

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



One evening while Claire was working on dinner, she casually brought up the breeding stallions we rented most years by saying we never got their full value, which she knew wasn't true. We had two stallions of our own and we contract them out three out of four years, so she knew when we paid certified stud fees we made a lot more than we paid for their services when we sold the yearlings. But I knew exactly where she was going with this and played along with her.

I don't know how many times I had watched her all but drool watching both our studs and the imported ones romp on the rump of a mare and run around their corral with their huge, hard, horse cocks bouncing around. She had caught me many times watching her while she was rubbing her pussy, and tensing and releasing her ass muscles, before getting up as close to the action as she could.

Eventually I would wander out to visit and she would be more often than not flushed, with hard nipples, and either she had climaxed or was about to, and was always lubed up to a point I could smell her scent despite the ranch smells. When this happened, I knew I was in for a long day with a longer night. If she stayed home, that is.

She said, "I was just remarking that we should look for ways to make the studs we bring in more productive"

"Would you like to collect semen from the studs" I asked?

"Why would you ask that"? We've never done an artificial insemination here".

"I wasn't thinking of artificial insemination, I was just thinking of you and suggesting a way for you to get more bang for the buck", I said with a huge smirk.

Oh she wanted to handle one of those cocks that have repeatedly made her horny and she knew I knew that. The next morning I went out and scrubbed the cock and removed the smegma, or, "bean", from the tip of the cock of the youngest stud, Midnight, as if we would be collecting sperm that morning.

It didn't take much to convince Claire that she should inspect Midnight, nor was there an argument for her doing it naked—we liked to have pictures of her shenanigans when we could get them—so I could get some good photos and video with her big 38 DD tits on display. Strolling around bare ass naked was never a problem for her even though she knew our nearly a quarter of a mile away neighbor, Jerry, never left home without his 10X50 binocs and his 35 mm with the 1000 mm telephoto, thanks to her parading around.

Out to the corral we went with Claire in nothing but her fancy cowgirl boots. Once there, I hobbled and snubbed the stallion so he was restricted from rampaging while my naked wife moved in and sat on a little bench next to him. She reached up and pulled his cock down to her, drenched it in imitation pussy lube and started jacking off Midnight.

Claire and cock are natural for each other and it didn't take but a minute or two for her breathing to pick up the pace and become quite audible, so I wasn't surprised to see her slip off the bench and get mostly under him. Her face, her mouth mostly, kept getting closer and closer to the giant horse cock. She looked at me with a little smile playing on her face and then leaned in and kissed the object of her affections, leaned in again and left a lingering kiss, looked my way one more time, I heard her say, "Fuck it", and then she got serious and used both hands to stuff his head and maybe 2 inches of thick cock into her throat and mouth and then started stroking him about 60 strokes per

minute.

The video was great: My wife was naked, on her knees and blowing a fucking horse, which gave me a giant woody just watching. Within a minute or two she pulled back and I heard a, “pop”, as his very large head to his very large cock pulled out of her mouth, leaving a thick, eight-inch long, rope of cum from the horse’s cock to my wife’s lips.

Her mouth was so full of spit from her mouth-watering adventure she started swallowing and swallowing to keep from drowning, but then she leaned forward and licked that rope right off the giant cock straight into her mouth and I watched her swallow that. She hadn’t been swallowing spit, she had gotten a little shot of cum when I thought it was just moisture build up, but she started in on that cock again and this time she was motivated and was trying to see how much she could stuff in her mouth.

Jesus, when she started squealing, and making other noises, I knew what was coming soon: It was Midnight cuming. She kept pumping that cock and Midnight let loose with an odd sounding whinny and I could hear her snuffling cum up her nose and see her frantically swallowing it as well. Finally she pulled back and a cup of jism, maybe more, poured out of her mouth, even as she was still trying to get it all down. Midnight was not done yet and he unloaded a tremendous load of cum that hit her in the face and tits: She was caked with thick horse cum from her hair to her pussy and her sinuses to her voice box.

Claire was still trying to swallow what was still in her mouth and soon was scooping it off of her tits and face and into her mouth. I was watching her in fascination as she was shoveling cum into her mouth, when she stopped and croaked out, “What”?

“You’re really enjoying that stuff”.

She tried to clear her throat, but still spoke in a sandy, gravelly, under water voice, “His cum is almost sweet; much different from a man’s cum . . . do you know they use stallion cum in cocktails and energy drinks in some parts of the world, English speaking parts of the world”?

Before I could answer, she was back to scooping it in.

By then I was as hard as a thick steel rod, walked up behind her, pushed her up against the corral and held her there until I got my Levi’s dropped. I rammed my cock into a dripping wet cunt and started horse fucking her while I reached around her and manipulated her clit. She asked me to take it easy on her clit and snatch because she had nearly smashed her clitoris, while blowing the horse and was pretty sensitive, but I just kept ramming it home and it wasn’t long until I felt her going off again.

When we finished she was covered in horse cum, literally lying across a corral beam, hanging on with both hands and well fucked by me. Of course this was not Clare’s first three-way and just as sure it wouldn’t be her last.

The next rodeo event came up about ten-days later, when I decided I needed to build something for Claire and looked at a few things on the patios and went to work on my surprise. I went to work on it right away and built it out of Eastern Red Cedar we had in the shop and it was a fine example of finish carpentry when completed. I took Clair out to give it to her, she took one look at it and demanded, “What the fuck is this”?

“I know I was born at 9:30 in the morning, Claire dear, but it wasn’t yesterday morning”.

“What are you talking about”?

"This bench is exactly the answer to what you've been trying to figure out for over a week. I know how you think and I know you've been wondering how you could fuck Midnight if you decided to."

As I was talking I demonstrated the top of the bench (or tiny bed) I had built: Both ends would slant up or lay flat from the middle much like a chaise lounge worked. A woman could lay her upper body on the bench and either lift one end and get that pussy up for a horse to fuck, or get the other end up for comfort or so a horse could get his cock licked and sucked.

She was pissed off that I figured her out, then she started laughing and suggested we get what she needed, so she could test fly it. I opened one side of it and there was everything a girl could want from a couple bottles of personal lubricant to a battery run dildo.

I knew this cock lover as if I had special ordered her, so I had prepped Midnight and I told her we were good for that test flight.

She got on the top and started making adjustments and said she thought it would be perfect: She was relaxed in a shallow V with her pussy pointing up to the sky as she spoke.

I got Midnight and led him to the shade tree that had become his and Claire's bedroom, hobbled him and snugged him to the corral fence. I positioned the bench, but she wanted it, "more under him, so his cock will be a straight shot".

"It's your ass".

"You can bet on that", she laughed.

She got on the bench, but got right off again and said she needed something and went back on her knees and started lubing Midnight up and licking and kissing his cock. Claire was into this horse cock thing, and sure enough she started trying to stuff his head into her mouth.

She finally got the head and maybe an inch of shaft in before she moved forward just a little as she tried to stuff more cock in her throat and mouth. One thing I could tell was that Midnight was a quick learner and was sort of excited this time, whereas ten-days ago he was mostly placid.

She was damned well beyond, "sort of excited," and kept trying to get more horse meat down her throat and kept pumping and pumping while playing with her clit. It wasn't long before I heard that funny little whinny from Midnight, then Claire was snuffling, swallowing, squealing, and slurping.

She pulled her head back in time to take what looked like a quart size hit of horse cum in her face, but there wasn't that big backwash as there was in her first horse blowjob. She was obviously ready for what she was going to get or he might have had a short load, but she was soon trying to talk so she could brag to me she got it all, "I got it all", she croaked out of her cum caked voice box, throat, and nose.

Her next gurgle was, "Look at this big fucker; he just shot a gallon of jism and he's still hard as a fence post".

By now cum was sliding down from her nose and she was well coated, both inside her nose and throat and her face and tits. She was turned on—way on—and out of control, so I told her to, "get your ass back in the saddle and give Midnight what you both want and his nose is flared for. She got right in the saddle and slid until she could grab his cock, but I had to help her slide back some or she would have been slammed with 12 to 15-inches of rock hard horse cock up her snatch. She started rubbing his cock with lube and then started working his cock into her cunt. She was jabbering away to the horse, telling him how he was about to get the best piece of ass he would ever have.

I kept my eyes on her pussy and she was giving little humps to his cock and I thought she had maybe five inches of thick, hard cock plus his very large head and was at the end of what she would get, but then the whore slipped her ass a little lower which pushed her cunt up to gobble another two inches and she began to actually fuck.

Midnight was straining against his ropes and hobbles trying to fuck her as if she were a mare. Out of the moaning, deep sighing, and little yips, Clair screamed with excitement, "this big fucker loves pussy and his cock is keeping me in a continual orgasm". And she was. Nearly from the time she slipped his cock into her twat her stomach had been pulled up into her chest cavity, her nipples a deep rose, and very hard. I reached under Midnight and rubbed my palm across those nipples and she gasped a loud, "oh fuck, he has to cum, this has to end".

Midnight started making a lot of odd horse sounds, whinnies, huffs, and nostril blows and I took it he was one happy horse who could run all seven at Santa Anita and place in all of them this afternoon. Claire was "oh, godding" away and said he's cuming and it's like getting doused with a fire hose. She slid back a little and like a good man, Midnight let her have a tit shot when his cock came out. She was almost incoherent and just talking to talk and all of a sudden a load of cum, about two-cups worth, came spouting out of her cunt.

When she was up and I had her fuck bench out from under the horse I took a good look at her and told her not to move and took a couple more photos. She was encased in horse cum, from on and in her hair, down her face and tits, and dripping from her ass and cunt down her legs.

I shoved her face down on the bench/fuck table and told her to, "Lick the cum off of it", and she willingly started.

"A lot of pussy juice here", she said.

I reminded her she liked it and she responded with, "Did I say I was complaining"?

While she was lapping his and her pussy juice up, I slathered a handful of personal lubricant gel on my cock and grabbed a bottle of liquid lube. The liquid had a little nozzle on it and as I put my left hand on Clair's back, I shoved the nozzle up her ass and filled 'er up, then jammed my cock up her ass to the hilt. "No, no" she wailed, "not my fucking ass"!

"Fuck you", I told her, the problem is your ass isn't a fucking ass . . . yet, then and started a nice steady deep thrust and slow withdrawal; deep thrust, slow withdrawal; but I knew with the hyper excitement and the tightness of her ass I couldn't last long.

I'd been unsuccessful on three previous tries to butt fuck her: She begged me not to the first time claiming she wanted to, "keep my ass virgin", and the next two times I got in, but she squeezed me out. I was having none of that today. It was strange she objected at all since she loved EVERYTHING sexual, but I was determined to fuck her in the ass and I was.

Oh she twisted, and turned and bucked, but it both caused me and helped me to drive deeper. I stopped to prolong my enjoyment and let some pressure off, then restarted, stopped again, but before I could drive deeper, she started fucking me. Claire was driving her ass as deep as possible on my cock saying how much she liked being treated as a whore by a horse and a husband. We fucked for a minute, an hour, maybe a day and then I deposited a large load of cum up her ass. I knew the spell was broken, because she suddenly liked this perverted butt-fucking. I was sure to get more tight ass in the future and I owed it all to Midnight, stud stallion.