

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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We met at Fonda's cottage shortly after noon on Sunday, and after some perfunctory small talk and a game of (innocent) roughhouse with Luscious, we got into the Bronco and headed (further) out into the country. Fonda said it was about 20 miles from her place, and about a half-hour later she instructed me to turn into a narrow dirt road. A mile or so, and she had me turn left on to a narrower dirt road, until we came to a clearing.

For all intents and purposes we were about a mile and a half from any form of civilization save for the small shed on the edge of the clearing. I noticed some movement in the shade of a big maple tree near the shed, and Fonda squealed "Oh! Oh there he is!"

As I pulled to a stop near the shed, I too saw "him"... a small pony. Fonda had told me that he was a Hackney pony, about the size of a Shetland, but much finer lined, and not nearly as skittish. This looked like a regular horse in a smaller size. Not short and squat like a Shetland, just smaller all over.

We got out of the Bronco and walked over to where "he" was grazing. Fonda told me his name was Sherlock (yes, like in Sherlock Holmes), and that he was five years old and was used to pull a small cart in horse shows. Sherlock was almost jet black save for a broad tan patch that ran from his throat down under his chest, and his tail was sort of flaxen. He was a very attractive horse, even though his head was about only chest high to me. Fonda walked up to Sherlock and petted his neck and shoulder. "Watch this!" she grinned slyly.

As she petted him with her left hand down his back, Fonda slid her right hand down under his chest and along his belly. Standing next to his right rear leg, she leaned down and reached her right hand back. I heard her start to purr, and saw Sherlock shift slightly. His nostrils flared, and he nickered, and as Fonda said "Oh, Look!"

I saw Sherlock's black and pink cock start to lengthen under his belly. Fonda was slowly stroking her hand along it as it grew. "Damn!" I heard myself whisper as I watched her slowly stroke his shaft to over a foot in length. As Sherlock started to fidget a bit, I slowly moved to his head, and grasped his halter to steady him. If he kicked Fonda, from her position, he could really do some damage.

It was evident that this was not a first meeting for either of them, and Sherlock was just fidgeting with his excitement. I glanced (well stared, really) back under his belly, and I was surprised to see what must have been sixteen inches of pink and black shaft pulsing in Fonda's hands. It was at least 2 inches across, and had a sort of flared head. I could see droplets of moisture seeping from a large slit, and from the way Sherlock was acting I could empathize with the feelings.

Fonda abruptly stood up, and started toward the shed. "What's up?" I asked. "Just watch and hold him steady" she answered. She opened the door to the shed and disappeared. A minute or two later, following some muffled noises from within the shed, Fonda called around the corner "Bring him around here, will yeah?" I led Sherlock around the end of the shed, and there, under the overhang of a small porch-like area was Fonda sitting on a dusty blanket on a bale of hay... Naked as the truth!

"Bring him right over here" Fonda said with more than a bit of excitement in her voice. "I've got just what ol' Sherlock needs to settle him down," she said as she patted her furry crotch. I must have been standing there wide-mouthed, because she said again "Bring him over here".

I led the pony toward the hay bale, and he seemed to recognize the idea as he swung his head wide to clear the bale with his forelegs. Fonda reached under his belly and again started stroking his now throbbing shaft. I could see his heartbeat in its' spring-like action as it curved parallel to his belly,

only inches from Fonda's face. She stuck out her tongue and smeared the copious fluids across the head of his massive cock with her tongue, causing Sherlock to fidget a bit more. I was more than a bit "fidgety" myself, but I tried to hold him (Sherlock, that is) still. Fonda reached beside the hay bale and plunged her fingers into a small can of vegetable shortening, and spread its slickness along the veined length of Sherlock's shaft.

This must have felt really, good to him because he all of the sudden stood stock still, and nickered again. I was mesmerized as I watched Fonda lay back against the blanket and hunch her-self forward a bit. I watched as she slid three fingers of her right hand up to the third knuckle into her hot pussy, and spread around the shortening, and I watched as she bridged up on her shoulders holding the massive cock in her left hand. She pressed with her legs and lifted her hips up, and, aiming with her left hand, spreading with her right, she tried to fit the head of Sherlock's cock into her opening. I watched her push, and twist and push some more, and I watched as Sherlock danced around with his hind legs trying to bury himself in Fonda's wetness.

"Oh, God! Is he huge!" Fonda gasped. "I don't know if this is going to work... I want him so bad, but I can't get that big thing into me." She struggled. He struggled. Even I struggled. But try as we all did, Fonda just wasn't able to get the big flared head into her.

Finally, out of breath and awash with sweat, she plopped her ass back down on the hay bale and whined "Oh, Shit! Well, fella we're going to just have to wait till I get a bit looser for yeah!" With that, she started to stroke his hard shaft with both hands, long double-fisted strokes. In a matter of seconds, Sherlock emitted what could only be described as a yelp, and I saw what must have been a quart of thick cream-colored liquid spew from the slit in the head of his cock, and splatter against Fonda's chest, breasts and run down her belly.

"Gawhhhhh, that's like liquid fire!" she gasped, as she pumped more and more of the liquid from the stallion. Finally with a wave of tremors, Sherlock just stood there, gasping. "Well, now you've got yours, and next time I come back out here, I'll get it, too, you big sweet stud!" Fonda sounded almost threatening in her tone.

I led the small stallion to the edge of the overhang, and gave him a swat on the rump. Kicking up his heels, he nickered, swung his head in one direction and his tail in the other and bounded off to the other side of the clearing.

"Sorry it didn't work out... err or should I say in... for you today." I scoffed at the panting horse-cum spattered Fonda. "Cute, real fuckin' cute!" she spat at me in mock anger. "Just what am I supposed to do for relief... Are YOU going to volunteer to get me off with all this horse-jiz' and shortening smeared everywhere?"

"Sorry, I draw the line at the shortening... that stuff is disgusting!" I chided her.

At about the same instant, we both saw the movement at the back corner of the shed. There, looking almost as big as the pony I'd just shooed to the pasture was big Great Dane, A BIG GREAT DANE!

Fonda took one look at him and clucked "Chk, Chk... Here boy, come on over here sweetie and Fonda'll make you feel better, too!"

"Do you know him?" I asked, wondering if her previous visits had included this big fella too.

"I met him when Sandi brought me out here the first time....about six weeks ago" Fonda cooed. "She said on the phone she'd leave me a surprise, and I guess he's it!" The excitement made her voice tremor. "Sandi's been training him and she says he's just 'marvelous'!"

The big animal moved to Fonda, his tree-limb tail wagging and his long tongue licking his chops. More than just a hint of pink was evident as his canine cock started to slide from its' sheath beneath his belly, and I again stood with my mouth hanging open. This was a very big dog, indeed. He moved to where Fonda half-lay on the hay bale, and, almost on queue started licking the still clinging pony's semen from her bare chest and belly. As some, more like a lot, of it had dribbled down Fonda's belly between her legs, the Dane's tongue soon followed the trail there. Shortly Fonda was lying back on the hay bale with her legs splayed wide, and the Dane was eagerly lathing her entire crotch with his long pink tongue.

I watched in fascination as he licked her again and again. Soon his long tongue started to disappear into her wet, shortening slickened hole. To this Fonda arched her back and brought her hands to his ears urging his on. Her breathing was coming in raspy gasps and her hips were rocking in the now familiar motion generated by her growing lust. The dog was really getting "into" his task, and the heat of the moment was becoming very evident as his crimson cock slid further and further under his belly. It was now over six inches long, and seemed to be growing by the lick. In the next minute, the Danes hindquarters started to hunch slightly.

"I think you're going to get your wish, in spades, 'cuz this puppy's got a boner ready for your hot pussy that you're going to just love!" I advised Fonda.

She just hummed in agreement and arched her back more. Then, almost as if on cue, I saw the trembling in her belly that signaled the onset of her orgasm(s). She locked her legs around the big Danes neck and pulled her crotch into his muzzle and emitted a deep guttural "Uggghh!" as the waves washed over her. The great beast just kept licking which just kept her cumming until even I was becoming exhausted. Finally, after what must have been a dozen really nice looking and sounding orgasms, Fonda pushed his head reluctantly from between her thighs, closing them to his persistence.

"Enough of that you big fucker", she hissed, "Now for the main event!" With that epithet, she quickly swung around on the hay bale until her chest was resting on the blanket and her rear was sticking into the air.

"You're going to have to raise it a bit higher than that or you're going to end up getting a very large dog-dick in your ass". I advised, half in gist, half in warning. Fonda pulled her feet under her and raised her ass higher, and just then the Dane moved in and licked her exposed pussy and asshole again. I saw Fonda shiver, and she said "Come on boy, give it to Fonda, come on you big stud fuck your bitch, come on!"

She was almost chanting at him as she waved her ass in his face. This must have been the signal that he was waiting for, because he stepped forward and mounted her with what can only be referred to as expertise. The huge animal sported an equally huge weapon beneath his belly, and his was getting very ready to stuff in into Fonda's hot hole. It had grown to over nine inches in length and was about two inches across. I thought to myself that if Fonda had started with this puppy first, the pony's cock would have probably slid right in!

As the beast started hunching forward, his aim was a bit misaligned, and Fonda reached back between her widely spread thighs and captured the massive pink and purple shaft in her hand. "Ohhhhh!" she squealed, "This is a big one isn't it? I'm going to love this!"

With her guidance, the Dane was able to hit his intended target with ease, and as he got the tip into her wet hole, I saw him lunge, burying his prong into Fonda's belly. "Oh GOD!!" She shrieked. I started to move to her aid, but was quickly dispatched with a wave of her hand. "He's just bigger

than I thought, and he stuck it all in at once... I'm okay."

"He didn't give you ALL of it yet" I warned, just as the Dane lurched into her again.

"Ohh yes, Oh Yesssss!" Fonda started to pant in unison with the ever increasing pace of the huge dog's thrusts. "Yesss, Yesss!"

I watched as the two of them humped against each other, the Dane against Fonda, and Fonda in turn back against the big animal. Both were striving to-ward the same end, and as his thrusts shortened and his hind-quarters tensed even more, I warned Fonda of what she already felt inside her. "He's getting ready to tie with you, Fonda.....You sure you can take it?"

"He's a lot bigger than Luscious is, and I've taken Luscious' knot without any problems, lets see how this goes... Oh yes... It's in me now, and I LOVE IT!!" Fonda squealed. The Dane gave a final sharp thrust and a deep throaty yelp, and I knew that he'd buried what must be over ten inches of hard dog-dick with a knot that might get five inches into my friends now very stretched cunt.

"GAWD!, I wish I could describe this feeling to you....he's spraying my pussy with really hot stuff, and it feels like it's going to run out of my ears.....and his knot is really getting bigger.....It doesn't hurt, in fact it really, REALLY feels good and... UUGGHHH, Oh YES... YES!... OH GOD!"

I watched as her body was wracked over and over by waves of pleasure that brought me to my own senses a bit. I had, again it seems, extracted my own hard cock, and was, again it seems, stroking it in an effort to bring about my own relief. With out being asked this time, I moved in front of Fonda, and as she raised her head and grinned, I stepped forward as she opened her mouth in an "O", again it seems...

Fonda had two hard hot cocks in her again, one at each end, and for the next five or so minutes, the Dane and I tried to touch the heads of our respective cocks deep within Fonda. I thought we were going to succeed at one point, but I was interrupted by a blinding flash and a ringing in my ears as my knees started to give way and I pumped stream after stream of my own hot cum down the back of her gulping throat.

Gasping for breath, Fonda came yet again, spasms rocking against her now trapped body. I slowly, reluctantly, withdrew and knelt by her face as she gently drifted back to consciousness.

"MMMmmmmmmmm, that was so nice. I've never, ever been so full of hard cock and hot cum in my life, I wish it didn't have to end..." I heard her groan a bit as the Dane began to get restless. "He's going to come out." She said rather matter-of-factly. And in a second or so, he did. I was astonished at the size of him... every bit of ten inches long, and every bit of two inches across hung between his haunches. Even Fonda was amazed that she had taken it all.

"Where's that stud pony?" I said as I looked around, mostly to further pester Fonda.

"Whoa, there. Enough for one day is enough!" she said "Even I know when I've been well-fucked, and am worn out...I'll get to THAT stud another day, but I WILL get him!"

On the ride back to the cottage, Fonda slept like a log, but her nipples remained as hard as erasers under her shirt, and she kept her arm tight between her legs. I wonder what she was dreaming about? I can't wait until the next time we go out to the "country"...