

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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## Chapter One

The airplane is smooth, some 8 miles above the ocean and travelling at over 500 mph. Outside, the moon is shining, reflecting its lunar face off a wing, smooth and polished. Here, I'm reclining in 1st class, eyes closed and resting, thinking of the week ahead and what's in store for me.

My family called needing someone to tend the ranch while they vacation. "We haven't been away in 10 years straight and we need someone here whom we can trust for just a week. Can you come?" They're like that, always presuming the world revolves around their universe and no other discourse is needed. We can catch up later. If the roles were reversed I have no doubt they would come for me as well, such is my family.

This is why I'm jetting halfway across the globe from my pressure cooker job at a moments' notice. Perhaps it's in my DNA, my breeding, I have the great plains in my blood. This makes me an anomaly in the refined world into which I've carved out my professional life. On dress-down Friday's, my cowboy boots are subtle but all eyes are drawn to them. I'm tall, hazel eyed, with lean, long muscles. I can't bench press 300, but what I can, I can do all day, and night...

I stir in my reclined seat and say to my companion "I can feel you looking at me", staring is a better word.

Ever since I called slut and told her to make arrangements to be absent for a week and pack for a rustic environment, she has pestered me for more information, then refused to speak to me when I remained aloof, then more pestering when the mood was on her back and forth, carrot and stick. Capricious is our slut but we love her all the more for it.

Lately I've relented and started doling out bits and pieces of what I have in store for her and little by little she warms to me, even purrs in anticipation. She has not experienced anything quite so wild, so wonderful and untamed as where I'm taking her. I'm intrigued with the idea of what her response will be, she's a city girl, I'm savoring what will be a shock, it tickles me and makes me smile. A very perverse smile.

Opening my eyes, she too is reclining, her spiked blonde hair emanating fire. She's facing me with a look of impish joy permeating her whole self. "6 more hours", she says. "Will there be a treat for me too" "Will I like it?" "What will I eat?" "Will the people like me?" I say that it's 6 more hours to San Francisco, plus 6 for the commuter flights, plus 3 hours drive time.

"It'll be tomorrow when we get there."

More as I write it....and slut gets off her ass and gives me some feedback.

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## Chapter Two

I'm road weary, the journey has been long, tiring and grueling. I need a cold beer, 8 hrs sleep, a shower, and a hard fuck, in that order, well, mostly in that order.

Slut is only a slut and I don't consider her just now, but I can only surmise she is the same. Only she

may want a fuck but the only “fuck” available is me and she wants no human cock. She loves me dearly, she says, I’m just the wrong gender. Certainly that’s a matter of opinion but Ok, looks like I’ll have to abstain too.

She marvels at the space around her, she can see for a mile in all directions, the sky is blue and air clean, crisp and clear.

A ranch dog sidles up to her and sniffs all around, me too, then wanders off to find some shade. He sees no threat in us and I think he’s more interested in chasing an errant cat than bristling at our intrusion.

The family surrounds us, enveloping us in hugs, everyone speaking at once and a “come on inside, where it’s cooler” hospitable invitation that I’ve seen them bestow on other and complete strangers. I do love them. Slut backs herself into me from this onslaught of bonhomie and good cheer; it’s alien to her psyche, all those smiles.

I introduce her as the maid that will cook, and clean for me when I’m out doing the work. I make clear I’m only there for maintenance and not the heavy lifting but they wink as if to say “sure you will.” They know me and I will do what needs being done. I sigh in resignation, but tomorrow, they’ll be gone and I’ll be on my own except for a useless slut.

At that moment I wonder why I bothered to bring her, she knows nothing of this life. Well, I guess that’s precisely why I brought her. If not to broaden her experiential horizons, at least to spread her lovely legs...that’s my goal. Slut likes me to pursue her, it turns her on.

I’m briefed on what’s happening, what needs to be watched closely but really, there isn’t that much so I can anticipate some quality time with a fishing pole or something like that. And then, it’s off to bed as tomorrow is a big day.

I can smell the aromas of strong coffee, then bacon and hear the sizzle of eggs and a shout down the hallway to “come and get it”. The kitchen is alive and slut has been made known where everything is, what’s stocked. This is a high protein diet of beef and fresh greens and I can see my digestion is in for a treat too. Slut on the other hand, is mesmerized. I’m taken aside and told “I like her” by my sibling and I wonder what’s to like, she’s just a useless slut, I think to myself.

An hour later they’re packed and gone and we have the place to ourselves. “Get in” I say from the truck “we need to explore for a bit” and reach across and open her door. The dog jumps in as well. He’s an outside dog, unwashed, unkempt, uncut and a mutt. But well cared for. We drive on-road, then off road then follow trails around the ranch finding the herd of cows, largely needing nothing but moving to another pasture to the herd of sheep, needing much, much more attention.

You see, there are coyotes about and this is a good year for them, they’ve had a good year in their litters. The ranch has lost over a dozen lambs and a couple of ewes and I’m to be out there as much as I can. It’s open season too on the predators. The rifle has a night-vision scope and they say 1000yds is a good shot with it in daytime and perhaps 600 yds at night. Welcome to the wild, Wild West, never completely tamed.

The dog, Jeff, is ever vigilant and walks over me, then slut, watching the world for rabbits, deer, coyotes, and any other animal. He has doggy breath and I’m repulsed, but I can see slut’s hands start to feel his cock and she doesn’t see anything but that cock. He starts to whine while she deftly handles his equipment. “He’s a big one” she says.

She works his cock until there is more than just a simple showing of his tip and I tell slut “ok then,

take off your pants and give them to me”, she is to have no more clothing for the rest of the week and to be available to Jeff when he wants her, she is his bitch, “got it”.

Slut gives me a giant smile and immediately shucks her jeans off. Jeff is coaxed to the foot well and starts to lick sluts slit, quickly becoming slick with her juices and his too. Jeff’s cock is growing ever larger and slut pulls him up and scooches her bottom to the edge of the truck’s seat, its better access you see.

“Oh my” she says, “he is so, so, big” and “I love this” as the world gently floats by the truck. Jeff’s cock finds her pussy and he needs no help to shove himself inside her, to be inside this strange bitch. I wonder at the ease he gets inside a woman, wonder his training, but that’s another tale....

Slut pulls Jeff inside her and I can see his knot disappear inside her and when he pulls, her labia is an elastic balloon, in/out. Slut whispers “easy” then “so big” and, “oh, oh”.

The trail is rough and jostles us about and slut is impaled deeply with one bump and the knot ripped from her with another. Jeff lunges hard and fixes himself inside her long enough for the knot to grow and stay inside her. Slut screams, and then faints for a moment. Her eyes open the next, and bug open as orgasm envelops her. Her body shudders repeatedly with the violence of the ride.

Jeff on the other hand, isn’t finished with her and keeps on hunching inside her, then is still while he impregnates her with his seed. A while later, Jeff’s knot is down but there’s nowhere for him to back out of her so slut keeps him inside her and cums again. I can see the cum, the slime running down the crack of her ass and onto the truck seat.

Slut wraps her petite legs around him and her arms too and becomes a marsupial only on his cock, melded to him. Jeff moves around and slut is taken too. She’s vocally cuming again with the dirtiness foremost on her mind and for that moment, she is an animal, a beastly bitch in heat with only one thing in mind and that’s to be bred. I can see the pheromones ooze from her pores.

I tell her that when we get back and open the door that it’s going to hurt but she doesn’t care, she can’t see or feel that far ahead. Fifteen minutes later, we are back at the home place. I tell slut to hold onto Jeff and I come around to her side and grab the scruff of his neck. His hackles rise with my touch. I’m firm though and hold on.

I open the door and he jumps out, I suspend him while slut removes his cock from inside her. The ensuing mess is magnificent and slut’s pussy is swollen beyond what I’ve ever seen.

“This bitch is going to be fine”, I think.

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### **Chapter Three**

I have a decision to make. Is slut an inside or an outside slut?

I think initially, she’s an inside slut and direct her to walk around me while she drains Jeff’s cum. It won’t do to have her leave a snail’s trail everywhere she sits and smile at the thought.

“What’s so funny” she asks, “You and your slimy cunt can’t be on the upholstery.” But that she should take a shower later. Now, she wants to be caressed by the warm breeze with Jeff’s snout sticking ever into her business.

"You can take a walk if you want but don't go far and trust Jeff to find the snakes and other dangerous critters". "Snakes?" "You didn't tell me about snakes!" "Of course not, there are many things I haven't warned you about, dangers and delights both" "Take your walk, slut. Remember, no clothes and Jeff's bitch."

With slut otherwise occupied, I check to see the rifle is loaded and head to the barn. The tack room is as I remember and the smell of leather and horse sweat is sweetly pungent, calling forth memories good and bad from this place.

I encouraged my boyhood special friend to fuck me here, to stick his cock in hard so I could take his knot. I did it, yes, I too am a perv. His knot swelled inside me and my cock oozed until I came. That one hurt, even though the mechanics and physio's worked as they are supposed to. Repeated often. I let a suckling calf suck me until I came, my cock a great giant udder.

I forgot that they have teeth, though, and my skin was lacerated as a result. I did that one repeatedly too but much more care was taken. That calf was an avid cocksucker.

Growing up in this life shapes one significantly. Why do I say this? Only that I am a hard man, but my touch is gentle, living in an even harder land. Perhaps that is why slut stays with me, she can sense the beast, that king of beasts that resides within me. Like this land, I am a manly man, testosterone laden and without remorse. I care for what's mine, fighting with all weapons I have for survival and more.

Slut stands at the doorway and we hear a horse's nicker outside in the corral. We walk there and the herd of working horses is there, a small riata of six. There is a blue/white horse named in the Indian "Tanka" meaning large and he certainly lives up to his name. What's in a name, people say? It's amazing that as a foal, he grew to match his name. I'm told he's the best to ride and will bring me home at day's end. For me, it's been a while since I've been horseback, the irony of my own thoughts of slut's adaptability make me question my own. She's in my care, her blood, so to speak, is on my head.

The horses nuzzle slut and their cocks start to drop at her smell. They've been gelded, all except Tanka. He walks through the others and demands his due respect. I grab a curry-comb and groom his coat. He really, really likes this and drops his cock fully in the equine version of horsey lust. Slut's eyes are as round as saucers. Tanka stands, planting himself squarely, and freely - he's not tethered in any way. While I brush, slut inches closer, mesmerized by this enormous pole protruding between his legs. "Can I touch it?" she queries. "Run your hand along his flank so he knows you're there and no threat. If he lifts his near hoof, back up and start over, I think he'll let you stroke him if you're careful"

This is music to slut's ears and she bends down to peer closer. Tanka turns his head and breathes her scent, his nostril is squarely between her legs. Slut takes his cock and strokes it until it's hard, harder.

Tanka hunches, I groom, slut strokes and that combination in a horse doesn't take long until he lunges forward into slut's hands, he erupts with several blasts of his thick steamy cum into her face and breasts. Slut is startled and starts to back away but Tanka's nose in her cunt holds her in place. I can see the stains of Jeff's cum tracking down her legs and other, new emissions are starting too. She loves this.

She is covered from literally head to toe with cum of some form or another, I've forbidden clothes so all she has on is cum....and a smile.

Is slut so depraved as to want that huge pole impaling her? I begin to think so.

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## Chapter Four

When slut straightens from her mare duties to Tanka's stud, she has this glazed look in her eyes like "is this really true?" And ever the opportunist am I, I erupt my own load all over her belly, mound and thighs.

It was such a turn-on watching her stroke Tanka's cock that I pulled my own cock out to stroke it as well. I kept time with her fists on the horse's cock, hypnotized by her fervent lust, and worked my own cock. I muse this will be a week to remember.

I didn't need much proximity to slut to reach her. My turn-on meter was pegged at maximum, stoking my lust by watching her naked self service the stud. So I simply joined in. I mean, what else is a pervy handler to do, but to anoint his slut at every opportunity? So I did, all over her.

Tanka and I stood side by side with our drooling members slowly softening and breathing hard. Slut on the other hand is finally realizing that I've taken advantage of her with none of the usual warnings I favor her with. Silly slut!

I have a collar with me and encircle slut's neck with it, not too tight, or loose, and attach a leash to her so she is attached to me in no uncertain terms.

I turn, pat Tanka on the rump so he rambles off for water and grass, open the gate and leave the corral and walk over to the hydrant. "Stand here" I command. Picking up the hose, I spray slut from head to foot to rinse off the accumulated cum from the various species that have used her. "Bend over and spread your bum," she complies and I rinse the length of her sex. I hold the stream on her vagina and give her a vagina a douche as well until I can see the water running out is clean.

"Squat over there, slut and expel" which she does demurely. I marvel that she shows such poise in the most elemental of bodily functions. She pees on the grass and lasciviously spreads her labia as well, just for me, with a smile dripping with wickedness. She so enjoys being a slut. Handler enjoys slut being a slut as well.

Her duty just now is to decide if she wants to sleep inside on a bed or outside with Jeff in his house? Inside, she says, for tonight anyway, she's tired and wants to unpack and luxuriate in nudity, enjoy the warm wind caressing her body. Her nipples are hard as diamonds.

Your task, then, is to scrub Jeff so he can be inside cleanly. You are to watch his every need so if he needs to go outside, you will let him. If he wishes to fuck you, you will let him. If he does his business inside, I don't care what it is, you will lick it up, and such is your punishment. Do you understand slut? "Yes, sir" she acknowledges.

Then, I think we'll try your culinary skills too. What you prepare, we'll both eat but perhaps if you swallow Jeff or Tanka's cum, we'll reduce your caloric intake to compensate? One must have rules if one is to maintain a healthy slut.

And so passes our first night, slut being a maid, waiting on Jeff. Jeff, by the way, mounted her twice that night and I came in her hair so she was again covered in cum.

The next day is chores and further taking an inventory of what to do, where to do it and in general

taking care of the ranch. In driving around, we found the dead carcass of a lamb that a coyote had taken but not finished. I knew something had to be done and an idea germinated.

I tell slut to take a walk, take Jeff with her, do not shower, sweat, piss without spreading her legs, she is to be covered and reeking with her scent. I wanted Jeff to take her as well and when she squatted to pee, Jeff bowled her over and stuck his hard cock inside her while she was still emptying her bladder. Moans, cries and blubbering pleasure are all noises of her progress, and when her orgasm hit was satisfying to see. Jeff hadn't tied with her so he dismounted and lay down in the shade to clean himself. She walks awkwardly and I can see scratches livid on her back and sides.

I saddle Tanka and follow slut.

Cresting a rise, she is laughing and playing with Jeff. She waves to me. I reply by undoing the lasso and form a loop. Urging Tanka to a trot, I swing the loop in readiness to catch her. By now she sees she is to be chattel and runs, Jeff has seen this before, perhaps only with livestock, but for today, slut is livestock.

The loop settles over her shoulder and she is pulled off her feet. I dismount and walk down the rope, Tanka is backing up and keeping tension on the rope so slut is always off balance, even dragged. I tie her hands and feet together and hoist her over the saddle.

Two miles later, I'm in the middle of the sheep pasture where I've conveniently driven a stake into the ground. I tether slut to the stake with some feet of run, I leave a jug of water with her. Whistling to Jeff, we ride away, leaving slut alone, naked, reeking, seemingly defenseless and prey to the coyotes.

The herd is in a far corner of the pasture and I ride through. The ranch has a breed of dog, a Great Pyrenees that lives among the sheep herd as guardians. This one is an uncut male, I don't know his name and he stays far away from Tanka, he roams through the sheep as one of them.

Some ways off, I watch the herd and see slut has settled in on the deep grass, she has not undone her collar as one abused but free. She chooses her fetters and wears them well.

The herd encircles the stake and the Great Pyenees keeps keen eye on her. He's a large dog, easily 150lbs, larger than a bull mastiff. Sly slut, props herself on her elbows with her sex in the air and waits. Some sheep sniff the air, the dog wanders closer.

Eventually, he is near her and sniffs her bottom and licks a bit. He knows the smell of humans so is not afraid but is somewhat confused by this strange bitch. He can smell her heat, as if she's in season and needs to be bred, to be impregnated. He pads around her, the pink tip of his cock slowly extending. Slut helps matters by gently holding his cock while he hunches. She pats her bottom and lowers her head, submissive to her master.

He rests his head on her back side then walks around again. Next time, he mounts her but can't find her opening. Slut reaches back and helps guide the head of his cock inside her, past her vulva, her labia and to her deep insides. She's dripping with anticipation.

The dog hunches forward and imbeds his cock inside her, his knot soon follows. He's not so big, she thinks. Slut soon finds out that this cock grows, and grows, and grows inside her, the knot swelling to gigantic proportions, locking them together. He hunches ever faster, he bites her neck, holding her squirming body in place underneath him.

He doesn't draw blood but she immediately stills herself, impaled, truly stuck by his cock swollen

inside her vaginal canal. Eventually he stills himself and pumps more and more of his semen inside her. I can see her rubbing her breasts, playing with her clitoris. He's big enough that she fits behind his front legs and he stands sentinel, his cock pouring semen inside her. She shudders once and again, and yet again in orgasm.

He opens his jaws releasing her neck and steps off of slut, twisting his knotted cock inside her and starts to walk away. He pulls her to the end of her tether so she is stretched by her collar on one end and the giant knot firmly lodged inside her pussy, on the other. She is forced to grab one of his hind legs with one hand, and the tether with the other and is held taut between them.

She comes again, and I am pleased for her.

30 minutes later, the knot has reduced enough to disengage from her pussy. Without the distended knot stretching her, she falls forward and gasps for air, her chest, that lovely, lovely chest, heaving.

She lay there unmoving; save for the breath I know involuntarily maintains her life.

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## **Chapter Five**

I turn Tanka and head home, leaving slut to recover among the herd while daylight burns. She has water and I know she will feel the repeated matings of the Great Pyrenees.

I unsaddle the horse, brush him down and release him into the corral.

Now comes the hard part. I have decided to use slut as bait for the coyotes stalking the herd. Taking up backpack and rifle, I return to the herd and settle in for night to fall.

For her part, slut is resting, not knowing her role in the blood to come.

I settle the night illuminated scope on, and around her.

I am prepared.

I am sentinel.

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## **Chapter Six**

I am Handler.

As night settles ever deeper, the stars shine and are ever brighter. The cliché of a million stars at night are no joke. By midnight I can see the Aurora Borealis dancing in the sky, giant colors always moving. One can't help but wax philosophical about the transience of man.

Tonight has no moon, perfect to call a coyote to its demise. In this hard land, life and death meld together into a never ending cycle of joy....and mourning....and continuing life; of seasons and change. The herd is to be protected. In the grand scheme of things, this ranch helps to feed a nation.

I can see slut settled down for the night, rubbing herself, slathering her breasts with the effluent from her womb, given by the herd dog. In the distance, about ¼ mile away, I can vaguely make out the Great Pyrenees lying outside the herd, he's restless.



The rifle is on a bipod that I can steady my aim better. An hour later, I'm nodding off, the effects of jet-lag hitting me hard. I nod off again and jerk myself awake and look again through the scope and am startled to see that slut is face to face with the sheep's predator, the coyote.

Living in the city has dulled my hunter's instincts significantly....I should have seen that one by simply watching the dog.

The coyote has his hackles raised and teeth bared; slut has pulled against the tether. Her fear is palpable across the distance and I take careful aim.

Slut loses control of her bladder and a gush of pee exudes from her body. Immediately the coyote darts away and I lose him from my sight picture. I have to roam again to find him with no luck.

Finally, he's back in slut's circle and I take careful aim yet again....it wouldn't do for slut to be devoured. I put her there and she is under my protection even though she insists that danger makes her wet. She has certainly wet herself there; the irony isn't lost on my conscience whispering in my ear that this may be out of my control.

Now he is sniffing the air, follows the scent of her spoor, her pee mixed with dog cum and follows it right up to slut and sticks his nose between her legs, to that grotto of wonder and mystery. Slut relaxes, she's on surer ground here but slut is now in my line of fire and I'm stymied.

She opens her legs as a bitch in heat and the coyote laps at her cunt, nipping at her nether lips. She turns over and hoists her rear and without further warning, the coyote mounts her. His flanks move in a flurry of action and slut goes down onto her face in the grass. I can see him urge his cock further inside her, see when she jumps as the knot passes and starts to swell.

I can only think that she is rubbing her clit and feeling the equipment of this wild beast riding her. This kind of thing makes her hot, makes her wet, makes her crazy with lust.

Helpless to aid her in any way or to accomplish my own bloody goal I can only watch, and wait, until the coyote is finished breeding her and I have a clear shot again.

A short while later, he turns so they're tail to tail, his slippery cock rotating inside her while he continues to impregnate her womb with his wild semen. Now, I have a shot and vacillate whether to shoot while he's knotted with her or wait. I decide that now, while he's captured, held by her pussy is the best shot I'll have to kill this marauding predator.

I settle the crosshairs on his head and squeeze the trigger.

All of a sudden a white blur crosses my sight, the Great Pyrenees has crept up and has attacked the coyote, still knotted to his bitch, or is the dog's bitch? The force is such that the knot is ripped from her in an explosion of semen. The Great Pyrenees and the coyote rolling in an epic battle. The dog outweighs the coyote but not by much and they square off then lunge towards each other.

Slut is now in the middle of this fight and I decide I need to stack the fight and bring it back under control. Both combatants are bloody and fur is flying.

I shoot. The bullet is sonic and cracks over their heads stopping everything at once. Reloading, I shoot again and spray the coyote with dirt and he shies away and vanishes into the night, the Great Pyrenees as well.

Slut is hysterical.

I shoulder my pack and run towards her, I'm about 200 yds away so it doesn't take me long.

"You shit!" she says. What I take for hysteria is true but that adrenalin has changed to anger instantly she sees me running, gun in hand. "You could have shot me, you shit!" She repeats. She's spitting mad and lunges at me.

Her collar is still attached and she is brought up short, it pulls her head back so her feet shoot from under her. I now worry she's broken her neck. "You fucking shit!" is next, letting me know all is well. She has her favorite swear words when she's under extreme duress.

I'm tender with her and unclasp her leash. I pick her up, reeking, dripping,, covered in blood, shaking and starting to cry. "You shit" she whispers in my ear and cums in my arms. "You bitch" I retort, "You randy, beautiful, bitch - I should make you walk."

This is our dialog in a dangerous game well played, just for her. With this, she is laughing in relief.

"I want more," she says.

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## **Chapter Seven**

"Look what I've done..."

When were at our primary place where we live and play, we went to a party that she set up and I took the liberty of having her nipples pierced. At first slut wasn't too keen on the idea but she took care of them just the same.

It was fun watching her tend to her nipples. Really, watching a woman tend to herself is a great turn-on for me. Slut calls me a perv, which I happily admit. She's certainly the exhibitionist to my voyeur. We're a good match in that.

Pity she doesn't do men. Hell, I wouldn't care if she never does "men" again so long as she does "man" and of course me being that man. However, she's still a mere slut and if I tie her to the foot of the bed while I have fun with another woman, what's that to me?

She can lick up the mess I leave in my woman's vagina. She's good for that.

She walked into the den where I was puzzling through the family's method of range management and showed me her nipples. She had removed the "Dog Slut" from one nipple and "Bitch" from the other and replaced the thin post with a slightly larger nail so her nipples were bulging with the insertion.

"Come here, slut," "let me see." Slut is obedient and lets me handle her breasts, examining, turning, squeezing, playing....fantasizing....."where are you?" she smiles. She appreciates lust, especially when she's the object.

"Sit here, don't move until I get back" are my orders.

A short time later I return to her and have her put one hand on the other and both hands between her legs. This squeezes her breasts together and in her naked state, her nipples are further engorged with the succulence of her womanly being.

"Lie back" She obeys. I lean in and whisper in her ear "put two fingers inside yourself, you may

enjoy as you wish but do not remove them. If you wish, you may spread your legs, or not.”

She reaches down slightly farther, squeezing her breasts more.

When I am satisfied I grasp one of the nails and remove first one, then the other. From the desk I take a large diameter rod that I made from some stainless steel and sterilized it. It's quite large and will hurt when it's inserted. It's long enough to reach across her body and span both her nipples. I intend to insert that rod from nipple to nipple while she has her fingers inside of her pussy.

The end of the rod has a nice taper but it is twice the size of the nail...and the nail was a stretch from the post.

I have taken her cue that she wants some nipple play. Slut knows handler well enough that if she pronounces the germ of an idea that my pervy sense of, well, perversion, is enough to send her to orgasm.

Her nipple is a lovely shade of pink and without lube; I start to work the taper into the hole left by the nail. Her eyes are screwed shut while I rotate the rod with insistent pressure until it is in fully past the taper, but only just.

Beads of perspiration on her upper lip and her flushed countenance are the only indicators this is difficult.

Now I think that a bit of lube may be in order and let the rod dangle from one nipple while I get a lubricant. I think some olive oil (extra virgin of course) will work and coat the middle of the rod and the one impaled nipple.

Her nipple is distended, stretched and white. Devoid of all color.

I push and when her nipple starts to turn in on itself, rotate the rod until her flesh is right. I keep up this process until there is some 8 inches of rod on either side of her nipple.

Slut is starting to breathe heavier and she splays her legs more open in a lewd display of wanton need. Her fingers are moving first up, then across, then down against her clit.

The rod goes farther and farther, reaching across her chest until the taper is touching the other nipple. My timing must be right for this to work. I adjust the length and hold her other nipple, I grab it roughly, pulling it, bending it to reveal the hole, unnatural in its even being there. It's the result of style, fashion and some such other psychobabble too deep for me to fathom.

Slut is giving herself long, slow strokes down the length of her labial opening. When she starts her orgasm, I push the rod hard through the far side nipple and she lets out a cry of pain, and then shakes as the rod impales her nipple, the pain spikes just as her orgasm crests and she shakes, hard.

Of course her shaking only serves for me to adjust and even out the rod across her body.

When she is finished, I tell her to remove her hands but keep her legs open. She may examine her breasts but keep her legs open.

I love the taste of a fresh orgasm and slut is especially delicious, knowing that this was mine. Oh, it was her in orgasm but she is mine, freely given, gently accepted and greatly appreciated.

By both of us.

## Chapter Eight

“Get up, slut”

I’m growling today. I’m tired of having to take care of myself when there’s a perfectly good slut to take care of my needs. She demurs, the bitch, but I am honoring our agreement. She prefers animals and women to manly me. I’m horny from slut parading naked and not being able to partake of that particular bitch. It’s my own fault for setting it up this way too. Damn and blast!

Did I mention I’m growling? Normally I protect slut at every opportunity. Normally.

But I’m an equal opportunity abuser and to deny me is to ensure she is served with the largest, hardest, juiciest cock I can find, kind of an ironic dichotomy. Perhaps that is her purpose all along? Tanka immediately comes to mind.

I nudge the slut with my boot, “get your ass up, I have a use for you”

The sun is barely over the horizon and the morning is beautiful with clear rays illuminating a blue, blue sky. The maid that is slut must take care of the animals, me too.

I approach Tanka in the corral, he nickers in response and ambles over to the gate. I pat his withers and dust, dirt and flies go flying then put a halter on him and lead him out. By mid morning, we can already feel the heat of the day.

“Scrub him down, gently, then do it again.” Are the orders just now, he must be clean.

Slut grabs a bucket and sponge, drops the comb into the sudsy water and starts in. The horse is taller than she by some 10 hands, so she uses an upended bucket to stand upon to reach his top. Standing in the hot sun is hot for slut and Tanka too. The sluice of water coming off him is brown with dirt that must all come out of his coat.

When she combs him, his cock drops and slut uses warm water to softly lather his cock and balls. Slut likes this part. Tanka dances sideways then hunches forward and I am impressed with slut that she can manipulate this beast just as she manipulates me. I won’t let Tanka be frustrated though, slut is to follow through.

“This won’t fit inside me, it’s too big” She complains. I know differently but it wouldn’t do for slut to be comforted just now. I’m in a growling mood, remember? A woman is wonderfully elastic and with practice can be amazingly wide as well as deep. It doesn’t seem to matter the size of the woman, only the quality and persistence of her training.

“You’ve been stretching yourself haven’t you?” “Yes” is her shy response. I bend her over and feel her bottom. I insert two fingers inside her vagina front to back and gently pull her apart. If she feels pain, slut has not been stretching her slit and handler will be displeased. Fortunately for slit, er, slut, she has been opening herself until she is the epitome of elastic. Slut has a very nice vagina.

I direct slut to lead Tanka around so he is exercised, watered and so on and he can dry off as well.

In hot weather, horses will sweat almost to a lather that attracts flies and other critters so a horse will roll and roll in their version of back-scratch-fever, so the song goes. The dirt acts as a protective barrier to the numerous bugs. Cleanliness now is needed.

Tanka's hard cock is pulled up to his stomach and slut strokes him. Slut runs the head up and down her slit, moistening it with her juices. She is so turned on by this, I can see her sticky slime run down her legs. I like it too.

She pulls it over and stands astride the head and splays her legs, undulates her hips and works the head of his cock in herself. In, out, she works more and more of him inside her.

Tanka helps by hunching himself, stroking farther into this strange mare. Slut screams, she can feel the head flare inside her and she's not prepared for the anatomy lesson he's giving first, er, cock. He's not too deep but unloads his balls inside her anyway.

With all the lubrication now, his cock goes ever deeper inside her, even flared. Slut is in a frenzy of copulation so intense is her need. Unfortunately, horses aren't like humans in that a horse gets hard, mounts, ejaculates and dismounts. Then walks away. It takes only little more time to tell than to do it.

Slut did not cum, she wasn't prepared for the speed of his assault once Tanka's cock was inside her body and didn't get a chance to really savor the experience.

But I have another idea.

For the last several days, I have been noodling around with what's called a "diamond hitch" style of rope hitching for pack horses in the high country. It's a beautiful working of ropes/knots such that the pattern is of a diamond design. It doesn't use a lot of rope and one's supplies are secured to the horse.

I've braided the knots closer together, made a chest and tail strap and looped the whole thing over a horse's back so it's a belly sling.

Slut has been dropping hints that she wants to try belly riding so I'll indulge her. Of all the horses there, Tanka is probably the best but slut will still be taking her life, literally her life, in her own, and my hands with that decision.

But, she is resolute.

I worked Tanka that morning so some of the "frisky" is out of his system and he's quieter, more gentle, as I snub him to a hitching pole in the yard. He's used to being saddled and slut again washed him, he even smells nice....if you like horse that is...and this is no different from any other event, so he thinks.

I first throw a girth strap over his back, this is the basis of the sling's strength, a breast collar is next and finally a tail strap to keep it all centered on his back.

I use carabiners from a climbers supply and suspend the sling from the girth and tail straps. I have cuffs for slut's wrists and ankles. Once she's fully in place, she will only be able to swing fore and aft under his belly.

Her danger is if he decides to shy or rear or any of a dozen other things a horse can, and will, do. His cock will be deep inside her body and if he rears, his cock will rupture her insides.

I've explained all this to slut and her only response is "how big will his cock get inside me?" "Big, I say, bigger than anything you've ever felt in your life" "I've had large breed dogs knotted inside me" and I say "Ok, that size for the whole length of his cock" not just a knot. He'll have some 8-9" of dick

buried inside her cunt at full stroke. She is to use her tethered legs/feet to push away and off of his cock if anything, anything at all, makes him shy. If it's a false thing, I'll help put him back inside her but under no circumstances is she to scream. That will certainly frighten him.

I'm tempted to put a ball gag in her mouth but in the end, decide to just ride too, bareback to her belly ride.

"If he has to pee, he'll do it inside you, if he poops, it'll happen. If he cums, the object of this whole exercise, he'll do it inside you. Do you understand?"

I place a bale of hay and help her work herself into the sling so she is comfortable. I have her lift her legs and fasten her ankles inside the cuffs, then, her wrists until she is splayed out and hugging this huge fucking machine she so desperately needs.

For a moment I envy her wanton lust and total lack of inhibition. I take the time to admire my handiwork and enjoy her womanly self spread before me.

On the ranch there are all kinds of veterinary supplies and I see in the tack room shelf a book of vaccination notations and a section on enhancing an erection in the animals, horses too, they have the phenylxxx sera and dosage. Apparently they've bred Tanka before.

I find the smallest needle I can and fill the syringe with a dose that will keep him hard for almost three hours. Easing underneath him, I massage his cock and balls, he starts to drop. With a gentle prick, much like a fly bite, I inject his cock. I use mineral oil to coat what comes out and slut's pussy. I oil two fingers and slide them inside her too to help lubricate her passage.

By then, Tanka's cock has dropped fully and coming up as it engorges. I feed the tip right into slut. Slut, for her part, spreads her knees farther, opening herself even more for this onslaught of the hugest kind.

She wiggles her hips, his head starts to enter her first one inch, then another until 6-ish inches are in her. Slut pushes her legs and says "no more for now" until she can get used to him. Tanka hunches a bit and a further 2 inches impale slut.

"Control yourself and get used to moving your hips, swinging on and off his cock" Slut has almost fainted, her eyes are rolled up in her head for just an instant. Then she screws her eyes tight in concentration of adapting to him. He's about 3 inches in diameter.

Suddenly, he flares inside her. Slut whimpers her pain and instinctively pushes off. "Are you Ok? "Give me a sec" and so on until she is again comfortable. Have I mentioned wonderfully elastic? This woman is stretched!

I give them both a second to settle in. I softly talk to Tanka and untie him from the post and lead him in a slow walk around the yard, each step stroking inside of slut. Her murmurs turn into moans and she cums, gurgling incoherently with each new sensation.

"Get naked, I want you naked too, when you ride him, I want you to smell like horse, I want to think of you as a centaur fucking me"

I take hold of his mane and swing my inside leg far forward then swing up and on his back as Indian warriors of old. Tanka walks easily and slut is fully impaled.

The trail is easy, I chose nothing that would have inherent risks and we stay close to the ranch.

Tanka starts to get jittery and hunches his cock inside her repeatedly and slut tells me she thinks he's ready to inseminate her. I hop off, my own cock semi erect with all this happening, I'm oozing precum.

Tanka takes a two step lunge and slut's eyes bulge out when the force of his ejaculation reaches the back of her vagina. Her belly swells and then goes down repeatedly. Eventually his semen starts to drain past the flare, past the shaft, past her labia and runs down her ass and onto the ground.

I love that ass and I stick first one then two fingers inside her ass, past her sphincter. It's a tight fit with that huge pole stretching her so far. Sort of a tactile probe and I want some horse cum inside her butt too. I have my own perversion.

By now, I'm hard as a rock; I untie one of slut's hands and stand close. She needs no further instruction and strokes my cock, sucks me into her mouth and strokes some more. Quickly, I erupt into her mouth until I'm drained. But the stimulation is such that I remain hard. I tie her wrist back in place.

I remount and we walk still more. By now I can sense when slut is cumming, and when Tanka is ready to blow too.

About every 20minutes, slut moans and her legs push/pull him inside her. She has about 9 inches inside her and I'm starting to worry. But she says she's ok so we continue.

Tanka is getting used to this and again ejaculated inside slut an hour later.

It's getting dark by the time we're back at the ranch, the drug has started to wear off and he's starting to get smaller.

By the time we're at the hitching post, he's only inside her by the flared end of his cock and slut's squeezing her cunt muscles. I don't know how she does it as she's asleep underneath him.

I leave Tanka ensconced and slide the bale close, undo slut's hands and feet. With an audible "pop" he falls free and all that semen and piss drains out of her.

I turn this lovely, perverted, messy girl her over on the bale and fuck her. Its such sloppy seconds that I don't think she can even feel me, but I can feel her.

And that's the point, right?

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## **Chapter Nine**

I hate plumbing.

Working in the nude, I'm bent over/under the sink to fix a leaky drain pipe and of course with an older house, things never go as planned. The metal has corroded through and everything seems to crumble with as little as a glance in its direction. It's like the very imp of plumbing is having a great laugh at my expense.

Slut doesn't do this kind of thing but she does appreciate my tight ass wiggling away as I work.

"You're still a shit" she is mad that I used her body to receive my breeding. Of course I don't see it that way but no matter, she's in a pique and if experience is any indication (of course it is!) this will

last until she has her revenge, on me. It's like her breasts have moved between her legs into testicles.

She sits on me, her naked bottom feels good on my skin and my cock stirs. She starts working on her fingernails all the while telling me, reminding me, all the things she hates about men in general and me in particular. I have the skin of a rhino so her diatribe is largely ignored in this game we play. We parlay power back and forth using favors and lustful hot buttons as our currency. Since I outweigh her by a good 80 lbs, and gross tonnage truly does rule the road, she gets a pass on pretty much everything.

However, she's naked too so she remembers that her place, which for now is perched atop my ass while I'm otherwise preoccupied and working, her queenly throne.

"Turn on the tap" "I need to see if I've found the leak" are my practical instructions. The room goes quiet and she delicately stands and turns on the tap. Of course, I've fixed one leak only to find another. I hate plumbing.

I don't notice doors n drawers opening/closing, then the tap turns on again. "Stop that" but that doesn't work. With a sigh I'll have to discipline slut and I simply don't need this high maintenance slut shit right now. I put my hand on the floor to boost myself up and slut steps on me, pinning my hand in place. Uh oh.....

Soon I feel lotion being drizzled on my ass and her finger working the lube inside me. We've played water sports with enema punishment as part of our repertoire only this time I'm on the receiving end.

"Put your head down you shit" and our game has begun.

A pint later I'm full and she tells me to hold on, I'm such a wimp to only hold this much, deriding my manhood as if being literally full of shit (not to be indelicate but there we are) until she tells me to expel. Which I do then it's a repeat until I am empty and can take a whole gallon of water.

The water presses on my prostate making my cock ooze and ooze. Slut likes this so she milks my cock and puts my precum inside the next bag of water going inside me. She is perverse in this uses her piss to start the next batch, mixed with my juice. It's not a cocktail, nor a cunt-tail, she likes to call it a pissini. Whatever it is, it goes in easily until I'm cleaned out completely.

She knows that if I'm cleaned out, it's harder for me to achieve an erection unless there's pressure on my prostate so she makes sure my knees are spread well apart and only the water pressure serves to trigger my seminal function.

Slut slaps my ass and goes to open the door letting the dog in. By the time Jeff gets in, it dawns on me that her revenge isn't the enema but to see me being fucked by Jeff - he of the large cock and bigger knot.

He licks from my clean balls to my even cleaner ass then sticks his snout in slut's crotch and gives her a good tonguing.

By now he's used to her hand signals used to have him mount and she pats my back. Jeff jumps on my back and slut reaches underneath him to work his sheath, his cock emerging nicely. Once the tip finds my hole, Jeff hunches forward hard and inserts a good 6 inches into my bowels.

Slut is cooing at him and patting his head, encouraging him, the bitch! She pushes his hind end



harder into me and I feel his knot slip past my sphincter. Jeff by then is humping hard, his legs are dancing and he's scratching my back, sides and thighs. I know that if I say anything to slut it'll bring out even more of the sadist that's dormant and turn it on me so I keep quiet. I won't give her that satisfaction, maybe another time our games will go that far.

I can feel Jeff's hot semen filling me and my belly is starting to distend slightly with the volume he is putting out. Then, he lifts a leg and turns around so we're tail to tail. His cock is continuing to pump inside me.

By now my cock is hard as a rock and slut smirks at me and reaches under both of us to fondle Jeff's balls and to stroke my cock. There's a small puddle of my delicious slime directly under my cock, now following a line with the length of my hang to erect state.

Slut can't suck off Jeff so I'll "have to do" she says and crawls underneath my body and takes my cock in her mouth, stroking all the while. It doesn't take long and I explode in her mouth jet after jet of hot semen straight from balls that have not had regular draining. I think devious slut knows this.

She pulls my head up and kisses me in a sloppy wet kiss, pushing my own cum into my mouth so I'll have a taste too, generous slut thinks this is hot. I have no choice but to swallow at least some of this.

She moves around to my front and tells me to lick her, and lick her "right now!" Slut keeps herself in the game and I love her pussy, I lick with relish.

Strangely, when Jeff pulls out the leaks have stopped and all is right in our world.

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## **Chapter Ten**

It's time to pack.

Going back to the real world from the idyllic life of the ranch makes me pause. Managing slut, a wild mustang for sure, has been fun but it's time to go back into my world of suits and ties, of schedules, budgets and meetings.

But I have one more adventure for slut, she's due for a lashing. This may seem cruel but she gets off on it. I've seen her cum from a rope burn then shiver afterwards as she proudly wears the scar(s) She likes the daily reminder of an adventure well played.

I fasten the leash on slut's collar and lead her from the house. Jeff follows too, tongue lolling with each pace. He snorts and stuffs his snout into her crotch. She's a tease by her very being. It's a good thing that she also craves sex with him or he might just take her by force. She'd like that too.

In the barn, I've laid out a spreader bar with her ankle cuffs. "Stand here" I direct her to the cuffs. "Fasten yourself in" she knows the drill. While not exactly familiar, it's not foreign either. Bending down with her pussy presented, I can see Jeff getting more and more excited.

I've attached the eyelet to the spreader and it's my intention to upend her with her legs spread, her lovely ass and labia open to all and sundry. She sits down and I hoist her up so she cannot touch the ground with her hands and I let her swing.

The ranch implements include tack such as saddles, bridles, ropes.....whips..... In our exploration

into this barn, she had focused on the bull whip. She went into another place holding it. Ok, then, you get to feel its kiss as well.

I've modified the lash to a broader strand and taken the knot out so it'll sting but not lacerate. She doesn't mind blood but I certainly do. Her ass exists for my pleasure and marks don't help...except in times like these when it turns me on.

The whip is a good 12 ft long and one swings it around ones head then "throws" the end at the intended target. I've seen such skilled users that can flick pesky deer flies off the ass end of bulls and draw blood the next to keep them moving.

My skill isn't so much the deft touch but I am accurate and slut wants a strong arm.

"Are you sure?" I ask. She's already rubbing her clit in anticipation. Sometimes I don't understand her mind but I am willing to help her explore her limits.

I swing the whip, you can hear its whistle as it races through the air and the crack when it lands on her ass. She cries out in surprise, then pain as a weal instantly appears where it landed. "my pussy, hit my pussy" she whispers.

Three more strikes and her bottom and center are red and angry. Again and again she's hit until she's in a head space of feeling. I lower her until she's bent and more of her sex is open to the lash and give her several more.

By now my arm is tired and accuracy is not so good, it's time to quit. I leave slut strung up for a bit and Jeff is over her in a flash, licking her bottom.

In this sub-space or head-space, whatever you want to call it, slut is there. I unfasten her cuffs and turn her over, prop her ass in the air and call Jeff over. He's on her in a flash, jabbing his pink tip until he finds her hole and pushes himself into her. His ass is moving like a jackhammer and slut moans when his knot slips inside her.

He is holding her hips against his cock and a dreamy smile plays across slut's lips as the knot grows and grows. I love this cock she whispers. Little spurts of Jeff's semen are escaping and running down her legs.

Her orgasms are quick and hard, jerking her body in spasms. Jeff feels she's trying to escape and holds onto her tighter. His claws leave scratches on her thighs. All this abuse, she calls it stimulation, feed her overactive libido and she cums again.

Jeff has stopped now and slut is hanging literally by his cock, her face and breasts are on the straw-covered floor of the barn. There is no need for him to turn with her, all his feet are on the floor so he's standing still while hot jets of semen are injected into her womb.

I sit down and watch, I pull out my cock and idly play with myself until I'm hard.

Jeff is distracted and starts walking, slut is pulled with him. Jeff stops and I can see his cock slip and turn inside her. She cums again, so great is the knot pressure on her G-spot, more semen spills out, draining from her full vagina.

Jeff drags her some more and leans forward, insistent that he have his cock back. As if to say, "it's on loan, slut, and enough is enough, I want it back."

We hear so much about an audible sound when the knot pulls free and it's true here, the hydraulics

of expelling that huge knot, with a full load of semen behind it are indeed audible and slut sprays from her gaping cunt some wonderful semen she was bred with from her master.

She collapses in a heap and now it's my turn for a bit of bukake, it doesn't take long.

Slut uses my semen as an aromatic lotion over her breasts, skin cream if you will.

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The airplane is smooth at angels 37; our seats are reclined and we're facing each other. I'm dozing and slut has been quiet, pensive in her thoughts.

I feel her breath soft on my cheek and a delicate brush of her lips on mine.

"Thank you" she says.

[Go to next part](#)