

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Germaine Devereaux was bored. She had no idea now why she'd agreed to accompany her husband to this wearisome party in Malmaison in the suburbs of Paris. It was true the chateau was pleasant to look at, but the gathering of stuffy men of affairs and their dull wives was too much to bear. These people all seemed so happy with themselves, so smug in their contentment. Some of them were merely rich businessmen; others also carried titles as counts and dukes, inheritors of ancient nobilities established centuries ago. Germaine amused herself by considering that a single bomb exploded in this large room might destroy half the economy of France.

The month was June and she wore white, a simple white dress that she thought showed her figure to advantage. Some of the other women were also dressed in white, and whenever their eyes met hers she received a glance of curiosity. She hardly knew any of these women. She recognized the wives of certain executives who worked for Bernard, but nearly all the other women were complete strangers to her.

There was no airconditioning in the old chateau and the heat in the room was beginning to be cloying. Germaine wished the entire party of a hundred or so would adjourn to the lawns outside. What fool had arranged this affair indoors?

She stood alone by choice, sipped her wine as she glanced around the room at the crowd, the nodding heads, the smiles. She was only thirty-two and many of the other women were much older than that.

It's awful, she thought. She did hate dull gatherings, all these vapid people looking like so many museum exhibits in an uncomfortably warm room. It occurred to her she might begin perspiring soon, and the idea seemed horrible.

Suddenly a male voice spoke in Germaine's ear: "It's boring, isn't it?"

She turned and looked at him. It was Claude Feger, one of her husband's executives. He was about forty, a tall man with a trim looking body.

"I don't mind it, Monsieur Feger."

He smiled. "I don't believe you. It's too tedious not to mind it. It's a complete bore. I told the chief it wasn't worth it, but he insisted we had to make an appearance. It's terrible."

Germaine smiled. "Yes, you're right. Is your wife here?"

"She's visiting her mother in Lyon."

"She's lucky, isn't she?"

"Would you like some more wine?"

"No, I think I've had enough."

He chatted with her about the gathering, about Bernard's factory, about certain difficulties he and Bernard had with the workers. But Germaine had no interest at all in Bernard's business affairs and she hardly understood anything Claude Feger told her. All she knew was that Bernard had inherited an extremely successful ceramics business and that his income allowed her a comfortable life in Paris.

Then she noticed that as Claude Feger talked he looked more often than necessary at her breasts. The dress she wore had a rather tight bodice and it was cut low enough so part of the upper slopes of her breasts were visible. Very abruptly, she felt her nipples tingling and Claude Feger became more interesting.

Oh Germaine, you're a fool, she thought. Just a few sips of wine at a dull gathering had made her vulnerable to the attentions of one of Bernard's employees. She was both amused and annoyed. The truth was that in eight years of marriage she had never once been unfaithful to Bernard except in her fantasies. His lovemaking was dull and often clumsy, but she detested the idea of adulterous entanglements. Oh no, that sort of thing would be unbearable.

"Maybe you'd like a tour," Claude Feger said.

Germaine stared at him. "A tour of what?"

"The grounds, of course. The stables. Do you like horses? The Comte de Buisson has some fine horses in the stables. My wife happens to be his niece and I've been here many times. Let's escape and have a look at the horses."

They were close to one of the doors, and she allowed herself to be led away. She was thankful no one seemed to notice them, thankful that at last she'd be away from these dull people.

Claude Feger continued talking as they left the house to walk to the stables. She had a bit of trouble with her high heels on the uneven stones of the walk and she finally took hold of his arm and held it to keep her balance.

"The horses will be pleased," he said.

"But why?"

"I'm bringing them an extremely attractive woman to look at."

Germaine was amused again. Now that they were out of the house and alone, she reacted more favorably to Claude Feger. He was more than a mere device to avoid the boredom of the party, he was also an attractive man. She tried to remember how many times she'd met him before; was it three or four times? He was tall enough so that she was certain each time he looked down at her he could see the valley between her breasts.

At last he led her into the large stable, past one stall after another. He started talking about the horses, and it seemed as though he knew some of them individually. She soon forgot all about the gathering in the chateau; Claude Feger and the line of horses in the stable were definitely more interesting.

"This one is my favorite," Claude said. "The best horse of the lot." Then he took her hand and he led her over to a stall to show her a prize chestnut stallion.

The big horse snorted at them and Germaine thought he was indeed beautiful.

"His name is Formidable," Claude said with a chuckle. "I've been told the name is in honor of his cannon."

"His cannon?"

"The virile appendage. Here, watch this."

Germaine felt herself blushing. She kept her eyes on Claude as he poked around outside the stall until he found what he wanted. It was a long stick with what looked like a feather duster on one end. He went around to the back of the horse and he appeared to be rubbing the stallion's buttocks with the duster. Germaine moved along to find out what Claude was doing, and she was shocked to see him calmly passing the duster back and forth over the stallion's huge testicles.

"Watch the organ," Claude said.

She felt the pounding of her heart as she looked at the horse's belly. The stallion's penis was coming out, extending like a long dark sausage, a huge thick member that was soon at least thirty or thirty-five centimeters long. "That's why he's called Formidable," Claude said. "It's the biggest in the stable, much bigger than average." Claude laughed softly. "Annemarie says it excites her every time she looks at it."

"Annemarie?"

"My wife. You've met my wife, haven't you?"

"Oh yes."

Claude suddenly seemed aware of her embarrassment. "I beg your pardon, Madame Devereaux. I think I've offended you."

"No, not at all."

"I hope not."

"I've never seen one like that."

The stallion's member was now fully extended and dripping at the tip. The knob of the penis was a fat thing, and as Germaine realized it must be as big as her fist it made her a little crazy with lust to look at it.

"Monsieur Feger, maybe we'd better go back to the house."

"Will you call me Claude?"

"Yes, why not?"

Then he looked amused as he made a gesture at the horse. "Well, what about his extension? Is my wife correct when she says every woman is excited by that?"

Germaine felt herself trembling. "I don't know."

His eyes met hers and he held her gaze a long moment. She was suddenly fearful that he recognized how unsettled she was by the sight of the stallion's huge penis.

"Please, let's go now."

But instead he moved close to her and he kissed her. She was caught by surprise, totally unprepared for it. For an instant she had a violent urge to push him away, but she remained immobilized. She thought about her husband in the chateau as Claude Feger's lips pressed against her own. She

wondered what kind of trouble she was making for herself by not resisting. Then Claude's tongue slid inside her mouth and in a moment her response wiped the chateau and Bernard completely out of her mind.

Now she thought only of Claude. As his hands moved over her back, she wondered about his wife. Germaine clearly remembered her now. Annemarie Feger was certainly no frump; she was a blonde, a beautiful woman her own age.

Germaine quivered as Claude's hands slid down her back and over her buttocks. He squeezed her flesh as he kissed her and she could feel his fingers digging in through the thin material of her dress. She was aware of his hard body pressing against her own and she couldn't deny how excited she was.

It's an adventure, she thought; in eight years of marriage to Bernard, she hadn't had a single adventure.

She opened one eye and she looked at the horse again, at the stallion's huge member still swaying under his belly like a dark club. Dear God, what a prick, she thought. She felt the heat in her sex, the moisture between her thighs as Claude's hands continued stroking the curves of her buttocks. The hard bulge in the front of his trousers pressed against her belly as he kissed her. She moaned against his lips as he pulled at her wrist to get it between their bodies. She held back a moment, uncertain, afraid of what she was doing, and then she yielded and she suddenly had the evidence of Claude's desire under her fingertips.

He whispered encouragement in her ear. "It's for you, Germaine. Only for you. I've wanted you ever since the first time we met." He continued coaxing her and she soon found herself unable to stop what she was doing. She was too excited by the feel of the hard sex under her fingers. When she looked at the horse, she saw that the stallion's member was slowly retracting. But now as her hand gripped the front of Claude's trousers, she no longer cared about the horse...