the moment I first saw him this morning. I loft my shirt over my breasts and I lean into Dusty's body, my tits pressing against his warm side as I grind his cock against my clit. The friction is heavenly, sending waves of pleasure crashing through me. I'm so close, so very close. My breathing turns ragged, my hand a blur as I work him, my juices lubricating the way.

"I wish you could fuck me," I murmur, "Make me your filthy mare whore."

Dusty's ears swivel towards my voice; as if he understands the desperate yearning in my words. I lean in closer, my breasts smushing against his warm, muscular side as I keep rubbing that big, beautiful horse cock against my teen pussy, feeling the heat and power of it.

My hand is a blur, stroking him with all the passion of a girl who's never been loved, never been truly filled. The head of his cock is slick with my juices now, and every time I glide it over my clit, sparks of pleasure shoot up my spine. It's so much bigger than anything I've ever had, and the thought of it, of him, is all that's keeping me going through the drudgery of farm life.

"Cum on my pussy," I plead, "Mark me, claim me, oh fuck, Dusty, I love you."

The words come out in a whisper, a secret shared between the two of us in the dim light of the barn.

The stallion's eyes bore into me, and I swear I see a flicker of understanding, a spark that tells me he knows exactly what I want.

Dusty's hips start to thrust in time with my strokes, his cock moving with a life of its own. I feel the head of his cock swell in my hand, a sign that he's about to cum. I lean into him, my hand moving faster, my breathing hitching as I feel the first tremors of my own orgasm.

"Yes, baby," I whisper, "Cum for me. Cum all over me."

I'm in a trance, my entire world narrowed down to Dusty's cock, my hand, and the slickness between my legs. I feel it in every fiber of my being, a primal connection that's more intense than anything I've ever experienced. My hand moves faster, my strokes more erratic as the pressure builds, my pussy clenching around the empty space where I wish his cock could fill me.

And I know he's about to explode. His hooves stamp the barn floor, his whinnies like gasps of air. I lean in, my cheek against his warm flank, feeling the muscles quiver beneath his skin and then it happens.

His orgasm is violent and messy, I thought I knew how much cum would erupt from that beautiful cock but it's even more than I imagined. It's like a warm, sticky waterfall, cascading over my hand and down my thighs. I gasp as I feel his hot seed spurt out, covering my pussy and my stomach, painting me in a coat of equine lust. The smell is pungent, a mix of sweat and sex that makes me dizzy with desire. I keep stroking him, milking every last drop.

And that's when I cum too.

It's like a dam breaking inside me, my body shaking with the force of it. I cry out, my hand still moving over Dusty's cock, my pussy clenching around the empty air. The orgasm rolls through me like a wildfire, leaving nothing but ash and need in its wake. Dusty's cum covers me, a sticky reminder of what we've just shared. I'm lost in the moment, my body trembling with the aftershocks as I keep stroking him, his cock still pulsing in my grip, my cunt spraying hot juices on his tip and mingling with his horse sperm.

Even as I am still coming down from my high, I lean down and lick the tip of his cock that's still spurting, tasting his cum with my mouth wide open and my tongue hanging out, eagerly devouring every last drop. It's salty and bitter, but oh so good.

Dusty's breathing is ragged, his body trembling with the aftermath of his climax. His eyes are glazed over, and I swear he's looking at me with something resembling affection. Or maybe that's just the post-orgasmic bliss. I don't care. I'm lost in the moment, my own orgasm still pulsing through me as semen drips off my face onto my tits and down my belly; I am a fucking mess and I love it.

I am sticky with his cum, and my pussy is still clenching around nothing, begging for more. The barn seems to spin around me, the smells of hay and horse amplified by the scent of sex that now fills the air. I've never felt so alive, so free. It's like I've been released from some invisible cage that's been trapping me all my life.

But this is where we have to stop, for now. Uncle Joe will be up soon and I need to get cleaned up and finish my chores.

I pull away from Dusty, my hand slipping off his now softening cock. I wipe the cum from my face with the back of my hand, feeling the stickiness between my fingers. It's a strange feeling, this mix of satisfaction and regret. I wrap my arms around his powerful neck and nuzzle my face against his.

"Some day, my love," I whisper into his ear, "We'll go all the way."

I step back, my legs shaky and my knees wobbly, the taste of Dusty's cum still lingering on my tongue. I pull my shorts up, the sticky mess between my legs a reminder of what just happened. I can't help but feel a sense of accomplishment; like I've unlocked a secret door to a world of pleasure that no one else knows about. The barn feels different, the air thick with the scent of what we've done.

The sun is starting to peek over the horizon now, casting long shadows through the barn's open doors. The other horses have gone quiet; as if they know something momentous has occurred. I look into Dusty's eyes, and for a second, I see a flicker of understanding, a silent promise that we'll do this again.

We still have the rest of the summer to explore.

The End