

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Summer was just beginning, and I still didn't have a job between my junior and senior year at CU. I didn't know how I was going to spend my summer or how I was going to pay for next year's tuition. Spring in Denver is always pretty so I wasn't in too much of a hurry, but something had better happen before all the other students got the remaining summer jobs.

I went down to the Triangle (which is a gay bar) for a beer and to kill some time. Although I like girls, I've also had my share of men too. I don't know why I can't seem to make up my mind about which way I hang, but I figure, what the hell, I'm young, and there's plenty of time to figure it all out.

Anyway, as I stood there holding up the wall, a very cowboy looking dude in the usual western drag was eyeing me. Even the bank presidents dress like cowboys in Denver, so he could've been just about anybody.

Finally, he walked over to me and started a conversation. He and his partner had a 2000-acre ranch near Colorado Springs (sure, I thought, and I'm Winston Churchill).

"It's true!" he said, "Look, you need a summer job, and we need someone to help mend fences, fix the barn, chores like that. How about coming down and seeing for yourself that I'm not bullshitting you."

Well, I had nothing else to do, and I figured it wouldn't hurt to know which end of a horse does the eating.

"I just came to town to take care of some business, and I'm on my way back to the ranch. Why don't you grab some clothes and come down with me? If you don't like the arrangement, Red, my partner, will drive you back to town tomorrow. You got nothing to lose and a little fresh air to gain."

We stopped at my apartment which I shared with a couple of other guys, grabbed a couple of pair of jeans and my boots, and told my roomies that I may be gone for a few days.

We headed south toward his ranch. Pretty country. Almost forgot what the high desert was like after spending all my time in Boulder/Denver all year. When we got to the ranch, he introduced me to Red... that was short for Red Eagle. He was a tall full-blooded Indian with black hair, smooth chest, massive shoulders, and hands. He was quite a contrast to Tom who was shorter, about my height and as solidly built like a brick shithouse. Both of them had a dark tan from all that work outdoors.

I figured it wouldn't hurt me to work on my tan and the work might build up my muscles a little before I got back to the swim team in the fall. "I don't know much about being a cowboy, but if all you want is dumb labor, I think I can handle that," I said.

Tom looked at Red, and they both smiled at each other. "You don't have to know anything. We'll tell you what you need to do. Just be ready to put in some hard work and do what we say. You'll learn a lot by the end of the summer," said Red. The pay was good, so I accepted the job.

"You ever drive a tractor?" Tom asked.

"Yeah, a little bit a couple of years ago."

"Good, because we have about 500-acres that need mowing to start."

Fuck, I thought, mowing a pasture is about as interesting as riding a golf cart all day. Oh well, gotta start somewhere, I thought.

They showed me to my bunk. It was a room off the main house. At least I didn't have to sleep in the barn like I've seen them do in the western movies. I was to eat with them and in effect be one of the family. They sure seemed nice enough. Too nice almost. Tom hadn't touched me, and since we met in the Triangle and he was obviously interested, I wondered what was going to happen.

The next day I started mowing. Damn, that's boring. Up one hill and down the next. The tractor vibrating my ass, the smell of the cut grass, horses and cattle, no one around for miles... I sure was getting horny. What the hell. I could beat off and still drive, couldn't I? No one would see me.

So out I pulled my hard dick. It was a good way to pass the time, I thought cheerily.

One hand on the wheel of the tractor, and the other hand stroking my cock. I must have cum 6 times by the end of the day. My dick was sore but satisfied! Red came riding out on horseback to meet me. "Come on back to the house. You can finish this up tomorrow."

I went back to the house and ate dinner. Tom and Red were discussing the latest beef prices, which I could have cared less about so I decided to catch the sunset. I went out to the house to get a clear view of the sun setting behind the mountains. It was right by a horse corral where their stud horse was kept.

That horse was a real beauty... and that horse cock... I've heard jokes and stories about horses dicks, but I'd never seen one... especially up close. That huge 18" dong was fascinating. I wondered if the horse would let me touch it.

I slowly stepped up to the horse reassuring him so that I wouldn't spook him. I stroked his mane and brushed him with one hand while my other hand inched down that huge piece of horsemeat to see what it was really like. His cock alone must have weighed 20 pounds.

I was almost hypnotized by it and wished there was some way to actually try it out. All of a sudden, the horse started to piss. It was as though someone had turned on a faucet as this hot yellow piss gushed from his huge dick.

Next thing I knew, four hands shoved me from behind making me stumble and land underneath that gushing stream of horse piss.

Tom and Red were standing by the fence laughing hysterically as I lay flat on the ground being drenched by the horse. Tom said, "The baptism of a greenhorn has just begun!" and with that, they both whipped out their own cocks and proceeded to drench me in "people piss."

My jeans, shirt, boots, every part of me was soaked to the bone in piss. "I want you to have every last drop," said Red as he shoved his cock into my mouth making me taste the last of his dribbling piss.

"You're not going to the house with those pissy clothes on," said Tom. With that, they ripped off my clothes and tossed me into the horse's water tank. The water was ice cold and my cock, which had grown hard watching that horse dong, had now grown soft from the icy water. "Now you can come into the house and dry off," Tom said. They threw me a blanket, and I followed them back to the house.

I stood in front of the fire trying to warm up. Red had taken off his boots and shirt and put his hand

on my bare ass. "Drink this," said Tom and he handed me a shot of whiskey. "It'll help you to warm up."

"I think he's more than warm," said Red, "I think he's pretty fucking hot!" one of Red's fingers was on my ass, then it started working its way to my butt hole. I had expected this earlier, so it came as no real surprise. I knew what was about to happen and actually was looking forward to it. You know, a new experience, anticipation and all that.

Then Red opened his zipper and pulled out a thick uncut piece of meat. It must have been a good 10" long, longer than anything I'd ever seen before. He dropped his pants and pushed me to my knees.

I took that cock meat in my mouth and sucked like it was my last meal, I'd done this before with classmates, and even one of my roommates but this big old Indian was something new to me. His cock had the smell of horses, cows, and the range, and I loved it.

While I sucked that rod, Tom had undressed and was behind me massaging my hole. Soon I was being fucked in the ass by Tom and in the mouth by that Indian's meat. It didn't take long before Tom was pumping frantically and I could feel my ass filling with his warm cum.

Then Red pulled out of my mouth as Tom pulled out of my ass. "Now you can clean it off, boy," said Tom as he shoved his softening cock into my mouth. At that moment Red shoved his monster meat up my ass. I thought that horse HAD fucked me. He rode me like a bucking bronco. I'd been fucked before, but never like this. So this was one of the duties of a ranch hand?

As Red drove that big old cock into me, I could feel my own cum nearing eruption without even touching myself. Then Red blew his wad up my shit chute, and I could feel his huge load invading me.

We all collapsed on the floor with big smiles. "I think this is going to work out just fine," said Tom. We all slept in the same huge bed from that point on so that my ass was always available.

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"Today we have to start fixing fences," said Tom. "Take the truck out to the back 40 by that downed fence and wait for Red."

I did as I was told. Red came out shortly with the barbed wire and tools. We worked all morning. The sun was getting hot, so I took off my shirt. Red did likewise. All that work really makes one hot, thirsty, and horny. "I hope you brought lunch?" I asked Red.

"No, but I did bring some beer in that cooler behind the rolls of wire." We were so hot and thirsty that those beers poured down our throats like a drainpipe. One, two, three... six beers later I was finally quenched, but my head was starting to spin.

"Hand me that roll from the truck," said Red. I bent over the tailgate to reach for the roll of barbed wire, my head still spinning; I had a hard time standing up again.

"What's the matter, kid? Can't you handle a little brew?" Red came over to see why I wasn't standing up. He again put his huge hand over the crack of my ass and rubbed me there through my Levis for a moment. "We gotta do something about this I think," he said as his hands effortlessly ripped the seam of my jeans opens exposing my asshole.

"From now on I want you to wear this pair of jeans with the seat split so I can get in there at a

moments notice... Nice, very nice." His finger pushed up my hole. My head was spinning too much to even try to resist him. Then while I was still bent over the tailgate, he pulled his finger out and replaced it with his throbbing dick.

"No, no," I started to object, but I was too drunk to fight off his rape. There I was bent over the tailgate of the truck getting the shit fucked out of me by this half-drunk Indian... And I loved it. Just then, Tom came riding up on horseback.

"How the fuck are we going to get anything done around here if you two are just going to fuck all day?" asked Tom. Then he asked, "Red, are you drunk again? You're useless out here. I'll finish up, you two go back to the house. Take my horse, it will be quicker. I'll finish the fence and drive the truck back and meet you there later."

Red jumped on the horse, reaching down for my saying, "Come on, kid. We can ride double. You ride in front of me."

Red hadn't cummed since Tom had interrupted us. His dick was still rock hard, and I was still wearing those jeans with the seat bottom split open. Red really rode that horse hard, and we bounced up and down. Finally, I bounced up, but when I came back down, Red's hard cock was at my bunghole. At each gallop, his cock drove another quarter inch deeper.

I think he purposely chose a rough route and the long way home so he could ram that cock deeper in my ass. It hurt like hell, and at the same time, it felt really good. If I hadn't been so drunk, I might have been too tense and tight to really enjoy it. It really was neat riding through the hills of the high desert with his thick horse meat fucking my ass as we rode. Finally, I felt the pressure of Red's dick spurting his cum up my ass, and I pulled my hard dick out of my jeans and only had to stroke it twice before I blasted my load too.

We had lunch, and Tom came driving up with the truck.

"I hope you can at least clean the barn without screwing off," said Tom. "But whatever you do, be sure to keep the gate closed. If that horse gets out, he's a bastard to corral again. DON'T LET HIM OUT!" Tom was emphatic, then he went out of the barn to get the tools ready, and I finished up some chores around the house.

Later I went out to the barn to help him, and as I approached, I heard this cow mooing like she was in pain. I opened the door and rushed in to see what was wrong, forgetting to close the door behind me. There was Tom standing on a pail behind this heifer fucking her like mad.

When he saw me, he said, "You and Red have been going at it," complained Tom, "But what about me? I bet a city boy like you never had a feel of a pussy like this, have you? Come over here and try this out for size."

Tom pulled his dick out of that cow, got down from the pail, and let me get up behind the animal. I pulled out my dick and stroked it a few times to get it hard. Then I rammed my dick up that cow's hole. Talk about loose!!! A fist fucker could get both arms and a foot up that cunt.

It did feel good though, and I pumped and pumped that cunt. Tom was standing behind me with his hot iron in hand stroking it to keep it warm. I was so excited by the loose pussy that I ignored the finger probing my hole. Then he pulled the finger out and pushed his dick, lubricated by the cow, up MY ass.

Here I was in Lucky Pierre... or should that be called Lucky Holstein... while being fucked up the ass

by an 8" stud. The guys at school would never believe this, I thought. And that's how we came, Tom shooting his load up me, and me shooting my load up the cow. I don't know if the cow came or not.

Just then Red came in. "Now who is the fuck up, you jerks. The barn was open, and that bastard horse got out. I thought we warned you about him." Red was really angry. "If you're going to work here you're going to have to learn to take orders and follow them. You're going to have to be punished to teach you a lesson I think."

"But it wasn't my fault..." I tried to explain about hearing the cow and how I'd just forgot.

"No excuses," said Red, and he and Tom grabbed me. I struggled, but by now I knew I couldn't resist when they both held me. They tied my hands to the top rail of the horse stall with my back to them. Then Tom unbuttoned my belt and pulled down my jeans exposing my bare ass. Tom and Red both pulled off their belts and folded them double.

"We're gonna to teach you to listen," said Tom as they both swung their belts and smacking my ass. Again and again, they whipped my ass. Each time they landed their blow, my cock got harder. It hurt like hell, but I refused to cry out or ask them to stop. I felt like I had to take it like a man.

They must've tanned my hide about thirty times then they stopped. My eyes were watering, and I didn't see who was behind me, but I could tell from the cock pushing up my burning hole that Red wanted a piece of my ass again. Being tied to the barn rail, I couldn't move and had to take anything that Red wanted to dish out.

Tom just stood by watching since he'd just had me and the cow both. He probably would have fucked, but he needed time to recuperate. I'd been fucked by them so much since I started working there that my ass thought that cock was a member of the family!

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This was pretty much how the summer went. I got lots of Sun, my body was bronze, my muscles tight and lean, and my ass well fucked. I learned to ride and be ridden so to speak!

Near the end of the summer, we had one major chore left. We had about a hundred head of cattle that had to be branded. The thought of it brought back flashes of John Wayne western movies. Was it really like that in real life? I was about to find out.

The three of us rode out to a back pasture in the truck filled with tools. Tom did most of the setup, and Red got the cows ready. They had their act pretty together, and I could see they didn't really need me. Red brought the cows in and held them down, and Tom would get the branding iron hot and touch their hide marking them as the property of the TR Ranch. They had just finished the last cow, and I assumed they would want me to help clean up and load the truck, so I asked if there was anything they wanted me to do.

"Just one more thing," said Tom, "Get your ass over here."

At that, Red wrestled me down and tied the rope to my wrists and legs just as he had been doing to the calves. If he could tackle a 500-pound calf, I was certainly no challenge. Once tied, he unbuttoned my belt and pulled my pants down to my knees. My pearly white ass glowed in the bright sun. Tom stood over me with a hot branding iron in his hand.

"One final initiation for this greenhorn city slicker," said Tom as he touched that hot iron to my bare ass. I screamed as the iron burnt my flesh. It was the kind of pain that felt good... like something

“earned.” But how would I explain to the guys on the swim team in the shower? How would I explain the brand on my ass?

Actually, as it turned out, I didn’t care what they thought. I was proud to wear the brand of Tom and Red. Like the cows, I was marked as property of the TR Ranch. I had become a MAN.

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Even after school began, I spent all my holidays and weekends down there earning extra money and helping out with the chores. I wasn’t a greenhorn city slicker anymore. I was a COWBOY by several definitions of the term.

*The End.*