

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



## Chapter 1

Janet awoke, terrified. She was in a darkened room, about 10 feet by 20 feet. No windows were visible in the gloom. She tried to remember how she arrived here, but her brain was foggy, confused. The last thing she could recall was walking across the parking lot to her car after a late-night study session at the campus library. She noticed she was still wearing the same clothes – jeans, a cotton blouse and a sweatshirt.

Now she was here, almost as if she had been magically transported. She was lying on a large four-poster bed. At the other end of the room was a shower, toilet and sink, which looked oddly out of place without any doors or walls around them. A heavy wooden door marked the only exit from the room.

Janet rose from the bed and started to explore her prison. Beyond the bath area, there wasn't much – just an armoire near the bed, a small table with two chairs, and a shelf along one wall. She moved closer and saw the shelf contained an ice bucket. She opened it and saw cool, clear water inside, with a ladle. She was suddenly very thirsty, so she drank some. It had an odd taste. She guessed it was well water. That might help her figure out where she was, she thought.

Before she could explore further, the lights came up. She froze in mid-step. The door at the far end creaked open. She waited nervously, looking for an escape. A large man walked in with a large black dog at his side. He had dark, wavy hair and might even be considered handsome, except for the unnaturally cruel expression on his face. He was dressed like a lumberjack, wearing an oversized plaid shirt over a blue tee-shirt and dirty jeans. His boots were old and scuffed.

Her eyes were jerked from his clothes to the object in his right hand. It appeared to be a riding crop – a stiff leather strap about 18 inches long, something she'd only seen a jockey use. Her stomach felt hollow as she contemplated its use.

Without preamble, he spoke to her. "When I come into the room, you are to stand naked before me."

Janet gasped and shrank back. "Please, no. L-l-let me go. I p-p-promise I won't tell anyone-".

Without another word, he stepped forward, grabbed her by the shoulder and spun her around, striking her hard several times with the crop on her ass and thighs. She screamed and dropped to the floor, trying to shield herself from the blows. Even through her clothes, the blows stung. Finally he stopped.

"When I come into the room, you are to stand naked before me," he repeated. As if for emphasis, the dog growled.

Shaking and bruised, she rose to her feet and began removing her clothes. In minutes, she was standing naked, just as he had ordered. He looked her up and down. She followed his gaze, and saw one of the blue-red welts where she had been struck on her hip. She shivered.

"If you do exactly what I say, you won't be beaten," he said, as if reading her mind. "You will find the rules here are not difficult to follow. You are my sex slave. That is your only function. Your name will be Slut. You may call me Sir or Master. If you please me, you will live in relative comfort. If you displease me, you will be beaten and quite possibly killed. The choice is yours."

His words landed like hammer blows to her heart. She felt nauseous and weak, as if she might faint.

She tried to cover herself, but dropped her hands when he raised the whip.

"Don't ever cover yourself in my presence, Slut. You are to be totally naked. You will keep yourself clean." He pointed to the shower. Then he reached out casually with the stick and tapped her blond mound. Janet flinched. "You will keep this shaved. I will provide the equipment you need."

"P-p-please, mister--"

The whip cracked out almost nonchalantly and bit into her breasts. The fire took her breath away. She stepped back and brought her hands up to protect herself. "Don't speak unless spoken to," he warned. He waited, glaring at her, until she dropped her hands again to her sides.

From a pocket, he produced a small pair of scissors. "Here, you can use this to trim your pussy hair." From another pocket, out came a small electric razor. "This razor is battery powered. It's recommended for shaving around your cunt. When the batteries run down, I will replace them. Use this every day, Slut." He paused. "Of course, I can't trust you with a razor ... I'm sure you understand."

Numbly, she took the electric razor and the scissors. He waited, but she didn't move. "You may begin," he finally said, pointing with the whip to the bed. Shaking, she climbed up on the bed, holding her legs together as long as she dared. He reached over and for a moment, she thought he was going to strike her, but instead he turned on the bedside light with his left hand. "You need more light," he said simply.

Janet spread her legs just enough to gain access to her tuft of soft hair, then began trimming it with the scissors. Tears began to cloud her vision and she had to stop fearful she might pinch herself. She fully expected him to beat her, but instead, he gently took the scissors from her and began trimming the hair himself, pushing her legs apart so he could gain easy access to her. She held back her sobs as she lay there, spread wide before her tormentor as he carefully trimmed her downy pubic hair.

When he had it down to stubble, he put the razor into her hand and watched as she ran it over her mound and alongside her labia lips repeatedly until she was smooth. He was right, she had to admit, the razor worked well, and didn't pull any sensitive hairs. He leaned down and inspected her closely. The dog moved closer as well, sniffing the air. "Down, Turk," he said, and the dog moved back.

"Good," he said. "Now, it's time for you to learn your positions, Slut." Janet swallowed hard, trying to keep from vomiting. He paid no attention. "When I say Position One, you are to come to the bed and kneel up on your knees and your face flat on the sheets. Like this." He moved her into position crosswise on the bed as if she were a manikin. "Here, move your knees closer to the side of the bed. Yes, that's it. Now spread your legs further apart. " She knew she presented an obscene picture to him, her newly shaved vagina hanging out invitingly. She expected him to rape her right then and there, but he didn't. Instead, he just rubbed her ass gently for a moment.

"OK. When I say Position Two, you are to lay on the bed in the missionary position, except with your hands holding your knees up and apart, like this." Again he mechanically moved her into position until she was spread out like a cheap whore, her cleft presented to him.

"Good. Number Three is similar to that, except I want you down at the end of the bed, resting your legs up against the posts. Your ass should be hanging out over the edge."

Janet moved into position, afraid to challenge him. Once her legs were up, he grabbed her ankles and tied them into position with straps hanging from eyelets screwed into the posts. "Don't worry," he said matter-of-factly, "I will handle the tying duties." He tied up her wrists as well with

long straps to the posts at the other end until she was helpless.

Then he did something so totally unexpected, the girl gasped in shock – he tickled her! She was too stunned to react at first, then her ticklishness took over and she was soon screaming and writhing and giggling all at the same time. He just as suddenly stopped. “I see you’re ticklish,” was all he said. Janet was angry with herself for laughing. This man is sick, twisted – don’t laugh at anything he does!

He untied her and brought her to her feet next to the bed. “When I say Position Four, I want you to drop immediately to your knees in front of me and pull out my cock and suck it. No matter where we are or what we’re doing, OK?” She nodded. She never did like oral sex, and she wasn’t sure if she could, even under threat of a whipping. She hoped he wouldn’t ask her to do that now.

“Are you thirsty?” he asked suddenly.

She was taken aback for a moment, then realized how dry her mouth was. Was that a precursor to asking her to suck him? she wondered. Nervously, she nodded.

He went to a shelf and removed the ladle from an ice bucket and brought it to her. She drank gratefully.

Sir returned the ladle and went on as if there had been no interruption. “Position Five is similar to One except you aren’t on the bed, you just drop where you are.” Automatically, she dropped into position, her head low, only to have him stop her. “No, no. I want you to present your ass to me, not your head.” She turned around and placed her head against the carpet, her ass high. She immediately heard the dog growl. “Wait, Turk.” To the girl, he said, “As you can see, this position is for Turk. I urge you not to move, as he tends to bite.”

Janet couldn’t believe what she was hearing. He was going to let the dog ...??

As if in answer to her question, she felt the dog’s paws on her back. She looked around to see that he had mounted her as if she were a bitch. She stared at his very large, thick penis extending out from his furry sheath. “No! Please!” she shouted. The man had apparently been waiting for her outburst. In an instant, he had pulled the dog from her and began beating her with the riding crop. She screamed and curled up into a ball. Again and again the blows rained down on her.

“Position Five!” He barked and she scrambled onto her knees again, trembling. This time she didn’t move as the dog mounted her. She didn’t look back as he began to pump up against her ass. She could feel his glistening penis bounce against her dry vagina.

“Looks like you aren’t wet enough,” the man said. “That will change, I can assure you, Slut. Soon you will be dripping in anticipation of Turk’s approach. For now, though, I want you to spit on one hand and work it into your cunt.”

Crying, she did so, trying not to get her hand in the way of Turk’s thrusting cock. “Pull your lips apart, Slut,” the man ordered, and Janet obeyed, tears falling freely from her face. The dog penis began to slip into her. She could really feel it – it was nearly as large as a man’s. She brought her hand back down to support herself. Despite her instructions, she tried to edge away, but the man tapped her head with the crop and she quit moving. Now the cock was thrusting well into her, the dog’s forelegs gripping her hard at the hips. She could hear him panting, his tongue hanging out. She felt slightly dizzy. Despite her revulsion, the whole experience was somehow grotesque and stimulating at the same time.

The dog's stamina was incredible. He pumped and pumped, his thick meat tickling her clitoris, the knot banging at her opening. She could feel the first stirrings of an orgasm, which completely shocked her. At first, she tried to fight it, but eventually her libido took over. Soon she found herself pushing back against Turk's thrusts. Her nipples extended into hard points and she rubbed them against the carpet.

"Oh, oh, oh - " She could feel the oncoming rush and forgot all about her terrible situation. All she wanted to do was come. Please, let me come. Suddenly, the dog thrust tight up against her, his knot expanding into her as his seed spilled into her womb. It was enough to send her over the edge. She bellowed like a bitch in heat and came.

"OH GOD! GOD!" Janet felt woozy, unable to move. The dog was stuck to her for a few minutes until he could pull his knot free. Then he began to lick her clean. Her clit was almost too sensitive. "Wait, wait," she said. If he gave her a minute to recover, she thought she might come again. Why was this happening?

"Position One!" the man said, and the girl, despite herself, immediately got up on the bed on her hands and knees, spreading her legs wide and laid her head on the covers. She could feel the dog's sperm dribbling out of her cunt. Yes, cunt. She could no longer think of it as something as formal as a vagina - she was a dog's cunt, to be fucked whenever he wanted.

She heard the sound of a zipper and the man moved up against her. She could feel his cock slipping into her. It was a lot bigger than the dog's. He began to fuck her, slowly at first, then faster. She felt another orgasm building immediately.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god," she gasped as he held onto her hips and thrust hard into her wide-open pussy. "Please, please, please-" She wasn't even sure what she was saying, she only knew she had to let that orgasm rip through her again. She matched his thrusts, just as she had done for the dog. She was no longer a young woman, she was only cunt, a large, grasping, gaping cunt that needed to be filled. He lasted almost as long as the dog had before he gasped aloud and pushed tight against her ass. She could feel his seed squirt into her and on the second squirt, she came in a glorious rush. She almost passed out. "Oh god, oh god, oh god..." she whispered as the orgasm ebbed.

"Position Four!" he barked. Any good feelings she had vanished. Moving as quickly as her numb body would allow, she climbed off the bed and dropped to her knees in front of the man's now-flaccid cock. "Suck it clean," he ordered.

Janet was grossed out. Not only was he covered in her juices mixed with his, but the dog's as well! She reached for it, and began to gag. She fought to keep her gorge down. She knew what was in store for her. The hiss of the riding crop cut the air and the blows began raining down on her shoulders, back and even on her tender ass. To cut the beating short, she grabbed his cock and thrust it into her mouth. He stopped in mid-strike and allowed her to minister to his limp penis. Fighting down the urge to gag, she licked him clean, swallowing the sticky fluids.

When she was finished, he stepped back and zipped up. "You did well for the first day, Slut. I will leave you now to get cleaned up. In the closet" - he pointed to the armoire- "you will find some robes that you may wear when I'm not present." He scooped up her clothes and left, Turk trotting quietly beside him, looking pleased with himself.

Once the door closed, she ran to the toilet and threw up, then washed her mouth out with water from the faucet. She took a shower, washing herself thoroughly, as if she was afraid of what the man's - or the dog's - sperm might do to her. Did he have AIDS? Can you catch some rare sexual

disease from a dog? She didn't know and it gnawed at her. She also knew that this was just the beginning of her ordeal. She had to find a way out.

After drying off and donning a silk robe, she realized she was hungry. The man said he would bring her meals, but there was nothing in the room to eat. Did he forget? Or was he punishing her for some reason? She drank some more water from the jug, making a face at the slight metallic taste.

Janet began exploring the room again, looking for chinks in her prison. The door was solid oak, with a heavy lock that she knew she couldn't defeat. There were no windows and the walls were made out of cinderblock. She couldn't even feel any air around the mortar, which meant either the walls were very thick and very well made or she was ... underground. Another shudder ran through her as she thought about what that meant. She was already in her grave.

She knew then that the only way out was through the man - and the dog.

After a few hours, the lights in the room dimmed. She wondered if that was his way of telling her when it was dark out, to keep her biological clock set. That might be helpful later, although she wasn't sure how she might take advantage of it. Exhausted, she crawled into bed and fell into a fitful sleep.

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## Chapter 2

When she awoke, she noticed the lights were brighter, so she assumed they were coordinated to the day/night cycle. She heard the thump of the door and she initially cowered under the covers, still dressed in her robe, but when the door was flung open, she remembered his explicit instructions. She scrambled from the bed, shedding her robe, and stood before him in the nude, arms at her sides. Turk was with him again, she was sorry to see. She might be able to overcome him alone, but never he and the dog together.

"Good," he said. "You learn quickly." At that moment, her stomach growled noisily. She froze, fearful that that was against the rules somehow.

"You're hungry." She nodded. "You can eat after exercise." Exercise! "I don't want you to get fat here," he added. "Would you like a drink first?" She nodded, afraid to speak. She had to pee, but she didn't know how to tell him without suffering a beating. He retrieved a ladle of water from the bucket and helped her to drink it.

Returning the ladle, he told her to turn around and put her hands behind her. He fastened leather bracelets to each wrist, then clipped her wrists together. Then she felt him fasten a collar around her neck. Now she was just another dog to him, the bastard. He attached a dog's leash to the front of the collar and jerked it. "Come," was all he said.

Janet followed him out the door, trying to gather as much information as she could about this mysterious place she had been taken to. Outside the cell door, she realized her suspicions were correct - they were in a dimly lit cellar. Stairs led up from the middle of the room. She trotted along behind him, Turk at her side. The dog seemed to have taken ownership of her just as much as the man had.

Upstairs, she was surprised to find the door opened into a storage room of what appeared to be a stable, not Sir's house. There was some hay on the floor and the area was redolent with the odor of manure. Along one wall were a variety of dangerous-looking whips, chains, fasteners and other

devises of torture. He stopped and pointed. "Don't try to run away or you'll get a taste of these - after Turk runs you down."

She almost felt relieved because her first thought was that this would be a routine part of her ordeal here. She looked at the dog and saw that his large penis was partially out of his sheath. God, she thought, not again. Yet there was a part of her that was vaguely stimulated by the idea. What's wrong with me?

He led her out into the main stable area, and she could see stalls for at least four horses. Noises told her most, if not all, of the stalls were occupied. From another wall, the man took down some leather apparatus and indicated that the girl should turn around. She did so, and he unhooked her wrists, then began buckling her into the straps. A large belt went around her waist, while two crossing straps went between her breasts and up over her shoulders. She could feel him buckling it into place behind her to the back of the belt. She had no idea what he was doing, but she had a feeling she wasn't going to like it. Again, she wanted to ask him for permission to urinate, but held off. Maybe she could make it back to her room.

Once he had her fastened to his satisfaction, he led her outside. She was nervous, being outside naked except for this strange get-up that didn't cover her at all. Turk, she saw, followed her every step. She looked around, trying to get her bearings. If she could discover a clue to her whereabouts, she might be able to use that somehow. She was disappointed to see that the ranch was surrounded by trees, limiting her vision. The barn apparently blocked her view of the man's house as well. Nor could she see any mountains that might give her a clue as to where she had been taken.

He jerked on the chain, leading her to a small cart with two large wooden wheels. Pulling her to the front, he fastened her in. My god! She was being treated like a horse. He wants me to pull the cart, she thought. Wooden tongues a little larger than the handles from hoes extending from underside the cart were attached to the large rings on the leather waist of her gear. He clipped rings on her bracelets to rings on the wooden posts, forcing her to grab the handles. He unhooked the dog leash. "Open up," he said, and she realized he was fitting a bit into her mouth! It was made of rubber, so she could bite down on it without hurting her teeth, but she couldn't close her mouth, either. Reins led from the bridle to the cart. She felt the weight shift as he climbed into it.

"Gidiyap!" he said, cracking a whip near her shoulders. She jerked and found the cart didn't want to move. Straining, she didn't think she was strong enough, then the whip cracked against her ass and she leaped forward, taking the cart with her.

Once she got it moving, it was easier to keep it up, she found. The track ahead of her was well marked, and she couldn't help wonder how many other poor unfortunate girls had to endure this indignity. When they came to a turn, a jerk of the reins indicated which path she should take. Sweat was already pouring out of her skin. She hauled the cart for about a quarter mile, traveling roughly in a circle near the barn, with Turk running alongside, before she was completely exhausted. He had to keep whipping her hindquarters to keep her moving. Finally, she collapsed into a heap in the dirt, gasping, drenched in sweat. Her bladder let go, and she splashed urine in a puddle between her shaking legs. She felt like a dirty animal. She waited for the whip, but it didn't come.

"Not bad for a first outing, Slut," he said from close by, causing her to jump in fear. "Some of the girls are in such bad shape they can't go 100 yards." She couldn't answer, so she just gasped, rivulets of sweat cutting paths through the dust. "You can rest a minute. You almost made it over the smallest circuit, which is about a half-mile. It won't be long until you can haul this a mile or more. We'll go back and I'll introduce you to Thor, then you can get cleaned up and have something to eat."

Her heart thudded in her chest as she wondered who or what Thor was and what he wanted with her. She was too tired to think about it.

After she had regained her breath, he let her head back to the barn, although at a much slower pace, she was grateful to see. Back inside, he unhooked the sweaty equipment, reattached the dog leash and led the now compliant girl deeper into the barn. He ladled water from a pail hanging from the wall and Janet drank gratefully. Sir grabbed a hose and sprayed the sweat from the leather harness, then sprayed the dirt off her. She enjoyed the blast of cool water. "Turn around," he ordered, and she did, allowing the water to clean her off.

He shut off the water and pulled her over to one of the stalls. "Meet Thor," he said. The girl gasped. Thor was a magnificent black stallion, rearing and snorting in his stall. The man opened the gate and she could see that Thor's stall was almost double in size of a regular one, with an object at one end that looked to her like a pommel horse, something you'd find at a gymnastic event. She was afraid of the beast and tried to shy away, but the man just jerked her chain harder and led her to the apparatus. Without a word, he fastened the dog's leash to the base of the device, which forced her head down below the level of the top. Before she could react, he tied her hands to thick wooden dowels that stuck out from the bottom the pommel horse, giving her something to hold onto. Finally, he reached down and tied her legs to rings that folded up from the cement floor that was covered in hay. Her legs were pulled wide apart.

In this position, she was bent over at the waist, her hands and feet firmly tied so she couldn't move. She didn't realize what he was trying to do until he reached between her legs and began to stroke her pussy, drawing fluid out of her despite herself. Then he took a jar and smeared a scoop of slippery substance over her hole.

Then it hit her. "NO!" she screamed, jerking at the ties, moving her ass around, trying to get away. She felt a stinging on her already tender ass as he whipped her with a cat-o-nine tails he pulled from one wall. She sobbed and quit moving. He left the stall and she could see him just outside, peering in between the slats. A small video camera appeared in one hand. He zoomed in on her torment, grinning as he lined up the shot.

This man is sick, she thought, as she heard Thor approach her. The animal sniffed her crotch and made an odd sound. The horse reared up suddenly and placed his front legs on the pommel horse, just above her head. She bent down so she could look between her legs and what she saw terrified her. Thor's cock was semi-erect - and huge. It stuck out a good 15 inches or more from the sheath and was rising to meet her wet pussy. She tried to wiggle her ass out of the way, but the horse reached down and bit her on the shoulder, causing her to cry out. The tip of his enormous tool zeroed in on her and she desperately moved again, only to get another painful bite from Thor.

She could hear the whirring of the camera and knew that the man was getting a big kick out of her predicament. Three times, four times, she managed to dodge Thor, only to suffer more abuse from the beast. Her shoulder ached - she knew she couldn't take any more bites from this powerful animal, so she gave up and didn't move the next time his cock touched her. The slippery goo made it easy for Thor's penis to slip into her despite his size and he began thrusting hard, back and forth. More and more of his cock was pushed into her and all she could do was hold on tight to the wooden pegs in front of her as her vaginal walls were forced to the breaking point.

At first, all she felt was pain and she tried to endure it. But after a few minutes, she was surprised to discover that her pussy had stretched out enough so that it was no longer sore. Within minutes, she felt that same tingle that Turk had caused in her clitoris. She looked down between her legs and watched, fascinated, as most of Thor's huge cock disappeared into her shaved cunt.

She looked away and tried to imagine that she was being fucked by a well-endowed man, so she could get into the feeling of the moment. She found that if she lowered her head, his cock went into her more easily and it brought her clit more into play. Soon she was gasping, feeling the cock stroke back and forth against her most tender spot. Her orgasm was building, building...

Suddenly, Thor came, thrusting hard up into her womb, causing a blinding flash throughout her body as all her circuits shorted out from the power of her orgasm. Her womb was flooded with horse sperm, which ran out around his softening cock and puddled onto the floor. Thor pulled off of her almost immediately and went to the far end of the stall, ignoring her. It took several minutes, however, for the girl to recover. Throughout, she could hear the video camera capturing every moment of her torture that flowed into her slutty release.

Finally, the man came in and unhooked her from the apparatus, refastened the dog leash and led her out. She was too exhausted to do more than stagger along behind him, her legs bowed out from her body. Her vagina ached. More of the horse's fluid ran down her sweaty, dirty legs. He pulled her arms behind her and refastened the rings.

"I think Thor likes you, Slut" he said as he brought her back down the stairs to her dungeon before unhooking her. "Now, if you'd like to get cleaned up, I'll bring you some food."

She could barely drag herself to the shower, but wanted to wash away every trace of the horse. She was ashamed of herself for coming, especially such a powerful orgasm. He's training me to be a real slut, she thought. Afterwards, fearful of another beating, she dutifully shaved the stubble from her mound and alongside both nether lips, wincing at the soreness.

He came in a few minutes later with food, as promised - a sandwich, some potato salad and an iced tea. He set it down on a small table and indicated she should sit on one of the two chairs. She did, then winced as her tender privates touched the seat. He sat across from her and watched as she ate ravenously, finishing everything in minutes. The iced tea tasted a little funny, as it apparently was made with the well water.

"You're doing very well," he said, conversationally, as if he hadn't been torturing her for two days. Janet just looked at him as if she was looking at a bug.

"Position Three!" he barked and the girl just stared at him. He couldn't possibly expect to have sex with her now! Her cunt was still gaping open and sore.

"Please-" she began and stopped immediately when the riding crop slapped against her breasts. Meekly, she got into position between the posts and let him tie her ankles to each side. He pulled her ass down until it was hanging over the edge of the bed, then went up and clipped leads from the headboard to both wrists. She was trapped, legs spread and waiting.

She realized then that the man liked to fuck her after one of his animals had. For some reason that turned him on. It was a very strange fetish, she thought, yet it excited her a little as well, for reasons she couldn't fathom. He unzipped himself and brought out his large cock, pointing it at her cleft. Her cunt ached at first when he entered her, but after he began sliding his cock back and forth against her clit, she found it more pleasurable than she could have imagined. How could this be? How could she enjoy sex so much under these terrible conditions? She watched, fascinated, as Master thrust into her repeatedly, causing the buzzing in her vagina to grow.

The man came suddenly, unleashing her own orgasm. She felt weak.

He came around to her head, his softening cock dangling from his jeans. "Clean me," he said and she

knew she didn't dare refuse, tied up as she was. As he leaned over her face, she took him in her mouth. The mixture of fluids didn't cause her to gag this time, she noticed, almost glad because she was in the wrong position to throw up.

Turk came over and began to lick her cunt. It tickled and she tried to squirm away, but there was nothing she could do. She lay there as the dog licked her cunt, she licked Sir's cock and tried to ignore the heat stirring within her. The dog suddenly jumped up on the bed and placed his back legs on the edge. She could see his penis was hard, hovering over her defenseless cunt. With one quick stroke, he was in her. She could picture herself from afar, lying there tied up while a dog fucked her at one end while she pleased a man at the other. She closed her eyes and let the strange feelings within her build. She couldn't believe it, but she was enjoying the sensation of having her clit stimulated while she tongued the man's cock. The dog suddenly spasmed, triggering another small orgasm.

Sir and the dog abandoned her. "I'll see you later, Slut," he said, and left, leaving her tied up, spread-eagle, the sperm from the man, the dog and the horse still leaking from her body. Janet cried herself to sleep, ashamed at the way she was behaving.

She awoke much later to find the man untying her and letting her move her aching legs together. She scooted up onto the bed and was about to crawl under the covers when she remembered his edict that she remain nude before him at all times. So she waited, to see what his orders might be. He just looked at her for a long minute, then without a word, he left. She waited until she was sure he was gone, then got up to empty her bladder. When the stream flowed across her cunt lips, she cried out. Wiping herself gingerly, she flushed, had another sip of water from the jug and crawled back into bed.

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### Chapter 3

The next day, it was Turk's turn again. Her cunt still hadn't fully recovered and now she doubted if it every would. Not as long as he kept forcing himself and his animals on her. She wondered how many other twisted pets he kept around. What's next - llama fucking?

Down on her knees in Position Five, she looked back to see Turk sniffing her crotch before mounting her. Her cunt was still stretched, so it was easy for him to work his large penis into her. She closed her eyes and tried to push all thoughts of what was happening out of her mind. That allowed that animalistic, pleasurable feeling to come over her and she found herself pushing back against him, her clitoris on fire. When he came, she did too. She wondered why she was becoming such a slut, enjoying depravities that would have sickened her just a few days ago.

"Position Two," the man said, and Janet got up obediently and lay on the bed, face up, holding her knees up and apart. Her clit hadn't been totally satisfied, so she was almost glad to let the man climb up on her and thrust himself into her. She let him ride her, abandoning herself to the feeling until he came and she came again as well.

"Clean me up, Slut," he demanded, leaning back, and she jumped to take his flaccid cock into her mouth and sucked the juices from it. When she was done, he pulled her upright and told her it was time for exercise.

"But first," he said, "I'll bet you're thirsty." He fetched another ladle of water. Gratefully, she drank it. I'm getting used to well water, she thought. She felt somewhat flushed.

Again, she was led out to the cart and again, she pulled it around the circuit. She felt slightly stronger today, and managed to get the cart almost all the way around the smallest circuit before collapsing. Janet felt the urge to urinate, just like before, so she gave into it, voiding her bladder onto the dust. He made no mention of it – he simply unhooked her and led her inside. He didn't clean her off. The dust, sweat and pee was thick on her legs and ass.

"Want to see Thor today?"

Janet didn't know how to answer that. On one hand, she was repulsed by the very idea, but another part of her really wanted to feel that horse cock in her again, though she dared not admit it, even to herself. She opened her mouth to speak, but couldn't get the words out.

"Well, let's let Thor decide, hum?" He opened the gate and Thor rushed up to her and began licking her face and breasts, clearly enjoying the sweaty taste. "I think he wants you, don't you?" Still she couldn't answer, as she was relishing the scratchy tongue across her damp breasts. She felt her cunt expand and juices begin to flow freely from it.

She allowed herself to be fastened to the pommel horse without resistance and waited expectantly for Thor to mount her. She suddenly realized that the man hadn't coated her pussy with lubricant. She almost cried out to him, but then she felt Thor's cock bump against her naked wide-open cleft and realized she was slippery with her own juice. What was happening to her?

Thor started his thrusts and the girl bent over low to bring her clit into contact with his huge cock. Her cunt seemed to easily accept him today, perhaps she only needed one session to be fully stretched out. She looked between her legs and saw that just about all of his 15-inch cock was disappearing into her, without pain. In fact, it felt better than anything she had experienced in her life. She watched, fascinated, as the horse's sheath slapped up against her completely full cunt, then pulled away to reveal his beautiful, hard cock, glistening with her fluid. Janet found herself wondering what his spunk tasted like and thought maybe after he was finished, she could sneak a taste without the man noticing. She was embarrassed to admit that she had sunk so low.

Too soon, the stallion whinnied and thrust hard against her, flooding her with what seemed like a pint of sperm. It flowed around his cock and ran down her legs, leaving trails along her dust-caked legs. She pulled at her bonds, trying to reach it before it was wasted. She noticed then that the strap on her left wrist had only been loosely tied. Janet realized that she had been so eager to have Thor's cock that she didn't watch Master tie her to the apparatus.

Quickly, she pulled her left hand free and reached down to capture some of the sperm before it all ran out. As Janet was bringing it to her lips, she heard the man say, "Slave," and she turned, her hand up to her mouth, to see the man filming her debauchery. "Smear it on your face," he said, and she did so, enjoying the stickiness and the spunky taste of the fluid. "You'd like some more horse cock, wouldn't you?"

She could only nod dumbly. Leaving the video camera on a tripod, focused on her glazed, cum-covered face, the man came into the stall and led the now-docile Thor out. A few minutes later, he returned with a chestnut stallion, who already had his large cock partially out of his sheath. "This is Challenger," he said.

He tied the horse up to the far wall for a moment and came over and unfastened all of her restraints, even the chain holding her head down. "Watch your head when he climbs up, I wouldn't want you to get clipped by a hoof."

For a moment she was frozen, torn between her building desire for another large cock and her

innate feeling of modesty, shocked that she would just stand here and let this happen. By untying her, the man seemed to be giving her the decision. She stood there, leaning against the pommel horse, dirty, naked and sweaty, trying to decide if this is the moment she tries to escape or if she should let her gnawing desire have its way.

Janet's dilemma was answered by Challenger, who reared up onto the pommel horse, forcing the girl to duck quickly. She braced herself against the pegs and hung on, her ass hanging out for the horse, her cunt gaping open to receive him. She watched between her legs as he slipped his enormous cock into her pussy, which seemed to have all of her attention right now. She matched his thrusts, grinding her hips against him as he pushed forward.

"Fuck!" the word burst out of her. "Fuck me! Fuck me! God, it feels good!" As the horse increased his thrusts, she became inarticulate, her entire being focused on her cunt and the feeling that was spreading throughout her body. She came moments before the horse did, screaming and crying with the orgasm, barely able to hang onto the supports as Challenger came, more spunk splashing inside her.

This time, she couldn't help herself, she pulled free and spun around to lick the end of his huge cock, slurping up the sticky juices before the horse pulled away. She swallowed as another squirt of the copious fluid splashed into her mouth and ran down her face. Finally, she squatted on the floor underneath him, her legs splayed apart, her mouth open, horse spunk flowing freely from both orifices. She didn't care that Master was capturing her debasement on video. She even smiled for the camera, white cream drooling from her mouth.

"Come on," the man said at last. "I'll bet you'd like something to eat."

Janet was famished, so she followed the man meekly back to her cell. It wasn't until she was inside that she realized he hadn't chained her – she had just walked along behind him, Turk at her side for control.

Once inside, he asked her if she wanted to get cleaned up first, or have lunch. She was very hungry, but she also realized that she didn't mind the stinky sweatiness of her body covered with horse cum. She really didn't want to wash it off right now. "Lunch," she said, and sat down on the straight-backed chair, enjoying the feel of the fluids still leaking from her open cunt and dribbling down over her breasts. The man brought lunch, similar to yesterday's menu, and the girl inhaled it again. This time, the iced tea tasted just fine.

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## Chapter 4

"Do you know how to do Kegel exercises?" Master asked suddenly. She looked at him, confused for a minute, then remembered that that was something her girlfriend had once told her about. It was a way for women who had had children to tighten up their cunts, she remembered. They had giggled about it, because it seemed so unnecessary for girls their age. She nodded at the man. "That's what women do after babies, right?"

"Not just then. It's a good exercise to do to keep your pussy tight. I'd like you to start doing them regularly so you won't get all stretched out." He dropped a booklet on the table. She could read the headline: "Kegel Exercises: 10 Minutes a Day to Good Sexual Health."

Afterwards, he got up to leave and the girl found herself eyeing Turk. There was a funny feeling inside her, like an itch she couldn't scratch and she wasn't sure what to do about it. The man caught

her look. "Would you like me to leave Turk with you, Slut?" She looked at him guiltily and found herself nodding. Why am I being like this? I'm a nice girl!

The man ordered Turk to stay and he seemed more than happy to accommodate his master. Once the door closed, the dog approached her, growling softly under his breath. Immediately, she got down on all fours, her ass toward him, and he stopped growling and mounted her.

Because she had just been fucked by two horses, her cunt wasn't able to grab Turk's much-smaller cock, frustrating the dog. He pounded away at her, and she could feel his cock flopping around in her gaping hole. Even his knot slipped in and out rather easily. Turk began to growl again and the girl didn't know what to do to please him. When he pulled out for a minute, as if trying to find a new position, she turned around and grabbed his rock-hard cock in her hand and pulled her mouth to it. At first, Turk growled angrily, but then he apparently noticed how much tighter the woman's mouth was than her cunt, so he put his forefeet up on her back and let her suck away at him.

Janet was shocked that she had done such a thing. Here I am, she thought, sucking a dog's cock because I couldn't satisfy him with my cunt! Now she knew why the man had suggested Kegel exercises. She would have to do them, she knew. She sucked expertly at his cock until he spasmed, filling her mouth with his spunk. It tasted just fine, she discovered. She swallowed it eagerly.

Afterwards, she lay on the edge of the bed, her dirty legs splayed wide, while the dog licked her clean. God, that felt good. She was beginning to get those familiar stirrings within her when she looked down and saw Turk had gotten hard again.

"Good god, Turk, you're insatiable," she told him, but secretly she was glad he could recover so quickly. Turk tried to climb up on her, but she was too high, so the girl scooted up onto the bed and encouraged him to follow her. He jumped up and squatted down between her legs, thrusting at her naked pussy, his lolling tongue just inches away from her face. His breath wasn't the greatest, but Janet didn't mind as long as he tried to satisfy her itch. From this angle, her cunt seemed to accept him a little more tightly. He fucked her and fucked her, the emotions building within her until they both exploded in orgasms. His watery fluid ran out of her cleft onto the sheets, which were now smeared with dirt.

The dog jumped down then and went over to the counter where the water jug was stored and whined. "OK, OK," she said, "I'm a little thirsty too." She ladled him a drink and took one herself. Finally she felt sated. She decided to take a shower.

No, she corrected herself. First I should do my Kegel exercises. She read the pamphlet and followed the instructions. She realized she must look quite a sight, naked, filthy, squatting down and tightening up her cunt muscles, while being watched by a horny dog. After about 20 minutes, she realized she was getting horny again. Janet glanced at the dog and saw his penis harden and peek out of his sheath. "Oh, my god," she said, "How is this possible?" Then she looked over at the water jug, realization dawning. "He's slipping me a mickey of some sort!"

Every time she had a drink, she'd get uncontrollably sexually aroused. The dog too. She wondered if the horses are getting the same stuff. Probably so. And what could she do about it - she had to have water. If she refused, she'd be dead within days.

By now she couldn't ignore the Need, as she had come to think of it. Turk began growling as well, so she dropped down on her knees, her ass toward him and let him mount her for the third time in less than an hour.

Here she was, sweaty from exercise, sticky with horse and dog cum and enjoying sex with an animal

all over again. She felt his cock thrust into her again and again and did her Kegel exercises around his firm penis to accentuate the pleasure for both of them. The thoughts of a shower were forgotten as she let the dog fuck her twice more before Master came to retrieve him more than an hour later.

“Position One,” he said when he entered, and the girl went gratefully to the bed and thrust her ass at him. He dropped his pants and entered her quickly. She was so loose and lubricated, his large cock also had trouble filling her cavern. She tightened her muscles around him and let him pump her until the friction built within both of them. It still wasn’t enough for her – she reached back and began rubbing her clitoris. When he came with a bellow, she followed suit, her seventh or eighth orgasm of the day – she had lost count.

“You need to shower, Slut,” was all he said as he zipped up and left with Turk. As Janet crawled to the shower stall, a thought struck her. She knew if she only drank the water he provided, she would be too horny to ever escape. She wondered if the man had affected the shower or sink water. Probably not. She decided to drink only from those faucets for awhile, to see if she could regain her senses.

After her shower, the girl went to bed and fell instantly asleep. In the morning, she took another shower, not because she felt particularly dirty, but because she wanted to test her theory. She drank her fill from the showerhead, then waited expectantly for her dungeon-master to appear. She felt oddly unsettled. Her cunt ached, as she would expect it to, but she couldn’t tell if she was still horny or if the drug had worn off. It was probably too early to tell.

She endured another session with the cart, and the man seemed to enjoy flicking the whip against her bare ass. Janet again managed to complete nearly one full circuit before she fell exhausted. Again, she peed in the dirt, but somehow, it didn’t feel as good this time.

Inside the barn, he offered her a ladle of water. Despite her thirst, she shook her head, waiting for his anger. Instead, he merely asked her if she wanted Thor. She looked within herself to see if she was really less horny. And if so, would refusing make him suspicious or angry? She decided it was too risky to refuse, so she grabbed onto the pommel horse and let the horse fuck her again. Still, she had to admit it felt good. Were all her water sources contaminated?

Afterwards, the man let Turk fuck her right outside Thor’s stall, her face pressed against the backs of her hands. He seemed to have recovered nicely from his marathon effort of yesterday, she noted. But this time she didn’t come when she felt his cock squirt into her.

When the man brought her lunch, she refused the iced tea, again expecting him to grow angry. He just smiled and said he’d leave it in case she got thirsty later. As soon as he left, she poured it out, then drank water from the sink.

The next day, she thought she felt the insatiable feelings subside, even if just a little bit. She didn’t refuse Turk or the man when they had at her, but inside she didn’t feel the same strong emotions. Could it be her theory was correct? Could she overcome the drug?

The following day, right after lunch, the Need returned in full force. Why? What was happening? She realized the man must be contaminating her food as well. So she refused to eat, again expecting the man to beat her, but he just took the food away and said, “You should eat to keep your strength up.”

The daily exercise session outside took its toll on her and she discovered that not eating or drinking the contaminated food or water did not seem to be achieving the desired result. She was still horny. She still looked forward to sessions with Thor and Challenger and Turk and, yes, even Master.

It wasn't until the two days later, when she was weak with hunger, she discovered how hopeless her condition was. Just before the man mounted her, as he had every day since she stopped eating or drinking, she saw him squirt a gooey solution onto his cock before plunging it into her. At first, she had thought it was for her benefit, to lubricate her for his passage, but then it struck her — Oh, god! He's giving me direct doses through my pussy. She couldn't very well refuse him or face a beating.

So Janet gave up. What else could she do? He was going to contaminate her body anyway. She went back to eating and drinking, allowing the Need to control her once again. Weeks went by. She became a true slut, begging for a fuck from Sir or Turk or the horses. It wasn't long before she stopped thinking of herself as "Janet" or having any clear memory of her former life. She became "Slut" in her mind, just as Master had been calling her all along.

One day, he set up a video camera in her room by her bed while she watched, expecting him to fuck her again. Instead, he pulled out a vibrator and told her she could use it at any time as long as she recorded it on camera. He set up a large TV in the room and let her watch herself fuck with the dildo. Other times, he replayed her sessions with Turk or the horses that he had filmed. Slut enjoyed watching the films of her with the horses, so he brought in some tapes so she could show them whenever she wanted. Her mind was consumed with sex.

Now, even the act of shaving caused her to have mini-orgasms. These, in turn, only drove her to seek out the dog or the man or her plastic friend to satisfy her. Her nipples were constantly hard and she found she was compelled to pinch them regularly, drawing blood on more than one occasion. The man noticed this and brought her nipple clips, which she clamped on at once, relishing the painful bite. After a few days, the clips didn't seem to be doing enough, so the man brought her sets of weights to hang from the ends. They ranged from one ounce up to six ounces. That helped. Slut hung the weights and as she walked, or was fucked, or even pulled the cart, the nipples stretched naughtily, satisfying her urge, albeit slightly. She started out with a pair of one-ounce weights, and quickly worked up to three ounces.

Soon she asked for more clamps and when he asked why, she told him, "For my cunt lips - I want to stretch them out." Slut couldn't explain why she needed to, but he seemed to understand. He brought in clamps that fastened to each lip and with weights, they added an extra dimension to her pleasure/pain stimulus. She fastened four-ounce weights to each clip and within days had moved to the six-ounce weights.

He never chained her up anymore when they went outside. She would follow along behind him happily, the dog beside her, feeling her weights bouncing with each step, pulling painfully, but deliciously at her nipples and cunt lips. Slut had always thought she had rather large lips before her arrival here, but within a few weeks she could really see a difference. When she removed the clamps, they hung down a good two inches. She dreamed about going out to dinner at a fancy restaurant, wearing a mini-skirt without underwear, and flashing the waiter with those loose lips. The lips pulling away from her cunt really opened her up more readily, to better accept the cocks that were constantly thrust at her. Her nipples were getting longer too - now when she got excited and she wasn't wearing the clips, they stuck out about three-quarters of an inch from the areola.

She was getting much stronger now too, she noticed, and wondered if that was a function of the drug. She could pull the cart around the largest circuit and not collapse at the end, although she was thoroughly winded. Slut found she would rather pee outside than in, so she always saved it for her sessions with the cart. Once, she spread her legs while still in harness and let fly. Master just laughed.

The thought of fucking Thor or Challenger - or both - afterward kept her going, pulling that cart

around as quickly as she could. Once the man unhooked her, she ran into the stall, removed the clips from her cuntlips so she wouldn't hurt the horse, and braced herself against the apparatus, her nipple weights hanging down. Slut loved the feeling of the weights yanking at her nipples as the horse rocked her. She didn't even wait for the man to set up the camera. He indulged her because he rarely had to beat her anymore. He even let her talk to him without being spoken to first.

A few days later, the man came in smiling. "What," she said, standing before him in her glorious nudity, legs spread, wearing her nipple and cunt clamps proudly. He pulled a small box out of his pocket and said: "I brought you a gift, Slut."

"Really?" She was touched. "What is it?"

He came closer and indicated she should sit on the bed. She did so, her weights bouncing. He made her lean back and pointed out her clitoris, which by now was routinely engorged and sticking out from its sheath. "I thought you'd like some additional stimulus for your clit," he said, opening the box. He pulled out a silver ring. "A clit ring."

Slut examined it closely. It was a small ring with a narrow section at the top for inserting into the fold of skin above her clit, and a shiny ball below that she knew would rest - and bounce - against it. "What's that?" she indicated a small eyelet, a circle about the circumference of the head of a pin, that was firmly attached to the base of the ball. "That's a little something extra, just for you." He reached into the box and retrieved a short silver chain with a small medallion at the end. "See, this clips into the eyelet, and the chain causes the ball to bounce more aggressively against your clit when you move. The chain is too short to interfere with sex, however."

Slut was seized with a sudden Need. "Please," she said. "Put it in." He made her lie back and held the ring against her so he could determine exactly where it should be attached. The ball needed to hang just below the clit hood to bounce against her clit when she was excited - and if it had the desired effect, she would be excited all the time. He measured the spot, then put a tiny dot in ink in the center with a ball-point pen. "The needle will go in just under here," he said. "Are you ready, Slut?"

She nodded. The fear of pain didn't bother her as much as the delay in experiencing the ring. Hurry up! He pinched the fold of skin with his left hand and thrust a sterilized needle through it, creating two holes just underneath the dot of ink. She sucked air into her cheeks but otherwise made no complaint. He moved the needle back and forth a bit to widen the holes, removed it, then cleaned up the small amount of blood with a cotton ball dipped in alcohol. She blew the air back through her cheeks as the astringent stung her. Carefully, he pulled back the tiny prong with a fingernail and threaded the metal through the holes. That was all there was to it. "Phase one complete," he said. "Want to try it out before I put on the medallion?"

She got up and walked to the door and back, feeling the tiny ball touch her most tender spot. "Put it on," she said. Holding the clit ring up slightly, he attached the tiny chain. It had a self-locking mechanism so it couldn't accidentally fall off. "This is the one-quarter ounce weight," he told her. "The saleslady recommended it for beginners. Just in case, through, I also bought the one-half ounce." He showed her another tiny chain with a slightly heavier medallion. She stood and again walked to the door and back. Her eyes glazed over. "Wow," she whispered. She sat down next to him. "Please, Sir, let me try the other one."

He shrugged and unclipped the light weight and replaced it with the heavier one. He had a feeling she might prefer it. One more time, she walked to the door, but on the way back, her knees buckled and she had to grab onto the back of a chair for support. "I like this one better," Slut managed after

a moment.

From that day on, she always wore the clit ring with the half-ounce weight. She wore it when she pulled the cart, when she was being fucked, or doing her Kegels. She would take off the cunt or nipple clamps regularly to give herself a rest, but she was never without her trusty clit ring and the mini-orgasms it gave her. Sometimes, when she was alone in her room, she experimented with a one-ounce weight from the other set. The chain was too long, of course, but she loved the way it pulled at her and bounced hard against her clit as she moved about.

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## Chapter 5

One day, about six months after she had been captured, the man walked into her cell and told her, "You're free to go, if you wish, Slut."

She just stared at him, uncomprehendingly. "Go?" she whispered.

"Yes, you can just walk down the driveway to the road and catch a ride into town." He dropped her clothes in front of her. She had been without clothes for so long, the garments looked tight and uncomfortable.

"What do you mean? Go? Just like that?"

"Yes," he paused. "I only ask that you not turn me in."

Freedom! She couldn't believe it. Yet she didn't know how to react. Was it a trick? Was this something I really want?

"You probably should take off the clamps before you get dressed."

Slut looked down at herself and felt a sense of loss as she unclipped the silver grips and the weights. Already her pussy and tits ached, as if they missed the stimulation. She was still wearing the little half-ounce weight on her clit ring. "Do I have to take this off, too?" she asked.

"No," Sir told her. "That's yours to keep. Here, a little something for you to take along. Kind of a going-away present." He handed her a small canteen of water. She knew it was his special water. "Of course, you will no longer have access to our water after this runs out."

"Th-thanks," she stuttered, picked up her clothes and headed for the door. "I'll have Turk follow you to make sure you get to the road OK," he called after her and Turk followed her up the stairs, making no move to stop her. She couldn't believe this was happening! She would see her parents soon! Of course, she knew that they'd make her go to the police.

Slut walked down the long driveway, unsure if she was doing the right thing. Her clothes were still bunched up under one arm - she thought she'd better put them on before she got out into civilization. Stopping, she pulled out her old bra and tried to fasten it around her. Even though the clasp was in the front, she couldn't get it around her breasts. She didn't understand at first, then realized her breasts had somehow grown in the last few months. Perhaps another advantage of the mysterious drug? Discarding the bra, she tried to put on her blouse, only to discover it also was too small to fit easily around her breasts. Have they grown that large, she wondered? She couldn't very well catch a ride with her tits hanging out, now could she? She would have to hold the front together.

Slut shook out her underwear and slipped them on. They felt strange after being naked for so long. Her enlarged lips protested when she pulled the cotton tight against her, negating the effect of the clit ring. She looked at the jeans and wished she had been wearing a skirt when she was kidnapped – then she could just toss the panties along with the bra. She stood there, pants in one hand, thinking about how to handle this for a moment. Maybe she'll just walk for a little while without her clothes. Yes, that would be good. She removed her panties and blouse, then bunched them up with the pants and carried them, enjoying the breeze against her pussy, the tiny weight swinging.

She was already thirsty, but she didn't want to drink any of the water until she was well away from the ranch. It was hard not to – it was so hot out here! She walked along the drive, which snaked through the trees. Turk trotted alongside, tongue hanging out. She felt sorry for him.

"OK, Turk, I'll give you a little of this. Just a little, OK?"

She stopped to let him lap some water from the canteen and in response, Turk thrust his nose into her naked crotch. "Well, now I've done it – I probably shouldn't've let you drink it after all." She eyed his semi-erect penis and pursed her lips. "Well, OK, one last time."

Slut decided if she was going to help Turk out, it wouldn't hurt to have a sip herself, so she could really enjoy the experience. She took a tentative sip, then another before dropping to her knees, head resting on her hands, facing away from the dog. He mounted her immediately and began making that low growl that turned her on. She could feel the heat from her pussy being filled as he thrust into her again and again. The knot rubbed against her clit. When he came, she gasped along with him, accidentally sucking in some road dust. Of course, she had to drink another sip to get the taste of dust out of her mouth.

She sat there on the hot, dirty driveway, with Turk's sperm leaking out of her and wondered if the horses would miss her. Well, since she was leaving, it wouldn't hurt to give them each one last session with their favorite slut, right?

She took another sip, then returned along the driveway, skirting the house and heading directly for the barn. She would be embarrassed to have Sir catch her coming back to fuck the horses when she knew she should be getting out of Dodge. Slut sneaked into the deserted barn and entered Thor's stall. He reared his head up immediately when he smelled her and pushed her toward the pommel horse. She got into position, her ass up high as Thor mounted her and thrust his cock into her almost at once. She could take him easily now and she couldn't even remember how hard it was the first time. She found herself missing her nipple clips and their swinging weights. She noted that the weighted clit ring hung uselessly from her in this position. She wondered if she could find a tiny clamp that would allow her to hang the small weight directly from her clit. Then she realized this would be the last time with the animals. As he pounded away at her, she reached between her legs with her left hand and stroked her clitoris, which was sticking out obscenely between her enlarged lips. Slut came twice before Thor emptied himself into her.

Taking another swig of her canteen, she led the now-docile Thor out of the stall and tied him across the way, then went down to Challenger's stall and brought him into her love nest. He sniffed her and snorted loudly, as if complaining about getting sloppy seconds. That didn't stop him from mounting her quickly, however, once she bent over against the apparatus. Challenger thrust mightily at her until they both erupted.

She was putting Challenger back when she noticed another stall, at the far end of the barn, that she hadn't paid attention to before. She went to it and saw another beautiful black stallion. The name on the plaque out front said, "Satan." His stall was also oversized and she wondered why the man had

never introduced her to this horse. Instead of a pommel horse, Slut noticed, there was a narrow padded platform that was raised about two-and-a-half feet off the ground and lay at a slight incline, head up. At the head end there were padded bars for his forelegs. She could visualize that if she were to lie face up on it, her cunt would be just the right height for the horse. She had never tried it this way before and it intrigued her. It would allow her clit ring to stimulate her as well.

Just outside the stall, the video camera had been mounted to a tripod, focused on the bench. A note was attached: "Please turn on camera before entering stall." Hah! So Master had expected me to come back here and to try out Satan! Slut stood outside, wondering if she should do it. She rocked back and forth, letting the tiny clit ring bounce against her while she decided. It didn't take much of that to convince her. She turned on the camera.

Taking another swig from the canteen, Slut climbed into the stall and touched the horse on its withers. He jumped and whinnied and sniffed the air. Then he pushed her toward the platform. When she got closer, she could see there were open clasps for her wrists and ankles to position herself. The ankle clasps pulled her legs far apart, the better to accept the horse. She lay down and put her limbs in the proper spots and waited for Satan to approach.

As he did, she heard a series of "clicks" and realized the clasps had automatically closed over her wrists and ankles, trapping her. She struggled for a moment, but then Satan was on her, his legs over the bars. Slut looked down between her large breasts and was shocked to see the size of Satan's cock sticking out from his sheath. It was huge! It was larger than either Challenger's or Thor's. Without preamble, Satan thrust into her, filling her immediately and stretching her like she hadn't been since the first day she arrived.

Slut struggled, feeling a little panicked, and was startled to feel a squirt of something against her half-open mouth. She looked up and spotted a small spigot that apparently had moved into position when the clasps closed. About once a minute, a squirt of water came out of the spigot into her mouth. She drank it gratefully, and felt her pussy expanding to accommodate Satan's huge member. He was fully in her now. He fucked her and fucked her as she drank sips of water every few minutes, wondering when he might be finished with her. He was truly insatiable. After about twenty minutes, he bellowed suddenly and came. She came in a massive eruption as well and passed out.

When she came too a few minutes later, Satan was still inside her. He began moving again. At first, she was too sore to appreciate his attention and tried to squirm away. Of course, there was nowhere to go. He was persistent and soon she felt the stirrings of desire renewed in her. That shocked her. Slut felt his cock stiffen within her. Surely, this horse couldn't be ready again so soon! "Oh, no. Satan. No!" But it was no use. The horse began to thrust at her in earnest.

An hour later, when the man and his dog walked into the barn, he paused outside the horse stall and looked at the scene within. Satan was pounding away at the girl for probably the third time, he guessed. She lay limply on the platform, water drooling out of her mouth. Between her legs was a puddle of spunk and pee and more was spread from her thighs to her chest. She groaned, semi-conscious.

"Well, gee, Turk, I let Slut go and she comes back to take on Satan. Whodathunkit? I guess she really doesn't want to leave us."

Slut heard his voice and opened her eyes, struggling against her bonds. "Please, help, Sir," she whispered. "Make him stop. Untie me."

"Oh, I don't dare interrupt Satan," he replied. "He gets really angry when people do that. That's why

you have to be secured. If you tried to leave, he would probably attack you. Don't worry, he'll wear out soon enough. I'll come back later and check on you. Bye now!" Her hoarse cries echoed down the corridor after him.

Forty-five minutes later, the man switched off the image from the remote-controlled camera, satisfied that Satan had finally had enough. He had watched the entire episode from the beginning, as he had anticipated that the girl would return. In fact, he had counted on it.

He had gotten the stallion from a stud farm that had paid a high price for him before they discovered his disturbing propensity. The horse refused to be artificially stimulated, like so many were today, forced to ejaculate into horse-sized condoms. Instead, he made it clear that he would only accept the real thing – a so-called "live cover."

Some owners of mares actually preferred that, so Satan – not his name at the time – was advertised as an excellent "live cover" mate and soon enough, a woman brought a mare in for him. It turned out to be a disaster. Once Satan mounted her, he wouldn't quit. He pounded away at the poor mare for more than an hour, coming at least three times. In between, he'd rest his large cock inside her and fight off any attempts by handlers to break them apart. Afraid their actions could hurt the mare, they were forced to let Satan have his way. When he finally pulled free, the mare and its owner were both traumatized. Satan was banned from live covers and was seriously considered for destruction. When Sir heard about the horse, he had to have him. Because of the notoriety, the farm was only too happy to sell him for a song.

This was the first time the man had seen Satan in action. He knew he'd be playing that tape over and over. Entering the stall, he stood for a moment and looked at her cunt. It was stretched out so wide he could probably slide the fat end of a baseball bat up her. He unclamped the poor girl and helped her up. Slut couldn't walk, so he carried her from the stall. Satan ignored them, happy to just eat his hay.

Sir left her alone for two full days. He made sure she had plenty of drugged water to drink, which would ease her pain and speed her recovery. Sir had to admit he felt a little guilty. Sure, he had set her up to take on Satan, knowing that drinking the water would stimulate her and make her realize that she couldn't live without the drug. He had a feeling that she would want one more go-around with the horses, and just left Satan there to see if her curiosity would get the better of her. Knowing the horse's reputation, he actually felt too guilty to ask her to try Satan.

Finally, he entered her cell and waved her back when she jumped up to stand at attention. "No, no," he said. "You've been through a lot, Slut. You may sit back on the bed."

"No, actually, I'm fine," she replied. "Really. In fact, I've been wanting to ask you if I could have my clips back."

Smiling, he pulled the kits from his pocket. "I thought you might, but I didn't want to rush you, after your experience with Satan. I didn't know just how long he would fuck you."

"That's OK. It was my decision," she said, hurrying to apply the clamps on her aching nipples and cunt lips. "I'll know what to expect the next time I try him."