

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Her dreams had been colored of late, colored by someone else's dreams. She knew the nature of her own, the texture, taste, material of them. Some foreign entity was weaving itself into her dreams. At first, it was limited to the dreams but recently she would wake to find her hands exploring her own body as if they were feeling it for the first time. She was no stranger to her own caresses but these were the caresses of a new lover, testing, themselves, taking her to newer landscapes, and newer heights. No orgasms yet, but consciousness would find her in a high state of arousal. It was almost as if someone was dreaming of her each night and, in the dream, merging with her mind. Worse, it was learning through the nightly links. Was it only learning about her physically? Or was it also learning about her desires and fears? She was torn between the need to sleep, to learn, and the desire to avoid the confrontation.

Cool air caressed her body this time and lifted her hair from her shoulders and back. Moist earth between her feet and rough wood supported her bare breasts. Across the paddock she could barely make out the form of the stallion. It, too, seemed to wonder what it was doing awake and, perhaps, what this nude woman was doing staring at it under a full moon.

She'd never ridden it, only run with it in the fields. Now she wondered why she never had. The owners had assured her that they trusted her. But The horse tossed its mane and stepped towards her, silencing her thoughts. Nuzzling between her breasts, it licked at the beads of sweat that somehow had formed there in the cool air. His eyes conveyed the feeling that he wanted something more. Her body hummed in agreement while her mind tried to gain control, to at least slow down and think. To no avail. She found herself climbing the fence and lowering herself onto the stallion's back. Warmth from the horse spread into her legs.

Her loins were on fire with heat and need. The dreams were getting closer to her desires. Mentally she was torn between a cold shower and her lust but her fingers worked softly in between her lips to tease her clit tossing all thoughts of a cold shower from her mind. Faster and harder she stroked herself, riding her own hand, feeling not it but the heat and hardness of the stallion's back as she came in a flood, her moans merging with the voice of the stallion.

Throughout the next day she and the stallion exchanged nervous glances. Neither seemed comfortable with the other's presence yet the the stallion followed her as much as the paddock would allow and she remained outside as much as possible.

Towards afternoon a horse trailer drove up in the yard and a young man, not more than 18, jumped down from the cab. Puzzled, she walked out to meet him.

"I've a mare to be delivered for Sam Fabian. Is he around?"

"Right here, you're looking at 'him'".

"Oh, sorry! Sam is short for Samantha, I take it?"

"Ayuh, that it is. But what's this about a mare? I'm not expecting any horses at all."

"Got me, I'm just doing the delivery. She's all paid for, along with the delivery, and all the medical papers are here."

"I still have no idea why. Who requested this??"

"Got me. My boss just told me to do the pick up."

"Well let's call him."

"No can do. He's gone for the day, have to call him tomorrow."

"Great. Well, let's put her out in the paddock for the night and I'll worry about it tomorrow."

They dropped the ramp to reveal a jet black Arabian standing solidly in the light, calmly waiting for them to free her. Sam said, "Quite a presence she has. Calm, considering the ride she must have had coming up that road."

"Didn't hear a sound out of her the whole way out here. She loaded as if she was going in because she wanted to, not because we wanted her to", said the driver.

They unclipped the harness and Sam started to lead the Arabian down the ramp but rapidly found that she had her own intentions. She clattered down and tossed her head, emitting a high, nearly defiant, whinny that was rapidly answered from the other side of the house. Without prompting she moved towards the paddock with a very deliberate gait. The two people looked at each other, shrugged, and followed in her wake. The two animals were watching each other at a distance of ten feet across the gate. Seemingly uncomfortable with her gaze the stallion pranced to and fro, never taking his eyes off of her. She, in turn, held the gaze, motionless. The tableau was broken only when Sam opened the gate to allow the Arabian to walk in to the paddock, increasing the anxiety of the stallion.

The evening passed in uncomfortable silence as the Arabian shunned the stallion and the two humans carefully avoided intruding on the other's privacy. Before going to bed herself she groomed each horse and placed them in distant stalls. She bid a cool "Goodnight." to the driver and fell into a deep sleep.

Her hand was in violent motion when she woke and seconds later her face was splashed with sticky fluid. Her surprise turned to dismay as she found the stallion's huge cock still grasped in her hand and his semen dripping from her face onto her bare breasts and thighs. Dashing from the stall she collided with the driver and drove them both to the ground. Attempts to disentangle herself only resulted in more confusion until his arms locked around her head and forced her eyes to his. A presence dwelled there that had not been visible previously and she felt her limbs steadying despite the realization that he, too, was naked and his hard cock pressed against her stomach. She knew that he'd seen her with the stallion and, somehow, that he had something to do with the incident. Her thoughts were borne out by his words.

"What you can do for a stallion you can do for a human, no? Grasp my cock. No, don't be shy. Take it. Feel it pulse in your hand. Feel the heat of the blood in it. Desire it. Taste it. Take it into you."

Compulsion overrode her natural distaste for the act. The heat pulsed through her arm and sank to her breasts and groin. The semen on her seemed to melt and flow into her. Again, she found her hand slowly pumping a cock as her head bowed to take it deep in her throat. Gently she sucked on it, taking the entire length into her before drawing it out slowly and teasing the tip with her tongue. Caught up in the moment she could not determine if it was the horse or human she was pleasuring and found she cared not at all. The hot flesh in her mouth left her breathless and tormented and the hot spurt flowed down her throat to pool with her own inflamed desire.

Moments passed as she continued to suck his cock, desperately, wanting something, anything to satisfy her. With his hands pulling her head back he denied her even this small pleasure but his next words sent her heart racing.

"Look behind you. Do you want ... that?"

The stallion pressed against the fence, his cock throbbing again in the moonlight, the mare shadowed behind him. Despite the fact that the mare was in heat the stallion's eyes blazed at her, the human, already covered with his semen.

He reared, voicing his hunger, and dropped. The heat was visible in his eyes as he turned on the mare and was behind her in seconds. Once again she complied with unvoiced desires and spread her rear legs for him as he reared again to mount her, forelegs falling upon her back as he thrust his cock into her in a frenzy of desire. The mare, however, stood there stoically, head turned, locked on the human female, daring her to do ... what?

Sam felt the eyes draw her to the fence, the driver literally in tow as she still grasped his cock in her hand. She broke eye contact with the mare and found her eyes now locking on the long thick cock sliding into the mare. Mimicking the stallions thrusts, she began to pump the driver's cock with her hand, feeling not his heat and hardness but the stallion's. As the mare increased his power, so did she, until both were nearly blurs. With a cry of triumph the stallion climaxed, rearing again, and pulling away from the mare. His cry was echoed by Sam, but her's was a cry of frustration, not triumph. She bent over the fence, breasts caught on the other side, and spread her legs just as the mare had. With a nearly painful jerk and another cry of desperation she pulled the driver's cock towards her cunt, wimping for him to help her.

He slid into her with a lunge and felt her muscles constrict around him, holding his cock tightly inside of her. She thrust back, trying to take more of him inside. He maintained his balance only by grasping her hips firmly before starting to pump into her. Still she wimped and her eyes glowed with frustration. The mare still gazed at her when the stallion moved to answer her eyes. He stalked over to her, his gait and determination matching those of the driver. Lowering his head, he flicked his tongue out and began to lap his own semen from her breasts. The nuzzling and licking distorted her breasts with their force but she felt only the warm wet breath and a burning need glowing inside her. Her legs and arms ached from meeting the driver's thrusts, wood bruised her ribs, but still she rocked between man and horse, not sure which one was filling her and which one licked her. Lost in her desire everything blended into one and the hot semen spilling into her cunt drove her past reason and caused her to collapse to the ground in waves of hot pleasure as the man and horse blended above her head.

She awoke with a start, her body convulsing with the pleasures of her dream. Daylight streamed through the window, reminding her of the stallion's semen that had been sprayed onto her face during her dream. She put on her jeans and washed the sweat from her face as she prepared for another day on the farm.

Making her way to the paddock, she noticed the driver leaning against the rail. He noticed her approach and turned, walking away rapidly, with an embarrassed look on his face. She inhaled sharply as she approached the paddock, taking in the deep musty odor of the stallion. Her head spinned with memories of her recent escapade with the large horse in her dreams.

The stallion was in a state of obvious excitement, his massive penis hanging pendulously from between his legs. His testicles hanging within the large hairy sac bobbing between his legs. The mare was nibbling sensuously at his flank, increasing his appetite for release. Sniffing at the base of her tail, the stallion curled back his lips, as if testing a fine wine. The mare, noticing his expression stood still, raising her tail and spreading her legs, squatting slightly. The stallion, penis raging madly between his legs, slapping his belly with a life of its own moved behind the mare and rested his chin on her rump. Suddenly, as if having received a silent signal, he sprang upon her back and began to

probe her rump with mad, blind thrusts. Having found the opening to winking vulva he thrust forward, pushing so hard that the mare was forced to take a step forward. He pushed and shoved, strokes that would have killed a woman, but served to placate the insatiable need of the mare.

Samantha looked on in awe as the stallion grunted his pleasure. Suddenly, he stopped and let out a heavy groan as his tail began to pump up and down, flagging the release of his built up tensions. His come ran down his penis and dripped from his balls. Great streams of thick, creamy white come. It ran from the mares vulva and down the inside of her legs as she flicked her ears back and forth, awash in an obvious wave of ecstasy. A few minutes later, the stallion withdrew, his now flacid penis hanging limply from under his belly, swaying mightily, even it's obviously placid state of inexcitedness.

Samantha suddenly noticed an overwhelming need for fulfillment, unlike one that she had ever felt before. She **NEEDED** someone or something badly. Now. Dissapointed that the stallion was obviously spent for at least a few more hours, she turned to find the young driver standing behind her eyeing her sheepishly.

"Pretty impressive show he puts on there maam."

"Ayuh. That he does. It's why he was bought in the first place."

"Well, I might not be as big as he is, but I sure do last a hell of a lot longer than he did!"

"Oh do you now? I know that the mechanism is the same, but hell, the delivery system beats anything I've ever had."

"Well, I can't argue with that."

"No? Too bad, you might have convinced me."

Looking at her from under the brim of his hat, he cracked a wide grin and took her by the hand. Drawing her to his young, but well developed body. She reached her hand down his pants and began to stroke his penis with the palm of her hand. She didn't need to get him excited, having watched the stallion cover the mare had taken care of that. He unbuttoned her blouse and massaged her breasts, noticing with delight her erect nipples. They both took a moment to squirm out of their clothes and immediately fell back into each other's embrace. She kneeled down and began to lick his throbbing cock. Remembering her prevoius dream, she wondered what it would be like, if this were the stallion's dick that she was kissing. Ravenously she engulfed his head, lashing at it with her tongue. Letting go of his penis, she turned and presented her ass to the young driver.

"Now! Just like the stud."

Needing no further encouragement he grasped her ass and began to thrust into her, mimicking the grunts and cries tht the stallion had just been making. Suddenly, a powerful orgasm overtook him. He came for a minute and then pulled out. Spent with his efforts.

"Last longer, will we now?"

"Uh, I guess I was bit more excited than I thought."

"Ayuh, I guess you were."

Dissapointed with his short lived performance she put on her clothes and walked off in a huff.

Leaving him to sit and ponder his apparent failure. The stallion, having overlooked this entire affair, let out a shrill neigh that sounded for all the world like a laugh.

The day passed on to dusk, during which time that stallion mated with the mare four more times. Each performance outshining the last in both vigour and semen volume. Sam looked on forlornly. She wanted so badly to share in the stallions lust but knew that his massive 32 inch penis would kill her if she were so stupid as to try to have sex with it.

As night came, she went to bed. In a high state of arousal and vexation. She began to drift off to sleep several times but could not. Finally, in frustration, she put on a robe and walked to the barn where the breeding dummy was kept. She looked at the device, used to collect semen from the stallion for evaluations. She pictured in her mind the many times that the stallion had mounted that dummy, thrusting madly into an artificial vagina while she held it for him. She walked over to the dummy and dropped a hand to her wet pussy, kneading herself softly at first and then harder as she thought more of the stallion. She dropped her robe to the floor and leaned over the end of the dummy, imagining what it would be like to be able to fuck with the stallion. She rubbed her pussy against the soft material covering the dummy as she began to approach a climax. Suddenly she felt a soft nuzzling against her pussy.

In her excitement, she had not noticed that the stallion had gotten out of his paddock and had followed her into the barn. Looking down at him she could see his massive penis bobbing between his legs, just like it always did when he was just about ready to mount the breeding dummy. Suddenly she realized her danger, but it was too late, the stallion jumped up and pinned her down against the breeding dummy. He began to push and shove at her ass with his huge cock, trying desperately to find the small opening to her pussy. Suddenly he found it and thrust his mighty tool home. She let out a scream as the pain washed over her, but the pain was drowned out by the intensity of the orgasm that she felt ripping through her. She could not tell whether it was the stallions penis that was tearing her in two or whether it was the most intense orgasm she had ever had. But within a few seconds the point was moot as she spiraled off into unconsciousness.

She awoke with a start to find the young driver standing over her naked body. "Where? Where am I? What happened? How am I still alive?"

"Huh? Oh hell! It must have worked then! Did you enjoy it?"

"What are you talking about? I get raped by a stallion and"

"Oh, don't worry about that. It didn't happen. You see, after we fucked this morning, I felt really bad about having come so quick. So, I decided to try and make it up to you. You see, I'm majoring in psychology at school and one of the things we learn to do is to use hypnotism. It's really easy to hypnotise someone when they are almost asleep. So I snuck in and made a few suggestions about not being able to sleep and wanting to go down to the barn... And, well, you know the rest. But the part I didn't expect is for you to pass out from that orgasm. Apparently you seemed to enjoy it."

Samantha could only look at him and shake her head. Then she started to laugh.

"You wanted to make up for it huh? Well, I'm still excited and getting dicked by a stallion is a bit much, so how about crawling in here with me and helping me find out if you really can or can't outlast the stud. After all, this morning may have just been bad timing."

Sam was happy to find out that not only could he outlast a stallion, but he could come more times than the stallion too.