

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part 1

I was walking through the forest one day on a hike. I walked along for about a hour when a shift in wind brought a smell that scared me. It was the smell of smoke. I start to worry because I knew how fast a fire can travel in the woods. I started running back along the path when I heard what sounded like an animal crying out with fear. The noise came from the left of the path, and after a few moments, decided to go look, since it didn't sound like it was too far off the path.

After a couple hundred of feet, I see what looks like a campsite with a horse tied up to a tree. By this time I could see smoke in the air, and the horse, a mare, had a wild look in her eyes. She kept thrashing about trying to get loose to escape from the forest fire that continued to draw closer. I race to her and grab knife from my bag to cut the rope. Where her owner had gone, I knew not, but I was not going to leave her to die.

As I sawed away at the rope, the horse became calmer; she could tell I was trying to help her. I finally finished cutting the rope, and against what I thought, the horse stood still. I looked at her for a few seconds, and felt that she was waiting for me. Whoever had left her there, had left her saddle on with just a couple of clasps undone. I buckled them and climbed into the saddle, and she was off. By this time, I thought I could hear the roar of the fire, and the smoke was making me nauseous. She ran and ran with little direction from me.

After what felt like hours, though only five minutes had passed, the smoke started to clear from the air, and the horse started to slow down to a quick walk. After another ten minutes, the trees around us started to thin, and the sun started to poke from between the branches. It was not long until we reached the edge of the forest. At this time, I decided that I should get off and see if I could find a signal for my phone. All I could think about was seeing if the horse had been hurt at all. I called my vet, and after about ten minutes of time, I finally found a road to get my bearings so she could pick the horse and me up.

As I sat near the road, the horse came close to me touched me with her head. I took this as a sign that she was grateful for saving her. I started thinking about what had happened to her owner, had they gotten away? Where were they? Would they search for her? I didn't know. All I knew was I was safe, and the mare was safe.

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## Part 2

After an hour or so of wandering down the road to keep heading away from the fire, the vet finally arrived with a trailer to take me and the horse to safety. As we loaded her into the trailer, Dr. Smith told me how there was evacuations from the surrounding area because a wild fire had started from what they assumed were careless campers. As we pulled away and started down the highway, I looked back and saw a plume of smoke rising in the air from where we had just come.

A long car ride later, made longer because of a detour to get around the quarantined zone, and we finally reached the vet's office. We led the mare down to her examination room for her horse patients. After a while she gave the horse a clean bill of health. At this news, I was relieved. I had not known how long the horse had been in the smoke, and had been worried since I found her.

After the examination, the vet said, "Where did you find her?"

"I found her in the forest as I was running from the fire. Someone left her in the forest." I said. At this time, the horse had wandered up to me and started nudging me with her head. I reached up and gave her a rub on the neck.

"Well, I scanned her to see if she had an identification chip implanted, but it was corrupted. Nothing was left on it."

"I guess we need to give her a name until we find her owner. I think Abby fits her." I said.

"Yes, that sounds like a good name. Anyways, I need to find somewhere to keep her. The vet's housing stable is being renovated, so I can't keep her here."

"Do you think I could keep her? My father has a ranch and room for another horse; I'm sure he will accept."

She said, "Sure, Just call him and make sure that it's ok, and I'll take her there with you."

And so I did.

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Part 3

A couple of weeks had passed since Abby had joined us on the ranch. The vet had come twice to make sure that she was doing well. We had talked about what to do about her ownership, and the sheriff had told us that if the owner showed up, she would rightfully be theirs. I prayed it would never happen. I had grown attached to Abby, and she to me. I spent all my free time walking with her, or just talking to her.

A week passed by and I felt that we might be able to keep her forever. One night I decided it was about time to give her a bath again. While I was washing, I couldn't help but notice how attractive she was. Her smell drove my senses wild. I started washing her rear, and found myself staring at her vulva. I felt myself getting turned on, and backed away. I had been raised all my life being told this was wrong, but I didn't understand why. I decided enough was enough and hurried to finish.

The next morning, I couldn't stop thinking about the previous night. I didn't feel like I had done anything wrong, but the way I was raised said different. As I thought about this, I found myself wandering towards the stable. I wanted to see Abby and to say sorry for leaving so abruptly the night before. I had finished quickly and didn't walk her long to let her dry. I decided I would comb her to make up for my rudeness, and she loved being combed.

I grabbed her brush and started to brush her. After a few minutes, I had reached her back. Like before, I caught myself looking at her vulva again. This time, I didn't stop myself. I patted her rump, and started to reach under her tail. She shifted slightly, and lifted her tail. I started to rub my finger up and down her, and thought to myself, "This isn't wrong. I mean, she is letting me, so why would it be?"

After a minute or so of rubbing her, I bent over. I sniffed at her and found that I liked it. I stuck out my tongue, but before doing anything, I heard the door open. I stood up scared. It turned out that it had been the wind, but I didn't continue. What if someone walked in? I didn't continue and decided that I would come back later that night. I lead her to the pastures where she went off to graze, and went off to work.

That night, after my dad had put up the animals and went to bed, I decided it was time to try my luck again. I walked down to the stable. As I entered, I saw Abby look up at me. She nickered and waited for me to come over. When I reached her, she nuzzled at me. I stood with her rubbing her neck, and after a while, she turned her rear toward me. I noticed that her tail was raised and I didn't hesitate.

I bent over and started to rub her vulva as I admired her beauty. After a minute or two of this, I stuck out my tongue and began to lick at her. She shifted backwards, and buried my face into her backside. The smell was pleasant, and her warmth made my body ache with pleasure. I began to move my tongue over her clitoris and she nickered; where from pleasure or from another reason I don't know, but I tend to think the former.

After a few minutes of sliding my tongue up and down and in and out I felt that it was time to try my luck even farther. I had no worries, since my dad was in bed, and he knew I sometimes walked around at night, so he wouldn't go looking for me. I started to get undressed and found a crate to stand on. I went back over to her and set the crate down behind her. As I stood behind her, I saw that she was holding her tail up for me, and what surprised me even more was that she was winking.

I stood on the crate, and placed my penis on her opening. She winked again, causing a wave of pleasure to go through me. I slowly pushed myself in her and the waves of pleasure broke against me again. I slowly began to thrust in and out. Each time I tried to push a little deeper, feel a bit more of her. As I went in, she shifted a little back plunging me deep within her, causing me to shudder with pleasure. I went harder and faster, and soon reached a climax. I shuddered with each wave, feeling spent. It was the best feeling in the world.

After about a minute, I leaned forward and rested my torso on her. I had gained much pleasure from her, and felt I owed her some too. I wondered if she would be able to orgasm too. I decided to try. I went and found a tube of lubricant my dad used for inseminating his mares, and went to wash my arm off well.

I went back to her and she faced her back to me, raised her tail, and started winking again. I put some lube on my arm, and slowly inserted my arm into her. The feeling was indescribable. I pushed deep inside her, and came into contact with the back of her passage. I formed a fist, and slowly pulled back. I ran into some resistance, and then pushed back in. I repeated this for a little, and felt her shift. She seemed to like what I was doing, and so I continued. After a minute or two I felt her tighten around my arm. I could only assume she had reached a climax of sorts, and decided to stop. She seemed very pleased as I walked back to her head. I hugged her and whispered that I loved her in her ear.

After what seemed an eternity, I decided that it was time to say goodnight. I washed off my arm, got dressed, and walked back to the house, sad that I had to part from my love.

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## **Part 4**

Two days after the night of my life, my worst fear came to be. A man came strolling up to my dad's ranch house as I walked in a pasture next to the house. After a short while my dad came to the fence and yelled for me to come over with the horse. I came reluctantly.

"This here fellow says that he was told his horse was here." said my dad. I had a bad feeling about this guy. If I had been in his situation, I would have done my best to see if she had survived and been found.

I went to the house, just to grab a small recording device just in case I could use it. The guy had left her in the forest, and if I could find anything at all about it, I might be able to do something. I went out side with it in my pocket, and found my dad standing with the guy near the fence. The guy was having trouble getting close to Abby, and this gave me new hope. This wasn't the behavior of a horse that had been so friendly to anyone who had shown up.

I went up to the guy, with the recorder on, and asked him why he had taken so long to find her. He had said that he thought her dead, since the whole section of forest was burnt. He only found her because a vet had a sign up saying there was a horse found.

This didn't explain why he had left her alone in the forest tied up. I brought up the nerve to ask, "Why did you leave her in the forest? There was a fire and the first thing I would have done would be to at least free any tied animal."

"I was with my wife grooming our other horse. As soon as I smelled the smoke, it wasn't strong at all, but I grabbed my wife and jumped on the horse. I didn't want to chance getting hurt and I couldn't spare untying this one, it wasn't important enough to risk harm for."

As soon as I had heard the phrase "It wasn't important enough..." I was infuriated. It was bad enough abandoning her in a fire, but calling her an it? That was too much. I began thinking of how to get her away from this guy. He obviously didn't care for her, yet I doubted that the case of the fire would have been enough to get her away from him.

I let her go with him, and called my uncle. He was a lawyer and could help me try and get her away. He told me he would be able to do something if I had any proof, but it wouldn't hurt to get more cases of abuse. I had gained hope.

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Part 5

A couple of weeks passed, and I decided it was time. My love had been taken away, and I was lonely. I needed to find a way to get her back. I wanted to make sure that I would be able to get her back, and that required spying on the guy. If I was lucky, I would be able to get her back. I went out and bought a camera with a telescopic lens; maybe I would be able to get a photo of the guy being abusive. I hoped that it wasn't the case, but the way the guy had talked about her, I knew it was.

That weekend, I decided it was time to try. I went and scouted out the area, looking for a good vantage point, and found one. There was a nice low cliff overlooking his ranch and barn. If I was going to see anything, it would be from here. I camped out all day, seeing people coming and going, and watched as a few horses grazed in the field. I wondered, what had happened to Abby? Had he sold her? Was she hurt? I didn't know.

As I looked on, I saw someone that made my heart jump. It was the first time he had taken off his hat, and he stuck out like a sore thumb. He had green hair, and was the only person I knew to have it in this area. It was my friend Greg. He would be a helpful person in my mission to regain my love.

When the light had grown too dim to see well, I decided to get back home. On the way home, I called Greg to ask him about his job. He explained that he helped take care of the livestock, and rarely dealt with the horses. I told him my suspicions of abuse to a particular horse, and my friend said he would help. He had access to the stables, and would be able to check on Abby.

A few days passed without a word from my friend. I continued to go to the ridge on my free time,

and not once caught sight of Abby. I couldn't help wondering where she was. After the fifth day, my friend finally called. He told me how they weren't allowed to go into the stables all of a sudden, but since he knew how important this was for me; he had finally found the chance to sneak in.

What he saw had made him sick. The horse he found in there was filthy. She wasn't being starved, but she wasn't being fed well either. This news made me furious. Why would he take her back if he was going to be cruel to her? I asked my friend to go a step farther for me. I asked him to go and take a few pictures. This would be the proof I need to get my love back.

The next day my friend called me. We made an arrangement to meet so I could get the evidence. When I got to the restaurant, my friend gave me a strained smile. It turned out he was caught in the stable, and was fired on the spot. He luckily had the camera hidden in his coat, so he still got the pictures. I thanked him for his sacrifice, and mentioned my dad might hire him to help around the ranch.

I called my uncle later that night to ask if I had enough to get her out of there. He said that unless the judge was very forgiving, the horse would be taken from the owner. I dreamed that night of seeing my love once again.

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## **Part 6**

It was time to call the police about this man. He wasn't taking care of his horse, and it was time to make him pay. I watched from the ridge as the animal cops came and looked in the building the guy was keeping Abby. I watched as they loaded her into a trailer, and the owner watching on from next to the house. He looked mad, but at the same time, pleased, like he really didn't care for her.

A week passed before the case could be brought before a judge. In that time, I had talked to the authorities telling them how I had saved her from the forest, and how she seemed to like me. I finally persuaded them that, if he was found guilty and the horse was taken away, I would be able to adopt her. This made me ecstatic. I felt guilty in a way though, but that soon passed.

The defense and prosecution went back and forth as they made their case. I was called in to testify about how I had found her, and my friend was called in to talk about the condition he saw her in. The defense tried to get this thrown out, since this made our case, but since he was working for the guy at the time, and they did not have any proof that they said for no one to go in there without good reason.

Before the judge told the court his ruling, he asked the man, "Why did you go get the horse if you were going to take such poor care for it? It is obvious that you don't want the horse, so why waste our time by doing this?"

"I did it because she is probably pregnant with my best stallion's baby, I wasn't planning on keeping her, but after I heard she was still alive, I decided to keep her until I was sure she was pregnant. If she wasn't I would have gotten rid of her."

After hearing this, my jaw dropped. He had only come to get her for a possible pregnancy? I was shocked. I almost lost my temper. I felt so satisfied when the judge announced that the guy was guilty, and that the horse would be taken from him.

Around nine months later, it was time. Around three o'clock a.m. Abby went into labor. The thing that had caused us to be separated was finally coming to an end. I had no hard feelings on the foal, but that guy could not be forgiven. At least no one could separate us again.