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BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Caroline was a city girl. She loved her brownstone and the sights and smells and excitement of living in the city. She had lived in Chicago for all of her eighteen years, and wouldn't have it any other way.

But this summer, Caroline's cousin, Tracy, had invited her to come and stay with her and Caroline's aunt and uncle on their farm in Wisconsin. The idea had intrigued her and after whining long enough and loudly enough to mother, Caroline had finally got permission to go and stay with Tracy for all of August.

The drive up to the farm had been long but the anticipation made it not to unbearable for Caroline. She wondered what life on a farm would really be like - the fresh food right out of the garden, the fields, the animals. Caroline wondered what kinds of animals they had. She knew that they had cows and chickens and geese and some horses, but she had no idea what other animals there might be. Being a city girl, she also didn't know how she would feel around the big animals. She had seen horses in the park, when policemen had ridden by, and they looked enormous. I'll know soon enough, she told herself as they approached the farm gates.

The first few days had gone quickly enough, as Tracy showed her everything around the farm - the barn, the stalls, the paddocks, the pig pens, chicken coops, and the fields. One warm afternoon, the girls were lazing around in front of the stalls, letting the hot sun bathe them as they leaned back against the hot barn siding, their tanned legs stretched out in front of their young, firm bodies. They had been talking about boys and what they had done or not done with them in their respective schools that year. Caroline was acting like the worldly city girl, and was telling Tracy about her junior high school and the many boys who followed her around.

Tracy was fascinated with her stories and hung on Caroline's every word. But when there was a silence, and it was obviously Tracy's turn to "tell," she got a little impish look on her face and said, "I guess I don't have the experience with boys that you do, being from the farm and all, but I betcha I've seen a bigger cock than you've ever imagined."

Caroline turned to face Tracy. "What do you mean?" she asked, surprised.

Tracy seemed to consider something for a minute, and then, getting on her feet and reaching out her hand to Caroline, she said, "Come on. I'll show you."

Caroline got to her feet, too, and followed Tracy into the dim light of the stalls. Tracy led them to the back stall, where a huge brown horse shuffled in his stall, shaking his massive head and snorting. Tracy let them into the stall and giggled. "Commander, here, is the best. I'm going to show you something, but you have to promise not to tell anyone, ever. Promise?"

Caroline didn't know what was coming, but she could feel the excitement in Tracy's voice. "Ok, I promise," she responded.

Biting her lower lip, Tracy raised her eyebrows as if asking Caroline if she was paying close attention, and without another word, placed her right hand on the horse's flank, and leaned under his girth with her head and other arm. Caroline gasped as she came out from under him, because in her left hand she held the end of the horse's enormous brown-black cock.

It was soft and almost floppy, but even soft, it must have been fifteen inches or more and as big around as the posts on Caroline's four-poster bed.

"Amazing, isn't he?" Tracy said in a reverential whisper. The horse snorted and moved slightly, his head looking back to see what was happening. Caroline jumped back against the stall walls, but Tracy only laughed and said, "Don't be a silly. Commander loves it when I do this for him. Watch."

With that, she began to stroke his huge member with both of her small hands, moving the skin up and down his rod. Caroline watched in awe as Tracy stroked the powerful horse, making his cock grow even larger. The end of the cock seemed to swell, and Caroline wondered if he would spurt like some of the boys she had touched, and if he did, just how much such a huge cock would spurt.

"Wanna touch him?" Tracy asked. The idea was at once repellent and arousing. The excitement began to tingle in her loins, and she knew she would touch the massive pole. She had to.

Stepping forward, she placed her hand gingerly on the cock as Tracy held it up. Then, becoming bolder, she wrapped both hands around the thickness and began to stroke in time with Tracy's ministrations. The horse whinnied and shuffled a little, startling Caroline, but Tracy kept at it, so Caroline guessed he wouldn't get upset by what they were doing.

Caroline could feel the wetness between her thighs and the tingle in her pussy and knew she needed to touch herself. She let one hand drop from the horse and slipped down her flat tummy, into her shorts, and down to her mound, cupping her pussy as she stroked the horse's cock with her other hand.

Tracy watched her cousin begin to finger herself and knew it was time to show the city girl something else that kept country girls happy.

"Caroline, want to see something more?"

Her cousin looked disappointed that they might be moving on to some other game and leaving this magnificent animal before she saw him come. But her expression relaxed when Tracy went on, "You keep stroking - Commander doesn't like to be interrupted once I get him started. I just have to do something."

With that, Tracy let go of the gigantic penis and stepped back from the horse's side. She unzipped her shorts and stepped out of them. Caroline kept stroking, but watched as Tracy bent over and slipped her panties down and off, leaving herself in just shoes, socks and a Tshirt.

Caroline found that the sight of her pretty cousin that way made her pussy radiate electricity. Momentarily she wondered if she was being turned on by a girl, but that thought rushed out of her head as she saw what Tracy had in mind. Her petite cousin had moved back nearer Commander and was pulling his gigantic cock down toward her dark bush. Thrusting her hips upward, she rubbed the massive horse cock all over her pussy, moaning as she did. Caroline felt a little orgasm overtake her as she watched- she was seeing her cousin getting off on a horse's meat. The tip was way too big to fit inside her, but she was making a valiant effort to get some of the head into her cunt. The precum was sliming all over her bush and lower lips and Tracy was obviously close to orgasm - Caroline knew the tell-tale signs: her breathing was erratic, her eyes were unfocused and her thighs were trembling.

Tracy shuddered and drew in her breath, squeezed her knees together around the massive prong and moaned, "Oh, God, oh, God, oh, God," over and over again. Then she grew silent. Her breathing slowed and she looked sheepishly at Caroline.

"He's usually come by now," she said quietly. Caroline felt sorry for her sweet cousin. She seemed so embarrassed. Caroline didn't want her to feel badly, besides, she had some ideas of her own.

"Maybe we should help him some more," Caroline offered. "Do you only stroke him to get him off?" she ventured.

Tracy didn't get her meaning at first. "He's much too big to fit inside my cunny..."

But Caroline had a different place to put him. Kneeling down in the straw, she lifted his heavy cock and brought its tip up close to her face. Opening her mouth, she stuck out her tongue and tested it on the end of Commander's cock. It was smooth and slippery with precum, and it made her almost come herself just knowing how naughty it was to be kissing a horse's dick. Tracy stood in amazement and watched her cousin take the end of Commander's prong in her mouth and slide it around her lips. Not much could get in, but she stretched her lips as wide as she could and took part of the tip in.

As Caroline sucked the end of the gorgeous horseflesh, she stroked it as best she could. The horse began to whinny and snort and a couple of times pawed the ground, as his dong extended to its full length in her hands and mouth. As she watched Caroline suck the huge horse, Tracy had her left hand between her legs, fingering herself wildly, and her right hand up under her Tshirt, rubbing and kneading her tiny fourteen-year-old breasts.

Caroline wanted to finger herself, too, but was afraid that she could not hold the weighty piece of meat with just her mouth and one hand. Just as she was debating whether to try, the horse gave a loud whinny and his prick gushed an enormous load of sperm into Caroline's mouth and all over her face, hair and Tshirt, soaking her in his cum. Caroline coughed and sputtered. The horse's cum dribbled down her face and neck and front, wetting her tshirt and making her hard little nipples clearly visible under the wet fabric.

As the horse came on her, Caroline too, came in one of the most memorable orgasms of her young life. No fingering, no touching- just the excitement of having a huge cock explode its juice all over her. It was so dirty, so sexy, so naughty.

Caroline sat back on the floor of the stall and collected herself. Her pussy tingled and her thighs felt like a thousand butterflies were flitting against them. The warmth of the cum on her skin soon cooled and she began to realize what she must look like to her cousin, but she didn't care. Tracy sat beside her and gently stroked her shoulder and back. Tracy had come, too, watching the incredible scene. As the young girls settled, Tracy said, "Honey, that was incredible but we have to get you cleaned up before anyone sees you."

Caroline just smiled a cum-spattered smile and hugged her cousin. This was going to be the best summer vacation she ever.