

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Sasha had taken her last hit of crack cocaine about five minutes ago and, as always, she wanted more... so she was eating some horse. Of course!

With one hand she stroked the huge black Percheron's massive sheath and balls, making the huge creature whinny and snort, making his magnificent prick strain to poke out through the puckered opening of his hairy sheath; with the other hand she lovingly caressed his beautiful, muscular, heaving right flank. The smell of the horse's dick was fuckin' overwhelming - nauseatingly strong. It was a rank, cheesy and somewhat disagreeable odor that only mares, and Sasha, could really love. But, as long as Sasha ate horse, she surmised, she would never really get used to the potent, bestial aroma of an aroused stallion's cock.

That she could take control of an animal this big, this fucking huge! - that she could make his dick hard and stiff, make his balls throb and contract in her palms - make him blow, if she wanted!... all this was an incredible turn-on for Sasha. She had "done" this stallion before; she couldn't get over the implacable feeling of strength and power he had given her: irrevocable, indomitable control over a huge, powerful and magnificent animal. When steaming hot cum shot out of his prick and covered her face and body, oozed down her tits and dripped off of her rock-hard nipples, Sasha felt as if she were being anointed... Queen of Kingdom Cum! Fuck Toy of the Animal Realm!! As far as Sasha was concerned, this magnificent Percheron stallion was her lover.

The huge black stallion whinnied and grunted again, his big dick beginning to get hard; he thrust it, rubbing it against the side of her face. In spite of the love she felt for him, his unbridled sexual smell made her gag. She lovingly scratched his balls, running the nail of her left index finger gently up the bumpy centerline of his smooth scrotum, watching the horse's mammoth nuts bulge and throb under his humping, hunching loins as she teased them in their tight, hairless sac.

She heard the hum of the video camera as G caught this act of animal fuckery on tape. Her lover whinnied and thrust his burning, raging cock toward her mouth, toward a hole, any hole: the animal didn't much care where or in what that hole was situated, as long as he got to get his nut!

G said he would give her another hit as soon as she had played with the horse a little more... and Sasha was a hardcore crack addict. That hit wouldn't, couldn't come soon enough. Not ever.

Sasha was a big nigger, a girl who could probably take on any animal, and the hot, muscular black Percheron stallion to whom she was now coupled was a well-suited mate... perfect for her ebony skin and big lips.

Union Dues' massive horsecock was getting bigger and harder as Sasha stroked and fondled it. The magnificent animal's flanks quivered and shook as he tried to find a hole in which to bury his huge, dripping truncheon. He loved the feel of the negresse's tongue on the raw black skin of his jerking, Herculean dong, and his big balls had a steaming half-gallon of hot, lumpy animal semen to give his dark-skinned human lover in recompense for the torrid oral pleasure she was providing.

Now the horse's semi-limp black prick was hanging from its thick-skinned sheath; it was almost as long as Sasha's arm. Facing the camera, she leaned down and used her pinkish mulatto tongue to lick the underside of Union Dues's massive dick. The potent taste of the equine dong rubbed off onto her tongue as she licked him, making her head swim, filling her senses; the stallion seemed to enjoy the licking, grunting and whinnying as she tongued and stroked him.

"Mmmmmnm! Now that's what I call a real cock!" Sasha grinned; playfully, she grabbed the hardening shaft of the horsecock with both hands and bent it to the right so the bulging, cum-oozing

head was facing G's camera.

"Yeah... lick it, baby girl!" G ratcheted breathlessly. "Get 'im hot. He sho' likes that!"

The animal's cheesy-tasting penis had pink spots on its hard black shaft, and Sasha found a spot she liked. She licked and licked, bathing the grunting horse's throbbing, stiffening prick with spit. Warm saliva dripped off her lover's cock. Sasha sucked the pink spot with her big nigger lips, soaking it in warm, passionate, horse-loving saliva.

The stallion's prick was getting harder now. Sasha was sucking on the beveled bottom of the knobbed cockhead and the thing flared in her mouth, making her gag on the taste and smell of male horse and rancid cockcheese. The stallion thrust his prick. Unbidden, like a viper, acrid vomit rose in her throat. With a POP! Sasha desperately pulled the head of the veiny black cock out of her mouth and jacked it off, lubricating it with her warm, dripping saliva and with his gooey, creamy animal slime.

The fucking horse grunted and slobbered. His muscular flanks heaved. He thrust his hardening prick onto Sasha's flushed face and cheeks, rubbing himself off on her soft skin. G manned the 16-mm movie camera. Sasha knew the Percheron was getting worked up...

And that meant even more crack!

Sasha was getting hot. Fuck, the dick of a horse was making her hot! Just what kind of slut was she? She reached down to stroke the swollen lips of her nappy-haired snatch. Moaning around the smoking hot, stiffening horsemeat she stuck a finger inside, frigging herself. She reached up with the other hand and fondled Union Dues's balls, watching them swell and contract.

This stud Percheron was excited! A big lump of steaming hot horse splooge plopped from the animal's flaring cockknob and into her mouth; tasting it, she let it ooze down her face, leaving a slimy snail-trail of Union Dues' potent horsey fuck fluid on and in her grimacing oral maw. Rubbing the bulging, straining urethra inside the knobbed end of Union Dues's cock against her pouty, upturned lips, she let the thick, bubbly fluid coat her mouth and she blew a big bubble in the thick jism, tasting the rancid horse slime on her tongue. The juice was salty and a little bleachy and it tasted like the hard, stiff abandonment of hardcore animal sex. The smell and taste of the goo made her light-headed.

"Stick your tongue out, baby, yeah, let me see that shit oozing on your tongue... yeah, yeah, that's good, that's real good... do 'im real good, you horse slut, make him shoot his cum in your mouth, babe, yeah, you're getting him real hot," G encouraged her, bringing the camera around so he could chronicle the lovemaking from this angle, from that one, from the rear of the horse to show the stallion's big swollen balls hanging between his muscular, quivering, stomping legs, a shot from the side to catch her slippery pink tongue as it laved with spit the glossy black skin of the animal's hard, vein-etched dong.

Craning her neck up, Sasha kissed and licked the fold of sweaty skin on the horny animal's heaving right flank, under his loins and down by his throbbing pecker. "Mmmmmmm... Mmmmmmm! I'm in love!" she groaned as the contact made the horse whinny and jerk his hips.

Now Sasha had her thick lips wrapped around the head of the humping stallion's massive fillyfucker while she stroked the hard shaft of his dong with both hands. Globes of thick horse lube oozed continuously out of the head of the cock; as much as Sasha swallowed she couldn't keep up with it

and the thick, grayish opaque horsejuice oozed out the corners of her stretched lips. Huge, thick gobs dripped onto her swaying tits and hung there like chick frosting. In her hands she jerked the huge equine dong faster and faster.

Union Dues suddenly grunted, his flanks bucking and heaving. The huge stallion gave a high-pitched whinny, reared up, and ejaculated into Sasha's gagging throat. "BOOOYA!" cried G. The air in the studio became immediately saturated with the potent sexual smell of equine spunk.

Gasping for air, Sasha pulled the animal's throbbing, thrusting pecker out of her mouth, letting it rest on her cheek. Wads of steaming, clumpy Percheron splooge sprayed onto her face, her tits, into her open mouth. Her eyes burned and stung as she was blinded with a forceful shot of the maverick's potent semen. Goopy gobs sprayed into her hair, matting the nappy curls down and hanging off in long snail trails. Still holding his dong she scooted backward, trying to stay clear of the huge horse's quivering, stomping legs as he got his rocks off.

Finally the ejaculate started to lose velocity and Sasha wrapped her lips around the head of the horsecock again, able now to keep up with and swallow most of Union Dues' milky, sticky sperm. She could feel it oozing its way down into her belly. It felt boiling-hot sliding down her gullet. With her left hand she continued jerking and squeezing the shaft of the cock, reaching occasionally down to stroke the throbbing underbelly of the monstrous pecker.

After awhile Union Dues began to calm down; his prick started to lose stiffness. Popping her head off of the knobbed end of it Sasha began milking the horse's cock with both hands, licking up the residual lumps of semen that oozed out of his bulging urethra, letting it congeal on her tongue, which she stuck out for G's whirring camera. Stroking his muscular leg, Sasha licked the Percheron's cock clean before letting it recede into its thick, hairy sheath, which was spattered with jism. She licked the horse's furry sheath clean of spunk around his stinking, retreating cock.

Sasha was a fucking mess. Gasping for breath, lost in her own little world, she no longer cared who saw her this way or what they thought about her behavior. As the Percheron wandered away from her, his work done, she gathered up globs of his slimy cum in her hands and licked it off her palms and fingers. It was delicious! She was crouched down on all fours in a pool of the shit and she scooped it up off the ground, rubbing it all over her overheated body like creamy, sticky lotion, wallowing, bathing in that powerful animal's love juices. It was as though she had become a fucking animal herself!

Spreading her legs apart, she scooped up lumpy gobs of Union Dues' spunk and shoved wads of the cooling, gelatinous goo into her dripping, creaming pussy. The jism was slippery and slimy on her cuntlips and clit, and she almost passed out from the orgasm the sensation gave her. Oh, how she wished that hot stallion could get her pregnant!

"Ooooooohh, Mmmmm, MmmmmNM!" she cried, sticking well-lubricated fingers into herself, stretching her cunt lips wide, cumming again and again as she imagined doing more than just giving that big animal head, as she imagined that beautiful horse fucking her.

Fingering herself, so lost in her orgasmic world was Sasha that she didn't even notice the lighting guy when he came over and, stroking himself, began to lick the congealing horse spunk off the nipples of her hanging, flopping tits.

G would be able to get good money for this video from the Porno Kings up in Spanish Harlem. They were always looking for new acts of animal love, as well as new stars. And this Percheron stud

named Union Dues, he knew, had Star written all over him!

And Sasha hadn't done too bad, herself... for a newcomer.

Sasha had heard about this "modeling gig" about 14 months earlier from her erstwhile friend LaKeneisha. LaKeneisha was a short, pock-faced and dumpy lesbian crack whore with polished ebony skin, blood-crimson nails, and hollow, empty eyes. LaKeneisha had told her there was money to be made, real money, and all the crack she could smoke while on a "shoot".

LaKeneisha said the only catch was that she would have to "do it" with a dog, a big, slobbering male dog with bad breath and even worse bedroom manners. LaKeneisha told her they taped the dog's claws off so that when the dog and a girl were having intercourse, during the heat of the act, the dog's dewclaws wouldn't rip through the woman's skin. LaKeneisha said they let the dog ejaculate into the girl; the girl, according to LaKeneisha, had to "pretend" to "like it".

In the course of the conversation it became apparent to Sasha that her friend didn't have to "pretend" to like it; LaKeneisha had described the sexual act in juicy detail, from penetration to ejaculation. She even described the way the big dog's prick had smelled and tasted, smoky and cheesy, like red, bestial summer sausage...

In spite of herself, Sasha began to get a little aroused as she listened to LaKeneisha. A dog? Was she really thinking about fucking a fucking dog? Had the depth of her addiction sunk this low?

A clandestine phone call, and later, appointment were made. LaKeneisha introduced Sasha to G, the "director", as Sasha goggled at the lights and mattes and moviemaking equipment set up in the basement of this little house in Harlem. The place reeked of sex, and the director mentioned that they had just finished "shooting" a "feature". Would she be interested in seeing what it was like, fucking a dog, giving herself over to the "inner beast"? Would she work for drugs? Would she give an animal oral, swallow the cum?

Feeling as though floating outside her body, Sasha said yes. And yes. And yes. Taking a joyous booya blast off a well-loaded crack pipe to seal the deal, 16 year-old Sasha Roman abstractly felt herself falling, falling, head over heels; oh, falling, into the dark, cavernous abyss of this sick, tainted and twisted world she had wrought.

Sasha "auditioned" for a place in G's "stable" of six girls that very night.

As she allowed herself to be led to the basement of the little house, where her "audition" would take place, she genuflected on the tragedy of a misbegotten life that had dumped her at the doorstep of this pervert with a few bucks, some crack, and a camera. Her mother, dead when she was six. A father (if he actually was her father; she had always found the story suspect) who was a notorious, violent drunkard and who was always in trouble with the law. He had raped her and whored her to his friends since the ripe age of nine, had turned her on to crack cocaine and heroin at ten.

At twelve he had beaten her violently and to senselessness, staving in parts of her skull; unable to partake in anything approximating responsibility, he had driven her to Mercy General in Harlem, leaving her to die wrapped in a snow-tossed blanket just outside the emergency room doors. After months of recuperation, her eventual release from the hospital, and assignment to foster care, she had secretly made her way back to the only place she had even known as Home. Father was there,

passed out on the ratty, flea-blown rattan couch in the living room, a bottle of Cisco and a crack pipe close at hand. In his intoxication, she had murdered him by tying his hands behind his back and a plastic grocery bag (Shop Smart! Shop Spaulding's!) over his head, then watching (with something very like relish) his convulsions and eventual death-throes as he tried desperately to draw breath through the killing plastic bag.

Ugly faces - ugly, ugly times.

Somewhere along the way, Sasha had lost her idealistic feel for the sanctity of life, taking refuge in the warm, visceral feelings wrought by the drugs. And now it was a given, she knew; crack was both God and Savior, giving a tactile, tangible, if only temporary, sense of both happiness and warmth. Sasha didn't care what she had to fuck to get her fix. She'd fuck a fucking walrus if that were what she had to do!

That's how Sasha met Duke.

G told her she would eat it, even though she didn't want to. G told her she now belonged to him, that she would do as she was told, if she wanted some crack, even if that meant doing something nasty to the dog with her mouth. G told her she would moan and groan and pretend to like it, even if it tasted and smelled like rancid cheese and stale cum.

So Sasha got on her knees underneath the horny, humping Great Dane, her wet lips searching, trying to suck the horny dog's dick into her smooth oral doghole. There was a sucking, slurping noise as her lips found the reared-up dog's throbbing, smelly cock and she began to eat the thing in earnest.

The fucking dog's dick stunk, and it tasted even worse - like a cross between ammonia and Limburger cheese - too bad to think about right now. If she thought about it, if she didn't have her gag reflex and sense of smell well under control, she would vomit. And to vomit would be disastrous, she knew, commerce-wise. She pulled her mouth off the thing. The head of the hard dick made a wet, squishy "pop!" as she pulled her head off it. The animal whined and little squirts of dog-lube shot from the bulging, vibrating end of his incredibly powerful cock.

She reached up to her mouth, gagging as she picked a wiry dog-hair from between her teeth. She held the dog around his humping flanks, stroking them like she would her lover, petting him, making little cooing noises, trying desperately to soothe the riled-up animal. If he didn't slow down and in a hurry, she was going to choke to death with the stiff penis of a Great Dane in her mouth and down her throat!

Sasha retched as the stud dog rammed the thing at her mouth, desperate to get back inside and get his rocks off. Her head was wedged into the big dog's twitching, hairy loin and his penis throbbed as he yanked it out and then, having lost that wet warmth, tried to bury it again inside her full mulatto lips. The slimy knob caught between them and she had no choice but to give him what he wanted; a watery gasp escaped her as she began to eat the hunching animal.

His throbbing animal prick forced its way into her mouth, making her cry out in surprise and shame as her gorge rose in her throat. Whatever she had anticipated that this act might be like, whatever she might've imagined, she was in for the surprise of her life. She gave out a shocked little "Ummmpf!" as the big dog's musky-smelling rocks smacked her on the chin. The grunting, humping, slobbering Dane's prick was in her throat almost all the way up to his huge balls! Ugh, disgusting!

She pulled on that hairy sac of swollen, musky dognuts, feeling them contract in her hand. She squeezed, churning up his passion and his steaming-hot canine jism, making slurping noises as she tried desperately to get the grunting, whining animal off. Sasha didn't think she'd ever had a dick so deep in her throat; she could feel his knob throbbing as the dog rutted, punching his hairy sheath again and again against her tight dogcock-stuffed mouth, stretching her lips and jaw to the cracking point. She slurped and sucked on the smelly, gristly red dick, warm saliva and dog-lube streaming out the corners of her lips and down her chin.

The big dog tensed as if for a seizure. Hunching, grunting and slobbering on her back, wrapping his gauze-wrapped claws around her sides tight enough to poke through her skin, the Dane grunted and began to ejaculate his hot juice into Sasha's tight throat. She gagged, which only served to force the rutting Dane's prick deeper into her slimy, sopping wet oral maw. Her nose was buried in the dog's smelly sheath, and his loaded balls whacked her chin.

She pulled her throat back off the squirting, throbbing stalk of gristle, allowing the hound's hot, thick semen to shoot onto her tongue, trying desperately not to taste the musky, salty shit. The gooey dog-slooge ran out the corners of her lips, dripping off her chin and forming a pool on the ground, where the steaming juice began to cool. Duke continued to hump his prick in and out of her clinging lips, his prostate and asshole squeezing again and again as he got his rocks off, whining and grunting, growling, face-fucking the negress full of his steaming-hot, strong-smelling doggy sludge.

Finally the huge dog was finished; his squirts of juice were losing velocity, and his big prick was going soft. Sasha let the slimy dogdick slip out of her mouth. The dog dismounted, shaking his dripping prick in her face, where a few drops of potent semen flew into her eyebrows and lashes. There she sat, panting, debased in every sense of the word, dog jism oozing off her face, as G changed camera angles to show the pool of thick slooge on the ground under her well-fucked mouth.

"Rub that shit on yo' tits, honey," G panted, changing angles again, rubbing his own crotch lewdly as he operated the camera. Sasha responded, in a trance. "Yeah, that's it, rub it in good," he breathed as she massaged the lumpy semen into her tits, mugging for the camera, making her nipples stand up hard as she masturbated them with dog-lube. He had hoped the dog would take longer to blow - this chick was hot stuff! He still had some tape to use up. "That's real good, Sasha. Now git on all fours."

Stunned speechless, numb spiritually almost to the point of catatonia from having sucked off a dog, Sasha didn't move fast enough for D's taste. He whipped a leather belt out from somewhere. "Did you hear me, bitch? I said git on all fours! Fuckin do it NOW!" He whipped the belt across her back, which was wet and slimy with the Dane's jism and drool, really leaning his considerable weight into it. The beating left a long red welt across Sasha's back. She shrieked like a banshee and immediately got on all fours. Doggie-style.

"Now take that shit and scoop it into your pussy. DO IT, BEEOTCH!" And after a fashion: "Oh, yeah! You know how." Sasha turned so her ass faced the camera, tears streaming down her face; thick, strong dog spunk had begun to congeal and clot there. Spreading her shaking legs wide, she scooped up some of Duke's jism with her left hand and began to rub the congealing shit on her labia. Almost against her will, her cunt responded to the masturbation and opened like a lotus flower. G was hunkered down, and he zoomed the camera lens in so far her was able to capture the puffy pink insides of Sasha's pussy on tape.

Sasha stuck fingers inside, lubricating her already-wet pussy with the dog's lumpy, slimy spunk. Removing her hand, she scooped up some more of the shit and shoved it inside. Almost against her will, Sasha was getting turned on! Her pussy walls were beginning to contract around her fingers as

she masturbated herself with the dog jism. Reaching down, she rubbed some of the spunk on her clit, pinching the thing. She moaned, her legs almost collapsing as she went into her orgasm. "Ugh, mmngh, ugh, ugh, oooh, oooh, Ooooh, OOOOOOOH!"

By now G had taken his own prick out of his pants and had been playing with it; his camera work was getting jerkier and jerkier as his hand did the same. Watching the grunting, masturbating girl had proved to be too much for him and he fairly threw the camera down, jacking his own prick off in her face as she got off in the dog slime. "Ugh," he grunted, "UGH! Cumming! Cumming, you dog-slut! Ugh, oh, ugh, UGH! BITCH TAKE THIS TOO!"

With that G ejaculated onto Sasha's already-dripping face and hair.

Sasha collapsed into the puddle of dog semen. She was covered with seed and smelled like a dog!

And she felt more alive then ever she had before.

"Heya go, bitch," G said as he put his oozing black prick away and threw a stamp baggie of tiny crack rocks into her panting, still-dripping face. "Ye did good. Dat dawg neva hed hed so good. Next I wan' you t'fuck 'im. Now split. Git outta he."

Not wanting to go home: to that terrible place she had once thought of as home. Ever.

In the intervening weeks Sasha had fought for and won herself a "pad" in a filthy, piss-smelling alley behind a popular tittie bar in Spanish Harlem, a money-making place; a place in which she could turn her dark and hopeless tricks. During those few proving weeks Sasha was sick and she was very lucky her internal organs didn't just give out - she was incredibly close. Her only nourishment came in the form of some occasional burritos and tacos from a nearby taqueria (eaten cold), a few Twinkies and once in a while some fuckin' cashews or something, forced down her throat by her pimp - they weren't the first things he'd rammed down her throat. Her mind languished, sustenance coming from the perverse, twisted camaraderie of mutual addiction and pathologic subservience to drugs that belonged to her and to the very few dingy, scabby, pock-faced, crack-smoking people she had met and somehow trusted. The noise and screaming and sometimes violence from the tittie bar went on and on, all night long. They sucked the Almighty Pipe.

A now-affirmed dog-sucker, unable to sleep, craving her drugs, Sasha sometimes now found herself in her soiled sleeping bag absently sticking her splayed-out fingers inside her stretched pussy lips, trying to fool her wet cockhole with the illusion of girth, the girth of a big cock, maybe the girth of the cock of a fucking bull, closing her eyes and grunting and panting, now imagining herself with the big, huge, gristly-red dick of that farm-dog inside her. Shit, it almost seemed now like her cock-hole craved rape by that Great Dane! Her cunt lips were puffy and stretched out now like overextended rubber bands and when she relaxed the muscles her slimy soon-to-be dogcock-hole opened way beyond its usual size; to her shock, her fingers were no longer enough to get those familiar nerves thrumming.

Sasha gasped as she shoved her hand inside and her middle finger touched her ragged G-spot. She was now convinced that the "G" stood for "Great Dane". Sasha felt empty inside. She actually looked forward to G's assertion that soon the Dane would rape her vaginally!

At this point in her initiation to the perverse world of bestiality, the thought of sex with a big dog was mind-blowing. At no point did it ever occur to her that soon, she might be having sex with an animal much bigger and stronger, much more beautiful than a fucking dog!

G came by to get her the next day; how he had known where to find her was a mystery, but she had ceased to wonder why or care when the dude flashed in her face a crack pipe with a fat "wake-up" hit on it. He could've put a ring and chain through her nose and led her around by it, for all the self-control she had in the face of the drugs.

They took the bus to the little house in Harlem. The now-familiar smell of sex and strong, stale semen hit her at the front door, almost knocking her backward. She had almost had second thoughts, but then G was loading that pipe...and, ah...

...and Sasha fell back into the whirling vortex:

Before she knew what was happening, she was naked and on all fours, her knees digging into a prayer rug placed on the cold linoleum floor. Behind her she heard a gruff-voiced man shout: "Let 'im GO!" The sound of nails scabbling on linoleum, and then, unseen: the grunting Dane's snout and tongue in her pussy, sniffing and licking her. "Oh...OH!" she cried in surprise, then: "Ugh, Ugh, UGH!" as the dog found her slit with his long pink tongue, slopping it with warm saliva, reciprocating the favor she had bestowed upon him on the occasion of their last rendezvous.

The big, horny dog's loins were humping at the air as he whined and sniffed and licked Sasha's now-sloppy cunt. His erection, huge and crimson and stiff as a rail spike, vibrated like a tuning fork, and the smell of the dick began to waft through the closed air of the little set. The big dog's semen-swollen balls ached in their tight, wrinkly sac.

From G, somewhere off to one side: "Howzat, baby? Howya like dat head? Bet you never had it so good." The whirling sound of the cameras seemed to come from all around her. The dog hit her tender, stiff clit with the side of his tongue and fireworks went off in her head as, grunting and heaving her belly, she began to cum. Crying out now, mewling like a newborn kitten, Sasha spread her shaking thighs wider, her pussy opening up like a flower, humping her cunt onto the horny dog's licking tongue. The grunting, slobbering animal hooked into her hole, stretching the lips, and she exploded into a mind-blowing orgasm. Clear, sticky fluid gushed from her pussy from around his embedded tongue and the big dog lapped it up, grunting, nostrils flaring, thrusting his stiff cock in the air. The smell of this bitch in heat was making the Dane crazy! He was ready to mate!

Unbidden by the men the Dane mounted Sasha; whining and slobbering, he squeezed her sides, vise-like, with his gauze-wrapped claws. He jabbed his knobby red boner at her pussy lips but she was crouched down too far; he consoled himself for the moment by rubbing his semen-slick dong on her heaving back. Little spurts of doggie lube shot from him, leaving shiny snail-trails on Sasha's smooth ebony skin as he jacked off on her.

G came to his rescue: With one hand he reached under Sasha's belly to lift her up; with the other, he grabbed the Dane's penis about halfway down its long shaft. He could feel the thing throbbing, feel the heat it was giving off as he guided it toward the bitch's wet snatch. The dog's cockknob flared as it hooked into Sasha's sopping wet, horny twat, spraying lumpy dogcocksnot all over her pink, puffy cuntlips as G guided him in. With a grunt, the Dane humped more than twelve inches of throbbing dogdick up into Sasha's well-lubricated hole!

Sasha's puss lips snapped closed on the shaft of the hard dong, hugging it lewdly. The dog began to hump, shoving in more and more dick with every thrust. Pretty soon she had all thirteen inches inside her; she could feel the dog's furry sheath tickling her labia, and her lips were stretched to massive, gargantuan proportions. His big, swollen balls were knocking against the bottom of her cunt lips. When he slid his shaft out, it felt as though those lips were being abraded by sandpaper!

Making increasingly ugly noises, Sasha began to cum as the big dog pumped in and out of her: "Ugh, ugh, ugh, oh, unnggh, mmmnn, um, oh, ooh, ugh, ughh, Ughhh, Unuugh, UUUUUUNGH!" she grunted as the dog took her into her orgasm, fireworks exploding behind her eyelids, thrusting her ass back and forth, beginning to match her fucking rhythm to that of the animal. Sasha could feel that big dick throbbing inside her, and she couldn't believe that "smoking a pipe" this way could feel so fucking good!

With every thrust, Sasha could feel the Dane's balls tightening on her clit. She could feel her lover's prick throbbing inside her. His prick continued to squirt warm, lubricating juices into her doghole and the juice was running out of her in lumpy, steaming-hot freshets, forming a puddle on the ground underneath the humping lovers. The wet thrusting, the throbbing was incredibly sexy and in spite of herself, Sasha felt herself cumming again!

In a frenzy, they screwed and humped and mated like the animals they were. Her pussy munched and pulled on the Dane's gristly red dogdick, the big thing making noises like a toilet plunger as the big animal thrust it in and out of Sasha's puffy pink snatch. His muscular flanks worked, heaving and thrusting; his dark brown eyes were glazed over with pleasure. He slobbered all over Sasha's shivering back, licking her spine up and down, licking up his own slobber, as he thrust himself in to the sheath, his hips working like a powerful machine. His balls made a slapping noise against Sasha's puffy cunt as he screwed himself in all the way; with his backward thrust, the lips were sucked almost all the way out of her, clinging to his stiff prick like they were glued to it.

Then the well-trained stud dog began to grind his hips, rotating the throbbing head of his meat inside Sasha, instinctively knowing how to drive her crazy!

She shrieked, her nipples so stiff in their arousal they felt achingly sore. She humped back against the dog's loins, reaching down to feel his gristly, knifing prick as it slid in and out of her body. She reached down further and squeezed his balls, almost desperate now to milk the dog semen out of them. She twisted them, turned on to nuclear proportions as she listened to the dog grunt with pain and pleasure.

Sasha gasped as the throbbing, knobbed end of the dog's prick ballooned out, swelling to the size of a big man's fist, deep inside her. She knew the big Dane was about to blow his wad! Panting and gasping with desperation, jabbering with heated pleasure, she reached down and with all her strength, squeezed the animal's cum-swollen, throbbing balls, twisting them in their wrinkly sac, desperate for the animal's jizz to quench the fire burning out of control in her cunt!

Grunting and heaving his hips, his loins and back locked in a rictus of pleasure, licking her spine up and down, the hot Dane ejaculated into Sasha's clinging cunt. The stiff fist inside her belly clenched and throbbed. She felt gushing warmth deep inside her as the dog's hot jism shot into her like molten lava; it then began to cascade from her violated, clinging pussy lips, forming a pool of lumpy juice on the ground underneath the fucking lovers.

With warm dog semen cascading out of her, Sasha's well-fucked cunt loosened up, letting the dog's prick slide in and out of her like a piston in a well-oiled machine. Steaming jism dripped off the dog's balls as they swung back and forth, smacking Sasha's swollen pink snatch lips, making her grunt and

cum again noisily as that oozing, slippery wetness inside her belly drove her crazy! The Dane gave a high-pitched whine as Sasha tightened her vaginal muscles, momentarily trapping the throbbing head of his prick in her wet maw. Then he was thrusting again, forcing his slooge to drip sloppily out of her, making noises like a sloppy toilet being plunged.

Sasha rotated her hips, moaning, pulling her pussy up and down on that stalk of gristle, her orgasm over, trying to pull free. The dog whined and licked her back, the spasms of his ejaculation just about over, but the knob of his prick was still hard; his throbbing nugget was still hung up deep inside Sasha's belly. Thick, lumpy, stringy Great Dane slooge continued to leak from around his embedded dog dick, but he couldn't move the thing save just the merest nudge. The dog was hung up inside a woman!

The dog whined and simpered and pulled back hard with his powerful hips. With a squishy "Pop!", his softening prick finally pulled free of her clinging vagina. More semen gushed out of her, joining the clots of dogjuice on the ground underneath her fucked-out, heaving hole. Still clinging to her, the big Dane rested his softening prick on Sasha's collapsed back; he squirted onto her his last little freshets of thick dog-lube, which ran off of her and splattered on the ground as she heaved, feeling the last jagged nerve-tingles of her dog-induced orgasm.

After a while, the dog dismounted. Burying his snout between her stretched, dripping cunt lips, the animal began to eat her out, licking up congealing lumps of his own jism as they poured from her violated cooze. Humping her pelvis back toward the licking dog, Sasha felt yet another burning orgasm burrowing its way through her loins! She didn't think she had ever come so many times in a row!

The Dane's prick hung, limp now, from its furry sheath, thick juice oozing from the now-deflated knob. He made slurping, sucking noises as he ate out Sasha's well-fucked pussy. He sniffed, blowing air into her cunt as he licked her good! The smell of rancid dogdick and cummy pussy filled the air of the closed set as cameras continued their muted whirrrr.

Judging by the smell this bitch was still in heat, but the big dog knew he had serviced her well.

Blackness.

"Heeyago, beeotch."

She opened her eyes.

G stood before her, holding a twenty rock between his thumb and index. In his other hand he held the pipe.

"C'mon, wake up, baby! Hees yo stuff. Ye deed gud."

She came awake instantly. Scrambling to her knees, crawling on all fours, she resembled the animal she'd become.

In a frenzy now, beyond words, she gesticulated wildly for the rock.

G dropped the thing into a lumpy, congealing puddle of cold dog semen. "Haw Haw!" he bellowed.

"Lemee see how bad you want it, baby?"

Sasha dived.

Sasha had trouble walking for a week after the dog-fucking.

Her cunt felt stretched and loose. When she became aroused at one thing or another, cuntjuice would run sloppily down her leg, staining whatever tattered underwear she happened to be wearing.

She had dreams about the raping dog; in one, the animal was screwing her, ramming himself in and out of her ruined slit, while cameras whirred on and on in the background. There was some kind of tarp or matte material enclosing the small booth in which this fucking was taking place. All of a sudden the curtain fell. Watching this act were her family, the crack heads from the alley, a girl with whom she had attended the 5th grade. She woke from these dreams sweaty and with her cunt feeling empty; she felt as though, after the dog rape, she could never be filled up again, vaginally.

But G had big plans for her!

Sasha, watching from off-camera:

The big palomino pony grunted with desperate pleasure as LaKeneisha reached down to help him work the head of his hard, veiny prick into her sloppy wet cunt. She was suspended from the strong back of the slobbering animal in a flimsy harness made from an old sheet; she was moaning and drooling and holding fast to his heaving ribcage as he thrust, rounding his flanks and ass with bestial power. In heat for him now, the big negress reached down and raked her red-painted fingernails up and down the shaft of the pony's throbbing pink-black dong, reaching down and feeling around by his hairy sheath and balls, making the huge animal's cock jump and dance as she felt spurts of slick, slimy pony-lube squirt up inside her loose, nappy gash. The pony's cock was so hard that the skin was stretched tight around the shaft of his dong. From here, she could even catch the rancid, bestial scent of the pony's cock. It was the smell of animals mating, and that fact excited her even more.

The humping stud pony dropped his massive, proud head between his quivering front legs and began to lick LaKeneisha's face and thick mulatto lips as he made love to her, amazed at the pleasure she was giving him. Neighing with sensation, he tossed his head, his long, flowing mane adding counterpoint in perfect rhythm to her grunts and cries of delight as he thrust and she felt inches of thick pony cockhead and shaft begin to enter the mouth of her cervix.

"EEEEH, EEEEEEEE, UNGGHHHH, UNNNNNH, UMNNNNNNNNNH!" LaKeneisha cried out as, inch after inch, her cunt began to stretch to encompass the huge girth of the pony's hard-shafted dong. With each thrust of his powerful hips the animal buried more of his thick, drooling, throbbing truncheon inside her hot, wet belly. She raised her head and opened her mouth, gasping with mingled pain and pleasure, and suddenly she and the hard pony were tongue kissing. She could taste in his saliva hay and oats and animal lust.

With a twisted, agonal look LaKeneisha reached up to scratch the pony's hairy chest as he fucked her, her impassioned breath coming in and out like a bellows. It was like a wildfire raging across a hillside as she raked her slutty crimson-painted fingernails through the brush of coarse hair on his heaving chest. She told the pony she loved him as they kissed, their mingled saliva running down the side of her neck and matting her hair.

One of the pony's stiff, wiry hairs poked into her clit and LaKeneisha screamed as she came, her cunt cramping like a vise around the thick animal dong that was invading her. Her legs clung desperately to the pony's heaving flanks; her cramping arms held his bulging shoulder muscles in a

death-grip. She had never come so hard. No man had ever fucked her so well.

The smell of cummy pussy filled the air, inflaming the stud pony's senses. He tossed his proud head and thrust his loins, ramming his thick, hairy-sheathed cock into the screaming nigger's juicy twat again and again. Having just cum, she opened up like a flower for him and took more than ten big inches of pony in a thrust! Cunt juice squished from LaKeneisha and dripped off the shaft of the pony's cock, matting down the wiry hair on his leathery sheath. His packed balls drew up and the head of his cock bulged and throbbed as her cum-slick pussy rubbed it raw.

LaKeneisha gripped the pony's shoulders, screaming, as his flanks worked and his prick fucked in and out and swelled to unimaginable size and he grunted and began to shoot hot, gooey wads of thick pony spunk into her horse-stretched twat. Thrust after thrust filled her, and the smelly cum began to squish out between her legs, gushing out as the big animal came and came. She could feel the dong inside her bulge again and again as drooling strands of jism farted from her violated cunt, soaking the harness from which she was suspended, running down into the hay below the two humping lovers.

From off camera:

G clapped his hands, twice; Sasha awoke from her trance, in which she had been watching this mating with vapid attention, and stumbled onto the makeshift stage. She staggered against the still-thrusting, quivering, smelly ass of the pony. She knew instinctively what her job was.

Reaching from behind between the legs of the still-cumming, well-built, neighing equine fuck-machine, Sasha pulled the animal's slimy, cummy cock, still hard, out of LaKeneisha's stretched, well-fucked pussy. The negress's cunt made a squishy "POP" sound as Sasha pulled the still-flaring, oozing knob out; LaKeneisha grunted in pain as the throbbing head of the pony's cock was forcefully ripped from her clinging snatch. Sasha then stuffed the sopping head of the thing into her mouth, sucking the residual spunk out of and off of the cock as the pony's flanks shivered and he worked off the last spasms of his climax. Light-headed with the bestial odor of equine cock, she worked her hand up and down the slimy, veiny shaft, milking all the lumpy, potent pony spunk she could get onto her wagging tongue before swallowing.

"Mmmmm! MMMMMN!" She cried, mugging for the camera, sidling to the left of the grunting, neighing pony and bending his oozing, shrinking penis toward the camera. Thick jism bubbled out of the flared head of the ponycock and she lapped it up, sticking her tongue out and letting the thick, bubbly pony slime drip off of it.

Then she closed her mouth and swallowed, smiling somehow through her thick, creamy, sticky lips.

"See? Wasn't that easy?"

LaKeneisha's question seemed somehow rhetorical. Filming was done and she and Sasha were in the fetid, stale-urine-scented bathroom of the trailer behind the little house, each of them clutching reverently a brand-spanking-new glass stem. With both of them crowded into the tiny water closet there was hardly enough room to stand up, let alone sit on the cracked, stained potty. G had told them to meet him there in 15 minutes; then, he said, he would let them have their well-earned dope. The girls were alternately burning with cigarette lighters and distending with their blackened fingers balls of fresh new copper wool that glinted and gleamed and seemed to wait breathlessly, as if in anticipation of a hundred fat rocks. They had attempted to clean themselves up in turn in the filthy sink (Sasha had gone as far as to try to brush her teeth with a grimy, street dirt-stained

finger); nonetheless, both of them still reeked like horses having sex.

Sasha could feel in her gut the pony cum she had swallowed; it sat there like a lead weight, making her feel full and slightly nauseated. Yet somehow it felt right, as through she had lived her whole life, taken every single breath, to be abused... to be violated this way! It was as though she had become an animal herself, a lover of male dogs and horses, and her body was trying to tell her so. Oh, God! Fuck! Where was G with that fuckin' crack?

Knock-knock-knock.

LaKeneisha curled back the stained elastic waist band of her damp, smelly, pony-soaked panties and frantically jabbed the hooked index finger of her right hand into the tight-lipped mouth of her stretched, swollen puss hole, trying desperately to scratch the maddening itch that had developed deep inside her just minutes after the huge stud pony had dismounted and Sasha had helped him yank his big dripping, shrinking cock free. Her fat, swollen, reddened snatch lips clung to her finger as she withdrew it; the finger was greasy-wet and oozing clots of thick, milky, musky-smelling fluid - a lumpy, creamy composite of grayish, potent pony semen and her own slick, sticky juices.

"Ugh," she grunted, sniffing her finger cautiously before popping it into her mouth and then sucking it clean. "Goddamn! Another fuckin' yeast infection!" And then: "Who's got the pipe?"

From a journal kept by Sasha:

June 18

Finally able to save enough money selling some of the crack G gives me to pay for a tiny, closet-sized room in an SRO on the East side. It's like living in Hell, with junkies and whores running in and out all night and day, but it has a mattress and a light, and it sure as fuck beats that alley. I had about \$30 left after I paid for a week and so I went and got something to eat in a restaurant, if you can believe that! I think it's the first time in about 2 months I have eaten a real meal.

I had decided to stash some of the rock I made on G's photo shoots, and then try to sell it. Every day I would put at least one rock into the plastic bag, tape the bag closed, and then drop it into the toilet tank in the bathroom of the trailer.

When I finally went back to get the bag, it was gone. I know that cunt LaKeneisha is the one who found it and stole it. I can't prove it, though, and I don't know what I would do if I could. I continued to stash dope but started burying it in a coffee can, in the dirt behind the trailer. I went down to 42nd earlier tonight and sold it. That's why I had a little money.

I am not proud of the things I have done while working for G. I have sucked the dirty, slimy cocks of dogs, ponys (sic) and horses. I have had to pick their filthy animal hairs out of my teeth and swallow their rancid cum loads. But finally I am off these awful streets. Hurray for me!

June 19

Today I took a bus to G's makeshift studio in Harlem to shoot my scene for the day, another nasty sex scene with another horny, smelly, raw-boned gray pony up my cunt. I was there to get my crack.

G introduced me to a big black dude he called Poot. Poot asked me if I would be willing to fuck one more horse... one more horse, and then that would be it! Poot said if I could take on this horse, I would be a star! And I could retire, and smoke all the rock I want! All day long!

Hanging in a stained, swinging fishnet hammock under Union Dues now, gripping for dear life the Percheron's muscular shoulders, the powerful stallion's thick, smelly, cum-slimy erection sliding back and forth across her slippery belly, between her heaving tits, trying to find its inevitable target, his short loin hairs tickling hers and making her crazy, her erect clit shivering with horse-induced pleasure. Slimy Percheron pre-cum coats her belly, wells between her heaving, hard-nippled breasts:

"FUCK ME, UNION DUES!!!" she cries, hunching and humping up at the horny horse's loins and belly with her hips. "Oh, Please, PLEASE fuck me, horsey!!!"

With a bestial, flared-nostril grunt the huge brute draws his powerful hips back and finds his mark, ramming his titanic, vein-etched black-and-pink dong forward and back, slamming his turgid animal prick in and out of the wet, clingy, musky hole finally presented to him. With each commanding thrust, he sinks more of the fucker home. The huge, pink, swollen, turned-on lips of Sasha's labia cling to his aching dong as the big horse withdraws. As he plows it back in, as Sasha screams, her labia is stuffed back inside her. Gripping his powerful, heaving flanks between her quivering thighs, she screams that she loves him. Then she begins to bleed.