

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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For several years now I've been working as a self employed electrician and over the years you get to hear all sorts of stories from people in the trades about bored lonely housewives wanting a bit of fun when a good looking tradesman comes over to do some work. Most of these stories are complete bullshit, created by people who are either desperate to get laid, or by people who want to boost their standing within their circle of friends and work colleagues. Now, a few months back, something happened to me that I can neither tell anybody about, nor would anyone believe me anyway.

It all started one day when I had stopped to get some lunch from a bakery between jobs. I was just about to get into my van when I heard a very sweet sounding female voice behind me. "Excuse me". She said.

I turned around to see an extremely beautiful girl smiling at me. "Hello". I replied "what can I do for you?"

She then told me her name was Helen Brackenshaw and that she needed an electrician and asked if I would be interested in dropping round and giving a quote for some electrical work that she needed doing at her house. Most of what was said was all a blur to me as I was a bit blown away by how gorgeous she was. Still, I handed her my business card and took down her phone number and told her I'd call to arrange an appointment. As she turned and walked away I allowed myself a greedy appraisal of her figure. Even through her blue jeans and yellow T-shirt you could tell she was very athletic with her long legs and her long dark hair that met together at a nicely curved ass and hips. Probably in her late twenties, this girl was stunning.

The following evening I gave the number a call and after a couple of rings the phone was picked up by a man.

"Hello. Mr Brackenshaw speaking". He announced in a deep voice.

"Oh hello, I'm Steven Jonson, the electrician, I spoke to Helen yesterday about some electrical work that you need doing in your home" I said.

Damn! I thought to myself. She's married. Feeling a little deflated I arranged to drop in and take a look at the job anyway.

A few days later I looked up the address I was given on the internet to print off a map. 'Trojan house', sounds very posh I thought to myself and I printed it off and jumped in my van.

After about 40 minutes I arrived at a large stone arched gateway the led into a private drive. The sign on the gate read 'Trojan House and Equestrian Centre'. This place was huge. The driveway followed a winding course through some woodland and after about 100 metres or so the road forked left or right. The left fork was signed for the equestrian centre and the right track for the main house. I followed the path to the house.

The House was a beautiful old stone house with a large wooden door. I reached for the old ornate brass lion head door knocker and banged hard three times. After a minute or two of waiting with no reply I got back in my van and drove round to the equestrian centre.

I parked my van and got out. There were a number of parked cars, several large dogs and couple of people wandering around tending to various tasks Involving horse feed and equipment.

"Hello". I called out to the lady nearest me.

"Hello dear. Are you lost?" She replied in a posh accent.

"I'm looking for Mrs Brackenshaw, do you know where I can find her?" I asked

"I'm sorry" she said, "I believe Mr and Mrs Brackenshaw are away on business".

At this point I was thinking I had been stitched up and was starting to feel a bit pissed off. My

thoughts were suddenly distracted by the sound of approaching hooves. I turned to look at the source of the sound and when I did I was pleasantly surprised and confused to see Helen Brackenshaw riding in on a very large black horse.

She looked stunning, like something from a movie. In one swift movement she swung herself from the horse and landed steadily on the ground next to the lady and I. She wore full riding gear. A black riding helmet with a peak, a black tightly fitted jacket, she wore those sexy cream coloured jodhpurs that rider's wear that are skin tight and make any ass look fantastic. They were so tight that you could just about make out the shape of her cunt underneath. Best of all though was the fact that she carried a little black riding crop, wore long black tight fitting leather boots and her long dark hair was plaited down to her firm ass. The sight of this, and the fact that I've always all had a thing for women in riding gear was making it difficult to concentrate on what anyone were saying to each other.

"Hi Steven, how are you?" she said smiling

"I'm ok, that lady said you were away on business" I replied.

She played with the tip of her plaited hair and said "No, that's my parents that are away".

She then went on to explain that her parents owned the property but were away most of the time on business and that she was left to the running of the equestrian centre herself.

She then went on to show me the electrical work that was needed. As it turned out, the house was just a two minute walk through the trees from the stables instead of driving back up the track. I followed behind Helen through the woods on the narrow single path so I was behind her the whole time. Her long swinging hair and wiggling bum were mesmerising and I could only think of all the filthy things I'd like to do to her.

The job back at the main house turned out to be a lot of work, but I didn't mind as it would be a good earner and I'd hopefully get to see Helen more.

A week later. A week of thinking of nothing but Helen and her sexy body and charming personality. I arrived at Trojan House for my first day of work.

Throughout the day's dealings with wires and sockets and fuses, Helen came by several times. Each time she got more and more flirty. Fluttering her eyelashes, squeezing past so closely that my cock began to stir. Speaking innuendo so potentially filthy that I wanted to leap on her there and then. At the same time though, she had sweet and innocent side that made you question whether you had imagined the other naughtier side.

As time went on, I found myself walking the long way out to the van and back, the way that would take me past the lounge or the kitchen in the hope Helen might be there. On the third day I needed to ask a question about the work. I couldn't find her in the house so I walked over to the stables to see if she was there. As I entered the stable courtyard I called her name out a few times without response. There was nobody else around to ask so I decided to walk back to the house. Just as I turned to walk away, I caught movement in the corner of my eye. It was Helen coming out of one of the stalls.

"Hi Helen" I called.

She was looking a bit nervous and flustered. Her cheeks were bright red and her shirt was a little rumpled.

"Everything ok" I continued.

She wiped her hand across her mouth and cleared her throat then replied "yeah I'm fine, just feeding my horse. The hay bales are quite heavy".

"If you need a hand with anything...just shout" I said.

"Oh thanks Steven, um... were you looking for me?" she said regaining her composure.

"Yes, I wanted to show you something in the house" I replied.

"Will it be long" she said with a smirk in the corner of her mouth.

And so the flirting continued.

On that same day the following week I was back working at Trojan House. When I had another query that needed resolving. Once again I went looking for Helen. She wasn't in the house so I headed over to the stables. It turned out that the equestrian centre had one day a week where not many clients turned up to use the facilities; therefore it was always quiet on these days. Just as I entered the courtyard I saw Helen heading for the same stall as before.

"Helen" I called out.

She turned and walked back over to me.

There was a hint of nervousness in her voice when she said "Hi, everything ok?".

"I've got another question about the job for you " I replied.

She answered my question swiftly and I thanked her.

"You feeding that horse again" I said.

"Um yeah... he's always eating that boy. Probably why he's so big" she grinned.

"You need a hand in there?" I asked.

"No I'm ok for now" She replied "I'll come over the house in a while and make you a tea if you like?"

"Yeah that would be great" I said feebly, disappointed that she didn't take my offer.

I got back to the house and was about to start work again when I realised I'd forgotten to ask what type of socket she wanted in a particular place. "Bloody hell". I grumbled, then set off back to the stables.

On entering the deserted courtyard I was about to call out again but something inside me told me not to. Instead I walk over to the stall where Helen kept her horse. The door was shut and I was about to walk away when I heard a soft groan. Just the horses I thought. No... that was definitely human. I stood for moment no sure what to do, then I quietly moved around the outside of the door to find a gap in the woodwork. There seemed to be no gaps anywhere. Feeling a bit weird I thought I'd just knock and go in. My imagination got the better of me and I imagined Helen in her riding gear spread-eagled on a hay bale masturbating so I skipped the knocking part and just walked in.

Even my dirty imagination hadn't contemplated the sight that greeted me as I entered the horse stall. The room was lit by a single skylight in the roof and was therefore quite gloomy. Hay was strewn all around the floor and in the centre stood Helens big black horse. Beneath the horse was Helen sat on an old rough wooden bench. She was wearing her riding jodhpurs and boots but was naked from the waist up with her large firm breasts exposed and her long pony tail hair hanging between them. In her hands she held the largest penis I had ever seen. Her horse was in an obvious state of arousal, his massive black cock fully out of its sheath, all veins and glistening. Helen was lost in lust and had plunged the cock into her mouth again before she heard me enter the stall.

Finally she looked up and saw me. We were both in a state of shock. I recovered quickly as I felt all my blood rush to my penis. Helen however grabbed her shirt to cover herself but she knew I had seen what she was doing. The horse wasn't trying to hide anything.

I had to say something. Something had to be said.

Back to the earlier conversation "Um...Anything you need a hand with". I laughed.

Helen just stared at me

"Were you getting milk for that cup of tea?" I asked joking.

This time she grinned. Sensing I wasn't horrified, she relaxed.

"What are you going to do now?" she asked with a worried tone.

"I prefer if you carried on what you were doing". I said trying my luck.
She smiled, confidently this time.

Dropping her shirt, exposing her tits, she grabbed to horses cock again and began slowly sliding her hands up and down without breaking eye contact with me. They bulge in my trousers grew larger and larger. Helen broke eye contact and looked straight at my clothed erection and asked "Would you like to fuck me?"

I took a deep breath and replied "I've wanted to do that since I met you outside the bakery".
Still rubbing the horses throbbing shaft, she beckons me to sit next to her on the bench.
I'm there in a heartbeat like a desperate dog.

One of her hands strays to my crotch where she traces the outline of my cock through my trousers.
I'm feeling light headed with desire.

Helen drops from the bench to the floor, on her knees in front of me.

Looking into my eyes she asks "Do you really want to fuck me?"

I groaned "yes".

She unzips my trousers and pulls out my prick which is wet already.

"How badly do you want to fuck me?" She says seductively.

"Real bad". I mutter. Now she's the confident one.

Helen leans forward in one quick movement and engulfs my cock in her mouth for a couple of seconds then pulls away.

"Do you want more?" she asks

"Yes... please" I whisper.

Kneeling in front of me with her breasts on my knees Helen begins sucking my dick. She slides her mouth up and down the shaft covering it in wet saliva. With her free hand she continues to stroke the horses cock alternating her mouth from my penis to the horses.

Helen suddenly stands up and fully undresses. I stand up and fully undress also then say "can you do me a favour?"

"What's that" she replies.

"Can you keep your boots on for me please?" I ask grinning. She laughs aloud and promptly put her boots back on. What an amazing sight, an extremely sexy women wearing nothing but riding boots and a pony tail. She has a nicely trimmed pussy with soft well formed lips with a drip of cunt juice shining at the seam.

We both sat back on the bench next to the horse, Helen starts to suck the horse off again whilst I grab her breast with one hand and stroke her between the legs with the other. I draw my middle finger up and down the line of her opening and slowly it opens wider and I plunge two fingers in as far they will go and begin pumping rapidly into her soaking wet pussy. She's so wet that her cunt juice is splashing slightly as I dip my fingers in, making her thighs glisten. After a minute or two she turns to me a kisses me passionately. There's a unusual taste on her lips. She stands up and straddles me, gripping the base of my cock she squats down over it. The heat and wetness of her cunt drive me wild as she engulfs me and we kiss fiercely. Helen slowly slips up and down my shaft whilst kissing me and still masturbating the horse. The Horse makes the odd occasional snort and shuffles his feet but his cock gives him away.

Helen whispers in my ear "my horse wants to cum"

I reply "so do I". I'm thinking I want to cum soon, I'm also thinking I'd love to see the horse cum all over Helens tits and face.

"I want you to help" she says.

"Ok" I reply, not really thinking it through.

Helen, pumping her wet pussy up and down my swollen dick starts to kiss me slower using her tongue, licking my tongue and lips

I'm so caught up in the moment with my eyes closed enjoying the sensations that I don't see Helen lift the horses cock and push its tip between both our lips. I've already ran my tongue over it a couple of times before I realise.

I pull back sharply and say "I'm sorry I cant"

Helen looks disappointed.

"I don't even know his name" I respond.

"It's Troy" she laughs

And with that we both resume kissing, taking it in turns to lick and suck Troy's huge dark veiny cock. I've never had a cock in my mouth before but if it keeps this girl happy then I'm game. With Helen sat astride me riding my cock, the sounds of pleasure fill the air, groans and gasps mingling with wet squelches and sucking sounds punctuated by the odd whinnie from Troy.

Steadily Troy becomes more and more restless, obviously getting near the point of release. We double our efforts by both using our free hands to rub up and down his full 18 inches of horny horse flesh, sucking and licking faster, running our lips all over his cock head. All of a sudden Troy stands dead still, the huge equine muscles in his legs tense up. The veins in his huge black horse cock seem to throb visibly, then with an almighty whine and a loud snort Troy unloads his seed spectacularly. His cock erupts spurt after hot spurt of thick cum. The first jet catches Helen in the mouth immediately overflowing down her chin. She pulls her head back and takes another spurt all over her face and wrists. She aims the spasming cock at me and I take a blast in the face too. It seems like it's never going to stop cumming, there's spunk everywhere, all over our faces, arms, hair, tits and my chest.

The last couple of spurts shoot directly onto Helens tits creating a river of spunk flowing down through her breasts over her stomach down into her pussy where my cock still slides back and forth giving us even more lubrication around her cunt. Troy's cock falls away spent and flops back underneath him, he's happy and moves away. Helen and I pull closer and kiss deeply, both our bodies covered in horse cum. Our tongues slide over each others mixing saliva with spunk. My cock pistons deeply into her dripping pussy lubricated with horse semen.

Helen begins a slow groaning as her orgasm approaches. Sensing this, my own orgasm begins to grow. Suddenly Helen lets out a loud moan and cums hard, gripping me tightly and digging her nails into my back. I cant hold on any longer and with a roar I cum deep inside her fantastic body. Breathless. Shaking. We both lay down on our pile of clothes on the hay and kiss.

Troy eats hay.