

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



It was a long day after traveling by horse, which tired Hitler tremendously compared to vehicle travel. "How did my ancestors ride like this all day?" Hitler couldn't help but wonder, sore from the horses firm back compared to the plushness of his cars velvet seat. Hitler let out a sigh of regret, it was a mistake to try out riding a horse. It should've been a sign the moment Hitler had to take the last horse at the stall, one that he was warned not to take. However, he wanted to try out riding the horse, and wasn't willing to wait longer.

Looking back, he wished he accepted his circumstances and went home.

Hitlers horse suddenly stopped moving, shaking rapidly. Great. Just what he wanted, a broken horse. No wonder they asked him to leave it alone. "Hey, come on let's get going horse." Hitler impatiently grumbled, but the horse kept its position, shaking more. Hitler scoffed, if he was going to have to leave this horse and walk all the way back, he was more than willing. That is, until the horse violently jerked to the side, catching Hitler off guard and throwing him to the mud on the ground, and ruining his outfit.

Hitler swore in German as he sat up to assess the mess made on his outfit. This was just getting comical how bad his day was. If it could get any worse he would've loved to see how. His thought process was interrupted when his horse moved closer towards him, with the same shakiness as before. Hitler scoffed, "Oh, so now you want to move?" He responded with annoyance in his voice, the horse getting closer. It was just then, the horse did something he never expected. The horse turned his head down, and began to lick at Hitlers face rapidly, catching him off guard. The horses tongue was smooth, yet rough, a similar texture to fine sandpaper. Hitler immediately jerked his body away, and attempted to run before the horse instinctually kicked his hardest at Hitlers leg, breaking it.

Hitler screamed out in agony at the mortifying pain coursing through his leg, as he fell onto the muddy ground face first. Hitler lifted his face from the ground and attempted to crawl away, but was interrupted by the horse placing his leg on his back, the pressure stopping him from moving any further. Hitler attempted to hold back his tears as he felt the warmth of the horse get closer to him, sniffing at his head. How could Hitler have been so stupid? He should've known that at this time of the month the male horses were in a rut. Not only that, but the shortage of female horses meant some weren't getting the release they needed.

Which meant that to this horse,

Hitler was going to be his mate.

With the remaining fight in Hitlers body, he tried pushing away the horse, but to no avail once more. To Hitlers horror, the horse moved away from his sniffing his head to biting the top of his pants and pulling them down slowly. "Ah-! No!" Hitler yelled out. This couldn't be happening. This had to be a nightmare, he had to get out of there, but where? He couldn't run in the slightest, and the horse had a firm control over the situation.

Hitlers train of thought was interrupted as he let out a mixture of a groan and scream at the new sensation of the horses tongue between his ass cheeks, spreading them out roughly with his snout. It was a completely new sensation Hitler hadn't known yet, the squelching noises as the horses saliva dripped further into Hitlers ass from the horses tongue going even deeper with each attack. He hated it, and hated that he enjoyed it the worst.

Hitler felt his dick twitch in the cool mud, aroused from the masterful work of the horses tongue, to which Hitler slid his hand towards to pump at a steady pace, using the mud as a lube of sorts. This was disgusting, it was wrong, it was everything Hitler shouldn't be doing as the leader of Nazi Germany, but he couldn't help the burning feeling in his body, almost as if the rut was beginning to effect him too. Suddenly, the horse removed his mouth from Hitlers ass to his disappointment, only for Hitler to look back and realize what the horse had next on his mind.

Shoving his fat cock into Hitlers ass.

It was only then did Hitler come back to his senses. This was going too far, he needed to end it. Quickly, Hitler tried crawling, but to his dismay, the horse caught him once more. Desperately, Hitler began to beg "No" over and over, perhaps in an attempt to stop what he knew was coming. His pleads turned into babbles as he watched the horse lower himself, and in one harsh thrust, shoved himself inside Hitler. The horse let out a strained neigh at the tightness of Hitlers ass, whereas Hitler moaned the hardest he had ever moaned in his life. His ass felt so full, it was so overbearing as tears began to form in his eyes.

However, Hitler got no chance to adjust as the horse immediately began to ram itself in and out of Hitler at a harsh pace, almost as if it wanted to destroy Hitlers ass, and fuck it for all it was worth. Hitlers tears began to pour out of his body at the rough and painful sensation, the horse clearly enjoying himself much to Hitlers suffering.

Hitler felt the leaking blood from his ass build up, but unable to escape due to the horses cock blocking the exit. As if the brutal pace of the horse couldn't get any worse, the horse began to fuck Hitler even faster, clearly near its climax. Hitler began to scream, rolling his eyes back at the horrifying painful sensation, tightening his ass around the horses cock with the hope he would be given a break. Sure enough, the horse finally came, his fluids spewing all throughout Hitlers ass, filling him with the thick and liquidy bliss of the horses cum. Hitler finally was allowed to catch his breath, the pain in his ass not subsiding, and he felt it wouldn't anytime soon. As if it was to mock Hitler, Hitler felt a new liquid begin to invade his ass, a spewing warmth that invaded every inch it reached and mixed in with the horses cum and his blood. The horse had just pissed in him.

Great. What an amazing finisher. With one final sigh, Hitler was glad it was over. Until he felt a twitch inside his ass. Hitler turned to look at the horse, who carried the same lustful eyes as he did the first time he fucked Hitler. His rut was anything but over.

Shit.

*Authors Note:*

*I'm so sorry for writing this, I'm seriously going to hell, I've accepted it already.*