

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



In the rolling green hills of the countryside, where the air is always fresh with the scent of wildflowers and the chorus of birds never ceases, lived two young women, Emma and Lily. Both barely 16, they shared a passion that bound them closer than sisters: their love for horses.

Emma, with her golden hair always tied back in a practical braid, owned Thunder, a majestic black stallion whose coat shone like the night sky. His temperament was as fiery as his name suggested, but under Emma's calm guidance, he was nothing short of magnificent. Lily, with her wild curls and a smile that could light up any room, was the proud owner of Apollo, a chestnut stallion with a white blaze on his forehead, as spirited as the sun god he was named after.

On a day kissed by the sun, with a sky so blue it seemed painted just for them, Emma and Lily decided it was time for an adventure. They saddled their stallions, checked their gear with the meticulous care of true horse lovers, and set off from their cozy stables nestled at the edge of their quaint village.

The ride was everything they hoped for. The countryside unfurled before them like a tapestry of nature's finest work. They trotted along paths lined with ancient oaks, their branches stretching out as if to greet the girls. As Emma and Lily rode through the countryside, the thrill of the ride and the connection with their stallions created an unexpected sensation. The rhythmic motion of the horses beneath them, the warmth of the day, and the friction of the saddle against their bodies began to stir sensations neither had quite anticipated.

Unbeknownst to each other, both Emma and Lily felt a growing heat between their legs, a silent acknowledgment of the physical pleasure that riding could bring. Their cheeks flushed not just from the sun but from the intimate sensations they were experiencing. Each girl, lost in her own world of feeling, was too shy or perhaps too unaware to share what was happening.

The ride continued, with each bump and jolt of the horses adding to the subtle but undeniable arousal. They tried to focus on the beauty around them, the freedom of the ride, but the sensations were becoming a persistent whisper in their minds.

As they paused by the stream, the slight shift in their positions as they dismounted brought a brief relief but also a heightened awareness of their bodies. They exchanged knowing smiles, but not for the reason they thought; they assumed the other's blush was from the exertion of the ride.

The pause by the serene stream was charged with an intensity neither Emma nor Lily had anticipated. The sensations they had felt during the ride had built to a peak, and as they stood there, the world around them seemed to fade into a soft focus.

Their eyes met, and in that moment, words were unnecessary. The air was thick with unspoken desire, and as if pulled by an invisible thread, they moved closer. Their lips met in a kiss that was both exploratory and hungry, the first they had ever shared, igniting a fire that had been smoldering beneath their friendship.

The kiss was like a spark to dry tinder; it caught and spread quickly. Their hands, which had been so adept at handling reins and saddles, now moved with a different purpose. They clutched at each other, pulling at clothes with a desperation born from the day's pent-up arousal. Buttons popped, zippers were undone, and fabric was pushed aside until they stood, breathless and naked, under the canopy of trees by the murmuring brook.

The cool air of the evening kissed their skin, contrasting sharply with the heat of their bodies. The

world was theirs alone; the sounds of the forest, the gentle flow of the stream, all became a backdrop to their passion. They explored each other with the curiosity and eagerness of youth, their hands tracing paths that were both new and yet felt like they had always been there, waiting to be discovered.

There under the fading light, they gave in to the lust that the ride had kindled, their bodies moving together with a natural rhythm that matched the one they had shared on horseback. It was a moment of pure, unfiltered desire, a discovery of themselves and each other in ways they hadn't dared to imagine before.

After the fervor of their initial orgasms, Emma and Lily lay back on the cool grass, their bodies still buzzing with the afterglow. As they caught their breath, Lily's gaze wandered, catching sight of Apollo, who had wandered close. His eyes seemed to reflect an unusual awareness, and as she watched, his penis slowly emerged from its sheath, hanging heavily.

"Oh god," Lily exclaimed, her voice a mix of shock and awe. Emma, hearing her friend's surprise, turned her head to see, her own eyes widening. "Jesus," she murmured, her gaze fixed on Apollo.

Lily, her eyes not leaving Apollo, let out a breathy, "Can you imagine?"

Emma, considering the sight before her, responded with a mix of curiosity and concern, "Oh wow, I don't know, wouldn't it be painful?"

"Maybe," Lily admitted, her voice tinged with a daring excitement, "but what a ride, eh?"

Their conversation was interrupted by Emma's observation, "Look at Thunder, he's the same." Both girls turned their attention to Thunder, who was also now displaying his full arousal, his penis dangling impressively.

"Oh wow, I think our little show had an effect on them, maybe they can smell it," Emma said, her tone both amused and somewhat embarrassed by the situation.

Lily, still staring with a lustful curiosity, didn't respond with words. Her eyes were fixed on the stallions, her mind racing with the wild, taboo thoughts that the sight provoked. The air was thick with the scent of sex and the unspoken acknowledgment of the primal nature of their surroundings. The girls lay there, a mix of post-orgasmic bliss and newfound curiosity mingling in the quiet of the evening, surrounded by the natural beauty and the unexpected arousal of their equine companions. The tension in the air was palpable, the scenario they found themselves in pushing boundaries they hadn't even considered crossing before. Lily, with a mischievous glint in her eye, broke the silence with a daring proposition, "You like to give blowjobs, don't you, Emma?"

Emma blushed, her voice a whisper of admission, "Yes, but..."

"Go on then," Lily challenged, her tone both teasing and serious.

"Are you joking?" Emma responded, her eyes wide with disbelief.

"I will if you will," Lily countered, her voice steady with the thrill of the dare.

"That's insane," Emma said, her mind racing with the implications of what was being suggested.

"You know you want to," Lily pushed, sensing Emma's curiosity despite her initial shock.

A pause lingered between them, filled with the sounds of the evening and the heavy breathing of the horses nearby. Emma's face showed a battle of emotions, but finally, she admitted, "Well... I might have thought about it."

"So do it then, I dare you," Lily said, her voice now a whisper of excitement and challenge.

Emma never backed down from a dare. With a mix of trepidation and curiosity, she moved closer to Thunder, her heart pounding in her chest. The stallion stood still, perhaps sensing the change in the air or simply responding to the familiar presence of his rider.

Lily watched, her own breath catching in her throat as Emma, with a mix of hesitation and determination, reached out. The moment was surreal, charged with an erotic tension that neither had anticipated when they set out for their ride.

Emma positioned herself beside Thunder, her heart racing with the weight of what she was about to do. She reached out, her hand trembling slightly as she touched him, feeling the sheer size and warmth of him. With a deep breath, she guided herself closer, her lips parting to take in Thunder's massive erection. The texture was unlike anything she'd experienced, both intimidating and thrilling. She worked her mouth over him, her tongue exploring the unfamiliar terrain, tasting the earthy musk of the stallion.

Lily, meanwhile, had already begun with Apollo, her movements more confident, her hands guiding Apollo's large penis towards her mouth. She felt the throb of his arousal, her own body responding to the act with a wave of heat. She took him in, her mouth stretching to accommodate his size, her tongue tracing the pronounced veins.

The taste was intense, a mix of salt and the raw essence of the animal, but both girls were driven by the dare and the sheer novelty of the act. As they continued, their actions became more synchronized, their eyes occasionally meeting in mutual encouragement and shared disbelief at their audacity.

Thunder was the first to react, his body tensing, his breath quickening. Emma felt the change, the pulsing that signaled his climax was near. With a sudden, powerful thrust, he ejaculated, filling her mouth with a volume of semen she hadn't anticipated. It was thick, warm, and copious, spilling over her lips and down her chin as she tried to swallow, but the quantity was overwhelming. She coughed, pulling back as the rest of his release coated her chest and neck.

Apollo wasn't far behind, his orgasm triggered by Lily's expert ministrations. His ejaculation was equally voluminous, spurting with force, much of it missing her mouth as she tried to drink down what she could. It was too much, the taste and texture foreign, and soon, like Emma, she was covered in the evidence of their daring.

After the initial shock, both girls looked at each other, their faces a mix of astonishment and exhilaration. They were a mess, their bodies sticky with the semen of their stallions. In a silent agreement, they moved towards each other, the taboo of what they'd done bonding them further.

Emma leaned in, her tongue tracing the lines of semen on Lily's face, cleaning her with careful, deliberate licks. The taste was potent, but the act was intimate, an extension of their shared experience. Lily reciprocated, her tongue finding Emma's skin, lapping up the remnants of Thunder's release. They cleaned each other with a mix of curiosity, arousal, and a strange sense of purification through their shared act.

When they were done, they sat back, breathing heavily, the reality of what they'd done settling in.

They were both covered in a sheen of sweat and semen, their clothes next to them, forgotten in the heat of the moment. They dressed in silence, the weight of their adventure making words unnecessary.

As they mounted their horses, the ride back was slow, each feeling the weight of their secret. The night air seemed to whisper of their deeds, the darkness enveloping them like a cloak. They knew this was something they'd remember forever, a testament to their youthful daring, their bond now sealed with an experience far beyond the ordinary.

Lily's question hung in the air like an unspoken promise. "Do you think they'll be ready to go again by the time we get back?" she whispered with a mischievous grin.

"What do you mean?" Emma asked, her mind racing with possibilities.

"You know... get hard again," Lily clarified, her voice dripping with lustful anticipation.

"Why?" Emma's throat felt dry, her body already responding to the thought.

"Because," Lily's eyes sparkled with daring, "I want to know what he feels like inside me."

Once at the stables, they tended to Thunder and Apollo with an urgency, each touch on the horses now charged with a different intent. They moved to a secluded corner where the hay was fresh, laying it down to form a soft bed that smelled of earth and horse, then positioned a hay bale near each horse.

Lily, with a boldness that seemed to grow from the day's earlier adventures, approached Apollo. Her hands glided over his muscular body, coaxing him until his massive erection was evident once more. She positioned herself, her legs spread wide, her pussy glistening with anticipation. She guided Apollo, her breath hitching as she felt him at her entrance, the size both intimidating and thrilling.

The penetration was intense; Lily gasped, her body stretching around Apollo's cock, feeling every inch of him as he entered her. Her moans were loud, unashamed, the sound of a woman discovering a new dimension of pleasure. She moved with him, each thrust sending waves of sensation through her, her clit throbbing with the friction. As she neared orgasm, her body tensed, her pussy clenching around him. Her climax came like a tidal wave, her screams echoing in the stable as she felt Apollo's cock pulse within her, his orgasm following hers. His ejaculation was hot, massive, filling her with his seed, some spilling out around him, dripping down her thighs.

Emma, watching Lily, was already wet, her arousal at an all-time high. She positioned herself under Thunder, her heart pounding. The initial push was almost too much, a sharp pain that quickly morphed into pleasure as her body adjusted to his size. Her moans joined Lily's, the sound of their pleasure mingling. Emma felt Thunder's powerful thrusts, each one driving her closer to the edge. When her orgasm hit, it was explosive, her body convulsing, her pussy gripping Thunder as he too reached his peak. His ejaculation was forceful, his semen shooting deep inside her, overflowing, running down her ass, leaving her drenched in his release.

The aftermath was a haze of sensations, the air thick with the scent of sex, sweat, and horse. They lay in the hay, their bodies slick, their minds reeling from the intensity of their orgasms. The horses stood quietly nearby, their earlier excitement now calmed.

"Did you...cum?" Lily asked, her voice breathy, her eyes still wide from her experience.

"Yeah," Emma panted, feeling the warm aftermath of her orgasm. "It was fucking intense."

They cleaned up, the cold water a stark contrast to their heated bodies, washing away the physical evidence but not the memory. As they stepped out into the night, the air felt crisp, the stars seemed to watch over them with a knowing twinkle.

"We're different now, aren't we?" Lily murmured, her voice filled with awe and a hint of uncertainty.

"Yes," Emma replied, her voice firm with newfound understanding. "But we're still us. Just... more."

They embraced in the darkness, a hug that was a silent agreement to keep this part of their lives locked away, a secret that bonded them in ways they never imagined.