

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



Mark learns more about the action taking place on his uncle's ranch and becomes a willing pupil in a totally new experience.

The clink of glass against glass woke me from my reverie and I sat up, my head still muzzy from the heady mix of liquor, poppers and sex. Bob was pouring himself another bourbon from the bottle on his desk in a pool of light cast by the antique desk lamp. His face was in semi darkness but the desk lamp showed up his hairy thighs in sharp relief and his large deflated penis drooping down over that long scrotum.

It looked wrinkled and a bit sad now, especially when only a few minutes before it had been standing proud and erect, forcing out jets of thick grey-white cum from those gigantic balls. His body may have lost the grace and beauty of its youth but I think that by gratifying himself with my youthful, hairless body had added to his pleasure.

Bob went down the short corridor towards the bathroom and I heard him urinate noisily into the bowl. I gazed around the office, taking in the familiar scene: the wall covered with a rainbow of different colored prize cards and rosettes; at the Winchester 'yellow boy' carbine that I coveted, and at the bank of high-tech equipment on a shelf by the window.

There was the low rumble of the flush and my uncle reappeared. He had left the bathroom light on and was silhouetted in its glow as he stomped back along the corridor. With those long dangling balls swinging from side to side as he walked, he looked like a shambling great bear on the prowl and I couldn't contain my laughter.

"What's so funny, Bub." He growled. His voice made me think of bears even more. "Nothing" I said between a fit of the giggles. "I've just never pictured Smokey Bear looking like that before!"

We began to exchange cheerful insults. "OK, OK, funnyman. Let's see if you can 'cum' like that when you're my age, you one-shot wonder! I can make it again anytime you're ready -buster!"

I could never resist a challenge, especially one that promised still more pleasure, so I boasted. "One-shot wonder? Huh! I'm like that cistern in there. You can almost hear my balls filling up again!"

But despite our brave words, neither of us was really ready yet, and in any case, I rather enjoy that lazy satisfying time recovering from a good jerking session, so I tried to change the subject. Pointing to a bank of small TV screens on a shelf, I said "They're new."

"Yeah," He walked over to a small console by his desk and scratched his furry chest before adding. "We had some guys stealing from farms in the County a while back, so I got a company from Berneville to come out and install all this. -Here, I'll show you." He pressed a few switches and the screens flickered into life.

Pretty soon I began to make out familiar scenes round the yard and the main buildings. Bob was fond of gadgets and lost no time demonstrating how he could pan and tilt the cameras, adjust the lighting and even record on to tape for later playback. To be honest, I was beginning to be sorry I had asked, but something Bob said made me prick up my ears;-

"..I've kept these cameras secret -no one else even knows they're there." His voice dropped low so that I had to strain to hear. "And you'd be surprised at what some guys get up to when they think no-one else is around!"

"Too damn right, Unc.!" I agreed. "Look at the pair of us!"

He laughed with me, but then he started to look uncomfortable and I got the idea that he had let slip more than he meant to. Since our first encounter by the pool, I had noticed a subtle difference in his manner toward me; the bluff 'uncle to nephew' act he had always put on with me had toned down one helluva lot, replaced by...just what? He was now treating me as an equal -like a fellow conspirator in some great secret.

Yes, that was it! I suddenly realised that the same thing had happened with Dad.

It was as though I had somehow been initiated into some great campus secret society.

The liquor had loosed my tongue so I asked bluntly.

"So what do you mean by 'guys getting up to things'?"

It's hard to fathom how anyone could look any more embarrassed than when they are standing in front of you butt-naked, but Uncle Bob gave it a real good try. A look of pain passed over his face and he muttered. Oh, you know."

"I don't!" I persisted. "Whaddya mean?.Wanking? Fucking?.What?"

"Let's leave it be, shall we? I don't think you're ready for it."

"Bullshit! Here we are dressed only in our skins, recovering from one of the best jerk-offs I've had in months and you say I'm not ready? What else is there for chrissakes? Anyways, If you don't tell me, you can solo jerk for the rest of my visit!"

'Blackmail, even' My little voice joined in. 'Whatever next?'

Blackmail or not, my argument seemed to work, for Bob took a deep breath and after a long pause for thought, finally said.

"You know I asked you about Peter?" I nodded, encouraging him to go on.

"Did he try to do anything with you?" I had to think quickly but I reckoned that it was OK to come clean. Bob must already know something about his Native American foreman that I didn't -or why did he bring it up now? I took a deep breath and lied in a matter-of fact way.

"Sure, we jerked each other off .It was great. I enjoyed it." He looked surprised and a bit envious that I hadn't wasted much time in getting it together with his foreman. "Why do you ask?" I enquired with fake innocence.

He seemed lost in thought and it was a while before he drew a deep breath and started on his tale.

"One night, a while back, I left the cameras running in the barn. There was a mare about to foal and I wanted to keep an eye on her as she was getting close to her time. She didn't foal that night, so I rewound the tape. That was when I saw something strange as the pictures whizzed by -It was Peter in the barn."

"So what?" I enquired. "Knowing him and his horse's, I expect he was keeping an eye on the mare too."

"No way." Said Bob, sounding like Perry Mason at the end of a case. "He was leading another mare

into a loose box." He paused for dramatic effect adding slowly. "And..he was stark bollocky nekkid!"

"Wowie" I said, but my voice was husky with excitement. This was really gross, but why was my cock getting so stiff? I couldn't stop myself from asking. "Did you keep the tape?"

"Dam' right I kept the tape" Said Bob. "Although there wasn't much more to see since the camera only covered the corridor. I checked the timestamp on the tape and it was about 20 minutes later before Pete came back into view, still as naked as a baby. He drew some water from the faucet and washed himself down and.."

He paused to see if he still had my full attention - He sure had!

"He made damn sure to see that his prick was clean."

I was fondling my cock by this time as he was telling the story, and I could see that it was having an effect on Bob's hardware too. That big square-looking cock was steadily rising from its forest of curly gray hair and pointing towards me as he looked to see my reaction to his tale. Somewhere in the house a clock chimed and I mentally counted the strokes -there were eleven. It was late -very late for this early-rising household and I hoped that Bob hadn't noticed and bring an end to his fascinating tale. I doubted that I would ever get to know the end unless I could keep his whiskey-fed eroticism going.

"Have you done anything about it since, Unc?"

A faint smile -almost a leer -changed his expression. We were fellow conspirators again. Dam' right I did!" Again that leer. "I moved the camera and I keep the tapes running every night since then!" He went over to a gray filing cabinet, his stiff dick pointing the way like some obscene banner. If I hadn't been so aroused myself I would have laughed at the ridiculous sight.

There was a dull rumble as the drawer rolled forward and Bob fingered his way along a row of tapes and pulled one out. Sliding the black plastic cassette out of its cover he inserted it into the slot of player.

The screen came to life showing a row of horse's standing quietly in their stalls. Bob had spared no expense and unlike the small security monitors, this picture was bright and crisp -and in full color. Bob picked up the remote and came over to sit beside me. The tape speeded forward until he stopped it when the timestamp showed 22:45. The date was about three months earlier. After a minute or so the real action began on the screen.

Peter came into the barn and walked up the aisle checking each box as he went. The horse's watched him with lazy interest as he passed them by but it was clear from his purposeful step that he had one particular horse in mind. Bob had done his homework well and the camera zoomed into close focus as Peter stood almost underneath. The sound was muzzy and picked up a lot of extra noise but we could hear Peter's deep voice muttering little endearments as he nuzzled his head against one particular horse. "That's Lucy May," growled Bob in my ear.

For a long time, Peter nuzzled and patted the mare's head and I could see that she was relishing the attention. He moved away slightly out of shot but I could just see him slip off his buckskin jacket and hang it on an old lamp bracket. He drew his shirt over his head and his long ponytail disappeared through the collar hole only to reappear cascading down the magnificent back I had caressed only a few days before.

I had been too interested in the action taking place before me to think about myself, but I becoming

aware of a dull ache in my balls. They had been licked, sucked and fondled by Bob earlier -they had even taken a beating from his last crazy masturbatory strokes. Now, as they regained their potency, they were letting me know they were ready for more action. I glanced quickly over at my uncle: He was leaning forward, entranced by the sight of Peter slipping out of his jeans -this time there was no black jockstrap to spoil the view, for he wore nothing underneath them.

I didn't know it then, but he had different riding in mind that night. You may think me naive, but don't forget that I was a city boy and knew nothing of bestiality -I wasn't even sure that it was possible for a man to have sex with animals. What was taking place on the screen was totally new to me and I was hooked! There was a snick from the soundtrack as Peter unclipped the mare's headstall from the rail at the front of the box and gently shooed her hindquarters round so that she stood almost square on to the camera. He left the box and returned with a straw bale from the stack by the door, which he placed behind the mare's hind legs.

All his preparations made, Peter began to stroke the mare's neck, slowly working his way down her chest towards her forelegs. All the time he was crooning softly to her in words I couldn't make out. From the slow repetitious rhythm I guessed it was a love song or lullaby learnt from his Indian mother. Lucy May turned her head round towards him and I could see her nostrils twitch as she sniffed at his naked body. Peter gave a short laugh as her whiskers tickled his side and turned towards her questing muzzle. I gave a gasp as I watched her long pink tongue come out to explore him and saw his balls lift and drop as she licked the salt from his sweaty groin.

Peter arched his back in sheer delight, which gave us an even better view of her licking at his dark brown cock, just like a kid with a candy bar. A long gasping groan came from beside me as Bob took in the scene. Uncaring of my presence, his eyes were fixed on the screen while all the time he kneaded and tugged at himself, totally engrossed in the scene being played out before him. Peter seemed to be close to a climax and it took an obvious effort of will for him to pull away from the mare's questing tongue, but he stepped out of her reach and stood back for a while, recovering.

After a time, he squatted down and stroked the mare's belly, close to where I could just see her two black teats. As he fondled them, the muscles of her leg twitched and she straddled her hind legs wider, making an easier for those searching brown hands to explore between them. Peter was in no hurry and it took several minutes before he started to work his way steadily upwards between her wide straddled legs.

She responded by lifting her tail like a flag and letting loose a stream of yellow urine. Peter rebuked her gently as he retrieved the wet bale. The damp floor was not to his liking, especially to his bare feet, so he placed the bale in a dry spot at an angle to the wall. For a moment I thought we wouldn't get to see any more and I slumped back in my chair, disappointed, but I soon leaned forward again with a jolt as I saw that Peter had turned the mare's hindquarters so that her haunches almost faced towards the camera lens.

I could hardly believe our luck when the camera refocused to a shot of the mare's leathery vulva glistening with a stringy clear discharge. Her vagina twitched a few times then seemed to pout, exposing its pink inner surface as though it was winking. Bob leaned towards me and cleared his throat, "She's telling him she's ready." He whispered hoarsely.

The tall Native American stood for a while, working furiously on his dick, bringing it to its full hard size before he stepped up on the bale. His body shut out our view for a while but when the mare shuffled sideways a step or so, we could see that Peter was teasing her, slipping his hand right inside her up to his wrist, thrusting it back and forth in a steady rhythm as old as time itself. Lucy May held her tail to one side and humped her back in time with his thrusts, seeming to relish her

human lover's attention.

He didn't fail her and withdrew his hand, only to replace it with his rampant dick, sliding it in and out deeper and deeper with each slow stroke until his balls were squeezed tightly between their two bodies. He gave a long deep groan and the muscles of his buttocks began to clench and release as, slowly at first, then faster he began to pump at her willing rear end. A minute or so later and it was all over: Peter gave a series of loud grunts and his legs twitched rapidly as he found release. Totally spent, he collapsed forward over the mare's haunches and lay there with his chest heaving.

His panting seemed to ease and he straightened his back slowly until I saw his cock slide out of the mare and drop limply onto his scrotum. The muscles around the mare's vagina relaxed and she expelled a string of Peter's sperm, leaving a row of pearly drops trapped in the tiny hairs fringing her long leathery slit.

I felt a chill on my leg and looked down in time to see a steady stream of my own sperm tracing a path down the leather seat of my chair towards the cleft of my butt. Worried that I might mark Bob's favorite chair I looked over at him in time to see him perform a real neat trick: He had pulled his long ball-sack out as far as it would stretch to catch his cum in the hollow it made between his two balls as each pulsing jet splashed off his cupped hand. In our excitement, we must have both shot our cum in time with Peter, but neither of us seem to have noticed, so engrossed had we been in watching his dramatic climax. Uncle Bob stood up, still holding his ball-sack out like a hairy cup, and rummaged on his desk for a pocket pack of Kleenex. He tore the film wrapper open with his teeth and threw half of the contents at me and we began to clean ourselves up.

"Well, whaddya think of that?" Enquired Bob. "Ain't that something?"

"That was truly awesome," I said sincerely, excited beyond measure.

"But ain't.er, I mean..isn't it illegal? I asked faintly.

"Not if they don't catch you at it, it ain't." He said in a droll voice. His cheerful acceptance of what we had just seen phased me and I could only stammer. "So! Er, what are you going to do about Peter?"

"Nothin'." He lifted his softened penis carefully and mopped a blob of cum from the underside. "I reckon they both enjoyed it, and she sure as hell won't have no foal by him!" He laughed heartily, relieved to see that he hadn't over-stepped the mark by showing me the tape. But my mind still buzzed with questions and I said, half to myself. "I wonder what it feels like?"

"It feels pretty good, boy...pretty good. That's the hottest piece of pussy that you'll ever taste in your lifetime."

"You mean...you've done it too?" I asked weakly. This was getting surreal.

"When I was young and horny like you." His look told me he wasn't joking. He leaned over and touched my arm and looked earnestly into my eyes before saying quietly. "But, hear me boy. Don't you go trying it out on your own. Not without me being there. Guys have gotten themselves killed that way."

My mouth went dry and I could scarcely whisper. "You mean ..you mean you'd let me try it?" I gasped. He couldn't mistake the anticipation and eagerness in my voice.

"Happen I might, If you're still of a mind to and we can find a mare that's willing to stand for you. It

seems that young Pete can spot 'em when they're ripe and ready."

He picked up his discarded jeans and I knew that our evening was coming to a end, but Bob hadn't quite finished yet. He drew his belt tight round his ample waist and sat down again beside me. "Some time back, I was reading up on the life of the plains Indians - It's a kinda hobby of mine, finding out how folk lived here before we arrived. Well, it seems that the young men of certain tribes, (mostly the unmarried bucks, but I reckon some of the older ones couldn't kick the habit, neither) They used to service their mare's when they were out on long hunting trips or on the warpath. They didn't see anything wrong in it. They saw it more as a spiritual thing, a bonding, if you like - of their spirit with the spirit of the horse. By planting their seed in a favorite mare, they believed that they could plant in her some of their bravery and honor as well. That way they figured she would breed real war ponies for them, as fit and strong and brave as themselves." He stood up and turned towards me.

"Perhaps Peter sees it that way -who knows?" Then with a roguish grin, he added. "Or mebbe he's just a horny bastard!"

His laughter rang down the corridor as he turned out the lights behind us.

There was not a sound inside the house as I made my way stealthily down the back stairs towards the office. Outside I could hear the distant blaring of a cow as she called for her calf and I thought that it must be the loneliest sound on earth. The brass key slid smoothly in the lock and I was in. I went over to the window and drew the drapes carefully. There was always a faint chance that Peter might make a late night check of the buildings - I had seen the lights were still on in the bunkhouse as I returned from town. I switched on the security cameras and one by one, the little monitors lit up with a blue-gray glow. They gave out just enough light to see by, so I settled down and started on the sandwiches that the ever-thoughtful Carrie had left out, together with a flask of hot coffee for my return from town.

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Needless to say, nothing happened that night, nor the next and I was beginning to call myself all kinds of a fool for thinking my plan had any chance of success. The only bit of excitement I had was when one camera caught sight of a small herd of deer making their way across the empty yard. This third night was definitely going to be my last, I decided. I had become irritable and scratchy through lack of sleep and frustration and only that morning Carrie had laid her hand on my forehead, inquiring. "You not well?" You're right, I thought.

A sudden movement on one of the screens caught my eye. The light of a small torch wavered its way steadily along the wall of the barn, leaving whitish streaks on the screen as it moved. I tried to zoom in with the camera, wishing that I had watched more closely when Bob had shown off his new toys, but by the time I had got it sorted out, it was too late. I saw a small square of light as the stealthy figure opened a little gate in one of the huge barn doors and passed through. I turned my attention to the little screen covering the inside of the barn, just in time to see Peter Long Wolf pick up a bale of straw and carry it along the line of boxes. I nearly hugged myself with excitement and glee. This is it fella! Christmas was coming early for me.

Timing and stealth were crucial now. I went down the familiar little corridor and past the bathroom to the door that led out to the yard. Trembling with anticipation, I cursed as my fingers fumbled to find the right key. "Oh God, what if there isn't one on this ring." But I needn't have worried -the third one I tried slid sweetly into the lock and one quick turn let me out into the cool night air.

My sneakers made no sound as I crossed the yard into the dense shadow of the barn. I didn't use the same door as Peter, but slipped round the side to a wooden stairway that led up to the hay loft. The steps creaked loudly and I froze, my heart thumping loudly. No more scares please! I pleaded.

I unlatched the door at the top of the stairs and made my way along a wooden catwalk until I was almost over Peter. The noise of the horse's in their stalls drowned my stealthy approach and I could see from his casual manner that he had heard nothing and was still intent on his own pleasure. Looking down, his bronzed body looked even more magnificent: His naked torso tapered sharply to a narrow waist and the smooth swell of his buttocks gleamed in the dim lights of the barn. I nearly gasped in awe, but I lay still, trying to control my panting breath and waited for the crucial moment...my special moment! My cock was screaming for attention, but I was determined to ignore it. I needed it to be at full strength for later on. If I got my way, I would give it the treat of its lifetime. I checked the pocket of my jeans and felt for a cold round shape. I had prepared everything down to the last detail and had even lifted one of Bob's bottle of poppers from the small store he kept in the office ice-box. I was going to need all the help it could give me if I had any hope of lasting beyond first base.

Below me, things were following the same pattern as before. The big haunches of Peter's chosen mare for the night were directly underneath me and I had already recognized them as belonging to Candy, the horse I rode. From my scanty knowledge, I counted this as a definite plus -she would know me and, hopefully, she would stand quietly for me. I watched as she stood placidly looking out over the box while Peter stroked and teased her belly. Things are moving on nicely, I thought, but I was determined to wait a little longer.

This was pay-back time for Peter: I'd teach him a lesson for treating my advances so coolly. I waited until he started to bring himself up to his full, erect self, watching hungrily as he drew his hands slowly and lovingly along his dark brown shaft. Judging my moment to a nicety, I called softly. "Hi Peter!"

He started and gasped in horror while his back went rigid as if he had been shot. His long ponytail thrashed about his shoulders as he turned his head round, looking for the source of that mocking voice. "Look behind you!" I said in a childish sing-song and he turned to see me standing above him, one hand leaning against a beam while the other was caressing my cock through the gaping fly of my jeans. He gulped and said in a hoarse tone.

"Jee-zusss Mark, Don't you ever, never ever, do that to me again!"

"I won't," I said agreeably and slid nimbly down the wooden beam to land on the straw by his side. Already I could feel the heat from his naked body through my thin shirt.

"Don't let me stop you." I added innocently.

"How..er.How long have you been there?" He stammered, totally thrown.

"Long enough." Then I paused dramatically. "But on the other hand: not long enough: -If you catch my drift."

He was recovering his composure and tried to bluff it out, although he had literally been caught with his pants down. I would have loved to have heard that excuse -it would need to be pretty convincing, but I was far too impatient to press home my advantage. The shock of my sudden appearance had made his cock shrivel and withdraw so that it hung like a brown fruit over his balls. I bet they're really aching now. I thought smugly as I reached forward and lifted his cock, letting it fall back on his balls with a slight bounce.



"I haven't done that much good, have I?" I breathed and dropped down on my knees to take it into my mouth. It took a long time for it to respond -I must have really phased him. I thought as I sucked greedily. Then I felt Peter's body begin to relax as he realised that his secret might still be safe. I looked up into his puzzled brown eyes.

"Relax buddy. It's OK. Really it is." I breathed, my voice husky with lust.

"I'm here for the same thing as you are; I want a piece of the action too."

For a moment I thought he would refuse, then his face cleared and he said softly.

"You sure about this? Don't you want to talk about it first?" I shook my head.

"Nope. I've been watching you and it has really turned me on." I didn't want to beat about the bush any longer so I said bluntly. "You're going to fuck Candy, aren't you?"

He nodded slowly.

"Me too." I said with more confidence than I felt, then I suggested. "You go first and show me what to do."

He studied my face with those deep brown eyes for a long time, then amazingly a broad grin transformed his features and an excited tone came into his voice as he said briskly.

"OK kid. Let's do it!"

I watched spellbound as he stepped up on the straw bale behind the waiting mare and began to gently touch her with his long brown fingers. Candy turned her head and looked at me with her gentle, blue-black eyes as I ripped open the buttons of my shirt and undid the fastener of my jeans. Peter looked over at me, his cock in his hand, smiling as if to say "Wait your turn, I won't be long." I caught a quick glimpse of the long pink lips of Candy's vulva part before Peter inserted his exposed cockhead into the void.

For a long time, he played with her, varying the depth and speed of his strokes and thoroughly enjoying himself. His head was thrown back and his eyes tight closed as waves after wave of pleasure made him shudder. He glanced over at me and smiled before he started to thrust savagely into the mare. On the video I had watched with Bob, I hadn't noticed that Peter had been particularly vocal, but having a spectator must have had an effect on him, because he began to grunt and mutter as he thrust faster and harder.

"Yeah..Yeah..Oh.Jeeezzzzusss!" A long moaning cry announced his climax and he fell forward onto Candy's rump, just as I'd seen him do on the video days before. Eventually he pushed himself up and looked over at me with a smile.

"That's how it's done, kid." He panted, adding with a grin. "You want to try it now? -I've warmed it up nicely for you!"

As I entered my first ever mare, my first impression was one of intense warmth and the feel of a strong grasp on my quivering cock. It wasn't at all like I imagined and the thought that the slipperiness I was feeling was probably due to Peter's cumming only a few minutes before was a real turn on. I felt a tingling sensation begin to spread over my cock, as if someone had sprinkled pepper on it. "Don't worry, whispered Peter. "It's just her 'love-juice' She likes you already!"

He was standing right behind me, his hands pressing against my buttocks, encouraging me to push and withdraw, push and withdraw. The effect was so intense that I span the lid off my bottle of poppers and took several hefty snorts to slow me down. Whether it was that or just my excitement, but my senses reeled as I felt my cock push past the hard ring of muscle just inside the mare's vulva and into a warm cavern beyond.

She wriggled her haunches slightly and for an anxious moment I thought that she was going to refuse me after having already been ravished by Peter's long tool, but it seemed that she was only making herself more comfortable and she stood placidly as I began to slide my cock rhythmically back and forth.

Another quick snort of poppers steadied me for just a moment before the inevitable happened: I was not prepared for the intensity of my climax and let out a series of long drawn out "Uhh.uhhs!" as my dick throbbed out its release into Candy's welcoming depths.

The sensation was indescribable and my nails dug hard into Candy's ample haunches as I screwed up my face in an ecstasy that was almost painful, unaware that Peter was supporting me as my body arched backwards. I didn't want to leave Candy's warm tunnel of love but she gave me no choice: A series of pulsing thrusts spat out my rapidly softening cock and followed it with a long string of my cum, which dribbled slowly down my bare legs. Peter slipped his arms under mine as I stood panting and I clung on to him tightly until I recovered. He bent his head and whispered in my ear.

"Was it like you imagined, Mark?"

"No way!" I gasped. "It was ten times better than that!"

He face broke into a broad grin and he slapped my butt playfully.

"Guess so. I'll see to your new girlfriend here, then we'd better go clean up."

*The End*