

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I rise everyday at the crack of dawn to visit Jennifer before work. She is a beautiful bay morgan, standing all of 14.5 hands, I purchased four years ago as a yearling. I shiver in the cool morning breeze as I cross the field toward her weather beaten barn, and enter its shadow, cut off from the warm sunlight. "I'll be warm after I start my chores", I remind myself.

As I open the barn door I am greeted by Jennifer's welcoming whinny, and the warm smell of my horse. As I walk up to say hello she shifts her weight back and forth in nervous anticipation of breakfast, and her morning romp through the pasture. I touch her muzzle in greeting, her dark eyes watching me as I step away to get her morning meal. Staring into the open oat bin, which lies barren before me, I am angry enough to hit myself, I forgot to get the oats; hay will have to do this morning I hope she understands. I clear out the feed bin in the stall next to her, and fill it with her morning meal of sweet smelling hay.

Though the barn has space for four horses I keep only Jennifer, and use the other stalls to speed up my chores. Her morning stall now ready, I approach her again, slowly running my fingers up from the soft skin of her nose, between her dark eyes, stopping at her ears. I gently scratch her, as my other hand places the halter over her head, and fastens it in place. I lead her into the other stall, and allow her to eat breakfast while I muck out her sleeping stall. I only confine her to a stall at night, leaving little to clean up in the mornings, so I'm soon done. Although her excrement would seem abundant, stinky, and disgusting to most city folk, I don't think of it that way. After long stays in the city I find the smell of horses welcoming, and emotionally refreshing upon my return. I finish my work before she finishes her meal, leaving me time to marvel at her beauty.

I watch her eat, her muscles moving under her dark skin asserting the gentle power she possesses. I contemplate the time that remains until I need to start work, and decide to brush her. I pick up the curry, and rub her down, brushing her withers, forelegs, across her back, and down her flanks. The comb smoothes her fine coat, snagging occasional mats of mud, dirt, and other debris of her previous romps in the pasture. I put the curry aside satisfied with the results, and caress her belly with my hands; massaging the soft skin of her udder, and between her legs, as lustful desires stir within me. The musky scent of her titillates me, her odor compounding my yearning, as I work my caresses toward her buttocks.

I brush the brown veil that covers her ass away, holding her tail with one hand, revealing her dull black pussy. As I gaze upon her, she raises a hind leg to scratch an itch, and her pussy lips part just a trace, suggesting their delicate pink innards; its color and scent drawing me nearer. Leisurely I bury my face into her, softly kissing her exquisite pussy, I proceed to part her vulva with my tongue, and slide a bit of me inside her. I inhale her scent, savor its bouquet, engrossing my self in it as I ravenously devour her cunt. I travel the pink velvety innards of her vulva with my tongue, occasionally penetrating the opening to her vagina, into her inner sanctity of pleasure, joy, and procreation. Her juices are flowing freely when, she voluntarily raises her tail up, and two the left, allowing me at her unhindered. With both hands now free I hug her buttocks tightly, drawing myself in closer, burying my face into her, and wandering my tongue toward her clit. Mentally drawn inside her, the meaning of her raised tail escapes me, while I devote myself toward her pleasures.

I run my lips down her cunt in a prolonged kiss when, her motivations becoming plentifully clear, her cunt winks open: her clit protrudes, my lips settle upon it, part, and my mouth engulfs her tower of sensuality for the briefest moment. She then squats, and urinates a small token dribble (for a horse) of hot yellow fluid. I am able to catch the last of it, savoring what little I get, resting the elixir upon my tongue; salty, sweet, and with a delicate essence of honey. My awareness now extended, I realize she is in heat, and has stopped eating. She stares wistfully out the barn door into the

morning fields, as I rub my cheek against her, wishing for her to enjoy the pleasures I seek to share. Once again I bury myself inside her, renewing my cunnilingus upon her, as her juices drip off my chin.

I probe her cunt with my tongue, inside her slit, and around its entrance. I wander up to her asshole, bestowing a kiss upon her, but do not penetrate her with my tongue, she does not enjoy that. My body responds to hers, I have a raging hard on that needs enclosure, caressing, and quenching. I retrieve from the locker next to her stall a stool I had cut to a special height, and remove my clothing, tossing it aside uncaringly. I feel the straw of her stall under my bare feet, the textures heightening my nakedness. Returning to her I find her pussy veiled by her tail once again, but I am undaunted for I know I can titillate her once again. I nearly cover her cunt with my mouth tickling her clit with my tongue, and bring her once again into inner excitement before stepping upon the stool.

Her tail up once again I mount her, the stallion covering his beloved mare. I rub my hard cock along her soft, inviting cunt, flaring my erection as waves of pleasure pass over me. Her pussy glistens black, alluring, and ready. I pause briefly, my inflamed penis resting gently against her cunt, before I slide inside her. She yields gently, hot and soft, I enter penetrating up to my hanging testicles. I close my eyes. Concentrate upon our union. I am one with her. I begin to stroke her. She holds me in, as I pull out of her. I am inside her. I place my arms around her buttocks, and lay across her rump, covering her, serving her. I slowly stroke in and out of her: In, and out, I am in heaven. Her flowing juices drip off my balls, and down our legs. Her soft warm cunt caresses me. Hugging her tightly I pound faster into her hot cunt, my balls slapping against her; we are one.

My right hand moves down between us, gently fingering her pussy, and tickling her clit. I feel her lips parting rhythmically beneath me. My head placed upon her back; I can smell her scent: I am losing myself inside her. My other hand caressing her tail, I follow it to her anus, exploring her body. Somehow I remember, "Mustn't enter her there, she hates that." I stroke her faster, our momentum building. My fuse runs out; I explode inside her filling her with my cum, my muscles contracting in an orgasmic wave I am lifted off the stool, her body shudders. I continue to pump her until I am empty, with one last deep stroke I stop, expended.

I lay upon her rump, a soft and warm place to rest. Raising my right hand I find it wet, and slick from her pussy. I wipe it across my face, inhaling her once again. Exhausted I lay upon her wondering about our experience. "Did she cum? Could she? Was she just shaking off flies? Maybe she did? Oh, I hope so." I slide off her only to stand leaning against her. She is my girl, and I love her. As my strength returns I wipe her cunt clean, and dry (I don't like cum, so I don't lick mine from her).

I hug her neck, and she tilts her head to look at me standing there nude before her. I lay my hand against her jaw, a signal to her, she leans closer, and we kiss (a little something I taught her). She will finish her meal, I will shower, then return and let her out to roam her small pasture, while I go off to my computer to work on my project. During the day I think of her, sometimes looking out the window at her grazing in the field. Weekends are the best as we can go on long rides together. I return to my work, we will be together again, tonight perhaps when I bring her in.

I have not been an animal lover all my life like many others who have alternative life styles claim they are. One day it just... happened. Its been going on now for two years, ever since the bitter divorce with my wife. I would take long rides on Jennifer: working with her, and riding upon her back in the fresh air always made me feel better. One day I needed a partner other than my hand, and it was then I realized she was there: not an it, but a her. With her I can relax, and she taught me a new level of sexual experience. Before our first union I thought she would be hopelessly lost. She

isn't, though she is loser then my wife, she is also more delicate, she is better. She fucks better then my wife ever did. I love her.