

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



## Chapter 1

For the time being I would like to remain anonymous so I will call myself Jillian for those of you who require names for all characters in books. I hope you will find this of interest as it is a section of my life that I have never related to anyone. There was one other person who was aware of my secret. I shall call him Robert. He was killed in action over London during the blitz. I would not wish to alarm any of his family who may yet be living in the arias to which I will refer.

The events that I am going to narrate all took place in 1939-1941. I hope that my literacy is of an adequate standard to render the narration readable and if there is any section that you find hard going please bare with me.

At that time I lived in the little village of Fairwarp in Sussex England. It is three or four miles north of Uckfield, on the road to Duddleswell on Ashdown Forest. The main part of the village is to the East of the road at a cross roads. There are scattered houses and the church along the main road which is now the B 2026 to Biggin Hill via Edenbridge. To the North West there is the vast expanse of the forest and to the South West there were farms and a riding stables. The road two the West, called Cackle street skirted some of the fields belonging to the stables and I would go down there and admire the horses during my summer holidays. Some times I would be invited to help with the horses at the end of the day, so I got to know a lot about handling horses and the equipment that is used. In June 1939 when I left school at 14, my father took me to the stables to get a job. I was taken on and told to turn up for work at six the next morning. I was over the moon little realising what hard work it would turn out to be. Fortunately I new all the tac and how to clean it and I new all about cleaning and feeding the horses. However the work I was given to begin with was to clean out the stalls, mucking out.

I don't suppose I minded too much, it was very hard work but as I got stronger and more skilled, I became used to the labour and I don't think I even noticed the smell, which is not unpleasant after about a week. We had twelve horses, and my jobs progressed to cleaning tac, then to feeding the horses and finally I was allowed to exercise the horses that were not going out that day. Usually during the summer there were at least five rides booked and sometimes there would be a group that would clear us out. That was quite rare though and I would usually have at least two rides in the morning and another two in the afternoon. Of the twelve horses that we owned we had five geldings, six mares and one breeding stallion. He was the one animal that I was not allowed to ride because he was too temperamental and the stable owner was afraid that I may get thrown. The other animals I took either as individuals or in pares if there were too many for me to get through singly. I would go up on to the forest for a canter and spend about an hour riding or walking the horse. There are so many paths to follow that it is impossible to know them all but as far as I can remember I only got lost the once. Of cause it was easy after the war had started because I could find my bearings from the radio antennae at Duddelswell. There were three great big Eiffel tower type things with red lights at the top so you could even see them at night. They put out the lights if there was an enemy air raid.

Every thing went very well for me. I was doing a job I liked and I convinced my father that I was better doing this than going to school again. I did not want to learn a whole lot of stuff that I would never use, besides I was earning a wage that could be put towards the house keeping. I didn't mind not having the money for myself though my mother usually gave me a few pennies for my needs if I asked her and some times she would even give me a whole shilling.

When the war did come I was taught to ride the stallion. The reason for this was that two of the

regular girls, Ruth and June, volunteered for nurse training and as there were no people available to replace them I had to stay on full time, and more, to make up. The owner was very good to me and he did increase my wages. He said I was due the rise because I had learned the job so well but I think it was for the extra hours, some times as many as sixteen in a day. The regular girl who stayed was called Elaine and she and I got on very well. She showed me many tricks of the trade to reduce the work load. Robert, the other person I worked with was the handy man. Aged 16, he was waiting for his 'call up' to do national service. Of course when the war started, all his plans about doing the service and then looking for a good job in the town went out the window. I think he had wanted to join the railways, Southern Railways as it was then. It's a shame that, I think he would have made a good station master.

Any way, once the war had started, Elaine and I worked day in and day out seven days a week taking alternate Sundays off. It was supposed to be shift work and we would take changes on who did the early work but once started we worked until the day's jobs were done. The real story starts in late October. Mr Rice the owner had two large fields for hay making which gave him quite a lot of feed for the winter months but it was no where nearly enough for twelve horses so he would buy in what he needed from other near by farms. His instructions to us girls was that the bought in feed was to be used first because he was sure that his own feed would last right in the spring. The bought in feed quality was not always up to scratch and went off either due to damp or some other problem so it was better to use the less reliable stuff first.

Robert would through down the bails from the hay loft the evening before they were due to be used, four bails of straw for bedding and three of hay for feed. The horses were kept in two stables adjacent to each other, six horses in each. Some of the bails had to be carried to the other stables that did not have a hay loft. Then Elaine and I would use them as we required and get Robert to send down another of what ever we needed if we were short.

We had been using the bought in feed for about two weeks when two of the horses fell ill with colic and diarrhoea. One of the affected horses was the stallion, who incidentally was named Rum Bargain. The vet was sent for and he administered some drug or other that I suspect was thiamin but I don't know for sure. Elaine and I had to take special care of the patients and watching everything they did. Checking the feed for anything that may be toxic for all the animals was also a new task. This placed a lot of extra work on us and we were very glad to see the mare recovering after a few days. Rum bargain however only seemed to get worse until one morning when I went in to feed and clean I found him lying on his side covered in sweat and with laboured breathing. The vet was called again and I was sent to search the area that Rum favoured for grazing. I searched diligently but found nothing that I thought was like foxglove, nightshade, oleander or ragwort but I did find a pile of green potatoes which I thought were poisonous. The vet said that in Rum's case it was probably the potato that was the problem and it was probable that he would not recover. The other horse had probably eaten some horsetail or bracken which was why she had recovered after the injection. The vet apparently gave Rum some other medicine but I don't know about that because I was sent swiftly to clear all trace of the potatoes from the field, which I did. When I returned I carried on with the rest of my work until the evening. Mr Rice said that I should stay to look after Rum in to the night and He said there would be a bed set for me in the attic. Robert would relieve me at about eleven so that I could at least get some sleep, and Elaine would go to my folks to tell them I was all right.

So with a quick snack under my belt, I settled down to care for Rum. I mopped up the sweat regularly and gave him water from an animal feeder like those used for lambs and calves and then at about ten thirty I settled down on the straw and rested Rum's head on my lap. I never realised how heavy a horse's head could be and I was numb in the legs by the time Robert came to relieve me. He told me that I should go to bed, but I wanted to stay and I was quite comfortable in spite of the numbness. I must have slept some because when I awoke Rum's breathing was much easier and he

was not covered in a sweat like earlier. Robert was asleep on the other side of the stall and it was pitch dark outside. I sat and chatted to Rum not knowing if he understood any of my words but I am sure that he was comforted by the sound. Elaine came in to the barn at about four in the morning to relieve Robert and was most shocked to find me still in the stall. She said that my parents would be shocked to hear that I had spent the night with Robert without a chaperone. It was soon after Elaine had entered that Rum decided to make his move. He started by just raising his head but soon he made the effort to roll on to his front so he would be able to stand. I quickly rolled away from him so that I would not be kicked when he did stand.

The commotion of course woke Robert who was very pleased to see Rum's improvement. Elaine and I gave him a little food at short intervals over the next two or three hours until he was able to stand and feed from the trough in his stall. This happened at about eight o'clock and there was joy and celebration all through the stables for the rest of the day.

This did not mean that I got off work for the rest of the day, far from it, but the work was made much lighter due to the improvement. The nursing of Rum went on for several more days but gradually he improved and was soon his usual self except where I was concerned. He had never paid me much notice before but now whenever he heard me enter the stables he would look round and watch me as much as he could and I also noticed that his penis would come out of its sheath if I was around. I did not take much notice of this to begin with but after about a week of it always being extended I became a little worried. I was going to say something to Mr Rice but I was stymied as to how I should broach the subject.

About a week after I really noticed the problem with Rum's penis I was treated to another sight. It was one afternoon about three thirty, not long before it got dark, this being late Autumn. I was up in the hay loft looking for a spare leading rein when I saw Robert and Elaine. Outside the barn in a little corner, that was usually kept clear for visitors transport, and that could not be readily observed Robert was leaning against a wall and Elaine was on her knees in front of him with his penis in her mouth. I found this very strange behaviour thinking at the time that a penis was only used for pissing. My parents did not consider me old enough to be told about the birds and the bees yet, so at the time I was quite amazed to see what they were doing. His penis was stiff and red and it was about seven inches long and very thick.

Elaine was sliding it in and out of her mouth, inserting as much as was visible till her nose was touching Robert's stomach and then pulling the whole thing out again except for the very last bit of his dick. At first I thought that Robert had hurt himself and Elaine was trying to ease the pain. I had often licked or sucked a wound or hurt that I had sustained. My curiosity was picked and I set my resolve to stay quiet and watch the outcome. Elaine continued to slide Robert's stalk in and out of her mouth always taking the whole thing in and then sliding it out again, using a slow rhythm. I could see the penis glisten with the wetness of Elaine's saliva. I could also see that she was very happy to be doing this thing for Robert. After a short time Robert suddenly went stiff and let out a groan. Then he relaxed and Elaine grinned up at him. She stood up and said, "If you want that done again you will have to be a very good boy and keep your hands to your self" I wondered what it was all about but I did not dare ask because it was obviously so very embarrassing to Robert. I also wondered how he had hurt himself in the first place, specially in such an awkward place. How very kind of Elaine to help him in that way. Elaine then went away and Robert buttoned up his trousers.

I did not think too much about the incident for a while until I next saw Rum. It was that evening at about eight. I had forgotten the leading rein and had to go back into the stable to retrieve it. This was when I next saw Rum and his penis hanging down, all thick and swollen. It was much thicker and longer than when he had to have a piss. I had seen him do that lots of times and suddenly I thought, Suppose Rum has hurt himself and needs the treatment that Elaine gave to Robert! I

thought about it and the more I thought the more it made sense to me. He had been ill and nobody had seen him lie down or fall down because if they had I would not have been the one to find him in that position. I went over to Rum and started to stroke him, asking him all sorts of questions like Was he hurt? Did he need me to rub it better? Had he been trying to tell us and nobody had taken any notice?

Of course Rum did not answer but as I petted him and talked to him, his penis grew longer and stiffer which only convinced me more. I knelt down beside him on the straw in his stall and while gently stroking his flank, I took hold of his shaft. It was like a thick rod. A stick of pine wood, complete but with the bark removed, but it was also soft and malleable in my hand while still firm and unbending. I felt its weight, Heavy but at the same time it pulsed with life and with each pulse its weight was momentarily lifted. I thought about what I had seen Elaine doing to Robert, and placed my lips to the end of the massive member. As it slipped into my mouth I soon realised that I was not going to be able to administer treatment in the same manner as Elaine. I found it difficult to fit the knob of this huge thing in to my mouth let alone the whole shaft as Elaine had done with Robert. I took the knob out of my mouth and thought about it for a few seconds. If my mouth could not do the whole job then my hands would have to fulfil the rest of the function. I slid the bulge of his penis back into my mouth and then with both hands gently rubbed the length of exposed gristle. It was so long and thick that I needed both hands to reach round it and the full length of my arms to massage to the other end where it was attached to his body. I exerted a slight pressure as I worked rhythmically up and down the pole but the thing only seemed to get stiffer and thicker. I was glad that had not placed the whole of the penis head in my mouth because it grew to such a size that I would never have got it out again.

I was starting to think that I was doing it wrong, my mouth started to ache with the constant effort of keeping it open so wide. I was just about to stop when I felt the whole of Rum's body stiffen. He started to thrust at me and gave a snort. I remembered that that was what had happened to Robert and suddenly I knew I was near success. I took a deep breath of relief and as I did so my mouth and throat were filled with warm liquid. I fell away choking on the stuff. I still held on to Rum's penis and felt another pulse and another and another as more and more of the warm goo was shot out. I was fortunate. I had held the offending instrument away from me and I did not get any on my cloths. That would have been a difficult thing to explain. As it was nobody need know I thought. It was then that I heard the snicker from up in the hay loft. I looked up to see Robert looking down at me with a big grin on his face. Such embarrassment I had never felt before in my life. I had forgotten that he often spent time up there reading in the evening before he retired for the night.

"What do you think you were doing?" He asked as he slowly made his way down the ladder from the loft. I felt a flush come over me and knew that I was going bright red. I looked down in my shame at having been caught in the act and noticed that Rum's penis had shrunk and almost disappeared into its sheath, a small drop of white juice hanging from the still exposed end.

So I was right. Rum turned and gave me a gentle nudge with his head and huffed at me through his nostrils. I looked up at Robert, my shame dissipating with the wind, and told him what I had seen in the afternoon and the problem I had noticed with Rum and my final conclusion of how to fix things.

"And look, it worked I blurted." Robert just looked at me with his mouth wide open, stunned at what I had said. Then he smiled, grinned, laughed and finally creased up with mirth and collapsed on the floor in hysterics. When he had recovered his composure he stood up and took me in his arms and hugged me for quite a while. I began to feel embarrassed again in case someone should find us like this but no one did and he eventually released me which was a great relief but also a little saddening that I was no longer so close to him. He took my hand and then started to explain some things to me.

"Earlier this afternoon Elaine and I were in the Tac room cleaning the equipment, we were having some fun telling jokes and things when she dropped a harness. When she bent over to pick it up I spanked her and made her shriek." He said.

"She said that she would get her own back on me. When we had finished the cleaning she grabbed my hand and halled he out, of course I followed willingly thinking that this was just some more simple fun. I never dreamed what she had in mind. She pinned me against the wall with all her strength and I thought she was going to try to extract an apology. She grabbed my trousers and started to undo the buttons. I laughed and jokingly begged forgiveness and said that I apologised with all my heart. But she just continued. I began to try to stop her but then she got the last button undone and whipped my dick out. She immediately stuck it in her mouth and started sucking. I was too far gone to struggle after about ten seconds and she kept at it until I gave her my load."

"Anyway, I guess that nobody has told you about the birds and the bees, and that is why you did what you did. Rum will love you for ever, especially if you give him more of that treatment." Robert then went on to tell me some startling things about sex and love and so on. I had heard some of what he said and even seen diagrams at school about rabbits but none of it had really meant any thing to me until Robert showed me exactly how it worked with horses. He took me into the other stable where the mares were kept.

"I was dating Ruth until she decided to go and play doctors and nurses." He said.

"We used to do every thing. Now I pretend with the only thing of hers that is still here, her horse Ruth's Ambition. Her father got it for her as a new borne and it was given to her on her twelfth birthday. She would probably kill me if she knew."

He took me up to the horse in question, a lovely piebald mare of about 15 hands. He patted and stroked the horse gradually working from front to rear. Eventually after about five minutes he was concentrating on the big buttocks and tail. The horse did not seem to mind the attention.

Robert lifted the tail and showed me the anus and the vagina and then resting the tail on his shoulder so that it was out of the way he used both hands to open her vagina. I could see immediately the great aping hole and the little slit of her urethra.

I knew what a horse looked like round there, both the male and female versions, but I had never related what they had to how it all worked and ultimately to the very nature of my own anatomy. I found it fascinating. Robert spat several times on his fingers and then smeared the saliva round the vaginal lips of Ruth's horse. She twitched her tail to begin with but soon relaxed as Robert continued to the massage and added more saliva as required. Then he slipped a finger into her cunt.

It went in easily, all the way and then out again. He repeated the process several times adding saliva and working it into the crack of her sex orifice. Then Robert told me to bring the stool that was standing in the corner of the stable. I went over to fetch it, it was very like a milking stool, and I returned with it to Robert. He told me to put it down behind the horse and then take hold of the tail. I did this and held the tail up out of the way as Robert had done moments before. It was not much of a task as the horse seemed to hold her tail out of the way foe me. Then to my surprise Robert undid his trousers and dropped them to the floor. He stood on the stool and inserted his penis into the horse's vagina. I watched, amazed at what he was doing. Then he started to pump his cock in and out of the horse. At first it was a slow forward and back motion, pushing in as much as he could reach and then pulling out all but the very tip of his knob. Gradually he became faster in his motion and as he did so he seemed to be less co-ordinated in his actions.

Later he told he it was from fear of falling off the stool but the way his expression glazed over I think he was just too excited to control himself properly. It did not take long before he was exhausted and he stepped off the stool almost falling as he did so. His cock was limp and small, covered in a white slimy juice that hung in strings from the end. He sat down on the stool panting. I looked at the horses cunt and could see the same white juice in the slit, a small runnel slowly making its way down between the horses big buttocks. At last I understood what sex was all about. And what I had done to Rum! I felt myself going red again but then I thought of what Robert had done, in front of me and with my help. Maybe it was not so bad after all. I would have to think about it and maybe I could discuss it with Robert and Elaine.....

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## Chapter 2

The next day I felt a little apprehensive about seeing Robert, but as it turned out he had been sent out on an errand and would not be back until evening. Elaine and I worked side by side cleaning the stalls after turning out the horses into the field. She was pleasant company and I listened to what she said with half an ear as she chatted on about things, the most of which I can not remember. Eventually she stopped and asked me what was on my mind. I tried to shrug it off saying that I had some recent events to think about and I did not really wish to talk about them. Elaine immediately asked if it was to do with Robert and what had happened the previous evening.

I was stunned. What did she know about Robert and I, and what had gone on last night. I tried to say that nothing had happened but she would have none of it.

"You were alone together for almost two hours and afterwards when you went home last night you did not reply when I said good evening to you, something was weighing very heavy on your mind, and this morning you have hardly said a word, so something is troubling you. You had better tell me or I will beat it out of Robert. If he has done something to you that he should not, I will have his guts for garters and worse."

"It was nothing like that, he did not do harm to me." I said and then I told her about what I had seen between Elaine and Robert. Elaine, for all that she was only nineteen, was a motherly sort of person who inspired confidentiality. She was a little bit on the plump side and did her hair in the old fashioned style of the nineteenth century work house. But despite her motherly disposition I did not dare tell her about what I had done with Rum and the things that Robert had enjoyed with Ruth's Ambition.

"There are times when the male of a species can become a little demanding on a girl and may need to be brought back to heel. I did that to Robert, I gave him something that he liked and told him that he would not have it again if he assaulted me again. I can guarantee that he will not spank me again, and if he does I can tell him that he just lost his privileges for a month. I did not have a hold over him before so I blew him off, now I have a good hold by which I can control him. I advise you to watch out, he may try something on you, though I doubt it as you are quite under age and Robert for all his faults is still a good lad. I expect that he will go a long way in life." This was a great relief to me that Elaine had, it seemed, no notion of the previous evening's animal sexual encounters. After another long silence on my part Elaine tried again to get me to talk about my troubles and I fended her off by getting her to talk about her sexual experiences particularly about what I had seen her do and about how it felt, tasted and things. She did not seem to mind talking about it. She said that I was getting to the point when I would need to know anyway and parents were not always good at preparing their children for the realities of life.



She chatted on for some time about her sexual experiences and I was glad to listen while I raised the question that had been troubling me all morning. If she seemed to be flagging I would prompt her with some innocent query and with her wealth of knowledge I was able to pick up many little hints and tips. Eventually we got to the last stall to be prepared. It was Rum's and I was glad that he was not there to embarrass me. Then I realised that that morning Rum had not presented his huge member for inspection the moment I had walked through the stable door. I wondered why but then I realised that I had probably satisfied his need. "Oh god I hope I do not have to do that often" I said without even realising I had spoken aloud.

"Sex is not that bad, in fact its very enjoyable with the right person, you do not have to worry about it. You either take part and enjoy or you let the man do all the work and think of some other thing. You win either way." Said Elaine not realising that I had not intended to speak.

"Do you think it is possible to have sex with animals!" I said. Elaine looked at me in amazement, stunned by my question momentarily. "Well" she said slowly, there was a long pause, and then "I have heard of cases of people trying with dogs and sheep but I do not know if there is any truth to what I heard." Again a pause followed by "However the anatomy is the same, ish, I suppose that it could be done, but how do you get what ever animal to agree." Another pause. "After all you cant just say "Hay Fido do you fancy a bit of rumpy tonight." If he understood you he could hardly say "Oh yes dear, that would be lovely, get your knickers off then" could he. I mean how do you converse and come to an agreement?" I thought about this for a moment and decided that I reckoned that Rum had managed to talk well enough and it had only been my ignorance that had taken the message so long to get through. Maybe it could work the other way, use actions not speech.

"You could always use actions." I said in a musing voice. "Have you noticed how Rum always seems to present his member when ever I am near him?"

"Yes, come to mention it, I have noticed that, it started shortly after he was ill." She frowned, deep in thought for a while. "I will give this some consideration and watch Rum when we bring him back to the stable after lunch." That was the last we spoke of it until we actually went to collect the horses and of course Rum behaved impeccably. We came to the conclusion that it must have been a phase that Rum had been going through and that it was over now. I did not mention the other things that I knew and the effect that they had had the day before.

It was about a week before Rum started to feel amorous toward me again. It court me unprepared early in the morning when I went in to feed and clean. I was on my own thankfully and so I did not have Elaine by me to notice the reaction I had. My first thought was, my god am I going to have to look after his need every week! Then I thought that I could draw it out quite a bit because it had taken about a month after the illness before I had the idea that I needed to administer treatment, and I only got that idea because of Elaine and Robert being together. I figured that I would leave it for a couple of weeks and see how Rum behaved. I set about my chores and everything went fine until the second time I went into Rum's stall.

The first time nothing had happened, I had gone in with some food and left again saying a few words of nonsense as I went. The second time I went in to sweep out the old bedding and when I was about half way in to the stall he decided to move his hind quarters over effectively closing off my exit. I got on with my work and thought nothing of his action until I needed to get past him to finish the task. He would not move for me and I could not move him. I pushed and shoved at his body for about five minutes until I felt quite dizzy then I called for help and Elaine gave him a bash with a riding crop, I made good my escape and then looked back at the assailant. He was looking round at me with an expression as though to say, You have not had the last of this!



I thought that I had better arm myself with something like a ridding crop in case it happened again. I did not want to have to hit the animal, and I knew that I could hardly cause much pain to him unless I really struck out at something soft and tender, but if he was going to continue with this sort of behaviour then I would need some sort of deterrent. As it happened the ridding crop was of no use to me anyway. During the afternoon I went in to groom Rum and one of the other horses.

I started with the other horse and had got about half way through when Rum kicked the side of his stall. I went to see what was the matter, taking the ridding crop with me and as I walked up the side of him to confront him face to face he swung his hind quarters across again blocking my exit. I thought nothing of it, I would simply give him a swat with the crop and tell him to move out of the way. I had a few words with him and gave him a stroke, then I went to leave. I raised the crop to swat him lightly and as I did so he moved the rest of his mass across pinning me to the side of his stall with his body.

He did not hurt me, he just leaned slightly so that I was fixed immovable between his body and the stall, with one arm raised and all the air knocked from my lungs. There was nothing I could do. I could hardly breathe and certainly could not draw enough breath to call for help so there I was, stuck. I do not know how long it took but I must have fainted from lack of air because I was found by Mr Rice lying in Rum's stall. He must have let me go when he felt me go limp. Mr Rice called the doctor who said I was probably a little anaemic and that I should eat well and rest for a day or two. I never told Mr Rice or the Doctor what had really happened. So I was packaged off home and poor Elaine was left to cope almost on her own for three days.

When I returned I was put on to some light work for a while and fed extra well. I was the best fed out of all of them, humans or horses. I did not see Rum for nearly a fortnight all told and when I did see him and actually had to go into his stall nothing happened. Maybe he realised that if he hurt me he would not get what he wanted. He was very docile and very friendly almost as though he was trying to give me a kiss and ask for forgiveness. I stroked him and spoke quietly but I left quickly.

It was not long before I got back into the usual way of things, grooming, cleaning, feeding and riding the horses as required. The rest of the folk seemed to look out for me more than before, and I seemed to have slightly more food on my plate than the others at meal times, but other wise everything was back to normal. Even Rum quietened down and refrained from the display he had been want to show me. In fact by Christmas I was thinking that I may never see his monster again. In a way I was quite relieved but I was also a little sad that I would not be honoured by this attention. I had become quite curious about sex, and after several chats with Elaine on the subject in general, was beginning to think that I mite like to try it. I had also been quite lucky on a couple of occasions when I had been able to spy Elaine and Robert together.

The first time had been toward the end of November. I was up in the hay loft putting away some of the riding equipment that would not be needed until the spring when business started to build up again. It was quite late in the evening about eight and I had decided to finish one or two last minute jobs just to occupy my time. The equipment was the last of my selected chores and everything was in its place. I just had to make sure that nothing was twisted, if it was left with a twist or a tangle until next spring it would have that new shape for ever. As I inspected my handy work I heard Elaine come in to the stable down stairs.

"Come on and be quiet or people will hear." I stopped doing anything and listened. A second person came in to the barn. I could not see who it was because I was too far from the edge of the loft to look over. I heard a rustle of straw as someone moved about the bales readied for the morning. It was dark and quite windy out side so I figured that I could move about slowly without Elaine or her companion hearing me.

Any creeks or groans from the building would be put down to the effect of the wind on the old wooden structure. Though it was dark outside it was quite light in because I had needed the lights on for the work I was doing, but all the lights were down stairs, there being a big fire risk in the loft where I stood. I could hear the rustle of hay as I inched toward the edge of the loft. Keeping to the shadows as much as I could I peeked over. Elaine was sitting on the straw with her jodhpurs unbuttoned and her blouse wide open.

"Come on, there is no need to be shy." Robert looked down at her, stunned. "You have been a good boy so I will reward you but you had better hurry or I may get board." Said Elaine. Robert needed no further encouragement, he moved toward Elaine, gently pushed her down and then lay on the straw beside her. He gently kissed her on the lips, his right hand cupped Elaine's breast and he caressed her through her brassier. She reached for the front of his trousers and fondled the frontal bulge where his penis was. They kissed long and sweet, their hands exploring each other through the barrier of clothing.

I stood in the loft watching and copying the motion of Robert's hands as they roved over Elaine's body, trying to feel the sensation that Elaine was feeling, discovering for the first time, what it was like to feel sexual arousal. I could feel my nipples suddenly stand erect through the material of my shirt, and a sweet tingling began deep within me. I could feel a strange need rising in my loins and a moistness that was like just after peeing but different in sensation. My hand strayed in to my shirt and I rubbed my breast skin on skin. Watching the two below me perform their acts, unknowing of their secret audience.

Robert slid Elaine's blouse off her shoulders and reached round her. I could not see what he was doing but moments later her brassier slipped off her breasts revealing her full round globes with their large rosy areola and pointed nipples, erect and proud of their freedom. I undid the buttons of my shirt not really conscious of my actions, Elaine fumbled with the buttons of Robert's trousers until they were all undone, and extracted his stiff penis from its restraints. It almost leaped out at her, seven inches of stiff muscle, pulsing with anticipation. She took hold of it and rubbed it with her hand, sliding the foreskin back to expose the purple tip on the end. She rubbed it slowly but with a firm rhythm. Robert's hand slid into her pants and I could see his fingers moving inside the fabric. My own hand went into my pants and searched seeking a sign of what I should be doing, I had no real clue from what I could see, only where. It did not take long to find. I touched my clitoris and felt a fire leap through my body causing me to gasp with surprise. I rubbed harder trying to satisfy a new need that I did not know how to control.

Elaine slipped her pants off and opened her legs wide. I could see her slit, its pink lips pouting waiting for more attention. Robert kissed her hard and long and then stood, he dropped his trousers and then knelt between her legs. She reached for his penis and gently pulled him toward her. He lay on top of her and thrust with his hips. Elaine let out a squeal. I could not see what was happening between them, only that Robert was thrusting his hips toward her and each thrust made Elaine's body heave with the force.

I continued to rub the feelings that I had found, but instead of gaining relief it only got stronger. I could not take this much longer, my legs were getting weak and I slowly sank to the floor. Now I could not see them any more, but that did not matter, I had this desperate need that had to be satisfied. I rubbed and rubbed, my fingers sometimes hitting my hymen. I did not want to lose my virginity to my finger but I was not, in anyway, in control of my actions, instinct had completely taken over and I was a slave to my desperate desire. I could feel the tension building in my body, building to a point where I was no longer aware of the thing around me. At last I reached a climax and a spasm rushed through me causing all my muscles to tighten. I lay on the floor of the loft shaking, and then it was over.

Gradually I relaxed, gasping for breath wondering what had happened, all these sensations had been new to me and I was a little scared, but I also knew that I had enjoyed the experience and would probably do it again in the privacy of my own bedroom.

When I had recovered my strength I inched myself to the edge of the loft and looked over. Robert and Elaine were still together but now they lay side by side. Elaine was on her back with her legs in the air while Robert lay on his side next to her at an angle, He was thrusting his hips toward her in a regular rhythmic action and his penis was sliding in and out of her vagina. I could see everything clearly now. Robert thrusting and caressing Elaine's breast while Elaine was rubbing her body the same way I had done to myself earlier. I watched avidly, my hand stayed to that most sensitive part of my body but I found that it hurt now. I hoped that I had not injured myself. Robert continued to thrust and Elaine welcomed each advance with a little cry. I thought that maybe she was being hurt from the force of Robert's actions but her face said that she was loving it all. They were both quite naked now and I admired the beauty and strength of them in their passionate embrace.

Suddenly Robert's actions became stiff and disjointed, uncontrolled spasms like I had felt. He pulled his penis out of Elaine's vagina and with the next thrust missed her opening, his penis slid on to her tummy and as he pulled back again he shot a jet of white liquid over Elaine's body. This was followed quickly by several more jets and then it stopped. They lay together, panting but other wise motionless. Robert cuddled up to Elaine who's body was covered from the middle of her tummy and on to her face with trails of white mucus. Hiding in the shadows I waited. I was wanting to go home now but there was no way that I could get down from the loft without being seen. Hoping that they would go soon I stayed as quiet as I could but it was another twenty minutes before they eventually stirred, cleaning themselves with straw and dressing before they left. They turned out the light and shut the door behind themselves and I was left in near total darkness. I felt my way around the loft to the ladder and climbed down then after checking that there was nobody outside, I also left the stables, in their foot steps and headed home. Nobody said anything about my being missed or enquiring as to my whereabouts so I carried on as though nothing had happened.

The next time was about two weeks later. During the morning I had been shopping to find some Christmas presents for my family and some of the people at the stables and I was hiding the presents for the stable hands in a small hole in the floor of the tool shed at the back of the mare's stables. Again I was caught by surprise but this time I did not have to hide. The tool shed and the stables are part of the same building but there is no way to get from one to the other without going outside.

There was though, a small window between the two parts. The view through the window from the tool shed looked into one of the stalls across the walk way. I was replacing some tools that I had been using in the yard when I heard the two love birds enter the stables. All the stalls contained horses except the one opposite the window so this was the one they chose. They were laughing and giggling so I sneaked a peek through the window. Elaine was standing facing the end wall and her back to me, and Rupert who stood behind her with his trousers down round his ankles.

Elaine was wearing a thick skirt which she had pulled up around her waist and she had no knickers on. She stuck her bottom out at Robert egging him on to make love to her. Of course Robert needed no encouragement and went to it with a will. They coupled for a short while until Elaine said that she wanted to lie down. She explained that it went deeper with him on top. They changed position and set to again. Now I could see everything! Robert had his legs apart as he entered her vagina and Elaine wrapped her legs around Robert's waist. I positioned at the window had a clear view of every thrust and parry as they fort their way to satisfaction. I could feel a need arising in me and I was soon fingering my clit but I did not get a chance to achieve a climax.

It did not take them long this time and I was caught out as Elaine looked up at the end and I had to

duck down quickly so as not to be seen. Hoping that I was yet unobserved I quickly left the tool shed and went about my next task for the day but the next day I found out that I had been seen (now I wonder if I was intended to see). Next morning Elaine and I were working together as usual and she asked me out right if I had enjoyed the show. I tried to bluff it and pretend that I did not know what she was talking about but she came strait out with it "The show in the stables yesterday" so I had to confess and say that I had been mesmerised. She just smiled and carried on with the work.

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### Chapter 3

Christmas came and went and everybody had a good time. It was into the second week of January that the next event in my tale occurred. Rum had started to expose himself again soon after New Year and I soon became troubled by his behaviour. It seemed that whenever I saw him his penis was hanging down almost touching the floor and a thin clear liquid seemed to always be dripping from the end.

I eventually asked Elaine about it but she swept the matter aside saying that he was just feeling randy and that I should take no notice. I tried to follow her advice but Rum started to be a little frisky pawing the ground and shaking his head. I tried riding him longer and harder than normal to ware him down but to no avail. Robert came into the scene and, I think now as a joke, suggested that I should give Rum some sexual relief as I had done before. He said that Rum was just showing his desire for me. I thought that this was a little strange, could horses really have affection for humans? But as the situation got worse I eventually decided to do it.

I eventually took the bull by the horns, or more literally took the horse by the penis one evening after the days work was finished. I wandered into Rum's stall, talking to him as I approached. When I got far enough into the stable to see him, I was surprised to see that his penis was already extended its full length and slapping against his belly. I went right up to him and petted him and stroked him talking all the time. He seemed to quiet down a little at the sound of my voice but his penis continued to swing and slap in a slow staccato rhythm. I slowly worked my way over the whole of his body until I reached the part he wanted me to attend to. Then I stripped off my cloths and just in my panties, in spite of the cold of the January evening, I started to pleasure him. I had a small jar of Vaseline which I had kept warm in my clothes and taking the horses enormous member in one hand I smoothed a large quantity of the grease all along the length just leaving the head of the shaft free so that I would not have Vaseline in my mouth. Then I set to, rubbing the length of the shaft with both hands. It stiffened up quickly and I was glad to see that the Vaseline was sufficiently slippery as to give a good lubrication.

After a short while and finding that everything was moving easily I started to kiss the end of Rum's penis. I had forgotten just how big the head was and pushing the end into my mouth I had difficulty fitting my lips around it without scraping my teeth on the delicate skin. But it did go in and I found that my mouth was literally stuffed, it was now that I realised that I could not get the end out again. I was stuck, fixed to a horses penis by my mouth. I was quite surprised by the event as I had not anticipated that this might happen. I became a little frightened that I may end up drowning on horse come. Then I figured that if I was ready, and read the symptoms from Rum's actions, I could probably hold my breath moments before he ejaculated until the time that his penis went limp again.

After all it had only been a short time before, and it had always been quick when he was mated with a mare. It was then that I realised that I was being his mare, it quickly crossed my mind that maybe I could no longer be considered a virgin as I had taken a penis into my body but I supposed that as I still had my hymen it did not count.

I continued to massage the length of Rum's penis as I knelt at his side. Long and slow, he seemed to be enjoying the attention. Gradually I increased the tempo and pressure working the whole length with my hands.

I prayed to god that I would recognise the signs from Rum. After a short while Rum started to rock forward pushing my head back, I soon learnt to go with the motion, back and forth while keeping the action going with my hands. It was quite soothing except that my mouth hurt from being extended so much for so long. But the contentment did not last long as Rum's motion became more aggressive. It became rather fierce and I was soon wondering if I would injure my neck. It could not be helped, I was stuck and if anything it felt like the bulb on the end of Rum's penis was even bigger now. I did my best to keep up with the motion that Rum set and tried to continue with the massage. It seemed like ages but afterward I discovered that I had only taken half an hour.

Eventually I felt the stiffening of Rum's muscles and heard him snort as he tossed his head. I knew what was to come and I took a quick deep breath. Just in time. The jet of sperm instantly filled my mouth right to the back of my throat. I tried to swallow but my mouth was filled to brimming, before I even swallowed half, with the second load. I held my breath, desperately trying not to gag. The sperm started to squeeze out of my mouth and run down my chin. I swallowed again and as I did the third spurt shot in to my mouth and straight down my open throat. It was such a relief to have found a way to stop my mouth being filled so much and so ease the feeling of constant imminent choking. A fourth, fifth and sixth spurt entered me but they were slowly diminishing in size strength and frequency. I was able to take a long needed breath and ease my burning lungs. I swallowed the rest of the sperm and waited for Rum to shrink. It did not take long and soon I was released from my fetters.

I checked myself over carefully. All that I could find wrong was a very raw and aching mouth and a large quantity of sperm on my face breasts and thighs. I looked at the decoration for quite a long time and decided that it was nice. Rum's penis was shrinking by the second and seemed to be fine, though I did not get long to make sure. I went round to the front of Rum and patted his neck. He sniffed at my breasts and nodded his head at me as if to say "yes I did that". Then I cleaned my legs and breasts with straw and licked the come off my chin. I got dressed and after a final pat for Rum went home to my bed and a good nights sleep.

The following morning I had the usual chores of cleaning the stables and feeding the horses. I was glad to have this opportunity to be with Rum again so soon. I talked to him as I usually did to all the horses but though he did not present me with his usual exhibitionist demonstration of size he did seem far more friendly than normal. As I did my work through out the morning I petted him each time I came close and I let him nuzzle me if he wanted. He liked to eat my hair and I have since been able to liken it to a kiss on the neck by a lover but that is a different story. The day went by quickly and I soon found the shadows spreading into night around me. I had had a good ride on Rum that afternoon and I was feeling quite tired from the effort of the days work. As usual I had a couple of small jobs to complete before retiring and these required me to enter both stables. First I had to go into the mare's building to check on one of the horses that had a Cut on the inside of one of her legs. We all thought that it was caused by the shoe on the neighbouring hoof as the suspect shoe had worn quite thin.

My task that night was to go and clean the wound and redress it for the night. When I walked into the stables I found Robert fondling the sex of Ruth's Ambition with one hand and himself with the other. I watched for a while not letting on that I was there but I soon got fed up with waiting for him to finish so I left to attend to my other task.

This only took me a few minutes so instead of going back into the other stable and finding Robert

still occupied I decided to stay where I was and talk to the other horses. I went from horse to horse, spending about ten minutes with each, just talking about sweet nothings. I do not think I planned it, at least not consciously anyway but the last horse was Rum. All of the horses had shown their appreciation to me by extending their members, but as the other five were all geldings I did not think there was anything sexual in it, but in Rum there definitely was. When I walked into his stall his penis was already fourteen inches long and growing steadily. I thought about leaving, I could not afford to become a slave to Rum's sexual desire.

I should have left but the previous night had given me a new interest, a desire, a need for sex, a sensation that I still did not understand, just that I wanted something and I thought that Rum could satisfy my need. Like having an itch that needs to be scratched but when it is scratched the irritation only goes for a short while and then returns stronger than before. I deliberated about the situation for some time. Should I do it or not, What if I get caught? What would my Parents say if they found out? Would I lose my job? I must have stood there for quite a while. Rum nuzzling in my hair, trying to induce a greater response from his willing mare. I heard Robert leave the other stable and stagger across the yard and away. There would be no other activity now until the morning unless something dreadful occurred. I quickly set my mind. I went to the other stables to finish my tasks and then returned to Rum. His penis was still fully displayed. I slowly and gently petted him and stroked his back then his sides slowly working my way down his massive body until I was attending to his belly.

I moved back to his hind quarters and stroked his legs and finally I reached for his balls. Two fist sized egg shaped forms hidden in a sack hanging between his legs. I cradled them in my hands, amazed at the weight of them. Rum twitched as I investigated, nervous at my touch but tolerant. Eventually I stroked his sheath and then on to the thick two foot member he was so fond of showing me. I did not have the Vaseline with me this day so I was extra careful not to injure the delicate skin but I soon discovered that it was not as delicate as I had first thought. It was actually very similar to the skin between my pussy lips to touch and so I figured it would have the same strength. I massaged his shaft slowly and deliberately only licked the very end of it so that when he started to produce the clear slimy liquid I could use some as a lubricant for the final stages of our enjoyment. His penis grew and thickened out to its full length. It did not take long before a dribble of the liquid I wanted appeared at the end of his penis. I collected it in my free hand and smeared it on his phallus. I was getting very excited and decided to undress before I continued. Then I went back to the task of satisfying our needs.

It was not long before I had enough liquid to lubricate the entire length of that long rod and so I set to licking and kissing it again. Sliding my hands up and down the full length of Rum's penis and mouthing the end, I forgot the time and all that was around me except for Rum and my little tiny world. Soon I felt ready to slide the end of Rum's penis in to my mouth. It went in quite easily probably due to all the saliva and love juice that we had mixed together on the end. It still felt big but I felt more comfortable this time. I found that I could actually fit more than just the head in my mouth. I was getting about four or five inches into my mouth! I was stunned with the notion. This meant that I could actually slide him in and out of my mouth as Elaine had done with Robert. I started to take that action, pushing Rum into my mouth as I massaged the length of his muscle with my hand. Slowly it went in until I could fit no more and then I slid it out. I felt much more relaxed today and I found that my mouth did not ache so much as it had the day before.

I tried to keep my awareness of Rum's state honed so I would be prepared for the finale but I also felt that there was a chance that I may be able to extract the monster before he shot his load of sperm down my throat. I considered this for a few moments and then decided that I actually liked the sensation of the warm liquid flowing down my throat even if it was under pressure. I sucked more strongly on Rum's meat and felt him jolt as I increased the speed. Then I noticed that though the

shaft was smaller, the end was not and that in fact I was stuck again to the enormous animal. It was just that this time I could move it in and out of my mouth a little probably because I had relaxed a little.

I continued to exercise the meaty shaft and hoped that it all went as well as the day before. I loved having the thick knob in my mouth but I was still afraid of the consequences if I should misjudge the moment of final climax that the horse experienced. I had this longing in my loins to find a way of filling my box and riding it to the same conclusion that I was giving Rum. Rum had been twitching and fidgeting a lot this time and I nearly missed the sign. He had been thrusting in short quick jerks and I had got so used to the action I hardly noticed the subtle change in his stance until it was too late.

The sperm shot in to my mouth and filled it in one go. I was lucky that I was just taking a swallow of his precum when it happened and the whole lot shot down my throat in one great gush. It tasted lovely and I was so glad that I could have this opportunity to try a substance that I was beginning to realise was denied to most of the human race. I was wondering though when I would get to try and fit a male member into the slot specially made for that purpose. I tingled and could not help rubbing myself between my legs while I had the chance now that Rum was done. I still had his cock in my mouth, tasting the rich musky flavour of his sperm and having the strong scent of his body in my nostrils. I soon came, and felt the warm sensation of orgasm run through me. This time I held on to Rum and when I could remove the bulbous end from my mouth I ran the tip all over my body spreading what left of his cum over my breasts. His shaft did not recede as quickly this time and I was able to enjoy several minutes exploring this avenue of entertainment.

After I had given my breasts a show of the long shaft I stood up close to Rum and threaded the meat between my legs. I was almost overcome with sensations of warmth as I felt him touching my pleasure box. It was about then that I decided that I would have to be fucked. I wanted to have Rum take my virginity but after a few more days of frolics with the big horse I realised that it would be impossible due to the sheer size of him, but there was another in my circle of acquaintances who might agree to the task if I asked nicely. With that fresh idea in my mind I quickly cleaned up and saying goodnight to Rum I fled home for some sleep and to make my plans.

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## **Chapter 4**

The next day, after a restless night trying to ease the frustration I was feeling, I went about my business as usual but all the time attempting to form a plan to achieve my aim. By the end of the day I had what I thought would be a workable idea but of course proof of the pudding is in the eating and only attempting it would tell. At about seven thirty I found myself in the company of Rum again. I was ready to try my idea but I found one or two problems in my way. Again it was quite late in the evening as I settled down to attending Rum. I stripped off as usual and took his big rod in my hands. I had the Vaseline with me this time so I smoothed some on to his shaft keeping the head clear so I could still suck it as a prelude to what I hoped would be a most satisfying experience. Everything went to plan until I actually attempted the entry.

I sucked Rum's penis and ran my hands up and down the shaft and he became very big and hard. Then I took a copious scoop of Vaseline and smeared it on to the end of Rum's knob and a similar amount and applied it to my virginity. Then on my hands and knees I crawled under Rum and taking hold of Rum's penis which I could see hanging down behind me, I applied the end to my lower lips in an attempt to get it in me. With all the Vaseline I had applied I could not get a good grip on Rum. I could not get any pressure on his penis to force it in me and even worse was the fact that in the time



I had taken to spread the grease on my box, Rum had lost some of his stiffness and so it bent in the middle instead of spearing into me. I also found that I was really to low down to get a good angle. I decided that what was needed was for my bum to be higher and to get Rum stiff again.

Instead of being on hands and knees I would try to stand under him, bent over to present a good aspect for the job. I rubbed the penis again and made it come back to attention and then I assumed the new position. I grasped Rum's penis and presented it to what I thought was the right place but again I had no luck in achieving a penetration. I just could not manipulate everything into the right position, and, as I tried and time went by, Rum again went limp leaving me frustrated and unhappy. I had to give up that night and neither Rum or I came to a climax.

The next night I tried again but this time I decided to lie on my back on a bale of straw under Rum and see if I could get a better result. I found that I could not. Either I could not reach Rum's penis to direct it because his great bulk got in the way or I was just too far away to be of any help guiding him. After a couple more nights of frustration, with Rum becoming more and more skittish I gave up on trying to have Rum as my first Husband. Instead I settled on Robert. I knew that he had Elaine regularly and I reckoned that I could grab a bit of the action that went on in that circle. I decided that the best plan was to wait until they had just finished together and then confront Robert and ask for the same service. If he refused I would just have to accidentally interrupt their fun each time they got together. I had not seen them at it so often, but I had heard them and now I knew their most frequent hangouts.

I did not have long to wait, in fact it was within the week that I heard them in the hay loft, so I hung around until they separated and I could get Robert alone. When I approached Robert, he was the one who had come out of the stable first. He was most surprised to see me still about this late at night. He said that I should be in bed, so I retorted that I had been hoping that he would take me there and keep me company for a while. He was absolutely stunned and turned a strange colour of beetroot. Then to try and cover up his fluster he said that I was too young for that and I would get him into trouble if he was caught doing it with me. I turned to look at the stable door and asked if it would be the same trouble he would get into if he was caught doing it with Elaine. He was stunned and just gaped at me.

"You wouldn't tell?" He asked me in a very worried tone.

"Of course not" I said "I just might see my way to making you and Elaine pay though if you neglect me. I'm sure you could manage two girls and a horse couldn't you". He looked crestfallen at me "of course if you didn't want me to know about the horse then you should not have shown me, but then I probably would not have discovered some of the pleasures that I have, if it had not been for you. Do this for me just once and you can come and watch me, may be even help if you like, I have had some problems lately. But I hope you want to be with me more than just once.

Oh, and I wont try to take you completely away from Elaine I like her too much to upset her like that. I would just like a share, and a small share at that, I'm sure you could manage". With that I turned to leave but he grabbed my arm and spun me back. He gave me such a whirl I thought that he my be angry and hit me or something but when I was facing him again he let go of my arm.

"When would you want to do this?" He asked tentatively and almost in a whisper.

"Oh, when its convenient and not going to interfere with you and Elaine, but soon please. I have been trying to solve this problem on my own and I am just getting in to more difficulty. Should we walk? Elaine will be coming out of the stable soon and I don't want to upset her". We both turned and started toward the gate so I could leave to go home.

"Are you still a virgin?" Robert asked.

"Well yes, of course I am, you said your self that I am still too young to do this, but then so were you this time last year and I don't suppose that stopped you did it?" I answered.

"When then?" He asked.

"When would you like?" I countered.

"Tomorrow, latish, in the other stables, How about eight thirty?"

"All right" I said and with that I went through the gate and home.

The next day dawned slowly and took even longer to pass. I did all my usual chores and was finished at about seven. I had my evening meal, though I did not really feel like eating I forced myself to eat so that nobody would suspect anything. At about eight thirty I wandered into the mare's stable and went to the stall holding Ruth's Ambition. I did not do much while alone with her. I was too nervous to do any thing except stroke her and mumble things that probably meant nothing to her or me. Though I can not remember any of the long wait I endured until Robert arrived, everything that followed is as clear as a bell, even after all these years.

When you work with animals you quickly learn their ways and means of communicating, and recognise the reactions they have to certain stimuli. Nothing had disturbed Ruth all the time had been there until Robert turned up. The first thing that caught my attention was when Ruth's ears turned back to listen. I knew that some one was coming and this was confirmed when she gave a snort and a low whinny in greeting.

I still had no idea who it was though I hoped it was my date but Ruth not only knew who but obviously was expecting something. Moments later I heard Robert whisper my name so I whispered back and he came to the sound of my voice. I had been lying in the straw of Ruth's stall to one side of her feeding box with my legs to the entrance of the stall. From this position I could see anybody who walked past the end of the stall and I would not be seen unless the person actually looked in. thus it was that I saw Robert before he saw me. He really looked quite worried and I thought that maybe something had happened and he was going to try to postpone the action. His expression changed to one of relief when he saw me and he came to lie beside me.

"Are you sure you want to go through with this"? He asked looking at me very much as though he did not want to.

"Of course, I would not be here if I did not, so give me a kiss and show me how its done. I may have seen you and Elaine together on occasion but I still do not really know the ins and outs of it all that well."

Robert seemed nervous of me, or may be it was the fact that I was still a virgin that up set him. I however was not going to give in. I had waited for hours for Robert to appear for this and I suspected that he had come so late in the hope that I would be gone by now. Though I was a little apprehensive about what was about to happen I decided I could not hold out any longer so before Robert could ask me again I started to take my clothes off. First I peeled off my sweater and then reaching behind me with my front turned squarely toward Robert, I removed my brassiere. I was still small in the bust but at least I was developing, having swelled from an "A" cup to a "B". Not bad for my age and if I did not grow any more at least I could hold my head up in society and not be mistaken for a boy! It only took seconds for the cold to reach my body and my nipples stood out pink and stiff. I was not prepared for the effect it produced in Robert. He gave a gasp and just stared at

me, his eyes nearly popped out and they glazed over as though he had been stunned.

"Do you like them". I asked. He just stared, so after a while of letting him look and as I was beginning to develop goose bumps I reached over to him and pinched his arm hard.

"Ouch!" He was brought back to his senses quickly but still seemed unable to get a grasp of the job in hand. I laid my sweater on the straw for me to lie on and then started to remove my jodhpurs. Robert still had not moved so I reached across and gave him a slap. He tried to dodge me but did not make it and I succeeded in drawing another cry from his lips. Then he became galvanised and moved into action, not to strip and give me what I wanted but to have a fight. This was not what I had expected but it turned out to be good fun. It was not the hitting and trying to cause pain type of fight but more a role in the hay to see who could stay on top longest.

We both fought wildly but Robert certainly had the upper hand with his greater weight and larger frame. We both got warm quickly but it soon became evident that our antics were disturbing the horse. We decided by mutual agreement that it would be best to move into another stall that did not contain a horse that may end up kicking us. So we shifted into the stall that was permanently empty. The same stall that I had seen Robert and Elaine use some weeks before. Robert then decided to help me undress and while I tried to wriggle my buttocks out of my tight clothes Robert hauled on the heel straps until at last the offending jodhpurs slid off me revealing my everything except that which was still covered by my panties. In those days panties were big, covering from the waist to the crotch in a large square panel that was usually double thickness. Not at all elegant by today's standards but with lacy patterns on the front and frilly edging round the legs. The panties I was wearing that night were a little more fetching than most. Robert was happy at any length, from the expression on his face he must have thought that Christmas was happening all over again.

I thought at the time that he paid great and considerate attention to me that night, but I now know that he was just a fumbling lad still in need of much sexual education. However that does not detract from the enjoyment I had at the time. I am only sorry that he did not live longer because I think he would have been a wonderful husband. He spent much time kissing me and caressing my body, especially my upper arms, shoulders, neck, breasts and stomach. Though I did not notice it, we spent nearly two hours in that frosty night covered stable and we went all the way. Robert eventually stripped of his own cloths and then removed my panties (which he never gave back).

He spread my legs so he could kneel between them and laying on top of me he directed his penis into me. At first he just rested the end of his shaft at the entrance to my body while his hands and mouth explored the rest of my body. At first I was tense to feel him between my legs, but as he kissed and fondled me I relaxed, it was then that he thrust his hips at me and I felt the pain of his entry. Not a severe stabbing pain that my Mother had told me would go on until he finished loving me, but a swift stab followed by a mild ache that disappeared into my joy of the new experience that I was having. After his initial entry he rested on top of me for a moment and then started to thrust regularly and deeply into my newly opened vagina. It was pure bliss and suddenly new that I would never feel it quite the same again. I cried quietly as he raised his pitch taking me through great waves of pleasure, both of us bound for a final climax that would leave us spent and exhausted but full of the joys of the time we had had together. We both came together and Robert collapsed on top of me, his breath coming and going in deep gasps sounding a lot like one of the old steam engines that used to ply our railways.

As his breathing eased he realised that I was crying and he made a move to climb off me concerned that he had hurt me, but I wrapped my arms around him holding him to me and I whispered to him that I was fine and that I had loved every moment of being together with him. We lay for some time until we both realised that we were quite cold from the night. Robert rose from my body, his penis

was covered in a mixture of my blood and his sperm. He turned from me, suddenly embarrassed about what we had done. My pussy started to feel tender, I put my hand there to feel it and afterward my hand came away smeared with the same mix of blood and sperm. Suddenly I felt very uncomfortable from the straw sticking into my back.

I made an effort to clean some of the mess from my body and then dressed. I do not think that I even noticed that my panties were missing. Then I went and gave Robert a cuddle. He still had his back to me, so I held him to me from behind and we stood there for a while collecting ourselves for the end of this wonderful evening that had now turned into deepest night. That night I slept more soundly than I have ever slept before or since.

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## Chapter 5

The next day Robert seemed very nervous of me and I had to go and comfort him and let him know that everything was all right. I slipped my hand into his and whispered in his ear that I loved him and thanked him for the wonderful evening. He blushed beetroot red so I told him that a repeat performance was in order when he had the time, and then I left him to carry on with my work. I did not leave him in any doubt about my availability and I smiled at him every chance I got in the hope he would see his way to giving me a favour in the form of his time and stiff cock.

That night I went to see Rum again, he greeted me in his now familiar way and nuzzled and nibbled for all he was worth trying to get me to attend to his needs but I had this feeling that I would rather have a little more of Robert at present, so Rum went without, and so did I for that matter as Robert was nowhere to be found. Either he was still too unsure of my sincerity or Elaine had whisked him off to do her bidding. As a result I went home early and had a good night's sleep, all be it with a finger stuffed up my freshly opened cunt.

I awoke the next day feeling fresh and eager for the day to begin, so that I could go out and enjoy it. I felt on top of the world, full of the spirit of spring and wanting to get on with my life. I had so many plans and I knew exactly how it all would turn out. I had slept very soundly and the rest had done me a power of good. I had an early breakfast and then headed for work taking the long way over the forest. It was still dark and seeing my way was difficult. I could not use a torch as the black out laws forbade the use of unshielded lights at night due to the possibility of air raids. There was a crescent moon rising before the sun and its meagre light cast strange shadows creating illusory shapes that danced and swayed as I walked through the trees and bracken.

I arrived at work late but only by a few minutes. I do not think anybody noticed as I was able to get to the stables and start work before anyone else. I was going to get all my work done as quickly as possible and then seduce Robert into giving me a good service.

Things did not go quite as I had planned. For one thing Robert went to town with Mr. Rice and they did not return until late afternoon so instead of having time with Robert and a good fuck I spent most of the day feeling frustrated and unhappy. Eventually I was able to get with Robert but it was not until late in the evening and he made it quite clear that he was not interested in sex. Too tired he said, so we lay in the hay loft in the dark and chatted. It was then that I brought up the idea of him helping me have sex with Rum. I started the conversation slowly, talking about wonderful he had made me feel that time and how I longed for a rematch. Then I went on to talking about sex in general, followed closely by asking him about his sex with Ruth's horse, Why did he do it? How did it feel? Was it like sex with a woman? We chatted for a long time before I eventually told him what I

wanted to do and that I had tried but could not manage on my own.

"Would you help me?" I asked pleadingly. He was silent for several minutes and I was almost thinking that he had gone to sleep when he asked why I thought I wanted to do it. I had not expected this and it took me a moment to think of an answer. I was relieved that he had not stormed off or tried to dissuade me and grateful that he had not laughed at me and told me I was stupid or some other derogatory thing. I eventually told him that apart from the sexual desire that I felt for the horse, I thought that Rum would like it just like he did when I sucked him. He wanted to know what it was that made me think that Rum enjoyed the oral that I gave after all I had only done it once. So I told him that I had done it several times since then and that Rum still greeted me with a kiss and showed his shaft for me to admire and play with when ever I went near him. After much thought Robert said "OK let me think about it and I will help you tomorrow, but its late now and you still need your rest, so go home to bed." With that he got up and left me.

I slowly rose and made my way home for another very restful night but one that was filled with dreams of horses having sex with almost every other animal imaginable and I was standing naked on a hill with this beautiful big stallion who made passionate love to me for hours. There was no feeling to it, no wild sex, just a sense of an aura of love surrounding us as we stood on the hill.

Another day dawned and I was off to work as soon as the birds were singing. My duties went by very quickly and I soon found that it was late afternoon. I had ridden all the horses and Rum had had an extra mile. It was not that I wanted to exhaust him or that I thought it would be a reward for him to have the extra run, it was just that I felt so good sitting on such a large horse and the rhythm of his hooves gave me such a good feeling as I received the vibration in my buttocks and thighs. Eventually everything was done and it was tea time. Bread and cheese with hot soup makes a very satisfying evening meal.

After tea was finished I made an excuse to go out again and I went to the stables to talk with Rum. He had had a thorough grooming after his ride so I just ran the brush over his coat slowly massaging him. He had again presented me with his weapon to see but as I brushed him it slowly retracted leaving just the last three inches or so exposed.

It was getting dark later in the evening and I had to wait for a couple of hours before Robert appeared on the scene. Rum seemed to realise that I was waiting and stood quietly while I brushed. I did not turn on the light as it got dark but I put away the brush and used my hand to groom Rum. He felt silky smooth and I soon was resting my head on his muscly body as I stroked. I eventually heard a soft step in the dark followed by a whispering enquiry.

"Jillian, are you there?"

"Yes." I called back softly. Robert came in to the stall and put his arms around me as I rested against Rum's flank.

"Do you still want to do this?"

"Yes," I replied. "But I would like to have you first."

"All right, do you want it down here or up in the hay loft. I have to go up and through down the bales for tomorrow which would you prefer?"

I said that I would like to stay bellow as it would make the change from Robert to Rum that little bit quicker.

After a little more cuddle, Robert went to the ladder and started to climb and I went to the switch to turn on the light so that he could see where he was throwing the bales. As he threw them down I would collect them and place them along the wall behind the horses ready for the morning. When that was done Robert came back down and I started to undress. Soon he was helping me and in a very short while I was naked. I picked up my cloths and walked into Rums stall. Robert followed and was soon kissing me and stroking my body. I started to undo his cloths but I had difficulty with the buttons in his trousers. He eventually helped me and we lay down in the straw of Rum's stall. Robert's love making was hard and fast. He shot his sperm into me after only a few minutes. His breath was ragged and very fast but after a short rest he soon recovered. I was left feeling open but nothing else. There was no sensations of love as there had been the first time.

I urged him to get off me and help me to arrange things for my coupling with Rum. There was no point in Robert staying on top as his penis had gone limp and soft and had dropped out of me.

He got up and I helped him to lift one of the new bales onto the straw of Rum's stall. The horse stayed very still as we placed the bale diagonally in the middle of the stall. Then I started to stroke Rum again. As I went along his neck and shoulders I pulled Robert to me and told him he would have to enter me again while I roused Rum. Robert did not seem to understand so I ended up stroking Rum with one hand and Robert's penis with the other. When I got to the hind quarters of the horse I saw that he had exposed about half of his shaft but there was still nothing from Robert.

I showed Robert the reaction that I was getting from Rum and like magic Robert produced a sizeable erection. I bent over to play with Rum's member and told Robert to get behind me. I don't think Robert had any idea of how I was going to achieve my aim but fortunately I had a good idea of what was needed. Robert entered me and started to thrust again.

I stroked Rum's testicles and penis and it became obvious that Rum knew what to expect. Soon I had to tell Robert to stop banging into me and get ready to help by handling Rums penis for me. He withdrew reluctantly. I think he thought that he was going to be able to ejaculate a second time but in the months after while we were still together I never knew him to manage that.

Still holding Rum's erection I lay down on the bale with my head in the same direction as Rum's. He looked round at me and I talked to him reassuringly telling him that every thing would be fine in a minute.

Robert went round the other side of Rum and pushed him toward me so that his hind legs were over the bale. I then put my feet down on the straw either side of Rum's hooves. With the straw bale having been put on its side my body was positioned about eight inches below the horses body and I knew that I should be in a good posture for Rum to enter me, if my opening was big enough.. Again I was having difficulty reaching Rum's huge member and so I told Robert to hold it to my entrance.. He did this and suddenly I could feel the end pressing against my lips.

I shunted toward the intruder and felt the pressure increase. It was not quite right. Too high. I told Robert and he lowered the end of Rum's penis to a better height and I suddenly felt it go in. Not much but enough to stretch me. It hurt to begin with but I felt that I had to go through with it now that I had started. Robert was massaging the shaft that was still out side my body. Most of the length I might add. He told me that I only had the head in me but it looked wonderful. That was most reassuring. I think Rum may have been thinking that it was all going too slow because he decided to take a small step forward. This had the effect of forcing another two or three inches into my tight pussy. Robert had not been nearly big enough for the job of preparing me for this. I cried out and stifled what could have been a scream.

I was just hoping that nobody heard me. It would be dreadful if one of the other workers was to find me like this with Robert helping and guiding the horse. Nobody came. Thank god. The pain eased and then Rum gave another shove. It felt like being punched at first, but the pain eased more quickly after each new thrust. Robert said that I now had six inches in and he thought it was amazing. Rum just pushed again and never said a word. I felt something get bashed in my stomach and knew that Rum had reached my limit. He seemed to know as well.

I had him at last. It hurt I wanted to rest and become accustomed to the size of the intruder but Rum had other ideas. He pulled back and thrust into me again. It did not feel so bad this time and the thing that had got in the way last time seemed to have moved out.

"Nine inches called Robert softly." I was hardly in a state to be worried about how much I had taken. I could feel it. All of it, every fraction. It began to feel better and I waited for the next thrust. It came and was soon followed by the next and the next. The horse had taken control of the situation and was not going to wait any more time. He wanted his relief and would not delay any longer. The thrusts came faster and though they were strong enough to rock me up and down the straw bale they gradually eased into a comfortable rhythm. The pain subsided and I began to enjoy the experience.

Robert kept up a quiet commentary.

"You are very wet. He seems to like you. He is getting all of ten inches in to you now. Some times I can see the ring of the head on his penis when he pulls out of you. This is magnificent." This carried on the whole time until Rum came and eventually dropped out of me. As the pain disappeared I started to have mild orgasms. They came one after another and built up in intensity. I had to bite on my wrist to stop myself from crying out too loudly. The joy I was feeling was so intense. I have no idea how long it all lasted but at the end I was exhausted.

The horse seemed to pick up speed and his strokes in and out of my body became shorter. Robert reported that he thought that Rum was about to come but I was not in any position to care. My orgasms were coming almost on top of each other and the least of my troubles was what the horse was about to do. I was much more interested in what he was actually doing and hoping it would never end. But it did. I had been feeling small squirts inside me and had not recognised them. When Rum did come it was like a rocket being launched into me. He gave five or six much stronger thrusts and then almost stopped as his sperm gushed into me. My body was filled in an instant and yet he kept pumping more into me. I was having multiple orgasms the next one starting before the previous had fully finished. I knew that I could not take much more of this punishment and was totally exhausted but I did not want to stop. Alas I had to because once Rum had emptied his sack he had no more to give.

Slowly his penis shrank back to its sheath and disappeared. It plopped out of my vagina and I felt the excess sperm flow out of me. I remember putting my hand to my swollen pussy and scooping up some of the juice before it was all lost. Then I put my fingers to my mouth and licked the sperm off them. I don't remember what it tasted like, I only assume that it tasted as it normally did but the fact that I could taste the cum made the whole thing real and not a dream. I lay on the bale and was completely lifeless. One could have seen more animation in a sack of potatoes. Robert came and knelt beside me. He was mumbling something about how wonderful I was and that he hoped I was all right and that I would let him watch again if I chose to repeat the operation.

Of course I would, I was not going to live without that wonderful feeling of being totally filled. I wanted it every day and all day.



I must have started to shiver because when I awoke I was covered in a horse blanket. Robert was asleep in the straw beside me and Rum was quietly chewing something. The light was out but the moon was shining and I could see the shadows and silhouettes in the silvery light I woke Robert and he helped me to dress. Then he took my hand and guided me to my home. I don't know how I managed to place one foot in front of the other in order to walk the distance but I did. My parents were already in bed when I got home and after checking that all seemed all right they went to sleep. I struggled into my own bed and slept soundly for twelve hours.

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## Chapter 6

The next day I was woken by my mother coming in to make my bed. It was half past ten and I had slept right through most of the morning. My mother was most surprised to find me, thinking that I had got up and gone to work as usual. She asked me what was wrong and I told her that I was not well because I had been thrown by one of the horses, but I also said that I was expected into work. I got up but my pussy was so sore that I had difficulty walking. This convinced my mother that I had indeed been injured and she offered to get the doctor. I told her I had already seen the doctor and the stiffness was just from the bruising. I went into work. Slowly, and when I saw Mr. Rice I made up a story about falling over on my way home the night before and hurting my leg.

I was just so glad that neither my mother or Mr. Rice wanted to see the bruising and I hoped to high heaven that neither spoke to the other about my mishap. As it happened they did not mention it again because by the next day I was fine. I worked slowly that day and towards the end of the day Robert came over and asked if I was all right. I told him what was wrong and said that he should not worry.

That night I went home as soon as I had finished my chores and after a light meal went early to bed. The vaseline I had plied to my wounded body had done the trick in healing my sawnness and the next day I was fine. The world carried on as normal for three or four days. March went into the history books and April filled our senses with the smells of spring flowers and the sounds of birds nesting. The war was getting under way and it had become a daily ritual to sit by the wireless, actually a cat's whisker and some other electrical gubbins, and listen to the BBC world service for reports of our boys on the continent. Robert started to talk about what he would do when he was called up as though he would be the one to change the way things were turning out. We did not have much going for us up until after the Battle of Britain but that is another story and one that is well documented by many others.

It was about five days after my mating with Rum that I next had sex with Robert. We were both feeling very frisky and we made our bed in the mare's stable in the free stall. He came on top of me and after emptying his load into me he rolled off me to rest. I, then feeling a little cheated by his swift completion decided to try to rouse him again and this was when I discovered that he was not up to two goes in a day.

I gave him a long blow job taking his penis right into my mouth but all that happened was that after about ten minutes his penis had thickened up a little but it was still floppy. It had grown from two inches to maybe three and a half in length but it was not enough for a girl to play with satisfactorily. I tried to slid him into my pussy but every time we made contact he bent in the middle and scooted off to one side.

I gave up and resorted to rubbing my self for a while to satisfy my need. It did not work so I told Robert off for not seeing to his girl before himself. He looked puzzled and did not comprehend what

he had done wrong. I had to spell it out for him and he still took a long time to get it. He never made that mistake again though and always satisfied me there after though he was rather kack handed at it when it came to oral or finger stimulation. (what do you call that when you put fingers into a pussy to stimulate a sexual response? Could it be called digital stimulation? ) Anyway one should not speak ill of the dead and as a first lover I think he did really well for me seeing as I had no experience at all. We had sex once or twice a week as a rule which means he was getting it about four times a week with humans and maybe twice a week with Ruth's Horse. Now in hind sight I suppose its not surprising that he could not get it up more than once a day.

Toward the end of April I decided to try again with Rum. Robert tried to deter me but I knew that I could manage if I got enough practice. The first time I had lane on my back on a straw bail. My legs had been bent back as they hung down and I had found that quite uncomfortable after a while. I decided that the next time I would lay on my front on the bail and straddle my legs either side this would ease the leg position for me but I was not too sure how Rum would cope with the different angle of my opening. After much arguing and frustration I eventually got Robert to agree to help me again, though I think he did it that time because he realised that I would go ahead whether he was there or not, and he did not want to miss it if I did. It was late in the evening. About eight thirty or nine o'clock. I had gone in and started to rouse Rum. Robert came in about ten minutes later and arranged the bail in the right position.

Rum had managed to produce his usual long thick erection and I was happy with the end of it in my mouth. I was trying to gage it so that I would still be able to take Rum out of my mouth when all was ready without scraping my teeth on Rum's delicate skin, but still have him hard enough that he would not start to retract when I stopped sucking and changed position.

The time arrived. I had been slowly rubbing my love box with vaseline to lubricate it and to get my own juices flowing, not that that needed much encouragement as I was wet just thinking about the prospect. I was not afraid of injury. The sawness I could take if I had too. The pleasure of being filled far out weighed the pain after. Besides if the new position worked for my legs, and I was sure it would, the sawness should be greatly reduced.

Everything was ready. I leaned away from Rum and slowly with my mouth as wide as it would go pulled Rum's erection out from between my lips. I managed to avoid scraping him with my teeth but he was a little disconcerted at having the nice warm hole removed from his knob. He looked round at me to see what was about to happen. His expression said it all 'come on girl, you aren't done yet, I've still got a present to give you.'

I told Robert to hold the long piece of meat that Rum was about to insert into me so he could guide it to the right place. Then I turned round and lay down on the bale, face down with a leg on either side. The position felt good right from the start. I shifted my body back toward my quarry and settled down ready for a good stuffing. I placed my hands under my face to stop the straw from pricking my cheeks and waited.

Robert presented the tip of Rum's penis to my love nest and tried to push it in. it slid along between my pussy lips and jammed into my clitoris. I cried out with the pain as though I had been struck. The angle was too tight for the thick meat to bend into me. I straightened my legs pushing my bottom up into the air and raising my vaginal opening. At the second try there was no refusal and Rum's penis slipped in to me like a well oiled piston.

"Wow!" I heard a gasp from Robert. "Six inches in one go." He sounded amazed like it was the most wonderful thing on the planet. To me it was. I already felt full and was rising to the joys of my first

orgasm. Rum was not happy yet, he withdrew about half from me and thrust back in. I came. The pleasure exploding inside me and I was left panting as Rum withdrew again, and again thrust into me.

“At least eight inches.” Whispered Robert. As he watched every moment of play. I felt another orgasm start to build as Rum thrust in a third time. My pussy lips were drawn in to me as he entered dragging on my clitoris.

If you should ever decide to take a horse in this manner you should be careful about checking the horse thoroughly before you go ahead. There are two fundamentally different types of horse penis. The first has the same thickness all the way along its length and the head is only a little bit bigger than the thickness of the shaft. Very good for beginners. You can get accustomed to the length without having to master the thickness as well at the same time. The second type is a little different in that the head is often quite a bit bigger than the end of the shaft, which is nice in that once the head is in the rest of the next three or four inches follows easily. But the shaft gets thicker the further back toward the testicles and at the junction with the horse's body can be as much as five inches thick compared with a three inch head. This gives a fantastic feeling when it is slipping in and out of ones body, as it is want to do, but it stretches every muscle to the limit. And if you are not really relaxed and loose, could cause some damage. Rum had a penis of the second variety and if I was not relaxed to begin with, I was as my second orgasm flooded through my body.

Rum pulled out and thrust a fourth time. I felt pain as the tip of his penis mashed against my cervix and I almost cried out again but Rum pulled back a fraction and seemed to take the measure of what was available. He then pulled out almost to the tip and started to thrust forward into me with a strong slow rhythm. The pain subsided into a pleasant ache and with my buttocks still held high I settled down for a

good strong mind blowing fuck. Another orgasm took me and they followed one after the other almost over lapping each other from then on. The tip of Rum's penis rubbing along the front of my vaginal tract and pressing into the place that is called the 'G' spot kept me stimulated and on a constant orgasmic role.

The thicker part of Rum's penis dragging my pussy lips into my vagina as he thrust into me, and releasing them again as he withdrew, stretching the skin around my clitoris and anus. Soon I was totally out of it except the wonderful thrills that I could feel engulfing my entire being. Robert was still beside me and I think he tried to steady me when I became a little faint and almost fell over, but I remember nothing of this, only the in and out of that magnificent machine and the flow of joy through my pounded body. There was a gentle rocking motion in time to Rum's thrusts and I think it would have sent me to sleep if it had not been for the massive intrusion into my soft body. I just lay there hoping that it would never end, but it did. Some where in the depths of my awareness I noticed a change in the rhythm. It was stronger and more forceful. I felt my cervix more often as Rum's penis pushed against it. It did not hurt, I was too far gone to register the difference between my orgasms and pain. It was not even a discomfort just a change in the priorities of what was happening and I realised that Rum was ready.

It still took a while, I don't know how long but I was able to recognise the degrees of urgency as Rum's excitement built up to a peak. Suddenly I felt his body tense above me. I could not touch his body, it was a subtle strain within the penis that was so deeply embedded in my loins. I knew what was coming. It was Rum. With all the force of a dam breaking open after weeks of torrential rain. The first gush filled every nook and cranny within my vagina that was not already filled with Rum's penis. The liquid was hot within me and I felt like I had just been given an internal bath. The second squirt flooded into my womb forcing its way through the narrow opening in my cervix. There were more jets of hot sperm, each one filling me to a greater capacity than I had ever than I had ever had

before. It all felt wonderful and I wished it could never stop.

My orgasms kept coming, in time to each new jet of come that entered me. But they were getting slower in their timing and soon, after about eleven or so they stopped. I had tried to count them but I had not regained my senses enough to keep track. It was Robert who afterwards, told me all about my experience who told me it had been eleven. How would he know, he could only guess.

I had expected Rum's penis to shrink immediately after he was finished but he didn't. It stayed thick and quite hard for a while twitching inside me each twitch gave me an additional orgasm. Not as strong as the ones I had had while I was being taken or while Rum was coming but enough to keep me riding high. After about five minutes I felt Rum start to shrink. The twitches stopped and I felt a deep feeling of sadness with the realisation that it was over. As Rum's penis it rubbed one last time across my G spot and I had a last mini orgasm from the touch, but it did not fill the feeling of loss.

I was exhausted and just lay there on my bale. My legs gave way and my buttocks slowly sank back down. I do not know how I managed to keep the position so long. My pussy mound ended up resting on the straw bale and bits of straw stuck in to my skin. Slowly I came to and realised that that was not the only place that was feeling uncomfortable. Straw had rubbed sore patches on my breasts and throat. My hands had thankfully protected my face, that would have been difficult to explain. 'How did you get all those scratch marks on your face Alison' 'Oh I was lying on a bale of straw and got fucked by a horse'. I would have been fined for using the word fuck and if they believed me I would have been thrown in jail never to see the light of day again.

Rum stepped around me and went to nibble at his food trough. Robert watched me growing more and more concerned that I was injured in some way and I lay on the bale not moving, with my legs wide open and my poor battered pussy gaping wide enough to drive a tractor through.

I mumbled some reassurance to Robert who draped a horse blanket over my inert body. He sat with me until I was ready to get up. He gently dressed me in the clothes that he could manage to get me into and then told me that I would have to help with my panties and trousers. Once dressed and able to stand on my own two feet without aid we went together to the stable door. Robert peeked out to check that the coast was clear and then we slipped out. I was beginning to feel recovery making progress in my body and I actually felt good enough to walk home unaided. Told Robert to leave me so that we would not be seen together and after getting some more reassurances from me that I would be all right, he left. I glanced at him as he went and noticed that he headed straight for the mare's stable.

It was still quite warm after a good sunny day so I leaned against the wall of the stable I had just exited and rested for a few moments. Robert did not reappear so as I was feeling fairly well recovered, sufficient that I did not want to go home and directly to bed, I decided to go see what Robert was doing. If it was what I thought it was it would be interesting to watch, and if I was quiet he may never know.

I sneaked in and after checking that Robert would not see me I tip toed to the stall next to where Ruth's horse was kept. I could hear the rustle of straw as Robert moved around in the stall. He was softly whispering to the horse and stroking her. She seemed quite receptive. I climbed onto the feeding trough of the stall I was in being careful not to make any noise as I did so. I was lucky that the troughs were all well made and fixed to the walls of the stable, so they would not move, bang, creak or rattle. The horse in whose stall I was just huffed as I climbed and then went back to feeding. I peeked over the adjoining wall into Ruth's stall. Robert was busy grooming her with his hands.

He had got to about half way along her side and was working front to back. I watched, just peeking

over the wall. Robert seemed to pay more attention the further back along the horse he got.

Eventually he was right round to the rear end of the horse. He seemed to pay a great deal of attention to the horse's buttocks and then I saw him raise the tail over his head and he seemed to stick his face between the horse's buttocks. The horse did not seem to mind what ever he was doing. I climbed back down and moved to the opening of the stall to look round. I had a good clear view.

It looked like Robert had his face shoved into her vagina and his tongue was lapping at the place where her clitoris would be. I watched stunned, wondering how it was that he could breath with his face so firmly pressed in to the horse's flesh. He did not break for air. I lessened as I stood quietly by and could hear him gasping in between licks. The horse seemed to like this treatment and held her tail up high and to the left. Thus it was out of Robert's way and I was afforded a good view of a man trying to climb into a horse. It looked quite funny, as though the horse was one of those "See what the butler saw." things at the beach. I wonder what the butler did see!

I slipped into the stall and along the side of Ruth. Crouching down I looked back to see if Robert was getting any enjoyment out of this exercise. Between Ruth's legs I could see Robert's trousers with a large bulge inside. The poor thing was bursting to get out. Robert was standing leaning slightly into the horse's rump and he had both his hands on the huge buttocks one on either side of his head. There was no way he could undo his fly, so I resolved to do that for him. It was the least I could do after all the help he had given me. I crouched down under the horse's body and gently tapped at her hooves one at a time to make her spread her legs. This she obligingly did and I slipped in between to ware I could reach Robert's fly with comfort. I reached up and started to undo the first button. Robert nearly leaped a mile. He stared down at me with a deathly shocked face.

"WWWWW what are you doing?" he stammered.

"I've come to help." I hissed at him.

"You gave me such a shock." He growled back.

"Shut up and get on with it." I hissed "Your lover is waiting." He looked at me for a moment longer and then went back to the task of sucking a big pussy.

I continued to unfasten the many buttons on his trousers until I was able to pull them down easily. I pulled his pants down and took his manhood in hand. It was fully extent and about as thick as I had ever seen it. Too much to pass up. I stuck it in my mouth and sucked the whole thing down my throat. No choking, no discomfort. My times with Rum had paid off well. I slid him in and out of my mouth, taking a breath each time he was out of my throat. I set up a nice slow rhythm that I felt I could keep up for ever. I could feel the horse's teats stroking over my hair as I moved my mouth up and down the length of Robert's shaft.

In the process of all this at some time I tapped Robert's feet to make him lift them so I could remove his trousers and pants completely. He took a little work to understand the command but we got there in the end It did not take long. His penis soon started to pulse and I new it was time for him to come. Suddenly he stepped back from the horse ripping his penis out of my mouth.

He was almost gasping. He turned, picked up a stool that was near by and placed it where he had been standing. Then he stood on the stool and with his penis in his hand he thrust his hips at Ruth's hind quarters.

I could not see what happened and so I crawled out from under the horse. When I got to a position where I could see, Robert had his penis In Ruth's Vagina and pumping away for all he was worth. It took about ninety seconds and he emptied his load into poor Ruth, who I don't think had expected such an onslaught. Then he stepped back off the stool and leaned against the wall of the stall, panting.

Ruth looked round as though to ask what was going on. I looked at her and then at her buttocks. Her tail still held high she stood there waiting for something to happen. There was a strange mix of white semen and clear liquid in the vaginal opening and I thick white froth around the vaginal lips. The sperm looked very inviting to me and I did not hesitate in sampling the flavour.

I pressed my tongue into that sweet horse cunt and licked out Robert's come. Mixed in with the familiar taste was a second strong flavour of horse. Not unpleasant but not what I had tasted ever before. There was a similarity to the flavour of my own pussy juice but it was thicker and stronger and very horsey. I lapped away as Robert had been doing. One hand on each horse buttock and my face pressed firmly into the cleft between them. I was in heaven again and could feel the sense of arousal stirring in me. I don't know how long I carried on but I was brought to an abrupt halt when Ruth stepped side ways away from me and my firmly embedded face was wrenched from that warm and comforting place. She had obviously had enough and was not going to play any more. I looked at Robert who was still leaning against the wall in just his shirt and socks.

"Get dressed." I said. And I went to comfort Ruth in her stall. I would never know if she had reached a climax and had enough, or had got fed up with all the play that never brought her to climax. I had been so intent on my own enjoyment that I had forgotten to see to hers. I had done to Ruth exactly what Robert had done to me that one time. I felt quite ashamed and I made a promise never to be so negligent again. When Robert was dressed we walked to the door. I still had Ruth's juice and Robert's come all over my face but Robert kissed me long and hard any way. I kissed him back, our tongues making a slow dance of exploration. Then we said good night and went our separate ways to bed. We did not worry about being seen together too happy with our selves and each other to care.

I found that I could walk normally and I only felt a little saw between my legs. I smiled to my self. There would come a day when I felt no discomfort at all. I knew.

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## Chapter 7

I was not nearly as saw the next day as I had been after my first mating with Rum. Indeed I hardly felt any discomfort at all except around the opening to my vagina. My pussy lips were thick and swollen when I rose from my bed but that was gone by the evening.

However my poor breasts were very saw and red from the straw sticking into them as Rum rocked me back and forth. I had lots of red marks on them and on my chest and shoulders where the straw

had come into contact with my skin. The inside of my thighs and arms also had the marks but were not saw.

I had a good idea as to how I could solve this problem. A blanket or soft towel would do the job if it was placed over the straw bale before

I lay down on it. The problem would be how he get one from the house to the stable without my mother noticing it was missing. Most materials were on ration due to them being needed for our soldiers uniforms and equipment. In fact almost everything was on ration by this time and we had to reuse many things that had been repaired over and over again by the time the war came to an end in forty five.

When I started work in the mares stables I found that one of our dogs had commandeered the spare stall. This of course was a great hamper to any sexual activity that was to take place as it reduced the hiding places by 50%. It ultimately led to a discovery by Elaine and a wonderful new aspect to my sex life. Fortunately the weather was warming rapidly and this soon led to new and more open places to have sex, but it was in the two or three days after my latest gander with Rum that these changes took place.

I abstained from sex for two days I think it was though it could have been three. Robert had been very attentive to me again, needing much

reassurance that I was all right after my bout in the new position and with the horse. I tried to console him and was very glad when I was able to go to him and ask for his favours again. He joyfully agreed and it was arranged for that night. Naturally with the puppy laden bitch occupying one of our sex hides we had to use the other, in the hay loft of the stallion's stables. We both finished work quite early and were

able to get together at about seven thirty. We started with kisses and cuddles and gradually our clothes came off until it was time for Robert to enter. Everything went fine and we were well away on our own little planet both forgetting that there were actually other about still, who may hear our antics. We did not act on the side of discretion that night and indeed a person did come in to investigate.

Robert had really got into his stride and we were both panting and groaning, engrossed in our private performance. We did not hear Elaine

come into the stable, and later we accused her of spying on us, though it was very likely that we did not hear her because we were making too

much noise of our own. She said that all the animals gave the usual signs that some one was about, but that did not matter because once she had entered the stable she would have known what was going on. She climbed up the ladder to the loft and found us. Robert in full swing, pounding into me, and me, underneath, trying to suck every little bit of his muscle into my hot wet pussy. From what she described afterward she must have watched for about fifteen minutes and she chose her timing to perfection. She must have recognised the signs because as Robert started to come into me she smacked him across the bottom with a riding crop. Just the once. But it was enough to ruin my orgasm and Robert nearly had a heart attack he was so scared. Robert was unable to stop once he had started and he was suddenly in a position where he wanted to get up and pretend that he had not been doing anything, and at the same time, totally unable to stop doing it. It is quite funny now when I look back on it but at the time I was both miffed that my orgasm had just disappeared and at the same time shocked that someone had found us out. That we may now be beaten, sacked, or worse still that my parents may be told what had been going on between Robert and myself was appalling to me. I wanted to get up and run. Find some place of hiding where nobody would ever find me, but with Robert on top of me, still shooting his load, I was a prisoner. I just lay there staring at the apparition of Elaine and gasped in panic. I think that Robert was in quite some pain. Isn't it true that if a man comes, his penis gets very sensitive and the only thing that prevents it from being



painful is the orgasm me experiences at that time. I would say that from the writhing and groans coming from Robert that that is what happened to him.

Elaine thought that it was hilarious and laughed so much that she nearly fell of the ladder. At that time I might well have pushed her except that I still had Robert on top of me, groaning and gasping in agony as though he was taking his last breath.

Elaine came up into the loft and lay down beside us. I was very grateful that she had not run off calling for Mr Rice, but I guess that she did not because she was just as guilty of infidelity as I was and she new that I new about her. The difference was that while she was of an age, I was not and should by all reasoning have to wait another year before I could legally have sex and then only with my parents consent. But what child ever went to its parents and said?

“Mum, Dad, Can I have sex please?” and for that matter what parent ever said “Yes.”?

Elaine quickly stripped out of her cloths and started to kiss me. I was not in a mood to be kissed by a woman and certainly not by a woman who had just ruined my orgasm. However I did not have much of a choice as I was still pinned under a prostrate Robert who had become like a dead thing except that he breathed and was still warm. He was lying over me, between my legs and with his thick member, now not so thick, still several inches up inside me.

In between kisses Elaine begged my forgiveness for ruining my pleasure. I was not of a mind to grant her, her wish, but she placed her hands in some very sensitive places on my body and I was soon alleable to her touch, and her wishes. She seemed to know just where to touch me. All right, she may be a woman too but we are not all the same as so many men tend to think.

She was very adept at fondling my breasts in such a way that I wished I had a baby hanging off each one, it made me want to fuck and fuck until I dropped. Her hands roved any exposed part of my body, that is any part that was not covered or unreachable due to Robert. I was thankful when eventually he rolled off me, his pines leaving a sticky slimy trail across my leg. Elaine took a moment away from me to lick the sperm off my leg and then to lick and suck Robert’s limp shaft, but she soon returned without warning and it seemed that her hand were everywhere.

As her hands fondled and caressed she kissed me repeatedly on the lips. At first it was just lip to lip but she soon grew bold and introduced her tongue into my mouth. It was like a drill the first time. I did not think I wanted her tongue to enter my mouth and I put up a fight to try and stop her, but she broke my resistance by shear persistence.

After a while I found that I liked to have a tongue exploring the inside of my mouth and I tried to reciprocate. But only one tongue can explore at once and I was bared.

Elaine’s hands roved around my body stroking my ears and stomach, then she was fondling my breasts, then a caress in my arm pit, which tickled, followed by a finger entering my vagina only to leave again immediately to touch some other part of my body. I found it most stimulating, far better than Robert ever was, poor lad, and I wanted more. Fortunately Elaine had plans to give me more and I accepted.

Within fifteen minutes I was cumming regularly every other minute and loving it all. I forgave Elaine her indiscretion of breaking our love at the wrong moment, though I am not sure that Robert ever did. Elaine just kept on at me, touching, kissing, petting, exploring. Eventually I had had enough and I asked her to stop. Either she did not hear or she just ignored me, but she did not stop. I think she was having such a nice time, that she did not want to stop. She finished kissing my mouth and worked her way down my body, kissing and licking different places as she found them until she

found my pussy. I did not know what she was going to do to me but I obeyed anyway when she requested me to turn over and assume a dog like position on my hands and knees.

She crawled round behind me and I soon felt her hands on my hips. This was fine though I still did not know what to expect. Then I felt something wet enter my vagina. At first I thought that she had induced Robert to put his limp member into me, but then I realised that it was the wrong shape. Besides Robert was still lying next to me though a little more alive now that he realised there was a show to watch.

Something pressed up against my anus. I had not expected this and my anal muscle clenched up tight in an involuntary reaction. I could not have helped it even if I had been prepared. I looked down between my arms toward my legs. I saw Elaine's chin close to my pussy hair and realised that she was licking me out. It was her nose that was pressing against my anus. I gave a little cry as I realised what was being done to me. I was being fucked by a woman's tongue.

Elaine's tongue was quite long and she seemed able to extend it to so many different places inside me. I came again and Elaine seemed to lick my juice as it flowed out of my love hole.

Robert seemed to gain some interest. He sat up and started to play with his penis. I did not really take that much notice of what he did at that point as I was too engrossed in the attention that I was getting but suffice it to say that he eventually rejoined the fray and it became a threesome.

I closed my eyes and groaned at the feelings that I was having. Such pleasure I had not experienced before and never would with a man, or a horse for that matter, but a woman's touch is something very special and I shall always remember the things that I felt that night.

I don't know where my thoughts went while I was having this wonderful therapy but I was brought back to reality when Elaine started to gently rock me forward and back. I looked back again to see why she was doing it, because I could still feel her tongue deep in me, well as deep as a tongue can go, and I found Robert at the back of Elaine helping himself to a portion of her body. He moved slowly and with long thrusts. Of course as he moved into her she was pushed forward against me and I was rocked forward as well. All was explained. I went back to enjoying the game and cumming at regular intervals.....

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From then on, Robert and I had sex with Elaine included about once a week, periods not withstanding. I became adept at cunnilingus though it was another twenty years before I learned the word for it. I think it is a little more descriptive or should I say more appropriately sounding for the topic than "cunt licking" but it is still not a good word for what it is. You know how some words just sound like the thing they are designed to refer to.

I eventually got round to telling Elaine that I would forgive her for her interruption of Robert's and my sex and that was when she decided that enough was enough and stopped burrowing into my love nest. She said that she was very glad that I had taken so long to forgive her because she had such a good time. Robert's attention to her rear end had brought her off several times for which she was very grateful even if he did not find it within his power to fill her with his seed that night. Well we know why that was, don't we.

It was a little over a week before Rum started to ask me for a favour, but when he did I was ready to help. I had been thinking about how to stop the straw from pricking me and I had come up with a solution. Now I was eager to put it into practice and see if I worked.

When the dog had decided to have her pups, Mrs Rice brought out a load of old blankets for her to make her nest in. Dogs are not very good at nest making, not like cats who can arrange a rag or two into a very comfortable bed. if you dump half a dozen blankets in a pile for a dog to lie on she will generally just go and lie on them as they are, unless they are very uncomfortable, in which case she will expect you to arrange them for her. This was what happened to our dog and I had to go and rearrange the blankets for the silly animal, and in doing so I pilfered one for myself. Isn't it just lovely when you have a problem which you think will be a real stinker to solve, and then a solution presents itself out of the blue in a matter of moments.

As it happened I need not have worried too much any way. The army put out a call for all spare blankets for their lads returning from Dunkirk. We did not know that that was what it was for at the time but in hind sight.... Well hind sight can tell us everything there is to know in the universe can't it. Any way what I was saying was that all these blankets had to be collected and the riding school was set as one of the collection points. I could have had any one of a hundred blankets if I had wanted, but by then I had mine. It was hidden in a corner up in the hay loft, ready for use when ever I required it.

Rum decided it was time for us to have sex again and I was happy to oblige. I went into his stall one morning and he greeted me with a strong nuzzling and extended his penis just to make sure that there was no miss understanding. I gave him an extra good grooming and took him for a long ride. I went a new way over the forest and I am sure that he got the message that I would reward him soon. He was very good and obeyed my every command. When I returned him to the stall I groomed him again and fed him and as I left I felt under his belly a stroked his sheath once, then I left. As I walked out of the stable he whinnied at me as though asking me to go back.

I did go back but not until I had told Robert that I wanted his help again that night. He was so eager I don't think being called up would have stopped him being there.

It was quite late by the time we went to see Rum. He had been waiting patiently all afternoon so he was very happy to see me when I did turn up with Robert in tow. The poor horse knickered at me and showed me what he wanted. The length of meat that he so liked me to have was hanging about two feet down. It was about two and a half inches thick and getting thicker. I knew what it could grow to and a thrill passed through me as I watched Robert pulled a bale of straw over and I went up to my hiding place in the hay loft to get my blanket. More like a tattered old rag really but who was going to be fussy when sex is at stake. At least it was clean and did not smell, yet. It would not take too long for it to acquire a smell of old horse cum and sweat. Robert positioned the bale in more or less the right position and I draped the blanket over it. Then I went over to Robert and planted a big kiss on his lips. I made it last for about five minutes, partly because he struggled to begin with as though he did not want to kiss me which I knew was not true, and partly because I wanted to say a big thank you to him for staying by me in spite of the danger. He got used to this type of treatment after about the third time.

Rum just looked round at us as if to say "Haven't you finished yet, hurry up and give me my treat." As soon as the kiss was finished I stripped off quickly. Robert watched me. I think he was wishing he was the horse. he ogled me all over and came up close to get a better view of my bottom as I bent over to take off my knickers. I reached into my pocket and took out the small tin of Vaseline. There was not much left and I was wondering where I would find more as there was now none to be had in the shops. I scooped out a large wad and smeared it on my pussy reaching in to make sure that there would be no resistance to Rum's entry. Then I rubbed the excess off on my hip not that there was really any left.

I started as usual by stroking Rum on the neck and shoulders, then down his back and finally along

his stomach and on to his extended penis. When I started to stroke him his penis was swinging in time to his heart beat, or so it seemed. By the time I actually got to holding it, it was slapping against his body with impatience. I grasped it in the middle to steady it, and putting one hand behind the head I rubbed the other up and down the length of the exposed shaft. I pressed my fingers up against the folds of skin that protected the penis when it was not showing. Then I had a funny idea and I leaned into his groin with my head and licked those tender folds. They were ever so soft and pliable and I sucked in the skin as though it was a nipple. He tasted a little salty but not too strong and I liked it. A bit like human sweat really.

I exchanged hands on the job of rubbing his length and with my now free hand I cupped his balls. At first I just touched them. He shifted slightly as if to try and move away but then after the initial nervousness he stood stock still. Even the pulsing in his penis stopped as I weighed his balls in my hand. I lifted them a little and then lowered them again. They were heavier than I had expected and I cupped them again, still licking his soft pouch. I slowly worked my way along the soft supple skin from the opening back to his balls with my tongue.

It is a good thing that most horses do not have hair in that area. I do not think I could have done that if I was to get a mouth full of hair. I have to admit that some horses do have bunches of long thick hair there, like the long hairs that grow from a mole or dark patch on human skin. I have learned to cope with these but licking them is not as pleasant as having just skin.

My hole was sopping and my mouth was watering too from the taste of Rum's sex. He seemed to like what I was doing but horses have a very short attention span and it was not all that long before Rum became a little impatient. He lightly tapped his hoof on the ground. I knew immediately that he was not just shifting his weight.

I thought about sucking his big cock head but decided that we were both ready for the real thing. I climbed out from under him and then with a small shift of the bale for a better position, I lay down on the blanket, face down, and pushed my ass up ready for Rum's grand entry. Robert took hold of the horse's big cock and presented it to my tender loins. It touched me in just the right place.

At first nothing happened. With my face turned to one side I could see the front half of Rum's beautiful body. He looked round at me and seemed to calculate whether things were ready or not, then he took a small step forward and his penis thrust deep into me. There was no half measure there. It all went in at once or so it seemed. I felt as though I had been stuck on a stake and had split open from anus to clitoris.

Robert came round to the front of me when he heard my gasp. He asked anxiously if I was all right or if I wanted to stop. I do not quite know how it could have been stopped, but it was nice of him to ask. I told him that I was all right and would continue.

Rum, thinking that maybe he had not quite entered me as much as he could, thrust into me again and I felt the end of his knob hit my womb. Evidently he did too as he stopped there for a moment. I was grateful as it gave me a moment to adjust to his great size and get used to the depth of penetration. I whispered to Robert.

"How much?" he walked back to have a look and whispered back. "About half, no more." Half was quite enough. I was surprised that I could take twelve inches. I thought that my limit would have been nine at most. Still I had to take Robert's word on it as I could not see for myself Rum started to rock, thrusting in and out of me. It felt like someone had taken a policeman's truncheon and was shoving it in and out of me.

On every inward thrust, I felt Rum's penis bash into my cervix, and on each withdrawal, it felt like my innards would be sucked out of my body through my cunt by the vacuum left behind. At first it hurt me quite a lot and I was beginning to think maybe it would be a good idea to stop before too much damage was done. With each motion into my not so tight little hole, my pussy lips were drawn in and stretched, it felt like the full length of my vagina drawing my clitoris tight and painfully down.

And then on retraction the stress was released and everything was pulled out again. I should imagine that fucking a steam engine must be like this, with the piston ramming in and out of you.

I started to cry from the pain and could not help gasping with each new penetration that Rum made. It did not take long for Robert to notice but by then I think I must have stretched a little more because it was not so painful. Maybe I just got used to the pain. I told Robert not to worry and that I was crying from the joy. What a lie. It may have been true later that evening because I did end up really enjoying the fuck, but at that moment, no, it hurt, a lot. I suppose that I wanted to keep trying in the hope it would get better. Fortunately it did.

It was about a month later that I actually took a ruler to Rum and measured him. He stood 18  $\frac{1}{4}$  hands and his penis was 25  $\frac{3}{4}$  inches long at the point when it started to slap against his stomach and 3 1.8 inches thick round the shaft behind the head. The thickest part of his shaft was 5  $\frac{3}{8}$  inches and the head was 4  $\frac{1}{4}$  inches thick and 3 inches long so it was quite blunt. I know this is true because I wrote it down in the back of an address book that I had at the time and several years later I made a diary of conquests, both horse and other animals, that I had had.

I was looking at it a couple of days ago while trying to remember the knitty gritty of the whole sordid affair. I also measured the depth to which Rum and other horses have penetrated my innards, though the reliability of this information is not so good due to the rapidity of the shrinking member. The best guess that I can give is 12  $\frac{5}{8}$  inches after measuring a rapidly shrinking member and extrapolating to the known maximum length of the penis. If this is all too mathematical, I am sorry and will now continue with the story so I hurt, I worked out later that this was partly due to not having enough vaseline to apply it to both myself and to Rum. However I soon produced enough of my own cum juice to make everything work more easily.

It did not get as good as it had been the previous time but it was good enough for me to enjoy and want more later.

I am always amazed at how long it takes a horse to come when fucking a human. A horse fucking another horse takes just a few moments if their both really ready for it but with humans it seems to take on average about fifteen to twenty minutes. It can be a lot longer but not very often. Rum took about fifteen minutes that time not enough to turn me right around and make me cum in one of those wonderful mind lowering orgasms, but enough to raze me to a high so that I was disappointed when Rum shot his sperm before I was ready. Naughty horse, he ejaculated on the inward thrust and filled me with his sperm in one great gush.

Everything was suddenly very well lubricated except that it was too late. I felt the hot goo squeeze into my uterus through the tiny entrance in my cervix but most of it just squeezed back out of me past Rum's huge rod. It dribbled onto the blanket. Rum withdrew and thrust again with another gush of hot seed. He did this for or five times and then just stood there over me with his great dick up my whole. Of course each new jet of spunk had no place to go inside my poor battered body so almost the whole lot ended up on my newly found blanket. No wonder the blanket stank after a few times of being used in this manner.

I felt Rums penis start to retract and I thought that maybe he would move away so that I could get

up, not that that would be his reason for doing so , but maybe he would have a different reason for moving away, but no, he stood right over me until his penis dropped out of me because it had shrivelled too much to reach me any more. He did not go to have a feed or to lean against the stall wall, one of his favourite

standing positions if he had nothing to do. Robert tried to move him for me but if a horse does not want to move then we can not make him. I had to wait. I suppose I could have shunted forward on the bale until he dropped out of me but really I think I just wanted to keep him in me as long as I could. Besides I was so tired from the force of the animals motion that I do not think I could have moved anyway.

Eventually I stood up and used some straw to clean myself. Fucking a horse is a messy thing once he ejaculates. Just like giving a blow job, if you do not catch it all in your mouth it goes everywhere. Mind you if a friend shoots his load and it does not shoot but just dribbles out, it is really rather saddening.

I was sore for about three days after that session and I had to avoid sex altogether for about five days. I made up for it after though with Robert and Elaine. I even had my first intimate assignation with Elaine and me on our own. Robert had to go out one day for some medicine for the bitch that had decided to have pups in our free stall. She had five pups, three female one male and one still birth. They seemed to be healthy for the first few days but then one of them stopped feeding.

Unfortunately the medicine did not help and that one died too. That left just three which all survived to a good old doggie age.

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## Chapter 8

Well what can I say. The day that Robert was away was a clear warm and sunny day just as you would expect in late spring or early summer. Every body at the stables was in high spirits from the weather if not from the news that was coming to us from across the channel. Things were bad over there.

Elaine and I worked hard through the morning so that we could maybe have a restful afternoon. We did get our way after about two thirty. We had selected two horses to ride out last for exercise and after the majority of the chores where done we saddled up these mounts and rode at an easy pace onto the forest. Elaine led the way and took the trail that went up to Duddleswell. A little bit further we came to the highest point on Ashdown forest. From here we could see right the way to the south downs at Eastbourne some twenty miles away, and to the north we could see as far as Sevenoaks, about fourteen or fifteen miles. We stood up there in the heather and looked around at the wonderful view that surrounded us in all directions. It was so fresh and green. There is a lot of gorse on the forest and that was in flower making large patches of yellow and then there was the heather with its bold purple bunches of tiny flowers. We loved it. Elaine danced about and behaved as though she were a little girl of ten and I soon caught the bug and joined in.

We ran about and played until we were both exhausted. Then we lay down on the fresh grass that grew between the bushes and just stared at the clear blue sky. A sky that to us was the most beautiful thing anywhere but would bring so much pain and misery to so many, in the form of enemy bombs and rockets. We talked about the work and about those that had left to help in the war. About Robert who would be called up as soon as he had his seventeenth birthday. We both knew that we would miss him, especially as there were no other young men in the vicinity. They had either gone to

war or were too young for us.

It was at this point that Elaine reached across and placed her hand on my shoulder. I thought nothing of it and I looked at her and smiled, accepting that she probably wanted to have some physical contact just

for a moment. Her hand lingered and then brushed down my arm and over my hand. I did nothing except look at the sky with a big smile on my face. She must have taken this as an invite because her hand continued to stroke my arm for a while. Then she moved her hand onto my body, stroking me through my clothes from shoulder to shoulder. Her hand strayed lower over my body. Over my breasts then down to my tummy and on to my thigh. It was such a nice feeling having her touch me. I did not object.

I reached out and touched her. She leaned closer to me so that I could reach better and we sort of fell into a mode of exploring each other's bodies. It took a little while but eventually clothes started to come off. Elaine started by taking off her blouse. She had a large brassier underneath and I seeing that it was quite tight told her to turn over and I would help her undo the clasp if she liked. She needed no further encouragement and presented me with her back so that I could unclip the metal fastener. When it was loose she rolled back onto her back and let her bare breasts free to the open air.

I had seen them on a number of occasions before but it had always been in poor light. Now with the sun shining down I lent over to her and had a good look. She just lay there and accepted my scrutiny. They were large and round hanging to the side as she lay in front of me. Her nipples were a deep red colour set into the milky white of the rest of her skin. The red ring round her nipple was large and stippled and there were dimples on the ends of the nipples themselves. I reached out and touched one just to feel what it was like. I had felt my own nipples of course but mine were still not fully grown. At least I hoped

that they were not. I had a 'B' cup now and hoped to get to a 'C'.

Elaine had told me some time that boys like big breasts so I wanted big breasts so the boys would like me. I later found out it depended on the boy, and I found out that big breasts are such a burden to the one who has to carry them all the time. But at that time I was young and impressionable and I wanted big breasts to impress the boys.

I stroked Elaine's breasts for some time and then I decided I would like to get out of some of my own tight clothes. I removed my blouse and Elaine helped with my bra. Then I squeezed out of my jodhpurs and laying them on the ground I used them as a rug to soften the ground. This left me in just my panties and socks. I went back to admiring Elaine's breasts and touching them with my finger tips. I suddenly had a desire to suck. I lowered my head to her nipple and closed my lips around it sucking it in to my mouth as if I were her baby. It did not take her long to start sighing. She reached across and fondled my breasts in return, but her hand did not stay there very long. Soon she reached down and slid her hand into my panties. She slid her fingers into my hair. I was going to object but realised that nobody could see us so what did it matter. I said nothing and carried on with massaging her wonderful globes. Her fingers slid through my hair and found my pussy. Just the top of it where my clitoris is. I had not realised that I had wanted sex so much, but when she touched me there the desire hit me like a rock. The sensation filled my body. I had to have some one or something now. I thought about the horses but both were mares. I did not know what to do. My hands lost control and I stopped fondling Elaine's body. I raised my head from her nipple to give a sigh of pleasure. She must have read the signs because she suddenly slid a finger into my wet pussy. I came almost instantly, crossing my leg over her hand so she could not escape.

Using her other hand she slid my knickers down so that they were just below my buttocks. I don't



suppose she could get them down any further as my legs were so tightly crossed. She leaned across me and kissed my lips. I kissed her back and wrapped my arms around her to hold her to me.

Soon I let go of her and we both stripped naked. She came and lay on top of me as though she was going to play the part of a man. Her finger went back up between my legs and I opened them to give her plenty of room. I reached down her body and found her clitoris. I started to rub it, gently at first but getting harder as she drove her fingers into my wet hole. We were both panting and gasping.

As I came again she rolled off me and turning round put her lips to my pussy. I felt her tongue slide into the crease of my pussy lips and then it slipped into me. I reached for her legs and guided them over me so that I could bury my face in her. I licked for all I was worth sinking my tongue as deep as I could get. That was not far but I felt her come anyway. My own orgasms were not absent and I was awash with ecstasy.

As we sucked and licked and orgasmed into each other's faces my arms flailed about some and I found my riding crop. It was a simple leather bound rod with a leather loop at one end and a thicker lattice work leather handle. Not knowing really what I was doing or what I had in my hand I pushed the thick handle into Elaine's pussy. It slid in quite easily. She stopped licking me and gasped.

"Oh yes, that is just what I want. Do it to me please." She begged. The handle being about four inches long disappeared into her cunt. I pulled it out again and then thrust it back.

"More, more please, faster." She groaned. I obeyed and worked the riding crop in and out of her quite hard. She just loved it, asking for more and more. She forgot about what she had been doing to me but I did not mind. I was intrigued with the way that what I was doing to her had got her so worked up. I was soon to find out the effect I was having with this new found toy.

I kept using the riding crop on Elaine until she eventually asked me stop. Then she turned the crop on me and I was subjected to deep penetration. She placed one hand on my breast and then she inserted the handle of the crop up inside my tender young pussy.

It was not that the crop was that thick or that it felt like a real penis. It did not. But the highly polished leather surface and the little bumps that were formed by the plaiting of the leather strands that made up the handle were a real sensation as it was thrust up and down my vagina. It had me creaming profusely within moments and I did not stop until Elaine stopped administering the treatment. The effect was all most instant. My first orgasm filled me within minutes and I had a new orgasm about every three minutes there after. I did not ask for Elaine to stop, she just did but she said that it was because I was screaming loudly with each orgasm that I had and she was afraid that I would attract someone undesirable. I do not remember the screams but I do believe her, I do not think she would ever have lied to me. We became best friends and stayed in touch until she got married and moved to Canada. She married a Canadian air force major.

We lay in the sun for about another half an hour until one of us noticed that the sun had moved quite a long way across the sky. It was getting late and we had not told anybody where we were going. In fact they all would have expected us back by four at the latest and it was well past that now.

We quickly got dressed and then went to find the horses which had wandered off. Then we headed back to the riding school as quickly as we could without making the horses tired. We arrived back at about six thirty. Neither of us had a watch so we did not know what time it was but we knew that it was much later than it should have been. As soon as we arrived we took the horses to the stables and gave them a good rub down and then fed them all. Only after all the horses had been looked after did we go to see if there was any food left.

When we arrived at the dinning room we found everybody there and an army sergeant as well. He was apparently requesting the use of the stables as a collection point for the blankets that I told you about in the last chapter. We sat quietly and said nothing and nothing was said to us.

Except at the end the whole conversation was about blankets and collections and pay. I thought that the army chap would leave without even acknowledging us but just before he went he asked us each if there was anything that we kneaded. Of course Elaine and I both said no but when he had left the room I ran after him and asked if I could have a tin of Vaseline. He thought it was a strange request but when I explained that it was for make up he quickly agreed and promised to deliver within the week, which he did. Another problem sorted out at a least expected moment.

I was able to get to bed at a reasonable time that night, but Elaine managed to get a service out of Robert who was ever eager to please her. She told me all about it the next day as we worked together in the stables. I felt pangs of jealousy as she went into full descriptions of what had gone on between them but I realised that I had Robert to myself just as much as she did and I was not even willing to tell the tale afterwards. Up till then. I passed a new resolution to confide in Elaine about everything that went on between Robert and myself. Then I conditioned it with not talking about my horse activities. Not yet any way. As it turned out I never did confide my horse activities to her, and I do not think she ever found out for sure but I feel she may have suspected something after Robert left.

The day after the romp on the forest went very quickly and I soon found the evening approaching and my desire to have Rum was strong. He had not shown any need for my company and as I did not have a fresh supply of Vaseline yet I was glad that demand had not been made and I could choose my companion.

I went in search of my trusted mate Robert and found him hard at work lying naked on his back on the floor of the hay loft with Elaine doing her best to imitate a rising trot on his shaft. It was the first time that I had really had an opportunity to watch the finer points of this position and I spent about fifteen minutes watching them and getting very hot and wet down bellow.

Eventually I spoke out and having seen Elaine go through her fourth orgasm in this manner I decided it was time for me to have a go. I told Elaine how long I had been watching a suggested that we make a game of it. Four orgasms each turn and then it was time for the other rider.

Who ever it was that was riding at the point of Robert's ejaculation, would win the prize of being boss over the looser the next day. I figured that as Elaine had already ridden quite a distance I would have a good chance of getting the cream, but I did not reckon on Elaine being a cheat.

She climbed of the surrogate horse, I took the saddle as it were, and started to ride. I found that it was quite nice to sit astride a man and do the work for once. It gave me a chance to control the pace and rhythm to what I wanted. It took a while to reach my first peek and I was just starting on my second assent when Elaine grasped my breast in her hand. I was just getting accustomed to this when she poked her finger at my anus. My muscles clamped up and my second orgasm rushed at me suddenly and was gone in seconds. That did not matter too much but Elaine did not take her finger away even though I asked her to. She maintained a pressure with her finger, and rubbed my anus as she pressed. My muscles slowly relaxed and I felt her actually insert her finger tip. My third orgasm started to build, and I knew it would not take long. Elaine pushed her finger in deeper and soon got right through my defences. As she broke into the chamber inside I had my third orgasm. I had only one to go and I would have to relinquish my place to my competitor, but there seemed nothing I could do. My orgasms were coming so strong that I had almost given up making any motion on Robert's tool and so there was little likelihood of him cuming in me. I was squatting over Robert with

about half his penis in me and no will to move.

Elaine started to thrust her finger in and out of my anus penetrating my rectum as far as she could. I could feel her knuckles hitting my buttocks with each inward motion. It was beyond my ability to do anything about this indecent assault so I just let her rock me as she thrust into me and I received my fourth orgasm, courtesy of Elaine. Of course I had to relinquish my mount to her for her second ride and I resolved to be as mean to her as she had been to me. What I had not realised was that she had wanted me to do the same thing to her so when I did she got what she wanted.

She sat astride Robert and started to ride him as she had before. I had realised that Elaine had used some lubricant on her finger when she entered me so I looked around dumbly trying to work out what she had used. It only occurred to me, when I felt my loins twitch for more sex and I stuck my finger in to my cunt to ease the sensation. My finger came out all covered in my slippery juice and I realised what Elaine had used her juice to enter my anus so easily. I immediately knelt down next to Elaine and placing one hand on her buttocks I applied my slippery finger to her ass. Her anus clamped up just as mine had done but I persisted and eventually was rewarded with a successful entry. At first I could only get in up to my first knuckle but as I worked and applied some saliva to the right spot, I was able to get all of my finger in.

I was well away with this new game and I pumped my finger in and out like there was no tomorrow. I felt Elaine cum twice because her orgasm made her anal ring tighten around my finger and I was stuck in her until it was over. I thought I may get the better of her but the orgasms seemed to take the usual length of time. She was also still able to ride Robert and I figured that it would not take him long to spend if he had two girls playing with each other as they rode him.

My next surprise was that Elaine suddenly whispered to me "Put another one in." I thought that she wanted me to change fingers so I pulled the first one out and after applying the appropriate juice inserted another. The hissed whisper came at me again.

"Put another one in."

"I just did." I said indignantly.

"No, I want two, put another one in." well now the message was clear so I spat on my recently extracted finger and reinserted it along with the new one. It was quite difficult to get them both in as Elaine's anus clenched up again but I persisted and managed to force my way in.

Elaine gasped as it stretched her ring and then I thrust at her and both fingers slid in as far as they would go. I could feel the muscle of Elaine's anus throbbing on my finger as it gripped me. Elaine stopped moving completely, and waited while whatever was happening to her, happened. I kneeling behind her felt and watched as she went through some strange sensation that I could only guess at.

Eventually she stopped gasping and I was able to move my fingers again but as soon as I did Elaine told me to stop. She slowly stood up and almost pushed my fingers out of her. I looked at them. They were covered in a yellowish mucus which I knew what it was but I did not want to think about it so I wiped my fingers off on some straw and then looked at Elaine.

"I have just had a spiffing orgasm, it must have been a double, so I guess its your turn again." She said. I looked at her stunned and then I eagerly climbed onto Robert's dick again. Elaine again stuck her finger into my ass and again I was brought to a stand still unable to ride on my own. Elaine must have taken pity on me because she helped me by rocking me back and fourth on Robert's penis for a little until I could do it myself and then she took to thrusting her finger in and out of my anus in time to my ride.

Robert and I came at about the same time, so I got the prize of being boss the next day not that it meant much because Elaine still gave the orders, those few that needed to be given.

Several days passed and we had sex each day, Elaine and I. Sometimes with each other and sometimes with Robert. I became quite accustomed to the finger up the ass trick though I never got used to the initial touch. Even now at this age I still clench up and have to relax before entry can be gained. Now, however I do not just take a finger, I love to have a man's penis up there and on a couple of occasions have had a dog or a small horse. please note that the horse does not need to be small just the member that he dangles between his legs. It must not be too thick or I suspect that it would split the skin and cause bleeding.

Sex was not the only thing that went on that week.. The army people came back and took the blankets and I received my request of Vaseline. Not just one tin but five. A whole year's supply if I took it easy.

The nice soldier who delivered it said that they used it for water proofing rifles during transportation and one or two tins would not matter if they went missing. So now I had a new supply of grease for my episodes of horse play.

Elaine received a couple of bars of chocolate, which had become very difficult to get in the area. Robert was given a new riding hat. This I did not understand as Robert hardly ever went riding any more. It later turned out that it was a present for Ruth, in the event that she ever returned to us, as a thank you for the use of her horse. I do not know if Ruth was party to the activities between Robert and her horse, but I am sure that she would have appreciated the gift anyway.

So I was free to join with my valiant steed again with the required lubrication to make things move easily. So I set to with a will and again called for my trusty assistant, Robert to help, which he did with his usual enthusiasm.

It was six days after the forest ride and it was as the last of the two hundred and twenty seven blankets disappeared down the road that I grabbed Robert by the hand and told him to follow. I then dashed off to the stables to, firstly hide my new supply of Vaseline and secondly to chat to Rum to see if he was interested. I hid four of my tins in a dark corner behind what I thought would be the last bales of straw to be used, and the last one I took with me to my champion. I called to him as I descended the ladder from the loft, partly to make him aware that I was around, and partly to let him know that I was headed his way. When I got to his stall he looked round at me but there was no sign of his erection starting. I was surprised but went up to him and stroked his side as I walked up to his head. I petted him as I usually did as a prelude to our coupling. As I did so, he bucked his head and stepped back from me. He may have been in a mood or just fretful but fortunately it did not last long.

I soon had him quiet and his penis started to protrude from its tender sheath. I took my time stroking him and I had not yet finished when Robert had finished throwing down the bales for the following day. Robert came up behind me and started to undo my clothes, I did not try to stop him as it was nice to have someone else do the work for me. I continued to fuss with Rum until I had to take a hand in my disrobing as Robert could not get my jodhpurs down. Then I climbed under Rum's body and took the exposed penis that he sported in my hands and massaged him.

Robert brought in two of the bales and placed one on its edge ready for me to use as a support and the other he lay flat for himself to lie on so he could have a good Wank. Is that spelled right, it is not in my dictionary or on my spell checker.

I took Rum's big shaft and stroked it with both my hands. It was big and I had a problem getting right the way round at the point where it joined his body. I only did this a couple of times and then I started to suck on the end of the head pressing it up against my lips and just allowing a few tenths of an inch to enter my mouth. I supported the middle of his rod in one hand and with the other I caressed and stroked the tender skin that made up the sheath that Rum's penis grew from, and behind that the sack that contained his balls. He twitched as I fondled him but stood still allowing me to play with his tool. It was all so lovely, soft and warm. I loved it so much I wished I could become a professional horse lover. Of course the law forbids that so I did my best to be a spare time horse lover. And heaven forbid that I should ever have been found out. But I do feel someone other than my grandson should know especially as he is himself an animal lover.

I soon got greedy and put the whole of the head in my mouth. As usual it was a tight fit but I think that I may have been getting used to it as it did not seem such a mouth full as it had done in the past. He did not have the biggest penis head that I have ever seen. There are some horses that I could not get into my mouth like this, even now when teeth are not a problem. They being all plastic now, can be taken out but it would still not allow for one horse that I knew to pass into my mouth.. on the other hand there was a small pony once that had a long and slender shaft, and he I could take right down my throat, after a little practice.

I was bent over at the waist under Rum and I now had the head of his penis in my mouth and the sheath in my hands. It was a beautiful feeling to know that I could give this horse a good time. I felt Robert place his hands on my buttocks and then I felt him press his penis to my naked pussy. I had not thought of this as an option but I found it stimulating to be fucked by a man as a gave a horse a blow job. Robert easily entered me and gave a few slow and measured thrusts. He slipped in and out easily because I was already so wet as a reaction to what I was doing to Rum. As Robert slid into me he pushed me against Rum and Rum's penis slid a little way onto my mouth. Then it slipped out again as Robert pulled out. At first the amount of extra penetration by Rum was minimal but it soon grew so that I was sliding six or seven inches into my mouth. At first I had felt that I might be sick as the head of Rum's penis reached the back of my mouth , but I found that if I relaxed and held my throat in a sort of half swallow then I did not feel sick and Rum was able to enter my throat by about an inch. The head of his penis was too thick to go deeper but I took what I could and took it gladly. In fact the head of Rum's penis got stuck between my tonsils for a short time and then I really did feel sick but I managed to get free quite quickly.

Rum was not very hard fortunately, because if he had been I would not have been able to do this. He was really quite soft and I could feel the meat in my mouth bend as Robert tried to push himself in to meet Rum in the middle. I accepted that it was probable that Robert would cum into me and so I hoped that I would not have to spread the Vaseline over my pussy and over Rum's rod, but then on second thoughts I decided that it would be prudent to use the Vaseline just to be on the safe side.

Rum gradually grew and stiffened inside my mouth and eventually I had to call a halt to Robert so I could take Rum's huge size out before he got locked behind my teeth. This never actually happened to me with Rum but it was always something I was afraid would happen. Robert took a rest and then as I applied my new supply of petroleum jelly to Rum he entered again and continued to fuck me. I was just finishing the task of covering that enormous pole when Robert shot his load. Now I find it quite amazing that I never got pregnant from Robert as we never used any protection. It could be he was unable, or maybe the horse cum killed off the human cum but I was able to have children, three in all, or I would not have a grandson to lend me his computer for this story.

Robert dropped out of me almost immediately and I quickly smeared a load of Vaseline on my pussy lips and pushed some up inside me too. Then I let go of Rum's penis for a moment while I pulled the bale of straw into place and draped my blanket, which had already started to smell. I crouched down

over the bale and hissed at Robert to direct Rum to the right place.

Robert did the job even if he staggered a little as though he was drunk. I felt the round head of Rum's shaft touch my pussy and then it was pushed up against my lips. Rum knew when to make his move and in his usual manner stepped forward a little forcing his penis to enter me. It seemed that only a couple of inches entered me with the first thrust, but I guess that it was quite a bit more. However Rum was still not quite hard and so stood over me for a short while thinking what to do. I started to relax as I waited for the next move, and was not prepared for it when it came.

I felt the penis start to slide out of my cunt and thought that maybe it was to limp to stay put. I was wrong. Rum had leant back away from me to give a better run up to his next move. As he leant forward again his penis rushed into me, and then for good measure he took another little step forward. The tip of his penis smashed into my innards blasting the wind from my lungs. The sudden rush of penetration gave me ninety percent of my first orgasm and the pain of my womb topped it off. I gasped for breath as the thrills of a high rushed through my body. It seemed that every time I fucked this horse he had something new up his sleeve in the form of an entrance. From there he rocked in and out of me for about twenty minutes. I do not remember much about it except that I was on an almost constant high from start to finish. Robert later told me that he reckoned I had taken more in that thrush than I had ever take before and that Rum had stayed in me longer. He spent about ten minutes kissing me afterward and telling me how wonderful it had been to watch.

I was totally exhausted and did not really take too much notice of what he said but he seemed to be making all the right noises and so I told him that I would let him fuck me again if he wanted. He declined, saying that he was too tired and that he had already cum and he wanted to save his strength. The truth of the matter was that he was going to see Ruth's horse when I was finished, but I found out a couple of days later that it was not for sex.

After I had rested in the bale of straw and regained some of my strength I climbed off the bale and started to dress. There was a large splatter of horse cum on the blanket between where my legs had been, and some cum started to run down my legs as I stood up. I picked up some straw to wipe it off them and only succeeded in smearing it down my thighs. I then tried to wipe the majority of the cum off the blanket but that also only ended up in a bigger mess. I gave up. I picked up my panties and put them on but as I pulled them up I felt something move in my anus. I reached behind me and found a small round object sticking out of my bottom. I looked at Robert, shocked that he would have done something like this to me. He looked very sheepish but was obviously eager for me to pull out the object to see what it was. He had inserted this thing while I had my first orgasm and had worked it in me until Rum came and stopped fucking my. The anal stimulation had been the thing that had kept me so high for so long.

I pulled the thing out and looked at it. It was a small T shaped piece of wood, highly polished and round at the base of the T. It was only about two inches long and about half an inch thick but I could see that it was enough to do a very good job of making me cum. I liked it and slid it back into my ass. Then I bent over and presented Robert with the view. I watched him from between my legs and saw his trousers bulge in the front. It had had the desired effect. I stood up straight again and extracted the little tool. I suddenly realised that he must have made it for me.

"It's lovely." I said as I looked it over, inspecting it carefully.

"I made it specially for you when I saw how you liked Elaine to put her finger in you bottom. You must have been doing that with her for a long time. I loved watching even if I couldn't see you actually put it in."

Then he left and I was alone holding a T shaped piece of wood with nothing on except my knickers half way down my legs. I got dressed and went home.

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## Chapter 9

The truth of the matter is that the little gift that I was given by Robert was a goodbye gift. I had totally forgotten that his Birthday was on the horizon and it was not until about two days before that I remembered. I had always been good at drawing so in my spare time I drew a few pictures for him as a present. Mr Rice was very kind in letting me take time off to get the job done.

I took Ruth's Ambition into a field and spent time making about six drawings of her from different angles. These I then rolled into a tube and gave to Robert on his birthday. The next day he left to join the air force. I never saw him again.

I often used that piece of wood as a stimulant when I was sad or lonely. It is amazing what the simplest of things can do for you and your life style. I still have the gift though I have not used it as it was intended for some years now. I keep it in a small jewel box by my bed and I often take it out just to hold it and remember.

It was about three days before Robert's birthday that he called Elaine and I to help him with the dogs. This was strange as he was usually able to take care of them on his own. The five dogs all lived in a pen round the back of one of the many sheds that dotted the land that we owned. It was a sheltered area of about a half acre run and kennels. Seven of them though we only had five dogs. The two empty ones were kept just in case. Of course with the bitch having pups out of the corral, there were only four dogs to care for at present. The pups and mum were still in the mares stables, and doing fine.

Elaine had been down to feed the dogs on many occasions but had had little else to do with them. I had never had anything to do with them except to pet them sometimes. Now it was our turn to learn all there was to know and in a matter of hours. When we arrived at the corral all the dogs crowded round to greet us, and in the usual dog manner thrust their noses into the front or back of our jodhpurs. Robert received this from each dog in turn and it was quickly over for him, but Elaine and I had a prolonged examination as we were both new to the corral and had to be checked out thoroughly. It was quite embarrassing at first but it soon turned out to be a good joke and we all laughed about it.

Robert called us over to where we had to clean the food bowls and put down fresh water. As we went over we were still subjected to the nose thrusts as we walked, which was a little difficult to contend with, but as soon as the food came out we were left and the food became the centre of attention.

Robert showed us how to measure the food for each animal and in what order to feed them so as to keep within the pecking order of the pack. I had had no idea that it could be so particular in its execution, but Robert assured us that it was the best way. He then showed us the washing facilities and explained the reason for washing the animals. It is pretty much the same reason that we wash, we get smelly if we don't. The whole process is a bit like keeping thorough-bred horses. Washing and grooming, feeding and exercising.

Elaine and I decided to do the job together to begin with and then when we both were sure that we could control the animals and not forget any part of the chores we would take turns, day on, day off. This worked out very well for about a week but then Elaine started to ask if she could take my turn.

Occasionally at first but it soon developed that she was doing the dogs every day and I was left with all the horses. I also noticed that she was taking longer as the days went by. More of this later.

In the mean time Robert's birthday got closer. I finished my drawings and we all started to speculate as to when Robert would receive his call up papers. As his birthday fell on a Tuesday I said that he would get the call up on a Thursday or Friday demanding his attendance on the Saturday. The others all said different things and in the end we were all wrong. He never got them as the day after his birthday he left and went to join the Air Force before he could be called up for one of the other services.

Apparently Robert had handed his notice in to Mr Rice a couple of weeks before and had been told to find someone to take his place. The problem was that, because of the war, there was no one to hand. So it ended up with Mr Rice doing the heavy work and we girls doing all the other less demanding tasks. We all just had to buckle down and do more work in the same amount of time. Every farm and country firm was in the same boat. Working wives and mothers did not start to turn up for these jobs until about harvest time when the real work became necessary.

The day before his birthday Robert came round and told us that he would be leaving and that was why we had to learn the dog business. That explained everything, but he did not say that he would be leaving the day after next. That came from Mr Rice.

In the afternoon Mr Rice came round and told us to do as much of the next days work as possible today because there was to be a party for Robert as it was his birthday and he would be leaving the next day after that. But we were not to say anything to Robert as it was to be a surprise. We were stunned and shocked and set about a plan to have one last romp in the hay with our trusty human steed. It was Elaine's plan but I was not going to go against it if it was likely to be the last time I had him in a very long time. It seems as though Robert had been hatching this plan to leave and join up for several months so as not to end up in a force he did not want. The party was due to start at about two p.m. and would end about tea time. As it happened it went on to after six but that worked to our advantage.

Elaine and I worked furiously all the rest of that day until it was almost dark. Mr Rice came to tell us to stop work as it was getting late. As it was we had nearly finished every thing that we could. Of course we would still have the feeding, mucking out and exercising to do but that would not take too long.

Robert came in to get the feed ready for the next day and as we were both there to help, we jumped on him and demanded satisfaction. And got it.

We almost tore his clothes off his back trying to get our lover to serve us with his favours. When we were all naked Elaine took his legs and I took his head and we both rode at least around the block and back. Robert seemed to be loving the attention that we were giving him and confessed afterwards that the one thing he would dearly miss from the stables was us girls sitting on his face and dick..

Once we had both had an orgasm we swapped ends and rode some more. There was not a lot of finesse or cunning in our plot, that was supposed to come the next day, this was just a bonus to be taken advantage of. We rode and swapped, rode and swapped, according to our orgasms and we only stopped because Robert himself eventually shot his load. Elaine was the recipient, but only by a few seconds. We had just swapped again and it was as she slid down onto his rod that he squirted into her. I felt a little cheated because I had missed it by mere seconds, but that was the way of the world.



We cleaned ourselves up and finished the chores, just making things tidy really, and then went home to bed. It was nearly midnight when I arrived home.

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The following day passed very quickly and it was soon time for the party. It took a while for things to get going but Mr Rice took the bull by the horns and started the dancing. After that it did not seem that anything would stop the party. Everybody presented their presents to Robert who was overwhelmed by the generosity of all who attended. I felt a little sad after I had given my efforts to him because he did not seem to give them the attention that I thought they deserved. I know better now and I should not have worried any way. I was later told in a letter after Robert was killed that he had had the six pictures framed and hung in one of the rooms in the base where he was stationed. This lifted my heart no end after he died, to think that he had thought so much of my work. It made me so glad that he had felt proud enough of them to share them with the rest of his group. I do not know what happened to them after the end of the war. They were probably destroyed or some other person took a fancy to them and took them home. I like to think that they still hang on someone's walls but I rather think that they would have been thrown with the junk, at the end when all the offices were cleared out.

That night after the party when Elaine and I sprang our trap for Robert he told me that he thought that my present was the best of the lot. I believed him at the time but as the weeks went by I learned that he had probably said those things to make me feel better at his leaving. It is true that I cried at the parting and I ached for him for many weeks after he left. But of course I overcame the sorrow in the end.

The night when we said good by to Robert was not that good as far as sex was concerned. Both Elaine and I spent more time being consoled in his arms than we did trying to reach new heights of sexual ecstasy. But we spent a good three hours in his company mostly, naked and close, while we explored each others bodies. It was a tender loving evening rather than a hard passionate night.

The next day dawned sad. It seemed that all the folks that had known Robert regretted his leaving and they all had a good word for the lad that we all would miss. Even the dogs seemed to be less enthusiastic about things. They still greeted us with the nose up our crotches and they still wolfed down all the food we gave them but they other wise seemed to mill about more and with less purpose that they had shown previously.

Elaine and I settled quickly down to the new order of things now that we were a hand shorter than before. As I said previously Elaine started to take on the dogs completely by her self and I had more of the horses to do. That is not to say that I had everything to do for the horses, Elaine still helped with them but only after the dogs were done. It was maybe three to four weeks after Robert had left that I eventually went down to the kennels to see why Elaine was taking so long.

Long before I reached the place I could hear the noise of the dogs. It sounded like the hunt with the dogs yapping and howling. When I got to the gate I looked for Elaine but could not see her. I did not call for her, thinking that she was off somewhere on another errand. I was about to turn and leave when I spied her crawling out of one of the kennels. She stood up as soon as she was out and I noticed that she was not wearing her jodhpurs. She bent over to put them on, still unaware of my presence. She had been naked in there with one of the dogs, who came out a short while later while Elaine was still trying to slide into her cloths. This could only mean one thing. She had found a new partner to replace Robert. I left quickly to avoid a confrontation because I was sick that she could go to another lover so quickly. It was also because I had not found a new lover and though I still had Rum to take care of my needs. I had not yet figured out a way to overcome the problems that I had

had before Robert came to my aid.

I had a good think about Elaine and about my problem and eventually decided that though I could not sort out my difficulties I could stop Elaine getting into bigger difficulties than she had at the moment. That afternoon I went up to her as we were working together and spoke quite openly.

"You should check who is out side before you come out of the Kennel to put your clothes back on. You were lucky that it was me who saw you and not someone else. I shall say nothing and if you do not mind I may even join you as I can not get my new lover to do what I want." The colour that rushed to her cheeks was as deep as beetroot and I new that she felt very guilty about being caught. "Do not worry, Robert himself had a few strange ways about him as far as animals were concerned, you should ask Ruth's horse, though I do not think she will want to talk about it. Elaine flustered and half panicked spluttered at me. I felt myself blush as I said this. It implied that I did not have strange ways with animals which was certainly not true.

"How, how do you expect me to get any information out of a dumb horse."

I broke into laughter and this seemed to break the panic that she was experiencing. "How do you know about that anyway? Who told you?"

"He had a certain way with animals, he showed me what he liked to do with Ruth's Ambition," I replied "I do not think she minded. He was too drunk to finish when he showed me and fell off the stool that he was standing on. After that I would help him keep his balance on some occasions. I assume you did the same sometimes."

Elaine stood looking at the ground.

"Well all this time and I thought that I was the only one who knew. Every time I saw you two together I thought that he was having sex with you especially after I caught you at it. But I will bet that he was having it with a horse more than with you. Well that is a change for the better. You will not tell about what you saw this morning, will you?"

"No." I replied. "I am very glad that you are happy to use those dogs. It means that they will be happy and I can have any eligible male that I find in the premises." I giggled at her and she started to chase me. I ran just for the fun of it. It made me feel so much better and I think that it did the same for Elaine. She changed her timing for having sex with the dogs to the evening which was much better for us both. I did join her eventually but not before I had solved my own problems. I really thought about asking Elaine to help me but it never came to it as I found a good way round the shortage of hands.

I had spent several evenings trying to lie on my front on a bale of straw, and reach back for Rum's penis in order to insert it in the right whole. It had either taken so long that Rum had gone limp by the time I reached him, or I just could not reach to direct him in the first place. I tried several times lying on my back but I either found that Rum got in the way or that I was too uncomfortable to stay in the position for more than a few minutes.

I resorted to sketching pictures on scraps of paper to try and find a set up that would provide me with a god position and yet give me easy access to Rum. I eventually found a way by stacking three bales in a sort of "T" shaped pyramid so that my legs were supported and I could lie on my back and still reach that most important of sexual commodities.

The first time I tried it, it did not work too well as I had placed the top bale too far from Rum's hind quarters but with a little adjusting I got it right on about the fourth try. I had found that one other

thing was required to make it all go smoothly and that was to teach Rum to side step on a word command. It did not take long and I spent several days practising him when I took him for exercise. Rum took to this new unaided sex like a duck to water.

The first time that I actually felt that we had got it right I had gone to see him quite late. He had been quite agitated of late, probably due to the many attempts at having sex that had ended up in failure. Horses, as can any animal, do not like to think they are going to get something nice only to find it is not true. They start to think that you are teasing them and then they get cross. Each time that I had failed to get Rum into me I had had to spend time soothing him and very often I had found that the only way to quiet him was to suck it out of him. This was fine in that it calmed him down but it meant that every time I went back for another try, he would get even more excited and start to prance about. This required time to soothe him before I could start, and then I had to do the same again afterwards. I was so glad once I got it worked out. So was Rum. Anyway I digress.

As I said, it was quite late and most of the days activities were over. I had been told to go home and so I had sneaked into the stables to try and refine my new technique. Mr Rice had lowered the bales for the next day and when he had gone, I arranged them in an order that would serve for the night, and for the following days work, if I should not get a chance to be with Rum that night.

I slid the three bales into position next to Rum and then I covered them with my smelly blanket. It was getting rather high now and I knew that I would have to wash it soon. Rum watched my every move. He was calm this evening as though he knew it would all work out and tonight was the night. Once this was done I turned out my tiny light. All lights had to be small and hooded so as to prevent anyone seeing them in the dark. This was to hide all land marks from 'Jerry' who had started flying over to bomb London.

I stripped off and hung my cloths over the side of the stall. Then I went to Rum and stroked him and soothed him. He knew what was coming and soon had a formidable erection. When I got to that part of his body I was careful to stoke him without digging my fingers into him. It could have been so easy to jab him in the dark. Everything had to be done by touch and feel as the light from outside was hardly worth mentioning. I reached back behind his penis and cupped his balls. They were quite big and seemed to be tight for some reason. As I stroked them they loosened up and descended into my hand. I then had a notion to do some thing I had never done before. I leaned toward him and bypassing his penis I kissed his sack. His balls were warm and heavy and I had the impression that they were like apples hanging on a tree in the warm sunshine. I continued to kiss and then lick the bag that held them teasing the skin with my tongue lips and teeth. Rum seemed to twitch at each contact.

His penis continued to grow. It hung down past my head and by my shoulder. As it stiffened it started to press against my breast reaching down to my stomach. After ten minutes or more of sucking on those lovely velvety apples I realised that the pressure on my breast was a call for attention else where. I could always come back to that wonderful sack of fruit.

I did not just let go of the balls that had entertained me so far, I continued to fondle them with one hand for a short while as I searched for the thick rod that was next to me. I did not have to look far of course but I did want to get hold of it in the right way, so that I could put it to my lips one handed. I managed to find a position where I could direct the end of the shaft to my mouth but I was so far away from Rum's balls by then that I had to give up on the scrotum fondling. I placed the head of Rum's penis to my lips and tried to insert my tongue into the hole. It would not fit at all but the taste was something different. Salty and dry but pleasant. I licked and licked, some times all round the head and sometimes just at the little hole. It took me quite a while to get to the point where I eventually inserted the head into my mouth.

I had been giving Rum quite a lot of blow jobs in the past days and despite his excited tenure, I was able to fit him in quite easily. My jaw must have increased in its ability to open wide as I found from then on that I could slip him in and out of my mouth without pain and aches, no matter how excited he was. I still had difficulty getting more than about five inches of his length in my mouth but even there I got better, eventually fitting about six and a half at maximum. That was enough to fill my mouth and stop me breathing. The head jammed between my tonsils, which I still had in those days, and blocking my wind pipe.

Needless to say I could not retain that much for long, though I spent a lot of time trying to fit more. I do not think that Rum could make it round the bend even though I tried to straiten it as much as possible, and I certainly could not expand my throat to take him down.

There comes a time in all sexual encounters when calculated actions are superseded by instinct. The enjoyment of the moment takes over from any consideration of what you will do next. If this does not happen then it is probable that you are not getting the best from your sexual experiences. I have found that the best times are those when I do not have to think about when to change the way I do something, or if it is time to go on to the next stage in the development of the encounter.

Things progress naturally and often the decision to change something comes from both partners at the same time. This is what happened with Rum for the first time that time.

I had been very happy with Rum's penis in my mouth and I had been sucking on it as best I could to make him as hard as possible. I had probably done a lot more than was necessary as his penis would stay hard for some time after I had stopped sucking him. I had also been stroking his shaft to provide him with stimulation along the whole length of his member. I think I had maybe got carried away with what I was doing, but my arms began to get tired so I decided to go for the vaginal insertion. I do not think I really made a hard decision to change, but Rum stepped back from me as I was about to take his penis out of my mouth. This made it so much more easy for me. I do not think I was surprised by his action, I just accepted it and got on with the next stage.

I quickly took hold of my trusty tin of Vaseline and smeared some on to the thick shaft in front of me. Then I applied a liberal quantity to my own genital area. I lay back onto the arrangement of bales and then taking hold of Rum's still solid shaft I directed the head to where it would be needed. A single word command and Rum stepped sideways over me and every thing was ready.

Though it had been a while since this had been done, Rum had not forgotten. I held his penis head to my pussy lips and as soon as he had completed the side step he stepped forward. His penis slid into me by about four inches and we were off on our first solo sexual ride. I say solo because though we had always been one on one, there had always been Robert to assist if needed. Now if anything went wrong, I was on my own. I found that lying on my back I could see much better even if it was dark. I could at least get a faint image of a shadow standing over me and that was better than being face down on a bale of straw with only a wooden partition or more straw to look at. That first time it did not matter so much but in subsequent occasions when we did it in the light I could actually see Rum rocking over me and watch the thick shaft sliding in and out between my legs. That added a whole new element the affair and increased the excitement.

After the first thrust, Rum seemed to take a rest, as though he was relieved that it had actually worked this time and he had his member where it was supposed to be. He stood over me for a moment and I saw his shadow and felt his body shift in a number of ways. Then with a slight withdrawal to lead into it, he thrust forward again and slid the rest of his penis into my tight little box. It was tight too, as I had not exercised it for a couple of weeks and the walls seemed to have tightened a bit.

I say that he slid the rest of his shaft into me but there was no way that I could take the whole twenty six inches of his member. I only took the rest of what I could consume freely. That is not to say that it was the maximum that I could take because Rum always seemed to squeeze a little more in after a few solid thrusts. Once he was satisfied that he was as deep as he could go for the time being, he settled into a steady rhythmic thrust and parry as though he was practising his fencing. It was a lovely sensation to be rocked to and fro whilst being stuffed full of cock. I lay on my back and reached up to hold my equine lover, putting my arms as far up his sides as I could.

I had nothing to grip and my arms were not long enough to reach all the way round so I could draw myself to him, but the knowledge that I could hold him, and caress him as he made love to me, was probably the thing that made it for me. I could reach up and hold him or I could rest on my elbows and press my face into the warm soft horse hair of his under side. He smelled so nice and musty, I wanted to stay there close to his body. It was not to be though. My arms got tired and I had to lie back down. Rum did not stop. I am not even sure that he had noticed my holding him and being close. He just kept marching right on, making me more and more dizzy as my body took the punishment and my brain told me it was ecstasy.

I do not know how long we had been at it before I had my first orgasm. If Robert had been there he would have told me as each five minutes went past but I was alone with my horse and he could not talk, even if he could tell the time. The orgasm hit me squarely between the legs and rushed up my spine filling my head with happiness and tears. The second one was close on its heels and I had them regularly for what seemed like hours after that. I kind of regretted that there was no one else to see what I was doing and how much fun it was. I did not feel that I could trust any one enough to tell them about my adventures, so they all went unwitnessed.

In actual fact I was only with Rum for a little over an hour in total. I think that I had seven or eight orgasms before he came. As usual he filled me to overflowing and I felt his hot juice flow in to every crack and cranny in my body. He usually shot about six times and each load was enough to fill me.

I was totally drained of energy after the final orgasm and I just lay on the bales trying to regain some strength. The horse just stood over me like a large statue, as though he had gone to sleep. His penis was still inside me and remained there, thick and unbending. It was as though he was contemplating a second bout in the ring. My ring, the one that he had already stretched to the limit. The ring that I now found ached to distraction. But the ache was so pleasant and I welcomed it like an old friend. I let the horse stand over me as I thought about whether I could manage another round. I must have thought too long and not been quick enough to make my decision, as Rum started to shrink and then, he dropped out and his penis retreated into his sheath.

I lay for a little longer while the extended opening between my legs stopped throbbing. Then I shoved Rum to the side so that I could rise and dress. As I stood the remainder of Rum's sperm flowed out of me and down my legs. Still warm, and quite fragrant, I felt then that, yes I would like another session but I was not about to start all over again from scratch. Besides, it had been dark for over an hour so it must have gone eleven p.m. Time for bed.

I slept like a log and woke up with the pounding on my door, as my mother tried to tell me it was time to get up. I rose quickly and after a quick meal I dashed off for work. I was only a little late and I am sure that nobody noticed. I did what I had to for the horses and then went to find Elaine to suggest that we went riding together. I found her with the dogs but she had her cloths on this time. She readily agreed and as soon as we could we saddled up and rode out together onto the forest. We had not intended to have another sexual tete a tete but that is how it ended up.

It started off by my apologising for giving her such a shock about the dogs. From there it went to my

enquiry about how it was with dogs and then we ended up being so hot and randy that we just had to release some steam. It only took a short while and we did not get carried away as we had the first time but it ended with Elaine asking me to come and sample the wares of the canine fraternity for myself.

That night at about eight I went down to the kennels to find Elaine. She was nowhere to be seen but there was a certain amount of commotion inside one of the kennels. I walked over quietly and peered in. It was dark inside despite the sun still shining in the west. I could not see, but evidently Elaine could and I heard her gasp as my head entered the door. I suppose that it must have been a shock to her to see a head and then think that your secret had been discovered. She scolded me briefly and then told me to hurry up in, so as not to be seen by others. The kennel was one of the spare ones that did not normally have an owner, but it was well decked out with bedding, human not dog, and there was a neat pile of Elaine's cloths in one corner.

The actual kennel buildings had been made quite big because the dogs often slept two or three to a bed, so though it was quite a tight fit for Elaine, me and a dog, it was not so tight that we could not move around. The main restriction was from height not from horizontal space. I crawled in and lay down next to Elaine. As my eyes adjusted I saw that she was naked and there was one of the dogs, as opposed to a bitch in the dark with us. It looked as though she had only just settled down for some fun as the dog was still sniffing the air, homing in to the source of the interesting scent. I watched as the doggie nose slowly homed in and found the centre of attraction. By the time that the nose was home I could see quite well.

Elaine was lying on her back on a pile of blankets and old cloths. She told me later that the blankets had come in after the army took our collection away and the original owner had left them anyway in case the army came back. Beside her was a couple of old feather pillows. I presumed that they were for her head so she could see what the dog was doing. Never was I more wrong.

The dog, called Matt, started to lick at Elaine's pussy. I could see his long tongue lapping at her as though she had milk or honey between her legs. As I watched Elaine gave me a running commentary of what it felt like and how good it was. I did not need any convincing as I could just imagine what that tongue felt like.

Lying beside her I realised that I did not have the best of views and so I endeavoured to turn around so I could get a better look. It was not easy but I managed it without causing too much disturbance. Now I could see Matt curl his tongue and lick from her anus right up across her clitoris. It seemed to penetrate right into her. I watched for a few moments and then inched closer. The dog stopped momentarily and licked my face a couple of times but Elaine's pussy was much more interesting to him and he resumed his washing of her lips and buttocks. I just had to ask how deep he went and I was surprised by the answer.

First she asked me to help her place the pillows under her buttocks. This done she then told me that not only did he seem to fill her pussy all the way but he was able to insert his tongue into her anus and lick there as well. I thought that normally it was quite difficult to enter through the anus, even with a finger or some other hard object so how could a dog get his soft, flexible tongue into such a tight hole. I found out later when Matt had a go at me. Such a lucky dog. We were lucky girls too. It is not many girls who can say that they have had a partner who could fuck for an hour and cum for twenty minutes non stop. Matt could. Then he could service a second partner within a few minutes of the first and do it all again to the same extent.

Matt lay on the blankets between Elaine's legs and licked and licked for all he was worth. I do not think he had any notion that there was anything else to do. He would have carried on licking until

his tongue dropped off, he got hungry or he died. It was as much as half an hour that he licked and he only stopped because Elaine called him to clime over her. I saw her have several orgasms, but they were all quite mild. She seemed to retain control all the time.

He stood up and then I saw that he had a bright red penis pocking out from the normal hairy sheath. If a dog's penis is normally about five to six inches long then erect it grows to double that. It looks angry and hot but that did not worry Elaine. As Matt started to step up and over her body between her legs, Elaine reached down and stroking his tummy as he moved up her body, she grasped his penis when it came in reach. Matt stopped moving and just stood over her. It was as though he was afraid that his penis would be pulled off if he moved. Elaine directed his penis to her vagina and I watched as she slipped the end between her lips. Then she let go and left Matt to his own devices as it were.

He stood over her as though he was not sure what to do. Elaine wriggled a little to adjust the position of her body and then lay still. Matt must have thought that the wriggle was the signal to start. He lunged forward and started to fuck like the piston from a steam engine. He started with just a few inches going in but more and more seemed to get pushed in with each stroke. The hairy sheath was pushed back and then I noticed a small round bulge at the base of his penis. I did not think anything of this to start with. So a dog has a bulge, but it started to grow and each thrust brought it closer to Elaine's tender, sopping, wet hole. Soon it was squashed against Elaine's pussy lips and I began to worry that the dog would force it into her. I did not think I would have minded it, after all I had had a horse up mine. That had been painful at first. But Elaine as far as I knew had only had Robert and I wanted to warn her about this immanent intrusion. I need not have bothered.

"Oh good." she said. "that is the best bit." She then went on to tell me how the dog uses that lump to lock himself to his partner so she can not escape. He then fucks her for half an hour or more while cumming most of the time and filling her with his hot juice. I thought that it was most extraordinary, until I actually saw it happen. The knot as I later discovered it was called penetrated Elaine's Vagina and then as though it was a ball on a stick seemed to slide up and down a short distance on Matt's penis so he could still thrust with it in her. It was not long before Elaine let out a grow and exclaimed that Matt was cumming in her. This was when I found that he could cum for all of twenty minutes, I was amazed. Robert could never do this. I was beginning to think that maybe humans were not the best lovers for us girls after all.

When Elaine and her canine lover were finished, Matt wandered off to the corner of the kennel and started to lick his balls. Elaine just lay there panting. I lent over her and kissed her on the lips. I thanked her for the demonstration and asked when I could have a go. Right now, came the reply as she told me Matt would be good for another go. I did not believe that he could do it all again with only about five minutes rest, but once I had got my clothes off and put them next to Elaine's, Matt was called over and I was put to testing his ability. He did fine. As I stripped Elaine went over to Matt and stroked him. She told me to lie on the blankets with my bottom on the pillows so that they were higher than the rest of me. When this was done she led Matt over to me and showed him where to look. I have found this with dogs, they do not know what it is you want until you show them. Then they can get on with it on their own.

Matt set to with licking at my pussy. His tongue which was all rough seemed to start each lick at the top of my buttocks, pass down between them until he reached my anus. Then the first part of his tongue, the bit closest to his mouth, seemed to drag on my anus and the pointed tip then sort of flicked in to the opening as it formed. Then he thrust some more of his tongue in as the first part moved on to my pussy. At my pussy the whole thing repeated except that more of his tongue went in and deeper. Then finally he would finish each lick by dragging his tongue up and over my clitoris and into my pubic hair. It was incredible. I was instantly hooked on dog licking but I have to say that

a horse will beat them every time for a fuck. The size of a horse will beat everything except for a whale or an elephant maybe. I have never tried either though I have a distant relation who has I understand had a dolphin. From what my grandson said, it was an accident but one that apparently saved her life. I would love to hear the truth about it and to find out if they are any good at it. She must be a very lucky girl, I have only seen a dolphin in the wild on one occasion, but she has fucked one. I wonder if she would like to try a horse or a dog.

When Matt started to fuck me it was good, his staying power was quite something, but I did not have to worry about the knot. It slipped into me quite easily, probably due to my having been stretched by Rum. I would not say that he locked us together with this thing but he did not slip out until he had finished. There for I can conclude that it worked. At the time I preferred horses to dogs for a fuck, but dogs have the benefit of a good lick. Now I am too old for horses and dogs are my only mates. Max my current friend is quite good. He is only young, about four I think but he has learned well.

So now you know how I mastered my third species and there is not too much more to tell about this part of my life. Chapter 10 will be the last one in this story, but I may yet have time to recount some of the events in my later life. I have also been asked to right a piece of fiction based on the older traditions of the Brazilian Mardi Gras. Keep tuned to this station.

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## **Chapter 10**

If one is deprived of ones proper mode of entertainment, then one tends to look for alternatives that are not always quite the right thing for you, and as a result, if prolonged use is sustained one can develop a fixation. This is sort of what happened to Elaine. She spent more and more time with the dogs and she was always finding reasons to go to them and be "entertained". She developed a jealousy toward me so that it came to the point that I could not approach the dogs or even talk to her about her problem. Consequently after about a month or two after first discovering the delights of canine sex, I found that this pleasure was denied me. This was not of any real consequence to me as I still had Rum, who was quite happy to give me what I wanted at almost any time. Apart from when I had my period I would fuck him about twice a week. I had time to experiment too so I was able to come up with a few new positions and make developments on existing ones.

The main discovery that I made was how to have Rum so that he came at me from behind. A full grown horse stands above 14.1/2 hands. If a hand is four inches this makes him, or her, 58 inches at the shoulder. Just under five feet. This implies that a woman of say 5 feet six, my height, should be able to bend at the waist and make a fine target for an amorous horse to enter. This is not true. The belly of a horse, even at seventeen hands, is still less than three feet off the ground, so the penis has to bend upwards to make its mark. If one stands, legs straight, then the required target is too high. If one stands, legs bent, then one gets tired quickly from remaining in a difficult position. Additional to this is the fact that for a human to stand bent over and have a horse enter from behind, it is practically impossible to retain ones balance. A firm base needs to be found and one should be supported on all fours, this reduces substantially, the chance of being bowled over at the first thrust. However if one is on hands and knees then the required orifice is placed a scant fourteen inches from the ground. Far too low for the twenty four inch penis to make a good entrance. So how does one come to a compromise? The answer is the trusty bale.

At the stables where I worked bales were one foot by two feet by four feet. We did not have these round bales all rapped in plastic. Come to that we did not have plastic very much. Everything was bakelite and that was never developed into thin films like polythene. I digress.



Anyway the trusty bale can be positioned three ways. On end, on its side or on its face. If it is on its end it is not much good for anything as it is four feet high and unless you are nine feet tall, well I leave it for you to imagine such endowment. This leaves two possibilities. The first is on its side which is what I had for the first successful entry from behind when I was draped over the bale with my arms and legs hanging down on either side. Really great if the bale is covered with a blanket to stop the straw digging in but one does not have much mobility. You can not reach round to guide, stroke or fondle your assailant. You also have very limited choice in how you can adjust your position, if it should turn out that you are uncomfortable. The second possibility is if the bale is on its face, as I had it the first successful time after Robert left, when I had two or three stacked in a fashion to provide two levels. This was one for my body and one for my legs. You can reach your partner quite well, and even watch to some extent but again mobility is limited to a shuffle or twist. If you try much more than this you will probably break the bond as the horse will not know what you are doing and won't follow your lead.

The main new position that I found was with one bale laid flat and I climbed onto it and had the service while on my hands and knees. I had to brace myself against being pushed over with each thrust but I found that I not only could reach properly but I also had mobility. Is this all clear to you? I wonder if I should add some diagrams. Maybe at the end. I would love to include photos but I do not have any and we do not have a scanner anyway. I will think about this. It would probably be worth investing in a scanner as my grandson is good with a pencil and could probably draw something convincing. How do you e-mail a picture?

When I discovered this possibility I was up in the hay loft crawling around over the remaining bales trying to determine how many we had. It was while I was horizontal, that it occurred to me that I was in a perfect position for my trusty steed to have me. I wanted to try it out at once, but it being mid morning I decided that it would have to wait until a more appropriate time. That time came that night. I could not let it take any longer than that, I had been searching for this position for months and now I thought I had it. If only I could have worked it out before Robert left. Well if I had I may not have had quite so much fun trying things out, but I would have been far less frustrated.

When I went to Rum that night, I set everything up as I thought I wanted it, and then I stripped. I went through the usual ritual of stroking and hand grooming his back and sides, followed by attention to his legs and belly. Finally I took his member in my hands and using my softest touch I stroked his penis along its full length. Once he was up to size I inserted his head into my mouth and sucked for a short while.

Then, after applying the necessary Vaseline to the both of us, I turned over and kneeling on a single bale of straw I reached back for his shaft to put it in me. I found that I could manage quite well and with a little juggling I inserted about half an inch into my pussy. I do not know how Rum always seemed to know when it was my mouth and when it was my pussy. He very rarely thrust into my mouth but he always thrust into my cunt. I can only think that he could see me and knew how it worked.

Horses have a very wide peripheral vision.

This was the first time that I found I could move around a little with Rum in me and change positions in relation to him. I could raise my hips or lower them, I could move back onto him or move away. I found that I could shift sideways so that I was directly under him instead of always being a little to one side, normally the left.

So I experimented with different variations on the position. I ended up directly under him with my bum stuck up as high as I could get it and I was hanging on to his fore legs as he rocked. The

proportion of penetration that he got with each thrust was not as much as we had enjoyed in other positions, but I found that I could control the depth that he went and the length of his thrust to quite a large degree. This made the session last much longer.

Of course this is what every girl wants with her lover. A long session where she is in control. I have found with many men (not all my own experience) that they are only interested in getting in and shooting off. It is very sad but it is true. The pleasure of sex comes with the duration and the skill of pacing it. I was with Rum for about three hours that night and we must have had sex for about half of that.

Because of my new found mobility I found that I could stop the session and restart again without letting Rum come. This gave me a chance to rest but at the same time I could monitor Rum's progress and get him quickly into me if I felt he was getting irritable because the sex had stopped.

However there comes a time when one finds that one can hold back destiny no longer. The pressures of Rum's shaft and my own excitement eventually got the better of me and I had to let go of Rum's legs. I think my arms gave out as much as anything. I ended up on my knees and shoulders, with my buttocks sticking up in the air, under this strapping great horse which was pumping his rod into me. I wish I could have seen what it looked like. I think it would have been very erotic. Come to that, I wish I had shared my style of pleasure with other people sooner, I have missed out on advice and mutual enjoyment. I think I would have loved to watch another girl being had by a horse such as Rum. Does any body have pictures of girls with horses.

Rum and I were lovers for about three years. As for the dogs, I was able to have them only after Elaine left to get married, this was in 1941. I did not realise until she did get married that she had been having this young lad on the side for all of five years. And Robert and me and the dogs. She was an insatiable girl. They stayed in the village but neither of them ever came back to the stables while I was still there. When she departed she took one of the puppies that had been born the previous year. Presumably it was one of her favourites and it knew how to please her. The way she went on about the dogs, I can not imagine her going without dog sex.

Their house was blasted by lightning in 1965 in a most horrendous storm and they both died in the subsequent fire. I saw them both on a number of occasions both during and after the war but we spoke only rarely. I think Elaine really enjoyed being wife and mother to her family and once she had children she had no time for anyone else.

I missed her when she left as I then became the last of the pre war stable hands. I had no body to talk to for about a month and then some German POWs were brought in to help with things in the area. Each farm had about five or six of them and the stables received two. They were Clous and Gunter and though they spoke only a little English they picked the work up well. They were never allowed to ride so I had to do all that, but they were good at mucking out and cleaning the tackle. Gunter and I got quite close but the guards would come to take them away at about four thirty in the afternoon so I never had a chance to make love to him. Shame. He was a very striking young man and I thought very polite.

So, I was left in charge of the dogs and the horses, having all the exercising of the animals and most of anything that had to be done outside of the hours of nine to four thirty. It was a difficult time for everybody but I still had all the sex I needed. Things went very smoothly. The fields that we did not use very often were turned over to other farmers for the war effort and they were used to grow potatoes and cabbages. Again it was the Germans who planted and harvested and the home office sent people over from the main store places to collect the crops. In that first couple of years of the

war, life seemed to be very good except that most food was rationed and the rations got worse as time went by. Things that everybody thought there was plenty of at the beginning soon proved to be in short supply, and were added to the list of things we had to buy with coupons.

Enough of this, I was telling you about the stables. The next thing that really changed my life happened in early 1942. I was still sixteen, my birthday being in early June. It was during a sunny February morning and everybody had been out to watch the spitfires dog fighting with the Germans over the forest. The planes had flown off toward London and so we had gone back to our work. I am not really sure what happened, except that there were two very loud explosions in close succession. Everyone ran out of whatever building they were in, to see what had happened. I was down at the dog's kennels and I could tell from the direction of the sound that it had not been by the stables, but I ran up to the house and stables anyway, once the shower of muck and debris subsided. Most of the people there had thought that a bomb had been dropped on one of the buildings, but we all had been lucky. Two bombs had been dropped by a plane and they both had gone off just at the cross roads next to the stables.

I later heard that it had been a German plane that had been shot at by a spitfire, and in trying to flee, the pilot had jettisoned his load, two 2000 lb. bombs in order to gain better speed. I do not know how it works, that is just what I heard. The area was crawling with army officials taking measurements and statements for about five days afterwards.

The shapes of the bomb craters are still visible if you know where and what to look for, but after over fifty years of new woodland growth and occasional land fill the scars are only just visible. Anyway what am I trying to get at here? As you can imagine, everyone was scared out of their wits until they worked out that nobody had been injured. However the animals were even more frightened. Most of the mares and geldings were easily soothed but Rum was a little more flighty than the rest and after he had managed to break his tether, he bolted. He jumped over the stables gate, into the road and galloped off toward the main road. I did not see him go, I just had to report to Mr Rice that Rum was missing.

We assumed that he had gone into the road, as he would not have been able to get out of the stables area in any other direction, without passing me as I came up from the kennels. Mr Rice got the van out and he and I went in search of our missing horse. We found him about three miles away. He had been hit by a lorry that was going in the opposite direction. The lorry had bad brakes and the dumb horse had not had the sense to get out of the way. He was lying in the middle of the road, quite calm by the time that we found him, and the lorry driver was trying to soothe him. There was a lot of blood. Mr Rice told me to stay with the animal and the lorry driver while he went to get the police.

As I stroked Rum to comfort him I found that he had at least three broken ribs and a broken leg. I knew then that there was only one end to this. The police man eventually arrived on his bicycle and I told him what I thought about Rum's condition. A doctor arrived a few moments later. He was able to confirm my three ribs and another two besides. By this time Rum was having difficulty breathing and he was losing a lot of blood from his mouth and nostrils. None of this could be healed in those days, well maybe the ribs, but it turned out that there was a punctured lung. So Rum had to be shot. The broken leg was the main reason for this. It would have been impossible to fix that. But with everything else there was no chance.

Those bombs made me lose my lover. I found that I thought about Rum every time I went to work, every time I went into the stable block where he had lived, every time I exercised the other horses and every time it grew dark. I cried for hours that day and again on many subsequent days when I thought about us. I eventually overcame my grief, and was able to get on with the work, but I had lost interest, and so soon after my seventeenth birthday I told Mr Rice that I would be leaving to

become a nurse.

I knew that there was nothing I could have done to help Rum once he had escaped, but it flitted through my head that if I had been in the yard when the bomb had gone off I could have stopped Rum's flight. Well maybe. We shall never know. He may have listened to me, he may not.

Well that is how I came to leave me employment at the stables in Fairwarp, and here ends the episode of my life that introduced me to animal love. From here I went to nursing school for a short time until I was shipped out to the Mediterranean to Gibraltar. I worked in a hospital there for a year and a bit. I met a man who I fell in love with. He was a navy captain who had had his ship sunk under him. He was retired from service because of his injuries. I fell down a flight of stairs during a very hot spell in the summer of 43 and it turned out that we were both shipped home on the same boat. We got married as soon as we both were well enough and had two children. These were born by the time I was 21 and my husband and I bought a field and a couple of horses after the war and set up a new riding school in Kent. As it happened it was only about twelve miles from the village I had grown up in and I often went down there to see Mr Rice and his horses.

He had expanded his stables to three blocks of six stalls and now had fifteen horses. There were seven mares, four geldings and four stallions, all of them fine animals. Mr Rice offered me a job as soon as he saw me but as I had my own concern by then I had to turn him down. We stayed in contact for many years, until he retired. I bought most of my first stock off him as I built my school up from the first two horses.

I was unable to make love to a horse between my leaving Mr Rice's stables and my starting my own place in 1947 after the children were born. First there was no way of having a horse in nursing school, then in Gibraltar there are or were very few horses anyway and when I moved back to England I spent so much time thinking I was in love that I hardly thought about a horse and the good times I had had. Following that we had children and my time was taken up nursing them until they were weaned.

When the youngest was just over a year, I thought about it again and I convinced my lovely husband that I needed something more than just house work to keep me busy. He instantly agreed to a stables. No questions asked. He knew that I had been a stable hand before I became a nurse, so I suppose he thought it was only natural that I should want to do something that I was well versed in the workings of. I did not inform him of my sexual intentions toward these equine purchases.

He bought the land with his pension money, about an acre, and I bought the first horses, a stallion called Domino and a mare called Beth, with what savings I had. The whole lot cost us one hundred and eighty pounds, seven shillings and three pence, Old money. That is thirty six new pence instead of shillings and pence. Any body under thirty wont remember the old money. It went out of circulation in 73 I think.

Well now I was in my own business I could go back to my love of horses. My husband joined the railway and worked shifts so I was able to have my stallion every other week while he was on the late shift. I could not do it if he was at home of course and I could not do it during the day in case a client came, but I was very happy with what I got.

I had to train the new horses but it did not take very long. The mare took a bit longer than the stallion because she was not willing to entertain any sexual contact unless she was in oestrus. At least at first. After about five or so episodes she came around to my advances and would accept my love any day. I only ever licked her and stroked her clitoris. One should never put fingers and things into a female horse as the wall of the vagina is very sensitive and fingernails can hurt. Of course a

penis is all right.

Many of you will probably be asking how can I find a horse to make my lover. Well it has always been my intention to pass on information about choosing a horse and how to win them over. I shall deal mainly with stallions and put in comment about mares as I go along. Most of what I have to say applies to both.

There are two ways to choose a horse for your sex needs. The first is to go regularly to a stables near you and work as a voluntary hand. You will get to meet all the horses and have time to get to know them. The more work you put in the sooner the owners and riders will get to know you and the sooner you may be given a job of responsibility. This will be the beginning of the time when the owners will feel competent enough in your ability to leave you alone for a while. It will not come easy and will take time, but for many it will be the only way as it now costs horrendous amount of money to own your own horse. when you are confident that you are not going to be interrupted every five minutes by a worried owner, you can start to see if the horse you have chosen could be right for you.

First thing to look for is, does the horse like you? If the horse puts his ears back flat, it means he/she is not impressed with you or what you are doing. If you see this stop what you are doing and step back. If the horse persists with this action leave and come back to him/her later. There are three things you need to watch at all times. The ears are an indicator of the horse's mood. Flat and back is bad, forward and up is good. Judge the degree of good or bad by the angle in between the maximum and minimum. Do not worry if the ears are up but swivelled the wrong way round, it just means that the horse is listening.

The other two things to watch for are hooves and teeth. These are the things that can do the damage and cause a lot of pain. If you ever receive the punishment that these can give it is because you have not taken notice of the ears. There are four hooves, obvious you may think, but any one of them can get you if you are standing beside the horse. They kick, and can break a leg. If you fall they can trample you which could end in you death though this is very rare. There is not much you can do if you get kicked.

The teeth bite, hard, but usually it is just very painful and does not course a lot of damage. Normally you would end up with a bruise that lasts about two weeks and will be a nasty purple and brown colour. If you get bitten, again you have not taken note of what the ears are telling you, but you can do something about it. If a horse bites you bite it back. The base of the ear is good, other wise try the root of the tail or the soft skin between the nostrils. Bite hard, the horse can take a lot more pain than you can, but do not try to bite lumps out. Firstly you do not want to damage the horse, it is not yours.

Secondly it is pointless trying because you wont be able to. Just tell the horse who is boss, you are, a horse will respect you if you fight back and inflict pain. It will also learn that you are higher in the pecking order than it is. Never try to hurt a horse if it has not hurt you first. It is counter productive to your relationship. If you are thrown by a horse and hurt it does not count. It means that your horse has not gained enough confidence in you to do what you were telling it to do. You need to work harder in your relationship.

The second method of getting a lover horse is to buy one. Get lots of advice and buy a young horse that has been broken, unless you know how and have the time to break it in yourself. You could go for a foal in which case you will be able to run up a really good relationship, but you will have to wait for a couple of years for the animal to come of age and be sexually active. Young foals may look as though they know how to use their equipment but the display is usually a method of cooling down in hot weather or they have just had a pee. Mare foals do this too. The sign of sexual acceptance from a

mare is that they flap their vaginal lips at you, this is called winking, because that is what it looks like. But they will do this just after having a pee and so it can be very confusing. In the case of just having had a pee it is a method of drying the pussy lips and so reducing the chance of irritation and soreness.

It would be better to buy a three or four year old and train him/her to your own needs. Horses are generally quite intelligent and are capable of learning until they die. I would say that they are more intelligent than dogs but they are more highly strung too, so teaching may take longer, but they can learn more.

Watch you prospective buy for a long while, at least two or three hours. See how it moves. Is there a rhythm? Is there any sign of previous injury or illness? Ask a vet if you are not sure. Does the coat shine? It should if the horse has been properly groomed and looked after. Does the horse hold his head high and does he look alert? A horse will not hold its head up all the time of course, but the horse should never hang its head below the horizontal unless he/she is feeding. Horses are herd animals they live in a group, they are also herbivores and so can be prey for large predators. They like to keep a watch out for predators, so they hold their heads up high in order to see any advancing danger, this could include you, so a horse that does not hold its head up has lost interest in life. Steer clear of it.

Watch for the exposing of the penis. This is after all what you are buying the horse for. Do not settle for goods unseen. Nearly all horses will sport something between twenty and twenty six inches. (500 - 650 mm) Some of the miniatures will have less, i.e. Shetlands etc. The length is not so important, it is the thickness that is important. Try for a horse that is modest in thickness, to begin with. You will not find many horses that are less than two inches thick at the head of the penis. This is quite enough to start with. What type of penis does your horse have is it the same thickness all the way along or does it get thicker toward the hind legs? Some horses can be as much as five inches at the root of the penis. What shape is the penis? I had one horse who though not as well endowed as Rum had a penis that reached its thickest about half way along and stayed that thick right into the body.

This meant that once I had ten or so inches in me I also had the thickest part in me. If a horse is five + inches thick at this point then it will injure you if you are a novice. Start with a penis that is two to two and a half inches thick all the way along. If you look after your horse he will stay healthy and so will not be difficult to sell and buy another one later. Some horses have a penis head that is four inches thick. This is like a battering ram as it enters unless you are well used to this size.

As I said before it is expensive to buy a horse. There is the horse itself, feed, stabling, bedding, medication, grazing land, and a whole load of other little things that need to be paid for. The choice is yours, the helping hand way, cheap but not so convenient. Or the buy method, expensive but you have the convenience of your own facilities and therefore privacy.

So now you have a horse. the first thing is to get to know your animal. Talk to him when ever you are within talking distance. He will appreciate the company especially if he is on his own when you are not there. I said before that they are herd animals. If he is all alone then you become his herd. Horses need the comfort of others. It does not matter what you say to him as long as you talk. Talk about shopping, cleaning the house, going to the pub or you latest accomplishments in command and conquer. It does not even matter if you are cross when you talk. Horses get irritable too so he will know that you have had a bad day. Just keep a little distance between you and him while you are irritable so he knows that it is not directed at him.

You never know he may walk over to you and try to comfort you by nuzzling at you. If you are close to your animal then be nice to him. Talk calmly and pet him as you talk. Grooming is a good activity

for talking, and when you groom the only parts you should miss with the brushes are his anus, testicles, penis and mussel. However be very careful with any part of his face and I would recommend that you get a much softer brush for the face. Grooming should take place daily and last about an hour minimum. Do not stint, twice a day would not go down badly, but if you leave you horse out at night or the stables are not heated then you should not try to take out the grease that lies in the fir.

This is what keeps him warm. Just remove the dust and dirt. If you have you horse out side at night then you should build him a shelter so that he can get out of the rain if he wants, or at least give him a coat to ware. I have always provided heating for my horses as it gives many advantages to your love life. If you are interested in sex with a mare then grooming is where you should start. Once you know your horse, at the end of a grooming session, stroke her rump. Watch the ears. Play with her anus first. This will get her used to you playing in that area. You should insert a finger either with short well manicured nails or in a well lubricated rubber glove. K.Y. jelly is best. If she accepts the finger in the anus, the next day you could try your fist.

Same thing, manicured nails or rubber glove. Watch the ears and go very slowly. Do not force your way in. she will relax and let you in if she is going to permit entrance. Vets used to use this method when checking for abnormalities in equine pregnancy. Be very careful, I have seen vets with broken arms from doing this. If the fist goes in you can try to see how far up you can go but be sensitive about it, and it is not essential, you could miss this out. Feel what it is like in there so as not to push against something and cause her pain.

Next try a finger in rubber glove with K.Y. jelly (do not miss this and a finger without the glove is out) slowly into the vagina. Again watch the ears and get out quick if she reacts badly. If this is all right then go ahead with your tongue. Just remember once you are in there with your tongue you can no longer see the ears. No warning if it does not work. If you are a man then you can introduce you penis at this stage. Be gentle at first and build up to your crescendo. At least you can watch the ears from this position.

Apart from talking, you should ride you horse. Exercise is essential for good health. It is not good enough to just run him round on a leading rein. He will get bored and fed up with life. If you can not ride you will have to learn. Teach him as many tricks as you can. Most horses love it. Reward him for good work. Food is best, sweet ripe apples are good, never green unripe ones, but remember that if you keep feeding him he will get fat. Never give sugar lumps. Alternatives are a good stroking and tell him how much you love him, and mean it, they can tell by the tone of your voice. A cuddle is good.

Wrap your arms round his neck and hug him do not squeeze, you do not want to throttle him. I had a horse once called rhubarb, that loved to play football (soccer). I introduced the game to him and he was quite adept, if he did not tread on the ball. Use a large soft ball that is easy to repair. Bright colours are good if you introduce them to the ball slowly. Do not just pick the ball up out of a bag and throw it at him.

First day leave it in the corner of the stable building where he can see it as he comes and goes, maybe show him where it is. Pick it up hold it, make sure that he has seen it and then put it back. Second day have the ball in his field. He will see it and recognise it. The third day while he is in the field, kick the ball around a little but make sure that he is on the other side of the field. He will probably watch what you are doing and may come to investigate. If he does stop kicking the ball, offer it to him and put it down in front of him.

He will probably sniff at it and loose interest. Fourth day repeat the third day, if he came to you the

third day but not on the fourth then go a little closer to him. You can go closer and closer, day by day, until you actually play foot ball around him. When he is used to this try gently tapping the ball toward his hooves. When I did it, it was an accident but he put his hoof in front of it and it bounced off. He followed and from then on we had regular games of pass the ball. Give your horse an interesting time. They have the intelligence of a baby but they love attention and simple games, like babies do.

Once you are friends with your horse you can think about sex with him. He probably shows you his penis every time you groom his tummy and get close to his genitals. It is at the end of the grooming that you should make the first move. If it is hanging down take hold of his penis and stroke it softly. Watch the ears. Stop if he does not like it. If he does like it keep doing it until he cums. Do not stop half way there and leave him. You will make him cranky and he will get upset quickly next time you try. Do this several times on different days until you think you can judge his mood without looking at his ears. Now you will be able to give him a blow job.

If you are going to have a long lasting and meaningful relationship with your horse, there is one thing that you will need to do regularly and this is why you should have a heated stable. You will need to wash him. At least once a week. It will stop you getting filthy from the dust that he collects in his fur. And it will keep him more healthy than just grooming as it will help to remove parasites from his fur and skin. Most animals including humans have these things but if you wash often you can keep them down to a minimum. The other thing is that his penis will get a coating of salt crust behind the penis head, from when he has a pee. This needs to be removed, for his health and so as not to infect you. It is no worse than anything you find with humans.

Wash the penis with a soft damp cloth and warm water, the rest of him can be washed with the grooming brushes. Probably twice a week is enough but daily is better for you. You do not want to put his penis in your mouth or pussy and find it has a crust of scratchy, smelly, urine salt on it. If you find that you are successful with your oral stimulation of his member then you can try the full intercourse. Good luck There are a few other things that I should tell you about your choice of horse. Miniatures are great if you want to stay firmly in the ground. You can kneel on all fours under him and he will be able to service you without your having to arrange bales of straw etc. they are generally easier to manage because they are smaller than you, though they still give a hefty kick or bite. There is less of them to care for. they eat less, and they are easier to exercise. Against miniatures is that their members are generally small compared to other horses. However they make a great introduction for the beginner.

Full size horses are of course bigger. They take a lot of care, food, and time. They are better for riding, unless you are a beginner, and there is more variety in size shape and height. Both in body and member. They sell better as not so many people want miniatures. Well are you still with me? If so well done. Now I come to the down points, some of which are very down.

Since I started writing this autobiography I have discovered that horse sex can kill you! It depends on what you do and how often. A horse penis is a strong piece of meat used by a strong animal. It is possible to have the horse push his penis through your vaginal wall and into your anal tract, the colon. This is very painful, can cause serious infection, and is difficult to explain to your doctor. It can do worse. I have recently heard of a lady who was killed by her horse when he thrust through her vaginal wall into her stomach cavity.

If your vagina can take say twelve inches, there is still as much not in you yet when you have taken you fill of horse meat. If he thrusts again then he could split you and he could reach your heart with his penis. This is what happened to the case I heard about. The solar plexus got torn and she died



unable to breath. The solar plexus is the muscle that makes us breath. If it is damaged, we stop breathing. Death. Now that I have terrified you all I can say that this woman was practising an extreme sort of horse sex and it is not likely to happen to you. The matter will be the subject of my next story as someone has requested that I write about it. I am doing the research now. The story will be called "Belly Rider", watch out for it in a few weeks.

Back to the matter in hand, mouth or pussy. Gentlemen, if you decide to make love to a mare there is little that can happen to you that I have not already mentioned. Ladies, if you make love to a stallion there is a lot that can and probably will happen to you. Your vagina will stretch. I can easily take a litre bottle into my vagina i.e. a water bottle. It will fit nicely bar the last two inches, the neck and filler cap, I could forget that it is there. If I push it in I can make it disappear but it starts to hurt.

It is possible that you could end up incontinent. This has not happened to me but I was very well looked after when I had my children and I found that the exercises that you are told to do after giving birth, worked well to keep me dry.

You may get cancer of the vaginal tract or uterus due to the over sized member that you are introducing. If you receive a tear or other damage during intercourse it could result in this. It is similar to sex for under age girls where the vagina has not developed properly yet. It is very likely that you will end up with digestive problems i.e. collapsed colon, miss placed small intestine, ruptured vagina as I have already mentioned, chronic constipation, and many other things. With such a large item being introduced into your body some things will have to move to make way. On more than one occasion I have felt my lovers penis pressing outward, in my stomach, about level with my tummy button. Get a tape measure and work out how long it is from your vaginal opening to your belly button. Would eleven to twelve inches be about right? A horse will probably fill you with fourteen inches before long if you do it often, and it has to go somewhere. Kidneys get moved, innards get ruptured moved or squashed and all this can end in permanent injury.

I am 74 now and I am just managing to prevent my doctor from having me in hospital, so he can remove my vagina, uterus, ovaries, two feet of my small intestine and a length of my horizontal colon. I have not had a horse sexually for about fifteen years now but this goes to show that a lot of the damage done is irreparable by your own body.

Having said that I will also say that I am glad that I have done it and I would not change a thing except the fact that I never told anybody about it before this. My children and grandchildren excepted. Though I did not tell them until I had lost my husband. My grandchildren I did not tell until they were sixteen. My grandson peter is the only one who is interested. I do not expect my children to show interest now but maybe my grandchildren will come round to it when they are a little older.

Talking of children, I had my two before I was twenty two. I wanted to have a third when I was twenty five but nothing came. When I went to my doctor, he told me that I would never have another child. He said that my vagina had not set back to its proper place after the last one and this made it impossible. I did not tell him that I made love to horses but on the other hand I did not need him, to tell me that that was the cause.

If you have sex with a large well endowed horse on a regular bases, you will end up after a few years, not being able to have children. Think about it before you start. Once you have lost that opportunity it is impossible to repair and costly to have I.V.F. treatment, which is not guaranteed anyway. Do not let this stop you all together, just make sure that either you do not want children at all, ever, or that you have had them before you get too damaged to have them. How soon would one get damaged. It could happen the first time you do it. I can not tell.

I think this is everything I need to tell you. I have enjoyed the memories and the recounting of my experiences. Some of you have written expressing disbelief. I can assure you that it is all true to the best of my memory. Some of the facts and human descriptions have been changed to hide the identity of the person so as not to upset members of their families. I have had to improvise in making the dialogue that is supposed to have passed between one member of the story and another.

I am not so clever that I could remember exact words from fifty years ago. As for the places I have not changed much. You can go see the bomb crater and the village of Fairwarp in East Sussex, England. I think you will find people who remember the war and the stables as they were and the house that got struck by lightning. In the grave yard of Fairwarp church you will find a grave marked "To Charles James Thorne" he owned the farm that was next to our stables. I used to go to him to get the milk and butter for my family. He had a daughter borne in 1933 named Enid Anne. She took riding lessens with us during the early part of the war until she was moved to Exeter by the government, to be out of the way of the air raids. They moved thousands of children to out of the way places to try and keep them safe. I can not think why they chose Exeter. Tit was a big city even then and suffered quite a bit of bombing. Anne returned to Fairwarp at the end of the was and became a stable hand at the stables. I met her on several occasions when I was looking to buy my horses.

Well enough of my ramblings. There is one other thing I need to mention. It nearly slipped my mind. To you gentlemen who wish to find a stallion so you can accept him into your anus. Go easy, it could cause a lot of damage very quickly. Also after each sexual encounter of this nature please remember to wash the animals penis clean. He can not do it himself and it could be the cause of some very nasty diseases one or two of which end in death if not treated quickly. There is only one way these diseases can be spread and it could be difficult explaining to the vet.

I hope you have enjoyed my narrative. If you have had experiences like this I would love to hear from you. In my time I reckon I have had about twenty two stallions, three mares, (all orally) fifteen dog, (one of which I still own, he is called Max, he is helping me with an experiment to open my bowel, so that I am not so constipated. It has not worked yet, but the anal intercourse is sweet. I think he likes it too.)

I have also had a donkey, (just as good as a pony except they make a lot of noise while they are at it. Well mine did, he brayed non stop until he came. Next time you hear a donkey bray, check him out, you do not know what you may find.). I was able to get two cats to lick me but only after I had covered my pussy with fresh cream. (can I count that? Probably not.) and a pet fox that I saved from the hunt once when I was in Sussex. He stayed with me for about three years and then disappeared.

I have had three en other than my husband and I have been very happy with all my sexual encounters. The one that I really regret not having had a chance to look over is Samson. I think he is the largest horse alive today and lives in Florida or some where American. I would love to check him out. Does anyone have a picture. Come to that if anyone has any pictures of people having sex with horse or dogs I would be interested. So would my Grandson I am sure.. happy adventures and fuck carefully.

Best wishes Jillian

THE END