

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



My dotage was not so far advanced that I couldn't get the old boy to polish up quite nicely into some semblance of erectile muscle and throbbing gristle. Occasionally, he would even put out for me and eject a thin stream of jism, but it needed the stimulant of my past life to get him going these days. As had become a habit of mine, I had been reviewing some of the old footage of films we had made. Robbie was long gone now; the abuse of narcotics and booze had caught up with him. But, we made some films all right!

The one that had just run out on the videotape was by far the best that we had done. The scenes of Buffy locked with her dog, seeing her with it's cum running from her, had reawakened all the memories once more. The scene with the horse though, had me gagging to shoot a wad into my palm. I managed to climax when I rounded up the film as Robbie and I fucked the good lady. The replayed scenes came back to me as if it had been yesterday and as I gently rubbed my shaft, hoping to be able to complete the act, the memories did indeed play in the background, complete with the smells and noises. Afterwards, I slept and relived the day again in sharp focus. My memory is as good as it ever was. The following is what happened on that magical weekend.

The day didn't look promising. Grey cloud cover hung in the air; blanketing what weak sunlight was left of the morning. Rain had passed through during the night, leaving the pavements slick with moisture and shiny in their smoothness.

We trudged on with our collars turned up and hats jammed down hard over our foreheads, leaving little of our faces exposed to the chill wind that the Atlantic cooled, before throwing to shore in a frenzy of vortices and eddies that cut like whetted knives. It was days like this that we seriously wondered if the money was worth the trouble. The perfectly sunny days where it felt good to be alive, let alone filming had been temporarily forgotten in our miserable condition.

My Cameraman grunted something to me, but it was inaudible, I didn't stop to find out what he said and would have left it at that, but he either repeated it or said something else, only louder this time.

My answer, "how the fuck should I know", didn't help the general mood of the day. I mean, how am I suppose to know how much further it was, did he think I was having de-ja-vue, or something? Was the line of questions currently going through my soggy mind?

We are good friends on the whole. We had to be I guess. In our late teens, we had partnered up to film Viet Nam for CNN. Two completely raw ingrates thrust into a conflict that had little to do with our idealised notions of push button warfare. After too many body parts, we became inured of the daily scene, just took the shots and fucked off out of there. We had been a partnership since then. Robbie took the shots, I gave them words, and together we sold the stories and together got pissed and or stoned from the proceeds. Thirty years on, we were still a partnership, but only part time now. Our respective women had other ideas and limited our freedom. It wasn't so bad though and probably saved our lives, which we would have pissed away or had leaking from our drunken bodies, in an alley, after a binge.

So, together, we made a formidable pair; chasing down the hot stories, getting into the tight spots and getting out of them again. Even sometimes, being so close to the action that we got stuck in the middle of it. Famine, war and natural disasters had been our speciality, but not anymore. Christ, we were too old for that kind of mission. Besides, the younger photojournalists had learned the lessons we gave them well, and then improved on them. Crawling through the remains of a family in Sarajevo or Bulawayo was best left to those guys who felt nothing and slept at night.

Our quarry these days actually proved to be more lucrative. The porn industry had really taken off with the advent of video. What used to be a seedy, backdoor arrangement was now a multi-multi million dollar, in your face, industry. Home PC's and the Internet had turned the already massive giant in to a super-nova of a business that employed a large percentage of the media. We were just another pair of hacks who, like hundreds before us, found a more comfortable way of making money.

We specialised. Actually, if you asked the majority of media journalists in the field, they all specialised in the extraordinary. These days though, nothing was extraordinary anymore, unless you had honest to God aliens, but that nut hadn't been cracked yet, only in fantasy.

But, we did specialise, we advertised for and got thousands of replies from amateur Housewives. We could afford to be picky and selected just five or six a year to have us come and photo shoot at their homes. I always found it amazing that the majority of the replies came from forty-ish middle class women who lived in well to do areas such as Esher in Surrey, where money was nothing but a hindrance or a ladder to the next level. So many of the replies carried snap shots of an overweight lump of pampered flesh with a lascivious look in her eye. Even my Father wouldn't have raised an eyebrow at them, invariably; the picture and accompanying letter got filed under B in the round filing cabinet on the floor.

Occasionally though, a window of opportunity would come from one of the hundreds of envelopes. Some very good-looking women would be showing more than their mothers would approve of on an Instamatic Polaroid print or computer generated photo. Strangely, the accompanying letters seemed to be the wildest. For some unaccountable reason, these attractive women would describe fantasies, far in excess of most imaginations and certainly the middle-aged tubs of lard who normally wrote.

It was to one of the former that we were headed. Buffy, as she signed her initial letter, had sent a photo that looked quite professional. The lighting had been expertly placed through what looked as if it might have been Venetian blinds, casting shadow lines over her beautiful body. In all, a very tasteful study of the female form, but the letter that went with it was far from tasteful and it was this that had attracted us, more than anything else. If her claims were even half way true, she could do with a stallion, what most women would find difficult with a small man.

Twenty minutes later, soaked through and seriously considering the possibility that the address did not exist, we arrived at her door. A liveried Butler showed us to the drawing room of an Edwardian house. Her directions had purposely made us leave the perfectly dry interior of my car some two miles away. The fucking road passed less than sixty feet from the main gate. Wouldn't you know it, I thought, Frightened of the sodding neighbours.

Paintings that looked old, stared at us from their vantage points on the oak panelled walls of the drawing room. A large fire blazed in a John Adams fireplace and candles lit the room from candelabras set on sconces around the room. The Butler, who had opened the front door to our knocking, advised that the Lady of the house would be with us in a few minutes and would we please make ourselves at home. He bowed to us in turn and backed out of the room.

Neither of us dared to sit in the Queen Anne chairs, but the heat of the fire drew us to stand on the parquet floor in front of the blaze, hoping to dry out a little and get warmer.

Several minutes passed; then the door opened to admit a huge Irish wolfhound. Typically for the breed, he was full of exuberance and placed both paws on my shoulders with consummate ease in greeting. I stand five ten high; looking a dog eye to eye while vertical is a little disconcerting. I just hoped he was friendly.

"Byron, Get down." She hadn't entered the room, but obviously knew the dog well and knew it would have made its presence known in this manner. Bryon, we guessed was the dog's name, slunk away to an opposite corner and laid down on a tartan blanket.

She swept passed the edge of the door and into the room. "I really am most dreadfully sorry; Byron has a tendency to like people immediately and has no qualms about showing his affection. Please, do accept my apology".

"fuck me." Robbie whispered, "She is fucking knock out."

He was not wrong in his appraisal. The Lady of the house was something of a vision to behold. A low cut, full-length dress accentuated her loveliness and the banded pearl choker around her long neck was real. Her slender, almost delicate hand was extended. We shook hands while introducing ourselves.

"I am Mrs. Taylor Smyth she informed us, although I much prefer to be called Buffy, it goes back to school days dontyouknow and seems to have been handed down through the matriarchal line." This information was delivered with a slight shrug of her bare shoulders, a move that looked practiced and studied to illicit the exact response it caused my sensory array. "I do hope you liked my photograph, I had my Butler, Juan do them for me. He is rather good with a camera dontyouthink?

Her manner of speech also had a desultory affect to my nervous system and almost left me bereft of the power of coherent thought.

Robbie was not quite so bashful, he never had been. "They was luvrly, and we wondered if there was any more you would let us 'ave?" I wondered at the sudden cockney style of talking, Robbie usually spoke fairly well. "See, we 're putting togever a portfolio of wimen and you would look good innit."

"We shall see." She dismissed him as easily as that and turned to me, raising an eyebrow as she did. "I really am quite keen on acting out the fantasy described in my letter." She paused and raised her hand as if in defence. "Although, one does not actually indulge in these things you understand, on a regular basis, I firmly believe that nothing should be allowed to pass untried unless it is absolutely abhorrent. I do not consider the proposal to be abhorrent, so, I do hope you can help me in this little venture and find myself quite at the mercy of your expertise."

We had been recommended by Lady something or another to her, she had retained the card and that, as they say, was that.

"Mrs. Taylor Smyth...." I began.

"Buffy, please." She corrected me.

"Buffy it is, your fantasies as written in your letter, may prove to be physically impossible in, shall we say, the limits of our physiology, but we are, as you quite rightly say, experienced and are more than willing to assist and record your desires." We had locked eyes and I felt as if I had sunk into oblivion without end in a limpid pool that she projected. I was lost to her.

"I will have Juan prepare the games room. Have you gentlemen eaten?"

Robbie and I were given some tea and sandwiches with the crust carefully cut off while Buffy made ready. The tea was an earl grey and not one of my favourites. Juan returned to let us know that she was ready and would we follow him to the games room.

The attraction of a woman in my opinion is in the unknown, that which is covered and left to the imagination. Somehow, I always get a feeling of anti-climax when all of her hidden charms are revealed. Not that this was the case with Buffy. Perfection of form and line is a subjective thing and differs from observer to observer, but her body was the subliminal epitome of womanhood. Muscle tone and graceful curve amalgamated into a flawless creation. This is what God intended when he made woman and I fully subscribed to the notion. Naked, as she was and lying along the back of a leather Chesterton, my heart skipped in a merry semblance of Morris dancers at a May fair and I fell completely in love with her.

The pose she had struck was purely for effect. She knew what it might do to my male instincts and played her hand to perfection. I reacted as any other man would and became instantly aroused to the point of painfully hard in my trousers. I discovered that it wasn't that I wanted her, I needed to possess that body, I needed to plunge into her and leave a part of myself within her, I needed to be lost and die in her arms. Guilt for the feelings she aroused also coursed through my brain. I loved my wife didn't I? But, to have this creature would be a crowning moment in my life.

"How should we do this gentlemen?" The incongruity of being called a gentleman in the current situation was not lost on me. I was amazed at the poise she showed, given what our intentions were and the delicate nature of our actions. She appeared completely nonplussed.

"Should I be on the floor or something?"

"Why not start with you on the settee. I can set a static camera in front of the billiard table and have Robbie use a smaller hand-held for close-ups and angled shots." I knelt in front of her on the floor and gave her a run through of what might look good on camera and hold a natural sequence of events. "The idea is that we wish to convey an air of spontaneity, not have it look as if it were stage managed. If you are ready, we'll start rolling." She nodded compliance and the cameras began to whirl.

Buffy feigned reading a book. The camera angle I wanted hid the fact that she was naked, her hair hiding those breasts that defied my powers of description. Gradually, her right hand slid from holding the paperback and began to caress the space between her perfect mounds, pushing her hair away and exposing the two orbs of desire, tipped with pink buds. Her fingers explored further and seemed to absent mindedly manipulate her quickly aroused nipple. Pulling and tweaking the hardening tip until it darkened in colour and stood firm and ready.

She dropped the book and began to arouse her other breast. In seconds, she had both of her nipples dark and hard. She continued to punish them while her back arched and a small moan escaped her lips. Her right hand travelled in one long smooth stroke to her hairless mound. Fingertips pulled at the skin and stretched her lips in an upward motion that exposed her clit from its sheath. Keeping her skin taught, a fingertip of her left hand lightly touched the swelling bud of her hidden desire. She drew breath quickly as if the touch burned her. Again, her back arched, forcing her breasts forward.

Slowly, she rubbed in circular motion, arousing and teasing her pleasure centre to the maximum, hardening her clit until it stood proud and erect. Her rhythm increased in exponential increments and her breathing regulated to match the tempo. In a very short space of time, Buffy had brought herself to a shattering climax and was by now, pushing her whole hand into herself with a display of litheness and accommodation that had me wishing I was doing the finger fucking.

We stopped filming and set aside the tapes for editing later. The material already shot was enough really on its own, but we were here for Buffy's fantasy, not mine or Robbie's.

"How was it?" She showed no inhibition with her nakedness in front of us. Fact was; it was me that felt discomfited, even though I had watched hundreds of women through the lens. There was something about her that just tipped it for me.

"It was just great. Perhaps you would like to see the rushes? Or shall we get onto the next scene while the light is good?"

"Let us press on. The next scene will involve Juan if my memory serves, I'll just call him." Juan joined us a few minutes later. She gave him his instructions and returned to the leather settee.

"Action!"

She had arranged herself and continued rubbing her cunt as if nothing had interrupted her. Then Juan appeared as if by accident only to find his mistress in the throes of sexual passion all by herself. The plot continued with him getting almost all of a nine inch cock down her throat; then fucking her in several positions after which, he fucked her beautiful arse before jacking off over her face and tits. All standard stuff really, but there was very little that was standard about her performance. Buffy knew how to get pleasure and knew how to give it in return. She also knew how to play to the camera as if it were a third person in the room.

I must admit that the closing scenes of her getting a mouthful of Juan's shit didn't work for me and neither did the water sports afterwards, but as they say, what's good for one is not necessarily good for the other.

Suddenly, when the filming had stopped, Buffy announced that that would be all for today. Juan would show us to our rooms and dinner would be at eight on the dot. Neither Robbie nor I had planned on being out for the night, but a few urgent phone calls soon had it smoothed over with our partners.

Dinner was a feast and it was two very stuffed Cameramen that discussed the next days filming sequence. Basically, Buffy wanted to move to the barn, starting off with one of the stable hands and finishing with her prized Arabian Stallion.

We helped polish off a decanter of brandy before retiring to our rooms. All fantasies of getting into Buffy were soon dispelled with her parting shot. "Sleep well, tomorrow is going to be a long day. Good night gentlemen."

The morning was the complete opposite of yesterday. Sunlight streamed through the curtains and illuminated the room that I had been too tired to really appreciate last night. I realised that I had slept without break for eight hours straight. This was a first for some time. I felt great and ready for the coming day.

We breakfasted together in the drawing room; going over last minute alterations to the running order. Buffy looked fabulous in some diaphanous nightie that seemed to be supported on her. She would be ready in an hour and would we like to see the stables so we could get set up?

The stable turned out to be the oldest part of the estate. Apparently, it had been there since Tudor times, only the roof had been changed from the original thatch to a slate covering. Light was going to be a problem, although sunlight flooded the place generally, it tended to pool into bright areas that would play havoc with levels. Extra lighting was needed; it was while we were planning this that the stable hand came over.

His West Country accent was thick and gave him a stupid countenance, but it soon became apparent

that Craig was far from being a stupid, slack-jawed yokel. His knowledge of animal husbandry soon became clear; he also proved to be of great assistance in obtaining and placing lighting so that the cameras wouldn't struggle.

Buffy turned up an hour later. Craig's demeanour altered radically, it was plainly obvious that he was in love with the woman. The expression of shock and pleasure when she told him of her plans was a picture all by its self. He was to be one of the star turns and would be the one to fuck her before the main show.

It started as most of these little cameos did, with Buffy giving her self a lone hand job in the hay. Her delicate fingers belied their seeming fragility while pumping in and out of her small shaven twat. She gave her nipples a hard time simultaneously, pinching the perfect pink knobs until they had hardened and stood erect. It didn't take too much film or time to see her reach a crescendo and gush her climax into the straw.

By pre-arrangement, it was at this time Craig would make his appearance, acting surprise and aroused at the scene he had supposedly stumbled upon. His surprise looked contrived a little, but the arousal was all too plain to see. How he hadn't split his jeans with the rock between his legs, defied belief. We rolled through another tape or two. Craig was indeed a star, with a monster cock that seemed to go on forever as it disappeared into her shaven mound. It seemed far too long for her to be able to swallow much of, but she managed most of his length. The eventual ejaculation of cum looked as if it wouldn't stop as he jetted all over her perfect tits. Buffy cleaned up with her tongue and I almost creamed myself watching through the viewfinder.

We called for a break so that Buffy and Craig could rest. I needed to relieve my self of a load as well.

Buffy's fantasy was to have a dog and a horse at the same time. Although she had described the sequence in her letter, I still couldn't see how it would work. In any case, it was to be Byron's turn to service this insatiable creature.

At first, he showed no interest in Buffy at all. She encouraged him with words of endearment and urging, but he resolutely ignored her pleas. It was Craig who came up with the idea that a little peanut butter might help the process. Byron was a sucker for the stuff it seemed.

A handful of butter was smeared onto her cunt as she lay in the straw. Byron's nose found the scent and in no time, was lapping away at her heavenly mound. Buffy came loudly and wetly. Byron got the message and began to lick her in earnest, taking care to clean all of her cunt, anus and give her clit some special attention. Buffy loved every second and gushed over the hapless hound's snout. Perhaps it was that or her smell, but very quickly, we had a horny dog ready for action with a purple veined ten-inch cock, dripping and fully loaded.

Buffy, swung around and grasped his glistening rod, teasing it all the way from its sheath until the whole length had emerged. Slowly, playing to the camera, Buffy slipped his rock hard cock between her cherry red lips while her delicate hand gripped the dog and stopped him from pulling away. Inch by slowly swallowed inch, she stuffed him into her mouth. Craig had grasped the dog's collar to hold him in place. Byron had no choice but to allow the ministrations of her perfect mouth.

Quite quickly, he began to quiver and his hips started to hump against her hand and mouth. Buffy let him fuck her face and swallowed just about the whole length of his cock into her throat. The poor dog was going to let loose a full load of dog cum if this continued for much longer. She must have sensed this and withdrew him from between her lips. She lay on the straw and finger fucked her cunt while slowly jacking off the dog just enough to keep him interested, but not too much that he



would shoot his wad.

I had to call time; the film was getting near to running out and needed to be changed.

Buffy got up and drank some water while we reloaded the cameras. A low-pitched conversation was held between her and Craig, but I couldn't hear what was said.

At last, we were ready to continue and had taken the trouble to load up backups so that the continuity wouldn't be disturbed again.

Buffy got to it again, arousing the dog just enough and sucking him until the animal was on the verge of coming. She rolled over while Craig held the animal and then she knelt on all fours on the straw. Craig gently lifted Byron until he was mounted on her back with his forepaws wrapped around her waist. Byron did what came naturally and began to thrust his hips. He needed Craig's help to find home, but once he was inside her beautiful snatch, he thrust all of himself into her and began pumping. Little by little, his knot grew and inch-by-inch, it got closer to getting shoved into her cunt.

Suddenly, Byron gave a huge forward thrust and buried his knot into her waiting body. Buffy screamed in pain, but shoved her ass back on him, getting the dog even further inside of her. The dog howled and threw back his shaggy head. His forepaws scrabbled and grazed her clear skin, leaving red welts and even a little blood. Buffy didn't seem to notice, her own head was thrust back in a primal pose of orgasm. Her breath was being ripped from her throat in ragged huffs as she pushed back on the dog and locked him inside her.

Byron's climax was announced with a piercing howl and then a deep resonant growl, his teeth exposed in a snarl that would have scared me shitless had I not known what was going on. The moment seemed to last forever until Buffy hung her head in exhaustion. Byron tried to withdraw, but was firmly locked into her. He succeeded to turn himself around until they were locked tail to tail. Buffy couldn't help herself; she started to buck her hips and fucked herself on the dog's cock. She climaxed in a sudden shower of cum that was forceful enough to eject the dog with a yelp. She flopped face down in the straw while Byron cleaned himself and Craig quietly left the room.

Eventually, she raised her head and asked, "How was it?" I couldn't trust myself to answer, but Robbie blurted out, "Fucking fantastic! Just fucking incredible, man!" I winced at his choice of words, but was relieved to see her smile in gratitude.

"I think a break is called for now don't you think?" I loved her accent and the way she ran words together. Actually, I just loved everything about her and would have been quite happy to die for her body right there and then.

"Perhaps some tea and a little lunch?" She suggested.

My only concern at the time was for the stiffest cock I had ever had. I realised that the scenes that had been coming through the viewfinder had got me more than stiff. I had shot a load without even being aware of it until the action stopped and the sticky wetness announced itself. I had to get cleaned up and do something about this raging hard-on.

Ten minutes later and an explosive hand job, I sat down to eat with Buffy and Robbie in the breakfast room, viewing the rest of her grounds through the conservatory glass. She must have had an army of gardeners. The lawns and paths were immaculate. Small examples of topiary shrubs punctuated the cross cut grass. Buffy ignored the scenery and delicately nibbled a sandwich while she discussed fucking the dog as if it were an every day event.



"One gets so lonely at times". She said, "That the occasional excursion into, shall we say, alternative entertainment, is almost unavoidable. The tricky part is though; that it is quite easy for things to go wrong and so one has to have some very good staff to hand. Juan is a little conservative in his tastes, preferring the more traditional forms of carnal pursuit, but Craig on the other hand, is a totally different kettle of fish, so to speak."

"What about Mr. Buffy?" Robbie seemed quite at ease with the incongruity of the conversation. "What's he into?"

"Ah the Colonel, he died I'm afraid, heart attack, very sad really, only seventy, but there you are, these things happen."

"I'm sorry to hear that." I piped up.

"Oh don't be, the old buzzard left me fairly comfortably off and if one really wants to chase, shall we say, ladies of questionable repute, around, a heart attack is possibly the least of his worries." She seemed to be completely blasé about it. "Gave the prostitute a really bad turn apparently, had to sort the poor girl out, set her up in a little flat in Chelsea or somewhere."

"Anyway, I would like to do the horse scene next. I have a few ideas, see what you think."

We discussed the running order for the next episode of Buffy's fantasy over lunch and then made ready in the stables. Craig introduced us to Paolo, an Arabian stallion. Compared to the usual horses that you would expect to see, he was delicate, standing at about ten hands high with thin features. His Smokey grey dappled colouring added to the impression of delicacy. Large black eyes regarded us and our equipment. We set up, checking the lighting levels and placing reflectors at strategic points. Paolo watched the activity and stood with Craig.

Buffy eventually arrived, dressed in riding pinks and hat. Her jodhpurs clung to her figure and accentuated the perfect form of her hips and arse. The atmosphere turned electric with anticipation, even Paolo caught the charged feeling and became a little restive. Craig soothed the stallion with soft words in his twitching ear.

The halter rope was cinched through a ring set in a ceiling beam and Craig set a hobble on his hind hocks to stop the horse from moving too much. Paolo seemed to know the score and began to shuffle toward the mounting bench as if this was a normal event.

"You may leave us now Craig." Buffy showed no outward sign of the mounting tension. I couldn't say the same for me and I was aware that camera shake could be a problem.

Craig closed the door quietly, leaving the horse and us alone. Robbie chose to be the point camera and had taken the trouble to set up the gimbaled shoulder mount. I was to run the static and keep an eye out for Buffy in case she got into trouble.

"Shall we get started then?" Buffy was running the show. The cameras rolled with the opening scene of her coming into the room.

Her jacket and blouse came off almost immediately. Her beautiful breasts needed no bra to hold them in place. Buffy, approached the stallion that rolled his eyes at her and watched with some trepidation and alarm. She comforted him, stroking his sleek neck and shoulders. Her hands ran over his coat in long smooth passes. He calmed and took pleasure from her attention.

Gradually, Buffy's hands travelled down his back and flanks, edging ever nearer to his genital area,

all the time, whispering at him to keep the animal calm. Buffy knelt beside him and gently took his cock in her hands. Slowly and deliberately, she massaged the flaccid member until the first signs of an erection became evident. Buffy took the semi-erect cock into her mouth, licking and teasing the end with her tongue while holding him at the right angle. She worked just on the end, running her tongue around and then drawing his tip between her lips and sucking on the growing mushroom shaped head.

Paolo began to jerk and twitch his withers in an involuntary reaction to her mouth. She caressed the length of him and slowly began to jerk him off while holding the tip between her lips. All eighteen inches of horse cock now was ready for action. The veins along its length stood out as blood was pumped into the rapidly hardening member. Buffy's stroking of his penis became more urgent and faster, making his hips shudder and his cock twitch in her mouth. He started to grunt, first time I have ever heard a horse grunt as her hands massaged the full length. Suddenly, he jerked and shot a stream of milky white cum into her mouth. She spat it out on the floor and stopped massaging him, not wanting it to be over just yet. Paolo was making some quite funny noises and seemed desperate to finish the act. She stroked his mane for a short while until he had settled down a bit.

Then she played to the camera, unzipping her jodhpurs and sliding them to the floor. Buffy was now completely naked. She spread her legs in front of Paolo and slowly began to finger herself. Pulling her lips apart to expose her clit. Her rhythm increased and quite quickly she came catching the gooey slick in the palm of her hand. She rubbed this into Paolo's nose, treating him to her scent. The effect on the horse was electric. He reared and began to thrust at thin air, his cock searching for somewhere to go as if it had a mind of its own.

Buffy turned her back to him and draped herself on the mounting block. Paolo took the hint and reared again, placing his front hooves either side of her. His cock searched for her cunt, waving up and down in an effort to locate and penetrate her body.

"He needs a hand." She whispered to me.

I did what any self-respecting filmmaker would do; I grasped his cock head and guided it to her opening. Like a homing missile, Paolo sunk as much as he could into her, then thrust again, forcing his cock into her heavenly cunt. It was Buffy's turn to grunt, as the whole eighteen inches seemed to slide straight into her. From my angle, it looked as if she had taken the whole thing, but I knew that wouldn't be possible. Paolo's thrust became more urgent and he began to grunt in turn, lifting Buffy completely off the mounting block with the force until, with a final push, he climaxed inside Buffy. Holding the position until he had shot the whole amount as deeply as it would go. Then he pulled out. Some thing like a pint of horse cum gushed from Buffy's cunt onto the floor where it puddled between her feet.

"Are you okay?" I asked, as she lay prostrate over the blanket-covered block. She nodded, but said nothing for a moment. Then she whispered.

"I didn't cum! Can you believe that? I didn't cum once." She continued to lie over the blankets. "Can you fucking believe that? A fucking horse in my cunt and I don't get there, what more have I got to do?"

Not knowing what else to say and a bit taken aback by her language, I answered a bit lamely, "Is there anything I can do?"

"You can try fucking me in the arse while dick for brains gets sucked off." She tersely replied. "Other than that, you can fuck off and get Craig to put the horse back.

"How about I do both, starting with the horse?"

"Fine, whatever."

I found Craig at the other end of the stables and asked him to take the horse away. His evident concern for the animal and his employer showed when he asked if it all went okay. He was incredulous when I told him what she had said, but came and took Paolo away. Robbie, or dick for brains as she had named him, was already stuffing his cock down her throat. Buffy had remained on the mounting block which put her head at just the right height for Robbie. I guess he had become too excited by the scene that had played out just a few minutes ago, because he cried out and sprayed her throat with his own cum. Buffy neither spat it or swallowed it. It just dribbled from her lips as she turned to me and said. "Now you laughing boy, fuck my arse."

I knew that if I just stuffed it into her, I would lose it straight away so instead; I rubbed her exposed clit with the tip, running it over her mound and teased her. It must have been the right thing to do because pretty soon, she was screaming at me to fuck her hard. I waited a little longer and then, very carefully and slowly, eased my cock into her arse and reached around her to rub her clit. The feeling of warmth from her body was divine as she engulfed my rod. I fucked her steadily, relishing the waves of passion that built up in my groin. Buffy was crying, urging me to fuck her deeper and harder. Feeling that the time was right, I picked up the pace and began to ram into her upturned arse. She grabbed Robbie again and sucked him deep into her mouth.

I couldn't last any longer. My whole length had slipped into her and I was fucking like I had never fucked an arse before. The pressure was too much and I let go with an explosive shudder that ripped through my body. Robbie shot another load into her mouth and sighed in repletion.

That was that, a wrap as they say in the business. Buffy pulled her jacket on and unsteadily made her way back to the house saying something about tea. Robbie and I packed the cameras away and took the film over to the house for a run through. As I suspected, trying for a dog and a horse at the same time was beyond even this fantastic woman. But, the footage we had with her and the animals separately was just as good in my mind. Fucking her in the arse seemed like a reward for services rendered along with the cheque.

I was to do the full editing in my studio. Buffy looked through the rushes and made a few suggestions before letting us go. I admit that I copied every foot of film for my private collection. The edited version took a week to finalise with touch ups and colour smudges to enhance the quality.

So, it was a week and a day that I returned to the house to present Buffy with the finished article. We watched it together; her delight of the product of her exertions was quite obvious. I hoped that I would get another shot at screwing her, but was politely told that she would not be fucking any more men, preferring the dog Byron instead.

We never heard from Buffy again, but true to her word, she passed our name on to some of her friends. We made a few films with them, but somehow, it never had the spark that she had caused. Robbie and I decided that enough was enough, we didn't need the money any more, and really, Buffy had spoiled our fantasies by being so fucking good at it.