

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



My cell phone rang. It was my dad, calling from his truck up ahead of me on the highway. I put him on speaker as I concentrated on keeping my vehicle from drifting out of its lane. "Hey Pumpkin, that stallion is getting twitchy back there. I think we better pull off soon."

Dad waited while I checked my GPS. "There's a big commercial truck stop in about four miles," I responded after a brief search. Dad agreed and hung up. As the exit approached, the right blinker on the horse trailer ahead of me came on. It and my dad's diesel pickup drifted onto the off-ramp. Following in our RV, I turned off also. Dad pulled onto the huge asphalt expanse of the lot at the truck stop, heading for the seclusion of the unoccupied parking spots at the far end of the property. I pulled in near to him, feeling a sense of pride at the bold lettering on the truck and trailer — PARKER'S EQUINE TRANSPORT.

Dad and I had built the business up from scratch after Mom had left. I worked part time when I was still in high school, but in the two years since graduation I had gone to full time and the business had really taken off. We were building our reputation as one of the premier horse transporters in the nation. Our clientele trusted us with the delivery of multi-million dollar race horses and you can believe we raked in the money from that crowd.

Horses are by nature jumpy animals and frankly not all that bright on average. Race horses take that nervous energy to a whole different level, and in unskilled hands have been known to injure or even thrash themselves to death in a panic-induced frenzy in a trailer. With all the drug testing that goes on these days in high-stakes horse racing, giving the animal sedatives during the trip was of course out of the question. So owners were willing to pay handsomely for handlers like Parker's — with our special skills and knowledge — to deliver their precious cargo across the country unscathed. In the case of a jittery stallion, the sure-fire solution was to find some way to tame his nervous sexual energy. Finding an eager-beaver volunteer was part of my job...

I turned off the engine in the RV and climbed out. As I passed by the horse trailer, the huge black stallion within gave a snort of curiosity and then lashed out with a hoof at the rear gate. The steel trailer shuddered under the impact and I flinched at the unexpected metallic bang. Yeah, he was definitely getting worked up in there and prompt attention was needed. I approached the passenger door of my dad's white pickup truck. Dark tinted windows blocked my view into the cab, but the window rolled down as I approached. "I'll see if there's anything promising in the diner," I announced. "You want anything while I'm there?" Dad said he didn't and the window rolled back up into place.

Detouring back to the RV, I opened the door to the back and grabbed a magnetic sign. Attaching it to the steel door of the RV, I adjusted it to level and then gave it a quick once-over. 'SILVER STARS TALENT AGENCY — Angela Wentworth, Owner - Hollywood, CA' the sign proclaimed. I smiled. Ten bucks plus shipping on the internet, and suddenly I'm a movie and TV talent agent.

Walking across the wide parking lot I finally arrived at the truck stop diner. I stepped inside, removed my sunglasses, and surveyed the crowd. It was around mid-afternoon but there were still about a dozen patrons. I mentally discarded most of them immediately. Numerous truck-driver types, a family of three probably on vacation, a sorry looking drunk slumped in a booth... and there she was... just what I was looking for.

The girl was sitting by herself at the counter. She was a pretty thing, trim but with nice curves, about five foot three, sporting a blonde pixie haircut with just a tinge of fading pink dye. A light hint of freckles and a perky little upturned nose gave her a very cute appearance. A really nice pair of tits

seemed to lurk within the confines of her tight shirt, and her perfectly formed rump was nicely on display as she straddled diner stool in a somewhat unladylike posture. The requisite rebellious-phase nose ring was present, as was a small tramp-stamp tattoo on her bare lower back. The frayed cut-off tee-shirt exposed plenty of firm midriff, suggesting that she might be used to getting by on her physical appeal. Fashionably ripped designer jeans betrayed she came from money, so she possibly didn't have a ton of street smarts as of yet. Tugging self-consciously at the slipping hem of her low-rise jeans, she tied to cover up the exposed lavender waist band of her thong panties. She was picking at a plate of toast, hinting that funds were tight. And the grungy backpack on the stool next to hers told me she didn't have a car to leave her luggage in. All the signs were there; a little cutie with no particular plan, waiting for the next guy who would offer her a ride a little further on down the road to nowhere. Yeah, there was definitely potential there...

I sat down in an unoccupied booth nearby and an elderly waitress soon appeared. I subtly laid a crisp twenty on the table. "Just tipping in advance," I said quietly with a smile "in case I'm a little high maintenance." She grinned and Mister Jackson disappeared into her apron pocket with a practiced swipe of her hand as she waited for my order. "I'll have the garden salad with ranch, no onions" I said, perusing the menu. "And I'm going to need the following: A cheeseburger with fries. The burger and fries on two separate plates, please. And I'll need a chocolate shake with whipped cream — too much whipped cream — running down the sides of the glass too much. She gave me a cocked eyebrow in response, but the twenty in her pocket served to shut down any questions or protest. She disappeared with the ticket and I settled into the booth to keep an eye on my prize.

The waitress eventually returned, bearing my order on a tray. I took the salad while the plates with the burger, fries, and glass of overflowing shake were set on the opposite side of my table as I directed. Once everything was situated, I rose and approached the girl sitting at the counter. "Hi, excuse me, I don't mean to bother you, but are you Lydia?" I inquired.

The girl turned to me and rolled her eyes. "Uh... no..." she replied with a pouty attitude. I loved it when they started with an attitude.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, my mistake" I apologized politely, turning away from her. I sighed and looked around the diner before taking out my phone. Without dialing anyone, I held the phone up to my ear. "Hi, Max? Angela. Look, Lydia is a no-show... Yeah, yeah, I know, but her loss, right?" Well, I don't know... we'll just need to find someone new... Max... Max! Relax. You always panic. You know this is what I do. Have I ever let you down? OK then. I'll talk to you in a few days. OK... Bye."

Out of the corner of my eye I saw the girl watching me. As I looked back towards her she turned away, feigning disinterest. I started to walk back to my booth, then stopped and took a few steps back to her. "Hey, I'm sorry to disturb you again. I'm not trying to be creepy or anything, but I was supposed to meet someone here and she bailed on me. I've already ordered for her. Burger, fries and a chocolate shake, if you want it. It's just gonna get thrown out if no one takes it."

She paused for a moment, considering the offer. "Naw, I'm good," she replied, starting to turn back to her plate of toast.

I knew she would refuse. They always refused at first. It was some sort of pride thing they had to work past. "OK," I smiled. "If you change your mind I'm right over there and you're welcome to it," I offered, pointing in the direction of my table. She looked in the direction I indicated. Good. There was the first tentative nibble of interest on the hook. I returned to my seat without a backward glance and began to tuck into my salad.

A couple of minutes later I sensed someone standing over my table. I looked up. Predictably, it was

the petite blonde. "I guess if you're just going to throw it out anyway..." she offered sullenly, as if doing me some sort of a favor.

"Oh, yes, please, help yourself," I offered with a sweep of my hand. She looked at the tempting meal, split into two plates and the overflowing mess of the chocolate shake. Of course she just wanted to just grab it and hurry away. But experienced planning on my part made that difficult. I could see the mental wheels turning as she tried to figure out how to make off with the entire meal with the minimal amount of yucky social interaction.

I let her study on it for a moment. "Oh, I'm sorry, where are my manners?" I exclaimed. "Please, take a seat... I won't bite, I promise." I flashed a charming smile and I could see some of her instinctive reservations begin to crumble. She looked me over, seeing a young woman attired in a professional looking grey skirt and white blouse. Not exactly the menacing stalker type. Tentatively she sat down on the far end of the bench seat, as if scooting all the way in was somehow more of a commitment than she was willing to make. I scooped up my phone, pretending to answer an incoming call and absorbing myself in the caller. With my attention apparently distracted, the girl dared to ease her way further into the booth, daintily picking up a few fries and sampling her free meal.

I turned my attention to my imaginary phone conversation. "Teresa, darling, I'm so glad you called! Are you packed? No? Well you better start! Filming starts in Bermuda next Tuesday... That's right! The network signed the contract this morning. I got you one full season — twenty two episodes — at one hundred thousand per episode, so two point two million... Teresa? Teresa, are you crying? You're so cute! Well save your tears for when you write the check for my twenty percent agent fee... Ha! OK... OK then. I'll call you tomorrow and we can go over the details. Great... I'll talk to you then."

I looked up and saw I had the girl's undivided attention. She quickly looked down, focusing on her meal. "I'm sorry," I apologized. "Things are always flying a mile a minute with me. I'm Angela — Angela Wentworth," I offered, discretely pushing a business card across the table. It matched up with the magnetic sign on the door of my RV: "SILVER STARS TALENT AGENCY — Angela Wentworth, Owner — Talent Scout and Agent". Old-style rolls of film and a camera on a tripod comprised the background image. Eight bucks for a box of five hundred cards and boom — instant credibility in whatever field of expertise you want to claim.

"You like work in the movies and stuff?" she inquired, her interest perking up as she read over the card. "That is so cool. I was..."

I interrupted her, holding up my hand as I snatched up my phone once more. "Max? Hi again... Max... MAX! Oh my god, take a breath! Now she did what? ... No, of course she can't... Well of course Bernie fired her! She signed a contract, didn't she? She can't just renegotiate for more money once she signs. Well, I don't know what now. What does Bernie want? ... What? A complete unknown? When? Is he serious? Max, come on, where are we going to get a complete unknown by the end of the week? I mean any girl trying to get into the film industry has got some sort of exposure — commercials, bit parts, a walk-on, something. I can't just shake a complete unknown out of my sleeve like some sort of magician... OK, OK! Yes, Max, Jeez! I'll check around and see what I can do."

With a groan I put the phone down. The girl across the table looked up and gave me a shy smile. "Being in the movies would be like the coolest thing ever," she offered in a barely audible tone.

I looked at her as if seeing her for the first time. "Look to your left," I told her, studying her profile as she turned. "Now right," I directed, allowing just a hint of enthusiasm to creep into my voice.

"Hmmm... have you had any acting classes, theater in high school, anything like that?" She shook her head. "Well, no matter. You've got a fresh look that people might be interested in. Why don't you give me your demo and I'll fire it over to Bernie and see what he..."

"What's a demo?" she interrupted.

"You know, a video showcasing your range of acting talent. What can you do, what would grab a director's attention?" I explained nonchalantly.

A worried look crossed her face, derailing her budding excitement. "I don't have one of those," she confessed sadly.

I paused for a moment. "Hmmm... Well, I've got some video gear in my RV..." I said in a considering tone. "It's not studio quality, but I don't know... Maybe we could knock something together that might at least get your foot in the door. What sort of special talents have you got?"

She looked down at the table, morosely nudging her fries around on the plate with her fingertip. "I don't think I have any," she admitted.

"Oh, everyone has something. You just need to find that unique bit of crazy, anything to make yourself stand out from the rest of the crowd and make the director remember you. It's just a matter of what you're willing to do, and how far you're willing to go."

She chewed her lower lip, pondering. "I'm sorry," she said with a whimper. "I just don't know what I could do."

I nodded, looking disappointed. "Well, that's OK. The movie industry isn't for everyone," I agreed, finishing up my salad and laying out another twenty on the table to cover the bill. "Look, if you change your mind, I've got some work to do out in my RV. It's that blue and white one way over there by the horse trailer. I'll be in the lot for a little while. If you change your mind, come on out for a visit."

I called my dad on the way out of the diner. "I found one. She'll be out in a few minutes."

Halfway across the lot I heard hurried footsteps racing to catch up with me. The girl from the diner fell in step with me, carrying her half-eaten burger in one hand and lugging her backpack in the other. We crossed the asphalt lot together in silence. I made it a point to pass by the truck and horse trailer on the way to the RV. "Another one of my clients," I announced with a chuckle, patting the side of the trailer. From inside, a snort and whinny responded.

"You do horses?" the girl asked. Then she blushed bright red. "Ah, I mean, you know... you're like an agent for a horse?"

I laughed. "Oh sure, I handle all sorts of talent. But it's funny isn't it, that a horse needs an agent? Well, his owner, actually, but yeah, that big black stallion is going to be famous. Barkley there has got a lead role in a new western. But that's all I can tell you."

We reached my RV. She studied the magnetic sign on the door, gaining reassurance from it that this all seemed legit. I opened the door for her and then followed her inside. She looked around, impressed at the luxurious interior. I motioned her towards the table and sat down across from her, flipping open my laptop. "I just need to get some basic information," I explained, tapping randomly on the keys. "So what's your name?"

"Stacy Anders... Smith," she stammered. "Stacy Smith."

I nodded, typing. "You're smart to use a stage name," I acknowledged. It helps when you start to get famous and everyone is trying to call you. She smiled, liking the sound of that. Now, you're at least eighteen, right?"

"Uh... is that important?" Stacy inquired with a concerned look.

"Oh, it's just that I don't represent kids... company policy. It requires release forms from parents, and lots of legal issues for the studios. It's just not worth it."

"Umm, yeah, I'm eighteen," Stacy asserted.

"Great," I responded. I'll just need to see a copy of your ID for the file.

Stacy blushed. "I... I ah, lost my license, like last week. I've been meaning to replace it, but I haven't gotten around to it yet..."

I nodded, clicking on some more keys. "That's OK," I replied. You can get it to me when we eventually get you under contract. But I'll just overlook it for now."

Stacy breathed a sigh of relief. I quizzed her on some other pointless nonsense and then closed my laptop. Retrieving a video camera from a drawer, I set it on the table and looked at her expectantly. "OK Stacy, time to shine. Have you thought about what you want to do for your demo video?"

She took a deep breath and looked down at the floor, tracing the patterns on the carpet with the toe of her shoe. "I... ah... I was thinking maybe that, you know, if I could maybe meet the director, he and I could work something out?"

I gave her a condescending smile. "Now Stacy, you're on the right track. Honestly, sex is absolutely what sells in Hollywood. But with what's been in the news lately, with the lawsuits and everything... Well, trust me, you're not going to get any alone time with any director who has half a lick of sense. Like I said, sex sells, but sleeping your way to the top just isn't done these days."

"Oh..." she replied in a crestfallen tone, feeling her one bit of marketable currency slip through her fingers. Then she looked up at me with hopeful eyes. "Maybe you could put in a good word for me? I really would do anything to get a chance." She gave me a meaningful, sultry look. "Anything you want..."

I had to restrain a giggle of surprise. No one had ever attempted the lesbian seduction route with me before. Giving Stacy an appraising glance, I had to admit that the thought did have a certain appeal. She was trim and petite with a cute, eager face and an absolutely impressive set of tits. Her perfectly shaped ass strained in the confines of her impossibly tight jeans, and she had a degree of innocence about her that just begged to be plundered and despoiled. Putting her pretty face to work wriggling between my naked thighs was not a completely repulsive idea... Then I realized suddenly that a long silence had fallen over us as I considered the matter for far too long. I shook my head, trying to get my focus back on the main objective. "Ah... oh, Stacy, my, that certainly is a very — very — tempting offer. But I'm afraid it would be absolutely unprofessional of me. I just can't get involved with my clients."

Stacy nodded in understanding. But she seemed pleased with herself that I had obviously taken the offer under consideration. "I... I don't really know then... I mean, could I maybe do a video where I take off my clothes or something? I can sort of dance... and you know, maybe do some other... stuff?"

"Ummm..." I pondered. "The problem is... honestly, videos of naked girls are all over the internet for free. You really got to do something special, Stacy, something funny, crazy, or amazing that will make you stand out. Or... If you know someone famous in Hollywood, maybe you could pose with them..."

Stacy sniffed, her eyes beginning to well up with tears of defeat. "The only famous person I know in Hollywood is your horse outside in the trailer..." Suddenly she perked up, putting the carefully staged puzzle pieces together. "Hey, do you think I could maybe... you know, like do something like pose with your horse? He's going to be famous, right?"

A broad smile of approval crossed my face. "Now that's an interesting idea..." I replied. "I mean, I can't let you ride him, but I don't know... maybe there are other things you could do to make it interesting?"

Excited, Stacy nodded eagerly. I could tell she had no plan whatsoever, but as the saying goes, she seemed 'eager to learn'. I grabbed the camera and we left the RV. She skipped over to the back of the horse trailer, giddy with nervous energy. Unlatching the back of the trailer we stepped inside. The huge black stallion snorted as we entered his domain, stomping a front hoof aggressively as his muscular flanks rippled. His eyes widened as he reared his head, giving us an appraising look. "Barkley, shush..." I whispered, fishing out a few carrots I had stashed in my skirt pocket as we left the RV. His nostrils flared as he gave an interested sniff. Accepting my gift, he calmed down, happily munching on the orange treats.

Stacy looked around apprehensively and took a deep breath. I could see her nipples perked with anxious trepidation through her thin cut-off tee-shirt. "Don't worry, the trailer windows are all tinted," I explained. "We can see out, but no one can see in."

She nodded and she seemed to relax just a bit. With a forced smile she turned to me. "So, should I take off my clothes or...?"

"Just do whatever comes to mind," I suggested. "Be you. Be fun. I'll film it all and then we'll do the cuts and edits to keep the best parts. Maybe some theme music will help?" I fiddled with my phone, queuing up 'Sweet Home Alabama'.

Stacy grinned with approval and started to swivel her hips. She closed her eyes and let the music take hold. I found myself holding my breath as I watched. The girl had a natural sense of movement that was nothing short of erotic. She ran her fingers through her blonde hair, turning slowly and grinding her ass in a fluid, seductive motion. She brought her hands down to caress the sides of her breasts and then trailed down over her taunt, exposed tummy. Then she threw her arms wide and went into a sinuous spin. I could see that with a bit of practice and training, the girl had 'stripper potential' written all over her future. She teasingly peeled off her shirt, revealing no bra and an amazingly firm set of perfectly rounded tits. I flashed her an exaggerated smile, gesturing towards my expression. She picked up on the clue, dropping the serious look on her face and replacing it with a cheerful grin. Her fingers dropped back to her breasts, finding her nipples and pinching the fleshy nubs into an even more rigid state of arousal. She looked deep into my eyes as she continued to dance. I've always considered myself to be a "straight" female, but as I watched her I felt my mouth water with a hint of forbidden desire.

She kicked off her well-worn pink and white tennis shoes and dropped her hands to her trim little waist. Not an ounce of fat hung over her tight fitting jeans. She gave the camera a saucy wink and blew a teasing kiss. Working the button loose she rolled her hips in a circular motion as she drew the zipper downward. Wriggling her hips from side to side she peeled the pants down off her hips,

never losing time with the music. Finally she had the jeans removed, leaving her clothed in nothing but her white ankle socks and a tiny pair of lavender-colored panties. Hooking her thumbs into the waistband, she started to work the panties downward off her hips when I noticed the colorful image printed on the crotch — My Little Pony. “Stacy – leave them on!” I urged. “The cute pony logo is just perfect!” She looked down and grinned in agreement, happy to keep some small illusion of her dignity that the panties might provide. She continued to dance, turning away from me and tugging the thong of her panties up tight so that it disappeared into the firm crack of her ass. I focused the camera in close, imagining the incredibly sensitive flesh the g-string of her panties was grinding against as she continued to gyrate.

She turned back to me, hips continuously in motion. She closed her eyes, swaying with the music. My camera, still focused in close on her loins, revealed a darker spot on the cottony crotch of her panties. Slowly the stain grew in size, glistening with slippery wetness.

Barkley snorted and stomped a hoof, no longer content to be ignored. Stacy turned and sauntered over to the huge animal. He gazed at her with a wary look as she approached, her hips rolling like a belly dancer. But the huge black stallion held his ground as she drew near, bringing his head around so she could pet his powerful neck. His nostrils flared, picking up an interesting smell. I inhaled deeply also, picking up just a hint of the alluring scent that played across the stallion’s acute senses. Stacy turned towards me as she danced and I could see that the syrupy stain on her panty crotch was spreading relentlessly. The stallion had picked up on the irresistible odor of wet twat that wafted from Stacy’s wriggling loins. It held a universal appeal across the entire animal kingdom and it didn’t matter if the source was horse or human pussy. All the frisky black stallion knew was that he sensed a cunt in heat.

Oblivious to the effect she was causing, Stacy turned her attention back towards Barkley, running her teasing fingers over the stallion’s glossy black flanks and haunches. Powerful muscles shivered in response. His tail lashed with growing excitement. As I watched, the head of his enormous prick began to extend from the sheath below his belly. Inch after impressive inch of stallion cock eased out, a black fleshy shaft of imposing dimensions. His cock dangled below his belly, twelve inches of still-limp horse meat, two inches in diameter. I could see it throb and twitch as the stallion’s powerful heart pumped blood into the massive organ.

Stacy danced away from the animal and then turned to face him. I heard her gasp as she suddenly caught sight of Barkley’s ominous horse prick. Her motions ground to a halt and she stood transfixed by the sight, memorized like a fawn confronted by a python. As if in a dream, she took a tentative step towards the huge stallion, and then another. The swelling shaft now bobbed at about a forty-five degree angle, picking up elevation as it continued to stiffen. She turned to look at me for guidance, but I simply concentrated on the camera, letting her think this was all her idea. Gathering her nerve, she closed the distance and reached out with a tentative hand to stroke the animal’s glossy black flank. Her fingers worked their way back and forth through his shiny fur, seemingly at random but undeniably working their way lower and lower as she mustered her courage. Her fingers trailed downward, finding their way to the creature’s furry belly.

“Touch it,” I whispered, unable to resist the impulse to urge her along. She twitched in shock at the sound of my voice, shaken from her trance. Gulping an anxious swallow she nodded in unsure agreement. She dropped to her knees at Barkley’s side. Her hand trembled with a frantic nervousness as she reached out. Her fingers closed the distance but then she paused. Flexing her hand open and closed, she fought to overcome her fear and moral reservations. Then, with a deep inhale of breath, she dared to let her fingers make contact with the stallion’s long dangling cock shaft. She brushed him lightly with her fingertips and the cock responded with a twitch. Growing bolder, Stacy gently let her fingers curl around the girth of the fleshy piston, cautiously stroking up

and down the impressive length.

Barkley snorted and his shaft responded to the intimate caress. It throbbed and gained a degree of stiffness, beginning to slowly leverage its ponderous weight into a more upright position. I moved in closer with the camera, making it clear to Stacy that her interaction with the massive horse cock was now the entire focus of the video. She sat down on her heels, scooting her way down under the stallion's belly. Barkley's erection swelled to a firmer state, forcing Stacy to add her other hand to the effort of maintaining a grip around the shaft. Her dainty fingers of both hands could barely close around the girth of the now fully erect cock. It bobbed in her hands with each pulse of his heart, angling higher and higher until sixteen inches of erect stallion prick pressed up tight against his glossy belly. The huge shaft quivered, pointed directly at Stacy's pretty face.

Suddenly she shook her head, tears of dismay forming in her eyes. I knew the look. Doing a sexy little dance was once thing, but now — staring down the length of a throbbing horse cock — she was having a moral crisis. I felt a surge of concern of my own. The race horse was in an obvious state of arousal. If Stacy didn't give him some relief the beast would pitch a fit. I didn't relish the thought of trying to transport an enraged stallion several hundred more miles with a pounding case of blue balls. I reached into my proverbial bag of tricks and pulled out the 'super-model pep-talk'.

"Perfect!" I cheered. "Oh my god, you've never done any acting? You're amazing! A natural! They're going to love you in Hollywood!" I layered on the encouragement, thick and heavy. She looked up at me, that shy smile starting to reappear on her lips. I moved around with the camera, working her from all the angles. "Yes! Come on girl, make me believe it! Play the part! Show the camera what a nasty little cunt you are! Are you hot? You know you are! Is your tight little pussy dripping wet? I bet it is! You want it, Baby! Make the audience believe it! Show me how much you want to kiss that cock!"

She took a deep breath as I pumped up her ego. I could see her working through the rationalization in her mind. She was going to be a star! This was all just pretend — playing a role... It's not like she was really a filthy little whore, about to plant her sweet lips on a horse cock... It was... acting!

The little blonde straightened her slumping shoulders and proudly arched her back. Good posture is a must! She pushed a stray lock of dangling hair out of her eyes, determined to look her very best. A fresh look of determination flashed in her eyes. Pushing aside any lingering reservations, my budding starlet licked her lips, giving them a glistening wet sheen. A drop of pre-cum oozed from the tip of Barkley's cock. Stacy stroked her grasping fingers back along the length of his shaft until she ran up against his huge ball sack. Then she tightened her grip, slowly drawing along the full length of the black stallion's cock. Her action milked a huge glob of slippery pre-cum from the tip of prick. It oozed downward, suspended on a shimmering, slimy string before it broke and dropped, disappearing into the cleft of her firm, ample cleavage. She glanced down and I followed with the camera, focusing in on her wonderful heaving knockers. I panned up, capturing her expression. She blushed shyly and batted her pretty eye lashes.

I moved back out, capturing her face and the full length of Barkley's cock in the camera frame. She leaned in, closing her eyes as if that would somehow provide some detachment from her perverse actions. Tentatively she let her lips just brush the tip of cock before she recoiled like a frightened kitten. Her tongue washed over her soft lips, tasting the hint of salty flavor she discovered there. I saw chest expand as she took in a deep breath. Her nipples seemed to perk into a more rigid state of arousal and tiny goose bumps arose on the creamy skin of her fleshy globes. Then she leaned in again and ever so gently she pressed her lips more diligently against the tip of Barkley's quivering cock knob. Her lips parted ever so slightly, allowing the tip of her tongue to slip out and give an experimental lick. I saw her nearly naked body shudder at the taste. Was it revulsion or delight? Her

lips opened further, putting the question to rest as she nuzzled the tip of his cock in an open-mouthed embrace. Her tongue washed around the crown of his prick and then returned to the very tip, teasing into the open slit of his cock shaft with a playful flickering motion. More syrupy fluid oozed from the tip, spilling onto her eager tongue and coating her lips. Bluish veins along Barkley's cock pulsed and throbbed, hinting at the pent up reserves of energy of the huge beast.

Barkley suddenly responded with an experimental thrust of his haunches. It was a minor movement, but driven by powerful equine muscles. Unable to react in time, Stacy's sweet little mouth simply absorbed the impact. With that single lunge the stallion's cock was driven forward. The crown of his spongy cock-head compressed as Stacy's unprepared mouth was flared open by the pressure. With a wet pop the stallion's cock head pressed past her lips and lodged firmly in her mouth. Stacy's eyes went wide in shock as she tried to recoil away from the unexpected oral insertion. But the massive head of Barkley's cock flared within the girl's mouth, locking firmly in place behind her front teeth. In a panic, she grasped the stallion's cock shaft with both hands, gripping tight and attempting to pull him out. All she succeeded in doing was to stroke her hands along the length of his massive dick, transmitting shuddering vibrations of pleasure into his quivering sexual organ. He swelled to an even greater degree of stiffness in response. Stacy fought to pull her head away, neck muscles straining with the effort. But her effort proved to be in vain. She had just learned the irrefutable truth about kissing a horse cock — once the knob pops into a girl's mouth, there is no going back. "Mmmff mum mfff um mf!" she protested, her eyes betraying her sense of fear. I couldn't quite make out what she was saying. I chose to believe that it was some sort of enthusiastic compliment about the savory taste of fresh horse flesh.

Barkley meanwhile was reaching an interesting conclusion of his own. The squeezing of lips and fingers around his trembling cock shaft was certainly a pleasurable sensation. The huge black stallion didn't have any experience with human girls, but it was starting to dawn on him that this girl's mouth felt a whole lot like the velvety embrace of a warm and slippery mare's cunt. He wasn't sure if a girl's mouth could be used like a twat, but with another experimental thrust of his haunches he decided to give it a try. Several inches of equine cock shaft slid through the futile resistance of Stacy's grasping fingers and into her oval-shaped lips. Her eyes went wide as the stallion's huge cock shaft eased deep into her mouth, butting up against the restrictive opening of her throat. Her lips strained, unwillingly squeezing him in an erotic oral embrace. Her tongue fluttered instinctively along the bottom of his prick, enhancing the enticing sensation. "Eaz! Ep! Sss oo eg!!!" Stacy sputtered incoherently against the overwhelming mouthful, tears shimmering in her eyes. I moved in closer with the camera, figuring that's what she was trying to request.

Barkley snorted with delight and stomped a front hoof. The verdict was in as far as he was concerned. Stacy's pretty mouth had all the desirable hallmarks of a snug little fuckable cunt. He shuffled his back hooves, widening his stance for better balance. His muscular flanks rippling, he rolled his haunches. The cock shaft slipped back out through Stacy's lips and fingers until the big cock knob once more butted up against the back of her teeth, unable to withdraw any further. Stacy issued a muffled mewl of protest, knowing what was coming. She tried to pull back from the powerful lunge but could not avoid the inevitable facial fuck-thrust. The stallion plowed forward, once more sinking several inches of thick horse cock into Stacy's gaping oral orifice. The huge cock knob again bottomed out as it pressed against the opening of her throat. The girl's fearful squeal of dismay was all but muted by her mouthful of horse dick. Despite Stacy's natural revulsion, her fingers instinctively clasped down in a firm, loving embrace on the exposed length of Barkley's cock. She stroked the full length of his shaft, dragging her fingers from her lips back to his swinging, bloated balls, and then back again, milking the huge horse prick. I saw her throat working as she swallowed and presumed that she had just coaxed another savory discharge of gooey pre-cum onto her taste buds. She stroked him again, more enthusiastically.

The stallion pressed insistently forward, deeming only a few scant inches of penis penetration into this wonderful face-cunt to be unacceptable. The head of his cock pushed hard against the comparatively tiny opening of Stacy's throat, but he was unable to overcome the resistance. He tossed his head, his silky black mane shaking back and forth in annoyance. Barkley drew upon his experience with virgin pony pussy in the past. It simply required a bit of committed effort to overcome. Drawing back on his haunches, he gathered himself for a more enthusiastic and forceful insertion. With a powerful thrust the beast launched his stiff equine cock forward. Stacy issued a gagging protest as the huge crown of his cock again lodged in the opening to her throat. In desperation she braced her hands against the stallion's muscular haunches but was powerless to resist him. A strangled look of fear washed over the girl's face as the stallion's massive, fleshy shaft bowed in the middle under the strain. Then, with a wet gulp, Stacy's throat blossomed open. Lubricated with spit and a glossy coating of slippery pre-cum, the slickened cock shaft plunged down Stacy's convulsing throat.

Barkley surged forward as Stacy flailed in distress. The tight clutching embrace of the girl's throat applied the brakes to the stallion's muscular lunge. Slowly the advancing horse cock ground to a halt just as his huge bloated balls came gently to rest against her soft, glistening lips. Her nostrils flared in dismay as her face began to turn red. But then she discovered that with a concentrated effort she could forcefully draw in a vital bit of air, despite the massive cock socketed to the hilt in her tender throat. Still running the camera, I zoomed in close, capturing the action of the muscles in her neck. The bulging outline of the huge horse cock stood out clearly under her creamy white skin. Her throat muscles worked instinctively, grasping and pulling at the monstrously fleshy shaft, urgently trying to swallow him ever deeper. Barkley's tail twitched as he held himself inserted to the hilt, reveling in the wonderful sensations.

Finally he withdrew. Stacy gagged. Spit and equine juices trailed down her pouty lips as inch after inch of his glistening fuck stick slipped from her oral embrace. Barkley pulled out of her throat until the back of the spongy knob of his cock found the restraining grasp of Stacy's front teeth. Anticipating the stallion's move, she gasped a desperate inrush of breath. Trembling fingers of both hands reached out, finding and embracing the beast's massive balls. They settled like a pair of grapefruit into her loving hands. She gave them a gentle squeeze, pulling them gently towards her and urging the glossy black stallion to ravish her pretty mouth. Barkley eagerly complied, thundering forward like a speeding train through a subway tunnel. Stacy's throat welcomed his return, opening more easily and taking the full length of his face-fucking cock with barely a whimper of protest. A wet 'smack' sounded out as the stallion's bloated nut sack came to a halt against Stacy's gaping mouth. She took it like a champ, nuzzling her wide open slippery lips against the leathery skin in a sensual kiss.

Glistening threads of saliva and pre-cum spanned from Stacy's straining lips to the stallion's balls as he withdrew. A wet slurping noise arose as his cock retreated from her mouth. As the fleshy shaft withdrew, a froth of slippery fluids bubbled from her lips, trailing syrupy streamers down onto her naked, heaving tits. Barkley gave the girl no respite this time. Reaching the limits of his withdrawal, he immediately reversed direction, launching a punishing fuck-thrust back into her cute, innocent face. Sixteen inches of throbbing horse cock surged into Stacy's waiting gullet and she mewled a muffled but eager response. Barkley pulled back and urgently fucked forward into her face, assuming a building cadence that was picking up speed towards an ominous and certain outcome. A lather of sweat gathered on his heaving flanks and he plundered in and out of Stacy's tender mouth and throat with the cyclic thrusting of his enormous prick. The girl's head bobbed back and forth in response, entirely helpless, yet eager to assist.

Suddenly Barkley raised his head and bellowed out a bray of victory. He lunged forward with a powerful fuck-thrust that buried his cock up to his balls in Stacy's tender mouth and throat. I could

see her jaw line working as she clamped her lips around the base of his prick and massaged him with her tongue. He held himself in position as his haunches contorted with muscular ripples. His balls contracted in the loving embrace of the girl's clutching fingers and his cock swelled to an alarming thickness as the first turbulent explosion of steaming horse cum rocketed down the length of his buried shaft. Stacy's lips quivered as the expanding cock shaft stretched her to the limit. Then the geyser of high-pressure sperm finally reached the end of Barkley's massive cum cannon. Fully embedded in the blonde girl's quivering throat, an untold cascade of seething white cum erupted, blasting its way into her belly. The taunt muscles of her tummy seemed to swell as the huge volume of equine cum pumped into her.

Barkley withdrew, launching another fountain of sperm into her throat as he pulled back. He lunged forward, his cock blasting cum like an out-of-control fire hose. Stacy's cheeks bulged with the pressure and the imperfect seal of her lips gave way. Frothing cum burst forth as her lips were unable to contain the overflow. Sheets of glistening, sticky horse sperm cascaded down her chin, frosting her tits with a thick glaze of Barkley's seed. Continuing onward, the stallion's cock once more found the ready and eager opening of Stacy's throat. Spewing non-stop, the huge horse cock made its trip down the girl's rippling throat, pumping another powerful jet into her quivering tummy as it sheathed itself to the hilt.

The stallion paused, fully inserted, gasping for breath as his huge nut sack visibly contracted once, and then again, pumping furiously. Then, catching a second wind, his balls contracted yet again as he withdrew. Stacy's cheeks bulged alarmingly as he pumped her full to the brim. In his frenzied state, Barkley pulled back too hard. Pressured by the overload of cum in the girl's straining mouth, the spongy head of the creature's cock pressed hard against the captive barrier of her teeth. Then the crown of his cock reluctantly folded forward, allowing it to squeeze from Stacy's widely stretched oral cavity. As I filmed, I expected her to gratefully make her escape. Instead she frantically grasped at the still spewing cock with both hands, toppling forward as she was pulled off balance. Holding herself upright with a firm two-handed grip on the stallion's pulsing cock, she aligned his massive shaft with her pretty face and opened her cum-filled mouth wide in greedy anticipation.

Barkley's balls contracted yet again. A churning fountain of cum blasted through the air. Stacy desperately tried to direct the steaming white gusher into her mouth, but controlling such a force of nature was an inexact science at best. A thick frothing stream surged into her mouth. She swallowed frantically but it overflowed from her lips like a spilled pitcher of cream. The stallion's cock shuddered in her grasp, launching streaming pulses of cum like a roman candle. One torrent lathered heavily across her chin, adding to the cascade that flowed down onto her glistening tits. The next surge caught her across the cheek and then tracked upward, sending a salty, stinging splatter into her eye. She squinted and drew back a hand, futilely trying to wipe the salty, clinging goo from her vision with her cum-coated fingers. Three more shots went wild, drenching her hair with long wet streamers and leaving no patch of forehead uncoated.

Finally she brought the flailing cock shaft under control, pressing her lips against the softening cock shaft as Barkley managed one final exhausted thrust of his haunches. The prick slipped back inside her mouth and Stacy's cheeks drew inward as she sucked, working to draw out every last drip and dreg from his faltering balls. Lathered with sweat, the stallion's flanks heaved with exertion. His cock softened, slipping from Stacy's grasp and slowly losing its erect form. The wet shaft dangled below his belly, glistening wet and draining a steady dribble of salty goo into a puddle on the trailer floor. With a gleam in his eye the stallion tossed his head and whipped his tail. He pranced a circle around us in the crowded confines of the horse trailer, executing a victory lap to celebrate his exciting discovery that human girls had a cunt where their mouth should be. What an important lesson for a randy young stallion to learn!

Still on her knees, Stacy looked up at the camera with a stunned expression. Long streamers of cum hung from her lips and chin, matching those that dangled precariously from the erect tips of her perky nipples. A steady stream of slippery goo trailed through her cleavage, creeping its way down towards her firm, naked belly. Her blonde hair was matted and in sticky tangles. She swallowed and then wiped her lips with the back of her hand, succeeding only in spreading the sticky lather of stallion cum to the few remaining untouched spots on her pretty face.

I braced myself for the awkward aftermath. The stallion appeared quiet satisfied, so my goal had been achieved. But this is when the girlish crying and howl of dismay usually set in. Experience told me that a fountain of blubbing, shame-laden tears was close at hand. Innocent dreams of Hollywood would lie shattered, along with any remnants of self-respect. I would try to offer some soothing words, but mainly I was done with her and needed to get the girl up and on her way. To my surprise however, Stacy proved to be of a different temperament than any other girls I had ever 'recruited'.

"Did I get any on me?" she inquired in a completely deadpan delivery, pretending to carefully inspect herself for the smallest little spot or stain of semen. It took me a moment to realize she was kidding, at which point I snorted with a burst of laughter.

Sacrificing Stacy's discarded tee shirt to the clean-up effort, I made an attempt to wipe the congealing splatters of horse cum off her nearly naked body. On unsteady legs she rose to her feet as I dabbed at her pretty face. By the time I worked my way down to her tits the tee shirt was a sodden mess, providing little to no actual benefit. But that didn't stop me from paying a prolonged bit of attention to her fabulous breasts regardless.

Suddenly I was rudely shoved aside by a large furry muzzle. Barkley had approached from behind, effortlessly nudging me away with a toss of his head. With a curious look on his face he pressed his muzzle against Stacy's panty-clad crotch, investigating the intoxicating scent that wafted from her juicy pussy. The cotton cloth of her 'My Little Pony' panties was a swampy mess, drenched with her vaginal discharge. The black stallion found this to be a treat extraordinaire, extending his long tongue and giving her an experimental lick. He pulled back, sticky strands of shimmering vaginal juices pulling taunt between his muzzle and the crotch of Stacy's steamy panty crotch.

Stacy's eyes flew open in surprise and she issued a girlish giggle of delight. Barkley pressed his muzzle back into her panty-clad pussy mound more insistently and she had to wrap her arms around his powerful neck in order to maintain her balance. Dropping one hand to the waistband of her panties, she awkwardly tried to drag them down off her hips. But with her efforts to maintain her balance against Barkley's urgent nuzzling, she was hard pressed to make any progress. Setting the camera aside I stepped in to help. From behind her I dragged her dripping wet panties off her hips and down her legs, jealously admiring the firm curve of her flawlessly shaped derriere. She stepped from foot to foot, allowing me to completely remove the sticky undergarment. The crotch of her tiny panties was soaked completely through, slippery wet and shimmering, casting off the most alluring pheromones of simmering young cunt. I discretely tucked the juicy twat-mop into the pocket of my skirt for safe-keeping.

She widened her stance and Barkley wasted no time in bringing his long rough tongue to bear on her lightly-furred little fuck box. He eagerly licked her clean and then began to wriggle his oral appendage into her velvety pink folds, worming his way ever deeper into the well-spring of her alluring nectar. "Oh god..." she breathed in a whisper, her inner thighs starting to tremble. In his excitement, the stallion reared upwards with his head, sending Stacy stumbling backwards. The long horse tongue slipped from her pussy as she tripped and landed with a grunt in a most unladylike position, flat on her ass with her legs splayed wide in the air.

I was quickly working on a solution. Against the wall of the horse trailer was a sturdy wooden stand and an English riding saddle. Lacking the pommel of a western saddle design, it seemed like it might just serve as a comfortable perch. Cinching the straps down tight, I secured the saddle to the top of the stand and then struggled to drag the heavy contraption towards the center of the trailer. Stacy looked up and understood my plan. She scrambled to her feet, brushing off bits of clinging straw. A proper young lady might have chosen an elegant side-saddle position for her equestrian activities. Stacy of course straddled herself across the saddle, leaning back and spreading her legs in open invitation.

I retrieved the camera as Barkley moved in, sensing that the pussy buffet was open for business. Working his muzzle back between her legs, the powerful stallion brought his tongue back to bear on Stacy's delicious little honey pot. His thick horse tongue dipped deep into the girl's vaginal slot and she squealed with delight. His long tongue retreated and then worked its way down lower, wedging the slobbering oral appendage between the cheeks of her ass and licking at the intriguing puckered dimple he found there. Her tender shitter was coated with savory drippings of twat sauce, and Barkley's tongue eagerly went to work. She squirmed, apparently not at all offended by the idea of getting a tongue up the ass. But once all the tasty frosting on her rectal rosebud was licked clean, the tight little orifice seemed reluctant to easily open up to a probing horse tongue. Choosing an easier route, the stallion simply went back to work on her oozing vaginal slit, digging in deep to scoop out the syrupy goodness inside. She reached up to lovingly stroke the bridge of his nose, oblivious to the goings-on at the other end of the horse. From my vantage point however I saw the effect that Stacy's juicy little cunt was having on the huge beast. His long, dangling cock twitched once, and then again, and then slowly began to swell. It bobbed in time with his heartbeat, each throb pumping new vitality into the rapidly stiffening organ. After several minutes the powerful stallion cock once more stood fully erect and ready for action. I knew that the huge horse wouldn't be content with just licking pussy for too much longer.

Stacy was squirming with delight in the saddle as the stallion orally serviced her twat. She began to issue quiet gasping noises of growing pleasure. I could see her widely splayed inner thighs begin to quiver, warning of a pending orgasm. So when Barkley pulled his muzzle from her crotch, withdrawing his burrowing tongue from her slippery snatch, she cried out in protest. But her tight little pussy was not to be neglected for long. The stallion shuffled forward, straddling over the top of the girl. She lay back, gripping the sides of the saddle to maintain her balance. His fully erect cock was pulled up tight underneath him, the dripping cock head coming to rest in the wispy-light curls of her thin pubic bush as he advanced. The little blonde gasped in shock, instinctively reaching up and wrapping both hands around the huge throbbing cock shaft.

A lustful, eager smile spread over Stacy's face. She squirmed on the saddle, shifting her pussy into position. Barkley stood over her, trusting that she had matters well in hand. Levering the end of the stallion's throbbing cock shaft downward, she positioned the spongy head of his cock against the glistening pink slit of her cunt. Barkley's cock knew the kiss of soft, slippery cunt lips when he felt them and instinctively began to push. Stacy bit her lower lip as the huge beast strained to force his way in. Her pliable twat lips blossomed open around the tip of Barkley's pressuring cock shaft. But then, just as it seemed that the enormous penetration was at hand, Barkley's prick slipped up and out of her vaginal socket and skittered across her naked belly, leaving a slimy trail of horse and girl goo in its wake. The tip of his cock squeezed its way up into soft valley between her tits. She giggled in response, pressing her jiggling breasts together with both hands to form an improvised fuck tunnel for the randy stallion. Barkley tilted his head sideways in confusion, marveling at how many delightfully cunt-like options human girls apparently had on tap. He seemed to ponder the notion of rewarding her with a tit-fucking, but then decided that actual juicy girl twat was more to his liking.

The little blonde moaned impatiently as the stallion shuffled backwards and aligned himself for

another try. Using her hands to guide him, Stacy once again fitted the head of the massive stallion's meat against the quivering slit of her pussy, holding him firmly in place. Barkley eased forward with a careful roll of his haunches. Her fleshy vaginal lips began to spread as the tip nosed inside. But only an inch of penetration was achieved before Stacy's tight little snatch apparently couldn't take any more. She gasped in frustration. Barkley however was not ready to call it quits. He snorted and gave a more forceful thrust. Stacy groaned as she was stretched, but still her snug little fuck slot resisted. She squirmed, adjusting her position and brought her legs up to wrap them around Barkley's furry flanks from underneath. Peering between the stallion's rear legs I could see Stacy's tightly puckered asshole, pulsing back and forth with lustful expectation as the head of the horse's cock was fitted securely in the gateway to the girl's vaginal fuck tunnel.

Barkley readied himself and then thrust forward once again with a determined lunge. Stacy cried out in protest as she felt the strain. The force of the motion scooted the heavy wooden saddle stand several inches across the trailer floor with a scraping noise. And still her pussy refused to allow entry to the massive horse cock. The stallion shuffled backwards half a pace. Thighs quivering with the effort, Stacy tightly wrapped her legs around his belly, her naked ass shifting around in the saddle as she moved with the powerful creature. Clamping herself passionately underneath her equine lover, Stacy brought her hands down to her sides, her fingers grabbing the edges of the saddle again to resist any sliding movement. Barkley gave a snort of warning and then threw himself into a punishing fuck thrust. Stacy issued a shriek of pain as her pussy lips flared around the diameter of the stallion's cock head. Then, with a wet pop, her tight little twat flared open around his girth. Stacy's cry transformed into an animalist howl of wanton pleasure as the huge black stallion plunged into her silky depths, relentlessly burrowing ever deeper. It was clear the race horse didn't intend to stop until he had buried the full length of his massive prick in the warm, clutching embrace of her slippery vaginal fuck sleeve. In a prolonged, steady motion the creature's huge cock plowed through her pink vaginal folds. It halted briefly, encountering the girl's virginal barrier. But her cherry gave way and onward his prick surged. Inward he plowed, plundering past the depths that any normal human penetration might ever achieve, right up into the squirming girl's womb. Finally the huge head of his cock reached even the limits of that. Her tummy bulged with the outline of his massive prick, finally bottomed out in her tiny body. Barkley's balls swung like a pendulum, two inches short of her naked ass as his cock finally shuddered to a halt. Fourteen inches of horse fucking was all that sweet little pussy could every hope to accommodate.

The stallion issued a chuff of satisfaction. Stacy responded with a lustful moan and her eyes glazed over in mindless passion. Barkley held himself embedded, giving her obscenely stretched cock-socket a moment to adjust to his twat-wrecking length and girth. Cunt butter trickled from Stacy's widely stretched snatch, seeping out around the loving embrace her vaginal lips held on his cock. The syrupy discharge trailed downward into the crack of her ass, coating her puckering anus with a shimmering sheen. Then it dripped thickly down onto leather saddle, draining downward off its smooth, curved surface in syrupy rivulets. With a teasing slowness, Barkley began to withdraw. A wet sucking noise filled the trailer as the fleshy piston pulled reluctantly from her clutching vaginal grasp. Stacy wriggled, reveling in the incredible burning friction that smoldered inside her. Leaving only the head of his cock locked in her fuck tunnel, Barkley tensed his muscles like a coiled spring, ready to unleash. He held himself in position, allowing the suspense to build.

The anticipation proved too much for Stacy, who mewled with passion. Her orgasm started as a trembling in her belly, but then flared out of control as the spasms caused her cunt to contract in a rapid series of convulsions. Her thighs quivered as she rode Barkley's belly from below. The stallion took her passionate cries as a signal to launch and exploded into action like he was coming out of the starting gates at the Kentucky Derby. He hammered his gigantic cock into her quivering little twat with a vengeance. Stacy's vaginal tunnel rippled with orgasmic pleasure, shuddering up and

down the throbbing length of the stallion's fleshy cock shaft. She sobbed with grateful passion, squirming sensuously. He whinnied and tossed his head in response to the wonderful sensations at work on his prick. No pony pussy had ever offered such delights! He surged into action, withdrawing his cock and immediately pounding back into her quivering cunt canyon. His hips worked like a machine, launching thrust after powerful fuck thrust into the blonde girl's reproductive depths.

Stacy's head lolled to one side, a trickle of drool running from her slack lips as she trembled nonstop from one orgasm to the next. Her vaginal muscles strained at the continuous climax, threatening to cramp, but rushing onward nonetheless. Her legs dropped from Barkley's flanks as she drifted in and out of consciousness. Limply she lay beneath the powerful beast as he ravished her, her mind oblivious to everything except the incredible sensations surging through her plundered little pussy and the natural, animalistic breeding urges that swirled within her.

Barkley's sides began to heave with exhaustion as a lather of sweat began to gather on his glossy hide. Building to a climax, he thrust ever harder and faster, causing Stacy's entire body to jiggle with each jarring impact. Stacy's large round tits flopped back and forth in a harmonic cycle. She reached up to restrain them, fingers squeezing the erect nipples as she sighed in mindless passion. Suddenly, in his excitement, the stallion pulled back too far. Stacy's pussy lips distended outward, clutching feverishly at the swollen head of his escaping prick. But despite her efforts, his massive shaft slipped from the loving embrace of her pussy, leaving her dripping fuck slot gaping in a large oval cavern.

Stacy moaned, barely conscious, knowing only that she needed stuffing. Barkley shuffled his hooves, trying to regain his balance and reposition himself for a reinsertion. During that delay, the blonde squirmed in the saddle, rolling over onto her belly. I started to move towards her, thinking for a moment she was going to fall to the floor unconscious. But then she slipped her feet easily into the stirrups, seeming quite adept at movement in a saddle. It made me briefly wonder if the girl had any riding experience from her younger years. Her new position allowed her to lean forward in the saddle, assuming an aggressive riding position with her trim little ass raised up high. As if in a dream, she slowly reached behind her and grasped the cheeks of her wonderfully firm rump with both hands. Spreading open the deep, inviting cleft she gave a sigh and then murmured, "Please, Daddy, not up my asshole."

A moment later, my phone vibrated to life in my pocket. I ground my teeth in frustration, tempted to ignore the untimely interruption. But ever a slave to technology, I pulled the phone out and gave it a glance. It had a text from my dad:

□ !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

PLEASE DADDY, NOT UP MY ASSHOLE!!!!

I suppressed a giggle. It had pretty much slipped my mind that Dad was a spectator to this entire sordid show. He was watching from the cab of his pickup through several high-resolution cameras and microphones we had installed in the trailer to keep tabs on our precious horse cargo during transport. Apparently Stacy's mumbled comment had caught his fancy enough to warrant a comment.

Despite Stacy's apparent verbal protest, her rump cheeks were invitingly spread and vulnerable. And down deep in that enticing butt cleavage her tight little anus puckered back and forth with obvious arousal. I found my eyes drawn irresistibly to the sight of Stacy's sweet little ass and pussy on display as she balanced in the saddle. It was an enticing vision that stirred hidden lesbian urges deep within me. My mouth went dry as I gazed lustfully at her upturned rump. I paused, trying to

work up my courage before finally taking a tentative step in her direction. But then the stallion moved back into position as I mentally cursed my hesitant nature. Eager to sink his cock back into any available slippery and vice-like fuck tunnel, he eased forward, nosing the tip of his prick into the blonde girl's inviting butt crevice. The head of his cock slipped up and down in the slippery crack of her ass, seeking a path forward. Then it zeroed in on the cute little dimple of her anus. It settled into that captive little pocket like a perfect match. Realizing he was locked onto a promising target, the stallion once again began to push. I was dubious that Stacy's tiny little ass pucker was ever going to stretch enough to allow the entry of Barkley's enormous cock shaft. But to my surprise, the little minx was in such an advanced state of sexual arousal that her sweet rectal portal proved to be most accommodating. The girl gasped and gripped the saddle with both hands as the pressure on her pooper began to build. Instinctively she raised up in the stirrups and pressed her hips backwards, swiveling her rump in a sensual grinding motion. Then, tentatively, her rectal gateway blossomed open and the fleshy knob of the stallion's rigid cock sunk into delicious embrace of her anal portal.

His enormous cock shaft — glistening wet with a liberal coating of vaginal fluids — ponderously began to plow its way into the blonde girl's asshole. She purred with lustful satisfaction, gently rolling her sexy hips as the stallion bored into her. Eight inches of nice fat horse cock eased right up into her rectal fuck tunnel with nary a complaint. The stretching sensation of her quivering little anus had to be alarming, but she just squirmed and wriggled in a most delightful manner. Then Barkley's cock then slowly ground to a halt. It appeared that the tiny blonde could only accommodate half of the stallion's monstrous cock up her ass. The large black horse stomped a front hoof in frustration. He shook his head from side to side, almost as if saying, 'you can bet we're not done yet!' He withdrew several inches, widening the stance of his rear hooves for better balance. He lashed his tail from side to side, tensing his muscles. Then he heaved himself forward. Stacy matched his motion with an eager reaction of her hips. Thick fleshy horse cock was forced into the girl's upturned rump as her straining anal ring quivered in response. His slippery shaft sunk deep before once again Barkley's prick ground to a halt in the vice-like grip of the girl's tightly clenching bowels. But nine inches of throbbing cock meat had now been spiked into her rectal depths, offering the tantalizing prospect of progress.

"Fff... Fu... Fuck!" Stacy exclaimed breathlessly. "Fuck me harder, Daddy!" The stallion obviously couldn't understand her words, but he picked up on the little tart's enthusiasm nonetheless. A slippery wet hiss arose as the black stallion drew back in preparation for another powerful thrust. Her fleshy rectal ring bulged slightly outward as the stallion's cock head pulled up snugly in its grasp. Almost the full length of Barkley's cock was exposed, shimmering wet and poised to impale her on command. Stacy braced herself, hips trembling with nervousness. "Oh... god," she moaned in anticipation. She bit her lower lip anxiously and blinked as her large dark eyes clouded with tears. Barkley lunged forward as the blonde girl pushed herself in reverse. A lustful "Yes!" escaped her lips, followed by a grimace of discomfort as she felt herself obscenely stretched to her limits and beyond. The tender skin of her anus flushed red under the strain. Ten inches of massive prick were engulfed up her ass. I could see that another six inches of potential lay yet untapped. Panting, Stacy strained to force herself backwards, crying out in frustration as the throbbing horse cock seized up tight and refused to budge another inch. "Please... more..." she begged in a shameless whisper.

Girl and horse fell into a practiced pattern, performing an erotic dance of anal insertion that measured forward progress in precious fractions of an inch. Barkley thrust and thrust, savaging the poor girl's upturned asshole without mercy. She responded eagerly, begging with a string of obscenities that even the most jaded trailer park whore would deem scandalous, and meeting him stroke for stroke with each rolling motion of her hips. Tears began to roll down her cheeks, but from pain, shameful embarrassment, or joyful passion, I could not tell. The final few inches taxed horse and girl to their limits, both gasping for air as progress became all but imperceptible. But as the

saying goes — it's the journey, not the destination — and everyone involved certainly seemed to be enjoying the ride.

At last Barkley completed a desperate plunge, hooves skidding on the smooth wooden floor of the trailer as he fought for traction. And finally the firm cheeks of Stacy's perky little ass pressed flat against the stallion's hairy loins. Sixteen inches of throbbing horse cock were fully buried in her bowels. A grateful sob of proud achievement escaped her lips. Barkley ground his haunches to demonstrate his dominance over his sexual conquest. He pressed his huge balls firmly against the tiny blonde girl's naked pussy, letting her feel their throbbing power and making her accept what was in store. She winced, but submissively pushed her curvy hips back against him in a lewd rolling motion, accepting her fate.

Of course the stallion didn't understand the biological impossibility of a horse successfully breeding a human girl, much less if his genetic seed were launched into her anal cavity. All the massive beast knew was that the full length of his cock was hilted in the most wonderfully hot and tight little fuck tunnel he had ever encountered, and his nuts were aching for release. And the little human filly squirming eagerly underneath him certainly seemed to be in a breeding sort of mood. He gave her a moment to writhe and wriggle, fully impaled on his fleshy fuck-pole. Stacy issued a lustful sigh of passion and then slowly began to strain herself forward. A scant inch of Barkley's massive cock squeezed out of her quivering asshole. Gritting her teeth, the girl reversed the motion of her hips, slowly impaling herself backwards. Her firm round ass cheeks pressed up tight against the horse's loins. She wriggled her naked rump cheeks against him, wordlessly urging the huge beast into action.

Barkley withdrew, inch after inch of his glistening wet piston slowly slipping from the greedy embrace of her ass until only the fleshy knob remained within her. He rippled his muscles, sending a visible shiver down the exposed length of his massive cock rod. Stacy whimpered with anticipation, clenching her thighs tightly to the saddle, holding herself steady. The stallion thrust forward, seeking to bury the full length of his massive shaft in a hard, punishing motion. But the incredible tightness of Stacy's anal fuck tunnel restricted him to a slow, steady insertion that took several moments to complete. She squealed with lust and began to rapidly pant, savoring the incredible burning friction in her bowels. She turned her head in my direction, eyes glazing over with a look of passionate fulfillment. Then she turned her face back downward, closing her eyes as a deep sigh of contentment escaped her lips, seeming to relish the realization that taking an enormous horse-fucking up the ass was her true calling in life.

The stallion wasn't distracted by such deep philosophical ponderings and just knew that dumping a huge load of churning horse cum into this tight little sperm bucket was of paramount importance. With that goal in mind he forcefully withdrew the length of his cock from Stacy's tender shitter and hammered back into her with a vengeance. Her body jiggled with the impact as the breath was driven from her lungs. But Stacy's tight little bowels were adjusting to accommodate the immense girth of the stallion's cock and Barkley's prick was oozing a continuous discharge of slippery pre-cum to aid in the lubrication. The two factors combined as he retreated and then drove back into her, slipping in quicker and easier on his next full-length stroke. His outstroke proved even easier. Stacy's rectal embrace still hugged his prick with a wonderful tightness, but her juicy anal passageway was lathering up with a slippery wetness that eased his movement. Her bowels seemed to grow delightfully warmer, fed by the lustful heat of her body and the accumulation of friction from the increasing motion.

The girl's hot, slick asshole gratefully greeted Barkley's cock as he thundered home. Her ass cheeks quivered under the fleshy slap of the impact. He bottomed out almost effortlessly and immediately reversed to an outstroke. Stacy's widely-stretched anal pucker bulged obscenely as Barkley's cock

knob pulled up hard against her clutching rectal portal. But she gritted her teeth and squeezed down hard, managing to keep him from slipping from her grasp. The stallion cycled forward and then back again, picking up speed and power as the lustful urge to blow his load began to build. Furry haunches impacted hard against naked upturned ass cheeks as muscles and jiggling flesh trembled with the effort. Stacy expertly posted in the saddle, almost as if riding a wild bronco. But the traditional roles were now reversed, with the stallion mounted on top of the bucking female rider. The powerful animal soon outpaced Stacy's ability to meet him thrust for thrust, so she simply grasped the saddle and held on in desperation. The wooden saddle stand creaked and teetered alarmingly, threatening to pitch the girl from her precarious perch. But against all odds it remained standing. Arching her back, she rose up on her toes in the stirrups, presenting her ass at the optimum approach angle for the stallion's merciless butt-fucking. His haunches became a blur of motion, seemingly tireless in his efforts to anally ream the enthusiastically mewling little blonde into submission. A frothing overflow of the stallion's pre-cum began to bubble from the blonde girl's straining asshole, indicating that she was well oiled for the task.

Finally Stacy's silky-smooth clutching anal embrace proved too much for the frantic stallion. With a gleeful bellow he thrust in deep and hard. Stacy's hips were lifted high as the beast rolled his haunches upward and held her impaled above the saddle. His balls pressed deep into the cleft of her butt cheeks and it seemed for a moment as if the stallion had set his mind to burying himself balls-and-all into the straining gateway to of the girl's pooper. But then his nut sack contracted with a powerful muscular squeeze and a scalding explosion of horse cum was launched down the barrel of his gigantic butt-fucking prick. Stacy howled with delight as she felt his massive cock shaft swell to an even larger diameter. Then a churning eruption of soothing cum blasted deep into her steamy bowels.

Stuffed to her very limits by sixteen inches of quivering horse cock, there was precious little room left to accommodate the massive flood of sperm. Stacy's belly swelled alarmingly as the stallion fired several prolonged gushes of cum into her intestinal tract. Then he withdrew, spewing on the entire backstroke. His balls surged again as he thrust back home. A geyser of cum erupted from Stacy's quivering anus, spraying in all directions as it pressured its way past the tight rectal seal around his cock. An orgasmic convulsion gripped her, simultaneously sending powerful contractions through her cunt and asshole. Her rectal tract rippled, clamping down on Barkley's fully embedded prick. More sticky cum poured from her shuddering asshole as the fleshy ring puckered furiously back and forth in lustful ecstasy. She felt a shiver of uncontrolled passion race up her spine as Barkley once again stroked out. Then she lifted her head and howled like a bitch in heat as his cum-spraying cock shaft was once more pounded deep into her grateful, quivering sphincter. Her teeth clicked, nearly biting her tongue as Barkley pulled back and viciously shafted into her depths once more. His balls snugged up tight and blasted again. Milky white froth raced back along the girl's shivering anal fuck tunnel and surged from her now weakly clutching asshole. Vaginal juices poured freely from her spastic twat, adding to the cascade that gushed from her overloaded rectum. The heady scent of cum and oozing wet twat were almost overwhelming in the enclosed confines of the trailer and Stacy felt herself slip into a light-headed state of semi-consciousness.

The stallion gave the dizzy girl one last anal fuck thrust as his balls managed a few remaining pumps. Panting, the beast held himself inside her, savoring the faltering vibrations of her post-orgasmic rectal spasms rippling along the length of his prick. Eventually he began to soften and started to retreat, pulling his shrinking cock from Stacy's upturned asshole. "No..." she moaned in protest, straining to tighten her bowels down in a loving embrace around his cock. He ground to a halt, snorting as he found himself snared in her intimate grasp. But then his immense equine strength won out, dragging his softening sexual organ in reverse. Her anal orifice flared, making one last desperate clutch at his spongy cock head before releasing him. Barkley staggered away, a

stunned expression on his equine face. His limp cock dangled beneath his belly, dripping. Stacy grunted as she collapsed in the saddle. Her asshole gaped, horse cum pouring from the cavernous opening and oozing into the oiled leather seat. A silence fell over the trailer, broken only by the steady dripping sound as cum and vaginal discharge trickled off the saddle and down onto the floor of the trailer. Still filming, I shivered through an involuntary tremor of my own as I felt a trickle of juicy fluid slither its way down my inner thigh, draining from my sopping wet panties.

On unsteady legs Stacy finally dismounted the saddle and tried to stand. I moved to give her some support, finding my own knees to be a bit shaky as well. She swayed as if drunk, placing a trembling hand on my shoulder to steady herself. Once upright, the remaining reservoir of horse cum in her belly began to ooze out, running in thick, sticky trails down her creamy inner thighs. Normally I would just have deposited her in the parking lot and Daddy and I would have been on our way. But there was something about her that made me reluctant to just kick her to the curb. "You want to use our shower?" I asked. She blinked, trying to wrap her fuck-addled brain around the concept. Finally she nodded and I carefully helped her to the RV.

I showed her to the tiny bathroom in the RV. She closed the door and I heard the shower begin to run. I barely noticed as my fingers found their way to the crotch of my skirt, desperately wanting to scratch the proverbial relentless itch that had my loins in a lather. Suddenly the door to the RV opened and Daddy stepped inside. I turned to him, feeling my heart skip a beat in response to the predatory look on his normally calm face. The outline of a huge erection bulged in the front of his pants. I'll admit that ever since Mommy had left there had been occasional moments of awkward tension between Daddy and I. Those had always been left unresolved. But I could see from the hungry, lustful stare in his eyes that those barriers had suddenly been broken. I turned my back to him, giving him an alluring look over my shoulder. Then I said the only thing that needed saying. "Please Daddy... Not up my asshole."

He closed the distance between us, fingers frantically working to drop his pants. He bent me over the small kitchen table, yanking my skirt and panties down around my ankles. There was no foreplay, just our desperate urgent need that had to be satisfied. He pressed the tip of his rigid cock between my ass cheeks. Reaching back, I closed my hand down over his shaft, guiding him into position. I groaned, feeling him thrust up my butt in a single, smooth motion. His hands wrapped around me, closing down on my breasts and squeezing them in a lustful embrace. I ground my hips back against his loins. He pulled back and then thrust hard inside of me. Years of apparently pent up urges were set free. It wasn't tender. Rather it was pure animalistic breeding urges unleashed. He began to fuck me — hard, punishing movements that I desperately needed. My naked ass cheeks trembled under the impacts as I groaned with passion. I bit my lower lip as I began to match his timing, urgently rolling my hips back to meet each incoming anal fuck thrust. He stroked in and out at a furious pace and I choked back a cry of ecstasy as a powerful orgasm trembled through me.

Time lost all meaning until suddenly I heard a door unlatch. Done with her shower, Stacy stepped out, naked and dripping wet, wrapping a towel around her hair. She paused as she saw us and a girlish giggle escaped her lips. "Oh, Hi!" she chirped at my Daddy in friendly greeting. Daddy looked at her and groaned with desire. He drove his cock deep into the grasping confines of my bowels and grunted as he began to spew. Again and again he hammered into me, his balls contracting in violent spasms as he shot his Daddy cum deep into my convulsing rectum. I might have taken offense, given that it was fairly obvious that the sight of the cute little blonde girl was what had driven my Daddy over the edge into an orgasmic spasm. But in all fairness, I was occupied with my own fantasies, wondering if my Daddy's cock up my virgin asshole felt anything at all like a giant horse cock.

Daddy collapsed on my back, gasping for breath, and then pulled his spent cock out of my rear. Stacy simply watched with a bemused expression, casually toweling off as we completed our lewd

act of incestuous debauchery. "You got any panties I can borrow?" she inquired as we finished. I nodded, blushing red with embarrassment as I tugged my panties up from around my ankles and pulled them up tight in an attempt to stem the flow of cum from my ass. Wriggling my skirt up, I then turned and opened a drawer, fishing out a pair of petite lace-trimmed black undies.

"I'll want those back when you're done with them," I teased, desperately trying to restore some sense of normalcy to the situation.

She bunched them up in her hand, bringing them to her face and taking a deep, prolonged sniff. "Ummm..." she purred. "You'll have to come get them," she replied. I smiled, imagining the enjoyable struggle that might ensue. I also found a spare tee shirt for her and then decided that I was in need of a quick shower myself.

Finishing up my shower I found myself in the RV alone. I pulled open the drawer to grab a fresh pair of panties, but then a smile crossed my face. Retrieving my discarded skirt from the laundry hamper, I rummaged through the pockets until my fingers closed on the wet sticky wad of Stacy's 'My Little Pony' panties. They were completely drenched with her vaginal discharge. I stepped into them, wriggling them up onto my naked hips. The gooey crotch of the lavender panties pasted itself wetly to my freshly shaved pussy and I sighed as I ran my fingers over the slick cottony crotch. Then I finished dressing.

I figured Daddy must have sent Stacy on her way already. I was going to miss her. But she had given Barkley the romp of his life, so now the high-dollar race horse should be happy and calm for the remainder of the trip. Stepping out into the parking lot I double-checked the latch on the back of the horse trailer and walked up to the pickup truck to see if Daddy was ready to head out. The tinted driver's seat window rolled down and I was surprised to see the young blonde seated on the passenger side, all buckled in. "We're going to give her a lift," Daddy announced casually. I cocked an eyebrow. Daddy never picked up hitchhikers. Apparently he had taken quite a shine to the little minx. She gave me a happy grin and I couldn't help but smile in return.

It was only another four hours on the highway before we reached our destination. I called ahead to the owner when we were about ten minutes out. We pulled into the long driveway of Dobson Ranch, heading for the large fancy barn where a group of cowboy-looking types were gathered. The owner introduced himself, eager to see his new prize stallion. Several nervous ranch hands stood by, ready to bring the nervous race horse under control if it bolted from the trailer in a panic. However, to everyone's surprise, Stacy had already gone into the trailer. The back gate opened and the little blonde lead a calm and subdued Barkley out by the reins. He followed her obediently, like a well-trained puppy, nuzzling her neck as she turned the lead over to the astonished owner.

"You got yourself some sort of magic touch with horse-flesh there, little lady!" Dobson boomed in a loud drawl. "Any chance I could steal you away from your employer here and you could set down stakes on my ranch? I can pay you a heap of money..."

My dad stepped up. "Well, Mister Dobson, Stacy is free to do what she wants, but we're more than happy to have her at Parker's Equine Transport. She's got a job with us, as long as she wants it." Stacy looked from Dad to Mister Dobson, pondering her decision...

I was surprised by Daddy's offer. Our RV was barely big enough to accommodate the two of us, with Daddy sleeping in the single tiny bedroom and me using the pull-out sleeper in the couch. But we made do. As it turned out though, the small bed in the bedroom actually had room enough for three, as long as everyone liked it cozy. Daddy was right of course — Stacy made an outstanding addition to our team, even outside of the bedroom. She became our expert horse wrangler, applying her

special talents with great enthusiasm. Often now I would join her, and together we would keep those randy stallions in check, lickity-split. With her on the team, our reputation spread and Parker's Equine Transport came to be THE go-to choice for wealthy ranch owners throughout the country.

In retrospect, Stacy never did ask me about the demo video, or my alleged business as a Hollywood talent agent. I don't know if Daddy explained to her that that was all just bullshit, or if she had already figured that out on her own. Either way, she didn't hold a grudge. Normally Daddy and I post the horse and girl videos to the internet, just for grins and giggles. But although Stacy's video was by far the best we had ever seen, we decided to keep it private for now. Maybe I'll talk to her about it some time, and see if she's ok with sharing it with the world. And I just remembered that she still owes me the return of those lacy black panties. I think I might just go collect on those right now...

END.