

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



This is my twentieth story posted to this site about Belly Riding as a way of life. You can find details about this series in my other posts. 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:

~~~~~

## **Chapter One**

I was so dumb. My Dad is the nicest guy in the whole world, and it took a series of incredibly embarrassing mistakes for me to realize what a great, loving Father he was. But at least I had fun making those mistakes. My name is Kim, and this is my story of my camping trip of my Dad just after my 18th birthday.

It all started when my Dad suggested that we go on a one week horseback camping trip through the wilderness. I had just turned 18 and was about to head off to college. I guess my Dad wanted to make one last attempt of bonding with his little girl before I headed off to the big city on my own. So even my Mother and older brother who was going to community college weren't invited.

It was a small group of people. A couple, Martine and her husband Jack, another couple, Tammy and Joe and their son Todd, and the guide, Sam. There was also Sam's dog, Bo who liked to run along side the horses as we rode. Sam and Todd were closest to my age, so we ended up bonding quickly.

At the end of the first day, everyone headed off to bed, except Todd and Sam and I who decided to play a little poker and drink some wine. Todd and I weren't old enough to drink, but that didn't seem to matter to Sam much. As we drank we stopped playing for the M&M's and somehow got on the idea of strip poker. I was winning, so I didn't think much of it. I could use a little thrill looking at these hot guys stripping for me.

But the darndest thing happened, I started losing almost immediately as soon as we switched over to strip poker. Sam was cleaning up. He had Todd's shirt, and all but my panties in just a few minutes of playing. Thankfully there was a fire, or I might have been a little chilly sitting there with my breasts exposed. Even though it was summer, the canyon we had chosen for that night was a little cool, since it was near water.

I didn't mind stripping though, it was fun. I half wanted to run around naked anyway. Another hand later and I was forced to hand over my panties. I knew I was a little wet as I did so, but I didn't care. I knew the boys wouldn't mind either. I handed over my moist panties to Sam who immediately put them on his head, making me laugh. He said, "Wanna go double or nothing?" I knew immediately that he wanted to see me do something lewd, and truthfully, I wanted to show him too.

"Okay, but nothing gross. If I win, I get my clothes back. If I lose, I'll masturbate for you guys." "Done!" I knew that was probably better than what he was thinking, but I've never been one of those girls to play coy. I actually ended up getting a good hand, but I decided to fold anyway, because I really wanted to do it.

We stopped playing poker, and I began to rub my clitoris. I looked at them and said, "Go on, you two keep talking. Don't mind me." They did as I commanded, and I continued to rub my clitoris for several more minutes until I felt my orgasm overcome me. I huffed loudly and lewdly, so they'd know I had orgasmed. I wasn't bashful. It was the first time I had ever let anyone watch me masturbate,

and I have to admit, it was a blast.

I stayed naked for another hour or so, before I started getting sleepy. We decided to call it a night. I grabbed my clothes from Sam and went over to the tent where my Father was sleeping. He's a pretty heavy sleeper, so I didn't even bother to get dressed. I just threw on a tee-shirt and got into my sleeping bag.

~~~~~

Chapter Two

The next day was pretty much the same. We rode the horses up out of the canyon and into some hill country. It was much warmer up there, and Sam even said, "For the rest of the trip, we'll be in warmer climates." We all noticed immediately, as we began to perspire in the hot daylight. The respite of the cool shade, was welcome.

We watered the horses in the small streams that wound their way down the hillsides on occasion. Sam definitely knew where to go though, because water was never far away, and the horses were well taken care of. That evening was nearly a repeat of the first night. Everyone went off to bed, leaving Sam, Todd and I to play poker. This time we left the M&Ms in the bag, and went straight to strip poker.

I was encouragable. I let them win hand after hand. I bet badly, I folded on good hands, and within fifteen minutes, I was sitting there naked in front of the two guys for the second time in two days. "Double or nothing?" Sam said, smirking. "Okay, what do you have in mind? You've already seen me masturbate." Sam bit his lip and frowned. He looked around and spotted Bo sitting nearby, with his eyes half closed, clearly drifting off to sleep.

Todd said, "Bo, come here, boy." Bo perked up and walked over, with a dog like grin on his face as his tail wagged. He was a good boy. "How about you and Bo do it?" "Huh?!" "Yeah, if we win, you have sex with Bo." "No way!" "Come on!" "And what if I win?" Sam looked at Todd and said, "I dunno, we'll strip naked." "And...?" I wasn't going to take the chance of fucking a dog without some commitment from them. "And... I dunno." I had an idea, "You two have to suck each other off." Todd was the first to say, "Ewww! Gross!" Sam shuddered, thinking about it, but then he nodded, "Okay, fine. Deal."

I couldn't believe I had just made a deal that could end up in my performing bestiality in front of two guys I had just met two days before. Thinking back I should have realized that even if it were fair odds, I only had a 33% chance of winning that hand, given that the boys were working together on that bet. But I was sure I had let them win every hand. So I went into it thinking I'd win. Of course, I lost - and badly.

The boys could hardly contain themselves as Sam said, "Okay, bend over. I'll help him get on top." I shook my head and asked for my shorts so I could kneel on them. He agreed, letting me put them on the ground. I knelt down and bend over, raising my hips and lowering my torso to expose my pussy and anus to the world. I closed my eyes and suddenly, I felt Bo's long warm tongue all over my sex. It felt wild, but I tried to remain perfectly still. Suddenly he jumped on my back and began thrusting into me. He had terrible aim, and instinctively I reached back to help him into me.

Thinking back I shouldn't have helped at all. I should have made it impossible for him to enter me, but stupidly, I just let him work his way into me. With a few hard shoves he was all the way into me. I could feel his knot pushing against me, although at the time I had no idea what it was. Soon it too had entered me, and we were joined. The boys stood back and watched in amazement. I looked at

their faces, and the bulges in their pants. They were truly engrossed.

That's when I heard the zipper of my Father's tent. I stopped moving but unfortunately, Bo didn't. My Father stumbled out of the tent and walked off into the darkness – presumably to find a bush to pee behind. I couldn't see him at all, because the fire was ruining my night vision. Had he seen me? Nearly two minutes passed and I still couldn't see or hear him. Then, he walked out from the darkness and into the tent, without a word or a glance over at her or the dog.

She knew he was a hard sleeper, so maybe he had just been so worn out from the all day ride that he hadn't bothered to look over. Could it be? Could she have gotten away with it? She waited for a few moments until she heard the zipper of the tent close up again before she let her breath out. "Oh my god!" The dog hadn't stopped for even a second during that ordeal, but with that sudden sense of relief, I began to climax almost immediately. I was so turned on, I couldn't help myself.

I could feel his thick veiny member working hard into me, and pulsating. He was probably ejaculating into me. You'd think I'd be grossed out by the whole thing, but watching those guys, who's eyes nearly popped out of their head having almost been caught by my Dad and this huge dog fucking me... Wow, all I can say is I fell into the dirt and ground my hips backwards, taking as much of Bo's huge penis as I could, before both of us were spent. He eventually pulled out of me, and this huge gush of semen spilled out of me onto my shorts.

I wanted to get up but I was so tired and spent that I just ended up staying there, with my ass in the air, my pussy gaping. Finally, Bo came to my rescue and began eating me out, licking up his own sperm, which finally jolted me back into the land of the living. I squirmed to get away, and finally managed to stand up and push Bo's head away. I grabbed my clothes from the guys and said, goodnight to them. This time I did put on my clothes before I went back to the tent. I wasn't sure if my Dad was still awake or not.

I stripped down to my tee-shirt again leaving my semen covered shorts on top of my bag to dry. I felt the sperm oozing out of me all night. But I still ended up sleeping great.

~~~~~

### **Chapter Three**

The third day crept along. I couldn't stop thinking about the previous night. We had to pack light, so I only brought two pairs of shorts – one for swimming and one for wearing around the campsite. My campsite pair had a huge dark stain on it, where Bo's sperm had dried. I didn't even pretend to hide it. I was sure no one would know what it was, and everyone else was looking pretty dirty by day three anyway. So I didn't think it was a big deal. Still, though, it kept my mind occupied every time I looked at it, or every time one of the boys pointed out the stain, pretending to be alarmed that my nice shorts had gotten soiled.

I forgave them for being horny boys, because I wanted to try it again that night. The day wore on and soon the three of us were playing poker yet again. It was becoming a ritual. We drank too much and then started playing. This time I wanted to play harder to get. I was winning for a while but then I let the boys win hand after hand when I could tell I might actually win. Several hours later, I was buck naked, and saying, "Let's go double or nothing." Sam smiled, "I've got something else in mind this time." "Oh?!" I was curious what his deviant mind would come up with. So was Todd, apparently, because his eyes were as wide as saucers.

Sam smiled, "I brought along a special saddle, for the horses, that I picked up when I was traveling through South America. It's a belly riding saddle." "Okay?" I was confused. "It's so you can have sex

with a horse." My eyes opened wide, "Oh!" I had never thought of having sex with a horse - well, maybe once or twice, in perverted masturbation fantasies, but I had never given it serious thought. "I don't know..." "Lots of women do it down there. It's common, in fact. That's why I could pick one up." I was understandably cautious, "And you just happened to bring it along on this trip?"

"You never know when it can come in handy. You willing to try?" "Okay, and if I win, you have to have sex with Bo instead of me." Sam laughed, but he tried to be quiet about his laugh, so that no one would hear them talking. There was a stream nearby, so their voices were muffled at best for the people sleeping in the tents, but still, no need to wake anyone and ruin their fun. Sam agreed, and Todd agreed too, probably because he realized there was no downside for him, as he wasn't even part of this bet. Still though, my odds were terrible, and I know I was bad about hiding my cards. The boys quickly called my bluff and soon I had lost.

Sam said, "Let me go saddle up your horse." I waited there, naked, for several minutes until Sam came back with my horse and a strange set of leather straps hanging down like spaghetti on both sides of the horse. I didn't know where to begin, but Sam helped me into the saddle. I climbed into it, face up, and positioned my legs and arms on either side of the horse. Sam said, "Here, let me put your arms and legs into the straps, so you don't have to keep them raised up. It's also safer, so he won't kick you or step on any of your arms or legs."

I did as I was told, sensing that Sam was teetering - he was way more drunk than I was. Todd too was nearly falling asleep as he watched. I realized I too was extremely drunk. The boys had been plying me with drinks and had polished off an entire bottle of vodka that Sam had stashed away. Sam tied my ankles and wrists up, and began rubbing the horse's sheath. I watched with bated breath, as the horse's cock began to extend towards me.

Soon I felt it touching the folds of my slippery vulva. I tried to widen my legs as much as possible for Sam, until I felt the huge phallus begin to harden. Sam push hard and I pushed back, feeling a sense of urgency. After a few tense seconds, I felt the giant penis push into me. Oh my god, I thought I'd explode right then and there. Sam pushed harder, working inch after inch into me. I couldn't help myself, as I began to rock my hips, helping the massive penis gain entry deep into my body. Sam stepped back and opened a small leather case, and pulled out what looked like a pen or something.

He moved closer and put it near the horse's erection. It was only after he pulled back that I realized it was a needle. Sam smiled, "Don't worry, it's just to keep him hard." He snickered, in a drunk way, and stumbled back to his chair near the campfire and sat down with a huff. I could tell his head was spinning because he didn't even look over at me at all. His eyes were focused on the tree next to him and his head was bobbing as if he were close to getting sick. Todd had already leaned so far back into his chair that he had fallen asleep.

I knew that I was close to an orgasm already, and I hadn't even had time to prepare myself. I rocked my hips hard, and after only a minutes I was already climaxing. I held my breath and raised my hips. Oh my god, I had never felt anything so amazing in my entire life. I couldn't believe I was in the process of screwing a horse! I looked over to see if I could get a glimpse of Sam's face, but he too had fallen asleep. I should have panicked at that point, but, honestly, I was way too horny, to think of the ramifications of being tied to a stallion while fucking him.

I kept riding his huge cock and moaning, but suddenly, I fell asleep. I know that sounds anti-climatic, but I was really drunk.

~~~~~

Chapter Four

I woke up with bleary eyes. I wanted to rub them but my hands were tied to the stallion. It took me a minute to realize where I was or what was going on, but then I realized I was naked, and standing next to me was Tammy, Joe and worst of all, my own Father. I'm sure I looked panicked. Both Todd and Sam were still passed out on their chairs - clearly they hadn't moved an inch since they fell asleep.

The sun was just rising and hadn't yet crested the mountains. My guess was it had only been a few hours, but that the poker had lasted much later than the previous nights, because I had delayed the outcome of the game. But there I was, completely buck naked, impaled on the horse I had been riding all week up to that point. My Dad's face was horrifying. He was so shocked and disturbed, it was unbelievable. He shook his head in anger. I didn't know what to say, no words would come.

I struggled against my bonds but it was no use. My Father walked over to Todd and Sam and kicked them to wake them up. They both shook their heads, unaware of where they were or what was going on. That is, until they spotted me, tied up with seven inches of that huge horse penis buried in me. My face probably told the whole story. I could feel myself blushing hard and my mouth was open, but yet, I was speechless. I could tell both of the guys had horrible headaches, as did I, and this was a bad way to wake up from a hangover.

My Dad said, "You boys break camp and get breakfast started." Sam was wide eyed, "Yes, sir, of course." He scrambled to his feet and ran off to get breakfast started. Todd got up and left too, presumably because he didn't want any part of my mess. I was fully waiting for my Father to come over and untie me, but instead he said, "I'm very disappointed in you." "I know Dad, I'm so sorry, it was just a dumb mistake. I've never done it before." Then to my horror my Dad said, "That's bullshit, I saw you fucking that dog last night. I was willing to let that go, but now everyone knows about you and your animal fetish."

I was mortified as Sam hurried up carrying breakfast supplies as my Dad barked at him, "Sam, you're going to feed my Daughter like that, got it?" Sam said, "Uh, sure." I was mortified, "What?" "You heard me, you got yourself into this, so you're going to live with your mistake." "Huh?!" I didn't like the sound of that one bit. "You're going to stay like that for the rest of the day." "No Dad! No!"

My Dad spun around, as Martine and Jack walked up, bleary eyed, wondering what the commotion was all about as they spotted me. My Dad sternly told everyone, "Everyone, please excuse my Daughter. She's been a bad girl, and we caught her 'in the act' with this stallion here. As punishment, we're going to leave her like this for the rest of the day if she can't contain herself. Do not let down until I say so. Okay?" Everyone nodded, sensing how angry my Dad was. I was horrified and mortified.

It was bad enough that they had caught me, but now I had to stay mated to a horse all day? Todd and Sam made a hasty breakfast, so they could break camp as quickly as possible. Sam fed me some toast and eggs, and apologized for everything. I tried to be angry with him, but it was my own fault. I just wished I wasn't so horny, as my breasts were exposed and felt the giant phallus deep in me, moving with every breath my stallion took. I just wished his dick wasn't so slippery from all my vaginal lubrication - it made it impossible to stop it from slipping back and forth in me for as much as I squeezed and tried to limit how much access the stallion had to my insides.

We broke camp and Sam loaded my horse up with supplies on top. He seemed rather proficient at this and I called him out on it quietly as everyone else was out of ear shot, "You seem like you've saddled a belly rider's saddle before." Sam nodded, "I had an ex-girlfriend who used to belly ride on

the weekends when she was home from school. She did it for a few years before she moved away. Long distance sucks."

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that," and I genuinely was, although I felt really strange having sex with a horse while having a somewhat normal conversation. He shrugged and finished getting all my supplies tied securely to my horse's back, while I dangled beneath it's belly. In a few minutes we were off. Sam was in front holding onto the reigns of my horse. Behind me was Todd, unfortunately, and then by the rest of the adults. Todd wouldn't stop looking at the horse copulating with me. Eventually, I complained enough and Martine switched places with him. I was thankful for that. Todd was bright red.

Martine seemed level headed, and even when I couldn't hold out any longer and I began to orgasm, she pretended not to notice. I was really embarrassed but no one said anything. I thought it was odd that no one was really commenting on my predicament, as we continued to ride. We rode up a rather steep pass, and at one point we reached a rather steep drop off. That's when my stallion decided he had enough of me teasing his cock with my riding him with my vagina. He began to buck and whinny. Sam stopped when he heard this and said, "Oh geez, great timing, Kim. Could you have at least picked a safer spot?" He was genuinely annoyed with me, and I barked back, "Shut the fuck up, like I have control over him!"

He didn't say anything more as the whole column of horses came to a halt. Everyone waited patiently for the horse to have his way with me. Unfortunately, where he stopped he had ended up on the exact apex of a turn away from the hill, so that everyone had a view of me and the stallion, including my own Dad. I looked at him and he looked furious. I was so disappointed in myself, as the horse began to thrust harder and harder. I couldn't help but be aroused, even though I was deeply ashamed too.

I lifted my hips into the air, as the monstrous penis jabbed deep against my cervix. It took an agonizing minute of hard thrusting before the horse was fully aroused. I was so embarrassed I couldn't look at anyone anymore. I felt my stallion beginning to tighten up and he flared inside of him, as his penis engorged with even more blood. I couldn't help but moan as I braced myself for the unknown. His balls lifted high towards his body, and with a few more hard thrusts, I began to climax. I couldn't help myself. It was overwhelming. The horse too began to ejaculate into me hard.

We were cumming in unison. I could feel my legs widen involuntarily, as I tried to make as much room for my mate as I could. It was amazing! I had never felt anything close to that in my life. He was so powerful. My pussy convulsed hard and I moaned loudly. How on earth was a girl supposed to stay quiet in those circumstances?! I couldn't help but gasp for air and look at Martine, and said, "I think he's done mating with me." Just as I said that he thrust hard again and a small splash of sperm erupted from around the lips of my pussy, and I heard a small splat on the ground beneath me.

Was my pussy literally filled to the brim with sperm? I couldn't imagine! What an amazing thought! Sam said, in a stern voice, trying to deny how turned on he probably was, I'm sure, "Okay, now that that's out of the way, let's keep going." We continued on, and Martine looked down at me, and when there was a big enough gap between people Martine quietly said, "Your Dad said something about you having sex with dogs too?" I nodded shamefully and said almost under my breath so no one else would hear, "He caught me with a dog too, I guess, although I didn't know he caught me." Martine laughed, "Wow, I wish I had your libido! It must be wild to have sex with anything that moves."

Really? Was she really being nice to me? After a while we stopped for lunch. Martine offered up Jack to feed me. He looked at me reluctantly. I could tell I made him very nervous. But honestly, him

being nervous made me nervous too. I greedily ate the food. I was starving. Nothing like a half day straight of sex to work up an appetite. I tried to hold a conversation between bites, learning about Jack and Martine's marriage. They seemed like a typical happy couple. Jack didn't seem to want to talk about it - I think he had other things on his mind. I couldn't help thinking about what was going on below my waist though as every huff and stomp of the horse's foot sent shivers through my loins.

Jack paused for almost a minute, looked around several times to make sure no one was listening to our conversation and then looked at me sternly. "What?" I asked. "Oh." He seemed somewhat startled, by the fact that I had noticed he was so pensive. "I just, uh... was kinda curious." "About what?" "I mean... why did you decide to screw a horse?" "Oh, I dunno, I guess because after I had sex with Sam's dog, I was pretty much up for anything." "Wait, what?" "Oh, yeah, well, haha... I guess, I had sex with Sam's dog too. I figured Martine would have told you, but I guess she probably didn't have the chance yet." "No, she didn't say anything to me." He adjusted himself.

Jack paused again, "Does it feel good?" I couldn't help but laugh at his boyish question. Here was a full grown man asking me, a teen aged girl at the time, if I was enjoying having intercourse with a stallion. He looked embarrassed by my laughter. He looked slightly horrified, but still managed to glimpse at my tits which were giggling. I smiled at him, feeling slightly empowered and very sexy all of a sudden, "Yeah, it does feel good. I like it best when he thrusts into me, but even sitting here, I can't stop thinking about it, because his cumm is still leaking. I could stay like this forever." That seemed to satisfy Jack's curiosity and made me really horny, admitting to the fact that I was actually enjoying myself. To this day I'm not sure why I admitted that - but it was probably to get a rise out of Jack.

My Father wouldn't hardly look at me. He basically pretended I didn't exist. We broke camp and rode for another few hours. I orgasmed several more times. But every time the horse came close we took a quick break, and the stallion would calm down again. I had totally lost track of where we were or how I would get back if I somehow got separated from the group - a terrifying thought. By that time my bladder was hurting too, and I needed to stop. Jack shouted back to my Father, "Hey, Blake, I think your girl needs to be let down. She's gotta use the facilities." My Father rode up and looked down at me. I was twisting in pain. I really couldn't hold it much longer.

My Dad nodded, "Okay. Let her down, Sam." Sam jumped off and untied me quickly. I slipped my body off of the still rigid horse penis, as a small torrent of semen drooled out of my nether regions. I stood up, on wobbly legs and managed to walk, buck naked, behind a tree. I'm not sure why I was being modest but it still seemed like the right thing to do. After finishing up, I walked back to the horse and began to get saddled again. My Father looked furious, but I wasn't quite sure why until after I was well situated with my hand and feet strapped into place and the horse's penis beginning to work it's way up me again. My Father didn't want me to get under the horse again.

No, he wanted his girl to be chaste and protest, and he would come to my rescue when I started crying. But no, I was being slutty, and loved being naked, and even better yet, loved feeling that giant horse dick up inside me. I decided to feign ignorance, "You said I was supposed to stay like this, Daddy. I didn't want to disappoint you any more than I already have." I didn't mean to call him Daddy - I did that when I was a kid when I wanted something out of him. I knew it was transparent, but I did want something out of him. I wanted for him to keep his word and make me stay like this until the following morning. My Father nodded, although clearly still upset. Sam took that opportunity to give my stallion another shot before we went on.

I swung lazily under my stallion, back and forth, back and forth for another solid hour, until we arrived at where we were camping. I was so aroused I could hardly stand it. The horse was starting to really get pent up as well. As my Father set up our tent he tied my stallion to a tree right next to

where he was unpacking our things. I wished I could be let go to go wander around the other people in the campsite, because I could tell my stallion lover was ready to unleash another torrent of semen into me any minute.

I wasn't hardly moving at all, or so I thought. Later on my Dad told me that I was grinding my hips nearly the whole time he was setting up camp - how embarrassing! But that was subconscious - I thought I was being pretty still, with the occasional rotating of my hips to get comfortable. I guess I was being quite a bit more obvious than that, but who could blame a girl for being horny when you're impaled on an erect horse dick for an entire day while your disapproving Father watches? His anger fed my lust in a perverted way. I knew it was wrong, but I couldn't stop wishing the stallion would cum in me again.

I didn't have long to wait. As my Dad was getting frustrated by the tent poles, I began to feel the thick pole in me began to thicken. The stallion began to dance a little and even whinnied. I knew he was close. I began to rock my hips to his rhythm. My Father stopped to watch me, disapprovingly. There I was - his little girl, grinding her body - deeply engaged in inter-species mating. I wasn't a shy, innocent girl anymore. I was horny, aggressive, and my perverse pleasure outranked any ugly faces my Father made towards me.

I was still deeply ashamed of what I was doing - what would the nuns at Sunday school say? That thought stuck in my head as I looked down to see my stallion's testicles begin to raise up. I imagined how heavy and warm they must be to the touch. Unfortunately, my hands were bound, so I had no choice but to imagine. I rocked my hips more as the stallion began to thrust into me. Oh my god, I can't describe the pleasure. He raped my body as I tried to get away. I wanted to scream and pull myself off of his huge rod, but something forced me to stay put and even raise my hips up to give the horse even greater access to pound my cervix.

My mind was being raped and telling me to get away and save my relationship with my Father, but my body couldn't get enough. This paradox was overwhelming me as thrust after violent thrust pounded deep into my body. At this point I think I literally lost my mind. I started moaning, loudly and the horse was making this weird coughing sound as it thrust hard into me and for whatever reason I decided that was the best time in the world to have an earth shattering orgasm. It easily beat any other orgasm I had had with the horse that day, and was by far the best orgasm I had ever had period. I was so ashamed!

My stomach was tense, and I held my breath for as long as I could, raising my butt off the belly riding saddle. The horse then began to orgasm too. I pictured his heavy balls, filled with semen from all day, trying to ejaculate into me. They flooded his organs waiting for their moment to explode. Then, they were squeezed and fired down the two feet of horse meat, out of the horse's thick flaring penis head and right against my ravaged cervix. I was cumming hard too at the same time, while the stallion continued to work as much of his sperm into me as he could.

I know it sounds gross, but I actually let my legs fall even further apart when I realized he was ejaculating. To be honest, to this day, I don't know what I did it. I didn't really want me Father to know that this was more than just sexual, and to be honest, I hadn't quite internalized it at this point anyway. But then it became clear - I was trying to impregnate myself. You heard me, as gross as I sound, I really wanted that big monster of an animal to breed me out. I wanted to be put out to pasture and mated to this huge stallion for weeks on end until I was good and properly filled with gallons of horse cum until my belly started to grow. Oh God...

Anyway, there I was, eighteen, with perky tits and a flat stomach, nude as the day I was born, in front of my poor Father. My hairy pussy on display for my Dad, all matted with semen from earlier

that day, as a fresh coat of ejaculate erupts out of my engorged lips, and covers me again with horse sperm. My clitoris and nipples were filled with blood and ached. What a sight I must have been, as my pussy pulsed and I moaned in lust. It lasted longer than I would like to have admitted – my Dad later told me I was rocking back and forth and moaning for almost five minutes straight before I finally calmed down. Five minutes! God, it's so embarrassing hearing about it now.

My Father finally looked away and finished putting the tent together. He didn't say a word. I was mortified by my own behavior. Sam came over eventually, thankfully. He broke the tension and walked me and the stallion over closer to the campfire. It was plenty warm that night now that we were away from the canyon, so I wasn't chilly at all even as the sperm cooled around my vulva and anus. Sam fed me that night, and before long everyone had headed off to bed. Even Sam and Todd left to get some sleep. They were exhausted, but I could tell they just didn't want to be caught doing anything worse than they had already. Todd's parents had no doubt talked to him, and Sam was afraid of my Dad.

So there I was – left alone to think and rock my hips in peace. After another quick orgasm I ended up falling asleep just like that – naked, and impaled on my stallion's warm cock. I woke up only a few times, to sigh, realizing where I was, before falling quickly back asleep again.

~~~~~

## Chapter Five

I was woken up early with the sound of banging pots. Sam was getting a very early start – unlike the previous mornings. I think he was trying to make amends for what I had gone through. Honestly, I could have slept like that another hour or so. Even though it was awkward to sleep like that spread eagle with a cock in me, I managed to have a really nice slumber. Sam asked if I needed to be let go to freshen up and I took him up on the offer. He let me down and I went and washed in a little mountain stream near the campsite where the horses watered. I used the restroom and brushed my teeth and hair – staying naked the whole time. It was so odd as I lazily groomed myself, taking my sweet time. It was still warm even as the sun was barely threatening to show over the hillside, so it felt almost natural.

I watched Sam race around before catching his eye. "Do you want to be tied up again?" I thought about it for a second. "Well, technically I was supposed to be tied up until the end of the day, but then my Dad also said that I wasn't supposed to be untied until he said so... so..." I shrugged – honestly, my Dad was vague, but even if he wasn't, I wasn't so sure I wanted to ride on top of the horse instead of under it for the rest of the trip, which was only until the end of the day. "Yeah, hmmm." Sam shrugged. "Today's the last day right?"

"Yeah, that's why we need to get an early start – if we want to get back to the cars by sun-down we have to hit the peak by 11." I put my hands on my hips, as I thought. It felt weird to feel my naked skin as I stood there. I had actually forgotten I was naked for a moment. I got a sudden sense of boldness feeling my hips, "You know what... yeah, tie me up again. I'll talk to my Father."

Sam smiled, "You kinda remind me of my ex." I winked, "Oh yeah – well don't get any ideas. I'm a one stud girl." He laughed at my joke as he helped me into the belly riding saddle. I let him tie my wrists and ankles into place with the thick leather cuffs. The horse had gone soft in the hour or so it had taken me to get myself prepped for the day, so it took a moment for Sam to get the stallion aroused again and inserted into me. He gave the stallion another shot and said, "There you go. You two should be mated for the rest of the day with that shot."

Sam then went around waking everyone else up. People slowly got up and got out. It wasn't even light out but Sam said we had a big day ahead of us as we were going to the top of the mountain peak nearby. That sounded nice to me, until I saw my Dad - grumpy and tired, emerging from our tent that I had been missing from for days on end. He looked at me and shook his head. He was so upset with me that it made my heart hurt.

But that didn't stop me. I was determined to have a smile on my face, and pretend like it was perfectly natural to fuck a horse for two days straight. He came over to me, intent on making me feel terribly guilty, "I said you only had to stay under there for a day." "I know, Daddy, but I think you're right - this is punishment. I don't think I've learned my lesson yet, so I figured I'd just stay like this until we get back to the cars tonight." My Dad shook his head and walked back to our tent to get cleaned up. He was too angry to speak to me.

Sam fed me breakfast and we all broke camp. I didn't know quite what was in store for me that day though. It wasn't like before where we were riding on relatively even surfaces. That day was almost all up hill. If you can picture a girl who is almost entirely holding herself in place by the strength of her arms and legs otherwise she might be really hurt by sliding even further down the length of a horny stallion's penis - that would be me. I came hard, over and over. I couldn't help myself - you try holding yourself for that long with the strength of your muscles. Every time I'd drop I'd feel his huge cock forcing its way deeper into me pushing hard against my cervix. It hurt but it got me off too. I can't explain it.

I guess everyone was aware of my situation too, because as my Dad tells me now, I was almost constantly moaning and writhing under that damned horse. I was dripping with sweat, vaginal lubrication and day old horse sperm. I was a complete mess, but honestly, I was having the time of my life. Months later, I got mail from Tammy, who said that she wished she had had my guts to ride like that, but that her son and Joe probably wouldn't have had a fit. She said that I looked like I was in a tortured version of heaven. She was definitely correct about that.

Sam looked back at one point after I collapsed from a massive orgasm and smiled, "My ex used to like this part of the trip too. We'd just ride up the peak and down again on Saturdays." I wished I could do just that. It sounded like an amazing way to live. We finally got to the top of the huge peak around 10:30 - ahead of schedule. We were all thankful that we had gotten there early, because it was nice to take a break and the view was absolutely stunning.

My Dad finally walked up to me and sat down on a rock next to me, "Hey, Kim. How are you?" He seemed to have a softness about him that I hadn't seen in days. I cautiously said, "I'm okay, how about you?" "It's eating me up that we came out on this trip and now we're not even really talking." "I know, Dad, I'm sorry too." "I mean, I still don't quite understand what's gotten into you, but I guess I should stop being upset. I mean, it's not like you're hurting anyone."

I felt a tear welling up, "Oh Daddy, I'm so sorry, I was so stupid." "No, Kim, no... you weren't. You're grown up now, and who am I to stand in your way?" "You should stand in my way if I say I want to fuck a horse. I mean - you're my Father! I don't blame you. I just got caught up and I forgot why I was here." "No, it's your life, and I know you're growing up. I took you here so I could bond with you one last time before you left for college. I mean, I wanted you to have a great time with your old man before you forgot all about me and your Mom and your brother."

My tears were beginning to really flow now, "Oh Daddy, I love you. I'm so sorry." "I'm sorry too." He put his arm over my nude waist and tried to hug me under the stallion. I tried to hug him back but my arms and legs were secured tight. He finally let go of me after a few long seconds and said, "Well, we've made quite a mess of things haven't we?" "Yeah, I guess so." "I know you really like this

whole horse thing, and I want you to know, I'm okay with it." "No Dad..." "Just listen... I actually wasn't even upset about it when I first saw you. And I wasn't upset about seeing you screwing Sam's dog either." "Really?"

"Really. And you know, if this is something you like doing, remember Hugo isn't neutered. I'm sure he'd love to have the chance to have sex with you. You should give him a chance." Hugo is our family dog. I hadn't even thought about it, but I guess he still was a virile dog. He had tried to hump me dozens of times, which was mostly just funny or annoying, depending on my mood. But now my own Dad was suggesting that I should screw our family dog. He went on, "I doubt your Mother would get upset by it, and I'll make sure she's okay. You can come home on the weekends and we'll have dinner together. You and Hugo can eat off the floor and you can do whatever comes natural."

I couldn't believe what my Dad was saying, "Wait, what?" "I mean, if you and him want to have sex on the floor after dinner while we have desert or something, that's fine. I'll make sure your Mother is well prepped so she doesn't get upset. I know how dogs are - they're pretty demanding when it comes to sex, and if you want to mate with Hugo, you'll probable have to do it on Hugo's terms. So if you want to stay naked and on all fours while you're home for the weekends, I'll support you. And while you two are coupled, I'll make sure your Mother isn't throwing a fit."

"Oh my God, Dad, you'd really do that?" "Of course I would. I'd do anything to see you on the weekends. And if you prefer a horse, I'll buy you a stallion too. You can mate with Hugo during the winter when it's chilly outside, and then take the stallion in the summer months when it's nice out." I couldn't believe my Dad was saying this. Was he really advocating bestiality as a way to keep me closer to home? It was more than tempting, I had to stop myself from agreeing too quickly. I had recently read a book on negotiation, so I knew better.

"But speaking of winter - you can't seriously say that you're not going to be upset if I'm screwing a dog while we're unwrapping presents at Christmas or whatever." "No, I don't care, as long as you're happy. I'll put on Christmas carols, we'll start a fire, and we'll open presents. And while he's inseminating you, we'll take a break and eat some cookies and drink some cider before we keep opening presents. When you're ready to keep opening presents we'll start again. I want to be accommodating. I know this means a lot to you, or you wouldn't have defied me."

It was true - suddenly this did mean a lot to me. It meant more to me than almost anything else. I had been ready to kiss my relationship with my Father goodbye for it. But now I had the best of both worlds. A pussy filled with horse and dog sperm, whenever I wanted it, and a loving Father, who accepted me for who I am, "Oh Daddy, how could I possibly turn an offer like that down?" "So you'll come home on the weekends?" "Every weekend I can. I promise." My Father beamed like he had just won the lottery. He smiled from ear to ear.

I wouldn't figure out for years why he was smiling so much, but I attributed it to saving his relationship with his little girl at the time. "We should take some pictures, huh? What a view!" I was so horny at the time though, I wasn't thinking straight, "Daddy, I don't want to ruin this moment, but I think the stallion really needs to cumm in me, and soon." "Oh, yeah, of course, I'm sure he does. It's been a long ride for him especially. Go ahead, just pretend I'm not here. I'll take some pictures anyway." Without waiting for an answer he began to rummage through his bag looking for his camera as I said, "Okay."

I rotated my hips as he did so, and began to work myself up again. He began to snap a few candid of the people standing around, and then actually took one of me! I was horrified at first but then he said, "It's not like your mom isn't going to find out anyway." That seemed to make sense, "Oh, right... I guess so, huh?" "Just go ahead, honey." I nodded, looking for approval, and began to rotate

my hips again. He took a few more shots of me and then began to gather people up to stand next to me up on top of the crest of the peak. He took a bunch of pictures of me, my ass in full view, my hairy pussy filled to the brim with horse flesh and my flushed face in full view. Then Sam took the camera and began to take a bunch of shots of all of us.

That's when my stallion and I began to climax. It was actually really embarrassing because everyone was standing right there watching, and Sam was still snapping photos of me, as my mate began to inseminate me. I hung on tight and moaned loudly, taking the full force of the beast thrusting into my fertile body. My pussy convulsed and sucked at the horse's flaring member, milking the animal. I wanted more sperm and I rode up and down the monstrous cock as far as I could go. Looking at the pictures I think I had almost eight inches of cock in me, which is amazing. Everyone else in the pictures looked amazed too. It was a brief flash in time. The forty or so pictures Sam took were nearly a flip book of the most perverse moment in bestiality ever caught in still form. My own Father was smiling ear to ear as I, his barely legal daughter, was inseminated by another species.

Thick strands of semen burst out from around my pubis, sticking lewdly to my pubic hair and matting it. In the pictures you can see it erupting out of me and drooling down in thin shimmery strands onto the ground. A thin sheen was visible on the horse's member, where my sex had lubricated it with my lust. God, I looked amazing in those pictures. The people in them had a mixture of amazement and awe on their faces. And the view - what a view! After nearly a full minute I came down.

In the pictures you can't actually see that much sperm oozing out of me. Later my Dad did some research into why. I guess he was curious too, since it seemed like the amount that came out of me varied a lot. He figured it out. When a girl has sex with a horse for the first time in any given day and they are very sexually excited they tend to trap a lot of it in their womb because they're trying to impregnate themselves. Try having your own Father explain to you that the reason more horse sperm isn't drooling out of the pictures that were taken of you as you committed a perverse act of bestiality is because you secretly wanted to get pregnant.

God, I thought I'd die of embarrassment when he told me that. He seemed to think it was more cool than anything, and one weekend years later he nerded out and went about trying to calculate how much semen I suck up into my womb when I'm trying to breed myself with the horse. I guess mating with a stallion nets me about about half a cup of sperm in my womb that I can use to impregnate myself, albeit with no results to date. Go figure! It's not for lack of trying, I might add! Oh god, do I try! The rest of the half a cup is technically wasted, but ask any belly rider if she thinks it's wasted and they'll laugh in your face! I'd bathe in sperm if I could!

Anyway, we ate lunch and packed up. We ended up riding back down to the cars and arrived just before the sun set, which was perfect. On the side of the road, in plain site, there I was, naked and humping a horse as cars whizzed by. There's no way they could have seen what I was doing as they sped by at 55 miles an hour with the sunset in their eyes, but it still got me off being so public in the late afternoon sun. Everyone seemed relieved to get off of their horses, but not me. Sam asked me if he should untie me, and I asked him to wait until everything else was done. Partly because I didn't really want to unpack and partly because I wanted one last fling with my stallion mate.

I rocked my hips and completely lost track of time and the way my Father tells the story, I was orgasmic for almost ten minutes as they packed up. The stallion fucked me hard one last time, emptying another huge load into my engorged pussy, and I kept cumming. After the horse finished with me, I kept humping that fat cock for another forty five minutes. Tammy and Joe came to say goodbye, and I did my best to say stuff to them, but I guess it was unintelligible over the moans and gasps. My Father was nice enough to give them my address so they could write to me. Todd blushed

hard when he said goodbye. I think he had a crush on me, but I was far more interested in my current lover. So even though he emailed me a few times after wards, I only wrote him back to get him to tell me more about what he had thought of my belly riding and brag about how good it felt to be watched – I’m such a bitch.

Martine and Jack were next, and just like before, my Father tells me I was almost rude. I was too aroused by the whole thing. I thanked both Martine and Jack for being so nice and understanding. I think they understood. I mean, how could you blame a girl. I was moaning and shaking the whole time. After several more minutes they left, leaving Sam and my Father and I. My Father laughed, “Okay, kiddo – I think it’s time to head home. You can grab Hugo and run up to your room and start practicing with him when we get there, okay?” My Father was asking me to stop screwing the stallion but instead offering me the family dog as compensation. My pussy convulsed several more times, but like a good negotiator, I said, “Okay, but let me cumm, just one last time.”

There I was, on the side of the road, as cars were driving by, making my Father, and our guide wait while I got myself off one last time on a horse’s dick. My cervix pulsated, as I intentionally sucked up the last few drops that I could, as my Father watched. I wanted to make sure my pussy was as full of sperm as it could be for the long ride back into town. My Father patiently waited for me to orgasm one last time. As I arched my back and was overwhelmed by a long and toe curling orgasm, Sam said, “You really do remind me of my ex.”

~~~~~

Chapter Six

Much later I found out that the real reason my Father had been so happy with our deal is that my Mother had asked him to do anything he could to get me to come home on the weekends. She told him that at whatever cost I had to promise to come home for the weekends and that it was his responsibility to figure out how to make me promise that I would. Obviously screwing the family dog and buying a horse for me to have sex with wasn’t in her mind of even a worst case scenario when she gave my Father his marching orders. But upon returning triumphant with the news, my Mother apparently wasn’t nearly as upset as he had thought she would be. Fortunately for me, my Father held his promise about not interfering with my interests and my Mother held her tongue. Although we had no horse, Hugo turned out to be a good mate – big and demanding.

I had been going to college for several months at that point and returning home each weekend to screw Hugo. I was unabashed about when and where. But the horse had never materialized. Christmas rolled around a few months later. Because of the long break I had managed to have sex with Hugo two or three times a day. I didn’t spend the entire day walking around on all fours, but every chance I got, I’d drop to my hands and knees and let Hugo have his way with me. I’d pick inopportune times, like when my Mother was bringing in the groceries. I’d get on the floor of the kitchen and slap my butt so that Hugo would be screwing me while my Mother danced around us putting the groceries away. I pretended not to notice all the sperm oozing out of me, so my Mother was constantly after me to clean up my mess. I didn’t mind, I liked her having to point Hugo’s sperm out to me. I got off on it.

Christmas evening rolled around. It was just the four of us – my Dad, my Mom, my brother, who had been more amused by my sudden sexual urges than anything, and of course me. It was time to open presents. I opened a few, but stayed on my hands and knees the whole time. I really wanted my dream to come true. I wanted Hugo to have sex with me, in front of my whole family on Christmas eve, while we all unwrapped presents. Hugo took only a few minutes before he found his way to me and jumped on my back. I had gotten rather good about navigating my butt so that my vagina lined

up perfectly with his fat cock.

Before long his knot was all the way in me, and I was moaning. My Father, true to his word fetched some cookies and passed them to my brother and Mother who patiently waited for me. I took my sweet time. I let Hugo have me - all of me. I orgasmed hard and in the heat of the moment, I even said, "Oh god, give me your doggy sperm! Maybe if you're good, I'll have a litter of your puppies!" I still to this day can't believe I said that. My family still makes fun of me about it, but I meant it. I would have had puppies with Hugo in a heartbeat if I could. I loved the idea.

Finally after another strong orgasm I collapsed. Hugo turned around but after months of screwing him he knew better than to pull away. So we both sat there, nearly motionless. But my Father stood up and walked over under the tree and handing it to me he said, "Here, this one is for you." "Uhm, I'm a little occupied at the moment." "I know, here, I'll help you open it." It was a big box, and after several long seconds, he had torn off the paper and opened the lid and then began to pull out a mess of leather straps. It turned out to be a belly riding saddle!

I screamed! I'm sure it scared Hugo because he pulled hard and with a pop a gush of dog semen erupted out of me onto the floor, one of my legs and even a little got on my Mom's socks. I sat up, drooling even more out, and said, "Okay, but where's the other half of this gift? I looked out the window." "He comes tomorrow. Merry Christmas!" And that's my story. I spent the remainder of my college years coming home from school every weekend. Like my Dad said, Hugo was my toy during the winter months, and Silver, my stud was my lover in the summer. What a life!

End