

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



## Chapter 1

Summer was finally here. The sun warmed my skin and the smell of cut grass floated through the streets.

I was walking to a cafe to meet a friend. Matt had called last night and said he wanted to buy me lunch so he could speak to me about something. I had known Matt since we were in the last year of school together. Over the twelve years since he had made a habit of arriving like a whirlwind to install himself as an important part of my life for one reason or another and then vanish into obscurity again once he grew bored and wanted a different life. Over the years I had grown used to his way of lurching through life from one scheme to another. I didn't know what he wanted to talk to me about, but I had a feeling today may be another one of his grand arrivals. I hoped it was as my life had been lacking excitement for some time.

He was already in the cafe when I arrived. He jumped to his feet to greet me as I walked in. "Todd. It's great to see you again. Sit down. Let's order. I'm starving."

I had a pleasant lunch. We talked about old times and old friends between bites of some delicious sandwiches. We were on our coffee when he started to become a little more serious and I detected a life changing scheme on its way.

He lowered his voice so people at other tables wouldn't hear. "Todd, are you still in the video business?"

"Yes, I do weddings, parties, sporting events. Have you got something you need recorded for posterity? You're not getting married are you?"

He chose not to answer that question and lowered his voice even more. "No not that sort of video. Do you still do porno?"

I thought for a moment and looked around at the other people happily feeding themselves and imagined that they probably were not talking about making pornographic movies and most likely didn't want to listen to anyone else discussing it either. "Pay the bill. My flat is two streets away. We can talk there."

I had been a self employed video maker for eight years now. I did weddings mainly. It didn't pay so well but the hours were good. Almost as soon as I got started in the business I had been approached to do pornographic films. The money was better and as a young single man with a healthy libido it was much more interesting than watching couples walk down the aisle. Matt knew I filmed porn because he had been in one of them. Matt was a handsome young man. And as a keen competitive swimmer he had the type of muscular physique which made him an ideal candidate for the leading role in cheap pornography. Thus I had found myself operating a camera as I watched my old school friend repetitively penetrate an attractive but brainless young lady in the name of capital gain.

With Matt installed on my sofa I went to the kitchen to boil the kettle. "So are you looking to get back into the porno game?" I shouted from the kitchen. The need for hushed voices was now gone.

"Yeah. Well kind of. I need your camera handling skills to make a video. A documentary."

I froze holding a spoonful of instant coffee. I was suddenly very interested. Matt pressed the right button with the word documentary. I had been longing to do some meaningful productions for years, but the opportunity had never arrived. Although Matt was the last person I was expecting to be my route to artistic development.

"What has documentaries got to do with porno?" I asked.

Matt ignored the question. "Do you still do animal sex videos?"

I was stunned. "How did you know about that?"

"Fat Bob told me," said Matt helping himself to a biscuit.

"How did Fat Bob know about it?"

"He showed me one of your videos. You filmed a little dark haired girl getting shagged by a Great Dane. Turns out that girl was his little sister."

I stood in the kitchen doorway still stunned. "Fat Bob showed you a video of his little sister getting shagged by a Great Dane?"

"Yeah, he's very proud of her. Her whole family is apparently. None of them have ever been in a successful video."

I went back into the kitchen to finish making coffee. I couldn't speak as my mind was now completely dedicated to trying to contemplate what a strange and unusual person Fat Bob was.

Matt asked again. "So do you still do animal videos?"

I brought two coffees back to the lounge before answering. "I only did a few dog videos, and it was a few years ago now, I haven't done one for ages. Do you want me to film a dog video for you?"

"Would you if I asked you to?"

"Sure. Why not?" I replied. I had never admitted to anyone, but I had enjoyed watching the girls getting to dogs to perform. I had always liked dogs and despite my initial concerns over distress, it was obvious the dogs enjoyed being in the videos too.

Matt had a smirk on his face. He wanted to tell me something. "What about if it was a horse video?"

I was taking a sip of coffee when he said that. I almost spat it back out again. "Horses?"

"Yeah."

"Horses fucking girls?"

"Yeah. Well kind of."

"Horses kind of fucking girls?"

Matt leaned forward and attempted to bring the conversation back to some sensible order. "Look, I want you to make a documentary about a very specific subject which involves girls having sex with horses. Are you up for it?"

I wanted to do a documentary. But the legality of this subject was a stumbling block. I could never make any money from it. But even so, it sounded like an interesting experience. "Who is involved and what's the security like?"

Matt understood why I was asking about security. It was a very reasonable concern. "A very small

group, if you join us there will be five. You will remain anonymous to the others. Only I'll know who you are."

I still had my concerns. "Where will the filming take place?"

Matt sat back in my sofa and made himself comfortable. He knew he had hooked me. "One of the group owns a property up on the ridge. It's very secluded. Completely private. There's a big house, you can come and stay for a while. The scenery is beautiful up there. Bring a fishing rod. Make a holiday of it."

I drank my coffee and thought for a while. "You said the film would be about a specific subject. What subject?"

Matt grinned and slowly formed his next sentence in his mouth before releasing it. "Have you heard of bellyriding?"

"No. What's that?"

"Bellyriding is the practise of harnessing a girl to the underneath of a stallion with his cock in her, and leaving them tied together like that. Either just standing or taking the horse for a walk."

"I have read about something like that. Wasn't there a group of women who did that years ago, in Mexico or someplace, but they stopped when one of them was killed? I just thought that was all fantasy." I said this realising that if I admitted to knowing too much about the subject Matt would know I had more of an interest in it than just video making. Matt didn't pick up on that, or if he did, he didn't care.

He continued "That's right. It was Brazil. But it's all fantasy. Bellyriding is a myth. There are loads of stories going round about women who have done this, but none of them have ever been proved to be true. Nobody has ever been recorded doing it before. No photos or genuine accounts. But we are going to do it. We are going to be the first. And we would like you to document it on video for proof."

I noticed a glitch in his plan. "Don't you need a girl to do this?"

His static grin showed he was one step ahead of me. "I have a girl."

"You have coerced a girl into being tied to a horse cock for your entertainment?"

"No coercion needed. I suggested it and she said yes. She volunteered to do it."

I was struggling to comprehend Matt's plan. I opened my mouth but no words came out. All I could manage to say was "... Who?"

He laughed and started to explain. "She's a girl I used to go out with. She's a nice girl, pretty, but not very bright. She is a real slut and loves kinky sex. All the time we were together I was banging her up her arsehole several times a day. She had a thing for doing it outdoors. It didn't matter where we were I just needed to say one word and she would drop her pants and bend over. She carried a bottle of lubricant with her all the time so she was always ready for me. I swear some days I spent more time inside her colon than out. She had more of my cum up her arse than she had shit."

Matt had a disturbingly honest way of talking about girls.

"She sounds very accommodating," I said. "So why did you break up?"

"I got bored of her."

The notion that any man could get bored of a girl with this sort of talent and attitude towards repeated impalement was unbelievable. But Matt was very different to me so I didn't comment.

He carried on with his story. "That was a few years ago. Two months back I bumped into her in a bar and we got talking. I told her about my plans to make the myth of bellyriding into reality and she was really interested in the idea. A few days later she phoned me and asked if I had a girl willing to be a bellyrider. When I told her I didn't, she asked if she could do it. I didn't need to persuade her. She actually wants to be harnessed under a horse."

I felt a little sceptical. I had heard stories of girls agreeing to things before which came to nothing. "Are you sure she's really keen? She might back out when she thinks about what she's agreed to."

"Yeah I know what you mean. I did wonder about that too. So I didn't build my hopes up at first. But it turns out she used to work in a leatherworking shop. Within a couple of weeks of me introducing her to the others she had drawn up designs for bellyriding harnesses and had started making them. She has been up at the farm measuring horses and cutting and sewing leather straps together. We all meet at the farm every couple of weeks to go through the plan of how we're going to make it happen. We are ready to do it now. The one thing we don't have is someone to record it all on video to prove it happened."

I needed to know more. "So the group is five including you, me and the bellyriding girl. Who are the other two?"

"Two blokes I have been in contact with for years. I met them on an internet forum. Both work with horses. One owns the farm and the other is from up north. He travels three hours each way every time we meet at the farm. The three of us have been planning to do bellyriding for a long time, but it's only now we have a girl on the team that we can make our plans real." Matt looked at me and said "So are you part of our team?"

I had a feeling Matt already knew the answer. "I'm with you. Where and when is it happening?" I said.

Matt took the notepad from next to my phone and wrote down an address. "It's about four miles down a dirt road out into the forest. You'll need this to find it." He said drawing out a map. "Can you be there on Monday and stay for three or four days? You don't need to bring anything but your camera, we'll feed you."

"Sure, sounds good. So what sort of documentary do you want?"

"If you arrive Monday morning, you can do an interview with her in the afternoon. Then film the event as it happens, then do another interview with her afterwards. Take any other video you like so long as it doesn't identify the farm or the men. Her face is the only one that can be featured on screen so she'll be presenting the program. Edit it any way you think does the event justice. The finished production will go on the web."

That all sounded fine to me. I didn't want to be in the program anyway. I didn't ask Matt about money. I didn't care how much I made from it. If it covered my fuel cost to get there I'd be happy.

Matt then said he had to go and thanked me for being part of his team. We shook hands and exchanged the usual parting pleasantries.

As he left I asked "Does this walking piece of kebab meat have a name?"

He called back just as he walked out the door. "Angela."

I switched on my computer and began researching bellyriding.

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Monday came and I left early to follow the hand sketched map. It took me the best part of two hours to drive to the farm. The last part of my trip was rough dirt roads which went deeper and deeper into the forest. I wondered what sort of shack I was heading to. When the trees parted and I could see the farm house in the distance I stopped worrying. The house was huge and beautifully kept. The grass was all uniformly trimmed and picket fences painted brilliant white.

I pulled up to the front of the house and parked next to three other cars. A man approached. He was in his late thirties, physically fit, had neatly trimmed red hair and beard and a matching red face which came from spending too much time outdoors in the sun and wind. This must be the farmer.

He grabbed my hand to shake it and warmly welcomed me to his home. He told me his name was Tim and he wished I should feel comfortable during my stay and told me if I wanted anything I should just ask. I couldn't remember being so enthusiastically greeted anywhere before.

Matt appeared at the front door. Tim had work to do so he made his apologies and left on a quad bike. But not before he made sure Matt would escort me to the house. He showed me upstairs to my room. There was a bible on the bedside table. I held it up for Matt to see. "What sort of place have you brought me to mate?"

Matt laughed. "Tim is a devout Christian. There are religious books all over the house."

"But doesn't the bible forbid... you know... fornication with other species."

Matt looked out the window thoughtfully and said the most meaningful thing I think I have ever heard him say. "Yeah but the bible isn't gospel. Every person interoperates it as they see fit. Tim knows that as a good Christian he can't fuck an animal by order of whatever version of the bible his particular sect follow. But it doesn't say he can't help someone else fuck animals. So long as they are not a Christian he's not sinning by helping them. He's in the clear. It's the fuckee that has the problem. Tim has a clear conscience."

I unpacked some clothes and carried my camera and tripod downstairs. There we met another man. We shook hands but he didn't volunteer a name. Matt interjected to clarify the matter. "This is the vet. He prefers not to use a name."

The vet was tall and skinny with a gaunt face. He had unhealthy pale skin and shoulder length grey hair. He looked like the kind of person who would enjoy seedy internet porn. He greeted me politely but didn't make any small talk.

Matt took me outside. The farm was in a valley and the view of the hills all around was stunning.

"If you want to get started filming" said Matt staring into the distance "your film star is on her way back from a walk."

I looked in the distance and saw a person wearing blue walking down the valley towards the house.

I picked up my camera and walked off "I'll get started"

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## Chapter 2

I arranged the tripod facing up the valley looking across a lush green paddock. I started the camera as Angela walked towards me. She was carrying a flower. Angela was in her mid 20s. She had a slim waist but could not be called skinny. She had round hips and strong thighs. Her straight blonde hair just reached her shoulders, framed a round face with a wide confident smile. She was wearing jeans and a tight low cut top which showed off her bulging breasts. I was immediately attracted to her. She had an air of happy innocence. It was hard to believe what she planned to do.

I stopped the camera and introduced myself. She knew who I was and why I was there.

"Shall we start?" I asked swinging the tripod round to face her. I zoomed the lens out to get a view of her from the waist up. She was leaning on the fence looking straight at the camera. I stayed behind the camera, out of shot.

"Sure." She inhaled the scent of the flower and pushed the stalk down the front of her top between her breasts so the head rested between them like a natural broach.

I started the interview. "Angela, why do you want to be a bellyrider?"

Angela hesitated before answering, she had suddenly become nervous. "Oh.. Well... I guess bellyriding has been a myth for such a long time and nobody has ever done it. Not on camera anyway. I want to be the first. There aren't many things that have been written and fantasised about for so long but have never been done."

"So you don't believe that the Brazilian bellyriding stories are true?"

She didn't hesitate with this answer. "No I think it's all a myth. A fantasy which has grabbed men's imagination because it's so daring. So perverted and wrong. So many men wanted it to be real that the story has developed to be treated as reality."

"But surely these stories have been around for so long someone else must have tried it by now."

"I have done as much research as is possible on such a secretive subject. I've searched all the horse specific websites and the closest material I have is a few faked photos. There was one photo which looked real but the harness was not properly supporting her, it was just a lash up for the photo, not a genuine attempt at real bellyriding. Maybe someone has done it, but if they have, they have kept it a secret."

Angela was no longer nervous. She was no blonde bimbo, she was an authority on this subject and I wasn't going to catch her out. I decided to let her tell the audience all about it. "So what is real bellyriding?"

She almost laughed as if that question was funny to her. "Well there are loads of internet videos of girls lying on tables under horses, but that's not bellyriding. Bellyriding, according to the Brazilian legend, is when a girl is tightly harnessed underneath the horse with his erect cock inserted into her. She must not be able to move, and must not be able to remove his cock. The horse must be able to walk around like this, and if the stories are to be believed, they will spend most of the day joined together as one."

"Do you think this is possible.... I mean.... can a horse stay hard all day?"

"No they can't. That's the main reason I think it's a myth. Horses do not maintain erections for

hours. They often look erect but it's only the muscles which retract his penis relaxing which lets it hang out of his body. But it's not hard. It's not infused with blood. A lot of horse porn films show this semi-erect state. They only get a properly hard erection if they smell a mare in heat, and then the stallion can get dangerously agitated and he tends to shoot his load very quickly."

My professionalism was fading, I had forgotten I was making a video. I was now asking questions because I wanted to know more. "So how do you plan to do it?"

"The only way to get him hard for a long time and keep him calm and easy to handle is to do it artificially. We are going to inject a muscle relaxant into the base of his penis which will allow the arteries to open and fill his cock with blood. It's like Viagra for horses. We have experimented with one stallion and we can make him rock hard for most of the day. During this time he stays placid and easy to handle."

"So he's placid but not flaccid?" I said and immediately regretted making light of a subject Angela was taking so seriously.

Luckily she laughed. "Flaccid is no good to me. I need him really hard."

I continued to let my curiosity run the interview. "Do you do the injections?"

"No. One of the guys is a vet. It's his job is to make sure my big friend is safe and happy throughout the experience."

I couldn't help but make a smart remark at that comment. "Well I'd certainly be very happy if you were tied to my cock for a few hours".

Angela didn't laugh but smiled sweetly and looked a little embarrassed.

I continued. "So you have an animal already chosen for the task?"

"We are going to use a stallion called Sampson. He has a beautiful nature. He is calm and easily controlled and also quite big. Big enough to be the correct size for me".

I choked. "Wow! You need a stallions cock to be the right size for you?"

Angela looked shocked for a second then laughed. "No not his cock, I mean his body is the right size to fit my body. I need an animal big enough that my body will fit under his belly between his back and front legs. With my crotch mated to his I need to be able to have my body tied along the underside of his body so my shoulders fit behind his front legs. We need a larger animal for this to work, if he's too small I won't fit into the gap."

"Ah. OK."

Angela stopped smiling for the first time since we met. She suddenly looked very serious. "Actually his cock is enormous. Way too big for me."

I was frightened to ask, but I had to "So if you don't mind my asking, how big is his cock when fully erect?"

"He's about 18 inches long and 3 inches in diameter."

My professionalism was now completely forgotten. "Fuck!" I exhaled the word rather than spoke it.

Angela nodded with eyes open wide. "Yeah. Fuck!"



I tried to picture something in my mind which was 3 inches in diameter. I thought a wine bottle must be close. "Can you take that size inside you?"

This question caused her to hesitate for a good five seconds before answering. "No I can't. I'm not really sure if I'll be able to. Well.... I mean... we have all agreed I will be the bellyrider so I don't really have a choice. It's got to go inside me. We've all gone too far with this project for it to fail because I can't manage to do the one thing I have to. The guys will have all the responsibility on the day. When I am in the harness they will do everything. I don't have anything to do. True bellyriding is a non-participation event for the rider. I'll be tied tightly so I can't move. All I have to do is just be there with him inside me. They are all relying on me being able to do that. They have put a lot of time and effort into the planning and organising this to make it happen so I can't let them down."

My mouth was dry. "It doesn't look like you have a non-participation role to me. It looks like you'll be doing all the hard work. Are you be practicing, training yourself to take bigger objects?"

She wrinkled up her nose and shook her head. "They have asked me not to. I can understand why they would. It would spoil the experience if my cunt wasn't the normal width. If I could take him inside me easily, none of us would really understand what the experience of bellyriding would be like for an ordinary person."

I was no longer worried about asking embarrassing questions. The subject had gone way past that. "What is the widest thing you have ever had inside you so far?"

"A cock. I mean... a man's cock. I don't have any experience of this sort of thing. I'm not a porn star. I've never done animals. I've never had sex on camera. I've not even been naked with more than one guy around. I'm just an ordinary girl."

I wanted to tell her that her last statement was very wrong, but only said "With some extraordinary ideas about sex!"

She managed a small smile again.

"Are you nervous about bellyriding?" I asked knowing the answer already.

"Yes, very."

"What makes you nervous?"

"A few things. I feel very body conscious. I have never been naked in front of a group of men. Two men are going to manhandle me into the harness and treat my open cunt like a storage container. But the main thing that frightens me is the size of Sampson's cock. I know it's going to hurt quite a lot, but I hope I can take it."

I didn't want to dwell on the subject of his cock size so asked "What about being tied to a horse? Does that not worry you?"

Angela was smiling again. "No, I like horses and I like being tied up for sex."

"Ah, you're a bondage girl."

"Yeah. Matt is an ex-boyfriend. He used to tie me up."

When she said that I remembered Matt's vivid description of her appetites.

Angela continued. "This is really Matt's project. He has done all the work to organise everything and

make it happen. The other guys are friends of his.”

“How many people will be present when you are bellyriding?”

“Four, Matt, Tim who owns the farm and the vet. And of course you with your camera. It’ll take a minimum of three to make it work. One to look after Sampson and two to lift me into the harness.”

I could suddenly think of lots of questions to ask, but tried to concentrate on relevant ones. “Once you are fitted into the harness what will they do then? I suppose they won’t have much to do after that.?”

She giggled a little. “No they won’t have much to do after that. They have to look after Sampson to make sure he’s happy. But mostly they will stand back and enjoy watching me being strapped under a horse. They are all very keen bellyriding enthusiasts and have been waiting to see someone bellyriding for years so they won’t get bored.”

“I haven’t seen the harness yet. I understand you made it yourself?”

“I have done leather work in the past so I designed and made the harness myself. It is an old pack saddle with two straps hanging down each side which attach to two loops which buckle around my body. One round my waist and the other around my torso. There are more straps which go around Sampson’s chest and rear so the position of my body relative to his body can be adjusted back and forth. That way I can be held firmly in position, strapped onto his cock, without him going in too deep. Controlling the depth of penetration is important. We want as much of his shaft inside me as possible but not force too much in and cause injury. This way if he gets frisky and starts to thrust, I move with him and he can’t force his full length into me.”

I had to ask “How much of his length do you think you can take?”

“Considering he’s 18 inches long, I’m hoping to make it half way down him.”

“Have you tried the harness to see if it does control depth of penetration?” I asked.

“I have tried wearing the harness and I have fitted it to Sampson, so I know it’s the right size, but we haven’t tried it on him with me in it. We’re doing a trial run tomorrow without an erection to see if it all fits and we can make any adjustments we need to.”

“Where do your arms and legs fit into the harness?”

“I’ve designed it for two possible positions. Facing up, or facing down. But the first time I will be facing up, my belly pressing to his belly. My feet will be tied up alongside his belly to the strap which supports my waist. That pretty much pulls my legs as wide apart as they will go. My hands will be tied up at his sides just under his neck like I’m giving him a big bear hug.” She hugged herself as she said that and giggled.

“Is it important you are completely secured, unable to move any part of your body?”

“Yes definitely, we all feel that’s part of the experience. I will have no control at all. Be totally helpless. And more practically, if I have a panic attack I won’t be able to thrash around and start Sampson panicking, which would be a serious problem.”

“Do you think you may panic?”

"I'm not sure. I'm not sure of anything at this stage as we've never done this before. But it's a possibility we have to think about. If I do panic, I will be left in the harness until I calm down. It'd only cause more problems if they tried to get me out if I was hysterical. I don't want to spook Sampson and end up with one of us being injured. Keeping Sampson calm is far more important than me being calm."

I was starting to understand why there had been so many planning meetings to organise this. There was much more to this than simply climbing in. Contingency plans would have been made for anything that could go wrong. I continued "So you really are totally helpless."

"Yes, once I'm under Sampson, I am no longer a person with free will, I am attached to him, I become an additional part of him and that's that. I can't ask to get out. The guys will ignore anything I say. The only reasons they will release me is if I am injured or I am unable to breath."

"How long will you be under, sorry, be part of Sampson?"

"From our experiments with muscle relaxant we are able to make him maintain a solid erection for up to eight hours, but I don't think I'll be under him for that long. We are going to do three hours minimum."

I gulped at the prospect. "Three hours sounds a very long time considering he has such a huge cock. Can you manage being stretched round him for that long?"

"I really don't know. But we are doing this to prove it's possible, and I don't want to do it a little and then chicken out. I'm going to do it properly or not at all. Besides, once I am in the harness, I don't have a choice. The time limit has already been set."

"You mentioned a second position?"

"Yes, it's the same position but the other way up. I would be slung under him facing down. At least two of the Brazilian stories tell of women who are harnessed facing down like that with their arms partially untied so they can direct the horse by its reigns. That way they can take him out for a ride, so to speak. On their own without needing to be led."

"How would your legs fit into the harness that way?"

"We are not sure yet. They would have to be tied out of the way so they didn't drag on the ground and be stood on. They would be folded up under me I guess."

"Are you going to bellyride in the facing down position as well?"

Angela smiled. "We have no plans to at the moment."

Obviously the bellyriding committee had not discussed this possibility, so I left it at that. "Will you be going out for a ride when you are under him facing upwards?"

"Definitely. That's an important part of the Brazilian stories so we have to do it. The vet will lead Sampson on a walk out into the woods. That's why we needed a bigger animal, so his legs can move back and forth allowing him to walk without my body restricting their movement. We want him to be comfortable. "

"Do you think you'll be comfortable while he is walking?"

"I think it's unlikely. One possibility is the movement while walking may make my cunt slide up and down his cock a little as he walks. I may involuntarily wank him off and make him cum. But we have to try this in practice to see if we can make it work."

"I should imagine that he will cum quite easily. After all he's used to cunts from his own species. When you are under him he'll have his cock in a mare that's at least five times tighter than he's ever experienced. That would make me squirt quickly."

Angels smiled and said nothing.

"If he cums will that not finish the ride early?"

"With the muscle relaxant keeping him hard, he may be able to keep going and cum quite a few times. But we're not sure at the moment."

"Do you think you will cum?" I had to ask.

"I would like to think I will. But we'll have to wait and see. I expect it will be too much of a strain for me to really enjoy myself."

"You are trialling the harness without penetration tomorrow?"

"Yes. You can film it if you like."

"Will you be naked for the trials?"

Angela turned red and laughed. "No. I'm saving that for the actual event."

"Shame. That's a disappointment but I suppose I could film it anyway." I laughed too. "So what are you going to do with the video of your bellyriding? Are you going to sell it?"

"No, we are not doing this for the money. It will be distributed on the internet for anyone interested in bellyriding to watch. There isn't many people appreciate this subject, but the ones who do will enjoy seeing it."

"So you are doing it for the fame?"

"Well the world will see I am the first genuine Brazilian bellyrider. Even though we are not in Brazil."

I decided that was enough material to make a good video interview and drew it to a close. "It has been a pleasure to meet such a special girl. Your dedication to see this project through to its conclusion is admirable. I will look forward to tomorrow's harness trials."

Her wide smile beamed. "I'll see you there."

She walked off. I got a good shot of her arse as she walked away.

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Later that evening all five of us sat and watched TV in the lounge. Angela and Tim cooked for us. We chatted and laughed. We chatted about sport, farming, and the state of the economy. The one thing that was not mentioned was bellyriding. Horses, sex, or any combination of the two were never brought up. Maybe I wasn't accepted as a trusted member of the team yet. In this secretive

protective culture it must be difficult to trust someone new. I wasn't offended.

We retired after 10pm. The vet and I had rooms upstairs in the main house. Matt was staying in a small adjoining guest house. When he went to bed, Angela went with him. Obviously Matt was using the opportunity to get acquainted with Angela's colon once again.

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### Chapter 3

Next morning I rose early. Made myself toast and coffee and sat outside on the veranda. Tim waved cheerily from his quad bike in the paddock at the other side of the approach road.

Later Matt arrived with two more coffees. "Drink this Todd, then get your camera. There will be some action for you to film soon."

We chatted for a while and when the coffee cups were dry Matt took me into a large barn. It was made of wood with a dry earth floor. There was one solid post in the centre of the floor which held up the roof. The barn was empty apart from some bales of hay and piles of sacks against one wall.

"Set up your tripod here. A horse will come through that door and stand in the middle of the floor there. Matt pointed to the post. He told me to start the camera then he went outside.

A moment later the vet led a stallion into the barn. I knew it was the vet because of his build. He was wearing a ski mask. He tied the horses bridle to a metal loop on the post. This animal was magnificent. It was shining dark brown with fine muscle tone, alert and very large. I don't know how many hands it takes to make a big horse, but if I stood straight up I would struggle to see over the small of his back.

As I filmed the horse Angela arrived beside me. She was still smiling as she had been all yesterday afternoon and all last night. She was wearing a white t shirt and blue shorts. She was barefoot. I waved her in front of the camera. I zoomed in for a waist up view of her. "Hi" she said to the lens. "I'm Angela and today I'm going to do some bellyrider training." She stepped to the side a little so the horse was in shot. "This is Sampson. Over the next few days Sampson and I are going to become good friends. In fact we will be the best friends it is possible for a boy and girl to be." She walked up to Sampson and stroked down his mane and back. She had to stand on her tip toes to reach.

"What's today's plan?" I asked from behind the camera.

"I'm going to be harnessed to Sampson today to check the equipment. Make sure everything is the right size and works the way it was designed."

"But no erection and no penetration today." I added.

"That's right. No penetration today."

Tim and Matt, who were also wearing ski masks, carried in a large bundle of leather straps. The buckles chinked and rattled as they put them on the ground beside Angela. I zoomed out to get a full height shot of her beside the pile of straps with Sampson in the background.

Angela picked up a heavy leather pad about four feet square. She gave it to Tim who put it on Sampson's back. "This is the pack saddle I have modified into a bellyriding harness." Tim adjusted it so it was central in the dip of Sampson's back. Angela pulled on two of the straps which hung down

his side and made sure they were not twisted. "These are the four main support straps which I will hang from. They are adjustable so they can pull me tightly up into Sampson's belly."

She bend down and picked up another strap which looked like a 3 inch wide belt with metal loops stitched to it in places. She gave it to Matt and then turned to the camera. "The other half of the harness is fitted to me." She put her hands on her head and Matt put the belt round her, sliding it up so it fitted round her chest above her breasts and just under her arms. He buckled it at her back pulling it tight so her T shirt wrinkled up under the strap.

Matt picked up another very similar belt. He put this one round Angela's waist. She pulled her T shirt down so it wasn't crumpled underneath the belt as Matt tightened the buckle in the small of her back.

Matt handed Angela two smaller straps which looked like short dog collars. She buckled them round each of her wrists like she was putting on a watch while he knelt down on the floor to buckle two more round each of her ankles.

Angela faced the camera once more. "That's us both strapped up, now we need to connect the two halves together."

Angela looked to Matt for guidance now. "Sit down on the floor" He ordered pointing at the floor just behind Sampson's front hooves. She sat on the floor and slid herself under Sampson, sitting with her back to his front legs looking backwards under his belly.

"Keep your feet away from his, just in case you get stood on." said Matt. Angela pulled her feet in under her body.

Matt and Tim stood either side of Sampson, they took the front two straps which were hanging from the pack saddle and fed them through loops on the side of Angela's chest belt. The vet had taken Sampson's reigns and was rubbing his nose to reassure him. Matt asked the vet "are we ready?" The vet nodded. Matt said "Three, two, one, lift." And on the word lift he and Tim pulled the straps tight to lift Angela up. They kept pulling until the strap round Angela's chest contacted Sampson's rib cage. Her face and breasts were now pressed into Sampson's chest. She turned her head to the side so she could breathe.

Angela was waving her arms out to the sides in mid air as she didn't know what to do with them. Matt took them and clipped the wrist straps to loops on the pack saddles main support straps which supported her chest. Her hands were now secured about half way up Sampson's sides.

Angela's top half was in the harness, but her back arched uncomfortably backwards down to her legs which were still kneeling on the floor. Matt and Tim fed the rear two straps which hung from the pack saddle through loops on the side of Angela's waist belt. With another "three, two, one, lift" they pulled the straps tight and hoisted her waist up level with her shoulders so she now lay horizontally suspended under Sampson's belly.

It was her legs which dangled aimlessly in mid air now. Matt took her feet and clipped her ankle restraints to loops on the main support straps which supported her waist. Angela's legs were wrapped around Sampson. He was so wide that her thighs had to rotate to allow her legs to open far enough. So her knees and toes pointed sideways out from Sampson's body.

When the second lift took place to put all of Angela's weight on the harness, Sampson started a little and jumped from side to side stamping his back feet. Matt and Tim stepped back out of his way to let him move. But he settled down immediately. Now Angela was strapped into place, he was calm once

more.

Matt walked round looking at Angela and the harness. Checking everything was central and supporting as it should. He tightened all four supporting straps which pulled Angela tightly into his underside. "How does it feel for you?" He asked.

"It feels good" Angela answered. She had her head hanging upside down looking out between Sampson's front legs. Her hair hung straight down. "My feet are too high. If you could lower them a bit I'd be more comfortable and I might line up better".

Matt unclipped her ankle straps and moved them down to lower loops about half way down his body. Now her knees were bent back towards her body. They were almost level with her breasts. Being almost folded double with knees wide apart like this was spreading her crotch as wide as it could go. It was very obviously a good position for accepting insertions. "How's that?"

"That's good. I like that. How am I aligned?"

The alignment she spoke of was nothing to do with how the leatherwork fitted. It was how straight Angela's vagina lined up with Sampson's cock. Matt and Tim both bend down behind Sampson to look through his legs to see the view between her legs. Matt waved for me to bring the camera. I looked in between his thighs past the most magnificent set of balls I had ever seen. Behind them was his soft retracted penis framed by the stretched blue cloth of Angela's shorts.

"I can't see, all I can see is your shorts." Said matt.

"You know where it is. You can always find it when you want to." Angela replied.

Tim laughed.

"I can't see enough of you to tell."

"Use your finger."

Matt reached through Sampson's legs and ran his finger up and down Angela's crotch. But the cloth was stretched so tight he still couldn't find the hole. He forced his hand down between the leg of her shorts and her thigh until his finger was inside her shorts. We could see the wriggling bulge as it moved up and down looking for an entrance. Then it disappeared and there was no bulge any more. "Yeah." He was thoughtful. "That's good. We can work with that." He pulled his hand out again.

Angela exhaled heavily and cleared her throat.

"Will they mate up easily?" asked Tim.

"It'll be easy. His cock will need to be up quite high, running parallel with his belly, but he'll be comfortable like that. There's no way it can come out when she's strapped tightly onto him." Matt had obviously spent time studying the mechanics of how they would fit together before today."

He stood up and walked round to the side looking at different angles as he went. "You fit together really well Ang. It's like you were made to be there." He paused to admire the view for a while then said "Let's try the depth straps."

He lifted the last few leather items left on the floor. He took a strap and buckled it to Angela's waist belt in the middle of her back. This strap then ran back through Sampson's back legs, up round his

rear, past his tail and the other end buckled to the rear of the pack saddle. Matt spoke to the camera. "This strap is used to pull Angela's body back in relative to his. It will pull her down onto his cock and secure her there so she can't get off him. As the horse moves around she could slide forward and he could fall out of her. This strap will hold her in place so that doesn't happen. The strap length is adjusted here." He pointed to a buckle which was now just below Sampson's tail. "So we have control over the depth of penetration."

Next he took the last strap. This one fixed to the front main support straps towards the bottom between Angela's hands and chest. It went forward, looping around Sampson's chest and fixed to the other side at the same place. "This strap pulls Angela's body forward and off his cock. It adjusts here." He showed the camera a buckle at the front under Sampson's neck. "Between the strap at the back and this one here, we can position her body exactly where we want it and it will stay there."

Matt and Tim then attempted to pull each of the front and rear straps in turn so Angela would slide up and down along the length of Sampson's belly. At first it didn't work until they realised they had the main support straps so tight she was stuck to him. Once they had been slackened a little Angela could slide and they were able to pull her back and forth. She was able to easily slide more than a foot in distance. She was fixed in her position hugging Sampson's body but swinging on the four main straps as Matt and Tim pulled first the front adjustment strap then the rear. When pulled backwards she bumped the back of her thighs on the front of his back legs, when pulled forwards her shoulders bumped on the back of his front legs. With this principle proven they put her in the middle and tightened all the straps. She was securely fixed to Sampson's underside.

The three men now walked around the harnessed duo chatting between themselves. They occasionally pointed at some part of the harness and discussed it. During this trial Angela had not said much so I took the camera to look through Sampson's front legs to find her head hanging limply upside down. "How do you feel?" I asked.

"I'm good. It feels very strange but it's OK. It's not uncomfortable."

"Could you stay like that for hours?" I said.

"Yes. Easily. He's staying quite calm, we only had one little dance around."

"How did it feel when he got fidgety?" I had to ask as my heart was in my mouth when it happened.

"It was scary. He's a big, heavy powerful creature. I feel very small and fragile when he starts to become unsure of things. Although his size and strength is strangely satisfying when he is calm. It's nice to be so close to him, be wrapped around him like this. I can feel his heartbeat and breathing."

"Do you feel like you are part of him? One creature?" I asked remembering yesterday's interview.

"Yes very much so."

"Do you think that will make it easier when you do bellyriding properly?" I chose my words carefully, I didn't want to spoil the mood by talking about huge cocks, but I had to ask.

"Yes I think it will help."

"After all your effort designing the harness, are you happy with how it worked out?"

"Very happy. The positioning is good. The depth control works well. Only thing I got wrong was my feet were too high up. But that's easily adjusted."

We were interrupted by Matt who was keen to continue the trials. "So are we going for a walk?"



I took the camera off the tripod to carry it on my shoulder as the vet led Sampson out of the barn into the sunlight. I filmed from a few angles as they walked across the yard through a gate and into the cool green grass of the paddock. Sampson's body swayed slightly as he walked but Angela's stuck solidly to it as if they one. The only part of Angela which moved was her head which hung down looking forward through his front legs. She looked around at the scenery passing which must have been odd as her view was upside down. Her hair hung straight down. It didn't reach the ground in the yard but now it dragged through the longer areas of grass. She held her head up when tufts of tall grass passed under her. I switched my camera off. I had enough material of these clothed trials. There would be much more to film when the real event took place.

"You can take the masks off guys, I've done filming for now." I thought it was fair to tell them. It must be hot inside the ski masks in the sun. The vet let Sampson all the way round the paddock and back to the yard. Tim, Matt and I walked behind watching the shape of them both move as a single being. We arrived back in the barn.

Matt unbuckled the depth control straps then released Angela's wrists and ankles. Along with Tim they held either side of both her belts as I undid all four buckles and she was lowered to the floor in one movement. Matt dragged her out the side to get her away from Sampson's hooves.

It seemed strange to watch Angela unbuckle herself from the belts standing up as an independent human once again. No longer the minor half of a horse/human combination. She had been in position for about 40 minutes.

"How did you feel the trial went?" I asked. This was my first question with no camera running.

"It was good. It all fitted and worked as planned. I think we can go ahead with the real attempt soon."

"Did you enjoy the trial?" I couldn't help but keep asking questions.

"Yes. While we were walking it felt quite intense. The feeling of his body heat and the movement as it rocked was quite sexy."

Matt approached the group. "OK guys. Excellent trial today. We have everything we need so we can meet here tomorrow morning for the real thing. Everyone OK with that?" The vet and Tim agreed enthusiastically but Angela said nothing. Matt looked straight at Angela. "Are we all OK with that?"

Angela bit her lip. "Yes. Tomorrow morning."

Tim and Angela went back to the house with piles of leather harness. As the rest of us walked back, the vet said "You are going to lock her in tonight aren't you?"

"Don't worry, she'll do it. But I'll lock the doors and windows anyway to be sure." Replied Matt.

The vet nodded in agreement. "You'd best fuck her tonight. It might be your last chance. She won't want you tomorrow night." They both laughed.

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## **Chapter 4**

I didn't sleep much that night. I don't think any of the others did either. I took my camera and tripod down to the barn early to find the vet and Tim already had Sampson there. It wasn't long before

Matt arrived carrying the harness and to everyone's relief Angela followed him. This morning she was wearing a T shirt and a pair of underpants. She was not wearing a bra today as she had the previous two days.

Matt was first to speak. "We all know what we are doing, so let's get started." Then for the camera, they all pulled on their ski masks.

The vet opened a brief case and took out a syringe and a small bottle. He filled the syringe and ducked his head under Sampson's belly to inject into the flesh at the base of his penis. "That'll take ten minutes to work." He said.

Angela stood in front of the camera looking very nervous. "Today I am going to become a fully qualified bellyrider." She announced, then stared at the floor long enough to take three long deep breaths. "OK" she whispered loudly to herself. "This is it." As the last syllable crossed her lips she moved quickly before she could change her mind. She pulled her underpants off her legs and threw them away. Then pulled her T shirt over her head and threw it after them. She was naked.

Tim had finished putting the pack saddle in place on Sampson's back and now he stood and stared at Angela. I didn't blame him, she was worth staring at. She was shaven between her legs. Her breasts which bulged up from her top when aided by a bra now hung down. They swung a little as she moved. We both stared at them.

She picked up a bottle from the floor and poured a clear glistening fluid into her hand then started massaging it into her crotch. She walked to a straw bale and sat down so she could spread her knees wide apart. She poured more fluid into her hand and rubbed it inside her. She used two fingers to push it deep into her. It slurped and splashed. After a couple of minutes she had shiny liquid over her hands, stomach and running down her legs. Matt came over with a towel and wiped it off her hands and legs but left it on her crotch. He led her over to Sampson.

Matt offered up the chest belt to Angela and she put her hands on her head. He buckled it tight. Then he did the same with the waist belt and the four wrist and ankle restraints. He pulled her over to Sampson's side and told her to sit down under him. She did as she was told. As had happened yesterday Matt and Tim lifted Angela up under Sampson and buckled her into place. Matt fitted the depth control straps but left them hanging loose. This all went smoothly just as it had the day before, but with two differences. Her breasts were bulging out from between her chest and Sampson because she was naked this time. And the second difference was the erect cock which was appearing between Sampson's legs.

I had never seen a horse's erect cock before. I stood and stared with my mouth open. It was so impressive it made me momentarily forget about the attractive naked young woman trapped in bondage right next to it. The cock was scarily big. It was easily the same diameter as a wine bottle. I thought there was no way that even a girl with as much and varied sexual experience as Angela could take this enormous tool inside her without a general anaesthetic. No wonder she was nervous.

The vet inspected the weapon. He grabbed it and gripped it hard and slapped it lightly back and forth."

Matt asked "Is he ready?"

The vet nodded. "Stiff as a board. Perfect."

Matt waved me to bring the camera in closer. I set it on the tripod looking in under the side of Sampson's belly straight at Angela's crotch. I would get a good view of whatever happened from

here.

Matt had another bottle of lubricant. He poured a lot into his hands and started rubbing it up and down Sampson's shaft. He poured some directly onto the end and poured some more into Angela's crotch. She jumped when he rubbed his slippery hand into her.

"Are we all ready?" He asked. It was noticeable that he was asking Tim and the vet, and not Angela. She was tied in position and completely unable to move so her input was no longer a consideration. As she had said to me two days previously, all she had to do was be there with him inside her.

"OK, take up slack" Matt ordered Tim who was now pulling the strap which emerged between Sampson's back legs, the one attached to the back of Angela's waist belt which pulled her down onto his cock.

Matt had a solid grip of Sampson's cock in one hand to hold it at exactly the correct angle to mate with Angela. He used the thumb and forefinger of his other hand to pull her vagina lips as far out of the way as he could and hold her open. Her hole opened a little to reveal a tiny glimpse of the dark cavity within her. But she would have to open a lot more. As Tim slowly pulled Angela back along Sampson's body, the end of the cock contacted Angela's cunt. Thanks to Matt's guidance it was dead on target and it nestled down between the folds of skin. Matt pulled her lips out so they wouldn't get folded inside her as more force was applied. She was breathing very slowly and deliberately. Both her hands were so tightly clenched into fists they had turned white.

Matt asked Tim for more force. Tim pulled on the strap. The cock buried its end into the soft flesh but it didn't enter the hole. Matt tried to pull her further open but she was as wide as she would go.

"More force." Ordered Matt and Tim pulled more. I could see he was leaning his body weight back to get more leverage. Angela was breathing faster now and her legs were shaking. "Pull harder" and Tim leaned back even further to pull the strap. The belt around Angela's waist was digging into her flesh as it was being pulled so hard. The cock started to gradually force its way inside. The end went in maybe half an inch so it was now out of sight. But it stopped there and refused to move any further. The end of the cock seemed to be pushing Angela's vagina up inside her body rather than spreading it apart. She was pressing her forehead hard against Sampson's chest. Every muscle in her body was tensed to maximum. Tim pulled harder but the cock wouldn't go any further inside her. Matt was struggling to hold it straight and keep it in line. It looked like it was going to push to the side and slide out. "Give it everything you've got." Tim hung his full body weight back to pull on the strap. He had his feet dug in and was leaning back at more than a 45 degrees angle. The cock seemed to move inward a tiny amount. Angela was panting hard and grunting on each exhale. Matt watched transfixed as she was forced open a little further letting the tip of the cock slide slowly inside. Tim was hauling on the strap like he was trying to pull a car uphill with a tow rope. Matt left his post and grabbed the strap to join Tim and heave on it as well. With both of their weight on the strap the tension built up so much that something had to give. I thought the strap would break but it held both Matt and Tim's weight without stretching. There was only one thing that could give way. With one last heave from them both she opened up and in a long slow lubricated slurping movement they hauled her down over the cock. It was finally inside her.

Angela threw her head back and emitted a primeval guttural bellow. She retched heavily and sounded like she would vomit. Then she started to thrash around in her bonds. Her hands and feet were attached by only one clip and could move around 2 or 3 inches if she tried. She thumped her hands on Sampson's sides and kicked her feet around as much as the limited movement of the restraints allowed. In a manic hysteria she thrashed her head around, butting Sampson in the chest. She gulped for air and exhaled a series of deep breathless wails. The buckles and clips chinked and

clicked loudly and Sampson became frightened. He started to throw his head back and stamp his feet. He did a sideways dressage move across the barn. Matt was knocked to the floor but called for Tim not to let go of the depth control strap until he had secured it. Tim jogged behind Sampson trying to get the buckle located properly while putting himself in the worst place he could be with a panicking horse, behind the back legs. He got the buckle done up and jumped clear. We all watched as Sampson stumbled into a corner of the barn and stopped against the wall. Once he got there he started to calm down. But only because Angela had stopped hitting him. She was now motionless apart from her knees which were trembling. Her head was pressed into Sampson's chest and her breathing was irregular and noisy with little grunts of despair on every exhale. Matt slowly approached Sampson's side. He knelt down to inspect Angela's crotch and took out a tape measure. He measured the length of cock still visible outside Angela in order to calculate how much was inside her. He announced "She's taken 8 inches. That'll do us. Tighten up all the straps as much as they will go."

With all the buckles done up as tight we looked around at each other. I picked my camera up from the floor where it had been kicked in the panic. It still worked OK. The others were pulling off their ski masks to show they were soaked in sweat. The vet brought Sampson back to the middle of the barn. He was still a little flighty but staying calm. I took a long look at Angela under him. I looked at the 3 inch wide penis which disappeared inside her body. The skin round her hole was red and stretched to breaking point. She was obviously still in distress.

"That must be really hurting her." I felt the need to state the blindingly obvious.

"Yeah it must be." Matt replied smiling uncontrollably. "Well boys, we did it. We finally did it. We got a girl to bellyride."

"So what now?" I asked.

"We have three hours before we have to release her. I reckon we just leave her here for a while to let them both calm down, and then we take them for a walk to the head of the valley." Said Matt.

"How far away is the head of the valley?" I had to ask as I didn't know the farm.

"About two miles."

I sat back on a bale and relaxed. Angela was breathing quickly and loudly through clenched teeth. Tim had dropped his pants and was wanking himself while staring at her impaled crotch.

Matt spoke softly "I've wanted to do this to a girl my whole life. I never thought I'd manage it."

"You almost didn't manage it. What would you have done if you couldn't have got it inside her? You had to torture her to get it in as it was." I was in the mood for straight talking now.

"I knew it would be a struggle, but I knew we'd get it inside her one way or another. Women give birth to babies with heads wider than that cock. It was just a matter of pushing hard enough. And she knew exactly what she was agreeing to. She had held his hard cock in her hand a few times. Nobody could say she didn't know what was going to happen. She designed the harness. And did you hear her tell us to stop? She took it and didn't say a word."

I had to admit all that was true. "It doesn't matter to you how much pain she is in? That she is now suffering forced artificial childbirth? For your de-mythify bellyriding project."

"It's all part of the ride Todd. All part of the ride." Matt lay back on a hay bale. "People are all very

different mate, you just have to accept that some of them do things you won't understand."

Angela's head was now hanging down limp so I could see her face. It was red and her eyes were tightly shut. Tears were running down her temples and into her hair. "She isn't doing this for her own benefit. She's doing this for you. I hope you appreciate how much effort she thinks you're worth."

Matt looked a little shocked. I don't think he had thought of that.

Tim had cum on the floor. Now he sat cross legged behind Sampson for a better view up through his legs and started a second wank. The three of us all sat on bales admiring the spectacle before us. The barn was silent apart from Angela's laboured breathing and regular heaving gasps as convulsions of pain surged through her. I would never admit to Matt, but it was a beautiful sight. The blend of his strength and overwhelming size with her vulnerable, delicate and soft body. The two creatures forced to be together, to be one, to share the same space. His detached indifference with her desperate suffering. The whole scene was so right and so wrong. I was glad I was here witnessing it, but also ashamed for being part of it. This was ying and yang gone crazy.

We stared for around 45 minutes. Tim had wanked himself dry for the fourth or fifth time. Matt stood up. "Let's go for a walk."

It was still before 8am but the sun was up and the air was becoming warm. The vet led Sampson out of the barn and into the yard. The rest of us followed watching from different angles. I filmed the combined couple moving with a fluid grace of a boat on a swell. Angela was solidly fixed to him and did not move independently. He was in complete control of her. The only part of her that could move was her head which hung limp and swung from side to side with each step. We walked through the open paddock and into the shaded path through the forest. I had to be careful how I filmed the procession as none of the men had their masks on any more. All the shots had to be below neck level which wasn't too much of an inconvenience as that was the height where Angela was. We walked for more than an hour and reached the head of the valley, which was a clearing in the trees with a view back down to the farm house. I noticed that Angela had her eyes open and was looking around her. This was the first time since penetration that she looked aware and was alert to what was happening to her.

I knelt down in front of her. "Are you OK?" I asked.

Her breathing was still forced and irregular. "Yes", she whispered breathlessly.

I wanted to say something else. But what could I say. Are you in pain? Do you want out? Would you like me to kill Matt for you? All these answers were too obvious and none of it would happen. There was nothing I could say which would help.

"Where are we?" Angela whispered again.

"We're at the head of the valley. We have been walking for an hour."

She closed her eyes and grimaced as a wave of discomfort travelled through her. She said nothing more. I stood up and stepped back.

"What did she say?" Matt had been too far away to hear.

"She says she's OK," I said.

"That's good. Shall we go back now?" He signalled the vet to lead Sampson back down the path.

The walk back was uneventful. He vet led Sampson and we looked at Angela. But as we reached the farm I noticed she was looking around her now. She was alert and seemed interested in what was happening. Her breathing had returned to something like normal. I didn't say anything to the others.

We all arrived in the barn. "That must be about three hours," I said.

"We have one thing left to do," said Tim. "He hasn't cum yet."

"That's right. That's part of the arrangement. She doesn't get out until he's cum inside her at least once." Matt explained for my benefit. "I thought the movement of walking might do it but nothing happened."

"So what are you going to do?" I asked.

Matt grinned. "Don't worry, we have a backup plan."

Tim appeared with two lengths of rope about 15 feet long. He tied the ends of both to the buckle on the waist belt at Angela's back. Matt unbuckled the rear depth control strap and pushed Angela forward so she started to slide off Sampson's cock. He let her move about 6 inches then pulled the strap tight and fastened it again. Now Angela had only about 2 inches of Sampson inside her.

They pulled one rope out through Sampson's front legs and the other out through his back. Matt took one and Tim took the other. Matt poured more lubricant on Sampson's shaft and then leaned back on the rope to pull Angela's cunt back down onto the cock. She slid down it much easier than she had three hours earlier. When she reached the maximum penetration the straps would allow, Tim pulled his rope and pulled her back up the cock. Then Matt pulled her back down it. Before long they had worked out a steady rhythm. They looked like lumberjacks using those long saws with a handle at each end. Pulling Angela back and forward about once every second. This tug-o-war went on for more than 15 minutes. Angela was breathing heavily again, but this time she sounded much more healthy. Sampson began to repeat a low whinny unlike any noise he had made so far. Then one deep grumbling whinny marked the end. Some grey liquid squirted out from between his shaft and Angela's cunt.

Angela had sweat on her face and was gasping for air like she had run a marathon. Matt said "that's enough, let her go." He undid the strap which held her onto the cock and pushed her up off it. As he fell out of her about half a pint of thick grey cum flowed out of her hole and hit the ground with a messy splat. Her hole was still open. It had stretched and didn't want to close. As we had done the day before I released the buckles as Matt and Tim lowered her to the floor. Matt pulled her clear of Sampson's legs and undid the two belts round her body. There were thick red marks round her where they had been. She lay on her side on the floor. Both her hands clutching her crotch. She didn't say anything. She was conscious but isolated and cut off from the four men standing around her.

Tim led Sampson out to the paddock across the yard. He still had an erection. It could be hours before it went down. He seemed unconcerned and ate some grass.

Matt picked up Angela and carried her towards the house. "I think she needs some time alone now." He said. They went into the guest house and we didn't see either of them for the rest of the day.

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## Chapter 5

The next morning I rose early as usual and went for a walk. I took the same path as we had yesterday and walked to the head of the valley. I stood and looked at the view for a while trying to get the events of the previous day sorted out in my head.

When I arrived back I met Matt who was bright and cheerful. "Get your camera mate. You can do the post bellyride interview this morning."

I brought my camera to the veranda and took a seat at a small round table. A few minutes later Angela arrived. She was dressed in a white summer dress with a low cut back and was looking fantastic. She slowly and deliberately lowered herself into the chair opposite me.

We exchanged greetings and I started the camera to make another interview.

"Congratulations on becoming the world's first recorded bellyrider," I said.

"Thank you."

Angela was genuinely appreciative even though my comment was half meant in sarcasm.

"How do you feel today? Are you sore?"

"Yes. It still hurts. But it's a lot better than it was yesterday after I was released. I'll recover soon. Although I don't think I'll be having sex for a week or two."

"So how was the bellyriding experience for you? Are you pleased with how it went?"

"Yes I am. It all worked out exactly as we planned. The harness worked very well. Everyone coped with it all as we had discussed. It was a complete success," she said smiling.

I felt an undeniable urge to start talking straight again. "What about when the horse got spooked, knocked two of us over and ran off across the barn with you attached? I didn't think that part was a success, we were lucky nobody was injured."

Angela was visibly shaken by my last statement and I immediately wished I hadn't said it.

"That was..." she paused to take a breath. "That was my fault. I lost control and released my frustration on Sampson. I shouldn't have done that. I am to blame for him becoming agitated."

"Why were you frustrated?" I had to follow this lead.

"Because I couldn't do my part of the plan." She looked at me and realised I wasn't going to be fooled. "Because it hurt a lot more than I thought it would and I couldn't take it." She said what she had been trying not to say. "I knew it would be painful but I wasn't ready for it to be so intense."

"You regained control quite quickly. Did the pain ease off soon after you were penetrated?"

"No it stayed intense until we were on our way back to the farm. When it first went inside me I wanted to blame Sampson for being so big. That's when I freaked out. But I soon came to my senses and knew it wasn't his fault. He didn't ask to be pushed inside me. And I realised that if I really spooked him I could die. At that point I accepted that the plan was for three hours so I should just grit my teeth and get it done." She seemed relieved to be telling me the truth and not reciting a pre-prepared dialogue that had been decided on at a planning meeting.

"I think you were very brave," I said, trying not to sound like I was consoling a ten year old. "What did it feel like when they pulled you onto Sampson's cock?"

"At first I thought it wasn't going to go inside me. I tried to relax and allow it to penetrate but it didn't enter. They pushed harder but it just pushed me away. I was worried it wouldn't go in and the whole project would have been a waste of time because I failed. When it started to creep inside me I felt relieved. But only for a few seconds until it forced me apart and the pain started and I lost the plot a little," she looked embarrassed at this admission.

"So what would have been worse? The pain of penetration or the failure if it didn't penetrate?"

"Failure. Any pain would be better than being the one who caused the whole project to fail. To get that far and then have to stop would be awful. It'd be like being jilted at the altar. That would have been unbearable."

"So you must have felt glad when they got it inside you?" I was being facetious to see what response I got.

She knew what I was doing. "Yes I was glad it penetrated me. The only thing I am not glad about is that I didn't do any training before the event. I wish I had been better prepared for his size."

This was a good answer. "So how did it really feel being penetrated by a cock that size?" I asked.

"It was horrible. I thought I was going to be torn in two. I felt sick and almost passed out."

"So bellyriding wasn't really such a good experience for you then?" Facetiousness was creeping into my questions again.

Angela thought for a moment. "Yesterday I had three distinctly different experiences. One was the discomfort of having such an enormous cock forced inside me. That was extremely unpleasant and not something I would want to repeat in isolation. The second experience was after two hours I had gone numb and the pain started to subside. I started to appreciate the experience of bellyriding. And when they tied the ropes onto me and used me to wank off Sampson, I was literally in a state of ecstasy."

"Really. You went from feeling you were being torn in two, to numb to ecstasy in 3 hours?" I interrupted.

"Yes. I was still feeling sore when they started wanking him with me, but that faded into the background. It was the most intense fuck of my life."

"Did you cum?" I had to know.

Angela grinned and rolled her eyes up to the sky. "Yes. The best ones I've ever had."

"What did it feel like when he came inside you?"

"I could feel he was going to cum. He started getting fidgety and making noises like he was on his way. I didn't really feel it filling me up but I could feel it forcing its way out the sides and running down the crack of my arse." She said as if it was a normal thing to happen to a girl.

"So was the pain worth it to get to the intense fuck?" I asked.

"That depends. When I was in pain it was the worst thing to ever happen to me. When I was being



used to wank him off, it was the best thing to ever happen to me. That's the experience of bellyriding I guess."

"You said there were three experiences. What was the third one?"

"Just being under him and being so close to such a powerful creature. It was a wonderful feeling for him to walk around and to feel his body move. I loved it."

"You are going to do this again aren't you? I asked in some disbelief.

Angela looked almost embarrassed to admit it. "Yes I am. But not for a while, I need to recover."

"And you will use large objects to train yourself before the next attempt?"

"Yes, as I should have done before yesterday."

She asked "Will you come and film us again?"

But I didn't reply. I finished the interview there. I felt a moral confusion I had never dealt with before. I was glad I had been present to witness the bellyriding. It was a fascinating and beautiful thing. But I didn't want Angela to do it again. And I didn't want to be involved in this project any further.

Later that day I packed to leave. I kissed Angela goodbye and wished her luck. Tim shook my hand until it almost came off and invited me back to his home any time I wanted, any reason, even if the others were not there. Tim was a genuine good guy. The vet had already left on his long trip home by this time. Matt thanked me for my efforts. I drove away.

I edited the film of them all. I had enough material for an hour and a half long film. I had to edit the audio to get rid of their names and pixel over a few faces. I didn't get any money for this but I didn't care. I sent the finished documentary to Matt and hoped that next time he charged headlong into my life I wouldn't be left so confused.

As I drove home I laughed as I remembered a joke someone told me a while back.

If you are looking for a stable relationship. Get a horse.