

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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I scale the wooden fence and jump down into the muddy field, the earth is slippery in places and I struggle at times to stay standing. It's early morning, the sun is still below the skyline, casting an eerie ghost-like glow across the landscape. I walk along the perimeter of the field and sit on the long steel gate. Then I wait. Time ticks slowly, the sun break over the horizon, slowly bathing the world in a soft yellow glow. The birds begin the dawn chorus as I continue to wait. I wait and I wait and the sun climbs higher and higher. I begin to worry about the light, will I have to leave it till tomorrow?

I turn to leave but stop in mid-stride. I smile and sigh in relief as I see him crest the hill. He looks magnificent, truly magnificent. There's no other way to describe him. I grip the gate in anticipation and my skin begins to tingle as he gallops towards me. He's moving fast, very fast, hooves pound the earth, ripping up sods of grass, his nostrils flare, his tail trails outward, his body all sleek and black and shiny in the brand new dawn. He gets closer and closer then slows to a trot, a walk, he stops and snorts and bobs his head, unsure, cautious, still a little weary of me.

I bite into the apple wedge with an audible crunch, his ears shoot up and my heart's a hammer in my chest as he slowly inches forward. I stretch out my arm, the apple wedge, moist and fragrant, resting in the palm of my hand. I don't move. I hardly breath. He's closer now, stretching his glossy neck, all timid and indecisive, out towards the apple. He takes the wedge, his lips lightly brush my skin and a shudder runs through me. He steps back, watching, and begins to eat the apple. The jaws grinding and crunching the firm red fruit, the sound almost clamorous in the numb morning air.

He comes forward again, mouth still in motion to await the next offering. I pull another wedge from my pocket, he takes it and turns to the side. I feel the heat emanate from his body and I reach out and gently stroke his back. He moves closer, his head almost knocking me from my perch as I playfully slap his neck. I gingerly ease myself down from the gate and begin the slow walk along the tree-lined edge of the field. He starts to follow. It's been less than a fortnight but he seems to know the routine.

I make my way through the gap in the trees, to the small clearing and a thrill runs through me when I see him follow. I stop and feed him another wedge and whisper words of encouragement. I continue on, watching to see if he follows. We reach the glade and I turn and wait. He slowly encircles me, stopping to sniff my hand. I pat his head and neck, running my trembling fingers across his back and feel his muscles ripple beneath the skin. I massage the flesh, rubbing and stroking and he snorts in appreciation.

I'm encouraged to go on, to take things further, so I advance downwards, rubbing and stroking as I go. He doesn't protest when I reach under and trail the back of my hand along his underbelly, casually brushing his sheath. He remains calm and I'm encouraged to proceed still further. I cautiously turn my hand and cup the sheath. My fingers tremble as I gently massage the soft, pliable flesh and the two large orbs of his scrotum. Suddenly he snorts and whinnies, the noise startling in the silence of the dawn and I quickly pull away.

He stomps the ground with a hoof, his lips recede and he bares his teeth, sniggers and snorts and I watch in awe as the huge penis drops to dangle loose and flaccid between his powerful back legs. It's so sudden and unexpected, I begin to shake, my heart a trapped bird against my ribs. I look around and scan the horizon but my desire is all powerful, it overrides the fear as I reach out to take him in my hand. The rubbery softness of his semi-flaccid flesh feels smooth and heavy in my sweaty palm. I gently squeeze and caress the surface but it starts to shrink back into the sheath.

I quickly remove my backpack, then my sweatshirt and pants, the cool morning air causing

goosebumps to break out upon my nakedness. I reach into the knapsack and pull out the plastic jar. I open it and rub my fingers on the cotton swabs. I bring my hand to his nose and the smell of mare scent sends him crazy. He snorts and neighs and stomps his hooves, his cock swelling and lengthening in wild excitement. I reach and stroke him with my hand, running it along the smooth surface to the flared head. I pull downward and let go and watch it spring up stiff and ridged to slap against his belly.

Suddenly, he rears up, tries to mount me and in a surge of panic, I quickly move away but he follows, rearing and bucking with the massive arm like cock slapping against his belly and I fear his excited neighing will wake the dead. I step back to the relative safety of the fallen tree. I tremble as he follows and in panic I grab his mane and whisper to calm him.

When he's calm, I reach into the knapsack and remove a second jar. I open the lid and smear copious amounts of the KY/water mix between my legs, across my shaved cock and scrotum. I run a generous amount across my taut, six-pack stomach and muscular pecs. I let him smell my fingers again but this time I'm ready. He squeals and snorts and rises up, I move under him and my knees almost buckle as I struggle with his heavy weight landing on my broad back. I battle to maintain my balance as his colossal cock hits my thigh and ass, frantically searching for an opening. I lean over the fallen tree as I reach under and guide it between my slicked up thighs. He thrusts forward, sliding the swollen tip and smooth shaft across my slippery flesh. I bring my elbows, the side of my arms and my hands together to form a crude tunnel with my torso as the enormous cock begins thrusting along my stomach and chest. I use my cupped hands to massage the swollen head and he snorts and tries to nip the back of my neck. I move a little and his head hangs over my shoulder. His eyes are bulging, his lips quivering. I bend a little more and his front hooves rest on the fallen tree, taking the bulk of his weight off my back. He continues to thrust, his unfeasibly large cock sliding against the skin of my arms, stomach and chest.

It's over quickly, far too quickly. With a final thrust, he pauses, the world stands still, his cock, long and ridged and snug between my arms and torso, flares like a flower and erupts. It's an explosion. The blast covers my hands, chest, neck and chin. I am bathed in horse cum. It feels warm against my flesh but quickly cools in the chill morning air. He dismounts, steps back and snorts, shaking his head.

His cock is flaccid now, it dangles between his legs as he releases a heavy stream of piss onto the ground. I stand up, my own cock rampant as I smear it with his cum and using it as lubricant, I begin to jerk myself off. I jerk with long fast strokes, sliding my slick, cum drenched hand across the smooth flesh, to the sensitive tip. It makes a sloppy wet sound as I work the mushroom head. The sensation is too much and I cry out as I shoot long, ropy strings of semen onto the damp, dewy grass.

The intensity of my climax makes my head swim and I have to lean against the tree to catch my breath. I rest a moment, savoring the warm, post-orgasm glow before I reluctantly pull on my sweats. The fabric clings to my cum soaked body. I pat the stallion on the rump as I head for the gate. I climb into the lane and continue my morning run. I pass a young woman walking her dog and feel a sense of shame and guilt as she catches my eye. Does she see the cum, does she think it's sweat? Can she smell it. I run faster to get away and promise myself never to go back, never to do it again, the risk is too great. But as I let myself into my apartment, strip off and get into the shower, I know it's just the fear talking and it's just an empty promise. Because I know by the twitching of my cock, I'll do it all again tomorrow.