

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



This story is the sequel to "[Angels and Unicorns](#)". Read it before reading this one. I have just let my imagination go nuts with this story. Welcome to my mind.

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## **Chapter 1**

I sat on the bench and unwrapped my sandwich. It was a very pleasant summer's day and a few people were taking the chance to walk around the park in their lunch hour. I had a part time job at my local library and was taking the opportunity to get outside the building for lunch. It was a boring job but the work was easy. And it was educational as I was reading the books when nothing else was occupying my time.

I watched a young mother instructing her toddler how to feed bread to the ducks over at the other side of the pond. The toddler did not seem impressed with ducks and obviously considered them a risk to his safety. I smiled at this display of innocence.

Someone walked along the path behind the duck fearing toddler. My mind registered this person as someone from my past before I even realised I was thinking about it. I recognised her shape as she walked. Then she turned to look my way. It was Angela. The bellyrider. I hadn't seen her for over a year. The last time we spoke was when I had interviewed her on video the day after her bellyriding attempt. Since then I had seen her face many times on my video editing software. In fact I had seen a lot more than her face. I had close up views of every part of her naked body. I had taken a long time to edit that video production. Because I wanted to get it right, because I enjoyed looking at Angela and because I was still amazed at what she had done. I had sent the finished movie production of "The Myth of Bellyriding" to Matt and we had swapped a few emails but I hadn't heard anything from him for almost a year. I knew one day Matt would show up again, but I didn't think I would ever see Angela again.

She had longer hair than she had last time I saw her. Still bright blonde but slightly curly instead of straight now. She wore shorts and a summer blouse. Even at this distance she had the same air of sex and desirability she had a year ago.

Then I saw Matt. He was walking with her. They reached out to each other and held hands. They said something to each other and laughed but they were too far away for me to hear. They looked like they were in love. They were not only still together after a whole year, but they looked like a couple of love struck teenagers. Matt in love? I never thought I'd see that day. But if he had to pick someone to fall for I can't think of anyone more suitable than Angela.

Angela saw me. She recognised me immediately. She smiled and waved. Then dragged Matt all the way round the pond to my bench. We greeted each other with kissed cheeks and shaken hands and said the usual greetings to each other. We all sat on the bench.

After ten minutes of catching up, talking about the weather, my job and other unimportant pleasantries I asked "What brings you to my patch?"

"Matt's taking me shopping" replied Angela still showing her almost compulsory unshakable smile. "It's so nice to see you. It's been so long. We haven't spoken since last summer." Angela was treating me like a long lost friend even though I had only met her a few times over the three days I spent at the farm. This was partly her infectious friendly nature and I partly because the event we shared was such an intense thing to happen that we had a stronger bond than regular friends.

"No, not since I visited the farm" I said then wished I hadn't as I didn't know if Angela was maybe trying to forget those particular few days.

"You should come up to the farm again" she spouted enthusiastically.

"So you still visit the farm then? I asked.

"We live there now." She beamed.

Matt joined in "We live in Tim's guest house at the moment. But we have been getting a house built in the lower paddock. It should be finished in a couple of months."

"How is Tim?"

"He's fine. The same as always. If he's not praying he's wanking." All three of us laughed.

I was becoming more curious about what I had missed in the past year. "How is the vet?"

Matt looked a little distant. "He's not with us anymore. He left to start his own group up north somewhere. I always thought he was more into boys than girls and it seems I was right. We still keep in touch and we get deliveries of muscle relaxant from him every month."

I was desperate to ask and couldn't keep away from the subject any more. Looking at Angela I said "so you still bellyride?"

"Yes I spend one or two days a week under Sampson" said Angela casually as if it was normal for girls to bellyride horses.

"She has done it maybe fifty times now" Matt added with obvious pride in his voice.

I remembered how distressed she was the first time she had done it and I was very impressed with her dedication that she went back to do it again. "So is it getting easier now?"

Matt jumped in to answer "it's really easy for her now. She hardly notices it."

Angela laughed slightly hysterically and playfully hit Matt on the head. "It's not that easy. But I can manage to take him without pain now. And once I've been strapped onto him it only takes me five minutes to get myself sorted out and then I am able to enjoy the rest of the day."

"The day? How long are you riding him for?"

"The muscle relaxant mix we are using can keep him rigid for nine to ten hours and I stay under him for the full time now."

We all stopped talking as a couple walked past. I couldn't believe how Angela had developed her bellyriding skills. I couldn't believe a dull day at the library had turned into a replay of the equine sex circus I experienced a year ago. "Seriously. You do ten hours in the harness?"

Matt chipped in again like a proud parent "she sure does. We have given him a second jab a few times and she has done all day and stayed out all night. Her record is sixteen and a half hours."

"Sixteen hours? Jesus! What's that like? I mean, you'll need to.."

"Matt gives me water and something to eat at meal times."

"Yes sure. But I meant... you know... waste."

Angela looked embarrassed. "Ah. Yes. If I just can't wait and I really have to go, I do it on the ground."

"She makes me go away before she does that" Matt added.

Angela continued "It's not as if it's an unnatural thing to do. Sampson craps on the ground".

"But what about letting him empty his bladder. He can't go for 16 hours without wanting to... you know... take a leak. Does he end up hopping round cross legged waiting for you to be unharnessed?"

This subject had stopped Angela smiling. She looked genuinely disgusted. Or as disgusted as I had ever seen her look considering she was very obviously not worried by bodily functions. Human or equine. "No he doesn't wait. He does it in me."

I choked. "You mean, he takes a piss, while still erect and inside you?"

"Yes" she screwed her nose up indicating revulsion.

"How does that work? I mean... what does it feel like?"

"I can feel it coming before it gets there. He twitches and swells a little. Then I feel myself filling up. It takes a second or two to build enough pressure for it to spray out between me and his shaft. It actually feels quite nice in an odd way." She now looked disgusted and thoughtful at the same time.

"Good for him. I don't think I could take a piss while erect and inside someone."

Matt offered an explanation. "Remember he is artificially erect due to muscle stimulants. His bladder and urinary systems are still working as per normal. And I think you probably could manage a piss if you had been erect for ten hours."

I had to agree. "He must have a decent size of bladder. It's got to hold a few pints."

Angela said "Must do. It runs right up my back. I'd rather he didn't do it. But you can't tell him not to. It's a natural thing for him to do. It really warms you up on a cold night. At least until it cools down, then it feels clammy and horrible."

I was dazed at this idea. I didn't know whether to be in admiration for Angela's complete dedication to her art. Or gagging with disgust. Then I thought what she had said. "Cold nights? Are you out bellyriding on winter nights?"

"Yep"

"It gets below freezing up there in the winter. You're not under him naked in that weather?"

"Fuck no! Naked is only for the summer. I have an old army jump suit I wear. I've cut a hole in the crotch so I can be strapped into the harness with the jump suit, jacket, boots and gloves on. And I have made an oversized coat for Sampson. It covers him and straps right round under me. It's like we are both in a big sleeping bag. Only my head is open to the outside. I've been out in minus five and we are still quite warm together. I get a terrible draft up my crotch, but my crotch is the only reason why I am under him so we can't do anything about that."

I was astonished. I had been very impressed with Angela the first time I met her. I was overawed

with her this time. She was amazing. I was glad Matt was still with her. If Matt had dumped her I would have punched him for being so stupid.

Suddenly Angela jumped as she had remembered something she had to say. "Thank you so much for making the video of me. It was fantastic."

"I'm glad you liked it. Did it ever get published?"

Matt looked shocked "Have you not seen it?"

I shook my head.

"It's on a Dutch bestiality website. It's become one of the most popular videos ever posted on the web. It's had billions of hits. There are several law suits against the website owners to force them to remove it but they refuse."

"Aren't you worried you'll get in trouble?"

Matt grinned. "No. You pixeled out our faces and edited out our voices. Nobody knows who made it or even what country it originates from. The only person recognisable is Angela. And she was only briefly on camera before she was upside down, red faced and crying"

I turned to Angela. "Don't you feel a bit cheated, putting all that effort into your starring performance and not getting a credit?"

She laughed "No I like the anonymity. Although I'm sure I do get recognised sometimes. I will go into a shop and the guy behind the counter will suddenly stare at me wide eyed. And I'll think, you watch horse porn. I quite like it, they aren't sure if it's me or not and they can't ask if I was the girl they watched being fucked by a stallion? But if they go home thinking they met the bellyrider, it'll make their day. That's my movie credit."

I shook my head in wonder. Only Angela could be happy for the shopkeepers who got the chance to meet their horse porn movie idol. "So it was all anonymous? You got no feedback about it?"

"I had a hotmail address with the video" replied Matt. "We got plenty of feedback. I don't know how many emails we got, tens of thousands."

"They would be men wanting Angela's phone number I'm guessing."

"Yeah most of them wanted to know who she was. A lot congratulated us on a job well done. And we had about two hundred volunteers to go in the harness."

"What? Are you shitting me?" I was glad I was sitting down as I was genuinely knocked back by this.

Matt continued unaffected "yeah. Most of them were men though"

"Seriously? Men wanted to be fucked up the arse by Sampson?"

"Most of them sent photos of themselves sitting on huge things to show they were capable of taking him." Matt had an expression on his face a little like Angela did when she was telling me about Sampson pissing inside her. Obviously he didn't believe men should bellyride stallions. "But there was about thirty or forty women who offered themselves. But there was only one who took my interest."

Angela laughed loudly. "What Matt means by that, is that there was only one young woman who lived near here and looked cute in her photo. All the rest were on the far side of the world and the far side of fifty. And most were a bit chunky."

"Chunky?" Matt interjected. "Some of them would have broken Sampson's back!" They both laughed.

"So did you invite the cute girl to meet Sampson?"

Angela answered with a wicked knowing smile. "Why don't you come and see for yourself? You're welcome to visit the farm any time. Tim would love to see you. And you can see what we've been doing recently."

I told them I would love to and we made a date for the following weekend.

As Angela and Matt walked away round the duck pond Angela called back "I hope the weather is nice at the weekend. I won't have to wear my jump suit."

"I hope so too" I called back.

Angela smiled. As she always did.

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Chapter 2

The next Saturday I drove to the farm. It was late morning before I got there. There was now a security fence in the woods to stop anyone driving up the house unannounced. I punched in the code number Matt had given me and the gate opened.

I parked at the house in the same spot I had a year previously. Tim ran out to greet me. He was still as friendly and enthusiastic as he had been last year. It was good to see him. He was a genuine good guy. He asked all about my life and we talked for a while.

Then he said "Angela and Matt are round in the yard. Go round and see them."

I walked round the corner into the yard. Sampson was standing there peacefully shining in the sunlight. He was facing away from me. I could see two human feet sticking out from his flanks. Angela was already under him. As I walked closer I could see her arms and legs wrapped around his body, her ankles and wrists manacled to the saddle straps. Then her naked body tightly strapped up under his belly and his cock immersed in her crotch. I couldn't help wince slightly when I looked at how it stretched her flesh. I walked round to Sampson's head. He was bridled and tied to the fence on a long rope which hung loose on the ground. I looked between his front legs to see Angela's smiling face hanging upside down between his forearms. Her hair hung straight down. If it was just a little longer it would be able to sweep the yard surface.

"Hi Todd. I thought I heard someone coming. How are you?" she said.

"I'm well. How are you?" I asked.

"I'm good. It looks like it'll be nice and sunny for the rest of the day."

It seemed ridiculous that a girl in her position would be chatting about the weather. But if she had spent fifty full days bellyriding it would be becoming quite normal for her now. I didn't think I was at

the stage I could consider it to be normal.

“I see you started without me. How long have you been in the harness?”

“I don’t know. What time is it?”

“After eleven.”

“Then I’ve been with Sampson for about three hours.”

That choice of words was so cute. I’ve been with Sampson. It made it sound like she had been having a cup of tea, or going to the shops with him. It wasn’t quite the phrase I would have used to explain that she was tied helplessly while two men inserted another species’ three and a half inch wide penis into her vagina. The opposite extremes of her phrase and her actions seemed to sum up this farm.

“Could you get me a drink of water?” she asked.

I found her water bottle and held it up to her so she could drink it through the straw.

“So what have you two been doing for three hours?” I asked.

“Just standing here waiting for you. We didn’t want to do anything until you got here.”

What Angela had just said echoed round my head. She didn’t want to start anything until I got here. But she didn’t wait in the house, she had to get harnessed up and wait with Sampson’s cock inside her, standing doing nothing in the yard. She would rather be under Sampson than in a comfortable arm chair. She had become addicted to bellyriding.

I stood back and looked at them both together. And at the network of leather straps holding them in their unnatural embrace. A year ago I had been in two minds if I liked looking at this forced interspecies coupling. But that was because Angela was in pain and distress. Now that she was comfortable with bellyriding, the spectacle became quite different. There was a peace and acceptance about it now. Sampson was obviously unconcerned with the proceedings and Angela had much more control of the situation than she did last year. She was tied into the harness so she didn’t really have any control over what was happening to her, but she was emotionally in control now. It appeared like Sampson and Angela were very comfortable with each other and were both enjoying their illicit affair.

I knelt down under Sampson’s head so I could talk to Angela. Sampson looked down and sniffed my head which made Angela giggle. “What does it feel like? Now that you are accustomed to it” I asked.

“You mean what does it feel like being slung under a horse? Or what does it feel like being stretched wide open by a horse cock?”

“Well, I meant both. But mainly the cock.”

She looked thoughtful. Or at least I thought she was looking thoughtful. It was difficult to tell when she was hanging upside down.

“I feel completely full. It’s like all the space inside me is totally filled up. We fit together so firmly that when we have been connected for a few hours without moving around it gets difficult to tell where I stop and where he begins. It’s like we are Siamese twins joined at the crotch. I am growing from him. The day after we have been bellyriding I feel empty and sad. It’s like I am feeling grief for

the part of me that's missing."

I was fascinated by this and couldn't help ask more. "That's when you have been still for a few hours. What about when you are moving up and down his shaft?"

Her smile turned to a wicked grin "Then he becomes my lover. But it's still like we are part of the same creature. It feels like he is fucking me from the inside out. We are completely and totally together in every way. He is inside me physically and emotionally." Then she lowered her voice a little as if what she was about to say was a secret. "And I have the most intense mind blowing orgasms. The best orgasms any girl could ever have. I love it. I love him."

She closed her eyes and must have been thinking about past orgasms.

I interrupted her reminiscing. "Where is Matt and Tim?"

"They were in the big barn last I saw. But it's hard to see anything from down here unless I'm pointing the right direction."

"Ok. I'll see you later." I walked to the barn. Just like last year I had a lot to think about. Matt was in the tack room fixing some straps. I shook hands to greet him.

"Angela's outside. Did you see her?" He asked.

"Yeah we talked for a while. She told me she was in love with Sampson. Did you know that?"

Matt smiled. "Considering what he's doing to her right now I'm not surprised. If you put a three and a half inch wide dick up her for ten hours, she would tell you she loved you too. Don't worry. I don't feel threatened. I know she loves me."

"She has to love you. She needs you. She can't strap herself under Sampson." I immediately regretted saying that. I was here to spend time with friends and watch bellyriding. Not to burst bubbles. Matt had an expression somewhere between bewilderment and concern.

His train of thought was broken by Tim's arrival. He was carrying a large bundle of leather straps which looked very like the harness set Angela and Sampson were wearing.

"You've made a second bellyriding harness?" I enquired.

Tim replied. "Yes this one is for the girl."

"Who?"

"The girl."

Matt jumped in. "He doesn't know about the girl Tim." Then turned to me, "She is the girl I mentioned last week who emailed us volunteering to bellyrider."

"Ah. The only young cute one who applied."

"That's right. She'll be arriving tomorrow morning. She spends one or two days a week here."

"Bellyriding?"

"Yep. That's why she contacted us." Said Matt stated the obvious.

"What's her name?" I was starting to become curious about her.

Matt thought for a moment. "I don't know. We call her the girl. We don't actually talk."

I didn't know how to answer that. But Matt stopped me having to.

He said "Would you like to go for a ride?"

For a second I didn't know how to reply to that. To be asked to go for a ride on this farm could mean any number of things. So I tentatively agreed and Matt led me outside to Sampson and Angela.

"Have you ever ridden bare back?" he asked.

"I've never ridden a horse before." I replied.

"That's OK. I'll tell you what to do" he said while untying Sampson's rope and arranging his reigns round his neck. Then he vaulted up onto Sampson's back and sat on top of the packsaddle. It was only then I noticed he was barefoot.

"Take your shoes off and jump up behind me."

I took off my shoes but told him I couldn't jump that far. Sampson's back was above my shoulder height and I wasn't as athletic as Matt. So he led Sampson to the fence so I could climb up to throw a leg over him. We were now sitting on Sampson's back as if we were on a motorbike. I would have felt much safer on a motorbike as I didn't like the fact that horses don't have foot rests.

We started to walk out of the yard and into a paddock. This was the first time I had really noticed how wide Sampson was. He was almost four feet wide and I was struggling to stretch my legs wide enough to go round him. Angela was shorter than me and must be stretching even more. All I could see of Angela were her hands and feet. All the rest of her was hidden by Sampson's massive body. Then I noticed that Angela's hands were holding Matt's feet. I thought that was lovely. I thought it was cute when I saw them holding hands in the park, but this was so much cuter. They were together in this experience. I put my feet on her feet. Not to feel any closeness to her, but to steady myself and stop myself falling off.

We walked across the paddock. The sun was starting to feel hot and I wished I had brought a hat.

"So your sex life must be a bit limited now that Angela is so used to Sampson." I said bluntly.

"Our sex life is just fine." Matt paused for a moment. "Of course we don't have vaginal sex at all now. It's all oral and anal. But I don't feel inconvenienced. Angela is very good at anal."

"Yeah I remember you saying she was quite keen". I replied.

A distant voice from under Sampson said "I can hear you. You realise that. Don't you?"

I called down to her. "Sorry. But I bet you talk about sex when you get together with your girlfriends."

"Yes I do. But I don't tell them about this."

Matt stopped Sampson next to a fence. He slid off him and dropped to the ground signalling me to do the same.

He led me into a clump of long grass and pulled out an old car wheel and tyre. It had a piece of rope about fifteen feet long tied through the centre. Matt rolled it over to Sampson and passed the free end of the rope through his back legs and tied it onto the buckle on the back of Angela's waist strap. Then he undid the buckle on the rear depth control strap, pulled it out five holes then buckled it back up. As soon as the tension of the strap was released Angela slid forward about three inches and three inches of Sampson's cock slid out of her. The strap tightened at its new length and stopped her sliding off him any further.

I must have looked puzzled about what was going on as Matt started to explain. "Now Angela isn't strapped tight she can slide up and down his cock. The wheel is tied to Angela's belt. When Sampson walks she drags it behind her. When we walk over rough ground the wheel digs in to the bumps and pulls her hard down onto him, then when the wheel is pulled loose and the rope goes slack she slides forward off him again. All we need to do is walk around for a while, and she slowly wanks him until he cums."

It was genius. I had never heard of scrap car parts being used to enhance sexual experience before. After Matt gave me a boost up onto Sampson, we walked off again. I watched the wheel as we towed it along behind us. Sometimes it slid easily. Sometimes it got stuck on a mound of turf for a second before being jerked free. Sometimes it tumbled as it was pulled past an obstacle. I leaned out to the side to try and watch Angela. I couldn't see her body but if I stretched out I could see her thigh as it disappeared under Sampson. She was not tightly fixed to his belly any more. Now she bumped back and forth as the rope tightened and bounced slack again. As I watched she jerked back and forward once, then nothing for a few seconds, then four quick jerks back and forth, then nothing for another few seconds. And so it continued.

We walked in silence for quite a while just enjoying the scenery. Then Matt said "Listen" and pointed downward.

I listened and heard Angela breathing very hard. Over the next few minutes she got louder and louder until she was panting quite distinctly. Matt steered Sampson to the right to walk over some big tufts of grass. Angela stopped panting for a few seconds then gave a long forced grunt.

"There she goes" said Matt with a satisfying nod of a job well done.

Now I knew what Angela had meant when she was describing her outstanding orgasms earlier. "How many of those does she have a day?" I asked.

"Sometimes two or three. Sometimes thirty or forty. It depends what we are doing. Some days are more intense than others."

We continued to walk through the paddocks. After about ten minutes Angela went through her panting and grunting routine again. Shortly after that Sampson stopped walking. He was tossing his head around a little and padding his hooves on the ground.

"He's on his way" said Matt as he tried to encourage him to keep walking.

Sampson's body trembled all the way through. He gave a quiet deep grumbling whinny and then relaxed. A few moments later I could hear a bubbling sound like a child blowing a raspberry. It was Sampson's semen squeezing out of Angela. I guess when she is filled up with his cock there just isn't enough room inside her for two full balls worth of Sampson's cum. It's going to have to escape somewhere.

Matt gave Sampson a few moments to compose himself and then started him walking again. Now the

first few tugs of the car wheel caused squelching and spitting sounds from the mutual crotch area of the multispecies orgasm beast below us. I felt privileged and honoured to have been sitting on him when he came. To be so close to such a magnificent animal when he reaches sexual climax that I could feel him tense and tremble was a big thrill. And to think of him unloading into such a comparatively small and fragile creature who has dedicated herself to providing him with sexual stimulation and a hole to receive his gift was quite moving. I was beginning to understand what these guys saw in bellyriding.

“How often does he cum?” I asked.

“When towing the wheel he shoots one out about every thirty or forty minutes. I can persuade him to do it more often if I try” said Matt proudly.

“Is that normal for a stallion?”

“No. Not at all. Normally he would cum very quickly. It’d take him only a minute or two to dump his load in a mare. But when we force him to be erect artificially his sexual arousal mechanism isn’t working properly. Not like it does when a nice sexy mare is presenting herself in front of him. So it takes a bit of teasing to get him to cum.”

I found this interesting. It was obvious Matt was learning a lot about the subject. I had never given him credit for an ability to educate himself. Maybe he just never had the right subject to inspire him.

“How often can he cum? Is he able to just keep going one after the other?”

“Yeah pretty much. I mean, once he’s got his first load out, he won’t produce anything like as much fluid the next times. But as long as he’s kept hard by the stimulants he will keep going through the motions of ejaculating. He can go again and again for hours.”

“Can Angela take it for hours?” I asked.

“Angela can take a lot more than you’d realise. But don’t worry about her. I know when she’s had enough.”

Suddenly I knew why Angela held onto Matt’s feet. It was her way of keeping in touch with the driver. Her way of letting him know if she was OK or not. They didn’t need to talk. They communicated by touch.

We walked back into the yard and both jumped down. Matt went to untie the rope. I went to speak To Angela. Her face was quite flushed and she had mud and twigs stuck in her hair.

“Was that good for you?” I asked.

“It was amazing” was all she said.

Matt undid the depth control straps so she slid forward letting Sampson’s cock fall out of her with a loud slurping noise. His cock dribbled juice onto the ground. Matt released her wrists and ankles and called me to help lift her down. I had seen this happen last year so knew the drill. Matt and I both held her waist strap while unbuckling it from the pack saddle straps. Angela put her feet on the floor to take her weight until we did the same thing with her chest strap. Matt pulled her out from under Sampson and she sat on the floor unbuckling herself from the remains of the harness.

Angela seemed a little dazed. She was moving quite slowly. She had red marks on her skin where

the two straps had been round her chest and waist. And her breasts and stomach were red where she had been rubbing against Sampson's belly. Matt helped her stand up. I don't know if she was stiff and sore because she had been tied in the same position for five hours or because she was so over powered with her intense orgasms. I guessed it was a combination of both.

While we were riding, their combined bodily fluids had been running out of her crotch, round her arse and up her back. So now she had been sitting on the ground she had dust and dirt sticking to the wet patch. She tried to brush it off and also brush the bits of paddock out of her hair.

Tim walked past. "Good ride?"

"Yes it was really nice." Then she stood straight up with all the dignity she could muster, swept her hair which was still containing a few small twigs over her shoulder and said "I'm going for a shower." And completely naked, she walked off towards the house.

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### **Chapter 3**

When I woke next morning it was wet. It was fog and heavy rain. I thought that may curtail the day's bellyriding activities. I found Angela in the kitchen and we made ourselves some breakfast.

"There won't be any riding in the paddock today" I said.

"Not like yesterday. But we'll still get out for a ride somewhere," she replied with her usual cheer. "And the girl is arriving for a ride this morning."

"She is the girl who emailed volunteering to bellyride?"

"That's right. She doesn't ride Sampson though. She has her own stallion."

"So you don't share Sampson?"

"No. Sampson is my special boy. She rides Goliath."

I could imagine the answer to my next question but had to ask. "Goliath is a big fellow is he?"

Angela looked at me with a wicked smirk and nodded. "Don't expect to interview her. She doesn't talk. She arrives, does it and leaves. Every weekend."

I went to the barn looking for Matt and Tim. They were there fitting the pack saddle to Sampson. The big doors were open to let in light but the rain blew in sometimes too. In a stall behind them was a huge animal. It might have been a shire but it didn't have the long hair around its hooves. Sampson was a big horse, and this guy was bigger.

"That must be Goliath then?" I asked.

Matt nodded. "Has Angela been telling you about him?"

"Yes. That's the girls mount isn't it?"

"Yeah. Well... actually she is his mount" he corrected me.

"How big is he when erect?" My curiosity saw no reason to dance around the issue.

“Twenty inches long and four and a half wide.”

“Shit Matt. How can a girl take that? It’ll tear her apart.”

He was not surprised by my concern but not fazed by it. “She has experience. She can do it. And she has done it here quite a few times already.”

I couldn’t argue with that logic so said nothing more.

I heard a car arrive. A few minutes later Angela walked in to the other end of the barn. She was wearing jeans and T shirt. The weather was colder today and I suppose it wasn’t comfortable to walk around naked. Another girl followed her. She was shorter and slimmer than Angela. She was about 5’4”, had dark brown skin and a mass of long jet black hair. She was barefoot and wearing a loose floral summer dress which left her shoulders bare. She was not as instantly striking as Angela but when you looked at her she was quite pretty.

I watched as Angela handed her some things. One of them was a gag. It looked like a two inch wide leather strap with a rubber penis sticking out from it. She opened her mouth wide to slide the rubber dick into her mouth. She pulled the straps round behind her head to buckle it up then bent over and shook her hair out from under the strap so it tightened across the back of her neck under her hair. When she straightened up it was fixed in place across her face but her hair still looked good. Her mouth was full and held wide open. She put leather manacles on her wrists and ankles which looked just like Angela’s. She stood with her back to the wall and Angela clipped her wrist cuffs to eye bolts in the wall so she stood in a crucifix shape. Then Angela left her there and walked over to join us.

I stared at her. She was watching us. I asked Matt “She looks very young. Are you sure she’s old enough for this?”

“Tell me Todd? What is the legal age of consent for a horse to fuck a girl?”

He made a very good point. I was fine with bestiality. In fact I was growing to like it a lot. But only if the animals were not in distress. From what I had seen on this farm so far the animals seemed to enjoy the sexual stimulation. But I wasn’t going to be any part of this if Matt was recruiting underage girls.

“Don’t worry Todd. She drives here in a Mercedes. How many schoolgirls do you know who do that?”

That was true and I nodded to show Matt my understanding. “Have you checked what age she is? Just out of curiosity.”

“Why would I. Look at her. She’s sexy and wants to be fucked by a horse. That’s all I need to know.”

Matt always had a way of being satisfied with the simplest interpretation.

While we were talking Tim led Sampson out into the open area in the barn. This was the location of Angela’s equine deflowering a year ago. Tim had given him an injection at the base of his penis and his cock was already starting to grow. Angela dropped a pile of leather straps beside us and took her clothes off. In the last year she had learned there was no place for modesty in bellyriding. Her nipples stood squarely out from her breasts indicating the weather was indeed much cooler than yesterday. Matt put the chest and waist straps round her as she fitted her wrist and ankle straps. Without a word from any of them she sat on the floor and slid under Sampson. Matt and Tim stood on either side of Sampson and lifted her in unison. First the chest strap was fixed to Sampson’s saddle straps, then the waist strap. They had clearly done this many times now and were very well

practised.

Her wrist and ankles were clipped into their positions at his side and then Matt ducked under him to check on his cock. It was hard so he spread lubricant liberally over it and rubbed some onto Angela. Tim had clipped a rope onto the buckle on the back of her waist strap and once in position behind Sampson said "are we ready?"

Matt was holding Sampson's cock up in one hand so it pointed straight at its target. "Yep."

Tim pulled on the rope which drew Angela back onto Sampson's cock. Tim hesitated slightly when the cock started to enter then pulled harder and Angela slid down over it. About nine inches of Sampson went inside Angela in one second. When I thought about the fight and struggle everyone had to reach this conclusion a year ago it showed how Angela had adapted for Sampson. She truly belonged to him now.

But Angela didn't accept Sampson without noticing. As she slid down him she loudly exhaled "Ohhhhhh!" Then the next few exhalations were audible. "Hahhh. Hahhh." Then she became quiet. I walked round to look at her face. She had her eyes tightly shut and her mouth wide open. She was really feeling Sampson inside her, but this time it was pleasure I saw on her face. Not like the last time.

"You won't get any sense out of her for five minutes" said Matt as he went round all the harness buckles tightening them all to hold her tightly in the correct position. "Give me a hand with this." He asked.

He dragged a large sheet out from under the bench. It was made of waxed canvas.

"This is Sampson's coat. Angela made it."

We both pulled it over Sampson. It was a shaped cover which went over his back, round his flank with a hole for his tail to stick out, and round his neck. It had straps which buckled under his neck and his belly. It soon became obvious that this coat wasn't just custom made to fit Sampson, it was made to fit round Sampson and Angela together. It was long enough to wrap around Angela and buckle up the other side. Flaps of canvas folded through his legs at the back and front and strapped in place. When he was in the coat it looked like he had been gift wrapped. Only his legs, head and tail were visible. If you didn't know otherwise you wouldn't realise that Angela was cocooned inside it. There were bumps at each side where her arms and legs were. To see her you had to look down inside the folds of the coat between his front legs to see her face looking back out. Her head didn't hang down any more, it was held up to his chest by the coat.

Matt checked everything was in the right place and all the folds were tightened and would not work loose. "There you go!" he proclaimed. "They can be outside in torrential rain and she is warm and dry inside."

I had to compliment them on their good design and construction. It was the ideal garment for the all weather bellyrider.

Matt put his rain coat on and led Sampson out across the yard and let him loose in the paddock. Sampson started to walk off with his secret girlfriend hidden inside his coat. I could see the sheets of rain running down the coats canvas and pouring off underneath him as he walked away into the mist.

"Will she be OK?" I asked Matt as he took his coat off in the barn.

“Yeah of course. I’ll leave them alone for the rest of the day. I’ll go and find them again this evening.

Tim had brought Goliath into the open area and was under him injecting his penis. Goliath already had his pack saddle with hanging straps on. It was the girls turn now.

Matt and Tim approached her. She was watching with wide eyes. Matt reached behind her back and unzipped her dress, unhooked the halter top neck strap from her head and pulled the dress down to her ankles and then off altogether. She was not wearing any underwear and was now naked. Matt pulled her legs apart and clipped them to more eye bolts in the wall so she stood in an X shape.

She was slim but had plump round breasts which were big enough to swing and bounce as Matt tugged her legs apart. And she was shaved. Her breasts and bald crotch made her look a little more of suitable age. Her breasts pointed out to the sides slightly. Like they had fallen out and were trying to ignore each other.

Matt strapped the two harness support straps round her body. Above her breasts but under her armpits, and round her waist.

Tim had taken his jacket off and sat down in front of her on what looked like a milking stool. He spread lubricant over his hand and started working his fingers into her vagina. First he worked one finger in and out, then two, then three, then he started pushing his whole hand into her. Within one minute of starting his hand was inside her past his wrist. She was struggling. She twitched violently, making sudden choking noises as he pushed in and out of her. For about ten minutes he pulled his hand out, spread lubricant on it and punched it into her vagina again and again. Then he stopped and walked away.

She was breathing heavily. I suppose it wasn’t easy for her gasping for breath with a rubber phallus filling her mouth. She hung on the restraints and stared at each of us one after the other.

I was shocked by this. I had seen fisting on the internet but not in real life. And even on the web it hadn’t been so rough. I wanted to say something. But what would I say? I was the stranger here.

Matt unclipped the four restraints holding her to the wall and allowed her to stumble forward. Matt and Tim both took an arm each and dragged her to Goliath. They slid her under him and lifted her up to attach her body support straps to his pack saddle straps. But she wasn’t hung under him like Angela was. She was the other way up. Her back was strapped into his belly and she was looking down at the floor with her arms and legs hanging straight down. Tim took her wrists and attached them to the side of her waist strap. Her elbows stuck out a little like she was resting her hands on her hips. Her legs were long enough to put her feet flat on the ground.

Tim clipped the rope onto the front of her waist strap and fed it through her legs and through Goliath’s legs. Matt got ready to pull. Tim spread lubricant on Goliath’s cock, held it up to point at her and gave Matt a nod. Matt pulled the rope. Goliath’s cock pushed her thighs apart to contact her vagina lips.

I held my breath. My mouth was dry. This was an utterly enormous penis. The biggest I had ever seen. Four and a half inches wide was an unbelievable width to stretch anyone. Especially such a little girl. I bit my lip and watched. I couldn’t stop myself.

Matt dug his heels into the ground and pulled with considerable force. Goliath’s cock separated her lips and slowly disappeared inside her. He kept pulling with his whole weight leaning back on the rope until there was a sudden movement as she opened up and slid all the way down him. Tim tightened the depth control straps so Matt could release the rope. Her legs, which were still

unrestrained, pedalled and scabbled in the dirt in an effort to get away from the cock. It was an involuntary reaction and pointless.

Now I understood why she was wearing a gag. She screamed and howled as hard as she could which wasn't actually very loud since her mouth was filled with rubber. She continued to wail to herself as Tim gripped her legs which were flailing around wildly and bent them up behind her to clip them to the waist support straps at Goliath's sides. She was under him, facing the ground, legs spread wide and doubled back behind her. Even without considering the fact her vagina was being stretched to an unthinkable width, it looked like an uncomfortable position.

I walked up and had a good look around her. The cock entering her was astonishing. I stared at it for a long time. Then I noticed she was staring at me. I wanted to talk to her, but what could I say?

Tim arrived with his milking stool again and sat down beside her. He had two small bulldog clips in his hand. The sprung metal clips used to hold files of paperwork together. He took one of her breasts in his hand. They were hanging straight down beneath her like udders on an animal. They swung from side to side and jiggled around as she struggled to fight against the assault to her vagina. Her nipples were erect due to the cold air. Tim clipped one of the bulldog clips onto her nipple. The muffled wail turned into a high pitched muffled scream which increased intensity when Tim released a second bulldog clip to crush the other teat. Tim then took two lengths of chain about three feet long and attached each to one of the bulldog clips. The chains were lightweight but heavy enough to stretch her breasts down towards the floor and long enough for the end to trail on the ground.

Tim put his milking stool away and stood back to admire his work. He looked out the doors at the rain. "It's too wet to put them out in the paddock today isn't it?"

Matt replied "Yeah she'd catch hypothermia if we left her out there all day." Then turning to me "We only have one coat and it's designed to fit Sampson and Angela.

I said nothing. The idea that these two would deliberately torture a young girl for their pleasure then be concerned enough about her to worry if she caught a cold didn't make much sense to me.

Tim put Goliath in a spacious stall and left.

Matt and I looked through the bars of the stall at the girl hanging from Goliath. She was in a lot of pain and was struggling hard against her restraints. Her efforts were useless and she must have known that but she instinctively strained against the straps anyway. She reminded me of the men I saw weight lifting at the gym. Her muscles were all fully tensed and she was making the same grunting noises that they did. She had a film of glistening sweat all over her body in spite of the cold air. Her head twisted one way and the other, bumping against Goliath's rib cage. Her hair was being flicked around like a horse's tail. But all she managed to achieve was to make the chains attached to her nipples swing around which must have caused her even more pain. She wailed and sobbed. I waited for her to get used to her situation and start to calm down. But she didn't. She kept struggling and sobbing.

Matt was smiling. "I have to leave this one to Tim. I think bellyriding should only be about the bondage and the sexual connection. I don't really want to do the sadistic stuff. But Tim manages to. He has become quite a sadist now that he has had the chance to practise."

I was feeling like stating my views now. "That girl is in agony. Are you telling me she volunteered for this?"

Matt knew I was getting concerned. But he just laughed. "Yes. She did. She was here last Sunday



doing this, and will most likely be here next Sunday doing the same thing. If she doesn't want to do it, she can stop visiting. We don't force her."

She was still thrashing and struggling.

"Does she fight against it all the time? I asked.

"No. After a few hours she seems to become exhausted and she calms down. I suppose it takes a while for her to realise that fighting it is hopeless. You can't blame her. That cock is the same width as a baby's head. She is effectively in labour right now. And she will stay that way until this evening. Girls are supposed to give birth so their equipment is designed to expand to that width. But it must hurt a lot."

I looked at Matt and looked at the girl twitching and sobbing. I couldn't believe he would say something so stupidly obvious. "Yeah. I think it must hurt a lot."

I was stunned. I had never watched a young girl allowing herself to be brutally tortured before. I decided to take a walk to think. I picked up an umbrella from the house and walked down the paddocks. In the distance I could see Sampson standing calmly in the rain like horses always do. Yesterday I thought I understood this place. Today I knew I was nowhere near to understanding it.

As it was too wet to work we spent the afternoon watching films on TV and drinking tea.

Then Matt looked at his watch and said "Its seven o'clock. The girls have been riding since about ten. We should let them go."

Matt and Tim stood up to leave but Matt said "you stay here if you want. We'll not be long. Just need to fetch Sampson back and unstrap the girls. We'll be back soon."

I told them I'd stay and watch TV. But when they had left I walked round the back of the barn and through the back door. I sat in a stall in a dark corner which was being used to store sacks. I wanted to see what happened when the girl was released.

They returned to the barn with Sampson. They both unwrapped him to reveal Angela. She was dry.

"How was your ride?" Asked Matt.

"Really nice. I slept on and off for a while." Angela replied bright and cheerful as always.

They two men lifted her down and between them removed all the harness from both horse and rider. Angela was very stiff and took several minutes before she could stand and walk straight. Her crotch glistened with the mix of lubricant and their combined sexual juices. She retrieved her clothes but didn't put them back on. She and Matt left towards the guest house.

Tim brought Goliath out from his stall into the barn. The girl was still hanging under him exactly as we had left her nine hours before. But she was not struggling any more. She was silent and still. Her head hung lifelessly down from her bonds like a corpse. Tim removed the bulldog clips from her nipples and she suddenly startled to life with a long retching sound. He released her legs which flopped to the ground, and then released the depth control straps which allowed her to swing forward off Goliaths still erect cock. It left her body with a smacking slurping sound not unlike the sound a plumber makes unblocking a drain with a plunger. Tim didn't lift her down as they had with Angela. He released the harness and she fell to the floor. Tim held one arm to ensure she didn't land on her face and then used it to drag her out from under Goliath before dropping her on the floor. He

led Goliath away. It looked to me as if he cared for the animal much more than the girl. She lay motionless on the floor until Tim returned. He removed all the harness straps and the gag and put them away in the tack room. Then he left the barn.

I watched frozen to the spot hardly able to breathe. She lay still, just as Tim had left her for a long time. Then she slowly lifted her head to look around then carefully sat up. She held her breasts. Pressing her nipples into them. It looked like she was trying to flatten them back into their natural shape. She sniffed and wiped tears from her eyes. Then she opened her legs wide and bent over to inspect her vagina. She felt all round it and rubbed it. Then she slid her hand right up inside herself and felt all round. I assumed she was checking for damage. She slowly and shakily stood up. She stumbled as she walked. She found her dress, put it on and left. She looked drunk and almost missed the door on her way out. I followed her outside to watch her slowly limp across the yard to her car and drive away.

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Chapter 4

I had Friday off work so went shopping in town. My mind was still preoccupied with the events of last weekend but I was in the real world now. Not the farm.

On the way home I went into the supermarket to get some supplies for the coming weekend. I was reading the contents of a can of soup and trying to decide if Mexican chilli flavour was worthy of a spot in my trolley when I looked up and saw the girl from the farm. She was immaculately presented in a smart pencil skirt business suit. She looked quite different with her clothes on and her legs together, but it was definitely the same girl.

I was still staring at her when she looked at me.

“Hello.” I said.

She turned and ran. She left her shopping trolley and made for the door. I thought, shit! What have I done? I may just have frightened away Matt’s only cute bellyriding volunteer. I would never be allowed back to the farm if I was responsible for causing a fifty percent drop in the farms bellyriding population. Oh shit!

I left my trolley and went out through the fire exit and into the street. I took a chance she would turn right when she cleared the door and I guessed right. She ran straight into me as I came round the corner.

“I’m sorry. I’m really sorry. I didn’t mean to frighten you.” I blurted out.

She looked at me with tears in her eyes. She had one hand on her hip and one on her head in that, I don’t know what to do next, pose.

“Please don’t be upset. I’m not going to hurt you.”

“Oh don’t be stupid. I know you’re not going to hurt me.” She said while wiping tears from her eyes. She was well spoken and sounded educated.

“I can’t speak to you. You are one of the farm people. I can’t speak to the farm people.”

“Why not? Is that a rule? Matt won’t know. I won’t tell him.”

"It's not their rule. Its mine." She said in a tone of despair.

"I'm not really a farm person. I've only been twice to watch. I don't take part." I tried to defend myself without knowing what I had done wrong.

"Have I spoiled something?" I asked

She looked at me for a moment and said "you were worried about me last weekend weren't you? I listened to you talking. You sounded quite protective of me."

"Yes. Of course I was worried about you. What they did to you was horrific."

There was a cafe across the road. She looked at it for a long time and said "buy me a coffee."

We took a table away from other patrons and sipped our coffee.

"I'm Todd. Can I ask your name? Or is that something you can't tell farm people?"

She smiled "I am Jacinta." Then after a sip of coffee she said "And to answer your question from last Sunday I did volunteer for everything that happened to me at the farm. I have been visiting the farm every weekend for over six months. And until now I have never spoken to anyone from there."

"Why don't you speak?" I wanted to understand.

"When I am there I just don't want to be someone who talks. I talk all day for a living. When I go there I am not that person."

I asked what she did for a living.

"I am a defence lawyer for my father's legal company. We are contracted to work for the Police serious crime squad. Every person has the right to a defence at trial, and I'm the one who goes to court to defend pimps, murderers and paedophiles."

I was impressed. "Do you manage to get any of them off?"

"Yes. I am better at my job than most of the prosecution lawyers and the accused often walks free when we all know they are guilty."

I didn't understand how courts worked so I avoided looking dumb by perusing the matter further.

"I thought you were underage when I first saw you at the farm. I was very wrong. I'm sorry about that."

Jacinta laughed "I heard you say that. It was very sweet of you to worry about me. But you can stop worrying, I am twenty six. I have always looked young. It's a fact I exploit to my advantage in court."

I was itching to know more about her visits to the farm. "Why do you visit the farm every week? Do you know what they are going to do to you?"

"Of course I know. When I contacted them by email we arranged what was going to happen. I told them I would not be communicating with them in person. I would arrive to serve my purpose then leave. They were fine with that."

I still had questions to ask. "But it must be extremely painful when they put that enormous..." I

found it hard to sit opposite an attractive educated woman in a cafe and talk about sexual torture.

“Cock.” But Jacinta didn’t have a problem with it. She seemed amused by my modesty and repeated “The horse has an enormous cock.”

“Yes. It must be extremely painful when they put that enormous cock into you and clamp chains on your...”

“Nipples?”

“Thank you. Yes. Nipples.”

“Of course it’s extremely painful. It’s utterly unbearable. I can’t stand it.” She replied casually.

“Then...” I couldn’t believe she didn’t see where I was going with this. “Why do you do it? Do you enjoy pain?”

“No I don’t enjoy pain. I hate it. It’s horrible.” She took a drink of her coffee while staring blankly into the mid distance. “The pain cleanses me. It pardons my sins. It clears my mind. When I am getting fucked by the horse nothing else matters. I can think of nothing but his cock inside me. There is nothing else in the world but that horse, me and the pain. It makes everything else go away. No matter what I have done through the week. What injustices and atrocities I have enabled. If I can go to the farm and pay my penance I am set free once again.”

“You’re not catholic are you?”

She laughed. “No. I am not religious.”

“But why a horse? Couldn’t you be punished within a more usual fetish interest?”

“I tried that. I had a man who would whip and fuck me. But it didn’t work. It was just abuse. I had to get rid of him. The experience has to be purely sexual without want. The horse doesn’t want to rape me. He doesn’t know what rape is. It’s all just natural for him. It’s a pure experience. I can get the hardest forced fuck of my life by a real live throbbing breathing creature and there is no lust, no expectation, no second guessing. He provides his cock for my redemption and I repay him by providing my body for him to put his cock in. And of course I need someone that can stay hard for at least a few hours as it takes me that long for me to fully renew my mind.”

I was stunned. I didn’t really understand what I was hearing.

“What about the nipples thing? Is that part of the sexual contact?”

“Yes. Anything to do with tits, cunt or asshole is sexual contact and is fair play.” She stated.

I was taken aback again. I couldn’t recall ever hearing a girl say she had a cunt. And I certainly hadn’t heard it from a girl in a business suit in a cafe.

“So would you take the horse up your arse?” I asked.

“I suppose it’s inevitable. I am becoming used to taking him up my cunt so eventually it’ll become too easy and they will move him into the next hole.”

“You didn’t look like you were getting used to taking him from where I was watching.”

She laughed as if this was a good joke. "You should have seen me when I first did it. It was so bad I thought I was going to die. I seriously thought I was never going home again. When I did get home I went around hugging things because I was so glad to be alive. That was when I realised I had been reborn and the world started making sense again. I'll probably do the same first time I take him anally."

"So you'll do it willingly?"

"Oh no. Not willingly. I really don't want it to happen. It'll be horrifically painful and I'll fight them when they start doing it."

"So it will be their choice and not yours?" I asked.

"You saw how much control I had over what happens to me. If they decide it's time to put him up my arse I'm not going to have any choice. I have had to resign myself to that. When it happens it happens. But I'm not looking forward to that day."

"I don't think you'll be going home to hug things that day. I think you'll be in hospital." I was starting to become honest again. I was becoming very comfortable with Jacinta's company. She was being very open and I wanted to ask much more.

"What about the legality? As a lawyer are you not worried about breaking the law?"

She thought for a moment "Not really no. It's more a moral judgment than a legal one. Sexual intercourse between humans and animals is illegal in this country, but it is legal in other countries. Just as gay marriage is legal in some countries and not others. Even homosexuality is illegal in some countries. How can something be right in one place and wrong in another? In my opinion the bestiality laws are arbitrary and were born from misunderstanding. It's up to those who are actually involved to decide right from wrong. The only laws which are really relevant to us are animal welfare laws. If the animal is well cared for and doesn't get hurt, who can criticise?"

"And that concludes the case for the defence your honour" I said and was very glad that Jacinta thought it was funny.

"Our society's views on animal sex are shaped by modern religious thinking. Christianity, Islam and the other major faiths all condemn animal sex. But pre-Christian belief systems actually celebrated it. Ancient writings from China, Japan and Greece describe sex with animals. A few prominent people in history have been known for their inter-species hanky panky."

"Catherine the Great was a bellyrider." I proudly added as I hadn't been able to contribute much up until now.

"Actually the story about Catherine the Great has been proved false. It was a rumour spread around to discredit her during her lifetime." She tore my evidence to pieces like a real professional.

"Oh. OK. That's my only historical animal sex fact up in smoke."

She grimaced and shrugged sweetly. "Sorry."

"You really seem to know a lot about this."

She nodded and continued "I've studied the subject a lot. Not just historically but modern day interest. I suppose I wanted to know how many other people were animal lovers in the same sense I

am. I found out I am not as unusual as I first thought I was. There have been lots of surveys which give variable results but show anywhere between 7 and 15% of men have had sexual contact with an animal. Figures for women are consistently about half that of males but that's still a significant number. Think about it, if you see a bus filled with school girls, statistically two or three of them will be fucked by another species before they are thirty years old. Over 40% of people have fantasised about it. And these numbers are rising as time goes on. Sexual taboos are becoming less controlling. Thirty years ago anal sex was considered dirty and 12% of couples admitted to doing it. Now it's considered daring and kinky and 46% do it. Likewise animal sex is slowly becoming more acceptable in society. There are more and more mentions of it in publications. Like that book by Stephen Fry that had bestiality in it."

She struggled to remember its name and suddenly exclaimed "The Hippopotamus!"

"Somebody had sex with a hippopotamus?"

"No! No!" she laughed and playfully slapped my arm. "God no! The book was called The Hippopotamus. In it a teenage boy has sex with a mare. But the thing was, it wasn't included for revulsion or shock value, it was just part of the story."

Jacinta was on a roll.

"Our society encourages us to keep animals in our homes as sudo-family members. It constantly anthropomorphises them on children's TV shows but when our love of them causes an erection, we are treated like we have assaulted an infant. These are adult animals that have sex with other adult animals. Just as we do. It's a very small leap to transfer that desire between species. It's a mutual pleasure thing. They enjoy it too."

She stopped to draw breath.

"But your horse has to get an injection to get him interested in you. Is that natural?" I was devils advocating myself into the discussion.

"Now be honest. I know that if you could take something to make you hard for hours and cum multiple times, you would." She stated.

"I don't fancy a needle in the dick."

"Perhaps not, but if you had a super-Viagra pill you would definitely take it."

"Yes. I would take it. You're right." There was no point in pretending I wouldn't. "So why did you get interested in animals. Was it just the large size and stamina?"

"That is a major plus point, but it was really because animals make the perfect casual sex partners. Humans are clingy, devious, and deceitful. Animals never boast to their friends that they have fucked you. They never cause trouble. They never want a relationship and don't fall out with you because they didn't get a call the next morning. They just forget about it. They are the perfect sex partner. Everyone would like casual sex if it was as easy as it is with animals. And if we can find a well mannered species that has a cock bigger than a human, you've got one happy girl."

She seemed to have made her case.

"Yes we would all like the opportunity for casual sex like that." I said. Only because the rest of her diatribe was difficult to either argue with or confirm.

“Do you want to fuck me?” she asked.

“What? No... Yes... well of course I want to. You’re gorgeous. But that’s not why I mentioned casual sex.” I flustered out.

She giggled to herself and stood up to leave. “Come on then.”

Apparently I wasn’t getting a choice.

Jacinta lived only a few streets from where I lived. We talked as we walked. I told her that it had been me who made the video which she saw on the internet and had inspired her to contact Matt to volunteer to be a bellyrider. She thought that it was fate that our lives should be connected and told me she was glad she had met me.

Unlike my flat, hers was stunning. Cost had been no consideration when it was renovated. Defence lawyers must do very well for themselves.

“Through here” she said and walked into her bedroom. She started pulling her clothes off and throwing them on the floor. She was down to her panties when she noticed I wasn’t stripping off.

“Come on Todd. You have seen me naked, stretched out and fucked. I have no secrets from you. Let’s do it like animals.” And then she started taking my clothes off.

She lay back on the bed and spread her legs wide. I pushed my cock into her and started fucking her. It was nice. It was more than nice. She was beautiful and sexy and her breasts were stunning. But her vagina was slack. It felt nice and soft and wet. But it didn’t allow my cock to positively locate into it. It was like I was rubbing my cock in a warm wet sponge. We both enjoyed the sexual contact, but I missed the grip of a tight vagina. It was no surprise as I had stood back and watched this vagina opened up to four and a half inches in diameter and it had stayed that width for most of a day. I was actually surprised it closed at all.

She understood her lack of elasticity and said “Do me up the arse” and as I pulled out she held her knees up to either side of her chest, folding herself in two to present her arse to me.

I had done girls up the arse before and was familiar with the intense feeling of pushing my cock past the tight ring of muscles. Jacinta’s ring was not very tight by comparison. It was easy to breach with little effort and didn’t give me the gripping sensation I had hoped for. There must have been a considerable amount of traffic that had travelled in and out of Jacinta’s anus to make it so easy. But it wasn’t my place to judge and I appreciated the invite to enter her, even if I was only one of many. But loose or not, it was a hole to be fucked and I pounded it as hard as I could while I watched her tits bounce up and down with every punch.

Jacinta chanted encouragement with a steady chorus of “Oh yes. Oh yes. Oh yes.” Until I blew my load up her shitter. I was very satisfied with the afternoon’s events and I am sure Jacinta was pleased too.

We swapped mobile numbers and email addresses, but only to talk about farm events as the friends we now were, not to create the pretence of any kind of intimate relationship. We both agreed that Matt and Tim would not be told we knew each other. That was our secret.

Then I left like an animal would.

I didn’t go to the farm the next weekend. But I knew Jacinta would. So I sent her an email asking

how she was after her day with Goliath. After 10pm my computer chimed to indicate a new email. It was Jacinta saying "Feeling sore but good. Come over if you want a fuck."

I headed straight round. She was moving very slowly and was walking a little bend over. She was still hurting from Goliath's occupation of her crotch earlier in the day.

"How was today?" I asked.

"It was really bad, my nipples still feel like they are on fire. But it left me feeling very good." She explained.

Then we went into her bedroom. She pulled her knees up and hooked them under her arms. And I fucked her arse as hard as I could. This time we did something we hadn't done the time before. We kissed and I stayed the night with her.

In bed the next morning I asked her about her farm visits. "Do they always strap you on face down?"

"Yes always. They have to do it that way so they can clamp my tits." She yawned.

"Have any of them ever fucked you when you were there?"

"No. They don't do that. The good looking one is with the blond girl. I've watched them fucking each other while I have been under the horse but he's never shown any interest in me. The ginger one seems to enjoy fisting me. But I think he considers that as an act of preparation rather than a sexual thing. He just seems to masturbate a lot. He sits on the floor staring at me chugging off for hours."

Then something occurred to me. "You don't know their names do you?"

"No. I didn't know the horse was called Goliath until you said in your email."

"So would you mind if they fucked you?" I asked.

"No. It would be hypocritical of me to complain considering what they do to me. I'd consider a human dick as a relief."

"Would you mind if I fucked you?"

She smiled "You are planning something aren't you?"

I didn't answer. I screwed her arse again instead.

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## **Chapter 5**

I visited the farm the next Saturday. Angela was not bellyriding as she had a couple of hard days with Sampson on Thursday and Friday and was taking a day off.

I spoke with Matt and Angela while we had some lunch on the deck. "I was wondering if it would be OK if I could take more of a hands-on role with bellyriding?"

"Yeah sure no problem" they both chorused.

"What do you want to do?" asked Matt.



"I noticed you don't fuck the girl. Why is that?" I asked.

"I only do her now." He pointed at Angela with his fork.

"Why thank you darling I love you too." Said Angela facetiously. I laughed.

"And Tim cant because of his beliefs." Matt continued. "So the only guy who does her is Goliath. Why? Do you want to?"

"Yes. I would like to fuck her while she's slung under Goliath."

They both stopped eating and stared at me for a moment. Angela broke the silence "That's a fantastic idea! I love it."

Matt shared her enthusiasm. "We'd have to hang her facing upward so you could slide in under her and get your dick up her arse. But that's not a problem we could do that. I assume you were planning anal penetration. I'm not sure you could get your cock into her cunt alongside Goliaths. But you could try if you want to."

I had a mental image of using tyre levers to prise enough space between Goliaths cock and Jacinta's painfully stretched vagina. Then having my cock crushed flat by the huge forces involved. This didn't appeal to me at all. "No I'll stick to what's reasonably achievable I think. Anal is good."

"She's coming tomorrow. You can do her then" said Angela.

I already knew that but didn't tell her. "There is something else I would like to try." Both of them looked at me expectantly. "Angela, you know how you give Sampson a blow job sometimes." She nodded. "I'd like you to teach me how to do that."

Matt choked on a piece of food. Spluttering to recovery he exclaimed "Have you turned gay Todd?"

"No. My sexuality is the same as it's always been."

"Then why do you want to suck horse dick?"

"It's just something I want to try. It looks really sexy and I'd like to experience it." I replied calmly.

"You want to swallow his cum?" he asked.

"Yes."

Angela jumped in to my defence. "Matt don't get judgemental. Just because you are homophobic doesn't mean other people can't experiment with their sexuality."

Matt was clearly in a state of confusion. "But he wants to put a cock in his mouth."

"What's wrong with that. I do it all the time. Yours and Sampson's." Angela was very much on my side.

"Yeah but... but... you're a girl!"

This was the point Angela gave up reasoning and turned to me "Of course you can suck Sampson's cock Todd. I would be happy to teach you."

We both showed exaggerated gratitude just to antagonise Matt.

“Why thank you Angela.”

“My pleasure Todd.”

Matt was confused. He looked back and forth between us both and didn't know what to say.

I was the first to speak. “How can you be homophobic about a horse Matt? If it was two men I could maybe understand. There is a pre-programmed genetic desire for men to want to fuck women. That's how our species propagates. But look what you do here. It's not really normal. Women and stallions is not how nature intended and men and stallions isn't really that much different.”

Angela added “If you don't like men and stallions you would be homoophobic.”

Matt was getting more confused but appeared to be losing his passion for his homoophobia. “I'm driving Tim into the farm supplies store soon, you guys can do whatever you feel you need to. I hope you both enjoy it.”

Later I was reading on the deck when Matt and Tim drove by in Tim's truck. They were leaving for town. Angela appeared “Tim has given Sampson a stiffy boost. He's hard and waiting if you want to taste horse cum.”

Sampson was in a narrow stall with straps round his back legs so he couldn't kick anyone under him. I learned these were called hobbling straps. Angela dragged a low wooden box under him. It was wide enough for us both to sit on. We both slid under and sat side by side on the box looking straight at Sampson's penis which was looking straight at me. I had never handled a stallion's cock before so gently touched it to see what it felt like. It was like soft leather. The skin moved around on the shaft, just like my cock. It felt nice.

“We have to remember that he is artificially stimulated so his arousal responses are not working as nature intended. We will have to work him a bit to get him to come.” Angela started to explain.

“Grab him really tightly. Don't be afraid to squeeze him hard, he won't mind. And work his loose flesh up and down his shaft. You know how to do that, you're a man and you'll have done it plenty times before.”

I couldn't argue with that and started to wank him off. “Like this?”

“That's it. Grip harder and take longer strokes.”

I sat looking straight at the end and worked him up and down his length.

“Now put your mouth over the end and tease his urethra with your tongue.” Was the next instruction.

His cock was way too big to fit in my mouth. I could only get my mouth open to about half his thickness. So I sealed my lips round the end of his cock and sucked down onto it. I pushed my tongue into the hole in the end. It tasted bitter and salty. I was probably tasting stale urine.

“Now just keep going like that until he blows. You'll feel him stiffen and the end will flare a little when he's about to shoot. Get ready for it because you can't swallow it all in one go. There's too much. Try to hold it in your mouth as you'll need to swallow two or three times to get it all down.”

I kept working him for what seemed like a long time. My arm was tiring. Then Sampson gave a stuttering snort.

“Get ready he’s cumming.”

With a sound like a child’s water pistol my mouth was suddenly full of warm liquid. It hit the back of my throat and I gagged. I tried to hold onto it but I coughed and spluttered most of it down my chin and onto my shirt. I swallowed what was left in my mouth. It tasted much better than I had expected. A little bitter but quite nutty. It was quite glutinous and oozed down my chin to hang in strings.

Angela was laughing loudly. “I did exactly the same thing first time I did it.”

“Can you swallow it all when you do it now?” I asked.

“Yes, but it takes three big gulps to finish it.”

She wiped the slimy mess off my chin, let it run off her fingers onto her tongue and swallowed it. We looked at each other and laughed. Then we leaned towards each other and kissed. A long tonguing kiss. We sucked Sampson’s seed out of each other’s mouths and drank it all.

Then she suddenly sat back. She realised what she had done and looked embarrassed. “I’m sorry Todd. I got caught up in the moment.”

“That’s OK. It was my fault really.”

We stared at each other and I longed to kiss her again. But she crawled out from under Sampson and released him from the hobbling straps. I didn’t see her again until after Matt and Tim returned.

The next morning Angela, Matt, Tim and I relaxed on the deck waiting for Jacinta to arrive. Angela was taking another day off from bellyriding. It was a hot summer’s day and she was wearing tight denim shorts and a shirt tied up under her breasts. She looked hot.

I watched a black Mercedes drive up and park at the house. Jacinta got out. She was wearing the same summer dress she had the last time I saw her here two weeks ago. Tim went to prepare Goliath and Angela went over to her car and without speaking led her away to the barn.

“Looking forward to some action?” asked Matt.

I couldn’t tell him that in the nine days since I met Jacinta in the supermarket that I had put my cock up her back passage six times already. So I just said I was looking forward to doing it.

Matt and I went to the barn. Jacinta was already gagged and tied to the wall. Tim reached round to pull her dress off and sat down to fist some lubricant into her. When he was done greasing her they lifted her up to strap her to Goliath. But this time she was face up, just as Angela always was.

This time I held Goliath’s cock in position while Matt pulled the rope to achieve penetration. Matt didn’t go easy on her, he pulled hard and she slid down Goliath quickly and with a long rasping gagged bellow of pain.

Tim had gone now leaving Angela, Matt and I to stand and watch Jacinta thrash hopelessly against the straps. Matt pulled two sacks of grain over and put them under Jacinta so I would have something to lie on when I fucked her. They left a gap of about nine inches between the sacks and Jacinta’s back. Matt asked “Will that do?” I nodded.

Now came something I had not thought about. I would have to be naked in front of the others. I had never been naked in front of anyone I wasn't having sex with and I suddenly felt a lack of confidence. I had seen the others. Jacinta and Angela had obviously been naked in front of me for long periods. Tim thought nothing of pulling his pants down to wank openly regardless of whoever was watching. And I had watched Matt screw girls when I had made porno films of him. But now it was my turn I was very self conscious.

Angela looked at me. "Well it's up to you now." She was watching me. Just as I had watched her when she stripped for the first time a year ago. I wondered if this was payback and she was making a point. But Angela wasn't that sort of person and it was more likely she just wanted to check me out naked.

I took a deep breath and threw all my clothes on the floor. My cock was becoming erect but wasn't full sized yet. Angela took a bottle of lubricant, poured some into her hands then stood in front of me rubbing it up and down my cock. She looked me straight in the eye as she did it. I was instantly rock hard. I thought I was going to cum in her hands. Matt watched unconcerned. She finished rubbing the lube on, winked at me and walked away.

I ducked under Goliath's balls to slide in-between his back legs and under Jacinta. I got myself wriggled into position under her. She had stopped thrashing around so much but still strained and tugged at the restraints. She was breathing very hard and sweating. I searched for her arsehole with my fingers. I couldn't find it. Goliath's cock had stretched her crotch so much it had compressed her bowel and anus so it was flat and difficult to find. I eventually got my finger located in her and then pushed the head of my cock in. I pushed hard and it went inside her.

It took considerable effort to get my cock inside her to full depth. She was extremely tight and my cock was being gripped so hard I was worried it may be damaged. My cock was being squashed hard up against Goliath's. There really wasn't enough space for both of us to fit in Jacinta. There really wasn't enough space for Goliath on his own and I was making the situation worse. She was sobbing and had tears on her face. Every time I moved my cock inside her she made little involuntary high pitched squeaking noises into her gag. I held her head, mainly to stop her accidentally butting me in the face and brushed her hair out of the way. I whispered in her ear "sshhhh. It's OK. I'm going to fuck you now. But when I'm done I'll leave you alone." She became calm when she heard my voice.

I started to thrust hard in and out of her. As soon as I did she started to scream and fight. If I had been any kind of gentleman, any kind of decent friend, I would have pulled out of her and given up this folly. But I had my erect penis inside an unbelievably tight woman. All decency was forfeit. I fucked her like an animal listening to her scream and her restraints jingle and click as she fought against them. I liked the power.

When I had released my cum into her, I pulled out and slid out to the side falling off the sacks onto the ground. I was spent. Angela was sitting on the ground near us. She had been watching the whole time. She looked very serious. "You two are together aren't you." she stated. "You are a couple."

I looked at Jacinta. She looked at me and then at Angela.

Then Angela broke into a wide smile. "Do you love her?"

I couldn't answer. "I don't know. Maybe."

"I hope you do. You look good together." And she walked away and left the barn.

I left the barn too, leaving Jacinta and Goliath together.

When it was evening and time to release Jacinta from Goliaths belly, I asked to do it. I pulled her off his cock and let her drop to the ground. She recovered slowly and sat on the ground holding her crotch.

“Are you OK?” I asked. She nodded.

“Have I spoiled something?” I asked.

She smiled. “You didn’t say that you didn’t love me.”

I shook my head. “No. I didn’t say that.”

“I maybe love you too.” She said.

“Stay here with me tonight.” I asked. “Take a shower. Then I’ll introduce you to the others.” I put my arm round her and led her slowly to the house.

I was beginning to understand the farm. I wanted to be part of it. I wanted to be a bellyrider.

**The end.**