

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



The port was bustling with activity. Venice was packed with all the men on their way to what would become known as the Fourth Crusade. Crowds of people were strolling along the waterfront, vying with the horses and carts that were bringing men and supplies to and from the ships. Helen stood by the quay, taking it all in... the sights, the smells, and the noise. So many ships and flags from different nations, the babble of foreign speech! It was so exciting! The canals were crowded with traffic as the town's merchants and wealthy went about their business. Parties were going on in many of the mansions as the town exploded with festivities. Her eyes took in the Knights hungrily, and especially the horses. Helen of Venice was a dark-haired beauty, her hair brushed and gleaming in the sunlight. The high-waisted dress emphasized her considerable breasts... she was pleasantly plump as the fashion of the day demanded. Her breasts strained at the material constraining them, and the sight of the men and horses around her excited her so that her nipples showed through the tight clothing.

Her eyes were drawn to a beautiful Stallion, and she stared at the sign of his sex that was clearly visible. She felt a welling up of heat in her loins, and blushed, embarrassed at her thoughts and at the way she was staring at the horse's sex. She was a lusty wench, and had long since lost her virginity to a handsome traveler that had visited her home. Since then she had enjoyed every man she could manage to get alone for long enough to hike up her dress and bend over. She felt herself getting wet, and longed to be filled by one of the handsome Knights, or better yet by one of their horses! She gasped that the secret desire had blossomed into conscious thought. She had kept her sexual activities secret from her father, and from the upper class citizens that he associated with. But it was well known along the canals that she was a slut that would take any man. The peasants called her "Udders" (a reference to her breasts and the way they swung under her when she was on her hands and knees getting plowed by all comers), careful that they were not overheard by their masters. They knew it would never be believed that sweet, pretty, innocent Helen would spread her legs for anyone, and there was great danger in it for them as a result.

One of the Crusader Knights had noticed the way she was looking at the horses. He smiled to himself... he had seen the look before. He made his way through the crowd till he was by her side. She looked around at him and smiled, and he said "I see you love horses? I have some beautiful Stallions stabled nearby, would you like to see them? They love attention and are really quite calm with people, especially ladies." She looked rather boldly at the man, who was tall and broad shouldered, with a mane of unruly blonde hair. He smiled at her; a twinkle in his eyes that she did not mistake. He wanted her! She blushed and felt herself getting wetter, and she caught a quick whiff of her womanly odor, and from the smirk on his face he smelled it too. She said "Well, good Knight, I would love to see your horses. Shall we?" and offered him her arm.

They strolled down the street, chatting away, and soon came to the stables. He ushered her in and she looked around. The stalls held several horses, and there were a few cows as well, and a goat. He led her to one of the horses, which whinnied and snuffled at her with its soft nose. She petted it and scratched its ears. The horse nudged her, seeming to want something. She started to stroke its flanks, when she felt the Knight press up against her back. She leaned back against him as his arms went around her and he began to fondle her breasts. She was breathing rapidly, and felt his hardness pressed against her buttocks. His hand went down her body, and then under her skirts and began to probe the wetness of her womanhood. She was gasping now, wanting to be ravaged by this handsome Knight. Her hands fumbled with the fastenings of her dress, and soon it fell to the floor, leaving her naked except for her shoes and stockings. He bent her over, and when she was bent over she noticed that the horse had dropped its cock.

The Knight said "Do you want to feel that big cock between your tits?" She struggled against him, it

was just a fantasy! She did not want to touch the horse cock! The man reached out and grabbed the horse cock and began to rub it all over her body. She felt the wetness of its pre-cum as it was rubbed on her pussy, her belly, and all over her tits. The man was holding her effortlessly with one arm. She felt him thrusting at her and soon his cock found its target and slipped inside her wet pussy. She gasped at his girth and length, enjoying the feel of the cock inside her. The man put the horse cock between her tits and ordered her to press her titties around it... she did so; afraid of what would happen if she did not. She realized she was enjoying the feel of the huge horse cock against her tits, and the man continued stroking his own cock deep into her, and at the same time rubbing the horse cock between her tits.

The horse suddenly began to cum, spraying cum all over her tits and in her face. She gasped as the man moved the spurting cock down and pressed it against her pussy, feeling it pulse against her as the man was pounding his cock into her from behind. She felt him pull out and he shot streams of his hot cum all over her back and on her ass. His cum began to run down the crack of her ass, onto her pussy and mixed with her own. She had cum massively when the horse had started to spurt. Her pussy was soaked with all the cum, and her face, tits, and belly were too. Her back and ass were covered with the Knight's cum; she was literally drenched with cum, which she now found very exciting. The Knight forced her head down and made her lick the horse cock. She found his cum to taste quite good, and found herself enjoying the licking. The Knight told her that she was now his stable wench, and would have to service all the animals, as well as he and his friends. She was strangely elated at the thought!

He made her crawl over to the cow, and told her to get him some milk. Helen had never milked a cow and had no idea how to begin. He laughed and took two of the cow's teats in his hand and started her, then aimed the teats at her and squirted the warm milk all over her tits and in her face. She licked the milk off her lips and then milked the cow in the manner she had been shown. One of his friends came in, and they stood laughing and making jokes about which set of udders were the largest, hers or the cows. The friend came over and grabbed her arm and said "I want to fuck this cow, why don't you warm her up for me?", and forced her hand into the cow's pussy. He let go of her arm, but she continued fisting the cow, looking up at him with wide eyes as he removed his tunic, revealing that he had a huge cock. Her breathing became ragged as she imagined him ramming his cock into her wet cunt. He then pulled her hand out and slid his cock into the cow's pussy, and began fucking it hard and fast. She listened to the wet fucking sounds and got even hotter. "I want your cum!" she blurted out, then blushed. He smiled down at her knowingly. She put her hands under her tits and held them up for him and begged him to cum on them. She had suddenly developed an irresistible urge to be cummed on! The man fucked the cow, his balls slapping against her, and then grunted and pulled out as he started to cum, then shot the rest of his load all over the proffered tits, and in her face. She opened her mouth to catch some of the spurts, savoring the taste of the fresh cum. She rubbed it into her tits and down her belly, getting some in her fingers and then shoving it into her pussy. He then grabbed her by the hair and forced her to lick his cum out of the cow's pussy.

Helen was exhausted by the excitement and the sex, and was allowed to curl up on a pile of hay in one of the empty stalls. She slept for several hours and then was awakened by the feel of a cold nose against her ass. She looked around and found the goat starting to lick her ass. She was thrilled at the feeling, and soon rolled over and spread her legs to see if the goat would lick her pussy. The goat started to lap at her pussy and before long she moaned and came intensely. She had never cum so hard! She noticed that the goat had its cock out, and as if in a dream got on her hands and knees and offered herself to the goat. He mounted her and rammed his cock into her pussy and fucked her furiously and then came inside her. She could feel the cum running down the insides of her thighs where it pulled out of her.

She heard a sound and found the Knight had been watching her with the goat. He smiled and said, "So, my little stable wench is enjoying her new tasks?" She blushed and said, "Yes my Master, I have been performing the tasks you set out for me." He walked over to her and raised his tunic, revealing his semi-hard cock. "Suck my cock, you dirty little cunt!" She took him in her mouth and began to suck him hungrily, enjoying the feel of his cock as it became hard in her mouth. She fondled his balls as she stroked and sucked his cock. This was something she KNEW she was good at! She swirled her tongue around the head of his cock, deep-throating him, all the while squeezing and fondling his balls. Her lips slid up and down his cock, sucking him softly, then hard. She licked the head of his cock, worked the tip of her tongue into the tip, tasting his pre-cum. He was starting to moan and tremble, and began cumming in her mouth. She felt the hot load hit the back of her throat, and felt the cock jerking and pulsing in her mouth. Helen swallowed greedily, but he was cumming hugely and some escaped her mouth and ran down her chin to drip on her heaving tits. She looked up at him and smiled around the cock as the Knight said "Damnation, but that was the best blow-job I have ever had!"

"Come, you saucy wench, my horse is in need of servicing" the Knight then said. He grabbed her by the hair and practically dragged her to the stall his favorite Stallion was in. He dragged a low bench up and commanded her to lie on it. He then led his horse to straddle her and the bench, its cock hanging below it. "Oh Master, I cannot take such a big cock in my little pussy" Helen said. The Knight laughed and said "Your pussy is well used, and can take much of his cock!" He guided the horse's cock into her gaping pussy.. it knew what was happening, had done it before! The horse thrust into her, but not violently, her pussy was stretched and filled with his cock. She gasped, but did not pull away, instead tried to move toward his thrust. Her cunt was filled with cock! She had never felt anything so good as being completely filled! She started cumming and moaning, her moans rising to a joyful scream as the horse came inside her, its cum slamming deep inside her where nothing had ever been before. The Knight pulled the horse away, and its cock fell out of her, their combined cum gushing out. She had a sudden desperate feeling of emptiness! She knew that she would have to have that feeling again... and soon!

The Knight kept Helen in the stable for three days, during which time she fucked uncounted men and animals. She had sucked and fucked horses, cows, goats, men, and had been mounted and knotted by one of the men's Mastiff dog. It had ravaged her poor pussy, already sore from the horse; knotted in her, and again stretched her pussy unmercifully. She came like she had never cum before as the knot throbbed inside her. She was filthy dirty, covered in milk and cum. She had not been allowed to bathe, and had been treated like one of the animals... and she had actually, incredibly, enjoyed it! As the Knights packed to depart they allowed her to bathe, and told her that when they came back they would find her and let her service them and their animals again.

She smiled back at them happily and started thinking about how she would explain her absence to her father. She had never been gone this long before, they must be searching for her! She carefully left the stable, making sure nobody had seen her leave. As she strolled home, she worked out a story that would satisfy her father. She would just say she had been staying with a friend and had been having so much fun she just forgot all about time. She had a good friend that would back her up if necessary... and after all, wasn't it the truth?