

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I got a call Wednesday afternoon. My brother was going into the hospital for tests (He has Diabetes). He asked me if I could come out and watch the place for a while. Could I watch The Place?! The neighbor's raised Arabians. You're damned right I would! "Anything for my brother," I said, trying to keep the excitement out of my voice. When I got there, it was better than I hoped. The neighbor's had taken two of their horses to a show, and would not be back for a week. I told him not to worry, and after I got him packed and off, I relaxed a bit. I figured it was going to be a wonderful couple of days, but I didn't know that fate had decided to throw a joker at me.

I was planning my first raid on the animals, when I heard some commotion coming from the stable. A lot of commotion. Larry had warned me that some punk kid had been sneaking around here. Well, whoever it was, they were in for a big surprise! I slipped out quietly, and went across the orchard, down the fields, and down to the barn.

As I made my way to the corral, I saw somebody yelling, and jumping up and down, and laughing. The horses were running around in circles, fear in their eyes. There is nothing that makes me madder than somebody torturing an animal, for no better reason than to have fun. If you want to have fun at somebody else's expense, get yourself a slave. He was a young man, fairly well built, with jeans and a shirt. Not too bad looking. "You shouldn't do that. It frightens the animals," I said. He whirled, and stared at me. "What the fuck do you want?"

"Just wanted to know who was down here, and what they were doing..." He reminded me of a weasel. Thin, lithe, and nasty. "Well, you can just fuck off, Bastard!" "I do not think so," I replied. I have never understood why people mistake politeness for weakness. "Well, Muther Fucker, I'm just gonna hafta cut ya!" He grinned, and pulled a switchblade out of his back pocket. Yep, this kid had an attitude problem. And Master Jack knew how to take care of such problems.

I waited until he got close enough, then made a move with my left hand. He swung at it, and was rewarded by my size thirteen boot slamming into his crotch. He looked like he wanted to puke his balls up.

I took his "toy" away from him, and grabbing a handful of hair, dragged him over to a fencepost. I slapped him, hard. "You awake, Stupid?" He opened his eyes, and stared at me. Both hands were still holding his groin. "That was just a love-tap." I stuck the blade into the wood, and snapped it off half-way. "You give me any problems, that will be your neck." I threw the handle into a nearby pond, and grinned at my new possession. It had been way too long...

That's when he decided to take a swing at me. I dropped his hair, grabbed his fist, and started squeezing. Five years as a woodcutter, and another 6 years as a maintenance man, gave me a grip like an steel vise. I waited until I felt his joints pop, before I let go. "Owwww! You broke my fuckin' Hand!" I gripped his neck, and pulled him to his feet. A lead rope sat coiled on the post. I grabbed his arms, and tied them behind his back in the "Angel-Wing" position, Wrists crossed, and pulled up tightly against the back, palms pointing up. I then slammed him into the post, and knocked his legs out, so he sat down, hard. I slipped a loop around his neck, and another around the post.

"You haven't shaved in a while." I grinned again, and pulled my seven inch sai out of it's sheath. I put against his dirty face, and pushing his chin back with one hand, slid it in one, continuous motion across his jaw. Then, I did the same to the other side. There were a few nicks, but I wasn't interested in how he felt. The look of sheer terror in his eyes was very enjoyable, however. "I'll be back in a moment."

Cleaning the blade on his shirt, I stepped through the rail fence, and slowly, both hands in sight, moved towards the big animal, inside. He stood, sides heaving, still fearful, but waiting. I talked quietly, and soothingly to him. He shied away, when I tried to grab his halter, but allowed me to touch his shoulder.

He was magnificent, all black, and muscular. I had trouble breathing, I was so filled with lust. I gently rubbed his back, and haunches, slowly moving to his belly. Rub an animal's belly, and he is yours. He snorted, but moved his hind-leg, when I touched his sheath. I stroked it, feeling the outline of his huge cock. He snorted again, when I moved back and found a pair of orange-sized testicles, hanging down at least three inches. I took one in my hand, and ducking under his leg, licked on it.

It tasted like dust, and hay, and sweat. I opened my mouth, and kneeling, sucked on it. The stallion grunted, moving his legs apart. The ball swelled in my mouth, while I rotated it around with my tongue. Reluctantly, I let it slide out into my hand, and lustily attacked the other one in the same manner.

When both testicles were thoroughly coated with spit, I played with them, and rubbed his sheath with my head. I keep my hair cut short, and I could feel his cock inside. I moved back. What? "No erection yet, Big-Boy? Well, We'll just have take care of that. Won't we?"

He snorted, and looked at me with one brown eye. I smiled at him, then nibbled on the twin folds of skin that hang down on either side of his cock-holder. Surprisingly, there were clean, and the taste was like new-mown hay smells. I stuck my tongue inside, and it met the tip of his dick. I lapped at it, coaxing it out. As he slid all fifteen inches of sleek, black horse-cock out, I lapped at the shiny flesh. Of course, I could only lick on half of his dick at one time, but he didn't mind. When it was fully extended, the hilt, a leather-like ring of flesh, shone wetly, and the stallion was excited.

I sucked on the huge tip, licking the tasty excretions that trickled out of his piss-slit. I had to stop myself, or I would have continued until he came down my throat. But, I was reserving that treat for someone else. I went out through the fence again, and went over to where I had hog-tied the young punk. Leaving his hands tied, I lifted him up, and grabbed his belt. He spat in my face. "Get your fuckin' Faggy Hands off me, Fuckin' Faggot!" "You are about three ticks from disappearing off the face if this earth," I snarled, ripping his shirt off of him like it was made of paper, and jerking his chin up with one forearm, I slammed a knee into the small of his back, and then grabbed his pants, and undid the buttons. His briefs looked like a tent.

"Who's the Faggot?" I stroked his hard-on, then pulled them down too. I shoved my head into his stomach, and dropped him onto his ass. It was easy to remove his remaining garments. I grabbed him by the hair, and jerked him upright. "You also have a dirty mouth. It is about time somebody washed it out. And I am sure my 'Friend' will be happy to help." I grabbed his balls, and led him by this convenient 'handle' through a gate, and into the corral.

Off to one side, in the shade, was a half-buried pole, that was about three feet tall, and had a piece of plywood nailed to the top. With one good kick, I knocked the plywood off, and moved it over to one side. I shoved the kid down to his knees, then crossed his ankles around the pole, and tied them there, re-tying his hands. I grinned at him, running my hands through his long hair. "I like long hair. It gives me something to grab." I jerked his head back, using his trellises for leverage, tied the handful to his ankles. Now he was in a kneeling position, with the back of his head just about level with the top of the pole. Now he had the choice of keeping his mouth open, or going bald. I then went through the adjoining gate, and brought the stallion around, who was still quite erect. It almost stepped on him, as I maneuvered it's mid-section over the sputtering punk. I again ran my hands over the animal, and down to the gigantic fire-hose, still seeping pre-cum.

I started sliding my hands over the smooth log. The horse grunted, and slapped his erection up into his belly, smacking the young man in the face. It left a shiny trail of pre-cum. "He likes you." The kid tried to mutter something. I grinned again, and started to jack-off the animal in earnest. The stallion danced, and the head swelled, as I gently mauled his ballsack. "It won't be long, now..." The stallion made a noise like a roar, and his balls lurched upwards. The cock-tip swelled as the slit opened and fired a shot of horse cum straight into the punk's mouth. He gagged, and the next splattered across his chin. It was like trying to hold into a high-pressure hose, made of leather. I gave it another pull, and more ejaculate spewed out, slamming into the kid's mouth, and lips, sliding down his throat.

I couldn't take it any longer. Grabbing the animal's flexible cock, I gnawed on the underside, hollowing my cheeks, as I created a vacuum. My hand slipped, and half of the fleshy pole slid down my throat. I couldn't breathe, but I didn't want to. My throat muscles milked his dick for all their worth, trying to drag it down into my stomach.

Having both hands free, they roamed all over the underside of the horse, playing with his balls, stroking the remaining length, sliding across his inner-thighs. Finally, digging my teeth into his cock, I slid it out, slowly, stripping it of residual spunk. I'd almost forgotten how good horse cum was. The animal stood, panting, with a fine layer of sweat on his coat. He looked like a obsidian statue. I reached between his legs and felt his scrotum. They were quiescent, but as I rubbed them, slowly filled out again. I went over, got a bucket of water, took a drink, gave the horse some, and tossed the rest onto the tied-up jackass.

After a few minutes rest, the stallion seemed willing to resume the punk's lesson in humility, so I grabbed the still-dripping cock, and smeared the spatula-like tip over his face, watching it swell with the contact. More cock-lube seeped out. Wrenching his jaw open, I stuck the head in his mouth. The stallion whinnied, and jerked his hips. The punk gagged as a couple of inches slid into his mouth. "Oh, come on! I can take at least a third of his cock, and you have a bigger mouth than me..." I shoved his head forward, pushing more thick inches down his gullet. Damn! This was turning me on! "I'll leave you two love-birds to get better acquainted." I stroked the animal's forehead, calming it down. Didn't want him cumming just yet...

I went into the barn, and found a sturdy crate. Tossing it over my shoulder, I returned to find the kid had taken half of the pole into his throat. He also had a raging hard-on. I gave it a few jerks, making him moan around his mouth-and-a-half-full. "I'll take care of that later." I watched, as the cum-slick cock, pistoned by those magnificent haunches, moved easily in-and-out of the young man's mouth.

I dropped my pants, and underwear off to one side, and put the crate behind the stallion's moving ass. He sniffed the human, who was giving him so much pleasure, then watched with interest, as I got up behind him. I always carry a small container of vaseline, for Chapped Lips, and Dry Cocks, and other things. I rubbed his buttocks for a moment, then I moved his tail out of the way, and teased his anus with my thumb. His tail jerked upwards, as I slid a finger's worth of vaseline into him, and rotated it around. I dropped the jar back into my shirt pocket, then removed it, and tossed it out of the way. I rubbed my cockhead against his button-like asshole, then pressed it into the tight opening. His anus opened slowly, at first pressing inward, then engulfing the tip. I watched while I slowly went in to the hair, the hole clinging to my dick.

He snorted, and shook his head. But the only movement he made was to spread his legs wider, so he could fuck the kid's face better. I hunched over the animal, to see if I could reach his dick, but no such luck. I had to be content with rubbing his back and sides, while smoothly buggered his warm, snug entrance. He continued to hump the man's mouth, finally settling into a pattern. I pushed in as the stallion slid his hips back to mine, and I would hear the kid breathing heavily, then the horse pushed forward again, plowing the triangular cock-head down into the man under us, while I eased

out.

The chain-reaction started when I heard something plop softly into the ground... Ah, the kid just came... the horse grunted, and his ass grabbed my cock, like it wanted to eat it. Rhythmically, the animal's anus pulled on my tool, while I spurting cum into it. Damn, but that felt good! I came so hard, I had to lay across his rump for a few minutes. Finally able to move, I got down off the crate, and un-corked the punk's mouth. He looked half-drowned, his face covered in horse-spunk. I took my shirt, dipped it in the water trough, and wiped his face off. I removed the straps, and let him up. Then I got into my clothes.

"If I catch you bothering the animals again, I will show you what pain really is." He scampered off, coughing and swearing. I fed the horses, and went back home. I needed a shower, and a new shirt.

The End