

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



We start about six months after the end of [‘Better off Bred’](#) which if you have not read and therefore get confused whilst reading this, it’s your own fault. So...

Chapter One

Laura had resigned from the law firm she worked for, but that didn’t mean she no longer looked after my licences and life outside of the stables and my workshop. Laura simply took control of the company I didn’t know I owned and continued on as only the Whizz can.

Being engaged didn’t really change our lives much, except for the ‘no benefits’ being thrown far, far out of the window. Suddenly I had company in my bed every night of the week, and Mirella as well on some of them. I carried on splitting my time between workshop and stables, Laura did what Laura did, in what I had christened the ‘Lauraverse’ which encompassed everything that wasn’t engineering or belly riding, those were my domain. For months everything just continued, we ran four miles, naked of course, every morning, we rode regularly but not daily, often with Laura mounted on Lady and me under Spirit. Deke had pretty much taken Thief for his own, sometimes he rode with us, but mostly rode out checking fences and doing Deke stuff, he managed the stables and the property and I still didn’t give him any instructions, just left him to it.

Mirella, how best to describe her? From her very first day as housekeeper everything got done without drama, always accompanied by her ready smile and easy going manner. Things changed once she started using the pseudo stallion, (see [Better off Bred](#)) and that is when she started appearing in my bed, not for sex, not as an invited guest, just because after using the pseudo stallion she couldn’t make it far enough to get to her own bed, so crashed on or in mine. Sweat drenched, dripping cum. (Hers... !!) Basically much the same state as me when I’d climbed off Cafune. Mirella had begun to wear clothes only when necessary, either because we had visitors, very rare occasion, or when cooking. Once a month she opted for panties or sometimes added a skirt just to tease Deke. Since Laura and I got engaged Mirella and Deke had become an item, not my business, but an item rather than a couple, Mirella still used the pseudo stallion several times a week and was usually in Deke’s bed the other nights, they still had separate rooms, despite being able to share accommodation if they wanted. I think it suited them both, Deke is the sweetest guy, but his own man, a man that is comfortable with his own company, Mirella being fucked insensate gave him nights alone. It seemed to work for them.

As for Laura and I, we enjoyed each other. Because we had spent so long, so close, but ‘without benefits’ before becoming engaged, we had no secrets, we knew each others bodies, Laura knew all about me, my hours spent riding Cafune, everything. I on the other hand didn’t know much about Laura’s sexual history or preferences, other than her wanting me enough to resign from her uncle’s law firm and become engaged to me. Ok, so I knew enough, but not detail, and not ‘hands on’. So once engaged I made it my mission in life to explore every square millimetre, (Not decimal? Every square 1/576 of an inch) of Laura’s body, learn everything I could about what gave her pleasure and how to both drive her to rapid uncontrollable orgasm and how to drag out arousing her little by little so it took her all evening to reach an orgasm that left her unconscious. I’m an engineer. I need to know how things work, especially things engaged to me. A little OCD perhaps, but she never ever complained at the orgasms. Laura did enjoy using the pseudo stallion, but only ever with ‘normal’ dildos, Laura isn’t what I think they call a size queen, not at all. The closest she came to that was fisting me. Although fisting isn’t a good term, it implies only her fist enters me, but ‘arming me’ makes me sound like a missile. Not sexy.

Then Laura found another spanner. My latest prototype design was almost ready for testing when Laura sauntered into the workshop and asked if I could build her a modified horse cock. Like I’m going to say no to Laura about almost anything. At first I thought the Whizz was going to use it when

she rode the pseudo stallion, maybe working up to belly riding...

Wrong.

The Whizz had a plan, I tried hard to listen but the image of Laura under a stallion, well, I was distracted, ok? Besides, she was naked and that gets me going anytime, so excuse the vague explanation please. Laura had been talking to people in the race horse community, seems that the breeders prefer the AI (Artificial Insemination) method rather than having a valuable stallion cover a valuable mare which whilst more certain carries risks. (Cover is horse people speak for fucking) Not to mention that with AI the stallion's owner can collect the sperm and split it, selling it to inseminate several mares, thus make more money. But still the physical act is more natural, also far more likely to 'take' and better for the mare, so Laura wanted a horse cock made that could be used for AI, all of the physical act without the risk. With the racing crowd who knows, maybe it would be popular. Yes, I know, I'm responsible for creating a 'horse cock on a stick', in my defence at the time I had no idea how cliché a dildo on a stick was/is in certain types of porn films.

Ok, so it wasn't a big spanner, still messed up my routine and delayed the prototype testing. I experimented a bit, modified things, and two weeks later Laura had her remote controlled, internally powered, built in semen reservoir, detachable handle, horse cock. The Whizz disappeared for three days doing Laura stuff in the Lauraverse. Yes I know, but I think it's cute.

Three months go by, the testing all done, prototype now ready for production, and of course licensing, which is a Laura thing. I cleared the bench, double checked the workshop was as tidy as I need it to be, and then, since I own this joint, decided I needed inspiration for my next project and that a nice long belly ride would be good. Deke always helps me, even if Laura is around, but when I looked, the harness he had on Spirit was different, very different because Spirit had a conventional saddle on his back, modified and complete with a sling underneath.

The Whizz turned up then, dressed to ride and I find out she wants to try riding Spirit whilst I'm belly riding him. I know Spirit is a big strong stallion, but carry two people? One on, one under? And me being the 'under' would be the one squashed under his and Laura's weight. Ok, so I find it hard to say no to Laura, we tried it, but only in the paddock and not for too long. It was kind of nice.

The way a belly rider is suspended under the horse is important, if it's not made and adjusted correctly the horse or rider could be hurt, yes the rider is more vulnerable, but I very much doubt any rider cares less for the horse than they do for themselves. My design was in two parts, the harness, which is the part that goes over and around the horse, from which the sling is suspended, which cradles and supports the rider. This new rig combined the saddle with the harness. The tricky part is the position of the belly riders arms, the legs are not a problem as they wrap around the horse behind the mounted rider. The arms however rise at more or less the same place as the mounted riders lower legs and knees.

Obviously the mounted rider has to be in the correct conventional position, the issue is where the belly riders arms and hands go. The position is important because the belly rider uses her hands to hold the reins and guide the horse, ok, I don't, but bear with me, she also uses her arms and legs to control the movement of the sling. Get that wrong and the rider could be impaled. As kebabs don't survive, that part is best avoided.

Deke had solved the problem by having the straps that anchored the wrist cuffs adjustable to allow them to be in front or behind the mounted riders knees and still have the usual height adjustment.

Back in the stable after our ride I was still in the sling because Spirit was still deep inside me. Yes I

could have worked him out and 'dismounted', maybe it's because of that original story, but I only do that if I absolutely have too. It seems disrespectful to leave him aroused once I've had my fun, so as in the original story I almost always wait for him to soften and 'fall out' before getting out of the sling.

Laura knows full well that whilst I'm waiting and usually enjoying the after effects of the multiple orgasms, I'm very relaxed and therefore receptive to whatever intrusion she wants to make me suffer, no, not sexual intrusion, sheesh... !! Things like meetings, trips away, anything that stops my daily pleasures of workshop and belly riding, I don't count Laura because firstly she accompanies me and secondly Laura is my fiancé, the Whizz owns my heart, without her there would be no pleasure in my life.

With that sentiment in mind, Laura chose that moment to announce. "We need to talk..."

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## Chapter Two

I think Laura chose those words as a test. The Whizz sometimes just can't comprehend how awful my social skills are. You, dear reader would most probably cringe at those words. Me? I just smiled and tried my best to give my lover my full attention. Not easy with a stallion's cock deep inside you. Anyways, I was unaware of the usual reaction, Laura just looked at me, sighed then started talking.

Laura had a plan, phase one, our getting engaged, completed. Phase two, living, loving and enjoying each other with lots of orgasms, check. There was something about the company, licenses and investment portfolio, but that's Laura stuff, I hear the words, but all I can do is stare at her nipples, makes me wet.

"Stop looking at my nipples, this is important... !!" Laura is cute when she stamps her foot ... Makes her nipples dance... "Ok, stop, get your eyes off my nipples and I'll get them pierced for you."

FUCK... !!!

Now I was utterly lost, how do you decide if bare naked natural nipples would be improved by piercing... ?? What if they got infected... ?? Bars or rings... ?? Could I design a... "SLAP" Laura left her handprint on my ass. Hit so hard Spirit turned to look at her, disapprovingly, I thought.

"Ok darling, steady" Pause. "So, should I spank her again?"

Since when is Spirit on Laura's side?

If you ever need to understand what peeved means, right then Laura personified it.

Spirit chose that moment to start pulsing his cock, which means he's about to cum. Yummy. Anyway, by the time I'd returned to earth and my beautiful stallion had gone back to nibbling on his hay net, Laura had stopped being peeved and was grinning.

"As I was saying..." Laura continued, apparently her plan had a phase three which was that at some point we would get married, then, between apologies and curses that this wasn't romantic, she told me we needed to get married soon, legal stuff, you know how I deal with that, those nipples ... I don't mind Laura spanking me, kind of tingles and the pain/pleasure thing and ... Ok, so it makes her nipples dance...

Out in the Lauraverse there are rules about who can marry, how, where, what is said, by who, invitations, cake, dresses ... Laura stuff. I did what I always did, counted myself lucky to be loved by the Whizz and said yes, to all of it. Laura smiled, kissed me whilst using a fingertip on my clit, didn't stop until I orgasmed. Left smiling. At some point I'm sure I'll find out when and where we are getting married. However, Spirit had finally 'dropped out', so I scrambled out of the sling and removed his harness. Groomed him, just because, kissed his muzzle, he has a new trick, I kiss him, he sticks his tongue out, I suck on it, he does the lippy thing, I grin and we are both happy, he started it without any prompting from me, I love him so much. Then I scooted into the workshop, that thing about pierced nipples gave me an idea ... Project time... !!

A couple of months went by, my project was starting to gel, life was good, no trips planned, no meetings impending. We had both been out in the Lauraverse that week, we met her uncle, one of them, at the court house, marriage license thingy. Legal stuff is Laura stuff. I just did as instructed and tried not to look stupid. Her uncle and I shared a joke, it was the first time he'd ever seen me with clothes on.

Bench test running so nothing urgent to do until I had the results, so I was lazing on the sofa, catching up on tech journals I subscribe to then read months later, the Whizz had been busy recently, in whirlwind mode, Mirella was involved somehow, Deke too I thought. Then Tornado Laura struck.

By then I had learned that when Laura got that certain look, it was best to simply go along with whatever she wanted, secondly it was better not to ask what she had planned. Abiding by these two self imposed rules had so far resulted in some of the hottest sex we had shared. That afternoon I saw the look, so when Laura beckoned I put away my engineering magazine and followed her upstairs.

We entered the bedroom hand in hand but instead of the bed, Laura guided me into the bathroom. Being naked most of the time makes a lot of things much easier, we didn't have to undress before getting into the shower, just pause to kiss whilst the temperature control did it's thing, Laura kept kissing me as she pressed me backwards under the hot water, the way she handled me meant she was intent on taking charge. Starting with my head she washed my hair, rinsed, repeated, rinsed again, then as the conditioner set she moved down, face, shoulders, chest, pause to go back up and rinse my hair, back down, this time to my breasts, back, tummy, loins, ass, yes I know you can name the parts, the point is that it was done so, so, slowly, sensual, next she douched me and then caught me by surprise by giving me an enema, ok, so whatever the Whizz had in mind was going to be different...

Hips and loins again, thighs and on down to my feet. At this point I kind of expected big fluffy towels but instead Laura led me out onto the balcony and sat me in one of the chairs facing out across the fields, then she proceeded to slowly and carefully brush out my hair whilst my body air dried in the sun. In the Lauraverse my hair has to be long, a lot longer than I kept it before she came into my life, so with years of growth and minimal trimming my hair when brushed out hung down my back to end below my shoulder blades. That it annoyed the heck out of me when in the workshop was apparently irrelevant, all my complaints got me was a lesson in loose plaiting and a collection of scrunchies.

Now as much as long hair wasn't my preference, having Laura take her time brushing it out was ultra high on ways to calm me down and get my pussy dripping and my thighs sticky. It has me leaving puddles wherever I sit and would be embarrassing if I cared. Once my front was dry she had me turn and straddle the chair, legs spread either side of the chair back. No more brushing, instead Laura moved her chair so we were almost nose to nose, took my face in her hands and spoke.

"I made sure you had your dreams before I asked you for mine and we got engaged, now we are

getting married I want something, you don't realise it, but you want it too. No I'm not going to explain myself, haven't before, not starting now."

She tilted her head and kissed me, really, deeply, curled my toes kissed me. When she does that I melt, she knows it. I didn't know how long we kissed, didn't care either. Eventually our lips parted and Laura reached around, running one fingertip down my spine, neck to tailbone.

"Ok, you're dry, well, except that pussy of course, the Whizz took me in her arms as we stood, a hand drifting down, "thighs too, perfect." Arm in arm we went back inside and through the bedroom to the dressing room where the two pseudo stallions were still installed. Deke must have been involved because Laura's favourite dildo was mounted above the horse cock. In one fluid motion Laura had me laid back in the sling, ankles and wrists cuffed, the horse cock poised, barely touching my already puffy labia. What happened next was a complete surprise.

Laura fiddled with the program buttons and then plugged in the cable for the manual control, hooking it over the post that my right wrist was bound to, then she carefully climbed on top of me, aligning herself precisely. Reaching out she tapped the remote once and the horse cock pressed between my labia, dragging them in as it slowly drove deeper and deeper until it was at full depth. Of course that meant that the dildo was now inside Laura, though she was not of course as deeply impaled as I was.

"Now that we are getting married I'm not going to settle for being second to Spirit in any way. I know you love him, that you'll go on belly riding, I want you to be happy. But I want you to know the hierarchy too. So tonight my horse fucking, belly riding wife to be, I'm going to mount you and fill you more than Spirit ever has, deeper than you've taken before, I'm going to ride you until you beg me to stop, but I won't, you are going to cum until you pass out, then cum some more."

If the look in her eyes wasn't enough, the low sexy tone of command in her voice was enough to convince me we were in for a long memorable night.

"We are not going to make love, you and I, I am going to do as Spirit does, not when you are swinging under him, but in those dreams. You know the ones, they started out with an unknown stallion, then with Nuage, and now with Spirit. I KNOW your deepest fantasy my love, so as you give me what I need, I'm going to give you what you want, but don't ever admit."

A single tap on the remote and I felt the horse cock nudge deeper, felt the tightness as it stretched me inside, Laura groaned deep in her throat as the dildo pressed deeper into her. Another touch and the program she set started running, the pseudo stallion fucking us both as I began to swing in the harness, Laura laid upon me, her body pressed to mine, we kissed, a part of me registered that her extra weight changed how the sling swayed. The thrusts were long and slow, relentless. Laura broke the kiss.

"I'm controlling the program, I am going to stop and start it when I want, because tonight isn't about making you cum, it's about you being bound and helpless, used for a stallion's pleasure, taken as HE wants, without a thought for you or your needs."

Laura dipped her head to the side, lips on my neck, then she bit, hard enough to bruise, sucked, marked me as hers, I came. I came just because my lover marked me, loved me enough to understand my deepest desires, more than that would make my fantasy come true. The truly awesome part? I believe with all my heart she would make my fantasy come true no matter what it was, or how it turned her on, even repulsed her, if it was mine, she would make it happen. How often do you find a lover that committed to your life, your pleasure?

Laura's cycle of arousal is way different to mine, so the machine was stopped to suit her needs, started when her body was ready for more. My body couldn't get in sync with her, I was thus kept from cumming, not edged exactly, sometimes it stopped before I was close, other times one stroke more would have me screaming instead of begging. At other times I would be screaming in orgasm, begging for it to stop, but it just kept fucking me. It mattered not, Laura was doing as Laura does, keeping her word. Using me, driving me slowly insane so that sometime in the night my mind decided it was her cock inside me, Laura somehow became Nuage. She mind fucked me, kept me cumming until some time after dawn I passed out. True to her word I came around still being fucked. It was hours later that I passed out again.

When I say that I was mind fucked I really meant it. Coming round the second time I was utterly disorientated. Before I passed out Laura had become Nuage, now conscious again I could feel her cock, her warm pulsing horse cock deep inside me, feel her warmth against my body. Her soft tender voice, breath on my cheek as she spoke. "Welcome back lover."

Laura was standing beside us, Spirit and I, it was late morning and the ceremony was about to start.

Yes, whilst I was passed out the second time Laura, Mirella and Deke had lifted me from the pseudo stallion's sling, bathed me and carried me down and outside where they managed to get me into the sling hanging beneath Spirit. I told you I was mind fucked, aching too, I was too out of it to see how much more of that horse cock I took, but it was enough to bring back those stretched deep aches I remembered so well from when I was stretching myself.

Across the lawn I could see the chairs, our families and friends already seated, the rose arbour, the officiant, (what an awful title) who was one of Laura's uncles and a JP.

The ceremony was simple, all of our families were there, friends too, basically everyone who had been there when we got engaged at my "La Confession". As we reached the chairs Laura slipped down from Spirit, her naked oiled body gleaming in the sunlight, We three walked slowly down the aisle, Spirit showing off, extending his forelegs at each step. Ok, I might have given him a certain signal. Our fathers stood and gave us away, then Laura's cousin stepped forward holding out a purple velvet cushion upon which lay a curled rope within which were two rope rings.

We spoke the words Laura had written, carefully crafted to express our commitment whilst vague enough not to directly involve Spirit. Laura had bought plain gold bands as wedding rings when she bought our engagement rings, but the gold rings were not on the cushion. Instead Laura's mother picked up the first rope ring, my mother the second. Our mothers then deftly opened the catches for each and whilst my mother set hers around Laura's neck, so Laura's mother set hers around mine. Laura then picked up the coiled rope and fitted it around Spirit's neck.

Where Laura got the ropes from I still don't know, they are soft as silk but not silk, they are white with silver strands and have gold catches that appear to be barrels when closed. They match, all three, Laura had planned it all, without saying anything that might be used against us, we had effectively vowed ourselves to each other, Laura, Spirit and I.

Whilst a surprise, that isn't the most stunning part. I wore the rope because it was my marriage band, I habitually rode Spirit without bridle or saddle if I was on his back, with harness and sling when belly riding, in either case I always had a loop of rope around his neck, a habit I learned from Yvette so long ago. Now Spirit wears his marriage band. What stunned me was/is Laura wearing hers, to my knowledge she only ever takes it off to clean it, as do I. It is perfectly fine getting wet, so it stays on in the shower or swimming, etc.



Laura in full business rig with that white and silver rope around her neck is eye catching. On some it might appear out of place, but Laura wears it like a crown.

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Chapter Three

We exchanged kisses and that was the end of the simple ceremony. Mirella announced that the reception would be held in the barn, then scooted away in that direction. Laura, Spirit and I remained for a while talking to our parents, then Laura excused us and led me away, well led Spirit away. We had done it... !! We were wife, stallion and wife.

No, I didn't consider Spirit my husband, that would be ridiculous. Beside which I detest people who try to impose human emotions and thoughts onto animals. Have some respect. Spirit shows me he loves me, he does things entirely of his own accord that demonstrate that love. That he accepts me hanging beneath him with his cock inside me is only a small part of it. He is a big powerful stallion, yet he responds to my touch, my voice, allows me to guide him without saddle or reins, yes he has his moments, but even then I've never feared him hurting me, which he could easily, beneath him I'm vulnerable to a kick, not to mention him going down, I'd be squashed under his weight. Maybe it's the sheer amount of time we spend together, intimately connected yes, but not just that. Grooming, washing, just being together, inside the stable or out in the fields, there is a connection, a shared love. Not imposed upon him, freely given by him. My stallion, my lover, not my husband.

How things would work with Laura I had no idea, I guessed we would have the same problem with other people. 'So which one is the husband?' Why should we fit into someone else's box? Not that I was at all concerned, Laura would know how to deal with that, it's a Laura thing, Mistress of the Lauraverse.

Whilst I was daydreaming we had arrived back at the stables, Laura shut Spirit and I into the stable, he headed straight for his water, whilst I settled down to wait for his cock to retract and drop out of me.

A little later Deke entered, carrying an assortment of straps and stuff, he gentled Spirit, talking softly and part rub, part caressing him, Deke has a way with horses, Spirit does not need the gentling, but he isn't about to complain at the attention. I got ignored, that means Deke is doing Laura stuff. No point asking him, yes I own the joint, employ him, but he is family, not blood of course, Still, I'd not want him torn between Laura and I, especially for something so minor. So I just relaxed in the sling and let him fiddle with the harness. Then Laura returned, a cloth draped over her arm, covering something.

They both waited, I did too. Spirit got bored of waiting and his cock slipped out of me, his cum as usual pouring out and down over my ass before streaming down to soak the straw strewn floor. The feel of his warm cum tickles my rosebud, for some reason it never fails to make me shiver with a lust I can't quite name.

Laura and Deke got busy, still no words, but I felt the pressure against my still gaping pussy, the delicious stretch as Laura pushed something, no, not something, one of the horse cocks, my horse cocks, wait... !! Why... ?? For whatever reason Laura wanted me full, she was pushing, I think Deke helped, slowly she forced it deep, deeper, as much as I'd ever taken, then just a bit, no, more than a bit more. The ache was back, I was filled more than was comfortable, rolling my hips and writhing didn't help, just kind of straightened the creases. I felt the straps they were fiddling with, that horse cock was staying in me until Laura decided otherwise.

Whatever Laura's plan was, the preparations were complete, all the straps in place, Deke opened the stable door then turned to help Laura mount. Me. I was just baggage, along for the ride, mostly I was confused, why fill me full of fake horse cock when I'm right here under Spirit, who has a perfectly yummy real horse cock right there ready to fill me, if he was aroused...

Laura walked us out into the yard then headed for the paddock, the reception was in the back end of the barn, a huge area normally used to park the tractor and assorted Deke stuff. Emptied out and cleaned up it was more than big enough for our guests, it also let Spirit attend, I love him but he's not getting into the house, ever.

Once out in the paddock Laura eased Spirit into a trot and started carving big circles around the paddock. It was weird, I'd never even thought of belly riding with a fake horse cock, why do such a thing... ??

Laura does what Laura does, in this case it was making me wait, giving me time to relax into the rhythm, only then did she speak, loud and clear, enough so I could hear every word without straining to listen.

"That's not one of your fake horse cocks sweetheart. It's the one you built for me, for the racehorses. All those things I told you, they are absolutely true, I just never intended to offer it to anyone to use. You built it for me, I'm using it."

I swear to you I was on the very edge of orgasm just imagining Laura using that horse cock. Spirit must have wanted to join in because I could feel his cock extending, trusting between my belly and his.

"I'm using it right now, just as I intended. I told you I was going to do things that Spirit cannot do for you. You know I keep my word. I tested it all out, it's perfect, and guess what? I does not just work with horse semen. Human semen works just fine too..."

I had been too captivated by her words to notice we had reached the barn. Laura lowered one arm so I could see her hand, the remote, she pressed it. I came, feeling the cock pulsing so deep within me, came again, screaming, out of my mind with the most intense orgasm of my life.

Laura does like to grandstand. I know she committed the various scenes in the original story to memory, I know she has re-created many just to please me. Now I think she is writing her own, finding ways to have me display myself before others. I think it makes Laura cum, I know it makes me cum.

I passed out, for once not from being fucked, from being bred...

Really bred, like pregnant bred. I've never taken any form of birth control in my life, never needed to.

As I regained consciousness I found that Spirit was really joining in, his cock was now fully erect, trapped between my body and his, the underside was doing wonderful things to my clit, the flare massaging my breasts, or being massaged by them. Back in the stable Deke had adjusted the sling so I was much, much further back than ever before, I didn't think it could be adjusted that far, it did however hold my legs bent forward, thighs almost touching my sides, which tilted my hips up high, and ... Ohh fuck, I could feel his sack bouncing against my butt, his sheath pressing against my already over full sex. It felt like I was taking him all, impossible to actually do, and live, but the sensations were exactly as I imagined it would feel like.

I was hot, sweaty, as was Spirit's belly. Laura was mingling, which meant I was being shown off, up close and personal, to all our guests, the thing was, Laura manoeuvring Spirit, having him back up, move sideways, walk forward, all that motion was jostling both me and Spirit's cock, probably helped by my squirming, he seemed to enjoy it because it wasn't long before I felt him pulse, which means...

How many brides, at their reception, in full view of all their guests, get a pearl necklace? Ok, now how many from a horse?

I like horse cum, it's part of the whole belly riding thing, I do still lick and suck on Spirit's cock when we are in the mood. Not as much as I used to when I was training him but still, I don't usually have him cum between my tits, cover my chest neck and face, well, ok, not with guests present anyway.

Laura slipped down off Spirit's back, bent down, cupped my sticky semen covered face in her hands, licked my cheek and...

"Mmm yummy mummy..."

I came again. Exploded. Passed out.

So I was Spirit's lover, but now I was definitely Laura's mare.

The End... ??

Well almost...

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## **Chapter Four**

I've said it before. Never play poker with Laura. Now I need to add to that very sensible rule. Never forget lawyers are tricky, they choose their words to be truthful yet at the same time obfuscating.

The point... ??

I hadn't been impregnated, I wasn't pregnant. Laura never lied, she spoke the truth, but chose her words carefully to make me believe I was, at the time.

Was I disappointed... ?? Honestly, no, not really, I've said before that sometimes dreams are better than the reality of them becoming real. For me this was such an experience, for the short time I believed it, it was utterly intoxicating, but then my mind turned to the practicalities, pregnancy, childbirth, being a mother, these are life changing events, all would impact our lives, we would have to adjust our routines, how do you keep belly riding from a child? At what age is it appropriate to allow them to see, to learn that mummy likes to be impaled under a stallion?

Yes, exactly.

So no I wasn't disappointed. Maybe that is selfish, but I think it is just practical. Laura and I had just married, we should give ourselves time to get used to that, enjoy it, before taking another life changing step.

There was one other reason, one you might well realise if you have read these stories. I'm not good with people, I don't have the patience to make polite conversation, I don't like pretending to care about all the petty stuff, idiot celebrities, brain dead soap operas, farcebook. It's not that I can't, just that I much prefer sticking to engineering and belly riding. That is in part why Laura and I are so

compatible, why I christened everything outside of my narrow focus, the 'Lauraverse'. Laura is it's mistress, bends it to her will, most importantly, keeps it well away from me as much as possible. Mirella and Deke are so much a part of us they are family, Patricia too, in her own way, although now she no longer lives with us, but visits as often as her career allows.

We talked later, decided there probably would be children, that adoption wasn't an option, that Laura's method would be used again, but not just then. In time it was, our daughters are a delight, but not a part of this story, probably not any future story. In time they will make their own life choices and follow their own dreams, maybe they will write their own story. Maybe not.

This chapter of our lives could end here, but there is one part that should probably be included, because it was another case of Laura's take on a central part of the original story that started all of this.

In 'The Belly Riders' the central character trains for and takes part in Carnival. Laura had determined that I too should belly ride in public. Of course Laura didn't tell me her plan, she just asked me to start doing yoga as part of my daily workout. At the time I was focussed on another invention and simply agreed without wondering why, if Laura wanted it, I would do it. So I did, we did, Laura joined in with every exercise, all targeted at flexibility.

Before we go too much further I think a little clarification is needed. Laura and I are not examples of a D/s relationship. Yes I do as Laura asks me, I love and trust her, so why wouldn't I? Laura also does as I ask, actually does as I say, but only with regard to the workshop and belly riding, my interests. The whole 'Lauraverse' is her domain, anything she decides I simply agree with.

If I had not been so focussed on my latest prototype I would have noticed the plotting, actually I did notice parts of it, just never took note or questioned anything. Not unusual for me.

Then a large red block appeared on my wall planner. If you understand project management you'll know why my workshop has a wall planner, if you don't, think diary and move on. It was bright red. It took up an entire week. I was not happy. I know Laura's knack for spanner throwing was well intended, but still...

I own the joint. I burst into her office intent on putting the hussy straight. Laura was on the phone, no, Laura was sitting naked at her desk, phone in hand, looking at me, no, eyes burning with 'fuck me now' sparkles. The hussy even raised her free hand and pinched one pert nipple. I forgot why I burst in. Moreover, I now didn't care. Ok, I cared a little, just enough to bite that nipple before kissing, ok, sucking, it better. The Whizz finished ordering the Lauraverse about and turned her chair to get us closer, "I know about Spirit." Those words soft as her kiss upon my neck, told me everything I ever needed to know about Laura. It's really very simple, Laura knows me, understands me, makes sure she is up to date on my daily life, not to control, to ensure I'm happy.

Spirit had learned a new trick, actually a new way to command me.

From the day he was born I began a relationship with Spirit, at first just being around, handling him, ensuring he imprinted on me, trusted me. Slowly we learned to communicate, he learned everything a foal needs to learn from Lady, his mother. Everything else he learned from me, but it's a two way street, I have learned from him, and just as he obeys my commands, I obey his.

One of the things that has always concerned me was my 'using' Spirit to achieve my dream. Obviously a naked girl isn't going to force a full grown Stallion to do anything against his will, especially when she uses only a touch or a softly spoken command. But still. I constantly looked for any sign Spirit was an unwilling party to our lovemaking.

We had long ago established a command for 'make me cum'. Usually it happened when I was washing him, sometimes when grooming him. Spirit would let his cock down so it hung towards the floor, then turn his head and do the lippy thing with his muzzle pressed to my head. I in turn would stop what I was doing, wash his cock unless I'd just done so, then take him in both hands and give him my version of a blow job. No, I can't take him in my mouth, not enough to matter, instead I open my mouth wide, press my lips to his cock and suck, whilst using my tongue to caress and both hands to both support and pleasure his shaft. I don't just concentrate on the head, I move to cover the whole shaft, sucking, licking, worshiping. I don't stop until he cums. Yes I love the taste, yes he cums over my face, neck and tits. He enjoys it, I have the proof, because he initiates it. I love him, my big beautiful stallion.

So recently Spirit learned a new trick, ok, taught me a new command. I don't ride him every day, I don't always belly ride, sometimes I'll ride him conventionally, well, no bridle or saddle, but on top, not slung underneath. An average would be somewhere between two and three times a week that I belly ride. Apparently Spirit wants more.

The command... ?? He does what a lot, probably most stallions do at some point, he runs out his cock, fully engorged and then uses his muscles to jerk it upwards so it smacks against his belly. Repeatedly. What Spirit added was a one-two stamp of his forelegs, pause, repeated. Think of a train on the tracks, one-two, pause, one-two, pause. That was the new command he developed, it meant, 'I want to fuck'. So we did, every time he used the command, I got out the harness and sling, called Deke, Mirella or Laura to help, and got myself in position. My lover wanted me, I obeyed, mare to his stallion. Sometimes we fucked, sometimes we made love. Yes, there is a difference.

Laura's lips were still brushing my neck, soft as her words. "I know the red block is annoying, I didn't get to set the dates, we are taking a trip and those are the dates that make it work." I'd forgiven her the red thing as soon as she pinched her nipple. "Now I need more of your time, I need you to do a body cast, like you did for Patricia, but simpler, please?"

I didn't answer, Laura already knew it, of course I'd drop everything and make what the Whizz wanted. I love her.

Laura isn't an Engineer, the body cast was actually more complicated, weird too, but I didn't ask what it was for, apart from very obviously being custom made to fit me.

A week past, nearly two, then Laura invaded my workshop, brought reinforcements too. The cast had been made, removed, no idea where, now a dressed for riding Laura was buckling a harness around my head and neck whilst Mirella removed my gloves and Deke took off my boots. Naked but for the head harness, bridle? I followed Laura, no choice, she had me on a lead rein, out of the workshop and past the stables into the new barn, which was actually built as an indoor schooling ring. No, it's not round, it's oblong, the size of a dressage arena but with a little extra length for seating, and enough extra width so we could have people on benches two rows deep along both long sides.

The school wasn't empty as I'd expect, instead in the centre stood a horse, not a living breathing horse, but a horse in all but that, the closer we got the more I could appreciate how much Laura had spent, not just in money, in attention to detail, it was a mare frozen in the act of mating, legs braced, head up and alert, ears forward, tail swept up and aside. Closer and I could see the stand, the legs were not the only support, there was a sturdily designed but unobtrusive set of supports front and rear, directly inside each leg, so they almost passed notice.

Only when we were right up close did Laura press against a spot on the mare's belly, a soft click and

the swoosh of gas struts. The entire side of the body and outer hind leg lifted... !! Inside was the body mould, just as Laura had me make. It was designed to fit me whilst bent forward at almost ninety degrees, formed to fit from shins to shoulders. Laura reached for a catch and opened the inside of the other hind leg, then gently but firmly guided me into place, Mirella and Deke busy fastening velcro straps to hold me in the cast. Once secured Laura produced a bit, a horses bit, rubber covered, thinner than usual, and before I could ask, slipped it in place and buckled it tight.

"Remember what you did for Patricia?" My wife had moved so we were almost nose to nose. I nodded. "Now I'm doing the same for you." My eyes went wide and my pussy melted. "I know you sweetheart, your dreams, your desires, your secrets." Laura kissed my forehead. "You are my wife, but you are also Spirit's mare. At least you want to be, but a true mare is mounted by her stallion..." She paused. "New rule, when you are wearing that bridle your status is Spirit's mare." I felt her hand tracing along my body from shoulder to hip, curving around, fingers on my pussy, I tried to wriggle, couldn't. "No, lover, this time you can't move, this time you can only take what Spirit gives you." If I didn't trust Laura completely I'd have been freaking out, safety first, always, I knew I could take a cock deeper than anyone who had not taken the time to stretch themselves as I had, but I knew I had limits, finite limits that if exceeded would rip me apart inside. Laura smiled, fiddled with something around my head, then covered my ears, kissed my forehead once more and closed the panels, leaving me alone in the dark, deaf, no, not deaf, I could hear something.

At first I thought it was my heartbeat, but it was too slow, a deeper sound, stronger somehow. It got louder, it sped up a little, louder still, a little faster. I felt the vibration as Spirit mounted. The thrust came without any warning, no tenderness, just a powerful thrust, not deep. Another, another, deeper this time, deeper. Spirit fucked, held, came, pumping, pulled out. I was alone. No, the heartbeat that had been faster and loud now slowed and faded.

Being mounted is a very different sensation to belly riding. In the sling I'm a sheath for his cock, constantly filled with living, pulsing hot horse cock. Movement causes me to swing, back and forth, side to side, up and down, he can thrust by hunching his hind quarters, but that only gains him a little depth, so really I'm fucking him, not being fucked by him. Mounted is the reverse, I'm immobile, he thrusts, hard and quick, almost violent in his lust. It blew my mind every bit as much as my first orgasm belly riding.

The Whizz is a genius... !! I love that girl, utterly. No idea who she had do it. Her idea though, a Laura thing. Only she would think to put a sensor on Spirit to pick up his heartbeat and send it to my earphones. No antenna, so distance made the signal fade. I wasn't alone, Spirit was in the school with me, must be free, unlike me. I'm just a mare in season, in heat, his mare. His to mount when he chooses.

Laura didn't let me out until morning, just enough time to pee, drink, and hit the track to run, Laura full of pride in her successful plot, me staggering alongside, willing my muscles to work, I think they did, must have, I didn't care, my eyes were on Laura's breasts. She ignored me, her nipples didn't.

Later I examined Laura's creation, it really was as authentic as possible, given it's purpose. The vagina was cast in a similar way to that I'd used to make the 'skin' of my fake horse cocks for the pseudo stallion, it acted as a guide and was sculpted to press lightly against me, allowing Spirit to thrust naturally, much like one of the methods used to capture stallion seamen for AI breeding. The body mould held me secure and made it impossible for me to push back and therefore be impaled too deeply, just as the 'fake' mare's hindquarters stopped Spirit from thrusting further than was naturally possible. I also noticed the camera, surrounded by little IR lights, I wasn't truly alone, Laura, or someone, was watching, caring.

Of course that was only the first of many times I've been strapped in and left. At first Laura applied a little extra, coating the vagina with a sample from a mare in oestrous. Surprisingly quickly, or maybe not so surprising, Spirit accepted my scent, my arousal, my dripping pussy just as readily as he did a mare. So now when I get strapped in he needs nothing to arouse him, he knows I'm his to take, to mount, to breed.

Laura, my lover, my wife, the Whizz, is also an evil scheming hussy. She decides when I get locked in, keeps the bridle so I can't wear it when I want, sometimes she locks me in when she knows Spirit has been inside me more often than usual, when he isn't particularly horny. Makes no matter, I don't get the choice, once I spent a whole twelve hours listening to his heartbeat, not once did he mount me. Other times his randy stallion hormones go hyper and I am left sore, aching, and even more in love with him, Spirit, my stallion.

So on our wedding day I wasn't really inseminated, just made to think I was. Spirit, as virile as he is, could never actually breed me, much as he tries, but one day, years later, Laura used that exact same method, it worked, our daughters are the proof. So eventually it came true, which means, of course, that I really was Laura's mare.

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*For those that care, the trip Laura had blocked out on my planner forms another story, 'My Faire Lady', so you might want to watch out for it and others yet to come.*

*Laura's Mare is the second in a collection of stories about various parts of my life, those important to me, and the things I enjoy. There is sex, because that is part of the story, there is bestiality, because again, that forms part of the story.*

*There are also a number of side stories, all of which link in some way to the main story.*

*I hope you enjoy my story and very much appreciate receiving comments.*

*Ridden*