

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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I would like to place some text in another language but didn't know how to.

"Shit! Hope she's not riding mine," sniggered Darryl Henderson.

"Fuck me, whose horse is that?" chortled Dick France.

"It's one of the Aaaarabs! "chuckled Penny Mordaunt, the owner of Bicycle27, the thoroughbred racehorse with a stable name of Bike, Darryl trained and Dick was to ride in the six furlong dash at Goodwood. "She's not a rider you silly chump, just a groom stable girl."

"I know that ... tell you what, I'm partial to a bit of flesh, she could ride me," giggled Dick.

"Yooouuu? You'd get lost under her assuming you're going to let her go cowgirl," chortled Penny, gazing at Dick's tiny, half starved, wiry, nine and a bit stone, jockey frame clad in her silks of pink and cream.

"He'd be floundering around on top of her, like a fly on a balloon, looking for it, telling her to fart and give him a clue," roared Darryl.

"Well she's unusual to say the least," said Penny. "Don't see many stable girls wearing a Hijab, but I suppose the way the Emirates and Qatar are financing horse racing, it was bound to happen. She looks Arab herself and the stallie well he's a beauty, she's happy holding and leading him although he's a bit frisky."

"Yeah he's second favourite after Bicycle27 today." added Darryl, studying his race card.

"Where is my boy anyway?" asked Penny peering round the ring.

"Coming Penny, never let him be first up you know. He'll be here." Darryl told her, thinking he'd like to get his owner cumming - again after being first up today in the twenty seven year old wealthy racehorse owner.

He thought she looked the dogs ballocks with her wavy fair hair blowing in the stiff breeze across the South Downs, blowing in from Portsmouth. Under the hanging loose, full length camel coloured overcoat coat with the fur trimmed collar, she was wearing a red and black tartan dress with a black belt over knee length suede high heeled boots. He'd personally pulled on her natural tan sheer stockings with his teeth, finally carefully clipping the suspenders while she played with him - dangling her big, low slung boobs over his concentrating face on her lap, after a boozy lunch at The Swan Hotel, Arundel.

Her prize stallion arrived in the parade ring to a flurry of interest and TV presenters. God! He looked magnificent, she thought. His gleaming black coat with two white front pasterns flashed in the low spring sun. Penny's eyes went straight to Bike's sheath. The floppy silken folds that shielded the flare of his penis were ebony and matt and she thought of the morning visit at six am before the stable staff were on duty and how she had manipulated the very same sheath, persuading Bike's cock to drop, helped by her searching hand and fingers inside the sheath.

Her deceased father Sir Reynouf Pauncy Mordaunt QC, had stressed on her that high bred machines like his string of racehorses and indeed him liked nothing better to perform after the loving touch of a girl's hand on their cocks. Having bought this one from a disgraced owner, who she had screwed in Paris after the October Longchamp racing to negotiate a twenty grand discount, she had renamed

him to go with her long term Marlborough College nick name - Bicycle, hence Bike. After all Penny was known as the school bike, due to being ridden regularly ... and she'd calculated back to near enough twenty seven school shags.

Jockeys were mounting their steeds for the very fast, straight down the hill gallop.

"Get me the big prize you beautiful beast Bike," she whispered patting his gleaming flanks. Not adding a promise to suck him off that evening if he did, but she would anyway. Two hundred and fifty thousand pounds was a prize worth having even to the woman who owned Europe's largest safety barrier and road cone manufacturers The Hijab wearing stable girl, now free of the prancing dancing thoroughbred waddled past Darryl's group leaving a waft of exotic perfume, to stand a long way behind Sheikh Hamed Bin Nubiul and his entourage of eleven well heeled Middle Eastern men, some in suits, some in Arab dress. Penny sidled much nearer to her, just for interest. The girl was wearing thick, black, school type, tinted spectacles emphasising her already very dark eyes heavily made up with kohl make-up. Her henna tattooed hands, grasping a flute of champagne, were quite delicate Penny thought for someone used to stable work handling forks, shovels, brooms, saddlery and shit.

She cowered away from Penny's presence as the Sheikh sauntered up, thinking he would want to speak with the glamorous owner of the favourite in the next race, but he stayed on line towards the stable girl. He muttered to her and she scampered heavily away. He went back to his group said something and broke away in the direction of the stables. Penny had other things on her mind and joined her group and they aimed for the grandstand and private boxes.

"Sanaa, I haven't a lot of time, just take those off," Sheikh Hamed el Nubiul growled. The girl was already holding her knee length, dark mauve skirt up while he gestured at her jeans and shoes.

Down they went and off and he grinned with satisfaction seeing her white, lace patterned stockinged legs and the blinding white suspenders, in a strong contrast to her swarthy Bedouin colouring. He pointed to the stable side where there was a table laden with various grooming tools. Sanaa got to it and bent over the table presenting a big fat arse to the Sheikh. He lifted his thobe and heaved out his cock already stiff and standing at forty five degrees, due to his habit of over dosing Viagra and having already buggered a stable lad and shagged a plump Irish waitress in his hotel that day. He swiped his hand between Sanaa's spread thighs, grabbed the gusset of her expensive white panties and ripped them off.

"A birthday gift for my son," he tittered, sniffing them luxuriantly before stuffing them in his shirt pocket. He rammed into Sanaa's dark brown hairy anus with no foreplay making her lurch with both surprise and not a little pain. Like one of his thoroughbreds, he ploughed hard and deep into her low caste fundament just as the whim had taken him viewing a racehorse mare, jockey on board, circling the parade ring dropping a pile of steaming, soft, light brown shit on the tarmac. Sanaa's very plump rump rocked and rolled, the flesh non stop in it's constant action under the rhythmic shunts. A roll of her belly was trapped against the edge of the table, but Sanaa dared not complain, she would have lost her job. He climaxed quickly and grunted leaning against her sturdy butt until he straightened up, sharply slapped her massive buttocks and pulled out. He wiped his cock on her fleshy bum globes and white lace stocking tops, ignoring a bit of a brown stain, stuffed it back in his shorts, smoothed his thobe and strolled out towards the grandstand which one of his friends had built and paid for, just in time to hear the loudspeaker announce they're off.

Sanaa in the meantime had wiped her arsehole using her skirt, pulled on her jeans and shoes and waddled to the rails to see the race run. She had a plentiful supply of pants in her bag in the handlers room and thought she would wait till later. She was glad the Sheikh hadn't noticed her tampon string and there again thought it would have made no difference if he wanted to fuck her cunt. He would anyway, regardless of previous plugs.

The thrill of the race got to Penny especially when Bycycle27 was a head in front all the way. She leaned against the end of one of her manufactured hard barriers, thankful the designer had chosen a rounded stub end and surreptitiously rubbed her crotch on it. She would use anything as a stimulus to her hungry pussy and right now Bike needed her strongest will. He won by a nose in a record time for the track. Champagne flowed.

What a smashing arse, Big Rick Strawbridge thought, before the immense crowds started to drift away from the rails to either collect their winnings or sob into their beers over the result. Sanaa's denim clad bum was alluring in its splendid roundness as she bent over the white rails close to the action, loving the sound of thundering hooves. Both of them were relieved from further immediate duties for half an hour; Rick had left his bookies stall under Betty, his wife's control being the money mind of the bookmaker's business, Sanaa was off duty with horses until the penultimate race. The Sheikh not having an entry in the next.

He sidled up behind her, swaying in the heaving crowd aiming and succeeding to be swept up against the adorable dark blue globes. He nudged her butt with his groin, but that was nothing new in the thousands thronging the area. She ignored it and then again. Ahh! It was usual she thought. The third time, she glanced back over her shoulders, trimming her Hijab out of her view to see the massive, burly, ruddy complexioned man with the biggest handlebar moustache she's ever seen. Black face fungus on men was the norm where she came from but Rick's growth was an attractive grey brown colour, somewhat tinted gingerish by the cigars and cigarettes constantly in his mouth and reached out either side of his mouth by at least four inches.

It must have been his finger and it was, prodding up the rear of her jeans. They were so close his actions were not detected by any bystanders or shufflers. She might have dribbled the Sheikh's cum from her arsehole but didn't care; it was the touchy feely man's problem now and she enjoyed the secret aspect of his furtive feels. She turned her face and grinned back at him, but the crowd was thinning dramatically and he ceased touching her and sauntered away.

Flushed with the success of Bike, the thrill of the prize ceremony, the pocketing of a pile of cash in cheque form, the receipt of a handsome trophy and the adulation of the crowd Penny earmarked young Dick France, alongside her, for a particularly personal show of gratitude. He had no more rides that day and didn't have to be helicoptered away to another racecourse.

In the jockey's bar, young Dick was enjoying the fruits of his success, having only one small glass of the house white, watching his weight as always. He had changed from his silks, breeches and boots and was dressed in jeans and a black bomber jacket over a colourful casual shirt. Penny's nonchalant entrance created a big stir, the jockeys hushed in awe; all male apart from two females at her spectacular stroll to the noisy group. Penny's eyes apart from the fixation on her target were distracted for a moment by the tight pert bottoms of Hayley Turner, now retired but interviewing Kirsty Milczarek for Channel 4 TV who was in her racing gear as against Hayley in slacks. She dragged Dick to one side and whispered to him.

"I called you here to thank you Dick my boy," Penny grinned, altering her high heeled stance amongst the straw of the luxurious Ketterer horse box that transferred the thoroughbreds from place to place.

"But maam ... what we doing in ... heeerrreee? he gasped as Penny hung her coat up and unzipped her dress. The box smelled of horse shit, but had been cleaned ready for the return home. Her dress joined her coat and she stepped up to Dick, wearing only her brassiere, light tan hold up stockings, frilly bright red panties and boots and thrust her hand under his crotch, hefting what she had rightly guessed was a substantial package.

"I thought this was supremely appropriate to give my favourite jockey his bonus Dicky," she slurred, the Moet and Chandon taking it's toll. "Do me against the wall." she giggled, his flies already lowered. "Oh my!!!"

Her manicured fingers stroked the full five inch, heavy flaccid stretch of his cock already throbbing with growth. Dick thought it best to humour her and thrust his hand inside her panties finding it smooth and wet as he found her slit.

She positioned her seething self comfortably against the wall knowing she could hold on to various straps and ropes, normally used to fix the animal tethers to when in transit.

"Bbbuuut! There's a proper bbbbed and sststststuff through therrrrreee," he stammered as he felt his knob end being inserted in her quim passing the silk of her thrust aside panties.

"Shut the fuck up Dick. Just dick me..." she giggled. "here like there's no tomorrow and not a word about this OK?"

He rammed at her, getting the message and instruction, his lack of height and weight of no consequence in the animal like shag she wanted. Penny hung onto a pair of handy brackets for support and stretched her legs as wide as possible to position her vagina lower, allowing her to tilt her crotch forward getting his hard thick cock up as far up her twat as it could go.

Her bare butt crashed against the hard wall as young Dick ploughed relentlessly as she had hoped a young 18 year old boy would. His penis was playing lovely tunes on Penny's clitoris as it surged in and out past it.

"I'm cumming Dick," she screamed. "Ooohhh yeesssssssssss!"

"So ... ammmmm I I I I I, " Dick grunted, his cum fountaining high in his comely boss's mott.

They stayed locked together for a few minutes panting and gasping, his head buried under her chin until his penis slid out. Swiftly she straightened her panties and tried to stem the greasy flow of his cum. He grabbed the end of a kitchen roll perched on a nearly spike and thoughtfully gave it to Penny. He tucked up his wet cock and dragged up his jeans while she smiled, wiping her wet slimy crotch.

"I think I have to thank you Maam," he chuckled. "That was one hell of a bonus," he snickered holding her red and black dress.

"Just don't expect that every time matey," Penny chuckled accepting her coat on top of her dress, thinking about giving Bike his bonus later.

Dick let her leave the enormous vehicle first and snuck out a few moments later by another door, a quarter of an hour later, not seeing Sanaa and the Sheikh's complete entourage of men hurrying to the stables, as the big truck was concealing the main path. Samir the Sheikh's 15 year old birthday boy was satisfied the doors were locked as Sanaa disrobed in a stall containing Fuurkme, the losing stallion to Penny's champion and eleven excited Arabs who were also taking their clothes off. The fat Bedouin girl sort of performed a strip tease routine, the men more eager to see the high spot of her show and not particularly her naked fatty frame. They all had wives, several each in fact as fat and maybe more ugly than Sanaa back home and of course several mistresses, girlfriends and shag partners keen to earn a lot of money in cities across the world.

She stooped under Fuurkme and lasciviously fondled the big grey stallion's sheath. Cooing to the horse all the time he dropped and some of the group gasped at both the speed his two feet long cock descended as well as it's length and three inch thickness. Sanaa used a trick she had been taught by the Sheik's grand mother and soon Fuurkme's long piece was slapping, unaided by the girl, against his belly.

"aajndnfl r kemamalkmt meelk lpytmr akaiot edksn... !" giggled Samir, in other words, "He's trying to jerk one off against his belly."

That got a ripple of laughter from the other men, some of whom were too occupied with jerking off themselves or their nearest neighbour, because they could reveal and enjoy themselves as poofers away from their native lands.

The big fat lass laid down on a stool pushed in at her request and spread her legs, levering the massive horse penis lower until it rubbed her hairy cunt. Some men gasped others leered, some wished they could be the horse as she shuffled on the stool and gradually infiltrated Fuurkme's flanged cock end between her hairy cunt lips. Fuurkme snorted and looked round and down, stamping gently with his hind legs and continued munching his hay.

More guttural Arabic spouted from Sanaa and Samir knelt beside her, feeling and sucking her immense floppy knockers which were bunched together in a cushiony pile between her arms while she fondled the powerful stallion's powerful cock.

The glossy pink flange was way too large to be sucked completely, but Sanaa was experienced in equine sex and dipped her tongue into Fuurkme's sperm socket filled hole as she manipulated the rigid hard shaft behind it. The stallion snorted, looked back at her again, stamped his forelegs this time and suddenly a gush of thick semen fountained from his flange which had swiftly increased in diameter. The men cheered not quite spooking the thoroughbred but he gazed around and stamped again. The flow spewed out, thick and creamy, Sanaa swallowing as much as she could. Samir managed to stay clear of the gush on his Western style clothing.

The fountain ceased and just dripped, the stallion's cock waning a little but still heavy, long and sporting a four inch wide flare. Sanaa offered the youth a choice of order in the two holes he would be penetrating as part of his birthday celebrations. He decided on a bestial one first, so she dragged the stool round the back of Fuurkme's rump telling him to expose his cock. Samir Bin Hamed el Nubiul removed his designer jeans and Calvin Kleins, grinning to the raucous male accompaniment. displaying and wagging his not small tool at them proudly. He stepped onto the stool and pushed his flaccid cock into the big round shiny bulb of the stallion's rectum.

The heat inside and some pressure soon made him grow and Sanaa urged him to fuck the horse with a now substantial dick. The men urged him on with gestures and sounds, some of them cumming them selves and ignoring any mess, most of it being splashed down bare legs. Samir orgasmed with

a yelp leaning against Fuurkme's rump as he sprinkled rather than flooded the big capacity tank he was buried in. He pulled out, pleased with his cum dribbling down the stallion's crack, then feeling Sanaa's hands sucking and teasing his erection back.

She knelt on the straw and gobbled the equine anally tainted penis, teasing it with hands and mouth until she felt it was ready and lay down gesturing her boss's son to fuck her. Of course her had two options and opted for the big hairy gash she was holding open for him. He climbed on board easily and stuffed a semi hard dick in her hairy cunt with relish. The crowd cheered and the stallion shied a little but they were safe watching the celebration cabaret. Samir took longer with not his first female shag. His father's tribe had practised the same virtually from when he could stand up, so sisters, mothers, daughters, grand mothers, servants - no matter who they were attached to were likely to get the benefit of teaching the young Sheikh apparent about the fundamentals of life.

After he pulled out and wandered back to the bars where the Sheikh was holding court, Sanaa was available to any of the men who remained at the stables to do whatever they wanted. Some followed Samir into her cunt, some her arse hole, sometimes with other men fucking her mouth and some opting to give Fuurkme the benefit of their own Bedouin tribe, right up his anus. One very slender queer attempted to tease the stallion's prick back out and hard, but failed miserably, flouncing away in a huff.

Penny received a text, making her detour via London for an urgent meeting. By the time she got back to her home and stables, she was not only tired, but security was in full force after the triumphant welcome home party Bicycle27 received. She decided to forego Bike's win bonus to a later date. She wandered to the party and accepted the plaudits and a few more glasses of Moet. Darryl was in his element, Dick was subdued and seemed fixated on her.

"Hello boy!" Penny petted Darryl's new golden retriever Willie. The big furry hound enjoyed her fussing and feeding him snippets from the banqueting table. She was expecting a call from her brother returning from Australia and sure enough her land line extension trilled across the party yard. She excused herself and hurried back to her house, still in her racing trim of red and black dress and knee length suede boots. Penny rushed inside, intending to rush back out to join in with the jollities. She trotted through to her study where the nearest telephone was and grabbed it.

Willie had followed her indoors, wandered around, sniffing boots, shoes, a scarf draped over the stair post and then lay quietly studying the mistress of the house, not knowing that behind her on the wall was a photo - one of many - of Penny at a black tie awards ceremony arm in arm with the legendary flat jockey Willie Carton. The great man was dwarfed between her and Darryl Henderson who had booked WC for many successful rides. Hence the dog was Willie. Penny grinned down at the retriever as she talked into her landline thinking how quiet he was for a new kid in the block as it were, new to the owner, the yard and Penny.

Young dogs and new surroundings can often be troublesome, especially for others than their owners and she was in that category, but Willie was docile. She reached down to scratch an itch in her groin and thought about her little play with Bike that day. Her dress material wasn't thick but there was a satin lining to it and she couldn't quite get her fingers to the spot about half way down her pudenda.

"Yes I'm still here Marcus, just moving the handset," she giggled to the caller, her brother, who had been on a flight from Melbourne and was calling to give her congrats. She leaned to reach the hem and hauled it up, transferring the hand to her groin. Now she had easy access to the trouble spot.

Willie raised his head and looked at the different activity, lazily licked his genitals and his arse and settled his head back on his forelegs.

"Yes darling ... see you tomorrow ... yes do that ... Oh! You know ... here alone ... big party out ... side yes, oh! Not actually alone - Darryl's new puppy ... not a puppy, big lovely dog is here yes he's a Golde ... yes that's right ... you'd never believe it, he's watching me and licking his cock ... yes ... as you do ... no ... a figure of speech you don't and can't ... I'll bet you can't ... hah hah!" she gurgled, watching Willie's red knob end emerge from his sheath.

The itch seemed satisfied and she dropped her dress, not bothering about the wedgie she'd worked up in all her activity since Dick's foray past the silk briefs earlier in the day. Willie looked at her with big sad eyes, his tongue lolling by his chops, his nose now in the air sniffing, then he resumed licking himself. Penny's call ended and she was reminded of JP, Darryl's previous canine companion, a golden Labrador named after a famous jump jockey. JP had been a naughty dog when it came to be round females, always sticking his snout up the nearest skirt. Penny wondered why Willie wasn't so inclined ... is there such a thing as a gay dog? she pondered. Fancy entertaining a canine poofta, she giggled to herself. How dare he be royally treated as my guest and ignore me she chuckled. Then the itch started again.

Willie's willy had appeared, quite rightly when you think about, being licked was as near to foreplay a dog would get. Penny remembered how JP would jump up if she was bent doing something, he'd even tried to mount her head, stupid mutt! when she was bent low examining a loose shoe on her hacking steed on the gallops with Darryl. She had enjoyed the bestial acts; only two with JP and golly he was good, she recalled. Her fervent mind raced, a cock is a cock and she always liked cock. Maybe she could teach the young dog a trick or two as he seemed to be uninterested in her skirt. Short time available she mused, and as long as she prevented him knotting her it might just work. She dialled Darryl on his mobile and explained she was delayed and it was OK Willie was with her and yes behaving. He promised to pick him up when leaving and if she went to bed, leave Willie in the utility room.

Penny locked all the doors apart from the outer utility, the inner to the kitchen secured. She trotted eagerly to the study, Willie following every step. Her Chesterfield business chair was pushed to one side and she hung her dress on it. Willie was active only in interest watching her doing things. She decided to keep her stockings on and removed her bra, rubbing her freed up boobs from the congestion within. Her briefs were rolled down slowly while she waited for the retriever to take an eager interest as JP had done even before any flesh was revealed. Hmm! No interest whatsoever, so she stood wide legged against her desk, then turned and thrust out her butt, shaking it, maybe releasing some odours from her long not so arduous, but pleasing day. Hmmm! Nothing.

Like her father - a real go getter, Penelope Dorothea Madison Mordaunt was determined to try and breathe some life into the hound. She knelt down and immediately received a welcoming fuss, licking, tail thumping, trunk trembling, pouncing dog as she expected. She checked his dew claws and found them not long and sharp, she bent to all fours and Willie continued fussing round her face and head, in one case lifting one of his paws onto her shoulder ... maybe a good sign, she thought.

Penny slapped her bare butt, calling him round there. The dog took notice and walked all round returning to fuss with her head and face from the opposite side.

She grabbed his furry neck and tried to physically drag Willie's snout round to her arse, patting her butt with the other hand. Reaching back and low Penny grabbed one of his fore paws and turned her torso towards it, at the same time raising the leg. He didn't even sniff. She widened her kneeling legs as wide as possible and reached with both hands between her legs, located her cunt lips and

flattened them to both side, exposing membranes and folds of lush, wet, pink, wide open pussy. Her heart leapt feeling his snout sniffing it and one cursory lick then Willie licked her face and lay down.

She wondered whether to call it a night and frig herself to satisfaction but tried again, patting her rump, calling him on. This time he attempted a leap up with both legs and Penny sensed a moment of truth, now or never, grabbing both of Willie's front legs, pulling him on while shuffling back to him. Releasing her hold he backed off and lay down watching her as if come on more playing. She tried another tack swinging round, feeling for his sheath and manipulating it. An inch of his cock emerged as she massaged the length of his sheath feeling the knot way back in the furry folds.

His knob end was cutely pointed and poking at her. Penny kept up the stroking feeling motion and could feel the strength of his shaft growing. The dog actually looked round under it's belly to see what was going on and soon she had the magnificent sight of a six inch long glistening thick cock wobbling in her hand. She glanced at it's solidity, it's pale mauve to crimson shades varying where tiny veins accumulated and the scarlet colour of his cock end. Incredibly Willie started to hump her hand. She let that happen in a moment of triumph and then dared to slide under Willie reaching through and grasping the wagging, unruly, unbelievably thick member.

Aahhh! success a strong sticky hold, he didn't seem to mind and yes yes yes! he mounted Penny. As best she could with what she'd earlier worked out he was a virgin she guided, pulled and cajoled Willie's willy closer until she could sense the spray and dribbles of his juices hitting her desperately hungry twat. Edging back gently she felt the familiar stab of a sex object entering her pussy. He was difficult to keep hold off, but she had to let him have his way. Willie's exuberance, slowly realising the joy he could experience if he persisted and the frantic fast thrusting ramming pace he had adopted was all it needed.

Penny growled her thanks to herself for persevering as Willie gained full purchase standing on her lower legs, tearing her stocking with his back paws. The depth and speed with which he was ploughing her cunt was astonishing. Her long low slung knockers dragged on the floor and the rough textured hard wearing carpet rasped excitedly on her nipples. His grip round her waist was hairy soft in touch but powerful in it's tightness. She felt he at last realised his alpha male dominance, his head panting and dribbling over one shoulder then the other. How pleased and totally fulfilled she was in return.

Willie ceased rutting at the time she felt an extra large presence in her very wet minge. Oddly she hadn't felt pain as she had once before with JP. Maybe Willie was smaller in the knot, but she knew what was happening, sensing the gallon like quantity he was pumping up her sex spout. Then something she hadn't experienced with the Labrador happened. Willie's right leg waved around at her side, mild wrenching and twisting sensations troubled her twat for a few second then his leg seemed to thrash around across her back and suddenly she was tied in classic canine fashion - arse to arse.

She attempted a pull and aborted the idea quickly when Willie whined. For some inbuilt reason he stayed quiet and still, occasionally pulling but stopping that quickly, trying to get free of Penny's clamp round the bulb of his much much larger knot.

"Gawd! Willie, we're stuck now literally," she snickered.

Tired and weary in mind and body Penny was aware of her situation. She had time ... if she didn't fall asleep on the job so to speak. There again Willie would be free to go ... but the door through ... still locked fuck! She never thought she would be thinking hurry up willy get out of my cunt.

Ten achy minutes later, Penny was free, laying alongside Willie who was contentedly licking his massive dick. She watched fascinated at it's burly and yes brutal lump and size reduced before rising and opening the door to the utility. She put a bowl of water and some dry biscuits out for the dog who this time wasn't her eternal shadow and trotted through a few minutes later. While stooping with Willie's nightcap his sperm dribbled out on to the clay tiled floor, which she wiped with a rag and kissed him again. She checked once more, kissed, cuddled and felt his sheath as a last good night, locked the door, hearing him whine, but that soon subsided.

Shower tomorrow she decided, she would wallow in whatever juices seeped from her, the cleaner could take care of that. She rested her head. What a day. Shagging Darryl ... again. A massive win beating the rag heads and a huge prize. Shagging the young jockey and finally an educational session with virgin Willie.

She slept well.

The End