

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

The tourists are oblivious, the authorities ignore it, the city folk have forgotten it, but if you venture top into the hinterland on the second Sunday before Carnival fever strikes the country, you just might see it. A race like no other. A race that even the priests place money on. It makes fortunes and breaks them just as easily. Officially it is the Brazilian Triple Crown Trotting Race but everyone who knows just calls it The Triple.

It is a race unlike any other, for there is no set distance, no photo finish, the winners are judged on three very specific criteria. The first is endurance, how long the horse and rider can maintain the strict trotting pace required. The second is the fastest lap time achieved and the third? The third is how deeply the rider is impaled by her mount. Yes, The Triple is a belly riding race. The belly riding race.

Most competitors train for just one result and of course this means that there are three winners each year. Of course there are a few who attempt to win twice, most fail but over the years a very few have succeeded, and those who bet on them won fortunes that added to the legend of the Triple. Everyone bets, some win, some lose, a few bet big and lose everything, few of those losses are remembered by anyone but those who lose, after all, it is winners people want to remember, to dream of emulating. For most people a few thousand dollars is a lifetimes wage, so to win hundreds of thousands is almost unimaginable.

Ray Youngson was the second son of a Texas Oil Magnate who had paid his dues in the family business, completed University, took stock of his likely future, wished his father and brothers well, then high tailed it south of the border, actually south of several borders, until he found a place where he could carve out his own future. It took him three years to be certain he was on track, then he headed home, spent time with his family and his childhood sweetheart, then hightailed it back south, taking Margaret, his new wife with him. Nine months later Jessica Ann Youngson was born. Her parents loved her, but Ray wanted a son, so Margaret did her best, it took them another six years before Ray held his son in his arms and listened to how sorry the doctors were, that there was nothing they could have done. Ray named his son Price, because he cost Ray the one thing he never imagined losing.

Living far from the few real cities and even further from Texas, Ray engaged a series of nannies, nursemaids and tutors to ensure his son and daughter received a proper education, later he would use his money and influence to ensure Price attended his old University. Ray loved is son, he loved his daughter, but she was so alike her mother in looks it hurt him just too much, so he did his best to ensure she was well looked after and simply buried himself in his work.

For a long time Jessica's world was the Haccienda where they lived, she got used to people leaving her, others arriving to replace them, to her it was natural, she had nothing to compare her life to. Everyone looks for consistency, Jessica found it in the stables, in old Juan who taught her to ride then in the horses she claimed as "hers". Those she kept, even as she outgrew them, adamantly refusing to simply sell them on to an unknown future. By the time Jessica celebrated her fourteenth birthday she was the undisputed princess of the stables, a princess who was resigned to her father once again being away on her birthday. The gold credit card he left for her was nothing compared to how much she wanted to just have him hug her and wish her a happy birthday, a kiss on the cheek would be good, even a pat on the head, an act that would incite her instant fury from anyone else, she still wished for it from her father's hand.

Two years later her birthday present proved beyond doubt that her father would indulge her without limit, so long as he could distance himself from her. Hrist stood before her, proud and strong, his coat brushed until it shone in the mid-morning sun. His ears twitched as his new mistress spoke. She had waited a long time for this day, had wanted it sooner, but Juan refused, that in itself was so unique as to drown any attempts to circumvent his refusal.

Now sixteen, Jess, she had decided that Jessica Ann was no longer acceptable, Jess wasn't just the spitting image of her late mother, she had inherited her father's iron will and his need for independence. The on the lawn that morning Jess was determined to hold Juan to his word and leave nobody in any doubt as to her new desires.

Juan nodded to Eloa, the young woman grinned and beckoned to Jess. Already naked, the birthday girl approached her new stallion with a calm determination, she let Eloa guide her as she worked her way into the complicated set of straps that formed the 'sling' part of the saddle, taking time to stroke and talk softly to her newly named stallion, who stood patient as any fully trained horse should.

Eloa adjusted the harness with the practised skill borne from long experience of how painful a badly adjusted harness could be, but it was Juan who made the final check, who asked once more if Jess was sure she wanted this. The old man ignored her sharp retort, smiled at the fire in her eyes and administered the shot that would keep the stallion's shaft hard until late afternoon. It was Eloa who bent to guide the horse cock as it extended towards the juncture of her mistress's wide spread thighs, whose fingers parted the plump labia and sought out the slowly emerging clit. Jess felt the warmth of her stallion's cockhead for the very first time as it pressed against her sex, she expected it to hurt soon, hoped it would open her without tearing, but was resigned to suffer that if needed. The cockhead pressed harder, Jess patted her stallion and rotated her hips, trying to screw herself around the still growing shaft, She cried out as her sex was forced open, the veil of her maidenhood ripped apart as the shaft began to impale her. Juan nodded, watching with pride as his princess conquered her body's instinctive need to protect itself and escape further pain. Eloa pinched the younger woman's clit hard, knowing the fresh sharp pain would be a welcome distraction.

Right there on the Hacienda's front lawn the age old tradition of the belly rider played out, many more eyes than just those present watched, soon all would know that a new belly rider had taken the shaft.

Jess tried to keep relaxed, to breath normally, she made no attempt not to cry out when needed, the pain demanded to be acknowledge and screaming served to vent the pain. Finally the stallion was fully hard, his cock throbbing within her now, she could feel his pulse, feel every vein, feel especially the cockhead and the flare which now anchored him deep inside her. Eloa busied herself checking each strap then waited as Juan coaxed the stallion to step forward slowly at first, then a slow walk. Jess knew the motion of the horse would signal the start of her fucking, knew it, had seen it when Eloa rode, but experiencing it was different, the pain was still there, a thing to be fought, conquered, but the feelings, the sensations, those were beyond her dreams, for Jess it was a unique moment in her life, for the first time she felt utterly connected to another soul, it was a feeling so intoxicating that for some time the pain simply ceased to exist, overwhelmed by the intensity of the bond she felt with her stallion, her lover, her mate.

To many people a belly rider was simply a sheath for a stallion's cock, the woman somehow ceased to be a woman, became just a living, breathing sheath for a stallion's pleasure. Jess had no intention of following that particular tradition, she intended to be much more, so much more. As much as she felt bonded to her lover, she intended to use his cock as a way out to a life of her own. The streak of independence inherited from her father was fast developing into a three lane freeway.

Jess surrendered to her first orgasm before they had completed a circuit of the lawn. Juan continued to lead the stallion only until Jess had recovered from her trip to nirvana, then he nodded to Eloa who grinned and turned her lithe body around to mount. Once astride the stallion Eloa needed only to apply a little pressure to ease the horse into a slow trot that increased the sway of the sling and the rhythm of the cock shaft fucking back and forth inside Jess's body.

Twice more Jess writhed and moaned as an orgasm took her body and mind away to nirvana, then soon afterwards Eloa slowed the horse as the stallion's pace became erratic, he pranced a little, then his hind quarters bunched and his back arched as he thrust hard and repeatedly, driving his powerful cock deeper inside Jess who was already very aware of his cockhead flaring out, stretching her deep inside, his shaft pulsed and Jess felt cum pump into her for first time ever. She knew that her body couldn't contain the quantity the stallion was going to fuck into her, she knew her body would bloat as the pressure forced it deeper before the seal of cock and cunt broke and the excess spurted out to splatter her thighs and the ground beneath. All this she knew, but knowing and experiencing are very different. Jess welcomed her lovers cum, she tried her best to contract her muscles, to milk the cock that stretched her, he was her lover now, his cum was her right.

Some traditions Jess intended to observe exactly, one of those was the belly riders impalement ending only when her stallion finally softened and retracted enough to fall out of her body. So it was early evening that first time before Jess could finally wriggle from the sling and stand, assisted by Eloa and Juan, her legs were shaking as she first stood, her hips ached from being spread for so long, not to mention the ache of deep and long impalement. Trusting Juan to take good care of Hrist, she let Eloa help her walk from the stables to the main house, and thence up to her rooms. The young woman was surprised when Jess dragged her into the shower, surprised but in no way resistant. They soaped each other slowly, tenderly, then once dried off they moved to the bed and wrapped in each others arms, kissed each other to sleep.

A maid awoke them in the morning, a breakfast tray loaded for two. As they ate Eloa asked and Jess explained the name she had chosen for her stallion. Eloa was at first confused that Jess would chose a woman's name for such a powerful stallion, but once Jess had explained that Hrist, "the shaker" was one of the twelve valkyries and what they were, at least in legend, Eloa nodded and grinned, "He is lucky to be chosen by one so determined in her destiny, as am I lucky, and for the same reason." Eloa's words were the only acknowledgement of their new relationship. Jess made no promises, expressed no feelings in words, yet from then on they were seldom apart unless Jess was at her studies.

For the next two years Jess studied hard and rode harder, working her way up slowly, until she could ride daily and for hours at a time. She saw no need to spend her nights asleep and impaled beneath her stallion, but did so anyway, simply because it was tradition, but once having learnt it, Jess saw no need to continue it. Eloa still spent her nights in Jess's bed and much of her days at Jess's side, still they had never discussed or defined their relationship. Jess still unwilling to make any promise she couldn't keep, Eloa content to have been chosen. She recognised the power within the younger woman, understood the determination, if not the potential.

For her seventeenth birthday her father had again indulged her but remained absent. This time she had chosen the stallion she wanted, again money wasn't an issue, she named him Sigrun "Victory Rune", having him allowed her to ride daily, something she couldn't do whilst Hrist was her only mount.

For her eighteenth birthday it was a simple repeat, except the stallion she chose was twice the horse

and three times the cost of the other two combined. Sigdrifa "Victory Blizzard" though fully trained for belly riding was considered too much horse and Jess was warned to accordingly. Both the owner and trainer presumed she was purchasing him to breed from, not with. She did nothing to correct their assumptions.

It was on her eighteenth birthday that Jess dropped the bombshell that signalled the beginning of her break for independence. It might sound strange that a young woman born into a wealthy family, indulged without limit, should have any wish to change the status quo. At least it would sound strange unless you met the young woman in question. The bombshell... ?? Jessica Ann Youngson announced her intent to ride in the forthcoming Triple...

It took less than twenty-four hours for her father to appear in person to first suggest, then ask, move to begging and then resort to demanding that his daughter give up any such notion and instead accept any alternative of her choosing. Jessica Ann Youngson stood toe to toe with her father, calmly thanked him for his birthday present to her and offered her forgiveness and understanding of his late arrival, still looking him straight in the eyes, she calmly restated her intent and suggested it would be a cold day in hell before he earned the right to question her decision.

From the moment his son was born, Ray had ensured he spent time with the boy, had chosen his tutors carefully and done his best to guide his son towards a future where he could choose to take over his father's company, or strike out on his own with all the tools needed for success, either way he wanted his son well placed to take his rightful place in the family. Now twelve years old, his son showed all the promise Ray had hoped and planned for, yet at that moment he was shocked speechless, not by his daughter's words, but by the fire in her eyes and the calm determination of her demeanour.

For the first time in his entire life Ray realised that a daughter could be just as worthy as a son, and that his daughter could be more worthy. That epiphany struck him to his core, arriving alongside the realisation that his treatment of his daughter for the eighteen years of her life had burned the bridges he might have crossed to change her mind or even invite her into his world.

In her eyes her father had never let Jess down. By the time she was old enough to realise that a father shouldn't distance himself from his daughter, especially one whose mother had died whilst she was so young, Jess was by then also old enough to understand why he acted as he did. A single glance at any of the photographs of her mother explained it all.

Right then, right there, still toe to toe, her father proved her right. "How much should I place on you to win... ???" Neither one blinked, neither spoke, both understood that win meant all three.

Jess reached up slowly to rest her right hand on her father's shoulder. It was the first time either could remember him being close enough for her to touch him since she was six. "Enough so that Price will never be without."

Both of them were well aware that adding a dollar to that already placed in trust for Price would do nothing but add a dollar to the excess already in existence. But to Ray those few words proved beyond doubt that his daughter harboured no ill will against him or his son.

Ray closed his eyes, straightened his back and drew a long deep breath before opening his eyes to look once again deep into the eyes of his wife, those same eyes with which his daughter was looking into his soul. "Since the day we first met back in junior school, I tried every day of my life to be worthy of my wife, your mother. I think I succeeded until the day she died. I know now I could live a thousand years and never for even one minute be worthy of you."

Still toe to toe, father and daughter stood silent, tears streaming down their cheeks, neither could ever remember crying before, yet both now wept in silence, not for themselves, not for each other, but for Margaret.

In the months that followed, nothing changed between them, father and daughter both continued upon the course they had long since set for themselves. Jess still studied with the tutors, but spent much of the rest of each day either beneath one of her stallions or working to increase her fitness and stamina. Eloa almost constantly at her side as always. Juan had voiced his objections to her racing, then vowed to do everything he could to help her win. Despite his knowledge and experience it was Eloa that Jess looked to for the help she needed, the older woman was so deeply convinced of her mistress's power that she voiced no objection nor showed any hesitation. The two worked slowly but implacably, both intent on a single shared goal. It took time, there was pain, endless pain, but there was progress too.

Early on the day of the race the belly riders and their stallions gather in the centre of the racetrack. They are joined by a number of spectators randomly chosen to witness the measuring, a second group comprise those willing to pay the exorbitant fee necessary to get a close up view of the proceedings, they are not witnesses, just voyeurs.

The officials work their way down the line, each rider is measured and weighed, each stallion is measured, then stimulated so that his shaft can be measured. Once measured, neither rider nor horse may leave the centre of the course until they are led to the start position. This prevents cheating and ensures that everything is visible to the spectators, all of whom will be placing money on their favourites. The results of the measuring are of course posted for all to see.

The morning was warm, a light breeze wafted around the course, though much was sheltered by the stands that were already filling with eager spectators. Out in the centre Jess had been measured and weighed and was stretched out naked on a blanket Eloa had spread for her. Now was the time to relax, though Jess was not motionless, she was stretching slowly, moving just enough to keep her body limber and ready. Juan stood to the side, proud and confident, gentling Sigdrifa, still completely unaware of his princess's intention.

Jess had planned carefully, visited her lawyers, demanded they sign non-disclosure documents then issued her instructions. Only the senior partners of each firm were involved, no aides, no secretaries, every signed document was collected and taken away by Jess after each meeting. In fact that was the only part that caused an objection, lawyers detest not having written proof in their possession. Jess stood firm, they acquiesced. Privately almost every one of them took one look at her, a second at the sums involved and decided they should place a few bets of their own.

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## Chapter Two

It must be admitted that Brazilians are not known for their punctuality, so it was surprisingly close to the advertised time when the signal sounded for the riders to go to the starting position. Famously laid back in many ways, Brazilians are razor sharp where betting takes place, so the rules of 'The Triple' are keenly enforced. Once all the competitors are gathered at the starting point, the signal is given and the riders free to start in their own time, as the race is against the clock there is no need for them all to bunch together for a racing start, especially given the risk of injury to horses and

riders in such a melee. The actual start line is a hundred yards further than the start position, this is to give the riders time and distance to get their stallions settled into the trotting pace they must then maintain or be disqualified.

It is perhaps time to review the rules now, before the race starts.

The first criteria and the one for which most riders train, is a simple test of endurance. The horse must maintain the trotting pace, even a momentary change of pace to walk or canter will have the horse and rider instantly disqualified. Every rider is free to simply stop at any time, doing so signals the end of their attempt and their time is noted, the rider/horse with the longest time wins the endurance race.

The second criteria and the other one some riders train for is the fastest lap. Each rider/horse is timed throughout the race every time they cross the start line. Obviously the fastest lap completed wins, however it isn't that simple, the faster the trot the easier it is to accidentally slip into a canter, added to that is the risk of the extra speed triggering the horse's need to cum from the extra stimulation. It is almost impossible for a horse to maintain any pace whilst cumming so if it happens the result is almost certainly disqualification. Those who attempt it have spent many long hours fast trotting beneath their stallions, few are dedicated enough to suffer the long painful hours and the constant internal bruising that results from prolonged fast trotting.

Third and last is the one very very few riders even attempt to train for, being deeply impaled is dangerous, too deep and the internal injuries are often fatal. If a rider is impaled enough to require surgery or any serious medical attention they are disqualified, this rule prevents those who might otherwise be literally dying to win. Usually this prize is awarded to the rider/horse combination who by accident of birth are able to take a deeper impalement than is normal. It is the criteria most carefully scrutinised and least competed for. Often the winner is obvious from the measuring and those who bet are consequently able to obtain only poor odds for the obvious favourites. It is also the only prize that over the years has regularly been won by the same rider/horse combination two or more years in succession.

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At the top of the main stand in one of the best private boxes stood Ray Youngson. A pair of powerful binoculars to hand, their size required a tripod to support them whilst allowing comfortable use. His guests kept their distance, aware from his demeanour that he was to be left alone. Very few of his guests had been aware that he had a daughter although all had met his son at least once. That he should invite them to watch his daughter compete was a puzzle none fully understood. Ray himself had at first thought to take the box for himself alone, but the realisation that this would be the first time he had ever attended upon his daughter's performance in anything stopped him dead. He delighted in simply watching his son play, even as a baby, that and his honest intent to try to be worthy of his daughter drove him to invite a broad range of friends from industry and legislature. He had seen into his daughters eyes, he would no longer deny her existence or ignore her achievements.

Through the powerful binoculars he watched as Eloa assisted Jess into the sling.

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Juan scowled as Eloa adjusted the modified sling, he recognised it's purpose but accepted that it was far too late to voice any objection, let alone interfere with the will of his princess. The modified sling once tightened pulled Jess up tight against her stallion's belly, once her wrists and ankles were fully

bound it would make any movement almost impossible, properly adjusted that greatly lessened the risk of impalement as the combination of close coupling and the standard safety strap that checked rearward movement would hold her exactly in position. Eloa completed her work and slapped Jess gently on the thigh, kissed the exact same spot and taking the lead rein from Juan, set off to lead Jess to the starting point.

It was only as they walked away that Juan spotted the safety strap laying on the grass, half covered by the blanket. Years of experience brought instant realisation, the idea froze Juan, he felt his heart pounding, his pulse loud in his ears. He knew better than to attempt to interfere, with a long sad sigh he turned and went to do all that was left to him. He went hurriedly to place a bet.

Sigrdrifa was a difficulty name for Juan, he was after all a long way from being a viking, so he and others referred to the big stallion as 'Bliz' a much easier name for all concerned. The thought stopped him once more. His princess had named her latest stallion Sigrdrifa, "Victory Blizzard", even back then she already knew... !! The name was too clear a signal to ignore. At the booth, Juan simply emptied his wallet and pushed it all across, he spoke softly, not wanting others to hear. "Put it all on number 25 to win the Triple, all three." The clerk's eyes bulged and he turned quickly to seek out his supervisor, the race would soon be starting, Juan pocketed his betting slip just as the signal sounded, they were released to start... !!

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Jess focussed her mind, letting her body move as her stallion dictated. She was aware of him, his power, the muscles in his chest and belly moved against her own. They were bound so close that only sweat could fit between them, his shaft was buried deep inside her, but there was little movement, almost no sensation other than fullness, the familiar stretching of her body demanded by his powerful shaft.

His previous owner and trainer had both been correct, he was too much horse, but right then Jess wondered if he was enough horse? At 17.3 hands he towered over many of the other stallions, his body was far more obviously muscled and his short coat shone like polished anthracite. Beneath him all 5'9" of young woman lay immobile, arms and legs wrapped tight and bound in place, her golden hair plaited and tucked so it didn't drag on the ground, her body appeared glossy, as if oiled, which it had been, Eloa had massaged the heavy oil into every pore of her mistress's body that morning. Jess was no stick model beauty, her body was too sleek, muscles too obvious when she flexed, but her power had a beauty all its own, her eyes sealed the deal, as blue as deep glacial ice, they froze when she let loose her temper, but in Eloa's arms they appeared as blue as a tropical sea, so clear it was hard to judge their depth. Jess looked every inch a valkyrie to Eloa's eyes, well, if a valkyrie spent a lot of time sunbathing naked to get the golden tan her mistress had even as a child.

About half of the competitors had set off before Jess eased Sigrdrifa around to face the start line, a glance left and right to ensure nobody was too close, another glance forward, achieved by tilting her head both sideways and back, the way was clear. Jess steeled herself, then using only fingers and toes, she gave Sigrdrifa the command she had practised so often but never until now without the safety strap securely in place.

Sigrdrifa let loose a long loud bellow, a sound loud enough to command a galloping herd. A stunned silence swept out, spreading ever wider as people reacted to the sound, turned to look, only to see the big stallion rear up high, front legs seemly ripping at the sky. Beneath him Jess felt herself side downwards, gravity fought the resistance of the powerful stallion's shaft, driving ever deeper inside his mistress.



Night after night Eloa had strapped on the dildo her mistress had commissioned, hour by hour she obeyed her mistress, drove and thrust, ignored every scream, every whimper, obedience without question, Eloa obeyed with each thrust as she drove the dildo time and again deeper until finally one night there was no resistance, just a tightness, a soft moan, their bodies met completely for the first time since the strap on arrived. Jess held Eloa tight in her arms, kissed her again and again, the look in her eyes was everything Eloa could have hoped for.

So right there at the starting point Jess knew she was already a winner, knew beyond doubt that none would have taken as much, as deep, Jess was ready. Sigdrifa was ready. The extra depth served to anchor her completely, no rocking sway, no stimulation to drive the stallion to climax, Jess clicked twice, tongue against teeth. As one they started moving, building up to the fast extended trot that they had practised for so long. It wasn't enough to win the endurance. It wasn't enough to win the fastest lap, not even enough to win all three. For Jess enough was to win with style, by so wide a margin as to leave a marker that others wouldn't dare to challenge. Jess had grown up with tutors, surrounded by servants, indulged by her absent father, she had no experience of competing against others, she was the princess of the stables, her word was law. Jess understood the concept of competition, of winning or losing, but in her heart she would accept nothing short of conquering, in others she expected their best effort, in herself she required perfection.

Horse and rider crossed the start line as one, powerful, graceful, fast. The extended trot isn't a natural pace for a horse, yet Sigdrifa moved as if he was born to it, as if it was to him as natural as breathing. Horse and rider stayed out away from the inside rail, it kept them away from those ahead, as well as making it easy to sail past them. Their first lap broke the record by a wide margin, their successive laps matched the first to within a few tenths of a second. That alone was a thing of legend. Sigdrifa simply didn't appear to tire.

Jess was well aware of the winning times as well as the number of laps achieved by the winners for every year going back further than mattered. From those she calculated her goals, broke each down, then set about achieving them, training went slowly because Jess understood that the aim was to reach peak performance on the day of the race, not weeks before so that maintaining it would blunt their edge, she trained Sigdrifa to want each new challenge, just as she drove herself to suffer the pains and aches that such training caused.

The young woman who in time would be known to her adversaries as 'TT' understood that the Triple wasn't won on race day, it was won every time she pushed herself harder, trained Sigdrifa better, than every other competitor. Jess had the resources to train daily, no distractions, but she also had nobody driving her, advising, supporting. Jess was her own task mistress, and she gave herself no quarter.

The day was hot, the grass track hoof beaten into dust, stallion and rider were both covered in sweat, two hearts beat, two powerful bodies strained, both acting in sync, as one, until there were no others on the track, no spectator seated, no throat dry, none dared look away for even a moment. Every single person acutely aware they were watching a legend being born.

A final lap just to be sure and Jess gave the signal. Sigdrifa stopped dead. Transitioning from extended trot to statue so gracefully he seemed to have been poured into position. His body exactly straddled the start line.

Ray Youngson turned away from the rail and strode out to where his helicopter waited. As he walked he tried to understand the feelings coursing through him. Pride in his daughter, fear that in that single victory she had gained total independence. He didn't doubt for one second that she was now a very wealthy young woman. Strangely despite all he had seen and every dire comment his friends

had made thinking he couldn't hear, he didn't for a moment consider his daughter might be fatally injured. He was in the air and heading away fast before anyone knew for certain. Well, anyone except Jess.

The first to approach her were the officials, they did so slowly and from in front of Sigrdrifa, a hushed reverence preceded them. Each in their own way showed a measure of respect far in excess of their customary attitude to horses and especially to belly riders. Each moved around them, expecting to see the tell-tail oozing of blood from the joining of horse and rider. Next came the medical crew accompanied by a priest who himself had won a modest amount on her for a single win, a fact which he tried hard to forget, expecting as he was to be offering her the last rights.

Jess lay perfectly still, the last of her strength focused on breathing slow and even. She knew it was going to take time for them to complete their tasks and pause long enough to listen to her, so she lay still, breathed slowly, waited.

Having already measured Sigrdrifa fully erect, it took only one measurement and simple subtraction to compute the depth to which Jess was impaled. That measurement alone was sufficiently large as to be impossible to keep secret even just until the full results could be announced. It was actually possible to see the figures speed out through the crowd of spectators, their faces switching rapidly from stunned to doubt, to amazement.

An outsider would probably react in a similar way, though they would undoubtedly be incredulous that nobody even suggested helping Jess out of the sling. To outsiders it would be an obvious and urgent requirement, but as with any tradition, belly riding has its own unique rules. One that Jess had always followed was that the rider remained in place until such time as the stallion softened naturally and withdrew enough to fall out, only then would she dismount. Tradition amongst the country folk was indisputable. Jess would remain impaled.

Few accepted her assurance that she was in fact simply deeply impaled and that nothing inside was ruptured, torn or simply punctured. The medical crew waited, eager to give her care but bound to wait as tradition dictated. The officials also had to wait. If as they suspected she was seriously, perhaps fatally injured, she would automatically be disqualified from the third criteria. That would still leave her the winner of both the endurance and speed elements. But there were huge sums involved, the bookmakers had made the officials aware of the outcome should Jess prove not to need medical attention. Nobody was going to rush a decision.

Whilst the officials carried out their duties, Eloa had quietly eased her way through the crowd to be at her mistress's side. Now that all that was left to do was wait, the young woman looked at Jess, received a nod, and seemingly draw herself together, transforming into that which her name described.

In the Brazilian language Eloa means Goddess. Standing there besides her mistress and the huge black stallion, a goddess appeared, commanded, was obeyed. The officials drew back, the crowd parted and the goddess calmly, slowly, led horse and rider out of the crush and back to the centre of the track where they had left the blanket and a plain leather saddlebag. Juan hurried to meet them. The officials and the medical crew followed at a distance, the crowd spread out but stayed back, nobody wanted to risk the wrath of a valkyrie and a Brazilian Goddess.

Jess lay quiet and still. She was sure that deep inside her all was well, she was equally sure that if Sigrdrifa became aroused, if his cockhead flared, she would be unlikely to survive.

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Chapter Three

Although Juan had only administered enough to last just a little longer than needed for the race, Jess could feel absolutely no change in her stallion's shaft, it was, she realised, the extra depth and her body's tight constriction that was prolonging their coupling. There was nothing to do but wait...

Waiting might seem simple, just relax in the sling and do nothing. The problem was that now the race was over and Jess had allowed herself to relax, her body was reacting to the powerful shaft so deeply embedded inside her body. The feelings began to grow, she could feel his pulse, his heat, even the slightest movement added another notch to her body's slowly building arousal.

Standing beside horse and rider, Eloa realised what was happening, as an experienced belly rider she could understand both what her mistress was feeling and what would likely happen if horse and rider consummated their deep coupling. Eloa was torn between the attraction of being fucked so deeply by a powerful stallion and the almost inevitable result. Eloa didn't want to lose her mistress, but she could understand the almost irresistible urge that was growing within Jess's mind.

Juan, for all his lifetime experience, couldn't fully understand, so missed the interplay between stallion and belly rider, between valkyrie and goddess. The officials too were oblivious, they talked amongst themselves, passing the time until the coupling ended and the seriousness of Jess's injuries could finally be assessed and the outcome of the race announced.

Many of the other belly riders had by now uncoupled from their horses, some made their way to where Sigdrifa stood, his size and power highlighted by the sun reflecting from his glossy coat, even the sweat glistened on his body, appearing to add sparkle to the deep black body. In ones and twos the belly riders slipped through the waiting crowd and moved closer to sit or kneel on the grass in a circle around Jess and Sigdrifa. No words were spoken, none were necessary, even the most novice rider understood what was happening. All could see how deeply Jess had taken the shaft, all feared being impaled to such an extent, some more than others, all knew that it might one day happen to them, all accepted it.

As more belly riders approached and settled into place, Eloa began to feel something she could not explain. It was as if the riders sitting in their circle were projecting the urge, even as she realised it, she could see Jess was now making subtle movements, her body was seeking her stallion's seed.

Jess herself was well aware of her body's desire, it was slowly becoming her desire too. After all, she rarely stayed coupled for so long without coming, without feeling Sigdrifa's powerful shaft throbbing and pulsing as he filled her, bred her. The need slowly built and as it did, so the danger seemed to recede, become less important. Already her muscles had begun the slow cycle of clench and release that worked to further arouse Sigdrifa, massaging his shaft, encouraging him to thrust, to mate, to procreate.

Eloa was unaware that she had been gently caressing her mistress with one hand even as she gentled Sigdrifa with the other. Her touch was that of a lover, it was also an act of reverence, of worship. Around them the gathering of belly riders watched, waited, silently urging the pair on to the final act of consummation. In their eyes winning all three parts of the Triple was a feat so impossible as to only be done by a true legend, to climax whilst so deeply impaled was a fitting way for a legend to leave.

Finally Jess could stand the waiting no longer, her body cried out for the sweet nirvana of orgasm, Jess balanced need against result and decided she didn't care. Sigdrifa deserved to cum, she deserved to cum, flexing her arms and legs as much as the tight bindings allowed, Jess began to

work her entire body with one single intent, to orgasm, to feel her stallion's shaft pulse, his cockhead flare and for both of them to exult as his cock pumped and filled her with his seed.

"Juan." Jess called out, the old man hurried closer. "Release the straps, a single notch on my wrists, six notches on my ankles." Even as he hurried to do her bidding, Juan realised exactly what his princess intended. As he adjusted the straps binding her ankle cuffs tears welled up in his eyes. Again he was torn between obeying his princess and dreading what was going to happen to her.

As Jess used the new slackness to begin a steady swaying motion the gathered belly riders nodded and smiled their approval. Eloa couldn't help herself, she too responded, her touch became more focussed, more sensual, fingers seeking to pleasure her mistress in all the ways she had learned in the months that Jess had shared her bed and body with the Brazilian Goddess.

Now that Jess's movement was blatant the crowd around her became aware of what was happening. So far the waiting has dragged on with little to see, so people had begun talking amongst themselves, still keeping an eye on horse and rider, but seeking to pass the time more pleasantly. That changed rapidly now.

Jess was not by nature an exhibitionist. It is true that she customarily spent much of her time naked but that was how a belly rider dressed, similarly she sunbathed and swam naked, enjoying the feel of the sun and breeze upon her skin. So as the sound of the crowd around her grew, she became aware for the first time that she was the centre of attention, was going to fuck and be fucked to completion in front of the huge crowd. Before and during the race Jess had been focused on the task ahead, on her stallion and her strategy, extreme as it was. She hadn't given any thought to being naked, exposed, to so very many people, strangers.

"Well." Jess thought to herself. "If they are all going to watch, let us give them something to remember us by." Raising her head she nuzzled against her stallion, then in the soft voice of a lover, she spoke to her stallion. "It's time lover, take me, breed me, I'm your sheath lover, a sheath for your beautiful powerful cock. Take me now, let me go in a victorious blizzard of orgasm."

Sigrdrifa responded to her softly spoken command, he raised his head high, bellowed loud, the sound reverberating through the crowd, the sound of a stallion commanding a herd. All four of his legs began to flex, lifting slightly, almost as if walking in place. Beneath him Jess began to sway back and forth, the mighty shaft now pulling back only to thrust deep once again. Sigrdrifa increased his pace, now trotting in place, hooves raising a little dust from the sun dried ground.

The crowd reacted, those closest could feel the ground vibrate as the huge powerful stallion pranced in place, the trotting rhythm setting the sway of sling and rider. Jess using the bindings of wrist and ankle to lever herself into an opposing motion, meeting each powerful thrust, welcoming it, body clenching each time the shaft withdrew from her body.

Never had anyone there witnessed such a spectacle, a powerful stallion and a valkyrie locked together to an amazing depth, both now playing out the final triumph of any belly rider, to die whilst impaled, to go whilst deep in the nirvana of orgasm, a sheath fucked to death by a powerful cock shaft.

It didn't take long, though to some it seemed to take forever, to other it was over too fast, for Juan it was a torture of opposites, dread for his princess, pride in her chosen path. Eloa simply wanted to please, to serve, as a belly rider she understood the motivation, the fatal attraction.

The circle of belly riders began to rock and sway in concert with Jess, each one lost in the moment, dreaming of their own fatal attraction, the lure of the impossible, to take a shaft fully, to be the

perfect sheath. They looked to Eloa, to their own Brazilian goddess, then back to Jess, the valkyrie, her power, her strength driving herself and her stallion onwards to that final climax, she was theirs, who be their legend, their talisman, she was living their most secret dream right before their eyes.

Sweat soak bodies shone and glittered bright in the sunlight, bronze and black, blond and anthracite, poetry on motion, fluidly fucking each other, intent on consumption, on procreation. Yes there was lust apparent, but there was love too. A love enacted before the huge crowd for all to witness the bond of stallion and mare, of horse and rider, of cock and sheath.

Muscles bunched, limbs trembled, bodies undulated, the crowd gasped as they both froze, only the shaft and sheath pulsed strong and hard. Orgasm, climax, the finale to something beyond belief.

Jess cried out as she felt it, felt Sigrdrifa's cock head flare deep inside, her body welcomed it, her mind too. Except for the very core where her will resided, a will that drove her, had driven her all her life, now it refused the inevitable, fought to conquer the impossible.

Powerful thighs flexed, legs straightened, feet found purchase against Sigrdrifa's hips. As his cock head flared Jess's body gave one powerful heave, enough to pull her off the shaft so the flare swelled just inside her womb instead of pressed hard up to her chest cavity. The movement, whilst not great, seemed enough, Jess felt her body stretched, forced to accept the flare, then Sigrdrifa started to fill her, his shaft pulsing, pumping, the sensation was overpowering, with a final scream Jess passed into blackness, even as cum squirted out, the pressure too great to contain, forcing it to jet out around their joining.

As Jess's body sagged the crowd groaned, then began the cheers, feet stomped, hands clapped, all expressed their feelings. The sound made it hard for the officials to hear each other. The medical team tensed, ready to act as soon as possible. Only Eloa remained calm, unmoved, only she could feel her mistress's pulse, strong and steady. She nodded once to herself, acknowledging the rightness of serving such a young woman, such a belly rider, a valkyrie, her Mistress.

For the first time Eloa acknowledged the capital 'M'. Mistress.

Sigrdrifa stood proud and silent, his presence more than enough to give the officials pause before approaching him. They waited, watched as his shaft slowly softened, withdrew, covered in cum, his and his rider's. The crowd noticed too and once again fell silent.

As the cockhead finally dropped out it was followed by a gush of red.

A single gush.

A draining of juices from the core of a young woman's body.

Nothing else.

The doctor took only moments to confirm the bookmakers fears, Jess was the winner of all three parts of the Triple. In moments the news spread out through the huge crowd, all soon knew, all soon celebrated. All except Jess who still lay in the sling, body now limp, drained, unconscious.

Eloa lifted her hand from her Mistress's body, straightened up and with a single touch of her hand upon the stallion's flank, she led Sigrdrifa and Jess away, the crowd parting, the other belly riders following, leaving the officials in their wake.

Behind one of the stands were the stables, holding pens and exercise areas set aside for the

racehorses. It was to the centre, to the stable yard that Eloa led them. There in the centre stood for huge horse troughs their stone bulk brimming with cool water.

Eloa led the lead rein slack so Sigdrifa could drink, then summoned several of the belly riders, together they eased Jess from the sling and out from underneath her stallion. Then at Eloa's direction they moved to a second trough and whilst Eloa cradled her Mistress's head, they lowered Jess's unconscious body into the cool water, submerging all but her head.

Jess awoke to the tender touch of many hands gently washing her entire body, the water was deliciously cool, but the sensations of all those hands was both sensual and surprising. For a long moment she just lay enjoying the attention, then with a small cough her eyes opened and her head turned, Eloa brought a glass to her lips, Jess drank, coughed, drank again. "Thank you. Thank you all."

And thank you to dear reader. If you enjoyed this Triple tale, then rest assured that Jessica Ann Youngson will return in further stories. If you didn't enjoy this Triple tale, why are you still reading it... ??

THE END