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BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Well, here goes another story. The last was a composite of several of my first experiences. This one happened as written...

I lived in a southern state several years ago and found my fondness for mare flesh to be quite compelling. In the course of my search for suitable mares to fuck I ran across a breeding farm with nearly 90 mares and a few high dollar studs. The farm was somewhat isolated and did not even have a caretaker. What a find!

My usual approaches to the farm were across fields and fences in the dead of night. But gradually I became bolder and would drive on in the middle of the day on weekends. Over the two years I frequented that farm I fucked many mares (not all were receptive) and even began filming my escapades.

One particular summer weeknight in 1996 I approached the stall of one of my favorite mares, #36. None of the mares had names that I knew of, just number cards around their necks. This mare was large and extremely mellow. From the first time I fucked her, she never moved or put up the slightest fuss. I think by that time I had fucked her about twenty times. This night I had an idea to take things to the next level.

In my continuing research on sexuality, I had read about human female ejaculation from stimulating the upper wall of the vagina. It seemed logical to me that mares might also have similar capability.... all the parts were there, just upside down. I'd also seen pictures on the Internet of a woman getting a mare off with fluid gushing everywhere, so that night I decided to try and get a mare off myself.

I crossed the field and found #36 in her usual stall in the long barn used to keep the mares being bred that week. The farm workers would keep them separate from the studs until they were in heat, and then breed them artificially. I'd been there two nights earlier, and was glad to see she was still there. Little did the owner know that a man was also depositing sperm into his mares, just man-sperm, and my breeding was done the natural way....by fucking. I wonder what he would have thought if he knew I was boning his mares?.....but I digress...

I went to one of the main barns and retrieved a bucket of feed for her (and also to stand on) and walked back to her stall. As I entered with the bucket she nickered as she knew what was coming (well, not completely...just the feed). I dumped the feed into her trough and began stroking her neck as she started to eat. I whispered in her ear what I was going to do to her that night. Of course she didn't understand, but I spoke kind soothing words to her anyway.

I took a plastic baggie that contained a soapy rag I always carried out of the backpack I had, and soaped up her genital area. Then, from another baggie I took out the rinse rag and thoroughly rinsed off all the soap. Then I used a larger towel to wipe her off. I took my flashlight and checked out my work. All was clean. This accomplished, I undressed, placed my clothes on the far end of the feed trough, and went back to stroking her neck.

Feeling especially emboldened that night, I decided to plug in the work light that I carried to light up the stall to see what I was doing. It meant taking a huge risk, but I figured it was late enough and the stall she was in was on the near side of the barn, which meant it was completely hidden from the main entrance road. Still, I was a bit nervous. I quickly plugged it in and turned it on. Immediately I left the stall and walked around the building to see if the light could be seen from the road. It could not.

The air was hot and sticky, and I soon became that way too. Returning to the stall, I entered and

moved to her rear. I lifted her tail. She had birthed before, so she was quite large. Her clean slit glistened in the light. By now my dick was hard from all the anticipation and excitement. I told it to wait...there would be time for fucking later.

With two hands I parted her vaginal lips and looked at her pink and purple insides. She had no drainage, so I figured she was not in heat. Still, it appeared from the slightly purple color that she might be near her time. Her lips were large and the slit itself at least four inches from top to bottom. She had a huge bulge at the bottom, which was contained in a bulb-like pouch. Above the slit was her anus, a place I didn't care to go, although I figured someday I'd have to see how tight it was compared to the usual cavernous vagina of the mares. Still, this was not the night for that.

Her smell was clean and like hay, and after parting her lips, it began to intoxicate me with its scent. I stuck out my tongue and began to lick inside her lips. Starting with short strokes to gauge her comfort, I was soon using long strokes to wet her up. I buried my face in her slit, smelling her and relishing the sweet taste of hay.

Then I drew back and inserted a finger into her slit. Probing around and up and down, I found her sweet spot at the bottom of the slit and finally got her to flare her lips. Hers was an especially strong flare compared with the other mares, and I liked seeing everything in her slit turn inside out. I had become quite good at making mares flare, or wink, their lips, but usually got so horny that I never kept it up long enough to see what would happen before getting up and fucking them. I guess I was just too impatient. This night, I determined, would be different.

I inserted two, then three fingers into her and began stroking in and out of her, concentrating on her sweet spot. Using a little more downward pressure on the outstroke, she began flaring in a rhythmic manner. I moved slow and steady, in and out of her, keeping up the pressure.

After a few minutes of this I withdrew and retrieved a tube of KY Jelly from my bag and spread some liberally on her slit and on my arm. At that point I slowly inserted my whole hand into her slit. Even though she was wide inside, my hand met resistance from some structure about four or five inches in. My guess was it was a muscle ring controlling entrance to the vaginal canal. I withdrew, leaving just the tips of my fingers in her. Then I slowly pushed it in again. This time, when meeting the resistance, I pushed a little harder, and my hand forced through to a wide and smooth canal, which was filled with hot liquid. It engulfed my arm in hot wetness.

As I pushed my hand in, #36 moved a little to one side from the new sensation. I paused and talked to her to calm her down and she settled down. It was very strange to have my hand in her vagina and be talking to her....it made it seem like I was a doctor or something. I slowly pushed further and when half my arm was in her, I could feel her vagina was stretched pretty far, especially at the entrance. There was a very strong grip on my arm when I moved it even a little. Soon I had pushed in up to my elbow and my fingers could feel a bulbous structure at the end. Must be her cervix, I thought. I'd better be gentle.

I slowly withdrew my arm and there was a slight rush of fluid from her vagina, which escaped when my hand reached her muscle ring. I pulled out all the way, and then pushed in again. This time it was slightly easier, yet I still felt her grip my arm with her vaginal muscles. I pushed in and out of her for several more minutes.

Enough exploring, I thought, time to get down to business. While inside her, I made a fist with my hand and on the outstroke put quite a bit of pressure on the lower wall. This brought an immediate reaction from the mare. She moved from side to side, flared her lips, and seemed to be trying to move away from the large stiff thing probing her innards.

I stopped and waited for her to be more comfortable, then resumed my arm-fucking. She settled down, but I could tell that she was very curious about the new sensations. She stopped eating and her head drooped towards the floor. Her ears came back to listen to the new sounds, and I could also tell she was very relaxed.

I pushed in again, and then began to push in and out with stronger strokes, each time bearing down on her sweet spot near the entrance. She stood perfectly still as I continued and, with each stroke, her slit would flare inside out and clamps would grip my arm. Sometimes I rotated my hand and used the knuckles on her slick lower surface. I kept this going for about ten minutes, maintaining steady pressure on her sweet spot.

After a while I could feel her vagina getting larger and more fluid filling her canal, and I guessed that she was feeling something powerful. Each time I pushed in and out her muscle clamps grew stronger and stronger, and I soon felt what seemed like a rolling contraction beginning inside her vagina.

She moved again. This time she widened her stance and pushed her rear end closer to me. I continued to arm fuck her with strong smooth strokes. I increased the tempo to time with her flares, and I could tell something was building up inside her, an energy or some kind of tension.

Faster and stronger I gradually picked up the pace. She moved again and I put a little more pressure there.

Then it happened. She gripped my arm with her inner muscles and let out a sound from her mouth that sounded like "UMMMPPHH". Her inner muscles let go, I felt her vagina tent up, and then it gripped down and pushed out strongly. A huge volume of fluid suddenly gushed from her vagina like a river. I had been prepared for this and stepped to one side, but still got splashed by the fluid flowing everywhere. My arm, however, was half inside her vagina, so it was completely drenched by her vaginal fluids. I could feel her contractions continue as pint after pint of fluid continued to gush out. Even minimal movements of my arm would bring more muscle spasms and it seemed like it would never end. She let out another "Ummmpphh" sound and then after a minute or so things began to subside.

Gradually the contractions ended and she stopped gushing fluid. I pulled my arm out of her and for several moments watched as her slit flared out over and over again, without any stimulation from me. Fluid came out in decreasing amounts as she ended her orgasm.

Immediately I got the bucket, stood up on it and aimed my erect and throbbing dick at her entrance. I crammed it in while she was still flaring and started a manic thrusting to add my sperm to her fluids. With powerful thrusts I fucked her, steadying myself with both hands on her rear. I clung on to keep my balance as I pounded my dick into her. Gradually I could feel a tingling sensation rising up in my crotch. I furiously thrust in and out of her. I could see her head was still drooped and she appeared to be exhausted.

I, however, was not, and kept pounding her rear with my hips. Within a short time I could feel the tingling changing to a burning sensation throughout my whole groin. Sweat poured off my head and back and down to the crack of my ass as I thrust. With each thrust I could feel the unstoppable orgasm approaching. Finally, I thrust forward with all my strength, which actually caused the mare to move forward slightly, and unloaded my sperm into the mare's cunt. Wave after wave of orgasmic contractions came over me as I crammed my hips into the mare's rear. The orgasm was made more intense by the fact that I had waited so long to cum, and that I was hyper-excited. I think I spurted more cum into her than any in a long time.

I stood on the bucket, crammed against the mare until I could feel my dick beginning to recede. I pulled out and watched as she flared her cunt lips, expelling some of the runny cum. As I stepped down off the bucket she continued to try and expel it. Some of fell in the hay, mingling with her fluids, and some of it streamed down the bottom of her slit.

I watched for a few minutes, reflecting on all that I had seen and done. The mare still kept her head drooped until I approached and stroked her. She raised her head up to me and I spoke softly to her. Then I turned off the light and collected my things.

Leaving the stall, still naked, I hurried to the mare wash-down area where I turned on the warm water and rinsed my whole body off. I took out the antibacterial soap I carried and gave myself a thorough wash. After hosing off, I dried myself with my tee shirt and dressed. Returning through the fields to my car, I paused when I got there and marveled at the night's results. It was true. Mares do orgasm, or 'maregasm'. What an amazing night!