

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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“Why did you take it?” Mike asked, “All you had to do was ask.”

And that was the problem really. I was pretty sure if I had asked to borrow the money he would have let me, but instead, I just took it. Anything I said from here would just sound like an excuse. I was just so disgusted with myself. Mike was in his late sixties and vulnerable, and I had robbed him

“I’m sorry Mike, “ I said “Really. I am. I can only say that I panicked when the bank threatened to take my house off me. It’s been hard keeping up with the bills since Gerry left. But that’s no excuse for doing what I did.”

“I am so disappointed Rachel. I thought we were friends. Go home, I need to think. Come back in the morning.”

I got out of there as quickly as I could totally ashamed of myself. Mike was right. Since I had been brought in as his nurse, we had become friends. It started out with me changing his dressing from a really bad cut he had received when he fell in the local park. He landed on a bottle that had cut almost to the bone and severely damaged his muscle. The hospital had stitched it up, and social services had asked me to do home visits three days a week, to tidy his house up and prepare meals for him. As I had trained as a nurse, they also asked me to clean and change his dressing.

After a week of just chatting, Mike said he was the typical dirty old man and quite liked having a young bit of stuff to leer at. I had laughed at that and just said “Well you know what they say. ‘there is no harm in looking’ but no touching. Ok?”

“Ok. I promise.” Mike said.

The banter was funny, and I had to admit I enjoyed teasing him verbally and with looks because I knew that that’s all it was, just talk. Mike did like to push his luck though. When I first started doing his dressing he would wear a dressing gown and boxers, by the end of the second week he was only wearing the dressing gown. To make it easier for me, he said. What he really meant was it was easier for me to see his erection which I pointedly ignored

At the end of the second week, Mike offered me some extra hours and suggested if we tweaked the hours I could go round his six days a week. As I needed the extra cash, I agreed. Seeing me even more brought us even closer, but I have to say, even though some of what he said was downright dirty, he never once tried to touch me, even when I was only inches away from his not inconsiderable erection which, I have to say I found quite complimentary, but also at times arousing. I put that down to not having had any sex since Gerry walked out six months ago, or even a boyfriend as I had been far too busy working

We had a daily routine. When Mike got up, he would have a shower and don his dressing gown. When I arrived I would cook his full English breakfast for him, and while he ate it I would have a coffee, and we would chat. Into the third week, Mike suddenly asked, “Why don’t you ever wear a skirt?”

I was a bit taken aback as it just seemed to pop out of the blue. “I...Well....Let’s be honest would it really be a sensible thing to do when I am only inches away for your erection every day.” I even shocked myself at that reply. It was just a defensive attack I think, but it was very sharp. I regretted it the moment I said it.

Mike didn’t seem at all phased by my response. “Well, I thought we trusted each other. Look but

don't touch. Remember. You just never really give me anything to look at." He laughed as he finished, which did lighten the mood.

"Well let's see ok. Let me think about it." I think deep inside I knew what I would do. I knew he wouldn't touch me and I had enjoyed all the verbal attention, and the horny leering and even the daily site of his covered erection I found exciting. But I decided I would take it a step at a time. The following day I still wore my jeans but I wore a top that was thin enough to show the outline of my boobs, and when I bent down it would move away from the body, not so low as he would get a look at my tits but low enough to maybe see some cleavage.

As I cleaned up, I would steal glances at him smiling at whatever it was he saw. I dressed like that for a couple of days, then I wore a mid-length skirt. By now I was deliberately teasing him, but I knew he could only see slight glimpses. The banter, however, had got more and more sexually orientated and not as hidden as it was before. But not once did I feel unsafe. By the end of the week, I was wearing short skirts and low cut tops. If he was lucky, he could probably see my panties, and I know he could see my boobs because I would linger as I bent over in front of him looking him straight in the face. Of course, the banter was now almost totally sexual, but I still knew that it was just banter and it did make for a really friendly atmosphere.

At home, the bills were beginning to get out of hand. I needed to get my hands on some money so I went to one of those payday loan places and borrowed £200 at a ridiculous interest rate, but had to pay the gas and electric or they would cut me off. Come payday, of course, I got a letter from the bank about the mortgage arrears, so I had to pay that. I was desperate, I knew the payday loan would get out of hand if I didn't pay it. I thought of asking Mike for a loan but was too ashamed to play on our friendship, and a little scared of what he may want in return. Or at least that's what I told myself. I knew where Mike stashed his money and I thought if I borrowed enough to pay off the loan I could put the money back at the end of the week and Mike would never know. But life never works out like that does it? As Mike hadn't noticed the missing money, I convinced myself he wouldn't know if I borrowed some more or some more. But of course he did, and that is why I am in the situation I am in now.

If Mike called the police, and I was convicted of robbing a pensioner that I was supposed to be caring of, then I had no doubt I would go to prison. I was in serious trouble.

The following morning I arrived for work as normal. As I walked in Mike thrust a piece of A4 into my hand "Read this while you're cooking my breakfast then if you have any questions we can discuss it while I eat."

I read the document as he suggested and when ready I took his breakfast into him and sat with my usual coffee. "Before we discuss anything you need to know that the camera behind me is running and will record this conversation in its entirety." The camera in question was one of those view cam things.

I took the time to glance at it, but I was angry "What is this?" I asked waving the paper at him

"That is, hopefully, an agreement between you and I. If you agree to it then not only will I not call the police but I will endeavor to assist you in your financial difficulties. Not by paying you any more money but by making a financial plan for you to follow."

"It says about sexual contact and stuff. What do you mean by that are you going to blackmail me into fucking you or something."

"Now that is the exact reason we need to have a signed agreement." He said, "I am 67 years old and

have been admiring your body for quite some time as well you know. But let's be honest just how much activity do you think I am capable of. That just means that if I grope your tits then your not going to shout 'sexual assault.' It means that you are happy for me to do it and that you are giving your consent."

"And that's all it is?" She asked

"Of course. Like I said I am not fit enough for much more. And you know your safe with me don't you?"

"Well you have been very good I have to admit. Never take advantage of the situation. And if I agree on you won't call the police?"

"If you agree I will have no need to will I?"

"Just the odd grope now and then?"

"Just as it says in the contract."

"Ok, I don't want any more problems so I will sign it. It can't be half as bad as would happen in prison I suppose."

"Good. Now look into the camera and read it out loud then sign it. That way we have a visual and written record to say that you are signing it of your own free will."

She looked into the camera and started to read:

I Rachel Burrows do hereby admit that I stole a large sum of money from Mr. Mike Harvey.

As I am unable to pay back the stolen money, I agree to pay back the sum in the following manner.

1) I will willingly undertake all and any sexual favors requested of me by Mr. Harvey. I will do this openly and without reservation giving my full and unreserved consent to all and any sexual activity that he chooses.

2) I agree, without reservation to dress and act at all times according to Mr. Harvey's wishes

3) I grant permission for Mr. Harvey to take as many photos and videos of me as he wishes, be they dressed or nude, sexual or nonsexual and grant him full and sole copyright of any such images and videos.

4) I sign this agreement and consent contract on the understanding that if I fail to adhere to the above terms in any way, I will forfeit my property to Mr. Harvey in payment of all the money I owe him and as compensation for the inconvenience I have caused him.

I sign this agreement freely, unconditionally and without reservation

Rachel Burrows

Once I had read it, I looked at him hesitantly and then slowly signed. It was pointless trying to get out of it anyway as I knew I couldn't repay him, and after all, he wasn't asking for much. Was he?"

He took the document off the table and put it into a box beside his chair. Then he pulled open his dressing gown. For the very first time, I saw his full erection in all it's massive glory, slowly throbbing as it pointed eagerly in my direction.

"Suck it." He ordered, "And swallow."

"But.... I can....you said touching, not....that."

"I believe the agreement was any and all sexual activities. The agreement also states if you refuse, not only do you go to prison but I take possession of everything you own. Your arse your cunt your mouth belongs to me to use as I see fit. Now suck my cock and be happy your not going to prison."

"You bastard. You conned me."

"And you stole from me. Now do as your fucking told. Suck my fucking cock."

He lay back in his armchair smiling as I hesitantly moved between his spread legs. I looked at that throbbing erection, slowly taking it in my hand guiding it towards my open mouth. I wanted to be sick. I had only ever done this once with Gerry, and I hated it. But what choice did I have? I started off slowly and deciding that the sooner it was over, the better. I soon got into a rhythm. He put his hand on my head and pushed me further onto that throbbing member. His breathing was getting faster, and I knew he was close to coming. I readied to pull it out of my mouth.

There was no way I was going to swallow it like he demanded. I felt a shudder run up the length of his cock and pulled back. Before I got an inch his hand rammed me back down and he shot his cum into the back of my throat. Now with both hands on my head, he was pumping my head up and down fucking my face. He just pumped his juice into me for what seemed hours. There was so much of it, and it came so fast it was impossible to swallow it all. It seeped from my mouth and ran down my chin. Finally, he released my head, and his cock slid from my mouth.

"That was everything I expected it to be," he said with a huge smile on his face

"You bastard," I said wiping my chin on my sleeve.

"Let's get this straight. You stole from me. You now know what it is going to cost you. I own you, and I can do whatever I want with you, and I fully intend to do so. You can either fight me all the way, or you can just admit defeat and enjoy it. If you fight me then maybe I will just sell your house and put you on the street, or maybe just call the police, have you arrested, put you out of work and send you to prison."

He paused for a moment to let that sink in. "Or. If you accept your situation I am in a position to help you with your finances, and, if you keep me happy, then I will want to keep you happy won't I?. New clothes, trips to the city, dining out in posh restaurants and maybe even continue with your education. The choice is yours. For now, you may continue with your work. When you are done, you may go home. When you come back tomorrow if you decide to make the most of your situation you will wear a short skirt and thin low cut top with no underwear. If you decide to fight me, then you will be wearing your jeans again. Understood?"

"I understand," I said angrily. I got up and carried on with my work. When it came to dressing his injury, he made no attempt to cover his semi-erect cock. Thankfully he didn't make me do anything else to it. The day seemed to last forever. All I wanted to do was get out of there and run and run and run. Instead, I just took a slow, lonely drive home.

When I got in the tears, just burst from my eyes. I was so ashamed, not from sucking his cock but for stealing from him. Sucking his cock seemed a just punishment when compared to going to prison. But that wasn't all he was going to do to me, was it? And that was my problem. What to do? What besides freedom was in it for me? At his age, I doubted I would be getting any sexual enjoyment from it. I was just an empty vessel for him to use as he saw fit. Eventually, I drifted off to sleep.

When I got up the next morning, I still had no idea what I was going to do. A feeling of surrender was being beaten back by stubborn anger.

I left home a little earlier than usual and took a slow drive. Mike lived some distance out of town. I had never really looked at it before but on this day, possibly my last day of freedom I took in the serenity of the open countryside. By the time I knocked on the door I was in a state of peace. Like I was totally detached from myself.

As usual, Mike was dressed only in his dressing gown, I followed him into the lounge and stood in front of his chair. Waiting for him to say something. "I see you have seen sense."

"Anything is better than prison. I won't fight you. But don't expect me to enjoy it either. I will do my very best to please you in any way you want." I said quietly.

"Take your top off so I can, at last, have a good look at those wonderful tits."

I didn't hesitate I just pulled the top over my head, it didn't actually hide anything anyway. "Step forward and rest your arms on the arm of the chair." Again I did as requested without hesitation. I was now leaning forward and my 36c boobs swung underneath me like a pair of cows udders. He reached forward and brushed them gently, I sucked my breath in sharply at his touch. I had convinced myself that I was not going to enjoy any of this, but as he played softly with my nipples they became erect, and I could feel the sensations running down to my pussy. I blanked my mind to everything. Completely cut myself off from those feelings.

"You really do have a very nice body Rachel. Go and sit in your chair."

I did as instructed like a robot. Though I wished it was now over, I knew it wasn't. He knelt down in front of me and spread my legs wide open. Then he pulled me forward, so I was teetering on the edge. Suddenly I realized what he was going to do and I tried to pull away. His hand shot up to my nipple and squeezed it as hard as he could. I cried out in pain, making myself slide back to the edge of the chair. He lifted my legs so they were hanging over the arms of the chair and my pussy was on open view to him.

He didn't mess about, he dived straight in. Lashing his tongue into my already wet pussy going deep inside and then lapping it upward to my clit where he lingered for a while before again ramming it back into my love hole. He pulled me forward a bit more and now he had full access to both my pussy and my bum hole. Nobody had ever touched my anus before, so when his tongue not only brushed the puckered edge but forced it's way deep inside, I couldn't help but let out an involuntary moan of pleasure. While his tongue worked my bum hole his fingers worked my clit and then he would swap them around, the feeling of having my bum finger fucked was electrifying, and I soon felt my orgasm rising. But to no avail. He pushed me to the very edge and let it slip back then to the edge driving me wild.

"If you want to cum then you're going to have to beg me like a whore."

"You bastard." I said, "What are you doing to me? Oh god yes ohh please let me cum please."

"Like a whore I said."

"Don't Mike please. Just fuck me use your cock in my wet cunt Mike fuck this whore make me come Mike please I will do anything just make me c... Oooooohhhhhh fuuuuuuuckkkk.

Mike had stood up and literally rammed his cock forceful into my throbbing pussy as hard as he could, and the force and the pain had driven me into the most awesome orgasm I had ever felt. I thought I was going to die. I was thrashing wildly and then realized that Mike was coming in my throbbing pussy and the feeling of his come dashing into that space sent me off on another orgasm before the first had even finished. For an old, infirm man, as I believed him to be, he was giving me the best fuck I had ever had. Finally, we both collapsed exhausted.

"Where the fuck did you get that from?" I said weakly

"Years of experience and ten years without sex."

"Ten years. Fuck me. You got a lot of catching up to do then."

"Oh, so you're ok with it now then are you." He laughed as he fell into his chair.

"Well, it certainly is better than prison." I laughed. "I was surprised. I just thought you were a dirty old man after a quick grope."

"Oh, I am a dirty old man. In fact, I am a perverted old man, but that doesn't mean I don't know how to give pleasure to a woman. Especially one as young and as gorgeous as you."

"Ok enough of the flattery. I suppose you want your breakfast now Sir."

"Hmmm, Sir." Mike said thoughtfully, "I like that."

"That just popped out but it seems appropriate under the circumstances."

"That's true, and breakfast would be nice, and leave the top off."

"What if somebody comes round?" I asked then as an afterthought I added "Sir."

"Then they will see a gorgeous young woman with a great pair of tits walking around topless."

"You wouldn't." But I knew by the look in his eyes that he would. Actually, I found the idea quite a turn on. Fucking slut I thought. Laughing to myself

"Once I have eaten I want to show you around the place."

"Topless!" I gasped

He laughed, "No not this time, another time maybe. You can put your top on when we leave."

As I did my usual chores, I wondered just what he was going to show me. The house was quite large, and I had never actually been right round. Outside it was surrounded by trees to protect it from the wind coming off the fields beyond. But just how big his house or how much of the land was his I had

no idea.

“Finished Sir ” Using the title without a second thought

“Ok. Put your top on and hand me the crutches.”

Once ready we headed for the door and out into the fresh spring air, Rex, Mikes Alsatian, joined us from the back garden where he spent most of his time.

Rex bounced around while Mike petted him and the dog came over to me and instantly started sniffing at my crotch trying to lift my skirt. “No Rex, down boy,” I said

“haha, he can smell your cunt juices.” Mike laughed “and probably smell me on you as well. Stand still and spread your legs.”

“I can’t,” I said, “not out here Sir.”

“Ok, I will allow it for now. But when we get to the barn, then you will do as I say.”

Once again I was gently reminded of my situation. “Yes, Sir,” I said softly.

The barn was about 50 yards away and couldn’t be seen from the house due to the trees. As we walked Mike told me that all the land as far as the wood in the distance was his, and the front view went as far as the drive which was about a half mile long, so he was totally secluded. The barn was quite an imposing structure, and modern, so not the rickety old thing I was expecting.

As we entered, I could see that it was separated into several rooms on two layers. The ground floor was full of various bits of machinery on one half and the other half Mike had his office with computers and his security system. The whole of the rear section which was accessed through a locked door was a stable large enough to hold several horses. Only two of the stalls were in use he said by an old friend who lived locally. Beyond the stables was a paddock where the horses were allowed to roam freely.

The upstairs was a revelation. As you opened the door at the top of the stairs, you were welcomed by a fully fitted gym with just about every fitness aid you could think of. Beyond that was a large modern open plan self-contained apartment with its own access and balcony with uninterrupted views of the surrounding countryside.

“I stay here sometimes if I have been busy in the office. Or if I overdo it in the gym which I do at times.” Mike said “The doctors at the hospital thought I was just some old dodderer who due to his age tripped and fell. In fact, I was in training for a half marathon that I run every year for charity. Just like you, I think.”

“You tricked me.” I said, “You made out that you wouldn’t be able to do much to me because of your age.”

“Actually what I said was ‘I can’t do much right now’ I believe. And while I can’t do as much as I could 20 years ago, I can, as you know, give a good account of myself.”

“You tricked me. Sir” I said quietly.

“Never jump to conclusions. Now take your clothes off. We are going to continue with your education.”

I did as he asked not sure what to expect now that I knew he was a lot fitter than I expected. I stood in front of him sort of covering up but not really.

"Legs apart. Further. That's better, now call Rex over."

"Please, Sir." I begged, "Don't make me do this. Please"

Mike got up and took the phone from the kitchen, "Rex or 999. Which is it to be?"

Defeated again I called Rex over. He instantly started sniffing around my pussy which still had encrusted cum juice around it. His nose was cold, and the first touch made me jump, but that didn't put Rex off. Then he started licking. First the tops of my legs and then my pussy. The more he tasted, the more he wanted, and the deeper his tongue went. I tried to fight it, even trying to push him away, but his rasping tongue on my clit stopped me in my tracks. A groan escaped my lips as my juices started to flow and my legs started to shake.

"Be warned, my dear. If at any time you drop to your knees he will mount you."

"No." I whispered, "No I can't." But my legs were shaking more and more, and I had to steel myself to stay upright. "Oh fuck this is so unfair please sir stop him please."

My legs went, and I almost fell to my knees. I got my hands to my knees and supported myself half bent over which only seemed to make things worse as Rex moved behind me. In this position, he could delve even deeper. "No no, this cant happen no Rex please Rex stop."

Too late. The orgasm hit me like a rocket. One minute it was rising and the next I was screaming with orgasmic pleasure. The force of it tipped my balance over the edge, and I staggered forward landing on my knees, but still, Rex didn't stop. Everything was a blur. I thanked God that he had stopped licking my pussy then the next second I felt something hard pushing at my bum hole. I tried to move away but Rex had his paws at my side, and he pulled me back to him and then that thing entered my pussy. He pushed his rod deeper and deeper into me.

"No Sir." I moaned, "Please stop this Sir I beg you please."

"Too late my dear." He said, "Rex is in control now, and nothing and nobody is going to stop him from fucking his bitch. That's you by the way. Be ready for the knot though."

Rex was now pumping wildly, and I could feel his hard doggy cock banging at my womb. I half sensed that he was enormous in both length and width. He filled my hole so much my pussy kept making involuntary gripping motions which certainly heightened the feelings for me and made Rex whine loudly. Then something even bigger was trying to get inside me. Suddenly with a painful thrust, his knot was in me. Now I truly was his bitch. I thought at one point he had cum, but Mike later told that it was just his pre-cum.

When he did come, it drove away my last vestiges of self-respect and pushed me into yet another orgasm. I just went wild. Screaming and thrusting back harder and harder onto that wonderful doggy cock. "Ohhhh yes ooohhhh fuck me, Rex, you bastard make me your bitch Rex yes oh yes OHHHHH FUCKING HELLLL." I was totally gone. I went completely limp and gave myself over to the waves of doggy pleasure until Rex finally stopped, panting almost as hard I was.

"Just stay still till the knot comes out and he will walk away but stay there, don't get up. It's my turn, I fancy some sloppy doggy seconds."

"Please Sir please let me get up I am shattered."

"Just do as your told doggy bitch."

I couldn't really deny that name could I. I had just freely given myself to a dog. Begging it to fuck me even harder. God, I was such a dirty whore. Finally, I felt the knot slide out and with it what seemed like a gallon of doggy cum. As Rex moved away, Mike took his place. What could I do, I was shaking so much I doubt whether I could stand up anyway.

Mike didn't hold back and just like before he rammed his cock into my swollen pussy hard and fast. The force and the soreness of my hole sent me once again into an instant orgasm. "Oh fuck you bastard. I can't take anymore. Ohh, fuck fuck fuck. Aaaggghhhhhh"

As the orgasm subsided, Mike said, "Your cunt is a bit too sloppy for a good fuck so let's try that nice little-puckered bum hole."

My head shot up. "No." I tried to get away but like Rex mike had my hips and just pulled me back to him.

"Behave you whore. This won't take long believe me."

"I have never done it before."

"Oh, nice a virgin arse. I am going to enjoy deflowering it for you. Now stay still, or you will hurt yourself."

He thrust two fingers into my pussy and then rubbed the juices around my tightly close bum hole. It didn't matter how tight I clenched that little hole his lubricated fingers slid in without any problem and as he slid in and out of that place my muscles started to relax. First, it was one finger then two and then, something bigger. With a hard push, he was in. The pain was excruciating, and I screamed, but he didn't pull away. He waited for a second and then slowly pushed his fully hard nine inches in till his balls slapped against my pussy. Then he started thrusting, slowly at first but getting faster and to my amazement, I could feel yet another orgasm rising from somewhere deep inside of me. I started pushing back on him, wanting more of that rod in my dirty bum hole.

"What the fuck are doing to me. Oh fuck Sir do it, fuck me, do it hard Sir make me your whore, I don't care anymore just fuck me to death. Ohhh yes ooohh fuck yes yes yes" I couldn't scream or say anything more. I have never felt anything like it in my life. My head came up my mouth was open to scream, and my eyes were so wide it hurt. Suddenly I was totally numb and couldn't feel anything but that rod ramming up my arse.

"Ohhh god you fucking whore your gonna kill me at this rate yes yes Nnnnnnn. Agghhhhhh god"

I felt his jism hit deep inside me and I smiled, I couldn't believe it, but I smiled with....pride. The pride that I had pleased this man so well.

Mike pulled out of me and staggered to the settee. "Come here and clean me up my little doggy bitch."

The thought of putting that cock, covered in his cum my cum, shit and even worse doggy come made me feel sick, but I didn't hesitate. Actually, it tasted quite sweet, and while it did smell a bit foul, it wasn't as bad as I expected.

"Well done my girl. So how was your first outing as Rex's bitch."

"Surprising Sir, surprising," I said totally exhausted. "Can I have a shower please, sir?"

"When we get home." he said "But you can get dressed if you want," he added as he stepped out onto the balcony. "Hi, Harry. One tea one coffee please I may have someone you can use."

I looked up at the 'you can use' bit. But Mike just ignored me. "Come on then," he said holding the door open for me.

"I can't meet people Sir I absolutely stink of sex and dog."

"That's ok. Harry won't mind."

I was stunned but followed him none the less. We used the rear exit into the stables and Harry was just carrying a tray of assorted hot drinks outside to a luxury set of soft patio furniture. In fact, it was positioned just inside the stables, but when the doors were folded back, it took then outside. It consisted of two chairs, folded, one swing chair and a sunbed. Mike unfolded the chairs, and the two men sat in them while I sat in the swing chair.

"Harry, meet Rachel." Mike said, "She sees to all my needs till my leg gets better."

"Pleased to meet you, my dear," Harry said with a smile and a blatant ogle at my tits, "So you see to all of Mikes needs then do you?"

"Harry I swear you're more of a perv than I am." Mike laughed, "Anyway have you found anyone to do the stables yet."

"No, not yet it's just too far out in the sticks really no one wants to know." Harry said, "Why."

"Well, I thought you may be able to use Rachel here as she is out here all week." Mike said, "And she is in need of a bit more money to pay her bills. Isn't that right Rachel."

I had a distinct feeling I was being set up. But I did need the money. "Well, I do need the money. What would you like me to do?" I knew the second I said it that it was a mistake.

"Well," Said Harry with a laugh, "There are a lot of things I would love you to do for me, my dear. " The way he leered at me and drooled made me feel sick. His eyes undressed me at every glance. It was like he knew how few clothes I had on. My boobs may have been obvious, but I felt his eyes going up my legs to my pussy

"The job I mean," I said with a smile. Despite how he made me feel

"Have you had any experience with horses?" Mike asked

"Well I used to ride a little as a child, but that's about it."

"Harry is in need of a stable maid. Clean out the stables groom the horses and that kind of stuff."

"Well, I have never done it before," I said.

"That's ok my dear I will be happy to show you if you're interested?"

"Well like I said I need the money and as I am out here anyway if it's ok with Sir then I would love

to.”

“Oooo Sir eh.” Harry said with a smirk. “Do you always dress like that for work.”

“Yes, she does Harry,” Mike said before I could answer.

“Then the job is yours. I will discuss the rates with Mike.” Harry beamed, “You can start tomorrow. Drink your coffee, my dear.”

Half an hour later I was almost falling asleep from exhaustion

“Ok Harry, we will be off. Just showing Rachel around the estate.” Mike said,

“Ok, Mike. See you tomorrow at about 11 Rachel. Bye” Harry smiled

“Bye Harry,” I said weakly

Mike walked me to the end of the stables where he got onto a golf buggy. I sat beside him wondering just how huge was this estate. “Just a quick trip to the woods and I will show you the way to the village then we can go home, and you can have that shower. I think Harry quite likes you.”

I was too tired to think about it let alone discuss it. I did enjoy the ride though. The woods were a good five minutes by buggy, and the village was about five minutes past that. It would be about an hours walk. But most of it was really just a blur

Seeing I was almost asleep Mike drove the buggy straight back to the house. I really don't remember much after that. My next memory was waking up in a strange bed in a strange room with Mike standing next to me with a hot cup of coffee. “Come on, sleepy head, it's gone 3 o'clock,” he said.

“Where....how....where am I?” I asked, confused

“You're in my spare room. You were asleep before your head hit the pillow.” Mike said with a smile, “drink your coffee. You know where the bathroom is, and I have put a clean towel out. Have a shower and then come down when you're ready. I have cooked some dinner for us.

“I am sorry Sir,” I said

“That's fine Rachel. You have had a busy day. Now move along, or it will burn.”

I drank my coffee and then found the bathroom. I had only ever been upstairs once in all the time I had been coming here and was surprised at the size of the place. But then I hadn't really seen much of downstairs either. The bathroom was modern, much to my surprise. As soon as I got into the shower, the hot water hit the scratches on my back that Rex had made and I suddenly felt all the aches and pains of the day. I found myself even more confused when I thought how little fight I had put up and how servile I had become. While I hated the fact that I didn't have any choice about what Mike was doing to me, deep down I must have enjoyed it, otherwise, surely my body would have shut down, not given me some of the most fantastic orgasms I had ever experienced. I dried and got dressed and then went down to the kitchen where Mike had laid out an apparent feast. To my eyes anyway. It had been so long since I had eaten properly.

“I didn't know what you liked so I have done chicken and pork with a mixed salad. Help yourself, and we can chat while we eat.

The chat was mainly about my accounts. Mike wanted all, and any documents and letters about my

financial problems brought to him in the morning. In the meantime, once we had eaten, I rang my bank and gave Mike full authorization and access to the details.

About 5 o'clock I got ready to go home. "Now remember," Mike said, "drop your documents off before you go to the stables and I should have some news for you by the time your finished."

"Yes sir," I said, "And thank you."

"And one last thing." Mike said, "Harry is a good friend of mine. Your work outfit will be the same or similar to what you have on now. You will never wear a bra or pants when you come to work, whether it is here or at the stables. Ever. Understood?"

"Yes, sir I understand." Then as an afterthought, "What if Harry....well....you know."

He laughed, "Like I said before Harry is a dirty old man just like me. He will want to touch and have a grope, but he won't do anything else because he won't want to upset me. Let him have his fun and know you are safe with him. He would never hurt you.

Well, that didn't make me feel any better. Now it seemed I had two filthy pervs to keep happy, but at least Harry was just about groping. Which wasn't so bad, but I could never fuck him he was just too old and dirty, in mind and body. He made my skin crawl when I remembered the way his eyes stripped me and leered at me drooling spittle down his chin.

The following morning I dropped the papers off and asked Mike if he wanted breakfast. "No do your other chores first. Start at the stables. I will sort this lot out then we can discuss my conclusions over breakfast."

"Ok Sir," I said. It seemed natural to me now to call him 'Sir' even though it had been less than a day ago that he forced himself on me.

I walked down to the stables and Harry was sitting in the chair having a cup of coffee. I was hoping to get everything done before he came here but I should have known better I suppose. He wants his grope and Mike more or less told me I was to allow him access.

"Morning Harry," I said all smiles 'yuk.'

"Morning my dear. A pleasure to see you nice and early. Not much mucking out to do, so get that done first. Then I will show you how to groom a horse while I groom 'a' mare." He sniggered. As I came alongside him, he grabbed my hand. "I see we are in the same uniform as yesterday then my dear."

"Yes, Harry." It wasn't the same but an easy enough mistake to make as Harry had his eyes glued to my tits and legs during yesterdays visit.

"Good well as you muck out I will direct you so don't go too fast. My eyes are not as good as they used to be and I like to enjoy the view."

I didn't reply I just moved into the stables picked up the fork and started mucking out. I knew what he wanted, and I knew that Mike expected me to comply. I also knew that whatever else happened I would not be getting fucked by this foul smelling man, so I decided to give him what he wanted. I was wearing a button up top, so I turned to face him and undid the buttons. The top would now open up enough when I bent over for Harry to get a really good look at my swaying breasts. I gave him plenty of opportunities to see them, and on several occasions, I put my back to him, spread my legs

and bent over giving him a long and lingering look at my pussy which I have to admit was getting quite wet. Probably because I knew I was safe.

Finally the mucking out was done. Harry was happy, and all I had to do now was groom the horse. The mare was on loan at a show. That was when the penny dropped. Harry's comment about grooming 'a' mare' meant grooming me.

"Right then my dear," Harry said, "give me your hand, and I will show you how to groom with the brush."

I held out my hand to him palm up. "Silly girl. Stand between Oscar and me with your back to me. That's it now take the brush..."

Getting as close to me as he could he put the brush in my hand and shuffled me forward, I could feel his erection already. Slowly he brushed the horse down his flank and then followed the stroke under the belly. With each stroke, he rubbed his cock against me and with each stroke he got closer and closer to the stallions cock.

Suddenly something began to stir. Horse cock started to show from its sheath, and my eyes were glued to it. It looked like a man's cock head, only much bigger. My pussy started to twitch at the sight as though preparing to be fucked. Of course, that was ridiculous. Harry moved his hand away from mine.

"Go on girl." He said, "You know you want to feel it. Take hold of it, he won't mind. It feels just like a man does. Go on."

I was fascinated. About 6" of horse cock was visible now, and it was still growing. Did it truly feel just like a man? I thought as I reached toward it. As I gripped it in my hand it was so big I couldn't get my hand around the girth of it, so I used two hands. It felt amazing, and I was amazed at how still the horse was.

"I told you she would," Mike said. I turned to see that Mike had arrived and was watching me.

"You did." Harry said, "See if she will give him a blow job." He laughed, moving behind me.

"Go on girl." Mike said, "You won't get it all in, but you can suck on the head."

Even though the thought disgusted me the disgust was knocked aside by the curiosity. I moved forward as best I could while Harry held onto my hips. Then I guided that huge cock head to my mouth. The only part I could get into my mouth was the piss hole part. The head itself was just too big for my tiny mouth, but I sucked that cock, I licked it and rubbed it two hands not even thinking about if he would come or not.

"She likes that." Harry said, "Her cunt is flowing like a river." He rammed his cock into my pussy as far as it would go with no resistance at all. As he thrust into me he pushed me further forward, I, in turn, was pushed further onto that huge horse cock. I hoped Harry didn't push any further or I would choke to death I was sure.

"Turn her around," Mike said.

Harry released my hips, and Mike turned me around so that Harry could slip his erection into my mouth. I was certainly happier with this cock. Harry pushed it in as far as he could go, pushing me backward. And then I felt it. Initially, I thought it was Mike, aiming to spit roast me with Harry. But

what was pushing at my pussy was way too big to be Mike.

As it dawned on me that Mike was guiding that horse cock into my pussy, I tried to get away, but Harry not only held my but pushed me back. As that monster entered my hole, I screamed, stifled by Harry's cock. After a moment the pain went, and Harry pushed me back again. I felt that monster cock hit my cervix and Harry was rocking backward and forwards. To my horror, Harry was forcing me to fuck that horse cock. Backward and forwards, stretching me so wide I thought I would never survive.

But Harry was right, my pussy was flowing like a river and whether I liked it or not I was so full that cock was hitting my clit and knew if he kept going I was going to come. I could feel it rising, and to my shame, I started pushing myself backward and forwards. Crying and screaming and moaning all at the same time. I felt Harry shoot his come down my throat almost like it was in the distance as I concentrated on my horsey orgasm.

Then I felt it. The horse snickered, and huge jets of horse come crashed against my insides. Jet after jet of it. My stomach seemed to fill up and bloat out. That finished me off, my orgasm hit me and I kept pushing further and further back onto that huge cock, I wanted it all. My eyes were huge, and my moans were like a desperate animal begging for more and more. Then that monster cock just slipped out of me, and a river of horse juice splashed around my feet. My legs gave way, and I collapsed in a pile on the ground, my orgasm still racking my body feeling like it had been left incomplete. I was shaking violently.

I must have only been semi-conscious as I could hear voices in the background, but it sounded like a tunnel. Then someone shook me. "Come on girl." Mike said, "Get a shower and then bring us some fresh tea.

I staggered to my feet and made my way to the bathroom. Horse come continually running from my swollen pussy. It wasn't till the water washed away my daze that it dawned on me what had just happened. "He makes me fuck a bloody horse. And then tells me to make fresh tea like it was an everyday thing." I said to myself. I could feel myself getting angrier and angrier. By the time I took a fresh pot of tea to them, I was fuming.

I dropped the tray on the table, "You two....what...." I could get the words together I was so angry. "Grrrr." I finished plonking myself onto the swing chair.

"Why so angry dear?" Mike asked, smiling.

"You just fucking...." I gasped, "A fucking horse for christ sake."

"Well, we may have started it, honey." Harry said, "But take my word for it you finished it all by yourself. We were just watching. Once that cock was in that hot cunt of yours it was all your own work.

"No. It was you two." I said looking at Mike, who just slowly shook his head. "No. I didn't. Oh, fuck did I?"

Silently Mike handed me his mobile phone. He had videoed it all. I couldn't believe what I had done. Once Harry shot his juice into my mouth. His cock slipped from between my lips and I hung on to his hips for balance. Slowly pushing myself further and further onto that monstrous cock. I covered my face in horror and shame. What had I become?

The End