

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



*The true story of how a virgin university student became a belly rider.*

## **Chapter One**

Before I start please understand that I'm not an English Major, nor do I pretend to be a writer, so I'm sure you will find parts of my story unpolished. You will also find that certain details have been purposely left vague, at least until I patent everything.

Please note that whilst I have tried to make this interesting for you the reader, it is necessary to provide a certain amount of detail so that you can understand how my life evolved from virgin University student to belly rider. I should probably add that any attempt to act out anything described here is entirely at your own risk... !!

To properly understand the hows and whys it is probably best to start with a little background. I am an only child who grew up with two loving parents on a narrow boat in England. I'm not being vague about where exactly we lived, it's the nature of narrowboats that they move, which we did, often. During the school terms we didn't usually move very far because my parents didn't want me to keep changing schools, but during the holidays we would often cruise the canals, sometimes a river, usually to wherever my father was working at that time. My Dad was an engineer and his expertise was and is highly valued for certain types of renovation work which meant he was often away for weeks at a time when I was at school, although a couple of times I changed schools because Dad was working on a long term project that made sense for us to find a moorings on the closest canal.

I'm not sure exactly when I first knew that my father had wanted a son, and he certainly never said it, but it probably explains why I grew up as I did, a tomboy who would rather be with her Dad in his workshop than talking fashion and boy bands with her girlfriends. We actually owned two boats, the narrowboat we lived on and a converted butty boat that contained Dad's workshop. A butty boat is unpowered and towed by a powered boat, ours was converted to be powered even though the engine was mostly used to run a generator for the workshop tools.

Living on a narrowboat means living in a fairly confined space, so I never learned to collect 'stuff', my mother taught me to buy only what I needed, and to buy quality, so it lasts, which also means I never followed fashion, except the classics, even tomboys need heels and a LBD... !!

I gained a scholarship place at a University which is well known for it's Engineering Department, yes, this tomboy was going to be just like her Dad, an Engineer. That first summer my parents moved our narrowboat to a mooring within walking distance of campus before leaving for Italy where my father had accepted an offer to consult on some major restoration work there whilst I started my summer internship.

For the first time I was going to be alone for weeks and the internship wasn't going to keep me busy, so I decided I needed a project, but what... ??

I've always counted reading as one of my favourite hobbies and given our space restrictions books were not practical so I had always used my laptop to find stories, and that was how I found the story that changed my life. So thank you Jillian and Pomponio Magnus.

Ok, I admit it, I was a University student, a virgin, and had never dated or even kissed a boy, or girl. Yes I did masturbate, but my thoughts whilst doing so were centred on what made me feel good and what might feel better, rather than on any fantasy or person. Until that Friday evening when a random search the terms of which I've long forgotten turned up a story that gripped me both for its subject and the images it evoked, more than that it caught my imagination just as deeply as the heat that grew deep between my thighs. A girl suspended beneath a stallion and deeply impaled upon his

cock, it's just not possible, is it... ??

You probably think I'm weird, not so much for reading the story over and over, but because the mechanics of the act enthralled me, I just couldn't get the images out of my head, and so I found my summer project. The next morning my sheets were soaked and my fingers almost as sore as my sex, I know I came repeatedly as I pictured the acts described in the story, I'm also pretty sure I masturbated in my sleep as well.

To an engineer routine isn't boring and my morning routine was set in stone, one glass of fruit juice, one glass of water and out onto the towpath, rain or shine, no excuses, I ran along the towpath, at least four miles later I'd be back inside for breakfast, cereal and fruit, then tea. That Saturday I took my tea to the butty and ensconced myself in Dads workshop. It wasn't the horse that had my attention back then, it was the mechanics of the act, and that I could replicate, after all, I'm studying engineering, so how hard could it be... ??

Two hours of scribble and doodles later I had a plan of sorts, but that plan provoked another thought, it's one thing to build a pseudo stallion cock and harness, but to test it I need, well, I need a bigger vagina. That thought put me on my bike and cycling into the city, specifically to the sex shop I'd found, thanks to a quick online search.

Yes I know that this is where I describe the blushing teenager mumbling with embarrassment as she buys a set of dildos and butt plugs, but honestly I wasn't, my mind was so laser focused on my project that it just didn't occur to me. Afterwards I think the guy behind the counter was caught off guard by a young woman blatantly dropping an armful of stuff on the counter, especially since I'd chosen a selection that included some of the largest they had on display. Two plain black bags hung from the handlebars as I cycled back to the canal, my mind still on the design was almost enough to distract me from just how wet the saddle was and just how much my vagina was going to ache when I started stretching it. Shit. Lube. I almost turned back towards the sex shop, but why use some high price lube that might not be good to use long term, especially since I doubted the label would state, "ideal for use with horses", besides, almost everything these days promises that it wasn't tested on animals...

Back at the workshop it was time to get serious, first get naked, something that was really going to test me, or so I thought. I am no prude, but even so I had never as much as skinny dipped so being naked was alien to me, but ... Stripped bare I set about unpacking and washing my new assistants. Then the moment of truth, my vagina, oh hell, I really can't keep calling it that, not if my plan is to fill it with horse cock, pussy? Maybe, at least for now. Ok, so time to introduce the first butt plug to my still soaking pussy. I had purposely avoided the traditional design of butt plug, those that taper down at their base before flaring out wide enough to stop the user accidentally inserting it so far only a surgeon can get it back out. Instead I'd chosen those that due to their length but more importantly their width, were not considered to require any taper, just a flare as nobody would get it in that far.

Research had shown me that people usually start off small and gradually work their way up, most often so that they can take a human cock in their ass without pain, but my goal was very different, if I was to be able to take a horse cock without injury I needed to train my pussy to stretch wide without tearing and most importantly I needed depth, not just opening myself up, I needed to find out just how deep was possible without rupturing something vital. So the next step was to bolt the first butt plug to a padded stool that had a circular seat and wheels, adjust the height and then sit on it so I could start work on my design whilst stretching my pussy. It was the 'sit on it' part that took a while, and it hurt. Of course it hurt, I was after all stretching muscles that normally don't stretch that far. It's easy to say, "but a baby is bigger", my answer is yes, but the pussy has nine months to

work up to it. I didn't want to wait nine months, nor did I want to rip myself open and end up avoiding well meaning questions from doctors and nurses. My solution was to get the longest cone shaped butt plug I could find and then lower myself until my pussy was being stretched as open as I could take, not comfortably, but safely. For lube I used coconut oil, not the kind you use as suntan lotion, but pure 100%, no additives coconut oil, it looks a little like cum in colour and has a gloopy texture, it also makes a great natural lube and if discovered, well, you can cook with it... !! Almost an hour of gravity versus leg muscles got me aching fingers, a rubbed raw clit and a pussy that felt like it was going to rip open if my legs gave out, but I still was not sitting on the stool, the plug was just too big, so I gave myself a break whilst I hunted around for something to use as a spacer between my ass and the seat. I found some dense foam that had little give and was about the right size, so I cut off the corners to make a 12 inch disc then cut out the centre to fit over the butt plug. A deep breath, a little more leg strain and a few whimpers and I was sitting impaled, stretched, not to mention horny.

For those with an eye for detail, yes I was still a virgin, no my hymen was not intact, a combination of fingers and a delightfully shaped hairbrush handle had long since taken care of that issue. My masturbation methods evolved over time and by now included using two or three fingers for that 'full' feeling.

My earlier inventory had shown the workshop contained enough materials to get started constructing and I had listed the things I needed to acquire. The workshop floor is marine plywood covered in rubber floor tiles, the tiles have coin sized dimples to give grip, the small hard plastic wheels on my stool rolled across the floor easily as I scooted my way around, but the faster I scooted the more intense the vibrations were, yummy... !!

My design for a pseudo stallion required four posts from which a webbing sling could be hung, the sling was much like a hammock crossed with a cargo net, designed to hold me on my back as if I was under a horse, the four posts were higher so that my ankles and wrists could be held up, out and secure, again as if tied up to the horses sides. At the 'business end' would be my version of a simple fucking machine, but designed to hold a horse cock, but that is just the start. I'm an engineer, anyone can build a basic fucking machine, I wanted to simulate the movements of a stallion, not just a simple thrusting cock, I wanted to replicate the movements of that cock as the horse moved, walked, trotted, cantered, bucked...

And of course the sling had to move too, side-to-side, up and down, fore and aft, the movement had to be tied to the horses presumed gait, but independent enough that the sling and cock didn't move in precisely the same way, because in reality, they wouldn't, and I wanted to recreate everything as if it were real. You might call it OCD, I call it professionalism. Not to mention damn hot... !!

Several days and much work later and I was ready for my first ride. The sling was woven from car seat belts I bought cheap from a breakers yard, the frame was aluminium, yes I can TIG weld... !! Not that my pseudo stallion was completed, far from it, but it was at a stage where it functioned, the motors calibrated, a few basic programs installed and a temporary human style dildo fitted. After long days stretching myself on the wedge shaped plug during the day and a suitably similar sized dildo at night, I chose what I thought was a suitable sized dildo, both in width and length, although at least to begin with I would not be taking the entire length. Much as I wanted to experience the thrusting length of a big cock, my plan was to gain width first and only then work on depth, so to ensure I couldn't get impaled to the point of injury or worse, I had prepared another stool seat and mounted it on adjustable brackets so the when the harness slung back the backs of my thighs and my ass hit the padded seat before I could get injured. Not that I intended to save myself from painful penetration, again my plan called for safe but not painless fucking.

But before I get around to describing my first ride there are interesting, (at least to me) things to consider. The story that first inspired me to start all this describes the horse cock being guided into the riders cunt, (yes, cunt, if you are going to stuff it full of horse cock it sure ain't a pussy or a vagina) once inside it then continues to grow, and expand until the horse is fully erect, at this point straps are adjusted to prevent fatal impalement by preventing the swing from going any further back than the strap allows. This implies that the strap is set to allow the maximum safe penetration when everything is stationary. I very quickly discovered something that as an engineer really should have been obvious to me, namely that the mechanics of the ride don't work as described.

Let us say the rider is in position, the horse fully erect, and the straps set to restrict the depth of penetration to 12 inches when stationary. All well and good, but as the horse begins to move, the rider swings back and forth, the back motion is restricted, the forward motion is not, but it is not that simple. As the motion of the horse has the rider swinging forward, that motion is partially slowed by the friction of the cock inside a very tight cunt, even allowing for lubrication and the rider not attempting to clench any muscles, there is still a certain friction, not to mention suction, plus of course the need to allow for inertia. Then the horses motion reverses the swing, thus driving the cock back into the rider, but for that to happen the forward motion has to be reversed, inertia overcome, friction allowed for etc etc. The nett effect is that the cock is never withdrawn or inserted as much as if the rider was swinging free from any impalement. So once in motion that twelve inch depth is in fact a little less than 10 inches. Even less if the rider clenches her muscles, in addition the arms and legs can be used to brake or accelerate each swing, even more to consider.

Even allowing for the above, there are still more factors in play, there has to be an allowance made for the horse "hunching" his hind quarters, and therefore gaining extra depth. Of course there are the other axis of movement to consider as well as the effect a change of pace makes, which of course changes the speed of swing motion and direction change. All in all there are a lot of variables to consider when selecting exactly how much restriction of movement is required for a safe ride.

Whilst I discovered just how much these things affected the depth and manner of my impalement, my original design did not include a restraining strap at all, instead I used the sideways mounted stool to act as a buffer against injury. Whilst that was perfectly possible with a machine, it could hardly be fitted to a real horse so in time I would need to design and fit a strap arrangement.

Another thing the original story describes is the riders hands and feet being bound up around the horse, partly to remove the need for the rider to hang on whilst writhing in the ecstasy of intense orgasms and partly to remove the riders ability to "escape". Both seemed to me to be both highly arousing and integral to the whole experience. To replicate that binding I had fitted restraints to my design so as to hold me in place until the selected program was complete and the ride ended with me in an orgasmic stupor and the horse with a limp dick, balls drained dry.

No, I'm not stupid enough to lock myself in on the first full test of my design. First I got into position, no need to get naked as by now I was naked almost continually unless I needed to go out shopping etc, even then my style of dress had changed drastically to favour short skirts and loose or far less voluminous tops or dresses. Being naked felt normal and comfortable, it also saved me a great deal of time and money on laundry, as by now my stretching kept me constantly wet and I soon soaked pretty much anything I wore.

So, settled into position and with the dildo buried inside me I started the first of a series of tests. The very first was a simple swaying of the swing back and forth, with the dildo thrusting in and out at moderate speed. That alone had me biting down hard on the length of folded leather belt I was using as a gag. The orgasm felt like it blew my head off as my insides went through some kind of industrial tumble drier.

As I stated early on, in the past when I masturbated my mind was on the process, what felt good, when and why, rather than dreaming of being with a guy, or girl, or both. I am aroused by the process, so you can perhaps imagine how aroused I was to finally be being fucked by my own invention of a pseudo stallion. I am overjoyed to report that the first set of simple tests took a great deal longer than I had anticipated, only partly because I came hard, long and often during each delightful one of them. Better still I was able to increase the depth of the dildo twice in one day as the near constant pounding worked to stretch my capacity more quickly.

An unanticipated side effect was my ending the day with a very well spanked ass, a result of continually swinging back to contact the stool seat buffer. I had never considered spanking as being sexual, at least to me, but the pain and bright red ass did go some way to taking my mind off the aching deep inside my loins, so I shrugged it off as a necessary evil and did nothing to mitigate future repeats.

So that is how I spent that summer, stretching my pussy and perfecting my pseudo stallion. I managed to start on the computer control necessary to create a set of programmed 'rides' and I added one extra feature, the posts at the 'head' end had attachments for both the sling and my wrists that could be raised by the program to simulate the horse going uphill or bucking, just as the base of the fucking machine could tilt to change the angle of the cock relative to the 'rider', this was to simulate the horse thrusting by arching his spine etc.

Then the end of summer arrived, closely followed by my parents and soon after the next term at Uni, so my lovingly crafted stallion was folded up, partly disassembled and safely stowed in the locker that formed the base of my bed, along with most of my butt plugs and dildos. The stretching part of my project was cumming along well, and I do mean cumming... !! The cone shaped butt plugs had achieved the amount of stretch I wanted but not the depth, so I'd moved on to the oversized dildos, A few modifications to a strap on harness allowed me to force a dildo inside my pussy and then the harness ensured it wasn't going to come out easily or accidentally. However, walking wasn't easy when my body was crammed full and even having an assortment of lengths did not mean I could always find the size I needed so I had taken to using a fat and chunky double ended dildo, which with a modification to the harness allowed me to insert as much as I could take and then lock it in place. Inserting it at night and sleeping with it strapped in worked, provided I washed my sheets daily and made sure I got enough sleep after writhing around humping the air and mauling my clit until it throbbed all night and ached all day.

I hadn't expected my project to affect my libido, although affect is a vast understatement, as by the end of the summer I was constantly wet, horny and sensitive. My nipples and clit especially, although even a light breeze on my labia was enough to spark a tingle of arousal. I had spent every possible moment naked all summer, dressing only when I had to go out, and even then I had stopped wearing bra or knickers and preferred to be able to move in my clothes, so for the first time ever I had bought several short skirts and crop tops. I still ran every single morning, despite the continual deep aches and pains, I found that stretching, yoga not the other kind, and running helped to deal with the aches and pains without resorting to pills, I had also added kegel exercises to my routine, more pussy exercise that did nothing at all to combat my arousal levels, but did give me more control of my pussy including being able to grip whatever was inside me and to close up faster when whatever it was had been removed.

From the beginning I had decided that it was not enough just to fill my pussy, to achieve the results I wanted required more effort, not to mention a lot of mostly low level pain, because rather than just fill my pussy I set out to stretch it, first wide, then deep, which meant inserting the plug or dildo not just as much as was comfortable, but a little bit more, and once that became comfortable, a little more again. Rinse and repeat as they say, it took a lot longer than I expected, but it worked.

And that was pretty much it until the following summer, I kept stretching my pussy, not wider than I had now achieved, but deeper, and slowly, at the same width. Then there was time set aside to work on my next project, a realistic horse cock. Yes there are places that you can buy a fake horse cock and yes some are pretty anatomically correct, but, I'm an engineer, remember? I wanted my pseudo stallion's cock to be as close to real as possible, that meant it had to swell, throb and most importantly the head had to flare prior to it cumming.

That all of this happened whilst I was at University made research and development much easier, not only did I have access to the Uni facilities, I could also choose electives that helped, not that I intended to let my sexual fetish dictate my courses, well, not exactly, my plan was aimed at developing more acceptable uses for my designs.

I'm not going to bore you with the details of how I managed to make a really realistic horse cock, partly because the details would only really interest an engineer and partly because I have not yet obtained a patent on all of my designs, though I do have several working and well used 'working models' if you allow for the fact that in this case model does not mean smaller... !!

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## **Chapter Two**

Fast forward to the end of my University degree course. In the meantime I had continued to stretch my pussy and at least for part of each summer I had been able to reassemble my pseudo stallion and fuck myself into oblivion for as long as I could remain conscious and or undetected.

I had to wait until I had my degree before I applied for the first set of patents, because otherwise the University could claim rights or at least a substantial share of future profits. I also had to come up with alternative reasons and uses for my inventions, nobody patents an anatomically accurate robotic horse cock that exactly simulates an equine orgasm and stays anonymous... !!

It was the patents, and the lawyers protecting them that set me on the next step towards achieving my dream. Well, that and my awful grasp of foreign languages.

My time at University allowed me to achieve the qualifications I wanted, and yes, I did end up being in the top three of every course I took, what it did not achieve was the social aspect. I am no genius and my high grades required putting in hours of study and lab time. Since I have never really had close friends even when at school, I did not mind missing out on my social development, in fact I don't think I realised it at the time. That is not to say that I made no friends, just that none became what I would call close friends, most of those I saw regularly were members of study groups or just students who I shared several classes with.

During my last term and in between advanced preparation of taking final exams, I had been researching and contacting a few companies that I thought might be interested in my inventions. Whilst deciding which three to approach first, something else caught my attention, and that led to my placing a French company at the top of my list because they were based in Marseille. What caught my attention was how close Marseille was to the Camargue.

Ok, so I know you think I was making decisions based on nothing but flights of fancy, but that is not quite true. The far more embarrassing issue was my utter lack of experience with horses. Yes I know the stories would have me working for free at the closest stables etc etc, but the simple truth is that this all started because I read a certain story and not because of childhood dreams of horses. At the time my attention was on the process, the mechanics of how it could be done and on building my pseudo stallion. BUT. Before I could even begin to think about belly riding a real live stallion, I had

best learn how to handle horses, not to mention riding them in the conventional way. And there lay the problem, there was no way I could approach a trainer or stable asking for tips on belly riding and there was no way that anyone who did know or practise it was going to make it public.

What had caught my attention about the Camargue, apart from it's natural beauty was the number of riding schools or stables that offered the chance to ride a horse bareback on the beaches. I cannot to this day explain exactly why that idea stuck so deeply in my mind, but the image of riding a horse without all the tack and paraphernalia seemed somehow more natural and closer to the horse. If I was going to belly ride then what could be closer? So anything that helped must be a good idea, right?

I will skip details of my time in Marseille, most of it was spent at the offices and factories of the company eager to gain a licence for my inventions, ALL of it was spent apologising for the horrible mangling I wrought upon the French language. I'm just utterly useless at languages. I can read and write French, due to learning it in school, but the oral part ... Ugly.

So moving on swiftly, I moved down the coast to the Camargue and thanks to a combination of research and suggestions by those in Marseille who ignored or forgave my linguistic butchery, I settled in a wonderful stables that was both close to the beach and home to several experienced 'freestyle' instructors. Freestyle is the common way to describe riding a horse without a bridle and often without a saddle.

After a couple of wonderful days staying as a guest and riding out with a group along the beaches etc, I approached the owners about staying much longer and having lessons as well as working to help them out whilst gaining knowledge in how to care for horses. We thrashed out the details over dinner 'en famille' with the other guests joining in the debate, or at least offering encouragement.

The end result was my spending a part of the 'upfront' money I had received on staying at the stables as a long term guest, but working, not just lazing about. My eagerness to learn might have helped as much as the money, either way I was all set to spend the summer learning to be a horsewoman, or at least to learn as much as I could in the time allowed.

The next morning, early, I walked into the stable allocated to me and came face to face with Nuage, it was love at first sight, at least from me, it took a little longer to be sure he felt something for me, but he did, I promise, honest.

For those interested, Nuage is French for cloud.

At that time I had no knowledge of horsemanship so I will use the terms I used at the time, if you are a competent rider you'll know the 'proper' terms, so just fill in the blanks. If as I was at the time you know basically nothing, then just read on.

Nuage was a sort of dirty white and seemed huge but kind of sweet, if that makes sense? Most of the horses in the area are true Camargue horses, a breed indigenous to the area, Nuage was to my eye the result of a horse 'one night stand' as he was noticeably bigger than the typical horses that are relatively small, standing at something less than five feet, which is around 14 hands in horse speak. Unlike the usual dappled grey colouring, Nuage was pure, if somewhat dirty, white. That morning I started out with the basics, learning how to muck out, feed, water and groom 'my' horse. Of course Nuage was not mine, but he had been allocated to me for the duration, so that made him my responsibility, therefore, mine... !!

One of my early lessons was basically a lecture in keeping safe, a list of things not to do around a horse, things like never getting close behind him, especially without having worked your way around

from the front, and most especially never getting between his legs or under him ... Of course it made sense, but, but ... I have to get under him, well, ok, not him, but under an as yet unknown horse.

Day after day I worked around the stables, rode out at least twice a day, grew to know and understand Nuage more each day, and finally earned his trust enough to take liberties and have fun. We even took the horses swimming in the sea, which was utterly awesome, Nuage wearing nothing and me wearing not much more, just as the other three stable girls with me, the four of us, well, eight really, just having fun, a couple of the girls stood up on their horses backs, which looked a like like surfing without a board, and it was fun, I tried it, falling off, laughing, trying again, succeeding, thanking Nuage for being patient with me, it was a great day. It also marked a turning point. No longer was I a guest, the stable girls accepted me as one of them, which opened up whole new sources of learning.

One of the local girls working at the stables proved to be extremely helpful, although she didn't understand exactly why. Centaine's parents were both "Gardians", which is the local term given to those who herd the Menade, the name given to a herd of the wild horses, the same name applies to cattle and a Gardian watches over both. Her mother, Yvette was very helpful and loved to talk to me about the Camargue, it's wildlife, seasons, and most especially, it's horses. Most importantly for me, she delighted in talking not in general terms but specifically about practical things.

Things like how during very bad rainstorms she would sometimes shelter beneath her horse, and then proceeded to explain exactly how she had trained her horse to accept her being beneath him without getting trampled. There were many other tips, tricks and just generational knowledge that can only be learned from those who have had it handed down from one generation to the next. So slowly, piece by piece and week by week my knowledge grew as did my horsemanship. Nuage and I could gallop flat out across the sand, no bridle, no saddle, freestyle, freedom, heaven on horseback. In case you are wondering, no I did not attempt anything remotely sexual with Nuage, our love was platonic.

During that summer I also managed to see some of the stallions covering mares. Covering is horse people speak for fucking. For several of these events I was "up close and personal", not too close, but enough to see everything in detail and that showed me something else I needed to take into account.

The story that started this all off describes the process as the rider getting into the sling, then the helper manually arousing the horse before injecting a substance that ensures a prolonged rock hard erection. Sounds good, but here is the thing, that is not even close to what happens when a stallion mounts a mare. Although there are differences, and obviously some stallions are more experienced or just plain good at it, but the point is that as the stallion approaches the mare his cock extends, but is still 'floppy', dangling down, and not rock hard. It is only as he rears up to mount that his cock goes from floppy to rock hard in an instant, basically his cock is engorged and he uses the mother (father?) of all PC muscle contractions to stiffen his cock to make thrusting and entry possible, not to mention that his cock has to raise up to get to the right level, and, most importantly, find the mare's vagina, without being able to see it or use a hand to guide it. Once impaled his cock does not need the rock hard state much longer, just long enough to get in all the way, then the muscle can relax and let the engorged cock impregnate the mare. At this point a rock hard cock would not help, nor would it be comfortable for the stallion, or the mare.

It is also a fact that stallions are founder members of the "stick it in - fill her up - pull it out" brigade, for many it would take longer to light the post coital cigarette than to do the deed.

Dogs have a knot specifically intended to lock them together during and for a time after

impregnation, undomesticated dogs are predators. Horses are prey animals, the longer the stallion and mare are bonded, the more vulnerable they are.

So, whilst a good story probably requires the rock hard state, a belly rider really does not. All that is needed is a way to keep the cock engorged ... More about that later.

Everything ends and so as the summer began to give way to Autumn, I gave way to the screaming lawyers and bid my friends adieu. As much as I would try to keep in contact with them, the one person I could not call or email was the one who I loved, still love, Nuage.

My inventions had been a big hit with a number of companies ranging from prosthetic limb manufacture to manufacturing robotics (robots that make things, not people building robots). I ended up being offered obscene amounts of money both for the licence to use my designs and to consult on adapting them to specific uses, that meant moving to where the companies were based and that required a work permit to move to the USA.

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### **Chapter Three**

I still don't own much so I pack light, but took care to box and ship my pseudo stallion, there was no way I was going to be parted for long, not after all that he had caused to happen in my life and especially because he was so damn addictive, I needed to get filled, fucked and as the saying goes, "ridden hard and put up wet".

My American lawyers offered to find me somewhere to stay and suggested a condo or similar, I think I surprised them when I made it clear I wanted somewhere private, with a workshop or a building easily converted to suit my needs as well as a paddock and stable. The end result was a compromise, I got the workshop of my dreams, but had to rattle around in a house sized for a family of six, honestly I could have locked all the doors and lived in the kitchen and still occupy more space than our entire narrowboat, but on the plus side I had a master bedroom with it's own awesome bathroom, and best of all a 'dressing room' big enough to house my pseudo stallion in complete privacy. Perfect. Even better were the fields surrounding the house and the barn which contained stables as well as tack room, feed room and hay loft, everything a stallion needs. Well everything if you add in a very horny young woman... !!

I had moved to the USA well ahead of the plan and so found myself with little to do between occasional visits to lawyers offices to sign yet more papers or meeting with companies hoping to get a licence deal.

With time on my hands and complete privacy I was able to set up my pseudo stallion for the first time with all the accessories and options. I had been able to set him up for some time during the summers following the initial build, but not everything was designed then, and whilst I had built and used my robotic horse cock, I had never been able to install it properly and had to settle for bolting it to a bench just to get fucked and test it properly.

With my own place I could continue to spend most of my time naked and even work on a proper all over tan for the first time. I had marked out and measured a circuit around the property, then altered it so that I could run it naked but for shoes, without being seen from the road or by neighbours, none of who were particularly close and all of whom had carefully placed privacy fences or planted trees and hedges anyway.

Whilst the climate was sufficient to remain naked all year, I was able to run naked in the rain for the

first time ever, and discovered a hidden joy that I'd never even imagined.

It took time to adjust to the change in culture, most obvious was shopping for foods they didn't have, brands they'd never heard of, tasting and testing out foods I'd never come across before. I did manage to find a young woman to handle the housekeeping, not that I needed anyone right then, well, except for not wanting to keep up with dusting a whole load of rooms I didn't need, use or want. Mirella was another lawyer found part of my life, her mother's sister being a secretary at the lawyers office closest to me. Although a little older than me she proved to be everything I needed, efficient, discrete and unaffected by either my nudity or long absences locked away in my bedroom. I did make sure the 'dressing room' was locked at all times, whether I was outside or inside. Highly recommended and discrete didn't mean I trusted Mirella with knowing about my pseudo stallion or the hours I spend being fucked out of my mind by Cafune. Yes, after much thought I had finally named my pseudo stallion.

Finally I was able to take everything Cafune had to offer, although it's fair to say that once mounted I had little choice because the final addition to my design was a mag lock and timer that enabled me to lock myself at ankles and wrists, just like the story that started this all. Once the program was selected and the lock activated I was just along for the ride, having no more control than a belly rider under a real stallion, well, there is an override for safety, but I promised myself no more Cafune for a whole three months if I used it outside a real emergency, so I never have used it, except to test it still works.

After three months in my new home I was still able to spend most of my days at home and had worked up to using the longer programs that I'd designed, these kept me locked to Cafune for hours, and simulated a series of 'rides' at various speeds, each ride was separated by a period of calm when there was little movement, leaving me less than fully impaled and able to just enjoy the fullness and prepare for the next ride. I had even written a program to use at night so I could set everything up and lock myself in for the entire night, which taught me how to sleep whilst impaled on a horse cock.

So what, exactly, you ask, is so special about this horse cock... ??

Put simply it is a robotic cock that is capable of doing almost everything a real horse cock does. First it is able to engorge and grow in length whilst keeping anatomically correct, the surface is an exact replica of a real horse, courtesy of a couple of students at the agricultural college close to my University and a hand held laser scanner borrowed from the lab.

It didn't completely retract into a sheath as a real cock would because I couldn't see the need, so it only retracted enough to be limp and able to "fall out" of the rider, me. The reverse was of course also true, it could extend and engorge whilst becoming rigid enough to enter the rider and continue until fully impaled. The depth of impalement set by the program.

I know I have mentioned the program before, which might lead you to believe that I was using a computer to control everything but that is not true. Who in their right mind would allow themselves to be fucked by something capable of crashing or suffering some kind of binary embolism... ??

Of course I used a computer to create the programs but once created and tested they are loaded onto the same kind of controls used to run industrial machinery, basically logic circuits, well proven, dependable, boring, but safe.

It took some time to work out how to get the cock to swell, throb and finally shrink back down in size, what took even longer and was mostly the reason that companies wanted to licence my invention, it was the ability for the head to flare just as a real stallion's cock does. Not I hasten to

add because they knew what I had designed it for, it was the way it did it that was new and adaptable to a whole range of uses.

I got the idea for the mechanics of the thing from an elephants foot. Yes foot... !! The elephant often encounters deep mud for instance at a water hole, a normal foot enters the mud, sinks until there is enough pressure to support the foot, but removing it is not easy, the suction holds it in place. Anyone who has lost a shoe or boot in deep mud will understand exactly. So the elephants foot evolved to solve the problem. As the foot sinks into the mud and meets resistance, the base of the foot swells outwards so that when the leg is withdrawn the foot can contract and thus break the suction. Simple, effective, evolution at work.

Having researched exactly how the elephants foot works it seemed obvious that with a few alterations a flare could be created in a similar way. Add in a little surgical steel, and a good amount of prosthetic "skin", add some clever engineering ... Hey presto, a fully working fake horse cock.

Except ... It needed to cum, to be able to flood me with cum and not just pathetic spurts, it had to have pressure, force, volume, in short I wanted the story version, cum filling me, swelling my belly, squirting out despite the tight fit of cock in cunt, labia stretched taut. In this one action I wasn't interested in being true to life, I wanted the story to cum true... !!

If at this point you are imagining some kind of piston inside a silicon dildo, well, go ahead, but how are you going to make it flex? Throb? Swell? If it were that simple it would probably be advertised for sale in any good sex shop.

Food safe pumps either didn't have the power or were too large to fit my design, the solution was a pressure vessel, pump in a measured amount of cum, otherwise known as coconut oil, warm it, and await the command to go, cum, yes that, then reload for the next round.

I wanted food safe standards because the last thing I needed was icky organic biohazards being forced deep inside me where they might not get flushed for longer than is healthy. As an afterthought I added the option to change from coconut oil to water, basically a pressurised douche, unless you are into water-sports, then it could be something else. Not my idea of fun, but each to their own.

The other important point and one that took a good deal of time to resolve was noise. I understand that some women might enjoy pressing parts of their anatomy to a washing machine in it's spin cycle, but really, who finds the noise it makes arousing?

The picture in my head created by that original story certainly did not include machinery noise, so I went to great pains to ensure the thing was whisper quiet. And it was, eventually, if only the same could be said for me. I've tried various gags and most can render the wearer incomprehensible, ok, yes there is gag-speak, but none are able to completely muffle a screaming orgasm... !!

When not locked onto Cafune and getting fucked senseless I spent my time in my new workshop. My focus at that point was on the industrial uses for my invention, so I was trying out various things, fabricating parts, drilling, milling, welding, whatever. Which is exactly what I was doing when I had my first visit from a new patent attorney from my lawyers office.

Apparently the appointment had been made, or so it was claimed, and it seemed I needed to brief Mirella on how to handle unexpected visitors to my domain. Anyway I was happily working away and not expecting company.

When as a kid I first started doing stuff in my dad's workshop I received the first of many lectures on

shop safety, protective gear, etc etc. All VERY necessary. But. Well since this all started I have become used to being naked, so from the beginning I had adopted my own version of workshop apparel. Firstly I always wear protective shoes, then add whatever is needed depending on what I'm doing, so for instance when welding I wear an oversized old fashioned leather blacksmiths apron, which covers me perfectly well and is easy to slip on and off as needed, add in the gauntlets, helmet and picture that on an otherwise naked me. That is what greeted the patent attorney upon entering my workshop.

I suppose I need to add a little detail, so, I'm 5'10" and around 134 pounds, -sigh- ok, 36B-27-37 Brown hair cut fairly short 'cos it's practical and green eyes (blame my mom).

Whatever the patent attorney was expecting, I wasn't it.

Lawyers had become a necessary part of my life and thanks to my fathers advice and guidance from a couple of very savvy professors whilst at Uni, I had become used to dealing with them, but, please, I know American culture is different, but is, "fuck me, that's hot" really a common way for attorneys to greet clients?

At the time I had my back to the door and was bent over a vice TIG'ing. (Welding aluminium)

When Mirella first started I had simply told her how I liked to be naked, that if it offended her then this wasn't going to work, and besides, by then I was much more comfortable naked than clothed. Basically I was in my own home, so, my roof, my rules, give the girl her due, Mirella didn't even blink.

So I really wasn't bothered by being exposed to a stranger, actually I was too focused on what I was doing and in that state very little phases me. That could not be said for the attorney...

I never did get an apology for the unusual greeting, there really wasn't any need. We just clicked. Laura even took her jacket off... !!

The thing is that I don't consider myself to be an exhibitionist. Nudist maybe, don't really care. So taking off the apron was just habit ... Honest.

For those interested, Cafune is Brazilian-Portuguese and means the act of running your fingers through your lover's hair. It is one of the few words that cannot be translated into English.

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## **Chapter Four**

Laura proved herself that first day we met, not because she really knew her stuff, although she did, rather because as we talked she truly "got" me. As nice as being courted by major companies was, it was not, is not, my thing. Success was not something I ever expected, after all it began with a simple summer project inspired by a story that is hardly mainstream. The simple fact was that I was not interested in squeezing every Pound, Dollar, Euro whatever out of people, I just wanted a fair reward.

What I didn't want was what some people were pushing for, exclusive deals, buying the rights rather than a licence and a few who somehow believed I was naive enough to sign a deal that basically had me working for them.

Laura listened to my mini rant, smiled, suggested I stopped talking to certain people and let her

handle it. That was it, no promise, no explanation, just the smile and one sentence. It was so different to most of the lawyers I'd met that I wasn't going to get my hopes up, just wait and see.

Laura watched me for a moment, then something happened that really got my attention, and no it wasn't what was revealed when she took her jacket off. It was as if she had flicked a switch and turned off her attorney mode. Suddenly she was just a young woman and that was when we clicked.

A tour was a fairly obvious next step, what surprised me was Laura wanting to start in the workshop, not trying to peek at what I was doing, more asking about me, my passion for engineering, only later did the naked thing come up.

It was a pleasant afternoon and the first time since I'd arrived in the USA that I had talked to a potential friend, yes, I know, my ability to socialise sucks.

I later found out that after Laura left and I retreated to my bedroom for a lengthy session with Cafune, the Whizz had driven back to her office and basically marched into the senior partners office to read him the riot act. Apparently the short version was that if I was not treated as a person rather than a profit centre they were going to lose me as a client and most likely others once the reasons got out, and if my source had it right, she ended with, "so what the fuck are you going to do about it?"

My phone rang. Mirella answered. He was told I was not to be disturbed and she would inform me that he called.

It was late evening before I hit the kitchen for much needed food and a very large mug of tea. I was part way through my second sandwich when Mirella appeared, not the easy going, ever smiling Mirella. The girl was pissed.

Hands on hips, eyes flashing, and that aura some people have that makes me think of alarm bells, klaxons and air raid sirens.

I'm British, I looked straight at her, took a sip of tea and waited. Most of the eruption was in Portuguese and all of it was delivered with lava like heat, it just poured out, not once did she pause for breath.

My father often talked to me as we worked together in the booty boat, not the tech talk, although there was a lot of it, but other stuff, knowledge to be shared, wisdom he thought I should know. One of his maxims was that in the silence after an ultimatum, whoever speaks first loses. Mom told me never to fight wars I didn't want to win.

I sipped more tea.

Mirella raised one eyebrow.

I tipped the rest of my tea in the sink, spoke one word, turned and walked out.

The word was "OK".

Mirella followed me up to my bedroom, I unlocked the dressing room door and stepped back. Mirella went inside, there was a pause, a sound I won't even try to describe. Another longer pause. Then the old, easy going, ever smiling Mirella appeared, eyes a little wider, the smile a lot warmer. She placed her hand on her heart, promised never to speak of it, then offered to work for nothing if only I'd let her use it.

The hussy wanted my Cafune... !!

There is no point my trying to reproduce Mirella's rant, especially since most of it was in Portuguese so unless you speak (read) it you'd be none the wiser. Much of it detailed her sexual frustration, which my nakedness made worse, she vividly described my frequent "freshly fucked" look and went on to note the way I walked afterwards. Most telling was the reverence in her voice when she stated with conviction that the only other time she had seen all of these signs was when as a small girl she watched her grandmother leaving their stable one night. Nobody would tell her what happened in the stable...

Until the moment Mirella mentioned the stable I had never considered telling anyone about Cafune, much less let anyone see my pseudo stallion. Of course in the original story there is "La Confession", the public coming out ceremony of a belly rider, but that required a real stallion, to even consider it with Cafune seemed an insult. But Mirella lived in the house, albeit in a self contained section, but still.

Of course I wasn't going to accept cutting her wages, neither was I going to share Cafune, well his cock. So whilst my housekeeper stripped naked of her own volition I removed the cock currently in place, ok so I kissed it before putting it away, then I took another one, actually an identical one from the cupboard and fixed it to the mechanism. The hussy could ride her own damn horse... !! (She named hers Dilma)

It is probably worth reminding you that at the time I still had not so much as kissed a guy, or girl, so being naked in the same room as Mirella, watching as she positioned herself, explaining what was going to happen, how it worked, how full ... Fuck... !!

I'm an idiot. Ignoring her naked body open before my eyes I quickly removed the horse cock I'd just fitted and replaced it with the smallest of the human shaped dildos I had from the beginning. Mirella started bitching, but I shut her down, my roof, my rules, she would have to work up to a full sized horse cock just like I had to.

Thinking back it would have been easy to stay and watch, maybe Mirella and I might have, well, anyway, once she was happily locked in and one of my programs running, I left before her first orgasm hit, for once not locking the door. I did shut it though, not that she noticed, walking back downstairs felt weird. For once I wasn't in the mood to go back to the workshop and my other favourite pastime was currently fucking the shit out of my housekeeper. What the hell was I going to do?

Despite travelling and everything else that had happened since I left Uni, my morning routine had not changed, I still ran at least four miles before breakfast every single day. I also used to run when my mind got stuck, be it with study or a project, so that is what I chose to do. A quick side trip to the cloakroom for a pair of running shoes and I was out and off into the half dark of the evening. The track I had marked out was easy to follow and even the first spots of rain didn't matter, I concentrated on settling into a steady pace and stride, clearing my mind before...

The lights coming up the driveway caught my attention. Few people had the code so I wasn't concerned, just curious. I ran on, covering the second half of the track before it brought me around to the front of the house where I spotted Laura sitting in her car. I waved as I ran past.

Ok, so maybe just waving and running on was rude, but so is turning up unannounced late in the evening. Whatever she wanted could wait.

Maybe I misjudged her, I guarantee you that she changed my opinion of her forever, yes we had

clicked, but that was nothing compared to what happened next. It was still only half dark, the rain was soft and the air still warm, I loved to run naked in the rain, to me it is a sensual pleasure. She must have cut across behind the barn because as I reached the halfway point of the circuit Laura sprinted up beside me, grinning. My first thought was that her expensive trainers had never been worn outside an exclusive gym. It was my first thought because they were all she was wearing, well, except for the grin...

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For those who care, Mirella named her horse Dilma after Dilma Rousseff, the impeached ex president of Brazil, in her words. "He fucked my entire country, so he should be good at it."

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## Chapter Five

So there I was, running naked in the rain, the evening warm, only half darkness so I could see the track, and the naked body of the girl running beside me. Definitely a first.

Laura didn't try to explain, in fact she never spoke, she just fitted in by my side, matched my pace and stride, and ran. Perfect. Ok, so we have already agreed my social skills suck but I've been running daily for years, not once have I had a conversation whilst doing so. It's just not right, running time is "me" time. It's when I think, or let my brain freewheel, or just enjoy the rhythm and the world around me.

We didn't race and I was not counting laps because I didn't set out with a target and then Laura distracted me. So on we went, except it was a warm evening despite the rain, and running naked in the rain makes it hard to tell if you are sweating, or not. No sweat means dehydration is just around the corner, so as we made the next turn close to the barn I turned off the track and headed inside. The tack room had a fridge I had stocked with basics, bottled water especially.

Standing still after a run isn't a good idea, better to walk and cool down so we kept moving, drinks in hand, Laura rolling her chilled water bottle across her forehead, one hand soothing a breast. Me... ?? I was looking at her breasts, had been on and off for the last three circuits, I know she noticed, only now did she speak. "My girls are a little larger than yours, too much running without support and they ache some, but it's a good ache." The grin was back full force.

Her breasts were bigger than mine, not by a lot, high and firm, they still jiggled as she ran, which is what caught my attention. Mine don't.

"Why insist on a stable when you don't have a horse?" The whizz was back and inquisitive.

"I plan on getting one as soon as I can find the right one, I've just not started checking out where yet."

If her only response was to roll her eyes, why was it her nipples that caught my attention... ??

"Laura, before we talk more, I have a problem, I think we click, and that does not happen to me often, soon you are going to ask me things, that, well, I don't want to lie to you but I'm not sure I want to tell you the truth either."

She flicked that switch again and suddenly was in attorney mode. "No problem, apart from the obvious, just telling me to shut up. In the car I have some papers for you to sign, you need to read

them but the short version is the only person you deal with in future is me, no other lawyers or anyone else, just me. There is an NDA so you can be sure I won't tell anyone else about your work and besides, there is attorney client privilege. So whatever you tell me stays between us. Period."

That was the best news I'd had since moving here. But I still wasn't sure. "So what happens if I tell you I've done or intend to do something illegal?" I paused as her eyes went wide. "And what if telling you something makes you think, well, think less of me, or worse.?"

If someone had asked me those questions I have no idea how I would have responded. Laura didn't even blink. "If you have, or intend to murder someone. Don't tell me." She paused. "Unless I'm your intended victim. Then you should definitely tell me. Now."

I would have laughed, but the look in her eyes was suddenly Ice cold. The girl wasn't joking.

"Nothing like that, I promise, it's not so much criminal as moral, kind of, I think."

Her eyes warmed up noticeably. "Then first lets get the paperwork dealt with, then you can tell me, and relax, I already know what I think of you, ain't nothing you can say that will change that."

So we headed for the house, Laura swinging by her car to collect her briefcase and clothes. We dried off in the downstairs shower room then ensconced ourselves in the kitchen, paperwork and coffee. Sitting across the table from each other, Laura still in attorney mode.

I was intent on reading, technical documents I can absorb as easily as I breathe air, legal documents are kryptonite, so I didn't notice Laura as she listened to the muffled sounds of what must have been Mirella's biggest orgasm yet. Actually if I had been playing attention I could have told whoever exactly what part of the program was currently running, I was rather proud of that section, it was especially crafted to drive the rider from one climax to the next, each higher than the last, each a little quicker, and then drop them straight down into the oblivion of unconsciousness. Mirella wasn't at the peak yet, but she was about to be.

The scream was so loud it broke through my concentration. Laura was grinning again, obviously aware of the kind of scream it was, if not the cause.

"If I remember correctly from the tour, that's cumming from your bedroom." She put extreme stress in the 'cumming' part.

I ignored her, actually I took pains to ensure I was quite obviously ignoring her. A few more paragraphs, more signatures, initialling and dating than seemed necessary, only then did I look up, smiling sweetly. "Check these and then I will answer your questions, Miss Whizz.

That grin was beginning to get to me, the girl had style.

Slowly the pile of papers were checked and transferred to her briefcase whilst I just sat there, watching her work, and then I realised, I was being ignored, purposefully... !!

As the locks on her briefcase clicked shut Laura turned to face me, eyes laser focused on mine. "So what have you done that is so bad?"

My turn with the paperwork, except I have the story on my iPad, so I just need to reach back to the counter, a quick thumb print, a few taps. "First read that, then I'll explain." I watched her as she read, which taught me three things. Attorneys can speed read, never play poker with Laura, and my eyes are constantly being drawn to her nipples.

It's not a massively long story, but Jillian and Pomponio Magnus put a lot of detail into it, even so it wasn't that long before Laura lowered the iPad, and with a neutral expression looked me in the eyes and... "So you don't want a horse to ride, you want to be ridden."

And that dear reader, is how I got my name.

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## **Chapter Six**

We talked late into the night, Laura and I. For the first time I expressed my thoughts and feelings out loud and to another person, it felt almost therapeutic, what it didn't feel like was confessing, to me that infers guilt and I simply don't believe that what I desire most is wrong.

Sometimes I lapsed into silence as I worked out how to express as yet unspoken desires, Laura was and is a good listener, almost empathic, at times she would reach out, a gentle touch, just enough to get me talking again. Much of what I told her now forms the early chapters you have already (hopefully) enjoyed.

We talked about my getting a stallion, about how I was unsure if it was a good idea when I wasn't planning to stay in the USA permanently. Was it fair to put a horse through the stress of being shipped half way around the world?

Laura did explain her ease in stripping naked to run with me, her parents are nudists as well as ranchers, she too, and she missed it. Also she ran track at University.

She had a lot to say about finding a suitable horse, whilst I had to explain that I wasn't looking for a stallion, I wanted a mare in foal, or ready to be put to stud, my time in the Camargue wasn't wasted, neither did I forget anything I learned from Yvette. My intention was to be there when my stallion was born, to begin our bond as he learned the world around him. My height required a large horse because otherwise I simply wouldn't fit, and safety had to be the priority, his and mine.

Laura shot down my hesitation and thought I should get started soon, her reason being that it would take at least three years for the horse to grow and learn, so why wait?

I also voiced a vague thought I had about spending some time in Denmark which confused Laura until I explained that there are no laws against bestiality there, in fact a lawyer there forced their supreme court to allow and recognise her marriage to her horse. What better way to protect oneself than to be legally married to the stallion you belly ride... ??

Laura found the idea of a lawyer doing that amusing, then questioned my desire to marry. I explained that I thought it stupid to try to superimpose human emotions over equine ones. No I didn't really want to marry a horse, mostly because I can't imagine a stallion accepting the concept of marriage, let alone monogamy, it's certainly not natural to horses. I wasn't even sure it appealed to me.

Ok, yes, a woman wanting to mate with a horse isn't natural to either species, nor would it be a singular example of inter species mating. So if neither is hurt by doing so, and it certainly isn't going to result in some kind of cross breed offspring, what exactly is the harm?

Of course we spoke of other things, like Laura's ponies and later horses as she grew up on her parents ranch. They don't breed horses, or cattle, well, not for business, the ranch bred something else, which I'm avoiding as it would narrow down a search too much.

Finally we called it a night, both tired, Laura's hand had long been gently resting upon me, my arm, or thigh, shoulder sometimes, but nothing more, so as we decided it was better she stayed than drove, her hand slid up around the back of my neck, fingers gently guiding me as she leaned close.

"Yes, I do want you, even though I don't know for sure how you feel about being with another girl, but I've also just forced myself into a position as your only point of contact with the people you need but don't want to deal with. I'm not going to let anything stop you from achieving your dreams, the engineering ones or the riding, so we are friends. No benefits. Ok?"

"I've never really made that decision, guys or girls, or both, there just hasn't ever been a need to decide. I've never even kissed, boy or girl. Until now..."

Yes. This virgin actually made the move, I closed the distance and kissed her, lips to lips, a hint of tongues. That one kiss sealed our relationship, it also answered a question, yes, I kissed a girl and I liked it.

Laura grinned and blew me a kiss as she closed the spare bedroom door, actually she had five to choose from, that house was ridiculously oversized for me. I slid into my bed and was asleep before I had chance to consider all that had happened that day.

I often awaken before my alarm clock shatters the silence, mostly because my morning routine is just that, routine, I don't lie in on weekends or use the snooze button, never have. So it's awaken, bathroom, kitchen for orange juice and water, then shoes on and out to run, no need to dress these days.

The awaken and bathroom part went as usual, reentering the bedroom was when I realised that Mirella was in my bed, apparently still naked and still asleep.

What do you call a woman who goes to bed after kissing one woman and then awakens with a different woman in her bed?

Yes, I thought of that word too. And I was still a virgin... !!

My routine trumped a sleeping Mirella so I just left her and headed to the kitchen, only to find Laura naked but for her ritzy running shoes, stretching and grinning.

"You run, I remembered, so..."

We hit the track shoulder to shoulder, this time we were not silent, we were comfortably quiet. Yes, there is a difference.

Four miles later. "Want to share a shower?" Miss Whizz liked to tease it seemed.

"Want to imagine fisting me so deep you can rub my clit with your elbow... ??

Got her... !!

Miss Whizz blushed scarlet and shot upstairs to the bedroom she slept in.

I sauntered up to my bedroom, it seemed I was on a roll, so I spanked Mirella hard on her bare ass, grinning at the groggy torrent of Portuguese invective that resulted.

The shower drowned out whatever my housekeeper was grumbling about, it also woke me up to having both women in my kitchen at the same time, neither knowing what the other knew, or what

each did last night.

Breakfast could be enough to make Alfred Noble jealous.

In fact there was no explosion, by the time I had showered, shaved, underarms, legs and pussy, ok? And dried my hair before heading down for breakfast, Mirella was in action, dressed and smiling, Laura still showing signs of blushing as she balanced briefcase, coffee and bacon sandwich whilst heading out to her car.

There are certain rituals I refused to abandon, so early on I anglicized Mirella enough to maintain those rituals, chief amongst them were mugs of tea and bacon sandwiches.

Morning tea is engineering ambrosia, one sip and I could focus on my project, my mind absorbed in the production process, a last bite of bacon, a quick thank you to Mirella and I was on my way to the workshop.

If you think I totally missed Mirella's hints at wanting to talk, you're right, I did.

By lunchtime I was happily engrossed in TIG'ing when Mirella appeared with a tray. That alone was unusual, we had agreed early on that a housekeeper keeps house, I didn't need or want a servant and Mirella was happy to just get on with stuff without oversight.

In case my mention of welding has you picturing the opening from 'Flashdance', stop it... !! There is no way I'd ever attempt industrial welding wearing as little as I did. The apron etc were sufficient because I wasn't working on big stuff, just delicate things that if manufactured would be CNC cut and milled. Only the prototypes got welded.

So it was easy to slip off the apron and gauntlets before investigating the goodies Mirella had brought out. This time I actually noticed her hints, so we talked, Mirella vowed to work her way up to talking the horse cock, her own mind you, I was not going to share Cafune. We also talked about clothing and when it was needed. I really didn't care what Mirella wore, so long as she didn't answer the door naked, or be so when I had business guests, not that I wanted them in my home, but better to set the rules now. In a round about way Mirella wanted to know about Laura, I asked how much she would like my sharing her personal life with Laura, end of discussion.

We never did talk about Mirella being naked in my bed, and that wasn't the only time it happened, after a long ride it seemed she just could not manage to stagger to her own bed so used, well shared, mine, it was certainly big enough... !! In a way it summed up our relationship, there was openness and trust, but nothing more.

In the weeks that followed Mirella did work her way up in size, though not as far as needed for the full experience, Laura became a semi regular part of the household, taking the spare bedroom she had used as her own, often joining me to run in the mornings, during the week, at weekends we sometimes drove out to visit ranches with horses for sale.

The USA licences got awarded or denied, the French deal was set and needed nothing until renewal came around, I had one brief trip to Germany for another licence, little of interest happened, so I'm just going to skip it for now.

The point of all this was that with the deals done I had real money and time to devote to whatever I chose, so of course I was back in the workshop doing my thing, but with an important new perspective.

For as long as I can remember, my one goal in life was to become an engineer, that single purpose governed my efforts at school, my summer jobs, University, everything, well, at least until I read that story. Even then my purpose didn't change because building my pseudo stallion was just another step along the engineering path.

It was only when Laura presented me with the signed contracts and initial bankers draughts that I suddenly realised my life had changed. No longer was I striving to be an engineer. I was one... !! I had honest to goodness inventions of my own, patents and all. Real companies paying me a great deal of money for my inventions. It was frightening in a way, a sense of being adrift, no goal to work towards, but it was also liberating.

Mirella, Laura and I celebrated, I contracted for a swimming pool to be built, Mirella suggested a hot tub and Laura moved more stuff into 'her' bedroom.

I started spending less time in the workshop and more time horse hunting, I knew exactly what I wanted, well, I knew I'd know as soon as I saw them, the trick was to find them, that wasn't as easy as it might sound, after all, there are thousands of horses, and I had the time and money, so how hard could it be? The answer to that is harder then you think. Obviously I was not going to tell anyone exactly why I really wanted to buy their horse, and because of my aim, I had very specific requirements regarding breed, size, temperament, etc etc.

Then after months of searching, the day finally arrived when a horse box pulled up at the gate...

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## **Chapter Seven**

When I first walked into that stable back in the Camargue and came face to face with Nuage it really was love at first sight, at least for my part. I'm convinced it was for him too, though it took a while for him to show it.

Which is probably why I have rejected so many of the horses we had looked at, that certain something just wasn't there, OK, maybe it's not the best or most professional way to choose a horse, tough, my head knew exactly what I needed, but my heart got to decide.

I don't think I'm special, nor do I believe in fate, so explaining the chain of events that led to this is beyond me. First Laura and I managed to get lost looking for a ranch, a whole huge ranch, you know, miles of pasture, big open spaces, how the heck could we not find several hundred acres? Second when we did find it, wrong ranch. Yep, when we screw up, we do it in style.

Maybe it's something about girls and horses, it could be about girls and driving directions, but I'd like to think it was about good old country hospitality. We were invited in, offered drinks, and listened to as we explained what the heck we were doing, well, supposed to be doing. That led to a trip out to the paddocks and there he was, I didn't know his name, I just knew he was going to be mine. Except, and I know how stupid this sounds, but, well, he looked at me, I mean really looked, and then turned away to look at a mare two paddocks over ... Then back to me ... To the mare ... You get the picture... ?? I took the hint.

Not being American or having any knowledge of how things are done, I simple turned to the owner and, this is honestly what I said, chequebook already in hand...

"I want him, he wants her, what should I write to take them both... ??"

He named a price, I added conditions, he upped the price, I wrote the check. Laura meanwhile had been staring at me like I'd lost my mind, or my senses. By the time the deal was done and we were shaking on it, which apparently sealed the bargain, she was looking about ready to explode, or wet herself. Maybe both.

Later as we drove away... "You do know what just happened, right?"

"Yes Laura, I just bought two horses."

"You really don't understand, do you... ??"

"Yes I do Laura, I just bought two horses."

"No, you just got the deal of the century, that's what you did... !!"

"Huh?"

"He thought you were joking... !! The price he offered wasn't real. Then you made those weird conditions. He still thought you were joking, you wrote that cheque, you didn't see his face when he realised what you were doing, those weren't his family, they were his friends, he couldn't back out without looking a fool, so he shook on it and took the loss."

"Fuck. Ok, turn around, we need to go back and make it right."

I got that look from Laura. First time I've ever actually witnessed someones mouth moving without any words coming out, it lasted several minutes, the Whizz was dumbstruck... !!

Anyway, to cut to the chase, we didn't turn around because Laura maintained he would be insulted, what do I know? Different places, different rules, besides, I had my horses. Oh, and the conditions I added? The deal was he had the stallion cover the mare, (who was in season) if the result was a filly, I paid an extra \$1K and he got to keep the filly but had to start over. If the result was a colt he got an extra \$3K and shipped them both out to me. So when the horse box finally arrived I had two and a sixth horses.

My stallion ... You have no idea what just saying that felt like, anyway, MY stallion was/is a Selle Français registered and everything, 17.1 hands and pure black, sleek and powerful whilst the mare was an American Quarter Horse, 16.2 hands also black, but with four white socks, or 'full pastern' if you need the correct term.

Now, because both horses are registered, and I don't want to be identified, you will have to make do with fake names. Thus the stallion is Thief, reasons why to follow, whilst the mare is Lady, because she is the mother of my baby and because I say so... !!

Because of the delay between buying and taking delivery we had ample time to get everything ready, not that there was that much to do, the barn and stables etc were all in good order anyway, so it was mostly obtaining feed, hay, etc. That led to another issue, I don't drive and that stuff is heavy and bulky. Of course we could get it delivered, but there were going to be things that needed moving, not to mention basic maintenance around the place, that led to Laura and I talking over options one Saturday morning after returning from our run.

Mirella was cooking and hovering, which I had learnt means she wants to butt in but thinks she needs to be asked. Somehow it had become tradition that on Saturday mornings Laura and I returned from our run to find tea and bacon sandwiches about ready to be served by Mirella, neither

of us wanted to risk that tradition being changed, so we asked, together, hey ho, it wouldn't be the first time Mirella laughed at our 'twinspeak' thing. Not that it happens all the time, just enough to be made fun of by the uppity help.

The following afternoon Mirella's solution arrived, a battered pickup truck pulled up outside the stable and a pale gaunt guy eased out then hobbled towards the barn doors. Whilst that is an accurate description, it's also far from the truth. The pickup did look pretty awful, but it sounded perfect, the guy did hobble, but so would you if you were still getting used to a prosthetic leg. It takes a certain type of guy to check out the stables before meeting the potential employer, the type that knows he is being watched and doesn't care. For that alone I decided he might just fit into the madhouse I seemed to have surrounding me.

If I checked I could tell you his name, I never bothered, he introduced himself as 'Deke' and that was good enough. The pale gaunt state was explained by the recent release from hospital, the leg an IED 'in the sandbox', I never asked for more information, it just didn't seem like my business. It took a couple of minutes for him to realise he wasn't going to get an interview before Deke settled with a mug of coffee. He was Mirella's choice, who was I to argue? I just stated the rules as I saw them and gave Deke a choice, accept them or move on. He accepted, though at first I think he thought I was joking. It was Laura who insisted on the NDA. I let her do her thing, but really I didn't think it was necessary, there are still people in this world who understand honour, Deke was probably their mentor.

The fun part was seeing his face the following Monday morning, no I wasn't joking, Laura and I do run naked, and yes, his face was a picture. Privately I wondered at his reaction when I revealed the reason for the horses, but that could wait.

Laura very nearly spat coffee across everyone's breakfast when Deke replied to her 'innocent' remark about hoping she didn't offend him by flaunting her body. And if you can name the film he quoted the first part from, you get extra points. He looked right at her chest and drawled, "that bodacious set of ta-ta's ... I was distracted by your butt." Yup, Deke fitted right in.

Spending a summer in the Camargue didn't make me an expert and I knew it, so having Deke gave me a confidence boost, the man knew horses, had grown up between the muck heap and the saddle, (his words) We quickly established a routine, (you know how I like routine) and by the time the horses arrived the place looked like it had always had horses around.

It takes time to get to know a horse. A good horseman can handle any new horse, to a point, but to really get the best out of them you have to put in the time and effort to get to know them. Deke had his way, I had Yvette's, we both learned from the other.

Deke was not up to riding, or rather his new leg wasn't up to it, so Laura decided she needed to help out. I suggested she ride Lady, 'cos she might pick up a few tips on how to be one. Laura suggested we get a female dog, so I wouldn't be the only one.

I'd forgotten just how much I enjoyed the feel of a horse between my thighs, Laura saddled Lady, I just put a bridle on Thief, and that only because I didn't yet know him. And no, we didn't ride naked, ok, I did, but not until months later when I stopped using a bridle on either horse, even then I saved the naked riding for special times.

The one thing I missed was taking the horses to the beach, we were way too far away to even consider that, so I made a deal with a farmer who had land adjoining my place to use the lake he had, at first he had been reluctant, but when I explained it was so we could swim with the horses, he

agreed, wouldn't even take money. It was apparently, "just being neighbourly." Or it could have been Laura's ta-ta's ... That girl is quite a handful, just not my hands.

With Deke installed I could get back to spending serious time in the workshop, Mirella worked her housekeeping magic and put in serious time on the machine with progressively larger dildos, which meant I got used to waking up with company in my bed, company that got used to waking up to the crack of my hand on her ass. It made me smile and taught me a lot of Portuguese swear words.

At some point Laura had moved in without me really noticing, I think she asked, but I didn't really care, by that time she had become family. Without benefits.

Then there was the night we got drunk...

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## **Chapter Eight**

In my defence I want to state that I don't drink a lot, either in quantity or frequency. Also it was Laura's fault, if it wasn't, then as I'm in America, I plead the 5th... !!

The months since Thief and Lady had arrived had alternately sped and crawled by. The crawl part was waiting for Lady to foal, the rest was speeding past. Deke had settled into our family and ran the stables without any noticeable effort, stuff just got done, the paddocks received the minor attention they needed, the fields and fences got checked, in short he did everything without my ever actually needing to tell him a thing.

My routine adjusted to allow me to split my time between workshop and stables, the timing dictated by the horses, not the engineering. Mirella kept house, fucked herself into oblivion on the pseudo stallion and continued to get her ass smacked several mornings each week.

Laura was Laura, she never spoke about her work except when it applied to whatever she wanted me to sign, or occasionally to coax me to meetings. There were still companies looking to licence from me, and the latest prototypes I had built were attracting attention as well. We were not joined at the hip, but I felt the loss when she wasn't close, thankfully that was infrequent except during weekday working hours.

Lady was fast approaching the end of her last trimester, which was the reason for the party, if you can call four people who live at the same address having a celebration a party. Anyhow, Mirella barbecued, Deke played bartender, Laura organised the music, and me? I got to just enjoy myself, except I didn't take note of how much I was drinking, or maybe none of us cared? Anyhow, as the music got slower and the stars brighter, the demon alcohol had stolen away with our collective inhibitions. Ok, maybe not from Deke, but he was gentleman enough to suffer three 'happy' women.

As far as I can remember Laura had never expressed an interest in exactly what had Mirella screaming that first day, which is a little strange given that it was well over a year ago and for most of that time Laura had been living here. So it caught me by surprise when she raised the subject, with all four of us sitting around the fire pit.

I had never seen Mirella drunk so I don't know how far gone she was, other than it not affecting her speech, but it must have had an effect because she didn't even pause before telling Laura exactly what caused it, in graphic detail. Very graphic. Listening made me wet, Laura too. Deke just sat sipping whisky and listening. Then of course Mirella credited me with the whole thing and suddenly three sets of eyes were upon me...

That's why I know I was drunk, because I started speaking without thinking. I started right back at chapter one and told them everything. Having confided to Laura when we first met, it wasn't news to her exactly, but at the time I had told her the facts, what I have not done was graphically explain the emotions and resultant orgasms in graphic detail, now I didn't need to, Mirella had done that already.

What was news to Mirella was that the pseudo stallion wasn't the endgame, just a stepping stone towards being a belly rider, I missed the words she muttered under her breath, but the way her eyes burned told me volumes, Mirella was equating me with her grandmother.

So it was Deke who was the wildcard. And like Laura I was never ever going to play poker with him. In the silence that followed nobody seemed to want to speak first, I think all three of us girls suddenly realised what we had done, and that Deke was a guy. A guy who was relatively new to our family.

He just sat there nursing his whisky, staring into the fire, for so long I was considering screaming, at him, at the stars, at my own stupidity.

When he spoke his voice was as soft as when he gentled Lady. "Guess I'd better see about a proper leather sling and harness then..."

We were not staggering drunk when Laura and I headed up to my bedroom, but we did each have an arm around the other's waist, just for support you understand, right? Once in the room I helped Laura settle herself in the sling, secured her wrists and ankles, then swapped out the horse cock for a mid sized dildo, ok, mid sized for my collection. Then set the program, I had a cut down version of the one that had started all this by blasting Mirella into unconsciousness, so I set that, then added my 'overnight' one, the one I wrote to learn how to sleep whilst impaled. Lastly I hit the start button, watched the dildo slowly spread her lips and drive deep into her already dripping sex ... Then I kissed her, on the forehead. "Enjoy." Somehow my head hit the pillow at just the right angle to see Laura through the open door...

As for the others, I later found out that Mirella wouldn't let Deke near her pussy, just her mouth and ass. From that night on I didn't get to spank her ass quite as often, so I guess Deke had to spank it on those mornings.

We still ran the next morning after I released Laura, yes she knew about the emergency release, just didn't use it. The hussy didn't even clean up before grumbling her way downstairs to join me as I put my running shoes on. The Whizz had a hangover, that or an orgasm overload, either way she spent four miles bitching without ever saying a single word. It nearly stopped me glancing at her tits, something I found myself doing every morning, habit, just as Laura habitually ignored my looks, even if her nipples didn't.

A couple of weeks later a proud Lady patiently watched as I wiped the slime from our brand new baby. For the obvious reason, part of me wanted to name him 'Via Lactia' but instead I named him 'Spirit', not the most original name I know, but I vividly remember the very first time I mounted Nuage bareback and he and I galloped out of the yard, at the time I didn't catch exactly what Yvette said. Later Centaine repeated it for me "That girl has a lot of spirit in her." I fully intended to make good on her words and take a lot of Spirit in me...

From the time he was born I made sure I was with him each day. Not constantly, but often. It is a balancing act that takes care to get right, on one hand the foal needs time focused on his mother because it is from her that he learns most at that age, on the other hand I needed to be with him

enough so he became imprinted from the very beginning. It varies from horse to horse, so there are no exact rules. The next step came around four months later when weaning started. There are various accepted ways to wean foals, we didn't exactly follow any of them, again, each foal is different, and besides, given our only having three horses, and those being, Sire, Dam and offspring. Spirit was fast becoming independent and eager to explore the world around him, whilst still checking to ensure Lady wasn't too far away, the good news was that if Lady wasn't in sight but I was, then Spirit was happy. We started the process by moving Lady into an adjoining stable whilst I rigged a hammock so Spirit and I could share his. The first night had me explored from head to foot, and decorated with judicious amounts of horse slaver. He also enjoyed drinking from his bucket then dribbling over me. We played, we slept, Lady looked on but seemed happy. All was good.

Yes, saying all is good usually precedes some dire catastrophe, but that is for stories, this was real. We had a routine, we stuck to it, boring but true, the months passed as Spirit grew, learned, played, we slowly built upon the bond I started at his birth. At the one year mark we had another party.

This time around was different in that all our cards were on the table, we did drink, but not much as I recall, the talk revolved around Spirit for a while, before Laura and Mirella ganged up on me to get another pseudo stallion built. The idea had been suggested a few times, mostly when one of them found me using it when they wanted to.

After that first party Laura had begun using it regularly, though mostly on the nights I spent in my hammock with Spirit. What she did not do was attempt the larger dildos, seemingly content to just use it as a high tech fucking machine. We still ran every morning, my eyes still drawn to her breasts, she ignoring me whilst her nipples didn't. Anyway I gave in and built a second machine but insisted it be installed in my dressing room, but facing the other way. From then on any two of us could be found locked in and writhing around, or if the program chosen allowed, just gently swaying, enjoying the shared experience. I even wrote a program especially for Laura and I to share, it synced the thrusts so as mine entered so hers withdrew. She liked it a lot, I could see it in her eyes, hear it in her screaming orgasms.

The day after that second party I started Spirit on more focussed training. The dummy was based on what I had learned from Yvette, but adapted to fit my engineering mind. She used an old pair of overalls stuffed with straw. I bought a small sized pair of welders cotton overalls, washed them over and over, then fitted them to the 'body' I created. Imagine a stick man figure made from dense foam, wrap that in softer foam, then fit it into the overalls so only the dense foam head is exposed. The next step was to get Spirit used to it, that didn't take long, so I swiftly moved on to suspend the dummy underneath him using the straps Deke had made. At this stage a sling isn't appropriate, we just used leather straps with breakaways, so that if Spirit got into trouble or tangled, nothing would stop the dummy falling safely away. We started in the stable, but once set I led spirit out into the round pen out back. So began the next routine, one that was to last another three years, in that time I gradually increased the size and weight of the dummy as Spirit grew and matured, of course I rode him in the conventional way, well almost, since I didn't often use either saddle or bridal, just enough to keep him used to them should the need arise. I had waited years since first reading the story that so changed my life, I was content to let Spirit mature before taking the final step.

*For those interested. I was right. It was Laura's fault... !! The Whizz decided she needed to be absolutely certain about Deke so she made sure he would find out in detail exactly what I intended before any real harm could be done. Never, I repeat, never, play poker with that girl...*

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## Chapter Nine

Before this chapter starts, a few words of warning. My life changed because I read a story, 'The Belly Riders', written by Jillian and Pomponio Magnus. If you are not familiar with that story you are probably going to get confused by the upcoming references to it. If you read it later, don't blame me for any spoilers these chapters might contain. And once again, whilst this is a true story, it is not intended as a 'how to' manual, if you want to try this at home, don't. Unless you take the time to learn and have help, your first time will probably be your last.

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On that Friday evening now so long ago the story gripped me both for its subject and the images it evoked, more than that it caught my imagination just as deeply as the heat that grew deep between my thighs. A girl suspended beneath a stallion and deeply impaled upon his cock, it's just not possible, is it... ??

You probably think I'm weird, not so much for reading the story over and over, but because the mechanics of the act enthralled me, I just couldn't get the images out of my head, I still can't. However, the story, at least to my mind, includes actions and descriptions that are simply not credible. Not that I wish to denigrate either the authors or their story in any way, but any attempt to actually do as they describe must allow for what is real, or possible, and what is fake, or 'poetic license' upon the part of the authors. Besides which the story was written almost thirty years ago so the chance of finding out exactly how much of a true story it told is probably long gone.

Added to those issues is the almost total lack of verifiable information upon which one might depend when attempting to belly ride. By the time Spirit was four years old I had years of experience with my pseudo stallion, the building and use of which had taught me a great deal as it was in every respect as close to real as possible without involving an actual horse. Before that and ever since I have worked to stretch and more importantly, deepen myself so as to take a horse cock. As you have read, I have been able to ride almost daily for the last four years and before that was trained over a summer spent working in the Camargue, on top of that I had spent four years training Spirit, working with him, building a bond that allowed the two of us to communicate with ease, at least to a point. None of that mattered the day I first set out to live my dream.

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

From the minute he was born I have handled Spirit, stroking, patting, rubbing, scratching, talking softly, scolding when he got too rough or ignored a command, little by little as we built our bond, we forged a language of sorts, a way to communicate with each other. For it to work it has to be a two way street, I had to pay attention to what he wanted just as much as I required he pay attention to me. Grooming is the perfect way to get to know a horse, Spirit loves the attention and is used to my handling him, touching him anywhere and everywhere, washing, brushing, and of course moving him around or having him stand perfectly still. In short I took great pains to achieve a level of trust between us far beyond a casual riders ability. Not because I'm better, or more skilled, but because I had the time and the dedication to commit to it. Pure and simple.

That summer was hot so we decided it was time to take Spirit to the lake, Laura rode Lady as usual whilst Deke had Thief, yes Deke still hobbled a bit, mostly when tired, but by then he was riding again. He even claimed Thief was a reformed character, though like the rest of us he never left anything loose within the Stallion's reach, lest it be stolen, chewed and dropped. Laura lost her phone that way the day Thief and Lady arrived.

The lake was wonderfully cool and Spirit loved it, though hesitant to go out too deep he soon followed Lady and a naked Laura out far enough to swim. Deke slipped off Thief's tack and let him

join in, whilst Deke himself settled in the shade. Swimming with horses is one of my special pleasures, we had a wonderful time, all five of us. We were still playing when the farmer turned up. He waved to us then sat with Deke, though his eyes never left us, well Laura anyway. Both of us were wet and naked but his eyes remained locked on those ta-ta's...

Once Spirit had matured sufficiently, washing began to include coaxing his cock to engorge, this allowed it to be handled, washed and of course led to working him up to arousal and completion. Whilst factual that really does not explain it properly.

The first time Spirit ejaculated it caught us both by surprise. I had learned how to give him pleasure and keep his cock engorged for increasing periods of time. As we progressed he accepted my handling him as more attention and was happy to indulge me, at times his cock would pulse and his flare swell to a degree so that first time I saw the signs but didn't understand the differences. He started fidgeting then gushed. I was covered and he was prancing around in confusion until my laughter and praise calmed him. It was one of those times when a hug isn't enough, I praised him, hugged his neck, then moved around and taking his head in my hands I kissed his muzzle. He knows that means he has been a particularly good boy and treats are on the way, also he has learned to do the lip thing which some people equate to laughing, I think it's a not so subtle hint to get busy supplying his treat.

Since I was covered and he was sticky since I hugged him, it was time for a wash. Being a hot day I moved him outside into the yard and closer to the hosepipe. Washing led to more cock fondling and that led to the taste test. For the first time in my life I kissed, licked and sucked a real live cock. Yum... !!

Now I knew exactly what got him aroused enough to cum I did it again, I watched for the signs, read them correctly, but didn't move out of the way. Ok, so I might have aimed him at my tits, well, after taking the first gush in my open mouth. No I wasn't sucking his cock, it is too big to give it a blow job... !! I was pressing my lips against his cock and sucking, using my tongue too, then sliding to a new spot and doing it again, hands moving, part massage, part jerking him off. I seriously considered rubbing his cum into my tits, but instead I used two fingers to wipe up globs and lift them to my lips, sucking them clean, repeat as desired. I didn't get it all because Spirit needed to be rewarded and that meant more hugs, kisses and treats. Only as I fed him a treat did I realise we had an audience.

Laura looked me up and down then deliberately cupped her breasts, "Hmm. It might work, but you'll need a lot more of that to get close to these..."

Mirella smiled wider than usual and asked if I wanted lunch, or was I already full?

Deke. "He's cumming on well, isn't he?" Deadpanned with just the slightest twinkle in his eyes.

I ignored all three of them and just turned back to Spirit, kissed his muzzle and, "come on lover, no fucking on first dates, so we might as well go find some lunch."

A shower was needed before I was fit to enter the house. lunch smelled great, Mirella was smiling, Laura hugged me. We celebrated another milestone towards my dream, nothing special, just Mirella's hot chicken salad and mugs of tea. Deke stuck to coffee.

In the days that followed I continued as before, adding in the extra play and every day or two a 'happy ending' for my stallion. This continued until I was sure he was used to it and most importantly, enjoyed it.

The next step was to increase the number of times gradually until it became 'too often'. I needed Spirit to teach me when it was too much, for that I had to watch and wait. Despite the trust and bond we had built up, Spirit is a stallion, well behaved, but that does not mean my boy didn't still have his moments. He taught me when we got to 'too much' by simply turning his head, reaching, taking my hair in his teeth and pulling... !! Ok, so we understood each other. I still had him extend when I washed him, but didn't take it further every day.

The final step was to do away with the dummy and get myself strapped in, which is when Laura marched in with a well chosen spanner to throw into the cogs of my carefully crafted routine. The Whizz wanted a birthday party. In Laura's world a birthday that ends with a zero is a big deal and requires a party. In this case hers.

Laura moved into my life in much the same way as she moved into one of the bedrooms, slowly she took over the parts of my life outside my admittedly rather narrow focus of workshop and stables. At some level I realised just how much effort that involved, not that I didn't appreciate her efforts, I did, but somehow it was understood between us that Laura did what Laura did and I was to let her get on with it and keep my nose in my workshop.

The only reason Laura wanted my input was because her party required guests, people, strangers. Ok, so not total strangers, but people I didn't know well, or at all.

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## **Chapter Ten**

As the day of the party approached I became more and more stressed, for want of a better word. Part of it was the delay in taking the final step to become a belly rider, part was Laura's absence, away closing a contract for another license. A bigger part was the party, people in my house, strangers, not my thing. Spirit was the first to notice, Laura the second, and that only because she was away and still she noticed it the first time she called. It got worse. Then Laura had me get into the pseudo stallion and had Mirella lock me in and set the program, never even told me which one.

That afternoon washed away on a tide of orgasms, wave after wave until I was dripping sweat and running with juices, spent and limp I just lay there taking the pounding, the horse cock throbbing and swelling, the flare felt somehow bigger, though it wasn't, if my mind was still on this planet I would have realised the program was keeping the flare whilst the shaft was still making those long powerful thrusts that made my stomach clench and my thighs tremble. By nightfall I was aching all over, exhausted and still the program kept running. Finally sometime around dawn I reached for the emergency stop. It was covered over. I tried to call out, to scream for Laura, who wasn't there, but Mirella was, she must have been sitting behind me because I felt the cool of a wet flannel on my forehead even as her soft breath wafted into my ear. "Calma Senhora, Laura knows what you need." I didn't get released until lunchtime. I only made it to my bed because Mirella part carried, part dragged me. Laura called soon after. "Mirella will be up with your lunch soon, eat then sleep, I'll be back tomorrow, so just get yourself into your workshop and stay away from the stables until I say, OK?"

I was too tired to do more than nod, which is a stupid way to reply whilst on the phone. I think my silence was enough though, Laura rang off and Mirella duly appeared. I slept through until late evening then stumbled into the bathroom, I desperately needed a shower, a long hot one. Back in bed, the side I hadn't been in, I slept again until morning. I hit the track as usual, though for once I struggled to find my pace and stride, legs still aching I wobbled for four miles, showered and breakfast then ignored Laura's instructions and instead went to find a lounger by the pool, the sun

on my body, mind relaxed as I counted my blessings, Laura chief amongst them.

With Laura back I behaved for two whole days. Spirit forgave me my absence, we went out for a ride, a long gallop across the fields, a slower return. Back in the stable things were in motion, Deke had the unused double stable open, Laura was dressed to ride. Strange.

As we got close Deke beckoned to me and I guided Spirit in, taking note of the extra bedding and Deke's trolley.

A while back Deke had asked if I could make something for him, then handed me a pencil sketch that wasn't very good but had a lot of measurements. A tea-trolley like thing with a padded top and a handle that curved around all four sides, I just put it together and he took it away, I never really stopped to think why he wanted it. Now here it stood in the stable, an intricate looking set of leather straps draped over it. Call me stupid but the penny didn't drop.

I patted Spirit and slid off his back and found myself in Laura's arms. "Ready?"

The penny dropped and suddenly I needed to pee.

Back in the stable I functioned on automatic as Deke eased me back on the trolley and set to adjusting the straps, Laura had a halter on Spirit and at Deke's nod she eased my stallion forward then held him, gentling him as Deke slide the trolly at an angle under Spirit then straightened it up, I reached up and hugged my boy for the first time from underneath.

Deke wasted no time as he deftly passed the various straps over my horse's back and buckled me in. Taking over from Laura he stood watching, gentling Spirit as Laura reached under and started working his sheath, teasing my boy until his cock dropped and began to engorge, finally I felt it, for the first time, a cock against my lips, spreading them wide, pushing them in as the cock head entered me. Laura guiding and caressing. Spirit just stood there, I could feel him, feel his body reacting, not just his cock, all of him, I arched up, pressing myself up against his body, he nickered twice and snorted, but stayed still as Laura buckled the cuffs that held my wrists and ankles before easing the trolley away to leave me swinging gently, testing the cuffs, pulling and pushing against them to make my body sway. Laura moved down to check on how deep Spirit's cock was inside me, she had me swing back and forth, once, again harder, paused whilst Deke adjusted a strap, another swing, it felt different, another adjustment, the next swing drove the cock deeper than I ever took the fake one on the machine yet it felt so good, so very deep. I didn't realise how much I was sweating until Laura's palm swatted my ass. "Ok, lets try the round ring."

That first step took me right back to the story, the feeling of power as Spirit moved and his cock moved back and forth, not much, just enough to make me groan with lust and need. At that point I was basically baggage, too distracted to take control, too enthralled to take notice of my surroundings. Laura had Spirit on a lunge line as she walked him around the ring, watching as I swung beneath my Stallion. Finally I was belly riding... !!

The rhythm was soothing, enough that I started to pay attention, the first thing that struck me was just how truly accurate my pseudo stallion was to the real thing, the next was how weird it was seeing the world from beneath a horse. I could look to the side easily by turning my head, but looking forward required tilting my head back against the pull of the elastic straps that held the leather supporting my head. That brought my face lower, closer to Spirit's hooves as they lifted with each stride, not close, but enough to remind me of my predicament should something go wrong. Then I tried a combination of the two, turning my head to the side whilst tilting back, that worked, just, but now I was looking forward but side on at ninety degrees. Then Laura eased Spirit into a

slow trot and his cock filled me deeper still, withdrew further, then took me again, and again and...

I felt it, the stiffening, a pulsing throb, the flare stretching my insides. Spirit slowed, then hunched three times, and it happened. I bit down on a scream and pulled hard on my wrist cuffs, pushing against my ankle cuffs, inside me his cock was now stiff and then not, just throbbing, thickening, pulsing as he gushed. I did too... !! For a moment I wondered if my nipples would scar his belly ... His cum made me feel like I was bloated, kind of like an enema but different, wrong place, then his cock flopped out, the flare still swollen enough to cause suction, pulling our cum out to splash on the sand. I finally relaxed, body trembling with little aftershocks, my mind in overdrive. I doubted I'd ever stop smiling, I had done it... !!

Back in the stable Deke eased the trolley in position and had the straps loose moments later, Mirella helped me to my feet and let me go as I joined Laura, my hands cradling my Stallion's head as I kissed him over and over until he did the lippy thing and Laura passed me a handful of treats.

Everyone slipped away leaving Spirit and I alone. I took up a curry comb and began grooming him, talking softly, praising him, telling him what a wonderful stallion he was, how big and powerful his cock felt inside me, how much I loved him.

I had to douche before going in for lunch.

Later that afternoon Laura put aside her last minute party stuff and took my hand to lead me back to the stables. I just let myself be led. We both knew I wanted nothing more than to do it again, Laura didn't need to ask, she just grinned, knowing I was trying to behave. Deke had everything ready and this time it seemed only seconds before I was strapped in, except this time it was Deke who teased Spirit until he extended enough for Deke to guide him into me. Once again I felt his cock head dragging my lips inside as his shaft engorged to fill me. Once everything was set Deke led us out into the yard instead of the round ring. Outside Laura was already mounted on Lady, Deke passed her the lead rein that attached to Spirit's halter and with a soft 'cluck' we were moving, my stallion lover filling me as we took up position besides Lady and Laura. Once in the field Laura upped the pace to a slow trot and once again I surrendered to the rhythm, to the trust and pull of the beautiful cock that stretched and filled me so wonderfully. Laura must have been watching us both because just as I felt the first pulse and the flare spreading out, she eased us back into a walk.

The hussy was teasing us... !!

Spirit suddenly swished his tail back and forth, then I felt it, a fly maybe, whatever it was it was crawling along my labia and then it bit.!! For the first time I appreciated how a horse felt. There must have been more because his tail swished repeatedly, only this time it was lashing across my thigh. Laura giggled and took us back to trotting. We left fly central behind, now my attention was back on the pulsing of the cock filling me up. I tried to look up at Laura to see if she noticed, but the horses were too close so all I could see was the tops of her knee boots, I tried signalling Spirit, using a leg movement but upside down, the clever boy reacted, easing sideways, now I could see higher, knee, thigh, damp patch ... Wait... !! Damp patch ... Laura was getting off on leading me around.

Although we turned towards the stables Laura didn't slow us down to a walk until we were almost there, in more ways than one. My scream escaped my lips this time which set Lady prancing, Laura soothing her, calling for Deke to take Spirit. There was no need, my boy was too busy gushing cum into my body to care about anything else.

Men can be weird. I stood out in the yard, legs apart, flushing horse cum from my pussy with the hose and Deke blushed. Oh well, at least I wouldn't leak cum all the way to my bedroom, besides, I

didn't scoop it all out to eat, if I had there would have been no need to flush.

That night I dreamt of galloping along a beach, waves crashing, hair flying in the wind, except I was the horse and Laura was riding me...

The next day Laura was in full party mode, one day to go so the rest of us were busy, though I did sneak out to see Spirit who I swear was preening, I kissed his muzzle, he did the lippy thing, so I gave him his treats before sneaking back out to do as bidden.

Party day. That meant clothes. But first we ran, no excuses, remember? We finished breakfast and Laura scooted upstairs whilst I lingered over a second mug of tea. By the time I had showered Laura had laid out my clothes on my bed, shoes on the floor below, that girl is ... Well, she is... !! The chosen outfit was a dress I don't remember buying, cut low at the back, slit higher than I expected at the side, no underwear so I forgive her, strappy sandals with heels I like but hardly wear as I tower over too many people.

We did the hostess thing, well, ok, Laura played host and I stayed by her side and smiled a lot. Mirella was her usual efficient self, Deke nearly escaped but settled for wrangling the various cars to park sensibly. Everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. The best part was my parents appearing, hugs and kisses, my father keen to see my workshop, my mother swatting his arm and ordering him to behave. That got me a long look from Laura. Then her parents arrived, plus other assorted family. More hugs and kisses, lots of promises to talk later. All in all a pretty normal party. It was late when we closed the door as the last guest left.

Laura led me upstairs, thanked me for a wonderful party, kissed my forehead and walked down the hall to her room, blew a kiss, grinned and disappeared inside. Yes I did get her a present, no I'm not telling you what, but she loved it.

Sunday morning, Laura met me on the stairs as we headed down, orange juice, water, out to hit the track and run. Four miles later and Mirella had our breakfast ready. Apparently Sunday is the new Saturday. Bacon sandwiches... !!

As you know I have sworn never to play poker with Laura, but I have learned her tell, not that it helps in the slightest. I noticed the tell as she dawdled over her second coffee. Deke had already headed out, Mirella was doing Mirella stuff. "The folks aren't coming over until lunch, want to go?" She meant go ride. I almost kissed her... !!

Deke had everything ready and I was soon settled and bound, again it was Deke who got Spirit to extend before guiding him into me,, except it seemed to take Deke longer this time, ho hum. Laura wasn't dressed to ride, like me she often rode naked, she had Lady ready outside, Deke passed her the lead rein and we headed out into the field, hopefully avoiding fly central this time.

I groaned as Laura once again teased us by changing pace just as things were getting good, she did it again as we headed back towards the stables, I thought she would quit once we got there, but instead she guided Spirit into the round ring before taking us to a trot, not a slow trot either. Spirit was almost prancing, I was swaying around in more directions that physics allowed whilst rapidly approaching a massive orgasm, way ahead of my stallion. Eyes closed I bucked and writhed, then my body locked up and I screamed out loud, very loud. Spirit reacted to my pussy trying to squeeze the life from his cock by shoving the anchors on and hunching repeatedly. Once again I felt his cock go ridged, then not, even as he throbbed and pulsed, stretching me, his flare seemed to throb as well, then he hunched once more and seemed to freeze as he gushed. That set me off again and again. Spirit relaxed but his cock stayed engorged, then I heard the applause...

What the FUCK... !!

This was Laura's gift to me. As in the story this this was 'La Confession' or the public coming out ceremony of a belly rider. Me.

Standing around the outside of the round ring's railings were our family, my parents, Laura's parents, family, Mirella, Deke, others I kind of recognised. Laura knelt down in the sand besides me. "You have your dream, you are a sought after engineer, you are a belly rider, now I want my dream." She stood up and I felt her hand in mine, something around my finger, she knelt again. "I resigned effective now." Then she kissed me till my toes curled and Spirit stamped his foreleg. Finally breaking the kiss Laura turned, I noticed our audience had now joined us in the round ring, still kneeling she spoke out loud, clear and pure... "You are all the people we care about. We love each other, now you've see us as we truly are, we both hope you all still love us, 'cos we aren't going to change for anyone but each other. Oh, and..." Laura turned back to face me. "That ring on your finger means we are engaged."

I came, I mean it, out of nowhere it just hit me right in the clit, so my reply was to scream "I love you" over and over, until my body went slack and I found myself being kissed by my fiancé.

Laura stood and 'clucked', Spirit started walking, she led us back into the big double stable then tied the lead rein to a ring near the hay net and turned to start answering questions. Meanwhile I lay there wondering why Spirit hadn't gone limp.

Laying there in the sling beneath Spirit, my stallion, feeling the first pulses, knowing he was soon going cum again in front of all these people, I realised that the story that changed my life might be true, but it wasn't my story. Mine was just starting a whole new volume, and it is ours to write. Laura and I.

A tap on my ass, Laura grinning. "It's the final missing part from the story, you have to wait until he slides out before I will release you ... And thanks to Deke that might take a while...

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Late that night we kissed slowly, tasting each other on our tongues, it was then that Laura paused, licked my nose and in her serious voice announced. "Now you're properly ridden, you've changed, I honestly believe you are better off bred."