

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Realisation hit her like a well-aimed sledgehammer. She had been fucked by this horse, which even now was still calming down after losing what seemed like a gallon of horse cum into her stretched cunt. Alanna felt her inner walls start to contract and adopt the usual shape of her uterus instead of the expanded accommodating tunnel that had so recently been violated by the animal. The mounting bench that she had been placed and tied on was slick with the Animals seed. A pool of the milky white fluid had collected on the floor where it had gushed from her body and still trickled down the inside of her trembling legs...

As a sledgehammer has an after pain, she began to relive the events of the day and of the manner of her violation. The waves of thought crashed into her brain, as would the throb of agony after the initial blow from the tool.

Her mistake of taking the right fork in the road had led her to this. Trying to read a map and drive at the same time is not recommended, especially in the tight lanes of rural England. A snap decision to bear right at the junction seemed for a short while, to have been the right one. The road was well maintained, with clipped hedges lining the steep banks that were only relieved where a gate into fields coincided. But, then the hardtop suddenly ran out and the banks that had prevented her from seeing any more than the road, also stopped. The view that greeted Alanna through the screen was of a dirt track that bent around a low hill and disappeared.

She had thought to turn around in the field immediately in front of her. It would probably been okay, but she had not seen the cattle grid over the bonnet of her clapped out Ford Escort. The first part of manoeuvring had gone fine. Going forward was never a problem to her, but reversing always caused her some anxiety. She managed to get a tyre stuck fast between two bars of the grid, bending one a little to allow the tyre to pass through. It was terrible luck really, but seemed to happen to her every time she selected the reverse gear. Something would always happen, get in the way of her. It was always unlucky, a million to one chance, but she had accidents in reverse as often as some people drink tea.

The smell of a burning clutch soon let her know she had no chance of driving out of this one. But, had a more than good chance she would completely fuck the decrepit machine beyond even the magical skills of Brian, her mechanic, who was starting to get rich from her various adventures with automobiles.

Alanna left the cooling heap still stuck in the grid. She decided that the track had to lead to somewhere, and that the somewhere, was possibly populated. If she really got lucky, they may even have a phone, though God knew how long it would take to get a tow truck out here.

Twenty minutes of solid walking took her around the edge of the low hill. Two buildings only spoiled the panorama of undulating green fields. A white painted silo stood next to a small pond. Probably for storing grain, she had thought. The other building might have been white once, but so much paint had fallen off, it was hard to tell. A six-year-old *****, judging by the condition of it, had put a paddock together. The gate that hung on only its bottom hinge stood open. The old looking horse ignored the chance of freedom and possibly stayed out of habit more than anything else. The stables that almost inevitably lead on to the paddock were obscured from view by the house. It had also seen better days. Paint, shingles and weatherboards were all peeling away from the structure as if trying to escape.

Apart from the tired looking horse, no other signs of life could be seen. But Alanna thought that there maybe someone inside. A curlicue of smoke drifted haphazardly from a chimney toward the

back of the house. She decided to try and raise some life from what really looked like a forgotten place in history. Her feeling that time had skimmed over the hill and missed the house and surroundings looked as if it might be accurate. The chance of a phone being installed in this backwater dump diminished with every step that took her nearer.

She Knocked on an almost paint devoid door. No letter flat she noticed, or bell push or anything that might be considered modern. Silence almost deafened her. The quite had a palpable solidness to it, making it almost touchable. She knocked again, but didn't wait to see if anyone would answer the summons. Alanna walked around the side of the house, stepping over cut logs and various rusted parts of machinery. Close up, the paddock looked worse than from a distance. The wooden rail mostly stayed attached to posts through belligerence and little else. The horse she had seen from a distance hadn't moved and stood like a palace guard over the water trough which seconded as a breeding ground for mosquitoes. The horse eyed her suspiciously, but made no effort to recognise her appearance in any other way.

Alanna stepped over a low rail and entered the paddock. Even the flies seemed lazy as they circled the head of the still horse. It didn't seem to have the energy to blink or flick its tail at them. A twin set of doors stood open at the back of the house. It was obvious to her that the stables would be inside. Alanna gently knocked on the doorjamb and entered the cool semi-darkness of the stable.

In complete contrast to the rest of the property, the stables were immaculate. A centre aisle of packed earth and clean straw, stretched away from her. Horses and ponies mostly occupied stalls on either side. Tack hung from hooks on many of the stall frames. White paint had been carefully applied to the woodwork.

"Hellooo". Alanna called, but only the nearest horses acknowledged her with a whicker. She slowly walked down the aisle, looking at the animals on either side, admiring their stately heads as they watched her pass. A tuneless whistling was coming from the far end. She called again without any response.

There must have been some thirty stalls, not all occupied, but those that were looked extremely clean. Equine smells had ingrained themselves to the timber, but a scrubbed and washed cleanliness also made a presence. At last, she reached the end room. The double door stood open and she could see the white tiled walls inside. The whistling was coming from here, but she couldn't see the whistler at first. Then he emerged from behind a screen and stopped in a shocked stance, looking at her. My God! Thought Alanna, it's the original slack jaw from the Deep South. The gangling youth bore a remarkable resemblance to the hillbilly. Her thought became even more positive when he answered her first question with a simple "Yarr." She had asked him if there was a phone she could use.

"Look, I am stuck in a cattle grid up by the road and I need to call a tow truck to pull my car out."

"Yarr." A little drool slipped from the side of his mouth and joined the stains on his coveralls.

Alanna was saved from further frustrations by the clatter of hooves in the stable behind her and a man's voice shouting Tommy.

She turned to see who the owner of the voice was and nearly fell to the floor. Her knees almost gave way at the sight of a devastatingly handsome man of about six four, all dressed in riding boots, jodhpurs and a red coat.

He spotted her and tilted his head, waiting for her to introduce herself or at least make some kind of effort at speech. Alanna thought her tongue had been removed. His hair waved blackly off his

forehead and framed a face of clear skin, tanned but unlined. His shoulder shrugged as he gave up waiting for her.

"Can I help you?" The question dripped into her brain like hot silver.

"Um, my car..." She began, but got no further.

"What about your car?"

"It's stuck. Um, it's stuck...". Coherence was not really with her at that moment. "In the cattle grid."

"Ah, I see. And you need help to pull it out do you?" A smile creased his eyes and melted her heart. "I'm afraid Tommy here is a little slow, but he keeps the place good and clean, don't you Tommy?"

"Yarr." A giggle escaped Tommy and he rushed out of the room to some errand.

"See to Caesar will you?" The man shouted to Tommy's retreating back. A muffled yarr was the answer. "Sorry about Tommy, I keep him on to clean up. He does a good job and really loves the animals. I'm Ray by the way." He stuck out a massive hand.

"Alanna". Her hand disappeared between his fingers.

She told him about her problem with the car. He would get it dragged out by the tractor and get her on her way, but in the meantime, why not stay for lunch or something. An hour slipped by and Alanna became more and more interested in this huge, but gentle man. They very quickly drew up a friendship, talking about anything and everything. Soon, Alanna didn't really want to carry on with her journey, besides, her sister wasn't that important and she would be able to find her way tomorrow.

Ray showed her around the place, skipping over the ramshackled house. They had slack jaw saddle up a couple of horses and rode around the stud farm. Alanna admitted that she knew nothing about stud-work and expressed an interest in learning more.

"Well... we are going to inseminate a brood mare this afternoon." Ray informed her and invited her to watch as they extracted the semen from his lead stallion. Alanna, not sure what would be involved agreed.

Later that day, a beautiful white Arabian stallion was lead in to the room where she had first met Tommy and the object of her desire. Ray matter of factly described the process of milking the stallion and then inseminating the mare that was to receive it. The method sounded quite ordinary, but the actuality of the deed caused her to almost faint with an overwhelming need to fuck this guy into next week.

The stallion was led to the mounting stool that was vaguely shaped like the rear end of a mare. The leather hide had been smeared with something that Alanna guessed was from an in heat mare. The stallion needed little encouragement and mounted the stool. His enormous cock waved around, stiffening all the time until it found the hole that was prepared for him. Powerful hip thrusts shoved his two-foot long cock into the waiting bottle hidden inside the stool. He bit the stool and screamed his ejaculation, eyes wild and teeth bared. Alanna could not believe the amount of seminal fluid the animal had shot. She could not believe just how much she had let go herself. Her panties were dripping and she thought she might have had a quiet orgasm just from the excitement of watching this beautiful creature fucking the leather-covered stool.

The fluid was transferred to a vial with a plunger in it, similar to a syringe, kept warm and then inserted into the mare who was tethered in her stall. Rays arm traveled into the mare's cunt up to his elbow. He had to work it in and out for a little while. It seemed that the mare could only be made fertile by getting her aroused. Alanna couldn't help herself, seeing this gorgeous man with his arm in a beautiful mare, giving it the frigging of a lifetime. Her hand traveled to her crotch and began working the fabric of her panties across the proud clit, hidden beneath...

It took no time for her to get herself to pitch point. Oblivious to anything, she took her orgasm to its fulfilment and beyond. Closing her eyes, she almost screamed as wave after wave rocked her body.

"It often gets people like that." Ray remarked. He had completed his task and had observed Alanna bring herself off. "You would be surprised the amount of times I have seen someone just do themselves while watching. Thing is, it rarely satisfies them. I guess as an ice breaker, it is a little unusual, but very effective."

Ray gently grasped her arm and lifted her from the stool she had been sitting on. Somehow, her dress was unbuttoned and taken from her body. Panties and bra joined the dress on the floor. Ray covered her mouth, stifling any complaint she might have made, not that she would have. His giant fingers found her mound and quickly had her shuddering as he expertly finger fucked her where she stood. She lasted a few seconds before she sprayed him with her cum.

Deciding she was ready, Ray turned her in his arms, lifting her feet completely off the floor, and only being supported only by the strength of his arms. He slowly pushed her forward so that she was bent over like a broken shotgun in the crook of his elbow. He lifted her slightly and then lowered her while guiding his cock between her lips. His entry into her body seemed to go on forever. Once he had fully opened her cunt with his ramrod prick, he fucked her. Still her feet didn't touch the floor.

Alanna cried, she screamed and eventually, she just could do nothing. Her nerve ends jangling and reason all shot to bits as wave after wave of total orgasm rendered her body and mind devoid of the capability to control herself. Suddenly, Ray stiffened, his cock forced its way beyond anywhere it had reached before and he shot his white-hot seed so deep inside her, she thought she ought to be able to taste it.

"Damn! That was good." Ray said. "You okay?"

Alanna could only nod and wave a hand at the seat, indicating she needed to sit down or something. She needed to relax and get control of her body back. He gently sat her on the stool and pulled his jodhpurs up folding a huge cock inside. It was her first look at the thing that had so effectively, fucked her into oblivion.

"Would you like dinner?" Ray asked, bringing her clothing to her. "I'll get Tommy to cook something up if you like. Without waiting for an answer, he turned and shouted to Tommy. The look on his face told Alanna that he had watched the whole thing and by the redness of his face and stains on his coveralls, had had knocked one or two off from his wrist.

Dinner had been a simple affair and then it was back to work for Ray. Alanna stayed with him for the afternoon, observing the animal husbandry and marvelling at the care and deliberate way Ray treated the animals. She found his movement to be graceful, almost beautiful for a big guy. He talked to each of the horses and calmed them with soothing words and gently blowing into their nostrils.

"Now old red, as we call him, is a bit of a flirt. For a small pony, he has to be the randiest bastard going and will shag anything that has a hole in it. Tried on me and Tommy a few times."

Alanna thought that would be fun to watch and then thought it might be even better to try.

“So if I was on that mounting stool, he would have a go at me then would he?” Her imagination pictured the scene and she wet herself again with the mental image.

“Yep. Reckon he would.” Ray grinned at her. Might want a bit of stoking first, but I reckon he would jump at the chance, dirty old sod that he is.” Ray looked as if he had just shared the same mental picture. “Ain’t got the biggest donger in the world, but I reckon he could stretch most girls to maximum. Wanna try it?” He asked the question as if it was the most natural thing in the world.

“Isn’t it dangerous?” Alanna could foresee permanent damage to her insides.

“Nah, we put a ring on the old boy. Have to in his case ‘cos he gets so excited, would do himself some damage. Once he got stuck up a mare where he shoved it in so far, took hours to free him. But, as I aid, he would need a bit of encouragement first, just to bring him on a bit.

Alanna rose from the seat and stroked the wary animal. His eyes were wide and apprehensive from the approach of a stranger. She ran her hand over his nose, like she had seen Ray do, allowing the animal to smell her. Gradually, he calmed down and relaxed. She stroked him more, working her way down his neck, shoulders and haunches, and then his under belly, nudging against his sheath. Slowly, the pink tip of his cock emerged from the sheath; Alanna gripped it and coaxed the rest from its furry haven. She could see the dappling of colour along the length and was amazed by the strength and circumference of what was still a flaccid weapon.

Alanna didn’t know why, but she had an overwhelming desire to suck the beast, see how much she could stuff into her mouth. The taste of horse mingled with the slight smell of equine as she enveloped his stiffening rod. A couple of inches were all she could accommodate, but it was enough for the horse to get the idea. Alanna sucked and then released him, sucked and released him, every time she drew him into her mouth, his flanks heaved and she felt his mounting need to lose his load.

Ray, who had been holding the horse by his bridle, told her to stop. The horse could not take too much of that and unless she wanted to drown, it was time to fit a ring on him. The rubber ring slid over the mushroom shaped head of the animals cock. He seemed to know what was about to happen, because he became restless. Ray had to calm the animal again before he could continue.

“Are you going to suck him off, or do you want to be fucked by him?”

Alanna looked at the size of him and decided that getting fucked by this beautiful animal was just about the epitome of her desire. Ray led her to the mounting stool, took her dress and under garment off of her, then gently arranged her so that she was comfortable.

“Alanna, I have to tie your hands to the straps. Please don’t be alarmed. This is just in case you shift too much or slide off. If that happened while Red and you were coupled, one or both of you could be seriously injured...”

Alanna had already placed her trust in this guy, so had no qualms about following his advice. Her hands were securely tied with leather thongs to a strap either side of the stool. She could feel the leather against her bare breasts and stomach. Her own mounting excitement was starting to slick the leather between her legs.

Ray led Red by is bridle over to the stool where Alanna was quivering in anticipation. He massaged the already hard cock and ordered Tommy to get the Vaseline and put some over Alanna’s cunt. Tommy moved faster than she thought was possible for him. He got the jar and liberally applied it to

her lips, smearing it all over her mound and even slipping a couple of fingers into her. Alanna was cumming on the feel of Tommy's fingers and the thought of what she was about to do.

Suddenly, Red reared up and his front hooves narrowly missed her shoulders. His cock banged against her vulva, searching for her entrance. Several times, the horse tried to get his aim right, but it was Ray that took charge and positioned the massive rod just inside her. Red needed no other help; a massive shove from his haunches forced his cock straight into her womb. The sheer size spread her inner walls as if she had engulfed a man's fist and arm. Then it felt as if her insides were going to be pulled out of her cunt as the horse drew back. Another massive thrust rocked her forward and she screamed her pleasure.

Red was starting to pump at her now. Each thrust drove him deeper as she relaxed and allowed his great cock to enter her body with less resistance. Several more thrusts took her right out of orbit. She almost lost conscience as her body gave its self to the onslaught and gripped the massive tool inside her. Red screamed his triumph over her and with a final thrust, filled her whole body with his seed.

Alanna could have taken no more. The effort of the horse had taken her to a height she had never been to before. It was then that the realisation of what she had achieved hit her and she relaxed in her thoughts.

Ray took the horse away to his stall, then came back and untied her. Helping Alanna to a comfortable chair, all the while praising her for what she had done. Alanna smiled and fell asleep in exhausted and gratified rest. She didn't feel Ray put her in her car or drive her to some place out of the way where she would never find his stud farm again, but could find her way to her sister or wherever she had been going.

The next morning, disorientated, Alanna woke in her car a long way from where she had been. All she had to remember yesterday by was a bruised cunt, a headache and nine months later, Ray's bastard, slack jawed son. She could never find the place again. It was as if it had never existed.