

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



The two Ladies, Lady Wolperflow and Lady Plumparse were longtime friends. They caught up on Tuesday's and Thursday's to discuss the latest gossip, tricks, and little tips.

"I do believe, Lady Wolperflow, that you recently divorced your husband, the Duke, Sir Woodcum, because of a discovered affair he has with his own morning wood... is that correct?"

"Yes, yes, Lady Plumparse, it came as quite a shock to me, I could barely believe the velocity... the fevor he had with his morning wood when I entered our chambers. Oh good me, I'm almost fainting simply thinking of the sight I beheld. But, I have found myself a fine young male, and he is quite the specimen."

"Oh really, Lady Wolperflow? What kind of young man have you acquired for yourself? A dashing and charming servant? A rich and kind noble? A stunning and passionate prince? Is he striking? Or is he perhaps so terribly ugly that you couldn't mention him before? Does he atleast know how to beat you will, pound inside you with his enlarged tree twig? Or must you instruct him of where to find the Bud of your rosy flower?"

"Oh no, no, Lady Plumparse, I do believe you have quite mistaken what I meant. You see, my dear, I wasn't speaking of a fine human specimen, no, no, no, but a fine trusty stead. Yes, much more reliable than a man. And you can certainly ride them in more ways than one if they are trained properly. Not to mention they are much... larger than a mere human man."

"Oh... oh my, Lady Wolperflow. I do believe you may have lost your wits about you. Having intercourse... with a horse? Is it really as divine as you describe it to be? Is such a thing, an act, even sanitary? I do believe I am equally horrified as I am intrigued by your words, my darling friend. I wish to fein sickness and leave you but I also wish for you to show me a demonstration of what you describe. Would you mind, Lady Wolperflow?"

"Of course not, my dear Lady Plumparse."

Lady Wolperflow leads Lady Plumparse to her estate, back around the side of the mansion and into the stables. They come upon a stall, a fine, black stallion standing in the small space, its mane flowing down majestically, its strong, thick, muscular legs flexing with every move. Lady Wolperflow takes the horse out of the stall, leading it into the larger grass-covered riding area, Lady Plumparse following suit.

Once they arrive outside Lady Wolperflow, with some difficulty, removes her garments, and feeding the horse a few stimulants. She leads the horse over to a large wooden bench, covered with some plush blanketry and pillows, a post on the opposing end. Using a rope, she ties it around the horses neck, sliding in the bit attached on the end before tying the end of the rope tightly to the post. She positions herself on the bench, her stomach laid flat on the cushony blankets, her face stuffed into the pillow, her arse lifted into the air and her hands clutching the sides of the bench. Lady Plumparse watches all this with a curious expression.

As the stimulants begin to work through the system of the horse, it begins to twitch, growing restless, its stick of quite considerable size standing fully erect, leaking with bits of white liquids, its head shaking from side to side. Lady Wolperflow produces some saliva from her mouth, slicking it around her billowing folds and inside, wettening her already sopping bajingo, just in time for the peak of the horse's stimulation. Lady Wolperflow spreads her thighs, the horse coming forward, standing above her on the bench, its prodigious sword meticulously lining up with her dripping

entrance before shoving in with a sudden force, connecting with the end of her lady-hole and making Lady Wolperflow cry out in ecstasy, her body trembling.

At the sight of her fellow lady friend in pure blissful pleasure, Lady Plumparse find her own core beginning to heat and drizzle with an untamable fiery desire, for the longing of feeling the horse inside of her own cavern, or perhaps for Lady Wolperflow herself. Afterall, if they were already experimenting with a horse, why not explore the uncharted territories of eachother? Another shiver of heat runs down her body as Lady Wolperflow lets out a string of vulgar sounds, whimpering and begging and moaning like a prostitute as the horse thrusts and pounds relentlessly inside her, its monumentally-sized wand connecting with the end of her seeping hole with every thrust, leaving the lady no room to speak coherent words.

Lady Wolperflow can feel the forbidden pleasure building inside of her. The feeling of the large, foreign, hairy object shoving inside her tight, constricted enclosure with immensable speed was like no other, hitting a certain, fleshy spot with every entrance inside of her. The elation creeps up her body and into her throat as all of her restraint shatters and she caterwauls into the plush pillow beneath her as her chasm raptures around the horse's dark rod, liquids dripping around it as the horse continued to jab into her until it spilled its creamy, silky white liquid into her gushing ravine, before backing away from her, the stimulants wearing off as it rounds the bench, going to the pole.

Lady Plumparse waits for a few moments, watching as Lady Wolperflow trembles, her legs and body shaking with such favour you would think she were ill. Lady Plumparse could see the smooth, buttery liquids oozing out of Lady Wolperflow's orifice and a sudden rush of craving, longing, lasciviousness crawls through her body, hitting straight to her already throbbing crevice and she makes a decision, marching over to the bench and carefully removing her billowing dress before sitting on it, urging Lady Wolperflow to sit up, still seemingly a bit trembly.

Lady Plumparse pursues her lips, her gaze drifting up and down the body of her ravishing friend, her hands skimming her skin, landing on her hip and tugging her closer until their legs were intertwined, Lady Plumparse practically on Lady Wolperflow's lap, her slobbering slot dripping onto the firm blankets of the bench. Her breath seemingly catches in her throat, her eyes locking with Lady Wolperflow's, unable to form coherent words. Her lady friend simply chuckles at her before sliding one of her hands to Lady Plumparse's breasts, teasing her hardened peaks, her other hands slipping to her friend's soaking slit, teasing it gently while rubbing her thumb over the twat. Lady Plumparse moans out, her head sagging back, pleasure coursing through her veins like a deadly venom.

"You look enchanting like this, Lady Plumparse, do not fret, I will give you the release you so deeply crave, my dearest friend" Lady Wolperflow whispered into her ear before moving her lips down her friend's neck, leaving breathy kisses along it, prolonging the lady's hedonism. Her hand that was previously teasing her friend's breasts slips to her arse, plump like her name, and squeezes the rounded globes, fully pushing Lady Plumparse onto the bench while she continues to leave kisses down her body, gently nudging her friend's thighs over her shoulders as her breath fans against her sopping heated chamber, running her tongue over the slick gorge, sucking politely on her small, rosy bud, making Lady Plumparse cry out, her body trembling as she dug her nails into Lady Wolperflow's hair, her friend assaulting her opening with her divine lips and brutal, relentless tongue.

Lady Wolperflow can feel as her alluring damsel closely approaches her nearing end, increasing the speed of her lips on her hard bud, slipping her fingers into her exquisite friend's slick crevice, curling them and moving them as to increase her beguiling friend's feelings of bliss, nipping her softly to bring her over the edge. Lady Plumparse feels her body jerk forward, her hips moving in

harmony with her fanciable friend's dainty, elegant fingers. She lets out a sudden cry of utter peaceful delight as she feels her heavenly nip oh so carefully at her and her body reaches its peak, throbbing around her as her liquids spill onto her lovely friend's digits, her head tilting back as she sees that stars and galaxy itself, perhaps even the afterlife itself before returning to the soft bench, the horse completely forgotten as she peered into the eyes of Lady Wolperflow, something dancing within her chest, a feeling she had never had around her darling friend.

Lady Wolperflow cleans the both of them up, and they redress, a serene, yet daunting silence between them. What will become of them? Will this endeavour turn their friendship into something more? Will the two ladies sever ties, destroying their lifelong friendship? Mayhaps they will continue these secret rendezvous of chasing pleasure with one another? Perhaps they will even brave something more, something tragic and forbidden. Only time will tell their story.