

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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One of the things I'd always cherished most about domesticated horses was that I had always supposed they would remain dedicated and faithful sexual partners for life. Well, at least my horse, at any rate. It had never crossed my mind that things might change, that our heaven-sent partnership might someday end. As long as I gave him wild, regular sex - which meant every day - I thought he would be content to have me as his lover. How wrong I was!

On that fateful day I went out to feed and groom him early in the morning, and found a mess of dried something smeared across his shoulders and down his withers. I was so stunned that it took me several seconds to identify it as slobber left there by another stallion. I couldn't believe my eyes, but the evidence was right there in front of me.

I had never heard of the homosexuality gene expressing itself in horses, and I had always expected that if it did it would mean only that the horse would prefer to screw other stallions and NOT be screwed by them as well. I wasn't particularly outraged by this startling discovery - in fact, I found the idea profoundly exciting - but I knew that something precious had been taken away from me right behind my back. I made up my mind there and then to find out just what was going on.

Rani himself seemed quite unembarrassed and unashamed by it all, and smooched up to me with an erection already swinging rampantly beneath his belly. It had been our habit to make love every morning, but today I pointedly ignored him - with some difficulty I might add, though I made sure he didn't see it. His body was like a magnet I was helpless to resist, and he snorted and stamped his hooves, trying to get my attention.

"Hey!" he seemed to be saying indignantly. "ehhhhhh Here I am! Here I am! What's wrong with you?"

Deliberately, I turned him out into the yard and mucked out his box while he looked in through the open half-door questioningly.

"What in God's name have you been up to?" I asked him rhetorically, looking over my shoulder as I worked. "I'll find out, you know, one way or another. You won't hide the truth from me."

I knew it had to have been his first time with whoever he had chosen to surrender himself to. I'd have spotted the tell-tale signs at once if it had happened before. So, it had to have been last night! It had been a warm one, and I had left him outside in his paddock all night without even a rug, free to pick and wander as he chose. The stranger had to be from a stud or farm nearby. But where? And had he come to Rani, or vice versa? The only way to find out would be to follow him. Tonight.

I spent the remainder of the day doing the usual things: gardening, tapping away at the computer, having a quick surf on the Net. Rani stuck his head in my bedroom window to say hello from time to time, but I was determined to keep my hands off him until I found out where he was sneaking off to.

It was another glorious day, 28 Celsius, and an ideal opportunity to give him the freedom to roam again all night. When the sun went down I cooked dinner, then topped up his water, tidied up his stall again before saying goodnight, and went back inside. What he didn't know was that I had opened the front door so that I could creep out silently and keep watch on him from the front yard through my binoculars. I didn't expect to be rewarded immediately - if he took off tonight I knew I would be lucky. But it was scarcely 10:30 when he wandered down to the far corner of his paddock and looked over his shoulder to see if he was being watched.

"You sly bastard," I muttered admiringly.

A master of deceit he wasn't, but it was amazing that he bothered to check at all. After waiting a minute he leaped clear over the fence and disappeared. I ran down as quietly as I could, but it wasn't hard to pick up his trail in the soft earth. It was cooler than I had anticipated, but the moon was full and high, and I had no trouble seeing where I was going. As long as he didn't hear me...

He trotted west along a dirt road, not hurrying by the look of it, and after a kilometer turned left down another track. I pressed on for another five minutes, then heard a faint whinny up ahead and melted away into the roadside bushes. Edging forwards, I spotted him no more than a hundred meters ahead in an adjoining field. But what was incredible was that he wasn't alone.

Standing in front of him was a second horse, jet black and almost invisible next to Rani's snow-white form. I crept as close as I dared, until I was less than twenty feet away. Fortunately, the gentle breeze was blowing in my favor, and they couldn't catch my scent as long as it stayed that way. So long as I stayed perfectly still I would see everything...

They walked up to one another and touched noses tenderly, exchanging breath as if kissing. Then as one they wheeled and galloped away across the grass, manes and tails flying in the wind. Around and around they hurtled, tossing their heads and biting at each other's flanks as they ran. I felt jealous of their speed and strength as they challenged each other to see who was the faster. It was wonderful to watch their muscles pounding, a joy to behold their enjoyment and playfulness. Then it occurred to me that this was a form of courtship, that they were getting their adrenaline pumping, building up their excitement as they prepared themselves for sex.

Almost as if they knew I was there, they returned to the very same spot panting and snorting, steam rising in clouds from their athletic bodies. I wondered who would go first, watching intently to see whether or not Rani was the one.

The other stallion was a thoroughbred by the look of him, muscular but much younger than Rani, maybe no more than eighteen months old. He was in superb physical condition, without an ounce of excess fat. His coat shone like burnished metal, and turgid blood vessels wound their way along his bulging thighs. His penis looked thicker and chunkier than Rani's, jet black like the rest of him. He was already nearly fully erect, and stood nuzzling at Rani's rump as his libido grew and grew. The head of his penis lifted to rest its flange snugly against his belly, and I knew that I had never seen a horse's penis so stiff. Its tip was pulsing visibly, and unless he found relief soon there was a chance he might not last another minute. Despite its hardness there was a collar of loose skin halfway down its stubby length. I realized that it was much shorter than Rani's, and almost came right then and there as I realized what a show I was in for. All this time they were talking softly to each other the way that horses do, encouraging and reassuring each other, communicating their heartfelt affection for one another. They made a handsome couple, and I knew that they were falling in love with each other in a way I couldn't imagine. Such bonding was highly unusual, but I knew it existed. Unless I could do something about it Rani might not be mine for much longer.

At some unseen signal he turned to spread his hind legs wide in readiness, inviting his friend to mount. With his tail lifted high to one side I could see his anus opening and closing like a mouth, begging for something only it could see. The black colt lowered his head to sniff and lick at it, swishing his tail from side to side in concentration. Suddenly, he pressed his shoulder against Rani's bony hip, reared into the air with his front legs thrown wide apart, and plunged forwards recklessly without a sound.

I heard the impact of his weight land crookedly on Rani's broad hindquarters, and he staggered under the weight, managing to maintain his balance on the wet grass as his lover clutched frantically around his waist. He jabbed at Rani desperately, the head of his penis wagging about as

he sprang forwards to push himself in. It bounced off the inside of Rani's buttocks again and again, and the young colt grew more and more impatient each time he missed. Somehow, I restrained myself from jumping up, seizing his massive cock and guiding him strait into Rani's waiting anus.

"Go!" I urged him under my breath. "Go for it, boy! Go for it!"

In a split-second more I was sure he would have dismounted in sheer frustration, but fortunately Rani chose that moment to step to the left and reduce the angle. It was all the lust-maddened young colt needed. With a mighty heave he drove the swollen head of his ebony shaft in through Rani's gaping anus and deep inside his moist, cavernous rectum. His front legs slapped tight around Rani's barrel-like belly as he yanked his hindquarters forwards, almost lifting his rear hooves off the ground with the brutality of his thrust. Now that he was lined up, two extraordinary strokes were all it took to take him to the brink. He punched forwards once, then without a pause drew back and slammed his penis home yet again. Straining with all his strength, his right leg shuddered as he stood balanced precariously on one foot for a long, timeless moment of purest ecstasy.

His head drooped drunkenly as he froze, his limbs locked rigid as he shivered blindly in orgasmic rapture. Trembling helplessly, he clutched dazedly at Rani as his tail flagged again and again, jet after jet of his thick, milky jism gushing under enormous pressure from the bloated crown of his burning phallus. They were side-on to me now, and I could see clearly the expression on his face as he thrust violently one, twice...a long pause, then for the last time with his teeth bared in a silent snarl of sexually enraged fury, his eyes rolling crazily about. His forelock had tumbled down untidily across his gorgeous face, but of course nothing else mattered to him right then; nothing else existed except the head of his penis and his seed which was spurting out through its retching eye. It was utter selfishness, simple animal greed, and I knew Rani was just the same.

No matter how gentle they were in everyday life, stallions always copulated violently with little thought given to delicacy or care. They fucked furiously, as if afraid it might be the last time they ever would. I felt myself swept away by the young colt as he expunged himself into my own lover's bowels and wished that for one instant I could trade places with him, to know what it felt like to serve another stallion, to feel him solid and alive beneath me.

To my surprise, the exhausted colt dismounted almost at once, catching me unawares. Still hugely erect, not flaccid in the least, his gigantic club-headed penis pulled from Rani's anus with a loud slurping pop! It must have hurt both of them, and I nearly cried out as he fell back on his haunches and landed giddily on all fours. Slick with moisture, his shaft glistened wetly as it flopped pendulously under him, sperm still dripping copiously from its slit. Its head seemed as large as a dinner plate, his distended bulb shining in the moonlight. Safely down, he stood there with his head bowed for almost a minute, wheezing hoarsely as he regained his composure. Rani watched him all the while, almost admiringly, I fancied. But instead of trading places they spent the next ten or fifteen minutes grazing contentedly next to each other; taking a break between bouts, as it were. I had only been watching for that same time, but already it seemed like an eternity. Never in my wildest dreams had I thought I would be witnessing something like this. It was a fantasy come true, almost supernatural. I knew I was uniquely privileged to witness it, but maybe now I could join in without scaring the other off. It was Rani's turn next, and he knew me...

Still nibbling, they drifted closer together some time later, and Rani lifted his head to give his friend a playful bite on the rump. Despite this blatant signal that he was now ready, I was almost expecting it to end there and then - I just couldn't credit that the strange youngster would truly let Rani cover him. He was a mature Arabian after all, heavy of frame and with a penis to match, but I knew they were about to start again when I noticed his tapered phallus swinging naked between his hind legs. Its head nearly brushed the long grass, and its pink skin glistened palest grey in the ghostly

moonlight. Fluid dripped from its head, mucous goo produced by his Cowpers Glands as, slowly and surely, he rekindled his slumbering lust.

Like a cobra rearing into the air, his meter-long shaft weaved and swayed as it stiffened and grew in eerie silence. I could see its loose skin pulling tight as it pumped erect with every beat of his heart. Rani shifted his weight from foot to foot like a dancer as he braced himself, focused single-mindedly on the job at hand. Like a fleshy bulls-eye, the black colt's anus filled his vision as he sniffed it keenly, his ears pricked forwards alertly in anticipation.

I edged forwards on my stomach and slid under the wire out onto the grass. I knew I was taking a risk by doing so, but I was completely confident that once Rani was on top of him with his penis engulfed by his partners hot body nothing would persuade him to stop. No, it wasn't a gamble. Nothing would stop him then!

His mind made up, I saw him lean back, and as he lifted his front hooves from the ground I jumped up and moved in quickly to wait beside him. Balanced precariously, he stood on his hind legs with his upturned cock swaying from side to side, resting his forelegs along the colt's strong back as it came to rest aimed surely beneath his uplifted tail. Rani walked himself forwards jerkily until his glans bumped between his hard buttocks. I wrapped my fingers around the slender neck behind his flange and pressed his pointed bulb firmly against the proffered opening. If he was surprised by my help, he gave no sign. The moment he knew he was on target he gave a jolt of his rump which jammed his crown in through that puckered maw, pushing it inwards until his swollen head was safely through. It rebounded back out along the length of his turgid column of muscle and swallowed him up, further and further as he drew himself onto the grimacing colt's rump as far as he could climb.

Firmly in control now, he started to thrust with calm determination, engorging himself with blood for maximum penetration. His testicles swung back and forth with each heave, his grasping forelegs hanging down around the colt's belly as he hunched his shoulders, snorting grimly as he worked. His mane shimmered and danced along his gracefully arched neck, his slack muzzle leaving streaks of slobber uncaringly down the colt's withers and back.

Already beyond the point of no return, his sexual technique was something to behold as he fell back, paused for a long moment, then hurled his entire body forwards to slam his hindquarters up and in. Unlike the clumsy, inexperienced young colt, he was going to milk the experience for all it was worth, holding himself back as much as he could until his penis was aflame, until his sperm was ready to explode from his glands like a bomb going off.

A second gut-wrenching thrust followed using the same method, then a third, a fourth, a fifth, and finally a sixth! Rising onto tiptoes, he groaned in agony as his jerks became alarmingly savage, every muscle of his body twitching spastically as he reached his awesome climax.

With a dull grunt of bewilderment he ejaculated all at once, his tail lashing the air as he blew his heavy wad of thick, milky spoofo into his lover's intestines with his ultimate, consummating thrust. I held his penis and felt his urethra rippling beneath my fingers, vomiting his seed in churning waves again and again and again. By chance, I glanced down, and saw that the young colt had an erection of his own proudly out-thrust beneath him. Without a second thought, I let Rani go and knelt on the grass to take his unfamiliar organ in my hands.

He flinched in shock, but with Rani pinning him down there was nowhere to go. Luckily, the same though seemed to cross his mind simultaneously, and his thick phallus did not resist my touch. I began to massage his eager flesh, searching for the right grip to drive him into action. It didn't take

long.

Within seconds he was helpless to fight back. Above me, Rani was still lost in the throes of orgasm. I could hear his feeble gurgles of content as he stood locked in place, and the colt was sliding his fat cock easily through my hands. His head swelled to its fullest diameter - so much larger than Rani's! - and with a barely restrained whinny of fury to warn me I found my face covered in sticky white slime. I barely had time to react before he shot again, and I laughed hysterically as his hot, curdled juice spewed over me. I opened my mouth wide, and this time his next jet fired straight through my lips with stinging force. I swallowed hungrily, he gushed again, and I wondered how much more he had left inside.

One last fountainous geyser burst from within him, and suddenly it was all over. I sucked the last drops from his slit as his penis softened in my hands. I let it go, and it flopped stiffly free, sagging as it fell and went limp.

I gave it one last caress, and reached Rani just as he dismounted. He had stayed resting on the colt's back to let his own erection subside, and his flaccid penis popped out with a soggy slurping sound. I caught its greasy dregs in the palm of my hand and lapped them up happily as he slid back to earth, his fluttering nostrils flecked with foam. Full of cum, my stomach churned as if demanding more. I laughed again, louder this time. What did I care if somebody heard? I was truly happy, perhaps even more than I had been the first time I had masturbated Rani way back when he was just 12 months old, so innocent and full of curiosity.

How vivid the memory was of that shy, tentative encounter! I would never forget it as long as I lived. And neither would he. But what now? There was a new player in our relationship, and I knew how selfish of me it would be to deny them their new-found love. They had every right to it. Love was too hard to find as it was. I felt glad for both of them, but it couldn't last. Racehorses were moving around constantly, traveling from trainer to trainer, track to track. Rani's boyfriend could be taken away from him at any time, and there would be nothing I could do about it.

Or was there?

A month later...

Life was good. Things were working out for me all over the place. It seemed that nothing could go wrong. Even the building work was all finished, and Rani's old wooden stable was ready to be demolished. Beside it stood a large new unit, air-conditioned, fitted out with every mod con, and room for two...not one.

I walked out into the afternoon sunlight to admire it. The workmen had done an excellent job. All that remained was to spread some straw about and let them in. I let out a shrill whistle, and a few moments later Rani and his new companion came cantering up the hill to see what was going on.

"Hello, you two," I said to them lovingly. "It's a beautiful day to be alive, isn't it? What've the pair of you been up to?"

His eyes shining, Kris whinnied a reply, and I stroked his neck as he whickered at me softly. What a fine stallion he would soon become, although he had already proven it many times over! He was displaying unmistakable signs of growing maturity, and not only in how he made love. Patience was one of life's most important lessons, and with careful training he would make a welcome addition to our unorthodox little family. The last few weeks had flashed by, one seemingly unending series of intense sexual encounters, each of us taking turns as the dominant partner, our bodies joined in an orgy of flying spunk and heaving, sweat-stained bodies.

His owner had sold him willingly enough, though I could hardly have explained why I was really buying him! Now he was where he belonged: where his sexuality would be treasured, not out in the meat-market world of professional racing where equine lives were traded so cheaply.

Menage a trois, the French called it, a wonderfully romantic description.

I bet they hadn't had anything like this in mind!

And to be truthful, neither had I.