

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part One

Summer was just beginning and I still didn't have a job between my junior and senior year at CU. I didn't know how I was going to spend my summer or how I was going to pay for next years tuition. Spring in Denver is always pretty so I wasn't in too much of a hurry, but something better happen before all the other students got the remaining summer jobs. I went down to the Triangle for a beer and to kill some time. As I stood there holding up the wall, I was being eyed by a very 'cowboy'-looking guy in the usual western drag. Even the bank presidents dress like cowboys in Denver so he could have been just about anybody. He walked over to me and started a conversation. He and his partner had a 2000 acre ranch near Colorado Springs (sure, I thought, and I am Winston Churchill). 'It's true!', he said, 'Look, you need a summer job, and we need someone to help mend fences, fix the barn, chores like that. How about coming down and seeing for yourself that I'm not bullshitting.' Well I had nothing else to do and I figured it wouldn't hurt to know which end of a horse does the eating. 'I just came to town to take care of some business and I am on my way back to the ranch. Why don't you grab some clothes and come down with me? If you don't like the arrangement, Red, my partner, will drive you back to town tomorrow. You got nothing to loose and a little fresh air to gain.'

We stopped at my apartment which I shared with a couple of other guys, grabbed a couple of pair of jeans and my boots, and told my roommates I may be gone for a few days. We headed south toward his ranch. Pretty country. Almost forgot what the high desert was like after spending all my time in Boulder/Denver all year. When we got to the ranch, he introduced me to Red...that was short for Red Eagle. He was a tall full blooded Indian with black hair, smooth chest, massive shoulders and hands. This was quite a contrast to Tom who was shorter, about my height, and as solidly built as a brick shithouse. Both of them had a dark tan from all that work outdoors. I figured it wouldn't hurt me to get some tan and the work might build up my muscles a little before I got back to the swim team in the fall. 'I don't know much about being a cowboy, but if all you want is dumb labor, I think I can handle that.', I said. Tom looked at Red and they both smiled at each other. 'You don't have to know anything. We'll tell you what you need to do. Just be ready to put in some hard work and do what we say. You'll learn a lot by the end of the summer' said Red. The pay was good so I accepted the job.

'You ever drive a tractor?', Tom asked.

'Yea, a little a couple of years ago.'

'Good, because we have about 500 acres that need mowing to start.'

Fuck, I thought, mowing a pasture is about as interesting as riding around a golf cart all day. Oh well, gotta start somewhere. They showed me to my bunk. It was a room off the main house. At least I didn't have to sleep in the barn like I've seen them do in the western movies. I was to eat with them and in effect be one of the family. They sure seemed nice enough. Too nice almost. Tom hadn't touched me yet and since we met in the Triangle and he was obviously interested, I wondered what was going to happen.

The next day I started mowing. Damn that's boring. Up one hill and down the next. The tractor vibrating my ass, the smell of the cut grass horses, and cattle, no one around for miles...sure was getting horny. What the hell. I could beat off and still drive, no one will see me. So out I pulled my already hard dick. It was a good way to pass the time. One hand on the wheel of the tractor, and the other hand stroking my cock. I must have cum 6 times by the end of the day. My dick was worn out ... from mowing hay! Red came riding out on horseback to meet me. 'Come on back to the house. You can finish this tomorrow.'

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## Part Two

I went back to the house and had dinner. Tom and Red were discussing the latest beef prices which I could not have cared less about so I decided to catch the sun set. I went out behind the house to get a clear view of the sun setting behind the mountains. It was right by a horse corral where their stud horse was kept. That horse was a real beauty...and that horse cock...I've heard jokes and stories about horses dicks, but I had never seen one...especially up this close. That huge 18' dong was fascinating. I wondered if the horse would let me touch it. I slowly stepped up to the horse reassuring him so that I wouldn't spook him. I stroked his mane and brushed him with one hand while my other hand inched down that huge piece of horsemeat to see if it was real. His cock alone must have weighed 20 pounds. I was hypnotized by it and wished there was some way to actually take it. All of a sudden, that horse started to piss. It was as though someone had turned on a faucet as this yellow piss gushed from the horse. Next thing I knew, four hands shoved me from behind making me stumble and land underneath that gushing horse piss. Tom and Red were standing by the fence laughing hysterically as I laid flat on the ground being drenched by the horse. Tom said 'the baptism of a greenhorn has just begun!' and with that they both whipped out their own cocks and proceeded to drench me in 'people piss'. My jeans, shirt, boots, every part of me was soaked to the bones in piss. 'I want you to have every last drop', said Red as he shoved his cock into my mouth making me drink the last of his dribbling piss. 'You're not going into the house with those pissy clothes on' said Tom. With that they ripped off my clothes and tossed me into the horse water tank. The water was ice cold and my cock, which had grown hard watching that horse dong, had now grown soft from the icy water. 'Now you can come into the house and dry off' assured Tom. They threw me a blanket and I followed them back to the house.

I stood in front of the fire trying to warm up. Red had taken off his boots and shirt and put his hand on my bare ass. 'Drink this' said Tom as he handed me a shot of whiskey 'it will help you to warm up'. 'I think he's more than warm', said Red, 'I think he's pretty hot!' One finger from Red's hand on my ass started working its way to my butt hole. I had expected this earlier so it came as no surprise. I knew what was about to happen and actually looked forward to it. Red opened his zipper and pulled out a thick uncut piece of his own horse meat. It must have been a good 10'. He dropped his pants and pushed me to my knees. I took that cockmeat in my mouth and sucked like it was my last meal. His cock had the smell of horses, cows and the range, and I loved it. While I sucked that rod, Tom had undressed and was behind me massaging my hole. Soon I was being fucked in the ass by Tom's 8' dick and in the mouth by that Indian stud meat. It didn't take long before Tom was pumping frantically and I could feel my ass being filled with his warm juices. Red pulled out of my mouth as Tom pulled out of my ass. 'Now you can clean it off', said Tom as he shoved his softening cock into my mouth. At that moment Red shoved his monster-meat up my ass. I thought I HAD been fucked by that horse. He rode me like a bucking bronco. I had been fucked before, but never like this. So this was a duty of a ranch hand? As Red drove that cock into me, I could feel my own fluids nearing eruption without even touching my cock. Suddenly Red blew his wad up my shit chute and I erupted situationally from feeling. We all collapsed on the floor in big smiles. 'I think this is going to work out just fine' said Tom. We all slept in the same huge bed from that point on so that my ass was always available.

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Part Three

'Today we have to start fixing fences' said Tom. 'Take the truck out to the back 40 by that downed fence and wait for Red'. I went out as I was told. Red came out shortly with the barbed wire and

tools. We worked all morning. The sun was getting hot so I took off my shirt. Red did likewise. All that work really makes one hot, thirsty, and horny. 'I hope you brought lunch' I said to Red.

'No, but I did bring some beer in that cooler behind the rolls of wire'. We were so hot and thirsty that those beers poured down our throats like a drain pipe. One, two, three,...six beers later I was finally quenched, but my head was starting to spin.

'Hand me that roll from the truck' said Red. I bent over the tailgate to reach for the roll of barbed wire, my head spinning, I had a hard time standing up again. 'What's the matter, Kid? Can't you handle a little brew?' Red came over to see why I was wasn't standing up. He again put his huge hand over the crack of my ass. 'We gotta do something about this' he said as his hands ripped the seam of my jeans open exposing my asshole. 'From now on I want you to wear this pair of jeans with the seat split so I can get in there at a moments notice... Nice, very nice'. His finger pushed up my hole. My head was spinning too much to even try to resist. He pulled his finger out and replaced it with his throbbing dick. No, no, I started to object, but I was too drunk to fight off his rape. There I was bent over the tailgate of the truck getting the shit fucked out of me by this half-drunk Indian...I loved it. Just then, Tom came riding up on horseback.

'How the fuck are we going to get anything done if you two are just going to fuck all day', said Tom. Then he asked 'Red, are you drunk again? You are useless out here. I'll finish up here, you two go back to the house. Take my horse, it will be quicker. I'll finish the fence and drive the truck back and meet you there later.' Red jumped on the horse.

'Come on, kid. We can ride double. You ride in front of me.' Red did not cum since Tom interrupted him. His dick was still rock hard and I was still wearing those jeans with the seat split open. Red really rode that horse hard and we bounced up and down. Finally I bounced up, but when I landed back down, Red's hard cock was at my bunghole. At each gallop, his cock drove another quarter inch deeper. I think he purposely chose a rough route and the long way home so he could ram that cock deeper in my ass. It hurt like hell and at the same time it felt really good. If I wasn't so drunk, I might have been too tense and tight to really enjoy it. It really was neat riding thru the hills of the high desert having some thick horsemeat fucking my ass as we rode. Finally I felt the pressure of Red's dick about to cum. I pulled my rock hard dick out of my jeans and only stoked it twice before I blasted my load.

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## **Part Four**

We had lunch and Tom came driving up with the truck.

'I hope you can at least clean the barn without screwing off' said Tom. 'But what ever you do. Be sure to keep the gate closed. If that horse gets out, he is a bastard to corral again. DON'T LET HIM OUT' Tom was emphatic. Tom went out the barn to get the tools ready and I finished up some chores around the house. I went out to the barn to help him and as I approached, I heard this cow mooing like she was in pain. I opened the door and rushed in to see what was happening forgetting to close the door behind me. There was Tom standing on a pail behind this heifer fucking her.

'You and Red have been going at it' complained Tom, 'but what about me? I bet you city boys never had a feel of this kind of pussy. Come over here and try this.'

Tom pulled his dick out of that cow, got down from the pail, and made room for me. I pulled out my dick and stoked it a few times to get it hard. I rammed my dick up that cow's hole. Talk about loose!!! A fist fucker could get both arms and a foot up that cunt. It did feel good, though and I pumped and

pumped that cunt. Tom was standing behind me with his hot iron in hand stroking it to keep it warm. I was so excited by the loose pussy that I ignored the finger probing my hole. Then he pulled the finger out and pushed his dick, lubricated by the cow, up MY ass. Here I was in Lucky Pierre...or should that be called Lucky Holstein...being fucked up the ass by a 8' stud while I fucked this COW. The guys at school will never believe this! And that's how we came, Tom shooting his load up me, and me shooting my load up this cow. I don't know if the cow came or not!!!

Just then Red came in. 'Now who is the fuck up, you jerks. The barn was open and that bastard horse got out. I thought we warned you about him.' Red was really angry. 'If you are going to work here you are going to have to learn to take orders and do them. You are going to have to be punished to teach you a lesson.'

'But it was not my fault...' I tried to explain about hearing the cow and how I just forgot.

'No excuses' said Red, and he and Tom grabbed me. I struggled, but by now I knew I could not resist when they both try to hold me. They tied my hands to the top board of the horse stall with my back to them. Then Tom unbuttoned my belt and pulled down my jeans exposing my bare ass. Tom and Red both pulled off their belts and folded them double.

'We are going to teach you to listen' said Tom as they both swung their belts and smacking my ass. Again and again they whipped my ass. Each time they landed their blow, their cocks got harder and harder. My own cock was starting to rise too. It hurt like hell but I refused to cry out or ask them to stop. I had to take it like a man. They must have tanned my hide about thirty times then they stopped. My eyes were watering and I did not see who was behind me, but I could tell from the cock pushing up my burning hole that Red wanted a piece of my ass again. Being tied to the barn, I couldn't move and had to take anything that Red wanted to dish out. Tom just stood by watching since he just had me and the cow both. He probably would have really ripped my hole since he was fucking me like a wild man, but I had been fucked by them so much since I started working there that my ass thought that cock was a member of the family!!!

This was pretty much how the summer went. I got lots of sun, my body was bronze, my muscles tight and lean, and my ass well fucked. I learned to ride and be ridden!!

Near the end of the summer, we had one major chore left. We had about a hundred head of cattle that had to be branded. The thought of it brought back flashes of John Wayne western movies. Was it really like that in real life? I was about to find out.

The three of us rode out to a back pasture in the truck filled with tools. Tom did most of the setup and Red got the cows ready. They had their act pretty together and I could see they didn't really need me. Red brought the cows in and held them down, and Tom would get the branding iron hot and touch their hide marking them as property of the TR Ranch. They had just finished the last cow and I assumed they would want me to help clean up and load the truck so I asked if there was anything they wanted me to do.

'Just one more thing' said Tom, 'Get your ass over here'. At that, Red wrestled me down and tied the rope to my wrists and legs just as he had been doing to the calves. If he could tackle a 500 pound calf, I was certainly no challenge. Once tied, he unbuttoned my belt and pulled my pants down to my knees. My pearly white ass glowed in the bright sun. Tom stood over me with a hot branding iron in his hand.

'One final initiation for this greenhorn city slicker' said Tom as he touched that hot iron to my bare ass. I screamed as the iron burnt my flesh. It was the kind of pain that felt good...like something

'earned'. But how will I explain to the guys on the swim team in the shower room how I got a brand on my ass? Actually, I don't care what they thought. I was proud to wear the brand of Tom and Red. Like the cows, I was marked as property of the TR Ranch. I had become a MAN.

Even after school began, I spent all my holidays and weekends down there earning extra money and helping out with the chores. I wasn't a greenhorn city slicker any more. I was a COWBOY by several definitions of the term.