

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



For a draft horse housed in a comfy stable, life was about as idyllic as it could get. Pepper's daily routine was as simple as it got: he'd wake up at the crack of dawn, get fed a healthy trough of hay and carrots, then let a ranch hand free him to wreak havoc on the greenest pastures in the province.

And then he'd wait.

Waiting was what the big stallion spent most of his life doing, sleeping taking a hard-fought second place. It was the furthest thing from a hard task imaginable. He could never grow bored, knowing not to take a single blade of grass for granted, as any given horse at another stable wouldn't have been granted such a carefree existence. Hell, you could look at any other horse at his very own stable, and their lives would look downright gruelling in comparison. He was never quite sure why he'd been treated with such favouritism — his default assumption was that they'd taken pity on him for some reason beyond his understanding, but that never sat right with him.

What did sit right, however, was the sky that looked so perfectly clear it was almost miraculous.

The sun beating down on his charcoal-shaded coat was at his favourite temperature. Not hot enough to make his fur glisten with sweat, but not so cool that he couldn't feel it. Yes, it was the sort of weather essential for him to relax in. The wind blew through his shimmering black mane, long and luxurious, and he was allowed to lay his belly down in the unkempt grass. He loved the way it tickled his muscular underside, testicles and all, like the gentle kisses of a butterfly. He gave a billowous yawn, his snout outstretched, and was prepared to let himself bake in the sunlight when...

"Hey! Studmuffin!"

His attention lazily turned to the voice's source, spotting one of those college-type girls eagerly waving to him while her heaving bust spilled over the fence. Both her face and the voice seemed vaguely familiar to him, but he couldn't be assed to wrack his brain over it. They all blended together in his mind's eye. Lifelong horse lovers, coming to take a look at the nicest-looking stable in so-and-so miles; typically dressed very scantily, even if a winter's snow had started to layer over the ground. This particular one had blonde twin tails draping loosely over either shoulder, and was rather chubby, her pure white crop top doing nothing to hide those extra bits of flab. The wind must not have been doing any favours for how low-cut her neck was, Pepper thought.

"Mornin', sugar," the stallion replied calmly.

"Why don'tcha get over here and let me run a hand or two through that handsome mane?"

He acquiesced to the human's request, as he always would, as much as he hated to get up from the loveliest, most precise lying position he found himself in by chance. Getting to his hooves, he trotted softly through the dirt, each of his four hooves thunking considerably with each step thanks to his exceptional weight.

"Here you are," the horse announced plainly, bowing his large tapering head (which is normally over six feet above the ground) to a reasonable height for the woman to reach. This elicited an excited giggle, and her hand was quick to match her energy, her slim fingers combing eagerly between the night-black strands between his ears.

"Wow, Mrs. Groomer really did your mane up real nice today, huh?"

"No, not quite," he replied. "Nessa's still got to wash and brush me today. The drafts just didn't do a

lotta damage to it last night.”

She smiled, burying her face in his elegant coiffure, then taking a hearty whiff while the odorous smell of pure horse still hadn't been cleansed from him. “Oh? Does that mean if I wait around for long enough, I'll get to watch?”

“Guess so. Shouldn't take long — she usually gets me all dolled up in the mornings. Says it keeps me lookin' pretty for the visitors.”

“Gotta say, it pays off.”

With a few pats to the neck, she signalled her satisfaction with a kiss on the nose, sending the staggering beast back to his comfy spot in the fenced-off field. As he turned around, he spotted the familiar figure of his favourite middle-aged handler, voluptuous in shape, showing plenty of skin and not obviously wrinkled in any areas. Vanessa truly was a beauty that equine eyes couldn't appreciate. Wavy brown hair draped past her shoulders and fanned out over her generously-bared chest, hugged only by a thin plaid jacket with its midriff cut off. With her usual sultry smile and a seductive, hip-swinging gait, she carried a variety of supplies up to Pepper: a hose, a bucket of water-diluted shampoo with a sponge inside, and a mid-sized cooler.

“G'morning, Nessa,” the stud greeted with a swish of his tail.

“Howdy there, handsome.” Setting her grooming tools down on the dirt, the woman responded with a couple firm strokes down the length of his veiny neck.

“Funny you'd show up so soon. I just got finished talkin' with the young lady over by the fence there.”

“We've got a visitor, do we?” She peeked over his shoulder, and the younger of the two girls gave an energetic wave. “Alrighty then, give me a second here, Peps.” She strut away, leaving the horse to stand idle while her attention was stolen. They were just barely within earshot, but he wasn't listening anyways. Chatter between handlers and the horse-crazy outsiders was always the furthest possible thing from interesting, he thought.

“You got the morning pass?” was Vanessa's opener.

The other smirked, pulling a colourful little slip of paper from her jean shorts between two fingers. “Damn right I do. Comes with catering, too.”

The groomer hated the self-important way in which she said the word catering, as if spending an extra forty dollars to drink cheap champagne while watching her hose down a stallion made her special somehow. “Looks like you do, yep.”

“You gonna start the show now or what?”

She looked to the left, focused on the parking lot in the far distance, only barely visible. There was only one car there that didn't obviously belong to an employee or someone who otherwise owned a horse there. It didn't look as if anyone else was coming. “Yeah, may as well.”

“Sweet.” The pudgy little woman smiled. “Now how 'bout you bring me a glass of whatever you got in that cooler over there?”

Vanessa gave a little grunt, sounding indifferent as to whether or not she got her drink, but did as

her job description required. Pepper hardly understood what the lidded plastic box was for and paid it no mind. All that really mattered to him was that she'd wash him off, and do it efficiently — he'd heard his fair share of stories about flies, fleas and the like, and the cleaner he was, the further they were from his mind.

The stable's employee pulled a fingerprint-stained wine glass from the cooler alongside a half-empty bottle of wine, chilled in the ice cube-filled pit. The transparent liquid was poured hastily and handed over, prompting a smile from its recipient.

"Make sure to get in a little butt stuff, alright?"

"I always do, sweetheart."

"A little more than usual."

She shrugged. "We'll see."

The wide-hipped older woman received an appreciative raise from the glass she just delivered, but paid it no mind, making her way back. The stallion was the real star of the morning's show, and she was its ringmaster. It was time to kick it into full gear, the part of her job she enjoyed much more than paying mind to the peanut gallery.

"Ready to get that tough ol' bod squeaky clean, Peps?"

He snorted. "Yeah, let's get it done and over with."

"Glad to hear it, tough guy."

Before anything else, she gave a trio of pats to the draft stud's well-defined flank, tough as steel and bulging with enough muscle to knock over an outhouse. One wrong move behind his rump was almost certain death for her; even an involuntary spasm would send her wheeling to the city in a stretcher. That was part of what made the job so thrilling to her. It was hardly every day you met a paragon of masculinity so clueless as to what he was capable of, and that's what made it important to keep him content. He could have jumped the fence thrice over and ran off if he so pleased, and with how much freedom he was given, was capable of committing plenty worse along the way. It was lucky his breed was so inherently docile.

As with all good foreplay, Vanessa would have to start by running her feminine hands all along the length of his powerful physique. She'd love to let the hours go by with her fingers dancing through each individual bristle on his barrelling black torso, but she was a groomer, and he expected to be groomed — she at least had to maintain the illusion that his continued hygiene was her main priority. Thus, she dove her hand into the bucket and pulled out a large calloused sponge, dripping with soapy fluid, and smacked it against his tough nape with a wet, squelching plap.

She scrubbed the cleaning implement down the surface of his coat, letting the shampoo and water drip lower, spreading further down and coalescing at his underside. Her free hand rubbed the simple mixture deeper into his fur, slowly and sensually, careful to dig out every last crumb of dirt (which, in reality, was practically nonexistent, owing to how damn often it was washed). Suds leaked down every curve and crevice of his body's left side, prompting her to move on to his right. Once a dollop of it was planted and combed in between his sky-pointed ears, it marked the last of the preshow.

"Alrighty, guy," she announced, "time to get down to the more sensitive bits."

"I know," he replied simply before she could entirely finish talking.

"So if you could just turn yourself around right like this, now..."

A gentle hand pushed down against his flank, guiding him to rotate just as much as needed, making it so his rear end faced the viewing fence, as always. Her fingers tenderly wrapped around the base of his sleek velvety tail and drew back the curtain, giving the audience of one an excellent (if somewhat distant) view of that charred donut of an asshole. It was met with a cheer, the moment she'd been waiting for — she likely would've clapped if not for the glass held in her hand.

"Yeah, stick 'em in!"

Vanessa, entirely independent of the other's request, planned on doing so. The sponge was a tool too coarse for the job, and wouldn't do for such a supple area of the stallion, so it was dropped back into the bucket. An index and middle finger plunged into the water as well. Rising back up, the duo made up of digits plunged into his ass, making haste so as to not lose too much of the liquid to gravity. A quiet, fairly composed whinny escaped his muzzle. He never quite got used to the sensation.

Both fingers rotated, plunging in and out, the taut flesh of his hind ring tugging in spite of the sanitary lubrication. The equine caretaker's basest digits managed to kiss the outer rim, still not exceptionally deep over all. There was the barest attempt made to disguise her anal fingering as for the sake of his cleanliness, rather than her own personal satisfaction. Whether or not he could tell the difference was still up in the air, though. He wasn't wont to pay attention to this sort of thing. His subconscious took care of most of the work; that referring to the way his thick flared head flopped from his dark sheath, working itself up a little more with each slip of her hand. That was the reason Pepper was so tolerant of his hind's end intrusion: it doubled as a quick and easy method to coax out his penis, which was equally in need of cleaning as the rest of him.

It usually took thirty seconds of careful fucking for his big, beastly cock to hit a reasonable size, so that's how long she waited. Leaning over to catch a peek of it below his belly, she eyed it up, and was satisfied immediately. Moving swiftly along, she pulled out of his asshole, gave that hardy rump an affectionate spank, wiped the remaining wetness off on the hip of her bottoms, then squatted to get a closer eyeful of his immaculate length.

"Just a quick 90 degree turn now, Peps."

"You got it."

One deft batch of trots later, the mount's left side faced the spectator, whose free hand was already buried in her shorts, trying to tame her burning arousal. The sight of his shaft certainly helped it along, thick as a log but still flaccid to the extent of pointing straight down. Even among draft horses, his size was something to behold, better suited for observation than actually attempting to shove inside any holes. Combine them with those absolute hulking watermelons he had for nuts and his virility was absolutely not in question. This was perhaps reason number two for why he couldn't be allowed free reign on the world; species be damned, wombs would magnetically seek out him and his foals to carry.

The sponge once more made itself useful, lathering the slab of horsemeat in that same bubbly fluid. The sensation was pleasantly tingly, and made his hooves twist into the dirt, his relaxed enjoyment of it emphasized with the snort he gave. The pink, spotted thing rose to life gradually, eventually hitting the cusp of full mast once soap dripped from every inch of its surface. What edged out that final hint of softness was her moving onto his ballsack, her hands splashing the shiny liquid onto each gargantuan orb and rubbing it carefully in around the heavy set.

At some point, the sponge was shelved entirely, and all that remained stroking on that shaft were each of Vanessa's hands, pumping tantalizingly in opposite directions, both half-fists meeting only at the center ring which divided either half of his cock. It was lubricated perfectly well by the sudsy water, which at some point mixed in with a dollop of precum forming at his flat-headed tip. Each lap of her hands was controlled, expert in their movements. How long it took him to reach his edge varied quite a bit by the hour, but she was in tune with the stallion, almost subconsciously in tune with his tells. That left front hoof dragging against the ground was subtle, no doubt, and a handler less experienced at this particular ranch could have easily let him climax slip early.

"Alright, that should be good there," she announced, giving his fertile testicles one final bounce beneath each palm. "Time to rinse you off now, boy."

She was met with an acknowledging grunt. Standing up, she reached for the garden hose, finally bringing it into play. It had what she recognized as one of those fancy little attachments all the hardware stores in the city stock, with an adjustable nozzle and a handle that let it spray. She set it to "Jet" and aimed it at Pepper.

A harsh blast of lukewarm water about as thick as her forearm splashed out against his defined figure, and he took it unflinchingly, rinsing away each straggling bubble and instead soaking his thin coat. Each droplet splashed against his imposing body, the snakelike length of the hose circling around his feet while the equine handler covered every last part of his figure — his powerful torso, his thickly tapered neck, and each flank which bulged with tight muscle.

It was natural what she saved for last. She'd worked him within a stroke of cumming, and it was no accident. The harder the horse finished, the better show it made for, both for the paying customers and herself, and the pressure the water provided made his climaxes a spectacle worth telling your friends about. His cock throbbed in anticipation, stoic as its owner remained.

The jets aimed at his cock and pattered against the full length of it, fanning from right to left. Every bit of soap was washed away almost instantly, but they didn't relent, their aquatic assault coaxing out the equine's climax. Finally breaking his uncaring demeanour, he let out a whinny, his legs tensing and spasming. Almost as powerful as the hose was his horsecock, thick cum rushing from his balls to geyser out his hefty tip, and travelling several feet from between his front legs to layer over the grass ahead. It was a mess. The salty white fluid splattered like a dividing line painted by a drunken man, with several loosely-defined contours of cum sinking into the dirt. It lasted quite a while, egged on by the continued water blast until the final spurt only made half the distance of his erect dick's length.

After one final delivery of water to his beastly nuts, making them bounce, Vanessa lifted her thumb from the nozzle's lever. "All cleaned up." She gave him a pat on the back, which glistened and sparked in the sunlight. The wind would effortlessly dry him off as the moments passed.

"Do I look fine?" he asked in response.

"You'll look just about good as you can be, soon as you're all dried up. I'll come back with a brush in a jiffy, alright now? You'll need to look extra-handsome for the evening show."

"Sure thing." He sent his groomer off with a snort. She was already carrying every supply back in the direction of the stables with her classic show-offy strut. Huffing out and swishing his tail, he felt ready to collapse back onto the ground, when another voice made his ears perk:

"Goddamn! You put on quite a show today, Mr. Stallion."

It was the college girl again, polishing off the last of her wine, and finally removing her squirt-soaked fingers from her bottoms, which she used to beckon him over once more. He indifferently heeded.

"If y'say so, girlie."

"Oh, don't think so little of yourself. You're a *stud*."

He paused. "...Yeah, by definition."

"Don't you think so?"

"Oh, nah, I was agreeing with you. Doesn't mean I get why all of y'all always come by every day. Crazy how eager people are to watch a horse get hosed down."

"And why shouldn't they be?" She smiled sweetly. "It got me all hot and bothered."

"Like hell it did. I'm a horse."

"...Yeah, and?"

"And I don't got the slightest clue how human sexuality works, but there's no way in hell y'all are getting off to horses," he began. "We don't have a damn thing in common, as far as looks go. Our heads are big enough to eclipse yours thrice over, and we've got big flaring nostrils, beady eyes that don't know how to look straight ahead, huge tongues, gaps where teeth should go near the back of our gums — you name it."

"That's—"

"Even if y'all somehow look past that and love us for our souls, well- have you seen the sorta damage we do in the wild? Poor flora don't stand a chance with us around. Think your kind calls it invasive. Really, I thank my lucky stars every day knowin' I coulda been shot for bein' a nuisance before arrivin' here."

"The thing is—"

"Hell, I *still* live in constant danger of bein' taken out back without a second thought. You know what happens when a horse breaks a leg? We don't get a lick of compassion. Practically impossible to find a group of caretakers with the patience, 'cause we're 'too expensive to treat' or what have you. If you don't care enough to keep us alive, how're we supposed to make for good lovers?"

"..."

"And don't get me *started* on the size of my dick. You think a single sane human would want something the size of it inside them? They'd need a death wish, and even then there are plenty less painful ways to go out. Doesn't make a scrap of sense, I tell you."

The blonde, having finished listening to him ramble, couldn't help but chuckle. It sounded as if he wasn't just shocked that people found him attractive, he literally refused to believe it. What a funny guy.

"...Whatever you say, horsie." She pet him over his sopping mane. "Keep living your best life."