

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



When I was about 20, a college buddy of mine invited me to spend a weekend with him at his folks' farm, not far from the school.

I didn't grow up on a farm, and I was never really comfortable in that environment. However, my buddy Rob and I got along famously, and I appreciated the invitation. I also didn't want to hurt his feelings, so even though I was skeptical, I accepted.

As it turned out, his folks' place wasn't really a "working" farm, anymore, in that they raised crops for profit or bred cows for milking. There was a large barn still standing, but it was only used to stable some horses and ponies. The family had sold off some of the huge amount of property they once owned, but they still retained a very large estate. They would use the horses for recreation, riding them in their free time. Rob's dad was actually a real estate broker, and his mom ran a small internet business. They just kept the farm because they liked country living. Despite my initial reservations, I felt comfortable with them almost immediately.

After dinner, Rob wanted to get me right into horse-back riding, but I tried to beg off. I'd had a bad experience as a child, when some idiot forced me to ride a horse with him. I'd been petrified, and in fact we had both fallen off the animal! "Well, we'll give you a pony to start with, they're not so scary," said Rob. "And even if you do fall, you're not that far up." He was insistent, and I didn't want to be impolite, so I agreed to give it a try.

Rob took the male pony, and gave me the mare. "She's the gentler of the two, you'll get along fine," he told me. "Her name is Summer. Mine is Winter. Corny, huh?"

The pony was definitely easier to get mounted on, being much shorter than a horse. (Besides, I was a little taller than the last time, too!) She was quite calm as I settled onto her back, and after a few moments of nervousness on both our parts, I was surprised to find that everything felt pretty natural. "What do I do now?" I asked, honestly unsure how to proceed.

"Take hold of those short reins, attached to the bit in her mouth," said Rob patiently. "That's how you 'steer' her — if you want to turn right, tug on the right side. If you want her to stop, tug on both at once. To make her 'go', poke her with both heels. Watch me." He then made Winter turn left and trot out of the barn. I tried what he had done, and Summer responded very smoothly, turning and following her stable-mate.

It all felt very strange, at first, as we rode out through the field, like being on a golf-cart with a really bumpy ride. But after a bit, things seemed to settle into a rhythm, and I didn't mind it at all. In fact, I had to admit, it was pretty relaxing! I said as much to Rob, who simply smiled and said, "Told you so." We rode slowly for some time, insects buzzing in the distance, the evening sun warm on our backs.

Eventually, Rob indicated that we ought to be heading back. "Want to get up some speed?" he asked impishly.

"I don't know, I'd better..."

"Oh, stop being such a chickenshit! Just hang on tight. HEEYAAH!" And with that, the two of them took off like a shot!

Well, here goes nothing... I leaned lower on Summer's back and said, "Let's go, girl. MOVE!" and gave her a sharp jab with my heels. She took off at a run, following her sibling back toward the barn.

I'm sure we weren't going as fast as Rob and Winter, because they made it back well ahead of us, but it was plenty fast enough! It was kind of exhilarating, really, being one with this powerful animal.

In fact, with my legs locked around Summer's warm body and leaning forward as I was, the rush and the bouncing combined to give me an embarrassingly powerful *hard-on* by the time we got back to the barn! Rob noticed, because he gave me a knowing smile and said, "It does that to me, too. More fun than you thought, eh?" As we led the ponies back into the barn, I stole a glance, and saw that he did indeed have one of his own!

Rob and I had never been sexual together, although we talked about sex a lot, and we had seen each other naked on occasion. So I was only mildly surprised when he said, "Drop your pants for a minute, you'll love this," as he stood in front of Winter and did just that. His hard-on sprang into view, as I unbuckled my pants, unsure what he was up to. As my own erection popped to attention, I understood... Winter began to *lap Rob's dick with his tongue*! A second later, I felt a hot, wet tongue on my own shaft, as Summer began to lick me! I was startled, at first, but quickly got over it, the slipperiness of the pony's wide tongue feeling heavenly. Rob had closed his eyes and was breathing deeply, as Winter lathered him up, so I did the same, letting Summer lap my throbbing cock, pushing me close to the point of no return. Suddenly, I couldn't take anymore, and I came explosively, squirting my spunk all over Summer's nose and mouth. From the sounds of it, Rob had just done the same with his own pony, shortly after me.

I slowly opened my eyes again, as both ponies began to clean up our "deposits". I looked over at Rob, as he began to pull his pants up over his now-wilting erection, which was still very wet from the pony's tongue. I was feeling a little dazed by the whole thing. "How long have you been doing this?" I asked, pulling up my own pants.

"Since I was about 13, I think," he replied. "I started getting hard-ons when I was 11 or 12, but I didn't think of this right away. It wasn't until I noticed that every time I went riding, I got the biggest hard-ons. I started to wonder if the ponies might like to do something about it, since they were responsible for it. So one time, I pulled down my pants after a ride, to see what they'd do. The rest, as they say, is history." He took a great, elaborate bow, and it got me laughing. That eased the tension of the somewhat awkward moment, and we moved on to other subjects.

It was getting close to sundown, so we headed back up to the house to get settled down for the night. Rob's folks were getting ready for bed, but we opted to stay up for a bit, talking about nothing in particular, the way we frequently did at school. Rob and I had always been able to talk easily about anything, which is how we became friends. Eventually, our eyes got heavy, and we decided to turn in for the night, too. They had a guest bedroom all made up for me, so I was able to retire to my own room, which was nice.

As I lay there trying to fall asleep, I replayed the evening's events in my mind. I had never thought of Rob as "weird"... he and I have both had girlfriends, often double-dating. So my mind had to work a bit to fit in this latest information. *Oral sex with a pony!* It had been kind of exciting... the way indulging in anything that feels "forbidden" can. I wanted to do it again! I found myself hoping we'd go riding a lot, this weekend! Thinking these pleasant thoughts, I drifted off to sleep.

The next morning, the house was already bustling when I got up. "My mom will be gone most of the day, on some business," Rob informed me, "and I need to help my dad with a few errands — picking up feed for the horses, stuff like that. I doubt it would be much fun for you... but you can wait here, if you want, we'll be back around noon."

"Maybe I'll do that," I said, feeling mildly disappointed. "I suppose I can get in some riding practice, if you don't mind." Rob grinned, said he'd join me later, and then I was alone. Actually, the more I thought about it, the more I liked the way things had worked out. This would give me some private time with the pony. Yesterday's little treat had gotten my randy mind working, and I had some things I wanted to try...

As soon as Rob and his dad pulled away, I slipped on some clothes and hurried out to the barn. I immediately went to the stalls where the ponies were kept, finding Summer and letting myself in with her. "You remember me, girl, right?" I said to her softly. "I came to see you again." I was already hard, thinking about that hot tongue on me again! So I pulled down my pants right there in the stall, standing in front of the pony, who began licking me almost immediately. This was so *good*! My cock began to ache with tension, as her tongue worked on me, and I made her stop for now, reluctantly pulling away and raising my pants again. I didn't want to cum yet, I had more in mind!

Finding the riding gear we had used the night before, I quickly put a set back onto Summer, climbed onto her and rode her out. Choosing a patch of woods quite a way behind the house, I aimed for that and kicked Summer into high gear. I leaned low on her strong back, again, as she took off. This time, I already had the hard-on, so the ride was more like dry-humping, as we bounced along, each bump sending another jolt of pleasure through me! Is this what it felt like to all those cowboys, so long ago, I wondered? If so, why did horse-back riding ever go out of style as a means of transportation? Maybe women found out how good it felt, and the invention of the automobile was really their idea, to keep us from having so much fun.

Very quickly, we were at the edge of the woods, and I slowed the pony down to a trot. After riding her into the woods for about 300 feet, I brought her to a halt and dismounted. "Let's rest a little, Summer, what do you say?" I said to her, stroking her mane. She made contented noises, but she shook her head up and down, as if to say, "Get this thing off!" So I obliged her by taking the bit out of her mouth, and she began to graze on the grass underfoot.

I continued stroking her mane, admiring her. What a fine little animal, how powerful she felt as my legs wrapped around her! As she grazed, I stepped around to her rear, stroking her long tail and then lifting it out of the way, so I could admire her other equipment. Her outer lips were black, but the inner part of her vulva was pink and slightly swollen, as if she was just going into heat. It beckoned to me, this lovely forbidden fruit before my eyes! Tentatively, I licked a finger and slipped it into her, feeling her heat envelope it as it disappeared into her deep, equine cunt. My knuckles came to rest against her pussy-lips well-before I could reach the other end. She was so silky and inviting inside — smooth, moist and hot! I easily slid in a second finger, then a third — which let me know that this pony's pussy was just about the right size for *me*, as I'd hoped. My cock felt like it was going to rip through the front of my pants, I was so hard!

I had to do it, there was just no other option at that moment. I took my pants and underwear completely off, this time, laying them on the ground next to us. Then I stood directly behind Summer, lifted her tail out of the way, positioned my throbbing hard-on at her pussy and began to push it into her. I had to add a little of my saliva to help, but it didn't take much. Her moist lips enfolded me, accepted me, pulled me in deeper and deeper, until I was buried *completely* in her hot quim. She whinnied as I finished entering her, pushing her hips back into me, her grazing forgotten for the moment.

The feeling of having my aching hard-on inside this sexy creature was so overwhelming, the world could have exploded in the next few minutes and I wouldn't even have noticed. The heat of her powerful body was like no woman I'd ever been with! Her vagina wasn't all that tight, but it rippled

with muscular strength, just like the rest of her. And Summer seemed to be enjoying the unusual attention as much as me, if her snorting noises and the response of her muscles was any indication. I began to pump my hungry cock in and out of her wonderful cunt, faster and faster, drunk on the sexy feel of this powerful animal! She humped her hips against me, driving me in even deeper, as my heart began to pound, my ears started to sing... and suddenly I was coming, her muscles clamping onto me as I pulsed deep within her, pumping what felt like *quarts* of my semen into her depths. I grabbed hold of her haunches and held on for dear life, as my powerful orgasm went on and on, her cunt spasming around me as she came, too.

Our coupling had been so explosive, I had a hard time catching my breath, afterwards. I held onto Summer for a long time, my cock's throbbing eventually easing up inside her wonderful body. Finally, I pulled out of her delicious wetness, still slightly dazed and wobbly. I steadied myself against her, moving around to her head, again. I stroked her mane and told her what a fine girl she was, how much I loved being with her. She nuzzled against me, enjoying the praise, and then she lowered her head and began licking me. My hard-on had finally begun to wilt, after my orgasm, but Summer's warm tongue soon brought me back to life. She carefully cleaned me of her juices, bringing me close to the edge again at the same time. My breathing got ragged, and before I knew it, I was coming *again!* This time my semen was much less copious than before, but I was amazed that I was able to cum at all, so soon after the first time. Once again, Summer licked up every drop that I squirted on us, leaving nothing behind but her saliva.

We screwed three more times, that morning, with little breaks in between for Summer to graze and for me to catch my breath. The last two times, I got her to lay on her back, and I was able to take her belly-to-belly, no tail in the way to distract me from coupling with my new lover. I had never known the joys I was missing, having a devoted animal like this to make love to! Her needs were simple and uncomplicated by the politics of the human mating rituals, and when we took each other, it was totally engulfing, devouring both of us in pure, animal heat. Her powerful cunt would grab hold of my thrusting cock as she bucked against me, milking me of every drop of my seed until there was no more. Afterwards, I just lay there buried in her, loving the soothing feel of her quim around me, my arms clasped tightly around her powerful chest, my nose full of the sexy aroma of her body.

As the time approached noon, I reluctantly decided we had better get back to the homestead. I talked lovingly to Summer the whole way back, stroking her mane as we slowly rode toward the barn, not anxious to see our time come to a close. Putting her back into her stall, I pulled down my pants and let her lick me, one more time, although not to orgasm, spent as I was. I really didn't dare linger any longer, either — which was good, because just as I got back into the house, I heard the truck return, with Rob and his dad.

Quickly straightening myself up as best I could, I went back out to meet Rob, hoping the open air would dissipate the smell of sex that I knew I must reek of. "How'd your morning go?" he asked.

"Oh, not too bad," I replied, with as little enthusiasm as I could muster. "I went riding once, but I was really waiting for you to get back and swim in the pond with me."

"We could do that," he said. "It did get pretty warm, didn't it?"

Yeah, it got pretty friggin' HOT, I thought! But Rob didn't seem to be implying any suspicions of what I'd been up to, and I hoped to keep it that way. We went in the house, changed into our suits (I was glad to have my own room to change in, or Rob would have known what I'd been up to, for sure! I was kind of red, and still pretty wet from Summer's love-fluids), and soon we were out back in the pond. The water rinsed away the smell of pony-sex from my body, and I finally began to relax. Summer's and my little tryst seemed like a secret we should keep between us, and I knew she

wouldn't talk! So the less evidence, the better.

Rob and I went riding again, later that day, and once again in the morning before heading back to the college. Each time, we let the ponies lick us off, but that was all. I never had another chance to be with Summer alone. But I'll carry the memories of that day forever, of becoming one with the sexiest animal I've ever met.

*The End*