

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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I have too, admit that I was a rebellious brat growing up. My mother was a single parent and we lived in the farm town Lonsmith, east of Bakersfield. My Mom worked in a discount store and sometimes worked in the fields.

We lived in cheap dilapidated housing where the swamp cooler worked at about 30% capacity. I resented that we were unable to live like the poor families I saw on TV. I rebelled against the discipline of hers and school.

Mom is a strawberry blonde with green eyes. She is a slender woman with small breasts, and only five-feet two-inches tall. I am a redhead with green eyes and freckles, at the time I was only 11-years-old. I was skinny and all legs, flat chested, and four-foot eight-inches tall. I was barefooted most of the time, and my legs were scabbed from flea bites.

Living in the southern end of the Central Valley is like living in a frying pan. The valley is below sea level and most of the year you live with the air-conditioners on 24/7. During the winters the ground fog is about ten feet thick and you can't see past the hood of a car.

One day shortly before the academic school year was coming to an end I was in a terrible fight with my mother. We even started hitting each other. The fight ended without concession from either of us. We are too much alike. The day after school let out for the summer a new white Mercedes pulled up in front of our house.

I don't really know where my mother met Victoria. When she stepped out of that white car, I was impressed by the way she was dressed. Everything about her reeked of money. She was wearing a soft pastel green knit suit. (I learned that the suit was cashmere.) The high heeled pumps she was wearing looked like tan plastic with red soles and the stiletto heels were five or six inches. She had a double row of what I learned were fresh water pearls. Her face looked like she was not wearing any makeup, but her skin was too perfect. The pink pearl lipstick was just right. As for her plenum blonde hair, the only hair that was that perfect could be seen in old movies from the early 1960s of Doris Day and Tippi Hedren. I was dumb struck by her beauty.

My mother told me: "Gather up my belongings and clothes and put them in a bag! You will be spending the summer at Victoria's!"

I was in shock as I stuffed my clothes and the two pairs of shoes along with my toothbrush and hairbrush into a bag. When I was finished. Mom carried my bag to the car and put it in the back seat. She gave me a peck on the cheek as she pushed me into the passenger side of the car and closed the door. As we drove away, I looked back at my mother in confusion. She was standing there with her hands on her hips

As Victoria made our way to Interstate 5, I asked: "Why am I going to be staying with you this summer?"

"Your mother feels that you need to learn to respect your elders!"

I sat there in silence during the eight-hour drive north. I had no idea where she was taking me. I had never been very far away from home before. I felt like the woman was driving forever. I was afraid to ask how much longer.

The only stop she made was for us to get something to eat and fill the gas tank. I was turned around when we left Interstate 5 and we wound around until we joined Highway 101. I saw a road sign that

said it was 40 miles to Santa Rosa before we turned off the highway and drove several miles until we came to a rural road. We eventually came to a road with a white washed fence that led us to a sprawling ranch complex. The house was large and almost palatial with several visible large barns in the background. I had no idea how large the ranch was.

She pulled the car up in front of the covered portico. A man and woman came out to greet the car. After they welcomed Victoria home, I was introduced to Rosa and her husband Fernando. Victoria told Fernando to take my luggage from the back seat. When he did as instructed Rosa led us into the home,

I was overwhelmed by my surroundings as the maid led us to the kitchen through a formal dining room. There was less formal dining area adjacent to the kitchen where Rosa served us something to eat. After our meal Victoria took me on a tour of her pride and joy.

We walked several hundred feet to a large barn. It was the stable for her horses. The stable was something to see, the walls were finished with vertical wooden 4" boards in alternating oak and walnut. The concrete floor was covered with a heavy rubber pad. There was a bathroom, tack room, and at least 20 stalls for her horses.

She pointed out that she was an Arabian breeder and that she had a dozen mares, one colt, and a stallion that was named Sultan. She also pointed out that she named all-of her mares with female Arabian names. Then she opened the tack room.

I was struck by the fact that all-of the saddles were on barrel saw horses with matching harnesses matched to the saddle. There were shelves with horse blankets and saddle blankets. There were also a couple of hay bales in there as well. I was struck by the strong medicine smell, an oily smell, and the smell of leather. Victoria pointed out that the smell was old liniment and linseed oil, and the smell of leather tack. She went on to explain that I would be staying in the tack room.

She added that my duties would be to care for the horses. My duties would be explained in the morning. She showed me the bathroom next. It had a shower along with a toilet and a nice sink with a vanity mirror. She left me at that point to let me prepare for bed.

After I took a shower and brushed my teeth, I returned to the tack room and found that my belongings were next to the hay bales and there were horse blankets covering the hay bales. I prepared to sleep in my panties.

In the morning I was woken up by Fernando knocking on the door. He told me to get dressed and come to the house for breakfast. As soon as I was dressed and fed Victoria led me back to the stables. She explained to me that from now on I was to perform my chores in the nude. When I objected, she slapped my face. When I removed my dress, shoes, and panties. I was told that for today he wanted me to curry all the horses first. In the future you will have to get up early and milk all the mares before coming in for breakfast. He demonstrated for me how to curry the horse in the first stall.

That was the one named Jasmine. I had never been that close to a horse before, and she was a reddish colored horse. I didn't know anything about horses but I could tell these were special horses. I was given a metal brush and was shown how to brush the hair on her body as well as her main and tail. I spent the morning currying all-of the horses. When I curried the Sultan, I was disappointed when I got a look at the size of his cock when he peed. When I was done the horses were let out to pasture, but the Sultan was put in a separate pasture.

Then I was handed a shovel and had to scoop up all the horse-dropping and put them in a wheelbarrow and take it to a manure pile. Then I used a hose to wash the urine down a drain. I knew this was going to be something I wasn't going to like quickly.

Later in the afternoon I was informed that it was time to milk the mares again. I was taught how to wash the two teats and found out they had a barn for milking them. I had never thought about milking horses. Just like they do with cows they have metal bars to lock them in place while they eat oats. I washed their teats and attached the two cups and started the machine that milked them.

The only mare I didn't have to milk was Alliyah. She has a colt that is still nursing. I couldn't believe how much that papered Arabian was worth. Even Sultan's sperm was worth more than the cost of the house Mom and I lived in. I balked when I was told that I had to masturbate him to collect his sperm, and was slapped again. I even eventually had to stick my arm up his ass to massage his prostate to make him cum in a vessel that was labeled and dated before flash freezing.

When I became comfortable with the daily routine, I was allowed to saddle the horses and ride them around the ranch, with the stipulation that I do so in the nude.

After the first month I was allowed to sleep in the big house. My reward for doing a good job taking care of her horses was to be allowed to suck on Victoria's breasts and her pussy. Being naked all day by the end of the summer I was so tanned that the freckles were not all that noticeable. I had become so comfortable with masturbating Sultan and the mares that sucking on the clit of Victoria and probing her vagina and asshole was no problem. Before she returned me to my mother, she tested my willingness to behave by telling me to suck Rosa's cunt and asshole.

I knelt right there in front of Victoria and lifted Rosa's dress up. She was not wearing nylons or panties. Her brown body and her black pubic bush was straight, thick, and coarse. By the time I made her cum my face was rubbed raw on her pubic hair.

When Victoria delivered me back home, I had a new wardrobe for school. When Mom and came out of her bedroom and they kissed goodbye I knew that Mom had sucked Victoria's pussy. It was confirmed when Mom kissed me later because her face smelled of Victoria's pussy. I had a new understanding about myself.

That fall I made a pass at my middle-aged biology teacher. She not only didn't rebuff my advance she turned out to be an explant love. It was very nice to lay between her legs and resting my face on her soft thighs and enjoying the aroma of her pussy. She was just as happy to slobber all over my cunt and asshole. I spent the year looking forward to returning to Victoria's ranch next year.