

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



*Beleive it or not, this is a true story.*

*Okay, I imbelished just a tiny bit...*

I was raised in a very small rural area in Southern Idaho. The landscape of Fruitland Idaho is dotted with many small farms and ranches. The population, at the time, was about 2,200. My family often had sheep & cattle... and of course some nice uncut K9. Though I often played with the family dogs, it was the neighbor boys that I was really interested in. Three beautiful brothers, all three of them blonde... all three of them far too sexy for words.

When I was a senior in high school, my family home was broken into. The perpetrator came in through my bedroom window, and there were only two things missing - my father's bourbon and my gay porn. After three repeats of this crime, I realized that the thief was my redneck classmate and next door neighbor, Wes. I had observed one of my magazines in his bedroom upon one of my visits. I didn't say anything at the time, because I thought these guys might be trying to trick me into admitting that I was gay.

The following summer, after Wes and I had both graduated, I became somewhat friendly with him. We often sat in his room talking of our "female conquests", usually with him in very revealing shorts. I could always count on getting a good view of his cock and balls falling out of his shorts as he sat on the bed opposing me. He was a fine specimen indeed, but Wes never seemed to respond to my obvious (yet unstated) interest in him.

Wes was one of three brothers. They were all within two years of his age... and all three equally hot. His mother had been a busy woman. At the time, I didn't understand why Wes would not pursue me. I mean, I wasn't a bad looking kid... and he was obviously horny. So when he went out of his way to expose himself to me I thought he should have made the first move. One day, Wes started telling me about these bizarre stories about his brothers and their rituals with the bulls and mares on the farm. I thought he was playing with me, so I didn't pursue any sexual advance with him. I thought he and his brothers were trying to "catch a faggot", so I laughed at his stories.

One day, I was to meet Wes to go swimming in the canal near our farm. We had planned this day together alone. I was in charge of getting the beer, and he would borrow his dad's truck to take us deep into the orchards for our "swim". The time for our "date" came and passed. I sat on the steps of my parent's home looking over at his house like a rejected prom date.

After waiting an hour or so, I decided to head on over to Wes's house to see what the hold up was. I walked up the gravel drive, which was about 200 feet, past the house and into the workings of the small farm that his father ran. A half of a dozen delapidated buildings surrounded the area, so it always took a little thought in navigating this barnyard maze. As I cornered one of the buildings, I heard a voice; "Ride her! Come on, you can do it!".

I stopped about 30 feet from where the voice was coming from. As I peered around the old building, I could see Wes, perched on the top rung of a wooden fence completely nude. This was the first time I had ever seen Wes naked... and he was so beautiful. I kept watching, and I was quite confused, to say the least. As I watched I kept listening... "come on girl", Wes said as he sat on the top rung of that fence (boy, I wanted to be that fence!). I kept watching... completely oblivious of what was about to transpire. Suddenly the mare moved backwards into the fence, almosy as if by force. I thought for sure Wes would fall backwards onto the ground behind him. Instead he grabbed her haunches and stabalized himself. I was relieved that this perfect picture would not be interrupted.

Wes eased himself so his groin met the rear of the mare. He flipped her tail to his side. "What in the hell is going on?" I thought to myself. I crouched and covertly tried to move to the other side of the drive in order to get a different view. Unfortunately there was an obstacle in the middle of the road... a large hole. I don't know how I did it, but as I tripped over the hole, I managed to fall out of view.

"what the fuck was that?!", I heard from the distance.

"I don't know.... probably Missy (the family bitch). I don't see nothin".

"Keep goin!"

I pulled myself up behind the opposing building, and finally, I had a clear view.

Wes kept looking towards my direction, and I got the feeling that he knew that someone was watching as I settled myself into my new position. Wes began stroking his cock... and it was a fantastic cock. He spat on his hand and stroked it over his penis, then bent over and spat on the mare's pussy. He did this several times and finally took his rock hard blonde boy cock and shoved it into the mare's pussy, now lubricated with his own boy spit. I had never seen anything like this, but I was definitely aroused.

Wes took that mare by her hind quarters and was gentle with her at first... then I heard the other voice again, "Come on Wes, take that bitch like you mean it! Fuck her! How does it feel buddy?"

I knew there was someone else, but I couldn't see them. Wes fucked that mare hard. His 18 year old cock plunged into her, and I could hear each thrust as his firm abdomen hit her haunches. I was dizzy from the reality of what I was seeing; my high school friend was fucking this mare... I grew hard as I watched his dick plunging into her. She grunted... he moaned. He was really enjoying this giant horse pussy.

Something stirred inside me. I had to pull out my own cock, and sink behind the decrepid building that shed me from his view. Damn... I wanted to be there licking his wet, stinky dick with each thrust as he fucked that mare. I wanted to lick Wes's ass as he fucked her. Damn... this was the hottest thing I had ever seen in my life.

Suddenly, I heard Wes whailing... like nothing I had ever heard. I peeked around the corner and saw Wes grabbing the Mare by her hind quarters and pushing harder. His head with its long blonde hair flailing in the air with each thrust. He began screaming and pumping harder.

"I'm cumming", he said, "damn... Oh shit... It's too soon... I'm cumming!"

The mare was getting a little spooked, and as he grabbed her and violently pushed his cock into her, the mare whinnyed (sp?).

"Woah girl!", the strange voice came out again.

"Shit! Shit! Fuck! I'm cumming!", Wes yelled as he came inside her.

He settled into the horse as an arm came up behind him from the other side (which I could not see), and he hugged that horse as if it were his lover. He stayed there for a long time, his cock still inside her. The unknown arm began feeling his ass, and caressing between his legs and where his cock had been lodged into the horse.

"So, now you're one of us", the strange voice said as his figure moved into view.

I was shocked. The other man was Wes's older brother, Wayne. He gently kissed his brother's ass,

and helped his quivering bother off of the fence,

As Wayne helped his brother down, I quietly walked off, so I wouldn't be discovered.

Later, Wes made good with his promise and we went off to the orchards together. I had a case of beer, and we had a great time together (sorry, no beasts). Nothing was ever said about what I had witnessed that day, but I'm sure that Wes will pass on his tradition with pride.

Hope you all enjoyed this. I haven't thought of this event for many years, but It was nice to remember... and share for the first time!!