

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Gentil Reader,

This story that follows is mostly fiction. What is true is that my friend, and sometimes lover, Deborah has recently renewed an old romance with a college roommate, Sarah. It turns out that Sarah once had a dog lover, (an ex-boyfriend's), and she told all to Deborah, after reading the story I posted as 'Deborah's Performance.' Deborah brought Sarah with her recently for a weekend visit, and to meet Hector. I'd known Sarah in college, but not well. It was nice to see her again and learn that we had more in common than I'd imagined. That weekend's visit led to a wild fantasies that Sarah and Deborah suggested I share.

When they arrived Deborah wanting me to let Hector make love to Sarah. It seems Sarah had never been tied. Deborah wanted to watch her new girlfriend being breed, and Sarah wanted to be tied. I said no, Hector is my lover, and I don't share. They pleaded and finally, after a bottle of Champagne, I agreed to let them watch Hector and I. Of course, I told myself that it was OK because Deborah was my best friend, and she'd already seen Hector and I making love.

We waited until evening and then all four of us went to Hector's and my bedroom. I undressed, the sign to Hector that we were going to play, and after putting his special socks on him, I laid down on my back, spread my thighs wide and offered myself to my lover. As he began to treat my vulva to the most delightful licking, I glanced over and saw that Deborah and Sera had undressed and were kissing and caressing each other as they watched.

Hector is great at giving a girl oral, and he didn't disappoint. O climaxed twice before I couldn't wait longer to mate with him. I called him and in moments had my legs wrapped around his back as he found my entrance. Our coupling was very intense that night. I don't know if it was having people watch, or something else, but we were tied for an hour, during which I describing, to Sarah what was going on inside me, whenever I wasn't to lost in lust to talk. When I felt Hectors tool leave my sheath, I felt well used and happy. Sarah insisted on using her tongue to clean my vulva while Deborah and I cleaned Hectors shaft. Sarah liked tasting Hector and I.

Later, Hector and I watched while Sarah and Deborah pleased each other. They were very gentle with each other and it was beautiful. Hector liked the smells and I liked wrapping my naked self around him. That night we slept in bed together, a nice bundle of girls and dog. Fortunately, Hector and I have a queen size bed. The next morning I awoke early and went to the floor and let my lover have me doggy style. It's how we start most days.

At one point I looked up and saw my two friends watching and grinning as they touched each other's sex. Later, over breakfast, we talked about love, and sex, and girls, and men, and dogs. Sarah was trying to convince Deborah that they should get a dog to share, I believe she said something like, ". . . for those times when a girl needs to be filled by something alive. . . "

As a game we planned how they might go about getting the right dog. After we been out for a walk with Hector, and after a lot more Champagne, the story got pretty wild. We all were pretty hot be the time we'd talked it through and Sarah and Deborah said I should write up the fantasy scenario we'd concocted.

I apologize to the horse lovers in the forum for any inaccuracy in the details of the story. While the fantasy got us hot, none of us has sexual experience with a horse. Although Sarah got a look in her eyes that told me she might be interested.

Here it is.

Enjoy

~~~~~

## Part I: The Deal

It was raining, as it often is in the northwest, making it a darker than normal winter's night. Deborah was driving her black restored 56 Dodge sedan and Sarah was reading the map and providing directions. Deborah had gotten the directions from Max, a very dirty old man, who had been reluctant to talk about where she might find a trained dog, until Deborah promised to let him film her with their new puppy in recompense. At that moment Max had become an eager ally in their plan. He did warn them it was going to be expensive.

Deborah pulled over to the side of the road and turned on the overhead light to look at the map again. "Sarah, I feel like we must be lost; we've been driving for hours and it's so dark we might have gone past it without knowing."

"Not likely. Max said there was a big sign that is hard to miss. I think we are on the right road and since we're here we may as well keep going until we find this place."

Deborah sulked for a moment, "I guess you're right, but maybe we should have just gotten a nice puppy at a shelter or something."

"That might work. But remember what Susan Michelle told us; some dogs just aren't interested in girls. I think paying for a male that not only is interested, but well trained in the mechanics of girl breeding will be money well spent. Especially since I've never tied, and you have only been dog bred once."

As Deborah pulled back out on the road she said, "I guess you're right. I'm just being bitchy because I had to agree we'd be in a movie."

Sarah smiled impishly, "I read that you had a pretty good time making that film, and when I saw the film, you wearing nothing but that pretty embroidered mask, it sure looked like you were enjoying what you were doing."

"If you don't want to be in another movie, we can ask Max if he'll accept me as your substitute, that's if you'll lend me that nice mask you made."

"Maybe we should both do the film. Give Max, and our new dog a two-for deal." Deborah blushed and giggled. Sarah couldn't see the blush but smiled when she heard her lover laugh.

Five miles farther down the road they saw the sign over the gateway.

"WESTON'S K-9 STUD FARM," It boldly proclaimed.

Deborah gulped as she read the message. "Well, I'm really doing this," she said to herself.

A tall man in cover-alls greeted them as they got out of the car. He was holding a big golf umbrella.

"Hello ladies. My name is Hank Weston. I heard your car turn into my drive. We don't get much traffic out here, so I figured it was you. Want to come into the ranch house where it's dry and have a drink while we talk business?"

"Sounds great. Hank, I'm Sarah and my friend here is Deborah." The two young women huddled under Hank's umbrella.

"Pleased to meet you," the man said and led them to the porch and into the house. They entered a large living room that looked more like it belonged in a hunting lodge, than a house. The ceiling was vaulted with heavy wood trusses and the walls looked like they were made of whole logs. At the far end was a river large stone fireplace with a big fire. There was a large red rug in front of the fire and two big black leather couches facing it.

Take off your coats and have a seat by the fire ladies. What can I get you?

"Scotch for Deborah and I and I'll have something soft," Sarah replied. She drove out her so I get to be the one who drives back.

"Why sure. How about a Coke Sarah?" The man responded.

"That sounds good, thank you, Hank."

Deborah looked carefully at Hank as he walked to the bar. He was a big man, well over six feet and broad shouldered. He was balding and she guessed about sixty. He's stomach was no longer flat, but his legs looked good and his jeans showed off a nice tight rear. She might have been interested, except that her last boyfriend, Allan, had turned out to be such a jerk she'd decided not to sleep with the critters for a while. Maybe forever.

As Hank returned from the bar carrying a tray with three drinks on it, he enjoyed checking out his two guests in good light. The taller one, Deborah, he remembered, was about five-six, with lovely auburn hair, a pretty face and well developed bust and a thin figure. She was wearing tight jeans and he liked the curves they showed on her lean limbs.

Her friend, Sarah, was shorter, about five-three, and more rounded everywhere. Hank realized that she probably considered herself overweight, but to him she looked cute and cuddly. Her straight brownish blonde hair was longer than Deborah's and she wore loose hanging to the middle of her back.

The women enjoyed the warmth of the fire while Hank served their drinks. After he sat down they all just enjoyed the fire for a few moments while they sipped from the tall glasses he had given them. When he saw that the two women were starting to relax Hank opened the conversation.

"Well now, there's a thing or two you should know Deborah, Sarah, about me and about my dogs. I breed and raise dogs here for a lot of special needs. We train them as well as breed to assure that the dogs meet our customer's expectations. We provide seeing-eye dogs to the blind, special-needs dogs trained to aid the deaf, dogs who work herding sheep and cattle, hunting dogs and dogs that just make great pets. All these are very legitimate and legal. We have a good reputation. We also offer a stud service of champion dogs, bulls, stallions, and rams that is widely used in the state by other professional breeders.

I talked to Max, before I said you could have my number. As you know we also raise and train dogs, and by special order other animals, as sex partners for people. Only a very few people know this. Max is an old friend, he says we can trust you. Max's word on that is good enough for me, but we wouldn't take kindly to someone who went and talked where they shouldn't. Additionally, we make movies here, X-rated films with humans who make love with animals. It's a small business, but it accounts for a big share of our profits.

"To help you past what is probably a somewhat embarrassing situation for you let me go a little further and explain what it is that I know about you. You are looking to buy a dog or pup, as a pet, and for the two of you to use for sex. You have tried it once and want to have access to your own dog

when you get the inclination.”

Sarah bit her lip and then said, “Deborah has tried it once. I saw the film and she seemed to have had a very good experience. I’ve tried it more than once, but never managed to get the experience to last. I mean it was exciting, but the dog didn’t ever get near tying with me. Hank we’re living together and planning to share the dog. I’m the one who want a dog trained to know what he’s doing.”

“That’s fine, nothing wrong with that.” Hank continued. “But you probably don’t know, or haven’t realized, that a dog has sexual needs of its own. Our dogs are trained to focus in sex with only humans. In fact they are conditioned against sex with other dogs. This helps assure the dog will perform as a sex partner with a human. These are very highly sexed dogs. That’s what our customers all say they want.

“The male dogs need sex at least twice a month, once each week is a better minimum. Longer and they start to behave with an undesirable level of aggression. If you don’t think you will be inclined to er, ah, play with the animal at least that often I would have to recommend against owning an animal. We will be happy to rent you a good stud whenever you want. Well, what do you think?”

Deborah was beet red after hearing Hank’s frank discourse. With difficulty she replied. “Is it necessary to actually have intercourse with the dog each week? I mean actually take him into my body?”

“Oh no,” Hank answered. “All that is necessary is that the dog come. You can masturbate him, give him a blowjob, even lend him to a friend, but one of our dogs will be conditioned to women. They won’t be interested in men as partners. In fact they tend not to like other men in the house.”

“That’s OK. We’re two women living together, and were not interested in men at all right now.” Deborah said.

Sarah decided she should say more. “While Deborah has only recently given up men, I did it years ago. Woman and dogs are what I’m interested in. I’ve seen women have a very satisfying sexual encounter with a dog. I’m hoping with the right dog I will too.”

Hank shook his head. “OK, that leaves only one issue to be settled. Which dog, the breed you know.”

Deborah looked up blushing. “I’ve only been with a Great Dane. A close friend has a Mastiff as a lover. I really liked my experience with the Dane, but every time I see Susan Michelle mating with her mastiff I’m impressed by his power and bulk. Could you advise me, Max says that I can trust you to be fair.”

Hank grinned. “Sure honey. I bet it was Samson who breed you?”

Deborah blushed and nodded her head.

“Samson is one of my boys,” Hank said grinning. “Sounds like you want a giant dog. One big enough to make you feel small and helpless as he mates with you.”

Deborah and Sarah both blushed and nodded.

“Well, normally I’d recommend a boxer, they’re well hung, loyal and obedient. You will want an obedient dog, one that won’t try to hump you unless you let him know that it’s all right. That brings

me to training. It might surprise you to know that it takes a lot of training to produce a good dog. On that is a sex partner only when you want it, and is obedient and safe around other people and animals.

“Some of my past customers have tried to train their own dogs. The stories I could tell. Just let me say that the most common problem is the dog assumes ownership of his mistress, and won’t let the woman’s human lover near her. A dog can be very possessive, and they will sHankl it right away if you have been with another, man, woman, or animal.

“It’s my strong recommendation that you only consider a trained dog. We have several breeds we train. As I’ve mentioned boxers, we also have several giant breeds. You mentioned a mastiff. They can be great dogs. Their big, powerful, loving, family oriented and will protect die protecting you if called on. But they are big. I don’t have one ready now, but I will in a few months. We have full size poodles, labs, shepherds, a dane and a couple of other giant dogs now. All have proved themselves to be ardent yet discreet playmates to their mistresses. For a young trained dog with all shots and papers we ask between \$2,500 and \$3,000, the price varies a bit on the show quality of our animals. You would be surprised at the amount of training it takes to produce an animal that, in addition to being well behaved, house broken, and obedient is also a good sex partner. Well what do you think?”

Sarah and Deborah were both blushing, but finally Sarah, who is more aggressive than Deborah, managed to respond. “As to breed, we do want a really big dog. Deborah felt the Dane didn’t give her the sense of being owned she wants. My experience was with an 80-pound shepherd, and he just seemed too small, in several ways.”

Deborah was still blushing hotly. Finally she responded, “We also want a dog with a long thick coat.”

Hank rubbed his chin. “I have several choices. But a long thick coat requires a lot of grooming. Daily grooming is best. Are you sure you are up for that kind of responsibility. He will need a bath as well at least once a week and getting his coat brushed and dry afterwards is a big jib.”

Deborah nodded and Sarah said, “we understand. But there are two of us. We’ve helped our friend groom her mastiff, and it was a lot of fun. Although when we were done she wouldn’t let him play more with us.”

“Sounds like a smart lady. She probably has a one-woman-dog and wants to keep it like that.”

Deborah nodded. “your right, but in exchange she’s a one dog woman. They’re adorable together.” Deborah thought about telling Hank about Susan Michelle nursing her lovers puppies, but decided it was to private to tell. Maybe I’ll tell Sarah about it some day, she decided.

“Giant breeds, trained are our most expensive. Right now I have three dogs ready or near ready. The biggest is a Saint Bernard, he’s about 175 now but will be over 200 pounds when fully grown. Then we have polish mountain dog, he’s currently about 120 pounds but he’ll make 150 in another year. Finally we have ready a Tibetan Mastiff. He’s at 160 now but I think will be over 180 in six months. They all have a nice thick and long coat. Soft and good touch when they are clean. They all have their papers and are from champion blood lines on both sides. I’d let you have the St. Bernard or the Mountain dog for \$4,500 and the Tibetan for \$5,000.

“Well, they sound divine,” Deborah answered, “but that’s a lot of money. Do you have something for less, maybe a dog that is not pure bread?”

Hank frowned. “Frankly no. We find that those who buy our dogs take such pride in the animal that they feel cheated if they can’t show him. Also most of the price I mentioned is for the training. But

let me ask another question. Have you considered a goat or a ram? They are well hung, give a nice fuck, and in some ways are easier to manage.”

“No, we live in the city, and besides, the thing I like best about a dog is the fact that they aren’t too gentle,” Deborah was surprised at her own boldness.

Sarah decided it was time she cleared things up. She’s suspected all along that money would be a problem, and had given the matter some thought. “Hank,” she began. “What about letting Deborah working it off. I know that you always need new people for your film work. How about a bit of barter?”

Hank smiled. “Oh, now! Well, that’s an idea. I didn’t know that you might be interested in that. I normally pay \$1,000 for a dog film. Four or five of those, depending on the dog you want should do it. We find there is a market for a new film every two or three months. I can’t work on credit but if you can wait for your dog I’m sure we can work something out.”

Deborah was dumbstruck by the turn the conversation had taken. Sarah noting her lovers surprise, but nevertheless continued right on.

“You say \$1,000 for a dog flick. What about something else Hank, something that pays better.”

Deborah looked at the Sarah, both shocked and apprehensive.

“Now that you mention it Sarah, I’ve got an order for a horse film. I was figuring on paying between \$2,000 and \$2,500, depending on how attractive and cooperative the young lady who takes starring role. More for a horse because it’s riskier, and our stallions pack a lot of lumber. Would one of you be willing to take on the part?”

“Why yes, we would.” Sarah answered for them both.

“But how about trading one of your Tibetan strait across for a film with both Deborah and I in it? Both of us taking everything your best stallions can dish out? Interested?”

Deborah was looking at Sarah like a deer caught in the headlights of an oncoming car.

Hank scratched his head for a moment. “Two women, huh, both of you, huh. You know that hasn’t been done before, at least not with two stallions, and never with two such attractive girls. Could be a real moneymaker. Well if you ladies are up to it you have yourself a deal. When do you want to get started?”

“Why not tonight Hank. Start and finish. If we do it, it has to be that way.” Sarah answered as a stunned Deborah just looked on in disbelief.

“Sarah! I didn’t bring my mask!” Deborah desperately objected.

Hank stopped, “No deal if you insist on a mask. An audience likes to see your face when your being breed. Masks cut the revenue from a film. Besides, it’s not your face they will remember, it’s the sex and the look on your face as you have it.”

Sarah whispered to Deborah, then turned back to Hank. “OK, she’s willing right now. But I think if we wait too long, one or both of us, will lose her nerve.”

~~~~~

Part II: The Barn

“OK, then. I use the barn out back for a studio.” Hank said getting up, “Let’s get started.”

Sarah got up, followed slowly by Deborah. The two women followed Hank outside and around back into a large Dutch barn. It had stopped raining but the ground was very wet.

Deborah would never forget the scenes that Hank shoot of them.

The man had explained, while the walked to the barn, that the film had no real script. “We just start out with an idea for a plot and improvise as we go along.” He told the women.

Once they were in the barn he loaded three cameras with film, adjusted the lights and called them together for a “story conference”. As they talked he laid out the story line. “We keep it real, so you don’t have to be an actress. Two lesbians meet in a horse barn for some secret sex. As they make love they notice the stallion in the next stall is getting hard. They then start talking about the biggest male tool they have ever handled, the conversation culminating in a dare by one to do the horse. From there we improvise.

Hank set up what seemed like a hundred lights. Then two fixed cameras that were shooting from different angles and a hand held camera he would use, it was on a monopod to keep it steady. He set up two microphones, one near a stall and the other near a stack of bailed hay.

Sarah led Deborah to the stall the two fixed cameras were focused on and drew her into her arms. “Here we go, lover. It should be quite the experience.”

Deborah was stiff and pulled away, “Sarah, I don’t know if I can do this.”

Sarah grabbed her and kissed her hard, kissed her until Deborah was kissing back, then kissed her until Deborah was rubbing her mound against Sarah’s hip. She let Deborah go and taking her hand lead her into the stall.

Hank had the kiss on film and turned on the fixed cameras as the two women, holding hands entered the stall.

Making the film came off without a hitch.

It opened with Deborah sitting on a ball of hay waiting impatiently for someone. As she waited she gently rubbed her crotch and breasts through her cloths. Soon the sound of a door opening was heard, Hank used a remote to turn on a turned on a row of lights and it was daylight inside. The camera followed Sarah as she walked over to the Deborah.

Taking instant command Sarah swept Deborah again into her arms and began a series of deep French kisses. At first Deborah was stiff, almost unwilling to go on. As Sarah’s expert mouth and tongue worked Hank saw the last of Deborah’s resistance fade away. Soon Deborah was wiggling seductively in her lovers arm’s and again rubbing her groin on Sarah’s thigh.

Sarah began to undress Deborah, removing first her blouse and skirt, followed by her bra and panties, but left her garter belt and nylons on. Deborah responded by worshipfully removing Sarah’s shirt and slacks, then her panties. Sarah wore a merry widow corset under her clothes.

When Deborah removed Sarah’s panties she had to go down on her knees. As the wispy garment came off, Sarah pulled Deborah’s face to her sex. Deborah found that she wanted to kiss the fragrant

cleft presented to her. She kissed and lightly sucked as she realized that the exhibitionist in her was getting excited by the situation.

As Hank moved in for a close up of the action Deborah darted her tongue into Sarah's down covered vulva. As the action got hotter beads of moisture could clearly be seen forming on Deborah's exposed pubic hair.

Hank cried, "Cut!"

The women were disappointed that they had been stopped. "Quite the little lezzy." Sarah teased Deborah as Hank explained what he wanted in the next scene. He laid some blankets down in a stall and told them they could pick up where they had left off in a minute. He then left, but returned a minute later leading two stallions. One was a blond palomino and the other was a deep reddish brown. Both were big, over fifteen hands.

When they saw the horses the women's eyes gleamed. Deborah felt both incredible fear and great curiosity. She wondered if she would actually be able to go through with it. Sarah had never made it with a horse before, but had seen it done once in Mexico. She knew she was going to have to be careful to keep Deborah from bolting. As encouragement she softly began to fondle her lover's bottom. Having learned that it was very susceptible to stimulation back in college. In fact caressing her bottom was the method that had finally worked to get her roommate to open up to a lesbian experience.

As they were led in, the horses became excited.

"It's your sent." Hank explained. "This is Red and Dynamite, they are both trained to respond sexually to human females. They can smell your arousal. So can I. It sure is sweet. Worst part of this business is watching and getting horny without being able to do anything about it."

Hank tied the two horses in a stall behind the one he had lighted for the next scene. The "set" had two sides open leaving him free to shoot from several angles. While Sarah adjusted the lighting to Hank's instructions he had Deborah spread several blankets on the stall and then he called Deborah and Sarah over.

"Get back to it!" He told the two women, who then embraced before the cameras. At first their motions were hesitant but soon their passion got the better of them and they began to remove the remainder of each other's clothes. When the last garments came off they fell on the blankets and soft hay with laughter. Soon Sarah's natural strength asserted herself and after rising up she slowly lowered her genital bush to Deborah's smiling mouth.

"Suck it! Lick it! You bitch! Show me how a dog loving bitch likes to suck," The Sarah insisted, with a laugh.

Soon Sarah was swaying and moaning incoherently as Deborah carried out her instructions. Hank moved from angle to angle, capturing on film the little flicks of Deborah's tongue into her partner's vaginal folds, the rich gloss of bright sweat on the two women's breasts, the rigid points of their nipples, gorged with excitement. Hank motioned Sarah to turn around. Quickly she did, and after repositioning her sex onto the Deborah's waiting mouth she began to massage Deborah's breasts. Then slowly she let her hand slide forward across Deborah's abdomen and into the folds that lay below.

Deborah, feeling the probing fingers on her own sex spread her knees wide allowing Sarah's hand to fully cup and knead her delicate flesh. As Sarah massaged Deborah the studio was filled with the

strong scent of aroused woman. The two horses were becoming increasingly excited and Hank moved between Deborah's knees for a close up of her cleft. Sarah laughed and playfully parted the petals of her lover's flower, slowly exposing to the camera every intimate detail of her Deborah's anatomy. Hank moved back, and over the sweating forms and swaying breasts of the two women he shooting the horses' hard shaft extending far out of their sheaths.

Sarah continued to pleasure Deborah with her fingers as Hank's camera captured the full length of the horses' shaft behind the action.

Feeling her own climax was near Sarah dropped forward and inserted her tongue into Deborah's sex. Expertly she timed her motions to raise her lover's arousal as she, herself moved toward orgasm. When she felt herself start to come she was able with one extra well placed flick of her tongue to send Deborah over the edge with her. The two women's bodies seemed, for a moment, to pour into each other. After several deep spasms they relaxed and then after many sweet little kisses to each others' sex as they slowly separated. Deborah moved around and placed her wet lips over Sarah's for a long deep kiss.

"Wow!" She murmured as their lips parted.

"You said it, lover." Sarah smiled back at her.

"Hay, look at these guys, we got them all hot and bothered." Sarah said pointing at the fully extended and rigid shafts of the two stallions. They were almost twenty inches long and a full four inches across at the base.

"Now that's some peace of meat!" Sarah laughed.

"Yea, but who needs one of those things when we have each other?" Deborah responded.

"Well me for one. Once in a while I just love to feel myself stuffed full of stiff male meat. Don't you ever get the yen for a good deep hard pounding?"

"Well, I like to get laid as much as the next girl, but size just doesn't seem that important to me." Deborah replied with a blush.

"Yeah. I bet that's cause you never have taken on a really big one." The Sarah teased.

"Oh, of course I have!"

"OK, just how big was it?"

"Well, big, you-know, like over a foot."

"Your just so cute when you lie." Sarah grinned back at her.

"I'm not lying!"

"Well then, if you aren't lying you probably wouldn't think anything of taking on one of these big guys."

"If I had a mind to I could. I suppose you think I couldn't!"

"Couldn't or wouldn't is it. Yes, that's exactly what I think. You're a sweet kid with a hot and tasty love nest, but I just don't think your grown-up enough to handle it."

“And I guess you could if you wanted to, Sarah?”

“You bet! If I wanted to.”

“Well then why don’t you do it! I dare you, bitch! Show me up. Show me just how much you can handle, take on one of these studs.” The Deborah wildly pointed at the two horses.

“What?” Sarah answered in mock disbelief.

“I said I dare you to! What’s the matter? Scarred? Ms. Big Mouth, prove it, or I call you the liar!”

Sarah just sweetly smiled back at the hot blond. “If it’s a dare sweets, what do I get if I prove that I can? Make it worth my while.”

“If you do it, I will to! That’s fair! There are two horses. You do one and I’ll do the other. I mean I’ll go just as far as you do.”

“Your on!”

The two nude women shook hands and Hank yelled, “Cut!”

Hank’s cry brought Deborah back to reality. She had almost forgotten that this was all acting and that all the emotion and surprise wasn’t supposed to be real. Hank told them to take a break while he set things up for the next scene.

Deborah playfully began to caress and Kiss Sarah who quickly turned to face her lover. The kissed all the time Hank was working. The man found it hard to concentrate with two naked young women making out a few feet from him. When he decided all was ready he was shaking and beads of sweat had formed on his brow.

Seeing that Hank was nearly ready for the next shot Sarah quivered in climax and whispered, “Oh, Deborah. Thank you, that was heaven. I really needed it.”

“You just let me know any time you want some. I just loved it myself, and I’ll be happy to help you out, any time. I mean it.” Deborah was surprised at the passion in her voice. Maybe this was the love with the capital L she’d been hoping for.

The two walked back to the lighted end of the bard they saw that Hank had built low platform from bales of hay and placed several brightly colored blankets over it. They also saw that Hank was sitting on the platform, his pants around his knees and his hand pumping away at his boy thing. The two waited as Hank emptied himself onto the hay.

Hank looked up and grinned. “Watching you two got me a bad way, and I needed to do something if I was going to be able to hold the camera steady.”

“Looks like you had fun, Hank.” Sarah commented as Hank added as he pulled his pants back up.

“Are you girls ready to get on with filming this epic?” The grinning man said

Deborah answered; “Well, we’re as ready as I think we will ever be.”

Hank explained that Sarah would need to lay on her stomach with her legs draped over the edge of the platform. He pointed out that attached to the bottom were two leather harnesses.

"For your feet," he explained. The two women were shocked to learn that they would have to be strapped into these.

"What if I change my mind?" Sarah asked.

"Don't! Sarah, once one of my stallions get started there is no stopping until he's done. If you tried to get away you could be trampled as he tried to remount. The only safe way to end this is to ride it out. Even if you are sure it's killing you. I won't lie, this may hurt, but if your good, and just hang in there till he's done, nothing will happen that a few days rest won't cure."

Hank explained that the horse would put his forelegs up on the bails of hay in front of the girls' heads.

"That will take most of the force out of his thrusts." He explained. "All you have to do Deborah is strap Sarah in and then lead the horse over. Once he sees Sarah he will know what to do. This isn't his first time. When he's in position you aim his angry thing at Sarah's vagina and stand back. It'll be some show."

Hank produced two big tubes of surgical gel and instructed Deborah to get all she could on and into Sarah's sex before she went for the horse.

"But wait I'm ready to film it. I want close ups of Sarah being prepared." He grinned as he got into position. "Oh, and remember to make it look like your loving every minute, even if it does hurt."

When they started shooting again Deborah helped Sarah climb into position. She tied the red head's ankles both tightly and wide apart with the harness. Then she started to work large amounts of the gel into the red heads exposed cleft. Hank moved in for a close up as Deborah squirted the last of the tube directly into Sarah's opening. As Deborah massaged her sex, Sarah began to moan and move her hips into the probing blonde's fingers.

"Lord that feels good! I think I'm ready." Sarah moaned hamming it up some for the camera.

Deborah stopped and checking Sarah's ankles to make sure they were tightly bound. The blond then went and fetched the huge palomino stallion. Sarah waited expectantly with her chest resting on her arms protecting her breasts from the straw. The stud horse was still very excited from the action they had seen and the strong sexual smells in the room. As Deborah lead him closer to Sarah his shaft, which was still fully out, started to harden. As the stallion approached Sarah could see the giant pole swelling and shaking with need.

The horse pulled away from Deborah and mounted the platform. Sarah was completely dwarfed by the animal towering over her. The well-trained horse moved forward until his turgid member was sliding back and forth across Sarah's well-rounded bottom. He seemed to be getting aquatinted. After a few slow strokes he pulled back a little farther and the monster male extension slid down between the red heads thighs.

"Oh my God!" Sarah cried, as the horse moved his shaft up and down across her vulva.

He literally lifted her body off the floor on the up strokes. Sarah loved the feel of the huge poles movement through and against her cleft. She began to rub herself up and down the length of the long hunk of meat. She was flushed and excited.

Deborah moved in and guided the head to the small moist opening. She was shaking with excitement as she touched the alien flesh. The wet shaft was nearly two feet long as it started to slip into the

woman.

“Here he comes Sarah!” Deborah cried.

“Oh God! God! Oh! Oh! Oh! I can’t do this! Get me out of this! Shit! Christ! It’s too damn big!” Sarah screamed as her lips were spread wide and the shaft began to move into her.

The stallion was well-trained and pushed in slowly, at first. Just a little at a time. Letting the woman’s body come to terms with the stretching of her tender flesh that the size of his member demanded.

As more of the length disappeared inside Sarah, she was thinking about just how good it must feel to the horse to have his huge member inside her tight slippery vagina. The idea excited her and helped pushed the pain of the stretching to the back of her mind. She was gulping in air and trying to relax as she felt her insides being stretched. When a foot of the hard rod was inside her she felt it was as deep as it could go without completely impaling her.

The stallion sensed he’d found the strange female’s depth. He held still for a moment. All Sarah could do was breath hard as she lay spread wide around the huge pole. She felt unbelievably filled and stretched. Tears dripped from her eyes as she tried desperately to relax as muscles preparing them for the ravaging she knew was inescapable.

Hank moved in underneath for a close up of the thick tool entering the woman. A full ten inches of the shaft was still outside of Sarah. Inside she held over a foot of pulsing male hardness. Sarah could feel the huge animals heart wildly beating the blood into his sex tool throughout her body.

The horse sensed the vaginal muscles relax a little around his member and started to stroke the shaft in and out of Sarah. The first stroke was long and slow. Sarah softly moaned as the shaft slid out of her; “Oh! Oh! That’s heaven!”

When the horse pushed back in she moaned louder. Then the mating began in earnest. Having found the woman’s depth and opened her sex, the stallion began to pound his maleness into her. Each stroke was faster than the last and with each stroke a new cry of mixed pleasure and pain was pulled from the woman’s depths.

For a time Hank stayed under the action, photographing up at the huge shaft driving in and then withdrawing from the human’s cleft.

The horse became like a huge engine driving deep into the woman with the piston of his maleness. Sarah was crying and screaming and taking air in big gulps as the pace increased. She closed her eyes and all there was to the universe was the giant hot shaft moving deep within her, opening her womanhood, filling her, pushing her magic button against the blanket with each forward thrust, caressing her G spot with deep hard strokes, stretching her. Sara’s whole body was moved with each stroke. She felt the pain fade into a dull roar of excitement. Incapable of thought she felt the orgasm of her life building.

Sarah came, and then she came again, and again, driven half mad by a cascade of pleasure that took control of her body like a great river moving a leaf. Helpless she screamed her climax as the experience splashed waves of ecstasy over her. At the peak of her pleasure she felt the tip of the shaft swell even wider and shudder deep within her.

The horse came and what felt like gallons of burning semen poured into her body, filling her and overflowing her sex. There was so much it squirted out of her as the stallion thrust one more time, to

her depth. His seed ran in rivulets of thick white syrup down her thighs coating them and dripping onto the lens of Hank's camera.

As his excitement ebbed, the horse held position within the woman, as it had been trained to, as its shaft softened and shrank. After the shaft slipped from Sarah's body he backed off the platform and wandered over to nibble on some hay.

When the shrinking member slipped from her body, Sarah moaned loudly. Deborah quickly went to her and untied her ankles. After Sarah was standing she looked down at the creamy white coating covering her thighs. She reached down with her right hand and collected some of the thick white liquid on her fingers raised them to her mouth. She wanted to taste the maleness that had burned into her. As her tongue licked her fingers clean she thought of the millions of wiggling horse sperm trying to find the egg in her womb. A flash of lust ran through her and blushing she realized that if she could, she would carry the creature's fold. Then slowly, painfully she walked over to the stallion and through her arms around his furry neck.

"Oh you, beautiful beast, you," she cooed. Sarah patted him over and over and told him how wonderful he was, how beautiful, a big, how powerful, all the time petting and kissing him. After a few minutes she came to herself and turned from the animal with a contented sigh. Sarah walked back over to Deborah and gingerly sat down next to Deborah.

"Well, how was it?" Deborah asked.

"Can't be described, dear. Just can't be described. It was at once the most painful and sexually wonderful experience of my life. But why wonder, Deborah dear. It's your turn. Climb up on this thing and I'll grease you up. Believe me you're going to need it."

~~~~~

### **Part III: Deborah Gets Breed**

Reluctantly, at first, Deborah accepted the application of the gel. But Sarah was skillful and sound found her efforts rewarded as her lover began pressing her sex into the fingers that were applying the gel. As Deborah's breathing quickened, little moans escaped her until when Sarah's hands moved away she willingly rolled into position. Sarah tied her ankles, making sure her legs were well spread. Deborah's cleft was now exposed and available.

Both eager and afraid, Deborah shuddered as Sarah led the big red stallion out of its stall. Hank moved in for a close up of the gel covered vulva as Sarah brought the horse over. Sensing the woman's arousal the horse pulled away from Sarah and closed the gap between it and the securely tied Deborah in the blink of an eye. In a moment he had his hooves on the platform and was thrusting.

Deborah woman screamed as the long shaft rubbed across her rear. His contact with the female's smooth flesh seemed to calm the big animal. As if he realized that there was no reason to hurry, he would soon have his way this female.

Sarah rushed over to Deborah's side. The blond was thrashing her hips trying to move her cleft away from the beast's probing pole.

"Get me out of her!" she screamed.

"No way!" Sarah responded with a laugh.

"This guy won't back off till he's had you. Besides it's your turn. Remember it was your dare. I did it, now you have to, get ready to take him on, Ms. Hot Butt!"

Sarah slipped down and grasping the rock hard pole and guided it Deborah's vagina. She gently held it back and directed the thrusts of the back and fourth across the blonde's sex. Again and again the shaft slid through the woman's folds. With each trust the crevice became wetter and better lubricated. Slowly the stimulation started to arouse the flames of passion that her fear had calmed.

When Sarah realized that Deborah's was again arousal she guided the huge shaft into, instead of across, her lover's sex. As the tip disappeared into the folds, Deborah started to tense. Realizing what was happening she tried to get away but it was too late. On feeling his male shaft start to enter the tender woman's body the horse drove six inches of the shaft in, stretching the opening wider than it had ever been before and pinning the female in place. The only way she could move was backwards and that would force the shaft still deeper.

Sarah stepped back to watch. She was awed and silent at the realization of the gargantuan size of the tool inside Deborah.

Hank moved in to shoot the action from up close as the horse began to move. He stayed close filming the wild series of thrusts that had buried the entire working half of the immense tool in the woman. Oblivious to both her screams of pain, and cries of ecstasy he filmed. He only quite when the white streams of the horses seed came gushing out of the woman, pumped by the action of the still thrusting stallion.

The spray covered the lens of the camera, and Hank cried, "Cut!"

When they were done Hank found he had over four hours of film. It had taken till two in the morning but he had plenty of footage. He knew, if he edited carefully, he could make three films from the show Sarah and Deborah had put on for his camera. He was grinning wide, knowing that his profit would be a lot more than the value of the Tibetan Mastiff he promised the women.

After the horse had withdrew his tool, Deborah laid still on the platform for a long time, as the stallions seamen flowed out of her and down her thighs in thick rivulets. She was afraid to move, even after Sarah and Hank untied her ankles.

Grimacing with pain she finally rolled over.

"I promise! I'll never, ever, wish a penis is bigger. Wow, what a ride. I need a drink, a strong one."

Sarah smiled at her lover in relief. Clearly Deborah would be fine. Picking up their cloths Hank showed them to a shower in the house, where they cleaned up while he fixed drinks. Two hours later they felt ready to leave, and after thanking Hank they were ready to make their way back to town.

"Don't you two want to meet your new dog?" Hank asked.

Sarah suddenly grinned. "Sure, but just a peak. If we don't get home soon we'll have to sleep here."

Hank escorted them back to his kennel where he took them to a large room with a soft green carpet and big brown couch and left them for a minute. He returned followed by what Deborah and Sarah thought was the most beautiful dog they'd ever seen. He was young, his shoulders were still a little narrow and his chest was a little shallow. But he was tall with a huge head, a happy smile and beautiful long fur in a random pattern of brown, white and gray splotches.

"His name is Kiwi," Hank said.

Kiwi seemed to sense that he was meeting his new owners. He came over and sat down in front of Deborah and Sarah beaming at them. Hank could tell he was interested in the scent of horse seamen that he knew the dog could still smell.

The two women were instantly on either side of Kiwi petting him, letting him smell them, and after a moment kissing his beautiful head. Kiwi loved it and Hank was glade. He felt the two women would give his dog a great home, filled with love, and lots of the sex the big dog had been raised to crave.

Before they left they arranged for Hank to drop the Tibetan Mastiff off at Susan Michelle's house the next weekend. Deborah and Sarah assured him they would be there to welcome their new lover.

On the way home Deborah said very little, occasionally she mumbled "Kiwi," and smiled. When they were home she leaned over and gave Sarah a long probing kiss.

"Thank you. I really feel that we're sisters now, as well as lovers. Sort of like blood brothers, only sharing horse seamen instead of blood. What we did together was very beautiful."

Before Sarah could reply Deborah kissed Sarah lightly again, and then led her to the bedroom where they stripped and slept, hugging each other as soon as their nude bodies were cuddled together. Both awoke early the next morning feeling very used and realizing that they had continued to leak during the night. To ease the pain at each others' groin they used their soft tongues until the clock said it was past noon. They bathed again, and realizing they might be leaking for some time, used a pad inside their panties as they dressed. Later, after going out to brunch, they called Susan Michelle and told her all about their adventure, and their new lover, Kiwi.

**The End**