

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

As a reporter, I learn things about the human race that are often...alarming, often sickening. The rape, for example, of a young girl as she played in the park with friends; the atrocity of war and the blood spilled by nations civilized and not so.

My first exploration into journalism happened in my final year of high school; part of the work experience program the local council urged the headmaster to introduce to us tearaways who had no ambition in life, no career in mind.

I chose to follow a reporter around for those two weeks, and became so fascinated with the day-to-day routine of a country journalist that I enrolled in college and university to gain my degree in journalism.

But my desire was not that of my first tutor; no, I didn't want the weekly spot in the county-wide paper, shoved between the Weekender section and the classified ads. I wanted to star in the country's top papers, offering my story of the day far and wide from Scotland to Wales.

From the age of sixteen to twenty, I studied hard, and played little. When I wasn't working my ass off, my spare time was taken up by the short articles and commentaries I wrote to bring in a bit of cash to pay the rent and buy my monthly packs of Bachelors dried soup.

By the time the ink dried on my degree, I'd applied for several jobs writing for daily tabloids, but none were responsive to my inquiries. Disheartened somewhat, I kept writing my opinions, my articles. Eventually, I launched my own website, posting my work twice daily.

The hits it received were...astronomical.

Anyway, before I get any further with the adventures I have to tell you, let me introduce myself. After all, I will be your guide to shocking events and taboo pleasures.

My name is Trelawney, Rebecca Trelawney.

I guess I'm about average height; a well-muscled five-eight. Though I'm not slender, I find that the one man in my life thinks that my build is...highly arousing. My hair is shaggy, a burnished red that I like. For the foreseeable future, at least. He also has an affection for my eyes; clear, direct blue.

And we both have one spectacular flaw: the constant desire to try anything and everything. To us, living means living. Whatever life has to offer should be taken, tried, and passed on to the next.

So, when I heard about the concept of Animal Farm, my curiosity was peaked.

"It's illegal." Ryan, my boyfriend of six years, stated flatly.

My response was short. "Since when has that stopped us?"

He grinned, his dark eyes winking mischievously. "Since never." His fingers flicked through the brochure, long, clever fingers that can tune a female to climax without even a hint of effort. We met when I was eighteen, meshed together on the dance floor of a nightclub one memorable evening. He is my first and only lover. "Are you sure you want to experiment that far?"

I considered. Sex is one of my favourite pastimes. I slid onto the bed next to him; let my hand work under the covers. He was already hard as I wrapped my fingers around him. "Why not? We've done most everything else. Besides, haven't you already..." I tapped a finger on a page of the brochure.

"Transposed my face onto hers?"

His eyes locked on the page, and then they blurred. I worked him with long strokes, felt his muscles tense. "Jesus, Bex. Jesus Christ."

"You like that, don't you, baby? You want to see my pussy invaded by dog cock? Is that what you want? Tell me," I murmured. I was hot, horny as, well, a bitch in heat. "Would you like to see me on my hands and knees, being serviced by that Alsatian? Imagine that big cock, rammed up to the balls in my pussy, Ryan. You can see it, can't you?"

He throbbed in my palm, moments away from ejaculating. Smiling seductively, I peeled away the covers, swung my leg over his stomach so that I rode him, my back to his face. The first taste of him was, as ever, addicting.

The brochure fluttered to the floor as he grabbed my hips, lifted me onto him. He set a hard pace, bucking his hips up, driving his blue-steel cock deep into my drenched pussy.

Within half a dozen thrusts, I tightened around him, my whole body quivering with orgasm. Seconds later, he rolled so that I lay beneath him. My hands were trapped under his vice-grip on the wrought iron headboard in front of me. Flesh slapped against sweaty flesh as he pounded into me.

Then, with a sharp, almost painful thrust, driving himself into me to the hilt, he gasped out a long, pained groan. The hot flood of his semen inside me sent me tumbling over the edge again, filling me as we collapsed on the bed, exhausted and utterly satisfied.

Purring like a cat, I turned my head and spoke quietly. "So that's a yes?"

He kissed the back of my neck, ran his hand through my choppy hair. "I guess so."

"Good. Because you're booked in to see the Alsatian too." With a snort, I curled into him and fell asleep before his sated brain registered what I'd said.

The drive was long and full of anticipation. I watched the flow of traffic along the motorway as my heartbeat mounted. Every mile was another step closer to fulfilling the ache in my belly. Every mile took me closer to a dream I hadn't known I'd been harbouring.

"Don't tell me you're still pissed," I said mildly.

Ryan shot me a sideways glance. "Pissed? Why would I be pissed that you've booked an appointment at the bestiality place, for me? Why would I be pissed that you want my ass full of a dog's cock?" He muscled between two haulage wagons, put his foot down. His Ford Focus bulleted along the tarmac.

"Hey, I just figured that if I'm going to have a dog's cock raping my ass and pussy, I should get to have some fun looking at you sharing the same experience." I shrugged lazily, studied my nails, then lit a cigarette with casual indifference. "Look, if you don't want to go through with it, just say so. I'm sure they're used to people backing out."

With barely controlled temper, he flicked the indicator on and took our exit. We shot down the ramp and onto a dual carriageway. "Are you calling me a coward?"

"Of course not. It's your decision." I blew smoke out of the open window, watched it whip away. "I don't see what the problem is. You seem to enjoy it when I service you with a strap-on."

"That's when it's you," he muttered.

"And I stop if I hurt you," I realized. I knew that was what was bugging him. He had no control over what a ten-stone horny dog would do to his tiny asshole. "I'm sure if we asked, they'll have something smaller. A Yorkshire Terrier maybe."

He began to laugh, and the strop was over. Quick as a whip, he stole the cigarette from me and took a drag. "You're a real hoot a minute, Bex. Remind me of that when the dog mounts me, won't you?"

I grinned. "Only if you remind me first."

"Deal." He pulled off the dual carriageway and continued down a little country road for another fifteen minutes. When we both saw the sign for Mountie Enterprises, and sucked our breath in simultaneously. "Here we go I guess. Three whole days of sex, animals and sex."

"Fun, fun and more fun," I agreed.

He drove sedately up the long tree-lined lane. Through the gaps between the tall majestic oaks, I could see field after field, green and wonderful, as far as the eye could see. There were horses, separately fenced off, and sheep and livestock milled around under the electric fences.

The lane opened up into a large farmyard; a long low barn took up an area of about a hundred feet in length, twenty width. Ivy climbed the white washed walls, crawled over the red tiles that must have been from the original building. The windows were high, about ten feet up, and looked similar to the old hay holes that farmers used to toss hay through to the livestock below.

Beside that were a gate, and a long stone path. A sign was stapled onto the gate, but from where we were parked, I couldn't read what it said. The farmhouse, the same white washed stone and red roof, was a small affair, a lot smaller than I had imagined it. The front door was open against the summer heat, I presumed, and a woman stood casually in the frame.

A Range Rover and sleek black Jaguar were parked in front of the fifty-foot long garage. Probably a heated deal, I thought, to pamper the poor cold cars in winter.

Ryan and I looked at each other, gave each other small smiles, then climbed out of our respective sides.

"You've made good time!" The woman hurried across, tall and lean with a shock of rich chestnut hair. Green eyes greeted us as warmly as her voice when she met us with a friendly handshake and kiss on the cheek. "Welcome to Animal Farm."

"It's, ah, interesting to be here." Ryan said.

"Your email said you were setting off at eight, so we didn't expect you for at least another couple of hours." She smiled. "I'm Rhianna, and my husband is Ben. You'll meet him at lunch. We have two other couples staying with us this weekend, one of which are complete novices like yourselves."

"What's the other couple?" I asked with a lifted brow.

Her smile turned wicked. "Regular visitors and highly experienced. They do have voyeuristic tendencies, and are very open to being watched if you're interested in seeing how it's done."

"Sure."

"All right, well I'll see what I can do. If you leave your keys in the car, Ben will bring your bags in on his way through. Please, come with me." She turned, all grace and elegance as she walked toward the house. "Lunch will be served in an hour, so I can either show you around or you can rest after your drive."

"I'm not tired," I said immediately.

"Good. Now, we do have one or two rules."

Ryan narrowed his eyes suspiciously. "And what might they be?"

"A wise man, your guy," Rhianna gave me a subtle nudge as she led us into a warm kitchen. There were china plates on the walls, and an old Aga stove in the corner. "Have a seat." She took one herself, drew a file across the scarred oak table. "Rule number one. Once the papers have been signed, no clothes are allowed on the premises."

I was sure my eyes goggled. "You mean, we walk around naked? But you're not..." I gestured to her jeans and purple sweater.

"I always greet new guests fully clothed. It lessens the shock of being met by a nude woman, eases guests into the atmosphere we aim to provide here." She opened the file. "Number two, when in the vicinity of food and animals, we do ask that you not feed tidbits. It distracts them from their...goals."

"Okay."

"Rule number three, and this is the last rule we have, I promise. Ben and I do choose the animals you'll be working with, and we have our own system of doing so. However, if you feel that that animal isn't suited to you, we do ask that you trust us to know what will give you the best experience." She slid a piece of paper over to us, topped with a pen. "Safe words are given before each session in case of any problems, but Ben and I have been doing this for a long time. You'll be perfectly safe."

I scanned over the contract. As far as I could see, it was a normal liability waiver. There was a confidentiality clause, which I had expected. The rules were written on it, and there was a notation that any breach of said rules would be punished by means deemed suitable by the owners, R and B Habersham. "This seems really basic."

"It covers both you and us, and we dislike spoiling your time here with paperwork. This contract will stand for any occasion you might return here for our services in the future." She watched us both sign, then tucked the contract away in the file. "I'll show you to your room so you can adhere to rule number one."

It was a disconcerting feeling, being naked and in someone else's house. But naked I was, from my red hair on my head, to the triangle between my thighs. My breasts were perky, and that at least was a relief, especially when I saw Rhianna in all her natural glory.

There wasn't an ounce of fat on her. That had my jealousy gland surging to life. She was lean, muscled, tanned and had beautiful breasts. She was a natural chestnut.

I know for a fact that Ryan found her desirable; the strain of his exposed cock said it all. We followed her outside like lambs, straight to the gate where the sign was posted.

I could read it now.

ENTER AT YOUR OWN RISK!

Entire animals loose on premises.

Owners take no responsibility for any injuries incurred through ignoring this sign.

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!

It was very clear and very concise.

"What animals do you have in here?" I asked as she led us through the gate. I blinked as we rounded the corner of the house that jutted out into the field; a twenty-foot square shack was seemingly attached to the back of the house.

"Gazebo, our Black Angus bull and Shamus. He's our piebald stallion. While he only measures up at thirteen-three hands high, he's a vicious beast and we only use him for our more experienced and...daring guests." She led us through a small garden gate into their back garden, and asked us to wait for a moment. Then she disappeared into the shack.

"What do you make of it so far?" I asked Ryan.

His answer was a drool. "I think I'd like to see her ass get reamed."

"Ryan!" I hissed it.

"That's one fine ass," he murmured, then yelped when I punched his arm none too gently.

I was about to ream his ass when Rhianna stepped back out and gestured us forward. "Ben is with our experienced couple right now. They'd like you to watch if you feel up to it."

"Sure." As we walked toward the shack, I thought we'd be watching something along the lines of the bestiality DVDs we occasionally watched of a dog humping a woman's pussy. When I walked through the door behind Rhianna, I gasped.

"Holy shit." That was Ryan's awed whisper.

There was a woman, face obscured by a tangle of blonde hair, resting front-forward against a contraption that looked like something out of the torture ages. Her arms wrapped around what appeared to be a barrel leant at a thirty-degree angle; her whole body was leant forward at that angle.

Her thighs were spread, as though riding the curved seat running between them, and her feet were in stirrups that raised her buttocks up a good six inches off the padding. She could only have been six inches off the floor, but it looked like she was high up from my perspective.

"Are you ready, Donna?" There were two naked men; one I presumed to be the woman's husband as his hand was on his cock, rubbing and tugging on his erection. He had matching blonde hair and blue eyes that were dark with desire. A very attractive specimen.

The other man, I guessed, was Ben. He was tall and stocky, sweat gleaming on his upper chest and stomach. Not surprising, I mused, when he had an eight hundred pound Black Angus bull attached to the end of the chain he was gripping. The chain was looped securely in the bull's nose ring, but still...he looked like he could kill with a toss of his head.

His hair was as black as the bull's and he had green eyes that were focused completely on the situation at hand. His cock was at least ten inches long. If Ryan could have the hots for Rhianna, I thought with anticipation, I could sure as hell have many erotic fantasies about this guy.

"God yes." The blonde moaned, and I felt my own pussy flood. We were about to see something spectacular take place, and I was hankering for it. "Let him loose, Ben."

He let a foot of chain slide through his gloved hands, and the bull took his chance. He snorted, his black wet nose snuffling around the woman's cunt. He obviously smelled something good, as his penis elongated from its sheath to almost two feet long.

"When dealing with some of the larger animals, if the guest isn't taken to by the server, we use artificial hormones on the genital area to attract them. Donna is a very willing participant here; she's been given an injection in the cervix to allow it to be opened. Gazebo will be able to cover her with about twenty inches of his penis." Rhianna watched her husband avidly.

Every muscle in me went lax when the bull reared up, set his front legs on straw bales on either side of the contraption, and thrust repeatedly at the woman's open cunt. I wanted to be her.

She screamed long and loud when the thick penis rammed up inside her, and orgasmed violently. Where we stood, I could hear the squish of her juices as he worked his cock inside her, then her brief shout of pain.

I could imagine that thick cock bashing into her cervix, forcing its way up into her womb. I shuddered, desperate to have that feeling in me, and moaned when she climaxed viciously, his penis sliding almost up to the hilt in her body.

"Jesus," I barely breathed it. "Oh God, can you feel it?"

The bull went berserk, his hips and body throwing itself into Donna's. He was snorting, grunting as that big black body pounded with all his weight into that soft wet vagina. There was cum running down Donna's thighs; her own, I thought, as Gazebo was still going strong.

Then the big body stilled, and a bellow escaped him. Donna's scream matched the roar octave for octave. The bull came away meekly at Ben's tug on the chain.

Cum gushed from her open pussy lips like a waterfall onto the shavings that covered the floor. Tears ran down Donna's face. Gazebo sniffed at those open lips, his long tongue came out to lick, then he ambled away beside Ben to the field.

"Whoa." I felt weak at the knees as I looked at the scene left behind. And my stomach muscles tightened when the blonde hunky husband came up behind his wife, crouched behind her and licked at the mix of cum still dripping from her lips. My hand went between my legs when he drove his cock - which must have seemed tiny in comparison to Gazebo's - into that goopy, sloppy cunt.

My hand reached for Ryan's cock, and it came away slick with pre-cum. I stuck my bottom out when his hand cruised over it, and dove between my fingers. I loved how his fingers just slid through the wetness of my pussy.

Rhianna leaned close to me. "If you want to fuck, don't mind me."

I jumped Ryan without a second thought. Wrapped my legs around his waist, grunted as he rapped me back against the wall. Whimpering with the need to have something, anything, in my aching pussy, I dropped my weight straight onto his dripping cock.

His moan and mine melded into one long groan of relief.

I sensed something wet and warm on my asshole, twisted my head around just as Rhianna jabbed her middle finger up my butt. I orgasmed quickly, with strong and violent aftershocks, then had the wonderful sensation of having my lover's sperm gushing hotly against my cervix.

Legs weak, he lowered us both to the floor. Rhianna grinned at her husband when he came in and, with her finger working my ass, got on her hands and knees. Ben wasted no time thrusting his erect cock deep into her bowels until his shout of release echoed around the building with hers.

Lunch was a fascinating experience. The other novice couple had not yet arrived, weren't due until after six. So we sat down together around the scarred table and feasted on pork sandwiches and bakewell tart.

Donna looked rather composed and relaxed at the table, not at all as though half an hour earlier she'd been fucked raw by a bull and her husband. She smiled as she passed me the apple sauce. "So, what did you think to Gazebo's performance? I swear that bull has the gentlest approach to boning a person."

I choked on my sandwich. "You call that gentle?"

"Sure. Now you want rough, tough and immense pain...Shamus is definitely the animal to have. We usually leave Shamus until the last night of our stay - walking, sitting, any general exercise becomes difficult once he's had his way."

"How often do you come?"

"While I'm here?" Her baby blue eyes winked mischievously. "Toby and I try and make it up here every month or so. Sometimes more if the business does well and we can afford it. Like last June, we spent two weeks here. Toby couldn't drive home, and my vagina looked as though I'd had a melon shoved up there." She laughed gaily. "We have very happy memories here."

Toby looked over from where he, Ben, and Ryan were talking. "Don't go scaring them, honey."

"Oh, she's not." I assured him. I looked back and forth between Rhianna and Donna. "So what does it feel like, to have a cock go right up into your body?"

"Amazing." They both sighed it.

"Can I have a go?"

They looked at each other. Rhianna spoke first. "Gazebo and Shamus are somewhat out of your limitations right now. While the boys talk after lunch, Donna and I will take you out to the barn, get you prepped for one of the, ah, less traumatic servers."

I polished off my sandwich in record time. Leaving the boys discussing the delights of watching their respective halves being serviced by beasts, the three of us wandered outside to the long barn outside.

Rhianna opened the door, stepped inside and turned on the lights. Strip lights flickered on down the length of the building. Immediately a cacophony of sound erupted; bleats, barks, snuffled grunts.

"Take a seat, Rebecca." Rhianna patted the back of a gynecologist's chair with a reassuring smile. "I just need to take a look at your vagina and prep you for service."

Nerves churning in my gut, I settled into the seat and let Donna close the stirrup straps tight over my feet. I couldn't move them an inch. Next they strapped down my wrists, so that I was pinned effectively at strategic points on my limbs. A tight leather band was clicked into place over my hips. "Ah, is this necessary?"

"Nothing to worry about." Donna said cheerfully. "Just a quick injection into the cervix, a little blood, and then on with the fun."

My blood ran cold. "You want to stick a needle in my vagina? Are you nuts?"

"Relax, Bex." Rhianna turned, a speculum in her hand. "It's only a small injection, and I know what I'm doing. We need to strap you down so that when the needle penetrates muscle, you don't jerk and cause yourself any damage."

"But I thought you said Donna only had the injection because she was getting fucked by Gazebo."

"No, that's the artificial hormones. The muscle relaxant we inject loosens the cervix so that if the server becomes overenthusiastic your cervix opens instead of getting damaged."

The nerves were kicking up a hell of a fuss now. I began to struggle as Rhianna strolled over with the speculum, but I couldn't move anything. "You know, guys, I'm not really comfortable with this."

"Neither was I the first time we came here," Donna said cheerily. "After the first sting, it doesn't hurt that much. And the pleasure you get out of it..." She gave a low satisfied whistle. "Rhianna knows what she's doing, Rebecca. Just relax."

"Hmmm." I couldn't stop her from sliding the speculum into me. It was bloody cold! I just closed my eyes when Rhianna flicked on a light and began to study my insides.

People obviously did this regularly, I told myself. The Range Rover, the gleaming Jag. The property for God's sake! They'd either come into a serious inheritance, or they knew what they were doing, providing illegal services for the animal mad.

"Everything looks okay in there. You're very responsive to stimuli," Rhianna commented, and ran a fingernail over my clitoris. I gasped, my eyes popping open, my pussy going damp with the contact. "That's good."

She turned away again, and came back with a hypodermic syringe with what looked like an eight-inch needle. A testing squirt to the ceiling, then she smiled friendly-like at me. "You're going to want to take a deep breath and relax, Bex. Donna will hold your head."

"Why?" I squirmed, but with my hips restrained, only my breasts moved with the effort. "Why does she need to hold my head?"

"Support," was all Rhianna said, and pulled a short stool over to the foot of the chair. She dragged the light across, sat, and I felt her fingers in my vagina. "Hold still."

The initial jab stung, but no warning bells signalled danger. I blew out a breath, relaxed muscles I'd had no idea were strained. Then she depressed the plunger slowly, and pain ripped through my body like fire. "Holy shit! Stop! Stop!"

"Nearly done," she murmured over my pleas.

When the needle jerked out of my cervix, I almost passed out. My vision went grey around the edges as blood began to trickle out of my open pussy to drip on the concrete floor. Then a cold cloth was laid on my forehead, the restraints on my body removed.

"She held up better than most," Donna commented.

"Indeed. The bleeding will stop in a minute, Bex, and then we'll take you through to meet your beau for this afternoon." Rhianna slipped the speculum out and dropped it in a sterilizer. "Are you feeling all right?"

A little dizzy, I blinked at her. "What?"

"I know, the trauma can sometimes throw you." She gave me a pat on the head, then picked up a small pot with a little brush poking out of it. "I'm going to put some cream on the puncture to lessen the ache and the swelling."

What did I care? "Sure. Whatever."

I lay floppy as a rag doll while she brushed my vagina with the cream, then had to grip Donna for support when they helped me to my feet. They walked slowly with me through a little side door and into the rest of the barn.

There were pens, kennels, runs. Five star accommodation for the animals. We walked straight down the aisle to the door at the far end. I began to feel better, a little brighter, and stopped leaning on Donna. "This is amazing."

"Nothing but the best for my babies," Rhianna crooned, fondling the ears of a whining rottweiler. "This is Cory. He's going to be your server for the next half hour, just to see how you get on."

"Do you train them especially to do this?"

"From puppies, calves, foals. All with gentleness and patience, but we only exploit their natural urges to mate. They aren't forced to perform against their will, and they love the orgasm as much as the guest."

I eyed the big muscled dog warily. He must have weighed a good nine stone, and he had paws the size of side plates. "I bet."

"Come." We entered the room at the far end, and Rhianna urged me down onto my knees on a padded area. "You need to angle your hips to meet Cory's thrusts when he mounts you. We believe in the natural experience here, so his claws aren't protected. You will have a few scratches. Your safe word is balloon."

"Okay." It was a very odd feeling, like being safe yet vulnerable. Waiting for the monster of the deep to take me as its sacrifice. The walls were a warm terracotta, and there was a small viewing gallery along the far wall.

"Donna, would you do the honors?"

"Of course. I'll be back in a second." She hurried out.

"Now, Rebecca, because it is your first time, I have used a small amount of hormone to attract Cory to you. He's usually very gentle, and while his arousal can be rather large, you should handle him

well." Rhianna patted my buttocks. "If he tries to knot with you, it is your decision whether you let him or not."

"If he what?"

But the dog came bounding in, dragging a breathless Donna behind him. He stood quivering in the doorway, then leaped when Donna released him. They backed out and closed the door.

Uh-oh.

His wet nose dove straight into my pussy, cold and wet. I gasped, shot forward, but his tongue was plunging into the hot tunnel of my pussy. His teeth began to nip and tug at my labia, making my body jerk and twitch.

Twisting my head I could see his cock swinging from its sheath. It didn't look so big, I thought with relief. It was only about an inch wide and four inches long. I could handle that, I thought confidently.

But when his weight landed on my back, pushing my head onto the floor, urging my exposed genitals up, I lost all my confidence. His teeth grabbed hold of the nape of my neck, bit and let go as he humped against my thigh. Precum smeared down my leg.

Then he snarled, drove his cock into my pussy and began to fuck me with short, sharp strokes that had me coming around his swelling cock. He got faster and faster, until all I could hear was my own whimpers, his pants in my ear, the slap and wet splurge of his weapon raping my pussy.

His cock seemed to resemble a donkey's; four inches thick and seven inches long, still growing. His hairy balls slapped against me rhythmically as he pierced me like his bitch.

He stopped, climbed off and stuck his snout back in my pussy. Licked once, twice, and began to sniff at my asshole. He seemed to like it, then was up and thrusting again. This time I screamed as his cock mashed into my asshole, stabbing, stabbing, stabbing until the tight muscles gave in and let him plunge the engorged length of his penis into my unprepared ass.

He kept ramming and ramming until I thought his balls were going to be sucked into the vacuum of my rectum. But when I dared to reach back, grasp him hotly, wetly in my hand, the balls weren't near my ass. A big knot grew in his shaft, and he was determined to punch it into my body.

"No, no." I opened my mouth to say the safe word, but I was too late. With a triumphant howl, he plunged his cock deep into my ass and forced his four-inch knot into my rectum with it. "Shit! Shit, that hurts!"

But the orgasm, deep and strong, vibrated through me as he continued to thrust into me. I saw my pussy ejaculate femininely onto the padded floor, and felt the boiling explosion of his load in my sore ass.

On a long moan, I dropped my head to the cool floor and waited for him to pull out of me. But when he backed off, he scrambled around, and pulled. His knot stuck firmly beyond my tight hole, and each tug had pain shooting up my ass.

A hand dropped on my head, rubbed comfortingly. I looked up, stared into Ben's eyes. He crouched in front of me, grinning. "He's going to be stuck there for the next ten minutes or so," he said. "Better settle in for the long haul."

I groaned again.

"Ryan, you mind if I have a go?"

My head jerked up, whipped around. Ryan stood in the gallery, one hand masturbating his cock. "Go ahead."

Ben's grin widened as he lay on his back, slid his lean body under mine, his long legs slipping between my spread legs and bucked his hips once, hard. I was lost in his deep eyes as his cock drove into my pussy, tight against the dog cock filling my ass.

He brought his hand up, caressed my cheek, then tugged my head down so our lips met in a hot kiss. My body moved with his in a rhythm that had the dog whining pitifully.

Time spun out of control; I had no idea how many minutes passed before Cory managed to yank his knot out of my ass with a loud and painful pop, and a stream of dog cum.

Ben's mighty penis began to spasm, squirting cum into my pussy before sliding out. He gave me a pat on the cheek, then rolled so I was beneath him. "Your turn, Rhianna."

I gaped. It was all I could manage. Exhaustion stained me from bones to muscle to soul. Cum dripped out of both holes as Rhianna knelt in front of me. She gave me a quick smile.

"This is the awesome part," I heard Donna say eagerly.

"Rhianna, what-" I felt her fingers in my pussy, sighed as they stimulated my clit. Two fingers, then three. I closed my eyes, enjoying the sensation as she moved her fingers in me. Then she coned her narrow hand and forced it into my wet pussy with steady, concentrated pressure.

It popped inside with a dull pain, and I could feel her inside me. Her hand pushed on my G-spot, had me coming with a force to equal the world's worst tornado. Then she was forcing her fingers up, into my cervix, beyond.

I sensed my cervix stretching, moaned as her entire hand pushed into my body. I opened my eyes, looked down to see her left arm buried almost to the elbow in my pussy.

"This is going to feel really good," she told me, and used her right hand to repeat the movement against my asshole. It was loose enough that she slid in straight to the wrist, lubed enough by Cory's come that her entire arm disappeared up my rectum. "Ben, why don't you go bring Dojo. I think she'll have fun with him, and I could use a nice climax."

Oh God, I thought as another orgasm tightened my ass and cunt muscles around Rhianna's probing limbs, they're trying to kill me.

~~~~~

## **Chapter Two**

I heard the clip of hooves on concrete before I opened my eyes. The sound of it made my heart stutter in my chest. Surely, they didn't expect something else to fuck me again so soon?

I felt the hands slide out of my two orifices and breathed a sigh of relief. Then came the slow dribble of dog semen and male cum.

When something sniffed at me, I gathered up the energy to turn my head and look behind me. I think my eyes popped wide, nearly bugging out of my head, if the laughter was anything to go by.

Benjamin stood over me, a long thick pole in one hand (literally, not metaphorically) and a chunk of rope in the other. On the end of the rope was a very large, very aroused boar.

"Holy shit!" The sight of that gaping mouth and the sharp incisors fuelled my energy levels from zero to rocket. I scrambled to my feet and leaped toward Ryan, trusting him to protect me from the beast.

Rhianna laughed her tinkle laugh and leaned down to stroke her hands over the wiry hair of the boar's sides. He hunched his hips as she crouched and began to stroke his sheath firmly. "I'd like you to meet Dojo. He's very friendly, and harmless unless you try to get between him and his sow during mating."

I took another step back, just in case. "Does he bite during...when he..."

Ben looked at me quietly, with those beautiful eyes that had held me fast even as he fucked me, and smiled. "We fasten a 'bit' in his mouth when he's covering. It stops him from being able to close his mouth fully. But he isn't for you today."

I blinked. "He's not?" Oh, thank God!

"No." Something of the relief on my face must have shown through, because he grinned and cast those eyes on Ryan. "Ready to have your anal passage explored, Ry?"

My lover's face blanched so quickly I thought he was about to pass out. I grabbed hold of his arm, ready to steady him if he went down. His eyes locked on the boar, and the long cock Rhianna was busy manhandling.

It was an interesting cock, I thought. About eighteen inches long, a deep pink in colour, and although the tip was as curly as the proverbial pig's tail, it thickened considerably in the middle from the width of a finger to the width of several fingers.

This, I mused, could be very interesting.

"You want that...you want that to...to stick its cock up my ass?" Ryan's voice was far from steady, and he was slowly turning a very nice shade of green.

"That's the general idea." Ben smirked.

Rhianna left the boar's penis alone and moved to Ryan. "Benjamin, stop it. You're scaring the poor boy. Now, Ryan, why don't you come with us three girls, and we'll get you ready for your server."

He looked positively shell-shocked when Donna took his other arm and we led him back to where I'd been 'prepared' with Rhianna leading the way.

"He needs to be on his stomach," Rhianna said smartly and moved away to glove up.

Donna and I helped Ryan lay down on the chair with little effort; it seemed coming face to face with the boar had stunned him into sheer complacency.

"Now let's have a look here." Rhianna pulled the stool to where she wanted, angled the light down. "Rebecca, has Ryan had anything up his ass before?"

I couldn't help it; I smirked. "Oh, plenty."

"Good, that will make things a lot easier." She lubed up her index finger on her right hand, and worked it into Ryan's rectum. There was a low, delighted moan from the man himself. "There, that's made you feel better, hasn't it? Donna, why don't you flip the catch under the table - I'm sure Ryan would like a nice wet blowjob while I finish up here."

I watched avidly as Rhianna painted Ryan's asshole with a clear liquid, and then tested her syringe. My insides clenched at the thought of where that needle was going to go, but an interested moan from Ryan drew my attention to Donna.

She was crouched under the chair, and she was stroking Ryan's cock as she pulled it through a gap in the chair. He was hard, the foreskin sliding easily over the violent purple head before Donna's waiting mouth enveloped it, and took his length down her throat.

A bit taken aback, my eyebrows shot up. It was very rare that I could take his cock deepthroat without gagging, but she did it the first time without so much as flinching.

I could only stare, transfixed at the slight bulge in her throat steadily working itself toward her stomach. "Wow."

"Just relax, Ryan. This will hurt a little."

There was a harsh scream muffled against the chair, and then I saw Ryan's testicles tighten viciously. His cock swelled visibly in Donna's throat, almost choking her as he ejaculated abruptly and sent a pint of cum straight into the bowels of her belly.

Donna began to choke, and pulled the jerking cock from her mouth as the last streams of thick white juice spurted. "Jesus, what brought that on?" She asked, hooking her fingers under the ropes of cum hanging from her hair and guiding them to her mouth. She looked entirely too pleased with herself.

"All done."

I straightened as Rhianna dabbed at the blood trickling from Ryan's tight ring. My lover, bless him, had gone quiet after shooting his load into Donna's eager mouth, and for a moment I wondered if he had passed out.

Then he lifted his head as Rhianna gave him a light pat on the ass and we pulled him off the chair backwards and got his feet back under him. "Wha?"

"This way, big fella." Rhianna gave his arm a soothing stroke. "You're going to love this, trust me."

We escorted him back to the 'playpen', where Dojo, Toby, and Ben waited somewhat impatiently. It took several minutes to get Ryan in position on his hands and knees, but when he was in the 'accepting' position, Dojo decided he wanted his sow, and he wanted his sow now.

With a chorus of deep snorts, he battled for control against Benjamin, who wisely kept him on a short leash. His vocals became high and insistent, almost keening.

"Let him go, Ben." Rhianna knelt in front of Ryan, whispered something in his ear, then stood back out of the way as the boar bulled forward, his snout shoving between Ryan's ass cheeks.

If the metal bit in his mouth hadn't been there holding his jaws apart, he would have closed his mouth, teeth and all, over that delicate hole.

Instead, he grunted, using his nose to push Ryan forward violently. When his arms gave out, Ryan

simply lay on the mat, ass up in the air, as Dojo gave Ryan's cock a good fondling.

That intriguing cock was now out to its full length; it began thrusting before Dojo mounted my boyfriend. Then the boar was up, hooves scrabbling on Ryan's back before the pig was firmly in place.

I watched Rhianna crouch next to the pair, watched her hand slide under the boar and direct the corkscrew-like tip of the cock at Ryan's asshole.

In one deep thrust, the cock speared into Ryan's ass like fury. The pig grunted, over and over, his big head tossed back in almost orgasmic pleasure with each violent thrust.

Ryan shouted out as the cock drilled deeper into his intestines. His hands fisted on the padding. Drool from the pig's mouth coated his neck and shoulders, and anyone watching him would have thought he was undergoing an ancient torture.

Unless you took a quick glance at his cock, spewing precum liberally onto the floor beneath him. It was amusing to see Toby take that thick arousal in his hands; wrap a piece of rope around the base and balls.

"God, get him off! Get him off me! He's going to—" Ryan's sentence cut off short as the boar rammed so hard that the base of Dojo's cock was forced out of its sheath like a knot, and shoved through Ryan's tender sphincter.

Helplessly I watched Ryan struggle, and cast an imploring look toward Ben. Toby moved behind me, settled his mouth against my ear as his hands slid down my waist, his long fingers delving into where I was incredibly wet.

"Don't panic. He'll be fine once...ah." He bit my earlobe as my hips bucked into his hand. In front of us, Ryan tried to pull away from the boar as Dojo's hips mimicked the action I was making.

"He's coming. Jesus, get him out of me!" Ryan shouted it, but no one moved to do anything. Precum spurted out of his blue-steel cock.

Dojo's grunts turned into a piggy bellow, and Ryan's flat abdomen began to bloat. And without warning, Ben yanked the rope around Ryan's genitals, eliciting a high-pitched roar from my boyfriend. A second later, Ben knelt beside the copulating 'couple' and wrenched the rope free.

The minute the rope loosened, a look of pure relief crossed Ryan's sweating face. Cum jetted from his pisshole like creamy white streamers, shooting onto the padded matting for a good four minutes before the violent streams ebbed and cum simply bubbled from the tip of his swollen cock.

Exhausted, he tried to collapse, but Dojo hadn't managed to yank himself free. Benjamin leaned over the pig's back, pushed down on the hindquarters, and hauled the boar backwards.

There was a hoarse yelp from Ryan, and a disgruntled snarl from Dojo, but the minute Dojo's cock left Ryan's asshole completely, Benjamin was squatting behind my boyfriend and inserting his thick cock into that bloody, semen-filled hole.

Donna was on her back beneath the boar, licking and sucking the pig's glistening cock for all she was worth, closing her mouth over the twisted end and literally vacuuming the last remnants of pig sperm from Dojo's rather large balls.

Toby lifted me, one arm around my waist, the other grasping my thigh as he dropped me unceremoniously onto his cock. It felt very weird, as he missed my dripping pussy and sank up to the

testicles in my ass.

I discovered that my anal passage hadn't quite recovered from its thorough fucking and fisting, but the sensations still managed to be arousing.

Rhianna was on her back in front of Ryan, urging him to finger her as Benjamin drove his dick into semen-filled bowels. Cum surged out around Ben's cock with each sharp, short thrust.

"Put it in me, Ryan. Put that big hand into my tight pussy. Feel those muscles squeezing your hand. Oh. Oh god, yes. Yes!" Her head thrown back in ecstasy, Rhianna grabbed Ryan's wrist and encouraged him to move his hand in and out of her exposed cunt.

I was shocked to see that, while Dojo had ejaculated copious amounts of baby pig batter into Ryan's rectum, his cock was still as thick as my arm, a hue of fiery red, with savage looking veins popping up along it.

Toby's fingers had closed over my clitoris and he was rubbing it between his fingertips. My entire body was jerking helplessly like a puppet on a string, and it seemed Benjamin was having the same effect on Ryan on the floor.

Benjamin had wrapped the section of rope around his throat, and was pulling the ends, garrotte-style, as he thrust his dick further and further into Ryan's stuffed intestines, displacing more and more cum.

His face was an unhealthy red as he kept the ends of the rope in one hand, and gripped Ry's hip in the other, knuckles white, as his thrusts became brutal. Then his eyes rolled back as his hips slammed flush to Ryan's buttocks and began to jerk.

~~~~~

Chapter Three

For a while there was only the sound of heavy breathing from several exhausted mammals, and Ryan's agonised whimpers as he lay facedown on the matting, his belly protruding from beneath him as though he were eight months along with child, his fist still jammed up Rhianna's sloppy pussy.

Every so often Rhianna's hips twitched, jerking Ry's arm deeper into her, and a tiny orgasm rippled like glory over her sated face. Juices leaked all over the floor, running toward where Donna lay on her back beneath DoJo, avidly sucking up the last of the piglet soup.

Benjamin came to slowly, shaking the auto-erotic orgasm off as he carefully, gently, extracted his thick swollen cock from Ryan's rear. It was quite moving to see him crouch and gentle stroke Ryan's neon-red ass cheeks as my boyfriend whimpered from the pressure in his bowls. "You'll be all right, Ryan. Rhianna and Donna are going to make you comfortable." His voice was hoarse from having the rope around his neck.

Toby let me slide to the floor from his limp cock, and gave my breast a soft caress across the sensitive nipple. Cum dribbled like a mountain stream from between my legs, and I had to waddle across to Ryan like a penguin.

I stroked his head gently as he turned his face into my chest and stifled a sob. "Ssssh, Ry. You're okay."

"I think my intestines are going to tear," he groaned and pressed a hand to his gut. The cum won't come out."

"DoJo," Donna murmured silkily, crawling over to kiss Ryan sensuously on the mouth as Benjamin led the staggering boar away, "has plugged you with his semen. Rhianna and I are going to spend a pleasant few hours with you to help relieve the discomfort while Toby and Benjamin tend to Rebecca."

My suspicions raised. "Tend to me how?"

"That would be telling. Come on now," she extracted his hand from inside Rhianna, then eyed the gaping hole and licked her lips. Lowering her head, she took a couple of long slow licks and moaned her approval as Rhianna's hips jerked. Then Toby was stood above us, lifting Donna to unsteady feet by her hips, and helping Rhianna to stand in the same way. "Aw, Toby, you always spoil my fun," she pouted.

"There'll be plenty of fun in a few minutes," he said in return. "Why don't you and Rhianna take Ryan to where he'll be more comfortable? Rebecca," he turned to me and held out his hand, "if you will come with me. Benjamin will help the girls to take Ryan to their room, and then he will be joining us."

"To do what?" My suspicions would not back down. It was one thing to be naked and fucked blind by the two men when Rhianna, Donna and Ryan were present; it was another thing entirely to be alone with two bigger, stronger men!

"That's a surprise." He led me away from the room where I'd lost my bestial virginity, and toward the house. Behind us, Benjamin had Ryan slung over his shoulders and was hauling him toward the examination room at the far end of the barn.

Concerned, I tugged on Toby's hand. "They won't hurt him, will they?"

"No. They're going to be giving him several enemas to clear out the pig semen and wax plug DoJo deposited up Ryan's ass. It should be interesting," Toby mused and took me through the front door of the house. "I believe they have a Jack Daniels enema waiting for him straight off."

I stopped dead. "Jack Daniels? As in whiskey?"

"Yeah. That'll get him tipsy enough for them to fuck him till morning."

Poor poor Ryan, I thought, and let Toby lead me through the darkened house. Did the same fate await me? Was I to be plied with liquor and fucked until morning? Suddenly my suspicions were not so aroused - only the rest of me was, thoroughly.

"And what have you in store for me?"

Toby grinned at me and flipped on a light as we stepped through a doorway. "Oh, all manner of things, Bex. By the time we're finished, you're going to be a whole new woman, and you're going to love how we take you there." He pushed me gently in front of him to a long table similar to that out in the barn. "Have a seat, take ten minutes to relax."

I eased myself onto the table and watched him potter around the room gathering things. I was shocked when he returned to me with a bowl of warm water and a cloth, and gently began to bathe my aching pussy and gaping asshole. As he sponged away caked on cum and the tiny bit of dry blood, he bent his head and began to suckle on my clitoris in a gentle, easy rhythm that had the

blood erupting in my veins and sending me catapulting to heaven.

"Starting without me?" Benjamin sauntered in, wiping his hands dry on a towel, and grinned. "Shame on you. Toby, you haven't got her strapped in yet. Let me take care of that."

Strapped in? I struggled, remembering exactly what happened the last time I was strapped in. But Toby simply moved my thighs open further so that my legs gangled on either side of the table, and suckled harder until I was screaming. By the time I remembered I was supposed to be struggling free, I'd had another screaming orgasm - not the drink - and my legs were strapped to the table legs, my hands to the arms Benjamin slotted onto the examination bench. "What are you going to do to me?"

"Relax." Benjamin put his hand over mine, squeezed it gently. "We are not going to hurt you, Bex. You've trusted us so far. We are here for your pleasure, your enjoyment only. Just relax and enjoy what we give you."

I eased back and studied Toby as he drew a cotton wool tuft dampened with some kind of liquid over and around my clitoris and inner labia, then across my outer labia with loving strokes. I sighed and felt arousal dripping between my legs and along the crack of my ass.

Benjamin set a tray of needles on the stand beside me. Drawing up a big 600ml syringe, he loaded it from a glass vial, tested it, then set it aside and filled an identical one. Now I panicked, yanking at the straps like a jaguar caught in a hunter's net, and just as pissed.

When he finished prepping the second syringe, Benjamin grasped one of my trembling breasts in his big capable hand and stroked the fingertips over my nipple until I calmed. "I have done this many times before, Rebecca, to Rhianna and Donna, to other guests who come here. They initially had the same reaction; fight, protect, escape. But the experience is not as traumatic as the surroundings lead you to believe, sweetheart."

My nipple was erect now, straining greedily for the rasp of his thumb over the delicate rose tip. I could see the tiny milk ducts, the delicate blue veins running beneath the skin of my aroused breast.

"There now, that is better. This will sting," he said, and poised the long thin needle directly above my rosy nipple. I tensed, and let out a whimper when he drove the needle straight into the center of my nipple, piercing one of the milk ducts. I could almost feel the hollow metal travelling along the milk vein. Then cold fluid was dispelled directly into the fleshy part of my breast. Tingles spread out along my skin as he withdrew the needle, and repeated the action with my other breast. "Very brave, Bex, very brave indeed. Time for a reward, I think."

So saying, Toby rose from his position between my legs and inserted something the size and shape of a golf ball into my pussy. My inner muscles, desperate to clamp down on something, drew the ball deeper and deeper inside me until it lodged near my cervix. I was almost humping the damn thing to get it deeper.

And Benjamin pressed a button on his watch.

My hips danced to the tune of the electricity coursing through my exposed cunt and up through my cervix. Bucking, riding the power that flowed even as my head screamed that it should be hurting. Then it was gone, and I was left feeling deprived.

"That should hold you." Benjamin grinned and began to massage my now tender breasts. "Now, Ryan has expressed an interest in seeing your very pretty breasts adorned with some attractive

silverware. We are going to oblige, and also go one step further. You're going to have a very, very attractive clit piercing to match."

"I - what? No, no I'm not!"

"A simple bar, so that it won't catch during sex of any kind."

His hands were firm as he grasped my clitoris, tugging on it hard to bring it to peak. He was confident as he positioned a thick, deadly sharp needle against my clitoris, and I began to shout threats at him as I felt the first prick. Toby used his hands to keep my hips still and covered my mouth with his in a soothing kiss.

When the needle rammed through my clitoris, I screamed into his mouth, and bit down in reflex on the handiest thing, which happened to be his bottom lip. He grunted, and deepened the kiss as Benjamin removed the needle and slid in a solid silver bar. He gave it a playful little twang and stepped back to admire his handiwork.

When Toby drew away, I looked down. There was little blood, surprisingly, but my clit was swelling fast around the bar until tingles flooded my senses. I was on the verge of an orgasm, and nothing was touching me!

And then the ball near my cervix sparked to life. My orgasm ripped the last breath from my lungs so that I was damn near passed out by the time the main part of the climax subsided and only the aftershocks remained.

Benjamin took that as an opportunity to pierce both my nipples, and I was beyond caring. My clit throbbed in time with my abused pussy, and I loved it. Suddenly I was unstrapped and gently rolled onto my belly, and re strapped facedown on the exam table, my ass in the air.

"You're so calm and sensible, Bex," Ben stated as he slipped a finger into my ass. I clutched at that wonderful digit as he eased it in and out of my anus. "It's been a pleasure working on you tonight. Rhianna says you want to fuck Shamus and Gazebo."

I thought of the stallion and the big black Angus bull. "Oh hell yes."

"Then we will start off with something a little smaller. I need to inject your cervix again to allow the head to pass through once the server begins mounting and mating you properly."

I simply gestured breezily.

Ten minutes of writhing agony later, I was moved to my hands and knees on the padded floor, with a ten hand high Shetland stallion braced over my back. His eighteen-inch cock stuck straight out like a jousting lance, and it was aimed directly for my cunt.

"He's going to fuck you fast, and deep. When he starts to come, you want his cockhead to be just inside your pussy so that when it flares, it will lodge inside you and give his cum space to release. If you get his cockhead lodged through your cervix when he cums..." Benjamin smiled. "You're going to look about three years pregnant."

Toby pressed the cockhead to my lips, and the stallion began to hump that steel rod into me, pushing his grapefruit-sized head deeper and deeper into me. He got faster, he got stronger, and he went so deep into me I thought if I opened my mouth you would have been able to see the asshole in his cock at the back of my throat.

My cervix was being battered, but the relentless pressure from his humping only stretched it open further and further, the muscle relaxant doing its job. I shuddered as orgasms swept through me, and then I screamed. His cockhead pierced my cervix and popped through the other side into my uterus. I felt the head flare wide until it felt about the size of a coconut, and I felt the twitches and spasms shooting down his shaft as he humped harder, strove to get as deep as he could manage to breed his mare.

“Pull him out!” I rasped.

But it was too late. He yanked back, securing his flared cockhead around the entrance to my cervix from the uterus, and began to spray copious amounts of scalding hot pony cum painted my womb like sticky wallpaper paste. My belly began to swell painfully as my womb filled, then began to stretch as tight as a drum.

The pressure was immense as the stallion stood over me, breathing hard, his cock beginning to shrink. He gave a savage tug and pulled his cock free of my womb, leaving a gallon of hot pony cum to roll out of my open lips to the floor.

Toby was there immediately, scooping up cum and massaging it into my asshole. Seconds later he thrust his erect cock up to the balls in my ass and gave my ass the ride of a lifetime.

Benjamin and Toby took turns riding me all night, playing with my new nipple rings and clit bar until I thought I would go crazy. It was 4am by the time we were exhausted enough to drag ourselves to bed, ready to await the delights of the next day.

As I climbed into bed between my two lovers, I heard enthusiastic grunting and the sound of simultaneous orgasms coming from next door.

At least Ryan was having a good time.

~~~~~

## **Chapter Four**

It was quiet when I woke. Very very quiet and almost disturbing. It was light, I could see the sunlight through a chink in the curtains, but everything was so quiet.

Maybe this was life in the country.

I shifted, moaned quietly. I felt sore all over. My hand crept between my legs, gently felt for my clit. I couldn't have missed it if I'd been groping for it in the dark; it was sensitive as hell and the size of a good-sized pebble. Flares of heat and arousal shot into my abused womb where human and equine semen pooled as I toyed with the little metal bar.

My free hand stroked my breast, tugging on a nipple that seemed huge and puffy. And then I froze, peered down at my chest. My heart seemed to stop as I rew my fingers - my wet sticky fingers - away from the nipple.

My breasts were doubled in size and I was - Christ Jesus!! - lactating.

“Good morning.”

I jolted, looked up from my huge breasts to stare at Benjamin. “What the hell did you do to me?”

"Nothing irreparable, I promise." He grinned as he knelt at the foot of the bed amongst the rumpled sheets, fully erect and primed. Precum dribbled slowly down that glorious shaft toward a set of firm balls. He reached out, stroked a fingertip down my clit, and sent me into delicious shudders of orgasmic pleasure. "We have a little surprise for you after breakfast."

I really really wanted the surprise he had between his legs. "Oh yeah?"

"Hmmm. A very nice and..." He covered my body with his weight, began to suckle gently on one engorged nipple as his fingers played with the metal bar in my clit. "Erogenous surprise. God, I love the taste of breast milk."

My breath hitched on a long, drawn out cry as his teeth nipped into the soft flesh and his throbbing cock filled my aching pussy. Then he began to suckle harder, the ring clinking against his teeth as he drank down the fluid my body released to him and his body pounded into me like glory.

"Hey, save some for the little ones," Toby said from the doorway, his hand rubbing his erection none too gently.

But Benjamin was too far gone, one hand squeezing the breast so that milk gushed up through the nipple and fountained into his mouth. Then with his hips rammed flush to mine, rubbing against my now enraged clit, he came violently, sending his cum jetting into my womb. I followed with a keening wail as pleasure turned the room to black and red dots.

Then he was gone, and Toby was stood beside the bed, that glorious cock gleaming with precum from where he had rubbed his juices along the shaft. And then it was in my mouth, and I was happily swallowing the beautiful length, sucking and drinking all he had to give. It didn't take more than a few minutes before he grunted and that sticky cream flowed like benediction down into my belly.

Breakfast was a muted affair. The men had their eyes firmly on my swollen breasts and Rhianna and Donna kept looking at me, grinning, and squeezing my hand in reassurance.

Reassurance of what I didn't know, but I could only trust them.

Then we made our way out into the barn where I was settled ceremoniously into a chair, and Ryan was led into the padded room.

"After the pounding your ass got last night," Benjamin said, "we thought you might like to have a go at pounding something yourself." He winked at me. "Then Bex has a surprise coming her way."

Donna flirted into the room with a leash clasped in one hand. "Now Ryan, pick a colour. Black, pink, white or hell, why not all three?"

He looked baffled for a few moments, then said simply, "What the hell, let's go for all three!"