

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



Living in a native American Village as a young girl, carries specific duties, restrictions and severe penalties for anyone who breaks these long established historical rules.

So it was not surprising when I asked to be trained to be a warrior, the boys my age, the ones older and the elders all just looked at me ...one of the older ones, smiled, "We love our women but there has never been a warrior young lady, why don't you become something more suitable to what you were born to become?"

What he was actually saying was help in the village, the young ones love you and soon you can meet a young man to raise a family with ... that is more suitable for you.

The one thing my dad did agree to allowing me to do was take care of the five or more horses he owned, which meant I could ride one bareback while moving the rest to greener pastures, easier access to water then making sure they were secured at night.

Watching the boys my age being trained, I noticed how they rode with their hands free to use any weapons they were carrying - that meant they were holding on the back of the horse by squeezing their knees into the animal - having a pony they were familiar with allowed them to guide the horse by applying pressure to it's back ... that gave me areas I could work on, building muscles in my legs - strong enough to stay on the back of one of my ponies and guiding them as I rode.

While I was on one of the horses of my dads, a single lone horse came trotting into camp, then there were several of these empty creatures coming in without any riders .... They trotted right by our guards to the village, however from where I was setting, high on the hill, I could see they all had riders, just hidden on the outside edge of the animal ... the only reason they would be like this meant they were enemies come to make war with our village - Riding as fast as I could down the hill, I was screaming the horses were not without rider, but the riders are hidden on the blind side.

By getting deep inside our village they could have caused tremendous damage and pain to our members, but by me alerting the warriors - the trespassers didn't get one disrupting shot off .. they were all killed by our braves - but there was no doubt who had saved what could have been so much destruction.

As a thank you from the Elders, all of the invaders horses they'd ridden in on were given to me — one of the few ladies who owned horses ... now I took care of the dozen I had but also the ones dad owned, making me one of the major trainers in the village.

Something funny happened when the horses were all mine ... I took a close look at each one - they had small ropes around the one front leg, one around the small of their back hips and one more down the leg they were hidden on - this enabled them to ride hidden while supporting them selves against the body of this huge animal..

I modified the placement of the ropes to accommodate my smaller size, then practiced riding in the normal position, slipping down to the side, so I could go unnoticed into areas where I would not be allowed in the past - no one worried when a lone horse came walking in among them...

By riding like this, I discovered things going on that gave me great power. The chiefs wife had a boyfriend among the braves, a couple of the braves were actually lovers when they were away from the other warriors ... I found if I suggested that I knew what was going on, tremendous amount of respect was obtained ... for example when I told the wife who was having an affair with one of the braves, to keep my mouth shut, she agreed she'd do what she could to get me more freedom among the warriors - she and a few others were good for their words, suddenly promoting me as an instructor on how to ride these big horses hidden on one side when going into battle with other

tribes or against white hunters who were killing our buffalo for sport.

Even though I had achieved the ultimate success for a woman, I still missed being someones companion. I'd watch the women giggling when they'd had a fantastic night with one of the braves, I'd watch with envy when I'd see one of the stallions jump up on the back of one of the mares and the satisfied look on their face when that huge pole slipped deep inside her - the deer, some bears, the wild dogs all were getting lucky, even a few foxes and wolves were enjoying sex, but I was all alone ... no one to enjoy my body with.

I was helping preparing some of the products we'd use to eat when the cold season arrived, I had mentioned how Lonely I was feeling when one of the older ones said, "You are so close to your horses, why not get one of them to use your body". Then she giggled, "We have one who regularly gets used by some of the dogs, one of the tribe from our neighbors goes into the woods and is used by the wolves who stay near their camp. Surly you could figure out someway to have one of those big stallions you work with take an interest in you".

I had never given any thought about the horses, but now that I knew dogs, wolves and who knows what were providing pleasure for many of the females in ours and other tribes, I had all these horses and no one to know the wiser.

That evening when I was out in the pastures with the horses, securing one of the big stallions to a tree just inside the forest .. he was more than use to me being near him, so when I reached under his body and began rubbing the area between those rear legs, it didn't take long for that monster of a cock to drop down, ready for some action. My hands weren't big enough to hold him with just one, so I grabbed the shaft with both, began massaging those huge balls, stroking the full length back and forth - it must have felt good to him, his powerful legs were stomping on the ground, his head tossing up and down while he whinnied loud - then to my surprise his shaft became harder than I'd ever seen it, shooting the first load of his seed all over the ground ... I have no idea why I did this, but when the second load started coming out, quickly putting my hand on the head, in seconds it was soaked with his liquid. Sucking on one finger, my eyes rolled up in my head ... it was so wild but wonderful tasting ... by the time I'd cleaned my whole hand, I flopped back on the ground, the area between my legs, also soaked with my juices ... looking at him, still oozing some of the fantastic tasting juices ... moving so my own juices could combine with his produced a mixture of pure pleasure.

That was my first time realizing this combination was something I needed to work on, figuring out a way to become closer to these fantastic massive beautiful animals.

My dad's herd of horses had one smaller stallion, he'd use it to show the children how to ride before they were put on a full sized creature.

Securing him to a tree, where i a small hill to work with, rubbing his neck, while I reached under him to rub and excite him. He surprised me, his foot long rod was stiff as ever in less than a few minutes ... crawling under him, I tried to get in a position to have him enter me ...but no matter how hard we tried to guide him ... he was just a little bit too big to slide in ... out of frustration he ended up emptying a load all over my bottom and legs ... it felt fantastic, but it didn't really do much for the state I was in.

Frustrated, I went back to working on making the side rider and easier for the brave riding.

The one problem I began working on was switching from one side to the other ... it required coming back up on the horses back then sliding down the opposite side all while he was galloping, which left

the brave totally exposed for a few seconds, enough to give away the secrecy he was trying to maintain.

So the next best thing was sliding under the beast, coming back up the other side - this meant pulling his weight up the side to get into position.

I built a series of different ropes to make this possible ... then equipping one of the big stallions while I had him secured to a tree, jumping up on his back, I came down the one side, slipped into the ropes I had secured, but before my body to get a good hold on the opposite loops, something slipped between my legs, making it impossible for me to slide under. At first I couldn't figure out what was happening, but in a short time it made perfect sense, I had somehow excited him, his cock had dropped out, then became rigid, bringing it up between my legs, making it impossible to move my legs to one side or the other.

I had made the ropes so tight it was impossible to just drop ... but that was not the real problem, he was becoming more and more excited, in less than a few minutes the head of his monster had made contact with the lips covering my sex entrance.

None of the braves wear anything more than a small cloth covering them, the less clothing the easier to move around the horse's body, but one this one had touched my pussy area, multiple things happened at the same time ... first he was becoming more and more excited, this made the length start to expand ... secondly I had been in a unfulfilled sexual state for such a long time, by him just touching that area, sent me into an erotic haze ... one I had no way of controlling.

Normally I could have released my hands, then my legs and just dropped to the ground, but in the state he had plunged me into made that impossible - so all I could do was remain under him with my legs locked in position on both sides of the massive body.

He was becoming more and more excited, expanding the length of the shaft, it had no where to go but inside me ... as soon as the head was inside, I gasped, gripping his body tighter ... he pushed in further ... making my whole body shake but unable to move in any way.

I had never had anything in me this big or this thick ... I was being stretched wider than ever, but in a strange way there wasn't any pain, the pleasure was building ... my breathing coming heavier and heavier ... being able to rub my nipples back and forth against the underside of his body, drove me higher and higher ... moving closer and closer to an explosion.

Now the rigid pole had penetrated me as far it could possibly go, but still applying more pressure - without any warning my body exploded, rushing liquid out but stretching my body more to relieve the pressure ... that gave him the opening to push in deeper.

As deep as he could get, the shaft and head started flexing - the pressure making me scream to no one but the animals, he was tied to a tree with no one close enough to hear me ... something triggered his sensitive area, without any warning he exploded the first load of the warmest thing I've ever felt inside me ... there wasn't any room and he wasn't pulling back out, so instead my body gave way, enjoying one of the most fantastic climaxes I've ever even dreamed of having ... load after warm load filled me ... when he finally did shrink enough to pull out of me, I could hear the gallons and gallons of our juices landing on the ground. It took me a long time to finally regain some of my senses, undoing both wrists and legs, I landed on the soaked area where the juices had spread ... taking a chance to taste what was still running out of me ... rolling my eyes back as I fell back on the soft grass ... OMG this was like a heavenly nectar no one could possibly make on their own.

It took me several hours to get the strength to stand and undo his rope ... jumping up on his back,

this time I rode back to where the rest of the herd was kept.

I keep a small tent there, so I can store ropes and additional items I need ... as soon as I was off his back, I began making a basket carrier out of rope to fit more comfortably under him - then I secretly told the women of the group what I had mistakenly found, I was surprised when no one wanted to ride with any of the stallions ... but by mistake one of the braves over heard part of our conversation, insisting he be allowed to try out the new rope saddle. Finally he was so obnoxious I agreed to allow him to ride around a few fields ...making sure he only had a loin cloth on ... I helped him get in position, but securing his wrists ... all the time he was being secured, my hand was rubbing the big boys shaft, until it was in full display just inches from making contact with him. Watching closely he had only trotted a few feet, when the young man's eyes shot open wide ... I heard him screaming, trying to get loose, his head bouncing everywhere ... then a scream like I've never heard any brave ever emit. It was more like a dying rabbit cry ... then just silence ... the horse ran for well over 20 to thirty minutes, before he eventually came trotting back to where we were waiting.

Our poor brave had passed out, we released him ... laying him on the soft grass, his bottom and legs had a sticky substance coating each leg ... when he finally came to, nothing was said - some of his brothers asked him what it was like, no answer was offered ... just that he agreed with me, it was not a ride for any of the braves.

When everyone had left, I was back in the saddle again with the same stallion I'd found this all out about ... this time however when he entered me, I was in seventh heaven ... the deeper he went, the more excitement I was feeling ... remaining aroused until he started flooding me with the gallons and gallons of seed that triggered me to explode at the same time.

However when he pulled out, I had designed a bag to catch all the excess that ran out ... then with some of the female members I shared this new juice .. the more I rode, the more juice I had available ... the sisters all named me the first Fiery Belly Rider.