

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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I have always been interested in antiques, so when I found myself in Cheltenham, I visited several antique shops. I had bought a few small items, when I saw a strange rocking horse in the last shop. It was quite large, and painted coal black. I thought it was very old, and its saddle seemed to be damaged as it was hanging down below its belly. The owner of the shop was not asking much for the horse, so acting on impulse, I paid what he wanted and arranged for it to be delivered.

It was interesting if not valuable, and Wendy would love to see it, I knew. Next day a van drew up and the horse was unloaded. Wendy and I cleaned it up and I laughed to see my nineteen year old riding it like a child. We thought no more about the horse, until one day we had a visit from Clare, an old friend. When she saw our toy she told us that we ought to get it valued as she thought it might be valuable. I rang the local branch of a famous saleroom, who promised to send one of their experts round.

A week later, a Mrs Allenby drove up. "I am from the saleroom," she said. "And I have come to see your interesting horse." We invited her in and sat her down with a cup of coffee. She proved to be a fascinating woman, who was the saleroom's resident expert on horses and riding. She entertained us with stories of her travels and the equine curiosities she had seen.

"Now let me see your horse." she said. We all went to the conservatory, where we kept the horse. We left Mrs Allenby, or Jo as she had asked us to call her, alone to examine it carefully. In an hour she came and joined us again.

"This is really interesting, very rare but I have seen one before." she said. "Your horse is Brazilian and was used to teach a rather peculiar method of riding. Have you ever heard of the Mardi Gras festivities?"

Wendy and I both nodded,

"Isn't that when the samba schools parade through the streets?" I asked.

"Yes, but before the war, there was more to it than just dancing."

Jo looked a little embarrassed. "May I talk frankly?" she asked.

"Oh yes," I said, agog to hear all she could tell us about our horse.

"Well, in those days, there was much less inhibition." Jo said. "The parade included certain exhibitions of a sexual nature. It was all to do with fertility and some of the shows were put on to encourage a good harvest."

Jo looked at Wendy as if wondering whether to go on. I encouraged her.

"You may speak freely, Wendy will understand." I laughed, "In fact, Wendy has taken part in a few of those herself!"

"Some of the displays took the form of live sex shows. Young girls from poor families would be placed on carts and bystanders were invited to climb onto the carts to have sex with them as they went along."

"Wow," said my daughter, "That sounds so good. I wish I had lived then!"

We all laughed and that seemed to put Jo at ease. "Your horse is special," she said. "It was used to train the girls for a particular type of exhibition. Only the prettiest and wealthiest girls had the privilege of sling-riding under their favourite horses."

Wendy laughed, "Do you mean the saddle is meant to be under the horse? We thought it had slipped down. Wasn't it very uncomfortable?"

"If the horse is properly trained and the rider is used to it, I am told it is very enjoyable," she said. "Let me tell you all about it."

Jo relaxed as she became more enthusiastic. "Sling-riding stopped being done in public just after the war, but there are still old families who carry on the tradition even now. I saw a private display last year, and it was really exciting. Would you like me to tell you what I saw?"

Of course, we both shouted, "Yes."

Jo began her story.

»Of course, I had heard all about sling-riding. I knew about it from old books and drawings, but had never dreamt that anyone still did it. I was in Sao Paulo visiting an old polo school, when I met an elderly lady. She was introduced as Dona Elena, who was visiting from her estate a long way from the city. I realised at once that she was an expert horsewoman and breeder and indeed she was there to sell the season's polo ponies. She helped me to identify certain pieces of equipment and was very interested in what I had seen in other countries. "Have you ever heard of sling-riding?" she asked me. I told her that I had but did not know very much about it, and to my surprise, she suggested I return to her estate with her and see how it was done.

Of course, I agreed to go and next day saw me in her private plane heading up into horse country. Her estate was vast and very well kept. I could see many mares and foals in the fields. Dona Elena told me the stallions were kept in barns behind the main house. I was introduced to Dona Elena's daughter and granddaughters, delightful girls of eighteen and nineteen. Felicite, their mother was a handsome woman of about forty, wearing riding clothes.

I formed the impression that she ran the farm, while her mother was the business woman of the family. While there were male farmhands, there were no males in the family at all. I took to the teenagers at once and on finding I was from England, they latched onto me so that they could practise their English speech. Rosa and Nell were lovely, in the first bloom of their youth. They took me all over the ranch and then shyly took me to see the stallions.

They were magnificent, especially the three that were trained to be sling-ridden.

"Are you going to stay and watch us ride?" they asked me.

I told them that nothing would take me away. The girls told me that this was the first time they had been allowed to ride in public, but that their mother did it every year, and that their granny had been a famous sling-rider in her youth.

"It was granny that taught us," they said proudly. Before going back to the house, the girls petted their stallions who seemed to know them and were even affectionate. Knowing what I did about what was involved, it was quite stimulating to see the huge horses being so gentle with the pretty youngsters. And what do you think I saw in a corner of the stable? A training horse just like yours, but with one difference. This one was in regular use. Later perhaps, if Wendy is willing, we can try your horse out. I have examined it and everything seems to be there.

Next day, after breakfast, Dona Elena took me out to the stable. Farmhands were fussing about the three stallions, grooming them to perfection. A small crowd of neighbours was assembling around the parade ring, eager to see the spectacle.

“It won’t be long now,” said Dona Elena, as we sat down on a straw bale. I watched fascinated as slings were attached to the horse’s tack. I knew that the riders would lie on their backs head forward under the bellies of their horses. Their arms would be attached around the horses chests with a strap linking their hands over the horse’s back. Each rider’s legs would be tied up the side of the horses flanks to expose their pussies, for of course the riders would be naked!

Just then, a trumpet started a mournful dirge. This seemed to be the signal for the proceedings to begin. Even the stallions seemed to prick up their ears as if they knew what was going to happen. A little procession formed in the entrance to the stable. I saw the head wrangler lead in Felicite and her daughters. They were all three dressed in long cloaks, the mother in red and the girls both in dark blue.

The procession halted in front of where Dona Elena and I were waiting. Felicite called in a loud voice, “Dona Elena, may we have your permission to mount?”

The elegant lady at my side nodded, and the three riders went to their horses. First to mount was the mother. Rosa and Nell helped her off with her cloak and the mature woman stood before us totally naked. She was splendid, tall and slim with magnificent full breasts. With her daughters to help, she climbed into the sling. The wrangler quickly attached the ties to her wrists and ankles so that she was held in an embrace to the horse’s mighty body. her breasts pressed against the horse and I noticed her nipples were swollen. Perhaps she was as excited as I was!

I watched keenly as each of the teenagers was similarly stripped naked and slung below their stallions. Both girls were wonderfully built. I adore young breasts and it was most thrilling to see them squashed against their horses’ bodies. When all three had been mounted and attached, Dona Elena got to her feet.

“Come, Jo,” she said to me, “It is time to complete the mount.”

Dona Elena went to each rider in turn and carefully checked all the straps and reins. When she was satisfied she took me close up to where Felicite’s legs were spread. I saw the old lady’s slim fingers grasp the big horse’s penis and commence to rub it. Inch by magnificent inch it expanded in her skillful hands. Soon it was erect and proud. The wrangler came up beside us with a bottle and was about to anoint Felicite, but Dona Elena said something in Spanish and he handed the bottle to me.

“Use lots of oil,” I was instructed. I poured oil into the ripe and pouting cunt in front of me and rubbed it in well. When Dona Elena judged her daughter was ready she held the tip of the great phallus against her oily cuntlips. Felicite took a deep breath and as she pushed herself onto the great knob, I held her wide.

The cock went in like a piston, and I was surprised to see how well the immense organ fitted into her. Then we moved to Rosa and performed the same task. This time it was different in that the girlish cunt had to be worked hard in order to accept the stallion’s prick. I heard the poor girl cry out s she felt the shaft distending her vagina, but her grandmother redoubled her efforts and soon the horse was snugly buried in teen girlflesh. Nell was even more difficult, and it took the rest of the oil to lubricate her enough for her to get the penis in properly.

Now the horses were led in a small circle around the stable. I realised that this was to confirm that riders and horses were comfortable. Dona Elena gave the areas where the horse cocks were buried

in their cunts one last oiling and then the three were led out into the sunshine to the applause of the crowd. Dona Elena and I sat in a place of honour in the shade. We could observe the proceedings up close as each horse and rider were led to us after each circuit.

Dona Elena kept checking the stallions' erections as she explained to me. "The riders must endure the motion of the great beasts as they walk. They will come many times, but the horse will only come the once." Indeed I had seen all the riders climax as the motion of the walking horses caused the pricks to move in and out regularly. The audience applauded each orgasm. I could only imagine what such a fucking felt like.

Dona Elena told me that she wanted me to be there to observe the moment when the horses came. Soon, she pointed at Rosa's horse. He had his head back and we could see clearly that he was thrusting deep into the girl's cunt.

"Come with me," she said taking my hand. We ran to where the action was taking place. Rosa's lovely face was contorted as she rode out her orgasm on the giant dick. I saw around the junction of cock and cunt a seepage of white come. It was obvious that her inside was completely filled with horse sperm and that the excess was being expelled. Rosa was led back to the stable.

Next was Felicite. I knew that she had often experienced horses coming inside her. She kept control and as the stallion thrust, she welcomed him in willingly. We heard her urging the stallion on, "Come for me, Gypsy, spunk me, fill me!" she said. Very little horse sperm leaked as no doubt her womb had the extra capacity that child bearing brings.

Now little Nell was left all alone in the ring. At a signal from Dona Elena, the crowd gathered around her all eager to see how she would take her first public spunking. We need not have worried. She accepted her fate with one last wonderful climax and we all could see her girlcome mixing with the horse spunk. Some of the onlookers reached out and took a sample on their own fingers. I saw them taste it avidly.

"Now they are happy," said Dona Elena. "Their crops will grow and their women will be fertile."

Returning to the barn, we were just in time to witness the riders being taken down from their slings. The horses' organs had shrunk and slipped from their riders' cunts. Only long strings of creamy come showed where the stallions had ejaculated.

As they were wrapped in their cloaks, Dona Elena whispered, "The poor things will need attention tonight. I remember from my riding days how much I needed sex afterwards, but I had my husband. If I look after Felicite, will you take on my granddaughters?"

So I spent that night in a bliss of sex. The girls were hyper excited from their day and were still inundated with sperm. You can be sure I gave those teenagers all the sex they craved. It was remarkable to see how soon their distended cunts settled down again to the point where even my slim fingers could give them a satisfying fuck.«

Jo held up her hand and looked at it as if remembering the time when she had dipped them into the girls' pussies, still brimming with sperm. Wendy and I stared at the woman, amazed at having heard the prim and proper saleroom expert tell us of her sexy experiences.

"Now tell us about the training horse," said Wendy.

"Of course, dear," Jo said. "Let's go and examine it together and if you are willing, I will show you how sling-riding is done."

I could see that my daughter was so turned on by what she had heard that she would have agreed to anything as long as it included sex! The horse stood where we had left it, but now it seemed to me to be waiting for its destined purpose. In my mind's eye I saw the stallions walking around that dusty ring with their helpless riders slung below.

Wendy had run over to the horse to examine the saddle. Now that we knew its purpose, I could see just how it would hold a rider in the perfect position to enjoy the horse's thrusts. Jo was fiddling with the mane and to my surprise, I saw a panel open in the horse's breast. From this, Jo took a small handle which she fixed into a cavity under the horse's tail.

"Are you ready, Wendy?" she laughed, "Your steed awaits you?"

I pretended to play a trumpet and I saw my lovely daughter slip out of her clothes. I was looking at Jo when she first saw Wendy naked. I laughed inwardly as I saw her jaw drop and a flush steal across her face.

"Wendy," our guest gasped, "You are lovely, I am so happy to show you how to sling-ride. Come here."

We had quite struggle to get my daughter into the sling. It had been designed for someone younger and smaller, and besides Wendy had never practised. Soon however she was mounted. As in Brazil long ago her breasts were snug against the wood, and her thighs clasping the horse's flanks. The rider was ready but was the horse?

Jo beckoned me round to the front of the horse and showed me what was in the secret drawer. Laid in velvet were three rubber phalluses. One was really small, I suppose to fit a child, the next was the size of a well endowed man, and the final dildo was enormous, in fact, horse sized.

Jo picked out the medium dildo and took it round to the back of the horse. She showed me how it was attached to a knob between its legs.

"Are you ready, Wendy," asked Jo.

Seeing my daughter nod, she turned the handle and we saw the false dick extend. Soon it touched the girl's cuntlips. I played Jo's part in Brazil, and opened her up. Another turn of the handle and the dick slipped into Wendy's vagina. When fully extended, it was buried up to its root in my daughter, who was clearly relishing the feeling of being filled up.

Jo removed the handle and gave the horse a gentle push. It began to rock and I could see the dildo begin to slide in and out of my daughter. Wendy lay there helpless, as the lovely sensations washed over her.

Jo whispered, "It won't take long, the dick is so well designed."

Sure enough, my darling began to pant and as she orgasmed, we rocked the horse still more. Jo was transfixed to see the bliss on my daughter's face as the great dick fucked ever deeper. I let her have a series of climaxes and then gradually slowed the rocking motion. Since then the horse has often held centre stage at our parties.

Clare was delighted that her estimate of the horse's value had been confirmed. Both she and Jo were present on the day that Wendy took on the largest dildo. It took extra stimulation and lots of lubrication but in the end the horse had its way with her. She told me later that while we were rocking the horse, she drifted off into a dream that she was slung between a great horse, walking

around in the Brazilian sun, with a knowledgeable audience applauding her climaxes and waiting for the moment when she would be flooded with hot sperm!