

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Synopsis... A 25 year old woman rekindles her love of horse riding and finally discovers the animalistic lustful urges riding horses can develop if the riding endures for too long. Incest also comes calling in the shape of her estranged father.

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## **Chapter 1 - Schoolgirl pleasures denied**

Catherine Brownlow was now 25 years of age and under the terms of her late mother's estate inherits the total family fortune and rediscovered her passion for horses and horse riding. But first Catherine was born into abject poverty, her mother was a lowly educated woman who chose marriage opposed to a working career. Whilst her mother, Charlotte, was acutely beautiful she had poor man selection skills and the only thing that was good about her early life was the birth of Catherine, two years into her fourteen year marriage to Ron, Catherine's dad. The marriage broke down when Charlotte discovered her husband had more than a passing interest in young girls, not young enough to be considered a paedophile but not much older than sixteen or seventeen years of age. She thankfully never discovered his true deeper secret for Ron sought the company of those young girls to act out his fantasy of fucking his own daughter.

To cut a long story short, Ron was consigned to the rubbish bin having provided the sperm for a daughter and a reasonable House as part of the divorce settlement. Charlotte then managed to blunder her way through four years of secretarial college, which average students were completing in two years. Then she fell on her feet literally landing a job as a junior typist at a mid-sized law firm, where her charms were noticed more than her work and within three years she was the personal assistant to one of the partners of the firm. That man was John Willerby the third, Charlotte's 76 year old second husband and once again Catherine's mother found herself on easy street as John quickly consigned her to a ranch of a home and well away from the snide remarks of fellow typists at the law firm.

Too be fair to Charlotte though she had never chased after John Willerby, no he had done all the running and after their wedding he seemed to go off sex, which suited Charlotte anyway. The other thing of note around this time in young Catherine's life was that her mother found she had a knack for breeding fine horses, something Catherine found agreeable for it meant she got to ride pure thoroughbred horses whenever she wanted too. The whole arrangement seemed perfect for her parents for while Catherine was away at expensive finishing schools, Charlotte took care of the ranch hands literally and step dad John took care of another young secretary at work usually at evenings which frequently ran into late nights and the occasional weekend away on business. If anything the arrangement was too perfect and soon ended in the death of John Willerby the third in a motel out of town on Saturday night.

Of course this warranted Catherine coming home for the funeral of her generous step dad and of course her presence curtailed the antics of her mother with the ranch hands. Her mother passed away in strange circumstances for the average Joe public to understand unless they were privy to the sexual tastes and needs of Charlotte; for she drowned in a secluded brook which ran through the middle of the horse ranch she called home. Not so strange I hear you say but she was buck naked and according to the pathologist report had four different semen samples in her uterus and one of those wasn't even human sperm.

Now at the age of twenty five Catherine was home to stay in the ranch left to her mother by her step dad and five years later passed on to her after her mother's passing. Insurance pay outs and

benefactor payments from her late step dad's firm meant she could become a lady of leisure and she in fact began considering her options for a career. Settling finally for following her mother's occupation of breeding thoroughbred horses for the American Olympic dressage and show jumping teams and so to my opening line of Catherine rediscovering her horse riding passions.

I say rediscovered because she had always loved horse riding but had been forced to give it up when her mother inherited the deeds to the horse ranch and had sent Catherine off to the first of three boarding schools, frequently referred to as finishing schools where she was supposed to learn social graces that would hide her poor poverty beginnings. Even at breaks when she came home she was always warned of the dangers of horse riding and frequently told that the only horse safe enough to ride was in foal and therefore could not be ridden. It was as if her mother was determined to stop her riding.

Only two weeks after her mother's demise, Catherine discovered the reason behind her mother's actions in keeping her away from horse riding. Catherine had found seven old diaries which began with the year her mother first inherited the horse ranch and coincidentally her rise in social status too. The diary began seventh of September 1996:- Finally ditched the Widow's weeds and got back into proper clothes. John had left me financially secure and the title deeds to my beloved ranch. Decided to keep on the Grainger brothers Tom and John as rounding up the horses from the 48 acre spread would be difficult for a woman alone. P.S. There is something about the two brothers which is both alarming and yet exciting, I am determined to find out what.

Thirteenth of September: - I hardly know where to begin, the Grainger boys although after what I saw last night I can hardly call them boys anymore. Let me see if I can even put this into words, Last night I sensed there was something going on and I was a little worried as John Grainger had told me of a wolf in the area. I walked with the old shot gun down to the corral and barn. I was surprised to see Tom's car outside the barn; there was an eerie glow coming from inside and suddenly a whiney from a horse, obviously inside the barn pierce the silence of the night.

I slipped into the side of the barn near the loft ladders, and crept forward to the edge of some bales of hay stacked two high. Peering over the top I could see two figures in the stall with Mayweather Blues; a chestnut stallion. I was about to call out to them when I realised that they were both naked. I do not know why but I was excited beyond my wildest dreams; I had to see what was going on more clearly. It was then I noticed the hayloft ladder, I quietly began to climb, it felt as if my body had somehow disconnected itself from my brain. My legs were not my own as I climbed silently up to the loft and edged my way to the very edge. Thank god someone had put an old horse blanket spread over the bales of hay otherwise the rough straw ends would have scratched my delicate skin.

I could not believe my eyes and yet I just could not turn away, for there only ten feet below me was Tom Grainger sucking on Mayweather Blues horse cock. Now I had seen many horse cocks and had handled a few in the siring booth where we mated our stallions with mares in heat. But now watching him struggling to get the flared cock head in to his mouth was searing the images deep into my brain. Suddenly I realised my hand had slipped into the top of my tight jeans and was just about managing to get to my hot wet cunt.

Just then John Grainger came into view; he was naked also and sporting a nice long fully erect cock. He was carrying over his shoulder a stand box, (this was a four foot long and two foot six high wooden box, strengthened inside to take the weight of a full sized stallions weight) he slipped it under Mayweather blues front end but instead of placing it length wise across the width of the stallion he slid it length wise under the stallion. My mind was screaming out that the stallion would never be able to stand his front legs on it that way when as if to answer my silent screams John slid himself on to the length of the stool for a split second before sliding out again the other side. Now

Tom released the horse's cock and took up the same place John had been moments earlier. This time he stayed there lying face down on the stand.

Then the weirdest thing of all, John took the horse's cock and after rubbing its length a couple of times he said, "Are you ready brother, I think he has an extra-large load for you tonight!" Tom simply nodded and then wow! John moved the horse's cock up the crack of his brother's arse and before you could say Jack Robinson the horse began bucking and Tom took its cock up his arse. Suddenly my mouth went dry and my mind began spinning as the words extra-large load echoed around in my ears. After twenty minutes suddenly John pulled the stallion's halter collar backwards and with a deafening plop the cock slipped from Tom's ravaged arse. Quickly John grabbed a black refuse sack and slipped it condom like over the horse's cock and began wanking the horse's cock. The horse let out another loud whiney and the bottom of the plastic sack suddenly bulged as the horse seemed to be backing away. The sack seemed to act like a lung expanding and contracting several times before it finally stopped.

Then something happened that will stay with me the rest of my life, John slide the now heavy sack off Mayweather Blues cock and tipped the contents over his brother's head covering him in a slick glossy sheen of the horse cum. By now I could not resist any longer and my active cunt needed my attention, the restrictive jeans would have to go. As quietly as I could I undid the top button of my jeans and sort of wiggled them down around my knees. Even with the scene continuing before my eyes, I distinctly remembering thinking to myself how silly my escape would be with these jeans around my knees. My panties followed much more easily and now my how wet demanding cunt was free. The puffy lips told me what I already knew I needed to cum.

Still covered on the oily slick liquid that was horse spunk the two boys stood and kissed each other, not just a friendly kiss but full on lovers kiss. Then just as I began to doubt my own eyes, John slid to his knees and took the spunk covered cock of his brother into his mouth and I would say from my vantage point half way down his throat to. I clearly heard Tom call out, "I don't think I would find anyone who is better at sucking my todger than you, Bro!"

In the hayloft, I had to stifle a laugh as I thought it quaint and old fashioned to call a prick a todger, it was something I half expected to find in a Dickens novel that was spoken in the 20th century. The boys must have heard my stifled laugh as they immediately froze and slowly looked around them, I just about managed to duck down behind the bale of hay as Tom's eyes scanned the hayloft.

Catherine continued to read and had now removed her jeans properly, she cast off her silken panties and lay on the bed her legs wide apart. She read, I was just about to turn and run when I slipped because of my jeans being around my knees and the bale I had been hiding behind together with my body fell the twenty feet to the floor in front of the two naked but shocked boys. Although with them both sporting such magnificent hard ons you could hardly call them boys. Tom was first to react as he leapt forward and made a grab for me but my body did not move. I had knocked myself out and now both naked men crowded around me making sure I was alright.

They both looked at each other and John finally asked the question both had been thinking; "What do we do now?" both brother's did not fail to see my exposed cunt and both assumed that I had been spying on them for a while and was in fact masturbating as I watched. Just as Tom reached forward to touch my cunt, I opened my eyes and for a minute or so the situation I found myself in did not register in my foggy memory. Suddenly it dawned on me that I was exposed in front of two naked men whom I had seen have sex with a horse, but more importantly with one of my inherited horses. Now I demanded they help me up and quickly they did but not as I expected for they each grabbed one of my arms and literally pulled me towards the box. I was too shaken up to really resist. Rather too quickly for my liking I was restrained hands and feet, against the old horse blanket that Tom had

been laid on only minutes earlier. I struggled in vain to free myself but with no obvious success.

"Let me out of this and nothing more will happen, if you don't I will call the police and have you arrested for kidnap and rape!" I demanded.

"But we haven't raped you! Yet!" John replied.

"Yes but you have raped my prize thoroughbred Stallion!" I retorted.

Again it was John whom reacted first as he sent Tom to grab his camera from the car. Tom wondered what his brother was planning but knew better than to disobey him. Returning with the camera he found John leading Rocking Billy another prized stallion into the bay where I was secured.

Now in the Room where Catherine lay she had already removed all her clothes as she read the diary and found herself being extremely turned on by the graphic accounts the book contained.

She continued to read, I suddenly screamed out, "You cannot be serious if you think I am going to do any of the disgusting things you have just done!"

John smiled, "you don't have to do anything, Mother Nature will do all the hard work!" he said, I must have looked puzzled so John began to explain. He took a jar from the shelf and unscrewed the cap before holding it in front of my nose, I jerked my head back from the horrid smell, as if slapped really hard.

"What the hell is that?" I demanded not ever resorting to use profanities.

"Animal aphrodisiacs!" John taunted, "It smells disgusting doesn't it but watch!" he continued and passed the jar under the nose of Rocking Billy, the horse whinnied and reared up. I saw the thing, I dreaded most, the jar had done its worst and now Rocking Billy's cock extended from underneath his flanks and I could not believe its length almost two feet long and about two inches in diameter but the scary thing was the mushroom flanged like head, it had to be three and a half inches across. Strangely instead of disgust I suddenly felt a wave of desire and lust sweep over me. I begged to be released but John pointed out that I could go willingly after he had his security pictures as he called them.

Now leading Rocking Billy around so that his cock was only inches from my mouth, the smell of hot horse cock again turned me on, I still clenched her lips shut tight. "OH yes please struggle but it will do you no good, you see a mare in heat also clenches her lips!" then John laughed before adding, "But not those lips I think!" Just as I began to protest again John pushed the head of Rocking Billy's cock into my mouth or at least tried but the flange was just too big. Holding the horse there he called out for Tom to take the picture.

The sudden flash of light had Rocking Billy rearing up but it was too late for the picture showed me as if I was willingly taking the horse cock into my mouth. Then John led the horse around again and after another whiff from the jar he led him between my restrained legs. The horse automatically raised his forelegs and then sort of knelt with a forelock on each side of my head. I could not see his cock but my cunt felt its presence and I feel ashamed to admit that at that moment I was willing him to fuck me hard. Further flashes told me the pair were gathering further insurance against arrest and dismissal. Thankfully they stopped before the horse actually entered me but I assume the pictures told a different tale. Now finally Tom led the horse away and John released me; strange thing was though, yes my cunt was exposed but nothing else was and Tom and John were completely naked but I felt at ease with this.

As Tom returned he whispered something to his brother who smiled, "Sure Bro, if it makes you happy; Strip!" John demanded, looking straight at me. Knowing it was pointless to resist, I did so and once completely naked the camera flash went off again telling me they had another compromising photo. Then Tom still covered in the now drying horse spunk stepped up close and the acrid smell almost cause me to retch. He then gently took my head and kissed me forcing his tongue into my mouth and at the same time John ran his fingers across my flaming cunt lips. Now Tom had stopped holding my head and I am ashamed to admit I did not pull away as my raging cunt demanded attention.

Tom must have scooped up some of the drying sticky horse cum and as he broke our kiss he shoved two fingers into my mouth clamping his other hand behind my head preventing me from pulling away. Those fingers tasted horrid but it still excited me to think I was tasting a bestial spunk offering.

Catherine barely managed to read this last bit as she had four fingers ploughing in and out of her cunt, glassy eyed she gave herself up to what turned out to be a mind numbing orgasm. As she placed the book mark on the page she had just read, she could help but wonder what else her so pristine mother had gotten up to, but for now she relaxed and drifted off to sleep.

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Chapter 2 - Befuddled brains and horny gains

It was several hours later that Catherine awoke, her sated cunt now feeling a little neglected; she turned over accidentally knocking the diary on to the floor. She turned on to her stomach and reached out to grab the fallen book, when she saw a metal biscuit tin under the bed. Although this had been her bedroom on home visits she had never even thought to look under the bed.

She managed to reach the small metal tin and along with the book she rolled back on to her back. She found the page of the book she had been reading, the thirteenth of September and noted she had finished that date's entry. Catherine prised the tight lid off the biscuit tin and almost forgetfully allowed the tin lid to rest on her pubic bone, a suddenly shudder shot through her legs because despite the room being quite warm the metal of the lid was almost ice cold.

More important to Catherine was the fact that inside the box were several photographs and what looked like scraps of cloth. She examined the photographs and suddenly realised they must be the same photo's mentioned in the diary for there was one showing her mother with her lips half around a strange looking cock and had she not read the entry in the diary then she would have struggled at first to recognise the cock as belonging to a horse. Further photographs did indeed indicate that she appeared willingly to interact sexually with the equine breed. Turning to the three pieces of cloth which by the way were very silky in their appearance.

Cathy then held up the first cloth and realised it was a pair of expensive French style ladies briefs, she could not explain why but she had an uncontrollable desire to sniff the panties; as she did so she detected a slightly stale scent of semen although she did not know exactly what semen fresh or otherwise smelt like. As if he body was not her own she was almost disgusted with what happened next for she seemed powerless to resist the temptation to taste the panties. Once she had moistened the panties with her own saliva the taste suddenly came forth and it tasted like over salted crisps but it was not that that worried Cathy, no it was the fact that inside the back of her brain fireworks seemed to be going off and she had visions of her mother having to pull on these wet panties soaked of course with horse spunk.

Laying here still as naked as the day she was born, Cathy instinctively began to play with her 36C breasts and more importantly her rock hard nipples; as she swallowed the salty saliva from the panties still in her mouth. Her body ached, not from physical pain but from a deep desire to be played with; she found herself wanting someone else to be with her to surprise her with their handling of her over active body. You know the feeling, when playing with yourself you know where the next touch is coming from but if you are with a partner for sex then they can surprise you by not touching you where you expected them too.

Cathy now looked inside the tin as she reluctantly removed the panties from her mouth and she spotted a faded piece of paper; she carefully opened the folds and had trouble reading the faded words but as she began to digest them her heart began to race and her breathing became ragged. Her mind now formulated the sentences that her eyes were seeing and it read, I, Charlotte Brownlow, do sign this agreement of my own free will and do declare that I will accept Tom and John Grainger to be the masters of my body for one week of each calendar month and freely agree to obey them explicitly. Signed Charlotte Brownlow.

Now the full extent of the reasons she had not really been welcome on her home stays from boarding school became very clear. Her mother did not want her to know that for one week every month she would become the sex toy of two farmhands who she already knew were into equine sex and god knows what else. Instead of feeling ashamed of her mother Cathy found herself wishing it had been her that was the sex slave. Glancing at the clock on the bedside cabinet, Cathy reluctantly put the things back into the tin and closed the lid.

Heading now for the shower she promised herself to be in and out of the shower in ten minutes but it turned out that; her over active imagination delayed her more than the shower did. For as she stepped under the warm flowing water from the shower head her mind raced to images of it being horse spunk instead of water and this of course caused Cathy to begin playing with her cunt. In fact she almost slipped as she leaned back against the wall and strummed her clitoris as the water cascaded onto her pubic area. She decided there and then she would shower in future with a radio in the room because as she cum she was making quite a bit of noise.

Twenty minutes later Cathy stepped from the shower room and across the hallway before deciding to dress in just a loose fitting dress, no underwear, bra or tights. She loved the excitement of the possibility of the light summery dress billowing up to flash the fact she was naked beneath it and also she had hoped that as she walked downstairs, at least one of the Grainger brothers would be there below to catch a sneaky glimpse; but she was disappointed for no one watched her descend the stairs. As usual the two brothers were in the kitchen being fed by the Negro woman who Cathy had retained as the housekeeper. Tom Grainger almost wolf whistled as the six foot two blonde haired Cathy walked, no swished into the kitchen. She said good morning to Abby the housekeeper and asked for toast coffee and orange juice before swaying over to the table and sitting down at the head of the table.

Now more slowly she said good morning to Tom and his brother John, before asking what the order of the day work wise was to be. Tom could not take his eyes off Cathy's bouncy 36C breasts and he could hardly fail to notice their hard nipples poking out the front of the dress. John who had been seated facing Cathy as she swayed to the table could not help but imaging; correctly as it happened; that she was knickerless beneath that light dress. It was John who answered her question and told her that Majestic lady was in season and Bronco Billy had been chosen to sire her; he looked Cathy square in the face as he asked, "Will you be wanting to handle the siring operation yourself, like your mother used to do?" Inside her mind Cathy could not help but see pictures of the two men naked and even worse covered in horse cum.

As Cathy sat there her cunt began bubbling up with all those thoughts of that which she had read in her mother's diary. She thought long and hard before answering John; I think I will let you deal with it this time but she shocked herself when she heard her own voice say, "But I will want to be shown everything pretty soon!"

After breakfast she sent Abby to town to get some groceries and a few extras. Strange thing was though that Abby never batted an eye as she was asked to fetch some very personal things for Cathy; like bright red latex gloves, a pair of self-supporting stockings. Cathy did not have the confidence yet to ask Abby to go into the town's only sex shop but she had already made plans to go for a ride tomorrow to a store out of town for those items. Now with the house all quiet, she moved upstairs and taking the diary she decided to make herself comfortable in her deceased mother's bedroom.

Slipping off the dress she turned to the page for the fourteenth of September in the diary and settled back onto the bed to read. September 14th: Last night the action was wild and I only got back to my room at five am; I was confused but not ashamed for I was covered in stale horse spunk and it smelled awful but I felt more alive than I had in all my life. I went into the shower and just about managed to control my feelings as the warm water mixed and livened up the smell of the spunk dried on to my body. My cunt ached but in a good way for last night I had a mixture of human spunk and horse spunk up inside me; OMG. I hope you can't get pregnant from a horse's cock.

I had just dressed when Abby shouted up that I was wanted on the front porch. I hurried downstairs and there were the two Grainger brothers; they looked sheepish but just stood there. I suppose they were waiting to find out if they had been sacked or not. I thought to myself I could not sack them because secretly I was hoping for more of the same. I told them to go inside and have breakfast before I would give them their instructions for that day.

I was a clear relief to the boys and they hurried inside. Whilst they were eating breakfast I told Abby to go clean up my personal bathroom as the shower cubicle looked a complete mess. When she had disappeared I turned to the Grainger brothers and told them of my little plan. They were going to rape Abby in much the same way as they had done to me last night. She was to be photographed sucking on a horse cock and pictures of her taking a length up her cunt would be useful too.

The two guys suddenly burst out laughing before letting me in on their secret; Abby had been part of their horse tricks for several years in fact since before my husband became owner of the ranch. As if to prove the point they whistled and Abby came down wearing a broad grin. Next thing I knew Abby was as naked as a jaybird and was on her knees unbuckling John's trousers.

Soon Abby was sucking on John's cock as Tom began playing with Abby's fine brazen tits; they all looked at me and then I realised what they were waiting for. I reached behind me and unzipped my dress before letting it slide to the floor. The guys looked at each other and then broke into big smiles as I stepped forward to join them. Suddenly the action could only be described as hands and fingers everywhere. I could not believe that Abby had such expert techniques in cunt licking as she rimmed my anal ring and then ploughed her pointed tongue into my over-heated cunt.

My orgasm broke just as I felt Tom's cock plunge forcefully into my anal opening as Abby's fingers stuffed my cunt and her thumb flicked my clitoris. Then the glorious image of white man's seed on a dark brown skin is seared into my mind's eye. Then instead of finishing we all made our way down to the barn; mind you thinking back we took a hell of a chance skipping naked from the house down to the barn so close to the main road. Once inside the barn Abby rubbed some of the strong smelling gel; that I smelt for the first time last night; around her breasts and in particular across her hard nipples. Meanwhile Tom had fetched 'Nightspar' a two year old stallion into the barn, by the time the horse had reached the bay, Abby was sprawled over the mounting box but face up and the

horses nostrils suddenly flared as he got the first whiff of the pungent aroma of the gel. For the next five minutes Nightspar nibbled at Abby's tits leaving little welts from where his teeth had nipped her skin tightly; John had not been idle neither for he had Nightspar's cock in his hands as he was rubbing them in three foot cycles up and down the flared headed horse cock. Tom suddenly reappeared with a taller box and placed it behind Nightspar. Now stepping up on to the box I guess he was sliding his cock into the horses arse, not that Nightspar seemed to be irritated by this. Now John moved the horse cock closer to Abby's cunt and the horse seemed to know what was expected. He suddenly lurched forward jabbing his cock against the opening of Abby's cunt.

By the third or fourth jab the cock head pushed past her outer lips and he began thrusting even harder; Abby kept letting out little guttural moans and to be honest I felt a mixture of jealousy, shame and excitement. Shame that we were fucking with animals; Jealousy because Abby was getting all the action and excitement because I was looking forward to joining in.

John motioned me to come over and he took my hand and made me position it flat with my finger tight together before pushing my forefinger at the sphincter muscle of Abby. Now taking my wrist he applied more pressure and low and behold my fingers began to slide into Abby's anal chute whilst the horse cock still ravaged her cunt. John told me to fold my thumb in and before long I had my hand up Abby's tight arse whilst I could feel every single vein on the horse cock repeated thrusting into her cunt. I was in seventh heaven especially when I felt the hot cockhead of John's cock pressing against my own tight anal ring.

All too soon I felt a sudden tightness around my wrist just as Abby screamed out her exquisite agony and the horse cock flared as it poured what seemed like gallons of spunk into her tight cunt. I with my hand now trapped up her arse suddenly felt a wave of heat almost burning through the skin membrane separating her arse and cunt. John cock suddenly exploded in my own arse and Tom was smirking as he climbed down from the box. When Nightspar's cock slipped from Abby's cunt and my hand became free; Abby struggled to her feet and then did the most disgusting thing I could think of and I loved it; she stuck her face into Nightspar's arse and sucked hard. As she pulled back her face was streaked with white spunk and little bits of horse shit. John immediately kissed Abby and I suspect took some of this mixture into his mouth with glee.

Now Cathy was rolling around on the bed in throes of another great orgasm unaware that three pairs of eyes were watched her twisting body perspiring like a fountain.