

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



"So you see, I've been around animals all my life. I love what I do, though someday, maybe even today, I'll be chosen to be on the Queen's Court. Maybe someone will see some good in me and not just a dirty, unmarried, peasant."

Camilla spoke to her favorite mare as she stroked her muzzle with the soft brush. If anyone understood, it seemed to be the animals. Camilla had grown up in poverty in the kingdom, but she never looked upon herself as poor. She worked hard, and though her wages didn't always match her work, she was still appreciative of her ability to work with such fine animals as the King and Queen's horses. Sometimes as she cleaned the stalls and groomed the horses, she would daydream of dancing in the finest garments with the young gentlemen of the day. Reality soon brought her back because she was already 19; she should have been married by now and had at least one child in tow. Oh, Camilla had offers of marriage, but not by the fine gentlemen she wanted to marry. No, the offers made to her were usually from some drunkard or perverse man who just wanted a pussy to sink his cock in whenever he demanded. Though her "status" held her at that level, she knew she was better than that. That could be why she turned to her friends - the King's horses and mutts - for her satisfaction.

Oh, she was a virgin - at least by man's standards. She'd never been penetrated by a man's penis before. She'd made sure of that. But she still had needs and desires that needed attention. She never thought of an animal being below her; actually she'd had the thought several times that the animals she came in contact with were much smarter than their "masters." Therefore, she held no regrets about giving her virginity to a hound first then the King's finest stallion. Camilla's pussy started leaking as she remembered that night in full detail.

*A frightful storm was pelting the stable roof, and the horses and dogs were quite restless. She had been given a room in which to stay, but it reeked of mildew and stale piss. She usually opted to sleep in the barn buried under the clean straw next to her favorite mare. This night, though, was a bit different. The King's carriage was still out. Therefore, she had to stay in the barn to care for the horses when they finally did come in from the storm. She talked in hushed tones to each pacing horse trying to alleviate their fear of the thunder and lightening. Nervous screams of the horses had her on edge though, and she desperately wished she could be anywhere but there at that moment.*

*Just then the stable doors burst open and the horses and carriage were driven in by a soaked driver. Both horses were quite spooked and nearly trampled her when the stable doors slammed closed. She grabbed them by the reins and waited until the other stable-hand could get them loose from their harness. Camilla led the bay stallion Jacynth to the grooming stall to tie him up and take the rest of his harness off. The steam rose from his back, but he stood shivering and nervous. Camilla took great pains to make sure he was groomed before putting his blanket on. As she groomed him and quietly talked to him, he settled down and became more docile. She noticed as she groomed, his sheath had come down revealing his long thick penis. It was covered in dirt and grime. She chuckled to herself that he had probably never had a good scrubbing there. She saw to his immediate needs first. A hot mash with lots of molasses, warm water to drink, and a warm blanket to cover him. Jacynth stood in the grooming stall with head hung low from exhaustion and peacefulness in how Camilla was caring for him. She also made sure the stable boy William was taking care of the other horse Winrar just as she was taking care of her charge. Satisfied he was doing his job properly, Camilla got right back to her stallion. Even with the storm howling outside, and the horses fretting and pawing in their stalls, Jacynth stood there dozing. Camilla thought to go ahead and put him in his stall, but she wanted to be sure that his sheath was cleaned too. There was a thought that crossed the back of her mind, "You know you want to see that huge rod again... don't deny it." Oh, she wasn't denying anything. She wanted to touch it, clean it, and... lick it? Where did that thought*

come from? She shook herself back to reality and put some water on the wood burning stove in the tack room to heat up. She wanted the water to be warm when she cleaned his sheath. Camilla found the mildest soap and quickly returned with the warm water and a soft cloth. She up-turned another wooden bucket that was nearby, and deftly sat beside the big black stallion. Lifting her skirts so they wouldn't get wet, she spread her legs and talked to Jacynth as she sat beside him. She smelled her own warm scent when she spread her legs and breathed deeply. She liked the sweet smell of her own body and liked to touch herself and sniff or lick them after. She couldn't now, though, because the black stallion needed her attention much more than she needed to please herself.

He dozed as she dipped the cloth into the water and soaped his sheath. Her delicate fingers were careful in pulling the folds and getting the crud. Several times Jacynth lifted his tail and swished it in satisfaction as she cleaned him; almost as if he was thanking her. Camilla was careful in cleaning every part of him taking care to not pull off the crud when it was dry, but to fully soak it until it would seemingly melt off his sheath. She took close to an hour to clean him, and found that Jacynth surprisingly kept his cock erect the entire time. She figured that it would hurt after a while, or that he would lose the stiffness after a little while. She caught herself thinking about finding a husband soon, and wondered what his penis would look like. Would it be long and thick like Jacynth's? Would it feel stretchy and smooth? What would it feel like inside her body? Having these thoughts were making her pussy tremble and leak.

Camilla was nearly done with cleaning him when she noticed a drop of something coming out of his hole. She carefully brought his penis up for closer inspection, and caught a whiff of a sweet smell. It wasn't her own smell, but Jacynth's. Then she carefully wiped the drop off with her finger and rubbed the fluid between her finger and thumb. It felt a bit odd to her, but she still decided she wanted to try to taste it. Just a bit on her tongue made her want to go back for more. This time, though, she placed her tongue inside Jacynth's pee hole to see if anymore would come out. He humped his hindquarters toward her and grunted like she'd seen him do after covering a mare. She put her mouth back over his hole and sucked gently. More sweet fluid came out and she felt her pussy leak even more. She looked down and saw a puddle forming around the overturned bucket.

Now it was very late and the storm had subsided, but Jacynth was content to stand in the grooming stall with this kind person taking care of him. He barely even lifted his head when three of the King's hunting hounds clicked down the brick-paved aisle of the barn. The two smaller ones were bitches trying to come in heat. The largest hound was a black and white male named Toby and passed by the grooming stall still following his "lady-friends." When he saw Camilla sitting on the bucket with her skirts up, he trotted over to say "hello." The hound stood on Jacynth's right side near his hindquarters watching Camilla as she cleaned and sucked Jacynth's long penis. He then caught sight and smell of her juices pooling on the grooming stall floor and stood under Jacynth to investigate. Camilla saw him take a quick lick of her juices that were on the floor next to the bucket.

"Toby, go on now! You're going to get kicked by Jacynth. Shoo, you ole hound!" Camilla chided. But Toby would have nothing to do with it. He liked the scent of Camilla, and he liked the taste of her too. When he looked up at her, he caught her strongest scent coming from between her bared legs and twat. He lapped at her most private of private parts and when she felt his cold tongue scraping against her outer folds, she gasped and nearly toppled off the wooden bucket. Toby's nose dove in for more of Camilla's wetness. She moved her skirts aside as much as she could just so she could see what Toby was doing, but more often than not, she was looking at the rafters in the stable. What Toby was doing with his tongue felt heavenly. He had her head dizzy with feelings and her body tense with the upcoming orgasm. Within the next minute, Toby had licked that sensitive nub of hers (the one she played with to get a quick fix) and had her squirting all over his face. She rocked back and forth on the bucket until she finally toppled over. This startled Jacynth from his dozing and he nickered to Camilla.

*Hungry for more, but not sure where to go, Camilla quickly unbuttoned her skirts and placed them over the overturned bucket. Then she knelt over the bucket with her well-proportioned bottom sticking out inviting Toby to mount. He licked her from her juicy cunt to her rosebud hole and had her moaning and in tears for wanting so badly to become a bitch to him. She encouraged him to mount by smacking her own bottom. Taking the cue, Toby mounted and quickly found his mark deep in her cunny.*

*Camilla kept thinking to herself, "Oh! I'm losing my chastity to a dog! Oh, but it feels so good!" she thought to herself. "I can feel him growing inside me! He's so long and thick! I... I don't think I can take anymore of him!" But her body kept pleading for more.*

*Just then, Toby broke through her hymen and Camilla yelped. Jacynth was no longer the docile horse, but rather quite irritated at the excitement beside him that he could not see. Camilla tried to keep her voice down, but could not for the pounding she was receiving from her dog-lover. To Camilla, he was pounding his rod inside her as fast as a hummingbird's wings beat, but he fucked her with as much enthusiasm as he would his favorite bitch-dog. Toby's long front legs grasped Camilla around her waist as he humped his first human bitch, and she felt his hot breath on her neck. His thick red and purple penis penetrated deep into Camilla and seemed to grow with each passing moment. Camilla knew from watching him hump his bitches that he would want to tie with her. The thoughts that were running through her head: "Oh no! He's growing even more! I've got to make sure he doesn't tie with me like he does with the bitches!" But that thought no faster went through her mind that he shoved his knot right in. She yelped, Jacynth neighed, and the stable boy William came to see what was the matter.*

*Camilla was embarrassed when she was caught by the stable boy, but decided to tell him - when she got a chance - that Toby knocked her over from bending down, and decided to mount her. As soon as he saw her condition, though, she saw in his trousers a growing pole. Through spying on men and the wenches they had with them, he had seen the men shove their rods into a woman's mouth, and always wondered what it would feel like. He untied his trousers and pushed them down as fast as he could. Then he picked up Camilla's head by her hair and shoved his dirty cock right into her mouth.*

*We have to remember that in the medieval days, people didn't take showers or baths often.*

*Camilla's eyes were filled with tears as she tried to choke down a cock and the smell, but she tried to have a good time being humped by a dog. Toby's thrusting was slower now because they were tied, but she could still feel his hot fluid rushing in and all around her insides. Now William being inexperienced came too soon, but Camilla still managed to swallow every last nasty-tasting drop of William's come. Because he was done, he tied his pants and walked away... not even thinking to stick around to see what would happen next - if anything would happen - or getting an explanation as to why Camilla was even being fucked by a dog. Camilla felt used, but full and loved the fact that she gave herself to an actual animal and not a maniac human.*

*Jacynth, on the other hand, was not thrilled about the fact that he heard a ruckus and could not see what was going on. When Camilla gave her last cry of orgasm, Jacynth broke the left cross tie so he could swing around and see what was happening to his stable hand. Seeing Toby mounted upon Camilla, Jacynth's cock got stiff and swung back and forth as he contracted his muscles. Not knowing how to get to her, Jacynth pawed in irritation. Finally Toby's knot deflated enough to be able to pull out of Camilla's stretched cunt. She sighed in relief, but knew she had to had Jacynth. As gracefully as she could, she stood up and took the bucket closer to Jacynth. She sat back down on her bare ass on top of the overturned bucket and proceeded to stroke the long, hard rod Jacynth was showing. Just licking it now was not going to satisfy Camilla, though. She wanted to see if she could get penetrated by just the head of his thick penis. "Just the head will be enough, I believe. Oh, I'm*

*sure I won't regret this, but I know it will hurt."*

*She wondered how she should stand. She'd seen many a mare get covered by Jacynth, but knew a woman was not strong enough to hold a mounted stallion. She went on instinct, and just backed up to him using the bucket as a stool to lean on. Reaching back with her right hand, she grabbed Jacynth's cock and brought it to her waiting pussy. She was, of course, still dripping from the encounter from Toby, so she figured she'd have no problem with the lubricant.*

*Once Jacynth's penis head felt the heat radiating from her cunt, instinct took over and he humped so hard that he drove a fourth of his meat into her hole. Camilla cried out in pain. Jacynth didn't stop to see what was the matter this time she cried out, though. His natural instinct took over and he humped his back to get as much of himself inside her as he could. Several seconds ticked by and Camilla found more pleasure now than pain. She felt her pussy suck up every inch of Jacynth's pole that it could. Knowing Jacynth didn't have much stamina, Camilla brought herself to enjoy every moment of this beastly act.*

*Finally with one last thrust, Jacynth flooded her insides with his white hot semen. She felt and heard the slosh of it mixing in her abdomen with Toby's liquid; felt the heat; almost felt the union of sperm and egg – but knew in some way that was not possible. Even after Jacynth withdrew, she felt full. Complete. Camilla tried as much as she could to keep the love potion inside. And she knew from then on, she would only be mistress to any animal, and only certain men fulfilling her requirements.*

*She'd threatened the stable boy William to within an inch of his life if he ever breathed a word of what he saw or did that night. Even now, a year later, he held her secret. She let him watch every now and then when Toby or Jacynth fucked her just to keep his mouth shut; but she never let him stick his nasty straw in her mouth again. She chuckled. Compared to Jacynth – even Toby – every man's meat is the size of a piece of straw.*

*Coming out of her reverie, Camilla found she was done grooming the mare. Time went by so much more quickly when she fantasized herself under Jacynth. As she walked the brushes back to the tack room, she felt the heat and wetness between her legs. She'd have to wait, though, to get any release. She'd heard a rumor that the Queen was looking for a new servant-maid, and figured this would be a perfect chance to make a new name for herself. Of course she loved working in the stable with the horses, but what woman got any where by picking up muck after horses? No, she'd clean up, and tell – show if she had to – the Queen that she was better than any other servant that offered herself.*