

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Thunder whinnied and stamped as he was led to the mare in heat. Still, he had done this many times before, and so allowed himself to be led up to the breeding stand by Samantha Bower, whose father helped him settle into place. The mare snorted as the large dick penetrated her vagina, and the stallion began to thrust in and out. He was a magnificent creature, 4 years old, strong, and fast. His fur was dark brown, heading to black on his "socks" on his lower legs, and his mane almost black. On his forehead was a streak of white like a lightning bolt that had helped give him his name.

Sam had assisted in this operation many times before. She was a beautiful young girl, a senior in high school, with pitch-black hair that fell to her shoulders and curled around her pretty face, occasionally getting into her murky green eyes. Her body was trim and strong from sports and doing her part of the chores on her family's horse farm, with long legs and firm, medium-sized breasts that were topped with pert pink nipples.

Normally this job did not bother her. She had grown up helping with the horses and few farm children were in the least bit affected by the sight of animal sex. It happened all the time and was completely normal. But this time was different for Sam. Today, the sight of the large cock pumping into the heated mare caused her pussy to twitch and her nipples to swell. She felt her skin grow hot and tight. Embarrassed at the thought of being aroused by horses fucking, she hurried back to the house to clean up for dinner, leaving her father to finish things up.

That night she had a dream where she was fucked senseless by the stallion. She awoke with sweat covering her trembling body and in a feverish state of arousal. She pulled her panties down and inserted two fingers in her wet pussy with one hand and stroked her clit with other. She shivered, trying to think only of men, any type of men, black, white, Arabic, anything but what she had dreamed. But her mind kept conjuring images of Thunder, sweating and blowing as he completed his gallop, and the immense penis she had seen him use on the mare.

"Noooooo..." she moaned. Once again she tried to force her thoughts elsewhere. Once again her mind betrayed her, and when the unbidden image of a giant horse dick appeared, its semen gushing out and all over her lithe body, covering her with its wetness, she exploded in a tremendous, toe-curling orgasm that seemed like it would never end. Her muscles stiffened, her hips shoved themselves up at her fingers, and she gasped in ecstasy through tautly held neck muscles.

Jerking and shuddering, her hips slowly came to a halt as her orgasm subsided. Without thinking, she brought her fingers to her lips and tasted herself. The taste seared itself across her tongue, and she sucked strongly on her fingers until her juices were gone.

After her breathing slowed to normal, Sam staggered into her bathroom to wash up a little. She stared at her reflection in the mirror and shuddered. Her face was flushed, her hair matted and in disarray, and her t-shirt soaked with sweat and sticking to her body. Her nipples were still erect and plainly visible.

However, as she cleaned up she began to feel a little better. Lots of people had some pretty strange fantasies. After all, she knew some women had rape fantasies but they certainly didn't want to be raped for real. Just because she had dreamed about a horse didn't mean she really wanted to "do it" with one. Convincing herself the dream meant nothing, Sam relaxed and soon returned to bed, where she fell quickly asleep and did not dream.

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Sam managed to go several days without thinking much about the horses in a sexual manner. She

was rather relieved. She wasn't really a sicko then, she had just had a fantasy.

But if it was just a fantasy that she would never follow through on, then thinking about it wouldn't hurt, right? Right. And she would soon forget about it.

But fate had other plans for Samantha. As a flowering teenager, she was often horny. And she still didn't have a boyfriend. There were no boys in her small-town school she was interested in that were not already taken. She was no virgin, and the lack of sex was bothering her, but she wasn't going to just jump in the sack with some guy to get herself off.

There was another complication. Since it was spring, quite a few of the mares were coming on heat. Every day or two, she got to witness more erect horse cocks and more sweaty horse sex. Each time her dreams were filled with mighty stallions fucking her into senseless ecstasy, and she would awaken with a soaking wet pussy. Her overall horniness rose to a nigh-intolerable level. Masturbation just wasn't getting the job done. It brought temporary relief, but couldn't make a dent in her overall agitation. Something had to give.

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One night in late April, something finally did.

It was one of those mammoth spring thunderstorms. Wind and rain lashed at the Bower household, and thunder crashed loudly in response to the streaks of lighting that momentarily made the night like day. Earlier, and before the storm, no less than three mares had gone into heat, and Sam had been present to assist in the breeding process, with the expected effects on her state of mind.

She could not sleep. Her mind was filled with obscene thoughts, and they all centered on the stallions and their great cocks. She couldn't even make herself come, and she cried in frustration. Finally, the charged atmosphere and her own desires became too much for Samantha.

Without thought for the consequences, the weather, the threat of discovery, or anything beyond her tremendous sexual need, she slipped out of bed, down the stairs, and out the kitchen door. She did not even pause to get a raincoat or an umbrella, but simply ran across the wet grass and sodden earth to the stallion barn. Her raven hair dripping, her t-shirt soaked through, she approached Thunder's stall.

The storm had kept the great beast awake. He dipped and shook his head in greeting as she entered. Sam shivered from the chill brought on by her wetness, but stripped off her shirt and hung it across the stall door. Her small firm breasts barely moved as she did so, the pink nipples wet and hard as stone.

The high-schooler approached the stallion, and placed her arms around his neck, molding her body against his as best she could for warmth. Thunder brushed his head up against her, and Sam shivered again as she felt his hot breath on her back, this time from pleasure. She began to slowly press her pubis against his foreleg.

It felt good. She began to rock her hips back and forth, putting delicious friction right on her clit. She felt the chill begin to leave her, chased away by the warmth of the horse and her own inner heat, despite the droplets of rain still dripping off her hair. Thunder remained still, his equine brain puzzled by this odd human behavior, but finding the stroking pleasant.

Sam hit a particularly erotic combination of nerve endings in her cunt and gasped in pleasure, her knees buckling slightly. It was not, however, enough. The stallion-assisted masturbation was nice,

but Sam wanted something more, and whatever moral qualms she had felt before had vanished in a red sexual haze. Her trembly quim had never felt so incredibly empty, and she could think of only one thing that might fill it.

She stepped back and removed her panties, soaked from rain, sweat, and her own inner juices. The young girl stroked her way down the horse's barrel from his neck, stooping near his hindquarters and kneeling down to examine his flaccid penis. Swallowing hard, she reached out her hand to stroke it.

The shaft in its protective sheath was soft and warm. Thunder shivered a bit at the unexpected touch but remained quiet. With her other hand, Sam inserted one finger, then a second, into her pussy. Outside, the storm continued to howl, covering all sound inside the barn with its rain and thunder.

Slowly, the great shaft began to fill with blood and expand. Samantha's mouth grew dry as it approached its full length. She knew that the only way she could get any relief was to take the mammoth penis inside of her. To fuck it until she came. She added a third finger and twitched as her thumb brushed her clitoris. The horse snorted and stamped a little as the stimulation continued.

Sam worked the three fingers in her wet vagina, moistening it and loosening it up to accept the powerful dick throbbing in her other hand. After a time, she eased a fourth finger in, and a low anticipatory moan escaped her ruddy lips. It was almost time.

She glanced around, and then leapt up, breasts bobbing slightly, to seize some saddle cinches that were nearby. She tossed them around Thunder's belly, setting them in the last notch, leaving them loose at the bottom. After a moment's thought, she slipped a rope around the beast's neck and secured it to a nearby cleat. Then she knelt down, and, still stroking, moved under the stallion.

Gripping one cinch, she eased her legs through the other, and settled the backs of her knees on the wide leather. Then she placed her upper body through the other cinch, setting it just below her shoulder blades.

Thus supported, she could move up and down on the giant penis by working her pelvis up and down with her thighs and lower back. Her knees and lower thighs pressed against Thunder's stomach, and her breasts and arms did as well. She could also press her face into his chest by relaxing her angle slightly, and Sam did just that after shaking her still-moist hair out of the way so it could hang down freely.

The horse-cock lay heavily on her stomach, drooling pre-cum. Sam was drooling too, the fluids from her pussy dripping down the crack of her tight ass. The blood pounded in her temples and she licked her lips, knowing it was now or never.

Adjusting the angle of her body, she reached down with one hand and took hold of the giant prick just below the head, and placed it at the opening of her moist and open sex. Slowly, very slowly, she began to press herself upward and onto Thunder's cock. The young girl gasped as the head slipped suddenly into her lithe and trembling body. Thunder snorted again.

God! It was so big! And so hot! She swallowed hard, and beads of sweat began to break out over her skin. Samantha waited, letting her slick pussy adjust to the unaccustomed size of the fleshy invader.

After a time, she began to press upwards again, forcing the big prick deeper and deeper inside her. The pleasure was excruciating, but eventually she came to a halt with a gasp, knowing she could take no more horse-

cock without pain to herself. Slowly, oh so slowly, she began to rock herself back and forth, up and down the mighty prick. Samantha had never felt so incredibly full, so amazingly satisfied.

She drowned in sensations. His chest hairs tickled her nipples and thighs and clit, his animal smell invaded her nostrils, and of course, his monstrous cock moved deeply in her pussy. Sam began to move faster as her vagina grew more and more able to handle Thunder's bulk. The powerful horse began to tremble and jerk his hips slightly as Sam's tight pussy massaged his dick.

It was amazing. She rotated her hips and suddenly had a small orgasm as her clit scraped against the stallion's belly. She cried out in surprise at the sharp jolt of pleasure. Sam continued on, sweat beginning to pour off her body, biting her lips as another orgasm took her, and then another.

Her green eyes teared from the wonderful feelings coursing through her, and she pressed her face strongly into Thunder's chest, hips moving madly despite the strain beginning to grow in her arms and thighs. The stallion's and her own lubricating juices poured out into her thighs and between her ass-cheeks, even up along her backbone before dripping off into the straw below. Her nipples felt raw and swollen from rubbing below the horse's body, contributing to the sweet sensations pounding out from her hot cunt. Strands of coal-black hair, now wet from her sweat instead of rain, stuck to her face in wild disarray.

She felt another orgasm building, and she instinctively knew that this would be the big one, the explosion she had been so desperately seeking for all these weeks, that one that would finally burn out her unspeakable cravings and satisfy her needs.

Grunting and straining with effort and pleasure, Samantha drove herself even deeper onto the horse-cock, and tilted her pubis upwards to maintain constant contact between her clit and Thunder's hairy stomach. The leather straps were slippery with her perspiration now, and harder to hang on to. Her heart was pounding, and she knew it was time.

Despite her expecting it, Sam was caught unprepared for the intensity of the climax that overtook her. Her entire lower body tensed up, and her pussy gushed forth more tasty cream. She shivered, shook, and screamed from the force of her release as it burned through her trim form, rattling her teeth and temporarily overwhelming all conscious thought. The roar of an outside thunder-bolt obliterated every other part of her universe except her spasming vagina. Finally, she shuddered to a halt, her clit too sensitive to take anymore.

Utterly drained, Samantha slipped slowly off the leather cinches and down to the floor, gasping again as Thunder's cock pulled free of her now gaping and swollen pussy. She lay there for several moments, breathing hard, her brain trying to reorient itself.

Once again becoming aware of her surroundings, Sam could hear Thunder blowing and stamping, agitated. She knew at once what was wrong. She had come, and come wonderfully, but HE had not. She had to repay her debt. Sitting up slowly, she reached out and once again took the great cock in her hand. It was shiny with his and her own juices, and as she worked it Sam was taken by the desire to suck...

She eased closer and smelled of the great penis. It was strong but not unpleasant. She took her left hand and touched her fingers to the drooling cock-tip and brought them to her mouth. The taste was strong but sweet, and she took her fingers in deeply and cleaned them thoroughly. Then she applied her mouth and tongue to the beast, gingerly at first, but then with increasing enthusiasm. Sam could taste her own juices in addition to Thunder's and that turned her on even more. With an effort she even managed to get the massive head of his dick into her mouth, while continuing to stroke along

it's length with her hands.

Thunder tensed and whinnied at the unusual strength of the pleasure he felt, and with a jolt began to come. The sperm raced up the length of his cock and shot into Sam's mouth, instantly filling it to overflowing. She pulled back in surprise, sputtering, but continued stroking the dick in front of her. The next jolt caught her in the cheek, splattering her face and hair. As she shook her head two more spurts blasted out and caught her full in the face, covering her from eyebrows to chin, and dripping down towards her apple-like breasts, leaving streaks of white in her black hair.

Several more spurts, beginning to weaken in intensity, spewed forth and covered her breasts, soaking the pink nipples in horse come and dripping down her sweaty torso towards her still-sensitive pussy. Strings of sperm dripped from her nose and chin, and her mouth and lips were swimming in the juice. One strand was hooked into her right eyelash from her cheekbone. There was even come on her hands and running down her arms.

Thunder blew and stamped in pleasure, his orgasm finally coming to a shuddering halt. Samantha collapsed to the side, covered and dripping with milky horse-

semen. She gathered up bits of it to drink, swallowing and savoring the bittersweet taste. A quick stroking of jism-slick fingers across her swollen clit brought on another small orgasm, and her legs jerked in the straw.

After some time, her heartbeat slowed to something approaching normalcy, and she rolled to the side and sat up against the wooden walls of the stall. Sam gazed down at herself, taking in her sweat and slime-soaked body, with bits of dirt and straw sticking to her flushed skin. Sam thought she looked positively obscene, and was pleased by that situation. Outside, the storm had faded to a gentle shower, the thunder rolling now quietly in the distance.

Resting in a sexual languor, her mind came to grips with what she had done. She had fucked a horse, and then sucked it's cock until it had exploded its come in her face and mouth. And she had experienced the most powerful orgasms of her young life. And she didn't feel like a sicko or pervert. Certainly Thunder had enjoyed it. He nickered slightly and shook his head in her direction.

Samantha stood up and untied him from the cleat, speaking soothingly and stroking his powerful muscles. "Maybe we'll do this again," she whispered. She then gathered up her t-shirt and panties and headed out into the rain to wash off. As she did so, she reflected that there were a half-dozen other stallions left in the barn. Perhaps she wouldn't be needing a boyfriend for a while.