

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



*When Catherine II (also known as "Cathrine the great") was running the show in Russia (1785), she managed to annoy the Germans (or was it the Austrians? one of the Teutonic crowd, anyway) by being insufficiently diplomatic. They responded, typically, by spreading a rumour that she, er, enjoyed the carnal knowledge of horses. As Daffy Duck would have said (had he been around at the time), 'That, sir, was an inmitigated frabberication!'*

*Wasn't it.*

Catherine pressed her ear against the door for the space of ten heartbeats. Hearing no-one outside, she beckoned to Marie and together they tugged at the large golden doorknob. It took their combined efforts to open the door, which was a massive affair twice as tall as the guards which patrolled the other side. She smiled, beckoned to Marie again and together, they stole out into the bitterly cold evening. They stalked along verandahs, under archways, around one side of the palace, stealing from one shadow to the next, waiting until the guards had passed before braving each pool of light that emanated from the suspended lamps. She led her friend across a wide, cobbled pathway, past fields which smelled of mown hay and manure, to a series of low, darkened buildings which flanked the pastures. Her friend had heard many rumours of Catherine's exploits, and had finally dared to allude to them. She had been tactful enough to wait until their after-dinner drinking bouts had sufficiently lowered reservations to breach the subject, and Catherine, who enjoyed a drink as much as any of her courtiers, had discreetly agreed to satisfy Marie's curiosity.

Catherine led her over to the stable's side-door and then inside. The ranked rooms were in darkness except for a flickering candle at the far end. Catherine marched down the straw-strewn passageway, Marie following a nervous half-dozen steps behind. The candle-light revealed a young man, about twenty-two years old, huddled close to the light, reading a book. Catherine beamed proudly; this was a legacy of one of her reforms, that even a stable-hand could have access to literary works. He glanced up; eyes wide when he recognised his visitors, and he sprang to his feet, dropped to one knee and bowed. 'Your Majesty,' he managed.

She laughed affectionately, reached out and ruffled his hair. 'Misha, no need to be so formal when among friends! Marie - you know her? - is going to join me in tonight's... entertainment.' The peculiar emphasis she put on this word was not lost on the young stable-hand. 'As an observer, of course, not as a participant.' He nodded, and fetched two lamps from behind a bale of hay, lighting them with the candle and then carrying them over to a closed stall at the end of the stable. The girls followed him inside; it was empty except for some baskets stacked in one corner. Misha hung the lamps on hooks and left; Catherine fetched two baskets and placed them on the floor. She stepped up onto one of them, jumped up and down a few times, testing their resiliency, nodded to herself as if satisfied. She took a handful of grey blankets from the uppermost basket in the stack and spread them over the baskets, folding them back. Marie sat down on a hay-bale below the lamps and clasped her hands in her lap expectantly.

Misha entered, leading a large palomino stallion. Catherine rushed over to take the reins and rub the horse's nose. 'Ah, Kendrik,' she crooned, 'we have an audience this evening!' Misha bowed and tactfully, withdrew. Catherine led the horse over to a post and tied the reins there. She ran her hands down the neck and flanks of the beast, who shifted from one foot to another, obviously enjoying her ministrations. She kneeled to one side, rubbing the haunch and the muscles of the rear leg, tracing the taut tendons down to the hooves, then running her hands up again, smoothing her fingers over the expanse of his belly, arriving at the sheath that lay just in front of the point between his rear legs. She murmured to him as she teased him, cupping the soft, furred sac in both hands, rubbing them up and down until he relented; his penis first peeped timidly, then emerged from the sheath to dangle below his belly.

Marie's eyes widened. 'I've never seen one of those... I mean, not a horse's... not one like that...'

Catherine smiled as she gently traced its length. 'Yes... I've never found a man who can equal it... one or two have pretended to come close, but... ah...' she breathed a sigh as Kendrik shifted about. She took the shaft in her hand and squeezed; it swelled appreciably, seeming to become heavier, dangling even lower. She slid her hand from the base of the glistening black appendage, over the veins down to the mushroom-shaped, knobbed end which swelled again, growing firmer and thicker, to the point where it was almost as wide as her wrist. She was breathing deeply as she massaged the stallion, using both hands until she had reached a predetermined point, whereupon she turned and led the horse to stand over the baskets. She stood beside him and began undoing the fastenings of her garments, which (unlike current court tradition) were designed for quick removal. Soon, she was standing naked except for stockings and an under-corset which pushed her breasts up. She pressed her fingers between her thighs, teasing a finger inside, rubbing gently, eyes closed. She withdrew her hand and held it to Kendrik's nostrils, which flared. The stallion whinnied softly, and she smiled.

'Marie. Come here.' Startled, her companion obeyed. Catherine grasped her hand, drew it to her mouth, slid the index finger in. Marie closed her eyes and breathed out silently. Catherine ran her hot tongue around the finger, then inserted the other fingers on that hand, pushing it in until her lips were around Marie's knuckles. She sucked noisily, sliding the fingers in and out, wetting them with her saliva. Marie drew a deep breath as Catherine took her hand firmly and moved it down towards her crotch.

'Surely, you have touched yourself before,' she whispered. 'Touch me there, as you would have your lover touch you.' Hesitantly, Marie rubbed her index finger along the line of the swollen lips, up and down, the wetness which was present lubricating the way for her finger to slide inside. She turned her hand around, palm against Catherine's pubis, two fingers curving up and into her vagina. Catherine held her wrist, forcing her hand inside insistently, moving it in and out, arching her back with pleasure, raising herself up on her toes and gasping. Catherine bunched Marie's fingers together, sliding them in haltingly, pushing further each time, until her friend's hand was inside her. She exhaled, her eyes closed in rapture, and gently tugged her companion's hand out, only to shove it in again rapidly, up to the wrist. Marie began to join in with the spirit of the occasion, kneeling before her Queen and pressing her lips against the swell of the breasts presented before her, teasing one nipple free and running her tongue around it, while Catherine grasped her forearm and shoved her fist inside as hard as she could. Before long, it appeared as if Marie were punching her, driving her arm back and forth, eliciting gasps of pleasure from the Queen.

With her arm inserted half-way to the elbow, Catherine stopped her and whispered, 'Now: make a fist. Clench your fingers together and slowly... ahh... yes...' Marie's forearm and hand slowly slid from the folds of Catherine's vagina, glistening with evidence of her arousal. The Queen suddenly grabbed Marie's arm and thrust it back in with a wet sound, and then drew it out completely. She turned her attention to Kendrik, whose erection had only slightly diminished, the end of his heavy, swollen cock dangling more than a foot below the curve of his belly. She kneeled at his side and grasped the horse's member in both hands, squeezing, running her grasp from where it strained out from his groin down to the soft, glistening black head, each motion causing it to swell larger, greater in size now than Marie's fist had been.

Catherine beckoned her companion over, then crawled underneath Kendrik, his belly resting on her back. 'Marie: guide him into me.' Her hand trembling, Marie reached out and gently wrapped her fingers around the shaft, just behind the head. She flinched slightly at how hot it felt, but was drawn to the sensation of the soft, smooth skin; she took a firm hold. With her other hand, she spread the pouting, wet lips of the Queen's sex, and directed the head of the gargantuan shaft at a point about one and one-half inches below Catherine's quivering anus. The Queen moaned and thrust herself

back vigorously to meet the erection, her lips splaying out around the head as she pushed. She withdrew slightly, spread her legs apart as wide as possible and slowly, carefully pushed again, her back arching as she felt the head – as large as both of Marie’s hands clasped together – stretch her to the limit and finally slip inside. She gasped with relief.

Kendrik’s rear legs bucked, his hindquarters dropping about six inches; he snorted, intent on thrusting forward, but Marie’s grip on his penis held him at bay momentarily. Catherine slowly wriggled her hips from side to side, working the immense shaft and head inside by degrees, to a point where she felt she could take no more. She bent her knees and leaned forward, drawing the horse with her until the head slipped out wetly, flipping up to slap against Kendrik’s belly. Marie stared in wonder at the sight of her Queen’s genitals, open and pouting, then slowly closing. Catherine breathed; ‘Marie! Again!’; once more, she grasped the end of the horse’s eager member and tugged it down to meet the wet fissure. Again, Catherine writhed, pushing back, forcing the conical end inside, her legs splayed ninety degrees apart; with a series of short movements, she moved back onto Kendrik’s penis, the head sliding in with a rush. With a long, low moan, she pushed even further, taking about six inches of him into her. Kendrik snorted and shoved back at her, pushing her forward to rest on her forearms. With Marie’s assistance, she withdrew again, this time keeping the head within her. Kendrik thrust forward, his hindquarters quivering, trying to break free of Marie’s restraining grasp; at the Queen’s instruction, she allowed the stallion to push until the entire length of his incredible shaft was buried within Catherine. Kendrik seemed to appreciate that some sort of agreement had been reached; he began a series of short thrusts, each one striking deep within her, up to the swelling at the base of the horse’s shaft, then out until the head threatened to pop from between her swollen lips. Wide-eyed, Marie sat back and took in the spectacle of her Ruler, crouched over on her knees in a stable, being serviced from behind by one of her horses.

Catherine began pushing back in time with Kendrik’s thrusts, adding impetus, bringing her feet together, forcing the sides of her sex against the mammoth shaft as it slid into her. At the Queen’s command, Marie crawled closer and squeezed his penis at the base, feeling it grow even larger than her forearm, provoking from Catherine a fresh cry of satiation as it slammed into her.

Kendrik’s thrusts grew more vigorous; each was accompanied by a snort as the stallion plunged into her; Catherine had one hand underneath and was rubbing herself furiously, her face flushed; suddenly, her knees jerked together; she screamed as she threw herself back onto the shaft that was being hammered into her, the swollen, glistening black appendage disappearing between the pink, wet lips. Kendrik bucked violently, his front legs slipping in the hay, lifting Catherine off the stack of blankets momentarily, then dropping her to the ground. She shook with the intensity of her climax; the distended shaft slipped out, the head squeezing through her tightly- clenched vaginal lips with an effort. As it did so, the horse’s knees buckled and the animal came, his penis slapping against his belly, floods of hot fluid shooting out over her back. Catherine turned over, reached up and grasped the end of the jerking member as a fresh gout of come spurted from the quivering hole at the tip. Kendrik’s erection jerked hard within her grasp, strings of fluid drooling onto her throat and face. She encircled the beast’s still-engorged shaft with thumb and forefinger, squeezed and pushed back until her hand met the bulbous base, then drew her hand lovingly down again, drawing a fresh stream of liquid from him. She repeated the motion until the animal was drained, and she was literally coated with the emissions. Finally, she lay back on the blankets, content. Marie hastened forward with linen to clean the sticky substance from the body of her ruler.