

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



Robin opened the text and was as excited as he'd been the last three nights – and one morning. A son with divorced parents and living with his father Lieutenant General Rupert Lustingson-Cumming, a close friend and business colleague of the texter, this school sleepover and course on the Essex equestrian school had been perfect for many things, not least the private negotiations his father had completed, unknown to him. Robin made sure the zip was down as he'd left it when bedtime was announced by from Madeleine and Brian Whitlock who owned the stables/school, as he didn't want that noise to alert others sleeping near in their own, much smaller and cheaper, tents.

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"No Maddy tonight Bri?" queried Ronnie, the busty black barmaid at the Spur and Crop pubm pulling him his usual pint of Old Cock real ale.

"Nah she's got paperwork to finish then do her rounds of the tents, as she does and loves," he replied.

"All done with the ops mate?" asked old George, quaffing a pint of Guinness, sat at 'his' seat at the end of the bar.

"Yeah hopefully thanks," Brian replied ruefully, thinking of the repercussions of surgery which he'd been advised about and made his decision with Madeleine's agreement.

Two minutes from Robin's tent, Captain known as Cap, the enormous black and grey Shire stallion snorted and dragged his feathered forelegs across the concrete floor of his stall, the metal shoes rasping the rough surface beneath. Two delicate hands stroked his vitals – one cupping his massive six inch diameter grey shiny testicles, the other fondling the flabby darker grey folds of his sheath. Katherine Amberly Head was happy and waiting for her equine lover accomplice, her hand now enveloped in the warm sticky creases of Cap's prepuce and finding his knob. She easily and sensitively slid her lubricated fingers round his soft bulb and started to tease it out.

Her constant frown and pout often generated the impression of a surly, sulky girl which she certainly was. Tall for her age, with waist long dark brown hair, roman nose over a strong overbite and clear focussed eyes, she nevertheless came alive in spirit when in touch with her first love animals – but in seriously premier favourite – big, male entire horses. Not a friendly kid, not liked at the Academy, her attractive fleshy figure would surely become bloated judging by the crap food she was fed and loved.

Now on her third and final visit to the residential stables, she aimed to persuade her father, to buy her a nice young stallion to augment the family stable of mares and attempt to pass on her knowledge, which would greatly concern her mother, of the hows, rights and wrongs of breeding. Mrs Head was well versed in breeding of humans, having provided the relentlessly trying Terence Head with four daughters and one son. At last the county set could almost hear him shout when Dominic was born.

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"Open my shirt, just two big buttons," urged Madeleine after clipping the tent folds back together. Cold hands sought her small breasts and while she initially shivered, knowing goose bumps would be shrouding her tits, her nipples, dark brown, stout and always distinctive would be burgeoning into the hard stubs she and Brian loved and now young Robin. The youth had blossomed in the short time he'd been under the wing – so to speak – of the mothering fifty nine year old silver blonde frizzed haired equestrian teacher and co-owner. How he loved her craggy lined face, with the big toothy mouth and decidedly wonky front tooth – so like his mummy Deborah, who mysteriously, to Robin

anyway, had run off with an Indian subaltern in his father's elite regiment. He also loved other totally new and thrilling things.

Madeleine had dressed for the late night tryst, shedding a 36C brassiere and her big white sensible - for working in the stables all day - panties, reminding herself she needed her pale blue French knickers tomorrow. She fiddled into the sleeping bag Robin had opened down one side and found, below his one garment, a khaki tee-shirt, his cock, small yes, but hard and ready. She knew extended foreplay was useless with the lad, years of experience had taught her that. He was hard and ready - self administration had been applied, encouraged by him sniffing the gusset of the previous days knickers she'd secreted to him. She disturbed both of their minimal explorations and discarded her jeans, then slid alongside Robin. Immediately he climbed aboard between her legs, Maddy thanking Rupert for kitting his son out with nothing but the best camping equipment and luckily a double bag.

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Ronnie, big titted, they sagged to her waist when unfettered, was puffing as she descended the cellar stairs to ostensibly help Syd the landlord change a barrel of beer. Her hip was playing up again, but it was worth it - at seventy years old, she was still a good fuck, knew her stuff, and well known in the village even today and amongst the males of all ages and occasionally, very occasionally young girls, as Sixpenny. When her and her now deceased husband Errol had arrived in the village, they were penniless migrants from the Turks and Caicos Islands after their house was burned down by an arsonist and Errol had been done for selling drugs - connected. They were virtually forced out of the British Overseas Territory. Any money would do and she would offer to show her then blooming great black bosoms for sixpence, now the five pence coin, was then known. The nickname had stuck and now and then earned her nothing but the small coin. She was always grateful for small mercies.

"Lets 'av a feel darlin'," Syd chuckled, not waiting for a response, delving into her heaving sweaty cleavage and hefting the elderly whoppers out of her hammock like brassiere.

"Sixpence please, you old goat," she giggled. "In fact its two, if yer grabbing, looks like you are, both of 'em."

Syd's cackled as his calloused mitts felt the old woman's sumptuous knockers and bent to lick and suck them with his beery breath. "Always been a tit man Ronnie old gal - fuck knows why I picked that saggy 'ole bag Doris, she's never 'ad any, even when she 'ad Florence, Henry and Norm."

"She did yer proud with them, all lovely kids, careful...ow!" she moaned, as he bit too sharply.

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"Oh dear," Madeleine sighed to herself as young Robin gasped into her shoulder and stopped ferociously ramming his juvenile dick into her capacious cunt. Is that it, she thought, he hasn't improved, but it's only been three nights and one morning since when she broke his very obvious virginity. "That was very nice dear, thank you," she murmured, stroking his back and his floppy golden locks. As she found with the youth of today and she'd had a lot of them, they came quickly and were spent so soon and flopped with no thoughts of after-play - forget foreplay. But a dick was a dick, especially since Brian and her had come to terms with his inadequacy via radical prostate surgery.

The consultants had spelt it out. No erections - but they'd decided they'd had their fun and had a thriving business to occupy them. That was OK for him, but Maddy needed cock. She knew she wouldn't get any tonight, apart from the risky business of trawling round the other tents for any of the lads in her care, but that was a no-no. She would find pleasure later.

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Ronnie and Syd returned to the bar by separate stairs in the rambling old pub, greeted only by knowing grins and nudges amongst the regulars, Doris being in the snug watching East Enders on TV. Syd called her to serve at the lounge as he was busy, not really – but the main bar was his domain, not liking the snooty folk who wanted cocktails and the likes in the lounge. Ronnie served alongside him, gradually getting her breath back and reverting to her usual activity of stooping to get glasses and bottles from the lower shelves beneath the copper topped bar. She knew the constant display of her rolling, clashing and highly visible tits was one of the main attractions and played up to it. The sight of her cheery, smiling face, below her tight full head of steel silver hair grinning up at the ogling customers was a high spot, including Brian. Currently he was more focussed on a young woman in a group of four townies.

The plain, unattractive, hipster woman was very animated in her discussions with two women and a man, describing some event. She waved her bare arms a lot and he was enjoying for what these days is a taboo sight, but not for Brian, a forest of black armpit hair, clearly visible in the white floppy gaps of her blouse. In his early married years he had successfully persuaded Madeleine to let the natural hair on her body grow wherever, but gradually over the years with more and more interaction with parents and pupils of a more upmarket clientèle, the class they had aimed at, she'd shaved and waxed, much to his disappointment. He remembered a newspaper item and something he'd caught on the Eamonn Holmes TV show where he'd interviewed and been disgusted by a stand up comedian Kate Smurthwaite, who hadn't shaved her pits for five years and showed them. She also stated she had a light growth on her legs. Of course there was no mention of her bush.

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Call me Kate, not Katey, Katherine, under orders, lightly stroked the increasingly long penis from Captain's sheath as Madeleine entered the stable and made sure it was secure, glowing at the scene in Cap's stall. The enormous Shire recognised her presence and tossed his fine head, Kate swiftly reaching high to stifle what had been a high volume noise from him, the first time Maddy and Kate were together late at night for bestial fun.

"Well done Kate, he's looking fine, happy and comfortable – his cock and with us,"

"Thanks Maddy," the young girl replied, preening. "Not the first time. I love this colouring," she fondled the black to grey and pale pink tones on Cap's impressive shaft. Madeleine stood the other side of the calm beast and cupped his power house ballocks, hefting them, rolling them softly as the horse blew a soft snort as if in ecstasy at the feminine love treatment. Kate knelt on the concrete and leaned in under Cap's belly to kiss his nearly solid member.

Madeleine dragged down two rugs off the stall divider, folded them and pushed them over the scattered straw, under Kate, who was dressed only in a shirt, mini skirt and trainers, to protect her bare knees. She took two more and laid them together.

"He lets down so willingly," chuckled Kate, barely cracking her sulky face, referring to the way Cap's cock descends. "So easy to wash."

"Yes he's used to it and you. Good you've prepared him well," said Madeleine, stripping off her jeans, "Came prepared- no pants," she snickered getting zilch response – as usual from the frosty faced youngster. Kate knew it all. Mrs Whitlock lay beneath Cap and shuffled herself into prime position, while Kate made sure his dangling cock rested on Maddy's belly.

Parting her mature, trim cunt lips to expose her clitoris, gave her youthful colleague Kate the cue to start rubbing Cap's knob on Maddy's open snatch, the young lass noticing a dribble of Robin's cum leaking and being used with strong heavily veined finger to lubricate Maddy's quim and her surrounding fair haired pussy pouch. Cap stirred his back feet, but the two females hardly glanced,

knowing they were safe, intent on their mission. It was seniors first as always.

"Think I'm ready now Kate, do it," urged Madeleine.

Without a murmur Kate let Cap's cock dangle freely, lay forward and started to gobble Madeleine's wet pussy. They both knew the excitement, the ways and the results and Miss Head had proved to be a willing expert in cunnilingus. Her tongue worked wonders, lapping and sucking Madeleine's profuse juices, triggered earlier by Robin's urgent but un-fulfilling efforts. Occasionally Kate being young and tremendously enthusiastic rasped Madeleine's delicate vaginal tissues and her kernel shaped clit with her top teeth, but it needed only a slight adjustment. The mature stable owner felt the time was near, inner waves started to ripple through her trim, strong frame from the skilled activity at her crotch. Kate got the message, mainly by hands on her tied back hair, pressing her head closer. Maddy orgasmed, her little cries alerting the stallion that towered over them, but he stayed quiet and calm. She came down after a few panting, smiling minutes as Kate soothed Captain.

Then positions were reversed and actions repeated. Madeleine admired Kate's sparsely pubed tender twat, her charming little nub of a clitoris, delicate folds and its hood. Cap's now fully extended penis worked its magic on the girl, helped by the gentle handling from his owner. Kate nearly came and gave out a little squeak, so Madeleine let go of Cap and dived in to finish the youngster off. The experience of maturity managed to edge Kate, she was on then off, her body trembling with excitement, sluicing freely which surprised her cunt lick with the amount sluicing out of Kate's very very sensitive and inexperienced minge. Madeleine ceased, her smiling daft toothed mouth smeared with cunt juice, so she licked as much as she could, then the two horse suckers kissed.

"Do you think I could take his flare Madeleine?" Kate asked.

"Honestly I doubt it Kate," Maddy replied. "It is big, you've seen it when he's flaccid, I mean not erect, but I have when he's covered mares, but then it's almost twice the size. When we were playing like tonight it's still soft, I mean his whole penis gets solid. I've never tried and it's unlikely I'll get the chance, like I mean I'd have to be with another adult bestiality expert and I don't know any." Kate looked even more sulky than usual.

"Stick to boys for now anyway....you do have sex with boys don't you?" She got a shrug and a nod. "You're only young. Three years back you caught me playing with Captain and I thought my time was up, but you took an interest and here we are. Any boys here or at school you interested in?" "I like girls better," answered Kate. "Had a couple of boys and....urghh," came her shudder and expression of disgust. "You've taught me so much...you know. Girl stuff and horses, those lectures and videos were cool."

"You've got a couple of dogs at home haven't you?" queried Madeleine, getting a nod. "That's how I started...well my mum got me started. I watched her at home when she thought everyone was out. We had a beautiful Boxer, Rusty. I was naughty I suppose, you know peeping on her but I was so keen to get closer, I knocked something, mum saw me and got me into it. What's yours?"

"Greyhound rescue and Cockapoo, both dogs, mum's choices."

"Hmm, not sure about either, but you could try...you know getting mounted, it's not straight forward and it can hurt...their dew claws can be sharp. Best to try....hang on you don't live far way, if you want I'll help you, if you need help," Madeleine started, knowing the downright awkwardness and independence of Kate. She was told there was a need. Arrangements were promised by exchanging Smart phone numbers

They tidied themselves, Captain and the stall and retired to a tent and the main house.

THE END