

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Background: During the late sixties and early seventies I was Barbara's lover. She was a beautiful and free spirited woman some twenty five years older than I. A small, red haired and voluptuous woman with large breasts, a narrow waist with a slightly plump belly, a well rounded backside and shapely legs, she turned heads where ever she went and I loved her dearly.

There were women of her generation whose totally uninhibited lust for life led to extreme unhappiness because of the strict moral codes and strait laced hypocrisy imposed on society by the British establishment. She shared many secrets with me during our time together and we remained friends and sometime lovers until she died in 1986 following a brief illness. She was just sixty two years old, but had lived a full and varied life. One of the reasons we drifted apart was because I joined the Navy.

During my time in the Navy we kept in touch through letters...it is only now, some twenty odd years since her death that I feel comfortable sharing some of the letters she wrote to me. I will leave the reader to judge whether it is fantasy or truth. For younger readers, please bear in mind that we English of a certain generation were taught to write letters both formal, informal and personal. However, if a story is to be included then detail is all important although perhaps boring! This is how Barbara chose to write.

My Darling Rab,

For once I was not disappointed when the post arrived this morning. It was wonderful to hear from you again etc, etc. Darling in answer to your question, your shipmates are right, there is a place in Tijuana Mexico and I think the Place Pigalle in Paris (many years ago) which used to put on shows involving animals.

Disgusting they may seem, but sex acts between humans and animals have been recorded over centuries and, for some people this is hugely erotic! Believe me darling, the world is a somewhat bizarre place, but it is good to know you're still the same naive young man I fell in love with. To confirm these things do happen I will let you into a secret.

Now what I am about to tell you is a recollection of an experience I witnessed when I was a young woman in my early thirties. The incident took place during a solo walk in the Yorkshire Dales in 1956 not far from where we spent our first night together so you will be able to imagine the scene darling:-

It was a beautiful sunny morning when I left the Inn and headed up the narrow lane towards the upper fells. The landlord's wife had packed into my small shoulder- bag, some home made bread and cheese together with a bottle of Dandelion & Burdock to enjoy as a picnic lunch. I had been walking for about an hour, stopping once or twice to look through my binoculars at anything of interest, when the clouds started to gather.

The increasing humidity and distant rumble of thunder signalled a summer shower within the next few minutes. Dressed as I was in only a thin cotton dress and walking shoes, I didn't want to get soaking wet. There was no shelter along the lane, but looking into a field about 500 yards away there was one of those old stone barns cut into the hillside.

Quickly I climbed the gate and ran down the steep hillside and reached the door to the barn. It was locked! The wind had increased and the first drops of rain had started to fall outlining the brassiere and knickers beneath my dress as I desperately looked around. Then I noticed the stone steps leading up the outside of the barn to another door. This door was thankfully open and I managed to

close it behind me as the storm broke and the rains poured from the heavens. I could hear one, perhaps more animals moving around in the stalls below the loft, but never gave them a second thought.

Feeling peckish, I set about making myself an improvised table from one of the hay bales and ate my lunch. The rain continued to hammer down so I moved a couple of more bales together, scattered some loose hay on top and made myself comfortable. The warmth of the barn and the pattering of the rain became almost hypnotic and soon I had drifted off to sleep.

The sound of voices and the main door being unlocked woke me up and I rolled over towards the edge of the loft and looked down on to the lower part of the barn. Standing in the doorway was a wizened man of around seventy years old and a younger woman perhaps in her late forties. I could hear them talking in low voices and I was about to call out to them, when I heard him say "Are you sure you still want to do this, I ain't forcing you lass!"

"Course I'm sure you old fart," she replied with a smile. "You've been on at me for years to try it and as you ain't getting any younger I reckon now is as good a time as any... an' I've been thinking about it quite a lot lately."

Well my darling, I am as curious as the next woman and decided to see what they were about to try, but I would never have guessed at anything so wickedly repulsive yet so sexually stimulating and exciting!!

Quietly I watched as the woman took her dress off. Her husband (for I'm certain he was) had locked the door again. Thankfully the sun had come out again and the light was streaming in through the window slots creating an almost theatre like lighting effect.

The man then dragged a vaulting horse (the type which are common in gymnasiums) into the centre of the barn. The "horse" had been modified with the wooden legs having been shortened at the end which curves downwards. This would suggest an element of expectation and planning on his part. He then began to undress and I have to admit that despite his age, and although he wasn't hard, he was very well endowed. His wife strolled over to him and started to caress his penis.

She was dressed only in an open bottomed girdle, nylon stockings and brassiere. Although carrying a little extra weight, she was blessed with a figure not unlike my own and had been very pretty when she was younger. The woman took the head of her husband's penis into her mouth, but despite her best efforts his penis remained limp.

"Come on lass, it ain't doing any good, but at least we can get you sorted," the man said as he gently helped his wife up and led her to the "horse". Laying her face down, he tenderly kissed her neck and gently stroked the insides of her thighs. Her legs parted and I was able to see the thick bushy hair below the girdle. The sun caught a drop of moisture on the pink slit now clearly visible through her bush.

Reaching over to his jacket pocket, the man took out a sealed jar which contained a stained cotton pad. He then smeared the area of his wives slit with the pad before replacing it in the jar. From the stalls beneath me I heard the stamping and whinnying of a horse which had been quiet until the cotton pad had been used. I gently reached over for my binoculars and was rewarded with an even clearer view.

Her husband then walked out of sight to the stalls and returned leading not a horse, but a small pony. The pony was not as small as a miniature, nor as large as a Shetland, but was clearly sexually aroused with a black shiny penis of about twelve inches long jutting out at an angle from his belly.

The man asked his wife once again if she wanted it to happen. She looked back at the pony and replied "he is little bigger than you, I can manage him" and with that the impatient pony was led to the waiting wife.

The pony sniffed at the slit of the woman and lifted his head, curling back his lips as if tasting the scent. Then suddenly the long black penis stiffened even further as the pony mounted the "horse" thrusting forwards. At first his penis slipped between the girdle and the woman's belly, but the man managed to pull the pony back and, taking hold of the black rigid penis managed to guide it to his wife's moist slit. I watched in fascination and not a little frustration as I saw the pony thrust again, this time his penis slipping easily in to her welcoming slit. She gasped as the pony continued to thrust deep into her, her husband was kneeling by her side whispering to her, "Is he hurting you lass? Is he in too deeply?"

"No he's fine, oh my he feels so hot! oh my god I never dreamt it could be like this," she sobbed followed by a long drawn out moan. "Oh my he is filling me, he's coming! It feels so hot oh! Oh! Ooooh!"

By now darling I was using one hand to look through the binoculars and the other had strayed beneath my knickers. I could see the moment of climax as the slick black penis shuddered whilst tight up inside the woman. The pony's semen was forced back through her channel and literally flowed down her thighs, congealing on her nylons and gathering in sticky, yellowy white pools on the floor. The pony spasmed one last time and then withdrew.

The head of the penis was still flared and the woman was rewarded with one last jet of semen which sprayed her bush as he dismounted. It's black penis glistened shiny and wet with his semen and the juices of the man's wife. Through the woman's hairy bush I could see her pink open labia, shiny with semen as the sticky fluid still trickled over her clitoris before dripping to the ground.

The woman began to raise herself from the "horse", but her husband had stepped in between her legs and I was amazed to see he had managed a huge erection which was pushed through the slimy mess of his wife's bush as he too thrust into her. He was rewarded with moans of passion as his wife pushed back to meet his thrusts. Finally the two of them rolled over and held each other close. I don't know what they were saying to each other, but they were both very happy and contented.

Well my darling, the pony was led back to his stall, the couple dressed and left the barn and I took a brisk walk back to the Inn. Yes my darling, I found it all very arousing and, following a hot bath was able to satisfy myself as I always have done whenever I am between lovers.

I learned from the landlord at the Inn (without giving away details of what I had seen) that the couple were a local farmer and wife. Everyone in the village had been surprised she had spurned younger suitors to marry a man some twenty odd years her senior. Well we know the answer to that one don't we?

I will close now my darling, I must confess I am aroused just through writing to you about this experience. I long for us to be together again etc. etc...

Your very own,

Barbara

Barbara had been very aroused, but also touched by what she had seen. She saw it as an example of the extent to which people will go to ensure their partner's happiness. From time to time she actively sought out like minded people including the farmer and his wife to experience for herself in

some cases, to observe in others. I will in time tell her stories. They will be told as she told them to me.