

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Public belly riding in the USA. This story continues on from where [‘Laura’s Mare’](#) ended.

Chapter One

The finale of the book that changed my life centred on Carnival, specifically the main character achieving her ambition to belly ride with one of the Samba Schools taking part in Carnival. Living in the USA I knew that my chances of belly riding in public were exactly zero. Unless of course I wanted to be locked up with the key thrown away.

Laura thought differently.

As you know by now, my social skills are ... Ugly. I much prefer to be in my workshop or under Spirit, rather than out in the Lauraverse trying to be polite and not obviously count the minutes before I can get back home, lest Laura apply her exasperated elbow to my frustrated ribs.

That is why we have an unspoken pact. Laura does not tell me in advance when we have to go out, in return I try my best to behave when we do. The big red block on my wall planner was getting way to close, annoyingly so because I was struggling with a new prototype and taking my frustrations out on Spirit, so far he was humouring me, accepting my increased need to feel his cock as deep inside me as I dared as we trotted through the fields, summer sun warm on our bodies, orgasms sweeping away every tiny frustration, clearing my mind, and when Spirit slowed, pranced, throbbed and pulsed deep inside me, his cum filling me up, overflowing, perfect. Just perfect.

But it didn't stay that way. Spirit is a stallion, my stallion, we have a level of trust built on years of daily contact, he listens to me, obeys a touch, a soft word, I listen to him too, except that day I wasn't. Frustration in the workshop led to my taking out those frustrations on Spirit's cock, riding hard, fast and deep as if to drive the frustrations out of my body.

Actions have consequences, my failure to pay attention to Spirit cost me. My stallion is smart, too well behaved to play up, he made his point another way. Belly riding means the rider is suspended under the horse, naked, only the straps of the sling covers the riders body, so when the horse decides to walk s-l-o-w-l-y through the largest patch of nettles on the entire property...

I screamed, ok, so I came too, but mostly I just screamed, nettles dragged across bare skin hurt, bound beneath Spirit I had no choice but to endure. Yes, he will obey a light touch, a soft word, but I had ignored him, so he was ignoring me. I was learning my lesson, I swear he turned around and backed up just to ensure every tender part of me got stung. Well, every part exposed, I was after all face up and pressed against his belly.

Finally my stallion was satisfied I'd learned my lesson, he ambled out of the nettles, taking his sweet time, as if just one squeak from me would have him turned and back in there for another lesson.

My problem was I knew I deserved it. I've always insisted that communication between us had to be a two way street, I broke my own rule, had just been punished for it. So now I couldn't hurry back to get released and showered and treated. That would be cheating, so we rode on, heading further away from the house, the stables, I let Spirit's stride dictate the swinging of the sling, relaxed my arms and legs and allowed him control. I was determined to pay attention to Spirit, despite the way the nettle rash was blossoming. It felt like fire ants crawling, biting their way over my entire back, from my shoulders to my ass, worst was that it wrapped around and covered my inner thighs and every intimate inch of skin between them. Being filled with horse cock stretches my sex, my labia, adding nettle rash is just plain evil... !!

I swear it was the first time I ever cried whilst cumming. The stinging must have heightened my

sensitivity, everything, every sensation was more intense, more detailed, just more. Afterwards I wondered if pain added to pleasure was like turning a black and white scene into full colour, right then I was too busy crying, cumming, whispering to Spirit, repenting my sins, whilst working my muscles, doing my best to squeeze myself around his cock, draw him in deeper, give him as much pleasure as he gave me, until finally he came. Being filled with his cum felt like absolution.

When we finally returned to the stables it was Deke who helped me out of the sling. Spirit had already 'dropped out', his cock sated, retracted. Deke glanced at my back, my inner thighs. He grinned. Never said a word though. Unlike Laura and later Mirella.

Deke helped me remove the sling and harness so I could lead Spirit into the wash room. Yes wash room. One of my few indulgences. Built in a part of the otherwise mostly unused end of the barn makes it easy to get to from the stables at the other end. Inside it's like a shower room for horses. I had a sprinkler system installed that replicated rain, warm rain, as well as a couple of shower heads with adjustable heads and long hoses. The rubber like floor sloped just enough to drain the water. I was busy washing my stallion and myself when Laura entered. Deke only helps out when needed. For some reason seeing me douche myself with a hose still makes him blush, so he rarely gives me the chance. Spoilsport... !!

Now you might think Laura would take one look at my back and start demanding answers. That's not the case. Laura is the undisputed mistress of the Lauraverse, but, her domain does not include workshop or stables, those are mine to rule. So Laura's approach was as a lover, concerned, but not demanding. If I wasn't showing concern, Laura would do her best to accept it.

That acceptance waned once we got inside the house. With Spirit washed, dried and happily munching on his feed, water checked, a last kiss on his muzzle. He had forgiven me, I know because when I kissed his muzzle he stuck out his tongue for me to suck, snorted, did the lippy thing, then dived into his feed bucket.

Entering the house, Laura headed for our bedroom, summoning Mirella to join us. I never got consulted, just half guided, half forced onto the bed, face down. Not that I was complaining, anything that includes 'Laura' and 'bedroom' has to be a good thing.

As I was already washed and clean, they resorted ointment, both of them at once. I know they cared, I understand they were being gentle. But please. How would you feel if two naked women were caressing you with featherlight touches and some stuff that basically served as lube... ?? I did too... !! I was so wet, so fast, so fucking frustrated at their attentions. I attacked Laura, humping myself on her thigh, kissing her hard and deep. I was ravenous, lost in mindless lust.

Mirella understands payback.

She applied her hand to my ass VERY forcefully, I swear CSI could lift her fingerprints from my ass, I came, screamed into Laura's mouth, clung to her, shivering as I slowly melted my way down the mountain into Laura's loving embrace.

Mirella stood besides the bed. Her expression ... Well, how would you describe the fiery latin version of inscrutable... ?? Yes, that...

I didn't say a word. I wasn't convinced she wouldn't spank me again. The first had hurt, was still hurting, the second would do too, but it would do more, it would see Mirella dragged into our bed, not to sleep, to fuck, to make love, not a step to be taken lightly. Some cookies once nibbled, can't be put back in the jar.

Laura as always, was way ahead of me. I'm not exactly sure how she can look both wanton and imperious simultaneously. "Kitchen, bitch."

Laura's command cracked like a bullwhip. I was looking at Mirella. For a moment her eyes flared, like she wanted nothing so much as to proudly display the mark of that lash. "Si, Donna Domina".

Mirella's giggles echoed as she headed downstairs to the kitchen. Laura snorted, "Donna Domina, indeed. Cheeky little witch."

We ate well that evening, Mirella's food was good too.

The next morning we ran as usual, except I was still suffering the nettle rash so my usual smooth stride included assorted shivers and twitches. Laura just grinned and push the pace a little harder. I think she and Spirit talk.

Four miles later and breakfast consumed I loitered over a second cup of tea whilst around me our usual routine disappeared in a cloud of Laura. The Whizz was in tornado mode, something was up...

Mirella was conjuring food like some culinary sorceress. Wait. Mirella IS a culinary sorceress, I own the house, but the kitchen belongs to Mirella. Hampers and cool boxes appeared, then disappeared as Deke did his gulag forced labour thing. An act he is slowly perfecting for those times he allows Mirella to order him around.

Then Patricia turned up, Alpha at her side as always, well, except that right now she was here, so she was naked and at his side. Rules. On my property Alpha is the master, Tricia is his bitch. Welcome as she is, her presence means Laura has excelled herself again. I just sipped my tea and waited.

Laura had hired a horse box, not a trailer, a whole huge truck style horse box. Deke rode shotgun, the rest of us settled into the lounge part, the seats fitted with belts, whilst further back Spirit, Lady and Thief were safe and sound, quietly munching on hay nets as we got started. It was going to be a long trip, two days just to get there.

No. I'm not telling you where, not geographically, except obviously within the USA. Our destination was, I found out later, what is apparently known as a 'Ren-Faire'. We however were not just visiting, thanks to the Whizz we were taking part. Talking of which, it seemed that each of them had a part to play, Laura and Patricia were apparently 'Ladies', whilst Mirella was apparently a 'Lady's maid'. Deke and Alpha were doubling as servants and security. That just left the driver and me. The driver was going to leave us, his truck given over into Deke's care once parked, and had plans to visit family, at Laura's expense, until it was time to head home.

So that just left me.

No, no idea, I wasn't told a thing. Laura again.

Two days in the horse box wasn't bad at all. Once on the highway the big truck was a smooth ride, the horses seemed happy and as it was only the four of us, ok, and Alpha, we could relax, naked as usual, the bunks were ok, though fitting two of us into one bunk proved intimate, not a bad thing.

Alpha decided he was still in charge of his bitch and took her where and when he felt the urge. His bitch was panting and dripping after one particularly hot session, well, she was until Laura pointed out she was dripping dog cum on the nice floor and should lick it up ... She did, but doing so had her dripping even more, at least until Alpha decided to clean his bitch up, that made her gush more. I

think Laura just invented perpetual motion.

There was no way I was going to attempt belly riding in a moving truck, so Spirit had to settle for a number of blow jobs, not that I can actually get him in my mouth, my version is to press my lips to his shaft, suck and use my tongue and hands, move a little and repeat, doing my best to have my mouth covering as much of the head as possible when he cums. Yes, I love the taste, yes he tends to leave me covered in cum, face, neck, tits. For some reason Laura gets hot watching my wipe cum from my body before sucking my fingers, licking them clean.

That left Mirella without a partner, Deke being in the cab with the driver. Not that Mirella is shy, she regularly rides one of the pseudo stallions and then collapses on, or occasionally, in my bed, even now Laura shares it. So masturbating in company isn't unusual for her. Laura using a strap-on to fuck her doggy style, apologies to Alpha, is. It caught her by surprise, not that she struggled. In fact we all learned something from her, though it was mostly how many obscene words the Portuguese language has for orgasms. Multiple.

Late on the second day we arrived, the driver manoeuvred us into the allotted parking place, wished us a great weekend and headed off to get a lift into town. Deke got busy staking a claim to the grass area besides the horse box, literally, driving in steel stakes and looping ropes to link them. Then we let the horses out to stretch their legs. Mirella set about the mini kitchen whilst Alpha sat guard outside near the ramp. That left Tricia, Laura and I free to ride the horses out and around a field fairly close by that was to serve as a car park later, but that evening gave us, and others, space to exercise our mounts.

No, we didn't ride naked. Sheesh... !! We can wear clothes, even if we habitually don't. Truth be told Laura looks cute in her cowgirl outfit as I call it. Which is what I wear, curtesy of Laura, who sometimes treats me like a barbie doll to play dress-up. Mirella does the western thing too, but retains the Spanish style rather than Texas cowgirl.

We all slept well that night, the horses safely back in the horse box, Alpha curled up with his bitch on the wood shavings we had scattered on the floor as bedding. I was comfortably stretched out in my hammock strung up close to Spirit, who found it funny to do as he did when a foal, nuzzling me, drinking, then dribbling over me. I reached out, holding his head to pull us close so I could kiss him good night, suck on his tongue, kiss him again, he did the lippy thing, then settled, his breath wafting across my tits, making my nipples stiffen as I slept.

Laura had Mirella's body draped across her, they slept entwined, kissed good night, but nothing more. Laura is mine, I am hers, Mirella is family, there is love between us all, but there are boundaries we have yet to cross.

Was I surprised earlier when Laura fucked Mirella with her strap-on? Yes, but more because I didn't know Laura had one. We don't use toys, our lovemaking is just us, our bodies, nothing more needed. Besides, the pseudo stallions are all the fake cock a girl needs, especially when we use the programs that syncs them together. I didn't object to Laura fucking Mirella, how could I when Laura happily shares me with Spirit?

What about Deke? He had found a few kindred spirits and had taken a bottle of sipping whiskey to a card game, he was back before breakfast, left them the whisky, brought back the pot. That thing about never playing poker with Laura? Same goes for Deke.

After breakfast Laura's plan took shape, she and Tricia were dressed like they were expecting King Arthur and wanted to fit in. Mirella had a similar but plainer outfit laid out ready, whilst Deke was

Deke, Alpha was of the same mind, freshly brushed was good enough. Then it was the horses turn, the 'Ladies' outside whilst Mirella and Deke got them harnessed and dressed, yes, dressed. Medieval ladies, especially at Ren-Faires, ride horses decked out with long brightly coloured coats draped over them, the bottoms almost brushing the grass. Manes plaited with matching ribbons, the whole nine-yards.

What isn't so common, at least as far as I know, is for one of the Ladies saddles to have a sling hung underneath ... Yup, Laura wanted me belly riding in public, in the good 'ole USA. That meant subterfuge, a Laura speciality. I was helped into the sling whilst Spirit was still in the horse box, out of sight. Once settled, the long cloth draped down to hide me completely.

What frightened me was Spirit going down the ramp with me underneath and impaled. He is a clever horse, steady, safe, but still a stallion. He stepped out slowly, down the ramp smoothly, then almost at ground level he jumped the last little bit, not far, just enough to drive his cock hard so the leather straps that stopped me being fully impaled snapped taught. I buried my mouth in his chest to stifle my scream. Spirit, now standing calm as you please, wickered with amusement. He knew exactly what he had done, his cock was now marinating in my cum.

Laura carefully positioned Spirit and herself, then lifted the cloth concealing me and kissed me on my forehead before fitting the head harness and fastening the bit in my mouth. "Enjoy."

And I did.

Being covered, well, hidden under the horse coat, meant I was in my own little world, the bridle I wore at Laura's hands put me into a headspace where I was Spirit's mare, a living, loving sheath for his cock, which, thanks to Deke, was not going to soften anytime soon. Feeling Laura mount Spirit made it perfect.

The bit gag helped me stay quiet, pressing my mouth hard against Spirit's chest muffled everything when things got intense. Even the sounds around us faded into unimportance, not that I was oblivious, not at all. Just being surrounded by people was a rush, my biggest problem would be dehydration judging by how wet I was. Luckily grass hides cum drips very effectively.

I don't know what Laura had arranged, unable to see, bound tight, I was just along for the ride. I know we were mostly surrounded by people, I'm pretty sure Lady and Thief were either side of us to keep people from getting too close. I know at times we stopped and started a lot, at other times we walked or trotted like we were in a parade or making circuits in a ring.

What I do know is I was lost in my dream, my fantasy of taking part in Carnival easy to imagine. Being a sheath for my stallion's cock wasn't enough, I needed to be a good sheath, a perfect sheath. So I concentrated on working my muscles, contracting, relaxing, validating every Kegel exercise I'd ever done. That was about all I could do. Usually I could rock in the sling, using arms and legs to control my motion, but doing so would give away my position, so Laura had strapped me tight, leaving me little room to move of my own volition. We had a break for lunch, by then both Spirit and I needed to pee, he had dropped out by then and was free to just let go. I was still bound up tight, so letting go was ... well, it just was. It's not like I get embarrassed, your concept of shame adjusts a lot when you take a horse cock inside you. Laura carefully positioned Spirit and wiped me clean, well, clean of pee. Then held a sports bottle so I could drink. Not easy with the bit gag, and I didn't want too much water anyway, something a belly rider learns the first long ride.

The afternoon was more of the same, but more. A little adjustment had more cock inside me, we kept moving more, trotted more, I came more, Spirit too. And then it was over. I was deep into my

headspace and only conscious of Spirit, strapped to him so close for so long was almost like being part of him, even if I wasn't full of his cock, which I most definitely was. We kind of communed. So as his hoof lifted and stepped onto the ramp I knew we were home. I was almost sad it was over.

It wasn't, we had another day to go.

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## Chapter Two

Once back in the horse box Spirit's coat was folded up and over his back so I could see and be seen. Not that anyone could see me except our 'family'. As usual I relaxed and waited for Spirit's cock to soften and 'drop out' before I could be released from the sling. Laura did remove my bit gag and head harness, which allowed me to drink, the cool water was just what I needed, especially now as I would not have to suffer a full bladder whilst impaled with horse cock.

Once released I hugged my stallion, we kissed, sucked tongue, he did the lippy thing. Deke meanwhile removed the saddle and sling, Mirella took care of the coat, checking and folding it ready for tomorrow. I just concentrated on Spirit, he had water and feed, so I settled in to grooming him. Talking softly as I worked, thanking him for looking after me, for fucking me so well, for so long, praising his virility, telling him how much I loved him. Only once he was washed and brushed, fed and watered, could I leave him to attend to myself.

Being beneath Spirit, filled with his cock is my heaven, feeling him cum deep inside me is wonderful, so when I first get out of the sling I still feel that extra bond with him, I'm intimately conscious of his virile seed within me. After the first gush when his cock 'drops out' of me, I continue to leak our mixed cum for a lot longer than you might think, the more liquid pre cum easily drains out but the creamy cum is more reluctant to go, and so seeps out slowly before it drips down, still unwillingly, to coat my thighs. Still freshly fucked, I'm equally reluctant to lose his cum, so I almost always loiter with him, washing him, grooming, or just being with him, hugging and rubbing, loving on my big beautiful stallion. For giving me such pleasure, taking care of me, he deserves to be taken care of completely before I take care of myself. Moving around him as I work also helps to work out the aches, easing my muscles as I reach and stretch to wash and brush, who cares if I'm hot and sweaty and dripping horse cum? I certainly don't.

I badly needed a shower, problem was the horse box didn't have enough water for a good shower and unlike a camp site we had no hook up to main water or power. So I had to trek across the camping area to the public showers. No problem, except I was still awash with Spirit's cum, wearing jeans was pointless. I settled for a denim skirt, crop top and sandals, Laura had changed and was similarly dressed, her top a little more refined, skirt a little longer. Wash bags and towels and we were off. Laura smiling, casually greeting those we met along the way. Me? I was trying hard not to do the 'full of horse cum' waddle. That natural way my legs remain wider spread than is normal when walking, having been spread apart all day, wrapped around Spirit. Trouble is that wide stance does not help to contain the cum inside that gravity is pulling on to get out. The skirt is better than soaked crotch jeans, but does little to hide what is seeping down my thighs.

Ok, so yes, I could have worn a long skirt, but I don't own any. Besides, Laura was well aware of my predicament, I could tell by her nipples. So I really didn't care, I stopped even trying and settled for regular glances at Laura's tits.

The showers were just as you'd expect, high traffic, low on privacy, but lots of hot water, Laura and I shared a cubicle, we were not alone, others were sharing too, one showering, one drying off, the

cubicles were big enough and it saved time. Something everyone queuing up appreciated.

Washed and doused, dryish, we headed out, Laura leading me on a circuitous route, mostly to show me things I'd not seen due to being hidden under Spirit all day. We didn't take too long, Deke was barbecuing. Mirella is a very good cook, chef, whatever, even she acknowledges that she pales besides Deke where barbecue is concerned. Of course being Deke he does not accept praise easily, so in his words, "I just burn it how you like it."

We liked it.

Even Alpha joined us, though he slighted Deke a little, preferring his steak rare, as in uncooked.

Afterwards we decided to forego coffee and go exploring, so with the leftover food and dishes washed and stowed, horses checked and happy, Tricia gave Alpha the 'guard' command. It was a beautiful summer evening, just enough breeze to feel it, the place was alive with people, stalls, tents. Of course there were a lot of folk trying to sell stuff, but they were almost all dressed up to suit the theme and had a relaxed approach, no high pressure selling, a lot of laughter too.

When we are out together, Laura and I, I'm not allowed near machinery, I'm an engineer, Laura does not take being ignored well, so I stay away from temptation. What caught our attention was the leather stalls, a whole 'street' of leather crafts, every imaginable item you could ever want, well, except the more exotic BDSM stuff, but even so there were stalls that had such things lurking in the back of their tents and stalls.

Laura decided I needed a leather outfit. Yes, I was dress-up barbie, again. Admittedly she has good taste and a sense of style that I completely lack. My dress shopping has always been more like 'right size, right colour, right enough' which makes Laura shudder and pull faces.

The outfit she chose for me consisted of a leather skirt that had thongs holding the back and front together, leaving me basically naked from hip to thigh. I loved it. The top was a matching vest, the sides just thongs, the front didn't meet but fastened with three chains, Laura liked that they fastened with little horse shoe shaped catches. Like the skirt it fitted perfectly, except my height meant there was more skin between the two. Next came suitable footwear, for that we headed to a different stall, pointed out to us by the dress stall owner. Laura decided sandals would work, I thought boots, but Laura spanked me and said I was Spirit's mare, not some biker's bitch. Ho hum, sandals it was. At 5'10" I don't need high heels to tower over people, none the less Laura chose a pair of matching leather sandals with wedge heels and thongs that wound their way up my legs to fasten just below my knees.

Patricia suggested a matching leather leash to attach to my collar, my wedding collar. Laura spanked her and pointed out that I wasn't a bitch in heat, unlike some. Patricia just grinned... "Oh yeah... !!" The bitch actually got visibly aroused.

Now that Laura had played dress-up, we moved on, Mirella found a spice stall, Deke suggested coffee, I think mostly because he'd spotted a victim from last night and wanted to see if they were up for another game. We found a place to sit under some trees where huge logs had been left for use as seating. Sure enough Deke's victims joined us, supposedly to set up another game, but if so, why did they spend so much time talking to Laura's ta-ta's... ??

My wife is built...

It was a fun evening but we still headed back to the horse box long before most people were thinking of their beds. Deke had a game to go to, Patricia was almost panting with need, Alpha was going to



be one lucky Malamute, as always. Laura and I just wanted to snuggle. Mirella? Well, she wanted to snuggle too.

It wasn't until we reached the horse box that we heard the low growl. We had visitors, uninvited, unwelcome visitors. Unluckily for them Alpha was playing host in our absence. Actually he was insisting they stay right where he caught them. Patricia took charge, Laura called someone and it wasn't long before a State trooper was escorting our visitors away. The trooper was laughing at them, mostly because they begged him to cuff them and take them away from the 'devil dog' and probably because they admitted trying to break into our horse box, eager to confess if it got them cuffed quicker.

I have no idea how well the Ren-Faires are policed, or how much crime there is, I can attest that it was handled fast and barely disturbed our evening. Laura did her thing, so I wasn't involved, Patricia was busy praising her mate and Mirella was busy flashing herself at Deke, teasing him about his wanting to play poker rather than poke her. (He did both.)

Once everything settled down, we closed up the horse box for the night, Laura cut open the plastic on a fresh bale of wood shavings and dumped the lot in the open space at the top of the now closed ramp, kicked it around to level it, then stripped naked and enticed Mirella and I to join her. Spirit, Lady and Thief just watched, occasionally nibbling on their hay nets. Alpha and his bitch occupied the fourth stall, already knotted. We didn't take a lot of enticing, none actually.

Mirella is no stranger to my bed, our bed, but until now nothing much had happened between us, a hug, a chaste goodnight kiss, a morning spank. So Mirella was a little unsure at first, Laura wasn't. My lover, my wife, took our housekeeper into her arms there on the shavings and held her tight, kissing her deeply whilst exploring her body's secrets. I simply followed Laura's lead, sandwiching Mirella between us. No, don't get all excited, that evening we embraced, explored, kissed and cuddled. No wild sex, no lesbian orgy, just three loving people expressing their love.

Much later when Deke returned, Mirella eased out from between Laura and I, slipping away to join Deke in his bunk. No need for an alarm clock, we were awoken by the sound of the bitch's orgasm. She and Alpha were laid on their sides, head to tail, well, tongue to sex. The bitch had her throat wrapped around her mate's cock, one leg lifted and bent to open herself to his tongue. At least Alpha comes relatively quietly.

Laura and I decided to join in, easing around to sixty-nine, morning pussy does not care about morning breath. Laura's cum is so sweet, I'll never understand how it doesn't make me fat. We muffled our orgasms by pressing our mouths tighter to each others sex, then straightened up to cuddle a little. I tasted myself on Laura's lips when she kissed me before heading away to find coffee, leaving me to Spirit, more good morning kisses, caresses, a hot fast blow job and I was swallowing horse cum, fingers scraping more that had covered my face and chest.

Coffee in hand, Laura joined us, watching me always made her wet. Then my wife did something I'd never ever thought to see. Laura reached out, tweaked my left nipple, then brushed her finger across my breast, gathering a glob of Spirit's cum, before lifting it to her lips, her eyes locked on mine as she slowly, sensuously, licked her fingers clean...

I've never ever gotten so hot, so wet, so fast. Watching her almost made me cum just from the sight and the look in her eyes. My wife tasting horse cum. Fuck me... !!

No really. "Fuck me... !! Now... !!" I leapt on my love and drove her down onto the floor, the wood shavings cushioning us, soaking up spilled coffee, I was oblivious to anything that wasn't Laura, fuck

making love, right then I wanted lust, raw lust, animalistic fucking, claiming her, taking her body and forcing her to cum, over and over. Laura never had a chance ... I marked her each time she came, lips and teeth pulling her over the cliff to free-fall into the orgasmic abyss I'd created just for her.

Later, hair awry with wood shavings, a much disheveled Laura kissed me softly just below my ear and whispered low and lovingly. "If that's the result, I'm going to be tasting horse cum a lot more." Then the evil temptress used a fingertip to drag a few drops of cum from my body and slowly, teasingly, anointed each of her nipples. It killed me, how could I possibly do anything now? Laura's cum drop nipples had my FULL attention.

Worse news was having to dress to go run. Those nipples hidden... !! A crime. I pushed the pace, Laura giggling, Alpha bounding effortlessly, his bitch at his heel. The four of us made fast work of the four miles, my pace set with the sole aim of getting back as soon as possible so Laura's nipples could be bared once more.

Breakfast was torture, Mirella had outdone herself, Laura had indeed bared her tits for me, but evilly chose to sit at the tiny breakfast bar, whilst Deke and Mirella had me boxed in at the table.

Alpha too was fed his breakfast, Mirella had a second bowl for his bitch, who knelt besides the table at her mate's side, both soon licking the remains from their bowls. There is an ongoing thing between Mirella and Tricia, this was just another move in their private game. Or in Mirella's words that morning. "It acts like a bitch, it fucks like a bitch, I'm feeding it like a bitch." The accent, the grin, both added to the effect, the bitch just accepted it.

After breakfast we all got cleaned up enough to be seen, then opened the ramp and led the horses out, a short ride just to let them stretch and enjoy the morning sun, then back to the enclosure Deke had created besides the horse box. Grooming time. All three needed their manes and tails plaiting and brightly coloured ribbon weaved in, ready to go out on show again that afternoon.

We had been allotted a space next to a group who staged medieval jousting tournaments and other horse related exhibitions. They too were busy getting their mounts ready, so as we worked there was an easy camaraderie, jokes and appreciative comments exchanged. Laura had arranged for us to join them in the arena that afternoon, and in the final parade that evening. Well, the three of them would be joining in, I would be back beneath Spirit, hidden away.

Chores done we left Deke and Alpha to guard the horses and truck whilst we girls set out to enjoy the morning and go find trouble, or coffee, or both. Except Laura had a plan...

Which is how I found myself walking a pace behind two well dressed Ladies in their gowns and full medieval regalia, whilst I was wearing the leather outfit from yesterday, but with my wrists bound behind my back and a leash clipped to my wedding collar, the other end looped around Laura's left wrist.

My wife decided that the outfit, the bound wrists, and a few artful smudges on my face and body turned me into some kind of captured amazon slave. Her fantasy, not mine. Who was I do deny my lover... ?? Besides, Laura had adjusted my outfit so it was tight but revealing, barely 'street legal'. All in keeping with the theme, of course...

You might recall Laura bought me the skirt, vest and sandals, so that was all I was wearing. No knickers to soak up the wetness her plan was causing. I really didn't care, I was on a leash, so it's her problem if I leak as we walk, drip as we sit. Her only concession to hiding the wetness that would soon coat my inner thighs was to anoint my entire body with oil, so I gleamed in the sun, I

thought it just looked like I was sweating a lot, Laura claimed it was sexy as hell. You decide.

Admittedly I was enjoying my role as the captured amazon, well, that and taking every opportunity to gaze at Laura's nipples. Even her finery and gorgeous gown couldn't entirely control those two peaks of desire, much less hide them. Besides, I could find them blindfolded in pitch darkness, not by feel, by pure lust.

What really surprised me was how people treated us. Folk that would probably sneer at a barely clad girl on their street, took one look at Laura, Tricia and Mirella, smiled and often greeted them, glanced at me on my leash and just accepted it. We were in costume so all was perfectly ok. Weird, but good.

Of course being bound meant Mirella, as the 'Ladies maid', had to hold my cup when we stopped for coffee. Laura and Tricia, being Ladies sat comfortably, whilst I was made to kneel at Laura's side whilst Mirella played at being their maid and doing her best to push all my buttons. That's the problem with having people live with you long term, they get to know you too well, then they get evil, at least when Laura decides to play out a fantasy.

It was a riot of fun, in part just because of the Ren-Faire atmosphere, but also because Laura led us to areas such as the 'Knight's encampment' where authentically dressed men took great lengths to act their part, making ribald comments towards me whilst praising the 'Ladies' looks and taste in slaves. One evil 'Lord' actually approached Laura to enquire her price for me, an auction was suggested, which brought forth cheers and whistles.

What made it such fun was the way people joined in. Not just those taking part, but bystanders, people who just came to enjoy the event. Families too. There were no obscene comments, nothing to offend or upset, just good fun, a little innuendo, sure, but mostly subtle and all humorous.

We stayed for lunch just to prolong the experience, then bid our hosts farewell and headed back to the horse box, time to get Spirit and I harnessed and ready for the arena...

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Chapter Three

When we got back to the horse box we found Deke had been busy, he had borrowed some poles and canvas screen from our neighbours which he used to construct an enclosure besides the truck. This screen allowed me to get organised without having to take Spirit back up into the horse box. Much easier... !!

First things first, once Laura had released my wrists I scooted inside to undress and use the toilet, not sexy, but very important. Belly riders soon learn that a full bladder or bowel is not a good thing, causes all sorts of issues, so best remember. I also washed the 'smudges' Laura had applied as part of my slave look, towelled off just to start clean and dry, then slipped on a wrap to go outside, just in case.

By the time I got outside, Deke had Spirit all ready to go, saddle and sling adjusted. He helped me in and then set about fastening me in position. All of those yoga exercises were paying off. In my usual position, my legs would not be hidden by the coat draped over Spirit, well, they would be covered, but stick out very obviously as 'lumps' where no lumps should be.

When Deke modified the saddle and the sling Laura had explained the coat idea, so he messed around and came up with a different set of cuffs and straps that worked by binding my legs folded

up, knees up near my chest. Not uncomfortable, but only because of the yoga, otherwise I wouldn't have lasted anything like as long in that position. Another important lesson for a belly rider is alignment, in order to comfortably take Spirit's cock inside me my body has to be aligned to allow deep penetration and because his cock is designed to work a certain way, I have to be the one who adjusts. The new position meant my hips were rolled up, so Deke had made allowance and the sling countered the roll by supporting me differently. Now as I lay in position, my back was arched legs pulled up to my sides, thighs bound in position, calves too, ankles as well, but not in their usual place.

The other big difference was I couldn't swing like normal. To keep me hidden I was bound tight beneath Spirit and there was little movement unless he decided to hunch his hindquarters. The sling allowed for this by holding me a little more forward to ensure I couldn't get impaled deeper than was safe. It also added to my mindset, made me feel much more like nothing but a sheath for my stallions cock.

Not being able to swing forced me to concentrate on working my muscles stretched tight around Spirit's cock, clench and release, grip, relax, the ripple takes the most effort but also has the best effect, for both of us.

Laura was also ready, she leaned down to buckle the head harness, then added the bit gag, I was bridled again, it just added to my mindset, now I was just Spirit's mare, a sheath for his cock, I closed my eyes, wriggled my tits against his belly, dragging my nipples through the hair, kissed his chest, lost in my own little world. I was ready.

Deke let the coat down and I was hidden from the world, now I had no choice, no control but that which my pussy exerted upon my stallion's cock that now filled me up. I settled in to become a part of my stallion, feeling his every move, his muscles working against my body, his warmth, smell, soon his sweat too. Intoxicating... !!

Usually when belly riding I need to steer, which requires I see where we are going. This requires tilting my head back and to the side to see forwards, albeit side on, but with the coat hanging almost to the ground I couldn't see anything, besides which Laura was mounted in the saddle and steering. All that meant I could just lay there, face against my darling as I worked my muscles to massage Spirit's cock. I wanted his cum, right then that was my entire focus. My purpose in life, giving my horse pleasure. I needed to feel his shaft swell and throb, his flare expand deep inside me, his cock pulse as he pumped me full of his yummy creamy cum.

Tricia was mounted on Thief and Mirella on Lady, all three 'Ladies' guided their mounts across the grass to where the jousting folk were forming up, the Knights in their armour, attendants carrying their equipment, banners, all the paraphernalia that goes along with putting on a show for the spectators.

More attendants were already in the arena, setting up the tilts, the wooden barrier that separated the horses as the Knights rode towards each other, lances levelled.

But first they paraded from their 'camp' next to us, to the arena, followed by the 'Ladies'. Laura, Tricia and Mirella were enjoying themselves, the Knights all trying to gain their attention, each wanted to get one of the 'Ladies' to tie a silk to his lance, a favour to be rewarded if he won. Of course there were a lot of comments back and forth, claims of sturdy lances, and what reward a 'Lady' might bestow upon a winning Knight.

With more than two dozen horses moving in a loose group, nobody noticed Spirit prancing then

stopping to pump me full of cum, my mouth pressed hard against his chest to muffle my screams of ecstasy.

Beneath the coat it was hot, the heat of the sun, the lack of a breeze, Spirit and I both sweating, I could feel our mixed juices seeping out around his deep buried shaft, trickling down over my puckered rosebud, before dripping down to disappear in the grass.

Then we reached the arena, a huge roped off oval with spectators gathered all around. Of course the Knights wanted to make an entrance, impress the crowd, so they set off around the arena, the 'Ladies' followed, a little more sedately as befits a Lady, but also because a galloping horse and a belly rider are a dangerous combination. Laura stuck to a fast trot, edging towards a canter. The feel of Spirit's body against mine as he sped up was intense, I could feel his muscles as I was pressed up hard against him, the power exhilarating. Not to mention the way his shaft was moving, the rhythmic thrusting dragging my clit along, sweet torture, my inability to control anything adding to my arousal, if I could get any more aroused. I seemed to be caught in a kind of rolling orgasm, that never quite peaked but never faded either. You know that point after a good fuck when your whole sex is too sensitive and you close your legs to stop your partner touching you till it passes... ?? Yes, that post orgasmic sensitivity, I had it in spades, but had no way to close my legs or push my partner away. I could only writhe and moan, exquisite torture, sink deeper into my role as my stallion's cock sheath.

A lot of these details I only found out later, as being unable to see anything combined with being driven out of my mind, limited my ability to understand what was happening around us. All I really knew was how Spirit was moving and how loud, therefore close, the spectators were. Laura took care to get as close as safely possible, knowing that being in public, albeit hidden was a huge turn on for me. The risk of discovery just added extra spice.

Their entrance made, the 'Ladies' settled down at the centre point, horses close enough their riders could reach out to touch each others hands, the closeness helping to conceal me, I needed the help, for when they stopped I was right on the brink of orgasm, a big one, the kind that puts you out, unconscious.

I just hung there, moaning, teetering on the edge, working aching muscles to entice another cum from the horse cock gently pulsing inside me. I could vaguely hear Laura talking soothingly, praising Spirit, her words though seemingly innocent were aimed at taunting me further. Spirit was being evil, making me work for his pleasure, my pleasure, I just wanted to cum, to be filled with his cum again and again.

Except that something was very wrong.

It is not unusual for Spirit's cock to be half hard whilst inside me, in fact it happens during all but the shortest of rides. A horse just isn't capable of a long, fully hard erection. As a prey animal the act of procreation leaves both stallion and mare vulnerable, so it's best done in haste. What makes it possible for a belly rider to remain filled has a lot to do with stimulation that simply does not occur between stallion and mare. Usually Spirit's cock remains engorged so long as the stimulation continues, helped of course by Deke's concoction. Right then despite my best efforts and years of Kegel exercises, Spirit's cock was withdrawing until finally it 'dropped out' leaving me empty and unfulfilled. Laura was of course oblivious to this, until Spirit adjusted his stance and began to pee...

All I could think of right then was how glad I was he wasn't still inside me. Water-sports might be a turn on for some, but not in the quantity my stallion was passing. So that was it, I was left bound tight to Spirit's belly, empty, aroused and with no way to achieve reinsertion.

Except unbeknown to me, Deke hadn't applied his concoction before we left the horse box and so had brought it along to the arena. Since he was not 'in costume' it would look a little odd if he entered and started messing around beneath Spirit's coat. The situation was saved by one of the girls from the Knights group, who had already guessed what was going on. Spotting Deke and the look on his face she headed over to him, shared a rapid fire conversation and listened to his instructions.

The first I was aware was when a hand cupped my still gaping pussy and four fingers briefly pumped inside. Soon after that I felt my Stallion's cock head pressing against me before entering once again. Soon I was well on the way to being full once more and a finger was teasing my asshole. Not a word spoken and I couldn't see enough to know who it was. All I did know was who it wasn't, after all, Laura, Patricia and Mirella were all mounted, the touch wasn't Deke. So who? I decided it wasn't my problem and set the question aside, preferring to concentrate on my Kegel exercises and their effect upon Spirit's now fully engorged cock.

For the rest of the tournament I lost myself in being a stallion's cock sheath, working my muscles until my cunt ached and horse cum squished out as Spirit trotted along at Laura's command. By the time we got back to the horse box Spirit had filled me twice more and I was covered in sweat, mostly mine, even my nipples felt rubbed raw from writhing against my stallion's belly for so long.

The screens allowed me to relax whilst Deke unsaddled the other horses and I waited for Spirit to 'drop out', something that wasn't going to happen anytime soon, thanks to the delay in Deke's concoction being applied. Talking of which...

Laura, Patricia and Mirella had gone to change, leaving Deke to sort out the horses. As I waited, he flipped up the coat to give me access to much needed fresh air and a light breeze, he started to apologise for his error but I cut him off as best as I could, still being gagged as I was. We were interrupted by a pixie wench, a girl unknown to me, dressed up as one of the Knights camp followers, apparently known to Deke, who didn't react to her poking her head around the screen, except to invite her in to join us.

With the coat hitched up as it was, the girl could see me properly and her eyes seemed to widen just as much as her jaw dropped. Deke put a hand on her shoulder and the girl sank to her knees and shuffled closer, Deke picked up a curry comb and began to groom Spirit whilst watching the girl. It's hard to communicate when gagged, especially with a stranger, so I just lay back and relaxed. The finger that had teased my asshole in the arena returned, but this time it was joined by more, all four lightly exploring the joining of cock and cunt. I moaned softly when the fingertips danced across my clit, then sighed as they drifted along my labia before wrapping themselves around Spirit's softening cock. I'm not sure if she eased him out or he just dropped into her hand, either way her hand and wrist were drenched in our combined cum, Spirit's and mine. The girl turned to look at me as she lifted her hand to lick her fingers clean, eyes closing as she tasted the cum she gathered with each long lick.

Laura entered, followed by Alpha and his bitch. The girl was so focused she didn't notice, a fact Laura corrected with a firm slap to the girl's raised ass. She squeaked... !!

Ellie turned, only to be face to face with Alpha. The girl seemed to present herself, her body adjusting so as to be pleasing to the eye. Alpha's eye. We all watched as she leaned forward and kissed Alpha on his nose. Her tongue slipping out, held as if awaiting a sign. Alpha made no move for a second, two seconds, then he licked her face, chin to brow, just once. Ellie came. Quietly only because she clamped both hands to her mouth hard... !!

Deke had by now released me from the sling and was steadying me as I stood to stretch my legs and hug Spirit, thanking him, praising him, as usual, we did the kissing, tongue sucking thing, he did the lip thing.

I turned to look at the girl, Ellie, as Spirit lowered his head to the water bucket Deke had placed in front of him. Sweat covered, horse cum dripping from my still gaping pussy, I felt Spirit's muzzle on my shoulder, then the cool of water as he dribbled on me, evil boy... !!

Laura grinned, then prodded Ellie with the toe of her boot. "Inside, all of you." Ellie scuttled up the ramp, followed quickly by the bitch, Alpha walked with his usual dignity, I followed, dripping cum, past caring if I was seen. I ached. I desperately needed a shower. Mostly I wanted to be in my wife's arms.

Mirella had worked her magic but we couldn't all fit in the kitchen diner area, so we picnicked on the wood shaving left from the night before. A much better idea since it meant I could ooze cum without worrying about the mess. As we ate Ellie introduced herself, Deke contributed what he knew, it seems Ellie was a bitch, a dog bitch just like Tricia, but without a mate. She had seen me walking to the shower, noticed my waddle and put two and two together, especially as she knew that when the 'Ladies' rode out I wasn't with them but the horse box was locked and empty. She was cute, in lust with Alpha, in awe of me. We all listened to her story, even Alpha. Later once it was getting dark, Laura and I headed out to the shower place, I was mostly drained by then but douched anyway. Laura showered as I dried off. I did my best not to molest her as she patted herself dry, then hand in hand we headed back to the horse box, both intent on getting dirty before we slept.

I'm not sure what a typical belly rider would be like, I'm pretty sure I don't qualify. The same could be said of Tricia, who isn't what I imagine would be a typical dog bitch. What I do know is that there are some very basic differences, or at least I used to think so. I honestly couldn't envisage Spirit wanting another belly rider to impale upon his cock, a mare, yes, another girl, woman, no. Tricia is most definitely Alpha's bitch, but in her eyes he is free to fuck other bitches, so Ellie's arrival wasn't an issue, just so long as Alpha was happy and Ellie understood who the alpha bitch was.

By the time Laura and I got back to the horse box Deke had the horses washed and groomed and back in their stalls inside the horse box. He and Mirella were 'busy' in one of the bunks. Alpha had commandeered a stall and was busy fucking his new bitch who was in turn busy eating out the alpha bitch's pussy. We watched for a while, then Laura's hand slipped down to cup my sex, one finger hooked inside and she led me away.

Still fresh from the shower I was wearing a crop top and skirt, short as usual, sandals, my wedding collar, a smile. Laura was as usual dressed with much more class, even though she wore no more than I did.

My wife is classy.

"I want a cock, a long, hard lance fucking me, and tonight's the Knight."

My wife can still surprise me.

"I want to watch you getting fucked hard too. I've even chosen the lance to do it. So cum sweetheart, let's go get Knighted."

The tent was much nicer inside than I expected, especially as it was apparently being shared by two guys and contained only 'authentic' items. Laura was apparently expected, I wasn't sure the guys knew I was coming, but raised no objections, only eyebrows, especially when Laura guided me inside

and infant of her before lifting my crop top over my head and deftly opening the catch on my skirt so it slid down to my ankles.

I think it was her hands cupping my tits from behind that got the guys attention, that or her opening question... "Think you can both fuck my wife and have enough left for me?"

Do I really need to tell you what happened? No, thought not. I stood there, Laura's hands cupping my tits, her thumbs rubbing my nipples. She let one hand trace down my body so she could slip a finger inside me, then raise it up to anoint my nipples with my wetness. By the second anointing the guys were stripped naked and closing fast. Laura turned me sideways, her hands moving to cup my face as her mouth found mine and we kissed, tongues writhing as I felt the warmth of the guys bodies as they sandwiched me between them. Their hands exploring, cocks throbbing, pressed hard against me, front and back. Laura never broke our kiss, even as the two cocks followed the exploring fingers, aimed and thrust into me. Fucked by two guys whose names I didn't know whilst my wife kissed me passionately and her tongue curled about my own.

I came awake with a start, Laura's fingers pumping my pussy and ass, her lips upon my own. I came.

Later I told her my dream, Laura smiled, tweaked my clit, but I saw the glint in her eyes, one day, not that night, or Knight, but one day, Laura would conceive a plan and I would get to live another of my dreams. Then the glint disappeared and we settled down to making love, slow and tender. Unlike the mating across the way, two bitches panting, both apparently in heat, straining to be the next one mounted. Alpha was in dog heaven, or harem, both?

Tricia didn't run with us the next morning, nor did she appear when we saddled up and rode the horses out to let them stretch their legs before we packed up and headed home. Laura was back on Lady, Deke on Thief as always, me? I had Spirit between my thighs, my stallion moving with all the grace and power he could muster, showing off, obedient to my soft words and subtle movements as I rode him freestyle, no saddle or bridle. At first I thought he was prancing to intimidate one of the other stallions belonging to the Knights group, but no.

Spirit had his eye on one of the mares, she must be coming into season and my boy was showing off for her. The realisation gave me pause, I honestly wasn't jealous, in fact my reaction was the exact opposite, my mate was in my utterly unbiased opinion, the very best stallion there, well, anywhere, so I didn't try to stop him showing off, in fact I actively encouraged him, letting him prance and preen, until the object of his lust was led into a horse trailer and out of sight. Not that it stopped either of them from calling to each other. It was cute, my boy's first crush.

Back at the horse box we loaded up and prepared to head out, the driver had returned and Deke was once again riding shotgun. Patricia had returned, Ellie was with her, apparently the two had worked out a plan. Alpha seemed happy so I really didn't care, not my business and Tricia is almost family so free to invite a friend to join us if she wants. This would be the first time, but Ellie certainly seemed one of us, well one of Alpha's really. Mirella wasn't at all phased, a fact made obvious by the appearance of a third bowl on the kitchenette floor.

More about Ellie later. Right then I decided to pull rank and took Laura into the sleeping area where we climbed in to the biggest of the bunks. I had enjoyed our trip and had Laura to thank for it, despite that big red block that had annoyed me for so long, I love my wife. I knew exactly how to thank her, so I did. Over and over. After all, I wasn't going to forget belly riding in public, even if I was hidden. A Ren-Faire, Laura is a genius. My Faire Lady.

The End