

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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As my car's tires had squealed in protest negotiating the serpentine mountain road to the old resort, I was struck by how unchanged it all was from my childhood a half century before. Around every curve, frozen in time, were familiar old homes, even log cabins.

Missing here were the strip malls and big box stores that had, like noxious weeds, choked out most of the places I remembered so fondly from my youth. This place was good for the soul. Why had it been so long since I had made the hour's journey?

The venerable old place has memories for me from every stage of my life, and on this warm summer day they came flooding back. I remembered riding up to the resort in the back of my uncle's car as a child, and as a college student nursing my trusty old Lambretta scooter up the road.

Then as my life unfolded I had found myself at the resort's great old restaurant celebrating the occasional wedding or company party. But today was a solitary day; a day for walking and for memories; half much needed exercise and half sentimental journey. But while most these memories had been faded by time, one had not.

I had already explored several well kept trails around the resort's lake. Yet at each turn I had felt some instinct drawing me in a one direction or the other. Then I had come to the old, seldom used, gravel road and I sensed somehow it was the road from my memory.

I followed the old road's single lane for a mile or so through a forest of dense woods with its carpet of mountain ferns. It had rained earlier in the day and the air was heavy with the scents of the forest. I have always loved forests.

Suddenly a broad meadow opened in front of me surrounded by an old oak fence. Across the former pasture, I saw what I had been looking for and what I thought might have been only a dream. Standing in the middle of the clearing was the great old gray horse barn just as my memory had painted it, its huge Dutch roof crowned by three majestic copulas.

The barn was made of aged, unpainted chestnut boards but was in remarkable repair as if it were protected by the area's strange time warp. Soon I was walking around its outside. At the end of the barn I found a sliding door. I slid it aside and found myself at the end of a long breezeway with stalls on either side. The floor beneath the breezeway was old, hand poured concrete, but the floors of the stalls were of dirt and were sunken beneath the breezeway surface by years of being mucked out.

I was surprised to see a rake and pitchfork still lying on the floor of the first stall and wondered how long ago the barn had seen its last horse. As I walked along breathing in the wonderful aroma unique to horse barns, I noticed many of the stalls still had the names of horses on the doors.

The horse's names were simple, like Ranger and Jan, but that was because the jobs of these horses had been simple. Their jobs had been to safely carry clumsy tourists with had little or no experience, on horseback rides over some very uneven trails.

This is where she had lived. I imagined her grazing in the field outside at dusk, her honest day's work behind her. She must have provided thousands of horseback adventures for tourists, plodding faithfully up and down the miles of trails, but the adventure she had taken me on was not covered in the brochures.

And while I never knew her name, my brief time with that beautiful buckskin mare had been at a cross roads in my life and I will be eternally grateful for taking the path she showed me. Afterward, I

would be obsessed with her kind. I would bend my life around owning and caring for as many horses as I could afford, and I would be richly rewarded in a hundred ways.

Now, looking into the old stalls, that day from my sophomore year came flooding back. I had been at the resort only a week earlier with some college buddies. We had gone up to swim in the lake but I had been excited to see that they had a shelter near the lodge with a string of riding horses tied under it. I had thought about one of them all week and that weekend I had returned by myself on my trusty scooter.

I parked a short distance away to avoid spooking the horses and walked over to the shelter. It consisted of a gabled roof held up by a half dozen posts. My heart was racing knowing that I might soon be alone with one of these fantastic creatures on the miles of remote trails.

The young guy running the concession for the resort was about my age but unlike me was a real horseman. His faded, patched jeans and cowboy boots were no affectation. Yet any awkwardness I felt soon melted away.

His job must have been a bit lonely because he seemed eager to make small talk for a few minutes. Then he asked me which horse I wanted to ride. I had been struck by the beauty of the buckskin and there it was in front of me, but I did not even know if it was a mare. I had only sensed its femininity. I said that I "liked the look of that one."

I had been looking pensively at her from behind when suddenly her tail flew up and she took a short pee. She was indeed a mare! And I was mesmerized by the fact that she kept convulsing her beautiful vulva long after the stream had ceased. It was as if she was silently screaming at my hormone soaked brain in a language that I did not yet realize I had been born understanding.

I was snapped out of my trance when my new friend said "Yeah, she looks good enough to fuck, doesn't she!" I was dumbstruck by the comment and couldn't answer. I wanted to say "Can you really do that? Do you? Will you show me how?", but I could not muster the courage and simply mumbled polite affirmation. Looking back, he must have seen through me like a window pane; a single man wanting to ride a beautiful mare off into the woods alone. He must have assumed I knew she was in heat.

But back in that time there was no internet and I thought until that instant that I was nearly alone on the planet in my long attraction to horses. The only other men like me I knew of I had read about in old law cases and abnormal psychology books from the huge college library! In that massive collection of documents I had found only a few mentions of what I knew I was.

I still remember one line from an abnormal psychology book that explained that bestiality "usually involved sex with horses, cows, chicken, pigs and sheep." Despite this representation of people who did what I was compelled to do as abnormal or criminals, I was determined to experience intimacy with a mare.

Several earlier attempts had fallen well short of the mark but made me only more desperate. I had felt this desire since puberty and I had to know if it was possible that it could ever be fulfilled. I had already lost my virginity with women, but had found it somehow disappointing.

I remembered how dry my mouth had become as I rode away up the trail to the highest peak around the resort. I had already figured it would be the place with the fewest hikers, and if I avoided the main trail I might find the privacy I so needed.

As that equine beauty had moved under me, I felt an electric attraction to her body and ran my hand

over the base of her graceful neck. Near the summit I found a side trail through dense forest that looked like it was seldom used. It led for several hundred yards and then up broad stair steps of shale to a dead end at an overlook. Reaching the overlook I turned her around and started back to the shale steps.

Now I knew there was nobody behind me and I had only to watch my front. As she stepped down one of the shale steps I halted her and swung out of the saddle. My heart was racing with excitement. But there was no place to tie her reins and still use the natural ledge to reach my target. Would she try to run off? Would she kick me?

I gentled her and petted her for a few minutes and tested her response to dropping her reins over her neck. She stood perfectly still. Soon I had gone to her rear and climbed the step behind her. There, right in front of me, was what I had so long dreamed of.

I reached down and stroked her butt. As my hand neared the base of her tail it flew up and she let out another stream almost hitting my pants leg. Then she kept her tail cocked up and that incredible winking started again.

My pants were bulging from my enormous erection and within seconds I had freed it through the zipper of my jeans. I tentatively pushed the head between the lips of her vulva, waiting for her to run off down the hill or to lash out at me with her hooves. But amazingly her tail simply moved higher and to the side and her clit pulsed up against my member with incredible softness. She was mine!

I could stand no more. I sunk my penis into her to the hilt and then began a series of deep thrusts, still worried about her reaction. Each thrust seemed more impossibly pleasurable than the last and they led to an incredible orgasm within half a minute. As the blinding rush of exquisite pleasure faded I found myself standing in the forest behind the beautiful buckskin mare realizing that I had fulfilled my dream. More significantly, I sensed I had crossed a bridge from which there was no returning.

But then I nearly panicked as I pulled my still stiff cock slowly from her and as I tried to coax it back into my fly I noticed she had soaked the front of my jeans around the zipper with a pungent smelling secretion. Worse, I had not masturbated for a week in anticipation and the resulting accumulation was now leaking from my partner for the world to see. A huge blob of my sperm was slowly oozing and dangling from her beautiful vulva as if to say "look what he did to me!"

I gathered some leaves nearby and used them to try to remove the evidence from both her and me. As I went to climb back into the saddle I noticed my knees were weak. She had drained me in more ways than one and I had never felt so spent and relaxed.

Then I felt an incredible gratefulness for what this mare had given me. I stroked her neck and thought how stupid I had been not to bring some treat for her. I rode her around for the rest of my hour hoping my jeans would dry, but when we returned to the shelter the patch around the fly was still darker than the rest of my pants and I could smell that wonderful odor occasionally wafting up to my nose.

My new found cowboy friend came walking out of the shelter to grab her bridle as I dismounted. He looked me in the eye and asked if I had had a good ride. As he said the word "ride" he winked an exaggerated wink! I said I "really had" and winked back.

It had been at the end of the college term and as a co-op student my next term was working far from campus and the resort. I returned the next spring hoping to repeat the experience but they told me the riding would not start until June. I needed to see the horses if nothing else, and I had

remembered that my cowboy friend had explained to me that they kept the horses in a big barn on the far side of the lake.

So I had found the road that he had described and walked it for several miles finally coming upon the same scene as today except several horses had stood in the field grazing. If the beautiful buckskin was there, she had not been in sight. But back then there had been a gate across the road with a "no trespassing" sign and I had not tried to get close to the barn. I had contented myself with watching the horses graze until it was time to return, hoping I would catch a glimpse of her.

Today, standing in the old barn with forty years of wonderful equine experiences behind me, I wondered about that mare and her stable mates. Had my cowboy friend "trained" her for such special services in these stalls? If these old walls could talk, what stories would they tell? Finally I wondered if she had died peacefully in the beautiful pasture or if she had been sent off to slaughter when she was no longer able to work?

I imagined all this as I soaked in the atmosphere of the old barn and the feeling that came back to me was that it was a good place with a history of kindness and caring.