

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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This is a true story. Somewhat embellished in some areas but basically on the mark. It blew my mind and I hope in telling it will blow yours. I've wanted to relive this ever since I grew some balls b/c I should have banged Chukka.... He who wait's is lost! If any horse lady will let me in, I'll tell you stories till the cows cum home ☐

wolfie

~~~~~ CHUKKA NAKKA NAKKA NAKKKA ~~~~~

Growing up in the big city of Toronto made it easy to catch major sporting events, music, and theatre and art events. There was always lots to do and the blue line bus made it possible to stay out half the nite with no fear of getting back home.

One drawback of city life was that your bush parties were in the ravine. The only times my close group of friends partied up north was when we were old enough to have cars and go camping. Those weekends were typically drunken benders.

My first car was a Chrysler Volare which was a little heavy on gas but opened up the weekends. When my close buddy John moved to Unionville it was the beginning of weekend parties that were out of this world. John's dad was a diamond salesman and purchased a Victorian home on the top of a hill down some side road I can no longer recall. I do remember it had a barn in the back and was surrounded by fields. The nearest neighbor was a couple of miles down the road.

On weekends I would drive out to John's place and his dad would make sure that the liquor cabinet was full and ready to be raided. We often had a band in the barn and that attracted a good crowd.

One weekend when our party was tuning up we could hear a bush party getting underway down the road. The sound of this woman laughing boisterously and periodically chanting "chukka nakkka nakkka" was peeking our curiosity, but more mine than John's. I asked John if he wanted to go down and check it out and see what their party was looking like. John said "fuck it, let's just do our thing" and I was not up to a long walk alone as an uninvited guest.

That nite started out like most others. Later on when the band was winding down and I was sufficiently liquored I decided that I would go see what "chukka nakka" and her gang were up to.

The walk down the lane way out to the back 90 was easy going but seemed to take forever to bring me to the place where the bonfire had dwindled to a low orange haze. As I approached I could see at least four people passed out near the fire and what looked like a long legged red head leaning on a guy's chest. I was close enough to see that she was a fair bit older than me and I guessed her to be in her mid 20's. My approach was silent and I was able to get close without disturbing the underbrush.

Suddenly "chukka" slapped the guy in the chest and got up. In doing so he pretty much keeled over, no doubt drunk and immovable. I heard her slur "fuck you then, I'm juss fine" and she stood up and began walking away from me and towards the farm house at the other end of this property.

At that moment I thought that I should just turn around and head back but my teenage hormones told me to follow her, maybe I could meet her without creeping her out and get to know her.

I followed her at quite a distance but my night vision never lost sight of her for a moment. I followed down the laneway at a distance confident that she was unaware of me pursing. Instead of heading

into the house "chukka" continued to the barn that lies just a bit further ahead. Her walk was staggered a little bit and I could hear her engaged in a conversation with herself that amused me slightly. She waved a bottle of what I assumed to be wine as she talked. I was hoping to come up with an idea on how to introduce myself without looking like a desperado fool. As she closed in on the barn I was desperately seeking a line to break the ice.

Chukka walked into the front of the barn and I fantasized about how excellent it would be to have a roll in the hay. I was very inexperienced sexually but thought that everyone loved to fuck in a barn. What came next was an experience I'll never forget.

I didn't follow her right into the barn. Instead I went around the side and peered through the gap in the boards to observe her. To my surprise she had turned on a light at the stall that housed what looked to me like a thoroughbred race horse. I heard her ask him "how is Grant today?" as she petted his forehead. Grant bobbed his head and I could now see that Chukka was a gorgeous red head with curl shoulder length hair that must have been nourished by the healthy breasts that she carried around.

Chukka took Grant out of his stall and tied him to a post beam, all the while talking nice to him and telling him how he was such a good boy. Grant had a brown face with a triangular marking between his eyes that extended down towards his nose. He waved his head and sniffed the air. I felt certain he was aware of my presence. He was a massive horse but he seemed like a gentle giant. Chukka collected a pail of what looked like sweet mix grain and posted it for him. While Grant started eating without prompt, Chukka started stroking Grant down the length of his body.

The sight of her rubbing Grant down was becoming more and more interesting to me. I sensed that she was not Grants trainer and it was a very early hour to be feeding the horse. My eyes grew as wide as silver dollars when she reached between Grant's legs and squeezed the tip of his penile area. Grant neighed but she continued in that spot for at least two minutes. I stirred slightly and tried to keep my balance on my perch as the side of the barn was a downward grassy hill and the dew had made it a little slick.

Chukka was clearly getting excited and began to rub herself between her legs as Grants dong began to hang like a sausage in a meat parlor. I could feel my heart beating more rapidly and was not sure if I should run away or just sit put and hope I was not noticed.

Chukka dropped her blue jeans and started to rub her ass against Grant side. I started of thinking about the book we read in English last year titled "Equus", I slept most of the class but knew it had something to do with a disturbed kid and horses.

I could not imagine what might happen next and I was too shocked to move. I had to sit still and keep peering through the wedge in the boards. Fortunately the light made it possible to get a good view of Chukka's pussy, if only the light would help me to get it! I knew at this time that nobody would believe me so I accepted that this would be one of those things that as remarkably as it occurred would be accepted only by me.

Chukka was winding her backside up Grant's side with a reticulating motion that made me jealous of Grant. Here I was, a 16 year old stud with no girlfriend, watching a beautiful woman getting hot and bothered and I was as frozen as the dead. Grant kept chewing grain and stirring slightly from time to time, he really seemed non plussed with the situation.

I watch Chukka pull her hand through the middle of her legs and could see how thick and meaty her labia was. At this time I became aware that my cock was trying to break out of my pants and take

her pussy on it's own. Chukka pawed at her hole with one hand and stroked Grants foot and half long peg with the other.

With a casual wind she turned to face Grant and dragged her forearms along his length. Grants cock was two thirds erect by my estimation when Chukka tried to wrap her lips around the tip of it. Something about his dick set her off as she slurped at the tip of his dick and earnestly tried to swallow the tip. Her left hand held his tip and her right pumped his shaft while her head bobbed side to side. Grant's pride was damn near two feet long by my estimation and he confirmed my suspicion that he was enjoying having his dick blown by tapping his hind right leg.

I too was appreciating the show and slowly motioned to free my fully erect prick that was nearly tearing a hole in my jeans. As I undid the top button and lowered my fly I felt an erection like none I've ever had before. Already the tip of my penis was oozing precum and I felt like a single stroke would pop me off.

At this time Chukka began working Grant's meat stick with one hand and her mouth cupped over him while the other hand pulled at her quim. My chance location yielded a bird's eye view of her squatted cunt that looked better than anything I'd ever seen before.

Chukka stood up and bent over in front of Grant. She maneuvered his penis between her legs and rubbed it back and forth against the wet spot she produced between her legs. I could hear her breathing in gasping breaths and figured she was in extacy.

I never through she would try to put Grant's massive cock inside her, so needless to say I nearly fell off my perch when she squeezed the tip of his dong and tried to force it into her. After a couple of tries she must have succeed. Although I could not see from my vantage point, I heard an audible "oooouuuuuuuu" as she shucked her ass towards Grant. After that she jerked her body back and forth and moaned rythmically.

I reached down and wrapped my hand around my weeping cock. I was not going to miss out on the fun. I stroked my cock a few times but had to stop. The situation was so intense that anymore and I would cum.

Chukka's moaning grew louder and louder. I looked around in fear that someone would be roused but was blinded looking into the dark after having starred at her in the light for so long. A couple of times I thought she hurt herself as her pitch changed from "ooooohhhh" to a sharp "ahhhhccchhhh".

Chukka was in full flight and taking a good length of Grant's dick deep inside her. I could see the lateral distance she was covering and the underside of her belly appeared to bulge as she buried him in herself.

Chukka had her eyes closed and was perspiring from the effort. Her lip was curled up and her brow was furled. She hammered herself against Grant's cock which appeared to be maintaining its integrity. Chukka huffed and puffed as she impaled herself on Grant.

Grant must have decided that the pushing was not to his liking because he neighed and quivered in his back end. Chukka slowed. I stared, not sure what to expect. Then Grant's ass squeezed and he thrust himself forward driving his cock so deep into Chukka that she did utter a sound that included an element of pain. Her eyes opened wide and I felt like she looked right at me as she exclaimed "ohhhh yeaaaa". Then Grant's cock fell out of her, the tip of his penis flared like an umbrella. Simultaneously a massive wad of Grant's cum fell to the ground and ran down Chukka's leg. The sight was unbelievable.

Chukka was grinning like the Cheshire cat and turned on Grant once again. She licked his cock slowly and deliberately until it was clean. I pulled myself to ejaculation and carefully took the opportunity to make a quiet retreat.

I saw Chukka the next day after lunch. It was Sunday and most people were getting ready to head to their homes. I watched her put on leather jacked and head over to the back of a waiting motorcycle; I know I was looking to see if she walked funny. I wanted to fuck her more than any woman in the world and still do!

It turned out that she was the daughter of a friend. She would party in this area alot and John and I even climbed her tv tower one time to peep in her bedroom. John never saw her fuck Grant and of course he did not believe me.