

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



This is my 21st 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:

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## Chapter 1

Jessica was a demure southern belle, living a rather wealthy life, with her husband, Charles. One day she got an email from her ex-husband, Frank. She was still on good terms with him, it just had never been real love, like she felt for Charles. Jessica clicked on the email and to her shock she saw a picture of her face badly edited onto the body of a girl who was bent over and having sex with a horse. Jessica laughed out loud. Frank was always kind of a kinky guy, and he knew Jessica would get a chuckle out of his terrible computer graphics. Frank was a bit of an eccentric sculptor. She read the email was said, "I found this on my computer - I made it back when we were married. Thought you might get a kick out of it." That made Jessica smile, she didn't hate him, she was just definitely not well suited to live with him. She leaned back in her chair and looked at the picture for several minutes.

It was absolutely grotesque, but she couldn't stop looking at it. She had always heard of girls and donkeys in Mexico but she thought it was just gossip or folklore. She didn't think women really did that, nor did she think any woman would be caught dead doing that with a camera within 100 miles. Frank had a few horses on his ranch and Jessica felt like making a joke so hit reply, "I didn't realize you had caught me with your horses!" She was joking, of course. She had never even thought of having sex with anything but a man, but she enjoyed teasing Frank, who was far more lewd and crude than her current husband, Charles. There was one thing Frank had that Charles didn't - a sense of humor. She waited a few minutes and she got a reply from Frank, "If I had do you really think we'd be divorced?"

She laughed and suddenly thought of Charles and how much she loved him, even though he was a bit of a stick in the mud sometimes. She got an idea as she hit reply, "Thank God I divorced you in time. You would have had me screwing your horses in no time. Change of subject - do you think one of your painter friends would be willing to do a nude portrait of me? For Charles' birthday, I wanted to do something a little different. I know it's not like me, but I think he'd like it if it were classy and artistic." They started emailing about it. Jessica wanted to do something tasteful, and she knew Frank knew dozens of very high end painters who would be more than happy to paint her. She was still young and beautiful. Frank and her had married young and divorced only a year later.

A few days passed after Frank agreed to ask around. Jessica couldn't help but pulling up the picture Frank had sent. She found herself masturbating a few times looking at the picture. It was so gross but for some reason she found herself really turned on by it at the same time. Frank wrote back a few days later that a young promising painter, named Ned, who was actually staying at Frank's house while he went to school, had said he would do it for practically nothing. That sounded good to Jessica so she made the arrangements to meet up the following week to talk with him, and get an idea of what she wanted. Frank said it was perfect, because he had to travel for a few weeks, so the house would be empty.

The next week she went over to Frank's house, while Charles was away at work, and met Ned, who

was an attractive young man, about the same age as Jessica. She was slightly aroused thinking about this nice looking guy painting her every curve. She blushed a little when she met him and even said, "Ooh, he's handsome, Frank. It'll hard to be so naked around such a good looking young man!" That made Ned blush, but he recovered as he introduced himself. Frank smiled, "Okay, I'm sorry to do this, but I have that gig out in Los Angeles, so I'm going to be gone for a few weeks." Jessica frowned a little, "Oh, that's right. We'll miss you!" "Oh, I think you two will have plenty to talk about. I'll leave you two to get acquainted." He left as Ned smiled, "I saw Frank's picture of you." "Oh?"

Ned reached in his back pocket and pulled out a printout of the badly cropped together image that Frank had made. Jessica laughed and put her hands over her mouth. She was demure, but she wasn't offended. "Oh God! Hahah!" She looked at him, and he smiled and looked at it up close, "I think this would make a great portrait, well, not quite this bad, of course." "Yes, well, that's not quite what I had in mind." "Oh, really?" He looked a little disappointed. She looked at him somewhat inquisitively, "Why? Did you have your heart set on it or something?" "Actually, yes, being an artist is hard. It's tough to stand out. I was kind of hoping to try something new and controversial. I know I could get an A in my class. That's why I agreed. Frank showed me the photo, and I just assumed that was a possibility... You know... you with a horse."

"Oh." That seemed like a perfectly reasonable and non-perverted answer. She said, "So what exactly did you want to do? I mean, I need to have a somewhat normal nude done for my husband. I can't just bend over and let you paint a horse screwing me for my husband's birthday." "Well, I could always do two portraits. One for you and your husband and one for me and my art class. And I have an idea on how you don't have to bend over for hours on end to make a good portrait." "Uh... I don't know..." "I wouldn't tell anyone it was you, I promise. I just need a model for my art. Please? I'll do it all for free. I really don't have more to offer you." "Uhhh... I really don't... that sounds kind of..." She didn't know what to say as she stammered over her words. Really, she was extremely curious, but she didn't want to give in easily

either. "Please, I already bought the saddle and everything." "The saddle?" "Yes, that's why you don't have to bend over. It's a belly riding saddle. Brazilian women use them."

"Huh?" "Many Brazilian women get into a sling under their stallions and spend a few hours or even a day or more under a stallion. They are called Belly Riders. They are women who have sex with their stallions over and over until they need to be let down. Some of them even live and work while impaled. It's less common here in the United States, of course." "Oh. I see." She actually had no idea and could barely wrap her brain around what Ned was saying. "You wouldn't have to have full blown sex unless you wanted to. But I would like to paint you while you are coupled with a stallion, Jessica." "If I had a dollar for every time a guy has said that for me," she joked. He smiled, "So what do you say? No one will know." She looked at the gorgeous guy as his handsome face pleaded with her to let a horse dick rest snugly in her pussy while he painted her.

She felt butterflies in her stomach as she finally sighed, not believing she was about to do this, "Okay, but no one can know. You promise?" "Okay, no problem! I promise. Thank you! You won't regret this! We can use one of Frank's stallions." Jessica couldn't believe what she had just agreed to, "Okay. But this is just for art right?" "Of course." "And I don't have to have full blown sex?" "Of course not. You can just lay there." "Okay." She sighed and looked around the room before asking, "Well, when do you want to start?" "What are you doing tomorrow?"

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## Chapter 2

Jessica slept terribly as she tried to think through what the next day would entail. She kept looking

over at Charles, wondering what he'd think if he were privy to what Jessica had planned to do. Would he be enraged? She really was just doing it so that Ned would have some material to kick his career off with, she convinced herself. It wasn't about her. She was just a patron of the arts. She thought through the logical argument over and over until she nearly made herself crazy. Finally morning broke, after only a few hours of intermittent sleep. She kissed Charles and he left for work. Jessica put on a matching pair of black sheer panties and bra. She slipped into a cute mini skirt and a thin blouse. A pair of high heels and a pretty silver cross necklace perfectly set the outfit off.

She looked herself over in the mirror and sighed. "What am I doing," she asked herself out loud. She shook her head, grabbed her purse and headed over to Frank's place, deciding to just go over there before she changed her mind. Ned met her at the door with a big handsome smile, "Oh great! Thanks for being here so early. Thank you! I wasn't sure if you were really going to go through with this." "Let's just get started before my nerves kick in. I feel like I'm in high-school and this is a first date." He reached out and held his hand and she gently slipped her hand into his, feeling her stomach go up into her throat as she did so. He smiled ear to ear, "Well, if this is our first date, let me show you to your ride." She laughed at his stupid pun, but followed him out to the back porch where one of Frank's stallions was tied up, with a strange looking set of straps hanging from under its belly. Jessica saw a huge easel, at least ten feet long and five feet high propped up with a huge set of paints next to it.

Ned said, "Okay, he will be your stallion. You'll love him. He's very gentle. Just slip into the saddle, and we'll get started." Jessica hesitated and Ned coaxed her on, "You might want to start by removing your clothes." She blushed a little, "Oh, of course." She quickly stripped her blouse, and skirt down. She sort of wished she hadn't worn see through bra and panties, but she realized that was stupid. She was about to strip naked and copulate with a horse. What sort of underwear she was wearing was the very last thing she should be worried about. She slipped out of her bra and wiggled her butt until her panties slid around her perfect butt and down her smooth legs. Her soft pink nipples began to harden gently, even though it was nice and warm out, since it was early summer. Her brown pubic hair was already moist as she had been thinking about this moment all night. She was about to take off her heels when Ned said, "No, please keep those on... and your jewelry too. It'll look more dramatic."

"Okay." She swallowed, trying to remember he was a professional and this was just an art assignment. She teetered over to the stallion and rubbed his fur a few times before Ned began to help her slide into the saddle and get herself situated. He said, "I'm going to strap your wrists and ankles into place. It'll help you relax and it'll make it easier to paint." "Oh, alright. I guess. Just please don't do anything creepy, okay?" He laughed a little, "You have my word." She felt dumb putting her trust in him with no one around to protect her, especially when his idea of creepy obviously didn't include wanting her to have sex with a horse. What was she doing, she wondered? Had she lost her mind?

He tied her wrists and ankles into place snugly. She wiggled her feet, which felt so odd - to be tied up under a stallion. Her butt was totally on display now, and her vaginal lips parted gently as Ned looked her over, "Alright, you ready?" "As ready as I'll ever be, I guess." "It looks like you're ready." "What do you mean?" "Oh, I just mean you're really wet... down there. Were you looking forward to this?" Jessica was deeply embarrassed. She didn't want Ned to think she was actually turned on by the thought of having sex with a horse, even if it was quite clearly a little exciting to her.

She bit her lip gently before answering, "Is that really a question you should ask a Lady, Ned?" "Oh, I didn't mean to pry." "It's okay. It's just none of your business. What I feel about this is up to me to decide." "I'm sorry!" She sighed, realizing that came across a little bitchy. She was completely at his mercy now, not to mention she was relying entirely on his discretion, "It's okay. I'm sorry too. I

didn't mean that. I don't know. I think I'm just a little tense. It was entirely unconscious." He smiled and began to stroke the stallion and slowly it's penis began to grow and extend as he said, "Well, either way all I meant was that academically it's a good thing. It will make it easier to get him up into you." She blushed again. She had made a big deal out of something when he was just happy her biology would make the process of intercourse with a horse easier. She felt so stupid. Soon the thick rubbery phallus was reaching out further and further towards her loins as it widened distended further. She suddenly stiffened as she felt the horse's member touch her labia. Ned smiled, "Try to relax, Jessica."

She nodded as Ned began to push the slowly thickening penis harder and harder against the entrance to her vagina. She instinctively lifted her butt ever so slightly to try to give the horse a better angle. Ned looked a little frustrated as he continued to push harder and harder, as he tried to spread Jessica's loins apart with the horse's penis. Finally with one hard push Jessica's eyes shot open and her stomach tensed hard, "OW! OW!" Ned said, "Oh, he's in, hold on. Try to relax." He kept pushing as Jessica's whole body fought to get away from the invading member, "No, ow! Stop!" "No, just hold on, he's already a few inches in, just a few more inches. Hang on. Can you hold on for me?" "I don't know. I'll try." She thought she would pass out.

Jessica fought to hold her tongue but her vagina felt like it was on fire. She had never been opened this wide in her life. She instinctively lifted her butt higher and spread her legs as far as the belly riding saddle would let her. Both Ned and Jessica worked hard to help Jessica couple with the gigantic animal. If she wasn't in such pain she would have found this entire scene hilarious. How could such a normally demure woman fight so hard to let a handsome man force a horse's dick deep into her pussy, she wondered. Either way, it wasn't funny now as she did everything she could to keep from asking Ned to stop.

Inch after inch slowly slid into her as Ned diligently pushed and helped the stallion enter Jessica's tiny orifice. Jessica wanted to try to relax but the pain was nearly unbearable. She knew her vagina was tight, but she was totally unprepared for the girth of this animal. Her labia was taught and she felt every fold of the horse's soft skin slide past her soft wet lips. Ned was supportive, "You're doing a great job. He's almost all the way in. Just another inch or two." Jessica nodded, trying to relax. Her head swam. Finally after an aching long several more seconds Jessica's eyes flew open again, "Oh my God! He's all the way in, stop stop stop. He's all the way in." "Yep, I can feel that he's bottomed out inside of you. You okay?" "Yeah, just let me relax for a minute. Okay?"

He nodded, "Let me just give him a shot." "A shot? For what?" "Don't worry, it won't hurt him. It's just a little shot to help him stay erect. This is going to take a while, and we don't want him going soft. The Brazilian leather smith I got the saddle air-dropped from said I would need this." "Oh. Okay." Jessica watched with interest as Ned reached over and grabbed a syringe from a small wooden box and gave the stallion's penis, near the base of it's shaft a small shot. The horse didn't even seem to notice, which made Jessica a little happier. At least the stallion hadn't spooked. Jessica sighed and leaned back in her saddle as she caught her breath.

He smiled, "You're such a trooper. Thank you again so much for doing this, Jessica. I really appreciate it." She smiled back at him, "No problem." "No, I mean it. You're really nice for doing this for me. You look great too. I know it's a little weird and gross. But somehow you still make it look erotic." She laughed, "Really?" "Yeah, I mean it. I didn't think you would end up looking this pretty. I was really going for more of a graphic painting, but I'm re-thinking this. Maybe I'll do something more seductive and erotic." "Flattery will get you everywhere, Ned. Keep the compliments coming!" He laughed at that, "Okay, I guess I should get started, huh?" Jessica nodded, as she tried to adjust herself. The pain was quickly wearing off, she noticed. Her PC muscles were becoming accustomed to the size of the penis she had chosen to insert into herself. She wiggled her

butt several times as she tried to get accustomed to the size of the horse's shaft.

Ned busied himself getting the paint ready, and mixed but Jessica couldn't think about anything but the huge penis inside of her. She gently lifted her hips a few times, feeling the huge size of the animal's penis. She was amazed at the sensation. She felt so dirty, but so sexy at the same time. She already wanted to cumm, but she didn't want Ned to think anything bad about her because it. He was unfortunately extremely quiet, so he could hear every creek of the leather saddle as she tried to move ever so gently. She wanted to cumm, yes, but she didn't want Ned to know, especially after she had made such a big deal about not wanting to have have full blown sex with the horse the day before. Penetration was one thing - insemination was quite another.

Finally Ned began to paint. Jessica felt her stomach and butt tensing almost involuntarily, as she tried to coax an orgasm into being. But she stopped moving each time Ned looked out from around his huge canvas. He smiled each time he looked around before disappearing for several more seconds. It was a bad game that Jessica wanted to win. The game was that Ned looked around the painting and caught Jessica lifting her butt ever so gently into the air, while Jessica tried to hide that very fact from Ned. Finally Jessica became very sexually frustrated and decided she wanted to put an end to this charade one way or another. She thought of something to say but couldn't come up with anything good, so she decided to make small talk.

"Do you think my husband would mind if he knew?" "Huh? No... I hope not. You're just a patron of the arts. You're helping a college student with his art project. How could he be upset?" Ned disappeared around the edge of his painting again, which just frustrated Jessica even more. She decided to work her hips up and down the horse's huge shaft while he wasn't looking, feeling the length of his girth before she said, "I don't know. My husband probably wouldn't be super thrilled by the thought of me having sex with a horse." She let the word 'sex' slip, because that's precisely what she wanted to do with this horse, and right then and there and precisely what she had protested against the previous day. She didn't just want to lay there peacefully. She wanted the stallion's hard dick working into her. She hoped Ned caught the word, but it didn't seem like he did.

Ned poked his head around, catching Jessica as her butt was high off of the saddle. Quite clearly she was working the cock deep into her pussy, but she just pretended like she was getting comfortable as he asked, "So you didn't plan on telling him?" He looked back at his painting and Jessica lifting her hips again hard, forcing the hard shaft against her cervix several times hard before saying, "No! Your other painting is for him. I'd like to keep that one as a surprise too. The other painting is just a surprise that I'll actually tell him about. This one...? No... I don't think I'll ever tell him about this one." He looked around, again catching Jessica as she worked her slippery labia all up and down the horse's cock and she smiled and Ned said, "Oh, right. I forgot." Jessica tried to pretend like she wasn't doing anything odd again and rather that she was just trying to find a comfortable way to lay for the painting.

Jessica frowned, very frustrated, "I know I should sit still for the painting, but it's hard." She couldn't believe how wet she was. Then she began to wonder if some of that wetness wasn't also the stallion's pre-cumm as Ned smiled, "Oh, no, it's quite alright, don't worry about moving around a little. It's my job as an artist to worry about that. I wouldn't ask a subject to stop breathing, now would I?" Breathing wasn't quite what Jessica was concerned with. She'd gladly give up breathing for a few minutes if she could have an orgasm. Her pussy was engorged with blood, and her clitoris was hard. She wanted to cumm hard. Ned looked back at his painting as Jessica lifted her hips hard a dozen times before he looked around again.

She tried to stop thrusting but she was simply too turned on, so she just managed to turn her thrusts into a wiggle of her round buttocks and a deep sexually tense sigh as Ned squinted looking at

something behind her and looked back at his painting. This was excruciating, Jessica thought. She wanted to orgasm, but she didn't want her handsome painter friend to know how turned on she was. This was supposed to be just an art project with a lady and a horse. It wasn't so some kinky housewife could get her rocks off on a horse's cock in the middle of the day while her husband was at work.

Jessica said, "I'm sorry, I'm just a little distracted." "Oh? Something wrong?" "No, nothing's wrong, I'm just, tense." "Tense?" Was he dense? "Yes, tense!" She snapped, as her stomach knotted. She had 8 inches of horse dick in her pussy, of course she was tense! She realized she snapped as she said, "Sorry, I didn't mean to snap. It's just really hard to sit still... like this." "Oh, well you don't have to. I just said you could move if you need to. Don't worry about the painting. I'll make it work." "Okay. Thanks." She looked at him and he looked at her. She wasn't sure if he understood completely or not. She didn't want to scratch her nose or something. She wanted to orgasm. Ned looked back at his painting.

Jessica resigned herself to a miserable but sexy existence of gently rocking her hips up and down as slowly as she could, as to not raise any more suspicion from Ned. Jessica smiled at her gorgeous painter friend and lifted her hips seductively, while looking at him right in the eyes. She wondered, for a moment, what it would feel like to have sex with Ned instead of the stallion. No, she wasn't the kind of girl to cheat on Charles. Sex with a horse was one thing. She had to settle for fantasizing about Ned. But try as she might, her mind and fantasies kept coming back to what she was doing, and the huge horse in her pussy. She could hardly keep the thought of Ned in her head. Was she really more turned on by a horse's penis than a hot guy?

She wondered what was wrong with her. She waited for him to turn away before lifting her hips high into the air, taking the full length of what she could fit into her young pussy. She worked her hips hard up and down. Her pussy was making a sucking sound with each thrust she suddenly realized, but she almost didn't care. She knew she was extremely wet, but her pussy had never felt like this before. She knew it probably looked wet and gross, even from where Ned was standing, but surely he was an artist, if even a young one, and had seen a woman's sexual organs before, so she tried to ignore it.

The horse's penis fit magically well. It was like her pussy had been built expressly for this animal. She worked her velvety lips up and down the massive cock over and over. She began to huff as her pussy tightened. Her butt and her stomach knotted up. She couldn't believe what she was about to do as her sexual tension began to mount. Could she really orgasm like this? More and more that question changed to: how could she not orgasm like this? She bobbed her hips up and down and did what she could to work the girth of the stallion's penis into the deepest recesses of her vaginal cavity, but as quietly and as subversively as possible as Ned's head kept ducking back to his painting.

Then, without any warning the stallion stamped his foot hard and haunched it's hips hard into Jessica. Her eyes flew open, as the assault of the giant stallion's penis woke her from her daze. This wasn't just sex, this was sex with a 1000 pound animal. He could easily kill her. And by the sheer power of his huge cock, Jessica wondered if he just might. She began to panic, wondering what she should do when the horse thrust again hard into her. Then again. It was painful, but she managed to use her legs to help her swing, which took the edge off of the assault. Still though, a 1000 pound stallion was trying to get himself off inside her, there was no denying or ignoring that fact.

She was incredibly embarrassed. She should have just stayed still. Ned looked around, his eyes wide with amazement and a look of fear, "Oh my God! Are you okay?" Jessica tried to shrug it off, even though she was just as much afraid as Ned was of what the animal might do to her insides. She



could just see in the newspaper that a rich housewife was impaled on and killed by a horse while having intercourse with it. No, she couldn't imagine that obituary. She fought hard with the stallion as it thrust over and over hard into her. She tried to answer Ned, "Yeah... I think... he just... got... excited...."

Ned looked horrified. Jessica couldn't help but suddenly be very aroused as she saw the stallion's huge testicles raising up. She contemplated all the semen deep inside this animal that was all pent up and ready to be shot deep into her. She wished Ned would get lost and leave her alone but she had no choice in this matter. Things had been set in motion, and now her pussy was on display and being used in the most perverted way. She felt her body stiffening as something magical happened. Deep inside her she felt the horse's shaft begin to grow. It had fit nicely before - huge, to be sure, but it felt great, but no more. Now it was almost unbearable as it began to grow thicker and thicker inside her orifice. She couldn't help but moan loudly, "OH GOD! HE'S GROWING BIGGER, NED!!!"

There was absolutely nothing on this earth Ned could do at this point to save Jessica as her back began to arch. Chivalrous as any man might be in this scenario, there was no stopping this animal's aggressive sexual ritual. She began to lift her butt high into the air, for reasons she could not comprehend in that moment. Her whole body was on autopilot as her stomach knotted and her butt began to tense and vibrate as her orgasm approached. She suddenly heard the horse begin to make what sounded like loud coughing sounds as it's whole body began to spasm. Jessica couldn't hold herself any longer, but she didn't have to wait as the horse began to erupt inside of her. Long, hot, sticky ropes of the horse's semen fired deep into Jessica's pussy. She moaned, arched her back, clenched her hands and curled her toes. The horse's penis slammed hard against her cervix as shot after shot of hot semen erupted into her. Her whole body began to orgasm.

Her cervix sucked hard at the spurting horse cock and her whole pussy convulsed in time with one another. She suddenly lost control of her own pelvis as it began to thrust wildly up and down, effectively milking the stallion's cock of it's precious milky sperm as she gritted her teeth and held on as the bucking stallion had his way with her. Her body had given itself completely to the horse and now her vagina was in full bloom as it pulsated and suckled the horse's throbbing penis. The horse continued to empty itself into the suddenly embarrassed Jessica as she tried to recover herself. Her whole body flushed and her anus pulsated hard as she said, "Oh my! Unnnnn.... Whoops! That was unexpected! Whoa..."

"Are you okay?" "Yes, yes, I'm fine. I think..." She was still orgasmic, but she fought it hard as she finally managed to stop her body from shaking. Her stomach was still tensed and her pussy was still involuntarily spasmodic, but she managed to take a deep breath as her breasts giggled wildly before saying, "I'm terribly sorry about that Ned. I didn't know he would do that." "Oh, no, don't be. I guess we should have been more careful." "No, it's okay. But I'm sorry. I mean it. That was incredibly unladylike of me." To add insult to injury the horse's semen began to ooze out from around the tight seal that her labia had made around the horse's thick member. Jessica immediately knew what it was. The stallion's ejaculate flowed around the stallion's rigid penis and stuck to Jessica's pubic hair as it worked it's way lazily down her butt and drooled onto the floor in long shimmery strands. "Don't worry about it." Finally the horse stopped orgasming and celebrated by shaking his mane several times.

Jessica felt like asking the stallion if he was proud of himself but she caught her tongue and instead said, "I know you're not used to being around ladies of high society. But trust me when you meet the rich women at those art shows you'll realized this is not what a lady does. I really apologize. I didn't realize the horse was so... excitable." She didn't want to mention the fact that she too had been rather excitable, and had had an unrivaled orgasm in the process. Ned smiled and said, "It's quite alright. I didn't even think that he would do that, to be honest, but it didn't bother me. You definitely



aren't to blame either. Are you sure you're alright." "I'll be fine. Should we stop or do you want to keep painting?" Truthfully, she wanted to stay impaled on the horse's thick cock a little longer, but she didn't want Ned to think she did. "I barely started, to be honest. Can you stay put for a few more hours at least? I have a lot more to do."

Jessica nodded, "The things I do for art!" That made them both laugh although Jessica feared that was almost like admitting that she deeply enjoyed herself. Ned smiled, "Okay then, let's get back to it." He continued to paint as Jessica thought through what had just happened. She was a captive to her own lies. She deeply enjoyed what had happened to her, but she kept blushing whenever she thought about it. She knew her pussy was full of the horse's seed, and she should be deeply disgusted by that, but she just wasn't. In fact she wanted to try it again, even as the horse's semen was swimming around in her womb desperately looking to fertilize her egg and impregnate her.

The minutes ticked slowly by and turned into hours, and she tried to stay relatively still, but it was really hard. She began to move ever so gently again when Ned wasn't watching. But she couldn't quite get herself off like that, as much as she tried. But just when her frustration was mounting beyond where she thought she could stand a miracle happened when Ned stood up suddenly and said, "I'll be right back - I gotta hit the restroom." He turned his back and walked back into the house and out of view. That was it, Jessica thought, it was now or never.

She began to work her hips up and down the slippery sperm coated horse penis without regard for what it sounded or looked like. Now that she was alone, if even for a minute she wanted to let herself go. It had been hours of torture, and now she needed a release. Up and down her hips moved, over and over, as she felt the thick shaft butt up against the entrance to her uterus rudely. It was such an abrupt feeling. She knew she could never take all two feet of the horse's huge member, but the 8 inches that she had already managed to take was far more than she had ever thought she would be able to. But it wasn't just the length... the girth was far larger than anything she had ever had inside of her.

She lost herself to the sensation as she lifted her hips hard. She closed her eyes and let herself go, writhing and bucking her hips, letting the full length of the horse's member slide back and forth between the lips of her moist vulva. Her whole body felt like it was on the tipping point when the horse began to buck again. This wasn't at all her plan. She just wanted an orgasm - she didn't want the horse to cum again, at least not now! Her eyes flew open and as she looked over her worst fears were realized as she saw Ned standing there in the doorway, as if he had been there for quite some time. He had definitely seen her being an active participant and working her body up and down the rigid shaft that's for sure.

The horse thrust hard, working his hips back and forth violently, as Jessica held on. It was too late. She had asked for it, and now the horse was going to give her what her body desperately wanted, even if she couldn't yet admit that. The horse's shaft thickened immediately, as it engorged with blood, spreading her already taut labia to the limits. Jessica arched her back and tried to think of something coherent and smart to say to Ned, who had caught her intentionally fucking the stallion, right then and there. She couldn't think of anything witty or clever to say that might absolve her of this perverted crime. Instead her body betrayed her and began to orgasm, just as a jet of horse ejaculate shot into her body. She moaned loudly, "OH MY GOD" as her body shook violently. The horny horse thrust over and over again. The stallion's penis pummeled her insides as she was flooded with a fresh explosion of steamy hot horse ejaculate.

Her body continued to suck helplessly at the horse's pulsating dick, attempting to lick up every drop of the animal's semen into her spasmodic uterus. Her whole body felt like it was exploding, as the horse's ejaculate began to overflow her again, much quicker than before. Ned went over to his

jacket that was on the back of a chair and said, "Do you mind if I take a few pictures?" Jessica didn't know what to say, but she was so aroused she couldn't help but allow this sexy man to take the most incriminating photos of her life - ones that could end her marriage and her social life forever. All she could do was lean her head back and moan loudly as her butt shook. He nodded, taking that as a yes as he snapped several dozen photos in rapid succession from around the crime scene of her bestiality.

Fresh semen was oozing from her while her anus lewdly pulsated for the camera. Yes, she was very much orgasmic on the horse's cock, she suddenly fully realized. This wasn't an accident. She had wanted to do this, and she had been a completely willing participant. She couldn't believe she felt like this. She wanted to be grossed out but all she felt was ashamed by her perverted act as Ned stood up and nodded, "I got some good pictures." Jessica huffed and felt her chest heave several times before both her and the horse began to calm down from their climax. Jessica was bright red and shook her head, "Oh my. I apologize again, Ned. I don't know what came over me." Ned smiled, "Are you okay? That looked really violent. Are you hurt?" "I'm fine, it's just my pride that's been completely shattered."

Ned shook his head, "I have to admit that it was unexpected, both times. But you've got no reason to be upset." "Are you kidding me? Ladies don't have sex with horses, Ned. I can't believe I did that. The first time was one thing - it was totally an accident. This time..." She trailed off, not wanting to say that she had wanted the horse to cum in her again and that is at least part of what had caused the second orgasm. "It looked consensual to me, Jessica. You both looked like you were having fun. There's nothing wrong with that." "So you don't think it's wrong? Or rather, you don't think there's anything wrong with me?" "Of course not."

Jessica thought for a minute, "So you don't think I should be ashamed?" "No, I don't. You are a beautiful sexy woman. There's no reason to worry about what anyone else thinks. I'm the only person who knows, and I don't see anything wrong with it. If it makes you feel better, I still think you're a lady." Jessica felt so relieved that Ned wasn't disgusted by her that she let her hips move up and down the horse's shaft several times almost completely unconsciously before she nodded and said, "Thank you, Ned. I really appreciate that. I should probably go. Can you let me down now?" "Of course. Are you upset?" "No, I just didn't expect to spend all day here, and I've really got to go and clean up before Charles comes home." He went around and began to unstrap her arms and legs letting her free. She began to slowly withdraw her sloppy vagina from the horse's still rigid penis. It made a horribly loud and lewd sucking sound as she gently extracted herself. Finally the horse's huge member sprung free as the horse's head flared and sprayed semen out all over her pubic hair as it did so.

She was extremely sloppy and gross as she felt her pussy begin draining down onto the ground. She managed to get herself free of the sling and stand up, as the semen drooled down her smooth legs and into her shoes. She stood naked in front of Ned, awkwardly, not knowing quite what to say. He broke the silence by saying, "You want to see what I've done so far?" "Sure!" She followed him around the edge of the painting and to her surprise he had barely started it. Only the background had really been done... all the areas except the horse and Jessica. She shook her head, "You barely started!" "Oh, no, I've done quite a bit. And I'll finish the background tonight. It'll take another day or so before I'm done though. Can you come back tomorrow?"

"Oh! I don't... know. I hadn't thought about it. I thought you'd be closer to done today." "Well, I'd really appreciate it if you did. I have some pictures that I took and I can use them for parts of the painting, but it would really be better if you could come over again. I know that's a lot to ask, especially after what happened, but it would mean a lot to me." "I'm just afraid I can't really stop myself... I could have stayed under there all day." "Well, tomorrow you can stay for longer. I really

don't mind at all. In fact, I thought it was absolutely amazing looking. It will make for a great painting."

"So you don't mind if I... do this?" "You mean have sex with him more while I paint?" "Well, I need some rest right now and I need to go anyway, but yeah. You don't mind if I want to try it some more?" "Of course not. Just remember to bring the same shoes, and jewelry tomorrow though, okay?" "Okay. I'll be here the same time tomorrow." With that she gathered her clothes, got dressed and left. She changed before he got home, so he wouldn't notice the huge sperm stains on the back of her skirt. He didn't even look at her strange, which just encouraged Jessica. Jessica did her best to avoid Charles the entire evening. She didn't want to talk about her day, for fear that she might end up telling him the whole story. Thankfully it never came up.

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### Chapter 3

The next day, Jessica got to Frank's house bright and early, wearing nearly the same outfit. She remembered to wear the same shoes and jewelry as the day before. Like before Ned met her at the door and brought her in. Soon she was undressed, under the stallion and tied up as Ned was working it's huge cock into her. She felt so on display, but she tried hard to ignore how perverted she was being. Soon she felt her labia open wide and the horse's penis finally entered her for the second time in two days. She grunted gently as she tried to adjust to the girth of the stallion.

She lifted her hips several times up and down. Slowly the horse's huge penis gently pushed it's way into her and finally pressed firmly against her cervix. She laughed, "Okay, enough, Ned. He's in me far enough. I don't want him in my stomach." Ned said, "Sorry!" He began to give the horse his shot as Jessica continued, "No problem. I think the stallion would have been happy to go that far if he could. I was leaking his semen all night." "Was it bad?" "No, not bad... it kept him on my mind all night though. I know it must sound terribly gross to you, but I'm glad to have a second day with him inside of me."

"Good. It doesn't sound gross at all. I'm not surprised either, after yesterday. That was pretty impressive. Anyway, I know you didn't want to have to keep coming back, so I filled in a lot of the background of the painting last night, so we should be able to finish up today. I can put the finishing touches on without you here once I get the bulk of the painting done." "Okay..." Jessica felt a little crestfallen. She didn't want this to stop. But she decided, if this was going to be her last time having sex with a horse she was going to make it count. She said, "Well don't mind me then." She began to thrust her hips gently, and Ned smiled and understood. Jessica wasn't going to waste any time. She began working her slippery vulva up and down the hard horse shaft almost immediately. This time she didn't care that she was being obvious. Ned had given her his blessing and she wasn't going to waste her last chance to enjoy herself.

Ned busied himself painting as Jessica busied herself lewdly working herself back and forth as she finally learned how to use the swing to it's full potential. She used her leg and arm muscles to swing the sling back and forth. She let out a gentle moan, coming to grips with the fact that Ned was totally okay with her slutty fetish. She felt her body beginning to tense. Minutes passed as her buttocks and stomach began to pulsate and tense in a gentle rythm. Jessica felt her breasts swaying wildly with each thrust as each swing ended abruptly with the horse's head pressing hard against her cervix.

Jessica felt so dangerous and wanton as she let herself go. Her gently moaning began to increase as she nearly forgot to Ned. The horse too began to react to her wild movements and he began to

stamp his foot. She nearly giggled with girlish delight as she prepared herself for another orgasm. She lifted her butt with each thrust and her body clenched. Her legs were tense and shook with anticipation. As if an answer to her prayers, the horse began to thrust hard into her and her moans increased in intensity. The pain mixed with intense pleasure was almost more than she could take. The horse's thick heavy testicles began to raise up. She knew his semen deep inside him was brewing and churning, ready to fire into her. She let her legs splay out as far as they could for her lover even though her ankles were bound firmly in place.

Thrust after thrust pounded her body violently, as the horse's thick penis began to expand and grow in her. The horse's hind quarters haunched forward intensely. She was delighted and lifted her buttocks high into the air, off of the saddle as Ned stepped around his painting and said, "Oh good, let me take a few more pictures. This is perfect!" Her mouth was wide open in desperation as her breasts wildly bounced around. The thrusts increased in tempo until finally the horse began to make that familiar loud coughing sound again. Jessica's butt was still tensed and high in the air as she let the horse's penis have it's way with her. Ned faithfully snapped pictures as thrust after thrust hit her insides like a jack hammer, until suddenly the horse began to climax. A squirt of hot ejaculate fired from deep within the horse's body and traveled down the two foot horse penis, past the opening of her wet labia and deep into her insides. Jessica screamed loudly and bucked her hips.

Her body reacted with an immense orgasm of her own. She continued to cry out, as the horse shot ounce after hot ounce of his seed into her fertile womb. She knew what was happening inside of her and she wanted it so bad. She wanted the horse's sperm in her uterus. She wanted the horse to fuck even more cumm into her and her pussy reacted by squeezing and milking the pulsating penis. Ned smiled, "You two look great together." Jessica loved that Ned was watching her make love to this huge animal. She felt so gorgeous and naughty as her body shuddered. The horse's semen began to gently spurt around the edges of the tight fitting union of their sex. Jessica wasn't done, but she tried to calm herself down. Her breasts were still shaking and giggling as she fought to catch her breath.

"Whew! Oh my god. I needed that so bad!!!" Her body heaved as Ned smiled, "Yes, it looks like you did! Fantastic. I took some good pictures. These are great." Ned smiled and walked around to the back of the painting and continued painting, while Jessica fought with her emotions, "Glad I could help!" Could she really enjoy such perversion so completely? This was just wrong. Yet her body craved more and more. With every passing moment her urges seemed more compelling and important to her. The day slowly progressed, and she managed to make herself and the stallion orgasm twice more before she was so completely satiated and spent that she could hardly think anymore. Ned snapped lots of pictures during her love making and silently continued his painting. He finally said, "There. I think we're done for today." "Oh? Okay..." She wanted to be upset, but she was honestly too tired to think about having sex with the stallion again today. Once again asked Ned to let her down.

He did as he was asked and let her down. Once again the slow extraction of her vulva from being impaled was a disgusting event that thrilled Jessica. Sperm sprayed out all over her pubic hair and stomach as the horse's penis sprung free. Her whole pussy was completely covered in horse ejaculate. She couldn't help but dip her finger in her pussy and raise it to her mouth when Ned wasn't looking. She couldn't believe she was eating a horse creampie out of her own vagina but it was so sexy. She dipped several more fingers into her pussy and put them in her mouth as Ned looked at her. She felt deeply embarrassed again as she was caught red handed, but she looked at him and shrugged, "You caught me with my hand in the cookie jar, didn't you?" He laughed, "I guess I did." "I just wanted to taste him in me." "No problem. Well, I'd show you the painting, but it's not quite ready yet. Do you want to come by tomorrow?" "Sure. I can't wait to see it."

## Chapter 4

The next day Jessica hurried to get herself ready for the big unveiling. She arrived at Frank's house and Ned excitedly brought her out back. "You nervous?" "Yes! Show me!" He lifted a sheet and showed her the most perverted and disgusting looking painting she had ever seen. There she was, stark naked, except for her shoes. He made the painting an action moment. Her hips were lifted high into the air, well off the saddle, with the horse's penis thrust deep into her. Her mouth was wide open, and her face was flushed. Her nipples looked hard as her eyes were shut tight, obviously in a lot of pleasure. Her pussy was a complete disaster. Her vulva was obviously flushed and red and she was quite clearly aroused. Her pubic hair was matted and stuck both to her vulva as well as to the horse's member. But the most obvious and disgusting thing in the painting was the amazing amount of sperm that was erupting almost out of the painting itself. It looked so real it looked like she could reach out and lick it off the painting.

Her whole pussy was slick and covered with semen, and it was stuck in long disgusting looking strands to the horse's penis. Even more semen was stuck to and drooling from her ass onto the ground. But there wasn't just a little semen on the ground. It was like a small pool had been created by all the horse ejaculate that had leaked from Jessica's pussy. Indeed spatters of semen could be seen all over the ground where her butt had wildly flung it as it drooled lazily out of her orifice. A thin sheen was visible almost an inch up the horse's shaft, where her pussy had managed to reach and coat it with a mix of her vaginal juices and the stallion's own semen. Even though it looked like not another centimeter could fit inside of her, quite clearly she had taken almost another full inch into her. No wonder her cervix felt so battered by the end of the day. This was by far the most disgusting and riveting painting she had ever seen in her life.

But most notable at all was a halo that appeared to come from around her as the sun glinted off of her sweaty orgasmic body. She looked like she was in heaven. And sure enough that's what she felt like while she was doing it. "Oh my god!" "Do you like it?" "No... I love it. That's so hot!" "Oh, great! That's good news. I was worried you'd hate it." "No, oh my, wow." "Good! Well, I assure you, I'll ace my final exam with this." "I hope so! It's amazing. So realistic!" "Well, it was real, if you don't remember." "Oh yes, I do. I definitely do." Ned smiled, "Well, all I can do is say thank you. Without you this wouldn't have been possible. You really were a trooper. Oh, yes, and a lady too." "Thank you, Ned. I enjoyed myself a lot more than I thought I would." "Good. Well, I'm ready to do the nude of you whenever you want."

Jessica said, "Oh! Right!" She had totally forgotten about the boring nude that she had planned for Charles. She suddenly didn't want to give up this painting. It was too sexy as she thought out loud, "God, I wish I could just take this one home instead." "Do you want it?" "Yes! But you need it for your class." "I only need it for a day or so. You can have it after wards if you want it." "No, my husband would flip out. As much as I want it, I don't think he would be able to handle this." Ned thought for a second, "Well, there's no reason he has to know it's real. Just like that bad picture Frank made - you can say it's fake. This could have been entirely in my imagination."

A smile crept over Jessica's face, "I bet you're right. If we could easily come up with a good story for why this painting exists that doesn't involve my having consensual sex with a horse, I bet he would be okay with it." "Yep. Tell you what. If you give me a thousand dollars I'll give you this painting and a lie to go along with it. I'll tell your husband that I did it entirely out of my imagination." "Sold." "Good, now just give me a demure, clothed picture of you and I'll pretend I used that one to paint this from." She reached in her wallet and fished out an old picture of her and Charles that she kept with her, "Will this do?" "Perfect!"

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## Chapter 5

Several days later Jessica got the call from Ned. He had not only passed his art class but had gotten an A. His teacher was very impressed by his skill and imagination. It was 'gutsy' he was told. Ned was ready to bring over the painting whenever Jessica wanted him to. She told him to drop by that evening when Charles was home.

Later that evening, Ned showed up, and Jessica told Charles, "Charles, baby... I have an early birthday present for you." "Oh?" "This is Ned. He's one of Frank's friends. I commissioned a nude painting of myself for you, but we got something a little different instead." Ned nodded, "I took the liberty of making something quite a bit unexpected and used it for my art class instead. I took a picture you're wife gave me and took the liberty to create this work of fiction using your wife's photo as my model ." He handed Charles the photo that Jessica had of them and had given to Ned before he continued, "Now I know this is going to be a shock, but here it is." He unveiled the huge, ten foot by five foot painted canvas of Charles' wife committing an act of bestiality.

Charles' eyes were as big as saucers and Jessica looked at him painfully, hoping he wouldn't freak out. Several seconds passed and Charles looked lost for words. Jessica probed, "Isn't it amazing, Charles? It really looks like I did that, huh?" "Uh, yeah! Wow... that's... very realistic." Ned smiled, "Thank you, I was hoping to get some amount of realism, given that I didn't have an actual living model to create this painting. But I think it turned out really well." Jessica said, "Isn't he talented, honey? We should put this up over the mantle. It's so impressive." "Over the mantle? Are you sure? It's kind of..." He trailed off not knowing what word to chose next. It was clearly the most disgusting piece of artwork he had ever laid his eyes on, and it was of his wife, so he had to chose his words wisely. But they never came.

"It's not like I actually did it or anything. It's just art, honey. I wanted to encourage his artwork. He told me he was going to try something unique and erotic. I gave him the chance, and I'm glad I did. It's so amazing and bold. I bought it for you. I thought you'd like to have it." He looked at her and smiled. Jessica hoped he bought her series of lies as he thought for a moment and looked back at it once more before saying, "Of course, you're right. It is very high quality, that's for sure. Thank you, honey! I think it's great. We can put it up over the mantle right now." "Oh, honey, I'm so glad you like it! Happy birthday, sweetheart!" She gave him a huge hug and a kiss. With that, the painting went straight over the mantle, as a place of honor for anyone who might enter their home to see, almost immediately upon entering the living room. Over the next few days, Jessica layed on the couch in the living room and masturbated over and over, looking at it while Charles was at work. It was the hottest thing she had ever seen, and it was her! How could she live the rest of her life and not do that again, she wondered?

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## Chapter 6

A few days later Jessica was confronted in the living room where Charles was standing in front of the painting. He turned towards her as she walked into the room with a grim look on his face. Charles looked at Jessica and with dead seriousness he asked, "Did you sleep with Frank?" "What?! No... what?" "How about Ned? Did you sleep with him?" "No! Why are you asking that? What the hell is going on?" "You're lying to me about something and now I just need to figure out what it is." "What do you mean?" "I mean, your story about this painting. It's bullshit. Now I just need to figure out how much of your story is bullshit."

"What do you mean? It's all true." She suddenly had butterflies in her stomach – had he found out? "Oh yeah? What about your expression in the painting? This is the exact expression you make when you're having an orgasm." "I don't know... he's a great artist. Maybe he just guessed that's what I'd look like. I have no idea. He's probably slept with enough women to know what they look like mid coitus – he is an artist after all." "And you're jewelry? You weren't wearing this jewelry in your picture you gave him." "He must have seen me wear it when I came over to Frank's house to talk about the painting." "Was Frank part of this?" "No, he just introduced us. He was out of town while Ned was painting it." He looked at her for a long second and said, "I have more proof that you're lying and I think I know what you did." Jessica's eyes opened wide. Had he caught her? "What do you mean?"

"I might believe the jewelry thing. I might even believe the flush on your face. And maybe he just guessed exactly how your pubic hair was trimmed and what color it was. But your shoes..." "My shoes?" "Yes." He reached over to the couch where her red shoes that she had worn in the painting were sitting, like he had been obsessing about them for hours. "I wore those over at his house too." "Did you? Well did you end up on your back somehow? Because otherwise how would he have captured every detail of the underside of your shoes, including where they were a little worn down near the ball of your foot? And what is this huge stain? Jessica, stop lying to me." Jessica looked at the shoes, and sure enough, there was no good explanation about how he would have known the tread pattern of her shoes, let alone how it was worn down if he had just gotten a glance of them. The huge stain was the horse semen that had drooled down her legs both days and had collected in a gross way permanently ruining them forever.

She didn't want her husband to think she cheated on him with Ned. She knew he would divorce her immediately if she had. She had no choice, she had to tell him the truth, "Oh honey, I'm so sorry, I should have told you. I didn't sleep with Frank or Ned. I had sex with the horse." "Wait, what? No! You did what? Really?! You did?!" "Yes." "Yes what? I want to hear you say it again. I don't think I heard you right." "You heard me right. I had sex with one of Frank's stallions... for a few days while Ned painted me." "Oh my God, Jessica, you've got to be kidding me." "No. I wish it had never happened. But Ned needed something unique for his art project. I was trying to help him out. I just thought it would be me posing with the horse... you know... inside me. One thing lead to another and it turned out to be a lot more than just posing. It turned out to be... fun."

"Fun?! You think fucking a horse in front of some painter is fun?!" "Well, I mean, I know it was foolish and unladylike, but I don't know what came over me exactly. I couldn't stop myself." "Were you drugged?" "No. I don't mean I literally couldn't stop myself. I probably could have, I think. I just... liked it a lot more than I thought I would. At first I told myself it was just for Ned's art assignment. But then it became more and more erotic for me. Then I couldn't stop myself. I just wanted it more and more." "This is so foul, Jessica. I can't believe you." "I'm so sorry, sweetheart. I just wanted to get a tasteful nude painted of me, and then when I saw the finished product I thought it deserved a place in our home. It was such a magical time that I spent. I know I shouldn't have brought it into this house, but for some reason I just thought you might appreciate your perverted wife, even if you thought it wasn't really me. Well, surprise, it is!"

His frown seemed to disappear slightly as he said, "So you're saying you absolutely did not sleep with Frank or Ned? Because that I couldn't deal with." Jessica was surprised to hear him say that. Was his real fear that she had cheated on him? Was this whole horse thing just a distraction? Was he just being protective? Did it have anything to do with the horse? "Of course not, honey. I'd never cheat on you. Ned is cute and all, sure. But no. And I'd never go back to Frank. We weren't even compatible while we were married, why would I ruin what you and I have? I'm sure I could have, but honestly, the horse was all I could think of. Even if I had wanted to cheat on you, which I didn't, all that was in my mind was horse cock."



Charles winced slightly at the words 'horse cock' before saying, "I see." "Are you still upset?" "Yes, you shouldn't have lied to me. Especially about something like this..." "I know, I'm terrible." He paused for a long moment before she could tell his curiosity was killing him, "So it was fun, huh?" "Yeah, it was a lot of fun. I came over and over again. I couldn't stop. I mean, you can probably tell from the painting - it was amazing. I honestly was thinking yesterday when I was on the couch masturbating thinking about the painting that I can't believe I would have to never have sex with a horse again. The thought is almost unbearable." "I can't believe you like having sex with horses."

"I know, I'm totally ashamed and humiliated by it, actually. I didn't even know I would like it until it happened. I never even considered it until Ned asked me. But I could lie about that too and say I hated it, but you deserve to know the truth." "And what is the truth?" "I came harder with that stallion than I have ever cummed in my life. When he was shooting his sperm into me, I was screaming and cumming and all I could think was how dirty and sexy I felt. I'd get filled up with his cum to the point where it was flowing out of me, like in the picture there. You'd think I would be done at that point - why would I need any more sperm than that? But a little while later I'd be grinding my hips and begging for more. I just couldn't get enough of his semen into my uterus no matter how hard I tried. I just don't want you to divorce me over it." Jessica sat on the couch and looked up at him and then the painting over the mantle.

Charles looked down at his wife on the couch, "I just want to know how much this means to you. Is this just a phase or is this something more?" Jessica thought for a minute, "Frank's stallion is the best lover I've ever had. I'm absolutely sure if he could have gotten me pregnant he would have, and... I know it sounds gross, but I probably would have let him." "Oh God, Jessica, please. That's disgusting." "I'm sorry if that's repulsive, but that's the truth. I loved letting him inseminate me and if that meant that I had to carry a foal to term to pay for it... I dunno... I'd love to pretend like I'd be horrified by the thought, but honestly, I bet it would turn me on to do it. It really felt like I was made to have sex with horses. My whole body sang, and I've never been happier or more fulfilled in my life. My only regret is that I didn't get more time with him. Even when I was overflowing with his ejaculate I was just thinking about how I could spend more time mating with him without Ned getting suspicious. I almost commissioned a second painting, just to have more time."

In a sarcastic tone he asked, "Mating? Should I put you and a horse out to pasture together? Would that make you happy?" Jessica was suddenly extremely aroused, and she lifted one leg as her sundress rose up and showed her panties, "I'm sorry, honey, I'm so turned on talking about this." She wiggled out of her panties and dropped them on the floor before quickly rubbing two fingers against her clitoris before he said, "What are you doing?" "I'm sorry, I'm just really turned on by all this. I know you're being sarcastic, but yes, it would. Honey, I know it's hard for you to understand, being a guy, and all, but feeling that much power thrusting against your womb is an amazing sensation. Feeling a 1000 pound animal getting sexual satisfaction from my little body has been the single most erotic moment of my life." "Wow, you're really into this, huh?" She rubbed her wet pussy harder as she answered, "Oh God, yes."

"So you definitely want to do this again? This wasn't just a one time deal?" "I wish it were, but you want me to be honest with you. And honestly, it wasn't. I probably would have tried to be good for a few more weeks, but I know I'd be sneaking off to Frank's house to fuck his horses in no time unless you demand me to never do it again. But if you'd let me, I'd buy a sling and a stallion of my own and I'd stay under him all day long while you were away at work so you don't have to worry about where I'm at." He watched his horny wife masturbating earnestly as she talked about it. He could tell this meant more to her than anything she had ever asked for since they had been married, even if she was just now telling him about it.

"Well, now that I see how much this means to you... I mean, God dammit, this is a tough decision. Do

I let my wife screw a horse while I'm away at work, or do I put my foot down and say no, you're my wife, your pussy is just for me? Clearly it's not just for me, because you already have fucked a horse. So now the real question is, is your having sex with a stallion enough to divorce you - in which case the harm is already done, or is it not a big enough crime against our marriage, in which case, what's the harm in letting you do it again?" Jessica couldn't believe Charles was actually considering this. She thought he would storm out of the house, angry at the very thought of it. She thought she would have to promise never to let a horny horse have her again, but now things were looking less bleak.

Jessica decided to coax him and see where this was going, "Really it wouldn't be much different than now. When you get home, you can let me down, and I'll make you dinner. If you made me the promise of letting me have sex with a stallion every single day, I'll make you the promise of making sure you get a delicious hot meal every night." "What about when my sister and her husband come over? You can't be screwing a horse while they're here. We'll have plenty of explaining to do with the stupid painting alone." Jessica thought about it. She didn't want to encourage her husband to invite her sister in law over any more than necessary by agreeing not to have sex with a horse while his family was in town. Jessica continued to rub her pussy for a minute as she thought, "Oh, I've got it! I'll just sleep under the horse at night. When they've gone to bed in the guest room, we'll go out the back door and you can tie me up for the night."

"Now you want to sleep with the stallion?" "Why not? Brazilian women do it all the time, I heard. I can't imagine how hard it must be to sleep like that, but I bet I would get used to it fast. Oh my God, that would be so hot! Think about it! Maybe we need two stallions, Charles. Yeah, we should get two!" "Now you want two stallions?" "Yes! That way, if I've been mating with one all day, after dinner you can put me back under the other stallion where I'll spend then night." "You can't be serious." "Yeah, that way I won't have to worry about tiring one stallion out since I'll have another one that can fuck me at night." "I can't believe you're really asking me to buy you two stallions so you can alternate having them inseminate you." "If you'd let me, I'd get a stable full of horses and spend all day screwing each and every one of them. But I'd settle for two. What do you say honey?" She was rubbing her pussy more urgently as each second passed.

"I know you'd be thrilled to mate with a whole herd of horses, but why don't we just start with one stallion for now, okay? You can spend a few hours per day to get started. If you still think that's not enough and you still want to be put out to pasture all day... well, then I can leave you like that while I'm at work, I guess." "And what if that's not enough?" "You mean what if you want to mate with them all day?" "Yes." Her fingers were a flurry as they moved faster and faster over her clitoris, "Full time, huh? Well... maybe after a few months time, if you still want to, we can get you as many stallions as you want." "Really?! You mean that?" He sighed, not really sure he did mean that, or why he was agreeing to this in the first place, but his wife's fingers were working over her clit so fast now he was getting mesmerized, "Sure." "You promise? I can have as many as I want?"

"I guess." "Promise me!" "Okay. I promise. You're birthday is coming up too in a few weeks. Maybe I can get you your first one then." "Oh my God! Yes! I really think I want three. No wait, four. Maybe not all for my birthday, but sure. If you're home on the weekends, you can help me get saddled and unsaddled and rotate through each of the stallions a lot faster. That way I can get each of them to fuck me three or four times a day. Can you imagine? 16 times a day?" "No, I can't..." "Think of all that... cummm!!!" Jessica looked up at the painting and with a deep moan she began to climax thinking about what her future would entail, "I could... look like... that... all... dayyyy.... lonnnngggg uhnnnnnnnnnn!!!" This was not the demure young lady that Charles had married, he realized. Jessica had become something else entirely, even as she shuddered and shook deeply aroused by her own depravity.

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## Chapter 7

Charles commissioned a pre-fabricated barn to be erected in the back of the house, and it arrived only days later. The belly riding saddle came in the mail a few weeks later, from Brazil. Charles said it was for her birthday. Jessica felt butterflies in her stomach as Charles handed her the huge box, "Happy birthday." "Oh my God! But what about the horse?" "He'll be here later today. I had him shipped in from Brazil too. I guess he's been trained from birth to be a belly riding stallion." Jessica knew Charles had gone online and researched belly riding, and she was so happy that he had managed to get everything she wanted. The box also contained another wooden box with many small vials and syringes. She couldn't wait to get started.

Jessica had decided not to ask Ned for his saddle. She didn't want him to know that she was belly riding full time. She was still deeply ashamed by the whole thing, even though he seemed okay with it. But she kept in contact with Ned and told him that her husband hadn't suspected a thing. Ned said that if she ever wanted to do another painting he would love to. She thoughtfully considered telling him at that point, but thought it would be more fun if Ned thought it was still their little secret. The last thing she wanted was to have him talking about her all over town, just because she didn't care if her husband knew.

In the large cardboard box, attached to the shipping information was a small white illustrated guide that explained how to attach the straps. She couldn't read Portuguese but she could easily understand the illustrations of the rather nicely drawn woman tied up and impaled on a stallion. But the strangest things about the drawings is that they depicted women in restaurants, with large groups of people around, and in office buildings with people in suits all around, barely noticing the women in the figures. There were pictures of the women delivering packages, and drawing carriages and all sorts of scenarios where people were all around them. Jessica was intrigued.

Strangely the saddle appeared to be a little more complex than Jessica had given the saddle credit for. In fact, it appeared that the saddle was designed to allow the belly rider to steer the stallion while copulating, allowing a belly rider a great deal of freedom, as depicted in the drawings. Jessica was fascinated as she poured over every illustration. It showed how to pull the reigns and squeeze the legs to effectively give the woman full control over her mate, as it showed a woman gliding through an office full of cubicles. Even though the women in the illustrations couldn't let themselves down, they could roam freely, like any horseback rider might. "Look, honey, I can actually walk around without your help, it looks like." He looked at the guide for a moment, "Oh. Weird. I guess so, huh?" He was more curious than excited by the idea. The last thing he wanted was his wife roaming around like that.

Jessica's pussy was already warm just in thinking about it. Yes, she definitely wanted to try that. She thought she might have to stay confined to a small area, or build a horse ring so the horse could meander a little. But now, it appeared she could walk anywhere she wanted. "I can't wait!" Maybe she could surprise Ned by belly riding around and navigating with expertise reserved only for the most well versed of belly riders. Charles wasn't so sure he wanted his nude wife, in a constant state of bestiality, to walk around but she already had her heart set on it having just realized the potential, he could tell. She shook her head as she looked it over, "Those Brazilian women are so lucky! They get to have jobs, and lives, and families, all while having sex with horses." Charles didn't want to advise her to try to find a job while performing bestiality if that's what she really wanted in life, even though it was what he was thinking. So he just shrugged, "Well, you can't have everything in life." Jessica nodded, barely listening and still entranced.

Later that day, the horse showed up, in the back of a trailer. A nice older man helped them unload the stallion along with enough feed for more than a week. Jessica thanked Charles profusely. Within

an hour of the man's departure, Jessica had already saddled the stallion, and unceremoniously stripped naked. It was getting later in the day and Charles looked at his pretty naked wife and said, "Wait, it's kind of late to be starting to do this now. What about your promise?" "What promise?" "To make me dinner every night?" "Oh, right, well, can I make you a late dinner tonight? I just want an hour with him first." She was already beginning to position herself in the saddle, even before he answered. It didn't appear to matter what he said, she was going to get laid by this stallion before he was getting supper.

He was already defeated. He was essentially being cuckolded by a horse, "Sure. I guess that's fine." His wife barely acknowledged him and instead said, "Okay, honey, can you put the wrist and ankle straps around me? It makes riding easier." He nodded and did as he was told, solemnly attaching his wife's extremities to the stallion's sides with the thick leather straps. She then said, "Okay, stroke him so he gets hard." Charles really didn't want to give a horse a handjob while his nude wife, in bondage, laid in wait. Yet, he could sense that his wife wasn't going to let him chicken out of this menial task. He did as he was told and gently groped the sheath until the horse's penis began to distend and bob gently as it slowly became engorged with blood.

Charles aimed the stallion's member at his wife's wet hole, and began to press it against her. She wiggled her hips slightly, to try to help Charles. Together Charles and Jessica worked and pushed as the horse's member thickened with each passing second. Charles pushed harder and harder, but the horse's head was simply massive compared to Jessica's tiny hole. He was beginning to get frustrated, "You know this isn't going to work, right? There's no way he can fit into you." Jessica was frustrated too, but for a different reason, she wanted to have sex so bad she could taste it, "Keep going, honey, please!" "I never thought I'd be trying to shove a hard horse dick into my wife." "But I want you to shove a hard horse dick into me, sweetheart. Please, keep trying." He shook his head and with renewed determination he pushed and tried to spread his wife's vulva apart at the same time. Suddenly, the horse's phallus entered her.

Jessica gasped, "Oh my God!! Charles! He's huge!" "Right, that was the point, wasn't it?" "No, I mean, yes, it is. But whoah, he's way bigger than Frank's horse." "I think they breed belly riding horses to have bigger penises, at least that's what I think it said on the website, I don't really understand Portuguese." "No wonder it was so hard to get him in! He's massive! Ow. It kind of hurts!" Charles looked somewhat worried, "Do you want me to pull him out?" "Oh God no, it hurts, but the pain will go away. I want his cum so bad, honey. At this point I don't care how bad it hurts. Thank you for buying him for me!" "Uh, yeah, you're welcome. Happy birthday, again." Jessica began to work her hips as if to gently coax the stallion deeper into her. Sure enough, inch after inch of the rigid horse cock slid past Charles' wife's vulva and further into her. Finally, eight inches had disappeared deep into the recesses of his wife's pussy. She winced as her anus and pussy visibly pulsed hard several times as she stopped pushing, "There, he's all the way in. Whew... I can't believe how much thicker he is! He feels wonderful. My pussy is going to have to loosen up for him if we're going to do this all day."

Charles looked at his wife as she essentially said that she didn't care about being a tight fit for him anymore. Now she wanted a mare's pussy - big and accommodating for her new mate. Jessica began to work her hips up and down, thrusting hard. She wasn't going to waste any time. Charles watched the perverse union helplessly, as Jessica thrust hard, each time bottoming out in a painful way as the horse's head pushed against her cervix. He had never seen his wife so enthusiastic about sex, especially painful sex. She didn't even try to hide the fact that this stallion was a far more satisfying lover than Charles ever had been. She bobbed her butt up and down hard, coating the horse's thick cock with slippery vaginal lubricant. Jessica neared orgasmed twice, but held herself off. She knew what she was after and it ended in a pussy full of sperm. After almost 10 minutes the horse began to react.

At first the stallion began to stamp his hooves. Then his testicles began to tense and rise up just as he began to thrust. Charles was amazed at how violent the stallion was. He looked for signs of discomfort from his wife, but she instead began to swing back and forth, increasing the distance the horse could haunch forward without thrusting beyond the confines of her vagina. Yes, his wife had definitely done this before. She arched her back and her breathing became more labored. Charles could tell she was close to another orgasm. The stallion's thrusts became more wild, and his throbbing cock began to expand, stretching his wife's pussy almost past the limit as she moaned loudly. She bucked her hips and raised them up so her pubic bone pressed against the stallion's belly.

Finally the horse made a loud sound that to Charles resembled a cough. 1000 pounds of muscle and sexual tension began to erupt in orgasm. Jessica called out, "OH MY GOD! HE'S CUMMING!" Charles watched in horror as the horse began to ejaculate into his wife's pulsating pussy. She was screaming and moaning and bucking as the horse continued to shoot his semen deep into her quivering body. Jessica couldn't stop cumming, it felt so good. Rope after rope of the horse's seed shot against her cervix and she continued to suck it up into her uterus as her husband watched her anus spasm. Her whole body drank from the stallion's erupting cock. The soft wet flesh of her vulva slid effortlessly across the warm pulsating penis. Her labia's movements were punctuated by the rhythmic squeezing of her body as it lovingly milked her mate's sexual member.

Before Charles' eyes a small amount of semen began to overflow from his wife. The stallion had filled his wife's sexual organs to the brim with his virile seed, as it gently flowed around the edges of their union. Charles had successfully mated his wife to the stallion, he realized, and she was beyond thankful - she was orgasmic. The excess semen covered the engorged lips of his wife's spasmodic pussy, combining with her pubic hair, and drooling down her quivering buttocks and onto the ground. After nearly a minute Jessica was still cumming and still had not collapsed into the saddle. She wasn't spent, she was still climaxing. Her breasts giggled as her chest heaved. She fought to catch her breath but her orgasm was still rolling in sensuous waves as Charles said, "Okay, you ready to go inside yet?" Jessica shook her head, "No, baby... I said I wanted an hour... I... need... this... so... bad!!! Just one more, okay? Just like... 45 minutes more. Then I'll cook you dinner. Uhhhhh... Oh God, it feels so good to have a pussy full of horse cumm, honey! Ohhhh... I need... morrrre!"

Charles was defeated and no longer wanted to watch his wife in ecstasy with an animal, "Okay, I'm going inside. I'll be back in 45 minutes." "Okay. Thanks baby! I... love you!" He said he loved her too as he turned around and went back into the house. He tried to read and pass the time, but he heard the gentle muffled moans of his wife in mid coitus, even from inside the house. After 45 minutes of not reading and shaking his head in disbelief about what his wife was doing outside he went back outside. His wife was no longer in the barn where he had left her. She had managed to walk him a hundred feet from the barn, where the two were now, again, having a huge orgasm together. The horny horse fucked his wife's pussy hard and she held on tight. She managed to say, "Just... another... minute... sweetheart! We're about... to... cumm!" That was quite clear to Charles, as he watched his wife arch her back prettily.

Her moans suddenly stopped, as did her breathing. Her stomach was knotted and her buttocks and legs quivered quietly. He realized she was climaxing so hard she couldn't breathe. The horse too began to climax as he shot more hot, sticky cumm into his wife's pussy. The two were orgasmic together. They were deeply enjoying each other's bodies. Thrust after thrust injected more of the animal's seed into Charles' wife as she stayed nearly motionless except for her leg and PC muscles which were quite clearly milking her lover's cock.

Much quicker than the first time, semen gushed freely from Charles' wife. Her pussy was

convulsing hard, as a tremendous amount of ejaculate spurt out the edges of their tight union. Charles was amazed how much more cum had been produced the second time than the first. Then he had a disgusting realization. His wife had been so turned on that she had sucked almost all of the horse's seed into her womb during their first orgasm together. Now there was simply no room left inside her. Her uterus was literally filled to the brim with animal semen and now the only thing left for it to do was pour grotesquely out of her. Worse yet, that's exactly what she had wanted all along.

Yes, his wife's body had orgasmed so hard that it was trying to impregnate itself with stallion seed. His wife had decided to try her best to try to get herself knocked up by horses, and she was intent on doing it every waking moment of the rest of her life, if he would allow it. She would live out the rest of her days oozing horse semen from her pussy. When they would go out to a fancy restaurant, his wife would be oozing horse semen onto the nice chair. If they went to a movie, horse cum would drool out of them while they waited in line. If she went to the OBGYN stallion ejaculate would pour out of his wife right there in the doctor's office. Her bikini bottoms would always have stains in the crotch where sticky seed from the horse's dick had pooled. This is what she wanted.

She was extactic to continue her mating ritual, and remain orgasmic as much of her life as she could. There she would lay, naked, with her legs spread apart impaled on a sperm coated horse dick, for the remainder of her days. He could see it already. And any moments spent out from under the stallion would be moments where his seed would be swimming around in her womb.

Jessica finally began to breath after almost a minute. Her nipples were taught. She was sweaty and flushed but she was more happy than she ever had been. She was still climaxing as she said, "Okay... Whew... I'm done for now. Mmm, I love how wet and sticky my pussy is. But I can wait for more. Let's make you dinner, shall we? I want to be a good housewife, even if I am going to be spending all day with this guy here in me." He nodded, choosing not to probe his wife about the fact that she had walked him 100 feet away. He knew she was practicing her belly riding, even if awkwardly. Soon she would be able to go anywhere she wanted, all while impaled. He just hoped that everywhere meant just their property.

Just as Charles feared, after belly riding a stallion every day after Charles got back from work Jessica's overpowering lust for her fetish was only intensifying. After a full week of sex with the stallion Jessica was nowhere near ready to give up her dream of belly riding all day and all night. Quite the opposite. He began to tie her up in the mornings before work and leaving her all day. She would be freshly showered, and looking gorgeous as she slowly worked her labia down the length of the horse's shaft in the mornings. Inch by inch she would work her body down the length and moan gently until eight inches of throbbing animal penis was deep inside of her.

By the time he came home from work she would be flushed, sweaty and her pubic hairs would be a matted mess of both dried and fresh sticky sperm from multiple ejaculations. Her vulva would be red and puffy with arousal. Charles would untie his wife and she would reluctantly and slowly withdraw her pelvis from her lover as semen would gush from their union. Clearly 8-9 hours of sex with a horse still wasn't enough for her. She would stand in front of him completely nude, a fresh torrent of semen drooling from her labia, and mixing with her sticky pubic hair as she would ask him about his day as they walked back into the house. She always had a hard time walking for the first few minutes, a reminder of having sex with a stallion all day. Later she would prepare dinner as she would stand in the kitchen, as semen oozed out of her, down her thighs and ultimately onto the floor. She occasionally dipped her fingers into her pussy when Charles wasn't looking and added it to whatever she made for them.

Charles got the impression she stopped caring about his day more and more as the days went by. He would inevitably ask her how her day was and she would quite graphically explain how great it was

to be forced to mate with a stallion all day long by being tied up. Not being able to get away made it so much more erotic, especially when strangers would drive by, like the meter-man. Apparently he had dropped by checking the electric gauges, and had not noticed Charles' pretty naked wife mid-orgasm, dripping fresh horse semen out of her vulva, while still impaled on a horse's dick only a few dozen feet away.

Jessica's interest was not declining at all. In fact, as the weeks turned into months, she pushed Charles harder and harder for another stallion. He finally broke down and bought her one to have sex with at nights. She began visiting Ned once a week or so but only when she knew Frank wasn't going to be home and when she was really supposed to be running errands all day. There was no reason for Charles to get more upset by bringing Frank into this or let her husband know she was sneaking off to fuck a horse in front of Ned again. She would belly ride for Ned as he painted her and took more photos. He seemed impressed at how quickly she had figured out how to ride the stallion around all while copulating with it. She smiled to herself. Ned even ended up selling several of the paintings for many thousands of dollars to private collectors. He was making quite a name for himself, and the thought deeply aroused Jessica. She wanted more.

Finally Charles couldn't handle his wife's nagging any longer for more penises to impale herself on. He found another suitable stallion for his wife and shipped it from Brazil, like the second. Soon the barn that Charles had built began to grow in the number of stallions she had stabled there. First it was three and then, as Jessica finally demanded, they bought a fourth. Jessica all but stopped wearing clothes at this point. She only asked to be let down to use the bathroom, shower, shop and cook meals for herself and Charles.

When Charles' sister and her husband came to visit a few months later, Jessica put on a slinky, nearly sheer, summer dress and ask them to sit in the living room, where the painting was quite prominently displayed. She intentionally sat with her back to it, to give everyone as much opportunity to look at it as they wanted as they chit-chatted. She felt like being naughty and had sex with one of her horses right before company arrived too, so ejaculate slowly drained from her uterus into her panties while she entertained. Just as Charles had feared, his wife's vulva always seemed to be filled and oozing the seed she so longed for.

The story of her painting being an art project seemed to appease everyone, even though their first reaction was a wince as they came to grips with it's disgusting nature. Even with a stable full of virile stallions a hundred feet away they appeared to be happy enough with her reasoning that it was only expressionist art - the perverse make-believe interpretation of a genius. Jessica was simply a patron of the arts - and wasn't it an amazing painting? So lifelike! She got off on watching her guests ogle her perversion while one of her stallion's seed drained from her uterus and pooled in her panties.

After everyone went to bed each night Jessica would get naked and grab Charles' hand. Together they would slink outside after their company went to sleep and Jessica would gently impale herself on the familiar rigid flesh of her equine lover. Charles would tie her up and give her a kiss goodnight. Charles always felt his heart sink when he walked away from his pretty wife who was usually already humping her hips hard before he was even out of sight. He wondered if she were just being mean to him, but after a while he realized it was worse than that - she had no sexual feelings for Charles at all anymore. She still loved him, but she had given herself sexually to a different species. Charles couldn't compete.

In fact, the only sexual charge Jessica seemed to derive from her husband was when he would watch her getting ejaculated into as she cried out for more. She seemed to get off on that, almost as if to rub it in. He consoled himself that she still needed him to take care of her, tie her to the stallions,



and give the stallions their shots. But it wasn't much consolation. One day he said in a frustrated tone, "You should really get a job, you know?" Jessica's pussy was reserved exclusively for the hot horse ejaculate that seemed to constantly flow from it these days. She was completely lost in her fetish. But Jessica had never been happier in her whole life. Suddenly things made sense. There was only one thing left to do, "Honey, you're absolutely right. Time for this belly rider to get herself a job."

**End**