

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One - Stud Breaker

The major watched Iris crossing the yard, her braided flaxen hair swinging in step, as she headed for the stable.

How sexy her swaying butt looked in jodhpurs, as she strode, thwacking the crop against the side of her riding-boot. He imagined whacking her ass with it; as he use too when spanking her.

She entered her domain; the stable he'd constructed for her 15th birthday. Lovejoy whinnied in anticipation of what was in store.

At the sight of his mistress with crop in hand, he pawed the ground as his stiffened cock slapped his underbelly. His balls, as if with a mind of their own, also jerked to attention. Testosterone oozed from the young stallion and Iris filled her lungs with the smell of it.

The major had in turn quietly followed her over the yard; but concealed himself behind the stable door, to watch. He pondered on how his daughters affections had drained away from him over to Lovejoy this last year.

The major had always basked in the affection she'd held for him in the past; able to enjoy her closeness and kisses given to her father.

Well, apart from his one mistake. On her 8th birthday, when she'd had a tantrum. He'd taken her to his bedroom for a spanking over his knee and she was yelling the house down.

In the heat of the moment he'd stuck his throbbing cock into her gob to shut her up. She'd sucked on it like a dummy, and got a mouth-full.

But he hadn't meant to do it!

Then the wife had banned any more spanking; saying it was old fashioned and outmoded.

The child probably forgot about it the next day anyhow and he, unimpeachable ever since.

She'd always been a looker, but since her figure began forming, she was again an awful temptation.

She was nearing 16 when she began hankering after a pony. Her best friend had one.

The pleading and the tantrums surfaced once more but this time the major's hands were tied.

Iris was now that untouchable jail-bait creature; the adolescent female.

She would slide up in a helpless damsel mode, stroking his shoulder and so forth as she pressured him to buy her a pony. He'd wanted to say, "What's in it for me?" But instead it was, " Well lets wait and see, you could be a bit young to be handling a horse."

Iris then had grasped the initiative as she moved her hips uncomfortable close to her fathers and murmured in his ear, " You could say I was a bit young to be having your cock in my mouth whilst being spanked; ... but I never complained."

The major's heart momentary stopped before he managed a mangled smile.

Naturally, he had to grant his daughters wish.

Now that bloody horse was at the centre stage of Iris's world. Even the lady wife was star-struck over this Lovejoy. The major had been sidelined.

Any normal girl her age would be going smoochy over boys! That he could have coped with; even competed with. But this damned colt was something else.

He had seen her; in the stable; sitting on the milking stall; sponging his bloody cock with warm soapy water. It wasn't natural!

And she seemed to have no qualms over the family knowing it, sending his blood pressure soaring! It was stimulating yet demoralising to see his daughter fawning over this colts vibrant cock.

The fantasy he'd held; of delighting her with his manhood had been shattered.

She would have scorned his erection against the colt's shaft which she handled now with relish.

You see, Iris now saw herself as a stud-breaker; responsible for developing Lovejoy's erection and ejaculation. She conducted regular masturbation workouts; each made a little more difficult to deliver than the last.

Once Lovejoy had ejaculated she would give the throbbing cock a stinging crack from her crop. The erotic lustful jolt she got was enhanced by the screech from her pony's pain.

She justified this action in the belief it quelled his erection and bought him to rest. But mainly it gave her own climax that final jolt of ecstasy.

Each week the colt's shaft was measured with a long ruler! And it proved her method was working very well.

Lovejoy's cock was now long and meaty with veins creeping up to it's wedge-head.

His ejaculations not only filled Iris with pride; they caused her budding nipples to tingle and her juicing snatch to convulse with desire. She now fantasised over it when masturbating each night.

But today Iris was introducing Lovejoy to another device she had been itching to use on him.

It was clipped on just before she got to work on his cock; a tight collar around his balls. It would make them work harder. And it would serve to remind Lovejoy who was boss.

Iris certainly had him by the balls! Now she would work him to the hilt!

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## **Chapter Two - Curious Betrayal**

I'm humming along to the radio while washing-up in the kitchen and can hear them both playing boisterously together behind me...

Jez is squealing with delight as Dan romps with her on the floor which is so reminiscent of my own childhood with him. Now Jez is the apple of his eye but I must always guard against any jealousy.

Staring out at the darkness through the window I recalled romping with him just the same; his

laugh, his sensuous fondle, his biceps and his physical warmth; he had enraptured me.

But I also recalled how that carefree sensuality had been crippled by my mother's malice.

One evening as they'd romped around, mother had entered the room and had spoken with such sudden icy spite... 'Stop it! Get off him Valerie! You should be past this sort of thing now my girl!'

In that instance I knew what was implied; our activity was not decent.

Something precious had been replaced by a guilt complex. It had also induced a deep sense of shame into my sexuality.

Much later in married life, I discovered that only a guilt-ridden fantasy of Dan allowed me to climax fully.

For me sex was a cocktail which included a shot of Dan and a shot of Shame.

But since my husband's death, all that had been forgotten: until Dan had come to stay with us.

While I stare into the darkness of the window I become aware of the reflection that's before me; of the two of them on the floor behind me. I smile at the quirk of it, like watching a hidden camera. Jez is squirming on the floor underneath Dan.

Kneeling over her, he's tickling her first on the neck then the waist. She's in convulsions, legs kicking out against the delightful torture, her white thighs flashing, her school dress skewed up past her knickers.

The tickling fingers work from her waist down into her thighs and suddenly I'm transfixed; my heartbeat is the only sound I'm aware of.

I watch his finger stroking slowly over her thighs and into the crouch of her knickers.

Now she's ceased squirming; she's motionless.

As her thighs begin parting, her brown eyes, shaded with uncertainty yet knowing, lift to meet Dan's lustful gaze. His fingers are sliding inside her gusset!!

Flicking off the radio I snap the moment back to reality; calling at them over my shoulder, 'OK Jez, let's start getting ready for bedtime!' Normality returns.

Coming into the kitchen and pulling straight her dress Jez complains; 'Oh Mom! I'm thirteen! It's early yet!'

'I'm afraid so Jez', I say, 'it's school in the morning.'

Dan follows in behind her boyishly, 'Can I give you a hand with anything Val?'

Turning my head, I take a look at Jez;; her dark brown shoulder-length hair; her vibrant expression; her new breast declaring that her dress is too small; she was nearly beautiful and she should now be wearing a bra!

I gaze back through the window to hide my emotions; That fleeting image of her responding to his touch had so aroused me!

I answered Dan, "It would help if you could read her bedtime story for me Dad."

'Yea, that'll be good!' cries Jez; and she turns and heads upstairs with Dan in her wake.

My mind is in turmoil. What made me suggest he read her a story in her bedroom for heavens sake?

I fill the kettle and busy myself clearing away, with silly questions nagging me; Am I fantasising over my own early yearnings?

Now I felt ashamed at my thoughts!

Just what did I expect them to be doing together?

"Easy; simply creep upstairs and see for yourself Val", my mind replied.

As I place down her school blazer I see my hands are trebling at that very prospect.

Silently, I make my to the landing by Jez's bedroom;

I can hear his deep soft voice reading from the storybook.

The door is ajar and I peek through the crack.

I clearly see him sat by her bedside holding the book on his lap.

Jez is in bed and appears to be nearly asleep.

Again self-revulsion begins creeping up: but then everything somersaults at what I really see.

While Dan methodically reads from the book on his lap, his other hand is busy under the blanket; quietly exploring Jez's parted thighs.

Her eyes are closed and her pink tongue runs pensively over her top lip!

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Chapter Three - Predatory Lesbian

A Predatory Lesbian aged 26, sits on a pathway bench in a country-resort with her dog; and being the summer holidays, it's a prime-time for netting a lonely virgin.

Alice, 16, had pulled on a pair of yellow slacks and cream jumper and tennis shoes and was making her way towards the parkland when just ahead sat a tallish girl on a bench with a brown dog.

The female had short styled hair, wore no make-up yet was clearly attractive in slim jeans and trainers. As Alice passed by, the dog rose and fell into step beside her; so she stopped and looked at the owner? "I'm so sorry, it's usually when someone has chocolate in their pocket he does that!"

"Oh I see." replied Alice stroking the dog's head and looking into his big brown eyes, but then his snout poked firmly between Alice's legs. Alice let out a little squeak and laughed.

The owner leaped forward and sharply pulled him back. "Guy, No! ... I'm so sorry." Then out of embarrassment, she laughed saying, "Hello, are you staying at the camp long?"

"We arrived just yesterday, just Mom and me." Alice said. The older girl held out her hand with a

smile, " Well I'm Kate Williams what's yours?"

"I'm Alice Lavender."

"If you're headed towards the pool area I'm going that way." said Kate as she threw a stick up the path for Guy and they began following him. " Are you with friends here Alice?"

"No, I tried mixing in at the pool when we arrived but I really got the cold shoulder."

Kate laughed softly and her hand rested lightly on Alice's neck, "Don't worry Alice, it's not you. It just makes them feel big, pushing a new-comer away ... Anyway, We can be friends if you want too?" Their walk paused.

Alice beamed at the older girl feeling a sudden sensation. "You'd be my friend? Why you're just ... so elegant!"

Kate gazed at Alice; then kissed her lightly on the lips. Alice caught the soft aroma of her perfume.

"Mmm." Alice sighed. She opened her eyes and saw a bird sailing high in the blue sky.

"OK! lets catch up with Guy!" laughed Kate and they both broke into a walk following Guy.

"How old are you?" asked Kate

"Sixteen," lied Alice " How about you?"

"Nineteen," lied Kate " Have you been to the lake yet.?"

"Lake - why no! ... can you show me Kate?"

"Yes of course I will! It's not that far actually but its a lovely spot Alice; come on."

They got onto the wooded path and Guy went off ahead causing small creatures to scurry for cover.

"He's a lovely looking dog Kate. How old is he?" asked Alice

"Guy's six now and in his prime. I love him more than anything in the world."

They were through the woods in five minuets when suddenly the light from the lake shone out before them. Guy was there waiting with wagging tail and panting tongue.

The lake was a picture of tranquillity; with only the sudden soft splash from a leaping trout breaking the stillness. Alice was awestruck at it's mysterious majesty.

Kate took her hand, " He'll want to go in the water, he just loves swimming. But its not quite sunny enough for him dry off properly. There's a bench ahead with a nice view though."

They sat side by side and Guy settled down underneath the bench.

Then they small-talked about boyfriends. Alice admitted that apart from the odd snog at parties she'd never really had a boyfriend. She'd found boys could be spiteful but it would be nice to have a boyfriend eventually.

Kate, who's arm was now round Alice shoulder said she'd had a boyfriend once but it hadn't work

out at all. Anyway Guy was the only boyfriend she needed now; and loved better than any boy ever could.

They fell silent; the sound of wood-pigeons became apparent.

"I think you're so attractive Alice."

Kate's hand moved onto Alice's thigh and her lips moved close to the girl's.

Their lips met softly and their eyes closed. They French-kissed for a few minutes; their hands exploring; their pulses soaring; before a distant yell from down the lake suddenly checked their feelings into self consciousness.

"Come on Alice, I know a spot, said Kate."

Hand in hand with Guy in tow, they retreated into the woods.

In a secluded spot, on thick dry moss, Kate helped Alice undress.

Alice lay quivering as Kate's fingers ran over her creamy white body and fondled her small pointy breast before spreading her thighs apart; ... then using her mouth and tongue, gradually brought the girl to a solid climax.

While Alice lay spent, Kate had quietly taken off her top and then released her tits from her bra.

Now Alice was in awe over Kate's fully laden jugs, "Holy Shit! They are ... just so yummy!"

"I want you suck them," Kate had whispered as she brought the girls mouth to her breast.

A soft breeze caught Alice's long hair and Kate ran her fingers through it. This girl was so malleable and a potential young lesbian! There was a good chance Guy could do a breaking-in job her!

Guy, who had been watching intently, gave out a whine; his sheath was displaying its red saveloy tip! "Come here Guy," Kate whispered, then her hand began covertly massaging his sheath.

"Guy's lonely for you Alice." Kate murmured.

"Oh Guy! you've been left out in the cold!" Alice exclaimed. Kissing his head she nestled her naked body alongside his.

Kate then sat alongside and fussed over Guy too, "Guy wants me to share you with him Alice?"

"Really? How do you know Kate?"

"Well, take a look," whispered Kate, "He's showing you how much he wants you to be his girlfriend!"

Guy's long thick cock glistened. "Why that's just ... amassing!" murmured Alice.

Kate then took one of Alice's hands and placed it on Guy's cock.

"Oh! It's so gorgeous; so big!", she exclaimed; her hand caressing it.

"What he really wants is you to French-kiss it."

She looked at Kate's eyes to see if she was serious; and she was.

Alice's eyes pleaded. " I don't know how to do it Kate; will you show me?"

Kate smiled gently, " I'll show you my angel; then you do it for Guy; agreed?"

"Yes; agreed."

Kate lowered her mouth onto Guy's tip and slowly encased her lips over the cock; gradually it all disappeared into her mouth.

Alice felt a sexy jolt in her tummy as she watched.

Then Kate's head gently bobbed and rocked before she withdrew and wiped her lips on the back of her hand,

"That was simply scrumptious", she whispered, " You have a go Alice."

Guy was panting again as Alice copied what she'd seen Kate do; while Kate slipped two fingers into Alice's vagina and found her clitoris.

Alice was now squealing at this double ended stimulation and a glob of spunk arrived in her mouth.

Kate knew that Alice's special moment had arrived.

Easing Alice away from Guy, she slid with her onto the ground; Alice's cunt was immediately probed into by Guy's wet mussel.

For Guy, mounting a pair of bitches was something he could take in his stride.

Alice only had a few seconds warning as she felt the cock prodding near her snatch.

Then she realised what was coming and her heart raced with excitement.

Alice screamed out as Guy thrust into her in a single stroke.

"Oh my little angel!" cried Kate, her nails clawing into Alice's back with ecstasy.

Alice's cries increased as Guy's pace of fucking built into a frenzy.

Both bitches writhed in a slippery sweat; clawing at each other as Guy brought Alice to a sobbing climax in Kate's arms.

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## **Chapter Four - Treated Like A Child**

On meeting him she'd been surprised what a hunk he was!

But then having taken her to his make-shift camp in the spinney, he'd taken the scarf from around his neck causing her heart to thump in fear.

"Turn around kid." he'd ordered.

He moved behind her and placed the scarf over her eyes, blindfolding her. She could see light but



nothing more. He took her shoulders turning her back to face him.

Her mind ran wild, trying to figure how she'd got herself into this precarious position.

After all she was an educated female, having just gained a degree in the Arts at university!

But right now she looked like a dumb pre-teen bimbo; 'cause that's just how she had got herself up for this date with a paedophile.

"Now, undress; nice an slow; just like you do online." He murmured.

As she obeyed, taking off her sister's school top and skirt that she'd worn.

She realised if he rumbled she wasn't the girl he'd groomed online he could get very angry and dangerous.

The school uniform now lay at her feet.

"And your bra too; off with it!"

She complied.

"Hey those tits have got bigger recently! fattening up nicely; OK, now kneel!"

She sank to her knees in just her panties.

"Clasp your hands behind your back and keep them behind you until I say different!" he ordered.

She complied, forcing her breasts forward. She could feel her nipples hardening under his gaze.

"I won't be long, don't move at all until I get back." he barked.

While she was blindfolded, naked and kneeling in front of his tent she heard him scuffing about undergrowth; yet her tits and her nipples betrayed her excitement; her cunt was juicing-up and she had an urge to frig herself!

The snap of a twig jerked her back to reality. Heart racing she strained to hear another sound. Was someone there? Oh my God. What if someone is just standing there, watching me? She agonized over whether to call out.

Then she felt a thrill at the idea of making herself come for an unseen stranger; just like her kid sister did; streaming online in her bedroom!

The steps came closer, soon she would know if pleasure or humiliation was on its way and footsteps stopped in front of her. "Hope I didn't keep you waiting too long."

She breathed a sigh of relief, it was him and not a stranger. "Not too long Mister." She replied.

"Did you have any trouble?" he asked.

"No Mister, no trouble." she said meekly.

"Good. I think I have everything we'll need; OK stand up. We'll get into the tent now for some of that live action you've been so desperate for."

She got shakily to her feet, he placed a hand on her arm to help her. She felt a duffel bag or backpack bump her leg as she turned.

He let go her arm and she heard the sound of the zipper of the tent being raised. "OK crawl in." he ordered.

She did so and felt him enter the tent and place his bag near her. He placed something beneath her and pushed her neck down until her face touched a pillow.

She turned her face and laid against it, conscious of her ass thrust in the air.

She heard him open the bag and dig around inside.

"Oh God No! Please not a dildo!" she prayed, but no, it was rope he was handling.

He grasped her left wrist and pulled it back to lie alongside her leg, her hand near her ankle. "I'm going to tie you up now, would you like that?" he asked.

A shudder ran through her. "I don't..." She whimpered.

"Don't what? You said online that you wanted real bondage sex?" he snapped.

"Yes Mister I'd like that." She replied in acquiescence.

"OK kid, that's good." he said. She felt him slip a rope under her ankle and around her wrist. He looped it around a few times, then tied it off. He repeated this with the other wrist and ankle.

There she lay now, at the mercy of an online pervert, having taken-on this date to protect her sister; yet aching for whatever was coming next!

The paedophile paused; sat back to gaze at her pussy juice running down her thighs, "Jesus!, you girls today! You've got the cunt of a grown woman!"

"Oh, I'm sorry about that Mister." she murmured.

"No wonder you've been streaming yourself online like a slut! - Still, not to worry; I've got something here that'll take up the slack."

He rummaged around in his bag and then felt something cold placed on her arse-hole; then she shrieked in shock and pain as the man forced a thick rubber butt-plug, up into her rear passage!

Then while she sobbed he took off her scarf blindfold,

"Now you can take a look at what your getting fucked with."

As her sight returned, she became aware of the huge cock he held in his fist.

It resembled a curved cucumber; beneath which hung a pair of large red testicles!

She shuddered in anticipation.

He moved behind her with his hard cock in hand; up to her wet slit and rubbed the head up and down, coating it with her juices.

She jerked when it touched her, she could feel it's heat. She pushed back, trying to get him inside her, but she had no leverage bound up as she was.

He teased her with the hard cock; letting it slip a little way inside her; not too far and not for long.

"Is that what you've been wanting; ya little slut; Eh?" He asked.

She shook her head in assent.

"What do you want now, Eh?"

"I want your big cock!" She cried

"Yes, I guessed that's what a little slut like you was after. What are you?"

"A dirty little slut; so please fuck me Mister!"

He placed both hands on her hips. She drew a great breath in anticipation.

He pulled back on her hips as he eased into her, like sliding into silk.

"Ohhhhhh ... God!" She moaned.

He didn't stop until all nine inches were buried inside her!

The girl was emitting a gurgling sound which he paused to fully savour.

He pulled back slowly, relishing the friction of her tightness. When he was almost completely out, he pushed back in, again slowly, drawing another long moan from her throat.

She pushed back as he slid into her, trying to get him to increase his pace.

He went all the way inside her again, she felt his balls against her ass; it was incredibly erotic.

His thrusts began to increase in pressure and frequency as she loosened to his invasion.

Each time his cock went in, it forced a moan from her throat, accompanied by the slap of their thighs meeting. Her knees were spreading further apart beneath his onslaught.

Her face pressed into the pillow muffling the now constant groaning coming from her.

His hands left her hips and slid around the front of her thighs and with his middle finger began rubbing her clitoris, "How old did you say you were?" he grunted.

She could feel her orgasm building in her abdomen, "Thirteen Mister." she whimpered.

"Then how come your clitoris is so big?"

"Well ... my Dad always played with it at bedtime Mister!" she panted,

"Your Pa sure did you a favour kid!" His finger began to flick faster and her orgasm burst around his cock.

But he didn't let up on her clitoris, and she rolled right into another powerful orgasm.

He straightened up and grabbed her hips again. He began to pound into her ass.

A peak of intense pleasure where her orgasm kept rolling through her without pause.

His breath was coming short and fast, and she knew he was about to orgasm now.

"Oh please Mister ... use my mouth!" She cried.

"Jesus! sommit else ya daddy did huh?" he panted.

"Yes! Yes!"

She sucked him in, bathing the head with her tongue and tasting her own juices.

He shot into her mouth as he cried out his pleasure; the second and third shots followed. He pulled back from her mouth; with shots spurting across her face.

Finally he groaned as he sank back on his knees.

He loosen off the ties on her wrists and ankles and then ruffled her hair affectionately. "Your Pa sure raised a super slut."

She opened her mouth, showing him the cum was still there; then she swallowed it; just to please him.

As she made for home, she lit up a cigarette, knowing she'd done the right thing; protecting her younger sister from such an unsavoury dodgy date.

As for herself, she'd got a hell of a buzz from being treated like a child!

*The End*