

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



It took a little while, but they got used to it. The cowboys, I mean, cause they could be as closed minded as anyone else and working cattle with a little Texican girl like me had rubbed them a little wrong at first. But Parker knew me, the old man, and when I'd come round looking for work he hadn't tried to put me in the kitchen.

My daddy had worked his ranch the last few years before he'd died, so maybe Parker had figured he owed him something. I hadn't banked any of that though, and to tell the truth, I don't think Parker had either. He knew I could carry my own weight and then some, and after a few days he was sure of it.

The boys took a bit longer was all.

My dad was a Texan, his family going back to a long time before Sam Houston ever got there. My momma was from Juarez, the other side of the border, and I'd seen a picture of her, but that was all. I'd grown up with my dad, moving from ranch to ranch, getting some school where I could, but mostly learning how to throw rope, mend fence, and read minds. Horses, steers, and cowboys...I knew what they were thinking, even if they didn't.

I got my three R's from living in the bunk houses and handy homes, as they were called sometimes. Reading and writing from old newspapers and Zane Grey paperbacks, and math from playing poker with the boys. I'd been raped twice, but that second time was more my fault than his, and I'd learned. It hadn't killed me and the only thing I'd lost was a bit of blood, and I'd got that back a few years later. An eye for an eye, like the good book says.

So I was California Oquias, or just Cali for short, all of five foot nothing and light, too light maybe, but wiry strong too. Hard work will do that to a person. Small hard breasts, narrow hips and a big round Mexican ass that got a little more attention than it probably deserved, that was me. Brown skin like Rio Grande mud, bright brown eyes and thick black hair. I had a pretty face, round with high cheeks and a little nose, good smile too, the boys liked to see me smile.

I was smiling right then, sitting at the table after a long day's work and a good supper. I was looking at a full house in a friendly stakes game of Louisiana Hold 'Em and there was about two hundred in the pot.

"Twenty?" I looked around at the four guys I was sitting with. They were all young, in their early twenties like me. The older hands didn't play cards with me anymore.

Bucky nodded too quick and I knew he was sitting on something, flush probably. I'd just asked to see who was excited and who wasn't.

"I'll put up...uhhh..." I sighed, reaching down to my hip. I'd busted myself on a mare that morning, bitch of horse, but she was ridden now. "The Virgin Mary for your twenty and thirty more."

I stabbed my Bowie knife into the table so it stood straight up, quivering just a little. It had a bone handle carved with the Virgin's likeness, or so I was told. It could've been the face of a Tijuana whore for all I knew. It was a good knife though, worth 50 bucks easy and they knew it.

"She's bluffing," Tex grinned at me and somewhere behind us one of the old guys clucked his tongue. He mighta believed that too, but he wasn't gonna pay to find out and Tex tossed his cards.

"I'm out." Slim, the bull faced kid on my left threw his cards towards the pot.

"Me too." Earl shook his head, folding his cards neatly and shoving them away.

Bucky was in though, like he had to be, and I just kept smiling.

"Thirty to me," he nodded, chewing on a long splinter of wood that he'd been using for a toothpick. "Payday stakes?"

"What?" I laughed at him and the other guys chuckled too. "Long time 'til payday, Buck. Too long."

A few days before payday and I'd have let him draw light, taking a marker. He'd be good for it anyway, but it was bunk house rules, ten days was a long time to be writing checks and a fella could run out of payday before he ran out of poker. Bucky had to pay up front, just like we all did.

"Well, shit." Bucky rubbed his jaw. He wasn't gonna try and borrow money neither, that never went too far. "I'll put up the roan for collateral, how about that?"

"Collateral?" Tex grinned at him.

"I ain't no banker," I shook my head.

"Come on, Cali. We done it before, everybody has." Bucky looked me in the face and that was the truth. What he was looking for was a promise that I'd sell the horse back to him later for however much it was covering in the pot.

"Just sell the damn horse," Slim laughed. "Put it in the pot."

"How much for the roan?" I asked.

"Mmmm...Six hundred?" Bucky looked around. "He's worth that much anyway." He fixed his blue eyes on me. "You wanna let me put him in the game?"

There was a fifty dollar limit on bets and raises, which was probably over most of our heads anyway. The next night we'd be playing for twenty, probably. Bucky was looking to see if I'd agree to change the rules for that one hand and let him bump the pot 570 dollars at one go. That was pretty heavy for a bunch of cow pokes in a friendly game and if he lost, Bucky wasn't gonna get his horse back.

"I don't know what I got to cover that," I told him, feeling no shame in admitting it. Weren't none of us rich.

"You got something," Bucky grinned at me and there were some chuckles at that, but they died quick.

"You might want to be cautious, Buck." I stared at him.

"Six hundred..." he sucked his cheek. "Be my bunk girl 'til payday, that might cover it."

It got kinda quiet then, the dozen ranch hands watching us now, and I knew they were interested, not just to see if I'd pick up my knife and use it on Bucky's balls, but to see if I'd say yes. I hadn't fucked any one of those guys and I didn't mean to, cause once that happened...Shit, anything could happen. It wouldn't make the boss too happy neither, cause boys were boys and they got jealous quick.

"I'd rather fuck that horse of yours, Bucky!" I laughed at him and he turned a bit red. The other guys chuckled and everybody moved a little, just letting the tension go.

"Well, let's do that then." Bucky stared at me, feeling a bit angry, but that was cause he was just a

kid and didn't know any better.

"Do what?" I looked at him.

"I'll put in my roan, you fuck him if you lose." He sat back in his chair, balancing on the rear legs and rocking slow.

"Shut up," I snorted. "I ain't even said you could put your horse in."

He was just messing with me now, trying to get back at me for knocking his dick in the dirt. I'd been told to fuck a horse before during poker games, but this was original, trying to make a real bet out of it. He couldn't even cover the thirty I'd raised him unless I did him a favor and he was pulling this crap?

A little voice told me he might be sitting on more than a flush, but I was always a little too feisty for my own good sometimes, a fact my daddy had pointed out on more than one occasion. But like all good daughters, I didn't pay him enough mind to learn my lesson while I was still young.

"You want to lose your pony?" I laughed. "Fine."

"Fine?" Bucky stared at me. "You mean...you'll do it?"

"If I lose, I'll do it," I nodded. "But I ain't gonna lose, Bucky. I'll be riding your horse tomorrow, not the other way around."

"You'll fuck my horse?" He was looking around and the room was busy with talk, I'll tell you that much.

Either way it happened this was gonna be a story now, and I regretted it immediately. Just by saying yes I'd started building a reputation, I could see that. It wasn't gonna matter if I fucked that horse or not. I was willing to make the bet and that was all the punch line a good story needed. If I lost, well, that would really be something, wouldn't it? But I wasn't gonna lose, not with my full house, that was just too...

"I hope you love horses, California, cause I got four sevens that say my roan's gonna love you!" Bucky laid them out slowly, the cards flicking off his thumb.

"Shit." I stared at them sevens layin' there and even laughed, just cause it was a good trick.

A little too good maybe, and while they boys were laughing and getting all excited about maybe seeing the tough little cowgirl take some big horse cock, I grabbed my knife out of the table. I lunged across it, quick as a coyote on a hare, and put the edge on Bucky's throat. I grabbed the front of his shirt with my other hand, sprawled out over the cards and money, and held him tight.

"Check him, Tex," I said, a little breathless.

"Goddamn, Cali...Put the knife down...Shit...Calm down..." They were all talking at once, but Bucky was being real quiet and there was a thin red line on his throat now. The Virgin was sharp as sin and she liked to bleed.

"Uh..." Tex moved slow, he knew what I was asking for and if I was wrong there'd be hell to pay, but there wasn't no way in God's creation little Bucky had pulled four sevens out of that deck.

"Shoot..." Tex pulled a six of diamonds and then a three of spades out of Bucky's shirt, down low by

his belt. He'd palmed a pair of sevens during one of his deals, stashed 'em away for a rainy day, and all he'd done was swap 'em out when he had a couple more to go with them.

I let him go then, pulling the knife back and pushing myself away from him, across the table 'til my feet touched the floor. I put my knife back in the leather sheath at my hip. I wouldn't be needin' that no more.

"Got us a little cheat, boys." Tex held up the cards he'd found and Bucky looked around nervously.

"You stupid some bitch," Slim shook his head.

"Get a rope," old Frank Carlisle said.

Frank was in his fifties and one of the foremen. He didn't stay in the bunk house, but somebody had gone running for him quick once my knife was out of the wood. He was old school rodeo and tough as a mule's ass come sundown.

"Now hold on..." Bucky licked his lips, looking for sympathy. "I was just foolin' around is all...I didn't..."

"Shut-up, Bucky, 'fore you get yourself hurt," Slim told him, cuffing the boy upside the head.

"What do you want to do with him, Cali?" Frank was looking at me, since I was the injured party. They were all looking at me.

Now there's a lot of ways for dealing with a card cheat and none of them are too good, cause it ain't nothing but thievery, plain and simple. Back a hundred years ago they'd shoot a fella for doing that. Nowadays it's just a good ass kicking generally, and the guy gets run off with a lot of talk right behind him. Bucky wasn't gonna be too welcome around these parts.

But I wasn't much for kicking a guy's ass, not that I couldn't do it. On a good day I could take any one of those men, at least enough so they'd know they'd been in a real fight afterwards. Bucky wouldn't be fighting back anyway, because he hadn't just been stealing from me, he'd been stealing from all of us. Those boys woulda held him down and kept him down and left him later to crawl out the door.

Like I say though, I ain't all that much on beating a man down, even a cheat like Bucky. He'd lost his money and his reputation and even his horse, that stud roan of his out in the shed.

"I reckon that roan of mine wouldn't mind a little lovin' at that," I grinned at Bucky. "You're kinda scrawny for a mare, but that was the bet, eh?"

"W-What?" Bucky's eyes got big.

"Goddamn, Buck...That's gonna hurt!" Tex chuckled.

"You can't...No way, come on, Cali..." Bucky swallowed hard. "Look boys, I'm sorry, okay? I'm real sorry, I was dumb and...and I was foolish...but..."

There was a lot of talk as we ignored Bucky, most of the fellas agreeing that fair was fair and the boy had made his own bed. He'd have made me pay up if I'd lost, we all knew that, so getting fucked by that roan of his made for a lot of justice.

Of course Bucky didn't see it that way and he put up a pretty fair fight for being such a skinny kid.

"Goddamn, Bucky!" I drew my head back. "You ever wash your ass?"

The guys laughed. We had Bucky tied over the water trough inside the yard, a small section of the corral where we'd work wild horses around a center post. It was empty unless we were using it and we'd lit it up with some kerosene lanterns.

"Shit! Let me go! I told ya I was sorry...Come on...This ain't funny!" Bucky was yanking at the ropes, trying to kick and pull his hands free, but he wasn't going anyplace.

I'd undone his belt and pulled his dungarees down, exposing his lily white ass to the cold Texas night. One of the boys, a guy named Berto who was half Mexican, was bringing the roan around. He wasn't a bad horse, just a three year old mesteno, a mustang, and full of grit. They loved to fight and fuck at that age, testing themselves and each other every chance they got.

"Maybe you oughta get him slippery with something," Slim suggested. "Don't wanna hurt the horse."

"You gonna lube him up?" I laughed at Slim and he shook his head.

"This boy's got a temper!" Berto was holding the bridle, just the headstall and reins, he hadn't bothered with a bit. The roan was jerking his head around, smelling something in the air.

"He smells pussy!" Frank laughed, sitting on the fence near Bucky.

The old foreman wasn't kidding either. There were a couple mares in season, split off from the herd and locked in the stables. The other horses could smell them easy enough though and it got all the young studs agitated.

"You think that's gonna fit?" Tex rubbed his jaw. "That's a pretty big dick for such a little horse."

"What?" Bucky was trying to lift his head, or at least peer around the trough so he could see what we were all looking at, but he wasn't gonna see nothing from down there.

"It's a big dick, Bucky," Frank nodded seriously. "I feel sorry for ya, son."

"Come here, get him close..." I was telling Berto. "He smells something, huh!"

That horse's cock was pretty big, considering the roan wasn't much bigger than a good sized pony. He had a small bloodline and it was like that sometimes, but mustangs weren't big anyway as a general rule, unless you went out of your way to get a bit more Arab blood in them. That's what Parker was doing with the mares, breeding them with an Arabian stallion he kept just for that purpose.

"Oh shit no...What are you doing...Fuck! I'm sorry!..." Bucky was yelling and we were laughing at him.

He could smell the horse and hear his stamping feet and snorting breath. Bucky knew that horse was right behind him and we were all talking about how big that horse cock was and wondering how on earth Bucky's tight little ass was ever gonna survive.

"Well, Bucky...don't move, I think he's ready now..." I told him and he was shaking, quivering like a little girl on her wedding night, and about ready to cry it looked like.

Tex grinned and he was holding an old baseball bat we kept for beating the bunk house mattresses with, it was good for knocking the dust and bugs out of them. So he started pressing the barrel of

that bat between Bucky's pale cheeks while I was right there, kneeling on the dirt and rubbing the young man's back. That poor boy was so scared he didn't know a damn thing except he was about to get fucked by a horse.

"Damn, that thing looks hard...Better relax Bucky!" I warned him and Tex pushed a little harder.

"No nononono! Oh fuck please God no!" Bucky was screaming all of a sudden, jerking on his ropes as he felt that hard blunt object against his ass, and he started pissing himself, soaking the trousers pulled down around his knees.

"Shit." I spit on the ground. "That's enough."

Everybody was laughing at him and he was crying. I almost felt sorry for him then. Tex backed off, frowning at the end of that bat, but it hadn't gone no further than to push against Bucky's asshole a little. We weren't ever gonna hurt the boy, not like that.

I pulled out my knife and cut him loose and he was running, on his way for good now and hitching up his wet pants as he went. It was funny, but it still left a bitter taste in our mouths and none of us felt really good about having to do it like that, but Bucky had brought it on himself anyway.

"I'll take him, Berto. Thanks." It was my horse now and I hadn't thought of a name yet. Bucky came to mind, but I'd just as soon forget that man, and anyway, I'd just sell the roan in a month or two probably. I already had two horses and I sure as hell didn't need three.

I walked the horse towards the shed, which was really just a small barn where we kept our personal horses. It was a good deal, Parker letting us use it, and we appreciated it. I smiled a little, thinking how none of us would mention Bucky for the next few days, maybe a week, but then somebody would say something and it would be funny as hell and all okay because he'd be long gone.

"In here, buddy, there you go..." I put the roan in a stall, tying him off and then looking him over. He was a good horse, not a great one, but healthy and strong enough for his size.

I got down to check his iron and the shoes were good, his hoofs clean. Bucky hadn't neglected the animal at all and I shook my head at how dumb the guy had been to wager the horse like that, even if he was cheating. And then I looked at that horse cock, cause I was a mite interested.

There wasn't anyone else out there, and no one would be coming, they'd all be bunking down for the night. It was just me and the roan and I reached under his belly and found his penis, short and fat and wrinkly brown. I played with it, feeling the soft muscles inside all spongy and warm.

"Good boy...Nice boy..." I murmured, getting closer so I could smell him, that heavy odor of horse piss and musk. I played with his big heavy balls and kissed his cock, working my mouth around it, playing with his big piss hole nestled inside the folds of flesh.

He was growing, that roan, he could smell the mares in the cool night air. He could feel my hands and mouth and tongue. It wasn't what he was used to, but he didn't mind me none. His cock was growing, the muscles filling with blood, growing fat and swelling. It was a nice cock, nice and big and I licked and kissed and stroked that lengthening shaft with both hands, coaxing him to full size as the roan's cock slipped out of the soft leathery sheath holding it.

The horse stamped impatiently, maybe wondering where his mare was, and he whinnied, calling for them, telling them he was ready. The big flanged head of his cock was round and blunt, and only slightly darker than the rest of him. I squeezed it into my mouth, sucking the soft resilient tip hard

while I kneaded the long shaft under my fingers. He was about two feet long, maybe less, maybe more, but I wasn't taking the time to measure him neither.

I tasted him, that distinct and acrid flavor of his stale piss and then the wetness of his precum, flowing like a drippy faucet so that I had to swallow fast and still it was running down my chin and neck, soaking into my shirt. It would wash out though. I sucked him like that for maybe five minutes, using my mouth on the shaft occasionally, but mostly playing with the odd shaped head. I loved the way it filled my mouth and I tongued it all over, washing the horse with his own juices. It was good, but this was just a howdy-do suck job to introduce myself...I wanted a whole lot more than that.

I got naked, undressing fast as the horse started losing interest. Once the good feelings stopped, his cock started getting soft again, but that was how they worked. Soon as I had my clothes hanging over the rail it was easy getting the roan hard again, and I didn't mind a little extra work anyway.

His cockhead felt good on my little brown body. I rubbed him over my smallish breasts, playing his dripping piss hole over my nipples especially. They were long and hard and dark brown, all puffy and hot. I rubbed my little cunt while I did that too, getting myself ready for what I needed. It was going to be a tight fit, it always was, but that was part of the fun. I fingered my pussy hard while I dragged the roan's ruddy cock over my tits and face, giving him some more sucking cause he seemed to like that a lot.

Some horses could care less about getting their dicks sucked, while other horses took a real shine to it. The roan was one of the latter I thought, because as soon as he felt the wet, warm confines of my mouth around the head of his cock, he gave a little kick and jerked so that I had to shuffle my feet in the sawdust and straw chasing him, keeping my lips tight around his prick.

He was a good horse though, for being a youngster like he was and just his first time with a woman. He was gonna be a good boy, a nice fuck and I rubbed his long cock over my belly and down, playing with it across my sex. I was already wet, very wet and I had been ever since we'd started playing. This part was just more fun foreplay, standing close to him, rubbing my hard nipples against his body while I rode the long shaft between my thighs.

"Here we go now...Here we go..." I spoke to him gently, keeping the animal calm.

I moved slowly, deliberately, giving the roan no surprises. He just had to get used to this, that's all, just had to do it once and feel good and then we'd be doing it a lot. I'd had one horse when I was younger, a big Percheron, a real work horse, and he was too skittish, too excitable and we'd never gotten to do it properly. But this roan, he was being good, a natural maybe, and he didn't protest when I turned myself for him, backing my smooth round ass close and pulling his cockhead to my exposed cunt.

I felt for him blindly for the most part, reaching down between my spread legs with my right hand and holding the horse's cock with the other. I had to push the head inside me, really squeezing it so I could work him inside my hole. His cock wasn't totally rigid, of course, so it would bend and try to frustrate me, but I was patient and the roan was doing good and standing his ground.

"Ohhh...ummm-hmmm..." I gave a little groan, feeling his cock enter me finally, stretching my soft walls, but not too bad.

It was a good fit, the big round head expanding a bit after being squeezed between my pussy lips and into my hungry hole. I sighed happily, getting him an inch and then two inches deep and then I was pushing myself back, keeping my hand down there close to my cunt, keeping the horse inside me while I stroked him with the other.

If the roan knew my mouth felt good, he really loved my tight hot pussy. He whinnied loud, shaking his head and took a half step towards me, moving his big body to the side and forward. About three inches of thick and now very hard horse cock pushed into my pussy all at once and I was full then. It knocked some of the air out of me and I felt a bit of discomfort, but I always expected that. This wasn't my first horse and it didn't take long before my pussy remembered how to do him proper.

I was fucking him right, riding that pony bareback you might say, moving my ass back and forth a little and rolling my hips slightly. Nothing too wild, not humping him all crazy or anything. I was just working my cunt around that cock inside me and I knew I could get him to cum like that. He'd cum for me, all I had to do was let him feel my pussy walls clasp the head and five good inches of his cock. I just kept stroking him, pulling his supple skin over the hard taut muscle underneath. Jerking off a horse inside my cunt was one of life's real pleasures, and it weren't just that neither. I liked the way I was stretched and pushed and pulled around him, and that roan was real stud.

It was so good like that, so much better than fucking a man. Not the hard in and out bullshit, this was just in, all the way, all the time. I wasn't too big down there, not very deep at all, and that horse's cock was almost bottomed out, but mostly because he was stretching me side to side really nice too. I fucked him good like that and kept a tight grip on that cock too, because every now and then the roan wanted to move, he couldn't help himself. He smelled those mares in season and felt my pussy milking him hard, and he wanted to go deep, so he'd move the way he had to.

But I'd done this a lot, a whole lot, and I was cumming quickly. The horse's juices were already running out of me and now my own joined his. My thighs were wet and glistening, my fingers covered with wetness as I held that part of his cock shaft emerging from my pink little hole. He was going to cum too, it wouldn't be long. His cock was hard now, like a steel rod and they only got like that towards the end, about the time...

I gasped and shut my eyes as I felt it. His hot sperm suddenly flooding out of his penis, filling my cunt completely and probably more. I didn't imagine my pussy alone could hold it all, some of it was being pressed through the neck of my cervix, into my womb itself, some of the rest was running out of me in long thick ropes, dripping and falling to the floor between my feet.

The roan was shaking, his tail swatting at his flanks and his head bobbing as he voiced his release. Other horses heard his whinny and answered, and he stamped his feet, his cock throbbing beneath my fingers. And I was having my second orgasm, basking in that hot inner warmth, feeling my insides being bathed in horse cum. It left me breathless and a little dazed, my head swimming happily and I couldn't stop smiling, whispering praise for the animal even as I pulled his cock slowly out of me.

The horse's creamy sperm spilled from my gaping pussy like I'd just turned over a bucket, mixed with my own juices to spatter on the floor of the stall. I rubbed my pussy, feeling it so wet and stretched that I could work four fingers inside easily as I bent my lips to clean the roan's penis. I licked and kissed and sucked very bit of our delicious fuck from his skin. It was a good reward for the animal and now he'd know what to expect from me after the lights were off and the men sound asleep.

It seemed almost ironic that Bucky would never know just how eagerly I'd have paid my bet, if only he hadn't cheated.