

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Near Geneva, Switzerland

I. Alberich

Karl was six five, built like a panzer tank. When he shook Fedor's hand the younger, shorter, bespectacled, and weaker man felt diminished. Fedor's mother, Dehlia, could not help but scowl.

"I guess Alberich is now yours," smiled Karl handing over the reins.

Fedor's hand tightly held the reins of the magnificent horse. It was an uncut stallion. And it was the one with which Karl had won just about every dressage competition in Europe for the last five years.

"Fedor will take good care of him, thank you Herr Feusinger," said Dehlia frostily as she turned around and left. Karl could not help but notice how the woman, in spite being in her forties, looked damn good in her riding jodhpurs and boots.

"Thanks, I guess," said Fedor.

Fedor's father was one of Russia's new plutocrats who definitely had Russian mafia connections (it was inevitable for one in that position). So Alberich's owners had not contested the offer the Gordov family had made (it was the kind you'd better not refuse). Certainly Karl, Alberich's designated rider and trainer had not been happy. But the Gordov's made sure Karl got an extra fat bonus.

"Goodbye, boy, behave," said Karl caressing Alberich. "You think you will be OK, Fedor?"

"I will try my best," murmured Fedor.

Karl smiled.

"Would you accept a piece of advice offered with all due respect?" asked Karl giving a slight teutonic bow.

"Certainly, Herr Feusinger."

"Alberich, well, all horses, are creatures of habit. He won't take easily to a new rider."

"I know."

"There is one person who helped me a lot at first," explained Karl. "Her name is Elsa. She calls herself a horse penis whisperer."

"A what???"

"Horse penis whisperer. Let me explain," smiled Karl, "Alberich here as you can see is quite uncut. I suppose he has a couple of years more on him (if you do not ruin him). Then he can be set out to stud and his semen is bound to command a fat fee, do you understand?"

"I don't, I confess, but do go on."

"Well, Elsa, whatever she calls herself, is essentially a human mare."

"You mean?"

"Yes, she fucks horses. It is a matter that is not mentioned in polite company but I know you Gordovs are new to this business. All the grand prix level stallions have a human mare, so to speak, that comes and fucks them. There are several women that offer these services and I know them all, nice girls, true professionals if you ask me. I can't help flirt with them, of course, but they are so loose that no man would ever hope to satisfy them. Anyway, believe me, Fedor, Elsa is the best. She comes around every month or so and fucks Alberich. And afterwards this horse is all mellow and I just let him have free rein and he does his magic and he wins the cups."

"And you want her to fuck Alberich while he gets used to me?"

"And perhaps the day before any competition. In fact, all the national teams, Germany's, the USA's, Frances', the Dutch, all have a horse penis whisperer in their team."

"Even the USA? The Yankees seem very scared of sex, let alone bestiality."

"Yes, even the Yankees," explained Karl, "but their women are usually not as good as the European horse penis whisperers which is why they hardly ever win medals. Now, this is just a suggestion but you will find it will make the transition smooth. Then all you will have to do is stay on top of him and let him take it from there. The gold medals will rain on you."

"Oh Jesus! How do I contact her?" asked Fedor who frankly was completely intimidated by the whole business.

For years Fedor's father, a man not to be questioned, had pushed him to take lessons from the finest teachers. But Fedor was just not "the fierce warrior from the savage steppes" his father wanted him to be. Far from it, his obsession was the violin. And in that he was a self-taught virtuoso but that did not count for anything in his family. After thousands of euros in lessons Fedor was a mediocre rider at best and staying on the saddle was his greatest achievement sometimes. And now he was being handed the champion horse of Europe, one for which his father had shelled out a million euros cash.

"I sent her an email yesterday," explained Karl. "She will show up when she shows up. Sometimes she has to recover, you know, because lately she walks kind of "funny"! But, you know, these girls never retire. They are hooked on being fucked by horses. Once in a while they rupture and die but no, they do not give it up. Ah, Elsa's fee is steep. All horse penis whisperers charge an arm and a leg. They risk their lives, you know."

"I would say! She took that log inside her?" said Fedor pointing to the massive penis that was now pounding Alberich's chest.

"Oh, yes, she did, a lot of it. It is an amazing sight to see Elsa getting pounded by that trunk. She is a slight girl, you will see. You could see the bulge of the horse penis in her belly. See, Alberich heard her name," laughed Karl, "and he immediately dropped. My boy, well, your boy now, is not stupid. And she misses Elsa, a lot!"

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## **II. At the Chalet**

Fedor was uncertain of being able to control the damn horse now that it was horny. He managed to hold on to the reins long enough to hand them to a groom who led Alberich to his stall.

Relieved of Alberich, Fedor headed to the limousine awaiting. Beside the auto stood Igor Buniakowsky, a man even bigger and wider than Karl. His bullet head was shaven and multiple scars

disfigured his face. There was the hint of some prison tattoos around the neck collar of his ill-fitting suit. Fedor knew he carried a Tokarev in a holster underneath his armpit and probably had a mean knife ensconced in his boots. Yes, thought Fedor, this brute that father had assigned him as a bodyguard was an ex-Russian mafia goon, said to have several deaths on his conscience, that is, if "it" had any conscience. Still, Fedor could not help but like the bastard. He was easygoing, had a perverted sense of humor, and he did not mind that Fedor called him "Buni". No, thought Fedor, no bourgeois overweight Swiss would dare injure him while Buni escorted him.

"Drink?" said Buni offering a hip flask with vodka to Fedor.

"I need one," agreed Fedor taking a drink out of the flask, then almost gagging. "Jesus! What is this shit?"

"It's perchotka, Fedor Vasilievich, it is mixed with peppers from Kamchatka and grows on bear shit," laughed Buni. "Stalin used to drink it. It will make you grow hair on your chest."

Fedor felt woozy and managed to drop into the back seat of the limousine without passing out.

"It will grow hair on my corpse," complained Fedor. "Don't drink too much yourself. The Swiss do not condone drunk driving."

"They don't? I drive better when I am drunk!"

"And I am not sure that perchotka is legal here in the west, Buni."

"It is what the British call 'an acquired taste', Fedor Vasilievich."

"Buni, did you see my mother leave?"

"Aye I saw the contessa leave."

Since the fall of the Soviet Union it had become fashionable to acquire papers indicating that you were the dead czarina's third cousin twice removed. Fedor's mother, a peasant girl and former line manager in Tractor Factory #74 at Sverdlovsk had badgered Fedor's father to acquire such papers. Now she carried on with the same haughtiness of a grand duchess born in the winter palace itself and answered to the title "contessa" which apparently still meant something in the West.

"Then take me to the chalet," ordered Fedor.

"Not to the hotel?" asked Buni.

"No, I need to talk to mother."

Fedor's family had bought a sprawling property (more like a castle than a chalet) overlooking the lake in Thonon les Bains, a few kilometers from Geneva. This was just their latest acquisition. The Gordovs had a castle in Tuscany, properties in the Cote Azur and in California. Vasili Feodorovich Gordov, Fedor's father, had made his fortune exploiting Siberian oil. His silent partner was, of course, Putin himself.

"Buni," said Fedor holding to his head (the perchotka had gone straight into it), have you ever seen a woman fuck a horse?"

Buni laughed.

"Can't say I haven't. We...my old business associates I mean...used to run a bar in Minsk where we had donkey shows."

"Donkey shows?"

"Aye, Fedor Vasilievich, once I went to Mexico...on business...and I saw one such show so I suggested to my boss we add some live entertainment to the bar."

"Where did you find the women?"

"That was no problem. Those Belarus chicks, they are big boned, you know. Or it need be we could...convince...Lithuanian or Polish girls to come over, however reluctant they were. You have to drug them beforehand you know, so they don't put up a fight. Actually, we paid them very well, mind you, and they got to liking it, so they had no problem spreading their ass to the donkey in front of everyone. The problem was finding the donkeys."

"What do you mean?"

"We had to convince...rather forcefully...several peasants to sell us some and they would not part with them because they use them as work animals. We tried at first mules but it just was not good. It had to be donkeys."

"Did any women get hurt? I hear donkeys have a long dick."

"I'd rather not give you details, Fedor Vasilievich. I mean, if a Polish lass is ruptured...well, she is likely illegally in Belarus...you don't want the authorities snooping too much...even if they were all in our pay...so what are you going to do? She is bleeding like a pig. You would take her to the hospital?"

"I suppose, yes..."

Buni just shook his head.

Fedor insisted.

"But how about women with horses, full blown stallions?"

"I suppose if a lass has a death wish we could accommodate her and...remove her corpse discretely afterwards. I would think it would be a waste of a horny woman. But no, I have never seen that, a woman fucking a full blown stallion. Now, I can direct you to some sites where a woman does it with a horse. But she usually is fucking a very stoned and shackled pony. You can see that the penis is not rock hard. I definitely would pay to see a woman fucking a full blown stallion!" said Buni laughing diabolically.

They arrived at the chalet/chateau. Fedor instructed Buni to wait. Then he made his way through a bevy of fellows of doubtful sexuality that were having very agitated discussions in French with his mother (who barely spoke French, even though it was supposedly the language of the old Czarist nobility).

"Mother, I need to talk to you!"

"Enough! All of you remove yourself! You are all peasants! You bourgeois tastes are dismal! Get rid of all this French rococo crap!" shouted his mother in an almost hysterical voice. "If it were for my

husband you would put paintings of dogs playing poker in the walls and he would approve!"

The interior decorators made themselves scarce. Then Dehlia reached for a drink she had been nursing and lit a cigarette and switched to a coarse peasant Russian dialect.

"These fellows are insufferable! And they are asking for a mint for their services! Anyway, Fedor Vasilievich, did you break that stallion? Or do we have to hire that damn German to ride him again? You know I do not like Germans."

"Mother, please, I did not even get on Alberich."

"Your father will not be pleased."

"My father is never pleased with me! But wait, listen..."

And Fedor proceeded to explain why he needed Elsa's services.

"That is disgusting Fedor Vasilievich!" exclaimed his mother.

"The damn horse got a hard on as soon as her name was mentioned!" replied Fedor. "Believe me! Karl..."

"...the damn German..."

"Yes, mother, Karl said that this Elsa woman makes Alberich quite mellow after she fucks him. He is then easy to control. He said I will win medals if I just stay on the saddle and let the beast have his way."

"Did you say medals, grand prix medals?" asked Fedor's father arriving.

"Yes, father," explained Fedor. "Karl said..."

"...the damn German..." interjected mother.

"...anyway, the way to keep him docile and willing to obey is to let him shag this woman Elsa," explained Fedor again.

His father smiled lupinely imagining Elsa being fucked by Alberich.

"That would be a sight to see!" replied the elder Gordov, "especially if she dies in the process."

"Oh God!" said Dehlia with disgust.

"Oh, we can put sawdust to absorb the blood, that is no problem...and I am sure she will die happily," giggled the elder Gordov.

"No, she won't die," explained Fedor, "I am told..."

"...by that damn German..."

"...yes, mother, I am told she is very skilled and won't get herself killed," continued Fedor, "and, get this father, all the other grand prix horses get to fuck women, that is the secret of this business father...all the owners pay for these horse penis whisperers as they call them...it is all a racket and these Westerners do not have qualms to use any trick they can."

"A racket? That I can understand!" replied the elder Gordov. "We would be at a disadvantage if your horse did not get to fuck this Elsa woman. How soon can you get hold of her? Is she very expensive? Pretty?"

"Vasili Feodorovich Gordov!" cried mother in a steely voice reminiscent of a Gulag guard calling her husband by his full name, "I will not have you parading any horse shagging mistresses you acquire in front of me! You know I am merciless! And that name, Elsa, sounds German. I warn you! You better be careful!"

"Yes, dear," replied the elder Gordov in a meek voice remembering the still unexplained disappearance of his last mistress, a sculptural Italian lass he had met in the Montecarlo casino (Buni was suspected of having had something to do with the matter).

"I take it that this means I get to hire her," replied Fedor. "She is not cheap."

The contessa made as if she was about to swoon. She had seen it in the movies and had been practicing how to do it. But she realized that neither her son nor her husband would keep her from falling so she stayed vertical.

"Ah, my son, soon you will learn that money is meaningless," said the elder Gordov being unusually affable with his son, which made Fedor quite uncomfortable, "and this is just a business matter. It takes money to grease the wheels of business. If Alberich keeps winning medals the more we can charge for his jism. Get the horse slut here as soon as possible!"

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III. Elsa

Well, Elsa was neither German nor French. She was neither, which meant she was Alsatian actually, the daughter of a respected family in Strasbourg. And now she sat in a table in a café in Cap de Agde, a nudist resort in the Cote Azur smoking a capuccino. Sunset was approaching which meant a sea breeze had stirred. Elsa was happy she was wearing a shawl (she wrapped it tighter around herself), sandals, and, of course, nothing else. She could see the goosebumps rise in the shrimp red skins of the naked German tourists that surrounded her. Elsa shook her head at the sight. She had a healthy respect for skin cancer. Thus, her body was deeply tanned but she always made sure to apply generous amounts of sun screen. At her feet laid a large mastiff, half asleep.

Elsa reached for her bag as soon as she heard the signal of an incoming email. It was Karl's. He was such a dear. Yes, she had read the indignant articles in the trade magazines about the sale of Alberich to, of all people, some Russian mafia boss of sorts and how Karl was no longer the designated rider. But Karl's mail was not strident, contrary to her expectations. It simply stated the facts. Karl suggested she contact one Fedor Gordov to service Alberich once again. That of course brought a smile to her face and her hand naturally wandered down to her bare pubes. I wonder, she thought, if Karl took my advice and added more oats to Alberich's diet. It would give a nutty flavor to his semen, she knew. Elsa salivated at the thought. She signaled to the waiter while leaving some bills under the ashtray.

"Come, Rufe," she said as she stood up and coaxed the mastiff, Rufus, to stand up.

Now came the part she enjoyed the most. Her pubes were exposed but that was not a novelty, not in Cap de Agde, where, in fact, it was expected to be so. It was the nature of her cunt that she knew would cause a sensation. For one, her labia yawned open, widely and obscenely open, and the heavy gauge rings that perforated her labia majore distended her pussy even more. She stood for a

moment expecting the reaction. Elsa was a beautiful, excellently proportioned woman but short (she stood only five feet at the most). Her breasts (covered by her shawl) were not too large though the aureola were dark and ample. Most folks around her could not help but stare at her and at her extraordinary pussy. The men smiled lasciviously at the sight. The women, on the other hand, showed a mix of disgust and envy. Whatever penis was entering her must be of gargantuan proportions, they knew. She smiled with satisfaction. Her cunt was not one to be ignored. Then Elsa shook her chesnut hair which had been burnt by the sun and picked her bag and Rufus' leash and walked away swaying her hips slightly.

Elsa arrived at the luxury condominium she owned. She removed her shawl and now fully nude poured herself some rum and sat down in a comfortable chair on her balcony to ponder her reply to Karl. Fact is, she had a slight limp yet, as a result of a session with a Lippizaner an Arab sheik owned. The man had been adamant that she stay in Saudi Arabia permanently. He was insistent that Elsa serviced the rest of his stallions plus his prize camels. But Elsa had had once a severe allergic reaction to camel semen. Alas, she had lied, she was Jewish, as the local French ambassador (who knew where Elsa was) could vouch, and it would not do to have a Jewess servicing the sheik's animals. The man became furious at the thought that his prize Lippizaner had fucked a Jewess and had her on the next plane out. But the Lippizaner enormous girth (Elsa had means of limiting the depth of the penetration) had stretched her cunt almost to the point of rupture. When she landed in Marseilles she could barely walk and the pain in her cunny was excruciating.

Elsa's gynecologist, a lady in Arles who had treated her for many years and knew how she earned a living, was not very happy when she saw her the next day.

"The scans show some slight tears, Elsa. If your cunny had not been so scarred and toughened that horse could have ruptured you."

"But it was such a lovely shaft!" protested Elsa. "It was worth the pain when it stretched me!"

"Surely you noted the bleeding," snarled the doctor.

"Believe me, doctor at that point any bleeding was the least of my troubles. I had to make my way out that place and quick."

"I suppose it will be pointless to ask you to retire," said the doctor knowingly. "Consider this a warning, from your body, young lady, one not to be dismissed. Now, lie on the bed and open your legs."

"You will examine me further?"

"No dear," said the doctor filling up a needle. "I need to apply some local anesthesia and put some stitches in your cunny. Believe me, this won't hurt me at all...and I doubt it will cure your nymphomania either."

"There is nothing wrong in being a nymphomaniac!" protested Elsa.

"Except risking being fucked to death, child. OK, think of something nice..."

Two weeks later Elsa returned to have the stitches removed.

"It has healed nice," observed the doctor. "You have more scar tissue, however."

"The animals don't mind unless I grow a new hymen. How long before..."

"Elsa, you are hopeless. Take a month, at least. No sex. I mean it."

"How about my dog, Rufus?"

"Is he well endowed?"

"Sort of. He is a mastiff."

"In other words, his penis is huge. Damn. Wait two weeks I beg of you. Suck him meanwhile, surely you have done that."

"Every day I do, in fact."

"So for now, no penetration young lady, no dildos, no penises, from dogs, horses, or men, and that, dear Elsa, is a doctor's order."

Elsa made a face of revulsion at the thought of mating with a man.

But all that was weeks behind. Elsa texted a brief note to Karl:

"Sorry things out turned out this way. I will approach the Russians and do my best for dear Alberich. Kisses. Elsa."

Then she followed up a quick email to Fedor:

"Monsieur Gordov,

My fee is 10 thousand euros per mating resulting in ejaculation whether inside or outside me. I require 20 thousand to start. I am including my bank account number.

Elsa D."

Elsa smiled as she pressed the send button. "God, I love my job!"

Rufus reacted to his mistress' mood. He tentatively sniffed Elsa's cunt. She in turn opened her legs wide to ease her dog's access. Rufus then started licking vigorously. Elsa was soon moaning.

"Let us get you ready, Rufus," said Elsa going to the kitchen while her dog followed eagerly. Elsa took a syringe and placed it in a counter. Then she got a green liquid out of the refrigerator. Now, Rufus, she knew, was an aging dog. She had to be careful to tritate the dose.

"That should keep us together for at least eight hours," observed Elsa as she removed the air bubbles from the syringe. Then she knelt next to her dog and started coaxing a large red penis.

"This will be quick, Rufus. Mama does not want to hurt you but, you know, sometimes love is pain," whispered Elsa as she swiftly injected the green substance into Rufus' penis. Elsa kissed his snout.

"Now come my dear. You and I will become one."

Elsa led her dog to the bedroom where a magnificent oversized bed lay. There were mirrors all around and in the ceiling. Elsa looked at herself noting especially how turgid her nipples were. Then she and Rufus got in the bed. The dog quickly mounted her and proceeded to pound her innards causing Elsa to whimper blissfully. She then felt the familiar knot inside her start to bulge. Eventually, after much manouvering, the dog and the woman were tied butt to butt. Rufus panted

contentedly while Elsa moaned. She knew the green substance would inhibit his ejaculation and keep them tied for many hours. She only felt brief, sporadic, spurts of semen warming and bathing her innards. It was thus, tied to her dog, that she fell into a contented sleep.

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#### **IV. The Devil is in the Details**

##### *Cap de Agde*

Elsa woke up when the alert sound on her cell indicated there had been movement on her bank account. She reached for the phone but it was too far away (her bed was very, very, large). When she tried to scoot nearer she realized that Rufus' still very swollen knot was still inside her. Rufus snored quietly, however, and his penis let go a squirt of hot semen inside Elsa. Elsa felt very cozy and contented impaled thus. It was still dark outside and there must have been some storm ongoing at sea since the window panes trembled every so often. Elsa would have loved to go back to sleep, with Rufus' knot filling her with his semen every so often. But the continuous, annoying, buzzing of her cell continued.

Elsa tightened her cunt muscles as much as she could so that the knot would stay inside her. Then she pulled herself towards the cell phone. She only gained inches at the time due to the drag of Rufus who was a sleeping dead weight. Her fingers then touched the cell phone and eventually she had it in her hands. A quick check of her bank account showed a new deposit of 20 thousand euros from a Russian firm, surely one of the shell companies the Gordovs kept. She fell asleep again with a happy smile on her face.

Rufus' moving around and making old dog grumpy noises woke her up. The knot, she realized, was still hard and, if anything, even bigger. He must be wanting to be walked, thought Elsa. She herself had the urgent need to relieve herself. She frowned. Uncoupling with a distended knot inside her would be...unpleasant.

"I might as well get on with it," said Elsa as she turned herself faceup and placed her feet on Rufus' butt.

Elsa had in her hand a large tupperware container. She closed her eyes tight and began pushing on the dog. Her back arched. The knot, when coming out, was stretching her a lot. That was good, she knew, Alberich was bound to stretch her even more.

After much grunting and pain the knot came out. Elsa immediately stood up and tried to catch the flood of dog semen coming out of her in the tupperware container. The rich, creamy, dog semen (Elsa monitored Rufus' diet carefully to ensure it had the right consistency and thickness) almost filled the container. She took a sip then scooped up some and rubbed it in her face. Elsa looked at herself in one of the nearby mirrors smiling at how wide, yawning, and even obscene her cunt looked.

She continued to apply the semen to her face until she wore a veritable mask of drying dog semen. She took the container and put it into the refrigerator.

By now poor Rufus was in extremis with a bladder about to burst. Elsa peeked out her window. A bleak cold wind was blowing in. It was unlikely that any of the tourists flocking Cap de Agde would prance around naked today. In response to Rufus' pleadings, she put on a thick black kaftan robe with a hood, an item she had bought in Riyadh, and then led him out on a leash.

On the way out Elsa waved to Mrs. Morales, the old Spanish woman who was her neighbor. The old lady was quite naked and sitting on her balcony contentedly drinking her coffee. The nipples on her sagging breasts were quite erect due to the cold.

"It is very cold, Maria," said Elsa.

"Not for me, it isn't", replied the old woman cheerily. "I haven't wore clothes since 1975 and I am not starting now, ha ha!"

Elsa could not help but notice that she looked a bit blue and made a point of checking on her later.

"That is nice makeup in your face, girl. Rufus' own brand? You are going to shag a horse soon?" asked the old lady who was familiar with Elsa's line of work while opening her hands to alude to a large penis.

"Yes, I will go to Geneva soon," answered Elsa.

"Just leave Rufus with me," smiled the woman lasciviously while opening her legs to show her pubes. "I like how he licks me."

Geneva

"Fedor Vasilievich," began Buni, "if I have learned something of all my years in...business...it is that the devil is in the details."

The two of them were in Fedor's ample hotel suite enjoying breakfast. Fedor felt quite happy with himself at that point. That his father would perhaps start treating him respectfully had buoyed his confidence.

"Educate me Buni, please," answered Fedor.

"I mean, this horse girl..."

"Elsa..."

"Yes, Elsa, she is charging 10 thousand euros for a lay. The girls at the Lido in Paris do not charge that much."

"Alberich could kill her, you know."

"Granted. And apparently Alberich likes her if it gets a hard on when you whisper her name to him."

"Go on."

"What is she going to do, Fedor Vasilievich, is she going to take off her clothes, walk into Alberich's stall and proceed to let him fuck the hell out of her?"

"I suppose..."

"That is not good enough, Fedor Vasilievich. When we...removed...Gregor the Seal in Sebastopol we kept surveillance for days...we knew what his usual routes were...where his mistress lived...what bars he frequented...he could not take a dump without us knowing and what size turd he laid...that is how you make things go off smooth, Fedor Vasilievich. The devil, I said, is in the details."

"I guess you have a point, Buni..."

"I certainly do. Wait, there is more. How many times is she going to let Alberich fuck her? How many shags will be enough to make sure he is gentle and you can stay on top of him? And what if it doesn't work? Does she guarantee her work? Do we get, or rather Alberich gets, to fuck her again for free? Or think of the worst. What if she is hurt? Are you calling her an ambulance?"

"Buni, this isn't Minsk. Yes, I would have to call an ambulance."

"Fedor Vasilievich," said Buni opening the curtains of the suite. "What do you see?"

"Geneva? The lake?"

"Aye, Fedor Vasilievich. They tell me that lake is deep. I am sure your father won't want to have the polizei snooping around if she gets hurt. And, mind you, if she gets hurt and lives long enough to tell the doctors what happened it will be ruled a labor accident, sort of. I don't think we could buy the judges here. The fucking Swiss do not even seem willing to fart lest some city ordinance on air pollution is broken. So if her being hurt or dying comes to court, her lawyers would take your father's last kopeck for not providing her with an iron pussy. I don't think your dad will be happy. Now, I like you, Fedor, but if your father gives the word..."

"I have expected he would have done so many times in the past, Buni."

"Don't worry, I would make sure you don't suffer. As I said, I do like you. All I say that there is that lake yonder and we ought to use it if need be. And I also remember that you were right. This is not Minsk. So let's prepare accordingly."

Fedor sighed. "I guess you have a point Buni."

"I know I do. And for now, I am going shopping," said Buni standing up and reaching for his coat.

"Shopping?"

"Aye. There must be a hardware store in this damn lutheran town where I can buy some concrete, sand, and a shovel so I can make some heavy shoes for the lady, just in case. I will be back, Fedor. Don't go out. I noticed a 'tail' yesterday."

"You think we are under surveillance?" asked Fedor looking at the window. "Why on earth? I don't mix in father's business."

"Who the fuck would I know?" replied Buni exasperatedly. "But I grew up in Siberia. There are things you just now. And one is to recognize when you are being hunted."

Minutes after Buni left Fedor received a text:

"Will arrive at Geneva on the 13th. Elsa D."

The 13th was ten days from that day.

Now alone, all of Fedor's confidence had evaporated. His mind was racing. Would the stall be big enough so that Alberich could fuck Elsa without problem? Hell! He had not even seen the stalls! And, worse, he remembered how Karl had said Elsa was not a big woman. Fuck! Buni used to have big boned women from Belarus fuck the donkeys. What if this Elsa woman did not have much meat on the bones? Karl told him you could see Alberich's penis on her belly. Shit! What if she is so small

that her feet slip off the concrete shows and her body ends up floating in the lake and washes up right on Geneva's dock promenade, the one right in front of his hotel? They would find her body and notice that her stiff dead hand was pointing directly at his room in the 17th floor!"

Fedor saw the nightmare all very clearly. There would be dozens of polizei patrols in the dock. Several pipe smoking Basil Rathbone lookalikes from the local constabulary, Interpol, maybe even the FBI, would be huddled over Elsa's dead body. They would nod in agreement and follow Elsa's stiff finger pointing towards his hotel. They would then summon Swat teams and helicopters. The special forces would rappel and break into his room. He would bolt. There would a mad car chase through Swiss roads, he driving a small, underpowered Fiat or something equally pitiful while a caravan of high powered police patrols chased him trying to force him off the road towards a bottomless chasm. Finally, when confronted by half the policemen in Europe he would have to jump from a bridge unto a fast moving train full of coal gondolas. Miraculously he would survive and not break his legs. He would then wave cheerfully at the polizei. And just when he thought he was safe he would turn around and see Buni pointing his Tokarev at him: "sorry, Fedor, I did like you."

Inevitably, Fedor reached for Buni's hip flask of perchotka. He had begun to acquire a taste for it. And now he needed a drink. Fedor concluded he could not fuck this up. He had ten, rather nine, days to prepare for the worst.

"Buni was right. The devil is in the details", concluded Fedor. He then had an epiphany and reached frenziedly for his cell phone.

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V. Stretching

Near Florence, ten years before.

There are very few documented cases of a young 18 year old girl embarking on horse shagging as a career choice. Yet that was the choice Elsa took when she started. The circumstances of her entry into the rarefied ranks of the horse penis whisperers were unique and don't merit detailing them. But the fact was that she had found another woman, herself a horse penis whisperer, and that woman took the time and had the patience to teach her. Her name was Amanda.

That was ten years ago and Elsa never forgot the lessons she learned from Amanda.

Elsa and Amanda were sitting in a cozy den in Amanda's Tuscanian hilltop chateau. The view was magnificent and the Duomo and Florence could be seen in the horizon. There were various rugs spread out in front of a large lit chimney that warmed the room. They were both nude though there was nothing sexual about it (Amanda did initiate Elsa into the art of woman loving) just then.

"Are you still sore?" asked Amanda tenderly touching Elsa's brow.

"Only a bit, " smiled Elsa taking a sip of cognac. "He is big."

"For a pony, yes. Sore is good. It means your body is adjusting."

"I don't think I will ever be as big as you," replied Elsa in a pleading voice pointing to Amanda's obscenely stretched cunt.

"You have only been at it, what, two weeks? By the end of the year you will be as big as I am," explained Amanda. "You are young and therefore elastic."

Elsa nodded but not convincingly. Amanda could sense something bothered the young woman.

"Did you talk to your family?"

"Briefly. I told them I was not ready to bury my face in books all the time and that I had left the university."

"The Sorbonne is a very prestigious school."

"I know. But I think I will get more out of life this way. Certainly it seems a more profitable line of work than being a lawyer."

Amanda smiled. Her chateau attested to that.

"Did you tell them about me?"

"Not yet. I just told them that I was going to bum around Florence for some time. Maybe find myself, whatever. But I will someday. I just want to be with you right now."

The two women stared into each other's eyes and exchanged a kiss.

"I should dissuade you," said Amanda caressing her hair.

"You have been trying to do so for some time," replied Elsa. "My mind is made up."

"I insist. This is a lifelong commitment," explained Amanda. "Once you start loving horses professionally you won't be able to give up. Some have tried. None have succeeded. None of us retire. And you know that death takes us all sooner or later. As you get older you get less elastic ...then one day you make a mistake...and it is all over."

"I know."

"No you don't anything Elsa. Sometimes death is quick. At other times it is long and painful. Some, very few, survive but their bodies are ruined. They are invalids afterwards not able to help themselves."

"I hear you. But I know this is my calling."

Amanda caressed her.

"You remind me of how I was at your age. You will learn. Because I do love you I must tell you all this. Know that if at any point you want to quit, just say so. I will applaud your choice and I shan't think less of you and nothing will change between us".

"I know. I won't quit."

"Fine, Elsa, but know that only preparation and training will keep you alive," said Amanda sternly. "Don't ever forget it, Elsa. Now comes the more painful part of your training...the stretching"

Amanda stood up and returned with a dildo. This object was made of hard black rubber and was 4 inches in diameter at the base, perhaps six inches high, with a rounded top, and a heavy base. Amanda set it down in front of Elsa and handed the younger woman a flask with lubricant. She then place a large mirror in front of Elsa.

"This won't kill you," said Amanda, "at least I hope not. Lube it generously and do likewise to yourself. I will help you with the rest. Relax. Your body, those lovely hips of yours, are meant for you to deliver babies. This is nothing your body can't handle. Do you trust me?"

"I do. And I am ready," said Elsa in a trembling voice.

Under Amanda's guidance Elsa guided her pubes to rest upon the tip. Amanda placed her hands on Elsa's shoulders and pushed her downwards. The stretching and the pain was excruciating. But no, it did not kill Elsa though she was obviously suffering. Amanda, however, was merciless and kept the pressure in her shoulders till Elsa had taken the entire shaft. Only then did she help Elsa stand up.

"Ohmigod, "whimpered Elsa.

"It is proper that you, your cunny, gauges what a full stallion would be like, "explained Amanda. "There is still much more stretching to do before you take one for real. "

"I will pay the price, "replied Elsa in a trembling yet determined voice. Amanda kissed her.

Had Amanda not embraced her Elsa would have collapsed. Then the elder women helped her to their bed where Elsa was tenderly caressed and looked after.

"No pony for you tomorrow, "cautioned Amanda.

"That is not fair, "protested Elsa. "It is not fair to me or to the pony. "

"Nonsense, "replied Amanda in a sharp tone. "The pony does not care if he ejaculates into a mare or onto you. And there is more than one way to pleasure a horse as you will find out, dear. Can you close your legs? "

Elsa tried and barely succeeded. There was some pain.

"That is why you will not shag the pony tomorrow, young lady. Maybe for a couple of days. It is OK. Let me kiss it and make it right. "

And that was just what Amanda did.

Geneva

Thankfully Karl answered on the first ring.

"My dear Herr Gordov, what can I do for you? Is Alberich OK?"

"He is fine," explained Fedor. "I need to know, Herr Feusinger, some details on how this Elsa lady will operate. She is coming here to Geneva soon. Will she mate with Alberich in his stall? How often will she do so?"

"Ach, I suppose the dressage federation has not given you much guidance," scowled Karl.

"We have hardly had any contact with them, I am afraid."

"That is unacceptable. Anyway, Herr Gordov, there is a procedure. Just talk to Signor Marraneli."

"The stable manager?"

"Yes, he knows Elsa and the other ladies. There are suitable facilities for the mating. Believe me, everything will be setup as required. Just pay the extra fees needed."

Karl hung up. He was not in Germany. He stood in a balcony in an expansive villa surveilling a white sand beach in Mustique, an island in the Caribbean. A very naked and sculptural woman, deeply tanned, in her early forties but in superb physical shape, was walking towards the villa.

"I saw you were talking to someone Karl. Any news?" asked the woman.

"The young Gordov fellow, your highness, he has gotten hold of Elsa. She will mate with Alberich soon."

"Does this change our plans?" asked the naked woman while a Black servant girl curtsied and handed her a rum drink while not seeming to notice her nudity.

"No at all, madam. Despite Elsa's skills I doubt Fedor will be able to stay in the saddle."

"As long as he does not hurt Alberich. You know how a clumsy rider could ruin him."

"Will you accept a suggestion, madam?"

"Go on."

"The federation has been very unwelcoming to the Gordovs."

"How else could it be? They are a bunch of uncouth moujiks intruding where they don't belong," replied the woman haughtily.

"With all due respect, that won't do, madam. The appearance should be maintained that the Russians are being welcomed. And if, the short comings of Fedor make it obvious that he won't be able to handle Alberich then no one will be surprised if you, or perhaps a third party, but acting in your name, buys him back, for a discounted price."

"That was the plan all along," pointed haughtily the woman.

"All I suggest is a minor adjustment, that the Gordov's feel welcome. Perhaps a reception could be organized to welcome Elsa to Geneva."

"I will let you know, Karl. Meanwhile, keep the Russians under surveillance."

"Danke, madam," said Karl taking a vow and making to leave.

"Ah, Karl, make yourself available tonight," smiled the naked woman.

Her Royal Highness, Princess Fredericka, then stood on the balcony enjoying her rum and the soft sea breeze that caressed her naked body. The princess, a love child of the late Princess Margaret of England (the father was not known though some thought she had a resemblance to Mick Jagger), had spent most of her life in Mustique enjoying the well-endowed shafts of the locals, sometimes several of them at the same time, in orgies that lasted for days. Her existence had never been acknowledged by the crown. Certainly her nymphomania and depravity, which she had inherited from the royal family of England, would have been tabloid material for weeks. But Mustique was well guarded by royal marines that had orders to shoot on sight any intruders. Therefore though there were rumors of her existence no paparazzi were able to intrude. Karl, her right hand, was her present lover.


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## VI. The Pavilion

"Damn! Fedor Vasilievich, I never got to fuck in a place like this!" exclaimed Buni. "And this is all setup just so that a horse can shag a woman?"

"It is magnificent," replied Fedor who was equally in awe and looking around the facility. "This looks like the Hermitage actually."

"Maybe it is true that there was a czarina that would shag her horses in her palace," replied Buni.

"The Pavilion, as we called it, is setup so that both Alberich and the lady Elsa can derive the most pleasure," replied Signore Marranelli as he escorted them around. "This building insures privacy and, as you saw, the stables are just a five minute walk away. The building is fully heated. There is a shower that can accommodate the horse and, of course, the lady Elsa. But she has a fully furnished apartment in the second floor. We have made an elevator available as many of the horse whisperers might have a hard time walking up a stair afterwards. We have catering from a Maxim's branch in Geneva."

"Those saddles seems weird," said Fedor pointing to a rack.

"They are called bellyriding saddles," explained Marranelli. "They are meant to hold a woman underneath the horse while his penis is inside her. It has a lightweight aluminum frame that will keep her safe even if the horse wants to lie down."

"She rides the horse upside down while shagging it?" exclaimed Buni.

"Yes, she would be coupled with it," admitted Marranelli. "It is quite an amazing sight. I know the lady Elsa likes bellyriding and likely might spend some nights underneath Alberich."

"How long do these women stay here?"

"We have a standard three day booking," answered Maranelli. "You are lucky I have a spot for the dates you requested. But it is the off season anyway. Usually we have back to back horse penis whisperers arriving to service the horses."

"How about safety?" asked Fedor.

"We do our best to accommodate the ladies. We provide the best equipment at hand both mating tables, saddles, mats, etc. But sometimes accidents do happen," answered Marranelli. "We lost one woman last year."

"Did she die?"

"Unfortunately, yes," admitted Marranelli. "When the sessions are ongoing we have an EMS technician on hand and an ambulance can be here in five minutes. All these women accept these terms and conditions and sign the pertinent liability releases."

"But that is exclusive to the stable's responsibility, right?" replied Fedor.

"Ah, yes, the owner must provide a similar document to protect his interests."

"That is what I don't like," snarled Fedor. "Ever since we got here we have been extracting

information painfully, like pulling teeth. Why did you not warn us of that up front, damn you?"

"I am sorry but..."

"Where can we get a liability release that will excuse the Gordov family if the lady gets hurt?" asked Buni.

"I can provide the name of a lawyer in Geneva," offered Marranelli.

"Do so damn it!" replied Fedor while nodding to Buni.

"I am sorry to bother you with this, Signor Gordov," said Marranelli in a trembling voice for Buni had laid a hammy and heavy hand in his shoulders, "but there is a matter of an audience."

"OK, explain everything, Marranelli," snarled Gordov.

"Usually the designated rider of the horse is present," continued Marranelli. "In this case it is you now. You will witness while the lady services the horse. This insures that the agreed services with the lady are carried out. But in some cases we can provide seating for invited guests."

"I'd like to see it!" said Buni enthusiastically.

But Fedor was not enthused. The idea of having his mother and father present did not please him (though he knew his father would react as enthused as Buni).

"I will limit this to me and Buni here," replied Fedor.

Near Florence, ten years before.

"Now, don't disappoint me, Elsa," said Amanda as she adjusted the straps that held Elsa in a bellyriding saddle. "I know that at this point you think you are just a hole in which the horse deposits his seed, usually after 30 seconds to a minute of pounding your innards."

"It is a wonderful feeling, I don't deny it."

"Aye, you love to be used by an animal that way, right?"

"Yesss."

"That is not horse penis whispering, dear."

"It isn't? All I know is that if this is bellyriding I am lying here my legs wide open and held against his flanks and I can barely see what you are doing or what the horse is about to do."

Amanda went over the straps again very carefully. The pony was in an ample stall in the chateau's stables. The stall was padded so that Elsa's legs would not be hurt.

"You see, Elsa dear, it was the art of bellyriding that led to the birth of horse penis whispering," said Amanda as she prepared an injection which she then showed to Elsa.

"Are you injecting that into me?"

"No, dear. The oil from this herb comes from Brazil. They call it yerba dura. It goes into the pony's penis. Your cunny will, however, absorb it through its semen. This will have effects on you which I

will explain later. What matters is that the penis will remain hard, not for a minute, but for hours, and all the time it will be inside you."

"For hours? Oh God I will go mad!"

"Some do, yes. Yerba dura also induces lactation. That is why my breasts need constant milking and you nurse on me so often. In fact, you already drank yerba dura for my milk is also laden with it. Also, yerba dura is a muscle dilator and will cause your cunny to become cavernous, like mine. And finally, you will be on a permanent state of arousal. In essence, yerba dura induces nymphomania. I am one of course and proud of it. Also, you will become a kind of horse semen junkie eventually but in truth you will be addicted to the yerba dura. Now, do you want me to release you? As I said, this path requires total commitment."

Elsa hesitated only for a moment. It was a life-changing decision.

"Go ahead, Amanda, please," said Elsa in a soft voice.

Amanda expertly began to massage the pony's penis causing it to slowly drop. Then she expertly injected the yerba dura into the exposed shaft. Amanda then pressed the tip of the penis to Elsa's pubes. By now the soft spongy head went in easily and Elsa moaned feeling the union.

Then she shaft continued to distend and harden and increase its girth. Elsa's moaning increased as she felt the relentless progress of the horse penis. A separate sling acted as a cradle for her head and kept her face flush against the pony's breast.

"Oh Jesus! Jesus!" moaned Elsa. "I am full, to the hilt, of horse meat!"

"It will push a bit more."

"No! No more! I am going to rupture!"

"Nonsense," said Amanda. But she still allowed some slack in the ropes and moved forward Elsa's torso a few centimeters forward. Elsa was breathing hard and her body was covered in a sheen of sweat by then. Amanda let her stabilize for a few minutes.

"You are not going anywhere now, dear Elsa," observed Amanda. "You have about 30 centimeters (i.e. one foot) of horse inside you. Once in a while he might pound on you but his ejaculation will be inhibited. How do you feel?"

"It's a blissful...torture...an incredible feeling."

"Now, concentrate on the length of the penis inside you. It must become the focus of your body and soul."

Elsa almost replied that there was no bloody way it would not be.

"The reason I have been fisting you constantly and having you do exercises is not only to strengthen you cunny but also to help you gain control of its muscles. You are not just a substitute for a mare's cunt, Elsa. You will learn to fuck him back, to caress his penis using only the muscles in your cunny. I can ride that way and control him only with my cunt muscles. Of course, it takes time to achieve that. But I think you will reach that level one day. Concentrate, Elsa. Tighten the muscles at the entry and proceed up the length."

"I don't think I can!" whimpered Elsa.

"Yes, you will, dear Elsa, but as I said it takes time and practice. Which is why I will let you here for the night. But that muscle control is the true act of horse penis whispering. You then become equals. You fuck each other. You are not just a mare for him to fuck. You are a horse penis whisperer."

"Wait! You are going to leave me here alone?"

"You are not alone. You are communing with your horse. I will drape a blanket over you and you will be quite cozy, believe me, I have done it many times."

Alone in the dark Elsa tried to sort all she was going through. Amanda, you are such a bitch sometimes. I'd rather be curled up with you in our bed sucking those juicy tits of yours. God, maybe I am already addicted to that thing, whatever she called it, if I had been drinking it in her milk. Her hands reached for her tits. Lately she had noticed the aureoles widening and deepening in color. She thought of Amanda nursing on her and that made her smile.

Then the pony moved, just a bit, and its penis shook all of Elsa's torso. God, she thought, it is bound to come out of my mouth. And I am supposed to commune with this log inside me? She resigned herself to her fate and tried to tighten her cunt muscles like Amanda had instructed. But her muscle control was hopeless.

Something she did must have had an effect on the pony for it made slight thrusting movements which caused her further distress as she felt her torso being shaken. But there was no ejaculation and the pony apparently went to sleep, his penis still distended, hard, and engorged inside her.

Elsa tried to use her legs to push herself up in the saddle, to gain at least an inch. This she managed to do, very carefully, lest the pony woke up.

She felt some air currents in the back and reached out for the blanket and more or less managed to tuck it behind her back. Then she actually became very cozy and comfortable for the pony's body acted as a very large radiator and its penis inside her warmed her innards.

Now Elsa felt very aroused relishing the perverted act she was committing. Her hands reached to her pubes where her clitoris had been pushed upwards and outwards and she rubbed herself to a very satisfying orgasm. Then she pressed her hands towards her belly where she could feel the outline of the horse shaft inside her. Thus she fell into a fitful sleep and her face bore a quiet smile.

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VII. An Unclad Goddess

"Fedor Vasielivich!" exclaimed Buni. "She is here!"

"Who?"

"The horse shagging lady! Marranelli just called! She is at the Pavilion."

"She is one day early!"

"Oh, you know gals. They have a mind of their own and no one can makes sense of it."

The two left Geneva and Buni drove like a madman through icy roads and a winter landscape. Fedor was taking repeated sips of perchotka. He was to meet the probably crazed horse shagging woman

that was supposed to gentle Alberich so he could ride him. In other words, Fedor's life depended on the woman. Otherwise, most likely his father would order Buni to plug a bullet into his brain.

The two men entered the Pavilion and rushed up the stairs to the second floor apartment. There Fedor paused on the landing and confronted Buni.

"Let me do all the talking, Buni, please."

"It's alright with me, Fedor Vasilievich, I just want to see what she looks like. For all I know, I might fall in love."

"Can it!"

"Fine, Fedor Vasilievich, but I cannot help liking kinky women. And this one is probably the kinkiest you can find."

They knocked on the apartment door and heard a soft female voice: "Entrez!"

Fedor opened the door with some trepidation. To call the apartment luxurious was an understatement. There was an abundant breakfast spread the caterers had provided. And seated in a sofa, enjoying a cup of coffee and completely nude was a lovely young woman.

Fedor entered and bowed.

"Mademoiselle Elsa D.?"

"Oui. You must be Monsieur Gordov," replied Elsa extending a hand.

Fedor gave her a limp handshake trying to keep his eyes from roaming over Elsa's naked body.

"Just call me Fedor please. This is my head of security, Monsieur Buniakovsky."

Buni was very pale and he did not have the lascivious smirk with which he ogled all women that crossed his path. Perhaps him making obscene comments to a painted floozy did not apply when meeting a completely naked woman that oozed not only sexuality but dignity and some kind of power. When Elsa extended her hand Buni gave it a very passable Venetian handkuss, which caused Elsa to look at him with amusement.

"Just call me Buni, mademoiselle," replied Buni in a quiet voice.

"Perhaps we would all be more comfortable if I wore something," suggested Elsa grabbing a terrycloth robe and putting it on. "I live in a nudist colony and sometimes I forget that not all folks are comfortable with naked bodies being displayed."

"Oh, please, mademoiselle," said Buni actually blushing, "I would not importune you with clothes."

"I assume you do your work in the nude, mademoiselle," added Fedor. "I want to have a very professional relationship with you, mademoiselle."

"Call me Elsa, Monsieur," replied Elsa a bit frostily.

"Very well, Elsa," said Fedor in a relentless tone, "If your being naked all the time helps you perform better, then, by all means, do so."

Buni frowned.

"Fedor Vasilievich, forget about her performance! It would be a sin to clothe this...goddess!"

"Buni, did you get the liability form from the lawyer?" said Fedor.

"It was supposed to be ready today."

"Then please go visit him, in Geneva, and bring the paperwork. I am sure I will be safe here."

"Listen, milady," said Buni addressing Elsa as he made to leave, "if anyone shows you any disrespect, and I mean anyone and anything, just call on me."

"I should be OK, dear Buni," said Elsa giving him a peck on the cheek.

Buni left, not altogether very happy.

"May I offer you some coffee...Fedor?"

"I appreciate that...Elsa. Let me serve myself a cup and refresh yours. Do you want some cold cuts?"

"I am vegan, Fedor."

Fedor made a mental note to let the caterers know, lest Buni blew their brains off for offending Elsa's dietary requirements. He finally made eye contact with her. He felt a flutter in his chest.

"I am impressed with you, Elsa. You seem to have power over the beasts, as Buni's behavior shows."

"He is sweet, isn't he?"

"I suppose..."

They sat down and no one said a word for some uncomfortable minutes.

"Good coffee," said Fedor.

"Yes."

Fedor could not help but stare at her. Ohmigod, he thought, she is turning me into putty. Then he insisted on remembering that his life was in her hands.

"Buni was right, you should not be clothed if you are so used to nudity. I would prefer if you were not, do you mind?"

"Not at all," smiled Elsa unrobing.

"Drink?" asked Fedor taking out the perchatka hip flask and offering it to her.

Elsa opened the flask and sniffed it.

"Vodka?"

"Of course! I am a Russian!" replied Fedor half smiling. "Mind you, it is strong."

Elsa took a sip.

"Oh yes! Perchotka! I love it! I hope it does not put hair on my chest!" laughed Elsa indicating her bare breasts.

"Who knows?" added Fedor taking himself a sip. "Maybe Alberich would like it if you had hair in your chest!"

"Might as well find out!" laughed Elsa standing up and going to the bar. "Your flask is getting empty, Fedor, there should be some Perchotka here. Ah! Yes!"

She produced two glasses and poured perchotka into them.

"I never put ice," explained Elsa. "Now, that would be a sin."

"I apologize, it is kind of early to start drinking," said Fedor sheepishly.

"Nonsense. If I am to drink perchotka it better be with a Russian, never mind the hour. And, as you can imagine, I am not a girl that is slave to convention. Cheers!"

"Cheers! Mind you, aren't you cold?" asked Fedor noticing how Elsa's nipples stood up hard.

"A bit," replied Elsa pointing to where the temperature controls were.

"That should do it," said Fedor raising the temperature.

"I apologize," said Elsa, "lately, I can't seem to control my body."

"What do you mean?" asked Fedor innocently.

"Stiff nipples are signs of arousal," said Elsa blushing though she pressed both nipples as though offering them. "I know you are up front in wanting our relationship to be professional and respectful. Truth is, I can't help it. It is a side effect of yerba dura."

"What is that?"

"I will explain later, Fedor. Suffice it to say that yerba dura exacerbates my nymphomania."

"Nonsense," said Fedor shaking his head. "You are just a very, very, healthy young and very nice looking woman."

"Who shags horses for a living?" giggled Elsa.

"Yes, that! Other folks are accountants or doctors or gangsters! You shag horses. What is the big deal? And a nymphomaniac is just someone that gets more sex than most folks! And I read that in some book by a sex researcher!"

"You are sweet," said Elsa smiling. "Anyway, Fedor, let's talk about Alberich. Have you ridden him already?"

Now it was the turn for Fedor to be uncomfortable. He was on the verge of losing all composure.

"Elsa, I appreciate that you have been open in discussing personal matters, like the nymphomania you claim to suffer..."

"Well, it is hard to hide, you know," smiled Elsa. "And being a nympho I guess is a requisite in my line of work."

"Can I trust you then?"

"Please!"

This is madness, thought Fedor. You just met this admitted nymphomaniac and now you hope to confide in her? How sane could she be? Still, he had always been a shy lad. And now he felt so comfortable in talking to this woman. That had to be a good thing, right? Or maybe he just had had too much perchotka.

"I am not a mad, savage or semi-civilized Cossack from the steppes, as you can see."

"So what? Some win gold in grand prix competitions while others shag horses for a living. I see a scholarly and a bit shy, not unhandsome, sweet young man," replied Elsa placing her hand in his.

Fedor's heart fluttered. I am a goner, he thought. She has complete control over me, this strange and beautiful naked woman that practices bestiality.

"You don't understand, Elsa. In other words, I am worthless," added Fedor, "I have never ridden Alberich! Truth is, I hardly can stay in the saddle. I am even afraid of getting on top of him!"

Elsa regarded him gravely.

"Elsa, Father shelled out a million euros for that damn horse," continued Fedor. "I am supposed to collect gold medals by the barrellful. Father has always held me in contempt. And a million euros is a lot of money. For all I know Father could order Buni to blow my brains."

"Tell him to hire Karl," offered Elsa.

"No, Mother hates all Germans," explained Fedor. "And finding another rider is out of the question. I am the one that has to ride him. You see, Father is friends with Vlad. They do all kind of business together those two."

"Who is that?"

"Vlad. Vlad Putin. Father cannot lose face before him. It is now some stupid national pride thing. It has to be a Russian, specifically me, who wins all the medals when the season starts...or else...do you understand what position I am in, Elsa? I never wanted to be a grand prix horse rider! I wanted to play the violin, damn it!"

"You are serious Fedor?"

"Very much," agreed Fedor his voice breaking.

Elsa stood up and pulled him up towards her. She then held his head against her bare breasts. Fedor was about sob though his hands grabbed on to her buttocks and held her tight to him.

"I think we have had too much perchotka," laughed Elsa.

"I think you are right, Elsa," said Fedor releasing his hands and trying to disengage. "Sorry, I didn't mean to be disrespectful..."

"Hush!" answered Elsa grabbing him tightly.

"Your breasts, smell so nice," said Fedor whose face rested between her breasts.

"Fedor, I've never been with a man," whispered Elsa.

"Truth is, Elsa, I've never been with a woman."

"Don't tell me you are gay!"

"No. I just jerk off a lot! Buni offered to hook me up with a prostitute in Minsk. He said he could find one that was not too sick."

"Oh, please don't do that Fedor! As for me, well, I've only been with women and animals."

"Really? What animals?" asked Fedor whose face was still buried between her breasts and now was holding on to them.

"Dogs, horses...pigs...and a donkey...he was sweet. And, yes, a dolphin...I had forgotten...he shagged me off the Cote Azure. The son of a bitch almost drowned me!"

They both laughed and Elsa led him to the bedroom as Fedor left a trail of his clothes as he was shedding them. Elsa laid on the bed and opened her legs wide. She saw a look of amazement in Fedor.

"Ah, yes, I am big, am I not?"

"I can see why you would not want a man. No man could satisfy you!"

"Stop that!" snarled Elsa. "Stop emasculating yourself! Let me show you something."

She asked for his hand and arm and proceeded to apply lubricant generously to both.

"Understand that I am being very professional, Fedor," explained Elsa. "I want to dispel all doubts that I can hold on to my end of the contract. Now, please make a fist."

She pushed his fist into her distended cunny. It went in easily.

"Now, Fedor, please push into my cunny. You won't hurt me. Over the years my vagina has stretched and deepened. Yes, keep going, you are doing good. Yessss!"

"Ohmigod!" exclaimed Fedor as his whole arm up to the elbow eventually disappeared inside Elsa.

Elsa was breathing heavily though smiling.

"I understand my innards have been rearranged over the years," said Elsa in a husky voice. "Go ahead and fist fuck me, Fedor. Don't be gentle. The horses never are."

Fedor enthusiastically proceeded to fist fuck Elsa. She, in turn, squirmed and moaned and thrashed around but Fedor's hand and arm inside her had effectively pinned her. Then Elsa let a loud prolonged moan and almost passed out.

Fedor was in heaven. He had just made a nymphomaniac come!

Elsa said nothing for a while. Fedor made as to take out his hand and arm. But Elsa held both in place inside her.

"Fedor, let me show you what is meant by horse penis whispering."

And Fedor's eyes widened as he felt his arm and hand progressively caressed up and down by the muscles in Elsa's cunny.

"Oh Jesus! No wonder Alberich loves you!" exclaimed Fedor.

"It took me years...of practice...to get to this level of control..." explained Elsa. "When I bellyride I can control the horse just with my cunny. You like it Fedor?"

Fedor just whimpered.

"Now, take out your arm and put your penis inside me," said Elsa. "I know, it looks huge. Just do it!"

Fedor was rock hard now but he still hesitated a bit when he put his penis inside Elsa's cavern. Then his surprise increased when she felt her cunny tighten as if grabbing his penis and proceeded to milk it. Fedor could not help but come almost immediately.

It took a heroic effort from Fedor to get up from that cozy bed and dress again. Buni was bound to arrive at any minute, he explained. Elsa contemplated him smiling quietly.

"He was just a bouncer," said Elsa.

"Who was a bouncer?"

"Karl. He was just a bouncer at a seedy bar in Hamburg. But Alberich's previous owners figured he made a nice figure on top of Alberich. The horse is gifted, Fedor. It does not need any damn rider to do its magic. "

"Karl was just a fucking bouncer? "

"Yes. He had the muscles. You have the brains, Fedor. "

"Go on. "

"I will train Alberich just like I did with Karl. I will be bellyriding Alberich while you get on top of him. You will see how easy he is to control. I might need to stay here a couple of weeks. Tell Buni to convince Maranelli to clear the schedule. I suspect Buni can be very convincing. And once you are comfortable with each other you won't need me. Relax, Fedor, you will indeed win the gold medals."

"I will always need you," said Fedor caressing her brow and kissing her. "I need you more than life itself!"

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## **VIII. "A twisted web we weave..."**

*Mustique.*

Karl had a problem. The video and audio feed from the surveillance equipment installed in the Pavilion was of very high quality. He had seen everything.

It is surprising, thought Karl, that Elsa would have allowed that runt Fedor to fuck her. God knows he had tried to fuck her, even if he would never had filled that cavern she carried between her legs. And she did not seem disappointed at Fedor's premature ejaculation since he was a virgin. Certainly Fedor had lost his head over her and she seemed to encourage him. Was it because Elsa was so strong and self-assured and Fedor had seemed so weak that she did not feel threatened by him? The way they kissed and embraced each other indicated that she would let him enter her again. Had Karl known she could tighten her muscles to get a grip on a man's puny penis he would definitely have persevered in trying to fuck her. But she refused his advances. And even acted offended when he made the suggestion that Elsa let herself be used as a boy ("I am sorry Karl, I might fuck horses but am not that kind of girl!").

What game are you playing Elsa, wondered Karl? There is a rumor that you got hurt in Saudi Arabia. Are you wanting to retire? Mayhap you want to get the young Gordov to marry you so that you can spend the rest of your life spending daddy's money and not have to fuck horses anymore? If Fedor loves you that much likely he won't mind if you keep fucking animals, though perhaps you will just stick to dogs or ponies, something that won't rupture and kill you? After all, it is said that no horse penis whisperer retires. You are supposed to die on the shaft. In fact, you are supposed to look forward to it, you uppity bitch.

But that didn't matter, insisted Karl. I have a problem here. I was the one that brought Elsa into the picture. Mind you, it was with the Princess Frederika's blessing. But now Elsa was suggesting that she will train Alberich to the point that Fedor will only have to seat on top and let the horse do its magic and still win gold medals. Just like she did with me, laughed Karl bitterly. Heck, I had never sat on top of a horse in my life until Elsa bellyrode Alberich and made him mellow and tame. She then did the standard routines, turns, half turns, and, God knows, the piafe, all using just her pussy muscles. All I had to learn the basic movements with my legs and hips and spurs to reproduce what Elsa was doing just with her pussy. And if I dressed elegantly and kept my body in shape and took care to look good this just completed the picture. The judges, mostly women and a couple of old queens, loved me and thought I was in control though it was really Alberich doing it all.

So Karl's troubles boiled down to the fact that Elsa might just be able to achieve the same results with Fedor. Karl had indeed made a mistake. He thought that Fedor was so incompetent that even with Elsa's pussy "taming" Alberich he would still not be able to compete at a grand prix level. The fact that Elsa had gone as far as letting Fedor fuck her indicated that the woman was committed to insuring Fedor's success. That this all had been done with the princess' consent was irrelevant. Karl was...what was the term? ...ah yes, a "minion". The princess would blame him if Fedor was successful. That is what minions are for, right?

And there laid the greater of his problems. The princess was above the law, in effect. And if Elsa thought she was a nymphomaniac then truth is she was a cloistered nun compared to the princess. What would she do? She could, if she wanted, thought Karl, go "medieval" on him. He had seen the commander of the Royal Marines that guarded the island, a colonel, visit the princess every so often. And when he was introduced to him his dislike of Karl was imminent. Forget that now we were all allies or that we had "differences" bloody sixty years ago, when my own father was not even fucking born! The princess had told Karl in confidence that the man had an ancestor, a very dear one, that had gone down with the Hood. And that ship had been sunk by the Bismark, a German ship. For all he knew, the rest of those Royal Marines had old feuds with "Jerry" that he had no idea of. It would be so easy to just throw Karl into the sea and then throw in large quantities of chum to attract the sharks.

Or maybe the princess could just fire him after doing a Darth Vader like accusation "you have failed me for the last time" while he choked to death. Of course, if she so wanted it, no one in the dressage

federation would give him employment. So he would have to go back to Hamburg and his old job as a bouncer. Hopefully another old queen, like the one that owned Alberich beforehand, would fancy him and hire him to pounce his turds and then think he would look good dressed to the nines in jodhpurs, boots, and a riding coat atop a grand prix horse, never mind he had never spent a minute atop one. Nein, thought Karl that would never happen again. He had had his chance and had blown it. It would be back to checking ID's on pimply kids and manhandling and throwing drunks unto the street. Damn!

So he had to solve the problem at hand and hopefully keep his employment with the princess. She was a nice fuck even though she was getting as loose as Elsa from all the orgies she organizes with the locals, men who were indeed well endowed. That would be best, thought Karl. The salary is very good here, he had his own bungalow, and the place was a paradise. It did beat freezing his ass standing at the entrance to a seedy bar in Hamburg. Yes, concluded Karl, Elsa is the root cause. She cannot be allowed to succeed. Perhaps the princess will approve going "medieval" on her.

Karl shook his head. He would not have the stomach to do such a thing, not to a lovely thing like Elsa. Yes, she had also turned him into putty. And her rejection had hurt. Even today he did not know if he could stand having her hurt. Oh well, the alternative was getting rid of Fedor. That could be arranged, if that gorilla that protects him can be overcome. He opened the surveillance information he was receiving from a private security firm. There should be a way to carry this out cleanly.

But he soon reached the conclusion that he would need to contract the job out. No, though he looked the part he was not skilled at all. He knew nothing about firearms or hand to hand combat. After all, he had done his service in the German army, which at that time, was just a joke. His school grades were not good enough to go to a university. At the most, it was established that he could enter into an apprenticeship, maybe as a farmer's helper milking cows or whatever.

No, concluded Karl, he had to bring the princess into the loop. The royal family of England had mountains of money, untraceable money, he knew. And wasn't it the prerogatives of kings to order someone to have his head lopped off for "raisons de etat"? If the princess did not have him used as shark bait or sent his ass back to the Fatherland, he would present the options available at this point.

Above all, he knew, he could not present this as his fault. The princess should be the one to decide on the alternatives he would present and then think that these were her ideas. Karl sighed, that could work on the new US president but the princess was anything but stupid. Oh well, it was that or freezing his ass in Hamburg. Karl knew he had no choice.

The first alternative was to neutralize Elsa, whatever that meant, to keep her from insuring that Alberich does not throw Fedor. (This option he would do his best to dissuade the princess from choosing; not that he was a gentleman but he did have a soft spot for Elsa, that bitch.) The second option was to insure that Fedor, and hopefully his gorilla bodyguard too, suffer "an accident".

Knowing the Gordovs they would never seek the polizei to clarify matters. They probably would think that the hit came from a Russian mafia rival. Good riddance then, thought Karl, they will return to Russia and kill each other without causing any more trouble in civilization. And the princess will then be able to pick Alberich for pennies on the dollar. And yes, thought Karl, I would be the designated rider, just as before.

Karl meditated on his plans for a while nursing a stiff rum drink while doing so. Then he went to the princess' quarters. A tall, powerful looking Black man was coming out of her bedroom. The man had

lit a cigarette and was rearranging his clothes.

"Is she busy?" asked Karl.

"Most definitely! There are six other fellows servicing her," smiled the Black man counting the bills in an envelope; this was obviously his pay.

"You finished for today?"

"I sure am mon! She milked me dry! That woman has the devil in her crotch! You come to do her too?"

"I am her designated house stud. I am used to sloppy seconds," laughed Karl.

Karl opened the door slightly. The princess had all three orifices occupied and pounded by the penises of three large Black men. Other three Black men stood close by trying to gather their strength to act as a tag team.

Damn, thought Karl. She will not like it if I interrupt her now. The devil in her crotch has awoken, definitely. And knowing her royal highness, this could last for days if she has more men brought over from the mainland. Karl shook his head and went back to the monitoring room where he could watch what was developing at the Pavilion.

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IX Elsa's First Stallion

Near Florence, ten years before

Elsa was on her back, her eyes closed tight. She knew what Amanda was pressing to her pubes but did not want to look at it lest she lost her nerves. She could feel the head. It was still soft and spongy since the yerba dura had not fully hardened it.

"Let's open you," said Amanda in a soft voice while gently spreading Elsa's already yawning labia.

"Ohmigod!" whimpered Elsa as she felt the stallion's member enter her.

"It is your first full stallion Elsa. I know you can handle it. It is what I have been training you for."

Elsa's hands gripped tightly the side grips of the mating table. She finally had willed herself to open her eyes. The stallion towered over her but her body protruded at an angle from his side. Her bare feet were resting on his flank as if to control the penetration. She could see a monstrous member whose tip now rested inside her.

"Relax, girl, the sleeve will limit his penetration to only six inches," explained Amanda pointing to the hard leather covered sleeve out of which emerged the monstrous member.

"You will eventually have to take a foot of his meat but it will still take some doing."

Elsa shook her head in agreement. The member was thick but she had been spread even wider in training.

The stallion was securely hobbled but Elsa knew it could still start thrusting with its hips. It was hoped that it would.

"You have the tip in, Elsa," explained Amanda. "It is getting hard, I can feel it. What a lovely shaft, right? Now, Elsa, push yourself deeper unto it. Go on, dear."

Elsa grunted. The she held the side grips of the mating table and began willing herself down into the shaft. She did this while staring fixedly at Amanda who was murmuring her encouragement. Elsa's body was already covered in a sheen of sweat.

"Deeper...slowly my dear..." whispered Amanda as she caressed and gently held her hands on Elsa's belly where a bulge was now forming. "It is so beautiful Elsa..."

"Oh...Amanda..." whimpered Elsa, but her love laced words were interrupted by a pang of pain. She cried involuntarily, and her torso arched causing her even more pain.

"I know, dear," replied Amanda caressing her brow. "The dildos can only help so much to loosen you. The living shaft of a stallion is a whole other matter."

"But!" protested Elsa, her frustration overcoming the pain she felt, "I was so loose! I could take the ponies! I thought I was a mare!"

"I know, I know, dear, keep pushing yourself unto it," said Amanda grabbing Elsa's hips and helping her impale herself on the monstrous member of the stallion.

Now Elsa felt the cushioned edges of the sleeve. It was done. She had six inches of a full-blown stallion inside her. Her hands caressed her belly feeling the horse meat inside her.

"It will start pounding you any moment, dear," explained Amanda. "Let him have his way with you. Let him get used to being inside you. "

"I love you," whispered Elsa.

"I know," replied Amanda as she straddled Elsa's face and pressed down her own distended pubes unto her mouth. Elsa grabbed Amanda's hips and pressed her mouth against the cavernous cunny offered and started licking it and drinking the horse semen that oozed out of it.

Then, as the two women were thus entwined, Elsa felt the stallion slowly begin to pull and push in its member inside her. The horse was fucking her, slowly at first, and then with all the brutal power that only a full blown stallion could command. Then Amanda disengaged from Elsa's face and grabbed her shoulders tight to keep her in place as the onslaught continued. Elsa's torso was flailed around as if she were a rag doll. Amanda had slipped a leather bit into Elsa's mouth so she would not bite off her tongue. Elsa grabbed the sidebars tightly staring wide eyed at the monstrous shaft that was pounding her mercilessly willing herself to stay in place, her legs wide open, even if the shaft ruptured her. The brutal mating continued for an almost eternal minute. Then Elsa felt the penis flaring inside her as a relentless jet of horse semen exploded inside her. It felt as if her whole lower torso was on fire, so hot was that torrent of semen. Surely, thought Elsa, it was going to fill her throat for she must be ruptured at that point. Death would be swift as she drowned in horse semen. But for now she still had the taste of Amanda on her mouth and she had no regrets if she died then. That was all she knew for she passed out next.

Elsa felt Amanda's cool hand on her brow. She was lying on a plastic sheet covering the wide bed the two women shared. Amanda was gently sponge bathing her. For some reason she felt numb from her waist down.

"Ah, there you are, dear," smiled Amanda. "Don't try to move. I will do all the work. I put an

injection on you to help with the pain so don't try to move your legs. I don't think you will be able. It will still take a further day before you are able to walk."

"I thought..."

"I know. The first time is always the worst," explained Amanda. "There is no degree of preparation that will get you ready for a shaft that size and the power behind it. But don't worry, you did not rupture. There was some blood, yes, but that would be superficial."

Then Amanda held a mirror to Elsa's cunt.

"Jesus!" cried Elsa. "I am as big as you now! And it is still oozing semen!"

"Almost," smiled Amanda. "You soon will have a cunt as tough and as big and loose as me, little mare. And I will not let that semen go to waste, dear."

Then Amanda began to kiss and lick Elsa's distended cunny as long contrails of horse semen oozed out of it.

Geneva, the Pavilion

Elsa stood looking at her nude image in the tall mirrors that lined the ample bathroom. It was very early and still dark and through a window Elsa could see a Winter storm blowing. But inside her apartment it was very cozy and warm enough that she could comfortably remain nude all the time. Outside she could hear the caterers prepare her breakfast spread. She knew she would hardly touch it. The first mating would require her to allow Alberich to "have his way with her". She would not use a sleeve. It would be up to her cunt muscles to limit his penetration. Therefore, it was not advised that she ate anything. Maybe that way the surgeons, if the worst happened, would be able to keep her from dying.

"Amanda was right, " said Elsa to herself, "it is all training and preparation."

There was, she knew, no apparent need for further preparation. Her body had adapted. The scans showed that her vagina had distended and stretched and her inner organs had rearranged themselves. Her pubes yawned and protruded indicating the powerful cunt muscles she had. Her legs were strong and her belly abs were those of an athlete of sorts, which she truly was.

But still, there was a nagging worry. This would be her first mating since the Lippizaner. Every so often, she still felt a pang of pain she had never had before. She had not located the source, but it felt deep inside her. She held her hands to her lower belly scanning her innards for any pain or unusual sensation. She had never told her doctor this. Had she done it, she knew, the doctor would have refused to keep her as a patient unless she gave up mating with stallions. And that would not do.

Elsa bathed herself slowly and carefully. Afterwards, she sat down to carefully brush her hair and tighten it into a pony tail. She frowned at what she thought was a white hair. Then she applied a line of black makeup that crossed her cheeks and nose horizontally, the traditional mark of the horse penis whisperer that is going to mate with a stallion. She then oiled her body all over and applied generous amounts of lubricant to her cunt. She stepped out of her bathroom knowing that the caterers had left by that point and proceeded to serve herself a cup of coffee.

Outside the storm was raging.

"I hope the ambulance will be able to get here," thought Elsa. "I doubt they would arrive in time. They never do. C'est la vie."

There was still time before she went downstairs for the mating. No stab of pain so far. That was good, thought Elsa. She frowned. Such thoughts were distractions and distractions made you make a mistake and get killed. She sat down in a yoga mat and began her breathing exercises seeking to concentrate her mind. But inevitably, further distractions broke her concentration.

"Fedor," she thought. "What was I thinking of! I mean, a man! With a puny man's penis!"

Her concentration broken she frowned and stood up and lit a cigarette and refilled her coffee cup. Her mind raced. When he first met her she had suddenly felt something like shame at her nakedness. That would never do! And now Fedor was expected to help her fuck with a stallion!

"He is just a damn client! Of course, he should see me fucking his damn horse! That is what I do for a living damn it, fuck horses! And I like it God damn it!"

She stubbed out her cigarette and inevitably lit another one. The inevitable, unwelcome, thoughts continued causing shambles out of all her mental preparation.

"I don't think Fedor will like sloppy seconds. Maybe he could take me up the ass as Rufus does sometimes," she smiled relishing the imagery.

Then there was a knock on the door. It was too early, Elsa knew. She put on a robe and looked through the peep hole.

"Buni!" exclaimed Elsa hugging the man. "It is still early. Is Fedor OK?"

"Everything is OK, milady," said Buni giving her a handkuss. "I am sorry to bother you but I had to do this. I didn't tell Fedor."

"What do you mean?" asked Elsa as the man opened a satchel. Elsa could see there was a mean looking gun inside and for a moment felt panic. Had the Gordovs decided that she needed to be removed? But then Buni produced some sort of electronic hand-held device.

"Just keep chatting milady...I don't know, talk about the horse...whatever..." murmured Buni to her ear.

"Is Alberich ready? I want his shaft inside me so much I can hardly wait! My cunny feels empty and aches if I don't have horse meat in me! And I love to milk his shaft and drink his semen! It is so delicious!" replied Elsa keeping up the charade as Buni proceeded to scan the room. In several places he nipped off wires and produced a listening device.

"His head remains spongy while distended," continued Elsa. "That really helps because I can insert at least 30 cm. of horse meat without a problem, you know. I think the most he has put inside me has been 40 cm. That is above a foot of horse meat, Buni, which I thought was marvelous."

At this point Buni had had to remove his jacket since the room had become quite warm. He made a signal to Elsa to keep talking. Then he found what he was looking for, a camera, and proceeded to disable it.

"There, milady. I don't know who is behind this. Most likely it was the pommy bastards of the dressage federation."

"They were taping me all the time?"

"Just monitoring, I think. Why, I still must find out. I bid you a good day now. We will see you in a couple of hours for...."

"My mating, Buni," smiled Elsa seeing how the man had blushed.

"Yes, milady, your mating," managed to reply Buni.

Elsa gave him a peck on the cheek. "Tell Fedor I will be alright, please Buni?"

"I will and rest assured I won't let anything happen to you, milady. Ah, and milady, that line on your face, looks real sexy. Though I don't think Alberich will care, dumb horse."

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## **X. Deep Throating**

*Near Florence, ten years before*

Elsa could not help it. She gagged. The unexorable piston of horse semen hit then her face and dribbled down her neck unto her breasts.

"You are wasting too much of it, little mare," admonished Amanda. "The stallions we serve are grand prix champions. You know how much that jism costs?"

Elsa said nothing. She was trying to regain her breathe. She had swallowed a lot, she knew, so it was unfair of Amanda to chastise her, she thought. Once she was able to breathe again she scooped as much of the semen that covered her and swallowed it.

The shaft remained extended due to the yerba dura. However, it was not rock hard as before.

"There is one-way, little mare, to insure nothing goes to waste," said Amanda kneeling next to Elsa. "Watch closely. This takes a lot of training. And yes, you do it after the first ejaculation, while it is sort of soft and spongy and not iron hard."

Amanda pulled back her hair and smiled at Elsa. Then she put the whole head inside her mouth. Elsa was not impressed at first. She had had the head inside her mouth when the stallion ejaculated. And it had hurt her jaws to open that wide.

The Elsa stared (with one eye only, the other one was shut as the semen dried) as Amanda continued to will the stallion's penis deeper into her mouth. Slowly, Amanda worked her way up the monstrous penis. Elsa could now see a bulge on her neck as the penis continued to stretch its way into Amanda.

"Ohmigod! How can you breathe?" cried Elsa.

Amanda made a sign. She could of course not explain anything at that point. Though her breathing was laborious it was evident that it had not been interrupted. She seemed to be able to take a breathe before willing herself up the shaft. Amanda's efforts persisted until she was able to reach the stallion's balls which she then pressed against her cheeks. Then she moved her torso forwards and backwards to massage the horse penis inside her. There was still a good portion left exposed of the horse shaft but Amanda seemed to have reached a limit. Amanda reached for Elsa's hand and had her feel her neck and the shaft disappearing into her innards.

Elsa felt the exposed portion of the shaft. It had hardened considerably. Amanda was meanwhile

caressing the horse balls. These seemed to retract. Amanda stopped moving and held still. One of her hands gripped Elsa's tightly. The horse made a snort and gurgling sounds could be heard coming from inside Amanda. Both women knew the horse was flaring. Amanda's grip tightened as if she was willing herself to remain in place as the stallion's shaft slowly retracted out of her mouth. The shaft came out trailing thick contrails of semen and Amanda took a deep breath.

"Are you OK?" asked Elsa with concern.

"The hardest part, besides the stretching, is suppressing the gag reflex," said Amanda in a panting voice. "If you don't you will drown in horse semen. Not everyone who trains in the deep throating survives. But it is the only way that no drop goes to waste."

"That was amazing!" said Elsa kissing her on the lips and sharing the horse semen.

"I know what you are thinking, little mare. But no, I won't let you try it just now. You are wide and loose enough to be able to take the stallions up your cunny. But no, that does not mean you are ready. I want you to spend your day blowing the horses, learning to suppress your gag reflexes. Only then will we start you on the deep throating. Understand?"

"Yes, my love."

"Now, help me get up, slowly."

This Elsa did noting that Amanda's belly was distended and sloshed around.

"Also, all that protein is not a balanced diet," explained Amanda. "I did experiment once with a solely semen diet. I did it for a month. And I gained some weight for horse semen does have some fat in it. Since you are going to blow horses continually now I won't mind if you try living off semen for a week. But I will have you eat some fruit and take vitamins too. And you will only have very runny stools, I am afraid. It is up to you to decide of course if we go on or not."

"You didn't even have to ask," said Elsa kissing her again.

Geneva, the Pavilion

Elsa stood on the landing. It was time for her to go down. She could hear Fedor and Buni talking below. She was nude and her body was oiled. Her heart fluttered. She willed herself unto the stairs. It would not do, she scowled herself, if she showed no confidence. She had to be proud and professional.

Both men stilled their chatting when they saw her descend. She smiled at them. Then she paled. Next to them, sconced in a pair of chairs and drinking tea were papa Gordov and his wife.

Fedor rushed to her side.

"Elsa, they insisted," he murmured to her ear. Elsa responded by pressing his hand in reassurance. These are the clients, she thought, if they want to see how their money is spent so be it. Other times she had had a full auditorium as she performed. But still, she felt uncomfortable. Was it because these clients were Fedor's parents?

Elsa managed to walk erect and proud to the Gordovs. Buni gave her the obligatory handkuss. The elder Gordov stood up and next to him his wife did the same.

"I had no idea you were so lovely, lady Elsa," said the elder Gordov as he likewise did a handkuss.

"Charming child," said the contessa frostily but did not even offer Elsa a hand. Elsa bowed to her.

"Thank you Ms. Gordov," said Elsa. She was feeling her confidence return. If this old cow wants her to see her fuck a horse so be it.

"Contessa..." corrected Dehlia.

"Of course, contessa," replied Elsa actually curtsying, probably the first time Dehlia had had a nude woman show her that deference.

Then Elsa's eyes brightened when she heard a loud neigh. Alberich stood nearby with Buni holding onto the reins.

Elsa squeezed Fedor's hand and they both exchanged looks.

"Take me to him, Fedor, please," murmured Elsa.

The horse's penis was thumping against its chest.

"I already injected him, lady Elsa," volunteered Buni. "I grew up in a communal farm in the Caucasus. The grooms hobbled him but I checked their work and cussed them out a lot and threatened to mate them to Alberich if it still moves."

Meanwhile the Gordovs had rearranged their seating.

"Is this safe, Vasili Feodorovich?" the contessa asked her husband.

"Oh, we are close enough, don't worry. We will be able to see everything. And if it splatters, just send the clothes to the dry cleaners."

"No, you fool, I am not talking about jism splatters!" snarled the contessa. "I am talking about her being hurt. I mean, she looks so small! Are you sure she is of age? I don't want her to die damn you!"

"She will be fine, mother," added Fedor. "She is a professional. And all I have to do is press any of the red buttons around and Marranelli will call the ambulance."

"Please, just sit down and relax and enjoy the show," added Elsa. "I am 29 but always have looked younger. And I have a cunt that can handle a horse shaft, see?"

Elsa had pulled her nether lips open displaying the cavernous cunt between her legs. The elder Gordov leered.

"Good for you, girl," said the contessa encouragingly and applauding, which surprised Elsa.

Elsa turned to face Fedor.

"I like your mother, Fedor, and I love you," she said as she kissed him.

"I love you too," replied Fedor. "Don't get hurt, please."

Elsa then walked, alone, very erect and proud towards Alberich.

"Let him go Buni, I will take it from here," said Elsa as she grabbed Alberich's hard distended penis. With her other hand she caressed the horse's face.

"It has been so long, Alberich. I missed you so much. But I am here now. I will be yours once again."

Elsa then knelt on the mats beneath the horse. She started to caress the horse penis and his balls. There were drops of precum on the wide horse head. Elsa pressed her mouth to it and drank the precum.

The elder Gordov frantically signaled for Fedor to approach.

"Is she just going to blow him? I am supposed to pay her 10 thousand euros for a blowjob?"

"Please father..." tried to protest Fedor.

Elsa could not help but hear the exchange. She decided to take the risk. Amanda said you should only do the deep throating after the first ejaculation, she remembered. No matter, I am going to show these people how good I am. Elsa took a deep breath. She was sure of her oral skills having spent weeks blowing the horses and suppressing her gag reflex and learning how to pull air from around the horse penis. She popped the entire head into her mouth and slowly willed herself up Alberich's shaft.

"Ohmigod!" she heard the contessa explain. Everyone stared at Elsa with amazement. She was halfway up the huge shaft. Her neck was distended and her breathing labored.

"Don't say anything, please, father," pleaded Fedor in a low voice. "She told me about this. It takes a lot of concentration."

"It is amazing!" the elder Gordov could not help exclaiming.

By now Elsa reached forward and pressed the horse balls to her face as she gently caressed them. She could not allow the horse head to enter her stomach lest the acids in there burnt the horse. Nonetheless she began to move her torso up and down causing Alberich's penis to enter and retract her mouth while she caressed the exposed portion of the shaft and gently caressed the balls. This continued for about five minutes. Then Alberich shook and a moan escaped Elsa's mouth in spite of the tube of meat that occupied it.

Alberich's balls retracted and Elsa held on to them squeezing them to coax the last drop of semen out of them. Then slowly the horse shaft retracted out of Elsa's mouth which foamed with contrails of horse semen. Elsa then remained kneeling beside the horse trying to regain her breathing which took some doing for Alberich had ejaculated a full load inside her.

Fedor reached for her hand and helped her stand.

"Are you OK?"

Elsa just nodded. She was glassy eyed. Her belly was distended from all the horse semen she had drunk. But hardly a drop of Alberich's semen had been wasted.

"Leave us for a moment, you men," said the contessa as she stood next to Elsa.

"I..." said Elsa.

"Don't say anything dear. It is OK," said the contessa in a low voice. "I understand. You probably

want to puke. Aqui entre nous, I had a lover once, before I married Gordov, he was very big, you know. I envy you. I never was brave enough to do what you just did."

"I am a little woozy," admitted Elsa.

"Alright, listen to me you all," ordered the contessa. "Fedor, take her to her room to recover. I have seen all I needed to see. She is fit to gentle this overpriced mule. Now just take us back to the chalet, Buni. Come, Vasili Feodorovich. And don't you ever complain about what she costs. She is worth it!"

As the Gordovs filed out Fedor led Elsa slowly to the lift.

"That was risky, Elsa, you know it. You told me the deep throating is only done after the first ejaculation."

Elsa shook her head. How could she explain? She felt it had to be done, for Fedor.

"Do you want to sit down?" asked Fedor as they reached her apartment.

"Yes," replied Elsa. Now she really felt sick but did not want to puke out all the semen she had drank. "Just hold me, please, I feel cold and a little nauseous."

He draped her in her robe and sat her in a sofa and the two lovers embraced. He could not help himself. He kissed her and got a taste of Alberich's semen when doing so. Elsa laughed at him.

"I guess you will have to get used to the taste if you love me," she said smiling and thinking he was beginning to understand why she had risked the deep throating without waiting after the first ejaculation.

"So be it," and he kissed her again.

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XI First Mating

Mustique

It was evident her royal highness was highly aroused. She was naked, as usual, and masturbating furiously while watching the video.

"The hidden cameras in the pavilion mating area are still working," explained Karl.

"She took the whole shaft in!" exclaimed the princess. "You can see her throat bulging!"

"If you see carefully, she still left like 20 cm. still showing."

"Who gives a damn? This girl is talented!"

"That she is, your highness," replied Karl who sensed he could now insure Elsa was not hurt. "She is likely to gentle Alberich so much that that idiot Fedor will be able to ride him. Which is why I suggested that we should insure that Fedor...is taken out of the picture."

"I don't care about that Fedor fellow, Karl, just make sure the woman Elsa is not hurt. I want her to train me."

"You can start with ponies, milady. Then you will have to be so stretched that no man will ever be able to satisfy you."

"Who cares? I am already pretty loose. Just do it, Karl, I want to learn how to fuck horses! Can you get me any?"

"Ponies to start, milady, I insist. And eventually, when you own Alberich, you will be able to fuck him."

"Ohmigod! Fuck Alberich? Suck his shaft like she did? What are you waiting, Karl, get someone to do the wet work!"

"It will cost, milady."

"Oh God, I am surrounded by idiots! Of course, wet work costs! Just make sure it is done right! And do it as soon as possible!"

The Pavilion

This time it was an act of love and Elsa knew it. Fedor's penis was in her mouth, throbbing, and deep into her throat. Fedor was squirming, trying to keep from coming too soon.

Elsa was on her knees her eyes closed trying to appreciate the different flavors. Fedor let go the floodgates with a loud moan and Elsa's mouth filled with his seed. It was a different taste, she realized, to the horse seed she loved, but it did not repulse her. Fedor was, after all, a healthy young man and she thought she could get used to drinking his seed, even though it was much more saltier than that of a horse. She willed herself to suck and swallow the last drop possible.

Elsa then stood up and smiled at the young man.

"I love you," murmured Fedor.

Elsa licked her lips. There was a brief bout of nausea, after all her belly was swollen with horse semen and now Fedor's contribution.

"Monsieur," she said in a teasing voice and offering Fedor her hand, "I must now be mated with Alberich. It is part of our deal. Will you lead me down please?"

He led her down to where Alberich stood. The horse shaft was still distended and hard.

"He is ready for you, milady," said Buni who was busy checking the ropes that hobbled the stallion.

"Merci, dear Buni," replied Elsa.

She approached a tray nearby where there were flasks filled with lubricant. She proceeded to lubricate herself once again. Then she took hold of the shaft as lubricated it thoroughly while speaking softly to Alberich.

"I am here for you, dear. I will be your mare," whispered Elsa.

Then she bent over underneath the horse's torso and guided the horse shaft to her pubes.

"Please push it in, Fedor, I need it," said Elsa in a husky voice.

This Fedor eagerly did and the horse head easily slipped into Elsa's distended cunt. She then grabbed onto the legs of the stallion and pushed herself slowly down the shaft. There was no mating sleeve in place. Elsa was going to control the penetration just with her cunt muscles. Slowly, Alberich's shaft penetrated her, inch by cruel inch, till the outline of the shaft could be seen in Elsa's belly.

"That is a lot of horse meat inside her!" whispered Buni with some urgency.

"I know. But I think she can handle it," replied Fedor.

Elsa motioned for Fedor to get closer.

"Can you feel it inside me?" she asked.

Fedor's hand rested on her belly.

"Yes."

Elsa directed his hand to her breasts.

"Tweak the nipples. Grab onto my tits and pull me down onto his shaft. Impale me. Be cruel. I need it!" she replied.

Fedor did not hesitate and pulled Elsa down by her nipples. She in turn continued pushing herself down onto the stallion's shaft until she felt herself bottom out. She probably had close to 40 cm or horse meat (more than a foot) inside her. She stared at Fedor fixedly and smiled. Now, she knew, came the onslaught and she steeled herself.

Her cunt muscles tightened around the horse penis. Alberich, realizing he was inside a mare (of sorts) started doing what came naturally to him, pounce his penis in and out. This Alberich did forcefully, causing sometimes to Elsa almost lose her balance as her torso was pounded mercilessly.

As the shaft entered her deeply she tightened her cunt muscles to limit the penetration. It was a matter of life and death, she knew, and she was soon covered in sweat. This continued for ten more minutes. Alberich's ejaculation was being suppressed by the yerba dura but soon it was inevitable that the stallion's shaft flared inside Elsa and a jet of boiling hot semen filled her up and actually exploded from between the tight union of woman and horse.

"Don't let it go to waste!" whimpered Elsa.

Buni hastened to put a pan in the floor under her pubes and contrails of horse semen fell onto it.

Then Alberich tried to pull out from Elsa but her cunt muscles kept it in place. Her face was now a mask of concentration and she began to caress the horse shaft with her cunt muscles. The horse whispering was taking place. This continued for a further ten minutes and it was Elsa now making love to Alberich, in full control of his shaft, and deriving extraordinary pleasure from it all. Now it was inevitable for Elsa in turn to orgasm and it was such a mind blowing orgasm that she almost lost consciousness.

Fedor steadied her in place until she signaled she was ready to disengage. This she did and Alberich's shaft came out with an obscene sucking noise. Elsa's pubes yawned wide and long contrails of semen flooded from her cavernous cunts. She carefully had squatted over the pan to

capture as much of the semen coming out of her till the container was almost full to the brim.

"Usually I would drink it, gentlemen, but I have a belly full of his seed right now. You don't mind do you?" asked Elsa as she poured the container's content unto her face and hair and down her breasts and torso where she rubbed it in.

Both men were too stunned to reply.

Elsa walked off in rubbery legs leaving a trail of semen. Fedor followed her, being careful not to slip in the trail of semen Elsa was leaving. She stood at the door of the elevator as Fedor helped her in.

"Will you embrace me Fedor," smiled Elsa.

Fedor could not help hesitate but for a brief moment. The he readily held her, sticky with semen as she was and ruining his clothes.

"What the hell," he murmured.

"I do love you," she smiled.

Fedor again could not help himself. He kissed her again.

"Are you fucking Alberich again today?"

"No. I am very sore. But tonight, I will sleep under him, in a belly riding saddle."

"I am getting jealous of Alberich!"

"Don't be a fool," she laughed as they reached the second floor. "If you can still get it up I want you to fuck me in the ass. I am not so loose there. Will you do that?"

He picked her up like a doll and violently pushed the door to her apartment open.

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## **X. Piaffe**

"How long has it been?" asked Elsa.

"Well, you were saddled Monday at midnight. Today is Wednesday noon," explained Fedor.

"I can feel him getting soft," whispered Elsa in a husky voice. "And I must gain at least an inch, please."

Fedor signaled to Buni and together both men managed to handle the ropes holding Elsa in the bellyrider's cradle and pulled her torso forward. Her relief was imminent though at least almost a meter of horse meat remained inside her. Then Fedor applied the shot to Alberich's penis and the monstrous shaft inside Else started to harden and widen stretching her to the point of rupture.

"Oh Jesus," moaned Elsa. "It is up to my chest, behind my tits."

"Really, you shouldn't do this," scowled Fedor. "The hell with this damn horse." She took her hand and caressed Fedor.



"I can handle it, dear, at least I think I can. My vagina is very distended and stretched after years of horse loving and my organs have reaccomodated. Now, be a dear, I am thirsty."

Fedor knew what that meant. The horse's ejaculation had exploded several times out of the union of horse and woman. At Elsa's instructions, the semen that dripped abundantly in amber viscous trails had been collected in pans. Every so often this would be fed to Elsa. What she could not drink would be poured in her face and then she rubbed it all over her chest. Her hair was now caked and stiff with it and one of her eyes was shut from the dried semen that had formed a mask on her face.

"I crave it, dear Fedor, I cannot help it," explained Elsa. "Truth is, I am hooked on it for it contains the yerba dura."

"I think you must get off the penis while you are still sane."

"It would hurt so much," protested Elsa. "I would feel...so empty."

"Milady, with all due respect," offered Buni, "I fail to see what you are trying to accomplish."

"Thanks, Buni," smiled Elsa. "I have been enjoying myself so much I have been unkind to Alberich. I have been 'whispering' his penis with my cunt muscles. Of course, I have been losing control when I come, which has been too often. That is not very professional of me, darn! I used to be able to control my body much better before."

"I insist, Elsa, please let us take you off the shaft," said Fedor.

"Please, understand," said Elsa in a husky voice that reflected her arousal, "I had to reestablish my relationship with Alberich."

"I think you have certainly done that!"

"There is one way to know," explained Elsa. "Buni, be a dear and unhobble him. Then lead us to the covered arena."

Buni removed all ropes that kept Alberich in place. Then he and Fedor led Alberich with Elsa underneath to the covered arena that was part of the pavilion. As the horse walked, its shaft would retract and then bury itself once again in Elsa's pubes. Bubbles of semen frothed where the horse penis entered her and their path was marked by contrails of horse semen that fell off the tight union of woman and horse. Elsa could not help but moan loudly as she was being walked and fucked. Another orgasm raked her and her body arched.

"We are here, Elsa," offered Fedor.

The horse and Elsa were at the entrance to the arena. But Elsa's body continued to be raked by a continuous orgasm.

"Please," whimpered Elsa, "just give me a moment!"

Buni held with a firm hand to Alberich's reins until Elsa seemed to collapse spent from her orgasm. Elsa remained catatonic for a few minutes, her face buried in Alberich's chest.

"Give me a drink...of perchotka, Fedor, please...and pass me the reins," asked Elsa. Once Elsa held the reins, her face and gaze grew serious and grim.

"I can't feel my legs," said Elsa, "I will have to make him move solely through my cunt muscles. I won't even tug on the reins. If I can do it, then...we are on our way..."

Alberich gave a step forward. And then another. This pumped his shaft in and out of Elsa. Her body was covered in a sheen of sweat and horse semen. She could not help grunt and groan as the horse walked forward through the sheer stimulus of her cunt muscles.

"Ohmigod!" whispered Buni.

"Quiet! She is doing it!" replied Fedor.

Elsa and Alberich reached the center of the arena.

"Now, the half turn," announced Elsa.

Alberich moved, this time in a half turn and was now facing the two men.

"That was very sloppy!" cried Elsa in frustration. "Again!"

The maneuver, amongst the simplest in the dressage repertoire was repeated again and again. Elsa announced she had to take a break. She and the horse stood in the center of the arena. The last turn had been flawless.

"Do you want to gain a few inches?" offered Fedor as he observed the shaft that had sunk further into Elsa.

"No, leave me," muttered Elsa. Her face was stern, and her jaws clenched. "I need to keep my orgasm from making me lose control again. Otherwise he will kill me."

Then Elsa restarted her routine, which this time included full turns and figure eights. Her moaning increased. She let go of the reins as another overwhelming orgasm devastated her. Buni picked up the reins and the two men held the horse in place as Elsa whimpered and moaned uncontrollably. She laid once again limp in the bellyriding saddle.

"I know," said Elsa eventually, "you think it has been too much. Perhaps. Pull me up a few inches please off the shaft."

"This will be the last routine you try, dear, he is killing you," scolded Fedor.

"I know," laughed Elsa. "Darn! I wish I were a few years younger!"

"Nonsense, milady," replied Buni as he helped with the ropes. "You are in the prime of your life."

"Buni...ah, thanks...that feels better...I used to bellyride for days...and could control my orgasm...not anymore, I think. Please pass me the reins again."

Once more, Elsa willed herself to control Alberich solely with her cunt muscles, applying and releasing pressure as needed on the horse meat inside her. Alberich moved forward slowly.

"It's the damn piaffe!" cried Fedor applauding. "She is doing the piaffe!"

"Magnificent!" whooped Buni. (see <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yw1mAizHrjY>)

Alberich was doing the stately and smooth walk of the piaffe. No other horse was known to execute

it with such finesse. And as it was being done his monstrous penis would pump in and out of Elsa's cunt. Once again, her pubes started foaming. Her body was being pounded brutally as the stately walk was performed. Elsa then cried.

"Oh Jesus! Fedor! Help me!"

Buni immediately grabbed to the reins and held the horse in place. Fedor started undoing the ropes.

"No! Don't take me off!" cried Elsa.

"But you are hurt!"

"I know! Let it be! He is about to come!" pleaded Elsa.

Alberich was now pounding her vigorously. He was a force of nature. Elsa stared wide eyed at Fedor.

"I looove you!" cried Elsa as she gripped Fedor's hand tightly.

Then the shaft inside her bulged and yes, it was indeed all the way up to her chest for a bulge formed between her breasts as the horse head ballooned. Elsa indicated to the horse balls and Buni held them and pressed them so they would release every last bit of seed into Elsa.

"She has passed out! Help me detach her!"

Both men did just that and Elsa laid limp on the arena sound.

"Call the ambulance Buni! She must have ruptured!" ordered Fedor.

Then Elsa opened her eyes.

"I don't taste semen or blood. Tell me, am I bleeding?"

Fedor stared at the now ruined cunt that was oozing what seemed buckets of semen.

"No, I do not see blood."

"I hurt all over," protested Elsa.

"I called the ambulance already," announced Buni. "The bastards better hurry!"

"I won't go!" cried Elsa. "I know how it is to die from a rupture. The woman who trained me died thus! I would be puking blood and semen! I am just royally fucked and very happy about it! Help me stand up, please!"

"Can you walk?" asked Fedor.

Elsa shook her head. Fedor picked her up and took her up to her apartment. Then he gently took her to the bathroom and laid her on the tub and bathed her removing the dried semen and arena sand that covered her. Elsa was in pain. Fedor dried her and placed her gently in the bed.

"Thanks, dear. I hurt. I can't close my legs. Please hold me, Fedor." noted Elsa as she took a drink of perchotka which helped her ease the pain. Fedor cuddled next to her.

"I think you should stop, dear," said Fedor as he kissed her.

"I've been hurt before," said Elsa matter of factly. "Give me some days and I will have Alberich inside me again. I still must do the canter and the raising of his front legs. That is where most ruptures occur. I will have to be tied firmly so my torso is not driven down by gravity."

"You are mad!"

"No, I love you. Next you will mount Alberich and do the dressage moves with me bellyriding under him. I will make you a champion, Fedor, or die trying!"

Meanwhile in Mustique Karl smiled hearing the audio feed (more microphones had been placed in Elsa's apartment for Monsieur Marinelli, the stable manager, was in the pocket of her royal highness the princess).

"Gott im Himmel! Elsa almost got impaled!" concluded Karl as he reviewed the video of the extraordinary ride Elsa had engaged in. "But damn! She looked so lovely with her legs wide open and that log inside her! Anyway, if she is going to take some time to recover, that is good for it gives me time to find someone willing to do the wet work required."