

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



It had seemed like the day would never end. The temperature was high, the humidity up, and the kids complaining. Being a summer camp counselor tired me out. I could not wait until I could wonder the plains until the next wave of students hit. The final horn of the term sounded, and the kids all gathered around, luggage in hand, to get on the bus that would take them back to their parents. I breathed a sigh of relief as the busses pulled up.

“Get on board, campers!” I shouted to the mass of huddled, chattering kids. Slowly and roughly, the students and the few unlucky staff that had to chaperon the kids on the long journey home in the yellow dogs. I waved the busses off, and went to my cabin. I knew there were cougars in the area, and although they rarely got near humans, I didn’t want to take a chance of getting attacked, so I grabbed my shotgun. I started off, walking down one of the hiking trails that led to the plains.

Here I was, out in the wilderness, where I loved to be. It was quiet, and my stress from the busy week flowed away from me as I walked along. I scanned my surrounding, talking in the few bushes and trees that dotted the area. As I walked along, taking frequent water breaks so as not to dehydrate, I heard a noise. It sounded as if a horse was galloping along nearby. I thought this strange, since there were no ranches nearby, and the horses at the camp were away due to the stables being rebuilt since the electrical fire had happened. I scanned the horizon and spotted where the noise was coming from; there was a horse running full pace, as though it were trying to escape from something.

All of a sudden, the horse stumbled and fell. I ran towards it, scared it might have been hurt. As I drew closer, I saw what the horse was fleeing from. There were two cougars biting down on the poor horse. I drew out the shotgun and fired in the air. The cats looked up at me as I cocked another shell into place. I fired once again, and this time, they started to back up. Once again I let loose, finally driving them away from the downed horse. There was something strange about these cats; especially since cougars are solitary animals, and these were bigger than the average cougar.

As I approached the horse, I noticed it was still alive. It tried to get up, but it seemed to be extremely tired out, as if it had ran a few marathons back to back. From its behavior, it seemed to be wild. This didn’t make since, because there were no wild horses in the area. I grabbed the walkie-talkie I was carrying and radioed in to the camp. It took a few minutes, but I finally reached someone. I explained the situation, and after giving my location to them, waited.

After half an hour of waiting, I decided to try and get the horse, a mare as I looked on at her, to drink some water. She seemed to be dehydrated, and by the look of her body, she seemed to be starved too. Every time I stepped close to her though, she seemed to try and back off. I backed off, trying to gain her trust that I wasn’t going to hurt her. She stared at me, and after a few attempts, finally let me near enough to pour some water into container I was carrying. Shortly after, my friend from camp showed up in his truck with a trailer in tow. We would finally get the horse safe.

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It took a while, but we finally got her into the back. From the way she acted, it felt as if she were not truly wild, but as if she had a bad experience with humans. She didn’t trust us. We had to lure her in with feed and water, and even then, she wouldn’t enter the trailer until we had backed away. It was such a strange behavior. When she was locked away and busy drinking and eating, my coworker and I looked her over to see what type of damage the big cats had done to her. We saw just a few bite marks; she was lucky I had seen the attack.

We went slowly, since the ground was rocky and we didn’t want to toss the mare around. It took about an hour to finally get to the campgrounds, and another to get to a veterinarian. When we got

there, we unloaded the horse and led her to a stall. We talked to the vet, telling her how I had found her out being attacked by what I thought had been cougars, except there had been two of them.

She said that there was a break in at a zoo close to the summer camp earlier in the week, and that many of the animals were released. Apparently they had released the lions too. At the sound of this, I could only think of how lucky the horse was. My friend from the camp after hearing this said, "This is bad, the camp will probably close. No parent will want them near where lions might possibly be at."

This was true, with this news they would definitely close the camp until the lions whereabouts were figured out. Well, at least I wouldn't be surrounded by kids who were either very happy, which would cause them to be wild, or very mad, causing them to cause trouble, at their parents. This was a plus, and I would be getting paid time off until the camp was able to reopen.

As I was thinking about this, the vet tried to approach the horse to put some antibiotics on the wounds caused by the lions. The horse didn't like this, and started thrashing about. After a few more tries, she quit her attempts and said, "She isn't a wild horse, since she went into the trailer and stall easily enough. I'm thinking she might not trust humans, probably due to mistreatment or something along that line."

After a while she tried again with the same results. I asked if I could try. Since I had saved her, I thought that she might be more receptive to me. The vet agreed and handed me the bottle and applicator. I approached and the horse didn't object, although she still seemed very nervous. I started putting the liquid on the wounds, while I continuously told her how I wasn't going to hurt her. When I was done, I backed off and left the stall. The vet said, "She seems to trust you a little."

I agreed. She had let me touch her, and no one else. The vet continued, "Well, I can't keep her here for more than a day. A local rancher is bringing his horses in tomorrow to get them checked out before the local fair and rodeo, and all the room will be taken up, so I need to find another place to keep her."

I thought about this, and told her that I had a piece of land nearby and could take her in until we could find a permanent place to keep her. And that is how I met the horse that would change my life.

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The next day I was called into the camps office for a meeting with the rest of the staff. It turned out that we were definitely cancelling the summer sessions. This was good news because I would get to spend more time with the horse. I felt like I had a connection with the horse, and thought that I could help her become used to other people.

Later that day, I borrowed the camps truck and trailer to go transport the horse from the vet to my little ranch house. When I got to the vet, I saw the horse standing in the small field behind the stables. I went in and talked to the vet. She told me that she was going to put an ad in the newspaper to try and find the owner, because there was no proof of mistreatment.

I agreed, but only grudgingly. I didn't like the idea of letting someone who had possibly abused an animal to get it back. I told her my thoughts, and she agreed, though she expressed the same concern. After this little chat we went to load the mare into the trailer. She only let me approach her, like the night before, and after a little coaxing she allowed me to lead her into it.

I said goodbye to the vet, and drove to my little ranch on the edge of the local town. When I got there, I opened the door and let her out into the field. She trotted off and started to graze keeping a

wary eye on me. I watched her for a little before I went to return the truck to the camp. I knew she would be safe, because my land was surrounded by other busy ranches on one side, and a busy street on the other.

It was a few hours until I returned, since I had stopped to grab some supplies for the horse, and when I did, she came to the fence. This was a surprise to me, since she had avoided any unnecessary contact. I went to the shed to grab a bucket and back to my car. I put a few different treats into it and brought it to her. She stared quizzically at it as I laid it on the ground, and after a moment, leaned forward and started to eat it. I watched her, admiring her body and the way her mane flowed in the wind. I told her I would be back in a little, and got back in my car.

I drove to Richard, one of my neighbors that owned horses, and asked if I could buy some feed and some other things I had forgotten. He agreed, and while he gathered the stuff for me, he asked when I had got her. I told him on how I had found her, and by the time I had finished, he had gathered most of the stuff. He gave me a few tips on how to handle her, since I wasn't completely used to caring for horses, since we had staff that did that at the camp.

He asked if he could come over see her, and I agreed. We arrived at my land, and went to see the horse, as we walked to where she was, he told me that I should give her a name. He told how he seemed to be able to calm new horses he got by addressing them with a name whenever he saw them. I had never heard this before, but thought it couldn't hurt.

As we approached her, I called out to her saying, "Hello, Rufa. I brought a visitor to see you." I named her this because of her brilliant brownish-red coat. The way the sun hit her made her dazzling. Upon sight of my neighbor, she started to back away, and we both stopped. I walked forward saying that it was ok, and she stood still. I approached, telling Richard that she had done the same thing to other people, and he told me he understood. He had seen the same thing with horses that were abused, and various other circumstances.

After about an hour of watching her and talking with Richard, he said that he should get going, and after I said goodbye, left. I watched as she roamed about, and after another hour, decided to go get a stall ready for her. I entered the stable that had turned into a sort of storage building, since I had no horses of my own. I found a stall that was relatively clear, and started moving the few items in it into another. I cleaned it up and spread out the fresh straw that I had got from my neighbor and cleaned out the water trough, making sure to clean it well.

After I was satisfied, I went inside. I fixed a small dinner, took it outside, and watched Rufa as I ate. As the sun went down and night began to take over, I admired the peacefulness. Little did I know that this was going to be a start to a long and beautiful chapter of my life.

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Over the next few days, I went about my business of cleaning the stables out more, taking care of Rufa, and various other things. It was great being able to get away from the campsite and the screaming children. The peacefulness was extremely calming. I loved it.

Sometime on the third day, the vet came by to check up on the mare to make sure the wounds weren't infected. Like all the times before, she wouldn't let anyone get close except me. By this time, she was used to my presence, and even allowed me to touch her some, though she never let me close to her backend. She still didn't trust me that much.

I took a camera and got a few pictures of the wounds and showed them to the vet. She said that they looked fine, and that I should continue to apply the antibiotic cream to them for another week. After

a few minutes of chat she left, and I was left alone with Rufa. As soon as the vet left, Rufa perked up and became much friendlier.

A few more days passed, and as I was cleaning out one of the stalls, I noticed something on her rear. I couldn't get a good look from where I was, so I decided I would try my luck with her again. I approached her like I usually did, and began rubbing her nose. I slowly worked my way to her side, and when she didn't seem to mind, I went farther back. It looked as if she was finally starting to really trust me. I rubbed her, and talked to her, telling her how pretty she was, and examined her backend. There was what looked like scars, hard to see because of her hair color, but still serious looking. It looked like she had been whipped and beaten, and my anger rose. Who could do such a thing?

After a few minutes I decided that since she was comfortable with me being near her rear, I would try and brush her and possibly clean her. I went and grabbed the necessary tools, and after changing her to a stall near the hose and drain, I began to brush her. She seemed to really enjoy this, since she hadn't been brushed for at least a week, possibly longer. I continued to brush her, admiring her features, like the way her mane laid on the side of her neck, or the way her muscles seemed to flow under her skin.

Her hair felt so good that as I brushed her, I had the urge to lean in and rub my face against her. It felt soft on my cheek, and the smell that wafted from her drove my senses wild. She smelled of the outdoors and wildflowers. I sat there with my face pressed against her, and had a thought. I enjoyed spending my time with her, more so than with any person. She didn't judge what I did, and never complained about anything. I thought that if the owner was found. I would pay any amount of money just so I could keep her with me.

I continued to brush her, and soon finished. I then grabbed the hose and the bathing supplies and approached her with it. I showed her the stuff, and when she didn't object, I began washing her. As I washed, I noticed that she was calmer than she had been since I knew her. I continued to wash her and worked my way to her rear.

As I ran some water over her, I was astounded. Her body was more attractive than anyone I had ever been with. I never had been fully attracted to anyone, yet here I was, attracted to a different species! I felt a little disgusted with myself. It didn't feel right. I put it out of my mind, thinking that it was nothing, just a onetime thing. I started washing her again, focusing on other things. I finished, and walked her outside so she could dry.

It was about four in the afternoon when she was dry. I left her to wander about and went in to calm down. Around this time, the vet called.

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I picked up the phone. The vet had news on the owner. He had been out of town at some sort of convention, and had no clue that a horse of his had escaped. He wanted to meet me at my place to talk. I agreed. After I hung up I felt depressed. One of my best friends was going to be taken away if my plan on buying her did not work. I wasn't confident it would though.

The next day, the rancher came. His name was Jeff, and he had a gruff look about him. This intensified my dislike of him, because he looked like he might really have hurt her. As soon as we introduced ourselves, I immediately said, "I was wondering if you would object to me purchasing her."

He said, "I would prefer not to sell her to you. I would rather give her to you."

"I," was all I could say. I thought I had heard him wrong. He went on to say, "The veterinarian that put the ad in the paper told me how attached this here mare has grown to you. I think this is great."

He began to tell me a story on why she didn't trust people. "About a year and a half ago, she gave birth for the first time in her life. Well, about a day after, someone broke into the stables, and slaughtered the foal in front of her, and whipped her, leaving bloody scars on her hindquarters. You probably noticed these. It scarred her, making her dislike humans. Well the guy who committed this horrible act was later caught and convicted, but not before he left his mark. Ever since then, she hasn't let anyone touch her, except you."

After hearing this, I felt furious, not at him, but the one who did this to her. How could someone be so horrible? My fury turned into happiness though, because of the fact that she trusted me this much. I felt honored, and agreed to accepting her. We chatted for a while after that, and I even invited him to dinner, but he declined. He had to get back to his own ranch, and we said our goodbyes.

That night, I decided to stay with Rufa. I felt that she would enjoy it; I knew I would.

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As I laid in a hammock that I had hung between two of the posts that made up the stall that Rufa slept in, I thought about my future. Did I really want to stay with the camp? The only joy I had of the job, being in the outdoors, was overshadowed completely by the kids. But what could I do? I enjoyed being able to spend my time with Rufa, but I needed some sort of income. I began to think about what I could do.

It was around this time that Rufa started nosing at me. I looked at her, and started to laugh. It was plain as day. I could become a rancher. I had enough money saved up that I could purchase the 300 acre piece of land that sat across the road from me. It would leave my funds dangerously low if any emergency happened, but it would make me happier in life.

I began stroking Rufa as she looked at me, and the moonlight coming from the window lit up her eyes. She never seemed more beautiful. I fell asleep that night looking at her, and dreamt of being with her for the rest of my life. My dream morphed from one scene to another, and soon I found I was a stallion, running with her through the fields. My dream morphed again, and this time we were standing in a meadow.

I was still a stallion, and Rufa was in front of me, her legs spread apart, her tail held up and to the side, and she was urinating. I caught the scent, and I went wild on the inside. Rufa started to wink, and this made my insides burn with even more excitement. I approached and mounted her, my manhood searching for the prize. I probed around, and finally found it. I slipped inside up to my full length, and I started thrusting. Six times I thrust, and on the last we orgasmed together. I felt her vagina clamp down upon my penis as I spilt my seed into her. As the feeling subsided, and she relaxed, I finally slipped out, and as I did, I awoke with a start.

The first thing I noticed was a throbbing in my groin, and an ache to satisfy my most basic urge. The second thing was Rufa's head nosing me, and licking me on the face. I had never seen anyone so beautiful. I reached out and touched her, and she backed away. I thought the behavior odd, until I noticed what she was doing.

She had turned around, and just like my dream, she had her legs spread and she was urinating. I sat up abruptly, and almost fell out of the hammock, catching myself on the posts. She had finished urinating, and what fascinated me the most was the way it smelled. It was exactly like the dream. I

felt my erection reach an all new level of ache. I had never been turned on more in my life. I slid onto the floor in the stall, and approached her, taking my shirt off in the process. She looked back at me and gave me a look that said, "I'm waiting."

I reached forward and touched her flesh, and she leaned back into me. I slid my hand up and down, massaging her, and she nickered. I finally drew enough courage, and inserted a finger, then two, and finally a third, feeling her moist and warm. I shuddered with pleasure, and she seemed to as well. I bent forward and tasted her, licking her clit and vulva, savoring the taste, basking in my senses. I spread her lips apart, and started licking deeper and deeper inside of her as I could. It was the best taste I had ever had. I buried my face in her, not being able to get enough, and felt a wave of pleasure come over me. It was like an orgasm, yet wasn't. I couldn't handle it any more.

I left the stall, hearing Rufa snort as if she thought I didn't want her. I hurried and grabbed the nearest thing I could find, an old broken water trough; one of the legs had fallen off. I placed it down behind her, and began to lick at her again. She nickered in approval and after a few minutes of this, I dropped my pants. I looked down, and saw my cock was harder than it had ever been in the past. I pressed it against her slit, and she leaned against me, slipping me inside. I felt as if I were about to orgasm as soon as she did this, but I held it in. The sensation was astounding; it felt as if I were in heaven. Never had I felt so good in my entire life.

I slowly pulled back, and thrust as deep as I could, feeling each and every inch of my cock sheathed with the softest skin I had ever felt. I reached down, and rubbed her clit to try and give to her what she was giving to me. I went slow at first, and soon started to speed up. I couldn't control myself. I found myself thrusting out of reflex, and try as I might, couldn't stop. I soon found myself reaching a climax, and as miraculous as it sounds, so did Rufa. I felt her clamp around me, and found I couldn't pull out as easy as I could. Her flesh pulsed around me, driving my climax even higher. My seed burst forth, and I gave a moan of satisfaction as I came as deep as I could inside her, and I experienced the greatest feeling any man could feel. I shuddered, barely able to stand because my legs were shaking so much. I slouched on her rump, and laid there for what felt like hours.

I finally got up, and went and hugged her around the neck, kissing her in the process. I sat there thinking to myself. Who knew? Dreams could come true.

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I woke up early the next day, and just laid there. I thought about the previous night, and felt it was all just a dream, except I was laying there naked. I got up, and sat there staring at Rufa. She was standing there, asleep. Not wanting to frighten her, I carefully got out of the stall, and went up to the house. I had to be careful, since I was still naked, and Rufa was standing on my clothes.

After a close call, I finally got inside and had some breakfast. I got dressed and went back down to see my love to see if she had woken up yet. She was still asleep. I sat there admiring her form for a few minutes, and went back outside. I had to start making plans on buying the land across the way, and needed to get my affairs in order at the camp. First thing first, I needed to make sure that I could buy the land.

I went to town that day to go to my bank. I needed to see how much I needed to gather from my various holdings, and whether I should start thinking about getting a loan. After about an hour of going from person to person, I found I had just enough to meet the my rough estimate of how much the land was, with enough padding to get me through the rough patch until I could get a reliable income.

The next thing I needed to do was find a newspaper to find the ad about the land I had seen the other day. I finally found it and called the number. When the guy answered I knew I had heard his voice before. He was the previous owner of Rufa. I stated my reason for calling, and after a few minutes of chatting, we set a time to meet to talk about the land.

After a couple of hours, I finally made it home. The first thing I did was to let Rufa out into the field, since she was finally awake. She seemed happy to see me. I went inside and made a sandwich, and went and ate next to her as she grazed around. After an hour of wandering around, following Rufa, I had to go. Jeff had finally arrived to discuss the land, and I went to greet him.

I invited him inside and we started chatting about various things. After about half an hour we finally got around to the land. He asked me why I wanted to buy it, and I told him that I wanted to spend more time with Rufa, and the only way I could do that was to be a rancher.

We chatted some more, and after a few minutes he said, "You seem to really want to do this, and I'll sell you the land. I'll even let you pay it out over a few years so you can get your feet planted firmly." When he said this I was ecstatic. We made the deal and after a few more minutes we said our goodbyes.

I went outside after sitting there thinking about what I should do next. I went to find Rufa and found her standing close to the stable, like she wanted to go in. I opened the door for her to go in and she went to her stall. She looked back at me and shook her head, like she wanted me to follow. I found this arousing, and followed her, making sure to close the doors. She walked to a corner, and after making sure I was there, she stopped.

I took off my shirt and approached her, telling her how beautiful she was. I reached forward and touched her rump, and she started to urinate. It had the same smell as last night, and drove my senses wild. I reached forward and touched her vulva, stroking her softly. She leaned against my hand, and it slipped inside a little. This aroused me, and I thought that this might feel great for her. I withdrew my hand, and went to the sink, not wanting to do anything with my arm so dirty. She looked back at me her look saying, "Don't stop!"

I washed my arm and took off my pants. I approached her again, and put my hand against her again. She nickered, and leaned against me, pushing me in like before. I slowly pushed myself up to my elbow, and felt the back of her wall. Her insides felt so heavenly, so wonderful that I wanted to be able to crawl in and stay there forever. I pulled my arm back, and after I felt a small resistance, I pushed back in. I repeated this a few times, and started to rub her clit with my free hand. She tossed her head around, and I took this as a sign of extreme pleasure.

I continued this for another minute when she came. She gripped my arm and I felt her pulse around it. The feeling of her orgasm made me shudder with pleasure, and after she released my arm, I went to grab a box. I approached her again, to see if she was up for another round, and she faced her back to me, and lifted her tail for me. I stepped on the box and ran my tongue over her clit and over her lips. I slowly inserted my hand, and after a few minutes of this, I decided that it was time. I got up, continuously massaging her, grabbed my penis, and placed it against her slit. She seemed to not want to wait, and leaned back, plunging me deep within.

The feeling was just as good as it was last night, and as I slowly thrust away into her, I continued to rub her with my hand. I slowly increased my pace, enjoying the sensation, and started to feel the pressure of climax growing. I was about to hit it, but she came first. Her vagina contracted, sending waves through me. This was the final push I needed, and I came right after she did. I lost control of myself like I had the night before, and let my seed burst forth into her. I felt spent and slumped off the box.

I went to her face and began to kiss her, and as I did, she licked me. I felt as if I were the happiest man in the world.

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A month had passed by, and things were going good. The land was in use, my neighbors offering pointers now and again on how to make things easier. The house was almost forgotten since I had decided to sleep in the stable. Rufa and I were happy, or at least were. It seemed to me that she was feeling down, and after a while, she seemed to not enjoy my company as much. One night, I looked at her as she was in her stall, and thought about her past. She had never had a child that lived, and I felt as if I understood what was making her depressed. I decided that I would get a male companion for her.

After a few days of searching, I finally found her the perfect companion. He was a stallion named Aron that was the same color as her, except with a splotch of white around one of his eyes. He was such a beauty, and when I brought him home, Rufa looked ecstatic. They took together like birds of a feather, and almost couldn't be separated. I felt a little jealous at the stallion, but that soon passed because she finally didn't look so down.

That night, I decided that I would sleep in the house, so that they could sleep in peace. In the morning however, when I went back to the stable, I found Rufa had missed me. She looked hurt that I hadn't slept with her that night, and I apologized. It seemed that the stallion wouldn't replace me, he would just be another friend for her to love if she so chose too.

A week passed, and nothing eventful happened. Rufa and I had not had sex since the stallion showed up, in part possibly due to Rufa not wanting to hurt either of our feelings. It changed though that evening. I had them in the field while I was washing out the stalls. When I had finished, I went outside, and the two of them came up to me. I pat each on the head, and led them both inside to put them away that night. I led them to their stalls, and while I was closing Aron's door, I noticed Rufa acting weird. She had her rear facing Aron, and she had raised her tail. I could tell instantly what she wanted.

I led her outside, so that she would have space to work, and went back to get Aron. As I reached his stall, I noticed something. He had an erection. I told him, "What a lucky horse you are," and I led him outside. Rufa saw us approaching and spread her hind legs. When we reached her, she started to urinate. Aron gave a snort of excitement, and I backed away. I thought I would let them do what they wanted; all the while I had a pain of jealousy.

Rufa was my love, and here she was going to have sex with another man, in this case, a stallion, but then I realized; he was able to give her what she wanted, a child. I felt the jealousy relax a little, but knew it was still there because it would never fully go away.

Aron had been sniffing her urine while I thought this, and started to try and mount. He finally got on top of her, and began searching for her opening. After about 10 seconds of seeking the prize, he finally found it. His girth plunged deep, and I heard a whinny from Rufa that I had grown to link to pleasure. He withdrew and thrust deep, repeating every few second. After the tenth time, I saw the signs that he had reached a climax, and to my surprise, so had Rufa. I found this arousing, but the small flame of jealousy burst forth again, although I quickly suppressed it. This was for Rufa, and if it was ok with her, I would be ok with it.

After about ten seconds, he finally pulled out, and both horses breathed heavily. I turned around to give them so time to themselves, and began to walk away. After about ten yards though, I heard

Rufa trotting up to me. I turned around and noticed that she wasn't finished. She still wanted me. I felt a wave of relief come over me. She hadn't forgotten about the good times we had. I led her into the stable, and led her to where we usually had sex.

I got undressed and approached her like I always did. I got on the crate, and began to finger her while I licked at her clit. It had a different taste this time, and I recognized it to be the stallions doing. There was something else though; she was wetter than usual, and slicker. The taste was to die for. I sat there for what seemed like hours tasting her, licking at her, and finally withdrew my fingers. I stood up, and grasping my manhood in one hand, slid it inside her. She nickered with pleasure, and I moaned with the same. I thrust inside, feeling where the stallion had been before. It was much slicker than ever before, and this turned me on even more. I soon reached my climax and Rufa did the same. She always had a knack for coming with me. I moaned in ecstasy as my seed spilt inside her, mixing with the stallions.

As I got off the crate I noticed that the door was open; the stallion was looking in and he seemed to like what he saw. I noticed that he was still aroused and as I moved, he approached Rufa. She was still willing to have the stallion again! He jumped up on her, and began his work. After a minute or so, he orgasmed once again along with her. I loved what I saw, but was too drained to do anything else. Later that night after we had settled down and were all going to sleep, I thought to myself that this was the best day in my life.

After a few weeks with a few sex sessions between us three, it was time visit the vet. I loaded up Rufa and Aron and into a trailer, and drove to the vet. After she examined them both, she approached and gave me the health reports. As I read them, she told me something I hadn't expected to hear. Rufa was pregnant!