

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part 1

When Sally drove into the Chances R Stables she felt a twinge of disappointment.

It was 10 a.m. on a Wednesday and Sally thought she would be the only one riding the trails, but in the parking lot, besides Mr. Parker's car, there was a maroon Monte Carlo.

"Oh well," Sally thought. "I still want to ride."

Pulling into a parking spot Sally opened the door to her car and felt the Houston heat wrap around her. Since moving to Texas four years ago with her mother and stepfather, Sally had come to dread opening the door. When they lived in Ohio it had gotten hot, but not like Houston. They say it's the humidity, but 95 degrees is hot no matter what the humidity and the heat grabs you when you step out of the air conditioning.

Already it was 80 degrees and Sally had hoped no one would want to come out in the heat, especially during a weekday. One of the benefits of working for her stepfather while she was home from college was she could take off an occasional day during the week. It was one of the few benefits.

Sally felt Mr. Parker's gaze when she walked past him on the way to the stables where her horse, Charlie, was kept. Sally's breasts had suddenly started to develop and few men-of any age-missed that fact, even Mr. Parker who was in his 60s.

All through high school she wondered how her mother and sister could be so busty, while her breasts were... not small, but certainly not the attention getters they were now becoming. Her last bra purchase was a 39 D-cup and it seemed to be tight.

In spite of their size, Sally's breasts were quite firm. She attributed some of their firmness to the fact that during the summer she rode Charlie three or four times a week and that she also helped out with some feeding and grooming of the horse. All this exercise caused Sally to have well developed upper body strength. Her riding did wonderful things to her thighs, as well.

Putting the halter on Charlie, Sally spoke to her horse.

"How ya doing boy? You ready to go for a little ride?"

She didn't like the thought of riding Charlie on such a hot day, but she knew she would go slow and he did need to be exercised. Plus there were several trees along the trail and a stream, where they could cool off. Charlie seemed to not mind the heat, but Sally knew it must be hard on the horse.

Sally placed a bareback saddle on Charlie. She liked to ride bareback as much as she could. She would tell anyone that asked that she thought it was too much extra weight, in such heat, to put a saddle on Charlie, but really she just like to feel of horse between her legs.

Riding Charlie was the most erotic thing Sally did. Once on the trails she would take off her shirt and ride in her sports bra. If she knew there wasn't anyone on the trails, she would occasionally take off her bra. On hot days she just wore loose fitting soccer shorts and no panties. Without a shirt and just a thin layer of nylon around her hips it was as though Sally was really bare on Charlie's back. The excitement of being nude in the woods was sometimes just too much.

Several times after cantering along the trails she would have to stop Charlie and finger herself to an

orgasm. One time she was in the middle of an orgasm when a family of four rode by. Although she was embarrassed, the fact that she was almost caught finger fucking herself on a horse added to the excitement.

Sex with Travis, her boyfriend at college was satisfying, but Travis was very conservative. She would probably marry Travis, but she couldn't imagine suggesting to Travis having sex outside of a motel room, let alone on the back of her horse in the middle of the day.

As Sally led Charlie out of the stables she noticed the other rider had not come back from the trails. "No topless riding today," Sally thought and hopped up on Charlie.

Rita Diffenbach would be on the trails. Though Sally didn't talk to Rita much she knew she was 45 and divorced and that the Monte Carlo was hers. She had heard some of the stable hands talk about Rita once. They mentioned, in a somewhat vulgar way, how Rita enjoyed riding her horse, Banjo, a little too much.

The comments alluded to Rita finding more than one way to play a Banjo. Charlie, like Banjo, was also a stallion. Sally figured the stable hands made similar comments about her and Charlie, especially if someone had seen her masturbating on her horse at one time or another.

Sometimes when Sally and Travis would be making love the image of Rita and Banjo would drift into her mind. On those nights Travis would suddenly believe he had become a superman lover because of the way Sally would get worked up. During those fantasies she would orgasm without any clitoral stimulation, just Travis' mechanical plodding in the missionary position.

Instead, she would make up a story about missing his flesh. She seldom missed having sex with him, though she did get horny. By telling him she missed his flesh would quiet his questions. Sadly she had found masturbating on Charlie's back was more enjoyable than sex with Travis.

The last thing she could tell Travis was she was thinking about some woman being fucked by a horse or that she could visualize Rita jacking off Banjo. If Travis heard that he may have been the end their relationship or he would insist that Sally seek professional help.

Though she loved Travis, the thought of years of marriage with lackluster sex life was frightening. She wondered how Travis could be so witty, intelligent and fun to be around, but so repressed sexually. It wasn't that she was a nympho or any thing, she just would like to maybe have sex in the back seat of Travis' car. All the girls in the dorm would talk about the various places they had sex around campus, but Sally could only talk about the Right of Way motel that was 10 miles from the campus.

She consoled herself in the fact that she would have her fantasies and she could always go for a "finger-ride" with Charlie. If and when she married Travis, Sally would insist that they have a farm with one or two horses. Travis was an engineering major so they would probably be able to afford a small farm.

They had gone riding the first time Travis visited Sally in Houston, but he did not like the fact that he was up so high or that he had to trust his life to a 1,500 pound animal. Sally realized it was better to let Travis go golfing with her stepfather on next visit.

Sally coaxed Charlie onto the trail and almost instantly they started to sweat. Sally dropped the reins as they rambled down the trail and pulled her t-shirt over her head. She tucked it in the blanket saddle. Sally could feel a slight breeze against her bare skin.

Sally was pondering going topless, but she decided she would head towards the stream first. Maybe she would take a quick skinny dip. Since Rita was the only one on the trail right now it might be a good idea.

When Sally approached the stream she slide off of Charlie. She liked to walk him down to the water because Charlie had a tendency to run to the water. As she led Charlie she saw that Rita and Banjo were at the river.

Rita was oblivious to the fact that her and Banjo had an audience. Rita had just come out of the river. Like Sally, Rita was looking for solitude during the mid-week. Rita was naked and wet from swimming in the stream.

Rita's body seemed to glisten in the sun light and she had ample amounts of flesh to reflect the sun. Sally was surprised how good Rita looked naked. Clothed, Rita looked frumpy, but without her clothes she looked more womanly. The extra pounds Rita carried made her look voluptuous when she was naked. Rita also had large breasts, but they were sagging without the support of a bra and her pubic hair was extremely thick.

Sally saw that Banjo was tied to a log and it was hard to miss his excited state. Apparently the stallion also saw Rita as voluptuous, or he had expectations of what (or who) was to come.

Rita leaned against Banjo and Sally couldn't see what was going on, but Banjo kept lifting his head.

"You like that Banjo? Ooh you are a big boy. Cooped up next to all those mares has gotten you frustrated hasn't it?" Rita cooed to her horse.

Rita knelt down and Sally could seen the woman was stroking Banjo's shaft. Rita then maneuvered her head so the tip of Banjo's penis was just in front of her face.

Sally was transfixed and couldn't move. Sally was thinking she should leave, though she knew for the next couple minutes Rita wouldn't notice any onlookers. It was hard to believe that Rita was about to take Banjo in her mouth. Sally had fantasized this scenario millions of times, but she never believed it took place in reality. Nor did she believe in her wildest dreams she would actually witness Rita pleasing Banjo.

"Do you want me to kiss it and make it better?" Rita asked the horse and Banjo snorted. Sally could see that Banjo wanted more than kisses and thought Rita's horse was about to jump up and fuck the daylights out of his owner.

Rita kissed the slit in the tip of Banjo's penis and then began to lick the sperm that had dribbled out. Banjo's shaft was way too big for Rita to totally take in her mouth. Instead, she began to lick along the horse's penis; down to the base of his sheath and back to the tip. Each time Rita came to the head she would lick the tip then take as much as she could in her mouth.

Rita seemed to sense something and began to focus on the head of the horse's penis. While she licked, kiss and sucked the tip of Banjo's penis, Rita diligently stroked the shaft with her hands, using her saliva as a lubricant.

Rita stopped and both her and Banjo seemed to tremble slightly. Rita took a deep breath and held it, then wrapped her lips around the penis, pushing Banjo as far into her mouth as she could.

Sally could see Banjo's penis pulse and Rita's cheeks expanded. Sperm pushed out of Rita's lips and along Banjo's shaft.

Sally wanted to see more, but she thought it was time to leave and began to lead Charlie back down the trail. After she was about 100 yards away from Rita and Banjo, Sally pulled herself up onto Charlie. She noticed that Charlie's penis was out of its sheath. Sally realized that her horse probably enjoyed the show as much as she did.

In fact, as soon as her crotch hit the back of the horse Sally reached down and started to rub her clit. Gently prodding Charlie with her heels Sally got horse to trot. Almost instantly she convulsed into an orgasm. She leaned forward to grab Charlie's neck for balance. Charlie kept trotting and Sally rode out the tremors of her orgasm, holding onto the horses neck and shimmying her body against his spine.

The whole time she had a vivid picture of Banjo coming in Rita's mouth and spilling his seed out of the woman's mouth and onto her chest. The pleasure was not just Banjo's, because Rita had slipped her right hand between her legs when she sensed the Stallion's orgasm. Sally couldn't tell if the two came together, but she knew Rita's orgasm was close behind Banjo's.

Sally prodded Charlie into a gallop. She knew it was too hot to push the horse, but she was too hot not to and as her crotch rocked against Charlie she slid into another orgasm.

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## **Part 2**

"Did you like the show?" Rita asked when she she led Banjo into the stables.

Sally felt her blood flush to her skin. Had Rita noticed Sally watching? When Rita preformed oral sex on Banjo, Sally thought she was preoccupied.

Rita was now wearing her clothes and apparently she had jumped back into the stream after pleasing Banjo, because the sperm that had gushed onto her chest was gone.

Rita paused at Charlie's stall and Sally's horse looked back at Rita, though Sally was too embarrassed to look up from brushing Charlie. Rita moved on to the other end of the barn, where Banjo's stall was located. Sally noticed that Charlie's penis was erect again. Sally guess it would be a while before the stallion would forget the sight of Rita giving head to Banjo... if Charlie would ever forget. She secretly felt sorry for the horse and wished there was a way to ease his frustration.

Sally threw some oats into Charlie's bucket and headed out of the stall. She had hurried back to the stables after riding her horse to three orgasms, still her body ached with ardor. Sally figured she would be hard pressed not to masturbate while driving home. Now, though, she wanted to get out of the barn while Rita was there. Sally wondered if she would ever be able to face Rita again, now that she had witnessed the older woman intimate dallies with her horse.

While Sally latched the door to the stall Rita leaned out of Banjo's stall.

"Do you need me to help finish taking care of Charlie," Rita asked.

"No... that's okay, I'll can do it myself," Sally stammered, then realized Rita was referring performing fellatio on the horse. "I mean I don't do that, so you don't have to."

"It's all right, I really enjoy it," Rita said and even across the barn Sally could see the woman's smirk when she added, "you might cotton to it yourself... if you give it a try."

Sally couldn't respond to the comment. It was as though her tongue had swollen the size of Banjo's penis and was just as stiff. She looked down at her sandals and could see even her feet were blushing red.

Sally managed a "Uh-huh" and started to leave. She couldn't believe she was having this conversation. Even if her sex life with Travis was boring, she couldn't imagine fellatio with Charlie... well she could imagine it, and had, but she never thought it was possible. Yet Rita not only did it, she seemed to be proud of it. Sally turned and started to edge out of the barn.

"If you want to see the big act, you might want to be out riding the trails tomorrow," Rita called to the girl as she tried to slink out of the barn. "I'll be down by the old cabin."

"Umm, okay... see ya," Sally said and left.

In her car, Sally could feel her heart thumping. Her adrenal glands were pumping like... dare she think it... horse testicles. She felt a great conflict brewing inside her. As embarrassed as she was, she was already wondering how she would explain to her step-father she needed tomorrow off.

"...by the old cabin," Sally thought and wondered how Rita knew about the old cabin.

She knew why Rita would want to meet there. If she was going to do the "big act" for Sally. Rita would want to be in an out of the way spot and the old cabin was just that. Sally shook off a chill just thinking about what the "big act" could be. She had often thought about Rita copulating with her horse, just as she had fantasized Rita sucking off Banjo. If Rita could actually performed fellatio on Banjo, maybe she would also screw the stallion.

But how did Rita know about the place. Sally thought no one else knew about the ramshackle shack. She had stumbled upon it a year ago and would occasionally ride to it. It was out of the way, off of one of the trails and took 20 minutes to get too.

When Sally was especially horny she would ride Charlie there, often masturbating as soon as her and Charlie were on the secluded trail.

On days that Sally had plenty of time, she would pack a small picnic basket and have lunch at the cabin. Though it was run down, it wasn't still inhabitable. She had once dreamed of taking Travis there and spending the night. She fantasized about copulating all night long on the wood floor of the cabin

Now, if she dared, she would show up tomorrow and witness a different kind of copulation.

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When Sally and Charlie walked up to the old cabin they found Rita sunbathing on a blanket. Rita was naked and again her skin glistened, this time with suntan lotion. Banjo had a rope tied to his halter that was attached to a tree beside the shack. He was contently gnawing on the grass that grew in the shade. It appeared that the two of them had been at the cabin for a while.

Banjo's saddle, along with saddlebags, was leaning against the tree he was tied to. Sally wondered if she had already missed Rita's tryst with Banjo. It was nearly noon. Her stepfather wouldn't let her have the entire day off, so Sally got up at 5 a.m. to begin the typing. Still, it took her until 11 a.m. to get it done, then she hit the highway running.

"How are you today?" Rita asked when she heard Charlie's hooves.

"Okay... how are you?" Sally replied.

"Hot and horny," Rita said with a smile and shaded her eyes with her hand. "I was thinking about starting without you."

Rita look at Sally. Her stare made Sally nervous. The comment, "starting without you," sounded as though Rita was expecting something from Sally.

Sally broke Rita's stare by getting off of Charlie. She could see that Rita was not moving from her blanket so she started taking the bareback saddle off of Charlie. Sally, like Rita, had brought a long rope to attach to Charlie's halter. She figured they would be at the cabin for a while and she brought the rope so Charlie could graze like Banjo.

"So," Sally said, sitting down on the blanket with Rita. "Do you do this often?"

"Sort of like, 'do I come here often,' huh?" Rita said and flashed an evil smile at Sally.

Damn, Sally thought, she has a way of embarrassing me.

"What are you blushing about," Rita asked.

"Nothing," Sally said. "I'm just nervous about being here."

"About what?"

"I'm not sure what you are going to do, and what if you get hurt?"

"If you don't know what I'm going to do, why do you think I'm going to get hurt?" Rita said with a smirk. Sally noticed that the woman's nipples were starting to contract. They had been two inches in diameter and now were dark little inch circles. Rita's tan was all over, and Sally wondered if Rita ever wore a bathing suit.

When Sally didn't respond Rita asked, "So, what did you think about what you saw yesterday? It must have intrigued you enough to show up today."

"We're you afraid? He is so big... I mean the horse, not his... well that's..." Sally stopped and Rita started to laugh. Sally laughed with her, nervously.

"Well he is big, almost too big," Rita said seriously. "But we've done it before, as you might have guessed, and I've learned to do it without getting hurt."

"Let me show you," Rita said getting up. She walked over to Banjo.

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Part 3

"Let me show you," Rita said getting up. She walked over to Banjo.

"The first precaution you take when you are going to have sex with your horse, regardless if it's oral or fucking, is to make sure he is tied up," Rita told Sally while she took the rope attached to Banjo's halter and shorted the lead tightly around the tree.

Sally listened to the naked woman talk, noticing that the texture of the blanket imprinted on Rita's

butt. Sally also noticed that Rita's verbal tone was that of a teacher. All the night before she had wondered if she would be able to suck Charlie's penis the way Rita did Banjo's. Deep inside Sally hoped that Rita didn't expect her to repeat what was being demonstrating.

"Isn't that right Banjo? You have to be tied close to mama, don't you," Rita said to the horse. She used the same sultry tone she used the day before.

"You wanted to reassure him. Horse aren't always the most gentle lovers so I try to relax him as much as I can," Rita said, this time to Sally. Rita started petting Banjo's neck once she had him tied to the tree.

Sally fought the urge to giggle. Here she was being given a lesson on how to fellatio a horse. It was not a lesson she ever imagined receiving. She never thought she would be taught to give equine head. It would have been just as comical though, if Rita had Mr. Parker tied up to the tree and was telling Sally how to suck off an old man.

"Horse like to be stroked... all over," Rita said, breaking Sally out of her daydream. Sally noticed that Banjo's penis was already expanding out of its sheath. She wondered if was from Rita's strokes along his flanks or because he knew what was about to take place.

"Ooooh, look what we have here," Rita said, also noticing the expanding penis. "Is mama's baby getting excited?"

Rubbing Banjo's belly, Rita slide her hand to the horses sheath. "It feels like Banjo has a big load for mama?" She continued to slide her hand along the shaft of the horse. Banjo snorted. "You like it when mama holds you, don't you?"

"Have you ever touched a horse cock before?" Rita said to Sally. The older woman stepped aside so Sally would have access to the horse's erect penis.

"Um no," Sally said nervously, but none the less fascinated by the size of the throbbing member.

Rita grabbed Sally's wrist.

"Here, feel for yourself."

Sally's hand was on Banjo's penis and she tentatively gripped the shaft. She couldn't quite get her hand all the way around him.

"See that wasn't so bad," Rita said. "Feels good to you too, doesn't it Banjo?"

Banjo responded with another snort.

Sally slide her hand along the shaft, down to Banjo's balls. She caressed the stallion, then slide her hand onto Banjo's stomach and off of the horse. It was exciting to touch Banjo's penis, but it made her nervous.

Meanwhile Rita continued to fondle her horse's intimate flesh.

"Banjo boy is excited, isn't he? He knows when we are at the cabin he will get to screw mama," Rita cooed into Banjo's ear, careful not to let go of his penis with her right hand.

Fortunately, Sally thought, his shaft reaches half way up his belly. Rita could travel some and still hold onto Banjo's penis.

Her breath tickled Banjo's ear when Rita spoke. Sally could tell that Rita's manipulation of the horse's cock was pushing Banjo closer to sexual abandon.

Rita also noticed it and kneeled next to the horse's penis.

"When he gets this close you want to be ready," Rita said to Sally, then looked up at Banjo's belly she was rubbing, "This is where you want mama when you are ready shot your jism, huh big boy?"

With that Rita playfully licked the head of Banjo's penis. Her tongue must have felt good because Sally saw the horse's shaft twitch. Rita continued to lick the horse's penis.

In between licks Rita continued to talk to Banjo. She sounded like what Sally imagined a phone sex line sounded like.

"You like this don't you." Lick. "This is what makes the big boy happy." Lick.

After several minutes of this Rita slide the tip of the penis in her mouth.

"Yurrrr Lurk thruss, dronn yewww," Rita mumbled with her lips around the horse cock.

Sally could help but to notice how excited she was watching this, standing next to Rita. She could even smell the excitement. At first she thought the scent was her own, but she see that moisture had oozed out of Rita's pussy and was on her thigh. Rita's aureoles had contracted to crimson spots and the nipples were a fourth of an inch long.

The woman slowly slid her tongue back and forth on Banjo's penis. Sally could see that Rita was rotating her tongue around the Horse's penis.

Like the day before Rita paused, then Banjo unloaded his orgasm onto Rita's lips. The volume of horse spunk gushed onto her lips, neck and chest.

Also like the day before, Sally was amazed to watch the horse coming on Rita. This time Sally was standing next to Rita and could feel the intensity and smell Banjo's come.

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#### **Part 4**

"Now lets see what we can do for Charlie," Rita said wiping the horse sperm from her chin with her free hand. "Watching from over there, I bet he is wondering when it is his turn."

"Do you want to try your hand... and lips at some horse fellatio," Rita said still massaging Banjo's penis with her left hand.

"I... I thought you wanted to screw Banjo today," Sally said. Watching Rita's mouth fill with horse spunk had gotten her excited, but she wasn't sure if she wanted to suck off Charlie in front of Rita. It was one thing to watch Rita and Banjo, but she was afraid about letting anyone see her indulge in such an activity. In Texas, like just about everything else, sodomy with a horse was probably illegal. On the other hand she was saturated between her legs just thinking about trying it.

"Like all men Banjo is kind of spent right now. I want to give him a rest," Rita said. "Besides I need to work up some courage."

"Courage? Is it dangerous?" Sally asked.

"Any time you get a big animal sexually excited you have to be careful, but I'm more concerned about his size," Rita informed her.

"The first thing you will want to do is take off your clothes," Rita told Sally.

"Why...?"

"You see this?" Rita said pointing to the horse sperm that was dribbling down her large breasts. "You try explaining horse sperm on your shirt to Mr. Parker or the others who work in the stables, when you take Charlie back today."

Rita was right. She could smell the sperm on Rita's chest. It was a different smell from human sperm, but it still smelled like sperm. Besides people noticed Sally's breasts enough without horse jism smeared across her shirt. If she was going to suck off Charlie she either had to swallow every drop of sperm or wear the horse's orgasm.

She was a little embarrassed. Besides Travis no one had seen her bare breasts once they had grown an extra couple of inches.

By now Sally was so sexually wired she didn't know what was going to happen. She went with Rita over to Charlie.

Sally noticed that Charlie's penis had expanded out of his shaft and it was as big as she had ever seen it. Sally began to stroke Charlie's flanks and Rita tied the horse's halter closer to the tree it was attached to.

"Be careful," Rita cautioned. "This will probably be his first time... with a human. When he starts thinking about coming on you, he won't worry about stepping on you."

Sally looked back at Rita while she talked, noticing how wide the older woman's hips were when she bent over to pick up the rope.

Sally took off her clothes, using Charlie to lean against when she took off her shoes. Normally Sally would have been embarrassed to undress in front of another person, but Rita made sure her back was facing the young woman.

Rita continued to avoid Sally's gaze and began to rub Charlie's ears.

"The first thing you want to do is console Charlie and tell him you aren't going to hurt him. You will be playing with one of the most sensitive parts of his body," Rita said.

Sally was nervous. Rita's talking didn't make it better. Nor did being naked with another woman. In fact just about everything about the situation causes some apprehension.

Sally figured if she just started talking she might forget about what was going on.

"Charlie, you look excited to see me," Sally said, trying to emulate the sultry tone Rita had just used.

"Look what you have here," Sally said, taking Charlie's penis in her hand. "You are a big man."

Sally resisted her urge to giggle at her words. Instead of giggling, she concentrating on pleasing Charlie, without getting hurt.

Kneeling down under Charlie, Sally noticed that some come was hanging from the head of Charlie's

penis.

"Look what you have for me," Sally said. She licked the sperm and followed it up to Charlie's penis. Sally could feel the horse's body tighten with pleasure. It had been a long time since Charlie had had sex, Sally thought.

Sally thought going three weeks without screwing her boyfriend Travis was hard. She guessed it had been many years since Charlie had any nookie, if ever. All those days of being around mares in heat, but never releasing the build up in his loins must have been frustrating for the horse.

When she started stroking the horse's penis, Charlie started to snort. Sally could hear Rita trying to calm Charlie while she held on to the halter.

Sally decide it was now, or never, and she slipped her tongue along the shaft of the penis. The taste of Charlie's penis could be referred to as "zesty." Still she continued to lubricate the shaft with her tongue, following the trail of saliva with her hand.

Sally spread her tongue, flat against the head of Charlie's penis so she could get as much service area against the horse's shaft. With her tongue flat, Sally continued to rub the tip of the penis.

Charlie was not use to this stimulation and Sally had him worked up to a frenzy in moments. Sally stopped licking Charlie's penis, but continued to stroke his shaft with both her hands. She slide her hands back and forth, in opposite directions.

Sally stopped and waited, but Charlie didn't start his gushes. Sally realized she had to continue or he would continued to be frustrated.

When Sally started to stroke the penis and Charlie came right after the second stroke.

Even though she had seen Banjo surge onto Rita, it caught Sally off guard when Charlie's orgasm deluged her. She tried to swallow, but the volume of spunk just squirted into her mouth and streamed out, covering her in horse sperm.

Rita was right, if Sally would have left her clothes on they would be drenched.

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Part 5

"Any time you get a big animal sexually excited you have to be careful, but I'm more concerned about his size," Rita informed her.

"I thought you did this before?" Sally asked.

"I have, but each time I do it's a stretch. You can help me with that if you want," Rita said.

"Um, okay... but what do you want me to do," Sally asked.

"There is a jar of bag balm in the saddle bags, over by Banjo's saddle," Rita said and she went over to the blanket while Sally retrieved the bag balm. Sally know the balm was normally used as a salve to heal chaffed skin. For horses it was applied to their legs after a horse had scraped a leg. More than once Sally had applied it to her ass and thighs after a riding competition. Blisters formed in the oddest places when you were in the saddle for a couple hours.

When Sally opened the saddle bags she was surprised at the size of the jar. It probably held over 32 ounces of the Vaseline-like ointment. When she twisted open the jar she found that a large handful had been skimmed out.

When she turned around to walk to the blanket Rita appeared to be finger-fucking herself. Rita was on her back, reaching between her legs with her hand and inserting her fingers.

Sally was hesitant, but she walked over and stood next to the blanket.

"I need you to do this," Rita said. Sally just looked at her with a puzzling look on her face.

"If I'm going to take Banjo I need to give him some room," she said. "Scoop some balm onto your fingers."

Sally obeyed and knelt down on the blanket, ready to hand the salve to Rita.

"Well don't just stand there, put it on my pussy," Rita ordered.

Rita reached down to her labia with both hands and spread them apart. Sally started to massage Rita's vulva.

"That feels nice," Rita said with a twinge of sarcasm. "But it will be more effective on the inside."

"Oh... sorry," Sally said, and slide her index finger into Rita. Sally couldn't tell if it was the balm or Rita's juices that made the entry so easy. Sally added another finger, then a third. She started to turn the fingers sideways, stretching the ways of Rita's vagina.

"More," Rita requested.

Sally withdrew her hand and scooped up some more bag balm. With the lubrication she was able to barely get all her fingers into Rita.

"Deeper," Rita ordered and pushed her hips up against Sally's hand. Sally kept pumping her fingers as far as they would go. Sally knew what Rita wanted; if the older woman was going to take a horse cock into her vagina, she would need a the room she could get.

Sally tried to oblige her by pushing her hand as far forward as possible. Finally it was a the point where her thumb could be rolled into her palm and she could insert her whole hand.

Once she got her hand inside, Sally mechanically started to thrust into Rita's pussy.

The whole scenario was amazing to Sally. With each thrust of her arm, her hand would disappear inside Rita. She could feel Rita's vagina expanding and oozing juices. At the same time Sally looked up at Rita's face. The woman was coated in perspiration. Larger drops of sweat formed on the top of Rita's lips. In the crevice, between Rita's large breasts, a very small river of sweat rolled toward the woman's navel.

Rita's eyes were closed, not because of the sun or because Sally's thrusting hand was painful, but out of pleasure. Sally wondered how Rita normally prepared herself for a horse fuck. She knew Rita couldn't put her own hand inside herself. Maybe there were other toys in the other side of the saddle bag.

Sally took her hand all the way out of Rita's pussy.

Rita started to moan a refusal and lifted her hips up toward Sally's hand. Sally quickly ramped her hand into Rita, hoping she was emulating the motion of a horse penis. The sudden thrust was followed by several more piston motions.

Again, Sally pulled out her hand and paused. This time she looked at the opening of Rita's pussy. The vagina had expanded and didn't stretched back, but remained open like a small cavern. When Rita raised her hips, Sally jammed her hand in.

This time, once she had pushed her hand all the way into Rita, Sally spread her fingers inside Rita's vagina. Sally slowly pulled her hand out, dragging her fingers against the walls of Rita's cunt. At the lips of Rita's pussy, Sally played with Rita's labia, then thrust in.

Sally could see Rita was on the brim of an orgasm. Though her job was to expand the woman's pussy for a horse fuck, Sally took mischievous joy in knowing she was going to make Rita come.

Sally just started to pump her hand in and out, slowly, rotating and stretching Rita's vaginal walls with each thrust.

Rita's whole body became rigid with pre-orgasm pressure and tension. Then, like a piece of yarn in front of a department store fan, Rita began to twitch and float all over the blanket. Sally dutifully followed the woman, pumping her hand to the woman's orgasms.

When Rita's convulsions simmered down, Sally just left her hand inside Rita. Rita just laid half on the blanket, half in the sand, with her arm over her eyes, blocking the sun.

After a moment, Rita moved her arm, looked at Sally and asked, "What's wrong, haven't you ever seen a woman come before?"

"It's just... well I've never... not with a girl before," Sally responded. She couldn't believe how powerful she felt. First with Charlie and now making Rita come. Before, she kind of believed orgasms just happened, but now she felt powerful, able to make them happen... to control them.

Rita felt vulnerable with Sally's hand in her. Weak from her orgasm and Sally's smugness, Rita snapped at the girl, "Don't expect me to kiss you."

Sally twisted her hand and slide it in and out. Rita closed her eyes and Sally parted the woman's lips with her tongue. Sally dove her tongue deep into Rita's mouth, searching for the older woman's tongue, all while sliding her hand in and out of Rita's vagina.

Turning her hand some more, Sally put her thumb on Rita's clitoris and massage the lump while she hand-fucked the woman. Rita was like domino, toppled into a second orgasm.

As Rita stiffen in orgasmic pleasure, Sally sucked her tongue. When Rita relaxed Sally leaned back from her lips and said, "Don't worry, if I want to kiss you after I hand fuck you, I will."

Sally could hardly believe her own words. She stared at Rita for a moment and both women began to laugh.

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## Part 6

The two women laughed, Sally with her hand still inside of Rita.

"Now I want you to show me how you fuck a horse. I couldn't get you any bigger... unless I put my foot in you," Sally said.

"Well it's going to be hard to get Banjo in me along with your hand too," Rita said smirking again.

Sally expanded her fingers one last time inside Rita's vagina and then slowly slid her hand out of the older woman's vulva. Rita's crotch kind of made a sucking noise when Sally finally pulled her hand out of the vagina.

"Sort of like Tupperware," Sally said and the women had a little chuckle.

Rita stood up and was a little stiff from having her pelvis stretched. She wasn't complaining; Sally's hand had felt wonderful and if she wanted to take Banjo's penis in her, Rita needed the stretching.

The two women walked over to Banjo, who had been watching the two women. Banjo knew what was coming next, his penis was already beginning to expand.

"Look what Banjo has for you," Sally said and stroked the horse's expanding shaft.

"Watch your hands, that stud is spoken for," Rita said sarcastically and headed for the saddlebags.

Out of the saddlebags Rita pulled two long straps. She set the bag balm down next to Banjo and threw the straps over his back. The straps went around the horse and Rita attached the straps with the clasps at the end of each strap. Banjo now had two loops around him. There was slack around the horse.

"When I climb inside those straps I need you to tighten then so I am tight against Banjo's belly," Rita said scooping a large dollop of bag balm into her hand.

She took the balm and started to spread it around Banjo's penis and wiped the excess on her crotch. She stroked his massive penis with both hands.

"Mama's boy knows what is coming next doesn't he," Rita encouraged the horse. The stallion's shaft was now hard and completely extended. Banjo's penis looked bigger than Sally's hand and she wondered if Rita would be able to handle the horse.

"Are you sure you can do this," Sally asked.

"I've done it before, I think I can do it again," Rita said and continued to work the big penis with her hands. "The trick is to get him close to an orgasm before fucking him."

It was obvious that Banjo was getting worked up. Sally began to stroke the horse's flanks to settle him down.

"I think he's getting close," Rita said.

She kept jacking the horse with her right hand and used her left to get the back strap over her head. Then she got the front strap over her head.

"Tighten the front one," Rita told Sally. Sally pulled the strap snug.

The strap was just under Rita's shoulderblades. The back strap was hanging by her hips. Letting go of Banjo's penis, Rita leaned back against the front strap and pushed with her hands. The leverage against the straps pushed her hips up against Banjo's belly.

"Tighten the strap," Rita said straining against the horse. Sally cinched the strap as tight as she could.

Rita now hung from Banjo's belly. She had her legs wrapped around Banjo's belly. Rita looked as though she was riding Banjo upside down, but the ride was only about to begin.

"Are you ready?" Sally asked. She had begun to stroke Banjo's penis. The head of Banjo's penis was trapped between his belly and Rita's pubic hair.

"Yes, but just a little at the time... I can only take a four or five inches of the big cock," Rita said.

Sally first reached down, grabbed a handful of bag balm and rubbed it onto Rita's pussy. Sally began to stroke Banjo's penis with right and with her left she aimed it at Rita's labia. Rita wrenched her body against the straps and inched her way towards the horse's shaft.

Banjo was rocking his hips, trying to make an entry into Rita's hips. His contortions were working because the tip of his penis was slipping in and out of Rita's pussy. Rita gasped each time Banjo entered.

Sally thought Rita might be gasping in pain, but she noticed the older woman was still inching forward to allow to Banjo get more penis inside her. Banjo was able to get three inches sliding in and out. The rest of his shaft was being stroked by Sally with her left hand. With her right hand, Sally held the back strap to stabilize Banjo.

The horse started to pound his right rear leg on the ground.

"Ooooh Banjo, you are going to fill mama up aren't you," Rita said. The horse had stopped rocking his hips and just pounded his hoof. "Come on Banjo, bring it to me."

Rita then began to squeal like she was on a roller coaster.

Sperm began to stream out of Rita's labia. The force pushed Rita back in her harness and Banjo's penis slipped out of her pussy. Sperm continued to pump out of the shaft, drenching Rita's loins.

Sally noticed that Rita's vagina was still dilated and Banjo's sperm slithered out of her vulva.

"Are you okay?" Sally asked.

"Okay?" Rita said and let gravity take her head toward the ground.

"I'm more than okay, I'm fucking stoked," Rita said and let out a laugh. Rita pulled her head up and patted Banjo's ribs. "How about you, big boy, are you okay?"

As if he was answering, Banjo snorted.

"Let me loose," Rita asked.

Sally loosened the back strap and Rita's legs slid to the ground. Pushing up with her feet on the ground, Rita gave Sally some room to loosen the front strap.

Once free of the straps, Rita grabbed a hold of Banjo's neck and hugged him. She then turned and looked at Sally.

"Thank you," Rita said. "I need to lay down on the blanket and rest after that. Maybe I can stretch

you for a ride of your own.”

Sally knew she wouldn’t be able to match Rita’s feat... not today, but maybe someday.