

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



This is my tenth story posted to this site about Belly Riding as a way of life. For context this is one of the stories I've written as a compendium originating from a story called "The Belly Riders - by Jillian, and Pomponio Magnus." that I did not write. I just fell in love with that story and felt like it needed to be expanded upon a lot.

Almost of my stories have some length to them because they have to describe the entire set-up each time. So they aren't quick to conceive, write or edit. The themes are pretty much always around the catharsis of women learning to love sexual intercourse with stallions and the men as a secondary backdrop to the real exhibitionism/voyeuristic bestiality story line. Each story is particularly detailed and errs on the side of grotesque detail. I do greatly appreciate your feedback. Without further ado:

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## **Chapter One**

Joanne and Bill Corsten and their 21 year old son, JC arrived at the remote resort on the coast of Brazil. It was a beautiful hotel, and just what Joanne had been searching for. JC hadn't really wanted to come - Joanne knew that - but she liked having her only son around during the family vacations. Bill and Joanne hadn't been doing so well as a couple since JC left the house. It seemed like they were always bickering now, without JC to dote on. Joanne had no interest in getting a divorce but she was having a harder and harder time living with Bill and his microscope he had put over her since JC's departure to college.

Joanne felt like Brazil might be a breath of fresh air, as she sat down and ordered her first drink at the hotel bar, leaving Bill in the room, since he was still exhausted by the flight. JC wandered off to find a pool that he could take a dip into - no doubt looking for a bikini clad native. Joanne, meanwhile, struck up a conversation with the bartender, Tito, who was a nice man, closer to JC's age than hers. But they hit it off, and he kept her company, telling her about himself and the hotel. Joanne at one point said, "Okay, Tito - so what's the most fun thing to do - the thing you must absolutely do if you were a guest here?" Tito paused for a moment carefully thinking about his words, "Well, if I were a guest here the answer would be different than if I were you." Joanne frowned, not understanding his verbal gymnastics, "Huh? How different?"

"I just mean, there's different activities if you are a woman at the hotel." Joanne's frown lifted, she thought she understood, "Oh you mean like women only spas or something?" "Not exactly... There is a tradition in Brazil, where women... ride horses in a special way." Joanne still wasn't sure what he meant, "Special?" He nodded, "They get naked, climb into a sling beneath their stallions and take them as a lover." "What?!" Joanne nearly spit out her drink, "Yes, it's quite common in Brazil. Our horses are especially trained." Joanne decided she was having a joke played on her, besides her drink had run dry, and she had already put the bill on her room, so she decided it was time to bid Tito goodnight, "Okay, Tito. Well thanks for the laughs. I think I had better get going." Tito frowned, "No, don't go..." "I have to, my husband..." "Look, if you don't believe me, go to the front desk and ask to see the hotel guide." He smiled in a way that nearly confirmed Joanne's feeling that it must be a joke, "Okay, Tito. Very cute, I gotta run."

She tapped the bar, grabbed her purse and left with Tito saying something and shaking his head, as if he was trying to get her to come back and talk. It was nearly convincing, but it must be a joke. No, it must be. So she walked out of the bar and down the long hallway, and towards the front desk, beyond which was her hotel room. She saw the hotel concierge sitting there, and suddenly she found herself pausing. No, it must be a joke, Tito couldn't have been telling the truth. She must have been standing there a while because the Concierge looked up and said, "May I help you, ma'am?" The man's words nearly startled Joanne, who wasn't sure quite what to say, but she recovered, "Oh, I

was just wondering if you have some list of things to do while I'm here at the hotel?" "Oh, of course, here you are." He handed her a thick book and invited her to sit down. She did, feeling triumphant, that she'd flip through it and find absolutely nothing out of the ordinary. Besides, this would be a good way to get a look at what she might want to do anyway.

As she flipped through she saw pictures of water skiing, biking, hiking, climbing, snorkeling, dancing and so on. All of the things looked fun, but decidedly tame. But then her eyes nearly popped out of her head. There, indeed, was a picture of two women slung beneath a stallion, with huge smiles on their faces and thick horse penises buried inside themselves. A thin sheen of sweat covered what looked to be a mother and daughter while semen oozed out of them. Joanne gasped loudly, alerting the concierge. "Oh, yes, that's our belly riding. I know it's quite a shock, but the women who try it rave about it, so we have kept it a part of the hotel." "Oh my god! Do many women do this?" "Not that many... usually there is one woman at any given time at the hotel who will be doing it. I don't believe there are any women engaging in belly riding at the moment though, if you'd like a consultation with the stable master." "Oh, no, no... no thanks... I... I couldn't." "Oh, I see. Well if you change your mind, either come see me or visit the stables. They're down a hundred meters on the beach. You can't miss it."

"I see... well thank you." Joanne stood up, in a haze, and walked back to the room, not knowing quite what to say or do. She entered the hotel room, where Bill was sleeping. She didn't want to wake him, so she just sat in the corner and thought about what she had seen. She wasn't sure why but she found herself wanting to masturbate, but she held off, and just thought about it. No, she couldn't do that. It was probably best not to even say anything to Bill. He had gotten sensitive about any experimentation of any sort, and this was definitely outside of just kissing another woman or something innocent.

Bill stirred and saw his wife in the corner, who was still deep in thought, "Hey, whatcha doing?" "Oh, nothing, just thinking." "You hungry?" She shrugged, "Sure, I guess." That's what their marriage had become - a series of meaningless dates with no enthusiasm from either side. They got ready for dinner and found JC. They had a nice dinner, listening to JC talk about the pool that they'd have to try the next day. It was a nice meal, but Joanne struggled to keep her secret, about the belly riding at the hotel, to herself.

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Chapter Two

The next day rolled around and they leisurely explored the hotel. Before lunch Joanne decided to amuse herself by saying they should ride horses after lunch. So Bill went over to arrange it. Joanne wasn't thinking about belly riding, but she thought it might give her some masturbation fodder thinking about it if she could get a better mental image. Bill arranged for it to happen later that afternoon. After lunch JC convinced them that they should check out the hotel pool. Joanne put on her one piece and went hand in hand with Bill out to the pool. JC was clearly annoyed that there were no pretty girls anywhere to be seen. Bill only seemed to want to read his car magazines that he had brought with, and that left Joanne to amuse herself by ordering drinks at the pool side. She didn't really want to get in the water, so JC was getting more and more restless. Joanne continued to drink and Bill continued to ignore both of them.

Finally Joanne started telling Bill to stop reading his magazine and start paying attention to her. She had only had a few drinks, but Bill responded by telling her he detested when she drank so much. Joanne responded by denying that she had been drinking a lot. He accused her of being drunk. Before long they were nearly yelling at each other, arguing about virtually nothing, before JC got out

of the water and walked over. "What are you two arguing about?" Bill said, "Nothing, I was just going back to the room. Your mother is drunk and being a bitch." Joanne tried to hold her temper but couldn't manage it, "Look who's talking, asshole!" "That's it, I'm going inside." Bill stormed off. Joanne looked at Bill, who was a little shocked to see his family arguing like this. Joanne said, "He's been having a tough time lately. Go and talk to him. I think something's really upsetting him. I'll catch up with you two later. I need some time to myself to think."

JC nodded and left his mother by the pool. Joanne felt like crying – like her marriage was falling apart. She ordered another drink, and then another. Soon she was feeling the level of drunk that Bill had accused her of. She wasn't sure how long she had been at the pool, under the umbrella, but a few cute girls had arrived, which made her think of leaving and finding JC. He knew he'd appreciate it. She gathered her things and began to walk back through the hotel in her bathing suit. It wasn't immodest, but she felt sexy in it. She noticed the clock, which said 2:25. She realized their horse ride was supposed to happen at 3 – giving her a little over half an hour. She suddenly stopped in her steps and started thinking about those horses again.

Bill would never want to go riding, and he wouldn't think to look for her there. Maybe she could sneak over and just ask some questions. In her tipsy state of mind she wandered out of the hotel, and down the beach until she found the hotel barn. Sure enough there was a man there who was working on a piece of leather with a sharp looking tool, making a small hole in it as he looked up and said, "Buenos dias!" "Oh, uhm... I only speak English." "Oh! Of course, I speak English as well. My name is Enrique – how may I help you?" "Well, I was supposed to ride at 3, but I thought I'd come over a little earlier, if that's okay." "Oh, yes, you're the party at 3, but wasn't there supposed to be two more people?" "Yes, but they're... not coming." "Oh, alright, well why don't you come inside."

She looked around and bit her lip as he turned and entered the stable. She followed close behind, feeling a little strange in her yellow bathing suit. Enrique said nothing about her attire though as he said, "What sort of horse riding experience do you have?" "None." "Okay, no problem, we'll find you a nice easy mare." Joanne paused for a moment, and then blurted out, "Wait, I heard about another way of riding..." Enrique's eyebrows lifted, "Yes?" "With stallions...?" "Oh, of course, the concierge didn't mention anyone wanting to belly ride, if that's what you're referring to." "Oh, I wasn't going to... I just wanted to know more about it."

Enrique smiled, "Well the best way to know is to try it. Here..." He beckoned her to follow him and he led her to where a young stallion was tied up. "Go ahead and suck his penis for a few minutes, while I get a proper belly riding stallion for you. He's too young and too inexperienced for riding, but I'll get one ready for you while you amuse yourself." He spun on his heels and began to walk away. Joanne hadn't agreed to anything, let alone sucking a stallion's cock, but she swallowed anyway, thinking about it as she looked at the huge animal. Before Enrique disappeared around the corner he said, "Oh and I recommend taking your bathing suit off before hand. It can be messy." Without thinking she said, "Okay." "I'll be right back."

Joanne couldn't believe she was actually agreeing to get naked in a barn with a complete stranger, let alone give fellatio to an animal. But she felt herself pulling the straps off her shoulders and wiggling out of the tight spandex bathing suit. She was 39, with sandy blond hair. She looked down at her perky nipples at the end of her breasts that sagged ever so slightly since giving birth to JC. Her flat stomach ended in a tumble of dark pubic hair that was shaved into the shape of a wide capital V. She liked the shape, because depending on what bathing suits she wore a small hint of pubic hair might peek out of the sides of the suit, which she thought was sexy. She stepped out of her bathing suit and stood there, nude for a moment, looking around, wondering what sort of trouble she was about to get herself into. She knew this was a bad idea, but she couldn't help herself.

She ran her hands over her body. She felt numb and electric at the same time – probably partially to do with the alcohol. She squatted and reached under the horse and touched it gently, coaxing the animal to distend. She didn't have to wait long. The young animal's giant penis began to extend and she took it into her hand. She noticed immediately how soft and warm it was, as it slowly filled with blood. She tentatively licked the end of the horse's member. It didn't taste bad. A little salty but not bad. She licked again and again... and soon she was kissing the end and running her hand back and forth on the animal's member. The stallion was clearly enjoying this massage by how it swished its tail and stomped its back hoofs and that made Joanne smile. She tried to take the horse's penis into her mouth, but it was absolutely huge. She barely fit the edge of it past her lips but she managed to keep it there as she used both hands to roughly massage the horse's shaft, while she used her tongue on the horse's sensitive tip.

A minute or so passed and Joanne was starting to get tired. Her arms ached, and her jaw ached but her curiosity to taste the horse sperm was overwhelming. Finally Joanne was pleased to see the horse's testicles begin to raise up and the horse began to haunch forward which knocked Joanne to the ground. She struggled to get up and continue working the animal's pulsating shaft. The penis began to flare and the horse began to make a loud coughing sound as it thrust hard in her small hands. She aimed the animal's erection at her face. She wanted to feel it hitting her. Finally a jet of sperm shot out of the massive erection and onto Joanne's face. She laughed and opened her mouth, getting several tea spoons of semen shot into the back of her mouth in one burst. She coughed instinctively and aimed the giant erection down as she struggled to swallow.

She received shot after shot against her stomach and pubic mound as she finally got the sense of the taste of the horse's ejaculate in her mouth. She smiled and laughed as the horse continued to jerk and shoot rope after rope of sperm at her stomach, chest and pubic mound. She continued to laugh as she tried to defend herself from the eruption by cupping the end of the horse's penis with her hand. She felt the warm liquid erupting into her hands as she looked down at her messy body in amazement. When she felt the horse begin to calm down she took her hand that was full of semen and instinctively rubbed it against her pussy that was open in her squat position. She stuck several sperm covered fingers into her vagina and ran the semen all over her mound.

She nearly began to climax, even though she had only barely begun masturbating, when Enrique surprised her by rounding the corner with a horse in tow. He looked down at Joanne and smiled, "I see you're finished. Excellent. Are you ready to try belly riding now?" "Uh..." Joanne stood up on wobbly legs, embarrassed for having been caught masturbating. She felt the semen dripping off her face, and her breasts and her stomach down to the strands of semen interspersed in her pubic hair and her sperm coated labie. She thought about wiping the semen off of her face onto the back of her hand, but what was the point, she thought? She was about to have sex with another stallion. She looked at Enrique, as she speculated why he didn't seem in the least bit amazed by Joanne's state. Here she was, naked, feeling sexier than she had ever felt in her life, covered in semen, and Enrique paid as much attention to her as he did the horses.

She huffed, and decided she wanted Enrique to inspect her as she dodged the question, "You were right about getting naked, Enrique – he came all over me!" Enrique nodded, "Yes, they have quite a bit of sperm inside of them. The belly rider trick is to coax it out." "I guess you caught me masturbating. I'm sorry about that." "There's nothing to apologize about. It's a sexual act. It's natural for a woman to feel excited by it." Joanne fished for a compliment, "I bet you see a lot of prettier girls in here." Enrique smiled, as if he got the point of this line of dialog, "Ah, no, you are quite pretty. And I like the way you have shaved your pubic hair. That's quite attractive." Joanne blushed as she looked down at pubic hair with strands of horse semen tangled in it. She was suddenly very embarrassed.

"Oh, I don't know why I decided to shave it like this. It's stupid." He went on, "Not at all, it's unique. Besides, I believe more mature women are more interesting to watch as they copulate with the horses. I haven't seen you have sex yet of course, but I'd imagine you'll be quite imaginative." That was enough of a compliment for her, "We'll see." "Indeed, are you ready?" With a deep breath she nodded and he moved to the side and held his hand out towards the horse as if he were inviting her to enter a doorway, when really he was inviting her to impale herself on an animal.

It took her a minute to figure out how the belly riding saddle worked, but with Enrique's help he managed to get her situated in no time. He said, "I'll be tying your hands and ankles to the stallion. It so you can completely relax." Joanne nodded, thinking about how her arms got sore in almost no time trying to get the other stallion off. As Enrique began to go around her, tying her wrists and ankles he said, "When you want to be let down, let me know." She nodded, suddenly very nervous and more alert than she had ever been in her whole life - despite the drinks, which now appeared to be wearing off very quickly. "Do you think my husband will mind if he finds out?" "Hard to say, every man is different. But it's already too late - you already have horse semen inside of you, I see." She was embarrassed by that, but she kind of agreed - it was too late. She nodded, "Go ahead."

He began to massage the stallion as she watched, intently as the horse began to relax and distend it's huge penis towards her open vagina. After a minute or so she stiffened as the soft folds of the animal's shaft touched her sperm covered labia. Soon it began to press harder and harder into it. She tried to relax and let the animal past her vaginal ring, and after a few seconds of struggling by both Enrique and Joanne the horse finally slipped into her, no doubt aided by the copious amounts of semen that already lined her vaginal walls. She sighed loudly and laughed, "Whew! He's huge! Thank God I had JC. I'm sure having a baby helps!" "It does, yes, you would not believe how many virgins attempt to have sex with horses. It can take ten or twenty minutes of work to couple them." She began to relax and move her hips up and down as the thick shaft continued to grow and press deeper and deeper into her as it became fully engorged. Enrique looked down at her, "How does it feel?" "Amazing. He's so big!"

"This will keep him big." Enrique walked over and grabbed a smalls shot that he delivered the the horse as he said, "You'll have several hours with him now. He can probably cum three or four times before you'll need to give him another shot or we can give you another stallion to use." "Oh, no, heavens no, I won't need it. I just want to try it once." "Okay, well just give it a try and let me know what you think. I need to go feed some horses. I'll give you two some privacy and I'll be back in a bit. His name is Nightwatch, by the way."

Joanne waited until Enrique left before she looked down her body. It was covered in semen and at the end the huge horse disappeared into her body where it felt like someone was fisting her. It felt wonderful. She began to rock her hips, ever so slightly. It was the best feeling sex she had ever had. She decided she wanted it to last. She closed her eyes and leaned her head back. With a deep sigh she said, "Okay, Nightwatch, let's see what you've got that my husband doesn't, shall we?" She began to rotate her hips gently into small circles. She wanted this sexual encounter to last a while so she tried to make as little movement as possible as she just gently rocked back and forth. She gently moaned and felt her whole body come alive.

From head to toe she felt her body become electric. She was on fire as she began to lift her hips harder, feeling the thick shaft press hard against her cervix inside her with each thrust. She felt an orgasm quickly approaching as she said, "Oh God, Nightwatch, I'm cumming!" She lifted her hips and held them there as her butt and her legs tensed hard. It was a good orgasm but she knew she could have a much better one once she felt him ejaculate, "That was good, but... you have me already, Nightwatch... oh God... I'm yours! Stop playing with me!" Still climaxing she continued to rock her hips.

She continued to orgasm for almost five minutes as her body rippled and she arched her back. She continued to arch her butt upwards and coax the stallion on as she said things like, "I bet you have a lot of sperm in you, you stud," and "Your dick is so big, honey," and, "Oh God, you're so huge! I'd let you get me pregnant, I would, if I could," and, "Honey, you've already proven how big you are, now cumm in me." Her perverted mouth kept running until finally she felt the huge stallion begin to thrust into her. It's huge head began to flare upinside of her body. She couldn't believe that he could grow even bigger, but she knew from when she had given the other stallion the blow job that it could. Through her tightly pursed eyelids she imagined what must be happening deep inside of herself.

Suddenly the animal began to thrust much more violently as it jabbed into her hard. She tried to push off with her legs to give herself more room, which helped, as she continued to grit her teeth with her eyes tightly closed. She held on as hard as she could as the animal fucked into her body with thrust after thrust, she began to scream and buck as her orgasm went to a level she had never gone before. She felt more sexy and more turned on than she had in her whole life. Just in that moment the horse began to ejaculate deep into Joanne's body, firing hot streams of semen against her cervix. She moaned as her cervix pulsated, sucking up the hot semen from the animal as she arched her back and screamed again, arching her back and curling her toes, as her buttox and legs shook. Her whole stomach knotted up and with one more violent thrust she felt a hot gush of fluid erupt from her loins.

She fell back into the saddle as the horse continued to work it's huge member back and forth into her helpless body several more times until it too began to calm down. Joanne's body was flush and she struggled to catch her breath as she opened her eyes and breathe deeply. She looked to her right where Enrique had disappeared and saw no one. She looked to her right and she was suddenly startled by the presence of two forms in the doorway. She screamed a little until her eyes focused on what was suddenly her worse nightmare. Her husband Bill and her son JC were standing in the doorway. Bill looked pissed and JC looked bewildered as he said, "Mom?"

Joanne's neurons fired as fast as they could even as her pussy was still convulsing. By the way JC had said that Joanne hoped that they had just arrived, "Oh my God, Bill! JC! Help me down. Some man ripped my clothes off and tied me up here!" Bill looked furious, "Oh yeah? Is that so?" Joanne wished she was in Bill's brain and could read him, "Uh, yeah, see? My bathing suit is over there." She nodded at the unceremoniously discarded bathing suit on the ground. "I see. And you expect me to believe that? You have horse semen oozing out of you right now, Joanne!" "Oh... I know... I mean, I can't help what the horse does, honey. I didn't do this."

Joanne didn't know what to do but lie. Suddenly Enrique came around the corner and said, "Oh, hello there! You must be the other two in the party of three! I'm Enrique." Bill looked at Enrique and said, "My wife there says that you stripped her down and forced a stallion to rape her." Enrique's eyes widened, "What?! No, sir, I promise you, I had nothing to do with your wife's interest in stallions. She came in, said that she was alone and said she was interested. I allowed her to suck off the stallion over there in the corner, and then she willingly let herself be coupled to the stallion you see her with now. I left the new couple alone to feed the horses. And now I'm here. I promise, sir."

Joanne looked at Bill and JC. She didn't want to get Enrique in trouble, but there was no way she could admit that she had consciously copulated with a horse after giving another horse a blow job. Bill said, "Well... what do you have to say to that, Joanne?" Joanne shook her head, "I don't know..." She didn't want to say anything more. Bill frowned, and shook his head, "Well, we've been standing here since you said, 'Let's see what you've got that my husband doesn't, shall we?' Thank God JC just walked up and didn't have to witness all of that?" JC nodded as Bill continued, "JC was worried that he couldn't find you at the pool so we both figured you were going to go horseback riding

instead. Well we got the horse part right, just not the right side of the horse." Joanne blushed furiously as Bill said, "... and it's not like I couldn't tell... you've got sperm all over you, for God's sake. You're a complete mess!"

Joanne lowered her head and frowned. It was true. She was a complete mess. She had sperm all over herself, inside two out of three orifices. She was humiliated, her husband and her son had heard her say that she'd let a horse impregnate her if it could, as she re-played the last ten minutes through her head - all of which her family had seen in gory detail. Joanne simply said, "I'm sorry." Bill shook his head, "See, this is why I don't like it when you drink. You do stupid stuff. If you weren't drunk right now, there's no way you'd be doing this." That's right, she thought, he did think she was drunk. Maybe she had an out. She could just blame it on the booze. She nodded as she agreed, "I know, honey, I am pretty damned drunk. I had a few more drinks before I stumbled over here too." She tried to slur her words as she talked, for emphasis.

It was true, she was a little tipsy and her breath probably smelled like alcohol... well alcohol and horse cumm. But she was anything but drunk. Bill sighed, "Okay, so now the question is what to do with you?" Joanne thought for a second. If she could blame this on being drunk, maybe she could continue to misbehave for a while longer. She tried not to smile as she tested the water, "I know you'll hate me for this, and I'll regret it when I'm sober, but Enrique gave him a shot that will make him last for another few hours. I mean, we've already paid for the horses, right? Can I just finish my two hours, like we had planned?" Bill said, "What? You really want to keep screwing that animal? After your poor son had to sit there and watch?" Joanne shrugged, "He's already seen it now, right, JC? Besides, you two don't have to stay. I can take care of myself."

JC didn't know what to say or do, as he looked at his mother, covered in semen, her pussy still gently grasping the thick member of the stallion who was still deeply implanted in her loins, "Uh, whatever, I don't care." He clearly was disturbed, but he didn't know what to say or think. Joanne noticed him adjusting his pants a little. Bill looked back as she said, "See? He doesn't mind, and I'm too drunk to know better. Come on, honey. Please? Just a few hours. I'll meet you for dinner." Bill furiously shook his head, "No, get off that horse now." Joanne shook her head somewhat defiantly, "It'll take a minute to get unstrapped and dressed. You don't need to sit here and watch that. I'll be right up in a minute."

"Fine. Let's go JC." He was mad, it was clear. Joanne knew she was in trouble, but if she was going to be in trouble, she wanted to have sex with the horse at least once more. She waited until the footsteps had disappeared and she smiled at Enrique, "I'm sorry for accusing you of something you didn't do, Enrique. That was unfair. I just didn't know what to say or do." "No problem, you wouldn't be the first!" "Do you think I have time to make him cumm one more time?" "You're already caught, right?" Joanne nodded, it was a good point - what did it matter now? "Okay, can I have a few more minutes with him?" "Of course, I'll leave the happy new couple alone." Joanne settled in for a nice long, orgasmic ride.

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### **Chapter Three**

It took longer to make the horse cumm the second time, but it didn't seem like any time had passed at all. When Enrique finally returned after Joanne's loud moans died down, she was exhausted. Her body was flush, her pussy was gushing fresh horse cumm and her hips still humped up and down involuntarily as she continued to lovingly milk her lover's huge member. "Are you ready to be let down?" "Whew, no... but yes.... That was fantastic!" He untied her from the stallion. As she rubbed her wrists she said, "What time is it? About 4." "Wait, what? I've been having sex with him for an



hour?!" "Well, an hour and twenty minutes if you add it all up, but yes, an hour since your family left."

"Oh my God!" She felt panicked. She hadn't meant to spend that much time, but she clearly got lost in the sensation. She slowly extracted the huge penis from herself by pulling her body off of it. With a loud and disgusting liquid sound she freed herself as a gush of the horse's semen poured out of her. She stood up and felt wobbly. She was no longer tipsy, but she was out of it from the sex. She hurriedly walked over and found her yellow bathing suit, forgetting that her hand and her body were covered in semen. She put it on hurriedly, as well as her flip-flops and over her shoulder she thanked Enrique as she rushed out.

She knew her body was still covered in semen, and it stood out in dark patches through her swimsuit as she looked down. Semen dripped down her legs as she quickly walked back to the hotel room. She quickly went to the door and opened it. Bill was sitting in the chair in the corner of the room, reading his magazine. He lifted his head and saw his pretty wife, covered in semen and sweat, panting and flush, "Finally decided to come back huh?" She decided the best thing to do was lie - it hadn't worked before but maybe it would now, "Oh my God, Bill, I'm so sorry, I totally lost track of time and then Enrique left and then I started sobering up, but he wasn't anywhere to be found. Then the horse came again, and I was totally humiliated. You're right, I really shouldn't drink that much."

Bill smiled, "Right, you know? That's what I've been saying. Bad stuff happens to people who drink. I know it was a terrible thing, but I'm glad you learned your lesson." Joanne smiled, "I sure did!" She walked over and Bill stood up and gave her a hug. She wrapped her sperm covered body around him and kissed him fully on the lips. She wondered if he could taste the horse cumm on her lips and breath. Either way it was turning her on. He seemed more frisky than usual too, and suddenly the two were tearing each other's clothes off. She got on top and lowered her semen filled pussy down onto her husband's throbbing penis. She knew she was loose but he didn't seem to protest her hot slippery insides wrapping around his cock. She noted that he was small in comparison to the horse but she still loved him dearly. She rode him hard, soaking his penis, pubic hair and testicles not to mention the bed as the horse sperm oozed out of her as he fondled her breasts. They both came only moments later.

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Chapter Four

Bill seemed exceptionally affectionate that evening as they went out to dinner. JC didn't seem to want to speak much during dinner, even though he had witnessed his mother copulating with an animal. But the three seemed to navigate the verbal waters as not to bring it up again. Joanne was happy to have her husband back but despite the fact that he knew he wouldn't approve she still didn't refrain from ordering wine with dinner. "You know what happens when you drink, Joanne." She shrugged and said, "You weren't complaining a few hours ago, honey." With a wink she took a long sip. He shook his head, and went back to eating. The rest of the dinner consisted of Joanne telling JC about the pretty girls that arrived just after he got there, "We should go a little later in the afternoon tomorrow." JC agreed - Joanne felt bad for him. This must be the vacation from hell for her son.

One of the other couples at the resort invited them to dinner the following night in the more exclusive part of the hotel - a small dinner place called Le Pari. Joanne was given the dress code, "Pumps and pearls." Bill had brought a Tux just because of this intimate restaurant that was part of the large hotel and Joanne had a really pretty dress that she knew needed an inch taken out of the waist, but other than that it looked stunning on her, and she knew it.

The following day arrived and started much like the day before. They went around and found some snorkling to do after breakfast, and then ate lunch. They headed to the pool in the early afternoon where JC did in fact meet a few pretty girls. Joanne was really happy. Her husband loved her again, as he tenderly held her all night long. Her son was just as horny as ever so she hadn't killed his libido by her show the day before. Everything seemed perfect. JC introduced Tiffany and Courtney to Joanne. Joanne was pleasant to the young women, who were oozing sex appeal. They seemed cordial and nice. Joanne wondered if they noticed all the horse sperm stains all over her pretty yellow suit.

But something still nagged at her as the girls and JC left to go splash around in the pool. She couldn't understand why, but she really wanted to try having sex at least one more time. Her body seemed to crave it. Even though she slept well, every time she woke up she couldn't stop thinking about the stallion and how it felt inside her. That was only made worse by the fact that her yellow bathing suit was covered in sperm stains and still smelled like the horse's cum.

She felt butterflies in her stomach as she realized she had to find a way to do it again. Coming to that realization made her head swim. But how would she do it? She thought for hours until it began to get a little late in the day and they decided to go back to the hotel room. JC stayed behind to talk with the girls some more. Joanne put her hair up in an old fashioned bee-hive hairdo, just for fun, and put on her pumps and pearls, as well as her dress, to try it on. Yes, it did need to be pulled in an inch... then she had a thought, she could probably get out of the room for a while under the guise of getting her dress re-fitted.

She told Bill she was going to see if she could find someone to hem her dress a little. He barely looked up from his magazine to see her go. She said, "If I'm not back soon, just head over to the restaurant and I'll meet you there." She wanted time to clean up afterwards, she thought. He nodded and said, "Okay, see you later." Perfect, she thought. She still had to get her excuse though. She went over to the bar and ordered a shot of Tequila. She downed it quickly and headed towards the barn, thinking if he smelled her breath, she would be free of his scrutiny.

She hurried down to the stable and found Enrique cleaning up one of the stalls. "Hi, Enrique! Surprised to see me!" He smiled at her and said, "No, actually, but I'm glad to see you again. You look lovely. Are you going somewhere?" "Yes, actually, I'm going to dinner in a few hours with my husband and two friends we met." "Well, would you like to ride between now and then?" "Oh yes, please, I was hoping you'd ask. By the way, do I owe you from yesterday?" "Your husband paid for three people to ride and only you ended up riding, so the way I see it you have at least a day left. Studding you is relatively inexpensive, but it helps to keep the horses fed and me too." Joanne shuddered at that word - being studded was a hugely erotic thought to her and she couldn't wait to try it again. She stripped off her dress, and her bra and panties as Enrique saddled the same stallion she had been coupled to the previous day, Nightwatch.

Enrique said, "You going to leave your shoes on?" Joanne thought for a moment how funny it would be to be wearing pumps and pearls while fucking an animal. Such a sexy thought. "Yes, I've decided I'd like to ride like that, if that's okay." "Yes, definitely, please situate yourself and I'll get him ready." Just like the day before she parted her legs under the stallion and let Enrique tie her up. The horse's shaft soon appeared with Enrique's ministrations and with several urgent pushes by both Enrique and Joanne she winced as the giant growing horse's penis entered her.

"Whoa, he's still huge. I figured it would be easier the second time." "No, it never gets much easier. But you'll get used to it if you keep doing it and get better technique, but he'll always seem very large after not having him in you for any extended period of time." That made Joanne smile - she liked the intense feelings involved in this perversion and wished deeply that it would never stop. She

lifted her hips gently, as the thick shaft pushed deeper into her inch by inch, "Being a belly rider is tough, huh?" "You have no idea what sacrifices there are for real belly riders, Joanne." "I'm a real belly rider, what do you mean." "No, you are close though. Real belly riders ride in public. You got caught, but it's an entirely different thing to intentionally wade out into the unknown as a full fledged belly rider. It's a proud Brazilian tradition."

Joanne listened intently to Bill describe how some belly riders learn to live normal lives, entirely independent, except for those who would tie and untie them from the stallions. These women even included journalists, police officers, business women, hostesses, and even a mayor. Joanne was amazed, "How do they do all that stuff if they can't even move?" "They can certainly move, they're just inhibited in what movements they can make. All belly riders learn how to steer their stallions from underneath, for instance. That gives them a great deal of mobility and freedom. That's how some women start their own delivery services, and so on, for instance."

Joanne was amazed, "How hard is it to steer a stallion... like... this." She finally felt the nudging of the huge phallus against her cervix as the full length of the horse's girth was solidified by the small shot that Enrique gave the stallion. "It doesn't take long, really. Maybe an hour or so to get the basics." "Really?! Can we do it now?" "Certainly!" He grabbed the stallion's reigns and a few small flags and lead Joanne out of the stable and down to the sand of the beach. She suddenly felt very nervous. It was definitely out in the open. She could be seen by anyone who walked by.

Enrique set up the flags several yards from one another in a straight line and began to teach Joanne the principles of directing the horse while impaled on it. Of course this stallion was extremely well trained, so even after a few minutes, Joanne found herself easily navigating the stallion by squeezing it's sides to make it move forward, and pulling on the reigns to make it stop. Turning was a little tricky but soon she got that too. Everything felt so weird being upside down. It took a lot of getting used to.

All the while she was on the lookout for people, and sure enough people began to walk down the beach. A couple, a bit younger than Joanne walked down the beach hand in hand. At first they didn't see her but soon enough they spotted her, and began talking to one another. They walked past wordlessly but obviously amused as they couldn't take their eyes off of her. The man waved and said, "Howdy!" She waved back as best she could since her wrists were tied. She felt more naked than she had in her whole life as each step the stallion took drove it's huge cock deep into her and back out again.

Why weren't they saying anything? It was the strangest feeling she had ever had - being naked and impaled on a horse on a public beach should be the biggest news in the country, but yet, it seemed like in this strange place it was okay. Joanne took that moment to rock her hips hard. She was incredibly turned on. Enrique gave her some hints on how to rock her hips and orgasm while she was steering the animal. It all sounded so complicated, but she was determined to figure it out. She felt the thick horse penis butting up against her cervix with each step as she began to moan a little. She looked at Enrique, expecting him to look at her disapprovingly, but like always, he barely noticed.

Suddenly, Joanne decided she wanted to be seen. She wanted people to look at her. Most of all she wanted her husband to see her like this again. "Do you think I could get in to Le Pari like this," Joanne said aloud, not sure why she was saying it. "I could call ahead and make sure if you like, but I don't see why not. The entire hotel staff is aware of the belly riding stable, so it shouldn't be a problem. Would you like me to make a call for you?" "Uhm, sure. Okay. I guess it doesn't hurt to ask." "Alright, I'll be right back."

Joanne continued to lift her hips harder and harder, feeling the resistance of the huge animal straining inside of her, as it got more and more turned on. Soon she could feel the animal begin to expand in her as it's orgasm started to approach. She worked her body up and down harder, feeling the animal reach a plateau of no return. She wanted to feel it's huge body ejaculating in her and she closed her eyes again, letting the huge animal mate with her as it wanted to. The horse began to jerk it's erection back and forth inside of her as her own tension mounted. She desperately wanted to feel it's ejaculation and she said aloud emphatically, "YES! YES!!!" Just then she heard a high voice say, "Mrs. Corsten?!" Joanne's head spun towards the new sound – that of Tiffany, JC's female friend.

Tiffany and Courtney looked at her with their jaws wide open, "What are you doing!?! " They couldn't believe their eyes as the horse began to thrust much more violently inside of her, pounding her insides. She tried to talk, but she was extremely embarrassed. She was sure they had heard her exclamations, but she still tried to defend herself, "Oh, Tiffany, Courtney, sorry, it's not what it looks like." The horse thrust hard into her open body, as she struggled to fight him off and her impending orgasm at the same time. Just then Enrique walked up and said, "Good news, Joanne – it looks like Le Pari is totally okay with your staying nude and having sex with the horse during dinner this evening, just like you wanted. That shouldn't be a problem. They're expecting you and have a table set up specifically for you and your lover. I did have to give your last name so they could hold the table. I hope you don't mind. They said they already had your reservation, so they just modified it to accommodate your special needs. You only have a few minutes before dinner though, so you had better hurry. I'll have your dress and undergarments delivered to your room."

That was that – her defenses were gone and the cat was definitely out of the bag. Tiffany held her hand over her mouth in shock. Enrique introduced himself to the girls, who barely noticed him. The girls couldn't help but stare at Joanne and the impending horse orgasm that was about to unfold in front of them. Joanne suddenly realized it didn't matter. Enrique had made it clear that this was pre-meditated and had outed her to the girls. The girls didn't seem to want to budge and now the horse was going to inseminate her body in front of them and there wasn't anything she could do about it. She decided that it didn't matter anymore, especially because if she was going to show up naked under a horse that evening for dinner, she might as well get some practice in. She finally let her body relax and she gave into the onslaught as the horse began to make a loud coughing sound as it's testicles raised up.

Cocked and ready she moaned and lifted up her hips as an offering to her lover. The horse began to erupt violently into Joanne as her mouth parted and her thighs began to burn as she tensed hard. Her stomach knotted and her anus began to pulsate. Suddenly she too was climaxing as the rush of semen sprayed all over her insides. She was in heaven and hell all at the same time. She was so humiliated being ejaculated into while the two pretty teen aged girls, wearing their skimpy bikinis and Enrique watched her vagina get filled to the brim with horse semen. She felt her nipples stiffen and she knew her clitoris was red and ached to be rubbed as her vaginal walls perversely milked the horse of it's warm semen. She tried to save face and pretend like it was her first time, "Wow, that was totally different than I expected it to be."

Enrique, however, honest to a fault and unable or unwilling to catch Joanne's drift said, "Different than the two times yesterday?" Tiffany's eyes were huge as Courtney said, "Wait, this is your second day?" The horse was still cumming in her as it began to pour out from around the edges of her tight union in as she looked at Tiffany and Courtney flatly, "Yes, actually, I was drunk yesterday and a bit tipsy today. I shouldn't have done it. That'll teach you not to drink." Tiffany laughed, "I've been drinking for years, and I've never had sex with an animal. Jesus! Can you imagine? Yuck!"

Courtney nodded, "Totally. Ew!" Joanne sighed, wishing the girls would just leave, "I know it's hard to understand at your age, but when you see a chance to have sex with a penis this big and strong

and a pussy full of cumm when you're my age, you'll have a hard time making that decision too. Trust me." She couldn't believe she had pulled off that little impromptu speech - especially because she was totally powerless and her anus and vulva were still pulsating hard as she spoke. That shut the girls up and they quickly departed, sensing an alpha female in heat in their presence. But now it was too late. They'd go and tell JC what they had seen, and no matter what Joanne said, she knew that it was too late. Her family would know the truth. She looked at Enrique and said woefully, "What am I going to do?" "About what?" "About my family? They're going to know about everything." "Then my advice to you is to stop lying. Own it. If you like belly riding, tell them. What's the worst that can happen?"

"They'll leave me." "If they already know and haven't left you, I find that difficult to believe. My suggestion is to ride like a true belly rider tonight and make your La Confession." "What's that?" "It's the coming out party for a belly rider. Normally it's a big party, but a quiet dinner at Le Pari will suffice. Besides your dinner reservations start in just a few minutes, I don't think you'll make it there on time unless you start walking straight away." He smiled at her. "You know, you're right. Will you walk me over there?" "Absolutely. Let's go."

She tried to act proud as she stuck her chest out, with her nipples erect. Even though she was buck naked, with a thin sheen of sweat covering her body, and a drooling post orgasmic pussy on display and full of horse penis, she felt like a princess. She rode gracefully past gaping mouths and pointing fingers as she rode through the hallway to the back of the hotel where Le Pari was nestled. The door was over sized and perfect for riding a horse through. Joanne suddenly noticed not a single door, except for the doors to the hotel rooms were small enough to forbid a horse and rider from entry. She wondered if it was on purpose as Enrique opened the door revealing her nude body to the inside of an extremely fancy restaurant.

She was suddenly very embarrassed as the extremely polite hostess, who was a gorgeous young woman not much older than JC but perfectly made up crouched down and said, "Good evening, madam. Welcome to Le Pari. Are you Mrs. Corsten?" "Why yes, I am." "Perfect. Your party is already waiting for you. If you'll follow me." Enrique smiled and said, "Good luck as he waited behind." Joanne took a deep breath and did her best to navigate through the tight tables, feeling so ashamed of herself as the other guests dressed in tuxedos and dinner gowns looked at her spread legs with her pubic hair V standing out for all to see. Her breasts giggled freely as she walked by. Why was she doing this? She wished she could turn and run, but by the time her flight instincts fully kicked in she saw her husband and their two friends, Kelly and Tom. The hostess, in her extremely polite way said, "Hello, everyone, let me introduce, madam Corsten to the table."

Bill's face looked like it might just fall off his head. Kelly and Tom were equally surprised. Joanne didn't know quite what to say, so she opted for classy and fun, "Surprise! I'm sorry I'm late. Hi, honey. Kelly, you look beautiful in that dress. Tom, it's nice to see you all dressed up too." Kelly didn't know quite what to say, "Your... pearls look pretty too." Joanne smiled avoiding Bill's furious eyes, "It's okay, you don't need to struggle to give me a compliment. I know the dress code is pumps and pearls, so I made do." Tom shook his head in disbelief, "Yes, you did, didn't you? I can't believe they let you in."

"I made a call ahead of time, which is why they sat you in the corner, presumably. I'm sorry for all the attention too by the way. I guess I'm a bit of a head-turner today." More heads were turned their way from the other patrons than any time in her life. Joanne was completely on display, and she was blushing hard, and doing her best to hide it. The waiter came over and introduced himself. He then turned the stallion so it faced away from the table, and instead both it's butt and Joanne's vagina were facing the table. He continued to talk about the specials as he tied the horse's tail up so it wouldn't knock over the glasses on the table. Joanne's pussy was evidently drooling semen onto the

tile of the floor because one of the bus boys wiped up under her after filling the water glasses on the table.

She was a spectacle, that's for sure. Bill finally spoke, "I thought you were going to stop drinking so much!" Joanne smiled, "Actually, you'll be surprised to know that I only had one drink today, and it was primarily as a way to give myself leeway. I thought I could lie and tell you I've been drinking for hours or something, but in reality, I'm sober. No, I had sex with this horse yesterday and again today before I came over here. I just wanted to."

Kelly nodded, "Ah, yeah, I can see it dripping from you, actually. See it Tom?" He nodded, his gaze transfixed on her nether regions, "Mhmm." "Yeah, I apologize for not telling you sooner, Kelly, and Tom, but I didn't tell Bill either. It was spur of the moment, actually. I snuck off before dinner to fix my dress, but I really just wanted to have him cumm in me once more. Then I ran into some of our son's girl friends so I knew the jig was up. Then I just plain ran out of time. Everything was conspiring me to come dressed like this." "Undressed like that, you mean," Bill retorted.

Kelly said, "What made you want to try it in the first place?" "Well..." Joanne decided to answer a completely different question as she recited back what Enrique had said about it being such a rich cultural tradition in Brazil, and how women were empowered by it. As she told the story about women working in Brazil while strapped to their horses she realized how incredibly horny she was. Then she paused, knowing that everyone was still waiting for her to explain why she had decided to try it. "I guess to answer your question, it was a really sexy thought. I almost couldn't help myself. Call me crazy."

Bill shook his head, "She is crazy. Yesterday I caught her saying that she'd let the horse knock her up if she could." Kelly laughed, "Really?! Joanne, really! That's just gross. I mean it's bad enough that you've studded yourself out at a fancy restaurant in front of everyone..." Joanne blushed hard, knowing Kelly was right, "I don't know what got into me. At first I thought it was just pillow talk in the heat of the moment..." Bill interrupted, "Not pillow talk with me, mind you, this was when she didn't know I was watching her get inseminated by that animal." Joanne swallowed hard, "... right. I was in the moment... It was just really horny. I know sounds perverted, but I was sorta kidding." She rocked her hips very gently, as if she were just getting more comfortable.

Tom shook his head, "I don't think I'd ever said this if I weren't sitting here right now, but I think it's admirable, personally. Good for you for having so much courage to walk in here like that, with sperm leaking out of you, and holding your head up high. There isn't enough honesty in this world. I for one am impressed." Kelly looked at Tom with a smirk, "You just like seeing a pretty woman getting screwed by a horse, admit it." "That's not too bad either, no. No offense, Bill." Bill smiled for the first time, "None taken." Joanne wondered what Bill was thinking. Kelly changed the subject before they could keep talking towards the hotel resort. Joanne felt suddenly alone, and left to her devices. No one seemed to be outwardly upset by her presence, nude or not, horse dick up inside her or not.

She let her body move ever so slightly again, in rythm with her breathing. It felt incredible. She paused for a moment, as she realized the leather of the saddle creaked as she moved. She then moved again, and again, as she sensed no retribution of any sort. The waiter came by and took their order. Joanne didn't know what to get, and the waiter suggested pasta, that could be easily fed to her. She agreed. The bite sized amuse-bouche came and the waiter politely fed it to her, giving her a drink from her water glass with a straw. She felt like a princess. For the first time that evening she wasn't just okay with being nude. Joanne was delighted to show herself off. Kelly even leaned over the table a little and whispered quietly, "I love what you've done with your pubic hair." "Oh! Thanks! I'm glad you noticed." Joanne blushed thinking about Kelly eyeing her privates so closely. "I've got a landing strip but I might mix it up now that I see your pubes. Also, you've got great tits!"

"Oh come on, now I know you're just flattering me. My breasts sag." "Sure, a little, but they're big and pretty, and real. I wish I had breasts like yours." "Wow, well thanks! Ugh, all this talk is making me horny." Joanne huffed and lifted her hips hard and overtly, lewdly giving everyone at the table a very good view of her semen covered anus as she did so. "Are you sure it's not the huge horse in your pussy, sweetheart," Kelly winked. Before Joanne could respond the waiter came over with their food. Joanne had no idea how dinner would work, but the waiter surprised her by pulling up a small stool and sitting down to feed her. Joanne was mortified, "No really you don't have to do that. I'm sure you have other tables." The last thing she wanted was more attention.

"Actually, Madam Corsten, I don't. The hotel makes special arrangements to accommodate belly riders. Mating with horses can take a lot of help and encouragement from those around you. The hotel and it's waitstaff do what they can to encourage our patrons to successfully mate with the hotel studs. It's something the hotel offers to the patrons along with all the perks associated. I am literally at your disposal." "Oh." Joanne didn't know what to say, but he asked her to taste the food so he could properly salt and pepper it for her. It was all a mess as far as Joanne was concerned. Bill shook his head and politely allowed the conversation to move towards how pretty the snorkling was.

After a few bites the waiter smiled and whispered in a worried tone, "Is everything okay, Madam?" "Yes, why." "Normally belly riders are more... insatiable. Is this stallion not suitable? Do you require something bigger to mate with?" "Oh, gosh no... I'm just... eating is all." "I see, well don't let that stop you, Madam. I don't mind. It's not like I haven't seen it before." "Do you get many belly riders in here?" "Not many, but a few, sure. We do what we can to make them as comfortable as possible so they'll come back to the hotel and to Le Pari." "Well you've been extremely nice. I'm not sure if I'll ever belly ride again, but if I do, I'd love to come back." "Why wouldn't you belly ride again, I must ask?" "I think my husband is upset." "Then why aren't you enjoying yourself?" "How do you mean?" "If he's already upset, why don't you enjoy yourself?" That made sense to Joanne.

"Fine, maybe I will." "Good!" The waiter smiled and gave her another bite of pasta. As she ate she lifted her butt a few times, to test the waters. No one said anything. Then she did it a few more times. Still no response, although Katie did let her eyes stray over to Joanne's buttocks for a moment before returning her attention to Bill's recount of their snorkling experience. She took another bite of pasta and lifted her butt several more times. Another bite of pasta and she began to rotate her hips, much more openly. Joanne heard herself saying, "It feels wonderful!" Bill nodded, "Yeah, the warm water does feel nice when you're diving." She almost laughed. Joanne was talking about having a horse dick in her pussy and he was talking about diving.

She kept lifting her hips as he talked. Suddenly she felt the horse begin to react. That was surprising. It was one thing to have a small orgasm, but it was quite another to have the horse cumm in her. But the waiter seemed so nice that maybe it wouldn't be a problem. She kept moving her hips and increased her tempo. Her pussy began to make squishing sounds as she got more and more leverage. She took another bite of pasta and the waiter smiled at her. She wanted to cumm again.

Kelly looked over at Joanne and lacking anything more interesting to say to Joanne, who was clearly getting herself off at the dinner table, said, "Where's JC?" "He's off with Tiffany and Courtney, I'm guessing. No doubt hearing a horror story about how they caught his mother fucking a horse earlier this afternoon." "Oh, that must have been interesting." "Tell me about it. I was so embarrassed!" "The perils of being a belly rider, I guess! How did JC take it?" "I think he was disturbed, but I think he's okay. Hopefully he's okay. Besides I owe him." "You owe him for what." "For preparing me to take so much of Nightwatch here." "Hah! Yeah, well I hope it doesn't warp JC too much, especially if you do this when you get home like the other belly riders do. I mean, they do it all the time, right? You going to do it when you get home?" "Who knows? Maybe?" Kelly smiled brightly and said, "I, for one, hope you do." "Why's that?" "You two make a cute couple." Kelly winked. That made Joanne lift

her butt several more times and ask in a horse horny voice, "Tell me what you think of my body some more. Please?" She pleaded with Kelly with her pretty eyes.

Kelly giggled, sensing a game – the game of making Joanne cumm, "Your pussy looks huge. I can't believe you fit so much of him up inside of you." She interrupted Tom and Bill who were talking about coral and said, "What do you think, Tom?" "Of what, sorry." "Can you believe how much of that horse is inside Joanne?" "Oh, uh... no, I guess not." "How about you, Bill. Did you know your wife could take all of that?" Bill frowned, clearly upset. Joanne said, "I think I'm only taking about seven or eight inches. I can feel him against my cervix." Joanne worked her hips harder with each passing moment, until she saw the horse's testicles raising up. Kelly mused, "Wow, I think you're getting him excited, Joanne." "Mhmm, he's growing inside me, right now. I can feel him thickening." Kelly laughed, "Look, Bill, you can see your wife's anus pulsing... That's kinda cool! Look, Tom." Kelly was egging the whole table on, driving them all towards wanting to see the horse and Joanne climaxing in unison.

Joanne didn't want to keep her audience waiting, but she loved that Kelly was being so naughty, "Kelly, can you see my pussy pulsing when I squeeze his dick?" "Do it. I'll watch." Joanne squeezed as hard as she could a dozen or so times in a row, which made her stomach and anus tense at the same time. "Yeah, I can definitely see that. I'm sure the horse is enjoying it too. Are you going to make him cumm?" "I don't know... what do you think? Should I?" Joanne wanted her audience to approve of her. Kelly nodded, "Definitely. What do you think, Tom? Want to see a horse ejaculate into Joanne?" He laughed, "If Bill's okay with me watching, yeah, I mean, of course. Who wouldn't?" Kelly, laughed, "Men! How about you, Bill?"

Bill shrugged in a less angry tone. It was almost as if his tension had decreased at the same rate his curiosity had increased at the spectacle that was his wife, "Do whatever you want, Joanne." Joanne didn't take his ambivalence lightly, "Thank you, honey." She knew she wasn't given permission but she pretended like she thought that's exactly what his defeat was – permission to entice an animal to try to impregnate her at dinner. She continued to writhe and buck her hips as she finally began to let go and enjoy this intensely erotic moment.

Suddenly the horse began to thrust into Joanne's body hard, pulling it's long shaft backwards and then driving it all the way home, hard against Joanne's insides. She couldn't help herself as she moaned loudly, "Oh God!" The horse's pace intensified as it worked it's huge member back and forth inside Bill's wife's small frame. He looked on as he watched his wife of over twenty years indulge in the most perverted act he had ever seen. Worse yet, she was being intensely pleased by this grotesque event. Her stomach began to tighten, as the pulsing of her anus and vulva intensified as her orgasm quickly approached. She moaned louder and louder, until people at the nearby tables could no longer even pretend to ignore her. The horse began to buck so hard the guests feared for Joanne's safety and Bill, Kelly and Tom backed up in their chairs, for fear of being trampled. Thrust after excruciating thrust drove deep into Joanne's willing body.

The horse's head began to flare deep inside her body, and her pussy clamped down hard on the giant penis. All at once the two, Joanne and the stallion began to orgasm. The monster penis inside her shot rope after rope into her already sperm coated insides, filling her up again quickly as her vulva milked the giant penis. She let out a scream as her toes curled and her leg muscles rippled. She desperately wanted as much of his cumm in her uterus as she could fit. In vain her cervix sucked hard at the torrent of semen, only to be thwarted by the large volume already in her uterus. She quickly filled up and with a hard thrust at jet of semen erupted from around the tight fitting union of Joanne's lips and Nightwatch's giant throbbing penis.

"Wow! That's a lot of cumm," Kelly announced. The others agreed. Bill said, "I'm sorry if I accused

you of wanting to have the horse's babies. I guess I already knew it was just in the heat of passion." Joanne was still in that same heat as her orgasm continued, through tense breaths she said, "Thank... you... honey!!" Joanne felt like crying, but her orgasm was far more important. The waiter smiled, "Ah, don't be so sure, Mr. Corsten. Madam Corsten's womb must already be quite filled with horse sperm, because she appears to have orgasmed rather hard. She simply can't hold any more semen inside her body. That means when she had sex with the stallion earlier, she already filled her womb up with his ejaculate." Bill frowned, "What does that mean?" Kelly interjected, "That means your wife is trying to cuckold you, Bill. She'd rather get pregnant with the stallion than you." Bill looked pissed, but the waiter went on.

"That doesn't mean your wife doesn't love you, Mr. Corsten." He shook his head, as his wife and the stallion continued to orgasm, squirting hot semen out of her sperm soaked pussy, "So she does want to have babies with that damned horse?" "Yes, definitely. But that shouldn't concern you. Your wife's fantasies could never be realized. She's your wife, and she cares deeply for you. You should love and support her efforts to mate with a horse, since that's quite clearly what she desires. It takes a lot of effort to mate with a horse, and stay successfully mated with one for a long period of time. Your wife has made that effort, and had done quite marvelously, I might add. Your wife seems quite content to stay coupled. She needs your help, Mr. Corsten."

Bill squinted, "My help?" "Yes, please tell your husband what you desire, Mrs. Corsten." Her body was finally beginning to recover from her intense orgasm, as she caught her breath, "Oh God, this is so embarrassing." Bill looked upset, "Tell me." "I want you to stay with me." "What else." "I want to be able to belly ride again." "How often?" "I don't know." His voice rose slightly, "How often?!" "Maybe... once a day." "You want to fuck a horse once a day?" "No... I mean, yes... But I mean more than once a day." "So how often?" "Maybe you could just tie me up to a horse before you head off to work, and untie me when you come home." "ALL day?!" "I know it sounds awful, but you asked." "I love you, but I don't know if I can let my wife fuck a horse for 8 hours a day, honey." "You know you were horny when I got back to the room, having seen me with the horse. Don't lie, Bill. You didn't even make me wash my pussy or anything." Bill flushed a little and didn't know what to say to that - his wife was right. Kelly and Tom laughed a little under their breath.

The waiter asked, "How many hours a day could you live with, Mr. Corsten? Four? Your wife has made a tremendous sacrifice in telling you her fantasies." "I know... I mean there's no amount of hours that's too big or small enough. I guess eight hours a day is fine... I'm not real excited by the idea mind you, but I do love you. I guess I could live with it, as long as I had you in the evenings and you made me dinner at night. And we would have to build a little barn so you aren't roaming around the property, scaring the neighbors." "You mean that honey?!"

The waiter smiled, "If you want your wife to stay mated with the animal, you have to encourage her, Mr. Corsten. Don't constrain her." Bill looked a little flustered. It was one thing to let your wife have her sexual freedom, but to actively ask her to do it? He hesitated and then took a deep breath, "Fine, you're right. Honey, I'm sorry for the way I've acted to you yesterday and today." "I'm sorry too, honey. I should have just told you how turned on I was by having sex with Nightwatch last night. It seemed so stupid but now I know it's something I really feel like I have to do, even if it means every single person I know finds out that I want to stay naked and impaled on a sperm covered horse dick all day long. I actually want them to find out, honey. I know that's perverted, but I want them to watch me mate with horses."

Bill sighed, "Okay, if you want to try to fulfill some crazy dream of having sex with horses as much as you can, I won't even untie you at the end of the night, if you don't want. I'll just come home, kiss you on the cheek, feed you dinner and leave you to continue to mate with whatever stallion you so chose to give yourself to that day. I'll leave you tied up to and impaled on a stallion for days on end if

that's what it takes. And I'll make sure all our neighbors, our friends and our family members know that you're trying to get yourself pregnant by way of a horse as I parade you around the property. I'll even invite old friends over so you can surprise them if it helps get you off."

"Oh, God, Bill. Really?" "I'll do whatever it takes for you to be happy, comfortable and sexually satisfied. I'll keep you studded for the rest of your life to help your fantasies come true, if that's what it takes, because I love you." The tears began to roll down Joanne's face. She had never loved a man more in her life, "Yes, honey, that's exactly what it takes. I love you too!"

The End