

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

During our stint of ranch work, my wife got bored and took a pottery class in town. She created some beautiful vases, but said of the dozen or so women in her class, all they mostly did was get drunk and talk about sex.

These were mostly older women from town, that didn't know much about country life or animals. So when my wife casually talked about our horses, they got real interested.

I happened to be home for lunch the day a couple cars full of women drove up the driveway. I watched out the kitchen window as 6 or 7 drunk, middle aged women staggered out of their cars, and walked down to the stable, about 50 ft. behind the house.

For 20 min. or so they looked at the brood mares, and this springs foals. Eventually, they made their way to the stallion paddocks. In our breeding program were 3 stallions. A young quarter horse, a young paint, and an older appaloosa. They all had top bloodlines, and had won enough shows to prove their worth as breeders.

They were with the 2 young studs for a while, each woman in turn looked up between the hind legs at the huge balls and cocks sheathed underneath. Then they walked over to the older App. stud and actually entered his corral.

He was very well trained, and a gentleman that even a kid could handle, so I felt confident that my wife knew what she was doing bringing these city women in with him.

They all stood around with my wife explaining something I couldn't hear, due to the distance. Soon they were petting and rubbing him, and actually kissing his face and neck. My wife stood back with an amused look on her face.

Pretty soon a couple of the women were on each side carressing his belly, & 2 were massaging his big muscular ass. Two others were standing by my wife blushing. My wife then left the group for several minutes, and returned with a towel and a bucket of warm soapy water.

These were his personal bucket and towel used to clean him before covering a mare. He had come to associate these items to mean that a good time was on its way. They all gathered around his ass end, which blocked my view for awhile, but they soon moved around for me to see what happened next. In the meantime I grabbed some binoculars we had nearby for a better look.

My wife handed the bucket to a large brunette, approx. 50 yrs. old who seemed to be the leader of the group. I found out later, she was the pottery class instructor. That lady lifted his tail out of the way, and gave his huge ball sack a thorough sponge bath. He had naturally pink skin on his balls and cock with no black spots like most horses have, so they look like giant human genitals. Soon they were all shiny and squeaky clean. The women took turns holding and rubbing them. Sometimes they would heft them to gauge their weight, or they would try to wrap both their hands around the base, which none could.

You could tell the old boy was in heaven, because he stood still and spread his hind legs to give them full access to his wide sack. Next the brunette again took the lead, crouched down slightly, gathered both balls in her hands and pulled them gently back between his hind legs. She stuck her tongue out and licked up and down the sides and under his bulging bag. She then buried her face in his fat sack and planted a kiss right between his balls. I could see her red lipstick planted there like a

tattoo.

She moved around to his side & I couldn't see what she did next, but 2 other women were happy to take her place. They were playing with his balls so much, I was afraid they would turn his pink balls blue. Possibly causing future breeding problems if they caused him some pain from not getting him off.

It turned out my worries were in vain, because my wife led him over to a rail that we tie mares to that are getting bred, which brought him closer to the window I was watching from, so I could see better! He had a raging hard on, as long and thick as my arm. The brunette was washing up and down the length of it with warm soapy water. My wife grabbed a bale of straw and slid it under his belly behind his front legs. The brunette sat on this and started kissing his dong, from the base down to the huge head.

It was already leaking some pre-cum, and this she rubbed up & down the shaft, and swirled around the head. She opened her mouth wide and actually got the head in her mouth for a few seconds. It must have been too big and uncomfortable, because she took it out right away, but made several more attempts. Eventually she resigned herself to licking and sucking it. She even poked her tongue into his cock hole and swirled it around in there too.

Two younger blond women who looked like sisters, joined her under his belly and were on each side licking and kissing his shaft and pumping it with their hands. When they made their way down to the head, all 3 were flipping their tongues around it like crazy! The pre-cum was running out freely now in thick stringy gobs.

The brunette removed her clothes and scooped up handfuls of his goo and rubbed it onto her tits and into her thick dark bush. She laid back on the bale, and the 2 sisters guided the head towards her hole. The other women got closer to watch & I noticed their hands inside their clothes rubbing tits and pussys.

It's a good thing she was a big woman, because I never would have believed a woman could take a cock so thick! They stuffed the head in, and several inches of shaft. That's about all that would reach down to the bale area. The other ladies took turns jacking his cock off. The brunette was cumming like crazy, tossing her head around and spreading her thighs very far apart. Her dark hairy pussy was stretched & bulging with hot pink horse meat.

It didn't take long, maybe 5 minutes or so, and she laid back like she fainted. I saw a huge amount of horse sperm gush out of her twat around the shaft. It seemed to shoot out as far as her knees, probably from the internal pressure. Then the 2 blondes pulled back on his huge cock, and it popped out. The head was all flared out like a huge blue toadstool. It was throbbing and twitching, and shot a huge gob that completely drenched her black hairy hole, with white wash.

I saw one of the onlookers scoop up some of it and taste it with a surprised approving look on her face. My wife led the stallion back to his stall, & put him away. Meanwhile the other ladies, sometimes 2 at a time, took turns licking her big gushing pussy. They tongue fucked her hopelessly stretched hole, and still didn't get it all. They all had cheeks and chins that looked like glazed doughnuts.

They all washed up and left shortly after that. I must have cum 3 times standing in my kitchen watching..

Later when I confronted my wife, I asked what if that lady had give the horse an STD or Herpes, she wasn't sure, but admitted things got sort of out of hand with those horny old city ladies.

~~~~~

## Chapter Two

Several yrs. back, I was laid off of my job, just before Christmas. I got unemployment, but it couldn't have happened at a worse time. We were hurting for money, and on top of everything else, our area got dumped on with several feet of snow. It took days for the plows to clear all the roads.

While I looked for another steady job, I saw one posted for work at a horse stable.

Even tho it's not my first choice of work, I do have experience around horses. The add specified that it involved general horse farm chores, but the applicant must have groom experience.

I thought I could handle that, because the horses I had shown in the past usually won their classes, and I had done the grooming myself. I just wondered if it involved any English fitting, because I wasn't familiar with that.

I drove my truck through the tail end of the blizzard, and somehow found the place in the back roads of a neighborhood I was unfamiliar with. Actually it was only about 8 miles from home, that, I thought would be convenient.

As I pulled into a large plowed yard, a lady walked out of a large modern house to meet me. She said her name was Sal, and I introduced myself as Ray. She was wearing a coverall type snow suit, so I couldn't gauge her figure, etc. and her head was covered in a hood. But her face looked nice, I could tell she was older than me, I was in my mid 30's at the time. She looked very short, maybe 5'2" at the most. When I got out of the truck, and stood next to her, I could see, that estimate might even be stretching it a bit.

We walked into her huge combination barn/arena, and I found it was entirely heated. I asked her if it was a boarding stable, and she told me no, it used to be, but now it was just her and her horses. She told me if I take the job, I could bring my own horses and she would make room for them. Then she showed me my living quarters. They were nice, and clean, all the comforts of home, but I told her I have a home only a few miles away.

When she heard this, she got quiet, then asked if I was married also. I replied yes, wondering where this was going. She said she hoped that I would have been more freed up, because the job requires travel across the country to different shows, and I would be gone from home, sometimes for periods of time.

I replied that I didn't think it would be much of a problem, because I had been an over the road trucker and was used to the lifestyle. Satisfied with that answer, we proceeded with the tour. She had approx. a half dozen brood mares and some yearlings that ran together. When I asked who tended them if we were gone, she said she had an arrangement with a neighbor that took care of them at those times. She said most of my work would involve her 7 stallions. Then I got to meet the stallions.

As I suspected, they were all purebred Arabians. And each one was a beautiful representative of the breed. I could also tell that they were completely spoiled, and would be a handful to work with. More than I actually was interested in.

Sal sensed my reluctance, and asked about it. I replied, that I preferred stallions to be well trained, and somewhat reliable. I mean a stallion is always unpredictable, but a horse with no respect for people is downright dangerous. And while I harbor no prejudice for any particular breeds, I have

found Arabians and Thoroughbreds to be hot and flighty. I always thought I was a little too big to ride an Arabian also. But some of Sal's horses were actually on the big side.

Sal just laughed, and said they were extra rambunctious, at the moment. They had been stalled throughout the blizzard, and needed to get out for some exercise, and were anxious to see her.

We went through the feeding routine, and other boring stable chore stuff I won't write about here. After turning each horse out for some free time, she invited me up to the house.

Once inside she offered me coffee or a drink. I opted for the drink, and she poured us each a glass of brandy. We had worked up a sweat in the heated barn, and as we shed our winter gear, I could see she had a stunning figure. Her hair was strawberry blonde and curly, but was plastered to her head from the hood. Even under her winter ski type sweater, I could see she had an hourglass figure with nice big round tits, very full, and a nice curvy ass and hips. She had long shapely legs still encased in tall black boots.

Sal asked if I would mind if she took a quick shower, I could make myself another drink, then we could talk more about the terms of employment. I had no objections, and sat waiting by the fireplace sipping my Brandy. The room I was in served as a trophy room, with every wall and shelf covered with trophies and ribbons, plaques, and platters. Numerous photos showed Sal in various stages of her life, with her current show horse. No pictures of kids, but one did show an older man with her, in a slight embrace.

There were several newspaper and magazine articles about Sal, framed also, and by the date on one, I guesstimated Sal to be in her 60's. Dam! she held up well!

In a few minutes Sal returned in a fluffy robe and slippers, toweling her hair. She poured another drink, and sat next to me on the leather sofa. She leaned over the coffee table and grabbed a photo album, and as she did her robe parted enough for me to see she was naked underneath. A firm bulging breast slid into view, capped with a wide pink areola, that extended into a pointed red nipple at full erection. I started getting hard, and tried to avert my gaze in this ridiculous situation.

Sal paid no attention, and continued explaining the photos as she paged through the album. I lost track of the conversation, and time as she rambled on about each picture. I guess she didn't have many visitors to brag to lately, but I was so interested in her robe, that I politely endured it.

We had a couple more drinks, and I noticed Sal's words getting a little slurry. At one point she leaned against the bar, and climbed up on a bar stool facing me and continued her monologue. I'm not sure if it was on purpose, or accidental, but with me sitting lower on the sofa, I had a bird's eye view of her shapely legs. Slowly her robe started spreading wider until they were exposed to the thigh, and I could see her strawberry red muff in the middle.

At one point, she leaned back to drain her glass, and her legs parted showing her puffy mound in all it's glory. I stared open mouthed, until I noticed her eyeing me through the bottom of her drink glass. I started to say something, but she cut me off, saying we may as well get this out of the way now. The living quarters in her show rig were cramped, and we would be seeing a lot of each other in the weeks to come.

I guess by my blushing smile, she could tell I liked the way this conversation was going. She asked if I would like to take a shower also, and I stood up to leave saying that wasn't necessary. Sal staggered over to me and put her arms on my shoulders, and said it's very necessary, because I like everything squeaky clean. Then her left hand slowly roamed down my front, cupping my balls, and tracing the bulge from my hard on, and she said especially this.

She led me to a spacious bathroom, still steamy from her shower, adjoining a huge bedroom with a huge bed. I undressed quickly when she left the room, and soaped up under the hot spray from the shower head. I could see her image in the steamy mirror, sitting on the bed watching my image through the glass shower doors. When I was done and toweling off, she said you can leave the towel there, and come join me here to discuss your employment.

I walked into the dark bedroom with my semi hard cock swaying to and fro. I stood in front of her, and she grabbed it and milked a drop of precum from the end, and leaned forward to lick it off. I moaned, and she pulled me onto the bed where I sank into the soft thick mattress. She straddled my thighs, and slid a very wet pussy forward until it slid along my hard cock. When the blunt head was nestled in her moist lips, she expertly rocked back until the head started pushing into her hot tunnel.

Sal untied her robe and her heaving breasts were presented to my hands and mouth. I gently squeezed and kneaded those globes, and leaned forward to mouth those springy nipples. She was burying my cock to the root, bouncing off my balls with her firm round ass cheeks. Her cunt was unbelievably tight! It gripped and milked my cock on every stroke.

I whispered slow down Sal, or it won't last that long. She said I don't care, just tell me when you are going to shoot, I want it in my mouth. Soon I told her, and she spun around and was expertly jacking me off while licking and sucking my cock head. Her wet pussy dripping and hovering over my face. I rose up and buried my face in those strawberry red curls, and licked and sucked her thick dripping pussy lips.

I found her clit and gave it all my attention, as her hole poured out hot lava down my chin, and cheeks. As I blew my load, she swallowed loudly, and shot several gobs on her bouncing tits. Sal suddenly stiffened, and had an orgasm without me doing much of anything except shoot my sperm all over her face and tits.

As we rested, Sal clutched my cock and said your hired. I said, well, I didn't have to work too hard to get you off. And she replied, that she likes nothing better than having a thick cock shooting hot white sperm all over her body and face. And she has always loved the tasted of sperm also. The more the better. I told her I was sometimes good for 2 orgasms, but had never cum more than that since puberty.

Sal chuckled and said I may be able to change that. Then she boldly asked me if I had ever heard of a woman having sex with a horse. I told her about the women from the pottery class, and that I had seen some porn online, involving women and horses. She was quietly intrigued, and when I finished, she said, I would love to have sex with one of my stallions, but I think I am too small.

I told her that yes I thought she was a little too short, and she said no silly, I meant my vagina is too tight. I said yes it was one of the tightest I had ever experienced. And she said she had never had children, she was married briefly, but her husband was too old, he died shortly after their marriage, and left her a very wealthy woman. She too had viewed some porn, but stopped watching it because it only made her anxious and depressed that she couldn't do it too.

I told her that if she really wanted to achieve that goal, I wouldn't mind helping her in any way I could. Then she said, that the following morning, we could assess the situation in the barn. I left with a big smile on my face and drove home hardly noticing the snow storm building up again.

\*\*\*\*

The next morning, I arrived at Sal's place before sunup, and busted my way through the drifted snow. I saw a single set of tracks leading from the house to the stable and followed them in.

Once inside the heated arena entrance, I saw Sal's winter clothes discarded on some chairs. I shed mine also, to avoid getting too hot like the previous day.

I walked around, and saw the stalled horses eating their morning meal. Evidently Sal had done part of my morning chores before I arrived. And I had arrived earlier than we had arranged.

I heard a noise in the arena, and walked towards it, and saw Sal riding one of the stallions, Sultan, if I remembered his barn name correctly. The strange thing about this early morning exercise, was Sal was completely naked, except for a over-stuffed sports bra. The horse was bareback also.

She expertly rode him around the huge arena, putting him through serpentines, and figure eights. It looked like she was riding in a variation of a reining pattern.

I also noticed she used no reins, and evidently was controlling him through leg pressure and weight shifts. She brought him to a gallup, and the ride was so smooth her breasts hardly bounced at all. She rode him to a sliding stop, that ended right in front of me, and said "Hi Ray! I'm glad to see you could make it out in this weather."

As she lifted her right leg and hopped off of Sultan's back, I noticed 2 things. First, was the wet mark on his back where her pussy had been pressed. Second was that Sal had shaved most of her strawberry blonde pubes away, leaving only a heart shaped pad, of short curls above her slit.

I also noticed her thick labia, had been parted and reddened, probly from riding on Sultan's velvety back. They looked swollen, and inviting. Sal noticed me staring, and said "Don't get too worked up this soon, we still have some work to do. But why don't you strip down like me, so it's more convenient." I had no objections, and walked back to the living quarters she had shown me yesterday, and shed my clothes. I did leave my socks and boots on, and thought it looked rather ridiculous, then took them off, and walked barefoot through the stable looking for Sal.

I found Sal and Sultan in a shower stall, the water was running a trickle until it warmed up. She started using a hand held sprayer on his legs and chest, until she worked her way up to his belly. I asked her what she wanted me to do, and she said I could make sure his stall was clean, and put in fresh bedding.

That only took a few minutes, as her stalls are kept immaculately clean. I did notice a sheet type horse blanket folded on the edge, and grabbed it incase she needed it after his bath.

As I walked back to the shower stall, I saw Sal had removed her bra, and was kneeling on a knee pad, stroking Sultan's enormous boner. She was washing off the last of the soap suds with a soft sponge. Sal asked me to hand her a small squeeze bottle on a shelf, and it must have had some kind of baby oil in it.

Sal dribbled some along the length of his cock, and spread it out along the length, including his bulging ball sack. She paid special attention to his rubbery cock head, massaging it in until it shined. I could see the cock thickening, and pulsing with a mind of it's own, so was mine. Sultan knickered softly, expressing his enjoyment. And Sal replied, "Doesn't that feel great baby? Let's show Ray how good it feels."

Then Sal told me to step closer to his hip, and she reached out and coated my hard cock with a warm oiled hand. It slid effortlessly from the root to the tip, milking a huge drop of pre-cum with it. She massaged the head until it was swollen and shiny just like Sultan's.

The leftover oil on her hands was massaged into her pussy folds, causing Sal to shiver and stiffen.

She paused and held her breath for a second, then asked me to kneel behind her and shove my cock into her pussy. I was more than happy to oblige!

It slid in effortlessly, and I stroked it in and out a couple times, but she wanted me to just keep it still in her hole. I could feel her muscles pulsing, and gripping it involuntarily. I could also feel waves of hot fluid pouring out to lube it further, and drip off my throbbing balls.

Sal said, "That feels good, yours is the thickest, I've had in me so far. My husband's was thin, and useless, and I was a virgin when we married. You are the first man I've been with since he died, but I need something bigger to satisfy my hungry pussy." With that, she leaned forward and cupped her magnificent breasts, and nestled Sultan's cock in the cleavage. She rocked back and forth, sliding them up and down his shaft, the head popping out of the deep crevice on the downstroke.

Each time his cock head broke through, it oozed a huge glob of pre-cum to pour out across the tops of her wide breasts. Sal alternated hands to spread it around her stiff shiny nipples, twisting them and tweaking them into bullets ready to fire.

Her rocking motion was causing friction in our overheated groins. Her pussy seemed to loosen up somewhat, but she tried to hold it still and just pulse around my cock. Finally with a groan of lust, she slowly lowered her face to his cock head, and kissed it right on the leaking tip. I could see strings of fluid coating her lips, and her tongue snaked out to lick up any fluid that passed it by. I watched over her shoulder, and could feel my juices boiling in my balls ready to blast out any moment.

Sal let her breasts bounce free, and I caught them in my hands and stroked, and kneaded them in rhythm to her movements. She clutched Sultan's cock with both hands, and stroked up to his cock head in a death grip. She opened her mouth as wide as she could and tried stuffing the huge bloated head in her oral cavern.

All she accomplished was a capping of his freely leaking organ. I saw her tongue poke out and enter his piss hole, probing and fucking it slowly. Then his head started to mushroom into the flare I had seen stallions get right before they cum.

The head expanded until it was as wide as her face, and the ridge or corona, flared out to the size of a small plate. The cock thickened under the head, and it throbbed like an angry alien. Then the first blast shot out like a fire hose!

Sal was prepared for the first volley, and caught most of it in her mouth, letting out a soft shriek of glee. The next salvo had more force, and shot over her shoulder hitting me in the chest. The next few spurts landed on her cheeks, and totally covered her heaving breasts. About a half ounce of thick hot sperm was dripping off her chin and nipples, and running down the sides of her tits coating my hands. Without a movement on my part, I came a river into her hot hole, and it was met by a tsunami of her own fluids blowing out like a canon blast.

Sal bucked a few times, spreading the horse sperm around with her hands, then licked as much off as she could while she calmed down. My softening cock slid out of her wet hole on its own, and I stood to catch my breath.

Sal turned and engulfed my cock into her hot mouth and sucked our combined juices before they dripped onto the floor. Then she said, "Wow, that was great! But you can see it would never fit in my pussy." I replied, "Maybe if we work on loosening it up, and stretching it a bit. How do you think we should go about this?"



Sal said, "I've been thinking about this alot, and I think I have a plan that might work. Follow me and tell me what you think." We led Sultan to his nice clean stall, put his blanket on, and walked to the end of the barn we didn't cover the day before.

I heard a higher pitched knicker as we approached a stall on the end, and saw a small palimino horse. Almost pony size. Sal explained his name was Sundance, and he was her teaser stud, used to test mares to see if they were coming into heat yet. He was a purebred Arabian, but was too small for registration or breeding purposes. She said he's fully trained, and we do all artificial semination here, so all these boys like their dicks handled.

I stood back and thought about it for a few minutes while Sal dragged a straw bale into the stall and sat on top of it. Then she surprised me by leaning back and lifting her legs and spreading them wide apart. As Sundance approached between her wide spread thighs, she let loose with a healthy stream of piss. It arched in front of Sundance and his lip quivered as he inhaled her scent. He knickered softly, and gently licked and nibbled her fluttering pussy lips.

I could see leftover sperm and pussy juice run out of her clutching hole and run down her round ass cheeks. Sundance licked it all up and sniffed some more. In a few minutes he was sporting a boner, that looked big but not impossible in size like Sultan's did. Still it would take some time, and effort to loosen her extremely tight twat enough to accomodate even Sundance.

Sal looked over at me, and asked, "Well, what do you think?"

~~~~~

Chapter Three

I told Sal, it looked like she had her hands full, to which she replied, but I want my pussy full too.

I asked her how far along has she gotten on her own, before asking for my help. Sal got up and threw a clean saddle blanket over the bale of straw to protect her back. She added a scoop of grain to his feeder and brought the bale closer to it.

As Sundance started to eat, Sal moved the blanket covered bale under his belly. She grabbed the little bottle of oil that she had stashed somewhere, and dribbled a generous amount along his softening shaft.

Sal sat on the bale and massaged his cock until it started getting hard again. When it was totally saturated in oil, she spread the excess on her pussy lips and stomache, and all around her ass cheeks and crack.

Then she laid back under the eating Sundance, and rubbed his cock along her pussy trench and ass groove. With her heels on the corners of the bale, she was able to rock her torso back and forth along the end of his cock.

It was very erotic watching the black horse cock, shiny with fluid, sliding in her swollen vuvlva. She used it as a tool to spread her pussy lips, and beat on the swollen lips, smacking them loudly, and forcing them open wider and wider.

A couple times on the upstroke, she brought his cockhead pointed down on her throbbing clit boner, and I watched as she forced it into his pee hole. Whatever hand wasn't controlling his dick, had its fingers burried in her hole making loud squishing sounds amid her heavy sighs and grunts.

She looked at me with a pleading look and said "Ray, I need you to try and get his cock head into my pussy." I asked if she thought she was ready for something that big yet, and she said, "I've got to start somewhere, this is as far as I've gotten on my own, and I'm ready for more."

I asked if he will stand for all this handling of his genitals, and she said he's very docile and used to it. So I knelt as close as my throbbing boner would let me, and gently gripped his hardening cock, feeling it throb and twitch in my hands.

Sal helped by digging her fingers from both hands and roughly stretching her hole open as wide as possible. I also stuck 2 fingers in on the bottom, and pried her hole open downwards towards her ass.

I could see the inner walls of her pussy dialating, and pulsing with a mind of their own. Her hole was filling with hot pussy juice that poured out along my hand to coat her ass cheeks. Then it would fill again to repeat another gush. Soon the saddle blanket was soaked in pussy juice. The aroma was strong and intoxicating.

Sal asked me in a quivering voice to hurry and try to stuff his cock in her hole. I said Ok, but try to relax, and keep your hole as loose as possible.

I could see her clit as hard as it would ever get, sticking straight up above her vulva like a sentry on duty. Her hole was a deep red color, and totally sopping wet, poised wide open waiting to be stuffed.

I gently grabbed his hard cock, and tried to slide it in, but was met with major resistance. It looked like her pelvis was physically too narrow to accomodate a cock as thick as Sundance's.

I kept poking it in the hole, over and over, but it didn't go in any further. I pushed it back and forth in a prying motion, trying to force it in from the side, but it just slipped past. Her shaved pussy mound was becoming red and swollen, easily twice its normal size, the lips were purple and bloated. I could see rivers of fluid running out, and occasionally a spray would shoot out, coating his cockhead to help ease it in.

Sal was breathing hard, and at her age, I was afraid she might pass out or have a stroke. Finally, Sundance must have had enough, his cock started throbbing wildly, and the shaft doubled in thickness. Then the head flared, and cupped, and a hot blast of his sperm shot into her sucking hole, and completely filled it. Two more blasts shot out, and I pressed his huge mushroom up aganst her throbbing vuvla, and he shot a mega blast that filled her to the brim, and the excess splashed out along her thighs and my arms.

Sal was beside herself, bucking and squirting, and shreiking softly, as she had a huge orgasm. She slid off the bale, and knelt alongside it to lick and kiss Sundance's deflating cock, sucking what sperm was clinging to the still flared organ.

Sundance resumed his eating as if nothing had happened, and Sal laid back on the bale with her thighs spread wide, blatantly showing off her red raw pussy meat, covered in horse jizz. Sal said, "I need it stuffed hard now, shove your porker in it and shoot your rocks off!"

My cock slid in effortlessly, and in a few pumps I gave her both barrels due to the heat and visual stimulus I just whitnessed. As I fucked it in and out roughly, I added 2 or 3 of my fingers to mingle in our juices. I stirred and swirled them around alongside my cock shaft, bringing wild squeals from Sal. She blew out a hot load of her sperm and that of the horse, along with mine, while my thumb stroked her rock hard clit. You could have cut a diamond with it.

Afterwards, as we caught our breath, I said, I think we should try fisting you to see if we can get you to open up more. It may take a while, but I think it might help. Sal said I'm all for it. Maybe if I'm not to sore, we can try it this afternoon.

~~~~~

## Chapter Four

That afternoon, after finishing our barn work, and turning the horses out for exercise, and Sal finishing up on my orientation etc. We took a lunch break up at the house.

I had a huge appetite, and had a large sandwich and soup, Sal had a lunch of the liquid variety. Over the next few weeks, I was to realize Sal had a real drinking issue. Not that it affected her normal functioning working around her place, but I was concerned it might become a safety issue, trying to have sex with her stallions.

I kept my concerns to myself for the time being, until I got to know the inside of her head better, for a way to approach this subject.

After lunch, when Sal and I had a good buzz going, we drifted back to her bedroom. She seemed to be looking to me for guidance, so I encouraged her to make herself as comfortable as possible. Earlier, I had grabbed 2 sets of vet exam gloves out of the barn. For those of you who don't know, they are like the ones a hospital uses, only longer, for deep exams on livestock. I also brought her bottle of oil which was in my pocket, and warmed up nicely.

We each put on a pair of gloves, and I proceeded to lightly kiss and lick her vulva. I massaged her ass globes, and noticed her mound swelling in anticipation of the activities to cum. As I probed her hole with my tongue, I could feel it grip it in a slippery vice like grip.

I told her to try to control that, and only use it at the right moments. The object is to be as relaxed and slack as possible. When she appeared to be getting hot, I started prying her hole looser and wider, and did notice some slackness, in that it didn't close up right away when I stopped.

While I manipulated her pussy hole, I was licking her erected clit more and more vigorously. She was moaning louder and louder, and starting to feel frustration, at not having her pulsing vagina filled. Juices were pouring out non-stop, adding to the reduction of friction, pluss my gloved hands were as smooth and slippery as possible.

I made a cone of the fingers on my right hand, and probed her hot hole. Pressing it to each side and downwards towards her ass, in an attempt to make it bigger.

It seemed to be working! Pressing downward, definately opened it up wider than ever, but sideways didn't make much progress. Not ever having kids, had left her pelvis in a narrow state, that I thought might not ever change. Short of taking hormones, I could see no solution, and I wasn't even going to suggest it.

I lubed up one gloved hand with the oil, and soon noticed that I was able to slide in easier, slightly past a knuckle. This was encouraging! Sal was begging and pleading in frantic tones to stuff more in, she didn't care if it hurt, or tore her.

I had a better idea. By now I had her legs up in the air with Sal on her back with her butt propped up on several big pillows. I had been plunging my coned hand into her hole, with slightly more aggressive thrusts. I pulled it out with a sucking sound, and squirted a generous shot of the oil

directly into her hole.

Holding her ankles apart, I said now it's your turn. Your fist is definatley smaller than mine, and mine is almost there. You should be able to feed your fist into that hungry pussy hole, shove away.

It took Sal a couple tries, to find the most comfortable position, that offered the best direct shot at the pulsing target. But when she did, I watched as her hand slowly slid into her hot gulping snatch up to her knuckles.

I pressed my thigh into her ass crack, which lifted her pussy closer to her head. This really turned Sal on, being able to watch her efforts easier. I carefully stood up on the bed, and hooked my left leg over her right knee, keeping my left hands grasp on her shapely left ankle. This freed my right hand so I could probe alongside her frantically pumping left fist. It also caused her torso to tilt more in her favor.

Amid the slurping sounds coming from her extremely lubed pussy hole, and her moans and grunts, I was able to slide 2 and then 3 fingers in along side her knuckles. This had an effect on Sal, that heightened her efforts, with grim determination.

I was timing our manual pumping, and at the right downstroke, I pulled my hand out of the way and started stroking her throbbing clit in soft circular motions. Her pussy gave out a brief squirt, and we both stared in facination as her fist plunged wrist deep into her spasming twat.

I heard Sal gasp, and saw a momentary look of panic on her face. I gently grabbed her wrist to prevent her from yanking it out, and just held it steady for a few seconds. I told her to keep her fist balled, and slowly pressed it deeper, and pulled it out slightly in a slow pumping motion. I kept this up for a few pumps until I witnessed thick fluids pour out alongside her wrist, from deep in her cunthole.

Sal started to buck slightly, as far as my body would allow it, and the moaning turned to screams of ecstasy. Sal said, "Ray! I'm not sure how long I can keep this up! It feels so good, but my body wants to straighten out each time I cum." I told her to forget about cumming just now, and concentrate on just relaxing, and loosening up your hole.

This seemed to have a calming effect on Sal, and her body slowed down in its response to these new sensations. Sal said, "Ray, what if I can't get my wrist out again? It's so tight, and I'm afraid it might get stuck." When she said the word afraid, I knew this session was over.

I worked her hips back into the up position, they had been in before, and squirted another helping of oil alongside her wrist. Then I grabbed her wrist and twisted it slightly a few times to loosen her pussy's grasp. Then I slowly helped Sal withdraw her fist, massaqging the mound, and keeping her labia from pulling out with it.

When her knuckles cleared, I held it in place, and stirred her gloved hand around in her gaping meaty hole. As I pulled her hand away, a huge quantity of juice oozed out in a mighty spasm. Her whole body shook in a convulsion that straightened her torso out, with her thighs twitching, and her swollen puss flaps quivering.

Sal exclaimed, "Ray, my whole left arm seems to have gone asleep!" I told her it was from using the muscles in ways they weren't used to yet. I also told her that she still needed more work before we try a stallion again. I made her promise not to try anything on her own without my help.

Sal wondered when that might be, and I said we don't know yet, but it was too dangerous to try

alone. I said, "Your fist is as far as we got tonight, but it's still too small. We have to progress to bigger and deeper insertions."

In her drunken state, she promised to only use approved sex toys on her twat, unless I was present. For some reason, I didn't believe her, but said nothing.

The next couple weeks reminded me of one of those old movies you used to see in highschool civics class. The old black and white ones that showed progress in the 20th century. We tried different positions, different lubes, gloves, and without gloves, toys, and various objects she thought would help our goal.

As I played it back in my head, I almost saw scenes of scientists mixing beakers and test tubes, and factories churning out black smoke from their smoke stacks. Shiny new railroads crisscrossing the continent, and rallies of blue collar workers in support of the common good. lol

One good effect of all this effort, was Sal seemed to have reduced her drinking, at least when I was around, to only one or two medium sized tumblers. Maybe, she found a more sober concentration, helped her sensations.

One night, about 3 weeks later, in a passionate 69 in her bed. Sal had been rocking back on my fist above my face. Her pussy juice was raining down completely soaking my head and the pillow it was on. I had been licking her swollen clit, and she was licking and sucking my cockhead. As I shot my load onto her tits, and into her hungry gulping mouth, she finally relaxed her pussy, and sank down onto my slick fist.

It was awesome to see her pussy lips draped around my wrist, as sheets of cunt juice ran down my arm. I twisted it slightly, being careful, as it was still a tight grip. I pried upwards slightly towards her asshole, and she bucked back sucking more of my arm into her pulsing puss hole.

She had sunk just clear of my wrist bone, and I grabbed her throbbing clit gently, keeping her cunt pinned down on my arm. If she tried to rise up, my grasp of her clit held her in place. She tried stretching forward, and I vibrated my arm in place, like a giant warm super powered vibrator. This caused her to submit, and I saw her pussy lips flutter open, and the inner lips mouthing my wrist with a mind of their own.

It was like watching a drooling alien mouth eating me from the hand up. I gave a few quick but short pumps, and had truly bottomed out. Sal gave a guttural moan that turned into a scream, and her clutching twat spasmed into a spraying pussy fart, that completely drenched the head of the bed.

Sal collapsed on my belly, heaving in deep breaths, licking my softened cock and balls, like a mother dog, cleaning her pups. I slowly and gently eased my fist from her sucking hole, until I could relax my fingers, and slide all the way out.

I watched in facination as her purple hole gaped, and clutched. A river of hot lava poured out the distended hole, running over her softeneing clit, and running down the sides of my throat. I leaned my head forward, and licked the slack lips. They had been stretched to an obscene length, and hung down like ribbons on each side of her slack clit. I sucked each one alternately, and gave her clit a thorough tounge bath also.

Slowly, Sal revived, and asked, "So Ray, do you think I'm ready to try Sundance again?" I replied, "Hell no! You forget that I am a thinking human, trying to pace this and make it as gentle as possible. Also you are a small woman, with an exceptionally tight pussy. We definately need some more practice. You only just now took my fist, and even as small as Sundance is, his flare is twice as

wide as my fist. Do you think he is going to be as gentle and considerate of your well being as I am?" Sal got offended, and said, "I was just asking, Damn!"

I told her, "I have a few more exercises, I haven't tried yet, and we just had a breakthrough today that shows promise. Don't worry, we will accomplish this feat, but it may take awhile. We have a couple hurdles, but they can be overcome, but only with time, and getting your body used to responding. I'm sure it won't be long until you can take Sundance, but I'm not sure yet about Sultan and the others."

~~~~~

Chapter Five

Sorry it's been so long folks, lots going on in my life right now to find time to type. Hopefully I'll get this wrapped up soon, as I have another story to start, and don't want too many going at the same time.

Over the next couple of weeks, Sal and I repeated the activities related previously. Daily, Sal would suck one or more stallions in the stable, getting her daily requirements for protein. LOL She pretty much abandoned the use of her sex toys, preferring her own fist. She was able to penetrate herself with ease, an accomplishment I witnessed several times firsthand. (pardon the pun) I also lent her a hand when needed, which she seemed to prefer to her own.

I noticed my fist sliding in easier, and once when I forgot the lube, we found that I actually didn't need it anymore. She seemed to be producing an abundant supply of her own.

Next we did add a smaller vibrator sometimes when a fist had been inserted. After that became a set routine, I started trying to get my cock in alongside either her or my fist. At first it seemed impossibly tight, but by adding lube one day we surprised ourselves, when the head of my cock slid in alongside her wrist.

Sal begged me to shove it in further, but I held back with herculean effort, until we had tried this a few times. One night, it slid home with a minimum effort, and felt freaky as hell when her hand wrapped around my cockhead, and massaged and milked it to a super hot orgasm!

Around this time I also noticed her slack pussy lips taking their time to tighten up again. I would lay between her thighs, examining them and her pussy in general. The inner and exterior labia seemed to have gotten at least twice their original size. Also, her hole looked to be about twice the diameter as when I first met her. It was still tight, but about what any other woman would look like. It had been freakishly tight before. I also detected her clit being bigger, hanging over her hole in its protective hood, looking thicker also, and not as sensitive as before.

It looked like our exercises were paying off. One morning, I brought our mini stud over to her place to meet Sal. He was a little guy, only 30 inches tall. I guess I never paid attention to his cock size, but I thought if he satisfied her, I would sell him to her.

After thoroughly grooming him in the shower stall, Sal got on her knees, and played with his cock and balls, until he dropped out of his sheath. Sal was unimpressed. She turned to me, and said, Ray, he's not much bigger than you. I replied, Well he's got length on me, and his head should flare nicely for you.

She was able to get his cock in her mouth easily, and jacked him off to orgasm in her mouth until she couldn't hold his flared head in any longer. It popped out, still shooting some sperm, that made a

slick bridge from her mouth to his mushroom head. After catching her breath, Sal said, Shit Ray, I could have bought one of these myself. Then I realised Sal was a true size queen. I said, Well do you want him to mount you anyway to test his length? She said, we can try, but it's the thickness I'm after.

We led him to an empty stall, and Sal hobbled his hind legs, so he couldn't climb on her legs. Next she wrapped his front legs in oversized leg wraps to cover his front hooves. Then she surprised me by sliding under him on her hands and knees, instead of her usual missionary position. She was actually able to lift his front end up on her own, with his legs around her waist. He seemed to understand what she was after, and grabbed some of her hair like he would grab a mare that he was breeding.

He made a few excited sounds, and I heard Sal say to let him go. I of course possessed more common sense, and held his halter so he could be pulled back some if he penetrated too deep.

Well, penetrate he did! I heard Sal give a satisfied grunt, as I watched his shiny black cock slide into her dripping wet cunt. Her mound and lips were as swollen as a mini mares. It looked like he bottomed out a few inches shy of his sheath. But it apparently was deep enough for him, he didn't try to go deeper. He did throw her some hard thrusts, but like with most horses, the actual act was short lived.

Sal was cumming hard! I could see her thighs and arms trembling, and her big red nipples tits jiggling like crazy. The little stud laid on her back contented, then revived and slowly started to back out. When his cock slid out, still flared, I heard Sal moan loudly. Then he licked her pussy a few times, and flared his lip as he sniffed the air. About an ounce of jiz slid out her opened hole to run down her thighs, and pool in the straw and shavings.

After Sal calmed down a little, she asked me to clean him up, while she went to the office for a drink. I did as she asked, and went to the office to get a drink also. I was sporting the biggest hardest boner of my life! LOL

Only when I got there she wasn't around. I saw her bottle and drink glass on the desk, and helped myself, thinking she was in the bathroom. After a few minutes, and still no Sal, I walked to the bathroom to see if she was OK. I thought maybe she detected some bleeding, although she mentioned no discomfort earlier.

Finding the bathroom empty, and remembering I saw her clothes still on the chair in the office, I trotted to where I thought I might find her.

Sure enough, I could see the top of her strawberry blond curls, just above the top board to Sundance's stall! I started to say something as I entered the stall but saw it was too late! Sal was laying on a bale of straw with a blanket on top, and Sundance was above her, with the head of his cock already inserted in her dripping vulva.

Sal gave me a defiant look, and said I thought it would be easier if I was already stretched and lubed by that mini stud. I watched as more and more of his cock slid into Sal's accomodating pussy sleeve. Thick cream was oozing out the sides, alongside his thick black shaft. Sal was muttering soft words of encouragement, and it looked like Sundance was being extra gentle with her.

Sal reached down and wrapped her hand around his shaft, and massaged it, and pulled it deeper into her torso. She threw her head back, and hissed in rapture, as he began a slow grinding motion with his hips. About five minutes later I heard her whimper, and saw her belly rise up as his cock evidently mushroomed out into a big flare.

I could actually hear the sperm shoot into her cunt, only to run out of room, and shoot out the sides of her pussy, causing the flaps to flutter in a long wet quiff. When Sundance started to withdraw, I grasped his halter to protect Sal. I looked under his side to see the wide flare pop out, and sway above her cunt mound dripping clots of sperm here and there.

Sal reached into her vulva, and appeared to be pushing her labia back inside. Her hand was covered in sperm, and she spread it around her mound, massaging it into every nook and cranny. I could see her hard clit head between her fingers, peaking out of its cover of thick horse sperm.

Sal looked up at me and said, Climb in the saddle cowboy. I wasted no time dropping my pants and shoving into the hottest, wettest cunt ever. It was so loose, I could have easily dropped my balls inside too. Except they were too tight at the moment, getting ready to shoot a blast of my own, to add to the sperm pool in her belly.

I don't think Sal got anything out of it, as when I pulled out, she asked me to fist her. My fist slid home with no effort at all. It even slid in further than ever, so she must have expanded lengthwise also. I was able to pump it vigorously, and twist it until she screamed in orgasm. My other hand was gently rubbing her stiff clit until it felt like it would burst. Sal had been busy pulling and twisting her thick nipples, and feverishly jamming her big breasts into her sucking mouth.

When Sal calmed down some, I carefully withdrew my arm. It looked like her pussy would never be the same. At least it looked well satisfied for once.

The next morning when I got to Sal's place, I saw a different vehicle parked where I usually park. One that I had seen before, but couldn't remember where.

When I walked into the house there was Sal sitting on the sofa with Lisa. Lisa was a woman we'd see at horse shows and auctions from time to time. Rumored to be a lesbian, she was young and attractive in a rough sort of way.

For instance, she had lots of wicked looking tattoos, and sported a black spikey punk style hairdo. She was also rumored to be a drug user, and hung out with a rough crowd. I remembered seeing her at some of the biker bars I rarely frequented. Anyway, they seemed to be getting pretty chummy sitting close together on the sofa. They were both, already 2 sheets to the wind.

Sal asked me if I'd met Lisa? I said I had seen her around, and Lisa shot me a glance of contempt. I shrugged it off, then Sal said Lisa brought her horse over, want to see him? I said, Sure, and we walked out to the arena.

In the arena, running around freestyle was a Freishian stallion. He looked magnificent with long flowing black main and tail, and feathery fringes around his hooves.

Lisa called him to her, and he obeyed. then she made him do some tricks. At one point, I thought he was going to roll. But he layed on his side, and rolled onto his back. Lisa straddled his belly, grabbing his front hooves, then turned back grinning to Sal and I, as we watched his gigantic cock slowly emerge from his sheath just ahead of his monstrous balls.

Sal slowly turned to me, with a sparkly gleam in her eyes, and said, Ray, I'm sorry, but I guess your services will be no longer needed here. I asked her what do you mean? Sal replied, Well, Lisa is moving in, and I really don't need two grooms on the payroll. Plus, it will be less hassles when we go on the road during show season. I got the picture.

I did see Sal and Lisa from time to time at various shows, and once in awhile at the feed mill. Sal

seemed to age quickly after I left. It looked like Lisa had pretty much taken control of most aspects of Sal's life.

Once, I ran into them at the local watering hole, and Sal breathlessly confided to me that Lisa is able to double fist her vaginally. This was told to me out of Lisa's hearing of course. I wasn't surprised. It only goes to show how far you can take it sometimes. The last time I saw them was at a horse show. I was parked at a distance, and only observed them from my truck windshield. I noticed when Sal walked down to the rear of her rig, she walked with a noticeable limp. I guess it could have happened any number of ways, but I have my suspicions. cool.gif

The End