

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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I was preparing a visit to my friend's ranch, a large piece of land that stretched about ten acres, and, as far as I'd known, was located at the intersection of a small town and the middle of nowhere. When I'd lost my job a few months earlier, he would always try to get me out of the house, so to speak. After having badgered me into it, he finally convinced me to spend a week at the place, so I could get my mind off the never-ending struggle of finding more work. Though he did need an extra hand to help keep the property running smoothly, I declined his offer of getting paid money in exchange. "I don't want your cash," I reasoned. "Besides, staying there will be like a miniature vacation for me. And I'll need all the exercise I can get for the time being."

I finished packing my clothes and other accessories, and did all the things to make sure the house wouldn't have gone up in flames during my absence. When the phone started ringing out of nowhere, I knew that it was him on the other end. And it was. From my mouth came the standard telephone greeting, "Hello?" After a brief moment of silence, his voice booms into the speaker. "I'm coming down the street now. You ready to go yet?" Due to the impending lack of funds, I didn't want to take my own vehicle in order to save on fuel costs. Of course, his ranch was quite far away. After all, I'd been living in the suburbs of a bustling city, while he had based his own life among the deeper parts of the countryside.

The sound of his car's engine grew louder as he pulled into the driveway outside. Then a short beep of the horn informed me that it was time to leave. We were rolling in an old red sedan, the bottom of which was covered in a thin layer of dirt and a bumper sticker or two. "Nice ride, Mike," I told him jokingly. "Looks kinda like mine parked over on the side of the road." I indicated to him the heap of scrap metal that was my pride and joy.

"Why would I need any more than this?" insisted Michael, his hands still clasped around the steering wheel. "I'm a man who's attracted to the simple things in life."

"Yeah, and I'm a man who can't afford anything but the simplest of things," murmuring to myself as I entered into the passenger's side of the car. Shortly afterward, we took off for the wide, open lanes of the highway.

A little while into our lengthy car ride, we sparked up a mundane conversation regarding the weather, oh, and sports. Then he got bored of it and started asking me all sorts of probing questions, the first of which made light of the glaring fact that I was living alone inside a small townhome. "Are you ever planning on finding someone special who could live with you? Even just a roommate?" he asked, rather concerningly. "Or, God forbid," he added a dramatic pause before continuing, "you're still a virgin?" I looked right at him, stunned beyond belief. I wasn't sure how that had anything to do with the discussion at hand, but he was right. At the age of thirty-two, I still had yet to have sex with anyone. Not even a single one-night-stand to speak of.

"I've never really cared much for stuff like that," I told him, although I was lying a bit.

"Ha, we need to get you laid soon! Perhaps even during the time you're there."

I seemed puzzled at the suggestion. "You mean at the ranch?"

"Yup." You should've seen the smile on his face when he said that word. "We'll get more into that later, though. For now, I want you to focus on getting situated while you're staying with me."

Throughout the rest of our drive, the remaining interaction between us was spent listening to the radio.

Arriving at the front gate, Michael had nudged at my left shoulder to grab my attention. "Here we are, a paradise away from home," he bragged. "Welcome to Trenton Farms!" He would begin explaining about how the ranch had been family-owned for over a century, and that it had a long, successful history within the surrounding community. "But," he went on, "our proudest achievements have been, and always will be, the horses that we've raised." The car took a sharp turn down a narrow dirt path, going off-road for a second before getting all four tires back onto it. He then pointed out the individual horses that were grazing in the pasture nearby, commenting on their well-bred heritage and graceful conformation. "Well?" he said, looking smugly at me, "What do you think of all those majestic beasts?"

I turned toward him to respond, "I think you need to learn how to drive! We almost could've crashed headfirst into that fence post back there." He laughed off the criticism, apparently having not felt the least bit offended by it.

"Ah, alright. I've probably scared you too much already." He proceeded to head through the fields that would eventually lead us to a ranch house in the center of the property. "This is the living quarters, where you'll be sleeping at night," he said in an authoritative tone. "Go and make yourself at home, then we'll discuss what I want you to do next." The vehicle made a full stop as he prepared to drop me off in front of the building.

As I was making my way toward the house, I wasn't entirely sure what I could've been doing at that moment in time. Then my phone had begun ringing from my pocket. It was him again. "Just put your luggage anywhere inside the first room you walk into. It's really not that difficult!" Michael had been waving at me from his car window, taunting me from afar.

"Wait, you keep your doors unlocked?" I questioned.

"Only the side door, my friend," he responded through the phone. So I followed his instructions, entering past the one unlocked entrance, and laid my bags onto the floor, leaning against the wall.

"Not a bad place to live," I thought, admiring his bronze equestrian statuettes that were proudly displayed on top of an end table. "Not bad at all." I approached the entrance into the hallway, where even more equine-related art could be found. The one that stood out the most to me, though, was a grander stone depiction of a rider and his steed, which had been sculpted in a graceful rearing position, and had a hauntingly powerful expression in its eyes. Now, I hadn't considered myself an art critic by any means, but the figure itself struck me as a purely elegant piece of work. "This whole place seems to specialize in training horses," I concluded, being of the observant sort.

The self-tour didn't last long. In about an hour or so, Michael would return back to where he had dropped me off earlier, that same grin appearing once again on his face. "I've been getting things ready for your stay," he told me. "Come, I want you to meet someone at the barn." We both traveled to the other side of the rural estate, his sedan producing dingy sounds as bits of dirt and rock bounced off the bumpers and trim. On our way there, he made short comments like "She's a lovely girl" and "I'm sure you'll grow quite fond of her." Again, I became confused about it all. I was getting more curious by the minute.

I just had to ask him, "Who are you talking about?"

"You'll see when we get there."

“Well... I’m guessing it’s an animal, then?”

At that moment, he pulled over the vehicle almost instantly. “She’s not an ‘it!’” He looked rather irritated by me. “Her name’s Margaret.” The car began slowly picking up speed again, but the expression on his face remained priceless.

“Ah.” In came that awkward moment of silence. “I see.”

When we had finally arrived at the barn, the sun was barely hanging in the sky, having been about ready to set on that day. “She should still be inside her stall,” he told me as we were exiting from the sedan. By now, I was positively certain that Margaret had been a horse all along.

I asked yet another dumb question, “Why did you want to show her to me?”

He replied, rather bluntly, “I don’t want my buddy to stay a virgin forever.”

My brows arched at the hinted proposal.

As we continued to walk into the main aisle of the barn, I could sense that someone had indeed been present. The sound of her breathing was getting nearer, and my hands themselves were becoming like a pair of moist rags.

Her head was barely visible from within the darkened stall. “Com’ere, girl.” Michael was easily able to get her attention. She then approached the gate, nickering at him sweetly. Bringing his face closer to hers, Michael held onto both her cheeks (the ones up front) as he kissed her lovingly on the nose. “This is my gray mare, Margaret.” He motioned for me to step near the stall. “Don’t be afraid, man. She’s virtually harmless.” Cautiously, I walked up to see her in person. The mare then began sniffing at me, her heavy snorting causing me to feel slightly overwhelmed. “See, what did I tell ya? She has the kindest heart you’ll ever find.”

Having listened to his words, I allowed Margaret to continue smelling my sweaty body—she would even let me rub her across the neck as she had done this. Even though the mare was confined inside a stall, the overarching curve of her neck would allow her to get at my abdomen. I remember thinking to myself, “Wow, this is actually kind of hot.” My face had started to flush with red, and my body grew more tense in response to her playful advances.

“B-but what does this have to do with me?” I asked him eagerly.

“Well, she’s about to go into season,” he informed me, “which is a time when she’s the most, let’s say, ‘adventurous’.” As soon as he said that last word, my eyes had shifted toward her other end. I knew exactly what he was referring to, but I felt dirty at the very thought of it. It was insane, even. I’d have taken another glance at her rear, but it would’ve caused my penis to get that much harder. “There’s no shame in it.” He lay his arm over her thick, lush mane. “In fact, Margaret and I have been lovers since the day I turned eighteen.” He locked sights with her. “She was my coming-of-age present.” Maybe he was right; after all, I couldn’t help the fact that I was getting aroused by the whole situation. But I also wondered why. Was it her soft, gentle personality? Or perhaps the way she stood in place, with her hips positioned like so? Either way, I was probably going to make love with her at some point during my stay. And, to be honest, I wasn’t going to have any further qualms about it.

It was the beginning of another day at the ranch, and Michael and I were just finishing up an early breakfast. "It's the Trenton family special!" He had served an egg, bacon and cheese omelet, which basically had everything all rolled up in one neat package. "I'm gonna head for the barn to turn out Margaret," he said, looking at the time displayed on his cellphone. Then, proceeding to ask me with a rather crooked smile, "Would you like to come, too?"

My face started to blush like mad. I responded, calmly, "Sure, I'd love to see her again." I thought a little more about it, then asked, "What about the other horses?"

"I have ranchhands who will take care of them," he took a bite of his food before continuing, "I've always given Margaret some of that extra affection, you know."

Shortly after having our first meal, we arrive once more at the barn, this time with the intention of letting Margaret roam freely within the confines of the paddock. I went ahead inside to unlock the gate as he was preparing to lead her away from the stall, then stopping for a quick moment to talk to me. "Why don't you start off helping me today by mucking out her stall?" After going into a corner to retrieve some equipment, he returned with a rake and a shovel, handed them to me, then walked back outside with the mare following next to him. "I'll be back in about half an hour or so," he began. "Oh, and by the way, the wheelbarrow is over by that wall." After he'd left, I tried to clean the stall as fast as I could, getting every last bit of excrement out of there before he would return to see how I was doing.

When he eventually did come back, I had just gotten done refilling her bucket with fresh water from the hose. "Good," he seemed rather sweaty for some reason, "Now, I want you to follow me outside." I did as he asked. Out in the distance, grazing alone near some trees upon the wide pasture, was none other than Margaret. "Today is officially the first day of her cycle," he pointed out to me as we were casually approaching the mare from across the field. "You do know what this means, right?" He walked up to her hindquarters with a damp rag in hand. "Here, take a gander at her assets." He then moved her tail to the side, showing off one of the world's most forbidden sources of carnal desire. Michael himself had even started drooling over the mare's snatch. "Okay, now I want you to take this rag and use it to clean out her private area," he ordered as he handed it to me. Not really sure how to go about it, I stood at the side of her rump as I gently lifted her tail away from view. I pressed the wet cloth against her soiled slit, removing any dirty buildup with long strokes going from either side of the vulva. The rag foamed a bit as I did this, making it easier to pick up the remaining traces of grime from her nether regions. "Alright, that's good enough," he told me, handing me another damp cloth, this time with no soap added onto it. "I want you to rinse her off with this rag."

I took it from him and began rubbing over the mare's entire genital area, admiring the droplets of water running down the inside of her glistening horse cheeks. At this point, I thought, "Was he actually enjoying me cleaning this mare?" Even so, I found myself growing more passionate with each stroke along her moistened sex. I was probably loving this way more than he was, anyway.

"Excellent, I'd say you're pretty good at this!" Michael grabbed the filthy rags from my hands, tossing them over to some other spot in the grass. "Now that she's all clean down there," he paused for a moment to look under her tail, "why don't you go ahead and give her some of that oral pleasure?"

My heart stopped.

Thoughts of her were racing through my mind like nobody else had done for me before. Obviously, I had never pleased a woman in my life, much less a mare. But I was determined to perform my best.

Perhaps due to my longstanding virginity, I really intended to let her have it. I wanted badly to hear her grunting with delight as she climaxed in the midst of my intensely sexual endeavor. The thing that had turned me on the most about her, though, was the potent, sensual odor emanating from her heavenly body. It was like dirt mixed in with hay, but much more erotic-smelling. In fact, that was all it took for me to comply with his lustful demands. Judging by the intoxicating scent lingering in the air, she was now in the onset of heat, and so I aimed to get her off as much as humanly possible.

Margaret glanced back at me, her tail hovering high above her shimmering white ass. Naturally, I began to lick my lips in preparation for what was to transpire. I brought my face in closer to touch the backend of her body, kissing and sucking on one of her horsey buttocks as I glided my palm across the top of her smooth rump. Moving my head between the mare's glorious hips, I pressed my gaping mouth against her dripping wet cavity, letting the fluid fall steadily onto my tongue. I then buried my nose inside her feminine canal, shutting both my eyes as I tried to focus all of my energy on acquiring her smelly, earthy scent. With each inhale of prurient desire, I was getting progressively more high off her vaginal secretions as the aroma traveled through my nostrils, and it made me hornier than ever. I gently led my mare-coated sniffer above her slit and used it to prod around her puffy anus, then took a couple of short, but powerful whiffs of it. The smell of her sweet tailhole was more vivid than I could've ever imagined. Returning once again to her warm, inviting cunt lips, I started licking all around her winking clit, which was pulsating against my chin in a rhythmic motion. She tasted so divine that I couldn't help what would soon slip out of my cunt-filled mouth. "Oh my God," I shouted, "forgive me, for I have sinned!"

Michael, who was watching the act of my eating out her delicious horse pussy, giggled a bit when I said that. "Tastes pretty good, huh?" I nodded ecstatically while still facefirst into her dark, furless hole. "Damn, if you keep it up like this, you might even make her cum too early!" But I didn't care. Ignoring his warning, I kept sucking on her fleshy lips as my tongue penetrated further inside her, once in a while ardently flicking it across her engorged mare clit to keep the sexy equine satisfied. She pushed back into me, and like that I had found myself lost within a horse's rear end, struggling for breath but, at the same time, not wanting to do anything about it. "Man, if I'd known you would be this much into foreplay, I'd have brought along one of the other mares!" He approached me with the outline of his dick showing through the pair of tight jeans he'd been wearing. "Here, let me show you how it's done."

He then unzipped his pants, pulling down his underwear to reveal a long, erect penis, the tip of which was slightly wet with precum. "Move aside for a bit," he instructed me. Examining her gleaming wet slit, he exclaimed, "Looks like you already got her all lubed up for me!" Taking an empty bucket that he'd brought from the barn, he placed it right behind the ol' mare as I observed the situation from a reasonable distance. He started out by first rubbing his throbbing member up and down the mare's vulva, collecting much of the so-called "lubricant" onto his dick before slipping it gracefully inside Margaret. Her vagina squelched as Michael slowly pushed himself into her, groaning loudly as his hard manhood met with her squishy interior. Wow, it was so hot when her pussy would make those sounds! For a while, he just stood there gazing up into the sky, as if contemplating about the meaning of life. The sight of my friend as he was deeply connected with his lover, feeling the warmth of her body engulfing his hapless rod, was truly beautiful and also very erotic.

He wiggled around inside her, massaging his hard member against the walls of her vagina, slowly dipping further into the equine orifice as if he were dancing with it. His leg lifted over her backside in order to get deeper inside, until he was up to the hilt in succulent mare pussy. This guy really went at it, slamming into her meaty rear with each powerful thrust of his hardened sword. "Yeah,

this is how you fuck a horse!" Before he could properly climax into Margaret, he let his dick slip out, which resulted in streams of fresh cum to land in the grass near her back hooves. Michael's sweaty body tremored as he was trying to catch his own breath. "Hmm, she sure milked me dry!" I observed his gleaming penis as it shriveled back under the foreskin. He then added, "Just like she does every day of the week!" My mouth gaped. I couldn't even imagine depositing my seed into this glorious mare on a daily basis. "You sure seem quiet over there. Why don't you give her a ride down Paradise Avenue yourself?"

Wanting to take on his gracious offer, I stepped carefully onto the bucket, trying to keep both feet in the center of it. Once again I felt up her dark, smooth labia, and licked the sticky juices from my fingers. Then, I brought the head of my penis to the edges of her lips, admiring the fantastic view from atop the overturned bucket. Her ass looked so plump and juicy from where I was standing, that it drove my restless mind completely nuts. My left hand rested on her rump as my right hand held onto my shaft, guiding it around her wet lips like a paintbrush to a blank canvas. "Oh!" Suddenly, I experienced a sharp tingling sensation in my groin, sending intense pleasure signals throughout my entire body. My knees began to shake, and my legs twitched with anticipation of a much deeper kind of sexual encounter.

I thought that this was finally going to be it; the moment when I would lose my cherry to this fine lady. Margaret was looking back at me with such loving eyes, nickering as she stood incredibly still, tail held in place, and awaiting my eventual penetration. Accepting her invitation, I pushed the sensitive head of my cock slightly forward, going into her until I could feel her sweet wetness encompassing my bare skin. Like before, the mare's pussy had made those hot suctioning sounds, squeezing all around my penis with her powerful vaginal contractions. I felt myself losing control of my inhibited desire to withstand her slippery sex, and started pounding away at her with all the strength I could muster, steadily building up to what would become a rather creamy ending. Almost out of instinct, I slapped her on the hindquarters, which had made a fainter sound than I'd expected. Still, it turned me on to feel the muscle reverberating against my palm when I did that. And Margaret didn't seem to mind it at all.

She drenched my groin with her milky-yellow juices, adding more fuel to the explosion that would soon follow. I kept at a mildly steady pace, my hips banging against her furry butt as my dick slipped in and back out of her squelching crevice. And with each thrust, the mare winked her stimulated clit on my wet nutsack. The raw emotion of my quick insertions made me groan louder and louder, until it overshadowed the sounds of her genitals meeting in tune with mine. The feeling of being inside such a warm, slimy pocket of pink intensified as her mare lips tickled me with each long stroke of my gooey manhood. "I don't think I can last in her much longer," I ecstatically told my well-spent friend, who was already playing with himself again.

Bracing myself for the inevitable, I grasped the dock of her tail firmly, bringing it up slightly higher so I could get a better view of the action. Her pussy was really starting to contract a lot as I delivered the last few pumps of my sensitive tool into the messy mare. Clasp tighter onto her fleshy thighs, I immediately felt multiple spurts of cum shoot out from within me and fall into her love tunnel, nearly passing out from the pleasure of having my dick constricted by the satisfied horse. This time, I couldn't help but stand there in silence, my eyes looking beyond the sunlit horizon as it was all unfolding deep inside her endless cunt. After having experienced an intense orgasm, I withdrew my fluid-covered dick from the hidden depths of her pink, oily hole, taking pride in servicing this sexy beast with such vigor. Margaret let out a loud whinny, telling me that she had enjoyed the opportunity of being given a wild ride, almost as much as I have. Under all of my panting, I was able to mutter a simple, but accurate "Oh my Lord" before hesitantly dismounting the hot-as-fuck equine specimen.

"Well," Michael gazed upon the scene, giving that signature grin that he always had, "seems like you enjoyed your first time quite a bit." I zipped up my urine-stained pants, getting ready to call it a day when he stopped me dead in my tracks. "But, you're not finished yet!" He pointed toward a row of inheat mares, each of their hind ends assuming the position of getting serviced as well. "You'll need to help me out here, bud."

THE END

...Well, not really. It had taken the both of us nearly the whole afternoon to mate with these sexy mares, and by the time it was over, we came out smelling like a couple of filthy, sweaty animals ourselves. I felt like a proper stud, having just inseminated a plethora of willing ladies, each one having their own unique taste and aroma. I could've sworn that I had died and gone to Heaven that day, and believed that this whole thing was just too surreal to have happened. Throughout the rest of the week, Michael and I continued to have our turn with Margaret, as well as some of the other curious mares on the property. We both agreed on the obvious fact: "Perhaps they would never be truly satisfied!"