

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



I sat in the back of the long black limousine, quietly looking out the window and thinking. The car was moving along a single lane road in an extremely rural area of Apple Valley. The late afternoon sun shined on the trees and farms, cows and sheep and barns; the last place anyone would expect to see a limo. The irony wasn't lost on me, especially when I considered what the locals would think if they knew anything about me, or the woman I was traveling with.

Her name was Melanie Bluefield. She sat at the other end of the limo's rearmost seat, chewing gum and occasionally blowing a bubble as she scanned a People magazine and ignored the world around her. I looked her over, not for the first time, and wondered, also not for the first time, how a woman so different from me could become such a close friend.

Melanie was all of eighteen years old ("Eighteen and three quarters," she would insist), brown-haired, baby-faced, with the thin delicate body of a fourteen year old girl, and most of the time acting like one. I, on the other hand, was twenty-three and already felt old, blonde, more developed in my body type, and buff from my daily workouts.

My facial features were more angular, but in an attractive, girl-next-door kind of way. I was about two inches taller than Melanie, and at 120 pounds outweighed her by ten pounds. My breasts were larger too, and more round. Even our nipples were opposites: mine were pink and Melanie's were brown. One of the few things we did have in common was that we were both, in our own ways, beautiful women.

'That,' I told myself as I watched the farmland outside glide by, 'and the fact that we're both whores.'

My eye caught on something up ahead, a dark figure that grew slowly larger. As the car drew nearer I saw that it was a horse, standing out in a green field all by itself. It was a beautiful beast, brown with random white patches, and one thin stripe of white on its nose. But the most striking thing about it became apparent a moment later when I absently dropped my gaze; the animal had an enormous hard-on.

My eyes widened and I said, "Oh my God, Mel, look at that."

Melanie probably would have just ignored me but for the tone of my voice. She set her magazine down and scooted over next to me and squinted out the window.

"Wow," she said with a giggle. "That's awesome. You think I should give him my phone number?"

I gave her a disapproving look and Melanie laughed, pecked me quickly on the lips, and then moved back over to the other side of the car. She picked up her magazine, blew a bubble with her gum, then dropped the magazine again, leaned forward and knocked on the glass that separated us from the driver.

"Hey, dude," she called, "are we there yet?"

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Five minutes later the car turned onto a dirt road and followed it out to a large and relatively secluded ranch house. There was a garage next to it, and I glimpsed part of what I figured was a barn behind the two structures. It looked like it was nearly as big as the house itself.

"Well, here we go," I said. "Any thoughts on what he might have in store for us this time?"

"Probably nothing new," Melanie replied with a cynicism that, at her age, she had no right to possess. "Threesome, lots of dick sucking, lesbo stuff while he watches. You know the drill, Athena."

"I dunno, Mel. If that's all he wants, why'd he bring us all the way out here to Waltonville?"

"Who cares? He's paying us both two G's a day. For that kind of money I'd let him put me in a cage and poke me with a stick."

"That's what I'm afraid of," I said as I opened the door and got out.

The house had a veranda that stretched from one end to the other and four porch steps that led up to it. I had just gone up the steps and onto the veranda when the huge white front door opened and Nick came out.

"Well, hello there, ladies," he said. "I was wondering when you were going to get here."

"Hi, Nick," Melanie and I said together.

"The driver got lost," I went on. "It's not that easy to find the exact middle of nowhere."

Melanie giggled and said, "Athena, you're so funny."

I glanced at Robert, the driver; the look on his face said he didn't particularly agree with Melanie.

"Well, you're here now," Nick said. "Why not come in and have a drink before dinner?"

"Beer!" Melanie cried happily, pumping her fist in the air.

Nick held the door open for us and we went inside, Melanie scooting ahead of me. The interior of the house was dim and cool, but airy, giving it that relaxed, down home feeling I always expected country houses to have. The furnishings in the large sunken living room, however, weren't country furniture but the kind of highly expensive urban prestige crap that I disliked. It looked totally out of place here, as did the butler who suddenly appeared in a doorway.

"Two beers for the ladies," Nick told him as Melanie and I sat together on a large brown leather sofa. "And I'll have another whiskey on the rocks."

The butler disappeared. Nick took a seat in a black leather armchair, and as he did so I regarded him objectively.

Nick Amberly was not a very handsome man. At six feet eight and two hundred seventy pounds, he was too tall and too big to make any woman of normal height feel comfortable, and his face was too ruddy and long, his cheeks too jowly. He was forty-eight years old, which also made him too advanced in years for most women my age to find attractive. Although, if anything, that was the thing that appealed to me the most; he was old enough to be my father.

Nick Amberly was also incredibly rich. He was the owner and CEO of a very successful electronics company, and was reported to be worth more than a hundred million dollars. No Bill Gates, obviously, but a hundred mill still wasn't anything to sneeze at.

I'd met him three years ago, when I was working for an outcall company in Tacoma. He hadn't been a customer, of course; the Nick Amberlys of the world can afford much more expensive girls than the

two hundred dollar an hour doxy I'd been then. Nick was an investor, the Absolute Angels Escort Service being one of his unpublicized holdings.

He'd heard from somebody (I never found out who) that I was not only exceptionally beautiful but very very talented, and he'd called me out to his Brown's Point mansion to get a look at me himself. He'd liked what he'd seen (and fucked twice that same night), and made me his 'private girl'. That meant that I was pretty much on call for whenever he needed me, not just for sex but for accompanying him to dinner parties and social events, or going on vacation trips with him.

It also meant doing whatever he wanted me to do in bed, and while Nick may have had a wholesome and even elegant public persona, in private he could at times be quite the sick puppy. I'd done just about every sexual position with him, sucked him off more times than I could count, taken him up my ass; he liked to do threesomes with me and another girl (the current one being Melanie), or just watch and jack off as we went at it; sometimes he liked to handcuff me and watch as several men pulled a train on me or ganged up on me.

He dressed me in superhero costumes, schoolgirl and cheerleader outfits, little girl's clothes; and for a few weeks last fall he had me role-play being his daughter (a gorgeous blonde named Diane whom I bore an eerie resemblance to), not just in bed but twenty-four hours a day. About the only thing I hadn't done for him was the cage and stick thing Melanie had mentioned. Apparently, he wasn't so much into violence. Although he was into videotapes; there must have been hundreds of cassettes by now, stacked on shelves in one of the many rooms of his mansion, me starring in most of them.

I didn't mind working for Nick Amberly. The job wasn't much different than the one I'd had before, and I made tons more money; Nick paid me a very healthy yearly salary, and, like today, he would pay me two thousand dollars for what he called his "special projects." Those tended to include things like the aforementioned train or gangbang, or teaming up with Melanie (Melanie called us, "Nick's T and A Team"). But I felt a little uneasy now as I sat looking at him. What exactly did he want us to do out here in the middle of Blankville that we couldn't just as easily have done back in town?

'No one can hear you scream all the way out here,' I thought to myself.

I came out of my reverie when the butler placed a beer in my hand. I realized that there was a conversation in progress; Nick was saying something about the accommodations.

"Of course," he said, "you can each have your own room, if you like. I just thought you and Athena might prefer to bunk together." He looked at me and winked. "I know what good friends you two are."

I looked at Melanie and found her smiling slyly at me.

"It's up to you, girly girl," Melanie said. "I'll take whatever comes. So to speak." She giggled and clinked my beer with her own.

"I'm sorry, what?" I said.

"I was just explaining," Nick told me, "that I don't really have anything special for you tonight, dear. The project I have in mind won't be until tomorrow, and I have enough rooms that you and Melanie can either sleep together or separately. You know, of course, how I like to sleep alone."

"Nothing special for tonight?" I said.

"Well, nothing out of the ordinary. Naturally, I'd like to spend time with you girls before I go to

sleep. Have our usual bit of fun. Perhaps the two of you can even put on a little show for me.”

Melanie made a playful growling noise and lightly clawed my left breast with her fingernails. I couldn't resist smiling.

“I think we'll sleep together tonight,” I said.

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Dinner was the typically expensive affair Nick liked to put on, with mountains of food, lots of good wine, and the butler hovering. After we were done eating we all “retired” to a huge wood paneled room with a wall sized, flat screen TV to watch a couple of no brain comedies. After the second movie was over Nick suggested we all “repair” to his bedroom. He always used fake language like that

Melanie and I went up first. We took off our clothes and got into his bed (which was bigger than a king- sized bed; in Nick's house, everything was oversized), and waited for him. Nick came in a few minutes later, wearing nothing but a maroon silk robe. He sat in a comfortable looking armchair in the corner with a glass of wine.

“Alright, ladies,” he said, sipping at his wine, “I'm ready for the show. Go ahead and enjoy yourselves.”

We started right in, kissing and touching each other as Nick watched, then graduated to sucking each other's nipples, masturbating each other, going down on each other. All the standard girl on girl stuff. At one point Melanie actually had an orgasm, which Nick appreciated, since Melanie was a squirter. Eventually, he took off his robe and joined us.

For such a gigantic guy, his cock was surprisingly small; no more than six or seven inches, which made anal sex or deep-throating him pretty easy. He had both of us go down on him for a few minutes, then he fucked me doggie style while Melanie lay under me and licked my clit. He pulled out at the last second and came all over my pussy and Melanie's face.

“You girls were absolutely amazing,” Nick told us as he lay down with us on the bed. “Now, just let me rest here with you two gorgeous goddesses for just a moment.”

A few minutes passed, and then Nick told us he was ready to go to sleep. Melanie and I left like the good little sex slaves we were.

Nick had his own private bathroom where he liked to shower alone, just like he preferred to sleep alone. Melanie and I were given another bathroom (one of six in the entire house), this one also large, with solid brass fixtures and a tub the size of a jacuzzi. We got undressed and climbed in to enjoy a long hot leisurely soak. We each sat at one end, with our toes touching, and just luxuriated like that until we began to resemble prunes.

We finally got out and went to bed in one of the numerous guest rooms. We made love again, doing nearly everything we'd done in front of Nick, only this time without all the show, much slower, and with much more passion. We both came several times, and when we were finished we were sweetly tired, soaked with Melanie's come, and far more satisfied than we'd been in Nick's bed. Love can make a huge difference.

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I had met Melanie just three months ago. She originally came from Southern California, where she'd grown up with five older brothers, a mother who drank all the time, and a father who began having sex with her when she was only ten years old. When she was fourteen she turned up pregnant, had an abortion, and then ran away. She spent the next two years in foster homes, no doubt getting sexually abused there as well, and then when she was sixteen she got herself emancipated and landed a job at a hotel.

She worked as a waitress at the hotel's restaurant during the day and turned tricks for the hotel's customers and staff at night. She got busted, spent some time in jail, then left California and came up to the Pacific Northwest. Within a week after arriving she was working at Absolute Angels, and only a month after that Nick snapped her up for his two girl harem. That was how I met her.

She didn't tell me her life story right away, and I didn't ask; I'd learned over the years that a woman's history was her own business, and if she kept it to herself, then that was where it belonged. I wasn't even sure I liked her at first. She was so bubbly and positive, giggling at everything, smiling constantly. It wasn't until after the first month that we'd felt comfortable enough with each other to start sharing things, and on a night when we'd both gotten almost sloppy drunk, Melanie finally opened up and let all the miserable facts of her past pour out.

I confessed everything too. How my father had molested me, beginning when I was seven, giving me a quarter each time I let him touch me between my legs, and fifty cents each time I touched him the same way. When I was nine I began getting a dollar each time I put his dick in my mouth, and if he came I got an extra dollar. By the time I was twelve I was getting five dollars for every blowjob I gave him, ten dollars if I let him fuck me.

I was sixteen when my father began introducing me to his friends, who forked over as much as a hundred dollars for the opportunity to go to bed with me. Not much money when you think about it, but I was young then, too young to realize just how valuable I was.

I didn't run away like Melanie did. I just bided my time, saved what money I could, and once I graduated high school I took off on my own, believing that I could leave that life behind. The harsh reality of the world, though, taught me quickly that change is a very difficult thing.

I'd gotten used to the kind of money I'd made selling my body, and the minimum wage jobs I managed to hold onto for a few months at a time weren't bringing in nearly as much. By the time I was nineteen I was in the business again, bouncing from one escort service to another until I landed at Absolute Angels. And then Nick found me, and clued me in about how much I was really worth.

When he brought Melanie into our little group, changing it from a couple to a trio, I worried that maybe he was going to replace me, but it quickly became apparent that that wasn't going to happen. And despite the fact that I believed she was too naive and ignorant about the world, I grew to like Melanie. Then came that night of confessions, and ever since then I'd been madly in love with her, which was a truly unsettling idea, since I'd never been into women before.

Of course, I didn't tell her how I felt. I wanted to, but another thing a woman like me didn't do was fall in love. It was bad for business, no matter who it was that captured your heart.

Even now, as I lay with her in the dark, her soft cheek on my right breast and her hair in my nose, the scent of our desire thick in the air and the taste of her still in my mouth, I kept my most tender and generous feelings to myself. I wanted to have many more nights like this.

"You okay?" Melanie asked softly.

"I'm fine," I replied. "Why?"

"You just seem a little tense. Not when we were doing it, but now."

I sighed, played with her hair a little bit.

"I guess I'm still thinking about Nick's project," I said. "I hope he hasn't developed a fetish for anything horrible. Like bullwhips and needles through the nipples. Or snuff films."

Melanie issued one of her standard giggles and said, "You worry too much, Athena. Just relax and have fun. You know Nick. He's kinky, but he's not, like, evil or anything. He takes good care of us."

"I know," I said. I was still worried, though, not so much about Nick and whatever he had planned, but about the sound of Melanie's voice. Despite her Susie Sunshine act, Melanie was wise to how awful the world could be, and yet she still had that ghost of a girl inside of her, the one that could fall in love, and I heard that girl whispering to me when she talked about Nick. It made me want to cry.

Something else I never did anymore.

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The morning seemed fresh and beautiful, the sun just peeking out from the top of the Cascades and streaming through the bedroom window. The air was cool and sharp, and somewhere in the trees birds were singing. Melanie, as usual, had gotten up an hour or two before me, and she was already dressed and downstairs when I found her in the vast dining room, wolfing down a large ham and cheese omelet. The girl apparently never had to worry about her weight.

"Hey there, good lookin'," she said around a mouthful of food.

I mumbled something and sat down across from her. An instant later the butler came in with a steaming hot cup of coffee. I thanked him and he nodded curtly before he went back into the kitchen. Melanie swallowed and gave me a wry smile.

"I think Butler doesn't like us," she said. "Cause we're hoors." She grinned at me.

"Or maybe because we're girls," I replied. I sipped at my coffee as I checked Melanie out. She looked, as usual, gorgeous. A simple white top today that hugged her chest with a great deal of affection. I felt a little embarrassed, because I knew I looked like death warmed over. All I had on was a terry cloth robe and I hadn't even brushed my hair. "Where's Nick?"

"He went outside a little while ago," Melanie replied. "Said he had some business to attend to." She popped another forkful of eggs cheese and ham into her mouth, then said something completely unintelligible.

"Don't talk with your mouth full," I said.

I finished my coffee and went back upstairs to officially start my day. I did some jumping jacks to warm up, then half an hour of pushups and situps. I worked myself pretty hard; a dynamite body like mine didn't just appear out of nowhere. I didn't live in the same thin air as Melanie did.

When I was done with my morning workout I hopped in the shower for five minutes, then returned to the guest room to get dressed. There was, of course, a closet full of new clothes, and I found a pair

of jeans and a white top that matched Melanie's. Once I had those on (without bra or panties; Nick's preference) I brushed my hair, tied it into a ponytail, and did my makeup. I finally felt human enough to go back downstairs.

This time I found absolutely no one in the house. Not even a servant was around to try to talk me into giving him a freebie. I wondered if that was where Melanie was, doing the gardener in some out of the way alcove, or with one of the hot little maids in the laundry room. She could be a real tramp sometimes. But I looked everywhere. Not a soul, fucking or otherwise.

I went out to the veranda, fearing that I'd somehow slipped into a Stephen King novel, and suddenly Nick came around the corner of the house.

"There you are," he said pleasantly. "I started to think you were hiding from me."

"Actually, I think it's the servants that are hiding," I said.

"Oh, I don't have servants out here. Just Ralph, the butler, and a few ranch hands." Nick stepped up onto the veranda, suddenly towering over me. He checked me out with his hands on his hips. "I like the outfit. Casual country girl."

"It matches Melanie's," I said. "Really, no servants?"

"Of course not. I hardly ever come out here, so what would be the point of keeping a full time staff? But let's not talk about that. I was wondering if you and your sweetheart were ready to get started on my project."

"She's not my sweetheart," I said, drawing a wry smile from Nick's unhandsome mug. "And I'm ready when she is. What exactly is this project? It doesn't involve knives or gunplay, does it?"

Nick chuckled, a booming and yet strangely subdued sound.

"Don't worry, dear," he said. "You're in no danger." He patted my head as if I was a little girl, then took my hand. "Come on out to the barn with me."

He started off, and because of his long strides I almost had to run to keep up with him. We went around the back of the house and across to the humungous barn. As we neared the entrance I said, "Seriously, you're not armed, are you?"

Nick laughed and said, "Melanie's right, you're funny."

The morning was cool, but inside the barn it was even cooler, almost cold. There was the smell of hay in the air, and I thought maybe that was what Nick had in mind; a little lesbian love in the hayloft. I saw Melanie over in one corner, near several horse stalls, talking to a fairly attractive man in a cowboy hat. He looked like he was in his forties, dressed in blue jeans and a plaid flannel shirt. Maybe we were going to be playing the roles of farmer's daughters. A typical family morning in Appalachia.

"Frank," Nick said as we approached him, "this is Athena." Pride dripped from his voice.

Frank checked me out, letting his eyes rove all the way down my body before coming back up to notice that I actually had a face. He smiled with pleasant surprise and said, "Hello, Athena, it's very nice to meet you."



"Hi," I said. I met his gaze for a second, then looked around for ropes or rifles. None that I could see, though. A horse made a snuffling sound through its nose.

"Frank's going to be our cameraman today," Nick said as he draped his arm over my shoulders. He held his other arm out for Melanie and she glided under it, then wrapped her own arm around his waist. Nick's huge hand came to rest, supposedly casual, on Melanie's right breast. The plastic smile I'd had on my face dissolved.

"Cameraman?" I said. "You mean he's not going to be both my father and my brother?"

"What?" Melanie said. She looked around Nick to give me a confused smile.

"No, sweetheart," Nick said, "he's just going to be taping our project. He won't be acting in it."

Apparently to prove this, Frank reached down and behind him and brought back a camcorder. He sort of showed it to us, then dropped his gaze down to my chest.

"Well, then," Melanie said, "I'm just totally mystified. What is it you want us to do, Nick? Milk the cows in our thongs?"

I wasn't the only one with a good sense of humor.

Nick laughed and said, "No, no, no. Although you're in the right neighborhood." He took his arms from our shoulders (and his grabby hand off of Melanie's tit) and walked a few paces beyond Frank, stopped and turned around. "You girls will be performing with a few of my horses."

Melanie made a kind of spluttering sound and her hand came up to her lips.

"What?" she said for the second time in a minute. "Are you out of your gourd?" She looked at me. "Is he out of his gourd?"

"I've never seen him IN his gourd," I replied, but I wasn't feeling as flippant as I sounded. This was not a good thing.

"I realize," Nick said, "that this might be a bit of a challenge, girls. But I am paying you very handsomely. And I imagine it won't be much different from some of the things you might have done before." When he didn't get any response from us but blank stares he said, "Haven't either of you ever been with someone's, well, pet before?"

"Jeez," Melanie said, "you fuck one dog and suddenly you're an animal lover." She looked at me and giggled. "Get it? Animal lover?"

"I don't know about this, Nick," I said, crossing my arms over my breasts and spoiling Frank's view. "Just thinking about it makes me feel like I'm hitting a wall. Really hard."

"Now, Athena," Nick said, "don't be a spoil sport." He waited for me to respond but I just stood there and stared back at him. "Alright, I can pay you more than what we agreed on. You know money isn't a problem for me."

"Yay," Melanie said.

"But if you don't mind, we can discuss your fee later. I'd like to get moving on the project."

"Moving or mooing?" Melanie said. I gave her a look and she said, "Oh, come on, Athena. It won't be

so bad. Just pretend you're doing it with that one guy, remember?" She looked at Nick. "His dick was so big he couldn't wear underwear. I was sore for a week."

"I won't do it," I said, "for any less than five grand."

"Then five grand it is," Nick said with a nonchalant shrug.

Melanie looked at me and said, "You couldn't have said six grand? Or ten?"

"Come on, girls, let's get going now."

"We'll do this outside," Frank told no one in particular. "The light's better out there."

Nick went over to the door of one of the stalls while Frank hefted his camera on his shoulder and left the barn. Melanie sort of wandered over in Nick's direction and I continued to stand where I was, wondering if I could really go through with something like this. I didn't need the money, and I knew Melanie didn't, either. So, what the hell were we doing this for?

My question went unanswered as I watched Nick open the stall door and lead a beautiful brown horse out by its reins. The animal was huge, its head equally as high as Nick's, its shoulders on an even level with Melanie's head.

"Oh my Lord," Melanie said, her giggle lurking just below the surface. She reached up and petted the horse's nose. "He's gorgeous. Hi, horsey."

"His name is Seabrook," Nick informed us. "He's a champion racehorse. Or, he was. He was put out to stud two years ago."

Melanie patted the horse's neck and said, "Bet you like that career move, don't you big boy?"

"Is he tame?" I asked. "I mean, he's not going to get spooked and trample us or anything?"

"Don't worry, Athena," Nick said as he began to lead the horse to the door of the barn. "He's a very docile fellow. All of my horses are."

"All of them? Are we going to do all of them?"

"Relax, my love," Melanie said, coming over to me. She took my hand in hers and squeezed it. "Just think. Next time you're at a party and someone asks you what's the weirdest thing you've ever done, you can top everybody."

"That sounds more like you than me," I said.

We followed Nick and his horse out into the bright morning. Frank was ready with his camera. Nick maneuvered the horse so that he was standing directly in front of the open barn door, patted and spoke to him for a second, then turned to Melanie and me and said, "Okay, girls, what I want you to do first is undress each other, do a little kissing and caressing, maybe suck on each other's tits. I'll direct you from there."

Melanie and I moved to a spot between the horse and Frank, suddenly and totally professional. We put our hands on each other's waists, looked deeply into each other's eyes. Melanie had large beautiful brown eyes. They almost seemed to sparkle as she gave me that dead serious look, as if her life depended on satisfying her lust for me. I returned her look, though it was hard not to smile.

We moved our bodies closer, pressed our breasts together, and kissed, a long tender meeting of our mouths. Melanie's lips parted and I pushed my tongue inside as her hands slid up my side to my breasts. We frenched as Melanie caressed me, then herself, then both of us at the same time. I heard Nick say, "Good, good," but his voice, as usual, was far away at these moments.

I continued to push my tongue into her mouth as I caressed her back, her shoulders, her arms. I made my way to her wrists, touched her hands, caressed her fingers, then found her breasts and began to fondle them. Melanie gave up a soft moan, the breath from her small nose gliding over my cheek. I knew she was just doing that for benefit of the camera, but still it set my heart beating harder and made my knees weak. God, I wanted her. I wished there was no horse there, no Nick, no Frank, no stupid camcorder. Just me and her, loving each other, tasting each other, drinking each other in. Our bodies melting together and floating away on the gentle morning breeze.

"Beautiful," Nick said, cutting into my daydream. "Now, let's see some tits, ladies."

We automatically pulled away from each other and Melanie moved her hands from my breasts down to the bottom of my tanktop. I lifted my arms up in the air and she pulled the shirt up in an easy casual way that wasn't too slow or too quick. In about three seconds the tank was up over my head, then off, and I jutted my breasts out a little as she tossed the top behind her.

"Good, good."

I did the same for Melanie, although maybe not with as much grace. Next came our jeans, Melanie undoing the fly and pulling mine down first. The moment my pussy hair was visible I heard a whistle, and something told me it wasn't Nick. Which meant that Frank was probably going to want to fuck me later on.

We got my jeans off, then I took Melanie's jeans off. As soon as we were naked we started making out again, just for a few moments, then I arched my back and stuck my breasts out again and Melanie took them in her hands and began kissing and licking them. Frank moved in for a close up. I caressed Melanie's hair and shoulders, then took hold of her ponytail and put the end of it in my mouth. I shut my lips tight to hold onto it, then slowly pulled it out of my mouth. Melanie made sighing and gasping sounds, as if me sucking on her ponytail was getting her all worked up. She bit one of my nipples and I gasped too, for real.

We were just starting to get into it when Nick said, "Okay, let's move on, girls. I want one of you to get down under Seabrook."

Melanie and I looked at each other, we both shrugged, then Melanie said, "I'll go first."

She dropped down to her knees and moved to a spot directly under the horse. I went over and stood next to Nick, making sure I was out of the shot, which must have upset Frank.

"Great," Nick said. "Now, just start out by stroking and licking him."

Melanie looked up at me, smiled and rolled her eyes, then turned and looked at the horse's equipment.

"Wow," she said, "this dude's hung like a horse."

That made all of us chuckle.

Without any further prompting Melanie took the horse's cock in her hand and began to stroke it. It

was remarkably long, at least a foot, and it was still soft and floppy. This changed in just a few seconds, though; as Melanie moved her hand up and down on the dark brown shaft, and began licking and sucking on the end of it, the horse's cock grew, and grew and grew.

Eventually, it was hard and at what had to be its full length, which looked to me to be about twenty inches, and as thick as Melanie's wrist. It was without a doubt the most monster of monster cocks I'd ever seen. I hoped we wouldn't have to actually let this animal fuck us; that would guarantee a trip to the emergency room.

As Nick and I continued to watch, and Frank continued to shoot, Melanie sucked and stroked that giant horse cock for all she was worth. I wondered if horses could actually come when they were getting sucked off by a human, and if their semen was any different from a human guy's. I looked at Seabrook's face but he didn't seem to even notice that somebody was sucking on his dick. He wasn't even wagging his tail.

I dropped my eyes back to Melanie and saw that she had about six inches of the horse's cock in her mouth and was stroking it furiously, then in the next moment she made a sort of gagging sound in her throat and come started to spill from her lips and down her chin. She pulled her mouth away, grimaced, and even more come spilled out of her mouth. A lot of it. Then Seabrook shot another load, a ridiculously large load, that splashed all over Melanie's face. Melanie gave a surprised yelp and ducked her head and another load hit her, this one landing mostly in her hair.

"Good God," she said just as yet another load shot out of the horse's cock. There was less force to this one, though, and it ended up just splashing all over her breasts. Melanie finally turned the horse's cock away from her, but by then it was too late; there was only a little bit of come dribbling out now.

"Help, I've been slimed," she said, laughing.

"That was an awful lot of come," I said.

"Yes," Nick replied, "they do generate quite a lot of it." He had his arms crossed and he seemed more amused than impressed by Seabrook's performance. "Very good, Melanie. Although I see you were a bit unprepared."

"No shit, Sherlock," Melanie said as she got out from under the horse. "He could have at least warned me. Can I have a towel or something? Never mind." She bent over and picked up her top and began to wipe horse come off of her face. Frank made sure he got that on tape.

"Alright then," Nick said. "I'll just take Seabrook back to his stall and get Cooper. Then it'll be your turn, Athena."

"Can't wait," I called to him as he led Seabrook back into the barn.

"You're gonna love it," Melanie told me as she sopped up come from her breasts. "It's like getting sprayed with a hose, only more sloppy."

"What did it taste like?" I couldn't help asking.

"Like come," Melanie said.

"It didn't taste, I dunno, inhuman or anything?"

"No, it was just your average run of the mill spunk. Guess guys are all the same, even if they're another species." I sighed heavily and Melanie poked my right breast with a finger. "Just be glad Nick doesn't have a fetish for spiders," she said.

Nick brought the next horse out, a white one this time, with brown markings. He was just as tall and, I could see, well hung as Seabrook.

"Ladies," Nick said proudly, "this is Cooper's Auction. Cooper for short. He won the triple crown at Belmont Stakes three years ago."

"Congratulations, Cooper," Melanie said. She pointed at me. "This is your new girlfriend, Athena."

"Cut it out, Mel," I said.

Nick arranged Cooper just like he had Seabrook, and as he petted the horse's mane he said, "Athena, I want to get the same kind of scene from you, except maybe without all the surprise."

"Hey, it wasn't my fault," Melanie said. "Who knew he was going to shoot that shit out by the barrel?"

Nick ignored her for once and resumed his place by Frank, who had the camera pointed right at my breasts. I took a deep breath, let it out, then walked over to Cooper and knelt down under him. I looked at his cock, which, like the other horses, was just sort of hanging there, limp and long.

I reached out and took it in my hand, began stroking it. It felt just like any other cock I'd ever handled, only maybe a bit thicker, and I decided that was the best way to get through this thing was to think of it like that; it was just another cock to deal with. I closed my eyes and, still stroking it, took the horse's cock into my mouth.

"Wow," I heard Melanie say.

As I worked on Cooper, sucking and stroking him with as much skill as I could muster, I tried to imagine Melanie. What it was like with her, so soft and sweet, so much heat between us, the light that always seemed to burn inside of me when I was with her, but all I managed to do was picture her with a gigantic cock.

Then suddenly the image in my mind changed; I saw myself as a ten year old girl, sitting on the end of my bed in my nightgown, and taking the dollar my father was holding out to me; then my father's cock looming in front of my face, so hard and big, much too big for me; I saw myself opening my mouth, letting the end of it in past my lips, then wrapping my fingers around the shaft. Daddy telling me he loved me. That was the only time he ever told me he loved me, when I was doing what he wanted.

"Athena, you okay?" Melanie said. "I think she had a brain fart."

I pulled my mouth away from the horse and looked at her and Nick and Frank's camera.

"Sorry," I said. They might have been expecting an explanation but I didn't give one. I turned back to what I was doing, left my mind blank as I sucked and stroked, and by pure chance happened to have just the very tip of Cooper's cock in my mouth when he started to unload.

Of course, some of it squirted into my mouth, but I managed to get most of it to go over my lips and chin, or on my face. There seemed to be a never ending supply of the stuff, gushing and spilling and

dripping from my chin down onto my breasts. It didn't taste exactly like a guy's come, but it was close, and I was able to avoid gagging or hurling. Eventually, the sploogefest ended and I pulled my mouth away. I rubbed the end of Cooper's mammoth cock on my face, smearing his come all over as a final flourish, then dropped it and moved out from under him.

"That was amazing," Nick said, lightly clapping his hands. "Absolutely amazing. Athena, you're an erotic goddess."

"Damn straight," Melanie said as she handed me my tanktop. "I wish I was a horse."

I wiped a ridiculous amount of jizz off my face as Nick led Cooper back into the barn. Melanie and Frank were both watching him, and I wondered how many horses we were going to have to suck off. I couldn't remember if Nick had said how many horses he had. I started to feel a little queasy in my stomach.

Nick brought the next horse out and I felt my jaw drop and my eyebrows go up in surprise; it was the black horse with the hard-on that I'd seen and pointed out to Melanie when we'd first arrived. I couldn't resist looking down at his equipment; yes, he still had that gigantic hard-on. Either he hadn't gotten any action in the last twenty-four hours or he was, like a lot of guys, just perpetually horny.

"Girls," Nick said, "meet Hercules."

"Hi, Hercules," Melanie said. She even waved to him.

"Now, what I want for this scene," Nick said, "is for the two of you to do some oral on him for just a few minutes or so. After that we'll move around to the side of the barn for the second part."

Naturally, I was curious about why he would need to shoot part of the scene someplace else, but I didn't ask. I just hoped he didn't have a goat or a pig or something waiting for us. You had to draw the line somewhere.

Nick gave us the signal to get started and Melanie and I got down under Hercules. We started out by stroking him together (there was enough cock there that we could each put both our hands on it and still have tons of room) and laughing and smiling and pretending to admire Hercules's irresistible manhood. We followed that with licking it up and down about the first foot (I estimated the thing to be around two feet long), then Melanie took the lead.

She sucked on that huge thing for about a minute, then deep-throated it as much as she could, daring the horse to drown her like the last one did. Then it was my turn. I cleared my mind once more and just sucked and stroked it while Melanie alternated between licking the shaft and playing with my breasts. Finally, Nick said, "Okay, I think that will be enough for this scene," and we dropped Hercules's mega-dick like a hot rock.

Nick took the horse by the reins and led him around to the side of the barn, and Melanie, Frank and I followed. As soon as I turned the corner I saw the bale of hay laying along the wall with a blanket draped over it and I guessed what Nick had in mind. My stomach did another loopde-loop.

"What's the hay for?" Melanie asked. I laughed because I suspected she knew.

"One of you is going to be laying on it," Nick replied. "I'll leave it up to you about which one."

Melanie looked at me but I kept my mouth shut.

"What the hell," she said, "I'll do it."

She went over and sat down on the hay, keeping her knees together and her hands in her lap. Her posture was so prim, the expression on her face so innocent, that she reminded me of a schoolgirl.

"You know, Mel," I said, "you can be sexy without even trying."

"Yeah, I know, it's a curse."

"Athena," Nick said, placing his hand on my shoulder and speaking to me like he was coaching me in a soccer game, "what I want is for you to play with Hercules's tool a little bit, then do Melanie with it. And Melanie," he called to her, "what I want from you is one of your nice squirting orgasms."

"Well, I'll try," Melanie said, "but that's gonna be mostly up to Hercules. No pressure, though, big guy."

"Alright, everyone, let's get this scene going."

Melanie lay down on the bale of hay and spread her legs as wide as she could get them and Nick repositioned Hercules so he was standing directly over her, with the tip of his huge cock nearly touching her pussy. I got down on my knees below him, grabbed him, and started stroking and sucking. I felt Melanie take my hand and move it to her pussy and I began rubbing her with my fingertips. Out of the corner of my eye I could see her playing with her breasts, and in almost no time at all she was wet. I wished I could be sucking on her instead of the telephone pole Hercules called a cock.

Fortunately, I didn't have to suck it for long before Nick called out to me, "Okay, Athena, fuck Melanie with it."

I wasn't exactly sure how I was going to do that; always before, when I stuck a guy's cock into Melanie's pussy (and it was a depressing thought, the number of times I'd actually done that), I had at least a little bit of cooperation from the guy. Hercules, though, just stood there and snuffled and swung his tail around like it was just another day on the ranch.

As hard as his cock was, though, there was still a little play in it, which made it possible to move it around. I gently bent it a bit, then brought it up to Melanie's pussy. I pushed the end of it into her, getting about two inches of it in, then pulled back, then pushed forward, fucking her with it, and at the same time I rubbed Melanie's clit with my fingertips. Melanie moaned like it was the best thing she'd felt in years.

"Do some oral on them, Athena," Nick called.

'Why don't you do some oral on yourself, Nick?' I thought.

I bent down and started to lick around Hercules's cock and Melanie's pussy, slathering my tongue everywhere. I took Hercules's cock out and licked and sucked it, then licked around Melanie's clit, then put the horse's cock back in and started fucking her again. Melanie was doing a good job, wriggling around and gasping and moaning and pinching her nipples, making us believe it.

I kept pushing Hercules's cock into her as I licked at her clit, and in another minute she was breathing hard and saying, "Oh yeah, oh yeah," and just after I pulled my mouth away from her she let loose with a high, thin stream of come that splashed all over my breasts like piss. One shot, then another, then a third. Even a fourth shot dribbled out of her pussy, spilling all around Hercules; she

was coming hard.

After that I started stroking Hercules's cock faster and faster. The end of it was still up inside Melanie's pussy, and when the horse finally got off his jizz came gushing out of her like a milky fountain. The stuff slopped all over her pussy, down her thighs, and over my hand, making yet another huge mess. But at least this time Mel wasn't choking on it.

Once the eruption was over I let go of the horse's cock and it slipped out of Melanie's pussy, which allowed even more come to spill out onto the hay.

"Good grief," Melanie said. "I'm gonna have to douche about fifty times."

"At least that many," I said, "if you ever want me to get near your pussy again."

Melanie gave me a sexy smile and said, "Hook me up to a fire hose, baby."

It was amazing; even covered in horse goop she could still get me hot. I felt my face turning pink and had to look away.

"Unbelievable," Nick said, theatrically clapping his hands. "Bravura performance, girls. Especially you, Melanie. You really put your heart into it."

"Yeah, and nothing ruptured," Melanie pointed out.

Nick turned to Frank and said, "I think we've got everything I wanted, Frank. Thank you very much for your contribution."

Contribution, my ass; Frank was probably making a lot of money off of this gig, and no doubt had frills in mind.

Frank shut off his camera and started walking back toward the house. Nick picked up the blanket from the hay bale and handed it to us and Melanie and I wiped ourselves down while he led Hercules back into the barn.

"Well, that was different," Melanie said.

"If only our mothers could see us now," I replied. "They'd both have strokes."

"Yeah, right. It didn't bother them when our dads were doing it to us, why should a whole herd of horses make any difference?"

It was the first time I'd seen Melanie unhappy since we'd arrived at Nick's ranch.

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I could have easily predicted the rest of the day. Melanie and I showered and powdered and primed, then ate lunch with Nick and Frank. After lunch Frank informed me that part of his deal with Nick was that I would let him fuck me, so I took him up to one of Nick's many guest rooms and let him do his thing. He fucked me quickly and unimaginatively, then insisted that I lay with him afterward and smoke cigarettes while he bored me with his life story.

A half hour later he was ready to go again, which pissed me off, but I let him do it anyway, and when that was over I got up and showered again (I typically showered about six times a day). When I came out of the bathroom I heard Melanie's voice coming from Nick's room, and when I went to check it



out I found her in his bed, on her hands and knees, and Nick behind her, holding her by the hips and jamming his cock up her ass.

From the sounds she was making it was obvious that she was enjoying herself. I watched for a few moments, my arms crossed in front of my chest, then turned and went to the guest room and lay down on the bed. I didn't know who I was most angry at, Nick, Melanie or myself.

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Nick wanted us to stay for dinner, but I insisted we had to leave by four so we wouldn't get home too late.

"Yeah, we really do have to get home," Melanie said, surprising me. "They're showing 'Passport to Paris' on the Family Channel tonight, and you know how hot the Olsen Twins are."

"Well, alright," Nick said, "if you really have to go so soon."

We ended up taking off even sooner than that, leaving at a quarter to four. The limousine retraced its route along the country roads with Melanie and I in the same spots in the back that we'd occupied when we came in. Neither one of us was in as good a mood, though, despite the fact that we were both five thousand dollars richer. We were silent until we reached the main highway that would take us back to Tacoma.

"I think I'm going to quit," I said. It must have seemed to come out of nowhere, but I'd been thinking about it since we'd finished the shoot.

"Quit what?" Melanie asked. "Smoking?"

"No, quit the business. Quit Nick and all of his stupid projects."

"Really? You're not suddenly hooked on horse meat?"

I gave Melanie a look and her smile faded a little.

"Sorry," I said, "I just don't feel like joking. And I'm not joking about this. I want out. I want to get a normal job and a normal life."

"Okay," Melanie said. Her smile was gone now, but her expression was more serious than sad. "I'll go with you."

"You don't have to do that, Mel."

"I know. I want to."

"But what about Nick?" I asked, instantly hating myself for asking such a dumb and dangerous question.

"What about him?" Melanie replied. I started to say something but she went on. "He's just a guy, Athena. A rich, pretentious, and shockingly tall guy. That's all. He doesn't mean anything."

"Are you sure about that?" I asked. "I see the way you act with him, and I saw the two of you this morning. You seemed to get along pretty well."

Melanie clicked her tongue and said, "You saw the way I 'act' with him, Athena, and that's all it is,

it's an act. It makes him feel good. You know how that goes."

"So, you're not in love with him?" Another stupid, dangerous question.

"Are you kidding? I don't even like him very much. Hell, I don't even like guys very much."

"You don't?" She could have fooled me.

"No." Melanie slid over to my side of the limo, put her arm around my shoulders, and pecked me on the cheek. "You know what I like?" she asked, her voice soft and sweet. "I like girls. And out of all the girls in the whole world, I like this one particularly hot and sexy blonde the best."

"Dakota Fanning?"

"No, silly. Although I'm not saying she isn't hot. I just prefer my girls to have big firm titties and lots of pussy hair. And no bedtime." She leaned closer, brushed my lips with hers. "Know anybody like that?"

Her large brown eyes were boring into mine and I could hear my heart beating in my ears. I was almost afraid to breathe.

"So, you, um....." I said.

"Yes," Melanie said. "I do. I love you, Athena."

"Really?"

"Of course. You don't really think a horse could make me come like that, do you? It was all you, sweetie pie. You're the one I want. And if you're ready to say fuck it to Nick and to his tons of money and his videotapes and farm animals and to whoring too, then so am I."

I couldn't stop blinking all of a sudden, and tears welled up in my eyes.

"I love you too, Mel," I said, my voice almost a whisper.

Melanie gave me a huge happy smile.

"Then it's official," she said. "We're free now. We can move on, become whatever we want." She giggled. "We'll become bag ladies together."

I laughed and kissed her. We embraced, then fell together onto the seat. Soon we were making love, and in the sweet afterglow, as our final limo ride took us flying down the freeway toward home, I lay naked in Melanie's arms and smiled at how wonderful my life had suddenly become. Love really could make a difference.

The End