

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Deep inside the cities oldest showground and racecourse complex stood a large red barn. Sometimes it held animals which were later exhibited in best of breed shows and the like, periodically held at the showground throughout the year. However, mostly it was used by the live-in groundskeeper, Mr Orrick, and his family, whom dwelt in a small cottage close by. One sunny Saturday morning, not long after breakfast, two pretty young teenage girls bolted out of that cottage and ran, lickety-split, towards the barn.

Taylor Dewey did her best to keep up with her older, faster girlfriend as they burst through the barns big doors and charged across a wide central floor space to where a stack of crisp, new hay bales, formed a conveniently private hidey-hole at its rear. Sandra Orrick scaled a single bale which formed a low, concealing barrier to a cozy little nook between the towering bundles and the rear wall of the barn in an easy leap and Taylor scrambled over it after her. They were both panting heavily as Sandra allowed a small pile of magazines she'd been clutching onto, to spill out in front of the panting young friends as Taylor landed with a soft crunch beside her on the spongy, chaff covered floor.

"Don't worry. No one can see us back here!" Sandra assured her friend with a wicked little giggle as she started pawing excitedly through the brightly colored publications. Taylor peeked quickly back over the sweetly fragranced bale just incase. What if someone had noticed the madly dashing teenagers and had followed the pair out of curiosity? Her big, sparkling blue eyes scanned the dim, sun dappled shadows of the cavernous shed beyond the girls hiding spot, but saw nothing out of the ordinary. Some dusty farm equipment occupied one end of the hangar sized building and a stable area consisting of several stalls filled the other. Taylor could hear the faint, gentle shuffling sounds of an animal coming from one of the small, swing gate booths and recognized a pungent odor of horse manure, but apart from that, all was still in the warm, humid air beyond the girls impromptu straw cubby house.

"Black Cocks n White Pussy!" Sandra suddenly announced triumphantly, causing Taylor to spin around and see her friend waving one of the magazines around excitedly. Taylor's heart, already pumping hard from the sprint from Sandra's dad's bedroom to the barn, almost skipped a beat as Sandra started unfolding one of the pornographic magazines glossy centerfold pages.

"Shhhsh Sandra. What if your dad's outside? I don't wanna get caught with his dirty old porno's" Taylor hissed.

"Awe, chill out! Dad and the rest of the hands are smoothing the race track this morning an everyone else has gone shopping!" Sandra reassured her younger blond friend. The cute sixteen year old took her advise and made herself comfortable. Sandra admired the attractive fullness of the cute girls smooth, sun bronzed thighs and well shaped calf's bulging pleasingly as she squatted in her loose fitting cotton cutoffs. For Sandra Orrick, the thrill of doing something forbidden or naughty was almost always better than the act itself. Therefore, she was thoroughly enjoying herself now, as she watched Taylor Dewey's firm, c-cup breasts, rising and falling rhythmically beneath her tightly stretched cotton t-shirt and anticipated the effect the erotic pictures would have on her young school chum.

"This is the one I told you about. Checkout the size of this guys cock!" Sandy exclaimed.

"Oh my... Well, that's just... It can't be..." Taylor gasped, hardly believing what her wide blue eyes were seeing. The poster size page in front of her consisted of a diorama of explicitly sexual photographs. One photo showed a handsome black man wearing nothing but a brilliant white smile

while between his muscular legs , and despite its relaxed condition, was the biggest, fattest penis Taylor had ever seen.

The smooth black cock hung like a length of fire hose, all the way from the mans dark, crinkly scrotum, literally to his knees. In the next photo he was accompanied by a sexy blond haired, large breasted white woman. She was kneeling naked between the black guy's legs with an awed expression on her beautiful face while wrapping both hands, with obvious difficulty, around the bloated shaft of his now fully erect penis. His cock bridged out enormously. In yet another, the same woman was in vivid close-up, sucking obscenely on the broad, spongy black and pink head of the mans gigantic penis as she desperately strained to swallow the enormous tool bit between widely stretched red lips and puffing cheeks. Lastly, the main photograph depicted the horny couple actually fucking. The pictures had an immediate erotic effect on Taylor Dewey.

"It must be Eighteen inches long!" Taylor exclaimed breathily, her throat thicken with lust, as she studied the bawdy scene. The buxom blonde porn star was contorting on her back now on a low bench. The black man was astride her and biting one of her big, pink nipples, that stood out lasciviously from her full, bouncy breasts and he was literally cramming his massive, elephant-like prick, as far into her wildly stretching vagina as he was able. The blondes rounding, pink pussy slit was obviously stretched to the point of torment around the huge, vain-ribbed, cock-pole impaling her. Taylor marveled at the look of ecstasy on the woman's sweaty, beatific face. God she looks happy! Taylor told herself, experiencing a wicked little shiver of lust run through her nubile lions as she tried to imagine what it must feel like to be so completely filled up by so much cock meat.

She'd been fucked by a few boys before. The pert, curvaceous teen had the kind of figure that ensured she received almost constant offers of sex, even from boys much older than she. She recalled one guy in particular had been pretty well hung. He'd fucked her in the back seat of his car in the car park of a discothèque, while Taylor's older sister, and his actual date for that evening, had been searching for them on the dance floor inside. He'd had a good eight inches in length and a satisfying three-inch girth to his prick, Taylor remembered ruefully. He'd hurriedly shoved it to the hilt in her immature twat. She recalled, with a giddy little shiver, how her tight young vaginal canal had felt deliciously stretched around his fat, deeply rooted cock, allowing her to more fully enjoy the grabbing pulses his hotly throbbing tool had made inside her as he'd grunted his hot, sticky orgasm into her. Big is great. But even bigger must be better! Taylor told to herself and grinned a wicked little grin as she admired the awe-inspiring interracial fuck scene.

Meanwhile, Sandra Orrick was regarding Taylor Dewey the way one wolf appreciates another. She'd predicted Taylor would be interested when she'd suggested they sneak a peak through her fathers pornographic books. She smiled knowingly now, as she could sense her friend getting quite aroused by the bawdy images she was viewing. From that first day the pair had met at high school, they had become fast friends. Sandra enjoyed an excellent, attractive physique, long brown hair, ripe young breasts, a curvy little ass and the kind of teenage legs that naturally caught any hot blooded males attention. However, Sandra was a practical girl. She realized two pretty bees could gather twice as much male honey, so to speak. And even more importantly, although only sixteen, Taylor Dewey liked to think, talk and actually have sex with the guy's they attracted, making her a particularly complimentary foil to the constantly thrill seeking seventeen year old.

Taylor had started thumbing her way excitedly through the rest of the ribald magazines, alternatively giggling or making bawdy little remarks like "Wow! that's a huge fucker!" or "Can you imagine having one like that up ya!" as she turned page after page of massive black penises doing all sorts of exotically lascivious things with willing white whores in graphic color.

Truth be known, Taylor was beginning to feel quite anxious. She had felt heat rising in her crotch

almost as soon as she'd laid eyes on those first few photographs. But as she riffled through one after another of her girlfriends fathers porno issues, she was finding it increasingly difficult to mask her embarrassing state of arousal. The maddening, tingling urge, building in her rapidly moistening pussy, made her squirm slightly and adjust her position frequently in a vain attempt to ease the aching lust welling up from her youthful cunt and spreading throughout her primed young body. Even her nipples were becoming overly sensitive and begged to be touched. If it wasn't such a shamefully slutty thing to do, she'd have already shed her clothes and be plunging at least three fingers into her yearning, steamy little blond snatch and pinching the lust induced irritation out of her crinkly pink nubbins. That would be enjoying the magazines "properly" she decided.

Meanwhile, Sandra was also getting turned on by the naughty thrills the girls had been enjoying together. She knew her own pussy's creamy goo had already soaked the crotch band of the white cotton panties, squirming beneath her tight fitting denim shorts. She'd watched carefully as tell tale signs of her horny blond friend's growing sexual urges made Sandra suddenly decide the time was right to suggest one of the most deliciously debauched and sexy ideas that had ever occurred to her.

"Would you like to see a REAL big cock? I mean, a for REAL cock!" Sandy half-whispered suggestively, causing Taylor to look up from the dirty pictures with her pretty brow furrowed incredulously. Her friend was wearing a mischievous grin as she waited expectantly for the blond girls inevitable questions.

'Sure I guess I so." Taylor confessed. She couldn't image what Sandra meant, but the idea tickled at her passion inflamed imagination

"But how? There aren't any boys around here. Your not talking about a dick in a jar or something? YUCK!" Taylor pulled a nasty face while remembering a school excursion to a science museum where she'd seen one such unfortunate male appendage, sliced up and displayed in a glass beaker.

"Fuck no. Don't be stupid!" Sandra laughed jeeringly and rolled her eyes at the childishness of the remark before continuing.

"I mean a real, live male penis, just a big as in these magazines here. I can show you one. But you gotta promise never to tell anyone OK?"

Taylor could see her mischievous friends eyes dancing just the way they always did when she was about to do something really naughty, like when they shoplifted earrings together or broke the rules by smoking cigarettes at school. She had never failed to enjoy a single one of the crazy antics Sandra always seemed able to talk Taylor into in the past. So. She was already dieing to know what hell the willful girl had in mind.

"Ok, I promise. Cross my heart" She agreed while making a crossing gesture above her nicely swollen chest and trying not to laugh.

"Then follow me, and keep quiet!" Sandra instructed as she scrambled over the hay bale and made her way quickly and quietly to one of the nearby wooden stalls at the stable ringed end of the large barn with Taylor right behind her. What's she up to? Taylor wondered as her leggy friend worked a metal latch on a heavy wooden door ,disappeared through a crack and then beckoned Taylor to join her.

Once inside. Sandra latched the door behind them. Taylor realized they were in a roughly twelve by six foot cell-like stall, illuminated by a light bulb hanging from the roof. The stall was already occupied.

"Oh that's so cute! He's beautiful! Beautiful!" Taylor blurted as she saw the most gorgeous little black and white Shetland pony she had ever seen in her life. He was obviously a show pony. He had a noble look of good breeding and looked well proportioned and ruggedly muscular. He couldn't have been more than three feet tall Taylor guessed. She swooned adoringly as she stepped up and started stroking the animal's thick blonde mane. He tossed his head in the air, then twisted to look at her. The little stallion's soft muzzle and strong rounded jaw were the only parts of his head that were visible below a thick white shock of coarse long hair which fringed over his eyes.

"This is Little Little Mack! Sandra used the animal's full "show name" and explained that the small horse was one of the most sort after breeding males in the country. Apparently he had sired many champions. She had been taking care of the little horse since he'd arrived a week before from interstate ahead of an upcoming exhibition to be held in the coming days at the showground. She told Taylor how her father had put her in charge of making sure Little Mack was fed, cleaned and currycombed everyday and how it was during one such visit, only a few nights ago, that she'd discovered a little "trick" Little Mack seemed to enjoy very much.

"Do you wanna see it?" Sandra asked mischievously. Her obvious excitement was contagious and Taylor told Sandra that of course she did. Indeed, she could hardly wait to know what the hell her shifty little friend was on about

"Ok, But its a bit rude." Sandra replied as she stepped forward, speaking in soothing tones, as she stooped and captured the proud little pony by a blue leather halter around his head.

Taylor's eyes almost bugged out of her head at what happened next. Still cooing calmly at the curious animal all the while, Sandra's right hand disappeared completely inside and down the front of her shorts where she stroked her fingers quickly through the creamy lips of her pussy. Next, she was reaching a slightly glistening index finger towards the tiny horse's flaring nostrils. Little Mack seemed very excited by the musky smelling fingers Sandra was holding just below his nose. He inhaled her stinky feminine fumes in a great shivering lungful, growing instantly agitated with animal lust and bearing his long white teeth whilst whinnying fitfully.

"Jezus. Your turning him on?" Taylor blurted as Sandra giggled and pointed a hooked finger down and under the frisky little fellow's twitchy belly. The girls could see Little Mack's long black penis unfurling rapidly from the soft looking stifle pouching slightly before his brawny rear legs. Within moments, the horny little critter's horse cock lengthen almost to the floor before raising up and bobbing mightily below his stomach. They hunkered down in awe as the mini pony displayed his black and pink dappled penis in all its glory to the admiring teenage girls.

"Pretty cool eh?" Sandra asked her younger friend hotly. Taylor could hardly believe her eyes, for a start, the mini pony's cock was very human in appearance, just looking at it was making her cream. Little Mack's meaty boner was at least eighteen inches long and as fat around as five inches Taylor guessed. Its skin looked soft and shiny covering heavy, ribbing veins that seemed to pulse gently as the blood engorged horse prodder quivered tantalizingly close before the two teenagers in almost hypnotic invitation.

"Watch what happens when I touch it." Sandra said. Her younger friend's obvious excitement made her bold, reckless. While keeping the horse's head secure with one hand she reached down and under his belly and her passion took over. She captured the rigid erection and pulled it gently out so that her cute younger friend could see it better. The pony pawed the earth. His tail, thick and long, swished back and forth. Soft neighs came from his mouth. His animal instincts picked up the children's excitement.

Taylor's cute ass almost touched the floor as she wiggled down to inspect the awesome maleness of the big cock. Her overheated pussy pulsed. Warm juicy cunt cream flooded the tight channel of her hole. She felt light-headed, dizzy. The cool pale skin of Sandra's slender, palm up hand, was stroking Little Mack's clammy prick shaft as the older girl started to threat it gently but firmly up and down along the underside of the massive cock. The small horses body was responding excitedly and he snorted and whinnied his appreciation.

"Can I touch it too?" Taylor asked shyly.

"Sure!" Sandra whispered. The air around them reeked with sex as both girls stroked the giant sized pecker longingly. Taylor could feel the hot warmth of the penis as she felt her way down the long, rigid shaft to the almost human looking rosette shaped cock head and back again to where his balls, heavy with thick pony jizz, swayed between his powerful hind legs. He snorted. Taylor noticed a small glob of the animals pre-cum had formed at the large, winking hole of the animals piss slit. She nudged Sandra as she gestured towards it.

"Lets wank it till he comes!" Taylor giggled wickedly. Lust was evident in the hot little sixteen year olds trembling whisper. Her titties tingled delightfully at the prospect of seeing the huge penis spitting animal cum. Little Mack sensed the child's passion. He whinnied, swished his head back and forth. His agitated noises blended with the child's little squeals of joy as they continued to jerk the giant phallus off. His tail flashed over his rump, and he began to paw the floor again. The scent of young wet female cunts flared his animal nostrils.

"I dare you to suck it?" Sandra snickered a little as she suggested the perverted idea. A pleasurable quiver of lust tore through her fluttery young cunt. Taylor seemed delighted at the idea. The wicked little thing swiveled in closer, bringing the giant stiffy close up to her pretty face before flicking her dainty pink tongue out to dab at the sticky globule. The strong, musky taste of the animals cum flooded her tastes buds and sent a positive lust charge crackling from her quivery blond pussy to the rock-hard nubs of her tits. She lifted the heavy cock a little higher and pressed forward again with her pointed tongue more boldly this time. She pressed it strongly inside the twitching piss hole itself and wiggled it teasingly inside the sensitive slit mouth. The excited little stallion whinnied ardently and his withers and flanks quivered with heated horsy fuck lust.

All of a sudden there was a dazzling explosion of bluish white light, together with a loud "pop" of a flash bulb and a deep male voice boomed;

"Busted!"

Both girls reacted like they'd been struck with a cattle prod, leaping to their feet. Taylor's blood turned ice cold. Someone had been watching them! Her heart leapt to her throat. The stall's gate opened and a tall, weather roughened looking man in his mid forties, wearing a Stetson hat on a gray haired head, entered. Taylor recognized him instantly as one of the hired hands that worked for Sandra's dad. She'd noticed him leering at her one day during a previous visit to Sandra's place. Her heart pounded in her ears as she noticed the Polaroid camera hanging from one of the bristly faced mans strong, ruff looking hands and noticed the huge budge of his erect penis straining against the faded material of his denim jeans. Her eyes darted about looking for escape. The only way out was now bared by the burly old guy. And as she started to comprehend what the man was about to do next, she found herself dumb struck.

"Well, well. If it isn't the bosses daughter, sandy-britches and her little horse cock sucking friend!" The old farm hand said in a deep baritone voice, touching the tip of his hat in mock politeness as his glinting eyes leered down at the terrified girls.

“What the fuck are you doing in here? You’re supposed to be working for my father Mr Dutton!” Sandra suddenly spat indignantly at the uninvited intruder. The man’s bright blue grey eyes hardened. He lent back against the wooden gate like he had all the time in the world.

‘Well. Les see? Oh yeah. I had a little over time due, Sandy-bitches. So. I was just spinning my wheels, minding my own business when I spotted you two little rascals run in here and figured I’d see what you were up to. And well, little missy. I sure have!” Mr. Dutton grinned manically as he produced the glossy photograph he’d just snapped. Taylor almost broke down. The image was undeniably her. Dutton had captured her picture just as she’d buried her tongue deep within the gigantic horse dong which she was clearly grabbing onto with glee.

“Go away and leave us alone!” Taylor Dewey blurted, suddenly finding her voice. Mr Dutton looked her straight in the eye and smiled a crooked smile.

“I don’t think so. That wouldn’t be very friendly, now would it?” Dutton smirked confidently. “I’m not going nowhere until we’re all, real good friends girly,” he cleared his throat for effect, “ Unless you’d prefer I go away now and show your nice little photo to your mom and dad, or maybe your teachers? Hey? Maybe the boys at your school would like to see it? What do you think girly?”

Taylor felt an icy shiver run down her spine. So that was this old guy’s angle, blackmail. He looked awfully mean and horny Taylor realized. Without doing anything but watching their young vibrant bodies, he had already had an erection.

“What’s your name little princess?” Dutton addressed Taylor directly as he examined her like a piece of meat.

“Her name’s Taylor Dewey. Now please let us go Mr.Dutton!” Sandra ordered, but if she expected the man to comply, she was dead wrong. Ted Dutton was enjoying himself immensely.

“Well. Well. Dewey Tail-ler! He teased mockingly.

“Let us go. Please mister?” Taylor begged at the point of tears. Dutton lost his temper then.

“Look you little bitches. You better start being a lot more friendly to me. I got a picture of you sucking a horse’s cock here missy. Did you know bestiality is a criminal offense in this state girly, did ya? Taylor dropped her eyes to the floor. She knew the horrible thug had her snookered. Even if she could run away. He had that photograph. The rest of her life could be changed forever by what he did with it.

Yes sir! That’s a great picture. Your quite a cock sucker aren’t ya little Dewey tail?” It was obvious he didn’t expect a reply. Dutton was just just overwhelming the girls now with his supreme, adult confidence as he said;

“I sure would like to get a good old look at that cute little Dewey tail of yours right about now girly. Take off your clothes, honey! You too Sandy-bitches!”

The girls looked at each other in a last ditch effort to find a solution to the predicament they were in. Seconds past. Then Sandra exhaled in obvious defeat and began to follow the dirty old man’s instructions. Taylor’s heart sank. She clearly had no choice now but to give up to. Slowly, she began to undress.

Ted Dutton wished he had a nice cold beer as he enjoyed the erotic show before him. Girly fingers unbuttoned buttons, pulled down zippers and unhooked bras as he gazed unswervingly at the ripe

teenage bodies being unveiled before him. His cock twitched with excitement and his mouth dried up as he gawked at the moist crotch of first one and then the other girls cotton panties. T-shirts snaked over the girls heads to reveal the firm swelling ripeness off their fully exposed young breasts. His gaze locked on the blond girl's wet panty-crotch. She hooked her thumbs into her tight cotton panties, pushed them down her slim hips. They dropped to her ankles and she kicked both shorts and panties off her feet.

Heated with lust, Dutton ogled the silky blonde hair that adorned Taylor's immature pussy. His mouth watered. His eyes were trained on the pink slit and moist puffy cunt-lips.

"Well. Well. You really are a little Dewey tail aren't you girly" Dutton smirked. He looked pensive for a moment.

"Now. Sandy-britches. I wanna see you and Dewey tail be real friendly to each other. You can start off with a nice tongue kiss." Dutton explained matter of factly. The girls starred disbelievingly, Taylor looked at the man with pure hate and realized he was looking at her photograph again.

"Oh yeah. I surely would like to show some folk in them internet chatrooms your lovely picture Dewey tail!" Taylor's eye's dropped to the floor. He had her beat, she knew it. She looked to Sandra. The knowing older girl just moved in and embraced her younger girlfriend strongly, reassuringly. Sandra looked the young blond in the eye and then slowly, gently kissed the soft red fullness of her pouting, feminine mouth.

"Cut! No. No. That sucked," the old hired hand drawled. "You wouldn't make it in Hollywood with that performance! Now looky here. I want to see a real good show from you two. When I tell you what to do you're gonna do it like you love it. Otherwise I'll show the whole town what dirty little horse cock sucking bitches you really are. Understand?" After a moment, Sandra and Taylor shook their pretty young heads submissively.

"Great, and who knows? Dutton continued, "If you two really try to impress me with your performance from now on. I might just give you back this photo and forget everything I've seen. Ok? Taylor's heart leapt with hope at that last remark. She had no idea whether Dutton could be trusted. But she didn't see any other life ropes to cling to.

"Now. Let's try that kiss again girls. And remember you two. I'm calling the shots. But that don't mean you ain't allowed to enjoy yourselves. You can imagine it's that horses cock you were sucking on again Dewey tail, if that helps ya" Dutton sniggered evilly as the girls bodies closed together once again.

"Gimme your tongue this time," Sandra told her younger friend earnestly. "We'll show this bastard, alright?" The defiance in her older friends voice thrilled Taylor. The little girl was caught off guard by the erotic suggestion. It intrigued her, made her cunt seep. She made up her mind right then to play along. Besides, what else could she do?

Taylor leaned forward, her lips slightly parted, her pink tongue extended. Sandra sucked vigorously on the girl's offered tongue this time. Taylor was surprised to find herself quaking from the contact of Sandra's mouth on hers. After a few seconds, Sandy popped her mouth off. "Mmmmm." She hummed exaggeratedly, as she shot a defiant look at Mr.Dutton.

"Again! More passion!" Dutton ordered the aroused youngsters. His prick was rock hard now, as he saw the two horny teenagers melt into each other's embrace again. Tits pressed against tits. Bellies crushed. Long legs sought the heated wetness of the other's pussy. Arms snaked around slim backs. Lips locked. Taylor plunged her wiggly tongue into her girlfriend's eager mouth. She pressed a

smooth thigh between Sandra's legs, the knee digging into her friend's pussy. Taylor's own pussy was being treated to the same delight.

Sandra sucked wildly on the invading tongue. She felt the hot juice from Taylor's pussy drenching her thigh. Whimpering gurgles escaped between mouths. Taylor came out of Sandra's arms, panting. Her body was on fire.

"Never knew kissing a girl could be so much fun eh Dewey tail?" Dutton heckled and then smiled victoriously as Taylor nodded in agreement.

"Now do each other's tits." Dutton ordered excitedly in his husky male voice. Taylor hesitated for a second then gently touched one of Sandra's small firm tits.

"Suck it, Dewey tail! I wanna see you loving her" Dutton's voice was hawse with lust. Sandra was ecstatic. She'd all ready been aroused. The feel of Taylor's hand on her tit felt like fire on her chest.

Taylor wriggled close, sucked one of her friend's swollen nipples into her eager mouth. Sucking, she stroked Sandra's beautiful body, her hand gliding up and down the smooth-silky skin. "Mmmm," she purred. Dutton was right, she told herself. If I can't beat it. Why not enjoy it?

Sandra sighed, combed her fingers through Taylor's thick blonde hair. The contact had been fabulous. Hot tremors raced up and down her spine. Taylor sighed at her older friends sexy touch, blue eyes glowing like twin bonfires.

Sandra touched Taylor's large fleshy tits. Taylor cupped one of her swollen tits towards Sandra's flushed and excited face.

Voraciously, Sandra gobbled at Taylor's large pulpy tits. She sucked hard, gnawed on one swollen nipple. Dizzy with desire, she grabbed one of Taylor's jiggling tits, mauled it and sucked the other one at the same time. Taylor was trembling. Sandra's mouth was fantastic.

She reddened one large tit with her hands, then turned her attention to the other one. She kneaded one and sucked the other, soaking the pink glowing flesh in spit.

"Show me those titties now Dewey tail. I wanna see em!" Dutton said. He was rubbing his hard-on through his jeans lightly as Taylor backed away from the greedy hands and mouth of her girlfriend. She held her own tits, cradling them in her hands. Both were soaked. Both were glowing pink from rough handling.

Ted Dutton could see Taylor was getting good and bothered now. He could smell the young teenagers heated cunt fumes. So could the mini-pony. Little Mack had been growing more and more agitated as Dutton had been working up the two naughty young bitches. He'd been left hanging when Dutton interrupted the girls during their horsy-cock play. Don't worry fella, you'll get your turn soon enough, Dutton thought to himself as he saw the tiny horse fidgeting pitifully about.

"Ok. Sandy-britches. I wanna see you lick Dewey tails creamy little pussypie now." Dutton commanded. Damn. I wish I could fuck these little bitches right now! He was thinking. But he knew he had to stay in control. Everything was going to plan. If he blew it now, he knew he'd be so, so sorry later.

Sandy's hungry gaze drifted to the patch of curly blond pussy hair hiding Taylor's heated pussy. She skimmed her hands down her body and gently began to explore the puffy folds of her tender hole. It

was already wet and juicy. Sandy chewed her way down Taylor's simmering hot body. The pungent aroma of pussy burned into her brain. She touched Taylor's cunt, tickled one finger through the puffy lips, and brought her juice-stained finger out. She sucked off the warm sticky fuck cream. "Mmmm." she pouted exaggeratedly at Mr.Dutton again.

Taylor moaned, twitching as Sandy fondled her cunt a little longer. Sandra eased herself down between Taylor's long slender legs. Kneeling, her mouth was inches from the coral pink lips of her friends creamy pussy. Juice, white and filmy, covered her cunt slit. Blond pubes matted with fuck juice.

Sandra licked her tongue over Taylor's juice-stained thighs. "Mmmm, Taylor moaned." Taylor was slightly crouching, her legs spread, her eyes fixed on the barns roof. Her small tits rose and fell with each gasping breath. She waited for the first touch of Taylor's mouth against her pussy. She began to shake. Taylor was only licking her legs and belly. She was losing control.

Sandra was now ready to dine on the juicy pussy-meat between Taylor's long, quivery legs. She welded her mouth to Taylor's cunt. Hot fuck juice greeted her. Taylor went wobbly at the knees. She writhed in bliss, ground her cunt into Sandra's mouth. "Unnn! Unnn!" She bit her lip to keep from crying out.

"Yeah. Suck her good Sandy-britches!" Dutton hollered his obscene encouragement for the young girls lesbian love making.

Sandra sucked, she gathered the folds of Taylor's seeping pussy into her mouth. Warm cunt-cream smeared her pretty face. She filled her mouth with the delicious-tasting pussymeat. The sixteen year olds sticky pussy juice flowed down her chin and neck. Taylor gasped huskily, Getting sucked by another girl was fabulous. It was as though she knew exactly what made her pussy feel best Taylor was thinking as she moaned again with the pleasure the lesbian experience was giving her young body.

Sandra heard the moans and sucked harder, reveling in the naughty thrills her hungry mouth was causing the blond girl. She kept her face tight against Taylor's cunt. She chewed the puffy folds. Taylor moaned louder. Sandra chewed harder. Juice flowed faster. Cuntmeat slapped wetly against her face. She brought her hands under Taylor's rotating ass. Her long nails clawed the soft tender ass cheeks. Taylor went wild. She humped, twisted, legs stretched wider, giving Sandra more access to chew and suck. Her face twisted in bliss as her eyes rolled loosely in their sockets.

With her teeth chewing sadistically on the folds of Taylor's pussy, Sandra mauled the girls ass cheeks with her fingers and nails. She squeezed hard, scratched. Gurgling sounds came from her throat as warm cunt juice flowed into her mouth. Taylor twisted in joy. Having her cunt sucked made her crazy. The sucking pressure, reached deep inside her, churned her stomach, even made her nipples ache. Sandra found Taylor's hard blood-filled clit. She sucked hard, almost tearing the clit from Taylor's jerking body. She mangled it between her lips. Sucking hard again, she snapped her head, the hard purple sex button popping from her lips. Taylor responded in a jolt, jammed her pussy into Sandy's face, soaked her in cunt juice, mashed her lips on her twat.

Sandra found Taylor's clit again. She sucked it into her mouth, held it with her teeth. This time she wasn't going to lose it. With Taylor's clit firmly between her teeth, she whipped her tongue over the tiny nib. Hot tremors rumbled through Taylor's hot pussy. She shuddered and found it impossible to stop shaking. "Ahhh! Ahhhh!" She stared up at the roof, watched it spin. It was all so unreal, yet so wonderfully fantastic.

Sandra chomped with feverish joy. She sucked, chewed, lashed her tongue. The triple combination

was devastating. Taylor's eyelids fluttered. Sandra threw herself mindlessly into chewing her friend's pussy. She sensed in the spastic movements that Taylor was going to cum any moment.

Suddenly Dutton was beside the young lezo's. He pushed Sandra backwards where she bumped her back against the wall with an "Ooouch!" as he took a firm hold of Taylor's arm and dragged her, forcefully down, onto her back with a thump in the fresh straw on the stall's floor. That idiot is going to rape her! Sandra felt anger bursting inside her. But Dutton was already backing off. Leaving the confused Taylor frustrated, twitching on her back.

"Its Little Mack's time now girls. He's been getting mighty frisky. C'mon here boy!" Dutton moved quickly to secure the tiny horse and guide him above and between Taylor's softly spreading knees. Below the white fringe, the stallions eyes burned with lust. His nostrils burned with the hot female fuck fumes from Taylor's over heated cunt.

The little stallion dipped his head down quickly and Taylor felt the pleasure of a pony's rubbery wet lips on her snatch for the first time. Legs spread, she writhed on the floor, offering herself to him.

"Oooo!" Taylor's moans echoed in the barn. Mack's mouth was working frantically on her snatch, causing the blond to writhe in bliss on the floor. He pawed the earth, inhaled the scent of her turned-on cunt. Taylor gurgled, spit caught in her throat. Mack slobbered his spit over Taylor's spreading legs.

"You can take care of his cock for a while Sandy-britches!" Dutton said as he grabbed Sandra and guider her in turn, to kneel at Little Mack's hindquarters, along side his already erect penis. Sandra sighed. She looked between the pony's back legs, almost hypnotized by the pony's prick. Little Mack was pawing the ground again as he licked her friends hot snatch, his thick tail swishing back and forth. His balls ached. The young blond female had caused his frustration and passion with her earlier attempt to handle his prick. He was irritated in the balls now.

"Little Mack's as horny for you, as you were for him, girls," Dutton observed sincerely. "You gotta be fair to him."

Meanwhile, Taylor humped her pussy at Mack's gobbling lips. She twisted her young naked body on the hay-strewn floor. Pulpy tits bounced like exotic jelly as Taylor gasped and squealed. Little Mack gobbled up the child's pussy. His mouth covered Taylor's crotch. His tongue invaded her cunt hole. His drool soaked her already-wet pussy.

At the same time, Sandra massaged the hard pony-cock in her hand. As the pony's rear legs stepped and twitched beside her.

"He wont trample you, he's just horny and wants to cum." Dutton whispered from close by, sensing the girls apprehension as Little Mack began to move back and forth. His long sticky cock in her hand, she fondled the pony's balls. She stroked the heavy ballsack. Little Mack responded to her gentle strokes with a high-pitched neigh, fitfully sniffled between the scissoring legs of her thrashing friend. His rubbery lips rumbled at her steamy box. He neighed again as she hefted his bloated balls in a smooth, soft hand. God, they're full! Sandra told herself. She was entranced with Mack's dick. He jabbed, stepping forward, his cock fucking through her tight gripping fingers. His balls, laden with pony jizz, whacked against Sandra's jerking fist.

With his cock feeling hotter every minute the little Stallion lathed his tongue on Taylor's box. She bucked on the floor, hips rotating, ass in the air, pussy grinding over and over again into the pony's muzzle. Hot pussy goop oozed from Taylor's cunt, flooded the animal's mouth and nose, then drooled over his gobbling lips. He snorted, his teeth fused to her crotch. He snorted again. His tongue

invaded her pussy. Hot pulsing muscles tried to capture it.

Taylor squirmed on her back. Eyes bulging, she clawed the flesh of her own tits. Her fingers gouged the pliant meat. Pain mixed with the pleasure of Little Mack's mouth and tongue.

Dutton's cock was tormented in his denims as he watched the mind blowing action. Gotta keep control! He reminded himself as he leant down and whispered in Sandra's ear;

"Rub your pussy against his cock Sandy-britches!"

Sandra's gaze was glued to Little Mack's prick. She stared at his pisser, shaking with the thought of what it would be like squirting cum. Her eyes leered at his balls swinging back and forth. Her lust had wiped away all her fears, her mouth hungry to eat him, her pussy pulsing to feel the long thick cock stuffed inside.

"Okay," she sighed. She squirmed back a few inches. Shaking, Sandra lifted her round tight ass up from the ground. Balancing herself on the balls of her feet, she brought her pussy to the head of the cock. Mack whinnied. The heat of her pussy touched the tip of his prick. He jammed forward, the blunt tip of his cock hitting her clit, missing her steamy cunt hole. She stroked his hind leg with one hand, his cock with the other.

The stallion shook his head. His balls were rumbling. His tail swished, and he slapped his front hoofs at the earth. Sandra jerked the pony's cock faster. She brought her other hand from his hind leg and began to milk his balls as his cock-head ran slickly between her fluttering flaps. Mack neighed deeply into Taylor's puffy pussy lips. His big brown eyes rolled. The fire in his balls was getting out of control. He jerked, fucking his cock through Sandra's jerking fist. His whinnies grew louder.

"Ok, It's time!" Dutton suddenly announced to the erotically charged company.

"Sandy, This horse is ready to fuck and so is your young friend. Here, Help me with her!"

Dutton pulled the little stallion from between Taylor's soupy pussy lips. Taylor was almost delirious with fuck lust. Cushiony muscles in her empty vagina pumped uselessly against her unfilled cuntal canal. She was desperate to be filled and fucked hard. She didn't resist as she felt herself being part lifted, part dragged across the floor of the stable, straw spiked her cunt as Mr. Dutton and her best friend Sandra manipulated her clenching cunt back, in and under the little stallions rutting flanks.

Little Mack tossed his head in the air, his dark eyes flashing. He pawed the earth, snorting. His dark nostrils smelled the passion that reeked heavily in the barn. He snorted, flicked his white mane over his thick-muscled neck. His powerful chest pressed against the gate that kept him in his stall. Taylor turned her attention to the stallion cock as she saw her groin being dragged and lifted closer to it. She faced the horse like a naked sacrifice to his inhuman animal fuck-lust.

Sandra felt her own pussy churning out warm pussy cream as she helped Dutton get her young blond friend's genitals ever closer to the hot, fat cock of the horny horse. She adored the beasts virility. She caught a glimpse of his swinging balls and cock. A lump clogged her throat.

Inwardly, she hoped Taylor would enjoy her fuck. She wanted to witness the huge horse cock fucking her friend.

"It's time. We gotta get his cock in her." Dutton puffed and panted from his exertions as he stroked the stallions powerful flank. "Keep him calm, Sandra." Numb with passion, Sandra nodded. She scratched Little Mack on the withers. Touching the humpy horse made her cream.

Sandra took her cue from Dutton, adjusting her lifting hands as needed to position the sixteen year old to be fucked. Taylor's blue eyes stared up over her tits in wonder at the giant nut-sac and thick shaft of Little Mack's cock now dangerously near the sloppy, well lubed lips of her aching fuck-mouth.

"Mmmmm," Taylor sighed. She helped the pair wriggler her along, shoulders on the floor, arching her back. The horse's thick cock sheath and balls rested on her legs. Little Mack responded to Taylor's mewling. His muscled body quivered and his tail slapped back and forth.

Sandra reached a hand down and under, stroked the horse's cock. His hard thick cock-meat was incredibly warm. She gulped. Little Mack's cock had turned into a long steel beam. Hot shivers raced down her spine. Taylor was inched down under the jittery horse. The bloated thick cock was near her hungry fuck mouth. Sandra felt envious. She could hardly believe the size of the giant piece of cockmeat. Little Mack pawed the earth with his powerful hoofs. His long tail swished nervously over his rump. His hard body tensed, his balls rumbling with the thick white-hot cum that swelled them.

In just a few more inches of dragging, his wet sticky piece of thick-muscled cock-meat was at her pussy's gate. A quivering gasp came from her open mouth as Little Mack's prick-head lay against the soft blonde mound of her pussy. Sandra's mouth watered.

"Let me put it in you," she whispered to her fuck ready younger friend.

"Ok." Taylor said. She was shaking. She kept her legs spread wide just as Little Mack jerked forward, dragging his cock-head over Taylor's clammy labia. He stepped back, then jerked, fucking the blunt thick head of his cock against her pussy. She was trembling with a mixture of lust and fright. The cock was monstrous. Sandra grabbed the huge thick shaft of Little Mack's cock and aimed his prick at the blonde's seeping pussy. Little Mack did the rest.

Taylor squealed. "Oooo! He's ... in me! Aghhhh! His cock is so big!"

Little Mack lunged forward. The momentum had fucked his cock into the child's hot pussy. The thickness of his prickshaft stretched the spongy walls of her bubbling cunt to the limit. Sandra sighed in awe. Her eyes popped as Little Mack's cock fucked into her friend's hot buttery twat. Little Mack's head swung up. His mane swished back and forth. The heat from the teenager's tight, gripping cunt made his powerful body tense and sway. Hot cunt cream on his buried cockshaft caused the muscles to ripple under his slick black and white coat. His cock thickened.

Taylor, aided by Dutton's knee beneath at the small of her back, humped into the horses strokes, her young lithe body impaled on Little Mack's gigantic animal cock. "Aghhhh!" she moaned. "He's so huge! Oh, I love it! Aghhhh!"

Sandra watched, entranced by what she was seeing. She could hardly believe that such a thick piece of cockmeat would have fit into Taylor's pussy.

"Fuck her, Little Mack," Sandra whispered, her voice coated with lust.

"He is! Oh God!" Taylor was delighted with Little Mack's cock as he fucked deeper and deeper into her cunt.

She worked her cunt up and down the length of the horse's thick glistening cock as she reveled in bestiality.

Foam spilled out of her pussy and spilled onto the horse's balls. The creamy ooze greased the horse's giant prick as he fucked her.

Little Mack's prick was hot and wet as she concentrated on the wonderful sensations that were bombarding her. Little Mack was fucking her senseless. He was definitely better than any human boy she'd ever fucked. Little Mack was more powerful, less restrained, his cock larger.

The stallion fucked deep into Taylor's bubbling pussy. The powerful thrust drove Taylor back against Dutton's knee. He fucked again, driving her back more. His cock pounded, swelling inside her sticky hot hole.

The pony kept lunging at her, and she loved it. Taylor rocked, her hips gyrating. She rammed her clit onto the horse, her cunt filling completely with churning, burning horse-cock. She felt the whack of his cum-bloated balls each time she rammed into him. Straining, sweating, knees held wide, she encouraged the animal, urging him on.

Little Mack, his balls rumbling, went berserk. Fast humping jabs and hammering jerks drove the whimpering teenager wild. Each horrendous new jab became more ferocious than the last. Relentlessly, the horse fucked forward, immersing his cock in Taylor's pool of frothy cunt juice.

She wailed deliriously, her pussy crammed full of horse-cock. The horse was giving her the best fuck she ever had, she accepted the punishing blows, enjoyed the fuck of her young life.

Suddenly, half dragging, half carrying the squealing teenager on his throbbing cock, Little Mack convulsed. His prick exploded. Wads of horse-cum squirted out his pulsing prick, flooding Taylor's tight pussy.

"He's cumming! Sandra squealed, overwhelmed with joy for her young friend. Taylor ground her clit into Little Mack, the coarse friction and the incredible feeling off so much hot, animal cum dumped into her womb, triggering her own orgasm. She quickly joined the horse in bliss.

"I'm cumming, too!" Taylor groaned to her friend. "I'm cummin' on a horses cock!"

Sandra watched the mighty little stallion fuck his sperm load into her naked friend.

Her violet eyes turned glassy as they focused on the humping horse and the naked teenager beneath him.

Taylor quivered deliriously. Her sweaty body twisted and turned. Her arms clutched the horse. Her legs clamped around his pulsing cock in a death grip. Completely off the floor, her body wrenched as the horse's prodder squirted and fucked her churning pussy. Gurgling cries escaped her drooling mouth when his cock fucked dangerously deep.

Little Mack swirled his head in the air, his shiny mane swishing over his thick muscled neck. He lunged. His spewing cock-cum overflowed the teenager's pussy. It dribbled down her jiggling ass and dripped into a puddle on the floor. Hard driving slams squirted more cum into her gulping hot cunt hole. Her pussy flowed with a soupy mixture of her own hot cunt-butter and briny horse chowder. Her muscles worked overtime, draining his heavy balls. Little Mack lunged again and again, his balls turning to empty shells. Pawing the earth, he twisted his powerful body, shaking the whimpering child loose of his rapidly shrinking prick as Dutton and Sandra let her loose.

Falling to the ground, Taylor let out a wail. She twisted in agonizing torment, shuddering dementedly from the best fuck of her life. She rolled away from the horse, curling up into a fetal

position. Sandra crawled over to her friend.

"How was it?" Sandra asked. She was dying to know all the details.

"Excellent! You gotta try it for yourself Sandra. You just gotta!"

Sandra just curled up with her new young lover friend and kissed and cuddled her while she recovered.

A half hour later, Mr. Dutton told the two girls to get dressed.

Then, just as he'd had promised, and to Taylor's enormous relief, Mr. Dutton handed her the incriminating photograph and thanked her for putting on such a great show for him. The two teenagers put on their clothes.

"Go on up to the house Dewey tail. Me and Sandy-britches got some talking to do." She did as she was told. Taylor realized, without the photo, Dutton was probably worried for his job. I hope he doesn't get the sack. He's not that bad a man. She found herself thinking as she ran back up to Sandra's house to take a well deserved and badly needed shower before Sandy's folks came home.

After she left, Dutton turned to Sandra.

"Well. What do you think Sandy-britches?"

Sandra Orrick glared at the lanky cow poke as she snapped;

"You can cut out that Sandy-britches crap right now Ted!"

"Er.. Yes. Miss Orrick. I'm awful sorry. I hope everything was to your liking." Dutton asked politely. Damn! I sure wish this little bitch hadn't discovered my marijuana crop. I'd show her who was boss right about now! Dutton told himself as he hung his head respectfully before his bosses daughter.

"Yes Ted. Actually you did your part quite satisfactorily." The mischievous little girl told the man.

"I sure am glad Miss. Orrick. er.. Do you think I might even deserve a little special relief for my help, please miss? I surely would appreciate it!" Dutton begged, indicating towards the still hugely bulging denim-clad cock in his jeans. Sandra could see the large wet patch were his pre-cum had soaked through.

"Ok. she smiled, "but we have to be quick ok? I need to discuss next Saturday night with you before I go." She dropped daintily to her knees at his feet.

'Next Saturday night? " Dutton asked as he stepped forward gratefully and leaned in towards the gorgeous, naughty little girls pretty face.

"Yes. I have a pajama party sleepover planned with six girls from school. Most of them are total sluts. But there might be one or two hold outs. It can't hurt to have an insurance plan. I'm planning to visit the greyhound kennels with them at around seven o'clock that evening. Will that be ok with you and your camera Mr. Dutton?" The cute teen smiled up as the old rascal leered down at her tits.

"Why, yes mam! I'll be hiding in the last kennel at the back then, by seven." He grinned.

If only I could be sure my silly little girlfriends would go along with bestiality in the first place! It would certainly involve a lot less planning on my part! Sandra mused as she unzipped his fly.