

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Special thanks to Hoss Topper, for his insights on Maregasms, and his sacrifices. ☐

This was only my second solo appraisal, but I knew even as I took off this evening, it was going to be an enjoyable one.

Earlier in the day, my mother AND my boss said. "Shad, we've got a new appraisal in, and I think you'll be the perfect one for this"

I look over the order and my face lit up. "Of course I'd love to!" This order was for a small horse farm!

I wanted to do this one right away, but the people who owned the farm couldn't be in until a bit later in the afternoon. The owner's mother had taken ill, and was in the hospital. I was excited to do it, but out of compassion, I asked him if he would like to do it a bit later in the week. He didn't think he could, so we scheduled a four P.M. appointment that very day.

Even with his excellent directions, I had a lot of trouble finding the place. But since I left early, (almost an hour!) I got there in plenty of time. As I drove up the long gravel driveway, I passed several mare's and a stallion. I nearly went though the fellows fence when it turned suddenly, and I was looking at the handsome and (ahem) studly stallion and mare's. I turned and missed it, but took a bit of his ground as my tire gets on the bank and pulls some dirt with it.

I pulled in, and smiled as this fellow of about fifty came out to meet me. He was dressed in a plaid shirt, blue jeans, and a bushy red beard. Shaking his hand warmly, I introduced myself as ShadowWalker DeLaForge of DeLaForge Reality. (Authors' note: That IS a fictitious name).

As we walked around, looking at the buildings, and barns, I couldn't keep my mind entirely on the appraisal. I was looking his mare's over. "Quite a herd you have here, Mr. Jackson" He nodded, "we've got only twenty head, but they are a lot to handle with just me, and my boy. I'm in the process of selling about ten of them, including one of my studs too."

"How much are you asking for each?"

"I've been asking about \$1,000 for the broodmares, and about \$1,500. for the stud."

I did a little mental computation in my head, and said "hmm . . . I might be interested in the stud, or a mare soon. I'll be down later in the week and maybe we can make a deal?"

"Ok, Would you be interested in a foal?"

"You have some for sale?" I asked?

He shook his head. "One of our mare's is in foal, and will have her foal, about June or July"

I laughed "That would be a good birthday present for me as my birthday is on the twenty-second of July."

He grinned, "well happy birthday! Do you like horse's?"

"Very much so. I developed my love for the species about ten years ago, and in the process of getting one."

Just then, the fellow's beeper beeped and as he read the message, his face turned ashen. "I've got to

go . . . my mother is not well."

I frown, but assure him. "I'm sorry Mr. Jackson. Please go, I'm sure I can handle it from here, and don't worry. I'm sure she'll be ok"

He just nodded, as he ran back to the house. I was concerned for his mother, and did hope that she would be ok.

Well, an hour later, I'm finishing, it's getting a bit dark, and as I'm walking back to my car, I pass this barn. I hear a snort, and I step inside. Inside the darkness, I see her. Easy, as her white fur shines in the low light. I approach, whispering softly to her, and she looks at me with interest. She bobs her head and snorts again. "Hello pretty one" I whisper, my hand slowly stroking the soft flesh of her nose.

Her nostrils flare as she sniffs me, ears pointing forward. I gently rub her head, running my fingers through her mane. As I stand there, I feel her hot breath on my shoulder, and then I smile and hold my head back as this beautiful mare begins to lick gently at my neck. The feeling is indescribable as her long warm tongue snakes around my neck, and under my shirt, lapping at me. It sends shivers up and down my spine as I moan quietly and scratch her muzzle and the fur behind her ears.

The feeling may have been indescribable, but the feeling did have an effect on me, as my pants begin to bulge with that part of my body that knew the language that she was talking. The language of the love that this human feels for her species. She quits licking, but the hot breath from her soft muzzle chills my neck. I raise my head, and see her eyes closed, and her head tilted into my hand. I must have got a particularly itchy spot, because the more I scratched, the more she leaned into my hand.

Finally I relieved her itchy spot cause she moved her head. As she looked at me, she moved her muzzle to the stall latch, jiggled it a bit, and then looked at me. At first I couldn't understand what she was doing, then it dawned on me. She wanted me to open the latch. I was hesitant, cause I didn't think Mr. Jackson wanted her out of the barn. Suddenly, she squat and I heard water running. A "ffffhhit" and a rather obnoxious order showed that she passed gas. She was in estrus and all of a sudden, a thought filtered into my mind. I looked her in the eyes, and she turned in her stall, presenting her rear to me. A flip of tail was all I needed to know that she wasn't only in heat, but she WANTED me.

"I shouldn't do this. I should be going home, writing this appraisal up" I thought. But while I was thinking this, my hands were working on the latch. Of course, this was my zoo side talking. I was an equine zoo, and by god, I wanted her as well. She showed to me that she wanted me to love her, and finally I gave in to her loving charms.

I stepped outside to look around. Rather silly, as at this time, I didn't give a flying fuck if someone came in to us. When your heart speaks, your brain is either cut off, or forced to follow. Either way, I opened the latch on her gate, and she nickered softly, beseeching me to come in with her. "Come in here, my lover" she seemed to be saying to me as she made room for me to join her.

As my hand slid down her back, my other hand went under her belly. As I bumped into her soft utters, I gently cupped them, and gave them a gentle squeeze. She shifted her weight, and spread her legs a bit, her tail swishing back and forth as her pleasure increased.

I slid my hand under her tail, and as I touched her warm vulva, she immediately turned her rump to me, and flipped her tail to one side. A quiet whinny seems to say "enough foreplay, EAT ME!" I grinned as I read her body language and knew what she wanted. I ducked down, brushed away the remaining hairs of , and moved my tongue up and down the lips of her black pussy. The strong acid

taste of blood diminishes the pleasure I'm getting, but I don't stop my licking around those lips of black. As I slide my finger deep into that pink tunnel of hers, my lips clamp down on her clit, and begins to suckle on it like a foal on her udder. When my finger slides back out of her hole, it opens wider, and I'm able to slip another finger into her. The stroking of my fingers inside of her warm, wet and tight cunt causes her to back up a bit into my face. I in turn begin to lick and suckle harder and harder on her pulsing clit, until with a gentle wicker, I feel her cunt clamp down hard on my fingers. Not one to just let a lady go gently into her orgasm, I begin to lick, suck and nibble harder onto her clit as I manage to get my fingers out and start to finger-fuck her with three fingers. This brings a louder squeal of pleasure from her, and her rump begins to dance up and down on my face. Before I know what happens, she backs up quickly, and pins me against the far wall! I gasp cause she knocks the breath knocked out of me. But since I'm so aroused by this mare, I don't really care for myself, so I continue to stroke my fingers in and out of her, and sucking on that pulsing fleshy pleasure button of hers.

After I feel her cunt quiet down, she walks forward again, and I'm able to catch my breath. It took me a few seconds to realize what I just did! But as my mind slowly filters in, I find that "Little Shadow" already KNEW! and he wanted some of it! I look her over, she's just standing there, panting softly, and her fur sparkles from the sweat in the moonlight coming in through the cracks. Well, I wanted to see her orgasm again, so I rubbed her rump, and sure enough, she flipped her tail to one side. It was going to be a LONG time, before I went home.

Our parting was bittersweet, but necessary. The look on her face and eyes was that one of content, and maybe a bit of love. I couldn't really tell. I knew thou, that I cared a lot for her.

At my house, I worked on the appraisal. But I couldn't get her out of my mind. The more I thought about her, the worse the fantasies got. I finally get to bed and my dreams were filled with her. I dreamed of her, as an equine whom I gave my heart and soul to. Taking her down the Altar amidst the stares of my family. In the hotel where we showed our love with a wild unbridled night of lovemaking. As a Quad, where I made a stall that connected and opened into my house. So she could come and go as she pleased. My dreams of this lady of beauty were rudely interrupted by the damned phone! I let the answering machine take it, but as much as I hated to get up, I had to get that appraisal done. After all I DID have to eat.

Later that day, when I gave Mr. Jackson the value, I inquired about his mother.

"She'll be fine. She had a small stroke, but the doctors said that there was only minor damage and she's already home recovering." I smiled and then he grinned, more out of relief than amusement. "Maybe now, she'll give up that disgusting habit of smoking"

Gently smiling, I said. "I know the feeling. My mother too smokes and I cannot get her to quit."

He called about an hour after I returned to the office. "Shadow? You forgot to give us a bill for the appraisal" the voice on the other end said.

"Well, don't worry about it. I'm glad to do it for free. I really enjoyed this appraisal, visiting all your fine equines, and that was payment enough for me."

"But surely you must have to be paid. That was a lot of work" he insisted.

"No, no . . . it was a pleasure to do it." I assured him. I couldn't tell him the REAL reason why I let him have this one for free. How I had his mare cumming in my face over and over again. My first mare ever. Then I remember that he was selling some.

"Oh, I nearly forgot. You said you did have some Horse's for sale?"

"Sure! Except for one Gelding I'm keeping for the kids, you can have your pick of them. Did you have any in mind?" I could hear enthusiasm building in his voice.

"Why yes. I hope you don't think I'm letting you have this appraisal for free to help swing the deal, but . . . "

"No, I think you have another reason in mind." With that, I nearly hung up the phone! Was I seen? Then he assured me.

"I know your mother, and if you're anything like her, you're not asking for payment cause of my mother's illness, correct?" He asked.

I nearly collapsed, and I was careful to restart my heart AND my breathing, "uh . . . yes. That's exactly the reason. I didn't want to tell you, but it does help build good relations with my customers."

"Yes, that's how we started and kept our business going. Showing compassion, when someone didn't have enough to pay for the weeks groceries. Not much of that any more in this world." He assured me.

"So true. I found that honesty is the best policy in any business. When can I come down?" I was getting antsy now, when he said " . . . One gelding . . . " my heart near jumped out of my throat, and I wanted to visit her again.

"Anytime you wish. We're staying home for a few days to watch mama, and my boy is running the store."

"Great! I'll be down there . . . " I glanced at the wall clock " . . . about One P.M.?"

"Sounds good! See you then, and thanks."

"My pleasure. Thank you very much as well."

I hung up, and if I wasn't in an office with ten other people, I'd be jumping up and down! I had to keep in my emotions, but the enthusiasm I felt made me race though my work. Without another word, I grabbed my coat, dashed out the door, and squealed off.

I got there in record time, and smiled as I shook Mr. Jackson's hand. "Hello!"

"Hi Shad, glad you could make it. Come in for a drink?" He asks

"Sure." Of course I looked interested, but my mind was hardly there. It was thinking of that mare I ate out that night. I might be able to get her!

In his house, he asked my preference. At first I was going to say a soda, but I sniffed the air, and the unmistakable scent of herbal tea touched my nose. "mmmmmmmm . . . " I said. "What is that heavenly aroma?"

"Rose Tea. Do you like Herbal teas?" he asked.

"I do indeed. Don't laugh, but I'm quite partial to..." I paused and grinned "Earl Grey Tea"

He grinned broadly, and begins to laugh! "Earl Tea? You've watched Star Trek, haven't you?" He asked, his voice tinged with laughter.

"I sure do, and developed a taste for it, after I heard about it. Dammed hard to get around here, but UPS makes it rather easy."

We both laughed about how Earl Grey sales must have jumped when that show came on.

"Mary? Bring an extra cup of tea, will ya?" He asked someone in the other room.

"Sure thing!" came a female voice. "Must be his wife," I thought.

A few minutes later I heard the tea kettle whistle and I then heard the same voice saying "Here I come!"

I stopped talking for a moment to turn to thank his wife for the cup, when I got a look at her.

My jaw nearly dropped to the floor when instead of what I expected, I looked upon this woman of about forty - forty-five, with long blond hair. Althou she showed the signs of being a farmers' wife, she was VERY attractive! Slim, muscular, not extremely busty, but pleasant. Wearing loose jeans, pull down tee shirt which said "Dollywood," and a face that would put a Playboy playmate to shame. I stood and smiled. "Greetings Mrs. Jackson. I don't think we've met?"

She smiled gently, and warmly. "No we haven't, Mary Jackson, and your?"

My mind was a bit in a fog, but I managed to speak. "ShadowWalker DeLaForge, of DeLaForge Reality. I'm here to purchase one of your horse's."

"Ah, George spoke of you." Then she smiled. "Thank you for doing the appraisal for free. I wish you would allow us to repay you."

I shook my head. "No, no. It was worth it." They couldn't have known just HOW much it was worth. I thought to myself.

Turning to Mr. Jackson, I said. "Sir, Mrs. Jackson is exceptionally lovely. She puts the mare's of your farm to shame."

I heard her giggle, and when I turned, I saw that her faced was a slight crimson. I grinned, and then laughed when Mr. Jackson said.

"Yep, she was the class beauty queen in highschool, but don't let those looks fool you, she's as mean as a she-snake!"

She took one look at him, and the next thing I knew, he had a pillow in his face! I laughed again and turned to her. She looked at me and grinning said. "He's just one french fry short of a happy meal!" We both died laughing at that, wondering where she got that.

Well, a little while later, after three cups of tea (what was IN that tea?) We finally got to the matter of the horse's.

"I did have one horse I would like to look at, if you don't mind." I didn't want to indicate her sex, encase he wondered HOW I knew she was a mare, in a dark stall . . .

"Which one is that?" he asked, inquisitively.

"I saw or rather HEARD one in one of your barns" I indicated which one by pointing out several landmarks.

He thought for a moment, and then said "Oh! That's the one that has a mare in heat. We've been keeping her away from the stud, cause we didn't need any more foals now."

"Ah . . . good idea." I chuckled. Then I asked the question, praying to God that the answer would be what I wanted.

"Is she for sale?"

"Sure! She's really a sweet and gentle old mare. She's ten years old, uh . . . " he paused to think "Mary? Can you go get her records?"

She nodded and walked into the other room. As she walked past, I watched her walk by. Lord, this was one time I wish was I more gay. She was very attractive, and I didn't just mean physically too. Despite working on a farm, she didn't forget any of her charms and she knew how to tease a man.

She returned, handed George the papers, and sat back down. For some reason, I turned, looked at her, and she winked at me! I turned, blushed and smiled.

George looked up and said "Here we go. She's had a Saddlebred sire, and QH mare. About average breed"

I nod, "average, but still good lines, tough, hardy. How much do you wish for her?"

"Well, I'm asking \$1,000 normally, but for you, \$750." He finally said.

I shook my head. "No, I'll give you the standard \$1,000. That's a good price and you can use that the help your mother."

But he shook his head. "No, I insist. You'll have any of the mare's, or the stud for \$750, or I'll withdraw my offer!" I looked directly at him, and could see he wasn't joking. I sighed, and thought that there would be NO dealing this time. Actually I was a bit relieved, as I can get her for even less than I though I'd be paying for her. But then, she'd be worth ANY price.

"Well, before I write up a check, I must see her first" I finally said. He nodded, and told me to come with him. Tell you the truth, I didn't need to be asked, as I would have followed him anywhere since it led to *her*.

As we walked to the barn, I felt a soft feminine hand on my shoulder and I turned to see her having her hand on my shoulder. I smiled and didn't ask her remove it. But I was getting nervous. Farmers are not known for allowing their wives to tease other men, and are known to shoot the asses of men that fall for the women's charms. That's not the ONLY reason I was nervous of course, I didn't want to loose this purchase! Not with a mare that is within my grasp. I loved that mare, and I think that she could too begin to love me as well.

We stopped, and I wasn't thinking of course, cause I knew that *she* was there. He turned, saw his wife's hand on my shoulder and when he did, I remembered! But suddenly, he just smiled at me and her. You talk about your heart doing a flip flop! I thought I'd pee my pants, I was so dammed nervous. I wanted the mare so badly, and when I saw her again, I found that despite her average breeding, she was not AVERAGE in looks.

My initial assessment of her height was correct. About 15hh, but in the dark barn, I couldn't see her well. Now . . . I look into her stall, and I couldn't believe this was the mare that seduced me. Her mane was like a jet black waterfall flowing from her crest, to her withers. The croup and buttock were smooth and the back very gently curved. She flipped her long, full tail of black up and down, back and forth, her fur was snowy white. When she bobbed her head, I saw her eyes. When I looked into her big brown eyes, a quote sprang from my lips.

"Drink to me only with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine; or leave a kiss but in the cup, and I'll not look for wine."

I turned and blushed as they looked at me. "From Ben Johnson's 'To Celia' Something I read. When I looked into this mare's eyes, I thought of it."

"Oh . . ." said Mr. Johnson. I couldn't tell him why the quote came to mind, but his wife smiled and spoke. "You read a lot, Mr. DeLaForge?"

I turned to her and smile. "Quite a bit. I'm a bit of a writer myself, but I haven't submitted anything for publication. I'm afraid my writings may be considered . . . strange for most tastes"

"Oh? What would you be referring to?" and the way she said that, put me on my guard. "Would it be . . . what is it called? Erotica?"

I could have started laughing, if it wasn't for my nervousness! Shee . . . I was going to lose this mare, but this farmer's nymph of a wife was driving me insane! And having this gorgeous mare in the stall, not more than a meter away didn't help!

"Er...uh...Yes! That's what it is, Erotica!" I stammered out. "Wonderful!" She said, and winked at me. Her husband just laughed and shook his head. "Son, can't you tell when a woman is trying to flirt with you?"

I was flustered, and I showed it. "Sir, I don't want to mess up the purchase of your mare. Aye, I know when a lovely female is trying, but I'm trying to be considerate of you and her's marriage vows."

They looked at me, and then burst out laughing! I didn't see what was so damned amusing, and I just stood there, glaring at them. Finally, he managed to speak, with tears running down his face. "Married? Us? She's my sister!" and they both continued to laugh. When I heard the word "sister" I too broke up, and for the next few minutes all of us had a very good laugh indeed. It was more from the release of the tensions I felt, and also at my sheer stupidity!

I found that they were twins, and she had come down here to be with her mother to take care of her while she recovered. He lost his wife about ten years ago to a car crash, and she was divorced. Now seeing a young fellow in the same home, that loved horse's, and was interested in her, she apparently decided to see if she still had what it took to attract men.

"So, my handsome and well-read gentleman, do you have someone to go home too?" she smiled.

"I certainly do not m'lady, although, why would you be interested in a gentleman of my age? With your beauty, you could have males of any age grovelling at your feet."

"I prefer my gentleman with intelligence, compassion, friendliness, and . . ." she grinned "charm. You possess a number of those qualities. Do you find woman of my age attractive?"

I smile warmly. "And what age are we referring to?"

"Forty-two." She answered.

I looked directly at her, and said "I care not for age, gender, or race. If I find one attractive, then that is all that matters to me."

An eyebrow rose up from her. "Gender? Are you trying to say something?"

"Aye ma'am . . ." Then I shut up immediately. I did it. In my stupidity, I said the WRONG thing. "My apologies, it seems I stuck my foot in my mouth." I sighed heavily, as I looked at the mare. I said my goodbyes to her with my look. She snorted and pawed the ground.

Mr. Jackson smiled gently and placed his hand on my shoulder. "Don't worry Son. Unlike other people, we're not closed minded. You just said you was bi-sexual?"

I couldn't meet his gaze. "Aye. I guess even if I denied it, you'd still know. I'm Bi-sexual, but." Looking at Mary, "But I'm most attracted to the ladies, and your sister is very attractive indeed."

Her face broke into a smile. "I'm sorry Shadow, I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable. I know the way you looked at her, and spoke about her, that you want her badly. Also there's something that passed between you two. I don't know what it is, but I can assure you, you can have her."

I was relieved indeed! "Plus, I hope that you're still . . . free some night. I'd like to get to know you better."

Smiling warmly at her, I took her hand in mind, and kiss it. "I am always free, m'lady to get to know one of your beauty, charm, AND open-mindedness."

She giggled, and then kissed my cheek. I blushed strongly at that. "Great! Call me sometime?" I nodded and we walked back to the house to close this incredible deal!

At the house, I got the recommend Bill of Sale, recent vet checkup, farrier checking, and Mary's phone number. The next day as I took the mare home, I was STILL in a daze! Monday, I got the order for a new appraisal, and now Wednesday, I have a new lover, AND a possible new Lovemate? What else will happen?

The End