

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



This is my twelfth 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. So I did.

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

Marisa Gonzalez was 25 and lived a life of mixed blessings. She had been a reporter since she left college. Her father had more or less never paid any attention to her, so she had lived almost all her life with no real paternal supervision. Her father was a rich, white industrialist from Germany, and he had imparted almost nothing onto his daughter other than a lighter complexion and an unheard of height. She was almost six foot tall, compared to her Mother who was only 5'3". She always had stood head and shoulders above the men in her town, and as such she had always been dissatisfied.

Marisa's love life had never been spectacular, although all the men hit on her. But the few times she had had sex, she had to fake everything. She wanted them to feel good inside her, but for some reason they had always been lacking in an indescribable way. Her friends thought that she was a lipstick lesbian - tall, thin and gorgeous. But really she was a bit of a loner in her personal life. Instead she had become closer to her Mother than anyone else in her life. When Marisa moved on her own her Mother became her best friend and the two moved out to the outskirts of Rio De Janeiro, where Marisa bought herself a small secluded piece of property. It was a nice place to get away from the hustle and bustle of her daily life as a beat reporter.

Her Mother, Rosetta, had been extremely close to Marisa since the divorce from her father. Other than monthly allowances that her father sent in the mail, Marisa had had no communication from her wealthy but inattentive father for years. Her father had run a construction company when Brazil was in a large economic boom, so he had enough money to throw at the problem his wife had created - Marisa. She knew she wasn't wanted, which was a blow to her fragile ego. So she had stopped talking to him entirely and instead just focused on her schooling and then later her career. Her Mother was completely supportive.

Marisa had been one of the most up and coming reporters in Rio when she started, fresh out of school. She mostly worked the paper, but every once in a while she also did TV. Her height and striking features stood out in a crowd and the few times she had gone on camera it had worked well on TV. But for some reason she had lost some of her edge. So she started thinking about ways to get it back. She had nothing to fall back on, no man, no father, nothing. Her Mother didn't work either, so that meant all the bills were paid for by Marisa. Even though she was gorgeous and famous, Marisa had never managed to land a guy worth having. Her father wasn't worth having either. Sure, her allowance was enough to keep her fed and then some. But she wanted more from life.

One day, reading through the paper she happened across an old picture of the Carneval, and in it, although barely noticeable was a picture of a belly rider. Marisa had known about belly riding for many years, as did many Brazilians, but she had forgotten it was such an open and acceptable practice even just a few decades earlier. It got her thinking. She knew it was still practiced, in

samba schools around the outskirts of Rio. She also knew it was against the law now. But yet it was still practiced. Her vague train of thought suddenly turned into a story potential. She didn't wait to finish breakfast, she told Rosetta goodbye and she raced to the office.

When she got there she found her boss and asked him if he would mind if she did a story on belly riding. It's history, the laws, and how it is still practiced. In her mind she was picturing an hour long expose. And sure enough her boss began to agree. It did sound like a great idea. So he gave her the okay to start thinking up the story idea and push forward with it. With that she nearly skipped out of his office. That was it - she was on the fast track now. This story nearly wrote itself. She sat down at her desk with a fresh piece of paper and a pencil and started jotting notes.

But soon she began to realize she really didn't know all that much about belly riding other than some vague conversations she had had with people over coffee. Her pretentious friends would laugh about having spotted a belly rider, but that's about all she could get out of those conversations - that indeed belly riders did exist. Interesting, but almost useless information. No, she needed to get more familiar with the concept, if she had any hope of learning more, or doing an entire hour long expose.

She left early to go home and brainstorm. She liked talking to her Mother, who was more like her best friend than anything. Rosetta was great to talk to, and Marisa knew her Mother would give her good advice. She sat down at the kitchen table and called Rosetta in. Marisa explained, "I'd like to do a news paper article on belly riding." "So, what's the problem?" "Well, I don't know anything about it, honestly." "Why do you want to do a story on them?" "I don't know. People will be interested! Besides, I need this."

Rosetta sat down and looked Marisa in the eye, "So? What are you going to do?" Marisa shrugged, "I don't know, Mom. I was hoping you'd have some advice." Rosetta nodded and leaned back in her chair, letting her eyes wander around the ceiling, clearly thinking deeply. Minutes passed and Rosetta said nothing. Marisa was used to this - that was how Rosetta was. She was always very thoughtful in her answers. Finally after almost four minutes of silence Rosetta said, "I know what you should do, but you won't like it."

"What? Tell me." Rosetta paused and said, "If you want to learn about belly riding, you should try it." Marisa nearly laughed but then she saw that Rosetta wasn't kidding, "What do you mean, I should try it?" "I mean, you should find a horse and ride it so that you know how it works. Only then can you talk to belly riders and ask them the questions your paper's audience will want to hear." Marisa shook her head, she couldn't do that, "No, I mean, I can't have sex with a horse."

Rosetta shrugged, "Why?" "I don't know... people will freak out!" Marisa's Mother smiled, amused that the reason for protesting was not that Marisa was upset by the idea, but by others and how they might see her, "Not if they don't know. I didn't say you had to tell anyone. No one has to know." Marisa looked at Rosetta and smiled, and shook her head, "You're crazy, you know that? How would that even work?" Rosetta smiled, "Don't worry about that. I can handle that..." Rosetta paused, looked at her watch and said, "I have to go run an errand. I'll be back in an hour." Marisa watched as Rosetta stood, grabbed her coat and left the house. Marisa knew Rosetta better - she was a trouble maker, and without a doubt she was off causing trouble.

Marisa was left to ponder what her Mother was up to. Could Marisa really have sex with a horse? No, there was no chance. The thought even disgusted her. She had no interest in it whatsoever. But she was curious as to why these women found it so appealing that they'd give up their lives for the chance to stay under a horse. Marisa shrugged it off, and went upstairs to think and try to gather her thoughts. She decided Rosetta was no help and that she'd have to figure this problem out herself.

An hour later she heard Rosetta open the door downstairs and call up to her. Marisa walked to the top of the stairs and looked down, "Hey, Mom, what's up?" Rosetta said, "Can you come down for a moment?" Marisa shook her head, fearing whatever Rosetta had in store. Rosetta waited for Marisa to come down and then opened the front door. When Marisa followed her outside she saw, much to her surprise, Rosetta had brought a horse home. It wasn't just any horse, it was absolutely massive. It was the biggest horse Marisa had ever seen, by far! It was standing, tied to the railing of the house. More embarrassingly still, there was a belly riding saddle slung beneath it.

"Oh my god, Mom!" Marisa hit her short Mother on the shoulder. Rosetta laughed, "Don't worry, he's yours for as long as you need him to be. A girl down the road works at a stable, and owes me a few favors. You could probably keep him for a month or so until your assignment is over." "Did you really walk him all the way up the street? What about the neighbors? They'll know I'm belly riding." "Oh, I didn't see anyone. Don't worry." That wasn't much consolation to Marisa, but she tried to convince herself that no one knew - other than whomever it was that owed Rosetta favors. Rosetta continued, "Believe it or not it was tough finding the right horse for you." "Why?" "Because of how tall you are!" "Oh! Why would that matter?" "Well, this stallion is also huge, if you hadn't noticed."

Marisa tried to gauge how big the stallion was, but having not seen that many horses up close, she wasn't quite sure exactly how big he was in comparison. However, she did note that he seemed disproportionately huge, "Yeah, I guess so." "That's a good thing. You wouldn't fit at all under a normal horse, and also, he's better endowed." "MOM!" "I'm just saying, only a few women have been able to have sex with him, but you're so tall, I think you could manage it." Marisa blushed that her own Mother had thought that much about the size of her pussy and what horse dick would be the best fit.

"I can't fuck a horse, Mom." "Why?" "I just can't." "It's not going to kill you. Just try it once. You can jump in the saddle, let the horse do it's thing and then you'll have enough information to start writing your story." "There's got to be another way." "If you want to talk to belly riders, you've got to know what to say, or they won't trust you." Marisa sighed; she really didn't want to try it, but her Mother seemed insistent. "Okay, just this once. But we won't tell anyone else, right?" "Right." Rosetta smirked.

Marisa stood there dumbly looking at Rosetta before Rosetta smiled politely and said, "Okay, off with the clothes, kiddo. You won't be needing those." Marisa had almost forgotten the whole point of belly riding, "Oh, right." She quickly unbuttoned her blouse, and slid her skirt over her hips. She unhooked her bra, and slid her panties down her bottom. She stepped out of them. She had taken off her shoes when she got home, so she stood in the grass bare foot and nude in every way. Thankfully it was a warm day, because she felt her nipples tighten up, even though it wasn't cold at all.

She walked over to the belly riding saddle underneath the stallion and she laughed as she realized she was so new to this that she had no idea how she was supposed to get into it. Rosetta helped her figure it out and after a minute of struggling she managed to seat herself in the saddle. Just as both Rosetta and Marisa feared, although the stallion was absolutely the largest either of them had seen, Marisa was so tall, her head simply wouldn't fit, like a normal belly rider might, snugly under the horse's chest.

Marisa shook her head, "I'm too big for anything! Even a horse! How can I live when I can't even have sex with a horse because of my height?" Rosetta frowned sensing her daughter's hidden frustration about her height, "No you aren't too tall, sweetheart. You're just right. Just you wait. We'll figure something out." Both women thought for a bit until Rosetta got an idea and made a small adjustment to the saddle by moving some of the straps, loosening some and pulling some tighter so that the saddle was twisted slightly to the side, so Marisa's head stuck out from the side of

the horse where her long dark hair gracefully dangled down to the ground. She felt a little funny hanging diagonally from under the horse rather than from directly underneath it, but she had a wonderful view of the sky from that position. Rosetta smiled at her handy work, "Comfy?"

"Strangely, yes. I guess someone must have taller women in mind when they made this saddle. That was easier than I thought it would be." "Or some tall woman like yourself has had the desire to belly riding and all subsequent saddles have been made to accommodate taller women. Given that belly riding spans many cultures and regions, I'd imagine you aren't the only tall woman who had accepted horse seed." Marisa didn't like those words, she wasn't attempting to do anything but get good research information, but she was gracious anyway, "Yes, I suppose you're right."

Rosetta went around tying her wrists and ankles to the stallion, "See? That wasn't so bad! You're not too tall to have sex with a horse." Having her hands and ankles tied felt dangerous at first, to Marisa, but she realized her Mother would never hurt her. Marisa knew she should be turned on, but she really wasn't - she was so nervous and concerned about her body. Rosetta began to rub the horse's sheath, slowly getting it to extend.

Marisa knew she wasn't even wet, although spreading her legs that far apart, and letting her Mother see her exposed and open vagina in all it's glory was a little exciting, Marisa even had to admit that to herself. Marisa wasn't really an exhibitionist, but being naked in front of her mother was definitely more fun than being naked in her room alone. However, the idea of having sex with a horse was, for some reason, only slightly sexually exciting. To her it seemed more clinical. This was just something she needed to do for work. This was no different in Marisa's mind than smashing her face in a pie for a pie eating contest or some other ridiculous thing she did for the paper. That was until Rosetta parted her daughter's pubic hair with the horse's penis and touched it to Marisa's labia for the first time.

It felt like an electric shock against her thatch of pubic hair, and instinctively, Marisa let her legs slack a little to make it easier for her Mother. Still though, Marisa wasn't immediately wet. Rosetta pushed hard, trying to spread Marisa's labia far enough so that the horse would enter her. The two women struggled in unison to allow the horse passage into Marisa's warm hole. They both tensed and pushed. Marisa was getting more and more turned on and more and more frustrated. Did she really seriously want to feel the horse inside her? She shrugged off that thought - this was just for her career. But a thought suddenly entered her brain. This was the first time she had ever struggled to get any penis into her. Normally she was left totally unsatisfied by her lovers in terms of length and girth.

After another minute, Marisa noticed that her pussy had turned from dry as the sahara to extremely wet - maybe even too wet. Rosetta kept slipping the giant penis head off of Marisa's vulva as she attempted to mate her daughter to the animal. It was an extremely frustrating experience for all involved. Then, suddenly it was like magic - the horse pushed hard, right at the perfect second and Marisa's eyes flew open. The horse's head pushed beyond her vaginal lips several inches into her. It was extremely uncomfortable for Marisa. "Oh my GOD! MOM! Whoa! I had no idea how big he'd be! Ow!" Marisa struggled to allow the horse further access, but everything in her body was screaming that this animal was just too big for her. Yet something deep within her forced her to push onward, taking inch after inch into her engorged pussy. For the first time in her life something had managed to overwhelm her over sized pussy, and it had still barely entered her, with many inches forthcoming!

She gently rocked her hips, allowing the horse's huge member to slip further and further into her crevasse. She couldn't imagine how a huge animal could be that big so that her normally huge pussy couldn't easily accomidate it. She had fisted herself several times but it was totally

unsatisfying – she wanted a big hard cock, not her own fist. Strangely this penis was even bigger than her own fist had been. With a wince of pain she felt the horse's penis butt up against her cervix. She stiffened, trying not to move her long body. She knew he was seated all the way inside of her, but she didn't know what to do. She wanted to move, but she didn't at the same time. She couldn't get over the size of this creature's penis. It was just massive. She knew she was holding her breath as her loins slowly and gently relaxed enough to get over the discomfort. She sighed, "Wow, okay. It's in. I can't believe how huge he is, Mom. You were right. God!" Rosetta nodded and stood up. She went over to the banister and grabbed a small box that Marisa hadn't noticed was sitting there all along.

Rosetta took out a small syringe and injected the horse near its penis above its sheath. Marisa looked inquisitive, "What's that?" "Papervine. Belly riders give it to their stallions so they can ride longer. Nothing to worry about, the horse doesn't even notice the shot." Marisa tried to pay attention, trying to mentally note everything she was seeing and experiencing. The smell of the horse and the saddle. The feel of the straps around her wrists and ankles. The feel of the skin of the giant phallus against her vaginal lips. The hot feeling of her chest as she became more and more sexually frustrated. It was all going into her mental diary.

Rosetta said, "Okay, now, let's walk you around." Marisa nodded, like a soldier would, undertaking a dangerous mission. She took this very seriously, as Rosetta untied the stallion's reigns from the banister and gently coaxed him to walk forward. The horse took the first step. Marisa felt her insides jiggle as the massive erection in her moved. Marisa thought to herself that it felt strange but very good all at once. The next step was even better... and the next. Soon she was having trouble concentrating on the fact that the horse was walking at all, and she felt more like she was flying with an engorged penis thrust into her.

She lost all track of where she was as Rosetta slowly walked the horse around the large house in large concentric circles. She could lean her head back and see the world from the side and underneath the horse upside down. It felt very disorienting but she knew that this was how real belly riders navigated, so it must be something they got used to. Suddenly Marisa's eyes opened wide and her whole body felt like it was going to explode! She began to climax out of nowhere. She was almost scared of how powerful her orgasm was as she humped her butt upwards violently and involuntarily. She winced and moaned loudly for several seconds, feeling her chest flush and her breasts jiggle. As fast as her climax came it subsided. She fell back into her saddle and shook her head trying to shake off the sensation that had just overcome her with a huff and several deep breaths.

Rosetta smiled and looked down at Marisa, asking rhetorically, "Are you okay?" Marisa who was very embarrassed apologized, "Oh, yeah, I'm so sorry, Mom, I didn't even see that coming." Rosetta waved her off, "Oh, don't worry about it. It happens. Don't be ashamed. I'll just keep walking him, if you're okay with that." Marisa nodded, not knowing what to say or do. She simply said, dumbly, "Okay." Marisa wanted to dislike this feeling desperately, but it actually felt great. She wanted to keep up appearances though. Marisa really didn't want her Mother to know that she was enjoying having sex with the horse. This was for work, after all.

Rosetta didn't even look back as she continued to walk the horse in a large circle around the house. Each step kept Marisa on edge, as she felt more and more enjoyment. She realized she was again fighting off another orgasm. It became clear to her that she was going to have to orgasm again and before she could wrap her head around what was happening to her she gritted her teeth and arched her back as another orgasm rippled through her muscles causing her to moan again, shuddering. Rosetta smiled down at Marisa, who was panting as she came down, her breasts giggling. Marisa managed to say, "Oh my god. This is like torture."

Rosetta stopped the stallion, "How so?" "I don't know if I want to continue to do this, Mom." "It's okay, don't fight it so much. I'm sure it'll be easier if you just let it happen. Remember, you're trying to get into the head of a belly rider, right?" That made sense to Marisa - this was just a task that she had to complete - nothing more. Plus it was nice to be encouraged, "You're right..." Rosetta asked, "So shall I continue?" Marisa paused, wondering what she should say. She had to make whatever she said sound breezy, but she did, indeed want Rosetta to continue, "Oh, well, whatever, if you think I should, Mom." Rosetta said, "You've come this far. Let's continue."

Marisa nodded and was again taken for another long ride around the back yard. It did not take long for her, yet again, to feel another climax approaching. She desperately fought it though. She was determined not to orgasm again. This was sick. It was perverted. She shouldn't enjoy this. Yet, she definitely was. She had a sudden visual image of what she must look like, her tall frame strapped under that stallion - her head poking out the side. Her pretty jet black hair dangling down into the grass, her dark pubic hair slick from her vaginal juices. Her nipples jiggling with each step and the giant penis, of course, shoved almost 9 inches into her body. She had always known she had a pornographic body. She was extremely tall, with perfect breasts and a great ass. Her body wasn't just sexy - it was outrageous - the kind of body men dreamed about climbing. She was like an amazon woman. Now that outrageous body was getting off on a horse dick - the first penis ever that could satisfy the deepest recesses of her huge cunt.

After a few minutes something happened that Marisa didn't predict. The horse's testicles began to raise up, and as that happened the stallion's penis began to grow even bigger inside of her. "Oh my God, he's growing! Mom! How!?!!" She was so confused! How could anything overwhelm her so completely? She had a small toy collection of huge dildos and she could stick two or three up her pussy at once in the heat of masturbation, dreaming they were many penises at once, but they still were nowhere near this big, even combined! Rosetta nodded, "I would suspect he's be growing. He will no doubt try to inseminate you soon." Marisa didn't have to wonder about that as the horse began to prance irregularly as they walked. Rosetta paused and as the stallion came to a stop it's forward momentum was quickly turned into a rough thrust of it's huge penis.

Marisa felt like the blow to her insides might knock the wind out of her. It was unexpected and unwanted as she began to panic. She wanted off of this horse's penis and quickly! She struggled to find the words to tell Rosetta to let her go, but even as the next thrust struck her, her panic turned to a perverse lust as she lifted her hips high in the air, thrusting back at the huge penis. "Fine!" She yelled at the horse as if it could understand her.

In a strange state of mind she decided if this horse was going to screw her, she was going to be the best lay it had ever had as she gave up on the idea that she could escape this animal's impending orgasm. She began to lift her butt hard and then dropping it fast, taking several inches of the rigid horse penis back and forth.

This definitely was having an effect on the horse as she bobbed her butt up and down quickly, taking the stallion's member all the way into the deepest reaches of her body each time she lifted her hips. The stallion's head began to flare inside her and tense hard. "Hmmm... he seems to be getting close rather quickly. Oh! Honey, I just realized, you're pussy is probably the biggest he's ever had. Belly riders train the stallions only to have sex with women. Your pussy is so big that he probably thinks you're a mare!" Marisa couldn't believe her own Mother would say that, "Oh, GOD! MOM!!!!" Having your most private regions compared to that of a female horse by your own Mother while a stallion is trying to impregnate you, is humiliating... but in her deep embarrassment Marisa found it strangely sexy. Rosetta said, "Oh my, I'm sorry, honey, I didn't mean it in a bad way. I just mean he can fit a lot more into you than he can with most women. Your pussy is just... more accommodating for a stallion. He's only had sex twice before, I'm told, and both women could only have sex with him after child birth. Consider yourself lucky!"



Marisa knew her mother was right. Marisa's pussy was huge and nothing short of an over sized horse cock could satisfy her, she suddenly realized. Even though they were completely different species, Marisa for the first time in her life found a mate that she was sexually compatible with. For the first time in her life she really wanted a dick in her not to orgasm, so that she could savor the feeling, instead of just getting it over with. No, she wanted this feeling in this moment to last even though it was clearly coming to a climax and fast. Marisa was already on the verge of another orgasm, but feeling the raw power of this huge animal as it prepared to ejaculate drove her right to the brink but she still held on, hoping she could survive this onslaught.

Marisa spread her legs as wide as she could, letting the stallion have her mare sized pussy, for all it was worth, as her Mother looked on. But with one hard thrust the huge animal's body began to explode in a gush of horse semen. Deep within Marisa's body an eruption of horse ejaculate spurted hard against her cervix. Marisa couldn't believe a horse was really so sexually excited by her and that her pussy had pleased it so completely that it would try to impregnate her. That was it. Marisa began to cum hard.

She felt her pussy spasm rhythmically, and her butt and stomach tensed as she arched her back taking each of the violent thrusts with all their power. She nearly screamed as she took the blast of horse semen. Sperm coated her insides in splash after splash of orgasmic pleasure. Her body desperately milked the giant member, clutching it with her strong and large vaginal muscles, trying to coax more semen from it, and to her delight she continued to be rewarded with rope after rope of animal ejaculate in her most private of places. Her cervix sucked at the head of the stallion's phallus, quickly drinking the fluids as Marisa tried desperately to continue to ride her climax as long as she could.

She slid her tall body up and down the slippery, veiny pole in her, trying to get as much sensation around the walls of her sensitive vulva as she could, just as curiously she began to feel her pussy erupt. A small eruption of milky white horse semen oozed from around the tight seal her vaginal lips made as they kissed the horse cock buried inside her. She bubbled over as she gasped for breath, her stomach and butt vibrating as she was completely overwhelmed by pleasure. She had never known any kind of sexual pleasure like this. But despite how badly she wanted to continue to ride this extremely perverted high she suddenly became very embarrassed. Especially when her Mother smiled and looking at the semen oozing out of her daughter saying, "You two appear to be well mated now."

Her own Mother had stood idle while Marisa had had the best orgasm of her life, coupled with a stallion while it pumped its semen into her. Worse yet, her pussy and anus were still pulsating hard and her stomach was still rhythmically moving. She was so aroused she could hardly stand it. She really wanted to keep fucking the horse as she looked at her Mother with a little sense of fear in her eyes. What had she just done? Thankfully Rosetta smiled and came to her rescue, "How are you feeling?" "Oh, okay, I guess." "You look exhausted." "Uh, yeah, I guess... It's not as easy as I thought it would be." Really, Marisa had barely gotten started, and she had a lot more orgasms left, she knew. "Well, I've got to finish some stuff off inside. Is it okay, if I just tie your stallion here up to the porch?" "Oh... uhhh... okay?" Marisa was glad to be alone with the horse so she wasn't going to question why her Mother wanted to leave her alone.

With that, Rosetta tied the horse up. "Is that okay?" "Uhm, sure." Marisa was vaguely panicked as she thought her Mother might just leave her there indefinitely. With that minor paranoia plaguing her mind she asked, "I mean, how long do you think I should stay under him before I'll have a sense of what a real belly rider goes through?" "Well, that's a good question, honey. What do you think?" Marisa thought for a moment before asking another question, "How long to belly riders typically stay under their horses?" "Hours... sometimes days." "Oh. Well, maybe you should just leave me here



until it's dinner time. That's only a little bit from now." Marisa intentionally downplayed the amount of time until dinner knowing full well that was at least three hours away, giving her plenty of time to do whatever she wanted in peace. "Okay, honey, have fun with your research." Rosetta walked inside leaving Marisa to her own devices.

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Chapter Two

Hours later, Rosetta emerged from the house and walked down to see her tall daughter, Marisa, covered in a thin sheen of sweat - breathless and quivering. Rosetta smiled, "And how is the happy couple?" Marisa shook her head, trying catch her breath, "Oh God, Mom... I can't believe women really do this." Rosetta walked around and examined her daughter's union with the stallion. There was quite a bit more semen visible there than there was before. It matted her daughter's pussy hairs visibly, making them stick together in grotesque ways, "Oh, you let him mate with you again, I see." Marisa sighed, "I guess so. I mean, yeah, he definitely did cumm in me again." Marisa didn't want to admit she had actually cumm at least ten times since her mother left and the horse had ejaculated in her twice more, not just once.

Rosetta helped untie her daughter and with a loud liquid suction sound and a torrent of semen, Marisa was free of her lover. Marisa stood up and still breathless rubbed her hand through the hairs of her pussy and amazed at how much semen was drooling out of her tiny orifice. Had she really taken all of that? She huffed and walked into the house, still naked, breathless and exhausted. She sat at the kitchen table, drooling semen onto the wood chair - her nude butt chilled a little on the cold seat. She was voracious and ate dinner, almost without saying a word, staring into space, deep in thought.

Rosetta finally asked, "You look a little out of it, Sweetheart. Did you get some good research material?" Marisa looked at her Mother with a look Rosetta had never seen before, "Mom, I think we have a problem..." "What's that Honey?" "Mom... I think I liked that... a little too much." "Why is that a problem?" "I have to report on this as if I think it's a terrible plague." "I see..."

It took a while for Marisa to fully wrap her brain around what happened to her. But after the stallion had worked it's seed into her three times that afternoon, she had a sudden realization. She wasn't qualified to report on belly riding as a scourge. She suddenly saw the err of her ill conceived ideas. This both puzzled her and worried her. She was puzzled by her own reaction - it turned her world upside down. Could she really consider belly riding a way of life that she'd be interested in pursuing? But more immediately she was worried about what her boss would say.

As Marisa agonized in a string of almost incoherent sentences, Rosetta put her hand on Marisa's across the kitchen table and smiled, "I think you know what you have to do." "Do I?" "Yes, you need to come clean to your boss. Invite him over." Those words rang in her ears for hours later as she crawled into bed, trying to think about what she would say as she felt her warm vagina leaking horse semen onto her fresh sheets. It was true and her Mother was right. This wasn't an assignment she could live up to. She couldn't talk badly about belly riding anymore. It was just a remarkable experience and she knew she'd have to do it again. In fact, she was already considering how she could purchase the horse off of her Mother's friend.

The next day Marisa called over to the office as early as she could. She knew her boss got in early in the morning, "We need to talk." "Uh oh," he said, "that's never a good sign." Marisa nodded, "It's not. I have some... news." "Well this is a press room. News is usually what we aim for." "Not necessarily this news. Unfortunately." "What's up, kid?" "Well," she swallowed hard, "You know how

I was supposed to research belly riding?" "Yea? No luck?" "No, I got lucky... just not in the way we wanted. Look, can you come over? I think we need to talk." She gave him her address, and he said he would be right over.

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### Chapter Three

By the time Marisa's boss showed up, she was back in her saddle and her Mother had given the stallion it's shot. She was just beginning to rock her hips to get the stallion seated properly when he showed up slack jawed. Marisa looked at the ground frowned, and before looking back up, shamefully said, "Don't freak out, okay? I just wanted to try is so I could know what I was reporting on." "You're fucking a horse!" "Yeah... well, he screwed me a few times actually. Twice. Yesterday afternoon." She lied, since it was actually three times, but for some reason she didn't want her Mother to know that, even now as she was admitting her intention to become a belly rider in her impromptu Confession - the official coming out of a belly rider.

He looked at Rosetta and then to Marisa before he began to laugh. He laughed hard and for almost a minute before wiping away some tears and shaking his head, "Oh my... wow... I didn't see this coming from you of all people." "What's that supposed to mean?" "Don't get offended or anything. I meant it in a nice way. You're just always so buttoned down and professional and demure. I think a ton of guys in the office would pay an arm and a leg to see you taking a horse dick!" Marisa hated that she was naked in front of her own boss with her long legs wrapped around the stud she was mating with, but she felt like it was something she had to do.

Marisa tried to ignore her boss' vulgarity as he said, "So why did you invite me over? Is this your clever way of getting in good with the belly riders?" "No. I'm afraid it's worse than that. I think I want to... keep riding." "You want to stay under there?" "Yes, I don't want to report on belly riders - a actually want to BE a belly rider." "Are you kidding me? Look at you, I mean you're so tall you don't even fit under that horse. And he's huge!" Marisa defiantly said, "He's not only huge but he has a dick to match. He's got the first dick I've ever felt that could really satisfy me." Marisa's boss looked closely and his eyebrows raised up, "Wow, he does, huh. That's amazing you can actually... fit it... all... in ... there." Marisa blushed, as her boss struggled to find the words to explain how wide Marisa's huge pussy had stretched, "Yea, I guess I am a bit of a freak of nature. I could probably have sex with three or four men at once and it still wouldn't fill me up. But he does." She smiled up at the huge animal that she was having intercourse with, admiring him.

Her boss nodded, lost in thought. Marisa tried to get the conversation back on topic, "Anyway, you know that I can't go through with this story now. I have a huge conflict of interest! Besides, I'd never be able to say anything negative." He paused and thought for a minute, "Oh, I see... Well, I don't want to lose you as a reporter." "Unless you have room for a naked girl on staff, I don't see how else this is going to work." "So you're really hell bent on this whole belly riding thing, huh?" "Yes, I'm afraid so. I don't want to quit either, but I don't think you're going to be wanting to put me in the public eye like this either." He thought again for another full minute before he opened his eyes widely and said, "Hey, I've got it!" Marisa was worried about what he might say, "What?" He leaned forward and said, "You know Mr. Santiago? The drug lord?" "I've heard of him, yea?" "I think I've got an assignment for you...."

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Chapter Four

Several days later, Marisa found herself on a dirt road on the outskirts of town, nude next to her stallion with her mother and her boss who had just dropped her off. She had learned how to steer the horse while underneath it after much trial and error around the house. It had even lead to her ending up almost a quarter mile away in the shopping district before a nice young woman took pity on her and walked her back. Marisa was just another dumb belly rider lost in public with sperm dripping out of her – the same kind she had wanted to write a story about. But she had since indeed learned how to ride the horse with some skill, although she was still very much a novice in the subtle ways of belly riding.

The plan was simple, Marisa was going to pose as a typical belly rider in need and try to infiltrate the Santiago compound. She was dropped off a mile away from the Santiago hacienda by Rosetta, and coupled to the horse. Rosetta helped Marisa get saddled, “Are you sure you want to go through with this?” Marisa swallowed hard as she felt the horse’s huge member press against her insides, “I’ll be fine, Mom.” Marisa’s boss looked nervous as he said, “I have your microphone all wired into the saddle and all you have to do is press this small button here and it’ll start recording. It’s perfect! Now we should go before anyone sees us with you. Good luck Marisa!” Marisa nodded, still wiggling her butt trying to get accustomed to the girth. She hadn’t ridden at all that day, so it still felt huge inside her as her Mother gave the stallion it’s shot. The saddle had been modified a little to house a small pouch for extra shots as well as the hidden recording device.

Marisa bid her Mother goodbye and started on the long dusty walk up to the Santiago Hacienda. Each step was immensely pleasurable, but she was also nervous for her life. She knew Santiago was a ruthless drug dealer, and could kill her with easily. She had no self defenses at all, plus she was wired with a microphone. So she could easily parish if things went wrong. As she approached the outskirts of the walls of the heavily protected Hacienda she encountered several men with machine guns. She smiled prettily and asked to see the owner of the Hacienda. She explained that she was a belly rider traveling around the country, and wanted a place to stay for a few days, if they were willing to part with food and water for her and her horse. In Brazil belly riders often appeared places asking for such things, and food, water and shelter was always provided to them so this was not irregular.

She was brought into the Hacienda walls and up to a beautifully manicured landscape of flowers and shrubs and beautiful green grass. It looked like heaven. She was asked to wait as one of the men entered the Hacienda. Patiently, she did and soon after the man himself, Raul Santiago walked out of the house, a cigar in his mouth, wearing a white suit. She swallowed hard, and as he walked closer, inspecting her, she desperately wanted to turn the horse around and make it run from the Hacienda. Yet, she knew, that would never work.

He approached her and smiled, “Hello, Miss. How may I help you?” “I beg your help, sir. I’m a belly rider, and I need food and water for myself and my horse. Can you help?” His eyes narrowed and he looked at her funny, “Do you know where you are?” She knew what he was asking, but she played dumb, “Rio, I believe.” “No, I mean, do you know who I am?” “No, sir, are you famous?” He smiled, suddenly satisfied, “Never mind. My name is Raul, and this is my home. My men will show you to the stables, and one of them will help get you food and water. When you’re ready to leave, just let them know and they will escort you out. Until then, feel free to roam around as you please.” She smiled sincerely – thankful that he didn’t ask any tough questions, “You’re very kind, sir! Thank you, Raul! My name is Marisa.”

Just as he began to turn around he stopped and turned back. Marisa began to panic, wondering if he might have an idea who she was. Her face had been in the paper several times and also on local TV as well, after all. He looked at her and said, “Aren’t you a little tall for a belly rider?” Marisa took a deep breath, thankful that it wasn’t a question she couldn’t handle, “I’m a firm believer that there is

someone for everyone, and I finally found a mate that I'm compatible with, sexually. I'm tall, and my stallion is large. I've found him to be very suitable for the size of my body, even if I don't fit the typical stereotypes of the petite Brazilian belly riders you see at the Carnival."

Raul nodded, "I see, and I agree, it's nice to see a tall woman enjoying herself with a horse. My wife too is very tall but has not chosen to take a horse. She believes horses just for servants, maids and other philistines. She doesn't like to tell anyone, but she keeps a small kennel of mastiffs that she keeps for her and her other wealthy girlfriends. They play bridge and have sex with the dogs, thinking that none of their husbands, including me will find out why she keeps all those dogs. I'd almost rather she become a belly rider, so at least she'd be forced to be honest. I even confronted her about it once, but she denied everything." Marisa, wondered if he might be hinting at the fact that Marisa wasn't being honest. Not knowing quite what to say she nodded, "Every woman has a secret, Raul. Perhaps your wife just doesn't want you to be jealous or worry about her and her uncouth and unrefined sexual desires."

He smiled, "You're right. I like you, Marisa - you may stay here as long as you like." He suddenly seemed a lot less scary to Marisa as she thanked him and he turned to leave with one last gesture, telling one of the body guards to show her to the barn and get her situated. Maybe he was really just a pussycat, who had gotten himself into some trouble and hadn't ever properly straightened out his life. But that said, he still was a very dangerous man, so she kept her guard up. The body guards nodded at her and left to leave her alone, with the exception of the one, who Marisa thought couldn't be much older than she was.

He walked her with a stern expression on his face, towards the small horse stable next to the house. She could hear the sounds of several large dogs barking - the mastiffs she presumed. In the stable, a young woman was tending to the horses, and noticed her. The woman smiled when she saw Marisa, "Hello!" Marisa smiled back, so happy to find an affectionate woman, and not some sleazy drug addict. The women introduced themselves. Inna was a bit younger than Marisa, but had a traditional family background and a good head on her shoulders. It was too bad, Marisa thought, that this girl had got tied up with such a nasty man.

Inna said, "How long have you been a belly rider?" Marisa confessed, "Not all that long, to be honest." Inna nodded, "I've never tried it." "You totally should," Marisa raved, "It's an amazing feeling." "I think my boyfriend would get jealous." "Oh, I see... well, I don't have a boyfriend, so that makes it easier for me." "But you're tall and beautiful, I can't imagine men don't like you." "Oh yes, they do, but I don't really like them. You're right, I'm very tall, and I haven't found a man that can really satisfy me. Now this horse, on the other hand. I've never felt my cervix being pounded before this horse decided to enjoy being inside me. I was like God finally smiled down on me and gave me relief from a life of sexual frustration." Inna nodded, "I can see why you'd say that, and now that I'm looking, I can see why no human penis ever did anything for you. It's amazing how far you can stretch!" Marisa hated that her pussy kept being called big, but she loved that it was on display at the same time and she worked her hips up and down several times for Inna.

The two chit chatted, until the Marisa realized that she wasn't there to make friends as an orgasm finally rolled over her pin pricked body. Marisa tensed hard as her body shuddered and convulsed. No, Marisa was there to gather evidence for her story. Before long she said to Inna, "I'm going to go for a little walk. I haven't felt him orgasm in me for a while, and I think it's about that time." It was a solid excuse, and not even a lie - just not the entire truth. With that Marisa left the barn leaving Inna to continue her duties.

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## Chapter Five

A day turned into two days which turned into a week. Marisa had tried her best to find something to report on, but for the most part the compound was relatively quiet. She caught Santiago's wife hurriedly getting dogs out of the kennel several times a day, when he was out of the house, but other than that, it had been quiet. Inna and Marisa had become closer, especially because Inna had to unhook Marisa once a day, and feed her and re-couple Marisa to the stallion and give the stallion its shots. Marisa was completely reliant on another person – it was an odd feeling. Marisa initially felt bad about sitting in her saddle getting herself off for an hour or more at a time, while Inna talked about something utterly unimportant to Marisa. But Marisa tolerated it, because she liked it when Inna looked over and Marisa was receiving a huge load of semen into her womb. Inna would pause, and wait for Marisa and the horse to stop climaxing. Inna's patience with Marisa was a huge turn on for Marisa who had almost forgotten why she was there.

After 8 days, while Marisa was casually moving her hips and listening to one of Inna's stories, suddenly her purpose smacked her in the face as Inna said, "... and that's when I found out that they're showing up with ten trucks in a few day. I'm like, why do we need all those trucks. They said something about a big shipment coming in and they need all the horses to be ready in case they need to use them to pull whatever it is they're shipping out of the trucks." Marisa didn't want to seem too interested, but she had the presence of mind to flip on the digital recorder hidden by her hand that was secured to the stallion she was having sex with. Marisa tried to probe, "What sort of shipment?" "I don't know... but every few weeks they have a few trucks show up. Normally it's only two or three, so if there are ten or more showing up, it's something big. But I try to stay out of it. They always seem on edge." "When is this again? I mean, I want to stay out of their way – maybe I'll just take a long walk that day or something." "Tuesday."

Marisa had what she needed. She said quickly, "You know, I'm going to go for a walk right now... maybe down into town even. I'm feeling a little cooped up. You know – if I'm not back don't worry. Us belly riders tend to find places to stay pretty easily. But I will come back." "Okay, have fun." Marisa began her walk past the guards and out of the compound. She nervously walked out of the large gate, drooling semen out of her engorged pussy lips. She wanted to cumm as she did so she rocked her hips hard thrusting back and forth, and within a few seconds she was climaxing just as the doors closed. She was free.

The police hadn't believed her at first – how was she, a naked girl, impaled on a horse supposed to be trusted? She hadn't even had the decency to clean herself up after her long walk from the hacienda, through town and to her house before she asked her rather worried mother to call the police and her editor. Her pussy was red, swollen and extremely messy. She was dirty, from the dusty road, and she was clearly breathless from a hot orgasm as her chest heaved. Her pubic hairs were clumped together and covered in a mix of sperm and dust that had made her a muddy mess. She was absolutely disgusting looking, but she was obviously extremely excited.

The two officers, Officer Triego and Officer Silva. Officer Triego was a large sturdy man who looked at Marisa with disappointing eyes. Officer Silva was a slender and pretty woman, in her early twenties who was fairly petite. Officer Silva smiled and obviously pretended like it wasn't at all unusual that she was debriefing a tall gorgeous reporter who was still engaged in sex with a horse. Marisa's editor arrived and Marisa began to spill the whole story about the shipment, and the details about the compound, how many people were there, what they were armed with and so on. Marisa finally got the impression that the two police officers started taking her seriously when she played back the audio from Inna's conversation. Marisa was quick to say that Inna knew nothing and that she was to be spared. She felt bad for Inna and wanted her to have a second chance at life.

The two police officers thanked her and told her that they would take care of it. Of course Marisa's editor put someone on the case to follow the police so that they could get good footage of the raid on the compound. A few days later, just on schedule, Marisa heard that the raid had indeed occurred. Apparently they had tried the same trick and put Officer Silva into harms way, by getting her to pose as a belly rider too. Once she was safely in the compound she had a small receiver that she used to signal to the rest of the police force to descend onto the small compound when the trucks arrived. It was such a perfect raid that not a single shot was fired. In the trucks were tons of barrels of drugs bound to the United States that Santiago was bartering for a huge cache of guns. Marisa had maybe even stopped a small war with all those guns that hadn't made their final destination!

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Chapter Six

Marisa's editor delivered the news to her in person and with a smile he said, "I happen to have a camera in the van with me. If you want to throw on a blazer, I can tape you from the waist up. I mean, it is your story after all. You deserve to tell it. And this definitely belongs on TV. I can get it on the air tonight if we hurry." Marisa squealed! It was the best idea she had ever heard. She asked her mother to get her nice blouse and blazer and untie her hands. She wiggled into her blouse and blazer and buttoned it up. She wasn't wearing a bra, but at least her breasts were covered. Her mother applied some makeup and tied her hair back in a pretty sort of way, while her editor set the camera up but he had to do so in a very particular way, so that it was mounted sideways and only shot her from the waist up, so that what was happening with the union of her loins and the horse's was off camera.

"Don't worry," her editor said as he looked through the view finder, "I can see your stomach but your legs are covering your pubic hair and your butt is off camera. Thank God your body is so long, huh?" Marisa's tight blouse and jacket barely went down to the bottom of her rib cage, Marisa suddenly noticed. Marisa couldn't help but be extremely aroused being quite obviously bottomless, on camera and having sex with a horse while millions of people watched – even if they couldn't make out the specifics.

She began to rock her hips, gently realizing it had been almost an hour and the horse hadn't yet came, so he was definitely primed and ready, and so was Marisa. She wasn't sure if it was okay for her to move at all, but she was suddenly extremely aroused. She knew she looked extremely professional, only she was lying on her side, her long body sticking out from underneath a stallion. She continued to move her hips harder, feeling a wonderful orgasm approaching. Her editor attached a small wireless microphone to her lapel and then stepped back, "Okay, it's all yours." He started the camera. She began her story, explaining what had happened in her professional reporter tone. Instinctively she had gotten so good at moving her hips while she was talking that she continued to move, even as she gave her oration.

The horse began to get more and more aroused as it grew inside of her. She subconsciously mused that she may even be able to get it to inseminate her if she hurried. She desperately wanted to too. So she doubled her pace and began to bottom out the horse's huge penis against her insides. She then began to explain that she had managed to infiltrate the Santiago compound, as a belly rider. "Using the disguise of being a lowly and often ignored belly rider, full of shame, this reporter was able to gather enough intelligence while having intercourse with this trusty stallion, to get the police to investigate a massive shipment, bound for the compound." Her voice never wavered, other than when the huge penis shoved hard against her insides, nearly knocking the breath out of her. But she was amazingly professional, even still.

She felt the horse's head flare up inside of her, and with a quick jolt she felt it thrust hard inside of her. The horse's huge penis began to work it's way hard and fast back and forth inside of her wet vulva, massaging itself on her tender insides. Marisa recited back her story as best she could. She knew she was close to an orgasm, and the horse was too. She neared the end of her story and the horse began to thrust in it's final throws of it's buildup.

Marisa knew she was at the end of her story, but she wanted the camera to keep rolling, even as her own orgasm was just beginning to lift off. She arched her back and decided to ad-lib, "And as a parting personal note.... ohhhh...." She felt the stallion's huge smooth penis jab into her one last time before it began to erupt inside of her, "And on a personal note... ohh... I'd like to thank... the editors... for allowing me... to report... while impaled on my stallion. It might... be of interest to the viewers... to note... that I have now publicly taken... a horse... as my mate."

Her pussy was now convulsing hard as she struggled to keep her voice even while her whole body was exploding from the inside out. Ounces of semen were being shot into her as she tried to sign off. Her cervix lapped up the ejaculate as her face contorted and her anus and pussy pulsated hard, "Let this be a lesson... for anyone... who would ignore... the women of... our country... who are... bound... ohhhhh... to their beasts of burden! Ohhh... We are your daughters... your sisters... your mothers... your girlfriends... your wives... and many of the most... important... pillars of your community... even your reporters... ohhhhh!! This is Marisa Gonzales... the belly riding reporter... coming to you from under my stallion.... ohhhh ohh.... signing off.... oooooohhhh!!!!"

Her editor smiled while her legs shook violently. He flipped off the camera and smiled, "Great work! I'll get this over to the news room straight away. Too bad we couldn't get some of that on tape. We'd have great ratings!" He pointed to Marisa's pulsating vulva that was now grotesquely squirting out ejaculate from around the edges of her tight union with the horse's huge member, and sticking to her pubic hair. Rosetta smiled, "I agree, I think you two make a great couple on TV. You two look very natural together." Marisa sighed and smiled as she tried to catch her breath, "Maybe next time..." As her editor took down the camera he said, "So am I going to see you around the office any time in the near future?" Marisa shrugged and wiggled her tall body several times in deep satisfaction, finally feeling totally comfortable with herself and feeling incredibly sexy being bottomless in front of her mother and her boss, "Maybe, but right now, I have to see about buying this horse."

The End