

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## Chapter One

*Barton Lacey, Dorset. England  
August 1958*

The mournful sound made by the train as it pulled out of Waterloo Station reminded Shelia of a lone prairie wolf and reflected the sadness that She felt as her eyes glazed with tears. She bit her lip, trying hard not to cry as her home in London disappeared into the hazy afternoon sunshine.

Mrs Hicks who sat beside her was the foster officer assigned to deliver Shelia to her foster-home, was a big woman. The buttons on her blouse in were in danger of flying off as her large bosom heaved with each sigh she made throughout the long journey.

But eventually the train pulled into the station at Barton Lacy, and Mrs Hicks began to bustle things for getting off.

"So here were are then Shelia, I'll take your case; you make sure you leave nothing on the train my dear." said Mrs Hicks leading the way onto the platform.

Shelia felt scared but held out her chin as Mrs Hicks lead her to an imposing yet tight-lipped lady waiting for them. Mrs Hicks introduced herself and as they chatted Shelia took in the lady's stylish outfit.

From the high-heeled brown and cream shoes up to the jaunty brown velour hat, spiked with a long feather; she looked like a film star.

Indeed the face beneath the hat could have been that of the female actress yet somehow it was neither charming nor kind. Shelia's heart skipped a beat as the woman's hazel eye's had scrutinised her own and although Shelia had tried to raise a smile the woman looked away with indifference.

Mrs Hicks turned to her now asking, "How old are you now Shelia?"

"I was sixteen last month Mrs Hicks."

"Have you started your period's yet dear?" Shelia's face blushed. "Yes Mrs Hicks."

Mrs Hicks took her by the shoulder saying, "Now Shelia your a very lucky girl to be taken in by Mrs Marina Carroll; your benefactor; so what do you say to her?"

"I'm very grateful Miss."

The lady gave a slight nod.

"That's right Shelia and always be on your best behaviour at Squires Lodge."

"Yes Mrs Hicks."

Mrs Carroll now address Shelia, "Follow me to the car would you child."

She turned and with her heels tapping the concourse and hat-feather bouncing, it seemingly beckoned Shelia to a waiting grey limousine.

Following obediently she shied as the chauffeur leaped forward to open the door. "Please don't loiter; get into the Bentley." Marina Carroll softly scorned.

The unfamiliar smell of leather combined with her gnawing hunger made her feel faint as she huddled into a corner and closed her eyes on it all.

"Go strait home Jackson." Mrs Carroll ordered.

The car soon picked up speed upon leaving the village and Shelia now looked out at the passing countryside. Then eventually the woman broke the silence,

"Your very quiet for a teenager," said Mrs Carroll as she lit-up a cigarette she had fixed into a green onyx holder. She inhaled with obvious pleasure and exhaled slowly as she replaced the gold cigarette case and lighter into her bag.

"Well?" Mrs Carroll shot her a sideways glance. "Have you lost your tongue girl?"

"No miss, I'm just a bit nervous miss."

"Your a bit small for your age child, and you should call me Ma'am not Miss."

"Yes mi - ma'am."

Mrs Carroll continued to smoke in silence, occasional tapping the ash into a secluded ashtray.

Remembering it was rude to stare Shelia gazed at the passing hedgerows and fields of ripe corn that were spiked with scarlet poppies and blue corn-flowers. She had read about the countryside and even seen the flat fields of Essex; from the train window on a family holiday to Southend but these rolling hills of Dorset were so beautiful. Later they sped passed a field of cows grazing on rich green grass.

Eventually though the car slowed and turned into the entrance of Squires Lodge.

Lowering the passenger windows, Jackson then drove the Bentley sedately along the tree-line drive. It so impressed Shelia she forgot her shyness, " This is just like the botanical gardens in London ma'am!"

"Oh really." replied Mrs Carroll sarcastically.

Shelia smiled at having got a response from the movie queen. She spotted a small lake with an island in the middle and marble statue thing on a gentle slope. It was all so trim and green and posh! But Jackson bought the car to a sudden halt.

A clatter of hooves came with the appearance of a horse alongside Shelia by the open window!!

A loud snort came from the horse as its eyes rolled and nostrils flared causing Shelia to scream in terror; thinking the animal was about to bite her!

She covered her eyes and screamed again. Now a mans voice!

"Good grief, who have you there mother?"

The strong voice came from a well-spoken young man although Shelia did not dare look up.

"Guy! This is not the wild west! Get that beast away from the Bentley before it does some damage." Marina screeched.

Guy chortled, "Why mother! you've kid-napped a girl! I thought you hated children!"

Shelia, having risen before dawn to leave home; and having eaten next to nothing through a day's travel, had finally exhausted Shelia; and as she fainted, she fell onto the lap of her benefactor.

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Closing the door of the night nursery where Shelia was now peacefully sleeping, Guy made his way down to speak with Mrs Toon in the kitchen.

"Let the girl sleep an hour or so before taking her some supper Mrs Toon. The tumbler of water I made her drink made all the difference and I laced it with a mild sedative. She was mostly dehydrated and utterly exhausted."

Doing as Mr Guy had bid, Mrs Toon had gently awoken Shelia over an hour later.

Shelia sat up in bed and gazed in wonder at her comfortable surroundings.

Mrs Toon explained how she had passed out upon arrival from fatigue. How Mr Guy had carried her up here to the Nursery accommodation; how he'd given her something to help her rest a while.

Placing the tray on Shelia's lap Mrs Toon then left her to get on with the meal.

Shelia, eagerly enjoying the rich soup and bread, realised someone must have undressed her before putting her to bed. Who? It was just one of so many questions that were spinning in her mind.

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The following morning saw Shelia being called formally before Mr and Mrs Carroll in the library. Mrs Carroll introduce her husband as Mr Edwin who simply smiled from his chair saying welcome to Squires Lodge.

Mrs Carroll went on to explain that her son Guy now managed much of the estate.

There was also her daughter Mrs Pamela Carroll-Rice; mostly in London with her husband and little son Rupert.

However, when Mrs Pamela was here, young Rupert required two nurse-maids. A day-nurse who came in from the village and a night-nurse who slept in the nursery.

A night-nurse's duty could begin after five in the evening round to nine in the morning.

She put a question to Shelia, "So ; Did you find the night-nursery accommodation comfortable?"

"Oh, yes ma'am, very comfortable, thank you."

"Now girl, could you manage looking after a two year old as our night-nurse here at Squires Lodge? Because that is the job in question."

Shelia's eyes widened in surprise but a smile broke across her lips. For the first time in her life she was being offered a responsible job; and furthermore by Mrs Carroll no less!

And so, when Mrs Pamela Carroll-Rice and Rupert arrived at Squires a week later, it was Shelia who was reading a bedtime story to the toddler in the nursery.

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When she awoke the next morning Shelia pulled aside the curtains that floated in the breeze from the open window. The Beatrice Potter prints on the walls made her smile and she was amazed at the silence of the household. The nursery night room was on the back of the house overlooking the wide sweep of green lawn and a mirror like sheen came from the lake between a stand of silver birch trees and dense shrubbery. She slid off the bed and wandered into the bathroom with its huge cast iron bath with claw feet; a wash basin big enough to bathe in and a willow patterned lavatory.

She set about dressing. In the wardrobe were a selection of clothes that were all her size? She later discovered they had been Mrs Pamela's teenage cast-offs. Shelia was use to cast-offs but never had she known quality such as this!

Wondering what she should do now and with her tummy rumbling from hunger she ventured down the three flight of stairs to the kitchen. A wave of sound enveloped her as she opened the door and Violet barged passed her with a dust-pan and brush. "Better keep out of Mrs Toon way kid, she's on the warpath this morning!" She disappeared as the heavy baize door slammed; shutting out the din from spoiling the genteel calm of above stairs. "Oh it's you - well I can't be doing with you under me feet today; so much to do; there's porridge on the Aga and all the rest on the sideboard - you'll just have to help yourself."

Shelia cautiously approached the Aga and handled the huge ladle before tucking herself into a corner of the kitchen with her breakfast. She watched in awe as Mrs Toon barked orders at two women who appeared from the scullery at intervals with huge pots. Olive burst in, her arms full. "I hate bloody shooting parties!" she spat. "Language!" piped Mrs Toon. "You best keep something hot for Mr Guy; he's still not back from his morning ride." Mrs Toon gazed at the ceiling with despair. Shelia took her bowl into the scullery and made her escape out into a cobbled yard surrounded by out-buildings. A familiar smell of course soap and soda billowed out in clouds of steam from the washhouse bringing a lump of nostalgia to her throat as the sound of women laughing and joshing while they worked.

She went to the entrance but hesitated but longing to go inside and find a motherly sole who would love and cuddle her; but they were too preoccupied to notice her.

Then she notice a gate that led to the stable-yard. Her curiosity led her into the stables.

The smell of horse dung, damp straw and leather was more pleasant than she may have imagined. Suddenly she realised she was very close to a horse! As saw it munch on hay, it's teeth seemed to her that they could take your hand off with a single bite!

There was a sudden loud shout; she ran through the yard past and hid in a clump of bushes!

A pigeon suddenly panicked next to her; she screamed at the noise its wings made; and fled again! Her feet crunch the gravel as she ran along the drive - but too late she became aware of horse's hooves and a warning shout. The horse reared before she fell into a sea of darkness! ~ ~

Shelia vaguely realised there was a crystal chandelier above her where before there was sky!

The female voice belonged to an attractive young lady with dark hair the same as Guy.

"Well she's a sexy little thing Guy,"

"Yes; but she went down like a ninepin having shied Romeo."

"My god Guy! She's wearing my old clothes! Who is she anyway?" asked Pamela,

"She's mother's foster-girl from London; and she seems to be very accident prone."

Shelia then mumbled, " I'm so sorry I ran into you Mr Guy."

Guy's finger stroked her cheek and his spice-scented cologne penetrated her senses. " You OK?"

"Yes; I think so," she smiled weakly.

Guy and his sister Pamela both let out a relieved chuckle, and Guy then strolled off. Pamela said, "Well its nice to see my old clothes are useful. I understand your night-nurse to Rupert; so we'll be rubbing up against each other from time to time. Anyway, you'll be okay; explore some more but take your time. She smiled and left.

Shelia had wandered into the garden now; her head ever brimming with events. Coming to an aged oak tree she had a sudden urge to climb into it's low heavy branches. In no time she was astride a broad bough deep within its foliage.

Then she was startled by Guy's voice! "I say, you do keep bumping into me don't you young Shelia."

"Mr Guy! Where did you come from? I didn't expect anyone to be in a tree!"

Guy chuckled, "No; your right; it is a bit odd. Well ... this has been my secret escape place since I was a lad. So young miss, ... it seems we think alike."

Shelia realised her skirt was round her hips and her bare thighs hugged the bough like a huge cock! She felt totally embarrassed, but there was absolutely nothing she could do about it!

"You have nice legs for a girl your age, he chuckled.

Shelia was relieved at this, but he was still looking at her legs and chuckled again, and asked,

"You could use that hefty limb for some horse riding practice; have you ever done any riding?"

"Well no ... actually I'm frightened of horses."

"OK ... well ... why not get into some jeans and meet me in the yard in a quarter hour. I'll begin your path to loving horses. " smiled Guy.

Shelia gazed in awe at him. "Oh, do you really think so?"

"Oh yes, ... I think so."

From the branch above he nimbly moved close; hooking his arm around her. "Yes ... I do think so ... and I also think you deserve a kiss." His fingers ran up the nape of her neck, easing her head towards his. His lips came upon hers while his other hand caressed her thigh. Her hands went round his neck and her snatch juiced up.

Guy pulled away and then swung out of the tree and was gone.

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Through the following weeks Shelia learnt overcoming her fear of horses.

She had progressed to riding solo fairly well round the meadow through the kindness and patience Guy.

But Shelia was adult enough to realise that she wasn't staying at Squires Lodge for a romantic horse riding holiday. She was here to work for her living; the same as the scullery maids and Mrs Toon. To that end Shelia did not allow the bit of romance in the tree to go to her head.

Mid-week was generally peaceful at Squires and after porridge with Mrs Toon Shelia departed early through the scullery across the cobbles and into the stables.

"Juno's ready to tack-up miss!" called Jock.

"Thank you Jock, it's a lovely morning!" she replied.

Shelia mounted and walked Juno out of the yard; the summer sun had already turned the surface of the lake into molten gold, and the distant rolling hills were blue with morning mist. With a light touch of heel Juno responded into slow trot and Shelia's heart ached with happiness; but woefully unaware of what her master had planned for her future.

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## Chapter Two

An hour or so later, when Shelia returned into the yard on Juno, Master Guy was outside the stables in conversation with Jock Strap. They paused to gaze at her, taking in how attractively the fine young female had developed over the past few months. The two men gave each other a knowing look.

Jock took hold of the bridle while Shelia dismounted and Guy welcomed her by asking how her ride had gone. She innocently enjoyed this kind of attention but felt gratitude for all the time they had both spent in training her to ride; including harnessing and stabling after a ride. Understanding horses had grown into a passion for her and since reaching sixteen, was trusted to ride Juno out alone.

Master Guy had said she could be shaping-up into a pony girl?

As Shelia led Juno into his stable she wondered what that meant; and while she was brushing Juno down, Guy had entered the stable and sat on a stall to watch her at work on the horse.

As he did so he recalled that early encounter with her in the big tree ... how seeing her bare slender thighs gripping that thick branch had been the moment he'd realised! Although she was Marina's innocent nursery-maid, he could with patience, groom the scrawny kid into a pony-girl! ... that's why he'd kissed her in the tree.

So since that moment in the tree, Guy had quietly begun grooming the girl for that additional role ... and the moment had come for her to be partially aware of it. He began by saying casually,

"Do you remember how nervous you were of horses when you came here Shelia?"

She chuckled, "I sure do Master Guy!"

"Just call me Guy when we're alone Shelia ... Do you remember us kissing in the big tree?"

"I ... yes I do ... Why?"

"Well, your a bit older and that much nicer too ... and I wondered if you'd like me to kiss you again sometime?"

She stopped and turned to face him, and she came out with a surprising statement.

"I have thought about that moment ... me and you ... but your old enough to be my father? ... But then I've never had a father ... although I always wanted one ... and I do find you very attractive ... but I've been careful to remain a virgin, because Miss Marina said it was necessary if I was to be her nursery-maid.

That was quite a bit for Guy to take in; but then he replied,

"Well actually that's part of what I want to tell you ... You must have noticed that Rupert has been staying with us much less recently, ... and in the near future his mother intends to start him in a nursery school nearer their home ... I really am so sorry Shelia ... but there simply wont be any need for a nursery-maid."

Shelia hand went up to her mouth in disbelief, "Oh God No! What will I do Master Guy! You know I love it here!"

Then coming to him, she slid her slender arm affectionately on his shoulder, "Please say I won't have to leave Guy ... I'll do any job, to stay on here!"

Guy smiled; his former girl Candy had been a sensation with her erotic performances, delighting the connoisseurs. Could he regain his reputation by training Shelia to do the same?

Putting his arm gently around her slim waist, he tugged her body to him,

"Well ... yes ... you've settled into the place very well Shelia ... but everyone here has to be doing a useful job; you know that?"

Her face came closer to his, "Yes of course; but what about the pony-girl thing you've said I would be good for?" she simpered, "Couldn't I be useful doing that for you?"

Guy said softly,

"Well look ... that pony-girl thing as you put it; its part of a ceremony for equestrian connoisseurs; a display of love between a trained pony and girl; performed only on certain occasions. If you took it on, you'd need some special ... private training, from me..."

"I want to do it ... really I do! Let me be your pony-girl Guy."

"Then you must promise to train for it Shelia?"

"Yes ... I promise..."

"Then you can look to me as a Father; the father who loves you Shelia."

As their lips met in a long soft kiss, Guy's cock ramped up rock-hard while his hand caressed her thigh.



## Chapter Three

There was little that took place in the manor of Barton Lacey without the knowledge of its matriarch Lady Marina. She was respected for the way she participated in the social functions that took place, among the well-to-do of the district.

Therefore Guy's first hurdle in his new project was to get at least the acknowledgement, if not the approval of his mother, Lady Marina.

Guy talked over the future of nursery duties with Marina and she agreed it would be sensible for the girl to be kept useful once Rupert was no longer staying.

Guy's proposal to take-on Shelia as his new pony-girl had initially surprised his mother, yet she accepted the idea, even if it was on a project that she found somewhat distasteful. For she recognised that Guy's first pony-girl Candy, had proved to be a factor in some of their business deals being successful. A wavering deal could be sealed with a coveted invitation to the stables for a private showing of young Candy being, 'serviced'.

Lady Marina had witness it once; and although she could not deny being transfixed by the sight of the girl beneath the belly of the stud-pony, accommodating six inches of horse-cock, it was a sickening spectacle nonetheless.

Then learning later that Candy was drugged for these special sessions, caused Lady Marina to disassociate herself from the practice and ordered Guy to keep it strictly low-key. But then had come the sudden demise of Candy; and the practice had ceased; along with Juno being unjustly gelded; as if for closure.

More than anything else, this had utterly gutted Jock Strap. For he had raised the animal from a young colt; both him and his stable-girl Candy; coaxing him on to become a fine stud.

And It was Jock who designed and made-up the 'belly-harness' which made it possible for Candy to belly-ride the colt in comfort. By lifting her legs either-side of his flanks her cunt was wide open to the eager colt. Jock could also 'rock' the harness to aid Candy in her eagerness to please Juno. They had worked closely together and they trusted each other like father and daughter.

Gradually with long and careful coxing, Candy had experienced the bliss of Juno's sperm pumping into her vagina! Jock had been there with her, to witness her first orgasm with Juno.

It was later when learning of Candy's stud technique that Master Guy had claimed her as his 'Pony-Girl' which hadn't pleased Candy or Jock much at the time.

Candy and Juno became a vehicle for Guy's prestige, something he could share with his chosen few.

The role for Candy became ever more demanding as Juno outgrew his colt status into a stallion; and forced to perform to a select audience. The reputation of her performances became legend; but the toll on her body became intolerable without the aid of drugs. But eventually even the drugs were not enough.

But for Guy now, that was all in the past. Shelia was to be his new prestige-project. The choice he had to make was which pony to 'pair Shelia'?

That was something he would seek Jock Strap's advice on.

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## Chapter Four

As Shelia rode Juno along the South Downs Way she could see the pale green spire of Harting Church glisten in the morning sunshine.

The Downs at this point were not that high, which rendered the view of the village below easy to define. There was the High Street snaking awkwardly through its centre before heading off northwards towards the Devils Punchbowl.

She pulled Juno up and stared a while, taking in the scenery and her heart gladdened. From that train journey made as a waif out of Waterloo Station, she had come a long way.

Now, she rode as a fine lady on a cock horse, high on the downs.

It was still being able to ride-out like this which helped her to accept this ... thing that Guy was now making her do with Juno in the stable.

When it had become clear what kind of disgusting act Guy required from her, she had been so shocked! She realised then how she'd been duped into promising to train for it!

He had first shown her some photos of a girl called Candy, making love to Juno!

The girl was naked ... and had Juno's terrifying cock inside her! And the girl was apparently loving every moment of it! That was shocking too!

Guy had told her to keep the snaps and get use to them; and they had sort of made the idea of doing it with Juno seem less alarming somehow.

She was to begin the training with Jock who had trained the first girl to take six inches of Juno's shaft! That was the target she had to aim for, and it was daunting!

Jock had been kind and understanding with her; knowing she had either the choice of doing as Guy asked or leaving altogether. And Jock also told her how he had saved Juno from becoming a Gelding; which Shelia now so admired him for!

It transpired that Juno had not actually been 'gelded' but 'sterilised' ; a slight of hand that Jock had arranged with his old friend the Vet. It achieved the owner's requirement of Juno no longer being a stallion, yet Juno would still enjoy the company of a Mare, so to speak?

Shelia grinned; it meant he could still get a steaming great hard-on and shoot yummy sperm! But Jock had joked that she would never get pregnant ... that was a perk of the job!

Jock had explained that she already had a loving relationship with Juno. That was a great advantage. It would make it far easier for her to stimulate Juno and become his Mare; and have sex with him! She would actually be giving Juno a lot of pleasure...?

With Jock saying that, Shelia had accepted what had come her way; to buckle-down with Jock and learn her new craft. She saw Jock now as her father, the one man she could trust.

But sex with Juno had been hard and painful for her as a virgin. Juno had responded to her love

making to the full! His shaft when fully bloated was as fat as a milk bottle! She had shed a lot of tears as Jock had urged her on to take the full six inches.

When she did, she was rewarded with the ecstasy of Juno's sperm flowing into her!

And her task was to empty him every few days!

In between were exercise days, like today on the Downs.

Jock had said she would find the job satisfying; which was now true ... she did get so much extra pleasure from Juno ... and up here on the downs, after all the tears of her apprenticeship, she felt proud of what she had made of her life, since leaving behind the grime of London. She nudged Juno on and began humming an old nursery rhyme from her childhood... 'ride a cock horse to banbury cross ... see a fine lady on a white horse ... rings on her fingers ... bells on her toes...

*The End*