

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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“Oh Janie it’s working! H-he’s licking my tits.”

That’s what slowed my step just as I was about to barge into the barn and start screaming about all the lights being left on.

I had a horse boarding facility and the young twits left there after school were always leaving all the lights on. This evening was no exception other than I had not seen any cars in the parking area and it was past time that usually everyone had gone for the evening.

I immediately recognized both the name and the voice. Janie was sixteen, a waif-ish little girl, all skin and bones with medium length mousy brown hair. She could be found here at just about anytime including mealtime. She was a friend of my daughter and if she wasn’t picked up by one of her parents she usually found her way to our house to wait. She could be annoying but you couldn’t help but like her, she just seemed overlooked by her family most of the time.

Now the voice... that was another matter all together. A basic pain in the ass from the word go... but what a bod. I don’t know, let’s see... a five foot seven seventeen year old brunette Heather Graham. Lonnng legs... kinda thin in the hips but with a nice ass and then the boobs. Not just boobs but real tits, not too overwhelming but certainly more than a hand or mouthful... they stuck out, they rode high... they bounced when she walked like they were fighting to get out, you know... that kind of tits! Visually she was a real joy to behold as she rode her horse. Those legs spread and that ass firmly fixed in the saddle and those TITS bouncing as the horse trotted or cantered.

Her name was Lis, short for Elisabeth, another offspring of parents who were tired of parenting because they thought they were through years earlier. Lis was caustic in her comments, sharp tongued and generally tried to portray a “I could give a shit” attitude. She too had found a second home here and so it came as no surprise that she and Janie had become friends.

I stopped short of the corner and entrance and went into stop motion. I held my breath as I waited to see if I had been heard approaching. I was wondering, “What the hell is going on it there?”

In the twenty or so seconds that I held my breath I had heard Janie ask, “What does it feel like, good I bet.”

“You can’t believe how good it feels, look at my nipples, they’re already pokin’ out just like when you suck on them Janie.”

When she does WHAT? I suddenly realized that I was still holding my breath, I slowly and quietly let my breath out. I was stunned for the moment. Sooo I thought we’ve got a little lez-action going on between these two. But what was going on now, who was licking those tits?

I slowing inched forward so I could peek around the corner of the doorway. I didn’t immediately see anything or anyone. What I did see was the feed bin open, another of my grievances, no one is supposed to be in the feed bin except employees. Then I saw shadowy reflections coming from the grooming stall just on the other side of the wash rack

These were open fronted stalls for horses to be tied while they were being groomed. They had eyehooks on each side of the walls to tie up the horse. I could hear the jingle sound from the crosstie straps. A horse was definitely tied up there. From my vantage point I couldn’t see into the stall so I didn’t know who was in it. Too many times the kids would leave their horses tied up there while they cleaned the stalls.

I knew I couldn't go into the aisle way to get a better look that would leave me out in the open with no cover if I had to retreat. How could I see what was going on in that stall?

I thought for a moment... the tack room was on the other side of the rear wall of the grooming stall. There were spaces between some of the boards, surely I could get a look into the grooming stall from that vantage point.

I slowly and quietly turned around and headed back toward the tack room door. I had to be quiet and hoped the door wouldn't make any noise. I slowly opened the door and at the back wall I could see slats of light coming through the cracks from the stall lights.

"This is going to work," I thought, as I quietly made my way to the back wall. I picked a point in the corner where I thought I could see without anyone seeing me from the other side and edged up to the wall. What I saw was unbelievable. The girls had tied Rocky, Janie's horse, head-in in the stall that meant he was pointed toward the back of the stall. Lis was standing in front of Rocky at his head and Janie was off a little to one side. He was cross tied with two lead lines which allowed him to move his head considerably.

The only movement he was engaged in at the moment was slurping Lis's magnificent boobs with an up and down movement of his head. This was the jingling sound I had heard. His long tongue would run out as he started below one tit and licked his way past the nipple to the top of this flesh mound.

They... the tits that is... were on a platter in a sense. Lis's shirt was opened and pulled back to either side, she had pulled her boobs out over the top of her bra. Her tits were being held out to the horse as though they were being offered to him by hands underneath them.

They were everything I had imagined them to be and more. They were perfect. As I looked at the scene in front of me two things occurred, first I noticed a distinct surge of blood into my heretofore sleeping member and secondly the distinct appearance that Lis's tits were darker than the rest of her chest.

As I continued to stare at the spectacle before me I realized that her tits were covered with some sort of darker brown coloring. Rocky was slathering his tongue across both of Lis's tits with a vengeance. That's when it hit me... the feed bin was open. Rocky licking like a madman. She had rubbed molasses all over both tits!! Sure enough, as I looked in Janie's direction I saw that she was still holding the jar. We used molasses to sweeten up small portions of feed particularly when used to administer oral medications to horses that otherwise would refuse it.

"Man, he's really goin' after your boobs Lis," Janie said.

"Yeah, they feel like they're goin' to freakin' explode," Lis exclaimed, "my nips are hard as nails too!" Indeed Lis's nipples were distended to about 3/4 of an inch and appeared to be tight and hard, even part of the areola's were crinkled up.

Janie put one hand into the molasses jar and brought a big glob between her thumb and forefinger. She stepped closer to Lis and coated first one then the other nipple in between Rocky's licks. "OOOooohhh, that feels great too Janie," Lis cooed, "It always feels good when you touch them."

"I'm getting hot too, just watching. I think I'm leaking into my panties," Janie cried.

"I know," breathed Lis, "my snatch is on fire right now," as she started to push one hand down the front of her jeans.

“Wait Lis, let me.” as Janie stepped in between Lis and Rocky and got on her knees under Rocky’s head as he continued the assault on those bursting boobs.

Janie was now on her knees in front of Lis. She reached forward and unsnapped the top of Lis’s jeans and pulled the zipper down. Lis’s eyes were closed and her head rolled back on her shoulders as Janie began to slide the jeans down off her hips.

Now my cock was at full attention and straining to get out so I thought “why the hell not” and ran my own zipper down as Janie continued to tug Lis’s jeans down.

Just then a neatly shaved v-shaped wedge of pubic hair appeared above an otherwise shaved young cunt. We were both going guerilla with no underpants!! As soon as she had unobstructed access, Janie reached out and ran her fingers from the bottom of Lis’s slit right up to her clit and began to rub it vigorously with her index finger, “Ooh, you’re really wet already,” Janie said.

I grabbed my rock hard prick and began to slowly jack it up and down, it too was already weeping pre-cum like an open faucet.

As Janie continued to stroke Lis’s clit, Rocky had just washed all the molasses off her turgid tit flesh and was looking for more. Janie placed her hands on each of Lis’s hips, leaned forward and began to run her tongue up and down the slit in front of her. “Yessss, yesssssss, Janie, eat my pussy!” cried Lis, as she humped her hips forward into Janie’s probing tongue.

Janie continued to probe as far as her tongue would reach into the folds of Lis’s cunt, sometimes moving up to suck on the nubbin of Lis’s clit, each time eliciting a deep groan from Lis. Both were unaware of the streak of molasses smeared from Lis’s cunt up to where Janie’s right hand rested on her Lis’s hip for support.

Rocky’s nose found it first, he then lowered his head, stuck out his tongue and began to lick Janie’s fingers. As she instinctively moved them, Rocky continued to follow the trail of molasses with his tongue. Not to be denied, he easily pushed Janie aside with his head, never ceasing his slurping. But now a new scent was picked up in his nose, the scent of a hot cunt, true a bit different yet familiar enough to trigger an autonomic response.

He moved straight for the origin of the sex scent and in true equine fashion curled his upper lip as male horses do when the odor of a hot pussy is detected. Without a pause his long tongue shot out and invaded the slick hot slit at the end of his nose and licked deep and hard right up and across Lis’s clit with his long coarse tongue.

Her eyes popped open, her pelvis shot forward in response, as she mouthed a long “SHIIIT!!” Before she could move again Rocky’s tongue made the same trip again only deeper and harder. That took her over the edge.

“FUCK!” she hissed from between clenched teeth as her hips spasmed involuntarily and Rocky licked again. This time Lis went weak in the knees as she tottered backward and came to rest against the back wall of the stall.

Still upright but sagging with the wall supporting her she grabbed a tit in each hand and squeezed then pinched each nipple between a thumb and forefinger and pulled hard, another “FUCK!” streaming from between still clenched teeth. Her right hand shot down to her pussy, she wiped up her juices, horse spit and molasses and jammed her index through middle finger into her cunt as far as she could and friggd her hand up and down it a blur. Another “FUUUCK!” as she slid down the wall. I could see her abdomen rippling as another orgasm shook her.

That's all it took for me as well, about five more quick strokes and I was spewing cum all over the wall in front of me. I was breathing so hard that I was sure I could be heard a block away.

Rocky was stomping his front hooves and sliding them along the concrete floor of the stall, indicating his displeasure with having his snack so unceremoniously taken away. That's probably what covered the sound of my gasping for air.

Janie was back on her feet from landing in a pile when Rocky pushed her out of his way. She ran over to Lis and gasped, "Are you okay?"

"Okay, my ass," responded Lis. "That was fuckin' trippy. I've never gotten off like that before... what a fuckin' trip. When I opened my eyes after they first lick, I almost freaked out, but then he licked again and I went off like crazy." Lis was still gasping for breath, "You gotta try that Janie."

Rocky's pawing and stomping brought all attention back to him. "You've got a killer tongue there boy," Lis said as she regained her feet and started to pull her jeans up so she could walk without having to shuffle her feet. She stepped back in front of Rocky as he lifted his head and curled his upper lip again. He tried to reach her with his tongue but Lis said, "Sorry boy but you've licked my tits raw."

"Lis, look at Rocky's thing!" exclaimed Janie.

"What thing?" Lis responded, wrinkling her brow.

"You know, his thing, his whanger, his dick, his thinnnngg." Retorted Janie with some exasperation. She was still standing off to one side and was pointing toward Rocky's flank.

Lis moved from directly in front of Rocky and joined Janie. She looked in the direction Janie's forefinger was pointing. She gasped as her eyes locked on the subject of Janie's comment.

"Damn, look at that prick," Lis hissed, "it's huge. Did he get a hard-on from licking me? I didn't think he could do that, I mean he's a gelding... he's got no balls."

"I don't know about all that, but you could make a dead man get a hard-on with that body of yours," said Janie as Lis stood beside her and put her arm around the younger girl.

"You're just saying that because you like me," responded Lis as she pulled Janie's head toward her in a hug. Janie reached up and began to cup Lis's still exposed breasts.

"Oooo careful, they are really raw... The Sound of flying gravel three quick toots of a car horn.

"OH SHIT, IT'S MY MOM," screamed Lis as she began to scramble to get her tits back in her bra and her shirt fastened. "Hurry get Rocky into his stall so Mom won't see his dick pokin' out... hand me my jacket so I can cover up my soaking shirt."

The girls scrambled in two directions. Janie took Rocky to his stall and Lis finished getting herself back in some state of order before her Mom pulled up in front.

"Lis, you ready," yelled Marsha from the car window, "we're late already."

"Ready Mom," Lis replied, "Can we drop Janie off?"

"Hell, What... Yes I guess but hurry your asses up. We're already late."

All the lights went out as I reached down to pull my jeans up from around my ankles.

“Shit, I thought, but at least they remembered to turn out the lights. Then I thought about Lis’s comment. “She needs a lesson in equine reproduction.” I said in the darkness.

To be continued?