

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Authors Note: It's a true story, it's my story, and it's my first contribution to the site. I apologize if there's a lot of monologue but it's a collective memory of mine and this is how I see it. Feedback would be great! Also, changed some things around like names and locations to keep things...kinda confidential lol

Have fun reading!!

No one understood why all I looked forward to was seeing my horse.
No one understood why I talked to my horse as if I were talking to a friend.
No one seemed to care, either.

I'd spend all my time out at my barn, which was secluded deep in the mountains. I had all the space I wanted to mount up on my horse and ride away, to be gone for hours. I loved it. He loved it too.

Ryuu was an Andalusian, and didn't seem built for the tough rides that would take us to altitudes of over 10,000 feet. However, he would charge along and carry me over things I would never imagine. There were times I'd get off and lean against him, allowing him to escort me to safety.

The woman I sometimes rode with was a veteran in the sport and said it herself, "She'd never seen a horse as devoted to his rider's safety."

I took pride in the fact that he loved me enough to do anything to help me. I took pride in the fact that he had been my best friend and metaphorically held my hand through some of the hardest times in my life.

Today was no different. We had planned out a trip to the lake, which was secluded enough that ATVs or other unwanted people couldn't get to it, but at the same time was accessible enough to make it back in time for Beatrice's barbecue ribs for a late lunch. So I skipped through the barn, greeting the several stallions housed in the same area as my gelding.

Don't get me wrong, but my gelding was proud-cut. He knew what mating was and had done it enough to figure out when one of the stallions got stud-chained, they'd be releasing all their pent up seed into one of the mares. Sometimes even he'd get jealous, pawing at the door and snorting angrily at the fact that they got chosen over him.

I reached my hands out to be met with his velvety nose, eagerly sniffing me over for any treats I could offer him before setting out.

"Not until we get back, you pig," I teased, putting his halter on and leading him out.

He was a vain little creature, being the Spanish romantic he was. He loved to be groomed and to be touched, but most importantly he loved attention. The second I'd walk away he'd watch me, his amber eyes boring into me as if he would attack anything that got near me.

Specifically men, but thankfully they tended to avoid our farm. Ryuu was thankful for that, and would be the first to chase any away that seemed to be a threat. He definitely had a herd instinct even if he made some dumb choices in regards to that.

I had a rather beat up saddle I used for trail riding, one that I didn't care would be sweat on, rained on, and possibly caked in mud. His saddle pads were elegant yet conservative enough to be utilized on the trail, and looked magnificent against his coppery chestnut coat.

One thing about Ryu was that he dappled whenever he was exceedingly happy. Today his dapples shown greatly, but that was probably because rain had induced a late sprouting and the grass was surprisingly up to everyone's knees.

Surprising because several weeks before the area was experiencing the worst drought it had ever seen.

Granted, that drought weather seemed to have returned for the afternoon, since it was exceedingly hot and I was already exhausted even if we hadn't set off. Thankfully, it was an eight mile round trip and we were stopping to swim and play. He loved the water so it would be a blessed release for both of us. Especially since I'd packed some goodies for him along the way. It was due time for a little bit of a break from it all.

I was met by Beatrice as I mounted up, with her cautioning me not to let him loose at the lake even if he was trusty enough to stay beside me.

"Alright, I won't," But of course I didn't mean it. Ryu was too feisty to keep on tabs and would come back since he cared too much about my well being.

And off we went, and I began to talk to him.

I told him of drama between friends, of boys I liked, of my family's stupid problems (which he knew too well since he'd witnessed a fight and attacked my uncle for threatening me), of homework, of things I planned to do in the next few days. He always kept an ear back, listening to me, sometimes seemingly agreeing or disagreeing with my statements.

Most of all, he was the only one there for me. He was the only one who seemed to truly care regardless of what I did and didn't do.

Prior to this, we had been separated for a year and a half. I had been sent away from my home to "think about what I had done to the family, after all they had done for me."

What I came to realize is that my behavior was a direct result of being neglected, of trying to desperately hold onto something. And Ryu had been thrown into the mix because when I got suicidal, he was the one that seemed to pull me out of it.

I knew I couldn't abandon him.

I learned to never choose that route because when I left, he became depressed. He became so upset that he lost color, lost weight, and most importantly, lost the will to carry on.

Then one day a man with a trailer came for him and he willingly boarded, hoping desperately that he'd find me at the end.

And the spring morning he arrived, he couldn't seem to believe it was me. When the lead rope was handed to me, he snorted, his ears pricking forward curiously to sniff me once or twice. I had grown up. I'd lost my baby face. He craned his neck forward and tussled my hair, checking for sure if it was me. Then he nickered and pressed his face into my chest, not wanting me to ever leave him.

Since that day of our reunion, he refused to let me go without too much of a fight. He'd even taken to sniffing a scarf of mine frequently to remember what I smelled like.

For him, he wanted nothing more than to be mine and only mine the rest of his life. He had no

interest in anyone other than those who fed him. And even then he'd lost interest as soon as the food was gone.

I learned how much he cared for me later that day. After all, we would be truly alone for the first time in a long time.

I loved the feeling of covering ground. Ryuu's long and flawless trot could cover great distances in short amounts of time. That, and he loved to get places. He loved to take his time and enjoy the surroundings, and then seeing perfect opportunities to move forward, he would. We moved as one. We were one. We had mastered the bond between horse and rider. Everyone who encountered us knew this oh too well. Some even envied the connection we had, the fact that we had figured each other out.

But Ryuu was clever. He kept one thing out of the equation for so long.

I strongly believe to this day that horses especially are capable of a vast amount of emotions and reasonings, since I watched my horse go through phases of anger, depression, happiness, anxiety....and lust.

I had seen my horse connect with other horses, but like me with people, it wasn't enough. There were things missing. When we climbed the last little hill and made it to the beautiful small lake that was the region's best kept secret, I sighed in relief.

I dismounted, stripped him of his saddle and bridle and let him loose. He immediately trotted over to the water and sniffed it, pawing several times before lowering himself and rolling over. He squealed and got up, bucking and thundering up and down the shoreline in delight, enjoying splashing the water. I watched, ridding myself of my shirt and riding pants to leave me in a skimpy swimsuit I had received when my father's ex-girlfriend returned from Brazil. He whinnied to me from the other side of the shore, inviting me in.

"God damnit you know how I feel about strange water," I replied back, standing up and wading into the water. He trotted over to me, snorting and encouraging me to follow him out. So I did.

Ryuu allowed me to swim over to where he was standing (since I am short), and hoist myself onto his back. Then he took me on a little tour of the lake. Riding him bareback and bridleless was a guilty pleasure of mine, one that I couldn't necessarily do because of barn rules. I felt his muscles ripple beneath me, toned by the extreme strain that endurance riding caused. He was definitely attractive, at least in my point of view.

I would admit I did find him attractive. His sixteen two body was toned, he had beautiful eyes and a playful face, and his personality definitely sent shivers down my spine. Some could say I even had a crush on him. But because I got sent away, I couldn't focus on my zoo tendencies. I wasn't thinking about it because I had turned that part of me off to work on myself. I didn't romantically view anyone.

That day, I was reminded of how desperately I wanted that for myself. That day would be forever ingrained into my memory as the day that Ryuu and I explored a place we never thought we could go.

I decided I was done and he did what he always would do if he wasn't done with me. He'd grab whatever article of clothing I had and tug it back. Although because he is after all, a horse, his reasoning skills aren't that great. And Brazilian string bikinis came undone easily. I didn't care that I was topless in the middle of nowhere, I was more frustrated that he figured it out.

Then it hit me.

He knew how to undo knots. He loved making knots just to undo them in his lead rope.

“Asshole,” I muttered and he stared at me innocently.

Damn horse. He knew he could get away with murder because he was a horse.

I merely smirked. “Wanna see my boobs? Here you go.”

I pressed my chest forward, teasingly almost, and he allowed his muzzle to graze my skin. I giggled. “You manwhore.”

However, he was more interested in the fact that I had something there. He nuzzled my chest once or twice, feeling the soft flesh underneath him. One thing he did love was feeling my soft skin against his muzzle. He rested it on my neck frequently for that reason. He loved inhaling the scent of perfume mixed with body wash mixed with my natural scent mixed with his scent. It drove him wild. Yet since I was eighteen, naive and lacking in knowledge of all things romance, I didn’t seem to register it. I just got more amused that he found great joy in playing with my average-sized breasts.

I growled at him when he used his teeth, and his head shot up, looking as if he were caught doing a horrible thing.

I rolled my eyes and stepped out, shaking my head. He stood there for a moment before deciding to follow me, brushing up against my body as he decided to join me to sun for a bit to dry off. I loved to tan too, especially with Ryuu. He was a great partner because he enjoyed the sun himself.

Yup, definitely a Spanish casanova. He had both masculine and feminine attributes, which made being with him that much more amusing.

So we both sunned ourselves; him deciding to stand and rest while I found a large rock to splay my body out on.

He nuzzled me gently, playing with a few strands of my long reddish brown hair that hung off the side of the rock. I smiled at him and he nickered softly, making a face that I’d seen before but never realized what it meant.

“What?” I asked, quizzically looking at him as he began to shift.

I was still topless and then I sat up, deciding to check my phone. It was almost time to get back. I kneeled on the rock, shedding my bikini bottoms and about to reach over to grab my riding pants and that bikini top I’d discarded along with the rest of my clothes.

First and foremost, I refused to ride with wet bottoms. I hated saddle sores and chafing and everything else associated with not keeping the lower half dry. Second of all, I never felt a problem with being naked around my horse. After all, he’d always been a friend. My affections had been towards other horses, specifically hotblooded Arabian stallions.

Definitely not Ryuu.

I had leaned over, giving the horse a perfect view of my backside on my knees. As I grabbed the clothing, he nickered again.

Then I realized what that nicker meant.

I glanced back at him slyly as it all dawned on me. There was a reason why he'd look at me like that, nicker ever so slightly, and drop to his impressive full length (despite lacking in girth!) but still be respectful. He wanted me. There was no doubt about it. And I suddenly realized I wanted him too. I threw my morals of "building a relationship first" out the door and laid back on the rock, sliding down so he could access my body easier.

"Mm, you little asshole, you just wanted to fuck me this entire time huh?" I whispered, allowing my gaze to sweep over his perfectly muscled body. "Well after all you've done for me I might let you get that chance."

Granted, I didn't know what he'd do from that point on.

He dragged his muzzle down my body, starting from in between my cute breasts down my belly button and pausing at my now wet pussy. I shivered in delight, spreading my legs for him to take a sniff at what he'd done to me in that short amount of time.

And something I never even predicted happened.

I'd seen videos of dogs licking people, I'd seen videos of horses nuzzling mare's sex before mounting...But when his muzzle moved against me and his warm tongue tasted my juices, I was so surprised I let out a little squeak.

His head jerked up, terrified that he'd hurt me. I arched my hips up and reached a hand up to touch his cheek, inviting him back. And he began to explore me with his muzzle and tongue, eating my pussy as I moaned every so often. I reached my hand out to stroke his face, watching as his eyes flicked up to observe what I did every so often. God, the feeling of a horse's tongue and muzzle was powerful. They were muscled just because horses used their mouths a lot of times to explore. Especially that upper lip.

He seemed to truly enjoy feeling me shudder against his tongue, as he pressed it against my yearning slit and moved upwards to tease my clit. I swore he'd done this before, but I knew he couldn't have. There was no way. But with the fervor he pleased me with, I knew it had to have come from somewhere. Then suddenly I felt my body tense, and I cried out, bucking against his tongue as my powerful orgasm seized my body. I shivered and squealed, realizing he was enjoying cleaning the cum off my pussy. Once he got his fill he curled his lip back, dropping even further. Now it was my turn to return the favor. He craned his neck forward and I placed a few kisses on his muzzle, tasting my own juices that still lingered there. He nickered against my lips, the vibration feeling quite strange but enjoyable. Then I stepped off the rock and stroked his body, lowering to my knees beside him.

His cock was rock hard and massive, quite impressive for a gelding.

Quite impressive considering I'd never figured this one out. I ran my fingers up his length, testing the waters. Some horses didn't like to be touched down there. Ryuu sometimes was finicky about hands being down there but when I wrapped my tiny hand around his throbbing member and began to pump, his head dropped slightly and I grinned. I couldn't believe I'd finally gotten the experience I wanted, especially not with my faithful friend throughout the struggles of my teen years. I pressed my butt up teasingly and struggled with putting his tip in my mouth, letting him take a few more intoxicating sniffs of my pussy.

I moaned when he obliged, snaking his head around and pressing his tongue back within me. I sucked him with a great lust, shuddering with delight as I felt another orgasm build up.

But the magic of that moment was destroyed as my phone vibrated.

Unfortunately Verizon's coverage happened to make it into the mountains. At the same time, it was good in case something happened. I sighed, glancing pleadingly at Ryu not too be too upset with me as I answered it.

It was my family, questioning me as to why I'd yet to have settled my payments at my university and several other things. He continued to slowly lick my pussy, seemingly knowing not to make me moan but still enjoying the taste of my juices. I shuddered, biting my lip so hard that it started to bleed to keep myself from crying out.

Once I ended the call, I looked at the time.

I was already late.

"SHIT!" I hissed, but then his tongue became rougher, more needing. I calmed down, feeling that orgasm come harshly and enough to make me truly see stars. That was the first time someone other than myself caused me to cum. I never came that much. I blinked as he licked his lips, taking a step back and not seeming to mind I'd stopped pleasuring him. I stood up and kissed him, hungrily nibbling at his lips and submitting myself to my lover. He seemed to enjoy my little nibblings and kisses. At least, from what I could see it made him happy to see me so....Pleased.

I rolled my eyes at him and stood up, getting dressed, promising him he'd get that blessed release when we got home. Even if for geldings, I didn't know what that would look like.

God my pussy felt good. I felt like all these years of pent-up desire had been unleashed on my horse's tongue.

I understood in that moment what it felt like to be a zoo.

Smiling to myself, I quickly saddled and bridled him. When we rode into the stable yard, no one but him and I would know of the magic we had shared up there.

He didn't seem to act different, tucking into his hay like he always did and ignoring the world until he had eaten every last scrap up.

As for his blessed release, that would come on a later trip into the mountains. On a different rock, and that time riding his length until I experienced how geldings achieved orgasm. Well for them no "shots are fired," but he groaned and relaxed.

It was amusing to think he believed he had filled me with his seed. After all, he didn't seem to know the difference. If it made him happy, I wouldn't think twice about it.

The days we do play, he seems a lot happier afterwards, more relaxed, and even more eager to go out alone. I guess that'll be a benefit when we do our rides in the next season but I can't stop for a quickie seeing as there will be other horses and riders coming our way.

Even now as I glance at a picture of him beside my bed, I realize that showing him my naked body had unleashed a part of me I'd never intended to let out. A part of me I didn't think was capable to let out.

A choice I had made not truly understanding what the consequences would be afterwards.

Allowing Ryu the opportunity to reveal his true feelings for me has to have been the greatest experience in my life. Being naked and giving him that opportunity has to be my favorite mistake.

But looking back on it, I don't think unleashing my inner mare was that much of a mistake.