

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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I was board. It was a feeling that I experienced often as a teen growing up on a farm, but one that I never did get used to. In an earlier time I'd have been busy putting up hay or something, but these days Dad hired out work like that or had equipment that did all the hard work.

I pulled on my shoes and went outside to wander around in the grove. Maybe I'd scare a squirrel or something. The old door on the screened porch scronked and banged as I went out. I'd heard that sound a thousand times. The third step squeaked as I went down the rough wooden steps to the gravel walk. Heard that a thousand times too. I knew every sound and smell of the old house. You could tell where anyone was going just by listening, and who it was by the way each different weight made slight different sounds. I alone could move through the house as silent as a ghost, stepping only on painstakingly chosen boards and staying directly above the stringers on the stairs. I had no reason for developing this skill, it was just something I'd learned earlier in the summer while avoiding doing nothing.

Mom was in the garden digging some potatoes. Even as old as she was (she'd be 40 in a few years, it was hard to imagine being that old) she still showed all the signs of having been an attractive woman. She wasn't really what you thought of as a farmers wife. Right now she was kneeling in the mulch in what looked to be expensive designer shorts and a halter top that showed off her belly and cleavage. Her nails were finished in a flawless shiney red that complimented her makeup, which was elegantly done but lightly applied as was appropriate for the heat. She was wearing a thin loop bracelet and several rings which appeared to get in the way as she struggled with extracting the small purplish lumps from the mounds of loose garden soil. She looked totally out of place, she'd have fit in better relaxing in one of the little brightly painted cast iron chairs while sipping an iced tea at the cafe in town.

"Hi hon!" she called brightly, noticing me as I came down the path toward the lane. She had a smile like a beauty queen, except without the fake, pasted on look.

"Hi Mom," I returned, trying not to let my boarddom show. I half hoped she'd ask for help, even digging potatoes would be something to do. I knew she wouldn't though, she was fiercely self-sufficient and would fight her way through any of the unfamiliar farm tasks before asking for help.

"I saw Wendy at the fence looking lonely a little while ago, maybe you could go brush her?" As she spoke she rested with her hands propped on her knees, elbows stiff. This pose compressed her breasts so that they expanded out the top of the low-cut halter, the thin golden chain she always wore snaked down into the deep crevass. The single lustrous black pearl that the chain supported was not in sight.

"Ok," I said, looking back to her smiling face, "I was going to go out to the grove first, then I'll go see her." It wasn't that I had a thing for Mom, like I said, she was old, but being 18 and male you have to notice tits, no matter who they are attached to. There was no denying that Mom had great tits, and I didn't mind looking when I got the chance. Not at all.

"Here," she said, grabbing a carrot from the basket on the ground beside her and throwing it overhand toward me, "give her a carrot from me!" Normally I'd have caught the vegetable, I'm pretty well coordinated, but I get that coordination from Mom, who played tennis competitively in college, and I was already distracted by her well-tanned assets. As I was contemplating where the tan lines started she whipped the 10 inch missile at me like she was rifling a ball across the court toward a lazy opponent and I only had time to put up my hands to defend myself from the leafy impact. I caught the greens as the carrot fell, trapping it against my crotch, the filthy root jutting out

from my fist at a rude angle, as if it were intentionally betraying my thoughts.

She laughed at my frantic and awkward catch, "Better wash it first, you never know where it's been," she said with a quick wink as she picked up her trowel and went back to working on the potatoes. If I hadn't felt the flush of embarrassment rushing up toward my face I'd have lingered to appreciate the view, but as it was I crammed the carrot in my back pocket and headed across the yard.

The grove was about 30 yards behind the house and consisted of a stand of trees about 100 feet wide and 300 feet long. At one end it ran up to the gravel lane running between the house and the county road about a quarter mile away and at the other end it joined up to a natural wood that occupied about half of our property. The grove was mostly big maple and birch trees that granddad had planted decades ago, but along the back edge was a solid row of tall blue spruce trees that did the bulk of the work of blocking the wind that howled across the rolling hills in the winter.

The yard was what we called the acre or so around the house. It wasn't what our suburban refugees thought of as a lawn, which was a chemical wasteland of one kind of grass growing unnaturally thick without an insect in sight. Our lawn was fenced in with various sturdy barriers and populated with a few goats and a flock of chickens. The grass was a mix of whatever would stand up to the grazing of the goats and the scratching of the chickens. The house was near one corner of the yard, and the garden was right in front of it, surrounded by a fence made of woven willow. Granddad was especially proud of that fence, it was the second thing he'd built on the land after the house, and it kept the goats out of our veggies.

I walked under the spreading branches of the old maples. Granddad was about 95 and he said he'd planted most of these when he was about 19. They were huge things, with trunks Lana, my sister, and I couldn't together stretch our arms around. We used to play in the grove together all the time when we were younger. We had made a complex of tree houses joined by bridges of old limbs brought down by the spring storms. It really had been a grand playground, occupying hours and hours of sunny summer days. Lana didn't really play in the trees much anymore though, she'd turned 20 in the spring and was busy with other things now. Most mornings she left before dawn to ride her bike the 6 miles into town to work at the cafe.

I walked along the main path that ran down the middle of the grove, habitually kicking stuff out of the path to keep it defined. I could see the swish of Wendy's tail though the trees up ahead. She could probably hear me coming. Wendy was my pony, I'd had her for as long as I could remember, and she tended to follow me around like a puppy.

There was a distinct change in the environment as I walked through the section of natural forest. The underbrush and litter on the ground thickened and the air cooled a bit. I liked the forest, it felt more wild and private. I knew the whole forest by heart, including where to find the best mushrooms. In one hollow I could often find the big meaty morels that people liked so much, and in the cow field at the far end of the property under the spreading branches of the old oaks I could find the even more valuable (and fun) kind that turned blue when you bruised them.

As I approached the fence that marked the change from the forest to the cleared field where the old barn sat I could see Wendy standing with her head over the usual place in the fence, where the top rail sagged lower than the rest. Her ears cheerfully stood straight up and faced forward toward me. She was short, her back barely came above my waste now. Sometimes I felt silly riding her now that my legs barely cleared the ground, and I worried that I might be getting too heavy, but she didn't seem to mind.

She nickered happily as I came closer and pranced back and forth a little. It had been a few days since I'd spent any time with her, so she was excited to see me. She nuzzled my hand and snuffled around my waste, looking for a treat. It didn't take her long to find the carrot and tug it out. I laughed at her and rubbed her ears as I climbed over the fence and headed for the barn. She walked along beside me crunching loudly and trying to rub against me.

I laughed again, "Wendy, stop it, you're filthy!" I said as I pushed her away. She'd been down by the stream playing in the mud again, which would make my job cleaning her much harder, but it wasn't like I'd had anything else scheduled. Besides, she needed the attention, I felt bad for having ignored her for so long. Earlier in the week when I'd been out she'd been a bit surly, so I'd left her to roam the pasture alone.

I put her halter on her and tied her to the fence by the front of the barn while I got a bucket of oats and the grooming gear. I liked this area, it was about half a mile from the house and separated by the forest. It was part of the original farm that had been on the property years ago but that had burned down before Dad was born. The barn was all that was left, besides the concrete foundation of the farmhouse, which also made a good play area. I was the only one who used the barn now, Granddad had put up a steel barn on the other side of the property decades before Dad took over the farm, back in the 90's. It was more centrally located and much bigger, but I always liked this old wooden structure better. It had more character.

A couple of years back Dad had helped me fix up the sagging walls and roof so I could move Wendy out here, away from the hogs in the big barn. I didn't like the hogs, they stunk all winter. After we finished with the renovation Dad gave me the run of the old barn and the field, so I had, with his help for the first couple of years, started planting enough oats for Wendy and bailing hay and straw to keep her happy through the year. Now that I was old enough to do all the work myself nobody else ever came out here. I liked that. I made a point to keep the fences cleared and in good repair so that nobody would have to ever come out this way checking to see where the cows had gotten out or whatever.

Wendy was caked in so much mud I gave up on the brushes and went to get the hose. The barn had a rainwater tank in the loft that collected the runoff from the enormous roof. The pressure was low, but it would keep the trough filled without me carrying buckets of water a quarter mile through the woods from the stream.

I held the stiff black hose over Wendy and let the lukewarm water run over her back and down her sides. She snorted into her oats and swished her tail at me as the water dribbled off her belly into the weeds. The dried mud dissolved and washed away as I squeegeed the water through her dark brown hair with my hands. She had beautiful color and a smooth unblemished coat, and I could feel the heat of her sun-soaked hide through the water.

I had been planning to get her saddle but I didn't want to wait for her to dry, so I decided to just go bareback. I was in shorts anyway, and the saddle leather would stick to my skin. I untied her lead rope and threw it over her withers and jumped onto her damp back. She was so well behaved I didn't need anything more and I wasn't going anywhere in particular anyway, so I just gave her her head and went along for the ride.

She started off across the field and I closed my eyes to enjoy the sun and sound of her hooves in the grass. My mind wandered as we walked. I was missing school which had let out this spring as the weather warmed up. Not because I particularly liked the schooling, but because that was where I could spend time with my friends and watch the girls. The girls had become more interesting to watch lately, as the weather warmed up. I replayed my memory of watching Suzy, an athletic and

busty girl in my class. We had been doing physical fitness training that involved running an obstacle course made up of various things to jump over, run through, climb over and up and swim through. Suzy, her name coming immediately before mine alphabetically, was always in front of me when we ran the course.

While she performed well, I was a little faster and so was always there to watch her shimmy over, up or through whatever obstacle we were at. She knew she was hot, and I think she was enjoying showing off for me. At the time I was fortunate to have been mostly occupied while enjoying the view or my shorts would have betrayed my affections. Today however, I was not occupied and as I reviewed Suzy's jiggling anatomy my cock lifted to attention.

As I swayed with the rhythmic rocking of Wendy's walk the base of my cock pressed against her withers in time with her steps, sending waves of pressure through the organ. Enjoying the private nature of my field and fully erect now I laid back with my head on Wendy's rump and my knees up on her shoulders. She hardly flicked an ear at this position as I often rode in unusual positions and she was used to and comfortable with my antics. I slid the waistband of the shorts down and hooked it under my balls to expose myself to the warm caress of the sun. My memories of Suzy turned into fantasies as I gently stroked my foreskin up and down my ridged shaft. With each slow stroke I imagined the the sensual stretch of the tight band of flesh at the tip was really the opening of Suzy's cunt, stretching around my bulging penis as I slowly fucked her, bent over one of the low walls we were supposed to be climbing. I'd never had sex with a real woman, so I had no idea what it was supposed to feel like, but whatever it was supposed to be, this felt great.

Some of the guys in my class bragged about how fast they could cum, and when I wanted to I could blow a load in under a minute (my record was 20 seconds, but that was while I was watching through Lana's partially open door while she was on her bed pleasuring herself, that's a story for another day though). Today, like most others, I wasn't interested in cumming fast, I liked the slow build up and then the careful balance right on the edge of ejaculation. I'd been developing this talent all summer out in the barn under the guise of spending time with Wendy. When I did it right it felt like I was having an orgasm for minutes at a time.

I was just getting to that point now, but with the motion from Wendy's walk it was difficult not to cum. In the barn when I was right on the edge I could go for 30 or 40 seconds where even the slightest touch or flex of the muscles that moved my cock would send me over the edge. Staying there was a matter of an excruciatingly slow sliding of the foreskin. If I even wiggled my fingers I'd go over the edge and spray cum all over my chest. With all the movement from Wendy's walk interfering I couldn't get the fine balance I wanted. I still felt amazing through, with the sun warming my balls, the cool breeze kissing my glans, and the heavy, sweet, horsey scent of Wendy filling my nose.

I opened my eyes as the heat of the sun disappeared and the acrid odor of decaying oak leaves washed over me. I sat up to look around and saw that Wendy had brought us to one of our favorite places. On the far edge on the field from the barn, in the opposite corner of the property from the house, nearly a mile away now, a path led down through a rocky wash filled with mature oaks. At the bottom of the wash the path opened up into a wide space where several old oaks and died and fallen down years ago. The surrounding trees had reached out over the clearing and created a leafy ceiling about 30 feet up. Periodic rainstorms, oak tannins and my occasional attacks with hand-held clippers kept the underbrush to a minimum. The result was an oblong clearing with a floor of decaying oak leaves, a ceiling of gnarled live oak branches and dappled sunlight that made for ideal conditions even on the hottest days and a beautiful place to camp out and roast some dinner. I'd often thought how much fun it would be to get Suzy, or any of my other crushes (or all of them at once!), to come out here to camp.

I'd used some of the fallen oak branches and various scrap to lash together a simple lean-to that I kept stocked with hay for Wendy and some supplies for me. I had an old oil lamp, flint, a good utility knife, some blankets, and sometimes a book. Some evenings when it got dark I'd make a fire and the illumination of the branches from inside the clearing would make the whole place feel like a giant enclosed room. Today though, I had other ideas.

My cock was going flaccid by this point, but I still wanted to spend some time on that orgasmic edge, before seeing how far I could squirt a load. That was another record the guys at school boasted about. Reporting was on the honor system, but nobody seemed to make really over-the-top claims, I suppose out of fear that someone would ask for a public demonstration. I didn't even rate in the top 10 with my 3 foot personal record, but I had a theory about that. I figure that the longer the penis, the lower the nozzle pressure would be. Since my penis is 7 inches fully erect and I can squirt a load 3 feet, I figure the guys claiming 5 feet must have equivalently shorter cocks. I have no idea if it's true, but at least I can feel superior about having a big dick.

I hitched Wendy's lead rope to the usual fallen tree and got her a thick flake of hay to eat. For myself I laid out my heavy wool blanket on some straw bales I had brought out here for that purpose, then took off my shorts and underwear completely. They just got in the way and made it hard to shoot for length, and anyway, there wasn't anywhere I could possibly go that was more private than this. I laid back on the blanket and watched Wendy placidly munching while I worked on stroking up a good hard erection.

The only sounds were the rustle of oak leaves in the occasional breeze and the munching of hay. The weather was perfect, it felt neither hot nor cool, except when the breeze slipped along my bare legs. The setting was so relaxing I wasn't thinking about anything at all, I just let the delicate gliding motion of skin over penis carry me away as I gazed at Wendy, who was the only other moving thing in the area.

As I watched she flicked her tail lazily to the side and I found I was gazing at the long, velvety black swelling of her pussy. It was strangely attractive, though it didn't look much like the shaved pink twats the women in my skin mags splayed out on the glossy pages for my pleasure. Their fake smiles, gaping holes and manicure fingernails were slutty. This long slit was demurely closed, with a slight pucker at the bottom.

As I approached orgasm I closed my eyes to focus on not falling over that edge. I imagined Suzy kneeling between my legs, squeezing my straining cock between her tits and slowly sliding it between them while she stared at it and rolled her fat nipples between thumb and forefinger. Unfortunately I didn't get the balance right this time and as much as I tried to hold back I could feel orgasm bearing down on me like a train. I jumped up, intending to stand at the nearby log I could use as a reference for measuring the power of my ejaculation, but in my haste I stubbed my toe painfully and nearly fell. I took a step and caught myself, landing my hand on Wendy's rump with a solid smack. She was already looking back over her shoulder and so didn't startle, she just jerked her head up a little and swished her tail at me.

The pain shooting up my leg aborted my orgasm before I had a chance to squirt and immediately caused my cock to start to soften, it started angling down more toward the horizontal. I stood there and braced my palms against Wendy and bit my lip while I let the waves of pain wash over me. As I stood there breathing deeply and waiting for the pain to subside I found myself looking right at Wendy's vulva again. Up close I could see that the skin was smooth and clean, with just a little bit of a shine. As I watched I realized she wasn't swishing her tail back as usual, she was just holding it up and to the side, like she was going to take a dump. I waited to see if her tightly puckered ass would begin to relax and stretch (it fascinated me how it could stretch from a tiny closed hole to an

enormous three inch pipe), but instead her pussy flexed! Right at the bottom the neat curve of her lips tightened up and that neat slit opened up for a moment to display the wet pink flesh inside.

I looked up at her head which was turned slightly back my direction so that one big brown eye was fixed on me. A wisp of hay hung from her motionless lips. I looked back past my right hand, which was still planted on her rump, and found her beautiful black sex again. It winked at me again, flashing that slick pinkness.

I looked around the nearly silent glade. My heart was pounding so hard I could hear my breath wheeze with every beat. My blood sang in my ears. This felt totally surreal, and at the same time it had the raw edge of pure adrenalin to it. As I stood there behind her I felt my cock throbbing with every thud of my heart, each surge of blood lifting it a bit higher. A long string of clear precum drooled from the tip and stretched for the ground, dancing and swinging with each throb.

I didn't make a decision to do it, but I took a step forward, cock horizontal, seeming to drag me forward. Wendy's rump was about the level of my stomach. Her cunt enticed me forward, just below waste level. Cock level. I was directly behind her, the shining tip of my cock hovering and drooling an inch from her damp black slit. My mind whirled, but no thoughts could form while my blood rushed in my ears and my hands quivered.

She winked again. My hips moved of their own accord and I watch the swelling purple head of my cock touch her. My hips slowly pushed my cock forward. It was still a little soft from my intense nervousness and it compressed a little before her lips parted and slid slowly over the tip of my cock. They caught my foreskin and neatly slipped it back. I put my other hand on the smooth hair of her rump, grasping her as I had imagined gripping Suzy's bucking hips. I could feel the heat of her body in my hands and in the tip of my cock. I took in a deep breath to steady myself as I looked again at my cock in disbelief. Yep, head deep in my horse's cunt.

Before I could exhale or make a decision I felt the massive muscles in Wendy's flanks move as she shifted her feet. The loose stones below clunked off of her hooves as she adjusted her footing and then she backed into me. In one smooth motion those hot black lips gobbled up my cock and I spastically thrust myself up hard against her. I held tight to her rump and pressed deep into her hot depths. No words can describe how it felt to have my virginity taken by the mare. And to take hers, I realized. I could feel her vulva flex against my balls and the smooth walls of her puss slide against my now rock-hard cock.

My body seemed to know what to do, I stood behind her and fucked my Wendy with long, slow strokes. Suzy didn't even enter my mind. With my hands I stroked her big, beautiful flanks as I leaned back and watched in incredulity as my cock disappeared into her hot pink slot. I pulled it nearly all the way out and with my hand I slid the wet head down to draw circles on her clit, then back up so I could again watch it disappear inside her.

I felt orgasm coming again, but I never wanted this to end. I slowed down and closed my eyes to focus and suppress the ejaculation. With short, shuddering strokes I tiptoed up to the orgasmic precipice, then I stood, nearly motionless, the slightest little movements sending cascading waves of pleasure crashing down my cock. A golden tingling heat spread from the root of my cock slowly up the front of my spine and into my chest. I'd never felt anything like it, it was like someone had poured God down my cock and into my body.

I was motionless now, any move would spray my seed deep into her. I don't know how long I basked in that incredible glow, it could have been forever. Then Wendy clenched around me and dragged me penis first into a mind-blowing, moaning-out-loud, hanging-on-to-your-lover orgasm. I resumed

pounding it into her in rhythm to the hot jets blasting forth from me. As I expended myself I kept pumping hard, trying to stay there as long as I could. I could feel my slippery cum all over now, dripping down my balls and turning Wendy's cunt into a slick, sloppy mess. I did the best I could to fuck her deep enough to get my balls in. As I started to slow down Wendy arched her back and nickered and her cunt clamped down on me. I stood in awe as my beautiful pony had her first ever orgasm on my cock.

My knees shaky, I sat down behind her and watched as my cum slowly dripped out of her. It formed thick drops on the little pucker over her clit and dripped to the ground. I was soaked from my cock down and smelled more like a horse than even Wendy usually did. It smelled amazing, I couldn't get enough of it. Eventually it dawned on me that she'd been pissing her special 'in heat' piss on me. That just made me even hornier.

I let the event sink into my consciousness. "I fucked Wendy." I thought to myself. Over and over. "I fucked Wendy." I sat up and looked around to satisfy my paranoia that someone might be listening, then I addressed Wendy out loud. "I fucked Wendy." Her ears perked up at her name. "I fucked my horse."

I waited to see if saying it out loud would change anything.

It didn't. I still loved it. And I still wanted to do it again. I got up and went to her head to pet her and talk to her. She sniffed at my penis, which was still soft, but slowly hardening again. She stretched out her neck, held her head high and raised her upper lip, showing her big yellow teeth. I laughed at her "Hey, you peed on me," I told her, "That's your own scent!".

After a while I went back around to her rump and slid my fingers under her tail, which she immediately lifted for me. I gently explored her beautiful dark pussy with my fingers, playing with her clit to see if maybe she'd like it as much as I'd read that girls do. I knelt behind her and licked and sucked at her clit and buried my face into her. I could taste a mixture of her fluids and my ejaculate, now thin and watery and dribbling out of her. As I sucked her clit I jacked my cock to full mast, imagining the feeling of her heat clamping down on me. As I sucked I could feel her winking at me.

I stood and entered her again, gently sliding home. I'd had more than my share of pleasure, this time I wanted to see if I could make her cum more than once. I started with long strokes, slow and deep, but not too fast. I did this for a while but it was really overstimulating for me, if I kept it up I'd come again before it was my turn. I modified my stroke, bending my knees or standing up on tiptoe to try to stimulate her better. I closed my eyes and concentrated on feeling how my cock skidded down her vaginal walls, and how often I could feel her muscles clench. I slowly figured her out. Before long I felt her cunt clamp down on me as she tensed up and made a whoofing grunt. Tired from the effort I pulled out to rest, even though I didn't get to cum that time.

I stroked her and talked to her for a bit before going back for more. This time I put a couple of hay flakes behind her to give me a few extra inches so that the angle she seemed to like was easier to achieve. This time my aim was for both of us to cum. I took my time, lingering deep in her enjoying her heat and trying to get her excited. As I got closer I started fucking her the way she seemed to like it best, raising myself up at the beginning of each stroke so my cock would drive into the floor of her cunt with each thrust. I hoped she was getting close, because I wasn't going to last much longer like this. I kept it up, concentrating on the feel of her under my hands and the sensation of her firm buttocks against my hips. I was about to give it up and blow my load when I felt her cumming again. It must have been a good one, she clamped her cunt down on my cock repeatedly. I let go, groaning and straining with her, cumming with my new lover.