

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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A man asks God for a favour.

Bill was giving Sandy her six-monthly check-up. I held her as he wormed her, checked her legs and hooves, examined her ears, eyes and teeth, and did all the things Vets do when they are around ponies. He smiled and gave her a good scratching behind the ears and along her mane.

Who's been a naughty girl then?

Bill noticed my puzzled look.

It appears your Sandy has said hi to a boy. She is with foal.

What? When?

I'd say around three months ago, so at the start of spring. Did you have her covered?

No. Umm, I, umm, think that Melinda took her riding a few times around that time.

You should speak with her and find out about any stallions Sandy may have been near. A big foal can cause complications. You'll need to feed her additional supplements and have her checked out every couple of months.

I will. Bill, can we not mention this to Anne. Money's tight already with the baby on the way. I'll break the news to her at the right time.

Bill smiled and we returned to the house. Having a Vet as a brother-in-law certainly helped to keep the down the cost of owning a pony. My sister Sue and my wife Anne were busy in the kitchen. Melinda was most likely in her room glued to a screen. Anne was also three months pregnant although her lovely abdomen showed no sign of a bump yet.

Having Bill check on Sandy was always a great way to get the family together. After diner Melinda was excused to her room leaving the adults free to chat. Anne turned to Sue.

Have you told Todd the news?

Sue smiled.

It seems being in the family way is contagious. Bill here has managed to knock me up.

Anne, that's great. When is it due?

Should be around the second week of June.

News like that called for the good bottle of wine.

After Bill and Sue departed Anne wrapped her arms around my neck.

So, how was Sandy?

Sandy's fine. Why do you ask?

Because I know how you love that horse. Plus you and Bill looked like you were keeping a secret.

Pony my love, not a horse. She's a Shetland pony.

Horse, pony, baloney! My, someone's hard tonight. Take me to your bed, loverboy!

Anne slept peacefully in my arms, satisfied after a good hard fuck. It amazed me just how horny being pregnant seemed to make her. But I couldn't sleep. You see I had lied to Bill. What had happened to Sandy?

My first wife Susan had died from a rare form of bone cancer eight years ago. She was first diagnosed when she was pregnant with Melinda. Against doctors' advice and my concerns she had chosen to delay starting treatment until after Melinda was born. The odds were never in her favour but I always struggle with the thought that she gave her life for Melinda. After years of treatment and several remissions the cancer claimed her and left me a widower with a six year old daughter.

Being a single parent was rough, but I was lucky that Sue lived close by so she could pick up Melinda after school and look after her while I worked. I owned and operated several pieces of earthmoving equipment and construction jobs forced me to keep irregular hours. After Bill and Sue got married Sue worked as his assistant at his Veterinary clinic. Melinda would chip in and help feed and care for the animals after school. It was during this time that she decided she wanted a horse.

After much pestering and a well-orchestrated campaign of nagging I finally gave in. Bill advised that the best fit for an eight year old girl was a Shetland pony. A Shetland was small enough for a girl to ride but strong enough to still be ridden when Melinda was older. So a Shetland it was.

I always had a somewhat rustic view of horses peacefully grazing on lush green pasture, so the Grantham Stud came as a bit of a shock. The owner knew a mark when he saw one and soon I was being dragged through a bewildering maze of stables and pens by a wide-eyed Melinda in the search for the perfect pony.

In the end the pony chose us. The "cheaper" ponies were all in a big enclosure at the back of the stud. The owner explained that these ponies were too tall - something about hands in height - to be registered. The first pony we looked at was SM328, a four year old white coated mare with dark intelligent eyes and a long shaggy mane. I gave her an experimental pat on the nose and we moved on down the line of ponies. SM328 managed to slip her lead and followed like a dog. Faced with so many beautiful little horses to choose from Melinda simply couldn't make up her mind. So in the end I chose and SM328 it would be.

The stud owner made sure to get a deposit before we left. And soon I realised why. A wee pony comes with a hefty price tag. While SM328 wasn't that expensive, by the time you added in the cost of building her a stable, fencing off her paddock, bridle, saddle, grooming kit, feed, a horse float, Vet and Farrier bills, clothing and safety gear, training for SM328 and riding lessons for Melinda, you could have bought a decent car for the money. Fortunately we live on a four acre block so after moving the D4 and grader in the main shed there was enough room for a full acre of paddock, plus I was able to do a lot of the work myself.

The big day arrived and SM328 arrived at her new home. The first thing she did was spot the sand pile I use for concreting and decided that it was a perfect spot for rolling. When she was done she was covered in sand, so naturally she was christened Sandy. Sandy soon settled in and Melinda discovered that looking after a horse was hard work. I did the really yucky stuff like shovelling up the manure, but I insisted that Melinda groom and feed Sandy.

When you added up the hours spent working, running a household, driving around a socially active daughter, and looking after Sandy there wasn't much time left for my own social life. I found myself

spending time with Sandy. Like me she was lonely so after I mucked out her stable and cleaned up her paddock we would just hang out together. She was a placid mare, but around me she was often mischievous, always getting in the way or bumping with her head so I'd scratch her ears or cheeks, or pat her on her neck or back. She really liked being scratched on her withers or croup. But our favourite time together was bath time.

Being pure white meant that when Sandy got dirty it showed. Melinda would take Sandy riding on the Saturdays so Sunday was bath day. Sandy loved to be bathed and would stand without needing to be restrained. I would start at her lovely face and work backwards. Her long white mane often needed a good shampooing. I would wipe her down with warm water and gently scrap the dirt and sweat from her chest and flanks. Working down I'd clean her broad barrel and sturdy little legs. Finally it was time for her magnificent white tail. It got particularly dirty so it needed a thorough shampooing followed by a lot of brushing. I'd also clean her under her tail, making sure her parts were free from filth. Finally I'd hose her off and rub her dry with a towel. Then I'd give a quick trim to her mane so it didn't cover her eyes too badly and she be standing there all beautiful and shining white.

Given I was the only male in Sandy's life I shouldn't have been surprised by what happened. It was a beautiful spring Sunday afternoon, the sun was out and the day warm. Melinda was at a friend's birthday party so it was just me and Sandy. I pulled on my old shorts and T-shirt and filled both buckets with nice warm water. Sandy was waiting and seemed especially naughty for some reason. She didn't want to stand still; instead she kept turning to point her rump at me while I was trying to wash her face. Then she managed to knock over both buckets. When I tried to go to refill them she kept blocking me. I tried to calm her by scratching her croup and her tail shot skyward. She discharged a strange yellowy liquid from her lady parts and seemed to be in some distress. Then she backed her round buttocks against my waist and peed all over my shorts.

I was worried that she was sick so once I extracted myself from her paddock I rang Bill. Bill listened as I described her symptoms.

Sounds like Sandy is coming into season.

You mean she is ready to breed?

I mean that she wants to breed. Many mares can become difficult to handle at this time. If you like I can come over and give her a vaccine injection. It's more reliable than the old hormone treatments.

I think I'll just tie her up while I wash her.

Well good luck, some mares don't take no easily.

What was Bill suggesting?

I must admit that I was curious. Most of what I had learnt about horse care was related to grooming and training. Dealing with a horny mare wasn't on my reading list. But I had confidence that a six foot tall well-muscled man like me could easily handle a four foot high horse.

Sandy was happy to see me return. However once she realised I planned to tie her up she became aggressive, biting and even trying to kick. I needed to show her who the boss was so I grabbed her around the neck and held her down. Instantly she was calm again. I stroked her lovely face and told her that I wouldn't tie her up if she behaved.

Fat chance!

The instant I let her go she twisted around and rammed her rump into my groin. I hadn't bothered to change out of my shorts, which was lucky as she drenched me again. I tried to push her off but at my touch her tail lifted, and she showed me her goods. I had of course seen what she had down there during her many baths, but what I hadn't expected was the winking. Her pink vulva had become swollen and her labia opened with a steady pulse, exposing her red innards and what I guessed was a clitoris. Wink, wink, wink. Poor girl, she was so hot and horny, and not a stallion anywhere in sight. Wink, wink, wink. Curiosity got the better of me and I had to touch that winking pussy. The instant she felt my fingers she released another gush of that yellowy liquid. I lifted my fingers and gave them a sniff: Bill was right, it wasn't puss or urine, just Sandy's natural lubrication, and it didn't smell bad at all.

At this point I could have walked away and this story would be different. Instead I thought that if I fingered her off she would calm down and I could wash her. So I began to gently rub her warm pussy lips, pulling her open and diddling her hard little clit. Sandy loved the attention and she splayed her hind legs and held her tail straight out like a broom. As I felt more confident I slipped a couple of fingers into her hot tunnel. I had expected a sloppy mess but god was she tight. Her muscles pulled on my fingers like they were trying to suck my whole hand inside her.

By now I was rock hard, so hard that I had to keep adjusting myself to remain comfortable. You could count the number of times I had fucked a woman since my wife had died on one hand. In the end the choice was natural. It would be hours before Melinda got home. It was just me and Sandy, alone on a hot spring afternoon. I unbuttoned my shorts and let them fall to my ankles. Sandy noticed the change in activity and looked back through her dirty white mane at my erection. I am not that large, six and a half inches and an inch in girth - nothing like a stallion - yet there was lust in those dark eyes. And she was the perfect height, her winking pussy almost perfectly aligned with my steel bar of an erection. I rubbed the head of my cock along her wet lips for lubrication and she obliged by squirting another gush of liquid over my shaft and balls.

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I entered Sandy's hot little pussy with a good hard thrust. God it felt great to have a hot cunt surrounding my cock once again. The look in Sandy's eyes was at first uncertain, suddenly her muscles squeezed like a vice and her look changed to one of utter pleasure. My own instincts wanted me to hammer that tight little pussy, to take this little horse hard and rush towards my own orgasm. But that sweet face watching me with such love and trust forced me slow down; to take my time so both of us got what they needed.

So I took it slow. I pumped that tight little pussy with deep hard strokes, keeping in time with her winks. Each time I was about to reach my peak I would hold still and enjoy the pulsing of Sandy's winking cunt as it tightened and relaxed. She kept pushing back into me, so hard that I had to kick off my shorts to avoid tripping. Sandy gushed again and again, soaking me from the waist down. Finally it was simply too much, my balls were burning and desperately needed to release. I began to hump her like a madman, pounding myself against her round buttocks. She held her ground, taking everything I could give her. I drove in hard, trying to force every last millimetre of my cock into her warm clutching depths, before firing rope after rope of cum deep inside this naughty little filly.

Sandy's eyes went wide, her neck stretching out as her muscles clamped down on my cock, trapping me inside her. Her cute little arsehole pulsed and twitched, and she let out what sounded like a deep sigh. Her pussy kept winking, forcing my cum back out around my embedded shaft. Finally the peak of her orgasm passed, and I was able to withdraw from her hot wet vice. I collapsed on the ground, soaked in Sandy's juices, exhausted, drained, but completely satisfied. Sandy stayed in her mating position; legs splayed out, back arched, tail hoisted, pussy winking as she recovered from her climax.

As her muscles began to relax she let loose a stream of bubbling pee. Slowly, on unsteady hooves, she came to me to nuzzle.

I hugged my beautiful little mare, telling her how much I loved her. She seemed content to rest with her cute little head on my shoulder, while our combined emissions dripped from her still winking pussy. I looked at my watch and realised that Melinda would be home in an hour. So I quickly hosed myself down and washed Sandy, removing all trace of the afternoon's activity. As I headed back to the house for a shower I told Sandy that we needed to keep our mating a secret.

*Look out dad!*

*Ewww, your pony tried to pee on your father!*

My daughter and her friend stood there giggling as I dodged the stream of urine. Sandy was a pony who knew neither the definition of discretion nor the meaning of the word no. All through spring and into summer Sandy cycled in and out of season every three weeks. When she was in full heat she thought nothing of displaying her desire for me regardless of company. It was difficult to find a time when I could be alone with her, and on those occasions when we were alone she was utterly insatiable.

Finally I managed to saddle Sandy so Melinda and her friend could practice riding. There was the annual Gymkhana coming up and both the girls were competing for the first time. Uncle Bill had told Melinda that Sandy was challenging me as the head of the herd, so I was spared having to explain why her horny little mare kept behaving the way she did. In fact her behaviour was a source of amusement to Melinda and her friends. And around Melinda Sandy was still the perfectly behaved, placid and obedient mare.

I was worried that Sandy would misbehave at the Gymkhana but on that Saturday morning she was perfectly normal, and easily coaxed into her float by the promise of an apple. Melinda looked perfect in her equestrian gear, and I felt nothing but pride as she rode Sandy in the opening parade. Melinda and Sandy headed off to where the junior time-trials were being held, and I went in search of a drink. I was talking to the parents of some of Melinda's friends when we heard the sounds of an approaching commotion.

Sandy appeared, still saddled, galloping on her little legs, racing her way through the crowd. Had she been spooked and thrown Melinda? Behind her came a full-sized horse and as they approached I realised that he was a stallion. Sandy must be coming back into season and this big horse was pursuing her with undisguised intent. Sandy wanted nothing to do with this big bruiser, and the instant she spotted me she raced over to take shelter behind me.

The thought of this dumb brute trying to force himself on my beautiful little Sandy filled me with rage and I made no effort to get out of the approaching stallion's way. He skidded to a halt and we glared at each other: two stallions contesting the breeding rights to the same mare. The stallion began to back down, his member retreating back into his sheath. Sandy watched and I'm sure that if she could poke out her tongue she would be showing this stallion just what she thought of him. The stallion got the message: this mare was MINE!

It was a great relief when I saw Melinda and an older girl awkwardly running towards me in their riding boots. They came puffing over, Melinda explained that the big horse had been mean to Sandy, and the older girl apologised for her horse's bad behaviour. Both Melinda and Sandy were safe, so I told her not to worry as no harm had been done. The unexpected event gave the assembled crowd something to talk about: I was both congratulated for my bravery for stepping in to prevent a

potentially dangerous covering, and I was called an idiot for putting myself in danger over a pony.

No one guessed the truth.

That Sunday Sandy got a serious fucking. She had chosen me over a member of her own species, had run to me for comfort and protection. She was my mare and I was her stallion. I tore off my clothes and strode to where she waited for me. I let her sniff at my erection as I patted her neck and scratched her ears.

*Yes my hot little mare, this cock is for you!*

Her body reacted to my lust. Her tail flagged and her pussy began to wink. She was at the start of her heat so I helped her to get ready for me. Falling to my knees I buried my face in her pussy, licking and probing her with my tongue. Above me her arsehole pulsed so I gently inserted one, then two, then three fingers. Sandy pushed back hard and my whole hand slid into her warm sticky bum. Sandy immediately splayed, and I opened and closed my fingers, stretching the walls of her anus then allowing them to squeeze tight. As my hand worked her arse my tongue worked her throbbing clit, chasing it as it moved in and out with every wink of her sweet pussy. It was too much for Sandy and she began to piss, spraying my face and soaking my hair. But I was relentless, working her insides until she orgasmed with a great gush of yellowy liquid. I gave her no time to recover; grabbing her tail with my free hand I pulled myself to my feet and drove my cock deep into her sappy cunt. She was still in the throes of her orgasm and her muscles spasmed at my intrusion. Soon they adjusted and they squeezed down hard on my pumping cock. I slowly worked the hand in her arse deeper and deeper until I was pushing in up to the elbow. Sandy looked back at me with crazy eyes, bared her teeth, and whinnied as my cock twitched and spat and filled her with cum.

I could feel her cunt muscles pulsing through the walls of her arse. Slowly I pulled my shrinking cock from Sandy's quivering cunt and my green-smear'd arm from her clutching arse. Sandy was somewhere else entirely, her whole rump quivered and trembled as she winked and dripped. I walked to the shed and carefully washed my arm, using a brush to clean under the nails. When I returned she was still locked in her splayed position. I gently massaged her from her loin across her croup to her dock, down her beautiful little buttocks to her hocks, till her muscles relaxed. Sandy was exhausted so I quickly washed her. The cool water however seemed to revive her passion, and she turned and drove her rump hard against my groin. I told her just one more time.....

I was glad as the end of summer approached and Sandy stopped coming into season: that little mare was really wearing me out. She still enjoyed me fingering her under her tail, but she no longer relentlessly pestered me for sex like she did when she was in heat. Of course in other ways I missed my hot little mare with her always demanding body.

But life for me was about to change.

*God you are such an idiot sometimes!*

I had no idea why Sue was so angry?

*What have I done this time sis?*

*Why haven't you asked Anne out? Do you know how much effort I went to in getting you two together?*

Sue had asked me out to lunch with her old school friend Anne. Anne had returned to her hometown after a messy divorce from her arsehole of a husband. Being male and clueless about the workings of

the female mind I still had no idea what Sue was on about.

*What do you mean?*

*You do realise that she had a big crush on you back in school? Look, don't ask why, just ring her and ask her out.*

So I asked Anne out to keep Sue off my case. Soon we were dating, then we were a couple, finally I proposed to her, all in the space of six months. She was simply a great woman, full of life and always happy. She and Melinda went through the “*don't tell me what to do, you aren't my mother*” phase and soon were best friends. She had money from her divorce but insisted on going back to teaching, because she loved children. She dragged me out of the shell I hadn't even realised I was in. We made each other happy.

The only member of the family who wasn't pleased to welcome Anne was Sandy. From the moment Sandy set eyes on Anne I knew there would be trouble between the two of them. Anne however wasn't much of an animal person, so they left each other in relative peace.

As both Anne and I were well into our thirties we decided not to wait until the marriage to try for a child. Anne had always wanted children, she came from a large Catholic family, but her first husband had decided that kids would ruin their jetsetter lifestyle. So we tried, and tried, and tried, and tried. Why is it that every day babies are conceived by those who don't want them, while those who are desperate for one can't conceive? We both had full medical check-ups and there wasn't anything physically wrong that was stopping us from having a baby. Everybody kept telling us to just give it time.

Anne always went to mass on Sundays. I wasn't much of a church person, and Sunday was Sandy's bath day. But worry over her inability to conceive was pushing Anne towards depression; she needed my support so I went to church with her.

There is something about the inside of a church that instils a sense of awe in even the most doubting heart. Anne knelt, quietly asking God to give her a child. I am no Catholic, not really a Christian, heck I am not that convinced that any kind of God even exists, but in that moment I decided to make my own heartfelt request to the divine in whatever form it chose to manifest itself.

*God, I have no idea if you exist or if you do why you would care about creatures like us. But the woman I love is desperate to bare my child. So, if you exist and if you care, please grant her wish and give her my child.*

That had to be the worst pray ever, and I felt like a complete idiot for asking a probably imaginary being for a favour.

I was soon to learn be careful what you pray for!

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I could never get my head around the idea of confession, so I waited in the car until Anne was done. Besides, there are some things even a priest would be shocked to hear. While I was waiting I began to notice a strange odour, something faint yet somehow exciting. I began to sniff, tracking the scent to the passenger seat. Soon my nose was pressed against the leather, breathing in deeply.

What are you doing?

Anne surprised me and I hit my head on the wheel as I jerked upright. I stammered an excuse about smelling petrol, and was pleased when Anne dropped the issue. Because I had another problem to deal with: a raging erection.

As Anne put on her belt I quickly adjusted my swollen prick. It had become a steel bar, hard enough to pop the buttons on the fly on my boxers. What the hell was wrong with me? As we drove home we discussed my work – a topic I usually avoided like the plague – and I filled Anne in on the problems a lot of us guys were having in getting the developer to pay up for the work we had done.

Anything to keep my mind off the waves of lust that seemed to be engulfing me.

We pulled up outside the house. Anne was taking Melinda out to do some “girl shopping” and then to meet up with some of her friends and their mother’s afterwards for a movie. Anne went to open the front door and I found myself staring at her arse: the way her buttocks wiggled and wobbled was mesmerising. We went inside and Anne waved to get Melinda’s attention. Melinda was spread out on the couch with her headphones on.

We’ll be leaving in ten minutes sweets.

Melinda nodded and Anne headed up the stairs. I followed close behind, unable to tear my eyes away from her. I feasted on curves of her body: her graceful neck, the ample jut of her breasts, the narrow convexity of her waist contrasted against the ripe swelling of her hips, the graceful contours of those long legs. I had finally identified the source of that wonderful smell. I knew Anne was fertile – we had been religiously tracking her cycles on the calendar for months – but now **I could actually smell it!** It was faint, yes, but it sang of a woman whose womb was ready and waiting.

Anne was unaware of the effect her body was having on me. She rushed into the bedroom and pulled her church dress up and over her lean shoulders. Her odour intensified and the sight of her pale skin sent bolts of fire flashing from my loins to my brain. Anne was standing there so innocently in her black lace bra and panties, reaching for her sun dress, unaware of the lust coursing through me that was literally causing me to burn. I grabbed her around the waist, spun her in my arms to face me, kissed her hard on those ruby lips.....

Todd.....I.....

She stammered and her face flushed with crimson. Facing such passion words served no purpose. Instead she gasped as I smothered her in kisses, tasting her growing arousal. Her brown eyes shone like gems and I could see through their windows into her soul. There was an emptiness deep inside her, her need for a child. That was an emptiness I intended to fill.

I swept Anne up in my arms like she weighed nothing, and carried her to our bed. For a moment I gazed down on her panting form, then with one hand I ripped the crotch from her panties, leaving only the elastic and a shred of black fabric. She was already wet, the moisture glistening like dew as it beaded in her pubes. I pressed the torn fabric to my face, breathing in that wonderful scent.

My mind had no time for the intricacies of buttons and zippers, and I literally tore my way out of my clothes. My cock jutted from me like a weapon, slapping against my stomach with excitement. Anne had an almost glazed look as she awaited her lover. I stood above her, then I quickly moved down to cover her with my body, pinning her in place for my cock. This wasn’t romance; this was two animals fulfilling the most primal urge to breed.

I drove my cock in up to the hilt on the first thrust, and Anne gave a guttural grunt as I bottomed out. Then I began to thrust, pound, plough, drive, hammer, spear, ram my cock in as deeply as

possible into her wet cunt, only to almost fully withdraw, before driving back in again. Liquid started oozing from Anne, and the sounds of squelching and wet slaps filled the room. Anne was moaning like crazy, her long nails digging and tearing at my back, leaving deep scratches that I didn't feel at the time, but needed days to heal afterwards. Her legs wrapped around my arse, gripping hard and adding their strength to the force of my pounding. Sweat dripped off us everywhere. It was getting hard to breathe.

No one could withstand such fucking for long. Beneath me Anne's body began to shake and spasm, then she screamed as her orgasm took her. Her muscles grabbing at my cock set me off, and all I could do was groan as my balls pumped seemingly endless ropes of semen deep into Anne's belly. I had never cum like that before, and the spasming below my balls started to become painful. Finally I shuddered to a halt, and I lay on top of Anne as we both gasped and dripped as though we had both just run a marathon.

Finally Anne pushed me to one side so she could get up. A mixture of cum and juices started to trickle from her, leaving a slick down the inside of her legs.

Jesus Todd.....what a mess!

It wasn't a complaint, just a statement of fact. Anne had this wide, almost smug looking grin on her face. She wiped her legs with what remained of my shirt, then pulled on a pair of fresh white cotton panties. The crotch immediately went dark from her leaking, but she just gave me a dirty smile and pulled the sun dress down over them. That sticky dampness would be a reminder of our fucking.

Anne sprayed herself with deodorant, fixed her hair and bent down to give me a goodbye kiss. She reminded me that I needed to put the chicken in the oven at five. She left the room and I heard her calling out to Melinda downstairs that it was time to leave.

I heard the car heading off down the drive.

I got up and staggered towards the bathroom. I intended to have a cold shower but a new smell stopped me dead in my tracks. Anne's scent had been subtle, delicate. This new smell stank of female ripeness: the promise of a dripping cunt and a waiting womb. Inexorably I was drawn to the open window. Below me in her paddock stood the source of the smell, standing peacefully in early spring sunshine. Every flick of her tail sent out fresh wafts of her overpowering perfume.

Before I knew what I was doing that scent had dragged me downstairs naked towards the backdoor. As I passed the hall mirror I caught my reflection. What I saw shocked me, I was soaked in sweat, back bloodied, but most unexpected was the way my neck was craning forward, how my lips were curled back, exposing my teeth. But I had no time to ponder on my reflection, lust overwhelmed my brain, and I had to reach that waiting mare. I would impress her with my strength and my qualities. I would chase her down if need be. But I would make her splay her legs, ready for my weight on her back and my cock in her cunt. She was going to take my seed!

Sunday was bath day, our day together, and Sandy was as usual full of equine mischief. She saw me approaching and trotted towards the gate. Suddenly she stopped, perhaps aware of the strange funk that had possessed me, and she became shy, almost timid. She quickly turned her rump towards me and presented herself, the smell of her bubbling urine striking my nose like a sledgehammer. I easily vaulted the fence and approached her. I pushed myself hard against her to let her feel my strength. I butted her cheeks with mine. I looked into her beautiful dark eyes and saw the desperate desire burning within. Slowly I moved down her flank. Sandy's tail flagged to the side exposing her winking cunt to my hungry gaze. Her lubrication dripped from her with every wink. Yet still I wasn't

satisfied, and I nipped her buttocks with my teeth, making her splay still further. Finally I was satisfied so I took my mare.

I grabbed a firm hold of her rump and literally dragged her onto my waiting cock. If I could have reached her mane I would have grabbed hold with my teeth, so strong was my need to bury my cock deep inside this beautifully filly. After the fucking I had just given Anne I was amazed by the strength and fury with which I plundered Sandy's hot cunt. I pumped her like a piston, and she responded by smashing her hooded clit hard against the base of my shaft with every wink. Yellowy liquid spilled from her in gushes and the paddock reverberated with my harsh grunts and her snorts and whinnies. Our mating was fierce, brutal even, but Sandy held her ground and took everything I could give her.

Sandy began to shake, made her sigh-like neigh and her cunt spasmed and clamped down hard on my pounding cock. That set me off, and I sprayed jet after jet of seed into her belly with every weakening thrust. Soon my cum was oozing back out of her, running across Sandy's winking clit before dripping onto the ground to join the muddy puddle that had formed around our feet. I so desperately wanted to keep fucking her, to deposit load after load deep into her soaking cunt, but was I too exhausted, my balls ached, and I literally felt light-headed.

I staggered over to the hose and drank greedily before standing under the rushing water to cool down. Sandy remained splayed, dripping and winking, but I noted that her piss was a deep, dark yellow. I dragged the hose over and let her drink from my cupped hands. Then I simply held her beautiful head and spoke to her of my love for her as she slowly recovered from our mating.

Anne passed me the tester.

Pink and a plus sign, that means.....

That I'm pregnant.

I gave the strip a big wet kiss.

You do realise that I just pissed on that don't you?

I was so happy I just didn't care.

I had thought that once pregnant that Anne would be less interested in sex. Instead she became almost insatiable. Often I'd feel her arms around my waist or rubbing my shoulders, before drifting down to try and excite more intimate parts. There was a lot of work to do around the house. The developer who owed me money had gone into receivership, so that meant attending meetings with the lawyers. In fact I was so busy that I had little time to spend with Sandy, and in return she showed no interest in mating, although she still enjoyed a good fingering and some anal play.

So Bill's news that Sandy was with foal came like a bolt out of the blue.

Anne went into Labour and I must admit that went it comes to useless males around the delivery room I was probably the most useless of all. After many hours of holding Anne's hand as she heaved and screamed the doctor finally shooed me away so Anne could have a C-section. Then I gazed down in wonder as Anne held my baby son in her arms.

Say hello to your father.

Two months later Melinda came running into the house. She had found Sandy lying on her side in

the stable in obvious distress. One panicked call to Bill later and he was administering to Sandy as her birthed her first foal, while the rest of us waited in the house in a state of nervous uselessness.

Finally Bill appeared with the good news. Sandy and the foal – a colt – were both doing fine.

I have left them both inside the stable. Give them privacy until the morning as that will help them to bond.

Melinda was really excited.

Uncle Bill, how is the baby? What kind of horse is he?

Bill frowned.

The foal is doing fine and already finding his feet. He looks to me like a normal Shetland pony, just with a darker coat, although that may change as he gets older. You're sure that Sandy has never been near any Shetland boys?

Melinda just shook her head, as she was already engrossed in the strenuous task of deciding on a name for her new pony.

I poured Bill and myself a stiff drink. Anne and Sue were both busy with the babies.

I wonder who the colt's father actually is? Melinda seems certain that she was never left near any stallion for long enough to be covered.

I shrugged and stared at my drink.

Well without a DNA test I suppose we'll never know. Mind you mares can be pretty sneaky sometimes when it comes to getting what they need.

You're telling me!

In the morning I went with Melinda to let Sandy and her foal out of the Stable. Sandy seemed so proud of the bundle of spindly legs and beautiful wide brown trusting eyes that followed her out into the paddock. Melinda let out a squeal when she saw her beautiful new pony, and the colt looked back at her with a mixture of surprise and amazement. It time they would become best friends.

Sandy lead her foal over to where I stood, nudging him forward. I held out my hand to let him sniff. Sandy looked from him to me.

Say hello to your father.

So be careful what you ask from God, because sometimes your prayers may be answered.

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