

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



The allure of horses had always captivated me, their strength and freedom a stark contrast to the confines of everyday life. At 18, I decided to harness this fascination by joining the local riding club. It was there that I met Emily, a girl with a similar spark in her eyes whenever she spoke of horses. We instantly bonded, our conversations filled with dreams of riding into the sunset.

We chose to volunteer at the club, not just to ride but to immerse ourselves in the world of these magnificent creatures and, in turn, to spend more time together. One evening, after the last of the riders had left, the barn felt like our own private world. The air was thick with the scent of hay and horse, the only sounds being the occasional shuffle of hooves and our hushed laughter as we brushed down the horses.

It was during this peaceful routine that Emily's voice broke the silence, tinged with nervous excitement, "Sophie, look!" She pointed toward a stallion, known for his spirited nature. My gaze followed hers, and I couldn't help but gasp. The stallion was dropping his penis from his sheath, a sight I had never witnessed so clearly before.

My cheeks flushed with a mix of fascination and embarrassment. "Oh wow, I've never seen... it's so... big," I managed to say, my voice a blend of awe and nervous laughter. Emily nodded, her own face mirroring my surprise, "Yeah, it's part of their biology, but it's always a bit of a surprise when you see it."

Our laughter echoed softly in the barn, but the moment had shifted something in our conversation. Emily then admitted, her voice barely above a whisper, "I have to admit something, Sophie... seeing that, it kind of... arouses me." Her confession came with a nervous giggle, her eyes searching mine for understanding or perhaps just to share the weight of her confession.

I paused, feeling a rush of warmth at her words. "Yeah, I guess I can see that," I replied, my own pulse quickening. The barn felt suddenly smaller, the air charged with a new kind of energy.

"It's like... watching life in its most basic form, isn't it? There's something very... raw about it," I continued, trying to articulate the complex feelings stirring within me. Emily's eyes lit up, and she nodded, "I mean, look at it, so natural and unashamed. It's... kind of hot, right?"

Our conversation took on a more intimate tone, the dim light casting long shadows that seemed to dance with our confessions. We continued our work, but now there was a heightened awareness. Our hands occasionally brushed in the task of grooming, each touch sending a jolt of electricity through me. Emily's breath caught when our hands met, and she looked at me with a shy, inviting smile. "Do you think... do you think we're weird for feeling this way?" she asked, her voice soft, almost lost in the quiet of the barn.

I shook my head, moving closer to her. "No, not at all. It's natural to be curious, to feel... excited by nature's displays." My words were as much for myself as for her. The horses, unaware of our human complexities, continued their soft sounds, adding to the intimacy of our moment.

As we finished our tasks, neither of us was eager to leave. Instead, we leaned against the stable wall, our shoulders touching, eyes occasionally locking in silent communication. "Maybe we should explore this feeling more, together?" Emily suggested, her tone playful yet earnest.

I felt a shiver of anticipation. "Maybe we should," I agreed, my voice low, the implications hanging in the air like the scent of hay and horses. We didn't need to say more; the night, the barn, our newfound bond—it was all too charged with possibilities.

Instead of leading me to an empty stall, Emily gently pulled me towards the stallion we had been watching. His presence was imposing, his body radiating warmth and that undeniable wildness. "Do you feel it too?" Emily whispered, her voice thick with curiosity and desire.

I nodded, my heart racing at the proximity to the animal, the raw energy he exuded. Emily's hand found mine, and she placed it on the stallion's flank, her touch guiding mine over the smooth, muscular surface. The warmth of his body against my hand sent a thrill through me, amplifying the arousal we had confessed to each other.

"Look at him, he's so... magnificent," Emily breathed out, her eyes never leaving the stallion. Her other hand daringly moved towards where his penis had just been visible, now semi-retracted but still impressive in its size and presence.

I watched, mesmerized, as she touched him, her fingers brushing against him with a reverence that was both startling and seductive. The stallion shifted slightly, his body language curious rather than agitated, as if he sensed our fascination.

"Touch him, Sophie," Emily urged, her voice a whisper full of excitement. Hesitant yet drawn by the same curiosity, I reached out, my fingers grazing the velvet-like skin of his member. It was warm, pulsating with life, and the sensation sent a shockwave of desire through me.

We stood there, our hands exploring the stallion, our bodies close, sharing this intense, primal moment. Emily leaned into me, her lips finding mine, her breath hot against my skin. "Isn't it amazing, this power, this beauty?" she murmured, her words sending shivers down my spine. As our lips locked in a deep, passionate kiss, each of us kept one hand on the stallion's penis, our touches becoming caresses, coaxing it back to full, impressive hardness.

The stallion's cock responded to our touch, growing in both size and rigidity, the veins pulsing under our fingers. Our tongues danced with each other, the kiss deepening as our arousal mirrored the stallion's. We could feel the throbbing under our hands, a testament to the animal's excitement and our own.

Suddenly, we felt a change in the pulsing, a sign that the stallion was close to ejaculation. Our eyes widened with anticipation, breaking our kiss to look at each other, then back at the majestic creature. As the first signs of his climax began, Emily, with a daring move, took control, aiming his penis directly at our faces.

My mouth opened in shock as I realized what was happening, the first spurt of semen catching me off guard, warm and forceful against my lips and chin. Emily, on the other hand, opened her mouth intentionally, welcoming the spray with a mix of curiosity and desire.

The taste was unlike anything I had ever experienced. It was warm, carrying a slightly salty tang, reminiscent of the sea but with an earthiness that was uniquely equine. There was a hint of sweetness, perhaps from the fructose present in the semen, but it was quickly overtaken by a metallic, almost chlorine-like aftertaste, a testament to its alkalinity. The texture was thick, almost viscous, coating my tongue and lips with a sensation that was both foreign and strangely stimulating.

As the stallion continued to ejaculate, the warmth and volume were overwhelming, the scent of musk and grass filling the air around us. Emily's face was covered too, her expression one of wild excitement, her tongue catching more of the semen, her eyes locked with mine in a silent agreement of shared adventure.

We remained there, on our knees, the warmth of the semen on our skin, the taste lingering in our mouths, a potent mix of saltiness, bitterness, and an unexpected sweetness, a reminder of the raw, untamed beauty of nature. The barn, filled with the scent of horses and hay, had become our private arena of exploration, where curiosity, desire, and the wildness of nature converged in a moment neither of us would ever forget.