

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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The barn was old—incredibly old. The rough slab timber cladding was starting to part company with the frame. Only those timbers reaching from the ground were in good repair.

An old house some fifty meters south of the barn was overgrown with vines and urgently needed restoration. The place looked deserted.

Louise turned to Sally, “What do you think?”

“It’s freezing out here! No matter what state they are in, four walls must be better than this,” Sally replied as she hugged her scant garments about her.

Even as she spoke, the first flurry of snow started. All four girls eased through the small side entry door into the dim, dusty barn interior. It was warmer, though still cold. The pungent smell of horse dung told that the barn was in use. A quick search turned up two horse rugs near the front barn doors. The girls huddled together, urgently needing to warm themselves quickly.

Sally, as usual, took the initiative and quickly inspected the barn before rejoining them. She had gathered some empty feed bags and an additional horse blanket from the furthest corner of the dilapidated building.

“Not too much housekeeping goes on here,” she observed as she spread some of the bags over piles of hay in an empty stall. A warm bed, more like a nest, was constructed. With their body warmth to help, they were soon comfortable. Several hours passed, and the barn was eerily quiet.

“What’s that?” a noise in the barn startled Louise, who, apart from Sally, was the only one still awake.

“Only the ponies,” Sally informed. “There are five or six very small ponies in the stalls on the far side, opposite where we came in.”

The minutes and hours ticked by, with only the occasional nicker and stomping of hooves breaking the silence. Eventually, everyone fell asleep.

The crashing of the big barn doors being thrown back woke all four girls.

“What is it, June, the older girl sleepily inquired.

“Shh!” Hissed Sally, “It’s probably the farmer coming to feed the ponies.”

“What time is it?”

“It’s still dark,” Sally paused and listened to someone. No, there was more than one moving about. “I don’t think they’re here to feed the ponies. I think they’re looking for something.”

Then, from the barn doorway, the farmer spoke just as a lamp was lit. “Four, you say? Four women loose on a night like this?”

“Yah! Four of ‘em and scantily dressed, too. They can’t have gone far and aren’t at Petersen’s, so I reckon they must be here...too cold outdoors.”

“It’s the old man,” Louise hissed, “he’s looking for us.”

"He's found us. We can't hide for long here if they're serious about searching," Sally said dejectedly.

Four people, three men and a woman seemed to be in the barn carrying lanterns. It didn't take long before the stall that hid the girls was bathed in light.

"Well, looksee here, Pa." It was Clem, he had found them.

All four lanterns converged, and four faces peered over the stall door.

"Yer right Jeremiah, they's beauties all right, worth the trouble of coming out on a wintry night to track 'em down."

"Wouldn't want 'em dying of cold, I'd reckon." It was the voice of an old woman.

"They was accommodating your hounds when you found 'em in yer barn, says Jeremiah?" he paused and turned to his crone of a wife. "Don't that beat something, Sarah?"

"Not only that, they didn't put up a fight when I put the Boars to them, liked it, I swear they did Josh." They all laughed.

The four women cowered in the stall as the group gloated at their find.

"You takin 'em back tonight, Jeremiah?" the old lady inquired.

"Recon not. Sun up is soon enough. The going will be easier when we can see a little," the four retreated to the far end of the barn.

"What you got planned for them?" Josh inquired of Jeremiah as they went.

"Well, I'm not rightly sure, but I hear animal acts are a big attraction across the border. Maybe some Mexican will offer good money for white ladies who fuck animals."

"You'd sell 'em to the Mexicans?"

The old lady spoke again. "They Mexicans use donkeys, don't they?" she inquired.

"That's what people want to see, Sarah," Jeremiah replied.

"Well, dogs and Pigs are a long way from donkeys, size-wise, I mean," Sarah continued. "The girls would need more braking in before handling donkeys."

"What you driving at, woman?" Josh interjected.

The barn doors banged closed, and the party retreated into the darkness.

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The girls heard no more as the big doors slammed shut, and a bar crashed into place. They had been recaptured, and they slept no more that night.

"What did he mean, Mom," June asked, though she probably knew well enough.

"They plan on selling us to the Mexicans to work in brothels."

None one said a thing. Jane sobbed quietly while her mother comforted her.

Weak sunlight filtered through the loose siding. The girls huddled and waited for Jeremiah and Clem to come and collect them. They didn't have to wait long. As the sun rose, the men arrived at the barn. There was some feverish activity for several minutes as the sound of timber being collected and thrown into a pile could be heard. This was followed by plenty of discussion that Josh was directing. Then hammering and sawing that lasted a good hour. Finally, the bar across the doors was slid free, and the small door swung open.

"Good morning, ladies," the old crone cackled as she approached the stall.

She entered and told carrying a shotgun and immediately ordered them to stand and strip. They hesitated momentarily, but the gun brandished by Sarah suggested they should not waste time. As they undressed, Louise saw the men carrying timber into the barn. Soon, they were all naked. Without clothes, the girls began to shiver.

"Josh has a fire going up front," she announced. "If you don't want to freeze your titties off, you should move quickly."

The hag directed them through the stall door as she wheeled around and strode smartly to the front of the barn, where the men had a roaring fire going in a protective grate. Next to the fire was a wooden frame with a cross beam that slid up and down between parallel vertical posts. The frame was placed in front of a low platform, about 20 inches from the ground. The platform was covered in straw and some bags.

Jeremiah looked us over long and hard. "Good-looking women, don't you think, boys? Shame they gave themselves to dogs and pigs. No self-respecting man would have them now."

Sally spoke first. "What are you friends going to do with us," her tone was demanding, though her voice shook.

Jeremiah scratched his stubble chin. "Well, we are poor folk around here, and last night, we had a long talk about you gals. I must say I prefer to sell you to the Mexicans. But..." He paused. "Sarah here reckons that properly handled, you could be worth much more this side of the border." Sarah cackled before Jeremiah continued.

"Either way, we have to be sure you are ready for the work you are about to undertake."

With that, he called, "Ready, Josh?" and nodded in my direction. "That one first."

Clem caught Louise by the elbow and hustled her to the low platform.

"Kneel on that, slut," he demanded.

"No," I said.

"Kneel...on...the...fucking...hay...now," he demanded deliberately.

Louise looked quickly at Sarah. She shrugged. The girls were defenseless against the callous clan. Louise, defeated, needed no further persuasion when she looked at the stern faces of the two men and the old crone. She moved forward and slowly knelt.

"Hold that rail," Clem pointed to the crossbar. "Two hands... Two hands."

Louise caught hold of the bar, and Clem placed a loop around each wrist and fastened it to the bar.

At the same time, Jeremiah fastened a loop about each of her ankles and attached the ends to two pegs protruding from the platform legs. Another sling-like rope was fastened about the back of her knees and attached to two similar pegs inserted into the front legs of the stand. She was trussed firmly, now unable to move.

"What are you going to do," the bound girl sobbed as she wondered which man was going to be first.

Clem giggled as Sarah moved behind Louise and rubbed something greasy into her vagina, the inside of her legs, and the crack of her buttocks.

Louise immediately felt a tingling where the greasy stuff was applied.

"How long does that stuff take to work, Sarah?" Jeremiah inquired.

Sarah moved behind Louise and touched the girl roughly on the rump; Louise didn't flinch.

"She's ready, Jeremiah," Sarah announced.

"Josh, what are you waiting for," Jeremiah called, his voice crackling.

Josh exited the stalls, leading a tiny but magnificent black pony. It whinnied excitedly as he paraded it in front of the girl. The pony colt was excited as he pranced, raising dust and hay from the dry floor. It tugged at the lead rope determinedly. His head bobbed, and his eyes were flashing impatiently.

Louise knew now what they were going to do.

"The mare piss in the grease was a good idea, Sarah," Jeremiah acknowledged as he helped Josh steady the Colt."

"God, NO," Louise groaned as she realized what would happen. "No, Please... No, don't... I can't possibly..."

Her heart was pounding in her chest, and her legs became weak. The Pony was the smallest horse she had seen, much smaller than the ranch horses but perfectly proportioned. The Colt's penis was extended downward in a soft swinging arch as he pranced excitedly. As Louise watched, the colt's penis snapped rigid against his belly with a dull thud as he nickered in anticipation.

"There, boy," Sarah consoled. "We have a lovely new mare for you. Easy there... Easy..." she gently applied some different grease to the bouncing shaft.

Stepping back, she indicated to the men she had finished, and they moved the Colt alongside Louise. He sniffed at her rear as the men steadied him, and the colt's excitement increased. His nickering had become a shrill squeal as he tried to nip the helpless girl. The men caught him just in time.

"Better put the rug over her shoulders and head, Sarah; he may want to bite," Josh offered, and Sarah flipped a folded horse blanket over Louise's shoulders.

For a moment, the Colt paused and looked at the girl's smooth naked skin. Her pussy looked like a mare's pussy, and as he tasted the air. She also smelled like a mare in season. He snickered, rolling back his top lip, and shuffled his feet impatiently.

"OK," Jeremiah barked. "Let him go, but keep a slack hold on the lead."

Feeling the free lead, the Colt lifted both front legs across Louise's waist, placing the full weight of his chest on the girl's back and hips. His hind legs skipped sideways until he was directly behind her. His greased penis slapped Louise's hip as he swung. Both his front legs were now clutching and pulling the girl backward in a raking action, trying to draw the naked filly onto his dancing member. Several times, his flashing hooves caught Louise's thighs, forcing a sharp cry in response and leaving large red grazes. The flared tip of the colt's hard rod nudged at the inner leg and rump of the girl as he constantly adjusted. His pink, shiny appendage was stretched, bouncing, and seeking. All the while, the stud squealed, snorted, and grunted. Louise was held motionless and terrified.

Without the obstruction of a tail the experienced studs rampant rod easily sought and found Louise's greased folds. The Colt felt the soft, giving female beneath him. For a brief moment, he paused at the furrowed, warm flesh. Then intuitively pressed forward, first parting, then entering.

Louise gave a strangled scream.

Knowing he had made his mark, the stud shuffled forward, driving his shaft in and up in several sharp, penetrating motions. The sheer power of the beast's driving hips forced his thick pony rod into the girl's tightness. Bigger than a man or dog but smaller than a full-sized horse, the pink flesh of the raging rod had disappeared into the struggling female.

The Colt finished with an upward thrust, forcing Louise, despite the restraints, to arch her back as his long shaft slammed deep into her, pressing and stretching. She screamed, but the Colt was relentless. To plant his seed deep, each thrust was a brutal drive. There was no long in and out sliding, just a determined effort to gain as much depth as possible." ach of his jumping thrusts were accompanied by a stifled scream from Louise and a snorting excited squeal from the Colt.

Four, five, six, the colt's shaft seemed to swell as he mercifully stopped. The girl felt the first long gush of Horse seaman slams into her. The Colt stood snorting, his teeth gripping hard on the covering blanket, as he deposited his considerable load into the unwilling host. Then even as another warm-flooding gush sprayed into his mare, the Colt began to detach from the ravaged vaginal sheath.

The little stallion slid from the naked girl's rump, and his formerly rampant rod flopped from the ravished girl trailing a string of sticky horse cum. Louise's overloaded and stretched vagina, now vacated, gushed the surplus stringy seaman into a puddle between her knees.

There was silence.

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"Gosh," Clem was the only person able to speak.

Louise turned her head and tried to fix her hate-filled eyes on her tormentors. The girl's vision, blurred with tears, conveyed her revulsion. Even as she turned, Louise felt the bile rise into her throat, and a torrent of spew surged from her assaulted stomach onto the floor at her unrepentant tormentor's feet.

Sally was the first to reach Louise, and without a word, she undid the ties and helped her from the breeding platform. The damaged girl made a determined effort to stand but her legs could not take her weight. Sally supported her as the colt's load trickled from the girl's gaping sheath. Louise's vagina was distended, brutalized, and bleeding. She slumped to the hay, exhausted.

"That was magnificent, you were great... She was great, wasn't she, Jeremiah."

“Fuck Sarah, your right. They’re worth a fortune.”

The older girl, June, would be next, Jeremiah dictated.

Josh was leading the Black Colt back to the stalls as Clem caught the struggling June a sharp Blow on the side of her head as she planted her feet and tried to break free from his powerful grip. Hurt, she stopped struggling long enough for the two men to shackle her to the frame.

When Sarah saw that June was safely restrained, she left Louise sobbing and demoralized in the straw bedding. She liberally applied the mare pee-laced grease to June’s rump and Vaginal area. She worked the geese well into June’s opening with two fingers, leaving a thick wad at the entrance to be pushed ahead of the invading male flesh. All the time, June was shrieking and trying to avoid Sarah and her intimate attention. “No, please, no, I can’t.” June Pleaded to no avail.

Finished, Sarah stood back and nodded. Josh emerged from the third stall with a nuggety piebald colt. It was as excited as the black Colt and even more ready after hearing the previous commotion. It was slightly smaller, its penis more tapered, than the black Colt with a blotchy salmon pink shaft. Sally quickly applied the essential lubricant to the colt’s jerking shaft. The Colt spun and danced on its hind legs, all the while its flashing pink rod extended at curving 45deg to his body.

The men led the Colt up to the squealing, pleading June. Between the Colt and the girl, the noise was deafening. The Colt placed its head across June’s covered shoulder, and the men, without speaking, let the lead drop. The Colt was Immediately on her. Unable to bring her knees together, June swung her ass from side to side. However, she was no match for the experienced stud as he gripped her flanks with his forelegs. He had subdued fillies in the open and completed the mount. June was a restrained filly with no escape. His clasping, raking forelegs soon had the diminutive girl under control. The Colt prodded low at first in short jabs. However, each short, sharp jab was a little higher. This was a skilled stud. In just seconds, he had found her greased opening.

With a squeal, he drove into June. The stiff rod sank quickly as the Colt pranced forward with tiny dolly steps and drove hard at his mare. June’s squeals were deafening. It was as if she were being murdered, and in some ways she was. Sally rose to her feet, but she was immediately restrained and forced to watch the rape of her daughter.

June was hurting as the Colt bottomed out in her sheath. Louise winced, feeling the pain with each brutal lunging stab. After eight, the Colt paused and drove hard with all the power of his pony hindquarters. The ninth was the most brutal, and it drew a piercing scream, followed by a painful sob, from the girl. The Colt nickered and snorted in unison. But that was the last thrust. The Colt’s tail thrashed the air, but now he stood rock steady. He had won

June’s screams subsided into gentle, relieved Arh’s as the Colt emptied his seething balls into the hurting girl. Then, with a soggy plop, the Colt disengaged. His member, with its flaring mushroom crown swinging free, shiny, slick, and dripping. It was only then that he backed away from the tortured girl. June slumped in a faint.

June was carried across to the hay and placed beside Louise. Her breathing was regular, and her heart beat strong and fast. There was only a little vaginal blood, and that was from a visible tear at the base of her vagina. She would be OK.

Sally replaced her daughter. The same ritual followed. Although she was a mature woman and the mother of two teenage daughters, Sally was no more able to accommodate a randy stud than Louise or June. From the ejaculation of the Colt’s cock to its withdrawal was probably no more than 40 seconds, but it seemed much longer.

"What about the July, Pa," Clem inquired.

"I said she's not for the beasts, not for now, at least." he turned to Sarah. "How are they? Did the Colts do much damage?"

"They'll be sore and sorry for a day or two and won't be up to walking much, at least not with their legs together." She paused for a while, "I'll keep 'em here for a day or two... until you get back, then we'll continue the training."

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The day following the forced mating with the colts, all of the women felt able to compare notes. With each other's support, they were able to cope mentally and physically. They observed that the colts had all entered them relatively easily. This was probably due to the liberal grease the old crone Sarah applied. The most hurt came with the rough pummeling after they had entered deeply.

"God, it hurt when he plunged into my cervix," Sally observed. "I don't know how much was in me, but there was no room for more."

Louise indicated with her hands spread apart, about ten or eleven inches. Sally agreed that that was probably right because she felt that the pink section of the black colt's penis was probably about eight to ten inches, and it had disappeared completely into Louise.

"How did we take that much," June mused. "God, it hurt."

Jane sat quietly and listened. She wondered if it would be her turn soon.

By late that afternoon, Sally and Louise had convinced Jane that if it happened to her, she should relax. The cervix seemed to be pushed aside, which caused less pain. However, all of the girls felt that their insides may be damaged if they were strapped to the mating frame too often. Sally suggested that if they made us mate with the Colts again, they should try to convince them that they did not have to be tied.

"Why?" June queried, "That's giving in."

"Yes, but if we are not strapped down, we can move with the colt's thrusts and reduce the depth the colts can enter us."

All the girls agreed that they would cooperate with the despots if there were a next time.

Jane looked at her mother and asked, "Mom, will you get pregnant?"

"God, I hope not," she laughed, breaking the tension.

The girls did consider their escape, but with the extreme cold and limited movement from their bruised groin, they would not get far if they succeeded in breaking out.

That evening, after our meal of soup and bread the women walked, with some discomfort, to the pony stables. Louise found the Black colt's stable, and he came to the door as she looked in. He snickered and sniffed at her and reared on his hind legs. He recognized his furless mare. Despite what had happened, Louise could still appreciate that he was a magnificent pony. His penis dropped and stiffened as she patted his head.

"No boy, not tonight," Louise turned and walked along the row and the two ponies that had not



serviced the women were colt's.

She couldn't help but wonder which ones would be chosen next. Strangely, she hoped It was the black Colt again but shook her head to clear the thought. The girls awoke on the third day after the rape to the sound of voices outside. One was Jeremiah the others weren't so clear.

Sarah came into the barn with Clem and Seth. The boys carried water and towels and some soap Sally had a brush and a comb.

"We have some important guests here today, and if you galls please 'em, you won't be sold to the Mexicans."

"I'm not going to be used as a whore," Louise snarled.

"That you ain't, girly. These men won't take animal sluts. They're gentlemen."

Sarah bathed all of the women and brushed and combed their hair. While she was doing that there was a little commotion at the front of the barn.

Louise looked at Sarah, "The horses again?"

"Yep." She spat into the corner. "The horses again, and if the gentlemen are happy with what they see, you might just make a good living from fucking horses. They're from the Landing, and they reckon that this could be something that the gamblers will want to see."

Sarah groomed the girls meticulously. All felt human again.

Jeremiah called from the front of the barn. "Sarah."

"Which one, Jeremiah?"

"Louise..."

She forced the girl to bend over and greased her rear and vagina. "You've recovered well, girl," she said as she forced the smelly grease into her vagina with two fingers.

When she was finished, she pushed Louise forward, and the girl stumbled from the stall. As she walked, she felt the grease work into her.

"What do you think, gentlemen."

They smiled and nodded.

The tiny girl was led to the mating bench and dutifully knelt, placing her hands on the cross beam. No sooner was she lashed in place than Josh led a pony into my view. It was not the Black Colt. Louise's pounding heart jumped. She had somehow expected to be reunited with the beautiful beast. This was a brown colt with much the same conformity as the Black. He was going berserk; he had missed the party last time, and his nostrils told him there was fresh filly to be had. It took both Jeremiah and Josh to bring the prancing beast to the girl's side. Sarah draped the blanket across her back and stepped back.

The girl looked at the sex-crazed beast. His nostrils flared, and his eyes were rolled back. 'God,' she thought, 'he's a crazy one, hell kill me.'

The colt's shaft was all black except for a pink ring about ten inches from the tip. The other ponies were snorting and whinnying, sensing or smelling what was happening. Jeremiah nodded to Josh, who dropped the lead. The Colt paused, then threw one leg across the girl's back and edged smoothly to her exposed rear.

More aware, this time, Louise was able to drop her head and look back between my legs. The Colt had his feet planted firmly about two feet from her behind, and his hips poked the bouncing shaft toward her sloppy opening. As the shaft bounced, the anxious Colt was already dribbling. A gob of extremely viscous semen landed on her buttocks, then the flared, searching tip butted her sloppy opening once, twice, then slid along the woman's greased crack. Recovering quickly, the Pony continued his inexpert searching thrusts. Then, his persistence paid off. His battering cock slipped into her slickness several inches. Louise's head snapped up, and she heard the Colt shuffling his hind hooves as he drove himself deep. Driving his novice rod against her tender cervix.

The restrained girl let forth a strangled cry. The next lunge, however, made her arch her back and let out a full-blooded scream. But clearly, this was a virgin colt, and after his third lunge, He stood still, biting at her covered shoulder. The raped girl felt the powerful jets of horse semen crash into her engorged tunnel. He was quick, very quick, and was sliding from the stretched pussy. His formerly rampant rod was now deflated even before the last spurt had left his penis. The warm slime squirted onto the girl's groin and rump.

Angry that it had been too quick, Jeremiah barked an instruction at Josh as he led the Colt away. "Bring in the Black colt."

"That was the young colt's first time, gentlemen. He was too quick like all youngins. Josh will now bring out the Black Stallion, heal, and finish the job."

As Josh placed the Colt into the stall, the boys Clem and Seth were trotting the Black Colt toward The trussed girl.

Louise wanted to plead, beg that I couldn't take two, but she knew that pleading with these callous white trash was of no use. Instead, she gripped the crossbar and waited.

The boys let the Colt go as soon as they arrived, anxious that the job would be done properly this time.

The Colt sniffed the mare scent in the air. His Stud rod dropped magnificently as it nudged at Louise's face, nickering urgently even in her distressed state. Louise could not help but admire the tiny, magnificent beast. The Colt seemed to recognize the girl he had mated some days before and nickered and licked her neck. However, the smell of mare in the season meant he had to mate her before the other stallions could, and he moved from her neck to her behind, where the smell was strongest. Briefly, the tiny stud rested his head on the flank of the naked ping mare. Finding no resistance, he mounted.

His flailing hooves dragged at her smooth hips toward his violently bouncing lance. Nature provided Colts with a sure way of finding the mare winking gash, which also worked for the girl. The restless shaft drew close, and feeling the wet spot that was her dilated fanny pressed firmly forward. Once found, the black Colt penetrated easily into the girl's still dribbling nook. The colt's shaft collided with her cervix painfully. She tried to suppress the scream and succeeded only partially. His next heaving shove must have bypassed her cervix as it sank even deeper into her bloated and sodden encasement.

Louise was stretched beyond belief, but still, the stallion had more, and he seemed determined to

pierce her with his entire shaft, and he did. The girl felt the stallion's balls slam against her rump. Now, she was screaming, screaming with each thrust as her sheath was stretched to the limit. Even as the girl was unable to take any more, the Little Stallion mercifully began to fire his load into her trembling, clutching body. As the soothing surges of warm cum filled her and the pressure built, she was reduced to strangled sobs. It was the stallion's turn to squeal, a squeal of conquest, as he unloaded in six or seven diminishing spurts. Then, losing his rigidity, he slowly dropped from her, trailing his excess.

Louise was shattered. Two vigorous stud stallions in less than two minutes had left her exhausted and emotionally numb. In the distance, she could hear clapping, but I was only able to hang her head and gasp for breath. The girl's flawless skin was glistening with perspiration, and her hair plastered to her head was wet and dripping perspiration. Jeremiah called Josh, but she didn't hear what he said.

The clapping continued, and there were excited voices, but it all seemed far off. Something bit at her shoulder. The exhausted girl raised my head.

"Nooo..." she sobbed. It was the brown Colt once more.

"See if he can do a better job this time," Jeremiah called.

He did!

Louise was carried to the stall, and June, already prepared, took her place.

By the time we were sufficiently recovered to care, the weak sun's rays filtered through the barn at an angle that suggested late afternoon. Louise was shattered by three colts in probably no more than five minutes, leaving her sore and beaten.

When Sarah entered with the afternoon meal, she seemed excited. "You girls are going to the Landing to work. The gentlemen have decided that your pony act will pack them in."

*The End*