

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Another interesting story I was sent, but written by a person whose English wasn't their first language. I think it needed publishing in the right place and hope it reads well.

The 23 year old Norwegian Ingrid Steerstorme cheered along with the crowd as the horses crossed the two mile finishing line. Fenella had invited her new stable manager and Gofer, to watch her and Trencher race. While Trencher had not won, the thrill of the competition had Ingrid all charged up. She clapped and cheered as the winning jockey and his horse posed for pictures. Fenella and Trencher drew a crowd for coming in second, and for her family's reputation of raising champion race horses. The winner of today's race, Dragonara, was one of theirs sold to an oil magnate from the United Arab Emirates so his son could play at being manager.

"Ingrid" Fenella beckoned to her to come up and be in the photo. Ingrid trotted over as fast as she could in the confines of her outfit at her boss's commands and stood beside Trencher and smiled for the cameras. She hoped her attire wouldn't betray her status. Unlike the other ladies in their Gucci, Givenchy and Chanel dresses, she had found hers in an up market charity shop in Arundel. It was a mottled grey scoop neck pencil dress, which exposed two inches of snow white cleavage with a black beret and black birdcage veil. To try and add some added classiness she had a black leather belt round the midriff section.

"Michael!" A booming voice was heard over the din of the reporters. An Arab in full flowing gear in his forties or fifties strode forward and shook the winning jockey's hand. "I'm glad to see my family's money has a not gone to waste."

"Samed Basm." Fenella Hashwillow, lady of the manor at Ernley Estate and Stud, whispered in Ingrid's ear. "Heir to the Basm conglomerate of petroleum products."

"Thank you sir." The jockey replied. "And it's Marco."

"Come, let's celebrate." Samed clapped a hand on the jockey's shoulders and led him away without any indication he heard the correction.

"I have to clean my tack first." Marco protested, gesturing to his horse.

"Your tack will still be here after." Samed said, not taking no for an answer. "And I have people for cleaning. It is not something my championship rider should worry about."

Samed waved at some workers, who immediately went and led the horse away. Fenella's people led Trencher away so she could be free to keep up appearances in the clubhouse. Ingrid slipped away while the crowd followed the winner and the runner-up. Going around to the stables she watched the horse crews remove their saddles and give the horses a thorough wash down, storing them in stalls before leaving for the clubhouse. Is free food and expensive booze enough to get you away from your duties? Ingrid thought and hoped, as she watched them leave. Ingrid approached the stables that held Trencher and Dragonara.

"Hello there." Ingrid stroked Dragonara's muzzle. "You're the real winner here, aren't you? Not that jockey Marco or that puffed up buffoon Basm."

Ingrid quickly looked around, to check if there were any other grooms still busy, before entering Dragonara's stall. "You are simply magnificent." She said while stroking his flank and body. She stroked down against his sheath and felt the knob of his hard shaft inside it. Thinking about his hard cock, or any animal genitalia got her heart racing. She stroked her hand back up his body and

hugged him around the neck. She nuzzled her face into his hair. It was still damp from his wash but she could sense the warmth of his body. He smelled faintly of sweat and musk. She ran her fingers through his mane and kissed his cheek. The horse turned slightly in her direction. Ingrid took the opportunity and kissed the horse on the big rubbery lips. Somehow he knew what she wanted and licked her lips with his big tongue.

Trencher stamped, pawed the ground and whinnied. Ingrid couldn't help herself any longer. "Has he told you about me?" she asked Dragonara, slipping her dress and head piece off, hanging it on the stall door. Her pale blue French knickers came off next, which she placed carefully on the water trough, glancing at Trencher in the neighbouring stall. He was already dropping, sensing what would be next. She knew he could smell her arousal. Her manicured lightly ringed hand roamed his side and down his flank. She could feel the large, hard muscles that made him a champion racer. She felt his large floppy, leathery sheath again. She could already feel the girth of his cock through the thin membrane. She stooped underneath Dragonara and rubbed his sheath gently, getting more and more excited as she watched the head of his cock appear.

"Magnificent indeed." she murmured, eyeing his endowment. It dropped out semi-hard, curving, quivering toward the floor. Ingrid lightly licked the horse's large, veined member. She started at the tip, where she could smell his muskiness the most, and went all the way, past the folds of his sheath, where her cheek nudged his massive, globular black balls. Her hand went up and round his rear, she had far to reach, being five feet tall, lightly caressing the bulb of his spotlessly clean arse hole. Then she went back to the tip and licked around his hole while lightly feeling the bulb of his arse hole, then reverted to gently jacked Dragonara off. Ingrid felt the horse getting harder in her hands. His cock head started swelling and flaring out, and his precum was flooding her mouth. She wanted so badly to suck him off and be drenched in his cum, but she knew time was short and it was risky.

She closed the lower portion of the stall gate, bent over, and braced her hands against it. The horse reared up and hooked his fore legs on the door, his weight shaking the entire thing.

"Oh!" Ingrid gasped when his legs slammed down on either side of her head. Despite her experience, a small part of her still found the power of a horse frightening.

Dragonara shuffled up to line his dick up with his mare. Ingrid felt him poke around the top of her arse crack and slide over her back. She reached back, gently grasped his cock and guided him to her pussy. Once he felt the warm wetness of her quim he thrust forward spearing the girl with his cock and lifting Ingrid up on her toes. She grabbed the door as Dragonara pulled out slowly. She braced herself while he adjusted himself one last time. The horse thrust hard into her again, pushing against the door despite her preparations. Dragonara fucked her like a randy teenager - hard, fast and relentless.

Underneath him, carrying some weight Ingrid moaned with pleasure. She felt the tingling of an orgasm already, the girth of his penis rubbing her very exposed clitoris. It quickly built and coursed through her entire body. She arched her back and her body spasmed, shaking the door along with the horse. She panted as the orgasm left her and her legs quivered in the afterglow. Caressing herself just under her belly button, she could feel the bulge of Dragonara's cock inside her every time he thrust in.

Ingrid Steerstorme felt another orgasm building. She braced both hands against the door, ready for when her body took on a mind of its own. Dragonara continued fucking her hard and fast shaking the stall door with the force of his mating. She heard him whinny loudly above her and felt his dick pulse inside her. The thoroughbred snorted, his lips curled. His first spurt filled her up and pushed her into her second orgasm. While she was cumming he kept pumping his juice into her. His jism

sprayed back out of her stuffed and bloated snatch and splattered onto the floor.

Once he was done he pulled out, dropping his weight and body away and Ingrid lowered to her knees; weak from her orgasms. Once she was rested she got up and was about to unlatch the stall door when she heard voices outside the stables. She quickly hid in the corner behind some not yet opened hay bales, hoping they would just continue walking past.

“Good race, Fenella.” Marco said.

“Thank you, but the prize was won by the better rider.” she replied haughtily.

“Perhaps, but I think it was the better horse that won, no offence to Trencher.”

“None taken.”

“Mr Bosm takes better care of that horse than me.” Marco sighed nodding at the horses.

“I’m sure Mr.Bosm understands the importance of a good rider as well as a good horse.”

Marco shook his head. “At the UAE Derby he deemed the stables insufficient for his horse and brought in a luxury trailer for him. But since he had already paid the stable fee he cancelled my hotel reservation and ordered me to sleep in the stables instead.” Marco gestured at Dragonara as they walked into the stables and let out a huff of air. “Is it weird to be jealous of a horse?”

“Just a little bit in this case.” Fenella smiled.

Marco sighed again. “Riders are supposed to have a bond with their horses. Mr.Bosm won’t even let me clean him myself.” He furrowed his brow and examined something on the straw in front of Dragonara’s stall.

“What’s this?” he said, picking Ingrid’s dress up from the floor. “Is someone here?” he said aloud.

Recognizing the dress, Fenella took it from Marco’s hand. “It’s mine.” She said swiftly. “I quickly changed into my riding gear here, arriving so late and missing the pre race affair. Silly me.”

“Oh.” Marco shrugged dismissively, not wanting female chatter. “Alright then. See you at the next race.” He waved goodbye and walked out of the stables.

Fenella closed the doors after him and went to Dragonara’s stall. Sure enough she found Ingrid crouching in the corner beside the door wearing only a sheepish smile.

“I can’t believe you would do that here.” Fenella said. “People know you’re my guest! I invited you up for the photo!”

“I’m sorry.” Ingrid apologized as she got up. “You know I can’t help myself sometimes.”

On getting the prized high salaried job in British racing establishment, the young Scandinavian had been through a rigorous selection programme, finally clinching the deal, her air fare and quite luxurious accommodation at the stud farm by Fenella finding out through social media searches,, not totally above board and using covert contacts that Ingrid as a confirmed bestiality lover, matching Miss Hashwillow’s deviant enjoyment. Besides messing with animals they had struck up a caring lesbian relationship.

“Well, you certainly got Trencher all riled up; among others.” Fenella replied, mockingly scolding

her.

Ingrid looked around at the other horses, one of whose cock was showing and just shrugged - it was normal.

“Don’t think you’re going to get off that easily. Move those hay bales under Trencher.” Fenella ordered, going to lock the door. “Put some of those rugs on the bales, we don’t want to be scratched.”

Ingrid complied. By the end of her task she was sweating from the exertion.

“Now bend over on them.” Fenella commanded, taking most of her clothes off. “And put his cock inside you.”

Ingrid did as she was told. Trencher well knew the ropes, was brought forward, teased with Ingrid and Fenella’s hands, mounted and started fucking her. Fenella laid down on the bale in front of Ingrid and shoving her head between her fine stockinged legs. Fenella moaned as Ingrid ate her out.

“This is just a start.” Fenella panted, brandishing a jockey’s whip. “I’ll decide when your punishment is over.”#

The End