

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I arrive a quarter mile away from the property and turn off the engine and darken the cab lights; if there is anyone on the road, I do not want them to be able to get a good look at me. I know this road well, there are many small hobby farms along its length, and my job as a veterinarian regularly sends me out here. I pick tonight because of a cool, persistent mist that hangs over the area, it will help keep any nighttime strollers indoors.

I think to myself before I open the door: You saw as you circled the area, there were no lights on in the main house; the barn was black, and the nearest neighbors, who are four acres away, did not seem to be home either. Now was the time if I was going to make my move.

I hunker down in the driver's seat and wait for what little cross traffic there is to pass before I open the door and slip out. I flip up the hood on my black jacket and ready myself. As the only car in sight passes my darkened truck, I open the door and slip out into the dark night. There are no street lights within three miles, they only have those in town, and in my darkened jeans and hooded jacket, I pass like a wraith in the night.

I sprint the quarter mile as fast my legs can carry me, speed and stealth will get me to my destination safely, and only then can I relish the fun to come. My dark tennis shoes muffle my steps on the pavement, so that even if someone was around, they would be hard pressed to see or hear me coming. As I arrive at the well-known driveway, I pause a moment to catch my breath and let my eyes adjust to the sparse moonlight that filters through the clouds. Slowly out of the darkness I can make out the pale gravel of the drive way leading into the small stretch of trees, I can see the outline of the fence just off the road that encloses the ten acre pasture.

This particular farm, which has consistently garnered my attention both professional life and in my imagination, is a simple property with a hobby farm feel to it. The married owners are professors at the local university, who have done well enough in the magic realm that is corporate finance in order to come to own this modest property. The couple has on their property two dogs, three cats, and five horses (one stallion, three mares, and one yearling foal). But tonight the only thing that catches my interest is some juicy horse meat.

As I make my way across the pasture to the barn which is just barely silhouetted against the dark sky, I allow my ears to take over for my eyes in order to search for danger. I know that out here there is no direct bodily harm that might come my way, because I have seen the fields enough in the daylight to know every trench, every hole, and every piece of debris. No, the danger I am searching for is the danger of being discovered.

I hunch down low to the ground as I pass by the house on my way to the barn, just in case someone is watching, they would only see something small and dark moving across the ground, and not the figure of a man. Upon reaching the barn, I slip around to the far end and hop the fence into a stall that is on the far side of the barn and out of sight of the house. As I gain my bearings, I pull from my pocket a red flashlight, the kind you might find in an army surplus store; it is one that I chose specifically so that it would not compromise my night vision. I look around and find that I am in the stall with the Arabian Stallion, I recognize him by the white blaze on his muzzle, and the long member hanging from his belly is a good indication too.

Though I feel that every creature on this planet deserves a little satisfaction and gratification, this stallion would have to wait for another night, because the only thing I am interested in this evening would be the cycling mare a few stalls over. Though I cannot smell it, the pheromones that she is releasing in her display of heat certainly appear to have an effect on this well-endowed stud, hence

his apparent need to just let everything hang out.

As I slip past the Arabian, I move as quietly as possible, I do not wish to disturb any of the animals any more than I have to, lest they make a racket and give away my presence. I slip past him, and slowly open the stall door, so that I can slip into the barn's breezeway. I pull out the flashlight and look for a halter and a bucket so that I can at least make the mare more stationary for tonight's festivities.

I find the needed items and move stealthily down to the stall that holds the prize of this hectic endeavor. As I get to the door I set the bucket down and slip the halter on the mare before slowly open the door so that I can slip in to the stall with her. I tie the mare up in a corner so that there is less room for her to shift her weight, allowing me to more easily get into position.

Before anything happens though I step back and run my hands over her muscular figure and let my hands feel the things that my eyes cannot see. I feel her skin twitch as I place my hand on her withers and slowly run down her sides to her flanks and rumps. I feel the muscles of her sides move as she breaths and feel the contours of her powerful leg muscles as she shifts her weight back and forth.

Oh what a beauty you are.

I know that she is in heat, and with a stallion so nearby, I can only imagine the frustration she must be feeling to be so near to a potential mate and yet to be denied the pleasure. As I move, the mare shifts her position uneasily as she notices a male's presence behind her. She let out a soft whinny which was immediately answered by the stallion just a few stalls away.

Now I'm not sure if you know the reaction a mare has when she is teased by a stallion, but this mare exhibited all the normal signs. The moment the stallion announced that he was not far away, the mare stood still, squatted down, and as I was behind her I saw her lift her tail and begin urinating. Now I am not one who is into golden showers, but the smell was strong and laden with pheromones that caused almost immediate arousal. It also did not hurt that as another side effect of her being in heat, the mare winks her vulva as a sign of stimulation.

After this overt sign of arousal on her part, I decided to finally make my move. I pulled out a tube of sterile surgical lube that I brought just for this purpose. I used the lube and coated my hand in a liberal amount so that I could first slide a hand under her tail and inserted two fingers past her labia. The two fingers inside lips felt like they were wrapped in warm velvet. I slipped two fingers in and out as if I was trying to please a normal human lover. I realized that this stimulation would not be inherently arousing to a horse, necessarily, but it was more for my benefit so that I could get more tactile stimulation from simply thrusting in and out of the mare.

After only a few thrusts of my hand, I began to slide my hand forward, so that I was slipping past her labia and into her vestibule. There is no feeling quite like having your entire hand in a warm velvety vagina. I continued to apply pressure, slipping my hand further into her womanly depths. I could feel her warm pussy lips slide further up my wrist as I continued to slide deeper and deeper. Her lips slid further up my forearm until my fingertips reached her cervix. By this time, I had most of my forearm, almost up to my elbow buried in the mare's warm, moist, love tunnel.

I ball my hand into a fist, and though I know it's not the same as a true stallion, begin to slide my hand and arm back and forth in an attempt to penetrate her again and again as a true stud would. After a few thrusts of my arm, I felt the mare begin to squeeze and quiver around my arm. I could not wait to see how wonderful these soft, smooth muscles would feel in a more intimate manner. As I pull my hand out I paused at the entrance to her vagina and decided to give some direct stimulation

to her clitoris. I pull back her clitoral hood and caress this sensitive area with my thumb. The moment I put pressure on her engorged nerve endings, I feel her twitch and squirm. I cannot help but think that if this same stimulation was given to a furry and not just a horse, that the whole scene would be that much hotter.

I put the bucket upside down, just behind her rear hooves so that I could be at just the right height. I pulled out the lube I brought with me for the second time and this time I get a large dollop and rub it all around my member getting it nice and hard. The nervousness of potentially getting caught only heightened the adrenaline coursing through my veins. As I began to harden, I slid my free left hand into the mare's warm pussy once again, this time I have no delusions that I am doing this for my own benefit.

As I stood at full attention, reaching just under eight and one half inches in length, I slid my hand out of the mare and stepped up onto the bucket. My knees were shaking a little at the excitement and anticipation of what was to come, because it had been too long since I last got my fill of a lovely, hot equine vaj.

I pull her tail off to the side, moments before I begin to caress the head of my penis up and down between her labia. Before she has a chance to shift her position and move away, I find my mark and slam home. The feeling that envelops me was indescribable. A mare has a higher body temperature than a regular human, especially one in heat, so the interior of her channel is hotter than anything I have felt elsewhere. Once I am fully inside her, I sit and relish the feeling of her smooth flesh.

Since the mare has the ability to take a cock several times bigger than my own, I have no delusions that she even notices my intrusion, but it is this same looseness that provides so much more stimulation. It feels as if there is a steaming, moist, velvety wrap around my cock, one that feels better than you would think. Now as I remain motionless, I let my recurrent fantasy take over, it is one that I always think about when I am around mares and especially when I am inside them.

It is a simple fantasy where I am a muscular Thoroughbred stud who is prized for my athleticism and virulence, and my only job these days is to make strong babies.

I am brought to a mare who is tied into the breeding stocks, and before I even begin to approach, I catch a whiff of her individual pheromones. I let out a breath, fluttering my lips, and as I breathe in my nostrils flare, picking up every trace of her scent. She notices me and lets out a call, which I return in kind, showing my interest. I am led behind her, where I can begin to nuzzle her rump and lift her tail so I can lick and caress her outer lips.

By this time I begin to slowly rock my hips back and forth, savoring the feeling of the warm that envelopes me, the soft flesh that wraps around me.

As I continue to nuzzle her, she lets me know that she wants me, that her biological needs require my presence within her. My two feet of penile muscle engorge with blood as my own arousal is piqued. I step back and rear up and over my mate, and swiftly penetrate her warm tunnel in one swift stroke. As my body weighs her down, I lay my head and neck beside hers as I begin to thrust powerfully into her. With each thrust I move deeper and deeper into her, until I burry myself to the hilt. The only thing that is driving my actions is pure instinct, and the feeling of her soft skin against mine only serves to make me push harder.

I continue to thrust into this lovely mare, and as I begin to reach my climax I raise my head and start thrusting faster. The sensation of being within the warmest parts of her most sensitive area pushes me over the edge and I unleash my potent seed within her. As let loose a loud whinny, I unload a pint

of semen within her, ensuring that she goes on to carry my seed. I lay there, on her back, breathing deeply as I catch my breath and wait for my engorged member to relax and soften. As I finally retract myself from inside her vagina, a fair amount of cum pours from her to fall on the ground. Even at the site of this, I do not worry, because I know there is still plenty more within her, which is more than enough to get her pregnant.

Just as I am reaching my peak within my fantasy, I feel myself reach my true threshold where I can no longer hold out. The feeling of my cock releasing my human seed within her equine pussy leaves me breathless. As the fantasy dissolves and the real world begins to intrude I take a moment to steady myself and regain my bearings. After stepping down from the bucket I look back at the outer labia of the mare in front of me, and am just in time to see her pushing out the modest amount of cum I left within her. If only I had been a true stud, I think.

After returning all the tack and supplies back to their normal locations, I slip back out of the barn and make my stealthy way back to my truck before driving into the night.